

Dynatron



I had sort of intended to keep in quiet but since you've asked I will admit that, yes, this is, indeed, another issue of DYNATRON. As a matter of fact it is the 39th issue of DYNATRON. The 39th? Yes. Wait, you say. What became, you ask, of the 38th issue of DYNATRON? You didn't get a copy of the 38th issue. Ah, yes. Sorry about that. #38 was a hasty four sheeter sent to FAPA and paid subscribers only. It contained nothing much. If you didn't get it you didn't miss much. Unless you are a completist in which case you do have a problem.

In any event this is DYNATRON #39 and is, as always, an amateur magazine, a fanzine, as it were, dedicated to the discussion of science fiction, fantasy, and related subjects. Inasmuch as this is, so to speak, a literary discussion type thing it is, as always, unpolitical, undenominational, uncontroversial and bloody well unprofitable. Yes.

Pay attention now, we're getting to the important stuff. DYNATRON is published quarterly (most of the time) by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. It is available through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, and in trade for other fanzines. Otherwise one can get a sample copy for 25¢. After the sample one must continue to show an interest in the zine in order to stay on our rapidly shifting mailing list.

Cover by Terry Romine.

Early American Science/Fantasy Fiction by C. W. WOLFE.....	Page 39
A Discussion of Archaeological Site Construction as a Tool of Socio-Cultural Interpretation and Methodological Necessity by C. L. Toulouse.....	Page 39
It's a Strange Strange World We Live In by C. W. John.....	Page 39
Writings In The Sand Remarks on this and that by Roytac.....	Page 39
Letters We don't seem to have any this time but if we did they would be on.....	Page 39
Anything else I decide to include including the interior decorating.....	Page 39

British Agent:
Ethel Lindsay
Courage House,
6 Langley Avenue
Surbiton, Surrey,
UK

DYNATRON #39
A Marinated Publication
dated May, 1969

Horrible Old Roy Tackett
Editor and Publisher and
General Grouch.

EARLY AMERICAN SCIENCE/FANTASY FICTION (1900-1930)

by

C. W. WOLFE

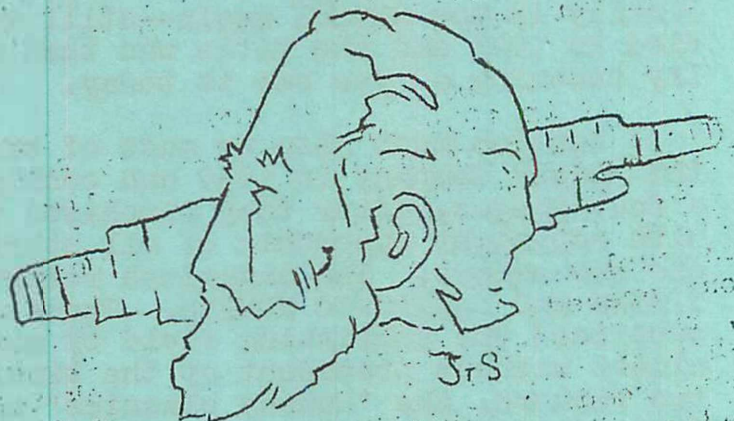
Introduction.

It was something over four years ago that Donald Wollheim suggested I make contact with Roy Tackett and I suddenly found myself involved with the Albuquerque SF Group. Prior to this time I maintained contact with the SF world only through selected pen pals, read no fan magazines, and hardly knew they existed. Being of the older generation of SF fans, it was with some askance that I would now and then see such a publication and wonder just what sort of kook it took to spend his time working on such a project. Now after four years of reading DYNATRON and, of late, Bob Vardeman's SANDWORM, my feelings are much mollified and much real pleasure comes in the reading of these rather strange publications.

In passing I might mention that fanzines have forced me to learn an almost new language. Words like LoC, FAPA, N3F, Nycon, Baycon and a whole barrel full of words that start with "fan" and another barrel full that may start with anything and end with "ish", and a multitude of others I won't try to recall at this moment. Let it be recorded that I feel pretty good that I can just read this stuff and most certainly can not even begin to write any of it. Readers will have to suffer through my brand of normal English.

Usually, job and time do not allow me the leisure for indulging in such things as this but at the moment I am grounded recovering from eye surgery, and for a change some time is available. And for a long time I have been meaning to do a resumé of early day science fiction. By this I mean in major part those stories that appeared prior to the advent of such specialized magazines as WEIRD TALES in 1923 and AMAZING STORIES in 1926.

Let me digress for a moment. We now have F, SF, Sci-Fi, and a bunch of other abbreviations to indicate our field of literature. Many fans prefer to divide the field into two genre, fantasy and science fiction, and keep them separate. I maintain this is impossible. Let me illustrate. Many SF stories involve time-travel. This is out and out fantasy. Many others, perhaps as high as 50%, involve events and action on far away star clusters and remote galaxies, but with earthlings tied into the story somehow. This means space drives, space warps or other faster-than-light modes of travel. In my book this is also fantasy. True science fiction, if we were to try to define a limit for it, would be limited to plausible science as we know it.



I dare say that 99.9% of the PhD's in science today would wholly discredit FTL space travel. So why not be honest with ourselves and admit this is fantasy. I won't say that faster-than-light travel is impossible but I do maintain it is infinitely improbable. For the record there is a mode of travel that is faster-than-light and this was quite successfully used by many of the early day writers, including our old friend Edgar Rice Burroughs in "Princess of Mars", and even more extensively by J. U. Giesy in "Palos of the Dog Star Pack" and the rest of the Jason series. This mode is generally called "astral projection" in which the person in question is able to separate from his physical body and move at will about the universe. Time and space are not involved. "Astral projection" has had many adherents through the years and in this day of Bishop Pike, Edgar Cayce, Arthur Ford and many other reputable persons we are once more finding that this idea is not as much in disfavor as formerly. Let us admit that SF stands for Science -Fantasy and stop all the quibbling over definitions.

Now to get back to the main purpose of this article, to try to cover the early days of S/F in the United States. Most of us already know that S/F got its real start in Europe with men like Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, and H. Rider Haggard. Sam Moskowitz has already done some very fine biographies of the more famous writers on both sides of the Atlantic, who pioneered the field. As there is no point in duplicating his work many famed American writers will be omitted from this series of articles. But it is our contention that 50% or more of our present day fans were born since 1930 and became avid readers of the S/F field since World War II. To these fans it may be a great boon to know something of what was written in the U. S. and by whom between the years 1900 and 1930 and where it was printed. We feel safe to confine most of our historical reporting to that group of magazines known as the "Munsey Magazines". There were so many and they were of such varied duration that it would be quite confusing to give a complete outline of them here. Titles included THE SCRAP BOOK, GOLDEN ARGOSY, MUNSEY'S, ARGOSY MONTHLY, ARGOSY WEEKLY, ARGOSY-ALL STORY WEEKLY, CAVALIER, CAVALIER WEEKLY, ALL STORY, ALL STORY WEEKLY and RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. Eventually most of these magazines merged with ARGOSY. Sometimes names were compounded for a time and then it was just ARGOSY again. The longest compound name was ARGOSY ALL-STORY WEEKLY which arose from the merger of the two magazines in 1920 and continued for almost 10 years. Finally it was ARGOSY again--still weekly. ARGOSY, the pulp magazine, died in 1943 and the title was then used on a "slick" magazine, gradually becoming as you see it today.

Mention must also be made of two other famous magazines started by the Munsey Company in 1939 and continued by Popular Publications, with a few changes, after they purchased the entire Munsey group in 1942-43, with copyright ownership of all stories, past and present, passing to the new owners. The magazines referred to were FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and FANTASTIC NOVELS. These were 100% reprint magazines and surprised the publishing field by attaining a popularity with the fans almost without precedent at the time. Most of this fame was earned by two factors, the "Munsey classics" coming back into print and the astute editorship of Mary Gnaedinger. Miss Gnaedinger operated one of the most famous reader's columns ever to exist...she answered all fan mail personally. She brought the old stories up to date by using Virgil Finlay drawings wherever possible. After Popular took over FN was dropped for a time and FFM converted to reprints from hardback books--

mostly British--due chiefly to complaints from authors that reprint magazines were hurting their market. Reader demand for the Munsey Classics continued strong, however, and eventually reached such overwhelming proportions that Popular Publications not only resumed their publication in FFM but also revived FN. Both magazines continued until 1954 when the pulp/digest magazine/paperback book scramble became so strong that most pulp magazines finally gave up the ghost. A most lasting tribute to Mary Gnaedinger is that she weathered the storm of all the confusion of ownership, policy changes, and paperback book competition until the very last. Every fan of that era loved her like a personal friend. A fan who today owns a complete set of FFM/FN considers himself one of the lucky and elite members of the genre. 50% or more of the old Munsey Classics came back into print in FFM/FN. Many of them had formerly been unobtainable at any price.

The famed editor of the Munsey magazines for the period of our interest was Mr. Bob Davis, a man of great skill, vision, and imagination. He deserves the credit for bringing Science/Fantasy stories to the American public. The S/F name had not yet been invented, so he called them "Different" stories. To Bob Davis belongs the credit of discovering and printing S/F stories by such famous writers as E. R. Burroughs, A. Merritt, Otis A. Kline, Ray Cummings, Murray Leinster, Garrett P. Serviss, Garret Smith, George Allen England, J. U. Giesy, Ralph Milne Farley, Charles B. Stilson, Austin Hall, Homer Eon Flint, George F. Worts (Loring Brent), Francis Stevens, Victor Rousseau, Tod Robbins, Perley Poore Sheehan, Philip M. Fisher Jr., Slater LaMaster, Jack Mann (E. Charles Vivian), Arthur Leo Zagat, William Grey Beyer, and a few minor names whose output was small and hardly noteworthy.

In the listings to follow titles which have never had a reprinting will be underlined. As far as possible known reprintings will be reported. Serials will be listed with starting dates only followed by the number of installments. And we shall start with Roger Sherman Hoar who is better known by his pen name of Ralph Milne Farley.

Ralph Milne Farley was part lawyer, part engineer and scientist. He held three degrees from Harvard, was once a member of the Massachusetts State Senate and, apparently, a native New Englander. The locale of many of his stories reflected this. He later migrated to Milwaukee to teach at Marquette University. After retirement he remained in Milwaukee until his death. He was a close friend of Stanley G. Weinbaum who also attained great fame in the S/F field during his brief life. Mr. Farley apparently wrote S/F as a hobby. His works include many short stories and at least one novel that appeared elsewhere than in ARGOSY. His first appearance was in 1924.

1. THE RADIO MAN (first of the Miles Cabot trilogy)
ARGOSY-ALLSTORY 6/28/24, serial-4 parts. Reprinted FFM 12/39, serial-3 parts. Reprinted in book form by FPCI, 1948. Reprinted Avon paperback #285 in 1950 as "An Earthman on Venus".
2. THE RADIO BEASTS (second Miles Cabot story)
ARGOSY-ALLSTORY 3/21/25, serial-4 parts. Reprinted as a complete novel in FN 1/41. Reprinted by ACE (#F-304) in 1966.
3. THE RADIO PLANET (third Miles Cabot story)
ARGOSY-ALLSTORY 6/26/26, serial-5 parts. Reprinted complete in FFM 4/42. Reprinted as ACE paperback #F-312 in 1966.

4. THE RADIO FLYERS
ARGOSY-ALLSTORY 5/11/29, serial-5 parts. Unrelated to the first three, this was a hollow Earth story and caused a controversy with ERB and OAKline fans. This controversy was the possible cause of Kline's third Venus story going to WEIRD TALES instead of ARGOSY. Never reprinted.
5. THE RADIO GUN RUNNERS
ARGOSY-ALLSTORY 2/22/30, serial-6 parts. Never reprinted.
A sequel to The Radio Flyers.
6. THE RADIO MENACE
ARGOSY 6/7/30, serial-6 parts. Never reprinted. Considered by many to belong in the Miles Cabot series although Cabot appears only in the final chapter. The tie-in is the evil Whoomangs, the villains of The Radio Planet.
7. CAVES OF THE OCEAN
ARGOSY, 1/17/31 serial-4 parts. Never reprinted.
8. THE RADIO PIRATES
ARGOSY, 8/1/31, serial-4 parts. Unrelated to other "Radio" stories.
9. THE RADIO WAR
ARGOSY 7/2/32, serial-5 parts. Unrelated to other "Radio" stories.
10. THE GOLDEN CITY
ARGOSY 5/13/33, serial-5 parts. Considered one of Farley's finest. Reprinted in FFM as a complete novel 12/42.
11. THE IMMORTALS
ARGOSY 11/17/34, serial-6 parts. Also considered one of Farley's best. There are rumors of a paperback reprint but your reporter has never been able to verify it so we'll continue to report it not reprinted.
12. THE HIDDEN UNIVERSE
AMAZING STORIES 11/39, serial-2 parts. Reprinted by FPCI, date uncertain.
13. THE OMNIBUS OF TIME
Fantasy Press (?). A collection of Farley's short stories. Probably out of print.
14. THE RADIO MINDS OF MARS
Believed to have been found among Farley's papers after his death. The mss is owned by FPCI. Part 1 of a projected serial published in SPACEWAY 1/69. Definitely part of the "Radio Man" series.

These were Ralph Milne Farley's major works. In the next issue we will list the works of some of the other major authors from ARGOSY.

C. W. WOLFE

Editor's note: Woody Wolfe is one of the elders of the Albuquerque SF Group and his collection is the envy of us all. Woody, an RCA theater engineer, has complete collections of all the SF and fantasy magazines (including two sets of FFM/FN) as well as vast shelves of ARGOSY and ALL STORY dating back to the Teens. Not to mention the additional shelves of hardcover and paperback books. He is our ultimate authority on pre-WWII science/fantasy. Woody wrote the introduction for the ACE edition of "The Blind Spot".

RT

A DISCUSSION OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE CONSTRUCTION AS A TOOL OF
SOCIO-CULTURAL INTERPRETATION AND METHODOLOGICAL NECESSITY.

by

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE

In this paper the author intends to discuss a virtually ignored (in print) archaeological technique often used to gain profitable and useful site information for settlement pattern studies and cultural reconstruction.

In the past several years as the federal funds on which modern archaeology has become increasingly dependent have been harder and harder to come by (the reason generally given for the cut in funds being because the money is being spent in Viet Nam in order to provide ruins for future generations of archaeologists to excavate in Asia) it has become more and more difficult to do a complete archaeological reconnaissance of an area before actual excavation is undertaken. This means that because of a lack of funds and, therefore, time in the field, it is often impossible for the investigator to find the exact type of site he requires for maximum information gain in the right geographic, geologic, and ecologic situation to successfully complete the prehistoric socio-cultural reconstruction of the area or time period in which the archaeologist is particularly interested.

In the above case it then becomes necessary to construct the desired site in the right location to assist the archaeologist in his interpretive studies. In many cases there is an added bonus as it is usually possible to construct the site in a location convenient to the field supervisor and his crew.

To explain more clearly how this type of approach is utilized we will now look at an actual instance in which it was necessary to construct a site in order to quickly complete a 7,000 year cultural sequence in the area being intensively investigated by the Pot Hunting and Pit Plundering Institute of North America in central New Mexico (see also Toulouse, 1968, Dynatron 36) before Congress completes cutting off all funds to any sort of research in the various social sciences.

After considerable discussion and library research it was decided the developmental sequence becoming apparent as our analysis of material, gained over several more affluent seasons, continued had at least one weak point to be filled by further study. Unfortunately, a living site in the time period from approximately 1,000 B.C. to A.D. 1 could not be located in the time available (only a scatter of material from this period had been found in the excavated stratified deposits in several rock shelters in the vicinity of the Rio Puerco).

An appropriate location was chosen and to facilitate easier construction and artifact placement a road cut was utilized in which the actual structural remains were built. This locality was designated the Arroyo Orlando Site.

A month before actual field work was scheduled to commence several small truckloads of charcoal and ash (radio-carbon dated to the appropriate time before the present) mixed with sand from the nearby Arroyo Orlando were dumped at two previously selected points about 20

meters apart on a frequently travelled ranch road. The localities at which this mixture was dumped were designated Area 1 and Area 2. Area 1 covered an area about five meters by four meters, as it was to represent the floors of two overlapping structures, and was about five centimeters thick. Area 2 was smaller, as it was to be the floor of only one structure, about three meters by three meters and was about 10 centimeters in thickness.

Both areas were wet thoroughly and packed down (by pounding with the flat side of a shovel) and allowed to dry. Several of the larger, more sturdy artifacts such as metates, manos, choppers, and scraper planes (all of which had been manufactured in the laboratory in preparation for the actual "excavation" procedure, using sandstone from an outcropping several hundred meters from the site location and quartzite pebbles from the Pleistocene gravel terraces on which the site was built) were placed on these prepared floors and then the artifacts and floors were covered with several centimeters of soil from the banks at the side of the road. In the four weeks following, the traffic on the road further compacted the floors and embedded the artifacts in them very convincingly.

A crew of eight college students was assigned to the Arroyo Orlando Site under the direction of a foreman who had had considerable experience in site construction (having worked extensively for archaeologists at two New Mexico universities). A one meter grid was laid in by transit over a 200 meter area for mapping purposes. The road was rerouted and the sand was cleared from Areas 1 and 1 and the wind-blown sand deposit at either side of the road was cleared back several meters at both localities to a depth of 50 centimeters to produce a surface into which were then dug a series of small storage pits and several hearths.

Further construction details will be dispensed with as this report is only intended to give a general introduction and description of the techniques employed in archaeological site construction. Suffice it to say that each structural element and feature and all artifacts were located and placed exactly by transit. Individual maps of each one meter square in the grid were kept by the students as they worked. At the same time a master site map was kept in order to keep tight control of construction details.

A complete series of photographs of all the artifacts in place and all structural details and features was taken just as would be done if the site had been excavated in the traditional manner. The artifacts were then removed and sent to the field laboratory for normal processing.

Carbon-14 samples were also taken in regular manner as were pollen samples which would give appropriate pollen profiles for the time period under investigation. These samples were sent to appropriate specialists for processing and analysis.

It is hoped that this brief article will add to the reader's knowledge of the recent advances being made in the field of archaeological technology. It should be stressed, however, that a site should be constructed only under the most rigid scientific conditions and only when shortness of time and/or funds makes it imperative to construct rather than locate and excavate the real thing. The investigator should also have a precise and intimate knowledge of the cultural connotation of the constructed site in order to preserve its validity and cultural integrity as a contribution to the field of pre-history.

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE

XXXXX

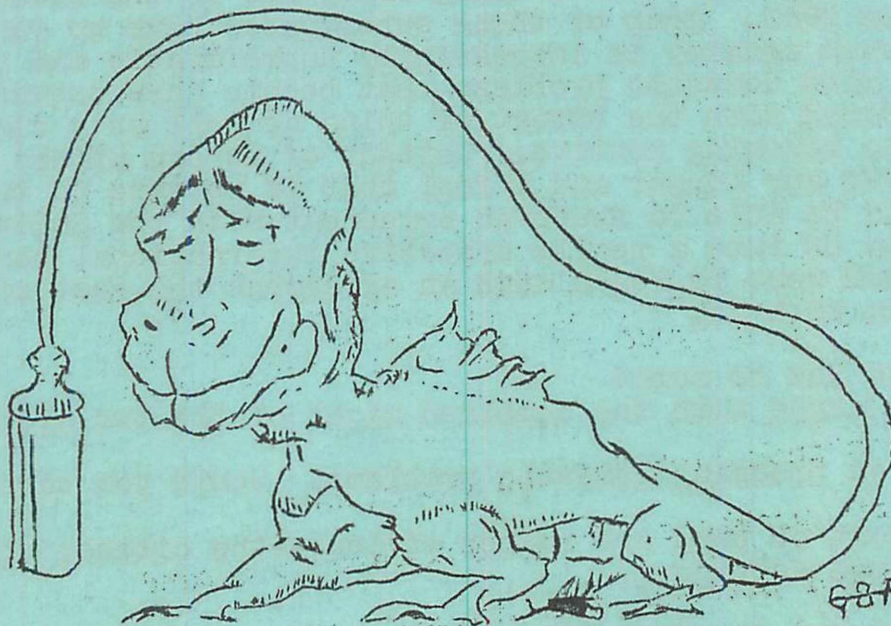
IT'S A STRANGE, STRANGE WORLD WE LIVE IN.....

A
COLUMN
BY
C.
W.
JOHN

We had occasion recently, well, within the last few months, to talk with Mr. Hjalmar K. Wong the leading Radical Centerist of Precinct 4F. (Precinct 4F was recently redesignated as Precinct 21B. The entire Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque was redesignated as Precinct 21 with two divisions. The change was made, the County Clerk said, at the behest of the citizens of Los Ranchos who petitioned for such a change. Our esteemed editor says that no one consulted him about such a change which is not surprising since he is one of the leading agitators in the Village and would probably have said "no" just for the hell of it. It is felt that one of the factors leading to the request for redesignation was that Precinct 4 was heavily Democratic while the Village enclave is mostly Republican. Our esteemed editor, who is, by law, non-partisan refuses to reveal his party registration although his daughter Diana swears the first words she was taught to say were "Republicans are no damned good.") We questioned Mr Wong at length concerning the program and ideology of the "Radical Centerists" and the remainder of this column may very well be taken up with parts of the interview.

Q. Mr Wong, just what, exactly, are Radical Centerists?

A. Ah, yes, that is not easy to explain. The Radical Center feels that both the extreme left and the extreme right are the refuges of those who have become rather mentally unbalanced politically. We of the Radical Center feel that there is a great need for change in this country but we reject the reactionary policies of the extreme right which, for the most part are the ravings of madmen and the bankrupt policies of the extreme left which, for the most part, are the ravings of madmen. The Radical Center believes in a vigorous activist program which steers a course more or less down the middle, as the middle is defined today,



68F

Q. How would you define "the middle", Mr Wong?

A. I don't think I could give you a definition as such.

Q. Well, let's go at it from a different angle...

A. I am always ready to consider all angles.

Q. What do you consider the most important issue today?

A. The most important issue is the exploration of space. There are, however, a number of other issues which must be taken into consideration and disposed of in order to really give space the attention it requires.

Q. For instance?

A. The war in Indo-China, obviously, must be ended.

Q. Ended? You mean won?

A. I mean ended. The provisions of the Geneva Conference on Viet Nam should be complied with. The whole matter should be turned over to the United Nations and nationwide elections held within a few months. All parties should agree to abide by the results of the election.

Q. Isn't that the solution that the Communists are plumping for?

A. No. The Communist aim is to take over the whole country by force without any election being held. They are as serious about preventing an election as the United States is. The Republic of Viet Nam and the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam are both fictions. Neither has any legal existence. Both the north and the south are in the control of gangs of thieves who have no interest in the people of the country but only in the lining of their own pockets. The ideal solution would be the elimination of both gangs. We'll have to settle for an election that will be as honest as we can possibly make it. This will undoubtedly take a show of force by the UN but it should be by the UN and not by any individual government.

Q. Do you believe the UN is an effective agent?

A. Not really but there is no reason it couldn't be. The only thing that has prevented the UN from being effective is the rivalry between the US and the USSR. Both of these superpowers have not reached the place where such rivalry is increasingly unprofitable and unpopular. We are faced with domestic problems that become more pressing every day. The USSR is faced with the threat of China as well as a civilian population that is becoming restive. Neither of us can afford the luxury of the cold war any longer and I feel that if we were to take the initiative we should be able to reach an agreement with the Soviet Union that would turn the UN into a really effective international body. If the US and the USSR were to reach such an agreement the rest of the world would go along with it.

Q. What makes you so sure?

A. Who would argue with the combined might of the two giants?

Q. You mention pressing domestic problems. Would you care to expand on that?

A. I think most of them are rather obvious--the cities, poverty, education, the postal service...

Q. What would you do about the postal service?

A. Take it to hell out of politics. That would help to solve most of the problems. I would install someone familiar with the problem of transporting material across the country as head of the department in-

stead of the political errand boy who usually fills the post.

Q. Put the Post Office on a business basis so to speak....

A. Not exactly. That implies making a profit. The Post Office is a service and not expected to make a profit. It is expected to be efficient, however.

Q. What about the cities?

A. Tear them down and rebuild them with planning. Eliminate the slums in favor of cheap, modern housing. Decentralize. There are vast open spaces in this land in which many complete new cities could be built. We are no longer tied to the concepts of the past. We don't have to have the city where the industry is and where the transport is. We can build a city and bring the industry and transport to it.

Q. Education?

A. Needs a complete overhaul. We are still trying to teach 19th Century concepts and the 21st Century is hard upon us. The Radical Center proposes a study with a view to setting up an entirely new system to educate, not turn out carbon-copy automatons. And then build the schools to put the program into effect.

Q. You mentioned poverty....

A. Yes. It is ridiculous that there should be any poor people in this country. With the proper application of the technological know-how we have now in automation and in cybernetics there is no reason why we cannot assure everyone all the necessities of life. It will call for changes in the economic system and a complete reorientation in viewpoint but it can be done.

Q. Mr Wong, let's get to an issue that got a lot of attention during the campaign--crime and violence in the streets.

A. When that was mentioned during the campaign it was understood to mean rioting and demonstrations rather than actual crime. Rioting and demonstrations are a symptom of the sickness of our current society. We feel we can cure those ills and that will take care of the rioting and demonstrations. As for actual crime...well, there is crime and there are things called criminal that are not but only against antique and obsolete laws that should be repealed. Consider that it is illegal here to sell liquor on Sunday. That is stupid. People who want to have a drink on Sunday will have one from the bottle they bought on Saturday. It isn't illegal to drink on Sunday, just to buy liquor. There are too many stupid laws.

But as for actual crime: murder, assault, rape, fraud, et cetera...we feel this way. The rights of the individual must be protected, of course, but once a person has been adjudged guilty--throw the book at him. We feel that a defendant in a criminal case deserves every protection available--innocent until proven guilty--but once proven guilty punishment should be swift and...ah...appropriate.

The interview continues but I am not sure our esteemed editor will stand for much more of this. I hear mumbles about why don't you go read a book, John, and do a review or something. Let me close by saying that the Radical Center really doesn't expect any of its ideas to be adopted. But you never know. Something might happen to surprise us all.

C. W. JOHN

Another column like this, John, and you'll be a former columnist. RT.

WRITINGS

IN THE

SAND

"BLOODY MARVELOUS!"

That's what one of the London newspapers said about it.

The Soviets called it an achievement that passes beyond national boundaries, a triumph for all mankind.

It pushed the Pope off the front page of the Vatican newspaper and that takes some doing.

In this country the justly deserved praise filled the airwaves, the newspapers and the magazines.

Apollo 8. Frank Borman, Jim Lovell, Bill Anders. Bloody marvelous!

Man and boy I have been reading science fiction almost since the day I found out those funny little marks on the paper meant something. Science fiction of the 1930s when they were still writing about the first trip to the Moon and it was exciting. Science books, astronomy texts and stare at the night sky. We'll make it someday. Someday we'll see the Moon and the planets from close up. I believed it. A lot of people believed it. A lot of people didn't. Nobody who was anybody believed it. Automobile Charlie Wilson doubted it. Ike Eisenhower doubted it, too, but said that as part of the 1957-58 IGY we would try to orbit some sort of a satellite. And those of us here who believed it looked glum and figured maybe we'd get to the moon some time in the 21st Century.

But somebody who was somebody over there believed it and on 4 October 1957 (just a dozen years ago? only a dozen years ago?) Sputnik I rocketed into space. And on 3 November 1957 Sputnik II and a small dog called Laika went into orbit. And those of us who believed it suddenly found that it was getting crowded around us. After a couple of hasty attempts with Vanguard blew up on the pad we got Explorer I off the ground and into orbit on 31 January 1958 and Vanguard I got its still troublesome electronic grapefruit into orbit on 17 March 1958.

So we all piddled around with instrument packages. Oh, sure, we can send something like that into space but a man?...12 April 1961... Yuri Gagarin became immortal.

On Saturday morning, 21 December 1968, three brave men climbed into a smallish capsule on top of a 360 foot rocket and rocketed into space above the Earth. The word, when it came, was most unpoetic: Apollo 8, Houston. You are go for TLI....Houston, Apollo 8. Roger. Understand go for TLI.

By Klono's Brazen Balls!

They were on their way to the Moon!

They got there early in the morning on Tuesday, 24 December. NBC was on the air all night and I stayed up all night. I was supposed to work the 24th but said the hell with that...I wasn't about to miss any of this great adventure. About 0330 MST (1030 GMT) the word came that they were swinging around behind the moon and were preparing to fire their rocket in order to achieve Lunar orbit. Hold your breath. Did it? Did it? It did! About 0530 the pictures came through and we were looking DOWN at the moon. Savor that. Roll it around. Looking down at the surface of the moon. Down. Fascinating. A forbidding terrain but fascinating.

They circled the moon 11 times and then blasted back for Earth. It is a long fall, man. 200,000 miles they fell. And splashed down in the five ring. 147 hours from "lift off" to "splash down" during which time they showed us the Moon and the Earth as it looks from out there. Frank Borman, Jim Lovell, Bill Anders, Gentlemen, I thank you.

Those who are cynical, disaffected, the detractors, will tell you there are no heroes in the world today. (Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio?) How about these for openers?: Ed Aldrin, Bill Anders, Neil Armstrong, Frank Borman, Valery Bykovsky, Scott Carpenter, Eugene Cernan, Roger Chaffee, Mike Collins, Pete Conrad, Gordon Cooper, Walt Cunningham, Konstantin Feoktistov, Yuri Gagarin, John Glenn, Richard Gordon, Gus Grissom, Vladimir Komarov, Alexei Leonov, Jim Lovell, Jim McDivitt, Adrian Nikolayev, Walter Schirra, David Scott, Alan Shepard, Tom Stafford, Valentina Tereshkova (one for the girls), Gherman Titov, Ed White, Boris Yegorov, John Young, and a dog named Laika.

KITCHENS AND SKIRTS

Some months ago (or perhaps it was some years ago...we are such timebinders that it is difficult to remember exactly when...) Gina Clarke did a piece on Anglo-Saxon cooking. Or somesuch. Gina made references to various, ah, exotics such as Italian and Jewish and Chinese cooking, or whatever (or at least I think she did) and then discussed the basic foods of the WASPS. Actually, I think she erred for what she wrote about was not so much Anglo-Saxon foods as it was basic American foods. You know, the tasteless, bland, homogenized mishmash that most American housewives have become convinced is good food. Like glop bread. Glop bread is the stuff you get at your local supermarket. It is put in the supermarket by the major bakeries. They should be ashamed of themselves. If you take a slice of it and press a little too hard you have a gob of dough. If the bread is at the bottom of the basket you got 24 ounces of thin-sliced dough. Glop bread. Ugh!

Fortunately I learned long ago that food can taste good. But this isn't about variety, this is about basics. Staples, so to speak. The things that satisfy like nothing else, the things that are always on hand. Like bread--or crackers--and cheese. And not the national brands of crackers either. (Unpaid plug here for the Bremmer Biscuit Company of Louisville, Kentucky, which markets its crackers as Dixie Belle Saltines are are the best I've run across.) Bread I usually get from some small local bakery which has not yet succumbed to homogenizing and preservatives and retardants and the like. Salami and Bologna. (No matter how you slice it, it's still baloney but its basic.) Beef, of course, in various forms. Beans? Damright. Mushrooms. Whaddaya mean mushrooms aren't a basic? Being without mushrooms is almost as

bad as being without garlic. Tomatoes, obviously. And coffee. And wine. And what else? I dunno, what am I agoing on about here. Pour another glass of wine and we'll get along to something else.

VAPORS AND VEILS

You must bear in mind that some of the stuff herein was written some time ago when I thought I would get this issue out in February....

Once upon a time, heap many years ago, we used to sit around in the Garden Book Shop in Berkeley and discuss the science-fantasy field. There were such figures out of the past as Donald Baker Moore and George Finnegan and Don Fabun and Gladys Fabun and Horrible Old Roy Tackett (who wasn't quite so old but was still horrible) and a host of others whose names have disappeared into the mists. And verily, it came to pass that Boucher and McComas brought out a new magazine which they called THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION which was, we all agreed, a mouthfull of a title but it certainly was a wonderful thing. We were all agreed, in those days, that F&SF would be a superior magazine, for was not A.P. one of our very own Little Men? Was not Mick known and respected by all? And it was. Cushlamocheeree, it was a magazine to be proud of.

McComas left and eventually Boucher turned over the editor's chair to Robert P. Mills and F&SF began going down hill. Mills tried all sorts of literary experiments and things that were not stories and we were all pleased when it was announced that he was leaving and that Avram Davidson, fine writer, fine fannish fellow, was to be the new editor. But after Avram had edited three or four issues some of us began to wish that Mills was back.

Along about that time I quit buying F&SF on a regular basis, let my subscription lapse and all like that. I'd pick up a copy at the newsstand, now and again, and flip the pages to see if there might be anything of interest. More often than not I'd put it back although I usually bought one issue a year just to keep in touch.

A few weeks ago I found myself with an extra four bits so I bought the December 1968 issue of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Mostly, I suppose, because I had just finished reading ONCE AND FUTURE TALES and was curious to see what F&SF was offering these days.

There is a cover by Jack Gaughan which is deceiving. At first glance it appears to have been hastily painted with a few wide brush strokes with one hand while flipping the pages of fanzines with the other. Look again. There is a tremendous amount of work and detail involved. Good work although not at all an attractive picture.

I was almost put off by the first story, "Prime Time Teaser" by Bruce McAllister which is all about the last woman in the world and her fantasies and nightmares. The editor says in his blurb "...there is nothing but excellence in the components of this story;..." which may very well be but when the components are strug together they don't form much of a story. Meaningless.

The next item is "Books" in which Joanna Russ discusses a lot of books I haven't read and probably won't. They may be good books but Miss Russ's reviews have tilted the scales against them. The ones she recommended even. Or maybe particularly.

C. L. Grant, who is 26 years old and presently lives in New Jersey, is next in view with "The House of Evil" in which he gives a humorous new twist to an old theme and an older legend. Readable.

Zenna

Henderson's "The Indelible Kind" is another chronicle of the People. Has Miss Henderson ever written about anything else? This one concerns a schoolteacher, a boy, and a Russian Cosmonaut dying in orbit. If you like the People, you'll go for this. I found it competent and worthwhile. Readable.

Stephen Barr (is this the same Stephen Barr who once appeared in fanzines?) has "Miss Van Winkle" which is about a girl who sleeps for 19 years and then wakes up without a superego--whatever that might be. (We have no truck with trickcyclists in Dynatron.) Juvenile/meaningless.

Next is "A Report on the Migrations of Educational Materials" by John Sladek. It seems all the books are flying south.... Meaningless.

In "The Worm Shamir" Leonard Tushnet tells of Doctor Zvi Ben-Ari who tracks down one of the myths of King Solomon. Readable.

Isaac Asimov's column is next and the Good Doctor, in his usual witty manner, discusses the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn.

And finally there is the cover-copper, "Gadget Man" by Ron Goulart. Herewith a tale of adventure and political intrigue in the Republic of Southern California sometime after the Chinese Invasion was repelled. Juvenile/readable.

Three readable, two juveniles (one shading to readable and the other to meaningless) and two meaningless.

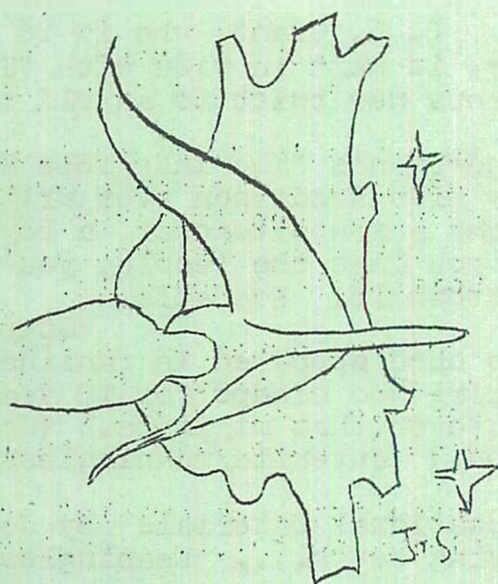
If you expect me to set down any conclusions here about the current state of THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION you are to be disappointed. Insufficient data.

HAREMS AND WHOREHOUSES

There is sufficient data, however, to make a judgement about the FPCI reissue of SPACEWAY. Volume 4, Number 1, dated Jan 69 appeared around the first of the year. With the exception of Ackerman's column it appears to be wholly reprints from earlier issues of the magazine. There is an editorial which doesn't say anything. There is a novelet, "Unwanted Heritage" by E. C. Tubb, which is New Wave even though it was written in the 50s (didn't I say there was nothing new in the New Wave?) and there is an assortment of fair to poor short stories and Part 1, again, of Farley's "The Radio Minds of Mars." Ackerman's column is typical being mostly about stf movies, new, old, proposed and imaginary. (There is also a note that "the abbreviation for science fiction most widely used in the world today--sci-fi--" first appeared in SPACEWAY in June, 1955. That's something to brag about?

I am always happy to see new stfzines appear on the market or old titles revived but I see no service to the field in the revival of a title for the purpose of reprinting old stories that weren't any good when they were first published. If SPACEWAY changes its policy and offers new 1970 vintage stories I'll be happy to buy it regularly. If it remains a reprintzine I can do without it. So can the whole science fiction field.

I don't usually review fanzines. The output of the fan press in 1968 reached, I think, a record high in both quality and quantity and for me to attempt to review all those that came this way would result in Dynatron getting completely oversized. There are a couple of more than passing interest, however, which you might like to get hold of if you are not already on the mailing list. Fantasy enthusiasts will be interested in HOOM from Bee Bowman, 1223 Crofton Avenue, Waynesboro, Virginia 22980. HOOM is published quarterly and costs... hmmm... Bee doesn't list a price, try a quarter, and covers a variety of fantasy subjects: Tolkien, Oz, and other things of that order. Spirit-duplicated, appropriately enough, in a variety of colors and recommended.



On a more general plane is NARGOTHROND which is available for 30¢ from Rick Brooks, P. O. Box 5465, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211. #3, for example, covers such items as a comparison of Poul Anderson's Mersian Empire and the ancient Persian Empire. There is a reprise of the Captain Future series. And there is a goodly amount of other good material.

And for those of you who are completists and collectors and just interested in such things, Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566, publishes assorted compilations of sf books published during the year. I'm not at all sure what she charges for these so you'd best write to her about them. Valuable for bibliographers, etc.

1968 will be known in the annals of Tack's Seitch as the Year of the Plumbing or goddam! where did the money go? The various expenditures involved in keeping the place in a happy medium between being dry or awash are one of the reasons for the rather irregular publication schedule Dynatron has followed of late. I suppose that a true fan, if forced between publishing his fanzine and repairing his plumbing would continue his publishing activities no matter what. But I think that having to report that 915 had sunk beneath the waters in the midst of the New Mexico desert would be carrying fannishness a bit too far.

For the benefit of those not familiar with the situation here I must explain that despite the Albuquerque mailing address we do not live in the city of Albuquerque itself. Rather we live north of the city in an independent enclave called "The Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque." The situation is "rurban" which means that we enjoy the advantages and disadvantages of both rural and urban living. Since we are outside the city we do not have city water or sewage which is both good and bad. The good stems from the fact that our well water is free from assorted additives and, of course, we miss out on the annual hikes in water rates that have turned most Albuquerque lawns into rock gardens. The bad part is that when something goes wrong, which isn't often, but when it does, the expenses mount rather alarmingly. Particularly when it all goes wrong at once.

The well water is hard. It is good for drinking--tastes great. Also can be cut up into window panes and glasslike bricks for use in construction. Not much good for anything else, though. Used for washing clothes it will turn them sort of rusty. The high mineral content rapidly reduces water pipes to solid iron. Which is all right if one wants to go into the iron business but since iron is selling for only 7¢ a pound these days it isn't very profitable. So a water softener is a necessity...and the amazing thing about a water softener is that it doesn't cost anything.

You call up your local water softening service and an agent comes out and sells you a water softener. The basic price is around \$350 and by the time you figure out the interest and carrying charges and the like it comes to about \$700. But it really doesn't cost anything because you save more than that in the reduced use of detergents, boxed water softeners and the like. And you deduct the interest off your income tax.

Last spring I bought a new water storage tank. The small tank on the pump just wasn't doing the job. It is difficult to fill a 40 gallon water heater from a 20 gallon storage tank and the pressure was so slight that about one faucet at a time was all that could be turned on. The cost of the new tank was reasonable. But I looked it over and couldn't find any wires or tubes or transistors and decided that it wasn't something I was equipped to work on. I called by friendly neighborhood plumber to set up an appointment. He came around within a fortnight and installed the new tank and only charged me three times the cost of the tank. He was the second plumber I called. The first one didn't make housecalls.

One morning I wandered in to the utility room and found the deck awash. I bent over and checked the liquid: salt water. I was startled. Strange, I hadn't felt the earthquake. There must have been a subsidence during the night and New Mexico was now, as it had been in the past, under a great shallow sea. I looked outside. Dust. Hmmm. Something amiss here. Salt water? From the water softener. I mentioned that the natural water rapidly fouls the pipes and that was what had happened to the softener. The accumulation of iron finally blocked the interior workings of the thing and the brine tank had filled and overflowed. "Hey, Culligan Man!"

In due time a serviceman arrived, removed my tank and installed a loaner to be used while my tank was in the shop for a clean up and refurbishing.

A week later I got a bill.

"Hey, Culligan Man!"

"Yes?"

"How the hell come you send me a bill when you haven't even completed the job yet?"

"Hasn't your tank been reinstalled?"

"No."

"Sorry, we'll get right on it."

Another week went by. Another bill arrived, this one marked "PAST DUE". But still no tank.

"Hey, Culligan Man!"

"Yes?"

"How the hell come you send me a bill marked Past Due when you haven't even completed the job yet?"

"Well..."

"No tank, no pay. You savvy?"

"I'll check with our service department."

About the end of the third week the tank was reinstalled. I shuddered and paid the bill.

A couple of months later we decided we still weren't getting the water we needed. So one Saturday morning we engaged in a project called "looking for the well". "Well," said Chrys, "I know about where it is and I've got the exact location marked on the house plans." Right. Get the house plans. See, there is where the well is. Uh-huh. Right. Start at the northeast corner of the utility room. Go east 19 feet then north 30 feet. Dig. Uh-huh. No well. That's where it has to be. I'm down three feet. It shouldn't be that deep. That's what I mean. Should be close. Maybe I should try a couple of weejee sticks like Campbell recommends...hey, which way does the pipe run? West from the well to the line of the house then south to the utility room. OK.

So I figured where I'd be inboard of the well and dug a north-south trench until I hit the pipe and then backtracked to the well. Hell, were were off only a foot.

I had previously called a well maintenance outfit and asked how much to blow the well. 30 bucks, he said, and how deep is it? 37 feet, I told him. I think we can shoot that, he said. Yeah, I said, and I can do that myself.

Pause for a word of explanation. These are driven wells since they don't have to go very deep. A "sand point" is put on the end of the pipe and the whole thing is pounded into the ground. The sand-point is a hollow cylinder, about six feet long, pointed on the end with slots in the sides. Eventually, after much use, sand packs in around the slots and the draw of water is curtailed. Standard practice is to "blow" the well with compressed air. Stick the hose down the pipe, turn on the air. It blows the sand away from the point and cleans out the slots. Same thing is accomplished by shooting the well. Yes, you actually shoot the well. Take the cap off, let the water drain down, stick the barrell of a .22 down the pipe and fire. The blast of gas hits the water at the bottom and forces back the sand and cleans out the slots. (Now and again one hears of some idiot who decided to use a gun of a larger caliber than .22. The results are disastrous to both the idiot and the well.) Afterwards, of course, you recap the well and turn on the outside faucets to let the water run until you get rid of all the loose sand. The sand is black 37 feet down.

OK, fine, so now we've got pressure and all seems to be well. One morning I was taking a shower and about midway through the second verse of "The Road To Mandalay" (Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst....) I became aware that something was amiss. My feet were under water. "Avast, you lubbers," I yelled, "man the pumps. The decks are awash. General Quarters. Make preparations to abandon house."

This didn't bring any results so I turned off the water and broke out my copy of the "Unhandyman's Handbook", a volume I recommend to all helpless homeowners. It suggested I try some drain cleaner. OK, try some Drano. Nope. Try some lye. Nope. Try a plumber's snake. Hell, I don't have a plumber's snake. The guy next door does, though.

Next door is Karl Krepfl, owner of the AAA Reliable Septic Tank Service. (Reminds me of the AAA 1 Detective Agency...anybody?) So I tell Karl my troubles. "Tack," he says, "your septic system is shot." "What?" "Sure. You got a tank and a drain well, right?" "Yeah." "It's full. Let's go look."

That isn't as easy as it sounds. The tank and the drain well are both buried, of course, so some digging is involved. It is autumn and hasn't rained in months. The ground is HARD. But finally we get the manhole of the septic tank uncovered and opened. See, its full and not draining. Let's go find the drain well. More digging. This time in the middle of the front lawn. Besides the hard ground we have the roots of Bermuda grass to get through. But byandby we get the well top uncovered and open. Biggernhell, it is full. Karl explains that the wells are made of porous block but after while the blocks become coated with detergent residue and the like and lose their porosity. The solution? Dig a new one.

We measured the depth of the old drain well. Only four feet. Who put this in? Karl asked. The contractor who built the house. You got screwed. Also turned out the drain pipe from the tank to the well is running uphill. Uphill? Check it with a level. Uphill. How can the damned tank drain if the drain pipe runs uphill? With difficulty.

OK, Karl, how much for a new well and drain? One hundred and fifty. Ugh.

So there was much digging up of the front lawn as the backhoe moved in to dig the whole new hole. (You see, when you start to write "hole" and hit the "w" first you simply change the phrase....). The new well is 15 feet deep and should last for years.

Then, of course, we had to call in the friendly neighborhood plumber once again to clear the house pipes.

By the time I got through adding it all up I not only had a large new hole in the ground I had a large hole in the bank account, too.

And not a damned bit of it tax-deductible, either.

So 1968 was the Year of the Plumbing. It will go down in the annals of the seitch as a bad year.

One of the problems with theme anthologies is that the editor is frequently limited in his choice of available material. This seems to be the problem Terry Carr ran into with "The Others" (Gold Medal R2044, 60¢), a collection of stories about "them", the strange alien beings actually in control of human lives. I have a lot of respect for TC's editorial ability and his selections are usually first rate but the seven tales he selected for this anthology are terribly uneven. One imagines that Terry was hard pressed to come up with enough unanthologized stories to make a book. There have been any number of stories about outside control of humanity and things that are not really as they seem. Probably the best is Theodore Sturgeon's "Yesterday Was Monday" in UNKNOWN back in 1941. That little gem is not included in THE OTHERS which is a pity.

Among those that are included are "Roog" by Philip K. Dick which concerns a paranoid dog who thinks the garbage men are aliens. In Ray Nelson's "Eight O'Clock in the Morning" the aliens have the Earth under hypnotic control. Nelson's protagonist is named Nada which describes the story. Richard Matheson has "Shipshape Home" which is obvious from the start. But, I ask you, a rocketship as big as a city block for interplanetary travel? These three are minor items --fillers at best.

R. A. Lafferty's "The Six Fingers of Time" is somewhat better and concerns the survival of members of that ancient race

who numbered to the base 12 for obvious reasons. My only real complaint about this one is style. Just because Lafferty's protagonist behaves like a ten year old, did Lafferty have to write in a style suitable for elementary school readers? Or perhaps he learned to read by Look-See?

Daphne Du Maurier is represented by "The Blue Lenses" which isn't really a fantasy but a look at the world through the eyes of a woman who is rather neurotic. In one sense I suppose the same could be said of any of these stories. "The Blue Lenses" is good, however as is most everything by Du Maurier.

The two heavyweights of the volume are Damon Knight's "Be My Guest" which is a different kind of a ghost story and R. A. Heinlein's excellent "They".

Three good, one fair, and three minor efforts. About average. THE OTHERS is worth getting just for the Du Maurier, Knight, and Heinlein tales.

And that's the ugliest cover I've seen on a fantasy paperback in ages. Sheesh!

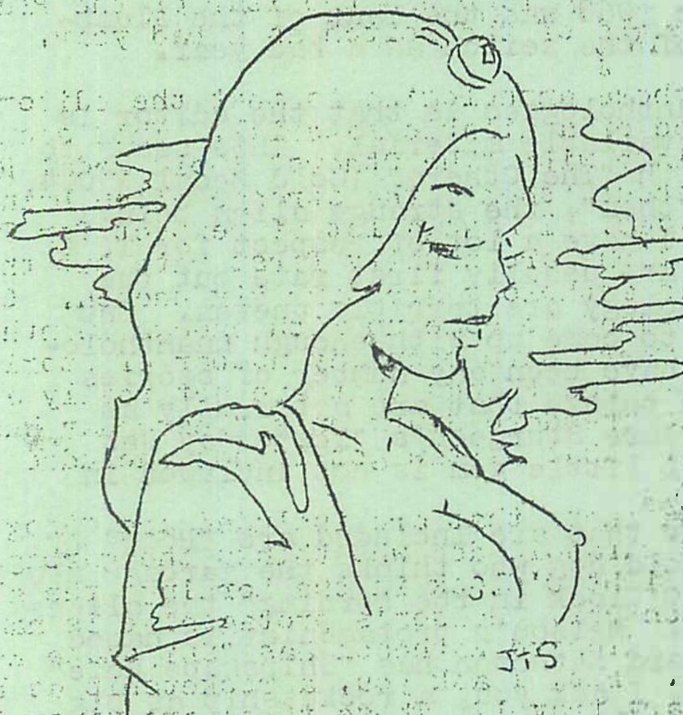
Some of you will be attending StLouCon. I don't imagine that the Tacketts will be there. It comes to a choice between StLouCon and Westercon and, of course, it has to be Westercon.

I would like to get a plug in here for future consites. Being an old internationalist at heart I definitely favor the bid of the German fans to hold the 1970 worldcon in Heidelberg. Heicon 70 will definitely be an international convention drawing SF people from all over Europe. I think this will be good for the field as a whole. Time was when the U.S. had a monopoly on the field but this is no longer true and SF is flourishing in several parts of the world. A successful convention in Germany will give encouragement to fans in other parts of the world.

As for 1971, well, that has to be Boston. Tony Lewis and the rest of the bidding group are fine people and seem to be mature, responsible fans. In addition they are fine company and a lot of fun. I think Boston will be a good choice. Fans will get to meet Fuzzy Pink and watch Charlie's wife throw him a sandwich through the window as the train rumbles thru the Kendall Square Station. And other goodies we may enumerate later. The Albuquerque SF Group has officially endorsed both bids.

HEICON 70

BOSTON 71



MENTIONING WORLDCONS AND THE LIKE...every so often the question of Worldcon financing pops up in one fanzine or another. There are often some grumblings about an accounting and questions of why X dollars was given to one worthy cause or another and the like. The question recently came up in some personal correspondence.

I really haven't given much thought to Worldcon financing but a few observations are in order.

Despite the rumors that pop up now and again I doubt that there's been any hanky-panky with the finances and even if there was...who's to say so? There is no over-all governing body that puts on world SF conventions. Each convention committee is a separate independent entity formed to put on the worldcon. The ConCom members put their own money into the convention and underwrite the costs. What they do with the profits, if any, is their own business. There is a "tradition" of contributions to various fannish causes and of passing along funds to the next convention but these are just traditions and have no legal foundation. As long as things continue as they are each ConCom is accountable only to itself...if they want to take the profits and throw a big beer bust for themselves that's their business and their's alone.

There is something called "The World Science Fiction Society" which seems to be mostly the project of George Scithers but despite its published constitution and all it has little, if any, control over the worldcons. George is to be commended for trying to bring a little order to the convention picture but I really don't see that the WSFS really exists anywhere except on paper. The WSFS does not put on conventions--it just attends them. I know that, according to the WSFS "rules" the WSFS awards the Hugos and selects the site for the next convention. But I have voted in the Hugo balloting and have voted for convention sites and to my recollection I have never been a member of the WSFS. A member of certain conventions, yes, but the WSFS...what's that?

Still, if those fans who want accounting and organization are serious about it all there is a solution. The WSFS could be made into a functioning, continuing body charged not only with attending conventions but also with putting them on. It could be set up so that the convention committee making the successful bid would become the officers of WSFS for the coming year. Membership in WSFS would go to anybody who paid their convention fees (theoretically, according to the WSFS "rules" this is what happens now but I have never seen anything that ever acknowledged me a member of WSFS and I have joined various world conventions). A set of rules could be drawn up covering most of what the current WSFS rules cover and in addition making the Society officers (the con committee) accountable to the general membership and to the new officers at the end of the convention year.

I don't know how various ConCom members might take to that suggestion. Don't really care. The idea is advanced as a discussion point. I have no axes to grind, am not involved with any concons or worthy fannish causes. But it is something to think about and if fans really want organization it might be brought up at StLouCon. But not by me. I won't be there.

WESTERCON XXII (FUNCON II). July 3-6, 1969 at the Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica, Calif. Guest of Honor is Randall Garrett. Advance memberships are \$3 (supporting memberships \$1). For information and memberships write to FUNCON II, Box 1, Santa Monica, Calif. 90406. Make checks payable to Ken Rudolph. Westercon XXII. Westercons, my old and rare, are ALWAYS a ball.

I am in receipt of a number of what, for lack of other terminology, we may call "New York fanzines". These are eight to ten page fmz, generally printed on mud-brown mimeograph paper, and published by a variety of "New York fans" such as Alan Shaw, Rich Brown, Johnny Berry, Arnie Katz and Ted White. Individually that's a good group. AtheK writes well and with humor. I have great respect for Ted White both as a writer and an editor. But these "New York fanzines" have a sameness about them that is a bit wearing. Alan Shaw writes about Rich Brown and Ted White. Rich Brown writes about Alan Shaw and Ted White. Arnie Katz writes about Johnny Berry and Ted White. Johnny Berry writes about Arnie Katz and Ted White. Ted White writes about Ted White. Rather like a daisy chain. I'm told this all represents the ultimate in faaaaaanishness. Faaaaaaanishness, according to Fancy II, is pronounced with a bray, like from a jackass. I have no objection at all, obviously, to fanishness if it is interesting. The contents of these "New York fanzines" isn't. It is boring.

What with this being the time for Hugo considerations and the like and having mentioned fanzines in the last paragraph the question of which is the best fanzine comes up. I wouldn't begin to offer an opinion on that. I can only list the fmz I look forward to receiving and read as soon as they come in. "Best" is rather subjective anyway. FIVE BY FIVE from CAPA which is a personal thing anyway; Ethel's SCOTTISHE, the 51st issue of which arrived today, is a long time favorite, as is fanzine "Y" from the boondocks of Indiana. (I call it "Y" because Buck says if I mention YANDRO he'll scream or something.) CRY, the all-new, revived CRY is awaited eagerly as is Ted Paul's KIPPLE. Dick Geis's SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW is another great favorite. There are other good fanzines, of course, and I enjoy them but those mentioned here are especial favorites.

Edco called me up today to tell me California hadn't fallen into the sea after all. Pity.

The 1969 session of the New Mexico legislature has passed into history but the reverberations are still rocking the state in general and the University of New Mexico in particular. One of the honorable gentlemen rose to condemn the U for teaching filth and obscenity and demanded a full investigation.

It seems that a Teaching Assistant named Lionel Williams was said to have assigned Leonore Kandel's poem, "Love-Lust" to a freshman English class.

"Fire the beggar," the honorable gentleman demanded, "or we'll cut the University's appropriation to one dallar."

Reaction was predictable. The legislature appropriated \$50,000 to conduct a thorough investigation of the University of New Mexico. ("A viper's nest. A haven for Hippies.") UNM president Ferrel Heady suspended Williams and another teaching assistant, Kenneth Pollack, who, according to reports in the Albuquerque JOURNAL, was invited in by Williams as sort of a guest lecturer. Pollack, the report said, talked to the Freshman English Class about homosexuality. ((Very interesting.)) The Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee to investigate the situation. ((??)) A portion of the student body revolted. ((Some of them are quite revolting anyway.)) The letter column of the Albuquerque newspapers grew to alarming proportions as a flood of letters protesting "all this filth" poured in along with another flood defending the poem and free speech and academic freedom.

The anti-war protestors pointed out that the greatest obscenity of all was the war in Viet Nam which all the good people seemed to support. Two or three people wrote in to say that if we just prayed and put our trust in Christ all would be well. Another teacher at the U held a public reading of the poem in front of the SUB. Governor David Cargo was in attendance at the read-in. He bit his lip. There were demands that the teacher be arrested for public obscenity. Bookstores were swamped with requests for copies of Lenore Kandel's poems. The Albuquerque police took time out from stopping bearded motorists for interrogation and propositioning suspected prostitutes to raid the Yale Street Grasshopper, a bookstore in the U area. They confiscated 16 copies of WORD ALCHEMY, POEMS BY LENORE KANDEL and charged Grasshopper owner Philip Mayne and salesman Stephen Stroh under the city's lewd, immoral and obscene ordinance. Oops. Insert "acts" between "obscene" and "ordinance" there. Mayne and Stroh are charged with "manufacturing, promoting, distributing or possessing any obscene publication with knowledge of the obscene nature of the publication." The American Legion issued a statement in support of the flag, motherhood, and the Holy Bible and called on all comrades to stand firm in this crisis. ((Most were sitting watching stag movies.)) It turned out that Mr Williams is a Negro so the Black Student Union issued a statement denouncing it all as a racist plot and called on the University of New Mexico to sever relations with Brigham Young University. Letter writers demanded the University be cleaned out. Other letter writers demanded the legislature be cleaned out. Some at the U formed something called the Ad Hoc Committee for a Free University and called a student's strike but it wasn't very successful...everybody had taken off for Easter vacation. And there the matter stands as of this writing. All is quiet at the moment except for the busy buzzing of copying machines in every office in town as all the good people of Albuquerque are getting their own private copy of "Love-Lust". Privately there is speculation as to Mr. Williams's motive. Some hold that he was getting his jollies by having the young students read the poem. Others hold that Mr Williams is an astute young man who knew exactly which button to push to throw the whole state into turmoil--and it is. Whatever it is it has provided more laughs than have been had around here in ages. If there are any more developments before I run this off I'll include them somewhere.

THE JAGGED ORBIT (Ace 38120, 95¢) is John Brunner's latest fantasy about life in the USofA and it reads just like a fantasy about life in the USofA written by an Englishman.

Mr. Brunner projects forward 45 years and pictures the US as having slipped to the position of a second rate nation (rather like today's Britain) behind the superpowers of Africa such as the Union of South Africa, the Congo and, perhaps, Botswana. Here is the fully computerized United States where nobody makes a move without first "comping" the outcome, where the cities have become autonomous Negro enclaves and where a man's home is literally his castle complete with defensive fortifications.

Briefly, THE JAGGED ORBIT concerns the control of the people of the U.S. by an armament cartel, "the Gottschalks", a future incarnation of the Mafia. Their wealth and power derives from working vigorously and openly to increase the friction and separatism between white and black, furnishing weapons to the black enclaves and then playing up the threat to the white citizens who panic and buy more guns and defensive systems.

The main characters--Matthew Flamen, a white tv commentator; Pedro Diablo, his Negro counterpart;

Dr Xavier Conroy, Brunner's version of Jubal Harshaw; Lyla Clay, an oracle; Harry Madison, a mystery man; and Flamen's wife, Celia,--go through an assortment of adventures before they finally get together in a situation that marks the downfall of the Gottschalks and a change in direction for society.

Mr. Brunner's thesis is that individualism is bad, that what happens to one man affects all men and it is our duty to care for our fellow men. He sees a rising tide of indifference in the U.S. and says it will be our downfall.

THE JAGGED ORBIT is full of a number of things: observations on the idiocy of current trends in society, observations on television, psychiatry, the use of drugs, nut cults, and the general decline in political leadership. It is full of fannish references that produce ingroupish chuckles. It is full of errors, too.

"Write about things you know" is something Mr. Brunner forgot for he obviously does not know the United States. There are errors in language use (an American, for example, would say "period", not "full stop".), errors in political geography ("In one Chicago county...") and, I think, errors in Mr Brunners basic assumptions and interpretations of what he must consider "trends". He would have been on firmer ground projecting England 45 years ahead and writing about England's racial problems and societal trends.

The ending is weak for Brunner abandons all semblance of reality and invokes psionics to effect a solution, completely out of place in a novel about "what it is all about."

In one of the cover blurbs Philip K. Dick is quoted: "This is a major epic, with a sparkling range of bizarre, convincing details of tomorrow, and if its climax strikes you as strongly as it did me, you will find this book worth three times its price."

The climax struck me as a let-down so I guess I don't find the book worth three times its price. Or maybe I do. I'll save that much and more by skipping John Brunner's books from now on. He doesn't arouse my Sense of Wonder.

ROY TACKETT

XXXXXX

DYNATRON

Roy Tackett

915 Green Valley Road NW

Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

PRINTED MATTER ONLY
THIRD CLASS
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

DELIVER TO: