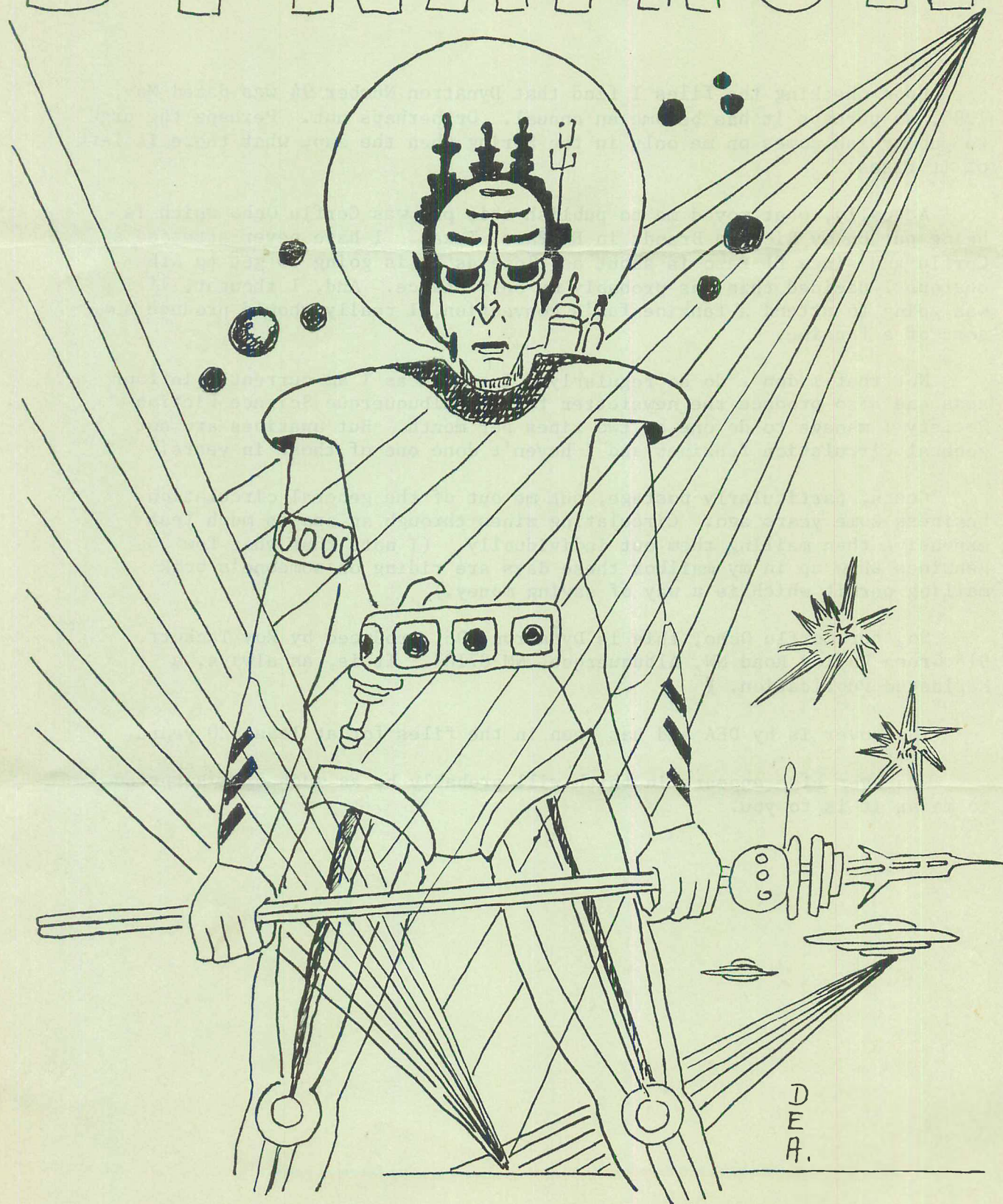


DYNATRON



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Dynatron

Number 95

May 1991

Upon checking the files I find that Dynatron Number 94 was dated May, 1990, so perhaps it has become an annual. Or perhaps not. Perhaps the urge to pub my ish comes on me only in the Spring when the sap, what there is left of it rises.

Actually, what moved me to publish this one was Corflu Ocho which is being put on by Richard Brandt in El Paso, Texas. I have never attended a Corflu and since El Paso is about as close as it is going to get to Albuquerque I decided this was probably my only chance. And, I thought, if I was going to attend a fanzine fan's convention, I really should produce some sort of a fanzine.

Not that I don't do so regularly. Inasmuch as I am currently in four apas and also produce the newsletter for the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society I manage to do one or two zines per month. But apazines are not general circulation fanzines and I haven't done one of those in years.

Costs, particularly postage, put me out of the general circulation business some years ago. Circulating zines through an apa is much less expensive than mailing them out individually. (I note that what few genzines show up in my mailbox these days are riding on someone's bulk mailing permit which is a way of saving money.)

So, for Corflu Ocho, this is Dynatron #95, produced by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107. It is, as always, a Marinated Publication. ¶

The cover is by DEA and has been in the files for at least 20 years.

Whatever else appears in thish will probably be as much of a surprise to me as it is to you.

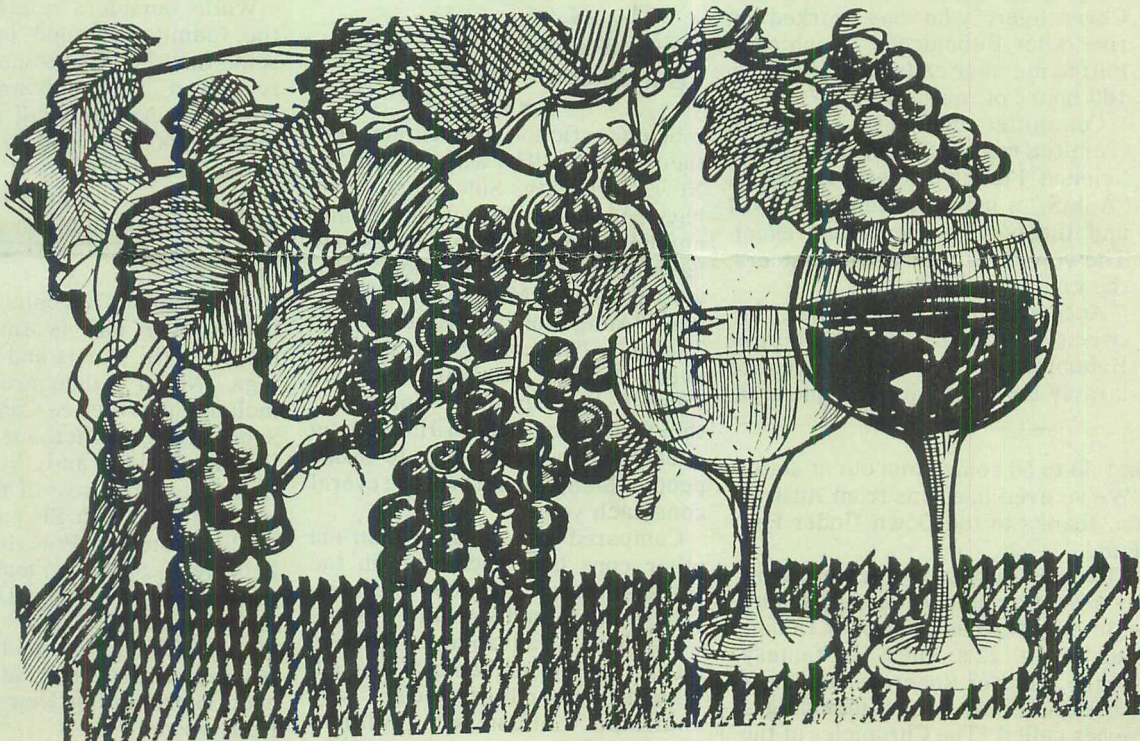
I've never made any claim to being an "editor." Mostly because I seldom have anything to edit. I haven't had a contribution from any other fen in years and I don't solicit them. Mostly because my publishing schedule is so sporadic that I couldn't make any promises on when a submission would be published. And because I don't send Dynatron out for general distribution I don't get any letters of comment.

Mostly I just ramble along about things that catch my interest. One of the things which caught my interest of late is cold fusion. What has interested me most is not the claim that a couple of chemists had accomplished fusion in a test tube at room temperature but the reaction of the physicists to that claim. Utterly impossible, they said at first, without even bothering to check because they KNEW that it couldn't be done. Any decent physicist can tell you that fusion requires billions of degrees of temperature and, more important, billions of government dollars.

Still Los Alamos National Laboratories reported they had successfully repeated the experiment more than a year ago although they were not yet ready to claim fusion in a test tube. More recently experimenters at the University of Texas in Austin and the Naval Weapons Center in China Lake, California, have reported that in addition to excess heat they have also detected helium as a result of the process.

It begins to look more and more like maybe one can fuse hydrogen in a test tube at room temperature.

The Japanese certainly seem to think so. They did not hesitate to grab the experiment and run with it. Look for your year 2000 model Toyota to be powered by a Fuji Fusion Pack.



This is the write-up Bubonicon 22 received in the Albuquerque JOURNAL last year. Reasonably serious and intelligent reporting.

Science Fiction Conference Beams Down to Albuquerque

By Scott Denning

JOURNAL CORRESPONDENT

Question: What takes 10 months to set up, three days to occur, attracts hundreds of people (many in costume), and has a stylish rodent as a mascot?

Answer: The New Mexico Science Fiction Conference, known near and far as "Bubonicon."

Albuquerque's annual science fiction / fantasy (SF/F) event might seem to be nothing more than a large party, but there is far more to it than meets the eye, says Craig Chrissinger, chairman of the convention committee for Bubonicon. (The name is derived from "bubonic plague" and "con," short for "convention," and refers to the fact that New Mexico is the only state with annual cases of plague — an example of the odd sort of humor that science fiction fans are fond of.)

"Months of work, involving many people, go into each con," says Chrissinger, who has worked on five other Bubonicons. "Each committee member ends up giving 60 to 100 hours of spare time."

Committee members are drawn from the ranks of The Albuquerque Science Fiction Society, known as "ASFIS," a monthly club since 1964 and the host of the annual event. The con committee are volunteers; the chairman is elected.

According to Chrissinger, between 250 and 325 people show up at Bubonicon each year. Attendees are largely from the Albuquerque area,

but 30 to 50 come from out of state. "We've even had fans from Australia, thanks to the Down Under Fan Fund."

The con recognizes achievement by asking a noted writer, chosen by vote, to attend as a Guest of Honor. Bubonicon 22's guest is fantasy writer Jennifer Roberson, author of more than nine books, including a series called "The Chronicles of the Cheysuli."



Perry Rodent
Bubonicon mascot

Science fiction conventions got their start in 1939, with "Nycon" in New York City. Since then, cons have spread rapidly both in size and number, and most larger cities now have their own. Some other Southwest cons are "MileHiCon" in Denver, "AmigoCon" in El Paso and Tucson's "Tuscon." The goal of every fan is the World Science Fiction Convention, "Worldcon," this year being held in Holland, an event which draws up to 5,000 people. Many fans travel to several cons each year.

Compared with the more than 400 other cons held each year in the United States, Bubonicon is considered small to mid-size. But in some ways this is an advantage. "We have the reputation of being a relaxed, friendly, rather literary con," says chairman Chrissinger. "Authors often prefer to come to a con like

IN CONFERENCE

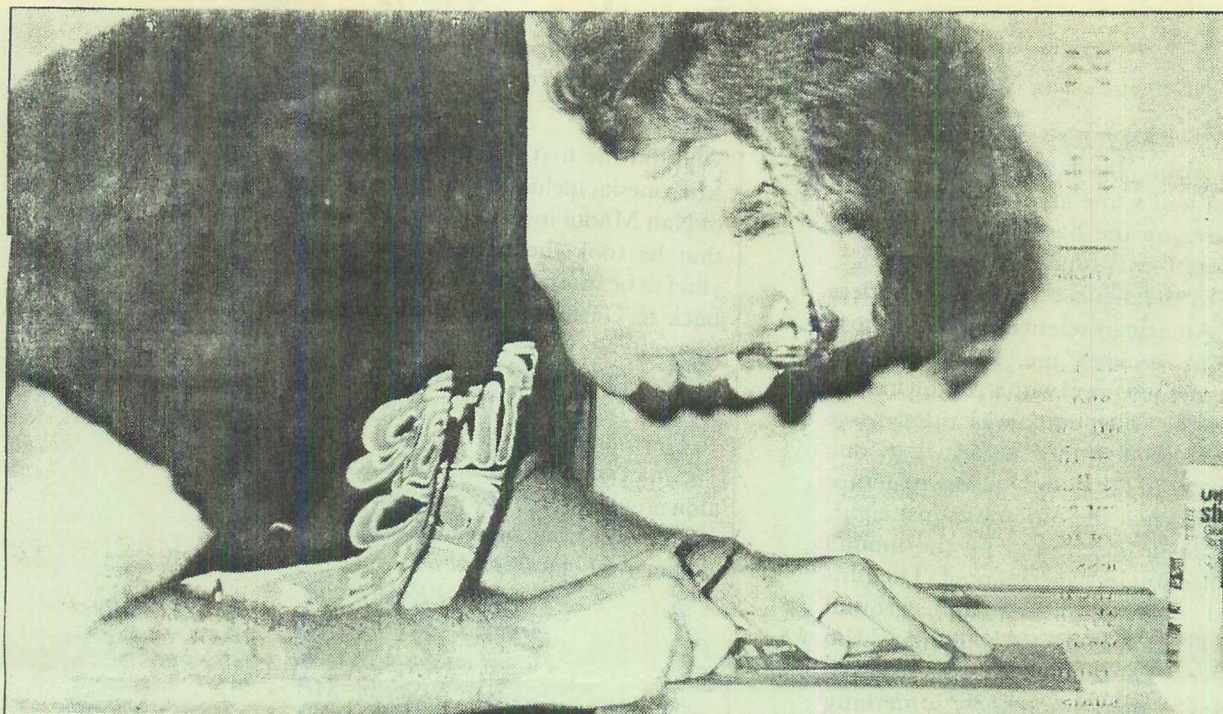
The 22nd annual New Mexico Science Fiction Conference, "Bubonicon 22," will be Aug. 24, 25, 26 at the Clarion Four Seasons, 1-40 and Carlisle. Admission is \$8 Friday, \$12 Saturday, and \$10 Sunday at the door. Registration opens at 3 p.m. Friday.

ours where they know they won't be swamped."

Albuquerque writer Robert E. Vardeman has been involved with Bubonicon since the first one in 1968, which drew 35 people, and is credited with giving the event its name. For Vardeman, a former Sandia Labs physicist who has written more than 40 books, each annual con is a chance to see old friends. "It's sort of a yearly reunion for us, and we spend as much time catching up as we do talking science fiction."

While outsiders might see only the (admittedly) odd behavior of some fans, "talking science fiction" is indeed what Bubonicon is devoted to. Authors will read from their works, and panels formed of authors and informed fans will discuss topics ranging from "Governmental Assumptions in SF/F" to "The Hazards of Full-Time Writing."

One problem Bubonicon planners have never had is finding local talent to fill panels and hold readings. Noted Albuquerque names include Suzy McKee Charnas, Fred Saberhagen, Walter Jon Williams, Victor Milan and Stephen R. Donaldson. The rest of the state is not left out, with SF master Jack Williamson in Portales, Roger Zelazny in Santa Fe, and Icelandic transplantee Thorarinn Gunnarsson in Las Cruces. Corrales resident Melinda Snodgrass and Santa Fe resident George R.R. Martin have been representing New Mexico in Hollywood.



Craig Chrissinger works on convention program book.

SCOTT DENNING / JOURNAL

With Sandia and Los Alamos close at hand, Bubonicon is never short of science fact as well as fiction, and it is not unusual to see two physicists debating a point in some quiet corner. One lecture this year, by a Sandia Labs employee, discusses the use of an electromagnetic coil gun launcher to put payloads into orbit.

Though much of the programming is serious enough for the professionals in the crowd, Bubonicon always has some things that are just for fun, including films and a costume contest. Last year con members performed two short plays, and this year will stage a musical comedy.

■ ■ ■

No one is quite sure when Perry Rodent showed up at Bubonicon, or who brought him, but surely there could be no more appropriate mascot for an event named after a contagious disease. His name a parody of the popular space adventure character Perry Rhodan, Perry

graces con materials, always portrayed sans one shoe.

Why the missing footgear? "No one really remembers," admits Albuquerque artist Harry O. Morris, the first of many local artists to draw the elusive rodent. "Perry showed up in the early 1970s, but details are vague."

Bubonicon features an art show where amateurs and professionals alike may show their works; con attendees vote for Best in Show, and pieces are for sale. The con also offers a dealers' room, where SF-related articles may be purchased, including books written by authors at the con. Both the dealers' room and the art show are open to the public.

■ ■ ■

Besides the nine con committee members, about a some dozen other people help with the chores of running the con each year. Chrissin-

ger recognizes the aid of members of three other area clubs, all on a volunteer basis.

And what do committee members receive for the equivalent of two work weeks? "Not one cent," says

Chrissinger. "In fact, they often end up spending their own money on supplies."

Chrissinger terms it "impossible" to estimate how many hours he has put in as chairman, but is satisfied

with his efforts. "I feel like I'm putting back into the con some of what I have gotten out of it."

And the best part? "Seeing it all run smoothly, and people having fun."

Tunnel Vision

IN YOUR JANUARY/FEBRUARY ISSUE you had a fine article by William S. Ayres on the basaltic ruins of Nan Madol in Pohnpei, Micronesia.

In the 1930s one of the founders of American science fantasy, whose name escapes me, wrote a Jules Verneque novel with a setting in Nan Madol. The book was titled *Moon Pool* and featured a tunnel in one corner of the Nan Douwas structure that, when the moon was just right, could be discovered by the moon's reflection in a special pool. The tunnel led to a massive underground civilization inhabited by humans who never knew the surface existed. Maybe the author knew something about the tunnels that has been since forgotten.

On another note, recent legends place a curse on anyone taking any bones out of the tombs. I believe it was a German ethnologist, Kraemer,

who did the first definitive work on Micronesia, including the first survey of Nan Madol in 1910. Rumor has it that he took the bones of the last chief to be interred in the main crypt back to Germany and died shortly thereafter.

The museums at Dresden and Leipzig both house the artifacts sent to Germany by Kraemer and other German administrators. The collection is extensive and with perestroika in full force, may be available soon to western scholars.

*Samuel F. McPhetres
Archivist, Trust Territory
of the Pacific Islands
Saipan, MP*

The above letter appeared in *ARCHAEOLOGY* one month last year and I was pleased that the Archivist of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands remembered the story if not the author. I really cannot fault him for that because I cannot remember the authors of 75% of the stories I read either. In this case the author was A. Merritt and many fans would know that. (I almost wrote "any fan would know that" but these days I'm not sure that would be a true statement.)

There had been an ongoing discussion in FAPA of Merritt. (The mills of FAPA grind slowly but they grind and grind and grind--seemingly forever.)

One of the main questions was whether Merritt's stories would sell today. The consensus was probably not. Never mind that his stories are much more interesting than the infinite numbers of retellings of medieval myth being published today. Merritt's style was so grandiloquent, so florid, that most of today's readers simply would not be able to get through it.

Has it really gotten that bad? I hope not. But I wouldn't bet that it hasn't.

So otherwise, Roytac, how's by you?

By me is, all things considered, pretty good.

So what have you been up to since this Mayish publication last appeared?

All sorts of things. Have done some travelling, attended some conventions, gone to school.

When my kids told me that the snow had finally melted on Michigan's Upper Penninsula last June I decided to visit them. It turned out to be a long, leisurely and pleasant drive along the "blue highways" of the plains states. I took my time just wandering across Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Minnesota visiting places that looked as if they might be interesting. Grand Rapids, Minnesota, up where the Mississippi River begins was interesting so I stayed there for five days. I found it amusing to cross the Mississippi from South to North instead of the conventional West-East direction.

Finally arrived at K.I. Sawyer Air Force Base where my daughter and her family are located and spent a couple of weeks playing with my grandsons, visiting bookstores, cruising on Lake Superior and generally relaxing in the cold and rain.

From there it was on to Cincinnati and Midwestcon where I renewed acquaintances with a variety of fans I hadn't seen in years and met a lot of new people I knew only from fanzines. The Midwestcon Committee had thoughtfully arranged a tornado alert for us so we all assembled in the hotel ballroom to await either getting blown away or the all clear. As did a group of church people who were also having a convention there at the same time. They prayed. We drank.

In early August I had planned to attend a school reunion but one of those common upper respiratory infections set in and I decided if I was going to be miserable I would rather do it in Albuquerque than in Fountain, Colorado. I'll go next year since 1992 will mark the 50th Anniversary of my graduation from high school.

Late August brought the annual foolishness of Bubonicon. I played toastmaster, MCd the costume show in clown costume and handed out the Green Slime Awards. Craig Chrissinger has talked me into doing the Green Slimes one more time this year and I've told him that will be the last time. It is time for someone younger and with more interest than I can muster any more to take over.

Old friends Len and June Moffatt showed up for Bubonicon which added considerably to the pleasure.

Had the whole family here for the holidays and thoroughly enjoyed that although I must admit that having two active and noisy grandsons charging around frayed the nerves a bit. Particularly since the below zero weather of December's "Arctic Clipper" kept them indoors. I am used to living alone in a quiet house without having bouncing children charging around.

In early March I began having some vision problems which turned out to be a symptom of diabetes. (I though Diabetes was a Greek who had a restaurant over on Central Avenue.) Fortunately we seem to have gotten that under control quickly with diet and Micronase. It made some drastic differences in my lifestyle with a number of changes

in what and how much I eat and having to give up martinis. (But only for a few months--not permanently.) In addition I have taken to doing disgusting things like exercising and walking two miles three or four times per week as part of a weight loss program. I managed to drop 12 pounds in the first month which got me down to 190 pounds and the goal for this month is to reach 180. And beyond that? Don't rush. One step at a time.

I've enrolled in the University of New Mexico as a part-time non-degree student taking courses which look like they would be interesting and fun. Such as an English course called "Aliens, First Contact" which was a science fiction course. Somehow reading science fiction for credit seems almost like cheating.

We started off with ERB's "A Princess of Mars" to get "the ridiculous out of the way first", the instructor said. I asked her if she had ever read any of Burroughs' books and she admitted that she had not. I said, "I think you are in for a surprise, Teach." After we had discussed that one I agreed that it was fantasy and that the science involved, what there was of it, was utterly ridiculous and she said that Burroughs was a much better writer than she had expected with some surprisingly modern ideas for the period in which he was writing (1912). (I maintain that a couple of hundred years from now ERB will be recognized as one of the major 20th Century writers.) We followed up with The War of The Worlds and went on to some more modern novels and ended up with films such as Alien and The Abyss. And I came out of the course with a B because my writing was too informal. It was, after all, an English class.

Years of writing fanzine stuff does tend to make one's writing somewhat informal.

"Modern Times, The History of the 20th Century" looked interesting and easy. After all, I've lived through most of it. The instructor, however, turned out to be a conservative Catholic fundamentalist who, during the second week, told us that the Gulf War was exactly in line with the plans of the Trilateral Commission and recommended some Birch Society Literature. I really wasn't much interested in conspiracy theories of history so dropped that one. (Maybe I should re-read ILLUMINATUS.)

Currently am enrolled in something called "Dragons, Druids, and Sacred Stones" which is both interesting and amusing. Dragons are power symbols, Druid is a sort of generic name for people who have some knowledge of ancient learning (such as folk medicine or ancient rituals) and Sacred Stones mark "power spots" on the Earth. Interesting to note that some of these "power spots" have been used for thousands of years, apparently going back even to the Paleolithic. Many of them are now occupied by Christian churches which usually have a special stone marking the place where the power is most concentrated.

Hmmm.

I don't know whether I can believe any of that or not although the instructor has shown us photographs of various churches around Europe which do have a special stone set in the middle of the floor. Many of the students seem to be true believers. I'll have to admit to being skeptical but, what the hell, it gets me out of the house for a couple of hours each week.

FINAL NOTES

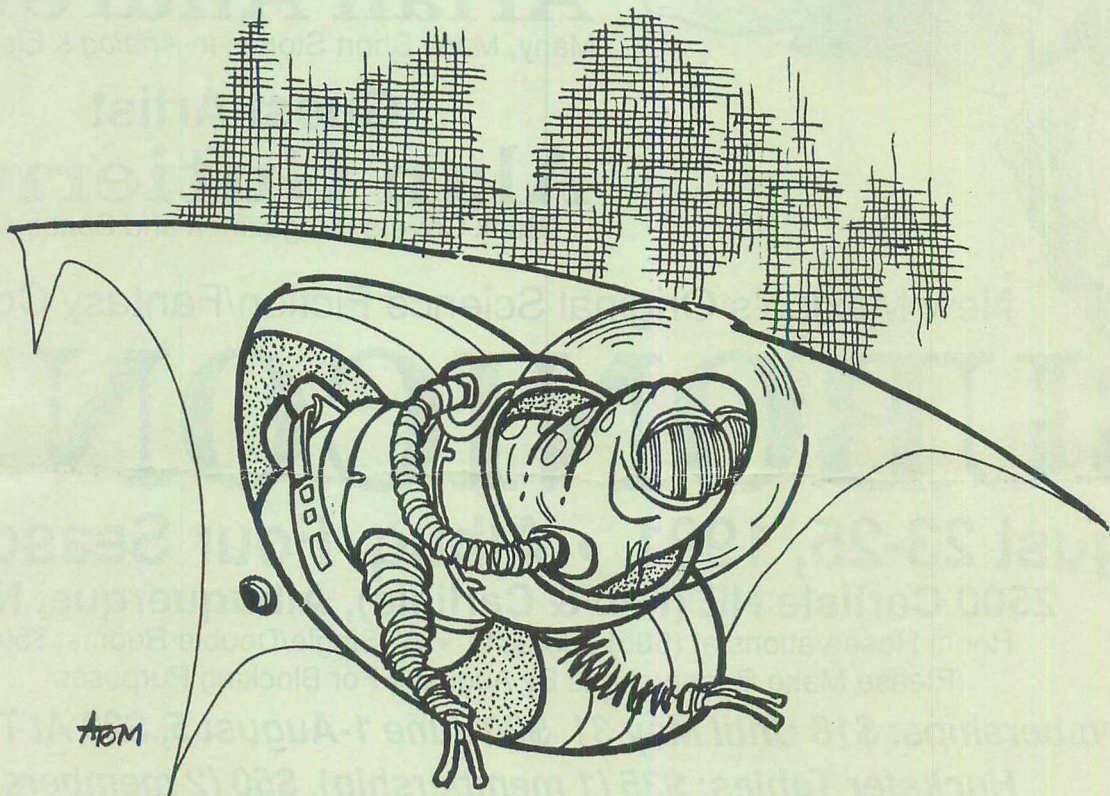
This was rather hastily produced because I wanted to have something to take to Corflu Ocho. If you would care to write some comments, difficult to be sure since there isn't much here to comment on, I'll see that you get a copy of the next issue. If you want to send along an article of some sort you'll get a copy of the next issue. And the next issue should be out in August because I want to drop some copies on the table at Bubonicon to see if anyone interested in fanzines shows up. Total distribution through assorted apas usually runs about 150.

HORT

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I don't care what happens

22



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