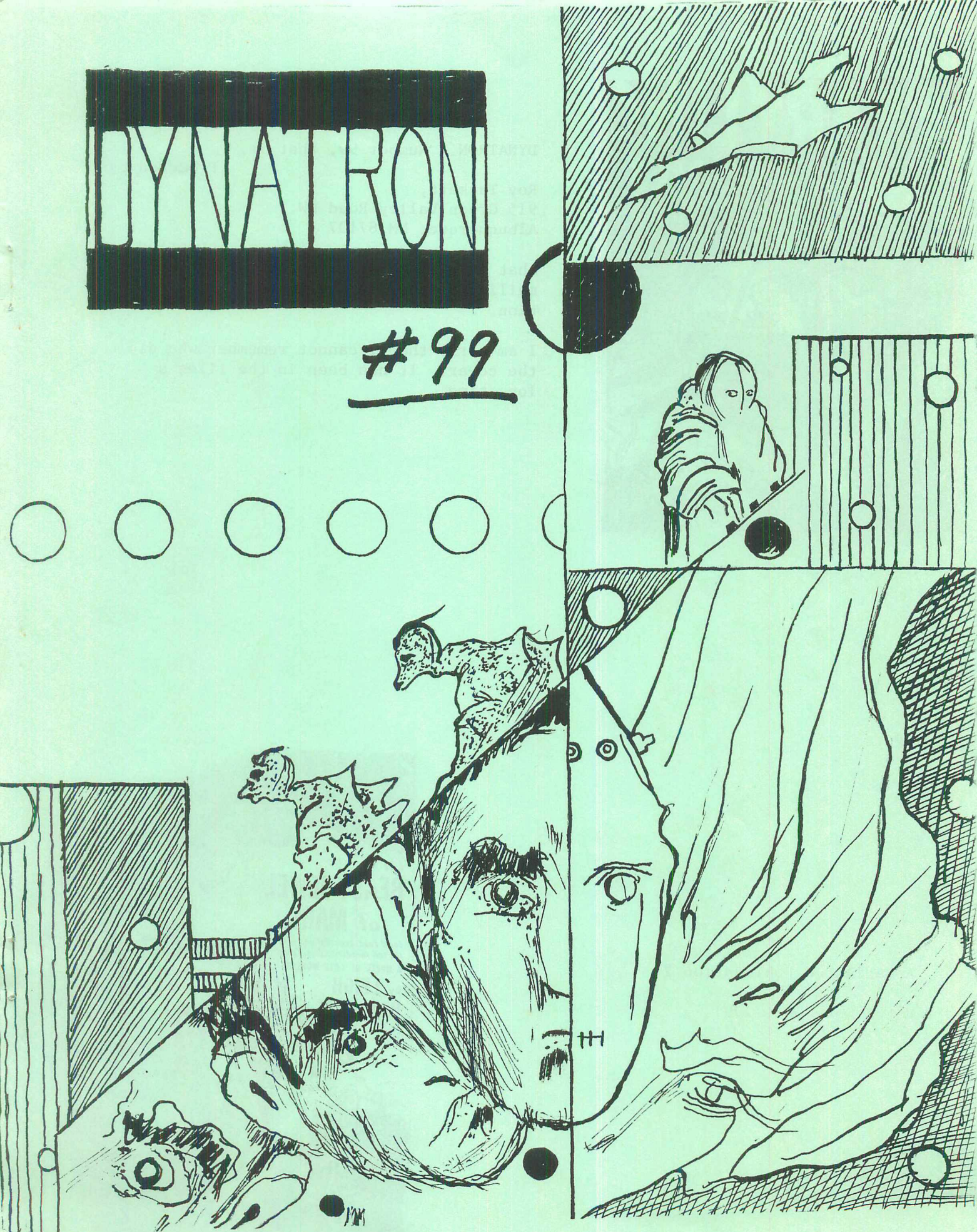
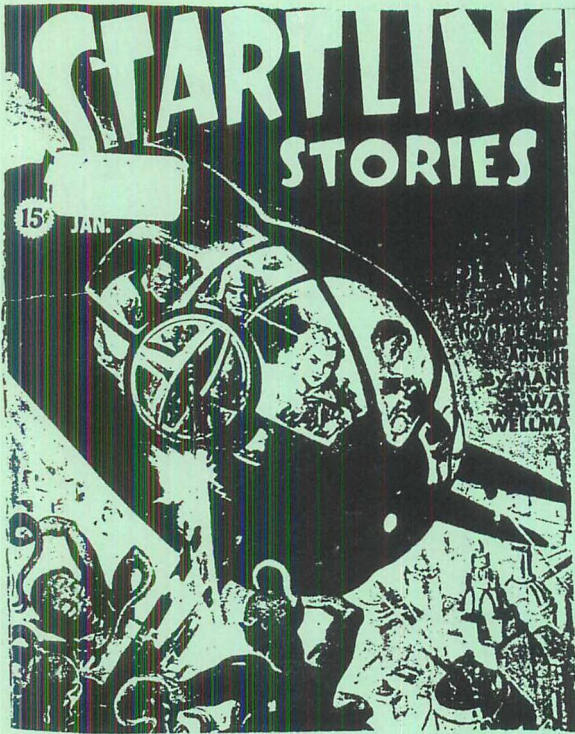


DYNATRON

#99





DYNATRON. Number 99, that is.

Produced by

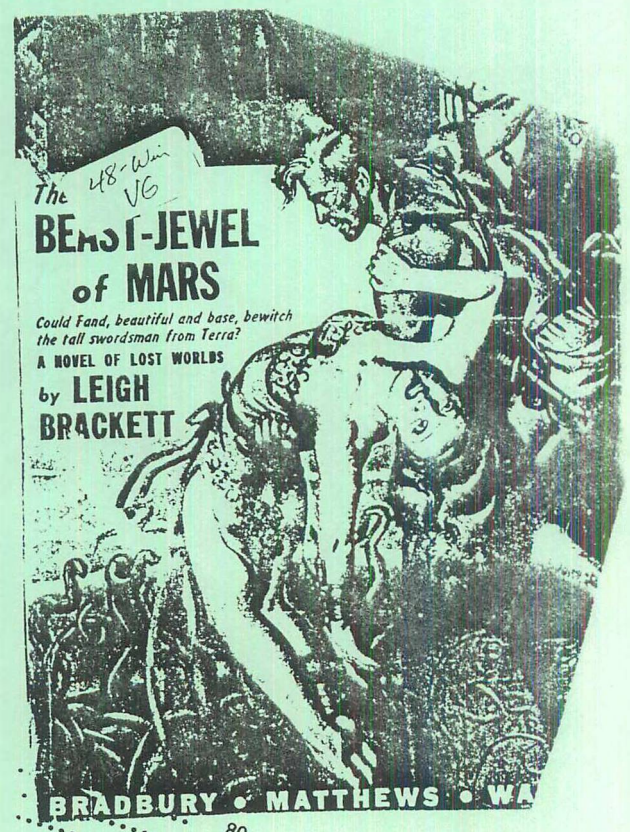
Roy Tackett,
915 Green Valley Road NW,
Albuquerque, NM 87107

with the intention
that it will be distributed through the 217th
mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Associa-
tion.

I am sorry that I cannot remember who did
the cover. It has been in the files a
long time.

A Marinated Publication 1

dated November, 1991



WRITINGS IN THE SAND

The last week of July was National Clowns Week. KGSW-TV, one of the local independent stations decided it would be a neat thing to have clowns on their "Fox Kids' Club" show so they called Socco, the Chairman of the Elks' Clowns and asked if we would like to be on the show during the week. We never object to getting a bit of publicity or exposure so Socco readily agreed.

This "Kids Club" is two hours of cartoons shown daily between three and five p.m. There are four (taped) 30-second studio cut-ins during the two hours. There is an opening, a closing, and two stuck somewhere in-between. The show is hosted by a thirtyish woman named Anita and a sort of generic puppet called Vanilla.

On Wednesday afternoon KGSW-TV has ten children come in, sit around on cushions on the floor of the studio and cheer and applaud when properly cued by Anita. They tape all of the studio segments for the coming week at that time; 20 thirty-second spots. It works out to a total of 10 minutes of showtime and on the day we were there it took a full two hours to make ten minutes worth of tape.



A clown known around these parts as "Tacky"--and he is that. His granddaughter doesn't seem too happy about the whole thing.

Anita opened by saying "This is National Clown Week, kids, and we are going to have clowns all week." For the second segment she introduced us and we stood around looking clownish. For other segments we did a few very quick "zingers" because one cannot do a whole lot in 20 seconds.

Still, it wasn't a total loss. I managed to insult the floor manager about the quality of his product, got the puppet into a lengthy argument and

teased the lovely young woman who was running Camera 2.

I felt sorry for the children, though. They sat there in the studio for two hours, did not get to see a single cartoon, were never on camera long enough for their parents to recognize them when the segments were broadcast unless the parents have a VCR, can tape it and freeze-frame it, and were rewarded by a meal at Wendys.

The local television children's show were a lot better 30 years ago. And that's not just old-timer's synddrome. Real talent to amuse the kids, they received a good meal at the studio, and they got to watch the cartoons and movies, too.

And it was probably a lot more costly, too. Or maybe not. Television costs are so high these days that the local stations really can't afford to do much anymore except show cartoons separated by two or three minutes of commercials.

Clowning isn't expensive, though.

Albuquerque fandom once again got itself all together and held the 23rd annual Bubonicon 23-25 August. Although this is no record in longevity it is, nevertheless, a source of wonderment to us that we've been doing this for 23 years. Oh, not the same people, of course, although Speer, Vardeman, myself and a couple of others are still haunting the fringes. The younger generation took over several years ago and are doing a fine job of it. Speer and I still do a couple of panels and Vardeman, in his capacity as semi-tame writer does panels and still presides over the auction. I never cease to be amazed at the talent he has for separating the audience from its money by selling them some of the strangest junk.

Attendance was down this year which I think can be blamed directly on the economy. I talked to several fans I felt sure would be there but they apologized, saying no job and no money. Would FedGov be lying about this wonderful recovery it says is going on? We ended up with 208 paid attendees which was enough to make expenses and give us about a hundred dollar profit. Not much but enough to enable con-chairman Craig Chrissinger to smile and say that we have a good start on the next one.

Simon Hawk, who has written all sorts of strange things, was guest of honor this year. Arlan Andrews, a member of the ANALOG mafia was toastmaster, and Alan Gutierrez, a very talented young man, was artist guest of honor. In addition there was the usual gang of Albuquerque and New Mexico writers. I'm not going to list them all because there are too many of them. Bubonicon is still a convention that is oriented primarily towards written stfantasy. Last year Craig had a brilliant idea and set up a game room. Why? Because the gamers buy their memberships and disappear into the game room and we never see them again until the convention closes. Good kind of attendees--they don't bother anybody.

Sandy Uurtamo did her usual excellent job on the art show managing to get all sorts of fine artwork. When I counted in all up I think that was the most expensive part of the convention for me since I spent around a thousand bucks on art.

Bubonicon was the first convention I've been to this year which actually had book dealers in the huxter room; we had three. That is down from previous years, too. Would FedGov be lying to us about the recovery?

I put on clown face and was the MC for the costume show which had 15 entrants and some good costumes. Kate Keefe came as the Snow Queen and attracted my granddaughter, Katie, to her following. The next day Katie spent her time looking for the Snow Queen. When she wasn't in the pool or playing with Christopher Vardeman.

Oh, yes, another highlight. The Vardemans were between houses and had to place no hold Christopher's birthday party. I had a room at the hotel. We held the birthday party in my room. Picture grumpy Roytac trying to get into clown costume with assorted toddlers running around.

The Mighty

Bubonicon Art Players performed **TIME WAS XXIV: The Chile Connection**. This was a musical play written by Arlen Andrews and spoofing Simon Hawk's Time Wars series. The Mighty Bubonicon Art Players are, with a couple of exceptions, the rankest of rank amateurs and when we weren't singing off key we were stumbling over the bodies on the floor. I played the part of Dr Johnjack Williamwalter, a somewhat bemused/confused scientist. Which led one of the local fen to observe that Roytac had it easy--he just played himself. I resemble that remark.

The hotel screwed up and put us next to a combined meeting of Mothers Against Drunk Driving and a drug/alcohol rehab outfit called Serenity (or somesuch). This led to a bit of friction because the fen were less than quiet and the Drunken Mothers were constantly going "Shhh" at us and getting insulted for their efforts. They complained to the hotel management who complained to the con committee who asked us to hold it down and insult the Drunken Mothers in quieter tones.

Serenity had a book table in the hall and as I wandered by I wondered aloud if there was any fantasy to be found there. A prim and proper gentleman informed me that "This is reality!" HORT looked at the prim and proper gentleman and giggled. Reality, I told him, was a matter of perspective. His world was filled with drunks and junkies and losers and that was all pretty unreal to me. My world was filled with adventurers and far-travellers and beautiful women and an assortment of strange and wonderful creatures. I looked at a girl walking by with a lizard on her shoulder, told him I would rather live in my world and suggested that the book he needed most on his table was **Final Exit**.

To wind it all up I made my last presentation of the Green Slime Awards. The, ah, well, "winners" were She Wolf of London as worst television drama; Hardware, written and directed by Richard Stanley, for worst movie; Doug Chaffee's cover for Timothy Madden's book, Outbanker, for worst artwork, and Fallen Angel by Niven, Pournelle, and Flynn for worst novel.

I introduced Roy Buerge who will take over as Slime Master. Assorted fen were waiting for him and promptly covered him from head to foot with green silly string. Slimed, by Roscoe. And I was presented with a framed lobby card, with appropriate inscription, of the movie The Green Slime. I was touched. Also hugged and kissed. Good ending to 15 years of Green Slime.

THE WIZARD OF SANTA FE by Simon Hawke (Warner Books, 1991, \$4.50)

I bought this at Bubonicon for obvious reasons. One, it was written by the Guest of Honor and two, the setting is Santa Fe.

It is a Santa Fe of a couple of hundred years in the future after the world of technology fell apart and was replaced by magic. Things are run by reciting the proper spell over them.

The story opens on an exciting note with the body of a young woman found in a fountain. Lt. Joe Loomis of the Santa Fe police determines that she was killed by magic. He calls in Paul Ramirez, a professor of magic at the college in Santa Fe and, because he is the only certified wizard in town, the local representative of the Bureau of Thaumaturgy. So far, so good, but as the story progresses Hawke manages to drag in Merlin and Modred and assorted other characters out of the past as the apparently simple killing of the woman becomes only an incident in the ancient war of the Old Ones.

In Chapter 4 Hawke introduces Catseye Gomez, a thaumagenetically engineered cat who was raised on Mickey Spillane and The Destroyer and the Executioner and pictures himself as a private eye ala Mike Hammer. Hawke fell into a common trap. The minute something like Catseye Gomez is introduced into a novel the reader loses all interest in the rest of the characters. It becomes, whether Hawke wanted it to or not, Catseye's book. The Wizard of Santa Fe eventually works its way to a conclusion with Catseye Gomez doing in the villain.

Hawke says that do to popular demand another book featuring Catseye Gomez is in the works.

I paid \$4.50 for this but only because I bought it in the huxter room and Hawke was handy so I could get him to sign it. But I wonder. Some paperbacks are going for five bucks now. Bookclub hardbacks aren't much more than that and one can get hardbacks from remaindered dealers such as Hamilton for less than \$5.00. Why should I buy paperbacks when hardcovers are cheaper? I think the paperback market may be on the verge of a great fall.

SOME MAILING COMMENTS? MAYBE JUST A FEW.

THE FA #216: There is a pretty good mix of fanzines in this mailing. We have sercon zines, faanish zines, personal zines and general zines. Looks like a good mix in the membership.

LOFGEORNOST I am surprised that something like the Public Library Association would even consider a conference on science fiction (even if it didn't come off). I suppose it is an indication of just how far the field has come since the bad old days of the pulps. Or maybe it is an indication of how desperate the libraries are becoming. In these days of increasing illiteracy librarians may be considering that anything printed on paper is worth attention and encouragement.

The economic situation isn't helping. Not around here anyway. A couple of years ago the library looked at the budget it received from the city and announced that there was no money to buy books. I don't know if that has improved or not--I doubt it. New books seem to be purchased from the sales of old

books at the annual library sale and from donations from the Friends of the Public Library. And that doesn't seem to be enough. I have punched subjects and titles into their computer only to find that the library has nothing on them. Somewhat discouraging.

If you can live forever, how can you keep life from becoming insufferably tedious? Yes, as you say, you arrange to forget things. I do not believe that memory capacity is infinite so it would seem that having memories cleared periodically would be almost a necessity. Of course, in this wonderful world of computers one could always arrange to have memories stored on whatever it is being used for storage so they would be available for checking if necessary.

But who wants to live forever?

SNICKERSNEE The time of the Great Freeze, indeed. My Michigan-based
SILVERBOB arrived for Christmas to enjoy the semi-warmth of New Mexico
in the daytime. They brought with them, or so I told them,
the first below-zero temperatures we had in years. I do not do gardens but
the freeze killed off several of my roses which I have since replaced with
new varieties. Extra-cold weather during the first week in April didn't
help any either. Or maybe it did. The fruit trees thought it was spring
and were blossoming and the cold wiped out all of the blossoms so I did not
have to mess with all of that fruit this year. Mostly I pick a little and
let the birds take care of the rest. The new roses bloomed some, about what
one would expect from first year plants, and should do much better next year.
Unless, of course, we have another great freeze. Seems unlikely but in these
days of the Greenhouse Effect one never knows what to expect. If I extrapo-
late correctly the next Great Freeze in Albuquerque should be about 2011.
I don't believe I shall worry about that one.

SHALMANESER If you wrote for ANALOG you would, I gather, be joining a select
MANNING fraternity. According to Arlen Andrews ANALOG writers have
own pins and belt buckles and whatever. The Analog Mafia they
have dubbed themselves and they are all proud to be writing for the zine.
Sort of reminds me of earlier days--the select writers wrote for ASTOUNDING
and the rest wrote for TWS and STARTLING. May be more similarities than
that. ASTOUNDING was always a zine where the stories were considered to
be a bit more serious(?), intellectual(?), scientific(?) than the run of
the mill stfzine. I have read letters in LAN'S LANTERN from a few fen who
said they were afraid to tackle ANALOG for the same reasons. Reputations
seem to hang on.

O PIONEERS! Once again a welcome glance at fan history. Muchly appreciated,
REDD

HORIZONS 206 "Three O'Clock in the Morning" is a tune I always recall
HARRY with distaste. When I was in boot camp, many long years
ago, that was the music played, endlessly it seemed, when
we fell out for our lunge and jump exercises. I did not appreciate the 1942
equivalent of aerobics.

I suppose I impulsively bought those books on Colorado
and Colorado Springs to jog my memory back to my earlier years. It is fun
to look at pictures and read about the 1930s. But, Harry, on sober reflection

would you want to be 12 years old again? I don't think I would.

You have a speedier walk than I do. From my gate, around the "block" and back to my gate is 2.1 miles and takes me about 45 minutes. And I don't do that as often as I should.

I still have some of Halliburton's books although I haven't read them in years. He recorded his adventures amusingly although detractors say he fictionalized some of them. No matter, I enjoyed them.

Bums and beggars and street people are certainly nothing new. They existed even in the earliest cities in Sumer.

OF CABABBAGES ETC (No, that isn't a typo.) In a world that seems to be increasingly more polluted and poisoned I hesitate to dismiss Atwood's story completely. Which doesn't mean that I accept it either. Yarns about decreased fertility or an increase in children dying are not rare in science-fiction. They make good cautionary tales which give a writer something on which to hang a message or else we can look at them as a version of a horror story.

My own opinion, though, is that there are more children surviving these days (at least in the western world) than ever before. The death rate for children in olden days was absolutely horrendous. In some societies children were not given names until they passed five years of age because so few of them did. We read about the lifespans of ancient societies as being, say, 25 years or such. Which is given as the average and think about what the average is. Men and women who survived childhood lived a normal lifespan of about 70 years. What brings that average down is that very large percentages did not survive to become adults.

Certainly there are children being born today with life-threatening deformities. Certainly children die of disease or, sometimes, for no discernable reason. They always have. Modern medicine sees to it that not as many do these days as was done in the past. One of the reasons, besides ignorance of birth control, for large families in the past was that the parents wanted to insure that there would be someone around to carry on. If you read some of the books which detail family life 100 or more years ago you will find that the death rate of children was astonishing. Walk around an old cemetery and read the dates on the grave stones.

Can you account for what you perceive by saying that you know more people with children now than in former days. A possibility.

And then mayhap Mother Nature has taken on the almost impossible task of reducing our numbers.

DETOURS I passed on Tatyana Tolstaya's remark, "A dull society is statistically better (than a revolutionary one). More people stay alive." when I first read it in Jackson's zine. Well, maybe I snorted or somesuch. More dull people stay alive. Who calls that living?

Hmphf, etc. I thought the discussion concerned who started school at the earliest age, not the earliest date. From that point of view, sure, I'll give you five years on me.

I am happy that you have finally managed to locate New Mexico. Far too many people think that Arizona borders on Texas thus eliminating us completely, or that we are but an extension of that south of the border country. I almost picked up a copy of "One of our 50 is Missing" a few days ago but decided the book was too thin and the price was too thick.

I cannot speak as an expert on European cities. I have visited only as a tourist and tourists actually see very little but the little I did see, even in some of the drabest parts of the cities, looked a lot better than a lot of American cities. There may be a difference in attitude there. I don't know. Can we get some reports from our European and Australian members? Do any of your cities look, as Brian Earl Brown reported about Detroit, like deserted bombed-out ruins?

I don't want a copy of your Wizard of Oz tape as I probably have the same version you do--I just want a more complete description of what you are writing about. Where in the movie does this alleged jitterbug scene appear? Is the tune involved "The Jitterbug"? [Did you just hear what I just heard? That doesn't sound like an ordinary bird., Ktp.] With Granddaughter Katie having lived in the house for two months, I saw that movie at least 30 times during July and August. (On alternate days we watched King Kong. Once in a while Mary Poppins.) Lions and Tigers and Bears, Oh My!

Conventions as a way of life? Could be. Mentioned to one of the Albuquerque fens at the end of Bubonicon that "tomorrow we go back to the real world." Was informed that "This is the real world. The rest of it doesn't really count." Upon reflection I am not prepared to argue that.

I see that I really messed up the brain-teaser inasmuch as my brain was unable to visualize the ungiven instructions that the new words referred to parts of the human body. [Which would lead me to argue that "soul brother" does not belong.]

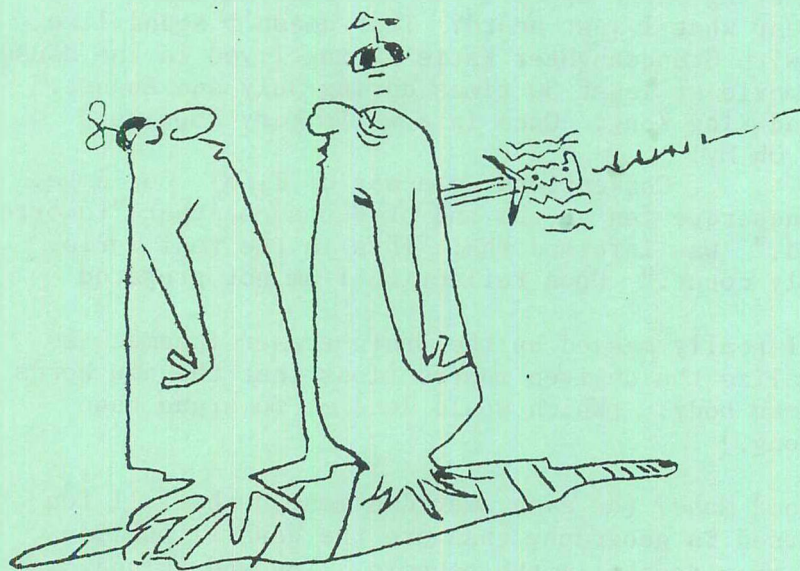
SYNAPSE I would not bet good money (or even American money) that all fens
JUFFUS are any better versed in geography than are the general public.

Geography is no longer taught in the schools. You and Eklund can pour out your souls in your FAPAazines if you wish. Just don't expect me to read them.

What all of those revolutionary socialist regimes do not understand is that there are no American masses. How much of a change in the past would it take to destroy the idea of resilient time? Using the same Eisenhower example, what would happen if one arranged to mangle Eisenhower's feet on the football field so badly that he had to be medically discharged and never served in the military?

I have it on the authority of several first fens that the "k" in Belknap is silent. On the other hand I once knew a woman named "Kay" who wasn't.

And from the termite's jaws he pried a sliver of steel. Probably not an exact quote. Close enough for identity purposes. Almost as much a nightmare as "Mutant 59, The Plastic Eater."



Tom "One thing, Out here we've
Out of the way of these
feuds!"