

DYNATRON

Number 51

November, 1972

This issue mostly for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Other-wise...a journal devoted to this, that, and the other, published on a more or less quarterly basis by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107, mostly to meet fannish obligations. A Mordanted Publication.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR #140: The FAPA election and the National election had this in common: nobody ran for President. In FAPA we ended up with good man Dave Hulan by write-ins (and congratulations to Dave and the other officers) but in the national election--"any way you look at it you lose."

Of necessity, of course, this is being written some time before the 7th of November and by the time you read it, barring the greatest upset in history, the most corrupt administration in history will have been confirmed for another four years. Which confirms my opinion of the electorate. Compared to the current mob in Washington the people around Grant and Harding were pikers.

As for the Democrats-- it turns my stomach when some fat cat politician gets up, as Shriver did on his first campaign swing into West Virginia, and starts talking about what he is going to do for "The Poor". He wants to take care of The Poor but he wants to do it with my money (and yours). If he is so concerned with The Poor let him cut loose with some of his own; he's got more dough than the mint (particularly these days).

On the local level the choices are mostly between Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum. If it wasn't for the fact that good man Juffus is up for re-election I'd stay home on election day.

Poster changes. Most unfortunate that Buz and Patten dropped although Buz should be back with us shortly the way the waiting list is shrinking. Foyster's stated reasons for resigning are asinine; to follow through he should also resign his Australian citizenship. Pretty good crew signing on, though. (Arnie. Oh, Arnie. Stand by....you bloody neo.)

INFERNANIWOBBLEPROURBULENTGCEBULATOR #1: ((Sheesh!)) Bangs, old thing, I'm not sure either that you have a fannish first there in the, ah, "dissolution" proceedings but I'm sure that it is unique enough to earn you at least a footnote in future fannish histories.

Yes, indeed, you will be reminded around 1997. Retirements from fandom (with notable exceptions) are usually unannounced and I tend to smile at widely proclaimed gaffations. Rich Brown, for example, has announced his gaffation a dozen times. (Promises. Promises.)

In any event, Howdy, as we say out here in the Great West. Yes, we do. Really. We say Howdy. ((Joe, do you know Sam Smith here? Well, we've Howdied, but we ain't shook.))

SANBO #21: Yes, indeed, Sam, here you are again and with a whole 14 pages...almost two years' worth. The trouble with these annuals, Sam, is that there is no sense of continuity to them. I'd like to see you making the mailings more frequently. Since you are using Ditto it shouldn't be too much trouble to crank out a couple of pages per mailing.

I can't imagine what radio stations would want with old 78 rpm records. Around here when a dj plays an "oldie" he means something that was current six months ago.

DAMBALLA #23: We had thought, Chuck, that you might get to Eubonicon. There was a fair-sized (five or six) Denver contingent but it was composed mostly of Trekkies.

Indeed, the turnover of the roster has been something of late but the names aren't all that strange. I have an advantage over you, Chuck, in that I am still semi-active in general fandom. I've met a large number of those on the roster and have had, at one time or another, some sort of correspondence with the rest.

years with ag, eh? That's a bunch. Don't blame you for looking forward to retirement. Ag. Sounds delightful. In one function or another I have over 25 years in Defense now and would enjoy getting into Ag or some other department. Defense is a drag. The life of a retired gentleman would seem quite attractive but it is something I don't look forward to for several years to come. Still have too many obligations to contemplate putting the burden down. One thing I did learn from all my years in Asia is patience, though; eventually the obligations will pass. Or I will.

Hospitality? As a rule I'm happy to put up visiting fen overnight--provided, of course, that I have warning of their coming. There've been times we've had them stacked ten deep around here. Which is not to say that I hold open house--there are some people to whom the doors are closed.

The smog affects us all and will as long as we continue to drive a hundred million gas buggies around this country. I think I mentioned a while back how shocked I was at the pollution of the air at Colorado Springs. Albuquerque is the same, of course. There is even talk of banning burning in fire places but before that can be done there'll have to be an improvement on the services of the local Mickey Mouse Gas Company which always runs out of gas during the coldest parts of the winter.

I find it difficult to accept any religion. Have done far too much research into anthropology discovering in the process how man creates his gods. Besides I prefer a civilization based on ethics rather than one based on morals.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION: Yes, and I'd bet that KH received credit for this paper, too. Woe.

TARGET: FAPA; RAVE REVIEW: I don't comment on the mailing in any particular order--I read through it couplathree times so when I do decide to do mcs the original order of the fmz is long gone. (Is that a village in Viet Nam?)

The following comments are not addressed to you in particular--it is just that T:F makes a handy hook. As one who is in Viet Nam to give aid and assistance and build up the country don't you feel,

now and then, that you are wasting your time? What good does it do you to attempt to build something when the military seems out to destroy that country? According to the news reports American planes dropped eight million pounds of bombs on South Viet Nam last week--two million pounds in one day on an area just outside Saigon. That isn't a military operation--it is sheer madness.

Perhaps the most telling report of the destruction wrought on South Viet Nam is that we are pushing 30 million dollars worth of rice to South Viet Nam. South Viet Nam used to be known as the rice bowl of Asia--grew so much rice they didn't know what to do with it all. Now the country must import rice. Madness.

OUTWOBLES 3.4: Should I say welcome to the world of mortgage holders? 2002. Fantastic. Same thing I said to Len & June when they told me that was the date when their new mortgage was paid off. I have about eight years to go on my mortgage here. And so, You get to join in all the happy chores of maintaining a house. Have fun. I'm currently in the process of repainting the trim. Found a board that needs replacing. Even here in the desert we get enough moisture for rot to set in...I can't agree with your recently completed "Economics" course that the disposable society was thrust upon us by the Great Depression. Uh-uh. The disposable society is an outgrowth of the post WWII period. During the war consumer construction/production came to a standstill and with the ending of controls and reconversion to civilian economy there was a shortage of all sorts of stuff, including housing. The name of the game was get it finished fast and sold and never mind about quality. That's still the name of the game. Build it fast, build it shoddy and to hell with the buyer.

END OF THE WORLD 2: So Harter was in the Marines? I didn't know that. I tell you true, Mike, you can't believe anything an ex-Marine tells you.

Non-confrontational politics? Indeed, indeed, the Movement is dead. The demise was not unexpected.

is worth the effort.

I seldom run these days. Nothing

BLIND STARLING 7: Bare feet, eh? You go barefoot around here, Paul, and you'll do it only once. Those "goatheads" are fierce. (I don't know the scientific name for them--a widespread thorn plant that grows at ground level and has little yellow blossoms which end up as thorns about the size of a pencil eraser and with the hardness of iron. Ouch.) HGWells in one of his novels...Men Like Gods(?)...commented that the difference between the savage and the civilized was sandals.

ments to Creath Thorne are appreciated.

Your com-

SKIFFLE 2: "please vote for McGovern!" Gee, Steve, you make it sound as if he were something special. Don't get all charged up--he's just another goddam politician and no different from any of the others.

I hadn't thought of "Brooklyn fandom" as something special. I hadn't thought of it at all, come to think of it.

WELL. SITTING HERE...: You certainly were, Jerry William Lapidus. Yes.

BETE NOIRE 23: Ah, Boggs, your trip to the Valley...you are finally seeing the real (i.e., plastic) America. I mean, old boy, that there you were with the post office in Minneapolis for 50 years and everyone knows that the postman doesn't know where it's at and then you buried yourself in Berkeley and that, obviously isn't America nossir. You have to get out there with the ((plastic)) peepul. You describe pancakes, for example, as made of flour, salt, baking soda, milk, butter and eggs. Nonsense. Not any more. Pancakes are made from powdered polyethelene and come in a polyethelen sack. What you saw out there, Boggs, were plastic orange trees with genuine plastic oranges on them. Remember the old song? It's only a paper moon...No more. Plastic. It's a plastic moon, Boggs. Armstrong reported it so.

Enjoyed Con-

tinued on the Next Burma Shave Sign.

RICHARD E. GEIS 2: My God, Geis! (Note the ring to that. Wunnerful.) Don't let Sanang ever get hold of a copy of this. (90% of FAPA will now ask "Who's Sanang?" Bloody neos.)

Oh, boy! The liberals are going to jump on you. Oh, boy! To have the nerve, REG, to say that vast numbers of people are just too goddam dumb to be employed any more is not politic. True, but not politic. We are supposed to believe, is it not, that all men are created equal and that all are potential Minsteins and would be if it wasn't for their poor unfortunate environment--the ghetto, broken homes, plastic middle-America, et bloody cetera. Right?

Hee Haw.

IS 5: Sir Richard, sir, IS is quite a fanzine. I presume it is sent through SAPS on a regular basis and since Tom Collins (sure..) is now on the FAPA w/ we are to look at this to see what he produces. Fine fmz. No specific comments--I'm still reading--but a fine fmz.

HORIZONS 131: The oil moguls recently convened in New Mexico and it was sickening the way the state's politicians and press sucked up to them. The newspapers ran special "petroleum" supplements and on the telly the consumer-advocate "investigative reporters" came all over themselves--right there in living color on the 17 inch screen--at the thought of all that money coming to little old New Mexico. Five of the six congressional candidates declared--from their knees, I presume--that, if elected, they would never do anything to disturb the oil industry. The sixth candidate, Eugene Gallegos, a candidate for the House, stood up on his hind legs and told them flat out that the industry needed more and better regulation and that he opposed the depletion allowance. Mr Gallegos gets my vote. The magnates got up and grunted and oinked and made noises about how oil was being mistreated and how more realistic prices were required. Yeah. How about 10¢ a barrel? That's pretty realistic.

Things to Come was the lead off flic at this year's Bubonicon and I muchly enjoyed it. It was dated, true, but still exciting and inspiring. We had several "now generation", ah, fans(?) in attendance who thought the movie was hysterically funny--especially Massey's speeches near the end. But that is to be expected since the "now generation" has shit for brains anyway.

DESCANT 19: By golly, Clarkes, we haven't seen a DESCANT in a coon's age. I really don't know how long a coon's age is but it has been a long time since there was a DESCANT in FAPA.

Gee, Gina, (note, Juffus, how cleverly I corrected that. I started to type "Gina" and managed to type "Ge" instead) I certainly enjoyed your garbagy mailing comments.

Lissen, kid, I am agreeing with you that it is a shame that women are not safe on the streets. But they never have been. Which, of course, is why there is wisdom in the concept of the harem. No?

THE DEVIL'S WORK, VI#22: I keep wondering how these things end up in the mailings. And why.

SERCON'S PANE 52: Oh, I dunno, Buzz, 2½ pages seems more than enough for nostalgia.

TWENTIETH CENTURY UNLIMITED 6: Andy, hast heard of the Cumbres & Toltec RR? It is an old D&RGW narrow-gage that runs between Chama, N.M. and Antonito, Colorado. D&RGW decided to abandon the line two-three years ago and the two states bought it to use as a tourist attraction. The run is 64 miles, uses steam engines and old-time coaches. Operates summer only, late May to mid-October.

Senda owes you 75¢? Talk to Varde-man about how much he owes Bubonicon and the several hucksters he bought from. Senda's checks, it seems, had nothing to back them up.

THE PASSING PARADE #1: Lots of chuckles and downright guffaws here, Milt. Very good. Glad you're in FAPA.

OF CABBAGES AND BABY TURTLES: Isn't it strange, Peggy Rae, what a poor vote-getter Muskie turned out to be? I guess he just didn't have the spark that turned the voters on. When it came down to it there wasn't a one of the candidates that turned me on. As mentioned previously I voted "None of the above" in the presidential primary.

SYNAPSE: Root beer these days is an artificially flavored carbonic acid drink and I really hadn't thought about it being a brew original-ly. It was slightly alcoholic? We should all be.

Since we won't hear from Chas Wells for another six months mayhap I can explain about amperes and such. An ampere is the unit of electrical current, you know. It is the amount of current that is flowing when one coulomb of electrons passes a given point in one second. A coulomb is 6.28×10^{18} electrons. I dunno who counted them. Coulomb, maybe. In electricity the Watt is the unit of power and is the amount of power generated by passing current through a resistance. The formula is $P=I^2R$. And we might as well get it all. The volt is the unit of pressure. It takes one volt of electromotive force to push one ampere of current through a resistance of one ohm. Ohm's law is $E=IR$ and you can work out the rest for yourself. E is electromotive force in volts, I is current in amperes and R is resistance in ohms.

Heh. And conductance is the reciprocal of resistance^{and} is measured in mhos. Of course.

True, it's not much of a DYNATRON but I've got to get back on schedule. So I'm cheating just a bit with this but at least I get caught up.

At Westercon ex-ex-vee some of us older types were discussing the Great Depression (as us older types who went through it are wont to do) while some of the younger fen listened mostly in disbelief. The younger types found it incredible that dinner for Americans might consist of a small portion of dandelion greens and that was it for the day; or that a kind-hearted counterman might serve up a cup of hot water and then look the other way while one added catsup, salt and pepper to make "soup"; or that people fought over garbage; or actually starved to death. In this, the most affluent country in the world? Yeah.

It is incredible to me that anyone who lived through that period could still have any faith in the capitalist system. Or that the lessons of history are so easily forgotten for the corporations these days are indulging in the same practices they did before the crash.

FDR had the opportunity to turn the U.S. into a Social Democracy but chose instead to rescue and revive the old system. Now, 40 years later, we're really paying for that choice.

And is another depression possible? You betchum, Red Ryder.

Notes found in the pocket of a coat I haven't worn for more than a year taken from a book I've forgotten:

- I. The law of knowledge. Knowledge is power.
 - A. Know thyself.
- II. The law of names. What's in a name? Everything!
 - A. Words of power. A word to the wise is sufficient.
- III. The law of association. The more they have in common the more they influence each other.
 - A. Look alike are alike.
 - B. Things once in contact continue to interact.
- IV. The law of identification. You can become another.
- V. The law of synthesis. Synthesis reconciles.
- VI. The law of polarity. Everything contains its opposite.
- VII. The law of balance. Avoid extremes.
- VIII. The law of infinite data. There is always something new.
- IX. The law of finite senses. We can't see everything.
- X. The law of infinite universes. They exist.
- XI. The law of pragmatism. If it works, it's true.
- XII. The law of true falsehoods. If it is a paradox, it's probably true.
- XIII. The law of personification. Anything can be a person.

Make of it what you will.

HOET