

JANUS

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vol.3, no.3



WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE

- Trade? All-for-all, if possible.
- LoC us? Write for us? Draw for us? (You should know what the appropriate request is.)
- Subscription. (issues left)
- You're mentioned or reviewed on Page _____.
- You contributed (Page _____)
- Other:



Welcome voyeurs and *Janus* subscribers!

About a month ago I wrote another "News Nurds" column (other than the one you are presently reading, that is), one that was subsequently returned to me all red-lined, and much littered by all sorts of mean, nasty corrections and criticisms. Most of the article had been crossed out as being redundant in the extreme. On rereading the mess, I agreed with the critics' assessment and attempted to re-group and rewrite the thing.

Unfortunately I was no longer able to recapture my original enthusiasm for the topic which was the already much-discussed one of the families in SF fandom. Perhaps its very over-familiarity as a topic in fanzines these days is part of the problem (of tediousness, that is) my essay suffered from. Oh, there was a nice connection drawn between the artificial families described by Vonnegut, Piercy, and other writers, as well as some discussion concerning, in particular, MadSTF's personal interconnections. But mostly I wrote while still quite high on the energy I'd gathered during my summer travel to WesterCon in Vancouver, Seattle, and San Francisco. I tried to make a general, "social" statement/conclusion based on what was primarily a fine, life-giving cloud of emotion.

So I've decided to let it remain an unarticulated emotional memory and I apologize to those of you to whom I had promised an essay on families.

You may notice that on the back cover of this issue of *Janus*, there is a representation of a group of people. You may also wonder what group of weirdos might dress up in such strange way and be thus, libelously, portrayed. No, it isn't Ward 8 of Mendota Mental Health Hospital. No, these people are the very same people I was going to tell you were the close-knit family of MadSTF. Now you are probably going to understand my real reasons for reconsidering that essay! Somewhere on these pages you should find a key to these strange persons' identities and hints as to the circumstances of their various, uh, sordid poses. By some bizarre set of circumstances, we have all come to be friends (well, most of the time anyway) and have gotten into the habit of actually doing the things we want and plan to do. Since I have been requested (and threatened in no veiled manner) not to ever, ever again tell another Martian joke on these pages (*sigh*), the telling of the things we accomplish will just have to suffice for conversation material. But since we do a lot of things I don't expect to run out of things to tell you about.

One thing before I start though, and that is that Jan and I have decided to stop trading off doing the editorial and "News Nurds". I don't feel entirely comfortable writing serious "Editorial"

comment for *Janus*, and when I have something serious to say, it feels better--to me--to put that sort of thing in an article. Jan doesn't feel comfortable with the tone that has been set up in the "News Nurds" column. And so we've decided to make permanent our respective domains over the columns we each feel more comfortable writing in. Thus "News Nurds" shall always, forever and ever, until gaffiation does me part, be "News Nurds". No more of the "News Nose" stuff. Those of you who were experiencing motion sickness in anticipation of schizophrenic changes in viewpoint may now rest easy that this column will be continuously, not just off and on, warped. Of course you now have other things to worry about.

Now on to the news! Madison weirdness marches on. Little old ladies wander State Street waving their umbrellas at passers-by, mumbling "Where's the bus stop? Does anybody know?" The situation is caused by increasing street construction as State Street is replaced by an open ditch in preparation for the advertised State Street Mall. The bus lines have therefore been gleefully able to add daily route changes to their daily schedule changes. Bus drivers have been reported to be happy about this state of affairs since there are relatively few prospective passengers able to locate a bus and there has thus been less crowding. However, little old confused ladies, not able to keep up on the schedule and route changes issued daily (sometimes even hourly) by the Metro Bus Company, have begun forming refugee mobs. Left on the street for more than two days, they tend to forget their addresses, and become permanent "street people".

MadSTF weirdness complements MadCity's of course. But then I've pointed out the back cover already. You might check out Greg Rihn's scattered column "On the Edge", though (this issue featuring "The Rest of the Beanies"), to see what I mean.

Weirdness is not confined to MadCity and our group, however; weirdness proliferates in the Post Office. You all know that. This summer while I was off at the most exciting convention I've ever attended (WesterCon, Vancouver, British Columbia), the last issue of *Janus* was at last sent off, due only, however, to Jan's fortitude, perseverance, and no doubt several veiled threats. We had a little bit of difficulty getting the PO to let the zine go bulk rate and in the end had to buy an SF³ permit when we had been expecting to use the student organization's permit which funded the issue.* Anyway, finally that issue (#8) was sent off a mere month after it was printed. Perhaps if I hadn't insulted them on the cover.... Oh well.

Just before I left, MadSTF negotiated for a whole bunch of free passes to the local theater showing *Star Wars* and saw the film *en masse* on open-

*Now that SF³ has its own bulk-mailing permit, we must ask you to please make sure that you let us know about any changes of address if we are mailing *Janus* to you. With a bulk mailing permit one cannot expect, hope, or even ask that mail which for some reason does not reach its destination be returned to us. Specifically: if you move and we mail *Janus* to your old address, it will not be forwarded to you, and we will never know. We will probably continue sending *Janus* to that defunct address. So please, please make sure we get your CoAs a month in advance of your moves. 'Tis the season for emigrations and such. Thank you.

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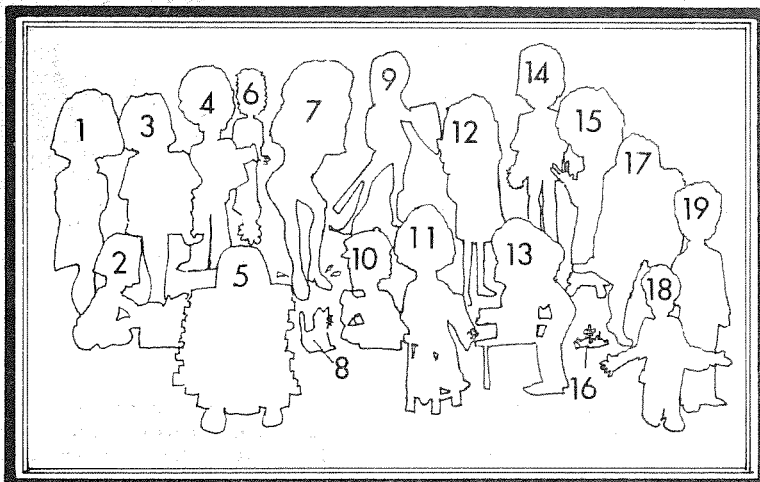
ing day. (This issue of *Janus* contains, of course, the obligatory homage to that film.) We did some advertising for the group (MadSTF, that is) in the theater lobby and recorded some reviews of the movie for WORT-FM radio. Artist Dan Steffan, visiting from the East Coast and snared to do our last issue's back cover, accompanied us to the movie (hopping around on his seat a lot and groaning in audible ecstasy during the animation sequences), and joined in Madison weirdness when he went on the radio with his "Ducks in the News" program. He then proceeded to go the wrong way home, accepting our invitation to travel with Lesleigh Luttrell and myself to Vancouver on his way home to Virginia. (We just turned a map over to convince him of the reasonableness of this plan.)

Anyway, since then in MadCity, the group has organized an "Autograph Signing Tea for Gene DeWeese." Gene DeWeese is the Milwaukee novelist and science-fiction writer who wrote *Now You See It/Him/Them* and *Charles Fort Never Mentioned Wombats* (Doubleday), both humorous novels in collaboration with Robert Coulson, and *Jeremy Casé* (Laser) which won this year's Best Novel award from the Council of Wisconsin Writers. We had free tea and cookies (only instead of tea, we had lemonade), and cake and brownies in addition to the cookies. Gene DeWeese, however, appeared without revision. And then, for the big event of the already mad social whirl of MadSTF ac-

tivity, we celebrated our second birthday with another picnic. Once again, if you're reading about it here, you've already missed the festive occasion. (Gifts, however are still being accepted.)

One other event, however, of no small importance took place while Lesleigh and I were off at the edge of the continent, and for this we express undue disappointment for having missed it. This event was, of course, Phil Kaveny's birthday celebration, which was reported to be a well attended gala affair. You remember Phil, don't you? He was the Mafia hit man in the *Janus* 7 WisCon Committee photograph, the security chief. You understand now why our apologies and disappointment were so carefully expressed. You understand now, too, why I am in hiding after putting Phil in a turkey sandwich on the drawing on this issue of *Janus*'s back cover (which is also the design of this year's MadSTF T-shirt).

Since returning from the land of drought and gay bars (San Francisco of course), most of MadSTF has traveled down to our nation's big toe for Sun-Con and our reports are printed within. Robert Kellough's cover this time is also an indirect reference to the con, with its subtle "sun" motif. We've been working hard--already--on next year's WisCon (February 17-19, Vonda McIntyre & Susan Wood, GoHs), and there is a flyer tucked somewhere in the issue to tell you more about it. And, too,



- MadSTF**
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-Perri Corrick-West,
Tim Curry groupie | 10-John "CB" Bartelt |
| 2-"Professor" Thomas
J. Murn, writist | 11-Jeanne Gomoll,
resident arter |
| 3-Diane Martin, gen-
erally solvent person | 12-Rick White, Ubik
mensch |
| 4-Doug Price, resident
playlight | 13-Hank "mimeo man" Luttrell,
MadSTF's reproduction expert |
| 5-Janice Bogstad, long-suffering
professional student | 14-James A. "the Barbarian" Cox |
| 6-Pat Sommers, cute, cute person | 15-Lucy Nuti, token trekker |
| 7-Lesleigh Luttrell, Madison's
Ann Miller | 16-dead cat* |
| 8-live cat* | 17-Philip Kaveny, club sandwich |
| 9-Richard S. "Mr. Metric"
Russell | 18-Richard C. West, zany folk-
dancer |
| | 19-Greg Rihn, Clarence Darrow
with a beanie |

*separate but equal representations of the Great Madison Cat Debate

After having seen the movie half a dozen times, I decided to be really conscientious about *Star Wars* and read the book. It didn't add much to the movie version, but as I read, I was reminded of a conversation I had had with my sister-in-law. She told me that the Force was what God was called in *Star Wars*, and for some reason this bothered me. I don't think she was precisely right, though there is a grain of truth in her statement. *Star Wars* plays upon a semi-religious definition of the power which motivates its primary characters. Yet it is more akin to the Western popularizations such as we see in the beat generation of poets in America, or Eastern religious ideas.

Now what religious or philosophical tradition includes a tradition of excellence at swordplay and of the warrior-religious devotee in some of its branches? Why, it's Zen Buddhism, or at least some of the koans of that religion discuss the development of the totally aware swordsman who can conquer all attackers. Zen, the Japanese adaptation of Buddhism, is linked in some ways with the Samurai tradition, and the Force, as it is spoken of and embodied in Luke and in Kenobi, seems to me to be a bastardization of this tradition. It also, as with much SF, involves the combination of several traditions into a melange of characteristics.

This association is also a convenient plot element vital to the smooth progression of the adventure story which forms the core of *Star Wars*. The appearance of such a combination in this very popular movie, one which fulfills all the clichés that non-SF enthusiasts choose to look at as the whole of science fiction, brings to light the fact that SF often calls upon complicated theories, be they economic, philosophical, linguistic, sociological, or even historical. This rendition of theory in order to explain the effects that advanced technology might have on people of the future is an important element in all SF, although it is more convincingly rendered in some stories than in others.

SF is not only speculation about the future of technology. No technological development could take place in a vacuum. It is also often about the new and different ways that people might evolve to deal with one another and relate to the world around them in the far distant future. Much science fiction seems to fall into two categories with regard to

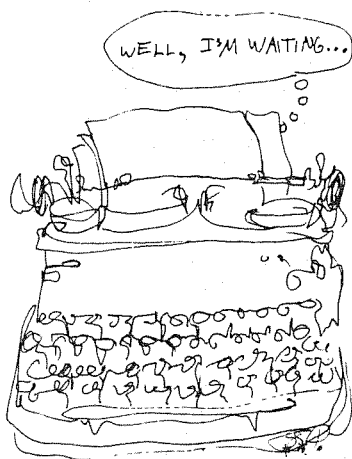
this method of developing the implications of a theory. There is SF that, like *Star Wars*, uses some bits of several systems of thought or theories to shore up a story that might otherwise have a halting and even unreasonable plot. The prevalence of this sort of science fiction within the literature as a whole doesn't mask its close relationship to fantasy. Much of it is a flight of fancy that happens to include gadgets and people in funny clothes. Perhaps that's why the term "space opera" has been thought so applicable to it. This is also how SF got its start and it is a mainstream form of the literature.

In recent years, however, and in some important older examples of SF, one can see the emergence of another approach to the translation of non-fictional theory into fiction, a way that I believe turns fiction into a form of philosophical investigation in its own right. Fiction, to my taste, is important to the development of theories for two reasons. First, it brings certain theories to the attention of people who might not otherwise be interested in them. Second, it allows a writer to play around with the implications that some theories might have for people who live in a culture where the theories have been implemented. A piece of science fiction can easily trace the development of a theory, which may have been suggested only as a possibility, into a major societal force.

Let me here emphasize the difference between the two fictional inclusions of non-fictional or theoretical speculation by restating the dichotomy. One kind of SF uses an often simplified conception of a theory or philosophy as a clever device to keep the story moving. A second method takes some body of theory and explores it in the fictional mode, examining its implications by creating a context in which it comes to have power over characters. Now let me explain the importance and the difficulty of investigating this distinction by looking at specific works of science fiction.

Contrast the Zen Buddhist overtones in *Star Wars* with a novel which concerns itself more with the philosophy of Buddhism than with its cleverly suitable attributes. *Star Wars* doesn't really go into the reasons that a Zen Buddhist master of swordplay could anticipate his enemy's strike—Luke's source of success in the story. One is supposed to take it for granted that this is how the religion works. There is another book that not only alludes to the philosophy in a more complete fashion, but also embodies the entirely different world outlook that it involves for the central figure of the novel: *And Chaos Died*, by Joanna Russ. The first time I read this book, I could make little sense out of it—the same trouble I had with *The Female Man*. But I found that, with a second reading, the structure of the novel, the weird convolutions of character and plot, and the inner and outer confusion of the story were admirably suited to the character's confusion as he looked at a world extrapolated from the Western model of reality from an altered time-sense. *And Chaos Died* is motivated by an explora-

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Samurai of Space

JANICE BOGSTAD

EDITORIAL

editorial...
 editorial...



LETTERS

Betty Hull
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I'm pleased to have provoked Philip [Kaveny] to reflection on such an important subject as creativity and artistry. ["WisCon Reports", *Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2.] But I must say I'm appalled to find myself quoted as anti-"Hunger Artist"!

I love Kafka and that is one of my particular all-time favorite Kafka stories: but I'm doubly disturbed by the implication that I do not respect the freedom, in fact the necessity, for each individual to evaluate and define her/his own aesthetics. I don't in fact see any other possibility. This is not to condone the defensive "I don't know much about art but I know what I like" posture.

All of us who function at all outside custodial institutions do quite a bit of reality testing, or comparing our opinions against others, especially those with training and/or authority. I don't see the separation between artists and other humans as a dichotomy, but as a continuum. And I don't see the label "artist" as either totally self-assigned or entirely awarded by others to the deserving practitioner. Rather it seems to be a mutually arrived at designation for those of us willing to make a commitment to mastery of some part of the reality, the limits, the physical and spiritual dimensions of human interaction with the universe.

I'm still wondering exactly what I said (or in what context) that could have been misconstrued by Philip. Perhaps I suggested that "The Hunger Artist" was not just about the artist versus the rest of us (and even if I view myself as an artist I am "the other" to some other artist); this is a story which leads one to think of self and otherness, leads one into the deepest mysteries of the 20th Century existential confrontation: isolation and mortality. In fact, the artist who strives to touch others and falls thereby misses immortality: this one is like everyone, no? Like me, anyway. And so I feel less isolated through sharing and the story gives pleasure rather than despair.

"Stone cutters fight time with marble." I am told by someone who was there that on Kafka's tombstone there is a faded symbol which indicates he held a doctorate of law. I think it is a pathetic illusion to think that the artist seeks to communicate in order to negate his mortality which time must always wash away. The existential dilemma of the 20th Century is not the confrontation against death but the struggle for life. I am an artist to the extent that I struggle, through my art, against all anti-humanistic forms of oppression.

[I am sad, for I feel that my article was either misread or partially read. The whole point was that I was trying to describe as honestly as possible a process which led me in a quest of my own values and their origins. I had hoped that I might encourage others to make that same sort of search. —PHILIP KAVENY]

Jeff Hecht
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Auburndale, MA, 02166

Jan's observations on politics etc. and SF [editorial, *Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2] were interesting but, I think, in need of further refinement. SF is, clearly, an interesting place to play with social/political/philosophical ideas—I guess

it goes all the way back to Plato or, if you want more recent figures, H. G. Wells. Integrating social speculation with the fiction was one of John Campbell's goals in *Analogy/Descending*. And, if you want to look about for potent examples, there are 1984 and that spate of doomsday-bomb books like *On the Beach*. The latter two clearly had effect.

First, pragmatically, SF is a better place to play with ideas than to influence people. For influencing people you want to go "mainstream". Sure there are some different conventions, but I've come to believe that the manner in which a book is promoted is as important as anything else. *Giles Goat Boy* and *On the Beach* weren't packaged as SF, but I defy you to define them in any other terms.

Second, there's a limit on how much social speculation you can get away with in a novel. You are, after all, supposed to be telling a story. In some cases—maybe many—you'd be better off staying with straight speculation without trying to package your ideas as a "novel". B. F. Skinner's *Walden Two*, for example, is a dreadful novel that contains some interesting social speculation (that I have numerous disagreements with, but that's another matter altogether). I'd rather read straight speculation or a good novel, thank you.

It's easier to write a good dystopian novel than a good utopian novel because creation of a bad society gives the writer a reason to put the society into the story. In that case, he/she can play protagonist off against the society, making the society an integral part of the fiction. It's more difficult to find an excuse to put a utopian society into the fiction: because it's a good society no one should have to struggle against it (and any struggle—such as the protagonist's effort to avoid accepting the society in *Walden Two*—has to be artificial because the author him/herself doesn't believe in what the character is doing).

One trick that some writers have used is to portray a small "ideal" society struggling against a larger, hostile world. It worked for Heinlein in *Stranger in a Strange Land* and for Olaf Stapledon in *Odd John*. Here, too, there is a conflict in which the idealized society plays an essential role, giving the writer an excuse to make it an integral part of the fiction.

Like it or not (and I'm not sure I do), the mechanics of fiction mean that a dystopian novel is likely to have much greater impact than a utopian one. Look at 1984, for example—it's so widely known that even those of us who have never read it can speak somewhat knowledgeably about it. I can't think of any recent utopian novels that have become so well known. Perhaps the best approach to portraying a lifestyle/society you're in favor of so as to reach a large audience is by creating it as the focus of a small group struggling against society. That, after all, was the power of *Stranger in a Strange Land* that permitted it to reach a large audience.

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Jan, I appreciated the hopeful yet commonsensical tone of your editorial. I definitely agree that "there is a potentially creative link between literary practice and political action." How else could I be a revolutionary playwright? I've never bought the argument that SF can't

be influential because it doesn't reach enough people. As you say, it reaches us, doesn't it? And we're people. I get reminded of those who say I'm too idealistic, that the changes I want in the world are too sweeping, that we may make small changes in the world but when it comes to big ones we might as well give up. Well, I don't want to give up! Why not assume that big changes are possible? And similarly, why not assume that SF is influential? I'm not sure why these two things are connected in my mind, but they are....

Jerry B. Stearns asks ["Letters", *Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2]: "Do we really want to be happy and always at peace?" I've had some trouble myself reconciling my hope for a better world with my belief that change and problems are necessary salt to the human mix. But then I read *Woman on the Edge of Time*. It's all there: people living without any of the terrible isms that haunt our time (sexism, racism, agism...), in balance with the earth, but still having change, variety, human conflict, and even war. So the question Jerry Stearns asks, if answered in the negative, is still no reason not to be a revolutionary....

Yes, I agree with Doug Harbour that the *Woman on the Edge of Time* society could be achieved without biological engineering, with care. And I agree that a very im-

portant part, perhaps the most important aspect, of *Triton* is Bron's character as male chauvinistic pig, looking for a woman who will treat him as her hero. And the final irony: that Bron finds such a woman (Audrey) only after he is a woman and can't accept the relationship....

It seems odd that Marion Zimmer Bradley assumes that no lesbians would ever read *The Shattered Chain*. ["Round 2", *Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2] She seems to think of all her woman readers as heterosexual. Most of them? OK. Her writing about herself is very moving here. I read it with great gratitude that she is sluring so much. And the explanation that she and Walter Breen give about what she is accomplishing in the Darkover novels, that step-by-step consciousness-raising, makes sense to me. If that's what she says she's trying to do, the work ought to be judged on those terms. But I think I should read one of them at least before I say one more word, so I will....

Couldn't the reviewers in a feminist fanzine mention how horribly sexist *Wizards* was? I would have liked to be warned, if I hadn't made the mistake of seeing it already. I am sometimes in the kind of mood where the kind of pervasive sexism *Wizards* has will keep me from enjoying a movie at all. At other times I can let it roll off my back and enjoy the redeeming features. Personally, however, I didn't think *Wizards* had any redeeming features. The shootout at the end revealed it for what it was: a madeover spaghetti Western.

[Yes, it was sexist. We wouldn't go so far as to say "horribly sexist", but clearly the only characters who did Important Things were male. However, it was a fantasy world, and we felt it could be accepted as such without getting overly uptight about the sexism. Also, as we mentioned in the review, we did think the film had redeeming features. One last point: our publication schedule is such that most people who read the reviews will already have been exposed to the film (or not, as they choose) by the time the review comes out. So we are more interested in giving our own reactions than in advising the readers whether to see the movie or not. Sorry you didn't like it. —DIANE M. MARTIN & RICHARD S. RUSSELL]

"Thesis, Antithesis, Sweden" by Richard S. Russell was very interesting, enjoyable reading. I thought the view of world politics—two great powers teetering on the brink of war—was a bit 50s-ish. Where is China?

[Will Rogers once said, "No generalization is worth a damn, including this one." There are 4 billion people on this little planet, and the only way to adequately characterize human society is to give 4 billion individual descriptions. Unfortunately no one could either produce or absorb that much information, so willy nilly we must generalize. In my story, the Larans come from a very stable, homogeneous culture; they can generalize the "typical Larans" and not be too far off. Similarly, they can talk about a "monopolar" culture. For them, it was a significant step to generalize a society into two conflicting cultures ("bipolar"), and that was the way they first approached the Earth. The lesson they learned here was that, between the thesis presented by one culture and the antithesis presented by another, there may be a synthesis offered by a third ("tripolar"). Of course, the ultimate answer is a "multipolar" one, and neither the Larans nor our present-day real-life humans seem to be able to grasp that as yet.

[As an author, I chose to reflect the cultural difference as between the US and the SU simply because plotting requires an intercontinental war, and they are the only two powers who can believably conduct one. China has no delivery capability and not much evident interest in expansionism anyway. But you're right: China is certainly one of the substantial and significant cultures on this planet, and a longer treatment of my hypothetical future could not very well ignore it. [Thank you for your kind words. —RICHARD S. RUSSELL]

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I don't agree entirely with Janice's discussion of social systems, although I do accept her main point, that no present social-economic system allows for adequate realization of human potential. Where I disagree

is that I don't feel that man and woman are any more commodities under capitalism than under communism. At least under capitalism, there is a counterbalancing glorification of the "independent" individual, even if no such individual in fact exists. Under communism, the very idea of an independent person is contrary to doctrine. The capitalist sees people as points on demand/supply curves and statistics to be organized into market research reports. A communist sees people as units of society, cogs in the machinery of the state. Neither recognizes people as people, neither is willing to tolerate more than the most superficial semblance of unconventional behavior.

[But the point is that capitalism contains no potential for any other sort of orientation towards the individual, while contemporary communist societies must, at least in name, recognize the need for change. This is even more true of a society which bases itself on Marxism, not Communism as it presently exists. —JAN BOGSTAD]



Jessica Salmanson's point about the appropriateness of colloquial English in *The Forgotten Beasts of Eld* is the same I've been trying to make to Mike Goyer in *Scientifiction*. There is nothing wrong with having current slang used in a novel of the future. Presumably the entire language structure would have changed, but to create an entire new language (as is approached by Anthony Burgess in *A Clockwork Orange*) would be to make the whole thing unintelligible. There is nothing to be gained by having a character say "Ferbil damn it to Zenobia" rather than "God damn it to Hell"....

I don't agree with Janice's review of *Network*, which I have seen. First, it didn't strike me that those audiences were noticeably younger than the average population. And certainly leaders of the youth movement were corrupted by their contact with the network. I suspect that the major theme was in fact the power of television to corrupt anything it touches. To corrupt the very life of the cultural stream...

the marriage of another, the political idealism of the Marxist, etc. The guerilla band are possibly the only ones not corrupted, because they were in fact corrupted beforehand, by the romantic notion of guerillhood (which probably derives from television as well). So I don't see it at all as a polemic directed against youthful concerns, but a commentary on our society as a whole. Did you note, incidentally, that during the blackout in NYC a number of neighborhoods erupted into shouts of "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more!"?

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Janice, I disagree with your dismissal of the "scarcity" approach. To me, scarcity is the problem, and capitalism is an attempted solution. As such, it has advantages and disadvantages. Ideally, it offers the chance for many

different approaches to human problems to be tried, since the individual entrepreneur is not subject to the decisions of a centralized organization. (Oh yeah? It is the central organization! --JANICE M. BOGSTAD) On the other hand, it can also lead to the kind of instrumental view of people that you criticize (though this is a caricature of the capitalist approach, no more valid than saying that all socialists see individuals as nothing more than interchangeable equal ants in a Great Social Ant-hill). [What is a socialist? A communist? A Marxist? I know the difference; do you?] --JMB

Of course, America does not have a system of free-enterprise capitalism and never did, any more than there has ever been a truly Christian or communist system. What we have is a Big Government-Big Business-Big Church-Big Labor-Big School-Big Crime-etc. system which centralizes power, institutionalizes oppression, and hinders individual development through excessive rigidity. But I would say that the present American system is less efficiently centralized than Russia or China, and hence less harmful.

The trouble with "mobilizing" the population is implicit in your metaphor. You are liable to wind up with an army, which may be the stupidest form of organization there is, and the least capable of dealing with change. Even on Anarres, where every effort is made to prevent creeping centralization, some rigidity sets in. When the young Shevek has discovered a mathematical paradox and wishes to discuss it, he is accused of "egoizing". This confusion of individual thought with selfishness is not only potentially totalitarian but counterproductive in dealing with the world. (Of course, Ursula LeGuin was not writing an anticollectivist tract, but I think she was showing some of the drawbacks even an ideal society like Anarres would have.)

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...[regarding] the editorial on science fiction's role in society as a catalyst for change. Ultimately, I think I agree that there is a role for SF literature to play in the oft-discussed but ambiguous "real world". In practice, I take a

moderate view of the potentiality of SF. After all, much of literature has had and now has the same potentiality that SF has, and a substantial number of works throughout history have attempted to influence the course of events. But society is a composite of many groups of individuals who work through communications media, academic institutions, "real-world" agencies, and other groups to effect change, and each of these entities has a chance to influence the course of events as much as, if not more than, SF literature does....

I don't think we can be too hopeful about SF, at least not until it emerges from its anchor position on the literary totem pole. There are signs, however, that SF could be part of a new movement which could do a lot for social change from legislation to revolution. You have probably heard of futurism, social science's attempt to inject an element of rigor and the scientific method in our attempts to deal with social problems and long-term crises. It seems that the humanistic and social-scientific areas are separately trying to develop ways of exploring new social and technological options. These methods--SF literature and futurism--could be merging, or, at the very least, developing links that attempt to deal with human problems from both a humanistic and a scientific point of view....

It is interesting that you bring up entropy as a danger for mankind. A large number of thinkers seem to be using this concept in their own theories and prognostications, i.e. Nicholas Georgescu-Roegen's ideas about entropy as an economic force. I myself thought of a phrase that, I guess, coincides with Dick's idea: social entropy. What many of us seem to agree is that the modern world faces a death by apathy and low levels of social energy (not to mention physical energy in the form of fossil fuels). I believe there's more to it than "the mechanics of advanced capitalism which strive to maintain the status quo." Industrialism and its concurrent materialism have sent human beings into a chase after false values and false goals. Having found that things are not what they seem, we are stricken by anomie, disenchantment, apathy, and a resulting drop in the effectiveness of our social (= political and economic) institutions. Things fall apart, and the second dark age is upon us. A plausible scenario, don't you think?...

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..Fand as I am of fanzines, I think Lesleigh [Luttrell]'s dismissal (in "Twiltone" [Janus, Vol. 3 No. 2]) of non-fanzine con-attending fans as mere members of the audience and not true fans at all--well, maybe her next column will be on who has the one true god. I should think that con-

hoppers and the intense activity and personal contact they experience makes them as much a fan as myself, who has attended only three cons ever. It would be easy to elitarily call myself the "true" fan for reading every crudline anyone sends me, and to dismiss other fans as fringes or non-entities or mere audience...it would be easy, but not accurate.

Jeanne mentions having Cokes at Nick's Bar. Coca Cola is one of the biggest conglomerated companies stock-owned by Latter Day Saints, i.e., the same Mor(b)on Church that has officially announced its activist opposition to any women's rights of any kind (abortion rights, ERA, even equal pay). It would be a small but important act if people would boycott Mormon-controlled companies, especially Coke. If you must kill yourself with carbonated sugar water, choose Pepsi, 7-Up, Dr. Pepper, or Mug instead of Coke, Sprite, Mr. Fibb, or Fanta. I've a list of local Mormon-controlled or owned companies, but don't know if they have the same companies in other parts of the US (Lamon's, People's, Albertson's, Ernst-Malmo), so suggest you find your own list of LDS businesses and stop supporting them economically. A nationwide, concentrated effort to imprison women needs every possible counteraction. Simultaneously in Washington and in Florida, Mormons flooded into women's-rights symposiums. Locally, 2000 Mormon women with a half dozen male "coaches" crashed women's-rights symposia and stalemated over the possibility of a general consensus to support ERA, sang hymns to drown out feminist speeches, brought a male lawyer to threaten radicals who tried to start private workshops without Mormons, voted down affirmative-action plans for minority women, and shouted Christian hate messages at lesbian "abominations"; it was sad, disgusting, frightening, dangerous, and frustrating. Middle class prairie rednecks have one hell of a lot of political power in the US government (See, I think, the June Mo.), and this is a very real threat to our growth and survival.

Didn't know that drinking Cokes at Nick's Bar was killing women, did va? [Mo, and still don't. The story I got, from a non-Mormon friend who's been living in the Cache Valley in Utah for over a year now, is that the Mormons once forbade Coca-Cola, as they did coffee and nicotine, as an unnecessary stimulant. Then Coca-Cola executives pointed out that the Mormons themselves had a financial interest in the well-being of Coca-Cola and probably shouldn't be proscribing it; whereupon the church's prophet had a revelation that said Coke was OK after all. The catch here is that the financial interest was not a stock ownership but the position of Utah as one of the nation's largest growers of sugar beets. Utah farmers (most of whom are Mormons) supply large amounts of sugar to Coke (and presumably some of the other national brands you name); they presumably also supply wheat to bakers, cattle to McDonald's, etc. The relationship is too vague to make any sort of boycott effective. --RICHARD S. RUSSELL]

The "Reactions to 'Lunch and Talk'" was quite a downer. Marlon saying she's been knifed in the back, when no such thing had ever happened; hubby Breen prattling

impertinently about "kaffeeklatsching" (Had you been men, he'd have called it a "bull session"); Joanna being her usual brilliant self but in such a "talking down" tone (even to Suzy, whose consciousness is easily equal to Joanna's) that it made me feel like she thinks all her audience is children; Amanda couching her feelings in safe, veritable "no comment". And all centered on one minute section of a fascinating conversation on lots of topics. I don't understand the paranoia of all this, and it seems a particularly counterproductive waste of the energy we need in a lot of other areas of thought and action. Fergus at least was interesting, and even this annoys me because I know each of these women can be as interesting as George--if their intellect weren't siphoned off into an emotional thunderdum. How do these things happen?

All the films Richard and Diane review are commercial junk films. I've seen all but *Demon*, which I will accept is a stinker because everyone else says so. However, of the films evaluated, I think the best one is probably *It's Alive*, which R&D discount as even further beneath their dignity than the total fiasco *The Sentinel*. I wonder if they're judging drek like *Demon Seed* by the superficial glamor of a larger budget, by its slick cover, or by the burnt-out one-time respectability of its author. *It's Alive* is a B film, and an excellent example of its genre (whereas *Wizard* is a rotten example of its genre, and *Demon Seed* an even rotter example of its genre). The tunnel sequence of *It's Alive* was an updated tip o' the hat to one of the best B films ever made, *Them*. I think there is a tendency to expect slick glamor of a film before a critic will evaluate any other aspect, so something with no saving factor (say, *The Sentinel*) gets more attention than a small, simple, effective bit of horror....

All of the films we review are commercial; a distressing proportion of them are junk; *It's Alive* was junkier than most.

Different people look for different things in movies. We could--and occasionally do--look at whether the movie presents a viewpoint we agree with, or whether it's part of a discernible trend, or whether it typifies its genre. But these are incidental approaches. What we look for consistently are credibility (whether the film is believable, or, perhaps more importantly, whether it makes you want to believe it), production qualities (lighting, audibility, editing), and over-



all enjoyability (subjective, therefore not easily defined--and certainly not universal). And following Ann Weiser's advice earlier in this column, we will be paying more attention to sexism. It's embarrassing that someone had to point this out to us; how jaded we've become.

[We felt that *Demon Seed* presented a strong female character and could be admired on that basis. We aren't sure what genre you think it belongs to, and therefore couldn't say whether it's typical. However, we note in passing that *Tranman of Gor* is probably quite typical of its genre, which doesn't necessarily make it admirable. We devoted more attention to *The Sentinel* than to *It's Alive* because *The Sentinel* had greater pretensions--and greater potentiality--so therefore its failings (which we characterized as "Trash. Trash. Trash.") were more significant than were those of *It's Alive*, which underdog even its low aspirations.

[It's an undeniable economic fact that movies with inadequate budgets have two strikes against them to begin with. Not that they can't succeed--what a delight to find one that does!--and not that a big budget is a guarantee of success--examples too numerous to mention--but we don't apply one set of standards to most films and a different set to low-budget ones out of pity. --DIANE M. MARTIN & RICHARD S. RUSSELL]



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...I wish, in view of Jeanne Gomoll's review [Janus, Vol. 2 No. 4], that I had the opportunity to see *The Man Who Fell to Earth* a second time. At present I disagree--with reservations; and those reservations are not caught up so much in quarrels with specific points but in different initial approaches.... I approach the movie of *The Man Who Fell to Earth* by getting up from my backyard hammock and greeting it (as an old friend) at the door. Jeanne approaches it by ringing the doorknob for the first time. Now let me find out exactly where I agree, disagree, and where my feelings are ambivalent.

I have a theory about the book, a theory that is attractive only by virtue of its "rightness" in terms of what should be: I've had the private feeling for years

that Walter Tevis somehow read *Stranger in a Strange Land*, put it down in disgust, and said, "This is a very interesting idea, but this Heinlein character didn't follow through on it.", at which point he began to wonder what would happen if...

What followed was *The Man Who Fell to Earth*; was a story about a messianic man from a dying, waterless planet; was a story about a man who, much against his will but for very good reasons, set out to change the world; was a story about a man thrown against the best and the worst this world has to offer, and who is ultimately destroyed—offhandedly, apologetically, accidentally, and in such a way that his destruction is meaningless. He is not destroyed by a giant corporation, or by a vengeance weight. Both Smith and Newton are from waterless planets; both have a reverential respect for water—though with Smith it becomes true reverence, compounded as it is with the Martian religion. Both are tall and thin, from planets with much lighter gravity; both can be quite easily injured by sudden acceleration shifts. (Newton, indeed, receives a broken ankle by riding in an old elevator that rises too rapidly.) Smith becomes literally messianic, leading thousands of people into a revolution of pseudo-pansexuality compounded of equal parts occult religion and Barnum and Bailey; in the end of the novel the comparison is more finely drawn in a crucifixion scene of sorts.

Newton doesn't strive to be a messiah, yet his entire posture, his strangeness, his seemingly never-ending source of ideas (Basic patents, by the way, are patents utilizing totally new processes, not derived from anything currently patented; they do, therefore, differ from "major patents", which may be new applications of current devices or new devices from old forms. This is why Farnsworth was so impressed by Newton's package.), his ways of relating to things contrive to encourage people to look at, to follow this strange young man. In the end it comes to the same thing, but the messiah isn't martyred: he is ignored.

From beginning to end, Tevis's novel is more completely realized than Heinlein's. The alien's attitude towards sex, towards life, towards people, is alien and this ful government, or by any overt plot or drama; he is destroyed accidentally by a group trying to grab what the other guy's got.

The similarities between the two novels spark my curiosity. Heinlein's hero is Valentine Michael Smith; Tevis created Thomas Jerome Newton. Both names have the is a point Heinlein seems to miss. Thomas Jerome Newton is real, and so the book succeeds.

To the movie: I'm told, though I can't quote a source (passing conversations in dark places...), that something of *The Man Who Fell to Earth* was cut for American audiences. I can't imagine what it might be, but wish it had been present. I found *SWEEP* confusing, disjointed, and, at times, almost deliberately obscure. The one potentially horrible (in the time-honored sense) scene in the movie was grotesquely, and unnecessarily, foreshadowed: when Newton makes love to Candy Clark, the idea of his mucous secretion would have been more powerful (and more of a statement) had it not been alluded to previously.

Ah, me. I pick holes because the movie was not the book. I can't view it cold; I can't see it without the intervention of Tevis. In the movie a faceless corporation kidnaps Newton and holds him for his own ransom. Their antipathy is demonstrated, but not felt; their greed is extant, but not involving. They are nonentities, and are meaningless. And, although this forms a sort of point, I can't help but see the book: Tevis has Newton picked up and examined by the FBI, who inform him that they've been watching, are watching, and will continue to watch his every move. It is not precisely a threat, but a polite reminder that things are more complex than they seem, and that more variables lie in his path than he might have originally assumed.

They are right; watching the FBI headquarters are CIA agents. They are now aware of the FBI's interest, but unaware of the reasons—so they take T. J. down to the stationhouse, ask him a few questions, and give him a physical—including retinal photographs—for their files. He can see X-rays; he wears special contact lenses to reduce light. He is, literally, blinded; figuratively his sight is awakened.

Both stories concern themselves with the breakdown of an extraordinary being, the reduction of something special to the level of the ordinary. But the movie presents this as a deliberate exercise: we will break you down, we will keep you here until your resistance is meaningless, until your actions are no longer important. In the book (in my view) it is an accident, and afterthought; as though the act of crippling him can be excused with a simple, "Sorry, I really didn't mean to do that."



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...I feel like writing you a loc on the issue i havent read: like, man, page nine, wow, well page nine was real fine, i sure do dig page nine, make it mine, it's a mystic number, man, & it was far out. the other pages, now, well the other pages were good too. youve got some really fine paper there, man, really fine. (this is the janis joplin "man" i am speaking at you, man, of course, the "man" for all seasonings, the universal "man" the that saying neglects the fact that, as b p nichol, our great young poet, points out in *the martyrlogy*, man is contained in woman just as he is contained in "she". [he then asks, "why is 's' the feminizer?" & realizes that when his playing games with language is accused of "shallowness" that might just be "hallowness" feminized.] [i wont go on about that; it's a major work & i think you would find some of the things he says in book iii about "friends as family" very pertinent to a lot of what youve been saying lately.]) but i forgot, it's easy to forget when youre talking like this about a magazine you havent seen, that what was really so fine, man, about not just page nine but all those groovy pages you covered with black lines & dots & figures, was that the paper was really groovy, man, so man, keep putting out your zine on that paper, man, cos i just dig it mightily....

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...regarding the hoopla about "the Conversation", that is, Round 2 of reactions, I'm pleased to see George Fergus's informed reply on the subject of sex-determination of babies in the future. I find his information reassuring, though I must say I am not as sanguine as he seems to be about the advances of the movement, particularly a continued advance into the near future. The newly raised consciousness of women which he speaks of seems to me to be a very limited and rather fragile thing, certainly at the depth of that consciousness that we are concerned with here (that is, the absolute valuation of each sex rather than a fairly superfi-



cial and rather economically vulnerable level such as equal pay for equal work). The whole nation seems to be moving or rather attempting to lurch in a rightward direction these days, and as the stalemate of the ERA and the recent successes of the anti-abortion forces indicate, a lot of women are running like hell back toward the 19th Century. Witness also the phenomenal success of the whole Total Garbage Wave. I think the shift in attitudes that we are looking for to safeguard the position of females-as-first-class-humans now and in the future is a very spotty affair at present, affecting for the most part a highly verbal and visible segment of the middle and upper-middle class in this country. For various reasons, many of them stemming from inadequate sensitivity and political/social/economic analysis on the part of that intensely verbal segment, the majority of American women seem to be heading the other way, helped along by the new wave of nostalgia and general head-in-the-sand simplemindedness. (Another witness: the frantic popularity of a piece of reactionary schlock like *Star Wars*—witness, that is, for the general trend, since I have no figures on female attendance or opinion about the film.)

Nor is it a new thing in history for an oppressed class to gain freedom of a kind and then lose it again. The history of women demonstrates this kind of action and retrenchment in itself, and is very scary.

However, Fergus's other points certainly do help to calm my anxieties about this question of how many of us will there be, and how blithely and with what intentions will male and female feti be meddled with by male or masculinist genetic engineers, "us" meaning in this case women. How free and strong "us" will be, however, remains a disturbing question, in view of the present apparent retrenchment. Anyway, thank you, Mr. Fergus.

Now, a comment or two on your reviews of *Motherlines*:

Reflections on one's work by others are always interesting, and in this case extra-rewarding: not only did you folks find what I was trying to put into this book, but you found something I wasn't aware of working with much at the time: the idea of motherhood as a source of power. I was interested in your comments on this, Jeanne. Certainly Aldera's crucial, pivotal position between the free fems and the riding women is due to her having borne a live child out in the grasslands, outside of slavery. Only I always thought of it as the achievement of having relations among the riding women, of being pegged in among them (by the child) in a way that they could not ignore or deny, while her identity as an escaped fem grounded her just as firmly among the free fems. Aldera is not a "mother" in the modern sense of that term, i.e., of nurturance and so on. But Sorrel is a sure-enough daughter, albeit to a lot more people than her "bloodmother", and those two have some adjustments to make to each other in the next book.

And then there's Janice's interpretation of Daya's pushing toward change: "Her young companion embraces and pushes forward these changes." Well, yes, but I hadn't actually thought of this as a political position, so to speak, but rather as the response necessary to Daya, according to the sort of person she is.

The point is, there is always more there than the writer is conscious of having placed in the text. Even in trash, there is a whole set of social assumptions if one cares to dig them out. And so it's always right to dive in and pull out whatever you can find, supported, as Janice says, by other aspects of the book than the initial one that sets off your discovery. That's the process that makes a book resonate, though of course it can be carried too far from reality, and can even be perverted to "show" that a writer has really done just the opposite of her/his stated intention. (Talk to Susan Wood sometime about the male student in her class who insisted that Margaret Atwood's *Surfacing* is about a woman who wants to be raped!) The fact that a book only exists as the varying structures that each reader makes for herself out of the plans (the words on the page) enables meanings to arise on both conscious and subconscious levels, and those meanings can be tremendous contributions to the impact of a book.

Thanks again; and if there are no more historical factors known on the history of the propeller beanie, how about something else in the same vein? Loved it, particularly Leonardo.

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...I enjoy and admire [Marion Zimmer Bradley's] fiction, and I remember her well from the old days when she battled one and all in the letter columns of the pulps. Someone named her "La Zimmer" in those days, and she wanted to join the circus. I admired her outspokenness in her letters. The single line that cracked me up the most was, "I think 'they' should explain their life, actually." I love that. I've felt that so often. Originating, as I do, in the prehistoric ages of SF, I have had more than my full share of "Do you read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?". I don't think a young fan of today can realize how suspect we were for reading the pulps, and for a girl to read it, that was almost proof of perversion!

...I went to college...in the big wave after WWII when it was really unusual for women to go. It was all I really wanted to do. I didn't want to get married. The knowledge explosion has continued to grow. I have a very funny theory which probably proves how paranoid I am. I think that businessmen and other power brokers definitely do not want liberally educated young people; they want technicians. I think the 60s scared them so badly that they are taking steps (in kind of a loose confederation) to make it financially impossible for a lot of young people to go to college. Some ways are: by withdrawing financial support from colleges, by influencing state legislatures to cut back appropriations, by not hiring college graduates unless they have a degree in business (glorified technicians!), and probably other ways I haven't thought of. I know I have seen ads in the paper saying "no college

graduates". Reminds me of the Catholic immigrants in Boston when there were signs saying "No Irish need apply." The junior colleges do not seem to be having nearly the financial problems that the four-year institutions do, and you know what they turn out. Not that I question the need for technicians; if I go to the dentist, I want that young lady in the white uniform to know what she is doing before she messes with my mouth! But if we go back to the old routine of only educating the upper classes, and the power elite, where does our opportunity for change come from? End of political tirade.

I don't think you have really seen discrimination against women until you have seen some of the women who work in humble jobs. I work part time at Sunset Country Club because my teaching job pays so badly. (Aside: I may be able to give both of them up soon because I am going to try for a government job; wish me luck!) I really think some of the most incompetent men in the world end up in education (elementary and secondary, not college) and in the food business. I think it would really be hard for you to believe what male stereotypes these men are. In the food business they must be subservient to the customers, and, where I work, men pay the checks, so they, without exception, try to impose some form of the master-slave relationship on the waitresses. What this does to the women is appalling. The young women will inevitably get involved in sexual bargaining. They go out with the boss, or the maitre d', and get overtime and good parties. In essence, they sell themselves. It makes me furious. One good thing about being older is that I don't have to contend with that. If you dare protest about anything the "man in charge" does, you get punished by getting your schedule cut, getting lousy stations, not getting parties, or even being suspended for a week. I once talked to one of our union representatives about this (a woman) at a meeting, and she said, "Honey, there ain't anything you can do about it because you can't prove it. It's been going on for years." So, what do women do in this position? If the boss is even halfway decent, they protect him and cover up his mistakes. I'm not kidding about them being incompetent; they all mess up! If things get too bad, the waitresses may get together and do a job on him. This means setting him up to make a mistake with the wrong customer, or tipping off the board members in the club where I work, or turning him in to the office staff for giving too much overtime to one girl. It is a dirty way to live, and it produces some very bitter women. I know, because I have worked with them. The thing that usually protects me is that they know I have another job and am not economically dependent on them. I've seen them use that paycheck as an absolute weapon. One interesting thing is that they are usually afraid of other men. I have seen men teachers absolutely crumble when the father came to school with a complaint. I have seen a maitre d' be sick the next day after getting in trouble with a customer. But it is a sick situation all around....

I must now confess that during one of my rest stops away from the typer (more soup, you know) I skipped ahead and read Greg Rihn's review of *Wizards*. Excellent, especially as I am tired of seeing Bakshi dumped on in print. I think he did a fine job considering the amount of money he had to work with. I approved of the ending because I thought that Avatar had the choice feeling of whipping out the gun and saying "Take that!" Not exactly noble, but it was a human response, and I felt that Avatar was very human, even if he was a wizard....



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I am unable to fathom MZB's strange sense of violation at being talked about—as though an author were something off limits. An author is not a private person. They cannot be when writing demands that one pour oneself into the pages. Any discussion of a work is in some sense a discussion of its author. Such discussion would be meaningless without consideration of the author, her/his environment, the manner in which her/his mind works.

Science fiction is unique in the extent to which the reading public concerns itself with its authors as persons. However, it is not unique that such things happen—it is the increasing practice of the mainstream press to lionize and publicize authors of best-selling books—Truman Capote, Jacqueline Suzanne, and Erica Jong, to name but a few, have all achieved nationwide notoriety, including some pretty frank studies of their so-called "private lives"....

If you are going to write about things that are important to yourself and others, you have to open up. Not "let it all hang out", necessarily, but you have to let some of "it" be seen just the same. Yeah, "it"—guts, psyche, the inner you, the dark underside of your brain where shadows collect and things hide and grow and fester that until now you and you alone have known about, scrutinized, dealt with. And you have to be prepared for "them", the other people who care about such things, to pick over your revelations and criticize them—especially if they are not up to the standards that the others have set.

I am reminded of an old *Playboy* cartoon (!) wherein a man is seen exposing himself before an after-the-theater cafe. To his shock, the crowd gives him a standing ovation. The moral? Well, you've got to expect some reaction, even if it isn't the reaction you expect.

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Thanks much for *Janus* 8. Feminism is a subject I know little about, and I feel I should know more. (It brings to mind the image of 100 frustrated housewives marching on a government-type building and, for some reason, the smell of burning latex. I am trying to erase this image.)

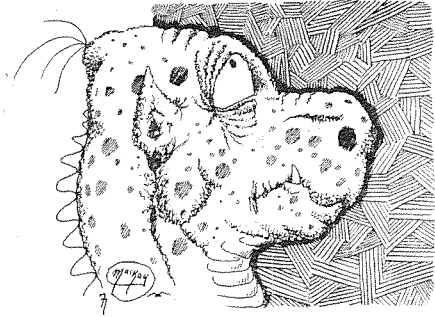
The reduced script type of the letter column is worth the eyestrain (Actually, after numerous comments that it really wasn't, we have gone to the style you see here. —JEANNE GOMOLL), except for one comment by Jessica Salmonson. It was as much of a slap in the face for me as the item she pointed out in *The Cleaviston Test* was to her. To equate the writer with the character is foolish. And there are undoubtedly people who hate artichokes (yuk!), menstruation, and homosexuals. Is Jessica saying that these people should not be portrayed in books, no matter if hating is wrong? Is she saying that Kate Wilhelm has to portray "well-adjusted", "liberated" people who treat everybody as equals, and love everything they should? Well, as I stated, I'm not very knowledgeable about feminism, and that whole scene—I'm willing to learn....

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...Regarding bisexuality, it would seem that those among us who are bisexual or multisexual are discriminated against by both camps. However, some stereotypes are amusing. For example, any woman who wishes to be an Ob/Gyn is viewed as a closer lesbian, while there is no corresponding myth regarding male urologists. Of course, all female urologists are hung up on sex. Same way a male elementary teacher or social worker is always suspect.

...I prefer "concept" SF (racism, war, sexism) as opposed to "idea" SF (FTL, time travel, etc.). However, most editors refuse to even read "concept" SF because it is too depressing. I am excited to see SF maturing, but its maturity is threatened. *Janus* must be SF. If it is not, and John Norman is, then maybe a new genre is evolving. Perhaps it is necessary that a new genre must evolve, such as *The Open* or *The Family Man*. It is generally conceded that the average SF reader (as opposed to fans, who are a small minority in a vast reading public) is young, middle class, white, and male. That's why so much SF is really masturbatory adolescent wet dreams. SF is changing, but the editors are still too conservative. SF is sexist, just as it is racist. How many black SF writers are there? Charles Saunders writes

fantasy. Then there is Delany, but that's all I can call to mind. In SF, the major characters are almost all lily white, excluding a few blackploitation books. As you look at sexism, also look for racism and agism. They are all aspects of the same ugliness. If SF will ever be more than escapist literature, then it must innovate and develop a social conscience. But can it do this? From what's being published these days, I doubt it. Until SF develops a social conscience and accepts social responsibility, it will remain only escapist literature, like gothics or nurse romances, despite a few bright spots like Russ or Delany....



Angus Taylor
Fleerde 34
Amsterdam (Bylmermeer)
Netherlands

...What Marleen Barr says about female stereotypes in Morris's *News from Nowhere* [reviewed in *Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2] has a lot of truth in it. However, I think she should have pointed out not only when the book was written but also that, in spite of its weakness on women, it was and still is an important book in socialist literature. William Morris was one of the great figures in the artistic, literary, and political world of 19th Century Britain, and his shortcomings should not be paraded before today's audience out of context.

A couple of little points: the use of "per" as a substitute for her/his does not strike me as particularly inspired, nor very likely to catch on. [Note: This was the objective case of the third-person singular pronoun used by Marge Piercy in *Woman on the Edge of Time*. The nominative-case pronoun was "person".] And the whole thing is unnecessary, since there's already an adequate substitute word in widespread use: namely, "their". As in "Anyone who doesn't finish their turnips won't get any dessert." You probably already use "their" like that without even thinking about it. So it's supposed to be a plural—so what? Language changes. We use "you" for both singular and plural; why not "their"? The other point: anytime anyone uses "alternate" when they (i.e., s/he) should be using "alternative", I'd like to hit them (i.e., her/him) over the head with a good dictionary.

[Interesting. In one case it's "So what? Language changes." In the other case your quote infers the parameters are fixed. (Sorry, that's a test for purists. You are one if you had a heart attack on reading it.) —COPY EDITOR]

Adrienne Fein
26 Oakwood Av.
White Plains, NY, 10605

...I've just done a good bit of writing around the relationship between SF and feminism. I think Jeanne Gomoll's editorial [Vol. 2 No. 4] is great. However, a minor disagreement: I don't think stories such as "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" are intended as answers, any more than *Childhood's End* is intended as accurate prediction. Rather, they are questions as to some of the issues we have to face—and a way of looking at the present from a very different perspective. I think that Piercy presents a believable, almost achievable "utopia" [in *Woman on the Edge of Time*], which is at the same time a transitional stage. A learning device. Something temporary, which expects to change further, like the Ledemese culture in *Woman Plus X*. I think the same kinds of changes could come about merely by making changes in our own thinking; I don't think we have to start revising our physical make-up. Yet, we have made rather drastic revisions of one sort or another in the physical nature of human beings. We've moved from trees or caves to artificial buildings; started wearing clothes; changed our diet from one of protein and unrefined carbohydrates to, in many cases, one of almost entirely refined carbohydrates; started saving diabetics with insulin; gone in for removing appendixes and tonsils and for Caesarian sections—we've done a great deal of tampering with nature already, if one chooses to look at it that way; we have the technology to do a great deal more, and some of these changes have been much for the better; if we did have to do the kind of physical tampering described in Marge Piercy's novel, the results might be worth it, after all.

Fact is, we don't know whether social roles are learned, or whether there may be a biological basis for some of them. I think they are learned. However, it is usually—has usually been—the masculinists who argue that men are normal/superior, the "traditional" roles are the "natural" roles, etc. I think it might be useful to point out that men who argue for biological determination are arguing that they themselves will have to be killed in order for women to be free. (I don't think they ever thought of the matter that way.)

It seems to me that the attitudes expressed in Mouth-of-Mattapoisset are much CONTINUED ON P.50



FANZINES

JANICE BOGSTAD

APA 69 5. "The sex APA" needs no comment as we are all well educated in that area. (Thanks to Bob Tucker and Mike Glicksohn, to mention only a few.)

Ashwing 21 (March 1977) Frank Denton, 14654 8th Av. SW, Seattle, WA, 98166. Available for the usual. This ish of *Ashwing* deals with rock SF and Michael Moorcock's Steeleye series and has a cute article by Jeff Frane called "Neo Meets Big MAC", but the short story, "Blinheim a Cappella", was a little too much of the conventional woman-hating type of story for my taste.

Boowatt 19 (April 1977) Garth Edmond Danielson, 415 Edison St. #616, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2G 0M3. Full, as usual, of pithy letters with no artwork (except for a balloon pasted in a spot in the middle of the zine). Ours was orange.

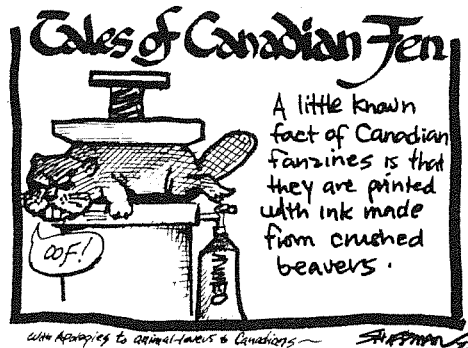
Don-O-Saur 47 (December 1976) Don C. Thompson, 7498 Canesa Ct., Westminster, CO, 80030. 35¢ @ or 6/\$2. Check this one out if you want to know what people thought of MidAmeriCon, MileHiCon, etc., or want to read a lot of discussions on the subject of civil disobedience.

Fear and Loathing [*in the Nighttime*] Vol. 1 No. 2 (April 30, 1977) Ira M. Thornhill, 1900 Perdido St. #B-97, New Orleans, LA, 70112. 33½¢ @ or 3/\$1 or the usual. This is mostly a long, informative editorial in which Ira describes driving to various conventions, talking with various fannish friends, and, in the second half, prints letters from other fans.

Hostigos Vol. 2 No. 2 (April 1977) Tom Marcinko, c/o Hetzel Union Building, University Park, PA, 16802. ? @, \$1/year, or the usual. "The magazine of the Penn State Science Fiction Society". A short issue that has been reborn out of the 7-years-lapsed ashes of the first Penn State SF zine. A short article on Lem, fiction, a review of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* which does it justice (not a difficult task, I suspect).

Journeys 1 (Spring 1977) Michael Caplan, 89 Rameau Dr. #4, Willowdale, Ont., M2H 1T6, and David Michaelides, 58 Paul Markway, Willowdale, Ont., M2H 1S7. 75¢ @. Three times a year. Stephen Fryer has published an interview with Hal Clement in this ish, and the two editors "Mouth Off" in separate editorials. *Journeys* looks like it has every reason to grow and prosper (perhaps like a boil on the back of the "established order", like all of fandom).

Requiem 16 (Vol. 3 No. 4; Juin-Juillet 1977) Norbert Spehner, 1085 Saint-Jean, Longueuil, PQ, J4H 2Z3. \$1 @ or 6/\$5 (1 year). Some of the special features of this "only magazine of fantasy and science fiction, in French, in North America" are a collection of very short tales, in French, from all over the world and an article on science fiction for children available in Quebec. As always, an excellent publication.



with Apologies to animal-lovers & Canadians

The Science Fiction Collector 4 (July 4, 1977) J. Grant Thiessen, Fantasy Centre, 43 Station Rd., Harlesden, London, England, NW10 4UF (for England and Europe) or 943 Maplecroft Rd. SE, Calgary, Alb., T2J 1W9 (for other countries). 75p @ or 4/£2.50 in England and Europe; \$1.25 @ or 6/\$6 elsewhere. Bi-monthly. Most of this ish consists of a SF pornography list, including reproductions of lots of book and magazine covers (in black and white, of course). Grant welcomes other kinds of SF checklists also. I was especially interested in his review of *Floating Worlds*. He seems to essentially agree with my interpretation of the book, and Suzy Charnas disagrees with both of us.

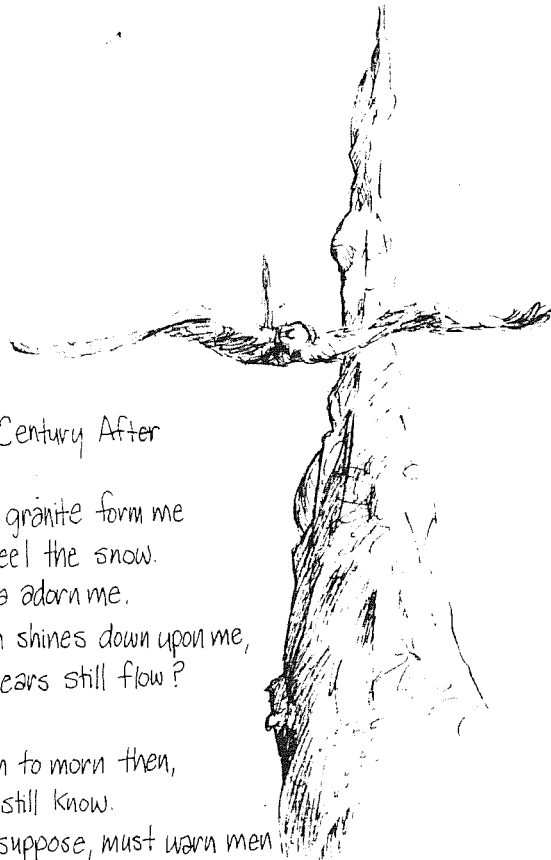
So It Goes 14 (Summer 1977) Tim C. Marion, 614 72nd St., Newport News, VA, 23605. 50¢ @ or 5/\$2 or the usual. Tim tells us about what it's like to be a riveter, putting rivets on the inside of steel cylinders for 40 hours a week. A mimeozine with two colors of paper and lots of humorous artwork.

Tweek 27, 28, and 29 (?, ?, and ?, 1977) Patrick Hayden, Seth McEvoy, Anne-Laurie Logan, and Gary Farber, c/o ASSFS, Box 22670, SUNYA, Albany, NY, 12207. Price is no object. Triweekly. I'll say one thing

for these people: they sure keep busy. Though I'm not sure I believe the rumors about Mike Glicksohn. Does he need one (#27)? Or the tales of Toronto harassment. Is Canada really all that old-fashioned? Or the gossip in "The Real Truth about Everything" (#29).

Shifgrethor (or *Imagery* or *Outramere* or $\Delta\psi$, depending upon how you choose to start reading the collection) (August 1976, ditto, ditto, March 1977) Taral Wayne MacDonald, 415 Willowdale Ave. #1812, Willowdale, Ont., M2N 5B4. This split-personality fanzine collection reminds me of what Taral said of himself at a convention once. I can't quote him exactly, but it was something like he had invented a *persona* for himself that went along with the name Taral and which made him capable of doing and saying things that he wouldn't have done or said otherwise.

Windhaven 1 and 2 (? and ?, 1977) Jessica Amanda Salmonson, c/o Atalanta Press, Box 5688 University Station, Seattle, WA, 98105. \$1.50 @ or 4/\$4. Quarterly. "Toward a feminist and humanitarian fantasy and science fiction", towards which this magazine makes a significant contribution. The covers of both issues are fantastic (It's about fantasy, Jan.), the contents of both issues are fascinating, and there are marginal notes in the editorials from those of us who wanted to respond to those excellent essays. It's good to see that there are other people out there who take amateur publishing as seriously as we do. #1 includes "Confessions of an SF Writer", and #2 has an essay on the pulp fiction of Leigh Brackett. ♣

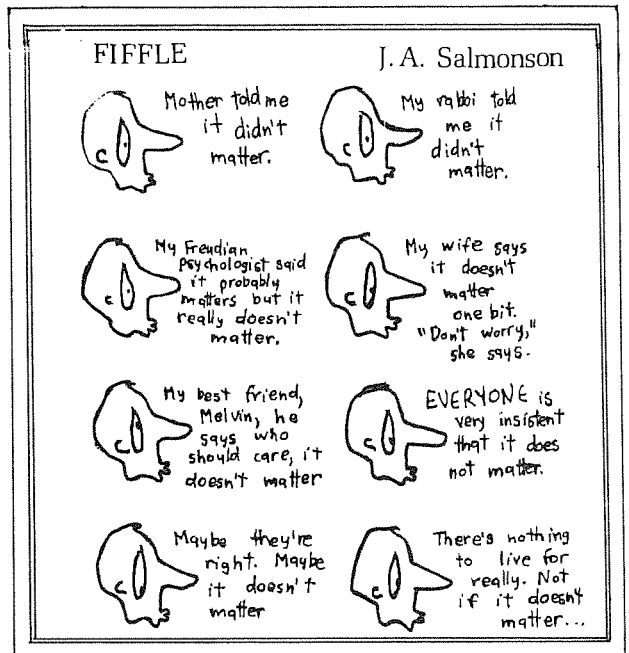


Niobe: A Century After

feldspar and granite form me
I do not feel the snow.
glimts of mica adorn me.
when the sun shines down upon me,
why do my tears still flow?

I had reason to morn then,
that much I still know.
my fate, I suppose, must warn men
still of something. In the moonbeams
here my tears still flow.

Ruth Berman



WHEN I GET THIS PIANNER IN TUNE I'MA GONNA PLAY ME SOME LISZT!



#7
77

Diamonds in the Dreck

Diane Martin and
Richard S. Russell



We had a lot of fun thinking up the title for this issue's installment of "Show and Tell", since there was so little of quality to talk about. We'll spare you titles that lost, and, mercifully, we'll also spare you any reviews of White Buffalo, Tentacles, and Squirm, three drive-in specials we couldn't bring ourselves to sacrifice the money for. We strongly suspect that they, too, are losers.

A new feature this time around is an inclusion in the basic facts (title, producer, etc.) of information on the releasing company, copyright date, and rating. (The rating involved is the G, PG, R, and X sort, not something like *, **, etc., which would give you our opinion of overall quality. We're not that refined. You have to read the whole review to find out what we think.) This new feature is part of our campaign to serve to some degree as a publication of record. We've long felt the need for something of this sort when trying to pick out our favorites for the Hugo awards a year and a half after the fact. This should help.

Ted Sturgeon, upon being confronted with the observation that 90% of science fiction is crap, retorted that "90% of everything is crap." This comment has become immortalized as Sturgeon's Law, and it is certainly embodied in the movie fare we've encountered between last issue and this. However, there is a corollary to Sturgeon's Law which (perhaps obviously) holds that "10% of everything isn't too bad." In fact, every once in awhile, something comes along which makes all of the rest seem worth wading through.

In this issue's movies, there is a diamond among the dreck, a diamond which shines with all the more luster for the shabbiness of its surroundings. It is the science-fiction film of the 1970s as *2001* was the film of the 60s. It is the definitive soap opera. It is perhaps stretching the comparison too far to ring in *The Bible* and Shakespeare, but an outstanding work is a creator of metaphors. And names like Darth Vader and R2D2 may well become metaphors of the future as Judas Iscariot and Macbeth have been metaphors in the past.

The true test of greatness, of course, is time, a luxury not presently available to us. But, for a spot opinion, here is our diamond:

T: Star Wars
P: Gary Kurtz
D: George Lucas
W: George Lucas
R: 20th Century Fox, 1977, PG
S: Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker
Harrison Ford as Han Solo
Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia Organa
Alec Guinness as Obi-wan (Ben) Kenobi
Peter Cushing as Grand Moff Tarkin
Anthony Daniels as C3PO
Kenny Baker as R2D2
Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca the Wookiee
Dave Prowse as Darth Vader
SE: John Dykstra and John Stears
Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious!

T: Exorcist 2: The Heretic
P: John Boorman and Richard Lederer
D: John Boorman
W: William Goodhart
R: Warner Brothers, 1977, R
S: Linda Blair as Regan MacNeill
Richard Burton as Fr. Philip Lamont, SJ
Louise Fletcher as Dr. Gene Tuscan
Max VonSydow as Fr. Lancaster Merrin
James Earl Jones as Kokumo
Paul Henreid as the cardinal
Kitty Winn as Sharon
SE: Chuck Gaspar

Now for the dreck part.

William Friedkin's 1974 film *The Exorcist* became one of the 10 all-time money-makers at the box office; the sequel obviously tried to cash in on that popularity. It picks up on the life of Regan MacNeill three years after the demon possessing her had been exorcised. The question is, "How much does she remember?" The superficial answer is "nothing", but in reality the demon is still hiding somewhere in her subconscious.

The film brings forth avatars of Science (Dr. Tuscan, Regan's shrink) and Religion (Fr. Lamont, who has volunteered to follow up on Regan's case) and makes a half-hearted attempt to play them off against each other à la Spock and McCoy on *Star Trek*. It becomes sort of a contest to see whether Dr. Tuscan, with her EEG biofeedback mechanisms, can delve into Regan's subconscious traumas and bring her back to normalcy faster than Fr. Lamont can get at the evil spirit to exorcise it for good.

In this go-round, we find out that the evil spirit has a name—Pazuzu—and the form of a giant locust. Sort of a letdown, actually, to find it wasn't Old Nick in Person in the original flick. Since the film has to maintain the premise that there really are evil spirits, Dr. Tuscan's scientific interpretation gets somewhat short shrift *vis-à-vis* Fr. Lamont's. However, for what it's worth, the scientific premise (which is actually articulated by Lamont) is that humanity is evolving toward a sort of Clarkeian world mind, and that Regan and a few other individuals are fore-runners of that higher consciousness.

One such individual was Fr. Merrin, the original exorcist, and another is Kokumo, an African who has managed the impressive feat of being able to intimidate Pazuzu. Lamont proceeds to Africa to find out how it's done. Nothing much comes of this, except that he and Regan seem to have some sort of trans-oceanic empathy, probably residual from their joint experience with Dr. Tuscan's bio-feedback machine.

Finally, the whole cast reassembles at that fateful house in Georgetown where the original movie was set. There they find an evil alter ego of Regan's and Fr. Lamont proceeds to rip her heart out, whereupon the house blows down in a swarm of locusts.

If that synopsis seems rational and orderly, it's purely an illusion. The film is muddled, purposeless, motiveless, and very difficult to follow. The basic concept of the world mind might have made for an interesting film, but it is explicated poorly—simply slipped in as one more of a vast collection of seemingly unrelated incidents.

A good cast is completely wasted in this effort, Burton goes through the wavering-of-faith scenes obligatory for clerics in this kind of story. (At one point, he describes his vision of Pazuzu: "It was horrible...utterly horrible...and fascinating.") Louise Fletcher spends most of her time standing around or adjusting her tinkertoys. She appears far more humane than her prior role as Nurse Ratched, but geniality can hardly be expected to carry very far. Blair's performance is difficult to characterize, because one is never sure that it's her nominal character she's portraying.

Boorman, who also brought us *Zardoz*, was evidently trying too hard for the mystery and suspense which Friedkin brought off more or less successfully. Boorman has covered up so well that what he has achieved is confusion rather than mystery.

T: Fantastic Animation Festival

R: Voyage Productions, 1977 PG

This is a collection of 18 short (1 to 2 minute) animated features. To save space, we'll list them in order and thereafter refer to them by number:

1. "French Windows" by Ian Emes
2. "Icarus" (no artist)
3. "A Short History of the Wheel" by Loren Bowie
4. "Cosmic Cartoon" by Steven Lisberger and David Ladd.
5. "The Last Cartoon Man" by Derek Lamb and Jeffrey Hale
6. "Cat's Cradle" by Paul Dressen
7. "Moonshadow" by Cat Stevens
8. "Nightbird" by Pink Splash
9. "Room and Board" by Bill Busa and Randy Cartwright
10. "Bambi Meets Godzilla" by Marv Newland
11. "Mountain Music" by Will Vinton
12. "Light" (no artist)
13. "The Mechanical Monsters" (Superman cartoon)
14. TV commercial for Levis
15. TV commercial for 7-Up
16. "Mirror People" by Kathy Rose
17. "Asbestos" by Robert Swarth
18. "Closed Mondays" by Will Vinton and Bob Gardiner

Actually, it's not fair to criticize this effort as dreck, since it's subject to the anthology syndrome: some good, some bad, some indifferent. For a capsule review, we rated the 18 entries as follows: good: 2,5,7,10,14,18; bad: 6,12,16; indifferent: 1,3,4,11,13,15,17. We rated #8 as indifferent (Diane) to bad (Dick) and #9 as good (Diane) to indifferent (Dick). Diane was feeling

more charitable toward these because she was still enchanted by "Moonshadow", clearly the best of the lot, a fantasy featuring Teaser, his Firecat, and Cat Stevens's own music. She also appreciated the really atrocious pun in "Room and Board". Dick was somewhat turned off by the downbeat, fatalistic nature of both offerings.

#s 2,11, and 18 were done in 3-D-Mation, a process in which the individual frames of film are pictures of clay models rather than of celluloid paintings. This gives a 3-dimensional effect to the result, but it also makes it difficult to conceal the essentially limited scale involved; this proved a real handicap to #11, which was set outdoors, but worked just fine in #18, which takes place in an art gallery. #2 was a series of steps in the progress of a race of a grayish white clay beings who pop up out of the surface of their clay-ball world and engagingly learn to crawl, swim, walk, and fly. Another process was used in #17 where the artist painted directly on the celluloid film, an



impressive feat considering the scale involved.

The TV commercials, as might be expected, were the most slickly professional works; it's too bad there aren't more markets for this sort of stuff.

#5 was funny, #10 was humorously macabre, and #13 was campy. #s 1,3,4, and 12 were abstracts of varying quality. #s 6 and 16 had grotesque caricatures which turned us off but which may appeal to someone. Several of the efforts were completely silent, a few had musical backgrounds, and #s 5,7, 13, and 14 had dialog.

Okay, as a mixed bag, is it worth seeing? Yeah, we guess so. It's a trying art form, and the people who are struggling with it obviously aren't going to get very wide distribution for their stuff on its own merits—too short, and, in some cases, too far out for the mass market. So stringing them together like this may be the only way to draw in a big enough audience to justify the overhead. It's kind of interesting to see what can be done and what is being done, and this is one way to encourage the people who are doing it.

T: Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger

P: Charles H. Schneer and Ray Harryhausen

D: Sam Wanamaker

W: Beverley Cross

R: Columbia, 1977, G

S: Partick Wayne as Sinbad

Jane Seymour as Farah

Margaret Whiting as Zenobia

Patrick Troughton as Melanthius

Taryn Power as Dione

SE: Ray Harryhausen

Which tiger? What eye? Well, this is a Sinbad movie—either the third or fourth (we've lost track) to come out in the miracle of Dynarama, and it is

directed at the same kind of no-mind audience which evidently patronized the first such ventures, so it isn't necessary to provide any plot or acting to speak of. The folks who hand their couple of bucks to the ticket takers are there to watch the Dynas ram, and most of the rest is superfluous. What plot there is centers on Zenobia's desire to usurp the throne of this unnamed city-state of uncertain but presumably Middle Eastern geography. She plans to install her son, a cretinous non-entity, in place of the cretinous non-entity who is Farah's brother and the rightful heir. Zenobia transforms the rightful heir into a baboon, but Farah and Sinbad sail off with the baboon to find Melanthius, the world's wisest man, who will cure the baboonitis within the allotted time to save the empire. In order to accomplish this, they must find a hidden valley somewhere in the Arctic, where the northern lights originate, and bathe the baboon in their rays. Zenobia follows and is zapped in the end by the triumphant party of heroes. A lot of people are killed along the way just to save that stupid throne for the rightful dolt.

For the record, Tyrone Power's daughter is given co-star billing with John Wayne's kid, even though she only has about four lines in the whole film. Like most of the human actors, she spends her time standing around waiting for one of the mechanical or animated critters to do something. At this rate, one of these days they'll make an entire Sinbad film without human actors, and probably no one will notice the difference.

T: Empire of the Ants
 P: Bert I. Gordon
 D: Bert I. Gordon
 W: Jack Turley from the title of a 1905 short story by H.G.Wells
 R: American International, 1977, PG
 S: Joan Collins as Marilyn Fryser
 Robert Lansing as Captain Dan Stokely
 John David Carson as Joe Morrison
 Albert Salmi as the sheriff
 SE: Bert I. Gordon

You'll note that we don't claim that this movie is from the story by H.G.Wells; we say it's from the title of the story, because that's the only resemblance between the two. The story is set in Brazil, the movie in Florida; the Brazilian ants were a couple of centimetres long, wore clothing, used tools, and were presumably sentient, while those in the movie were a couple of metres long and manifested only enough intelligence to occupy a sugar refinery; Wells's ants ate humans but otherwise were mainly concerned with establishing themselves as rulers of their little piece of the world, Gordon's ants herd humans and control them by means of a weekly spray of pheromone gas from the queen ant but evidently eat mainly sugar. The one common feature of both works is that the characters spend a lot of time roaming upriver through a jungle; this isn't too bad in a 12-page story, but it's damn nigh enough to gag you in a full-length movie.

The luckless humans in the movie are visiting Dreamland Shores, a real-estate development. The movie performs a public service by exposing the fraudulent nature of the development. But then it goes on to show how a drum of radioactive waste which had been chucked into the sea (presumably as a means of disposing of it) washes ashore, corrodes, and contributes to elaphantiasis in ants. Geez, this gig was being used 20 years ago, notably in *Them*, and with better special-effect ants to boot.

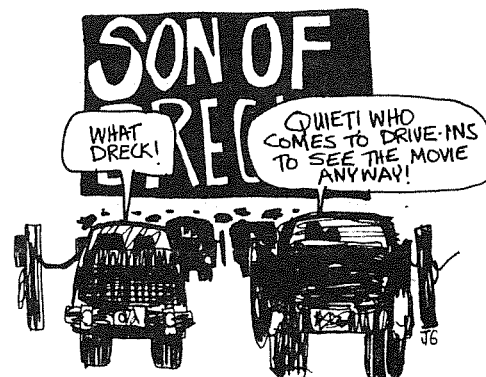
This one was shown in a drive-in and is obviously directed at that trade. It's a shame to see Robert Lansing resorting to this sort of stuff to make a living.

T: Ruby
 P: George Edwards
 D: Curtis Harrington
 W: George Edwards and Barry Schneider from a story by Steve Krantz
 R: Dimension Pictures, 1977, R
 S: Piper Laurie as Ruby Claire
 Stuart Whitman as Vince Kemper
 Roger Davis as Doc Keller
 Janit Baldwin as Lesley Claire
 Sal Vecchio as Nicky

This movie showed up in Madison in a regular sit-down theater, but it is directed at the drive-ins even more obviously than *Empire of the Ants*. In fact, it is set predominantly in a drive-in (also in Florida, to judge from the license plates on the cars) where they are showing *Attack of the 50-foot Woman*, a drive-in classic of about 1953. And it features Piper Laurie as the mother of a troubled daughter in an obvious attempt at a ripoff of *Carrie's* success, a standard cheapo technique. (That's one reason why we avoided *Squirm* and *Tentacles*: too much like "*Son of Jaws*" when they're really illegitimate at best.)

Ruby and the remains of a gang of criminals from the 20s run the drive-in, but the ghost of Ruby's former lover, Nicky, comes back to haunt them. Nicky was gunned down by order of Jake Miller, the head of the mob, and Ruby later cuts out Jake's eyes in revenge. But Nicky's ghost doesn't give a damn—he's after everyone. Turns out he's inhabiting the mind of young Lesley (Ruby's daughter), and his power is growing, as he first strangles, then beats to death, and finally skewers on the drive-in screen successive members of the gang. He speaks to Ruby through Lesley and eventually lures her to the swamp where his body was dumped and welcomes her to his slimy embrace. Kemper and Keller try to piece things together but don't manage soon enough to be of help.

God, this was an awful movie. It was so bad



that they kept inserting bits of the *50-Foot Woman* for filler, and they looked good by comparison, even in black-and-white. One particularly tasteless scene will give you an idea of the depths that Dimension Pictures did not feel were beneath them. One of the erstwhile thugs is dispatched, and his body is stored in a soft-drink vending machine. A few drive-in patrons fail to get their selections and bang on the machine in disgust. One, however, gets a cupful of warm red liquid which turns out not to be cherry soda. Somehow the machine's tubing has gotten connected to the corpse's circulatory system.

Ick.

Which is an appropriate expression when encountering dreck.☹



Aren't you getting tired of *Star Wars* reviews? I mean really, every magazine or paper I've seen for the last month or more has contained a long feature and photo layout about this film. If you've actually been reading even a small amount of this stuff, most of the film will seem familiar. If you haven't yet overdosed on *Star Wars* reviews, read this one, and then see the film before you do, because it is lots of fun.

In Madison the manager of a local theater asked the local university science-fiction club to put together a display for his lobby, in exchange for some free seats. His motivation wasn't clear, but when I was visiting on the east coast just after *Star Wars* was released several people told me that the same thing was asked of their local SF fan groups. This involvement of grassroots fan support was a good promotional idea, and an interesting contrast to the fact that Madison theater managers claimed that the distributor wasn't allowing any press passes. *Star Wars* was introduced to the press by one of the most lavish press kits that has come along in a while, which helps explain the film's splendid treatment by the media.

The film starts with several paragraphs of text rolling across the vista of intergalactic space. This isn't the way a feature film starts, this is how Chapter 7 of a serial begins. *Star Wars* is, in fact, chapters 7-13 of a science-fiction serial strung together into a feature with aspects of various other entertainments thrown in for good measure—pulp science fiction, all kinds of old movies, and of course comic books.

Star Wars's great spaceport bar scene, full of incredible aliens, captures the very essence of the wild adventures in imagination which was the main charm of pulp science fiction. Also well within the traditions of pulp science fiction is the casual attitude toward scientific accuracy. A character refers to parsecs as a unit of time, and spaceships and explosions in space are accompanied by thunderous sound effects. There is a remarkable disregard for logic in general—what plot there is hangs together with coincidence and sleight of hand. The audience won't notice the lack of logic if the pace is fast enough. For instance, when the goodguys are trapped in the garbage disposal of a brand new enemy starship, a creepy tentacled monster almost makes a meal of

them. Where did this creature come from? What is it doing in a new starship? The film's comic-book influences are many, but note how much #2 villain Lord Vader looks like a Jack Kirby/Marvel Comics villain.

One film tradition which is strongly present in *Star Wars* is the Western shootout, the sort in which everybody blasts hundreds of rounds at each other from six-shooters. In *Star Wars*, the hand blasters might contain energy for more than six blasts, but surely there is some sort of limit to the amount of energy one small hand weapon can produce. The final scenes of *Star Wars* are adapted so closely from old Hollywood films of aerial dogfights and bombing and strafing runs that it is easy to forget that it is supposed to be taking place in space.

In some ways, *Star Wars* falls into the stream of science-fiction films which have followed in the wake of *2001*. Too many films have looked too much like *2001*, and it isn't any coincidence that a guy who made models for Kubrick's film also made models for *Star Wars*, and that the guy who did the ape costumes in *2001* was on hand to do the alien make-up in *Star Wars*. The two *Star Wars* androids seem to have been lifted and elaborated on from *Silent Running*. There are a huge number of special effects in *Star Wars*, some of them done by those well established pros, and many of them produced by people new to professional filmmaking. This makes some of the visuals look inconsistent, and some of the special effects are thrown in with little regard for their logical necessity for the movie. There are desert scenes and giant sandworms that don't seem to have any purpose other than to scoop the recently cancelled movie version of *Dune*.

Pulp fiction and comic books and straightforward films like *Star Wars* can get away with a general lack of social or political meaning. Even from this perspective the film is inconsistent. You can't help but wonder why it was that only white, blue-eyed, male Flash Gordons ventured into space—with the single exception of the princess. In fact, Princess Leia is a single surprising departure from the movie-serial mold. The princess is a strong character; more than once she saves her male allies. So whatever happened to the clinging, helpless Dale Arden?

The *Star Wars* cast does a good job romping through their parts. Mark Hamill plays a juvenile Flash Gordon called Luke Skywalker, a step up from his background in daytime soap opera. Harrison Ford plays an adult Flash Gordon. It is interesting to note that Ford attended Ripon College in Wisconsin, and made his professional

debut in 1963 in summer stock at Williams Bay, Wisconsin. Carrie Fisher is the liberated Dale Arden. In the massive press kit, Hamill and Fisher admit to liking comics, which is appropriate considering *Star Wars*'s derivations. Fisher, however, prefers romance comics and—get this—underground comix. Among her favorite underground comix was *Leather Nun*. Alec Guinness is a fine Dr. Zarkov character, even if his mysterious "force" is too mysterious to ever seem real. Peter Cushing is always a great villain, although Fisher said that the line she has about noticing his foul stench was hard to say, since actually his scent was of linen and lavender. For me, the most pleasing part was that played by 7'2" Peter Mayhew, who was Chewbacca, an alien co-pilot and companion. With his gestures and articulate growls and roars he manages to create a character with more dimensions than any human in the movie. The two androids are supposed to steal America's heart, but I thought they were overdone and eventually tiresome.

George Lucas, the *Star Wars* director, admits to the not very surprising suggestion that Luke Skywalker is a fantasy version of himself. Critics have thought that *American Graffiti* was the story of Lucas' life; *Star Wars* then is his fantasy world. Lucas's *THX-1138* was first a student film made for pennies, and then a fine first feature made by an unknown Francis Ford Coppola protégé with a modest budget and considerable artistic if not commercial success. *THX-1138* tackled a familiar science-fiction theme, dehumanization in an advanced technological future, in a challenging cinematic fashion, using almost no dialog as such but rather a montage of sounds and images. After all the bombast and lack of subtlety in *Star Wars*, I hope Lucas will be able to return to lower-key work like *THX-1138*.

I predict that within about three months or so most of us are going to be really sick of *Star Wars* and *Star Wars* imitations, and *Star Wars* T-shirts and watch bands and thises and thats, not to mention *Star Wars* sequels and *Star* _____ (fill in the blank) on television.

Do you remember when television was all Westerns, or all private detectives? Do you look forward to having that much mediocre or worse space opera broadcast all over prime time? It isn't that I watch that much television, it is just that people are just getting over asking me "Have you read *Stranger in a Strange Land*?" or "... *Dune*?" and starting with "Have you seen *Star Wars*?" I can't wait until the next record-breaking movie comes along.

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 7



← standard photometer

← standard beanie

QR

This beanie, developed from readily available parts, has so far proven the only practical application of photon power.

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 8



← Tesla coil

Prototype ion-drive beanie. 10,000+ volt static discharge has so far kept this one out of public operation.



ST. LUCAS

THE STAR WARS

PHENOMENON: WHAT WILL IT MEAN?

GREGORY G. H. MIHN

Well, folks, we have done it again. The most talked-about picture of this year will be a science-fiction movie. Not since *2001: a Space Odyssey* has an SF film been the cause of so much interest to the film-making and film-going community. I imagine that just about everyone who is reading this has seen *Star Wars* if not reviewed and critiqued it, so I will not bore you with details of the film itself. What I am here to do is to gaze into my timescanner (crystal ball, for you fans of fantasy or cliché) and make some projections.

Star Wars is an intelligently written, well directed, and stylishly mounted space opera. As such there was little about it that could have offended even the hardest of the hard-science fans. Since science is hardly ever mentioned, egregious scientific mistakes disappeared. Nothing to embarrass us there. So far, we have something pretty good on our hands, yes?

Well, that's what the future will tell. *Star Wars* is an unfinished story. Darth Vader got away alive, without having a showdown with Luke. Luke hasn't used his lightsaber (or the Force) in combat yet. What really happened to Obi-wan Kenobi? There is still a whole nasty Empire waiting to be liberated. And don't forget that most important of unanswered questions--who (if anyone) will Get The Girl?

So there will be sequels. Lots of sequels. Rumbles and grumbles that have reached the hinterland where I sit typing estimate anywhere from a minimum of two to a maximum of eight. Aye, there's the rub. What will the effect of two to eight years of *Star Wars* on the screen be upon the science-fiction multiverse?

The effects could be staggering, one way or another, depending on the actions of key personnel. If George Lucas is willing to stick with the *Star Wars* project, and he is able to keep production values high, we may still be able to hold our heads up. More people will be attracted to other science fiction between movies, and fandom, publishing and the science-fiction industry may get quite a boost. It would be unprecedented, however, if this were to happen. Instead, we have before us the image

of *Star Trek*, plagued by a dearth of story material, incompetent direction in the later years, and a case of string-halt inflicted by an ignorant and insensitive studio--all resulting in a gradual decline. Some of the faithful still anxiously await the phoenix to be reborn from the ashes, and meanwhile fandom's distorted reflection, the "Trekkie" tribe, continues to wear thin the tired celluloid with its adoring gaze. Think, fans! Shall we be afflicted with yet another shadow fandom, devoted to *Star Wars* and *Star Wars* alone? What idiotic name will the uncomprehending media attach to them, and how soon will it become an epithet and title of derision?

Ah, but there are worse fates possible. Who's that man with the craggy, haunted face? Is it Charlton Heston? And that other, attired like Banquo's ghost--is it Pierre Boule? And that crowd of apish specters--yes, I recognize them now: *Return to the Planet of the Apes* and its descendants. How many films? Don't ask. A Saturday-morning cartoon show. Prime-time TV, one interminable season after another until the writhing lover of science-fiction cries out, like Macbeth, "What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" Remember, *Planet of the Apes* wasn't a bad film, for all that Boule's satire was lost, but look what came of it.

My point is that the rosy glow of *Star Wars* will soon wear off. Fandom will have to cope unassisted with the impact it will have on our lives, since the past has shown that the Hollywood powers-that-be have no feeling or mercy. Are we prepared for a generation or more of hearing about "that corny Buck Rogers/*Star Wars* stuff?" Can fandom and science fiction stand the emergence of another fandom? Could we stand another disaster on the scale of *Planet of the Apes*?

With luck, we need never answer these questions, even though it seems inevitable that *Star Wars* is what the general public will think of when they hear "science fiction" for some time to come. If George Lucas is as faithful to his creation as Gene Roddenberry has been to his. If the film studios will put in as much money and inventiveness as they have on say, each succeeding *James Bond* flick, we might not have it too bad. If. If only...

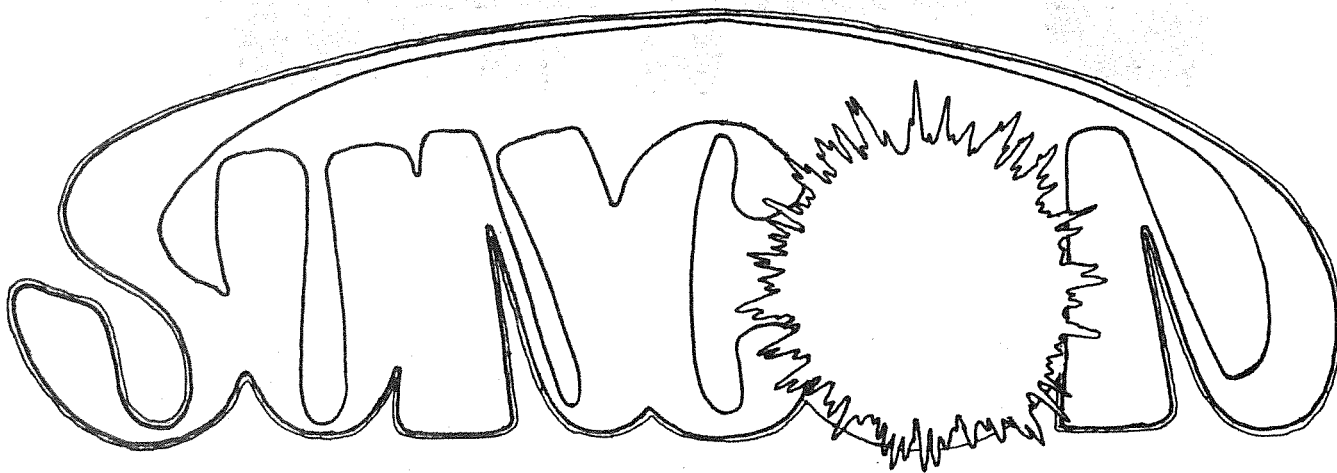
1.

"Blame it on the Unions"

The 35th World Science Fiction Convention, held as usual over Labor Day weekend, spent 1977 in the Hotel Fontainebleau in Miami Beach, Florida. Known as SunCon, it was put together by an East Coast committee which had originally tried to get into Orlando. Failing that, they contracted with the Fontainebleau, once the classiest of Miami Beach's numerous high-rise beach-front hostelryes. The Fontainebleau, though, has fallen on hard times. Its management corporation

only interested in finding their own rooms, not a dozen or so others, and the hotel did not find it normally useful to publish reliable and informative maps or room-numbering schemes. A real bummer was the security guards, who went around shooting people out of the lobby just because they'd fallen asleep there.

It rained more than half the time SunCon was in session. This didn't faze many of the fans, for various reasons. Some just stayed indoors the whole time; others didn't notice the rain because they thought it was supposed to be dark out. People like me, who started off by getting a sunburn the very first day, were grateful for the clouds. However, various places throughout the hotel featured the steady drip-drip-drip of leaky roofs, and chunks of ceiling in the Grand Ballroom were falling onto the floor.



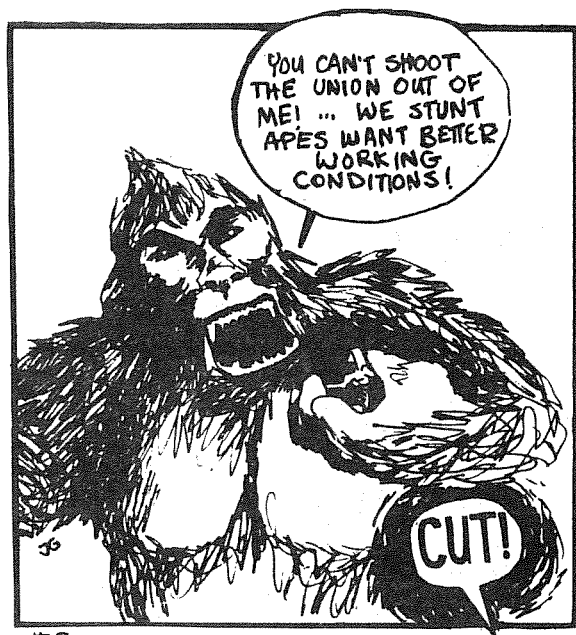
is in bankruptcy, and the hotel is operating somewhat tenuously with as little staff as possible, especially during the off-season. (One exception to this are the union-protected sinecures, notably the elevator operators in the automatic elevators in the hotel's older section. Guests in the newer Towers part of the hotel are allowed to punch their own buttons.)

It was damn near impossible to find one's way around the hotel, presumably because most guests are

The SunCon committee's problems in being spread all over the Eastern seaboard were complicated by the fact that their only representatives physically located in the Miami area—an intrepid couple named Joe and Karina Siclari—had moved there only months earlier. This may account for such minor catastrophes as the complete and loudly lamented absence of Coke and ice machines on the floors—something other WorldCon committees have been able to wangle out of even the most recalcitrant hotels by having someone on the scene to apply the pressure. (It wasn't that ice wasn't available: it was—at a buck for a 2-litre bucket from room service. And Coke etc. could be—and was—obtained at local supermarkets; but fans had to be circumspect in importing it into the hotel, because of something called a "corkage fee", which was the penalty imposed for not patronizing the hotel's services.)

It was explained that almost all problems could be traced to the unions, which jealously guarded their rights to certain jobs (such as pouring Coke, evidently) and set up roadblocks to getting the same kind of services elsewhere. This argument probably goes over real well with the richies who normally patronize the place (at \$74 per night for a double room in the "on" season) but I don't buy it. For example, I was told that I would have to hire a union electrician at \$17.50 an hour to convert the electrical outlets in the Huckster Room into the sort that would accept a normal two-prong plug, such as the one on the slide projector I had brought with me hoping to use there. I didn't pay it. Not because I begrudge the electrician a fair wage, but because I was pissed off that the hotel didn't have such outlets permanently installed.

The entire business of blaming the unions when complaints are received is symptomatic of a business—and a community—which gets its living out of



wealthy out-of-towners who are less cautious with their money than usual since, after all, it's a vacation, isn't it? Miami Beach's own 2% sales tax, added to the 4% sales tax imposed by Florida, is aimed only at such tourist items such as prepared food and drink and entertainment.

In short, neither the Fontainebleau nor Miami Beach are the kind of place designed for holding conventions of any kind, let alone a convention of such atypical folk as SF fans.

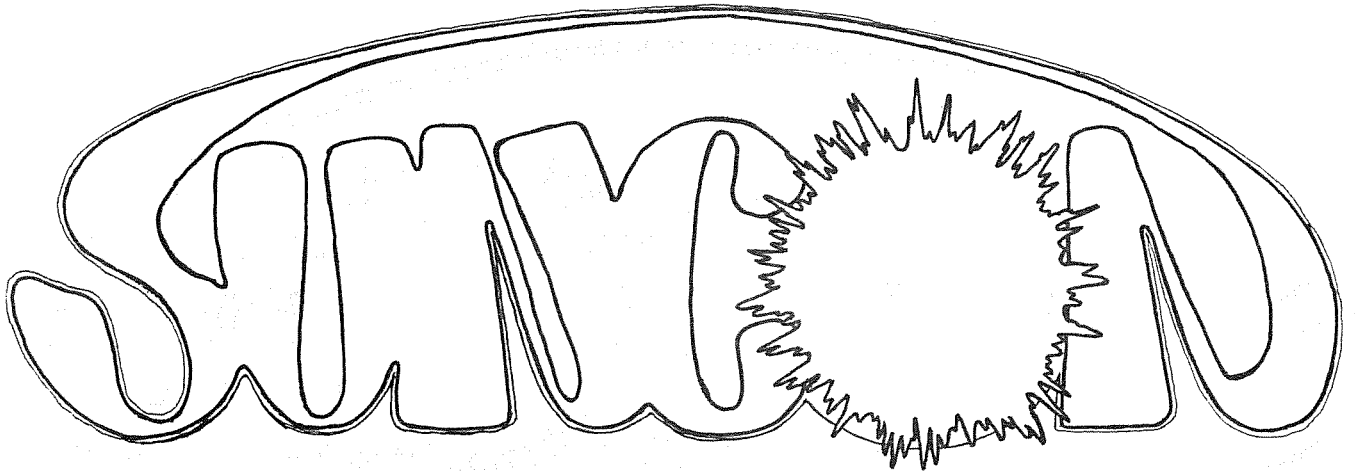
Okay, now that I've gotten past the physical environment, which was generally deplorable, how was the con itself? Pretty good, I think, despite the rather low attendance (just under 2,000). It was a pretty relaxed atmosphere for the attendees, though obviously some hard work had gone into the scheduling, because almost everything started on time, a real wonder under the circumstances.

was discussing incorporating the World Science Fiction Society.

*Not seeing some people I had met at MidAmeriCon and had hoped to get together with again.

*What was evidently a small vote cast for the Hugos—the numbers weren't revealed but there were two categories with tie winners—probably attributable to the meager 2-week period allowed between ballot distribution and voting deadline.

—Richard S. Russell



I spent most of my daytime hours in the Huckerster's Room, pushing the metric system, but ducked out often enough to pick up some points of interest. One person I was especially impressed with was Carolyn Cherryh (and yes, she explained, that "h" on the end of her name is for real), who did a couple of readings from her unpublished works, collected the Campbell Award for best new writer, and generally seemed to be one of the friendliest people about. She was one of the minority of award winners to accept hers in person, a rather distressing sign if it continues, though perhaps attributable to Miami's relative remoteness.

Other tidbits that impressed me favorably:

*The standing ovation given at the Hugo Awards for the winner in the best dramatic presentation category.

*The British film *Who* (based on the Algis Budrys novel, though not as good), which has not been distributed in this country.

*The multi-lingual ambience attributable to the large Cuban community.

*Lobster (though the Boston in '80 committee promised at least as good a product).

*Some really beautiful costumes at the masquerade.

*The Atlantic Ocean.

*Cosmic Encounter.

*"Space: 2999", a short amateur film spoofing you-know-what, offered up by the Boston in '80 committee at their party.

*The charm of the English fans who attended and won the bid for WorldCon in 1979—SeaCon in Brighton. (Did the Seattle fans ever claim prior rights to the name?)

*My own good sense in scheduling an extra day of vacation to rest up after returning.

A few disappointments, too:

*The small turnout at the business meeting, which

2.

Happy Gays Are Here Again

That's what was emblazoned upon the pink-hued button distributed at the gay party Saturday night after the masquerade. Attending the party were, of course, Avedon Carol and her two slave boys of Gor, who bowed and scraped and cringed subserviently under Avedon's whip enough to win them all an award at the masquerade a couple hours before. Also at the party were a lot of other people who obviously

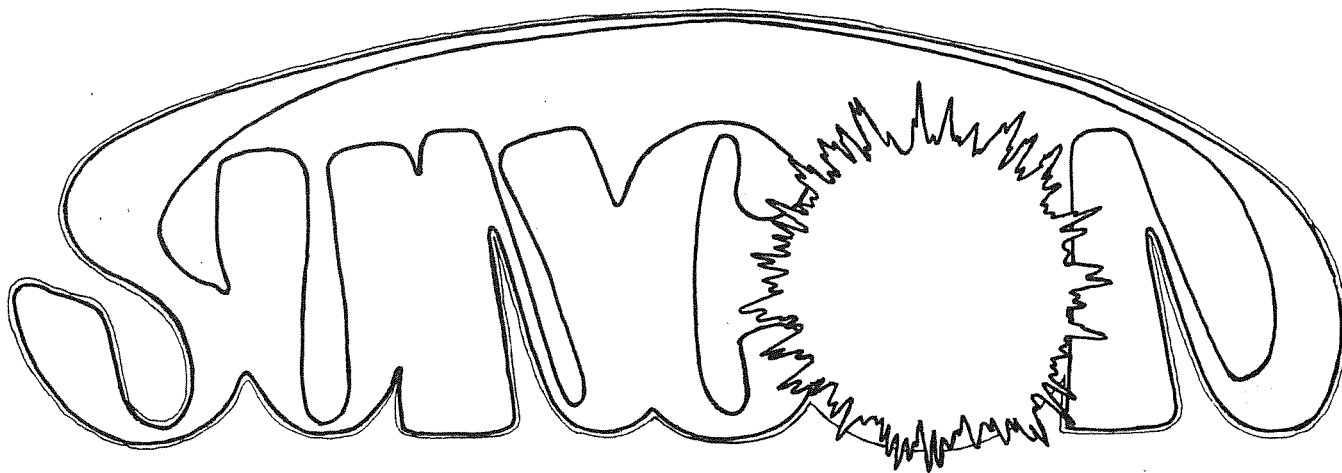


did not go along with Marion Zimmer Bradley's suggestion that all people outraged by Anita Bryant's recent campaign in the very county in which SunCon was being held (Dade Co., Florida) should boycott the convention. The convention which followed upon SunCon's heels (much like the conventions which preceded last year's WorldCon) was a conservative one, the National Baptist Association (or as one observant con-goer suggested, perhaps, the Middle Aged Southern Black Ladies Convention). The effect we had upon them and other local witnesses, with our pink buttons and not-very-conservative attitudes, was certainly a lot more palpable than would have been the effect had the whole or conscious parts of the convention stayed away from Miami.

Along with the gay party there was a lot of feminist programming at SunCon: "Sexism in Fandom", "The Female Perspective", and "Feminism and Fandom".

Things aren't changing too fast though. Local SF groups are still mainly made up of male fan. Fanzines are mostly edited by men. There are hardly any women fan artists. And SunCon programs (unless specifically about some aspect of women in fandom) were made up exclusively of male panelists. Sometimes it's discouraging.

I had a good time though: I met the other half of the Women's APA. (The first half I had met in Vancouver this summer at WesterCon.) I saw Miami and the ocean from the roof of the Fontainebleau Hotel very late one night, and swam in the ocean every day. There were lots of good talks, and a feeling that, despite the people who are worried about being excluded, demoted, ignored, or castrated by the changes taking place in fandom these days, things are changing, and we're going in the



This sort of thing is becoming a more and more important element at conventions in recent years as the number of fans and fanzines which espouse interest in feminism increases. (It is also becoming the target of more and more frequent jokes and sometimes, too, of open anger and resentment by those people who think fandom is no place for feminism... or that sexism simply doesn't happen in fandom and doesn't need to be dealt with.) Ted White's article in *Scintillation* 13 certainly speaks for the people who are angered by what they see as a separatist movement within SF fandom that is detrimental to its structure. Rather than seeing feminist activity within fandom as something that has grown from within fandom and is pulling it apart, however, I conceive of the growing awareness as a part of fandom that has at last opened up, a roadblock that has at last been cleared—that is not pulling fandom apart, but in fact is drawing people into fandom, revitalizing fandom! Certainly that relates to the reasons I became involved in fandom. (Working on *Janus* gave me a chance to explore and articulate connections between feminism and the literature I had grown up with. Science fiction gave me a forum to imagine and dream in ways that are very important to anyone who is interested creating a new world.) And in fact this is true for a lot of women I know who are becoming more active in fandom. Maybe this is the reason we are at last seeing a shift in the traditionally male-populated fandom.

Just because we didn't have "Feminism and Fandom" panels in decades past doesn't mean there was no sexism in fandom. (Do we lack controversy in fandom over other minorities because there are not organized convention panels or fanzines to deal with them?) The recent interest in feminist and gay ideas is not going to tear fandom apart: though it will change fandom.

right direction. The feminist movement may be in a holding pattern in the rest of the country, but we're moving ahead strong in SF fandom.

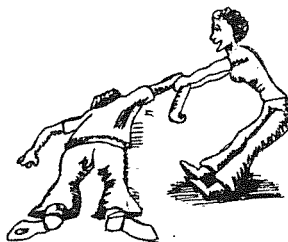
—Jeanne Gomoll

3.

Daytime Fandom Blues or, Was I the Only One Who Got a Suntan at SunCon?

Richard says I'm primitive. I prefer to think of myself as in tune with nature. Generally, I wake up with the sun and don't stay up much past 10 or 11 pm. This suits my mundane, workaday life just fine, but it sure cuts into my social life at cons. Why do all the parties start at midnight? And break up at dawn? There ought to be a law!

Still, I did find ways to entertain myself, in that twilight zone between sunrise and noon, when most fans were asleep or just winding down from their all-night revels. There were movies. I



BUT IT'S ONLY TWO A.M. ! SW

saw three "Topper" films. I went swimming every day (And nearly drowned twice. Although not a good swimmer myself [obviously!], I'm at least smart enough to swim with friends who know—and use—lifesaving techniques. Bless them.) I walked into the huckster room several times loaded with money, and walked out loaded with books and old magazines. And I even spent some time reading science fiction! Finished four books.

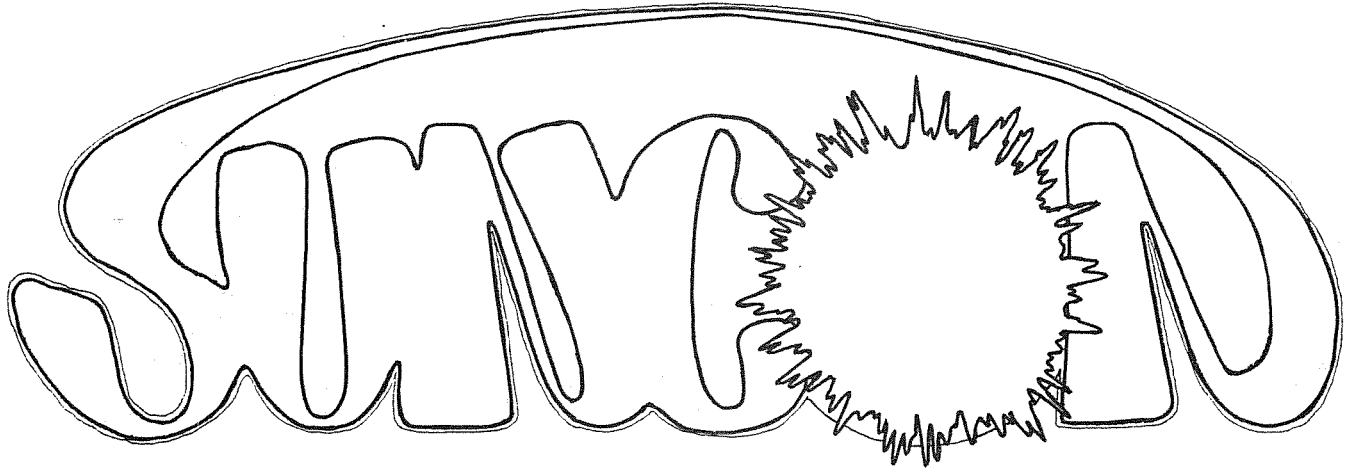
Knowing my proclivity for prowling about during the daytime, friends kept asking me what I thought of the programming. I'm embarrassed to say that I only went to four program events at SunCon, and saw just one of them (the Feminism in Fandom panel) in its entirety. Does this mean I've lost my innocence?—That I'm no longer a neo?

—Diane Martin

The panel which I served on, concerning feminist fan publications, caused me to pull up my sleeves and look for ways to get past the plateau that feminism has seemed to reach in fandom to this point. I decided, after hearing some of the same arguments as I discussed at WisCon, that it was time for us to concentrate on implementing some of our ideas, at least as fans. We have to find new ground to break and can no longer settle for just drawing people's attention to the problems of adequate representations of women in SF, in fandom, and in overall convention programming.

In addition the convention inspired me, at a time when my energies were at a low ebb for other reasons, to strive to continue doing lots of things that keep my life hectic and sometimes not too relaxing.

This WorldCon was an educational experience



4.

Between Robins and Vampires

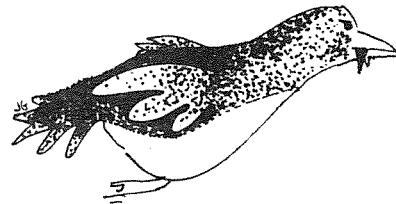
It has to be a very special occasion before you can get away with pinching someone else's husband, but I've always figured that WorldCons are such occasions, and SunCon (in spite of the two days of rain) was no exception. That wasn't really my favorite convention event and the offended party shall forever remain nameless, but it has become a part of my convention memories along with a lovely spotted bulldog named Victoria, a balcony in the moonlight with my favorite gentleman, a dive off a highboard into the Fontainebleau pool, and numerous morning (and afternoon and evening) swims in the ocean.

What I really like about the convention relates more closely to my personality. I am an aspiring writer with a more or less permanent writer's block. The only way I get anything done is to be so late in doing it that I have no choice, short of suicide, but to write. Now this is what I like about conventions and, again, WorldCon was no exception. Conventions always inspire me (or maybe they lower my resistance to the printed word). Sometime between *Robin and Marian* and *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (which I never did see in its entirety), I composed the editorial for *Janus*, and an argument with five gentlemen over the effectiveness of "The Bicentennial Man", which I really didn't like, prompted me to reassess my criticisms of robots as people, which appear there.

also. I learned a little more about people than I might like to know. I was snubbed by people that I had accepted as friends in good faith. That's okay, honey, there are a lot of other fish in the sea with some really important things to offer. As a matter of fact, I met someone, a woman with enough ideas energy for 10 people, so my education continues to be rewarding as well as enlightening.

SunCon was a comparatively quiet convention. There were a lot fewer people there than at Mid-AmeriCon and the level of excitement was correspondingly lower. Also, some of my good friends were not there. But that was okay, too, as I really needed a chance to calmly get away from it all. I would say that the trip was worth it just for the ocean alone. And then there was the view of ships on the horizon which we could see out our bedroom window every night. We kept the curtains open so that we could look at it anytime we wanted to. Oh, yeah, the programming was okay, as other con reports have described.

—Janice M. Bogstad



5.

Sitting in Back with the Hugo Losers

It was a familiar pattern. A group of us entered the banquet hall just in time to listen to the last of the dishes being removed and the first of the complaints about the Fontainebleau meal. We had just returned from an outstanding meal at a Spanish restaurant where the food was good and plentiful and not too expensive. Our seats in the back were waiting for us.

I must say it was one of the more interesting awards ceremonies in recent memory. The fan awards

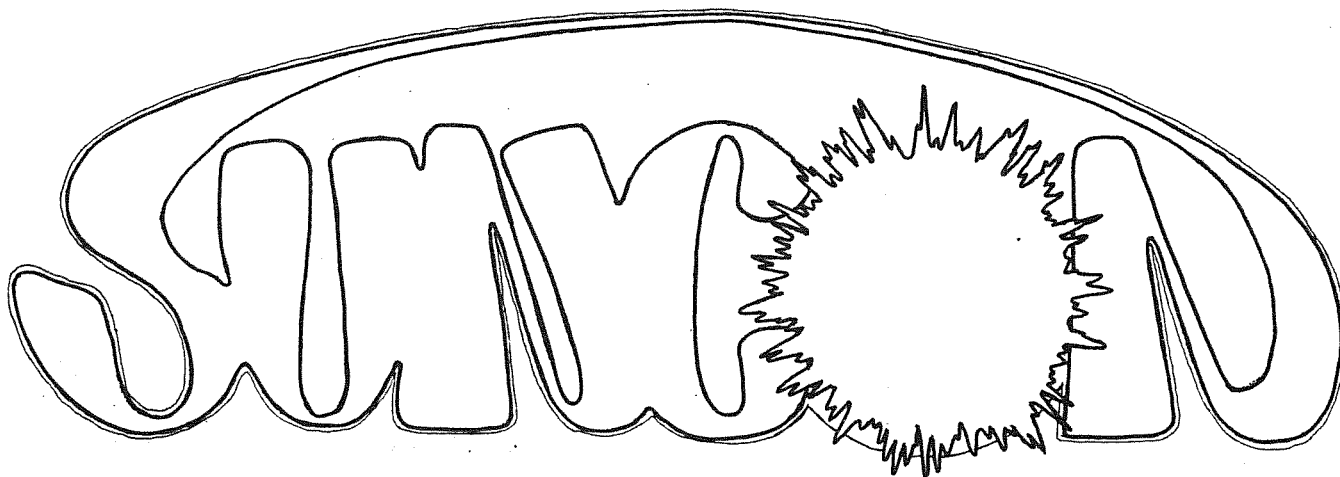
as evidenced of the "no award" in the dramatic presentation category was positively inspiring.

—Hank Luttrell

6.

Report from a 33-Year-Old WorldCon Rookie

I never met a wave that could knock me down until I wrestled the Atlantic surf. All right, I admit that I was a pushover the first time, but would you care to try for two out of three? Well, then, let's go! The ocean is a great playmate, but it plays a bit rough.



were to me very distressing. Susan Wood's fan-writer was fine, but even that was compromised by a tie. Someone suggested that Phil Foglio wouldn't be wearing his derby anymore because his head would be too large. However, the fan Hugos were balanced by the professional Hugos, which provided some surprises. By the way, if you've already read about the awards in other fanzines, my apologies, but this might be news to some of our readers.

Two special awards went to women writers: C. J. Cherryh was named winner of the John W. Campbell Best New Writer Award, and the J. R. R. Tolkien Award (Gandalf) for fantasy went to Andre Norton, a long overdue recognition for a writer who helped nurture a generation of science-fiction readers. The SunCon committee exercised its option and gave a special award to *Star Wars*, which was unnecessary since, judging by the number of Skywalkers and Princess Leias and Chewbaccas there were in the masquerade, it will win again next year. Producer Gary Kurtz accepted, and during a standard acceptance speech he happened to say "sci-fi"—and he was roundly booed off the stage. A tough audience. This was proven again when it was announced that "no award" had won for best dramatic presentation. Ben Bova coyly accepted the best-editor award, after having suggested last year that there were other good editors in the field. Rick Sternbach was named best pro artist, the best short story was "Tricentennial" by Joe Haldeman, best novelet was "The Bicentennial Man" by Isaac Asimov, best novella was a tie between "By Any Other Name" by Spider Robinson and "Houston, Houston, Do You Read" by James Tiptree Jr., and best novel was won by Kate Wilhelm for *Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang*.

It was gratifying to see some new names turning up among the winners, especially women. The resistance shown by fans to the banalities of mass media

It was a great thrill to be on the stage of WorldCon with you, Jan. The room was empty and the lights were out, but when you spoke I was your audience of thousands. I will remember to have something at hand to recite next time, but, really, "The Ballad of East and West"? I didn't think feminists could appreciate Kipling.* But then, all I could to was break loose with a shout which was lost in the cavernous hall before it reached the wall.

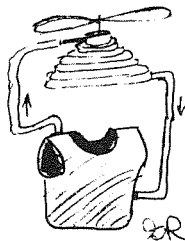
Miami is a city which has more old people than I have ever seen in one place. Some of them sit, but most of them seem to work harder than I have ever had to. As we sipped sodas, arguing a seven or ten per cent tip, I watched a man as old as my father hustle malts for an hour and a half without a break, and a lovely waitress who was probably 70 and could not have moved any faster if she'd had track shoes.

For me the city, the con, and the ocean spoke for themselves. I just wanted to tell you what they said.

—Phil Kaveny

*Many of us have never Kiplied. [DMM]

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 9



In this model, Freon is vaporized by body heat to drive a miniature turbine. It is cooled in the coils by the prop wash and recirculated. Not popular in Wisconsin winters.

Three Reviews



JOHN BARTOLT

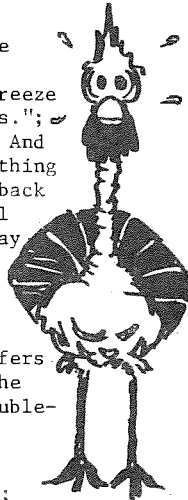
The Second Experiment, by J. O. Jeppson; Houghton Mifflin; Fawcett Crest, \$1.25

When I first heard about this novel, I also heard that some people thought the only reason it had been published was because Jeppson is Isaac Asimov's wife. Well, I bought it anyway and eventually read it. I would like to be able to say that they were wrong, that it really is a pretty good book.

Unfortunately, I can't say that.

This book is terrible. At one point the plot struck me as the kind that eight people, slightly drunk, sitting around shooting the breeze would come up with. Just, "First this happens."; "Yeah, and then this."; "And..."; and so on. And Jeppson sat down and tried to make the whole thing plausible. Oh, there are dragons and biofeedback training and hyperspace and psi powers and all sorts of good things. There's even one halfway interesting idea way at the end, but it's not worth the rest of the book to get to.

Don't spend a cent on this book; throw your money in a sewer instead: then you won't waste your time on this thing. If someone offers you the book, don't take it: it's not worth the shelf space. (This has been a full scale, double-red, turkey alert; this was not a drill.)



The sections where Shadrach invents the entries for a journal he imagines the Khan to have kept were particularly interesting. And the story has a dreary tone (which seems to be the hallmark of Silverberg's recent work), which isn't even relieved by the ending, which must be, I suppose, classed as "happy". What can I say? It has some interesting ideas, some good writing, and some boring stuff. Read it if you have some time.

Children of DUNE, by Frank Herbert; Analog, Jan-Apr 1976 (also hardcover and paperback)

Frank Herbert created a marvelous universe in Dune; but frankly, I'm getting tired of it. Oh, Dunekids is a good story, especially if you like endless pages of court intrigue, plotting, subplotting, counterplotting, and subcountersubplotting, mixed with a generous helping of scenery description and heavy psychological introspection. Perhaps I exaggerate a bit, but I had to push myself to finish it. (I fear I may be shocking some Duneophiles.)

Virtually all the main characters (at least the "good" ones) have some special power: they are "preborn", or Bene Gesserit-trained, or a mental human computer, or something. Not the easiest people to identify with.

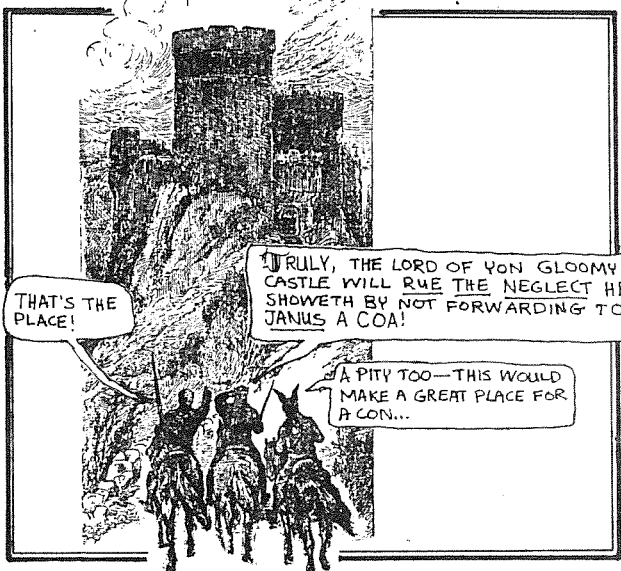
(One question: if water is such a terrible poison to the sandworms that they can't even crawl over damp sand, how come they can eat people, which are mostly water?)

What really got to me was near the end: Leto Atrides II puts on (living) sandtrout skins and becomes superman. I mean really! Talk about a *deus ex machina*; or should I say a *deus ex vermis*?

I suppose if you've read *Dune* and *Dune Messiah* (and it's been a long time since I read either), you should read this one. But don't say I didn't warn you.

Shadrach in the Furnace, by Robert Silverberg; Analog, Aug-Oct 1976 (also paperback, and I assume hardcover)

This is a fairly good novel with boring parts stuck in. I suspect it would have been better as a novella. The protagonist is Shadrach Mordecai, personal physician to Genghis II Mao IV Khan, emperor of the world in AD 2012. Shadrach has been wired with devices which constantly report to him the Khan's condition. The Khan has been the recipient of many transplanted organs and is a robust 87 (or thereabouts). He also plans to live forever, one way or another. Mordecai is threatened by one of these plans, which provides the basic conflict of the plot.



HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 10



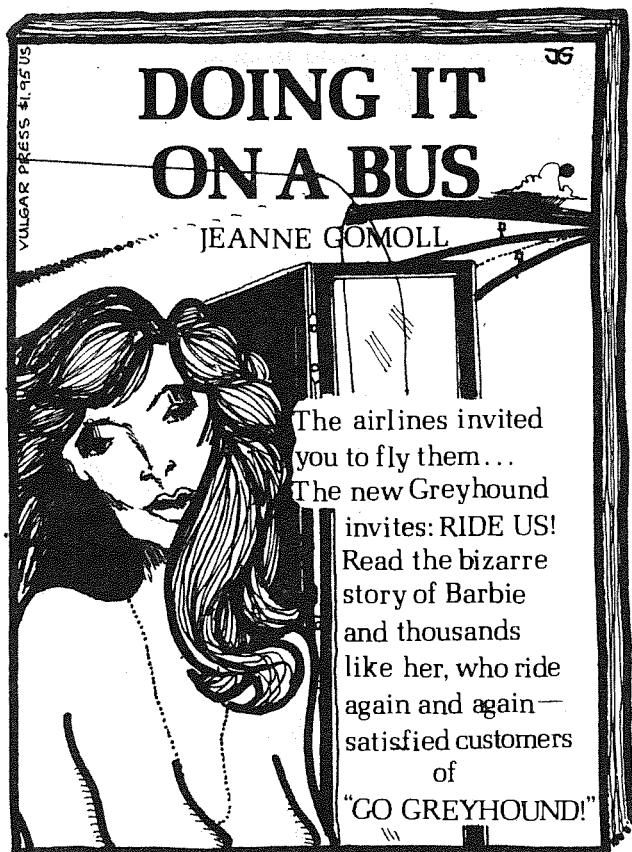
This eco-beanie has been proven environmentally sound, as it operates entirely on natural wastes. Few people, however, have been willing to undergo the necessary bionic implant.

+ fuel cell

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 11



Hot-air driven beanie. These have been known to achieve in excess of 50,000 RPM and 100 shaft horsepower at some SF cons.



A 58-hour bus ride is not the ideal environment in which to think, much less construct a coherent book review. Even if you do manage the impossible, and find a comfortable compromise between the jolting headrest offered by the window frame and the jabbing elbows of the woman sitting next to you who is knitting something that resembles a forest-green attaché case — even if you do settle into an at least tolerable position, and your mind begins wandering, gathering together strands of thought and connecting them into the beginning of an idea — the bus clunks to a stop at one of that nation-wide chain of quick-poison places, the Post House, and, click, you've lost it. The idea pops, self-destructs, with either the sound of the seat in front of you being suddenly released from a reclining position, or else the sound of your knees being suddenly released from the pressure of the seat in reclining position. As you hopefully rub life back into your legs, and then get up to stretch the rest of your muscles, and crash your head into the luggage shelf, not surprisingly you find you have lost all those ideas more surely than if you had been asleep and were now searching for the vague outline of a disconnected nightmare.

Worse things, however, can happen on cross-country Greyhound trips, which unlike those supposedly forgotten labor pains we are told about, do not disappear from one's memory, but cling and magnify themselves and become legendary horror stories in one's personal autobiographies. In my case, during my cramped ride from San Francisco back to Madison, via Greyhound this summer, along with a lot of forgotten, and perhaps better forgotten, theorizing and fantasizing, there was one instance of inexplicable memory.

To explain first, I read a novel and two SF anthologies on my eastward trip. And now, preparing to review the two collections, I cannot seem to find the story in either of them that I remember as being by far the best story. I don't remember the author, but the story shimmers vaguely like a buried dream, and

I find remnants of its theme in all the stories of the two anthologies.

This longish introduction to a review of two science fiction anthologies has, I hope, entertained you. Otherwise it must stand as a convoluted but mere pre-rationalization of a certain sense of disconnection that will inevitably show itself in the proceeding paragraphs. I will try, however, to stick to talking about stories that actually appear in the books' tables of contents. The anthologies are, by the way, Terry Carr's *The Best Science Fiction of the Year* [1976] #6 (Ballantine, 1977) and Edward Bryant's *2076: The American Tricentennial* (Pyramid, 1977).

I'd say that Carr's anthology was the better one as a whole and that Bryant's collection is a haphazard conglomeration of mostly mediocre, some awful, and some brilliant fiction. The "some brilliant" is Vonda McIntyre's "Aztecs" and Carol Emshwiller's "Escape Is No Accident", and these stories are enough, much much more than enough, reason for you to run out and buy *2076* right away. Also included and also good is Marge Piercy's "Death of Sappho", another excerpt from her extraordinary and wonderful novel, *Woman on the Edge of Time*. But I can't judge that as a short story, as I did the earlier excerpt published in *Aurora: Beyond Equality* (a collection of feminist SF) last year, since I've read the novel during the interim and can't separate the two. Read the novel. I won't be commenting further on Piercy's story here. Anyway, as I mentioned above, I would say that Carr's anthology is a more evenly excellent collection. I would say that, but even now, I doubt my bus-cracked sense of proportion.

For instance, George R. R. Martin's story from the Carr collection was memorable to me, but anything would have been memorable to me at the point during the bus trip on which I read his story. With flat Nebraska nothingness passing outside of my window, broken by an occasional "scenic look-out" sign that called one's attention unduly to unesthetic holes in the ground filled with fishery water (making me wonder whether the scenic attraction was supposed to be the hole or the water), I didn't need very much encouragement to become distracted.

Martin's story, "The Meathouse Man", revolves around Greg Trager, a "corpse handler", on a world where corpses are recycled and used and manipulated like organic waldos for drudgery or dangerous work. They are also used, with feedback circuits, to provide the handlers with anonymous, and perfectly responsive sex. Martin builds a gruesome and nearly convincing case against the hope or even existence of human contact and love in such a world and indeed against even the possibility of escaping from it. Except, George R. R. Martin: Trager fell for a series of women, and knew them in only a superficial way. He was infatuated with being in love; his claims on the women were reasonably rejected or outgrown by each of them. In fact, the only person Trager could ever really be said to have known and grown with and loved was his friend, Donnelly, a man. With Donnelly, Trager confides and develops ideas of openness and caring and trust. That this relationship is never mourned when lost, nor even consciously valued by either man, seems the pivotal, though perhaps unintentional, point of the story. It is the point which casts suspicion on Martin/Trager's final conclusion about the non-existence of "love".

Glancing out at the flat landscape to my right, feeling a bit resentful of my confinement, I unleashed anger on Trager: He deserved corpses for lovers if he defines love in such shallow, blind terms. Now, however, escaped from that cramped environment, I must say that "The Meathouse Man" is an engrossing and beautifully written story. I reserve, however, my anger at writers and other people who define important relationships always in terms of sex, and

men who are not willing to look for (or accept) openness, support, and tenderness from other men because this can supposedly only be a woman's "function". Just as bad as corpses, I'd say.

Like Trager, Laenea (in Vonda McIntyre's "Aztecs") has been physically altered — not to be a corpse handler but rather to be a pilot on interstellar flights. Her heart has been removed (thus the story's title) to finally break her body's connection "to normal time and normal space, to the relation between time-dilation and velocity and distance by a billion years of evolution, rhythms planetary, lunar, solar, biological: subatomic, for all Laenea or anyone else knew. She was freed of all that now." Laenea controls the machine that has been installed in her heart's place and is thus capable of knowing worlds that humans cannot know in "transit", that cannot be described to anyone who has not travelled thus. The existence of unattainable experiences for only some individuals drives a social wedge between the two groups, the pilots and the all-organic humans, who can travel in space ships only as "crew", sleeping, drugged, and unconscious.

In a rather perverted way ("Go Greyhound!"), I found that these two stories, "Meathouse Man" and "Aztecs", got to their respective conclusions in similar ways. Both Trager and Laenea have been altered and belong, as a result of their physical differences, to an exclusive group. Members of these groups accept the fact that their social interactions must be exclusively restricted to other members. Other handlers regard Trager's quest for human contacts to be absurd; they put their money into the meathouse corpse whores. And the pilots in Laenea's world do not fraternize with non-pilots. They have experienced different things that cannot be spoken of to those who have not also experienced them. In the end, Laenea discovers that her freedom from human rhythms has separated her in a far more basic sense. Her love for an unchanged, rhythm-dominated human becomes painful and dangerous to both of them. Laenea's alternative, however, a chosen one, after all — to cast her lot entirely with the other pilots — is less numbing, less nihilistic than Trager's final decision.

McIntyre's story is an excellent one. A vastly different world than her novel, *The Exile Waiting*, it nonetheless feels as if it could very well be a part of a larger work. I wonder, though, should this turn out to be the case, how she will be able to describe the "indescribable" pilot experience to us when her junior pilot, Laenea, takes her first awake trip. I hope she does go back to it, though, for it is a world that is strewn with strong women characters in powerful positions who interact with one another on many levels — professionally, sexually, and personally. Relations between the sexes are exhilaratingly not demeaning to either. For "Aztecs", alone, I would suggest you find Edward Bryant's collection, 2076: *The American Tricentennial*.

I had another favorite from my reading-orgy on old bus #3067. ("Remember this number for reboarding announcements", the bus driver said. And checking out the McDonald's-Arby's-Ponderosa-Pizza Pitted main street of Cheyenne, Wyoming, on which cowboy-hatted motorcyclists were dragging, whooping raucously, I made sure that number was etched into my memory. No way was I going to be stranded in that place for a day.) Sitting in the Cheyenne bus depot, appropriately next to a bewildered young mother with glazed eyes and a screaming infant, I read Carol Emshwiller's "Escape is No Accident". "Escape" is a bizarre, funny, and scary story. It is a jazzier version of Raccoona Sheldon's "Oh My Sisters" (in *Aurora*), for the woman protagonist imagines that she is really a survivor of a space or dimensional accident, and now lives exiled among natives of a world who do not re-

cognize her extraordinary origins. "I am no ordinary woman," she protests. "At least I don't think I am." Both the characters in "Oh My Sisters" and "Escape Is No Accident" devise and mentally inhabit freer societies as their only defense against the society they actually live in. The woman in "Escape" has found herself married to a dull, imperceptive husband, who demands along with her children that she give up delusions of her uniqueness and serve them. She gradually despairs of rescue.

... I may send some bottles into space on tiny rockets with calls for help, one to each of the cardinal directions, zenith, nadir, center, etc., with a message saying: Remember me, I'm stuck here in this ordinary solar system, ordinary planet, ordinary back yard.... You may not recognize me. My uniform is torn and has spaghetti sauce on it.... Be careful when you come. You might turn out to be somebody's wife.

Emshwiller is extremely witty and an exciting, important new writer. For both Emshwiller and McIntyre, you cannot help but have to put this anthology on your reading list. You might also be interested in Harlan Ellison's "Emissary from Hamlin", the story of a different anniversary, not the American Tricentennial. And you might wish you could remove and burn Bob Vardeman's and Jeff Slaten's co-written story, "The Biological Revolution", with its Heinleinesque delusions of Lazarus Long parentage. Yuch. Enough for Bryant's collection, though.



Of Terry Carr's anthology, I've told you about Martin's story (mainly because I was eager to write down my exasperation with its ideas). But also contained in this Best-of-'76 collection is another one of my favorites (not my very favorite, that mirage story born in the twilight zone on an eastbound Greyhound, but one of my favorites): James Tiptree Jr.'s story with the title you will love to say: "The Psychologist Who Wouldn't Do Awful Things to Rats." (It is illustrated by Raccoona Sheldon.)

Tiptree/Sheldon has lately written a lot of very nihilistic stories which extrapolate the extraordinary damage, even fatal self-damage, we humans are conditioned to do to ourselves. Not what machines may do to us, not what other evil individuals may do to us, but what we, as brought up in this culture, might do as a result of that specific kind of up-bringing. I will go on in a little more depth in a Tiptree/Sheldon article I'm doing for another zine, and I'm curious to know whether this theme appears in Tiptree's earlier work (for I am not well

read there), but basically the stories I will refer to are "Oh My Sisters" (in *Aurora*, by Raccoona Sheldon), "Houston, Houston Do You Read?" (also in *Aurora*, by Tiptree), "The Screwfly Solution" (*Analog*, June 1977, by Sheldon), and this story, "The Psychologist Who Wouldn't Do Awful Things to Rats". All four stories have in common a central problem which involves the potential or actual destruction of the human race brought about by the ways in which people have learned to interact with one another. In both *Aurora* stories as well as the *Analog* story, misogynistic impulses force an individual woman, in two cases, and a society of women in another, to take extraordinary measures in order to overcome the situation. In "The Psychologist", compassion is shown to be a quality no longer valued by society. Tilman Lipsits, a compassionate, sensitive man, is made lonely and is in danger of losing his job as a researcher, for those very qualities. In an eerie dream sequence, Tilman sends his conscience off to a fairy-tale place and awakens "dehumanized" and able, now, to do horrible things to rats and to find happiness. Reading the nightmare episode worked perfectly in the strange half-night on board the bus: blackness outside, a scattering of glowing reading lamps inside, quiet sounds, and passing headlights. And so perhaps I perceived more power in that story than I can promise that you will find — but I don't think so. Alice Sheldon/James Tiptree Jr./Raccoona Sheldon is truly one of the SF field's most strikingly excellent short-story writers. That this story was obviously written after her recent "coming out" fills me with happiness, since I had heard rumors concerning the possibility that she would no longer write without protection of her pseudonyms.

As I mentioned before, Carr's anthology is a strong, solid collection. Besides the Martin and Tiptree stories, Carr includes two Hugo-nominated stories, John Varley's excellent "The Phantom of Kansas" and Isaac Asimov's latest robot story, "The

Bicentennial Man". Both concern the plight of individuals who have been defined as not-human by the very society/technology which made their existence possible in the first place. Another good story is Damon Knight's "I See You", which deals with the old SF dilemma: What does a scientist who has invented a revolutionary gadget do about all the *status-quo* protecting institutions which want to keep that invention in cold storage? Harlan Ellison's "Seeing" addresses a familiar theme of his with ever-provocative prose: Can we feel/know/see too much for our own happiness? Gene Wolfe's story of messiah *vs.* red tape in "The Eyeflash Miracles" is entertaining, as is Fritz Leiber's funny "The Death of Princes", which goes the chariot-of-the-gods people one better by connecting Mark Twain to interstellar visitations. "An Infinite Summer", is a beautifully sultry bit of creative mythology by Christopher Priest, making connections between unexplained disappearances and strange future humans who are motivated by some sort of weird nostalgia hobby. I liked it very much, though I'm not sure why. Maybe the bus driver had just fixed the air conditioning.

In fact, the only stories I wasn't too impressed by were Jack Williamson's "The Highest Dive", which was a transparent what-is-this-planet's-secret adventure story, and "Custer's Last Jump", by Steven Utley and Howard Waldrop. I wasn't merely unimpressed by this last story, I was vastly bored and a little disgusted by the alternate-world plot in which it is shown how we still would have murdered all the Indians even if the airplane had been invented a hundred years earlier. "Custer's Last Jump" is written in the style of a war history.

But that isn't a bad percentage, and for Tiptree's story alone (hell, for Tiptree's title alone) I'm glad to have read the book and recommend it to any of you planning a longish bus trip in the near future. And if you come across a story that I haven't mentioned here, write it down quick, before the next Post House stop, and let me know who the author is. ♣

I've dealt with it all before

It's another situation...

*a friend that used to be isn't,
a friend that wasn't is.*

It's another time...

*lies that are always,
truths that are rare.*

Constant is inconsistent. Forever gets shorter.

Yet...

those great moments of I believe

I can

We will.

When time moves forward in hopeful anticipation,

Minutes worth a treasure chest of dreams.

Depression but a faint memory.

But for now,

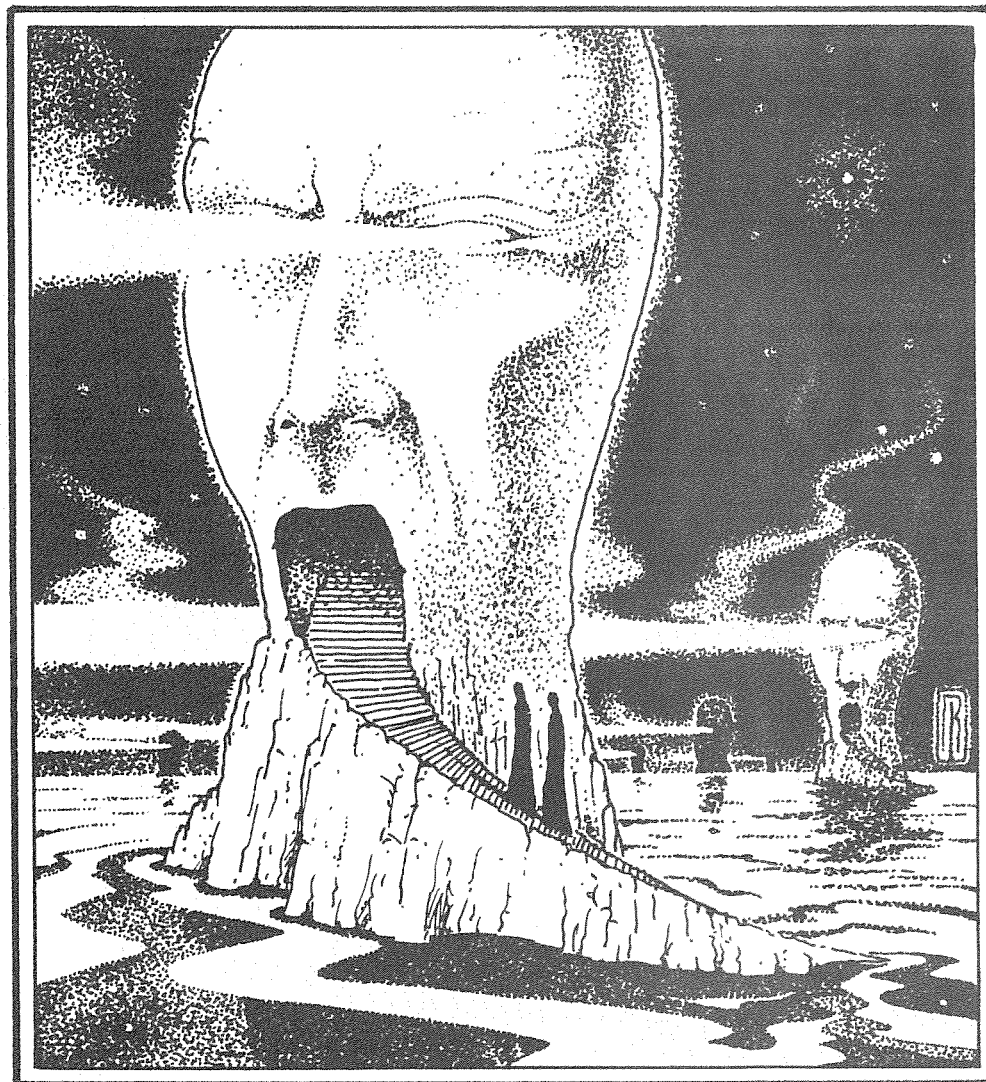
It's another situation; one more time.



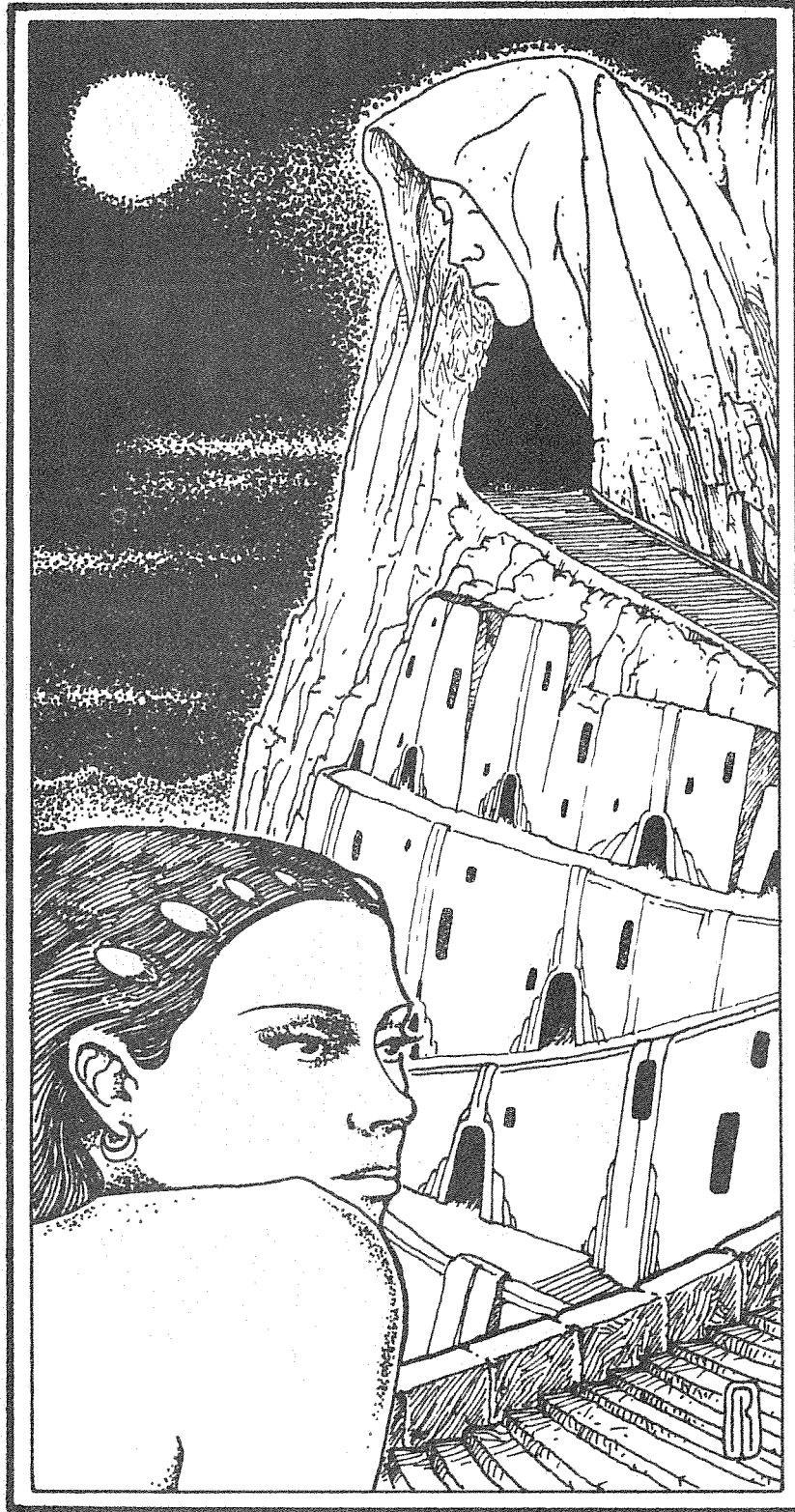
Cathy Patterson, 1970

3 PLACES IN
VESTARA

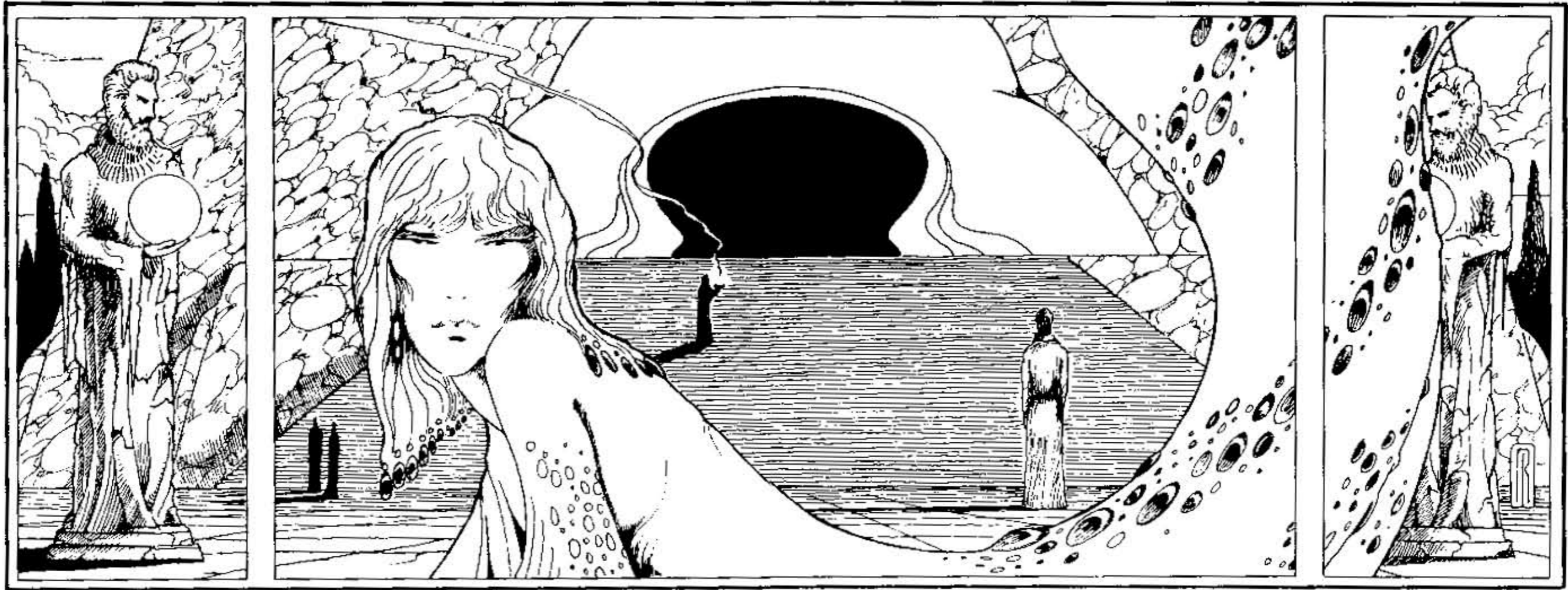
BY
ROBERT WELLOUGH



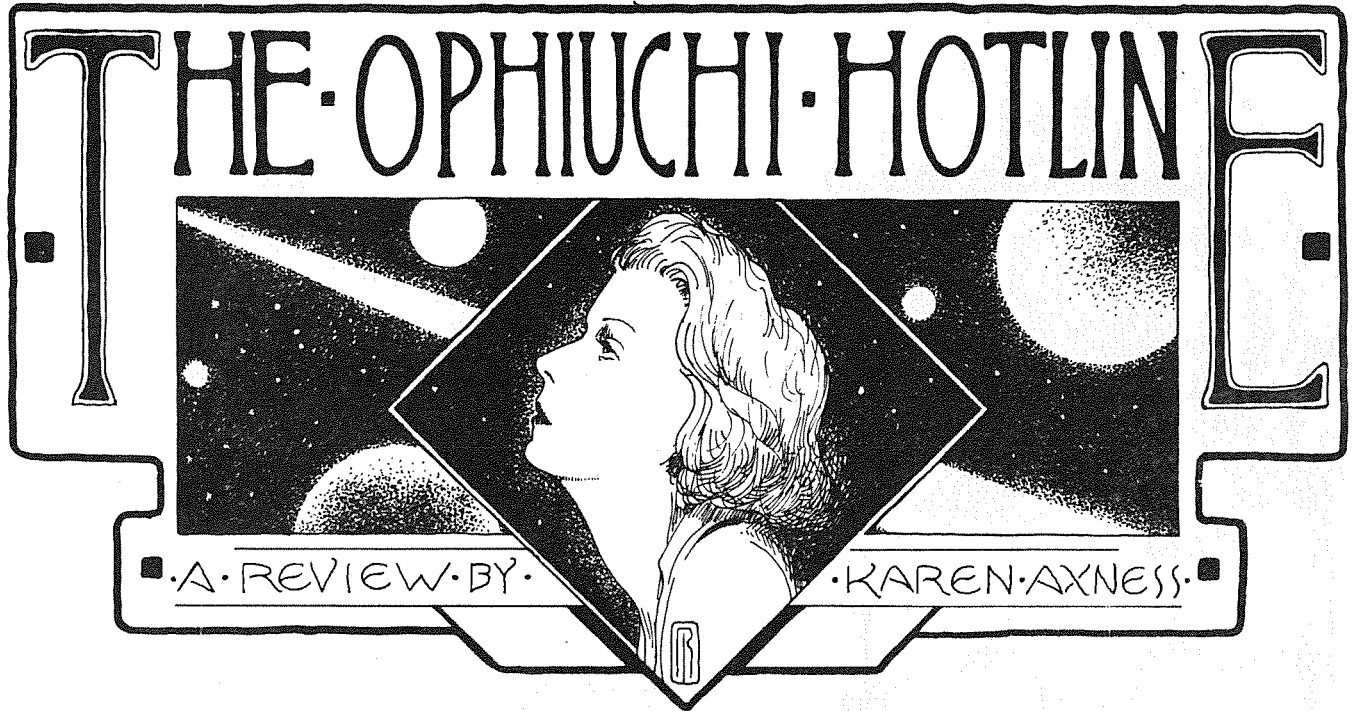
THE BEACONS OF OSSALWRANA



THE TEMPLE OF PAZKIR



·THE·KRIZILIUM·STEPS·



The Ophiuchi Hotline by John Varley. The Dial Press/James Wade, 1977, \$8.95. (A Science Fiction Bookclub selection)

The Ophiuchi Hotline takes place 558 years after the Invaders destroyed all human artifacts on Earth. The survivors live on Luna and seven other airless, hostile locations in the Solar System. They owe their secure and comfortable lives to the seemingly endless flow of technological information coming in by laser beam from the direction of the constellation Ophiuchus. A combination of memory recording and cloning make functional immortality possible: when anyone dies, an identical body with complete memories (up to the time of the last recording) is awakened. Only one clone of a given individual is legally allowed to exist at a given time.

For some time the appeal of a cult of Free Earthers, dedicated to the destruction of the Invaders, has been growing. Tweed, a powerful politician, leads and finances the Free Earthers. He intervenes to save Lilo, a genetic engineer, from permanent death for crimes against humanity, by providing an illegal clone to die in her place. In exchange, she must agree to work for him. Lilo struggles to understand her situation and to escape from Tweed's organization. The simultaneous existence of three clones of Lilo, all separately involved in discovering the nature of the Invaders, the meaning of the Ophiuchi Hotline, and the changes necessary for continued human survival are the primary elements of the book.

Lilo's "vaguely defined but compelling vision of a human race scattered to the stars, redefined, transformed", leads her to full understanding of the Invaders' presence in the Solar System. The three clones of Lilo all arrive at the turning point through the intervention of the Invaders. In the words of the

Ophiuchites, "The universe is a far stranger place than you have heretofore imagined."

No summary can convey the skill with which Varley gradually reveals the particulars of his future, which makes the book so delightful to read. Those who have read his short stories will recognize a considerable portion of a future history. Information, the hotline, cloning, and attendant technologies and lifestyles are revealed as they become important to the development of the plot. Varley employs computer reports geared to people of varying degrees of literacy, Lilo's personal memories, stream of consciousness, and historical asides to convey tantalizing detail. It might be argued that much of this detail is "throw-away", that is, not really necessary for us to know. But as part of a future history, this background is convincing and complex, stimulating a desire to know more. *The Ophiuchi Hotline* could perhaps have been a much longer book. Hopefully Varley won't abandon this future before telling us more about it. Dedicated perusal of story anthologies and back issues of *Galaxy* and *F&SF* will yield several stories set in various periods of his future.

One aspect of the novel deserves special notice. Varley has created a future in which the oppression of women is of the past. Although he sidesteps the issue by giving the credit to technology: "... women had occupied a social position distinctly different from men back in the days before routine sex-changing had obviated the whole question", still he gives us self-sufficient, active, and multi-dimensional women characters. The Lilos and Javelin are convincing and likable. Their gender is not emphasized within the story, but that Varley chose to make all the major and many of the other character characters female is commendable. And that he succeeded so well with both characters and plot makes this book my favorite this year. ♣



A REVIEW BY DOUG BARBOUR

Ian Watson has built an enviable reputation on the basis of just two novels, *The Embedding* and *The Jonah Kit*, both of which revealed great inventiveness, intellectual brilliance, political savvy, & compassionate comprehension of the human condition. *The Martian Inca* will only enhance his reputation, for it has all these qualities in abundance & even shows a greater ability to organize the multifarious strands of plot & meaning into a complex organic whole. It's a fine book & an immensely provocative one.

Basically *The Martian Inca* takes the idea of a new mind — the metaprogramming spoken of by John Lilly — & explores the possibility that it is the next step in humankind's evolution through an intoxicating mixture of Inca myth & legend, a manned Mars landing & the usual political chicanery one associates with South American countries. As NASA's first manned expedition to Mars moves through space to the planet it intends to begin terraforming by planting a huge solar mirror above the icecap, a Russian probe with soil samples crashes in the Bolivian Andes near an Indian village. Of the 30 villagers infected by the soil, only Julio Capek & his beloved Angelina,

both of whom are kept away from medical doctors attempting various cures, survive a seven-day death-like coma. Watson portrays brilliantly what happens inside Julio's mind during his coma as he dreams through all his possible lives to emerge "a person reborn within their own life" & able to see "with a double vision now: a second landscape illuminating, clarifying, and redesigning this world every moment" [p. 77]. But Julio is a man ignorant of the larger world; all he knows, & much of that from his subconscious, is the myths & legends of his ancestors, the Incas, & now he sees himself as "the Inca", a new leader for his people, a man-god. Angelina, due it turns out to certain traumatic childhood events, especially her love for a now-dead older girl, sees their situation more clearly: "'But we aren't Gods,' she whispered urgently. 'You didn't wake up a God! You woke up a human being — or what human beings might be if they had this double vision we have of the World and the Thought-World'" [p. 83]. Julio, however, whose fate it is to try to lead his people into a new society & to fail, will not listen to her. He starts a revolution instead.

Meanwhile the CIA & NASA are worried. NASA needs to know exactly what the Martian soil samples did because it doesn't want its three astronauts harmed. The CIA believes it can use "the Inca" to bring about a premature fall of Bolivia's revolutionary government. Watson handles the conferences of the CIA man, Inskip, & the NASA comptrollers with satiric clarity; his insights into political manipulation are presented with finesse & cool anger. At the same time, he characterizes the three astronauts in some high psychological detail, so that each man emerges as a specific example of a type & a highly individual human being. Their discussions, when they're finally told of "the Inca" are those of highly educated men. Gene Silverman, the true scientist of the venture, speculates at length on the possibility that the power of "double vision" is genetically present in all humanity but needs a trigger, & he is the one who discusses John Lilly's concept of "meta-programming". Later, he's the first astronaut to contract the "disease", & when he awakens his full-tilt explanation of that he has become is marvelously "right" for the man & scientist we have been shown. The contrasts between his vision & Julio's, as well as between his & the military astronaut, Wally Oates's, are telling in what they reveal about the innate limitations of the "power" the Martian soil "activator" releases in the people it infects: The new minds are only as good as their people.

Meanwhile Julio loses his revolt because he does not have enough time to unite his people behind him, especially when he's trying to bring back Inca ways of life, & because he doesn't know anything about the power politics of other countries & how they might use him in order to tumble the Bolivian government yet also get rid of him once he's gained their, not his, objective. More importantly, perhaps, he misuses his power by seeking outward manifestations instead of inward knowledge. Angelina knows this & tries to warn him but Julio, drunk on power, won't listen to her. He is a great leader — for the 16th Century. At the end of the 20th Century he must fail. Yet he is a truly sympathetic character (partly because Watson understands & sympathizes with the reasons behind such Third World revolts), & when he is finally captured he uses his superhuman powers to strike awe in his killers even in his moment of death. The image of man & condor as one being is one of the most powerful moments of the novel, emerging as it does from both nature & myth into the ordinary light of day.

On Mars, meanwhile, Silverman emerges from his coma with his new awareness & immediately begins to ejaculate ("thinking's sexy" [p. 165]): he talks to

poor ordinary Wally about the "hyperstructure" of the mind:

"No two ideas can occupy the same quantum of mind-space. That's the rule. Was, till now. But the plan says that they shall —.... I'm sure this Seeing is waiting in us all. It's the next great leap. But the programme can only be carried out after we've been born and grown up — because Seeing has to have something to see: real memories of real events as its scaffold. We have to have rebirth in our lives.... We're the ultimate type of neotony, Wally: the persistence of the larval form into adult life. We breed in juvenile form. We live our lives in juvenile form. We die in juvenile form. That's going to end." [p. 164-166]

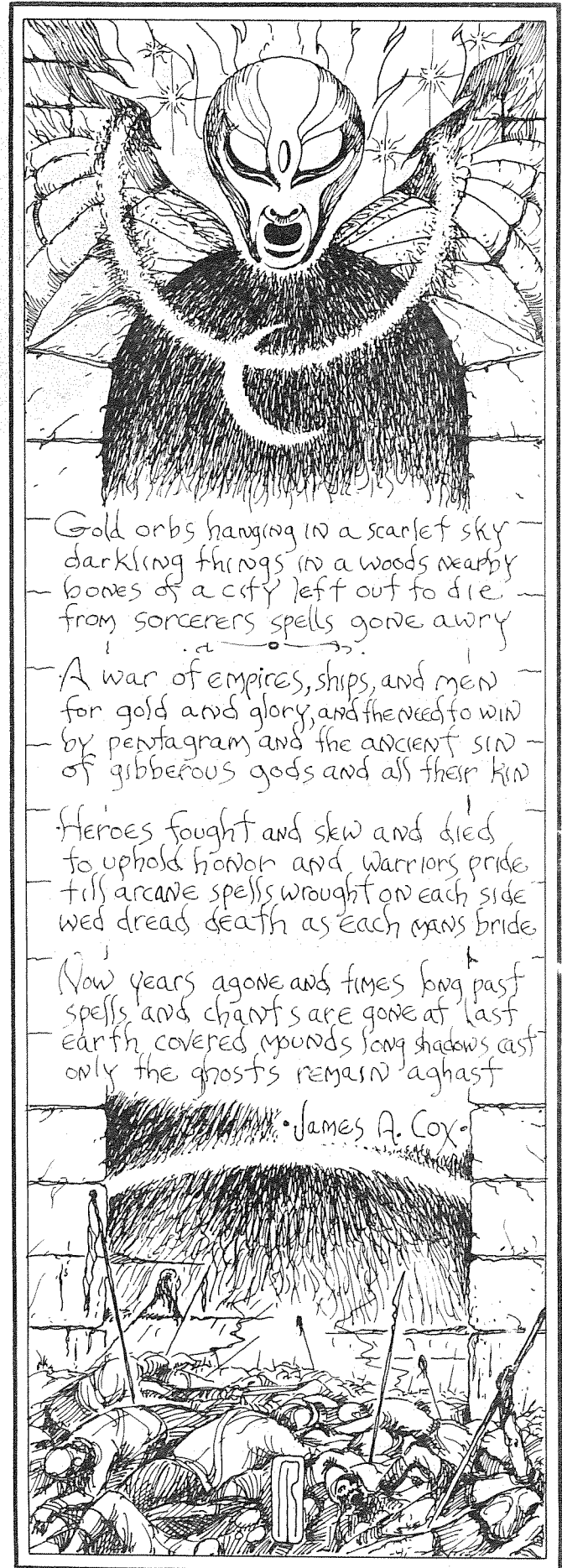
Aware that as but one person he will be considered insane he infects Oates & gets permission for the two of them to stay on the planet's surface an extra week while the orbiter puts the solar mirror into place. He also builds a small Fuller dome where he can speed up changes in the heat & atmosphere & he discovers that "the Activator is a biochemical trigger for organization" [p. 182] which can organize complex beings from spores which remain in stasis for 20,000 years or more. Silverman has erred about one thing, however, & the lander is destroyed by storms caused by the quickly melting icecap. Oates awakes to find the lander destroyed & Silverman dead & no radio contact even with the orbiter.

The conclusion to the novel is almost as pessimistic as the ending of *The Jonah Kit*. Julio is dead & Angelina is being taken to the States to be hidden & studied. Silverman & Oates, the other two new humans, are dead on Mars & Weaver, the returning astronaut, is too narrow-mindedly fundamentalist to even entertain the possibility that Silverman in his radio messages was anything but insane. The final paragraph is a brilliant study in black irony; & yet the novel has held up a new, even transcendental, possibility for human evolution:

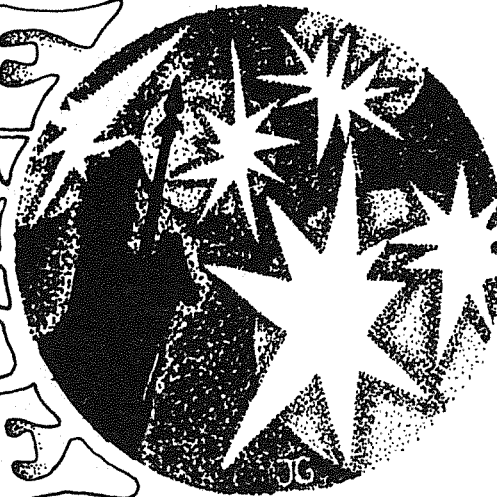
It was independent of Mars, viruses, soil. Yet, without Mars, it could be limited to rare genetic eruptions for many years yet. A neolithic shaman here, an Egyptian pharaoh there, a pre-Pizarro Andean Indian or two. They were all contemporaries, evolutionarily. Humanity could hardly afford to wait another few thousand years for the full programme to express itself, in order to learn to think! [p. 173-174]

Passages like this, or the way in which Julio's thoughts on the quipu imply a McLuhanish sense of how a computer net could mesh with the new awareness for extraordinary communicative power, are so intellectually exhilarating they overcome the essentially negative political "lesson" of the novel, which is that our political games-playing is no longer of any value & will always prevent us from achieving maturity as a race as long as it continues the way it is now. Yet I would argue that Watson's delight in his ideas & compassion for his characters provides a saving tension with his political pessimism & that tension prevents this stimulating entertainment from becoming the least bit depressing.

There is much more to this novel than I have been able to show. Watson is still interested in linguistics & finds a number of apt argumentative metaphors there. His use of Inca mythology is powerfully effective, his handling of people in groups is witty & assured, & his style is superior to most SF writers, especially when he's dealing with highly complex concepts. (His presentation, through the speeches of various characters, especially Silverman, of the central concepts of what the new "hyperstructure" of mind really represents is superb & convincing.) Readers who enjoy thoughtprovoking fiction that is also suspenseful & emotionally engaging will find *The Martian Inca* to their taste.



THE COSMIC HUNTING PEOPLE



a review of
ROBERT
ARDREY'S
THE HUNTING
HYPOTHESIS

BY
THOMAS J. MURN

Smug SF authors have written future stories for decades now, assuming evolutionary processes — à la Darwin — on the inhabited planets of the galaxies. But though certain natural laws have been demonstrated to apply to aliens anywhere (e.g., Clement's and Anderson's articles in the collection *SF: Today and Tomorrow*), the one fact that we can be sure of in the pseudo-secure 70s is that we just don't know that much about the evolved human animal.

And wasn't it easy to turn Darwin's theories into excuses for fictional versions of future human kind, or something like it, evolving on all kinds of different planets. And with the genetic-mutation refinements of evolutionary theory, monsters of a billion varieties were explained away — you know, the blob or the giant mosquitos of the post-holocaust variety.

Meanwhile, science is beginning to get an idea of how complex the evolutionary story really is. The history of only one species, *homo sapiens*, is beginning to seem almost impossible to outline with any certainty, but as the bone-diggers begin to use more advanced dating methods, as climatologists learn new techniques of pollen identification to issue weather and vegetation reports from the Miocene (about 20,000,000 years ago) and even earlier, the vast, uncertain changes which led to the age of humanity begin to take shape.

Science is slowly learning to peek over the barriers of over-specialization, to recognize the worth of interdisciplinary research. This voluntary or necessary cooperation is one of the reasons for the progress being made in the search for a clear understanding of *sapiens*'s evolutionary history, and its implications for the present and future of our species.

Enter Robert Ardrey, the dramatist turned anthropologist, whose presumed idealism has led him to explore and write on ethnological, archeological, and behavioral activities, among others, which he has been doing for some 20 odd years. And now comes his fourth book on excavations, observations, and speculations. *The Hunting Hypothesis* is mostly an expansion or readjustment of Ardrey's aggression/territorial/hominid weapon-user propositions found in his three earlier books on the subject of human-kind's origins. Compared with these earlier works, *The Hunting Hypothesis* is moderate indeed in attitude. Ardrey was never as eager to admit that his data or the scientific community at large's information was or is incomplete or speculative. The proffered hypotheses seem unlike some of those offered in *African Genesis*, *the Territorial Imperative*, or *The Social Contract*, where proper scientific caution was more often abandoned in favor of erratic,

if exciting, speculations.

There is still a bit of the inspirational Ardrey vitriol reserved for the worst offenders of the search for the Truth. When a special panel of the National Science Foundation declared that "the probability of occurrence of a transition associated with the fundamental 100,000-year glacial-interglacial vacillation is about .002 in the next hundred years, and .02 in the next thousand years." Ardrey coldly chops up their incredibly uninformed statement, and then calls such off-base proclamations "obcenities".

Ardrey has never been a reporter of science who was content to issue bland reports on the latest developments and explanations of techniques or theories for dull-witted laymen in the popular-science mode of, say, Isaac Asimov or George Gamow. Ardrey's background in drama would seem to account for the colorful pictures which he draws of the pioneers and buffoons of the great search for the hominids. *The Hunting Hypothesis* is dedicated to Raymond Dart, whose 1926 South African fossil discoveries unearthed some members of the hominid genus *Australopithecus*, and whose papers in regards to the smooth-toothed pre-man *africanus* were ignored by the scientific community for decades that, Ardrey clearly indicates, were too precious to waste. And an observer with less spirit would never issue such interesting reports on the Leakey family and their discoveries with the funny new names, or yank interesting tidbits of information out of the studies of Schaller or Goodall, which suddenly take on cosmic significance.

If Ardrey's books (which, in essence, could be thought of as a continuing serial of sorts) have a fault, it is perhaps in the righteous furor with which he approaches the problem of evolution's missing pieces, and unseen implications. The collection *Man and Aggression* was issued as a response to the propositions of Ardrey and Konrad Lorenz; the editor of the collection, the Bible-quoting Ashley Montagu. Amid all the reactionary frothing, there is an article of Geoffrey Gorer, who says: "... Ardrey is a first-class conscientious reporter. He looks and listens and notes with care and precision" But Gorer thinks that Ardrey's shortcoming lies in the fact that "when he discusses *proconsul* or *australopithecus*, he relies on himself." Actually, the real value of books such as *Man and Aggression* is that they prove some kind of territorial tendency on the part of otherwise-respectable scientists; when their space is invaded, their aggressive posturing is an all-too-obvious automatic response.

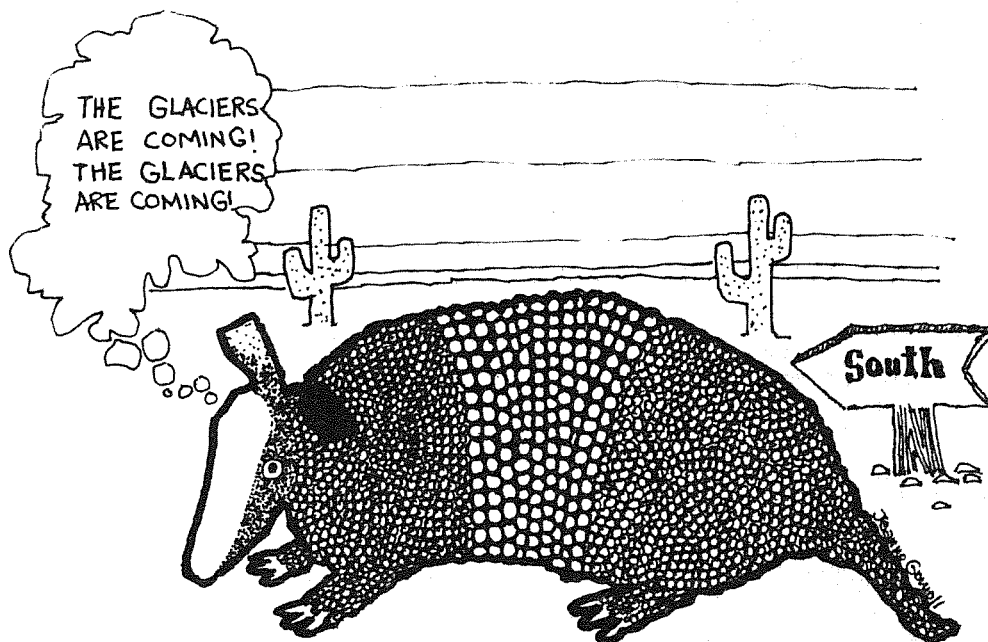
The accumulation of evidence of hominid dietary patterns and the kinds of environment present

during the last three epochs lead Ardrey to extend earlier propositions to the status of hypotheses. The "hunting hypothesis" which the earlier part of the new book deals with states that man is man, and not a chimpanzee (or whatever), since during his evolution from the ape line he killed for a living. A corollary says that, if man is unique, it is due to his period of carnivorous history — the social structures which we had to invent, coordination of nerves and reflexes for more efficient weaponing-using — the proofs of these statements are almost as complicated as their implications, and I won't go into them now.

But in the later part of the book, Ardrey writes about the great ice ages, and speaks about the evolution of civilization as we know it as the period of "interglacial man". He believes that this period is coming to an end, and more rapidly than many would believe. He cites the most authoritative of experts, Reid Bryson of the UW, among others, as he makes his case for the end of our brief interglacial period. His facts are colored (as is the case with scientists anywhere) by the omission of contradictory data, but they are

hogwash. Apart from Ardrey's hypotheses — which are if/then statements, most for the sake of argument — apart from these, Ardrey is simply saying that we should look more carefully at our evolutionary history, for what effect it might have on our conception of ourselves. Only after we reach an understanding of the implications our ethnological heritage has for our present and future can we deal honestly with ourselves and build a solid foundation for a society that really works, that's healthy and productive for all of its members.

Ardrey says in *The Social Contract* That all beings are created unequal — and society is that force which creates and insures equal opportunities for the less endowed, as well as the genius. That Ardrey would condone a totalitarian regime such as Hitler's to ensure genetic "equality" seems to me a laughable conclusion. However, there are others less scrupulous or intelligent or idealistic who would pervert the historical ethnological record for their own ends, just as there are those who use a "Marxist" ideology as an excuse to become power-hungry dictators. ("Say, comrade, whatever happened to the collective.")



chilling: Baffin Island, in the Canadian Arctic, snow-free in summer for 40 years, is again accumulating a year-round ice pack. The armadillo begins a migration out of the US Southwest, back into Mexico.

The cosmic picture that Ardrey paints of "Interglacial man" inventing cities and war, building and fighting, in the brief gasps between Pleistocene continental glaciation — there's your true sense of cosmic evolutionary jumps — as usual, the real story behind the evolution of the thinking ape looks like it will be far more interesting than any fictional fabrication, any psycho-historical Mule or time-hound Planer of the Apes.

I must note that, in these times of excess, the interpretation of data becomes more important than the data itself. And since Ardrey is dealing with the very ancestry of humankind, his interpretations have become an attractant for all kinds of accusations: he's a Hegelian; he's arguing for racial superiority on a genetic basis; he's a sexist, condemning women to servitude on the basis of predetermined genetic inferiority. To all these and other emotionally charged complaints, I say

There was a recent story on the AP wire about Wilson and the sociobiologists claiming that there was a tendency to promiscuity in the contemporary male *homo sapiens*, since evolutionary selection would favor those who could inseminate as many women as possible while preventing other males from doing so. Well, Wilson's arguments were a little more complex than that, but that's the whole point. Our evolutionary past is far too complex for any half-formed observer to make simplistic (however far-reaching) statements. Despite his best efforts at displaying both sides of an argument and consulting the most authoritative of authorities, Ardrey is guilty of this simplism too.

But the crux of the problem is that the ethno-archeo-behavioral-speculative work has to be done. Some conclusions about how things were for our remote ancestors have to be reached. And how these past conditions and creations and creatures and conclusions about them relate and reflect on life today is another matter altogether.

It's as simple as that.

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"Miss Wolfe, it is my responsibility, as the chairman of your screening committee, to inform you that, on the basis of the paper which you have submitted in order to partially fulfill the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Genetic Predisposition, we must expel you from the Institute of the 21st Century. This of course precludes the possibility of your doing any advanced study. It is the feeling of your committee that you should either marry and replicate, or find an area of employment in which you can make use of the female predisposition to tolerate exacting, though sometimes boring and repetitious, work. It is clear from the series of rather piddling objections that you have made to the grand theory that Dr. B. Simian Russell was able to substantiate in the late 20th Century, that you are unable to master, and further, lack the ability to comprehend, the grand synthesis by which we have been able to explore man's limits and potential. My dear, you were not admitted to the Institute in the first place to criticize sociobiology but to master it.

"Off the record, I must admit that, though the points you made are certainly trivial and could of course in no way question the integrity of either the Institute or the Grand Coalition, nevertheless, they do have a certain perverted logic to them which I will do you the favor of refuting in order that you may redirect your life into a more appropriate mode of fulfillment. I feel that by doing this I may make you aware of these limitations, thus making you free to develop your true potential.

"In your introduction, you state that, 'as early as the late 1970's conservative elements within Western society sensed that sociobiology was a perfect basis by which a reactionary political philosophy could use scientific speculation as a basis to justify a then-dying sexist and racist capitalism.' My God, Miss Wolfe, we haven't used the word 'sexism' in the last 40 years. Your choice of language re-

veals your limited and anachronistic understanding of contemporary reality. Sexism is one of those meaningless emotive words which was so popular before the great re-education of a generation ago, which contributed so much to the great period of stability that we now enjoy.

"I am appalled at your misunderstanding of the Grand Coalition's role in the events of the last half-century. In a sense, you are right that certain groups within our society were first to understand the significance of Dr. Rhesus, Dr. Gibbon, and Dr. Macaque and finally the grand synthesis that Dr. B. Simian Russell was able to make: the right-to-life group, the anti-gay coalition....Aggh. The word almost sticks in my throat. What could be more out of tune with man's basic impulse to propagate his genetic material than to waste it in some inappropriate orifice, or to end life before it even started? I am sorry. Even now these issues trigger and offend that basic universal ethical underpinning Russell found common to all men.

"Yes, you were right that certain visionaries perceived man's moral core and were willing to fight to educate the rest of the misinformed at whatever cost, and the cost was great. Your words, 'torture', 'repression', 'murder', are coded in the most mawkish terms. It is true that some died during the settling, but even in their deaths they served as an example for the re-education of the others. Don't you see that even in their fighting against us, they contributed to our success?

Your knowledge of history is so lacking as to draw parallels between those two comic-opera charlatans, Hitler and Mussolini, and the great minds which perceived the correctness of our cause. Once the sociobiologists had set the groundwork for understanding nature, it was easy enough for us to act in accordance. The only weakness with Russell was that he failed to draw the conclusions that were so obvious to the rest of us.

"Yet, despite this weakness, he set forth the two things upon which the Grand Coalition sits like that great 20th Century symbol, the rock of Prudential. First, he taught that our past way of looking at the world was all wrong. The truth was all around us, and yet we hid from it. We spent all of our time looking for the wrong things in the wrong places. Dr. Russell taught us to look for what we wanted to find. Miss Wolfe, even with a newborn infant you can tell the differences in potential according to sex if you know what to look for. He built us a theory which can be proven anywhere you care to look.

"This is why you must leave the Institute. Instead of learning the proper way of reading human potential, you chose to waste your time in this dangerous speculation. Take this section in which you try to criticize the universal basis of the moral imperative. You used the opportunities we gave you to question the moral truth any five-year-old knows in his heart. No one has done a cross-cultural study of ethics for 40 years. Your claim that the cultural milieu dictates the ethical standards is a dangerous lie that I thought had been re-educated out of everyone's minds. My God, you write like some graduate student from the late 60s or early 70s. Those issues are settled and closed.

"It is true that some people are born with a club foot or a hunch back or into one of the racial groups in our society which have smaller potential than the group that was to take charge of things in the great settling, but once we spot that defect, we can deal with it in a more humane manner. We can put people in environments where they can maximize on their limited potential and use their bodies as a source for increasing our knowledge. The words 'concentration camp', and 'institutional murder' appear in your writing. We did have something to learn from those comic-opera characters. But you seem unable to make the necessary distinctions between our humanism and the brutal tactics of an earlier era.

"Your failure at the Institute was expected by most of us. In a sense your admission was a sort of experiment which I sponsored. Your failure was a surprise to none of us: by failing you merely fulfilled our expectations. In your paper you clearly miss the distinction between arbitrary and rational restrictions of the illusion which you call freedom. The standards for membership in the Coalition are based upon the results of a three-billion-year struggle which has carried us from the primal slime of creation to this room at this point in time. What succeeds and replicates is best by evidence and virtue of its survival. This was the key that was to draw all the forward-looking elements of a then torn society together.

"In your paper you muse about the road not taken in the 70s and early 80s when groups of misinformed women and men chose to claim their lives and bodies for their own. That was precisely the movement that carried us to the brink of destruction. You have the temerity to question the monumental study in which Dr. Gibbon showed how the failure of the kibbutz to keep the logic of the traditional distribution of labor according to sex was based upon a superficial view which disregarded economic and political pressure for the kibbutz to expand in a capitalist manner. Miss Wolfe, you miss the point. Some of Dr. Gibbon's data may not have been correct, but it was not his data. His function was to draw together whatever data was needed to support the obviousness of his conclusion. The function of the scientist is not to hunt for small bits of data which might invalidate his conclusions but to look to the larger picture which is all around him.

"In your conclusion, you question the stability of the Grand Coalition. You dare to suggest

that we suffer from the same blindness which led to the ultimate destruction of the European national socialist movements of the mid-20th Century. This is a particularly disturbing passage:

The singleness of purpose, the almost pathological blindness with its accompanying moral and intellectual atrophy, which allow groups such as the Grand Coalition to come to power must ultimately lead also to their destruction, for they seek to isolate a moment in time, to define historical development and process in their terms and to blind themselves to anything which might intrude into their carefully constructed bubble. In a sense, the Grand Coalition seeks to negate a historical reality which nevertheless sweeps it through time. Even at this moment, there are groups throughout the domain which are pressing in on the walls of that bubble, groups of women and men who sense and demand that the road not taken be once again explored.



Miss Wolfe, who are these groups and how can they be located? I think that perhaps you had better stay with us awhile longer and tell us where these groups can be located. It is not possible that they could threaten our power. Our program of re-education has been working for over a generation. And yet, I feel something in the air which makes me slightly uneasy. I sense a noise in the streets, and the temperature in the room seems to be rising. The noise has become almost a roar.

"Miss Wolfe, what does this last sentence mean: 'The road not taken is still open.'?"



BY JOHN E. BARTELT, B.A.

The author, John Bartelt, holds a bachelor of science degree in astrophysics; in addition, he has read a lot of books on other subjects, sort of on his own intuition.

Pine Lake. Sounds innocuous enough. Yet the many strange and inexplicable occurrences that have taken place on and near that location mark it as something more than just another pleasant fishing spot.

Pine Lake is located in northern Waushara County, Wisconsin, about 200 km north-northwest of Milwaukee. The nearest town is Wild Rose, about 10 km away. My family has owned land on the lake for many years.

An old Indian legend, passed on to me by Clyde Czerbrinski, a resident of the area for more than a year and a half, states that, "Many moons ago, a Great Spirit fell out of the sky, into the lake, and ate all the sharks." There is undoubtedly some truth to this legend: to this day, there is not a single shark in Pine Lake!

After hearing this legend, I began thinking about the many strange things I had seen around the lake. After gathering all the evidence I could, I came to the only logical conclusion possible: there is a black hole, inhabited by aliens from Jupiter, at the bottom of the lake. Before someone objects that it is "impossible" for something to live in a black hole (because, supposedly, all matter is "squeezed out of existence" in a black hole; but diamonds are produced by the squeezing of pressure within the earth, and if squeezing can produce diamonds, what other amazing things can it produce, rather than destroy?), I would like to point out that beings from Jupiter would be used to high pressure, due to the dense Jovian atmosphere. Thus, if anything can live in a black hole, it would be a Jovian.

Further, if there are Jovians living at the bottom of the lake, they would have to have a black hole with them to produce the high pressure they are accustomed to, and undoubtedly would die without. To argue that the water would produce suf-

ficient pressure is foolish. Thus there must be a black hole at the bottom of the lake.

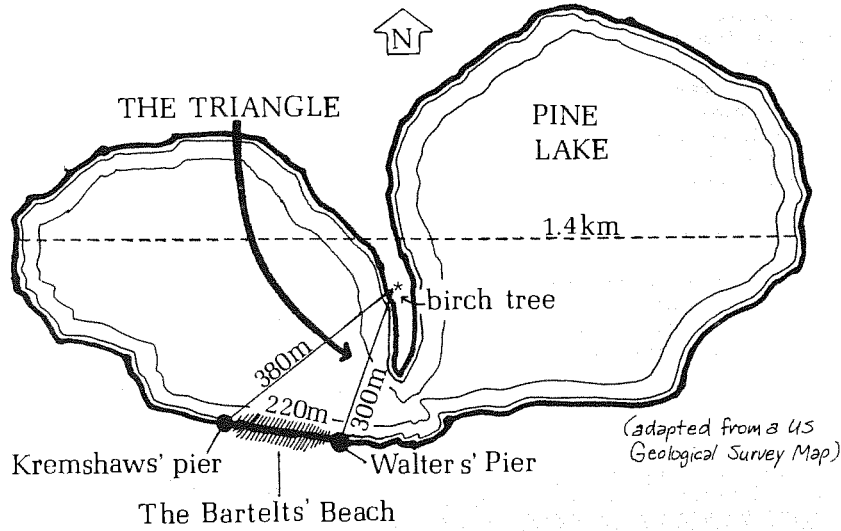
But why would the Jovians put their black hole in Pine Lake? Undoubtedly, they planned to land it in Madison, or possibly Oshkosh, but missed. That they were off by less than 150 km is a demonstration of their superior technology. Could we construct a spaceship that could cross millions of kilometres of space and make a landing that accurate? Of course not.

Where do they get their energy? The black hole's pressure, being isotropical, is a form of centrifugal force; from this power they can get the momentum to produce sufficient energy to keep warm. ("Iso" means "same" or "like"; thus "isotropical" means "like the tropics", i.e. "warm").

But, you ask, what other evidence can I produce to back these claims, obvious though they may be? I can only list a few of my observations here, but I'm sure you'll agree they are convincing.

Astronomers have been trying to detect gravitational waves from rotating black holes in space. The black hole at the bottom of Pine Lake is obviously rotating since it is on the Earth, and the Earth rotates. Thus it should produce gravitational waves. I investigated this, and indeed, I found waves on the lake—and they were, as any physicist could tell you, gravity waves.

But what exactly is the Pine Lake Triangle? It is an area on the lake bounded by lines connecting the Kremshaw's pier, the Walt Walter's pier, and the old birch tree on the sand bar. What is so remarkable about this area? There are many strange things about it. For one, the only sizable stretch of shoreline within it (coincidentally, my family's) has little sand and the lake bed is mucky, whereas the rest of the beaches on the lake are sandy. Within the Triangle, many fishers are able to catch great quantities of fish (but no sharks), while others (myself included) cannot catch a single bass. There is obviously something controlling the fish: further evidence that there are Jovians in the lake.

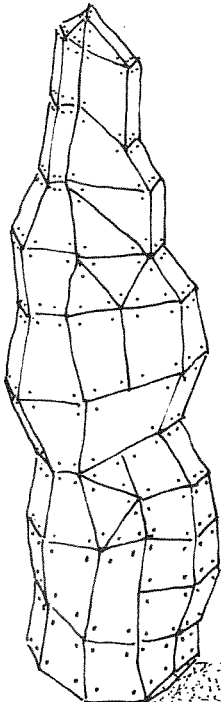


Besides these seemingly harmless phenomena, many boats have disappeared in the Triangle over the past decades. I am certain that ascribing these sinkings to thunderstorms, tornadoes, and capsizings due to human error is merely a cover-up, hiding the real cause: tidal effects due to the black hole. Perhaps even the so-called tornadoes are caused by the black hole. It should be noted that not a single boat lost in the Triangle, whether rowboat, high-powered speedboat, or sailboat, ever radioed for help—at least no SOS has ever been received!

Finally, let me conclude with a few remarks concerning other occurrences in the Pine Lake area. The Pine Lake *Tribune* published in its first, third, and sixth (last) issues, reports of "flying saucers" or UFOs being sighted in the area. These accounts were based on observations from an unnamed but highly reliable source. These flying saucers are

undoubtedly couriers for the Jovians. The *Tribune* has also published reports of sightings of large ape-like creatures, undoubtedly relatives of Big-foot or the Abominable Snowman, which must have something to do with this.

But what can we do about these Jovians inhabiting one of our lakes? We must apply all possible pressure to our congressional representatives and senators to fund more extensive research into the phenomena and creatures associated with the Pine Lake Triangle. This should be done through the already established Pine Lake Alien-Jovian Research Institute and Study Emporium (PLAJIRISE), or the Research Institute for Pine Lake Occurrences, Phenomena, and Happenings (RIPOPH). In the meantime, you can make your private donations to either PLAJIRISE or RIPOPH, c/o John Bartelt, Route 2, Wild Rose, WI, 54984

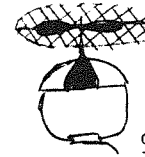


The people of Jupiter built several reject monoliths before hitting on one they liked....

—*The Encyclopedia of Aliens*
Vol. 4 No. 3

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 12

Safety beanie, approved by Nader's (not Vader's, Nader's) Raiders.



quick-release buckle on chinstrap

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 13

The derivation of this curious variant



is entirely unknown.

In *Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2, one Walter Breen writes: I have read enough separatist literature to realize that much of it is fantasy dishonestly or ignorantly...masquerading as scientific evaluation of relationships in and between the genders. I am alluding in particular to its common notions [that] the Y chromosome is merely a defective X...that parthenogenesis à la *The Haploids*...is the desirable and feasible goal towards which every female scientist must work.... As a student of biology and sociology I have not seen compelling evidence for any of them.... (P. 33.)

If Mr. Breen's only knowledge of parthenogenesis is from reading "enough separatist literature", his time as a "student of biology" must have been spent playing solitaire. His slanderous accusation of dishonesty or ignorance caused me to ferret out a college paper on the subject and to update it somewhat into this article.

Although parthenogenesis may not be a superior form of reproduction, neither is it necessarily inferior. It is a valid and, further, fully proven

fact of natural biological science that parthenogenesis is an effective form of reproduction for many species, possibly including the human species. Much of the lay person's knowledge of parthenogenesis, among SF readers at least, is derived from science fiction. Several misconceptions are perpetuated in that medium—that parthenogenetic offspring must be haploid and sterile (not true), that technological intervention is the only way that it can occur (not true), that it is merely a scientific theory yet to be proven (not true), that feminist lunatics invented the idea (not true), that under no circumstances can males be conceived parthenogenetically (not true), that it does not occur in vertebrate species but only in worms and crustaceans (not true), that it is inherently an inferior means of reproduction (not known to be true). I hope the following thesis will clarify all of these issues and correct common misinformation. There is still much science-fictional extrapolation to be done with the known facts rather than the popular inaccuracies.

PARTHENOGENESIS IN LOWER INVERTEBRATES AND WOMAN

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

Parthenogenesis is the major method of reproduction in many invertebrate species, such as *daphnia*. Spring populations of these and other freshwater crustaceans are often entirely female, giving live birth parthenogenetically. When the ponds begin to dry toward summer, males are born into the population by a means not fully understood. These males fertilize the females, who then become egg layers. Their eggs rest on the dry pond's floor until the following spring rains, when only females hatch and commence the cycle anew.

Simone DeBeauvoir writes, in *The Second Sex* (1949):

The production of two types of gametes, the sperm and the egg, does not necessarily imply the existence of two distinct sexes; as a matter of fact, egg and sperm—two highly differentiated types of reproductive cells—may both be produced by the same individual. This occurs in normally hermaphroditic species, which are common among plants and are also to be found among the lower animals, such as annelid worms and mollusks. In them reproduction may be accomplished through self-fertilization or, more commonly, cross-fertilization. (P. 3.)

It is easy to accept unisex reproduction or mutual fertilization among invertebrates, which to a lay person's way of thinking are much closer to asexual microscopic organisms than to any vertebrate from

crocodiles to man. It boggles the mind to consider the possibility of higher organisms maintaining viable populations without fertilization. Virgin births are reported mythologically and biblically even among humans; and recent studies establish parthenogenesis as a scientific reality in regard to fish, birds, and especially reptiles.

Parthenogenetic reproduction is believed to occur in any species, possibly under severe climatic hardships such as the Pleistocene glaciations or other conditions wherein species survival is at stake. The advantage of this method, under hardship conditions, is that gestation or incubation periods are shorter, and more young or eggs can be expected than from fertilized females. Over the long range, this advantage may be outweighed by the fact that gene pools no longer circulate and there is, as stated by Angus Bellairs in *The Life of Reptiles* (1970), a "reduction in the potentiality for genetic variation which bisexual reproduction confers." (P. 457.)

Yet it may only be elitist biases that contend fertilization by a male is superior to other types of reproduction. DeBeauvoir notes in *The Second Sex*: These notions regarding the superiority of one system or the other imply the most debatable evolutionary theorizing. All we can say for sure is that these two modes of reproduction coexist in nature, that they both succeed in accomplishing the survival of the species concerned, and that

the differentiation of the gametes, like that of the organisms producing them, appears to be accidental. (P. 3.)

This apparently rare form of reproduction may also appear spontaneously in populations where males have died out or are rare. Bellairs states, "In most vertebrates the number of males and females in any natural population is roughly equal.... A sex ratio which is heavily biased in favor of females may suggest that some of the population are reproducing parthenogenetically." (P. 393.) The phenomenon is difficult to gauge, as sperm storage might in some instances be responsible for seeming virgin births, especially among live-bearing fish and egg-laying reptiles where several broods or clutches may result from a single mating. Bellairs addresses himself to this in *The Life of Reptiles*:

Sperm survival for several months is probably quite a common occurrence.... Fertile eggs have been laid by isolated female captives after...4 years in the case of a diamondback terrapin and a box tortoise, 4½ years in an indigo snake, and 6 years in another colubrid, *Leptodeira*. These... are probably exceptional and the possibility of parthenogenesis must be considered. (P. 419.)

Parthenogenesis is best documented by Darevski (1966) among Caucasian rock lizards, and by Lowe and Wright (1966) among North American whiptail lizards. The evidence is most startling in that geneticists' theories indicate that only haploid females should appear through this reproductive method, since presumably only the male can contribute the requisite chromosomes for male offspring and fully diploid offspring of either sex. Yet according to field researchers, males (and hermaphrodites) do appear in these special populations, though only females reach maturity. Bellairs, however, mentions the existence of male turkeys hatched at experimental poultry farms and successfully raised from eggs never fertilized by a cock. As for genetic makeup, Bellairs reports:

One might expect that the cells of the female [lizards] would show the single or haploid number of chromosomes normally found in mature fertilized eggs. In fact, however, they possess the diploid number...like the forms which reproduce in the normal bisexual fashion. It appears that when the eggs are maturing in the ovaries of the parthenogenetic females they undergo a reduction division in the normal way. They then begin a second cell division, but this is never completed. The egg-cell nuclei, each containing the haploid number of chromosomes, fuse again instead of passing into respective daughter cells, and consequently the diploid set of chromosomes is formed. (P. 457.)

The common argument that parthenogenetic reproduction is, or would be, inferior because of producing haploid offspring, is obviously a straw dog.

Elizabeth Gould Davis in *The First Sex* (1971), and other authors, take these proven phenomena in lower vertebrates and extrapolate them to the higher-vertebrate human species. Refuting the androcentric biblical myth that woman was made from man, she suggests that the male Y chromosome is merely a fractured X chromosome, and that man was made from woman. Such mystic conceptions do have some biological basis: as outlined in Dr. John Money's *Man and Woman, Boy and Girl: Differentiation and Dimorphism of Gender Identity* and by many others, every fetus begins as female. If an error occurs in the womb at a critical time, and a chromosomally male fetus is not properly androgenized, a hermaphrodite or infertile female results. The natural state of the human biological form would appear to be that of female, with male being a modified version established by nature for the specialized purpose of circulating gene pools and increasing genetic variations. Again, citing DeBeauvoir:

The discoveries made in the course of experi-

ments on parthenogenesis have led [scientists] to reduce the function of the sperm to that of a simple physicochemical reagent. It has been shown that in certain species the stimulus of an acid or even of a needle-prick is enough to initiate the cleavage of the egg and the development of the embryo. On this basis it has been boldly suggested that the male gamete (sperm)...acts at most as a ferment; further, that perhaps in time the

cooperation of the male will become unnecessary in procreation—the answer, it would seem, to many a woman's prayer. (P. 7.)

There is only subjective, and no objective, reason to suppose parthenogenetic reproduction was not at one time, or may not become in the course of evolution, the normal means of reproducing even the human species. As DeBeauvoir points out, "The phenomena of asexual propagation and of parthenogenesis appear to be neither more nor less fundamental than those of sexual reproduction." (P. 7.)



What this suggests to Helen Diner in *Mothers and Amazons* (1973) is that "In the beginning, there was woman" (P. 1), reproducing by parthenogenesis until the mutated male appeared on the scene.

In light of what the scientific community believes of evolution, the theories of Diner and Davis and others do not seem rational. But in light of what science knows about parthenogenetics, these theories are by no means inconceivable.

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Pebble in the Sky
I, Robot
The Stars Like
Just
Foundation
David Starvo
Space Ranger
Foundation
and Empire
The Currents of
Space
Biochemistry
and Human
Metabolism
Second Founda-
tion
Lucky Starvo
The Pirates
of the Asteroid
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Steel
Lucky Starvo
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Stories

Mumbles From the Time Closet John Bartelt

Realm of Num-
beys
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ners
The Search for
the Elements
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Exodus
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The Human Body
Fifty Short Sci-
ence Fiction
Tales

This one is better than many of his recent stories, but that's not saying much.

There is a curious anomaly in "Stranger in Paradise". It is set about 600 years in the future, and a robot is being designed to operate on Mercury (thus far unexplored). One wouldn't expect a project to be so far in the future, but there has been a "catastrophe", and it has taken humanity 533 years to recover this far. Anyway, this robot is not positronic — it is to be controlled by a computer of fairly ordinary technology, though vastly complex, and hence too large to be actually placed in the robot; they are linked by radio instead. In the introduction to *I, Robot*, it is stated that US Robots and Mechanical Men, Inc. was founded in 1982, and it is implied that this was immediately following the invention of the positronic brain. Other facts make it clear that "Stranger" is not set in the same future as the robot stories. And yet Asimov says in the story, "Perhaps someday the positronic-path devices that the roboticists were playing with might make it possible [to put the brain in the robot], but that day was not yet." Still, this is a robot story, and for some reason Asimov seems compelled to mention positronics.

I was reading through the list of Hugo nominees, and I noticed that "The Bicentennial Man", by Isaac Asimov, was one of the novelet nominees. It originally appeared in the anthology *Stellar Science Fiction* #2, a book I'd bought shortly after it was published. It was also featured in one of the Good Doctor's anthologies, *The Bicentennial Man and Other Stories*, and I bought that, too. So when I saw it listed among the nominees I recognized the title but couldn't remember the story. That a self-proclaimed Asimovian like me could completely forget the story didn't say much for it. So I looked back at it, started reading the beginning, and still didn't remember it. And then I finished it, and knew I couldn't have forgotten that story. I had to accept the fact that an amazing Asimov story had sat on my shelf, unread, for months.

Two years ago, another of Asimov's stories, "That Thou Art Mindful of Him!" (also a Hugo nominee), was touted as "the ultimate robot story". Wrong. If there is such a thing, this one's it. It is the best story Asimov has written in quite a few years. It won a Nebula award, and I'll lay odds it wins the Hugo. [It did!]

Both of these stories, though, deal with the same theme: how do you define the difference between robot and human? "Mindful" has a basically pessimistic ending and says, in effect, that it can't be done. "Man", however, while its ending may be sad in some ways, is certainly also moving and perhaps even triumphant. And it does offer a tentative criterion for distinguishing between human and robot.

"The Bicentennial Man" had the punch lacking in most of Asimov's recent works. Since about 1958, when he turned to almost full-time science writing, he has written two SF novels and about 30 SF short stories (my estimate), mostly unremarkable. While Asimov turned out some of the best stories in science fiction during the 1940s and 50s, his later works seemed to have lost their zest, their ability to pique the imagination. Quite a few of them have been robot stories. For instance, there is "Mirror Image", a sequel to the robot novels *Caves of Steel* and *The Naked Sun*, in lieu of the never-written third novel of the trilogy. "Mirror Image" is a poor substitute; it's not nearly as good as the novels.

And there is "Feminine Intuition", another story featuring Susan Calvin (a character Asimov says he has fallen in love with, and rightly so).

*See, I just proclaimed myself that.

"Tercentary Incident" is another robot story that was supposed to be a mystery, but turned out to be just dull. "The Life and Times of Multivac" is obviously another Multivac story, a set which includes "Franchise", "Jokester", "The Machine that Won the War", "All the Troubles in the World", and "The Last Question". While some of these stories are mutually consistent, others clearly are not. (I don't think "Life & Times" jibes with any of the previous stories.) "Multivac" just seems to be the name Asimov uses for an extremely complex computer, that in most stories keeps track of everyone on Earth (or in the United States, in one case). Someday, I'm going to sit down and analyze all of Asimov's series and future histories. Someday. Real soon now. (See also "JB vs. JB", *Janus*, Vol. 2 No. 4.)

Then there are his recent novels: *Fantastic Voyage* and *The Gods Themselves*. Personally, I liked the first and third sections of *Gods*, though some people like the first and second. The second section deals with some parallel-universe aliens, and, while the aliens are fascinating, the section is too long and gets dreadfully boring. The title is from a line by Schiller, "Against stupidity, the gods themselves contend in vain." Asimov used the first two words as the heading for the first section, and added a question mark to the last three words to head the final section. Thus the middle section is doubly-titled "The Gods Themselves". One of the interesting things about these aliens is that they mate in threes; and when they are mated into three they become one — a single personality. The concept that immediately springs to mind is "triune", as in "the triune god". Is it an accident that "The Gods Themselves" deals with a trinity? I don't know, but I'd like to find out what Asimov had in mind when he wrote it.

Fantastic Voyage, of course, is the novelization of a movie script. It's really quite good, though it gets bogged down in description at times. And of course Asimov deals with a lot of scientific details the movie makers never bothered with, I'm sure. (I've only seen part of the movie, on TV. Since reading the book, I'd like to see the whole thing.) The plot, in case you don't know, is this: five people in a submarine are shrunk to the size of a bacterium and injected into the blood stream of

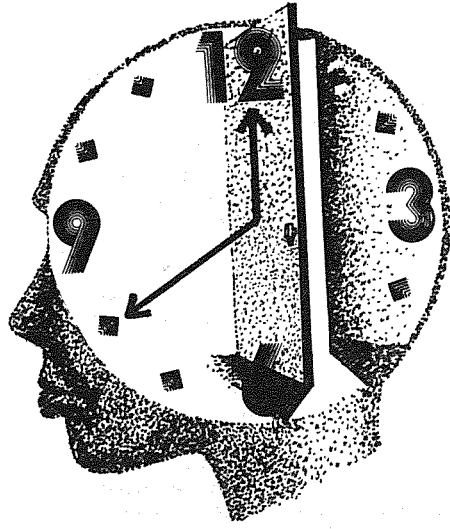
View from a Height
The Kite that Won the Race
The Human
A Short History of Biology
Quick and Easy Math
Adding a Dime a Second
Planners for Men
The Rest of the Robots
Asimov's Biographical Encyclopedia of Science and Technology
A Short History of Chemistry
The Greeks of Time and Space and Other Things
The New Intelligent Man's Guide to Science
An Easy Introduction to the Slide Rule
Fantastic Voyage
The Noble Gas
Inside the Atom (Color Version)
The Neutrino
The Roman Republic
Understanding Physics (Vols. 1, 2 & 3)
The Genetics Effect of Radiation
Tomorrow's Children
The Universe from Earth to Heaven
The Moon Environment Out There
The Roman Empire Through a Glass
Clearly
Is Anyone There? To the Ends of the Universe
Mars
The Egyptians
Asimov's Mysteries of Science, Numbers and I
Stars
Galaxies
The Near East
The Dark Ages
Asimov's Guide to the Bible, Vol. I
The Bible

an Important Scientist, to get at a blood clot in the brain from the inside. They have only an hour in which to do it, after which they automatically deminiaturize. One of the most obvious errors of the movie is that the miniaturized sub, having been eaten by a white blood cell, is left behind in the scientist. For some reason the movie makers figured it was destroyed, and therefore wouldn't deminiaturize, though, of course, if you're going to be consistent, the scientist's skull would have been shattered by several tons of expanding debris. In the book, Asimov manages to get the white blood cell out, too. (I'm not sure the method he describes would work, but it's better than nothing; apparently Asimov told the movie people the submarine had to be gotten out, but they didn't listen.)

The other major fact that the movie-makers seemed unaware of is that matter is composed of atoms. Of course the whole idea of shrinking things is almost certainly impossible, but when you think about atoms, it becomes more obvious. You can't shove them closer together (at least not in liquids and solids) without tremendous pressures, and then you can only do so much. (The huge densities found in stars and such are possible because all the electrons have been stripped from the atoms; but this is no longer ordinary matter, and certainly not a method of "miniaturization". You can't throw away a proportion of all the atoms, because complicated structures (like a brain) would become simplified (and putting the atoms back might be a hassle). So you have to shrink the atoms themselves, but you can't do that (according to the laws of physics), because the atoms are stable the way they are, and you can't just shove the electrons closer to the nucleus, or anything like that. So Asimov makes up something about shrinking the atoms by some force outside of our universe. You also have the problem of mass — in *Fantastic Voyage*, Asimov has the mass decrease in proportion to the volume, because moving around a several-ton submarine the size of a bacterium would be difficult — in fact, impossible: you couldn't hold it; it would sink through any ordinary matter. But then you run into the problem of the conservation of mass-energy. So you invoke your other-universe again, mumble something under your breath, and hurry away. (As I recall, the comic-book hero, the Atom, had his choice: he could either retain his full mass, or shrink it, too, when he got small.) The movie also ignored the problem that your miniaturized radio would be putting out light and your lights would be putting out hard X-rays. (Asimov covers many of these points, and others, in his article, "The Incredible Shrinking People", which appears in *The Solar System and Back*.)

Besides science fiction, Asimov has also been writing mysteries: more than two dozen very short stories involving the "Black Widowers", and now a novel, *Murder at the ABA* (which has nothing to do with lawyers or basketball players; it takes place at the American Booksellers Association convention). The novel is told in first person, something unusual for Asimov, but he does it quite well. The narrator (who is also a writer) explains that the book is a collaboration, but only Asimov's name is on it. Asimov does appear as a minor character in the story, and in several footnotes. It's all sort of self-indulgent, but I enjoyed it.

Asimov also used first-person narration in a recent story in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*, which might be the first in a series about the young boy, the son of a New York police detective. It doesn't come off nearly as well here, with too much



Words from History
Photosynthesis
The Shaping of England
Twentieth Century Discovery
Nightfall and Other Stories
Asimov's Guide to the Bible, Vol. I
Opus 100
Please Explain
The Senuous Dirty Old Man
Lecherous Limericks
The Hugo Winners Vol. II
Earth: A Crowded Spaceship
The Gods Themselves
Today and Tomorrow and...
Murder at the A.B.A.
Before the Golden Age
The Bicentennial of Man and Other Stories

in the "Gee, Dad..." vein.

Saying that Asimov has another collection of essays out is not saying anything particularly surprising. This book, *Science Future — Science Past*, is a conglomeration of articles previously printed in various places, from *TV Guide* to *Viva*. (It is his 160th book; the latest count I've heard is 188, in the August 1977 *Reader's Digest*.) The book is dedicated to his "wife, the novelist, and her book, *The Second Experiment*".† Anyway, about the first 60% of the book deals with the history of science and, in general, things unknown. The last third of the book deals with speculations on the future. If you're quick with arithmetic, you'll realize there's a little bit left over, and that little bit is two articles about himself. (Asimov says this falls under the "—" part of the book's title.) The first is "How to Write 160 Books without Really Trying". The title is descriptive, and much of it has been said before. (I was amused when he mentioned that, since he read *The Iliad* when he was very young, he was surprised to learn later that "Achilles" is pronounced "uh-KILL-eez" instead of "ATCH-illz"; for many years after I learned better, I still had a tendency to pronounce "Pythagoras" as "PITHE-uh-gor-us.")

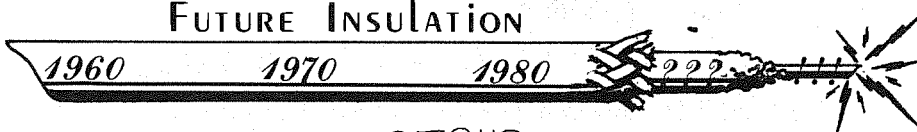
The second article, though, is a very personal one, entitled "To My Daughter". It was written for a magazine that wanted a letter from a divorced father to a daughter. It turned out, though, that the magazine didn't like it, so he printed it here. And it does shed light on a side of Asimov, that, as much as he has already written about himself, hadn't appeared in his writing.

A recent issue of *Locus* reported that the Good Doctor had suffered a mild heart attack in May. I hope his recovery continues to go smoothly.

Miscellanea: I saw Woody Allen's movie *Sleeper* on TV. It was the fifth time I'd seen it; there are peculiar (and boring) reasons (besides liking it) why I'd already seen it four times. Anyway, I finally noticed that the first robot in the movie in named "Janus" — and that it does a "HAL" imitation.

†See my review of that book elsewhere in this issue. Since that review was written, I've read a short story of hers, from *Fantasy and Science Fiction*; it didn't seem quite as bad, but then it didn't last nearly as long.

FUTURE INSULATION



CTCIN

Welcome to the future! New, improved, whiter than white, and all-around better. And it's coming soon to your neighborhood.

A mixed blessing, at best, which implies as much threat as promise. Science-fiction fans are probably better equipped to cope with change than most people, but how much of a compliment is that, really? Are you ready for the world of tomorrow, where fanzines are obsolete, along with sexuality? A world where World War 3 may be averted by meteorology and climate control? Or a world where nobody has to have children, but everybody—male or female—can?

This column will be about the future: the everyday, ordinary, hardly mundane kind of future that we will all eat, sleep, and breathe in five, 10, or 20 years. The kind of future that produces bad cases of future shock as the ramifications (good and bad) hit home. I hope this column will be something of an antidote for that — even better, preventive medicine for future shock; from that comes my title.

I envision this as being a humanist, left-of-center ("north-of-center" might be more apt) science column. I won't try and report all the latest goodies, or spend too much space going "gee-whiz-wow!" about scientific breakthroughs. There are plenty of people doing that, already, and doing a better job than I could. Nor do I intend to denounce each new discovery and plead the cause for the simpler life. You can also get as much of that as you want. I want to deal with the human implications of this headlong rush into tomorrow without the childish enthusiasm of a technocrat nor the doomsaying of a return-to-the-Earther. That is a very thin line to walk—I expect to slip both ways regularly. I hope to make it fun for all of us.

Why me? Well, I suppose I should introduce myself. I've been putting that off for a page now, for I am lousy at introductions. (Unlike much of this column, that is not speculation.) Have you ever gone to a party where most of the people are strangers? I walk in the door, and the host announces, "Everybody, this is Ctein!" An embarrassing, dead silence lingers interminably (that means for more than $\frac{1}{10}$ second) while I try to justify my existence there...and find I can't.

Again, why me? Well, Jeanne asked me to submit, and this idea had been bouncing around my head for a time. I think this kind of column is needed—I'm really tired of the technofreaks fighting with the ecofreaks. I've been (correction, I am) a bit of both, and it makes me feel very schizophrenic. I have a degree in English from the California Institute of Technology. One in physics, as well. Three years spent working for and eventually administering an air-pollution study program...followed by two years of draft resistance. I am now a professional photographer (and of course a lot more which is even less germane).

I think that's enough of me for a while; you'll get to know me and my biases much better as these columns develop. I hope you'll take the time to respond. Standard LoCs for publication should go to the editors. Lengthy arguments, suggestions, proposals, and column ideas should come directly to me; it will save the eds. the trouble of remailing things. My address is 372 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA, 94110. I won't promise to answer everything, but I will answer some and incorporate worthwhile ("The judge's decisions are final.") remarks in future columns. If you want me to comment and you want LoC publication, send copies to both of us; it will save us a good deal of trouble, and I thank you in advance. Do we need any other ground rules? I think not. We can make things up as we go along.

Since this column is going to be heavily loaded with speculation and projection, it seems right to devote the first column to the not-so-fine art of predicting the future. This time, I won't talk too much of everyday implications (See, I've broken my promise already.), but rather of how to figure them out. Usually without much success.

Let's begin by talking about trends. We all know what they are—single-minded methodical creatures that creep from A to B and on thru C. If one can find the important trends, one should be able to figure out where they will be in 10 or 20 or 30 years, right?

If only it were that simple! It is reasonable to assume that if A leads to B and B leads to C, then C must lead to D, E, F, and so on. Regrettably, "reasonable" is not synonymous with "correct".



What if there is a fork in the road between D and E? Or the bridge at F got washed out? Or just beyond J, the whole mess turns into a superhighway complete with tollbooths, which promptly veers off towards Poughkeepsie? Not to mention the roundabouts and speed traps.

In mathematics, there is a method for proving your guesses about what happens to a series of related events. Called "induction", it works like this: First you must describe that sequence in a precise, orderly fashion. (Call it "A thru...[whatever]".) You must then demonstrate that A occurs; that is, you must show the series actually begins. This usually isn't difficult. Suppose, though, that you want to know if Event AAAAAA occurs? Well, you could trace it along, from A thru Z thru AA thru ZZ, etc., and it would take you a large part of forever. If you are clever, and if you have described the sequence properly, maybe you can show that some general event, N, always leads to Event N+1. If you can do that, then you have proven that once A happens, it must lead to B, and once B happens, it must lead to C, *ad infinitum*. Just like a row of dominoes. You know that if a domino is 1 cm away from the one in front of it, and you push it over, it will knock the next one over. So if you build a row of a million dominoes all spaced 1 cm from each other, and you push the first one over, they will all fall over. You don't have to try it: you are convinced by your general proof.

That is mathematical induction. It can save a lot of time. It doesn't always work; in fact, in the real world it doesn't often work. This doesn't stop it from being used an awful lot. Almost any time you use a trend, you are skirting on the edge of assuming that induction applies. To apply it, you must know exactly what is going on of importance.

Imagine you are in line for a movie. You have observed many movie lines, and you have noted that 99.99999% of the time, when Person N gets into the theater, Person N+1 also gets in. The doors open, and Person #1 buys his or her ticket. So you don't have to worry about getting in, do you? Too bad you're standing in line to see *Star Wars*....

Of course, all of us omniscient fans know what the problem is. Once the theater is full, the line cuts off, and that is that. But the rule does work almost all the time for every movie and all the time for most (i.e. less popular) movies, so it wasn't a bad guess. All it was was incorrect; there were hidden factors at work which made the problem one which induction couldn't solve.

Most real-world situations are loaded with such hidden factors. Deciding which ones are important is the main task of a futurist. What we see as a simple trend is really the sum effect of innumerable factors. It gives the illusion of stability and security, just like the movie line. It is just as trustworthy.

The best example of this I know started with a man named Thomas Malthus. About 1800, he published a statement that humanity would always outstrip its food and resources, unless it inhibited new births. Food production, he pointed out, grew at a linear rate: i.e., it increased by a constant fixed amount every year, so that production for successive years might go 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, and so on. (This assumption is not precisely correct, but it doesn't affect the argument. I mention that in case there are any nit-pickers out there.) At the same time, animals—including people—increased their numbers geometrically. That is, each year saw the number of people increase by a constant ratio, so that it might go 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128.... Obviously a geometric progression will outstrip a linear one given enough time. More important, a geometric progression will outstrip almost any other kind.

Malthus's prediction did suffer setbacks—the Industrial Revolution raised the standard of living so sharply that it even outstripped the birth rate for a time—but the birth rate increased, meaning the population grew faster than geometrically! The IR set back the prediction, but certainly didn't change it. By the mid-20th Century, the world population was doubling in 30 years. Nor was there that much good, new territory to expand into. There seemed to be no end in sight. Short of very rigid population control, there was little to look forward to except war, plague, and/or famine. (Everyone remember Paul Ehrlich?)

Population experts looked at the factors behind this trend. They saw a strong cultural desire for large families. They saw plummeting death rates as standards of living went up. What they didn't see was that there were new factors appearing, associated with a large leisure class, which provided an incentive to have fewer kids.

Until very recently, it was assumed that the birth rate curve rose with industrial level to a point, and then leveled off, with only a very gradual falloff, if any. (See Figure 1.) What really happens is that net birth rate reaches a peak and then takes a nosedive which levels off somewhere at the replacement level. The US, in fact, is producing kids at a rate lower than that needed to lead to Zero Population Growth. And that is without any constraints imposed by the government. Much of Europe is following suit, and both the USSR and China are headed in that direction. (One hears less and less about Mother Superior Awards with each passing year.)

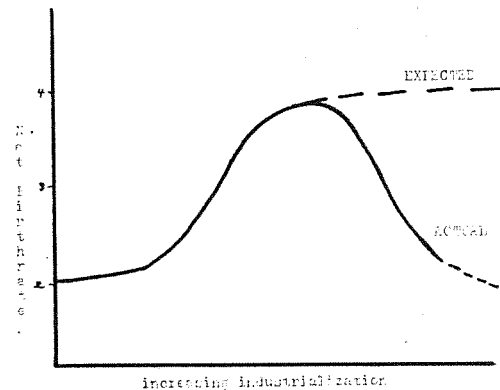


FIGURE 1

We don't know that the trend will continue that way, nor do we know where it ends. One thing we do know: every year the UN estimates for population growth get lower and lower.

There are a lot of unexpected side effects to improved standards of living and increased population. I suspect many of you already know the classic example of trend analysis gone wrong: the buggy-whip investment. So the story goes, imagine yourself an investor at the turn of the century, looking for a good, solid growth industry. Around you is increasing affluence and mobility as more people can afford transportation and there are more people to transport. Naturally, you invest in buggy-whip production, since all these people will need more and more carriages. And then along comes Henry Ford, knocking that trend into a cocked cylinder, leaving you penniless. So much for trends.

So the story goes. But it doesn't go far enough. It seems that there are more buggy whips being made today than at any earlier time in history! The leisure industry in carriages is bigger than the commercial transport market ever was—a consequence of incredible increases in the GNP since those days.

(I am indebted to Ann Cass for this tidbit, which came out at a panel at MAC.) There's a surprise ending to beat them all, I would say. I guess even 20/20 hindsight can be myopic.

Up to now, we have only been looking at simple cases, hard as that may be to accept. We've been considering how Factor X can affect Factors Y and Z. But what if Y and Z in turn affect X? That response which they have fed back to X is aptly named... "feedback". It's a mathematical worm Ourobours which turns back upon itself. Almost any sort of dynamic system uses feedback. The thermostat in your house responds to a change in temperature by turning on (or off) the furnace. This, in turn, alters the temperature, causing the thermostat to turn off (or on) that aforementioned furnace. Or consider steering an auto. As the car veers to one side of the lane, your eye sends a picture to the brain, which determines that the car is moving to the left. The brain then tells your hands to turn the wheel to the right, which through a mechanical linkage turns the wheels, and the car starts veering the other way. A bit more complex than a thermostat, but it's still just feedback.

If cultural feedback were only as complex as the human brain, all futurists would sleep the sleep of the innocent and never get ulcers. But the real world is an incredibly intricate ballet of feedback loops all interacting with each other. How does one cope with the mess? Not very well, I fear; one can write down a set of mathematical equations which precisely represent the feedback loops, though. These equations can describe all the trends in terms of their underlying factors. Assuming, of course, that you have fallen into none of the aforementioned pitfalls, and have in fact taken everything into account. The resulting equations are called differential equations (DE for short), and most of them are unsolvable. Just as you can ask questions you would not know how to answer, the mathematicians can write down equations which they may not know how to solve. This doesn't reduce their validity; it certainly affects their utility!

Many years ago, enthusiastic economists managed to find models which would exactly describe all of a society's economics as a set of DEs. In theory, that meant there was no economic problem that could not be understood, by solving the equations. For all we know, those DEs are perfectly correct, but they are so complex that there is no hope that anyone will ever be able to get a useful solution out of them, even with the help of a computer. What good is an equation that society will solve by trial and error long before you can?

Computers are, nonetheless, a great help. A large class of DEs cannot be solved exactly, but are still simple enough that a computer can try out thousands of different solutions until it finds one that works well enough. After all, a computer is not too bright, but it is very patient and very rarely makes mistakes. It's the people running the computers who make the mistakes! Sometimes they ask for the wrong answer. Sometimes they don't understand the situation well enough to ask for a better one (just as we didn't "understand" what was happening in our movie line). Most of the time, they fail to inform the poor dumb computer of all the important factors. And occasionally they just make mistakes—stupid, trivial, human ones.

Several years ago the Club of Rome published the results of a very elaborate world-modeling program. The model included world population, mean income, pollution, available resources, and a number of other less important factors. The intent was to predict what the world economic situation would look like for the next hundred years, as most of the nations of the world entered the Industrial and Post-

Industrial Ages. The results were rather pessimistic: most of the possible alternate worlds got into big trouble in 30 to 50 years. Either they ran out of resources, or they polluted themselves to death. There were ways around the model—exploitation of space for new resources, controlled fusion to exploit the existing ones more effectively, etc.—but all these possibilities came to fruition about the time things started looking really bleak. It was a neck-and-neck race, with our own necks as the prize. If we didn't industrialize like mad, people starved off by the billions. If we did, pollution-related deaths skyrocketed. If we diverted enough energy/resources to cope with the pollution, we ran out too soon and billions died anyway. No one claimed the model was the best possible, but it was the best available, which made it difficult to ignore. The only solution seemed to be very rigid population control, which (to judge from India's recent experience) would perhaps produce more problems than it would solve.

One day, an astronomer requested a tape of the computer program to play with. Included with the tape was a list of the input data for the program (numbers which the computer used to adjust the DEs along the way, so they would continue to be "realistic"). To his amazement, he found that a coefficient which related pollution to per-capita income was wrong. It had a misplaced decimal point and was 10 times too big (which was what made it noticeable in a table of similar coefficients)! Someone had mistyped the number, none of the proofreaders had caught it, and the computer cheerfully chattered along on erroneous information.

DEs have a nasty habit—if you make a mistake at one point, the error will hang around like a bad penny, screwing up results down the line. Mathematicians call such equations "sensitive". Downright touchy, if you ask me! Be that as it may, people are still arguing over the Club of Rome study and what the "correct" results should be.

That covers most of the problems facing the futurist. There is always the danger of too little imagination. (Few futurists have too much!) In 1960, how many of you would have predicted that nuclear world war was the most likely major disaster facing humanity? How many of you would predict the same thing today? I asked a couple of hundred fans this same question (giving them a list of five potential catastrophes) last year, and about 80% recalled war as being their favorite (?) in 1960. Today the poll placed such a war fourth in a list of five. We now have ways to get into trouble that we didn't even guess at then!

I'll leave you with one last thought to contemplate. Feedback systems have a habit of almost never producing straight-line results. They either oscillate up and down, or they plunge wildly, or they take off geometrically (like a bacteria growth), in the simplest cases. If you have one radical on Monday and two on Tuesday, will you have three on Wednesday and four on Thursday? Not likely, if the system is one involving feedback, and almost all movements have to. More likely you will get four on Wednesday and eight on Thursday (or none at all). 10,000 letters get your favorite TV program renewed. Therefore, 5,000 letters will get your favorite shows renewed half the time? Wanna bet?

For this reason, if for no other, societies always look like they advance by revolution, rather than evolution. If a movement grows more rapidly than linear, one moment it is insignificant, the next it is all around you. Voila! A "revolution" has taken place. If it grows more slowly than linear, other forces overwhelm it, and you never even notice it. All you can count on is that it won't look like a nice, well-behaved evolution.

I'd like to close with an extended quotation

on the subject:

Walk in to the shrink wherever you are, yes walk in and say, "Shrink, you can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant", and walk out. You know, if one person, just one person does it, they may think he's really sick and they won't take him. And if two people, two people do it—in harmony—they may think they're both faggots and won't take either of them. And if three people do it...three...Can you imagine three people walking in, singing a bar of Alice's Restaurant, and walking out? They may think it's an

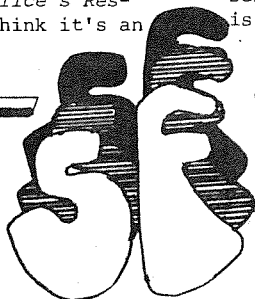
organization. And can you, can you imagine 50 people a day? I said 50 people a day walking in, singing a bar of Alice's Restaurant and walking out and friends, they may think it's a movement. And that's what it is.

—Arlo Guthrie
Alice's Restaurant

Next time, I promise we'll get on with some of those "worlds of tomorrow". Did you realize that computers were going to replace Gestetners? Or that sexuality was about to become a vestigial characteristic?

Stay tuned and find out why. 🐁

VULGAR ADVERTISEMENT



[Once again we've exceeded our projected page count. This time, however, a little less grandly than with Janus 8 (Vol. 3 No. 2). As you may have noticed, we tried to cope with our aggravated growth by reducing the lettercol more than the rest of the issue. That's for all of you who wrote in complaining about our script typeface. Janus 10, mercifully, is expected to be closer to our 40-page "standard".
[And now, on with the Vulgar Advertisement...]

TESTIMONIALS

Here's what satisfied (and not so satisfied) readers of *Janus* have said about it:

"[JANUS is] worth the entire shitload of lesser fanzines clotting the mainstream of amateur SF publishing." —Harlan Ellison

"a...personable, interesting genzine...[JANUS is] relaxed, perceptive, humorous." —Susan Wood

"[JANUS is] a bargain basement STARLING!... McLuhanesque construction...that...jump[s] around like a warty toad on speed." —Mike Glicksohn

FANZINES

- Corr* (Perri Corrick-West, ed.) Multi-colored eclecticism.
- Digressions* (John Bartelt, ed.) Long-lost Madison fan holds forth from far Minneapolis.
- Janus* (Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, eds.) Feminist-oriented genzine. \$1 each or \$4/4 issues (1 year).
- Orcrist* (Richard C. West, ed.) Scholarly journal devoted to works of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, *et alii*.
- Starling* (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, eds.) Hugo-nominated personal journal of popular culture: music, STF, comix, movies, mysteries, comics, etc. 50¢ each or \$2/5 issues.

CONVENTION

WisCon 1978: the Wisconsin Convention of Science Fiction. Co-sponsored by the University of Wisconsin Extension. Scheduled for February 17-19 of 1978. Featuring Vonda McIntyre and Susan Wood as guests of honor. Good times.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

- Madison Science Fiction Group. Meets Wednesdays at Nick's Bar and Grill, 226 State St. in Madison, except last Wednesday of each month is the "event" night, usually discussion of an SF author or theme led by group members, open to the public and held at Union South on the UW campus. Also produces radio plays and book reviews on WORT-FM.
- Book of the Month Circle. Discusses a different novel every month. Meets informally in people's homes and apartments. Pretzels.
- Dungeons and Dragons. 2½ Dungeon Masters associated with the group manage to hold at least one adventure per week between them.
- Animated film. Based on Fred Haskell's rendition of "Mediocre Fred".
- Education. Science-fiction short course at Madison's City High School taught by guest speakers.
- Speakers' Bureau. Presentations (some with slides) on any SF-related subject. Also on metric system.
- Library. Group collection looking for a home.

UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION

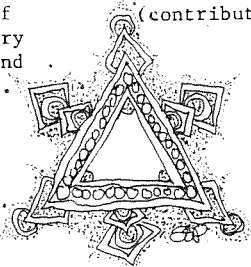
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CONTINUED FROM P. 11

more an inherent, necessary part of the society than the mere fact that men are able to breastfeed babies, or that babies are "born from machines". The attitudes, I believe, can be applied here and now.

However, I have a feeling that I am not saying all that much that Ursula K. LeGuin's comment, quoted by Jeanne, doesn't say better....

Think the "human condition" is a great deal more than just social framework and moral attitudes—is physical nature of universe and occupants, plus individual framework also....

Not having read Janice's comments on "Here Be Dragons", I am not sure what I am commenting on, but I did read the story, and I think Don is incorrect in implying that Plauger presents a society in which sex isn't commented on. It is commented on, and in smug we're-better-than-they-are propaganda terms, too—which I found annoying as all hell. What the one character's comment amounted to, almost, was "We're better than the enemy because we get to enjoy women more." That's right back to treating women as sex objects! Also includes basic phallacy of thinking men in society and society itself are the same thing...leaving out women.

As former poli-sci major, disagree thoroughly with Jerry H. Stearns's comments on freedom. Mental freedom is only one kind; freedom in relation to the society in which one lives—which is "given" one by the society (or, perhaps more accurately, "not taken away")—is a somewhat different kind. It's not that I really disagree with Jerry's comments about the nature of freedom, I guess, just that one's actions obviously are affected to a great extent by the actions of others. I am not, for instance, free to take a job if every employer in town—or in the county—refuses to hire me because I am female. Perhaps, though, it would be better to say that an advanced culture refrains from taking away certain freedoms on the grounds of sex....

I have said at great length elsewhere [that] I am tired of men who expect to give us equality in return for rewards. That is not the reason for feminism. Women should have equality because it is morally right for us to have it, plain and simple. That's all. If it does make things better, so much the better. As Avedon points out, though, that's gravy. It isn't even relevant. It shouldn't be the reason for "granting" us equality. ("Granting" us equality = refraining from taking it away.)

...the character in ["Here Be Dragons"] was presented as being interested primarily in the social/sexual benefits of equality for himself, as opposed to the enemy men, and not even in the overall implications for a healthier society. Presenting an exploration of equality—a so-called exploration of equality—in terms of benefits for men is just not in good taste, at least the way it was done in HBD; it's too much like making jokes about pizza factories and ovens in German Nazi concentration camps when one isn't Jewish. (If one is Jewish, for some reason, it seems to be not so bad....)

To comment on Jessica Salmonson's letter, as much as I can without having read *The Clariston Test*: unfortunately, people (whether the author or the characters in the book) tend to be masses of various prejudices all entangled like soggy spaghetti; ridding oneself of one set still often leaves many others untouched. In particular, it seems many people can fairly easily get the idea of economic, political, "public" equality for women without seeing at all the relationship between sexism and heterosexism.

I think Richard Russell's story ["Thesis, Antithesis, Sweden"] is basically extremely effective. There's one major switch in point of view that I lost entirely, right in the middle of the story.... I guess it's essentially a shift from Netexis to Carnovis, although the listener is still Carl—somehow the scene isn't "placed" at all. Otherwise the narrative is quite effective.

[Oops. We had a little mixup in the layout for that issue of Janus. If you read the story in page order 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 69, 71, it should make more sense. —RICHARD S. RUSSELL]

...On the question of black criminals and sexist men: there are differences between individuals. Some people overcome lack of advantages, or a sexist upbringing, much better than others. And this could lead into a whole essay on how some men can accept the notion of generalized man-hating better than they can accept the idea that a woman thinks a particular man, for a particular action, is "worthy" of being hated when men in general are not. *he Thorn Birds* has a lovely example of a man rationalizing a woman's behavior towards himself as a general tendency of behavior based on maleness and femaleness, rather than as a specific result of his specific—and obnoxious—attitudes and actions....

I think fiction can both accurately reflect the world as it is, and give indications of how it might be if things were totally different, although not necessarily in the same book. On the third hand, I think *Woman on the Edge of Time* does present both. I think that writing about a utopia is not necessarily just an escapist fantasy; I think it can be a form of guidance for people who want to change things but aren't sure how—or aren't sure what they want to be free to be; that kind of writing is perfectly valid. I think also that *WZ's* writing is valid, as she expresses her purposes, to help people stop and think, with a book that is still commercial enough to help pay the rent—and an entertaining, exciting story.

Gina Clarke ...Joanna is right that enjoying the spectacle of Mommy and Sis kicking each other, while Daddy smirks from the sidelines, is self-defeating. This reminds me of a recent Lois Gould column in which, like Joanna, she calls for making "common cause with your allies"—only she goes a breath-taking step further and argues that radical feminists should consider joining forces with such as Anita Bryant (Don't scream!) where they have common cause. Quote: "The Bryant constituency is ours, too, at least some of the time. We even have identical goals in some crucial areas —pornography, violence, wife-battering, child abuse. So wouldn't it help if we could begin, finally, to see and use the connection?" She quotes Robin Moran:

"Women who love their children, women who are deeply religious, they don't feel at one with us. They aren't even aware that we share any of their feelings. I can just hear their astonishment: 'You mean you feminists love your kids? You mean you're against smut?'" The fact is Anita Bryant can reach and move these women—but we can't."

Gould went on to say that men "win" "by doing business with their sworn enemies.... We want power, we want to win. And we need to be aware of what it takes. Obviously I don't mean betrayal, corruption, selling out, or compromising who we are and what we are about. All I mean is what, in the business world, is called flexibility." [But what is it that we want to win this way? —JANICE M. BOGSTAD]

Well, that's some whole other can of worms, and I didn't really mean to poke about in it. I don't know that I agree with it, for one thing. But since I did mention it, I'll risk calling down Marion's righteous anti-Bryant wrath to suggest that the pragmatic compromises she makes in order to open "little cracks here and there" in the Middle American mind are in the same realistic spirit as Gould's proposal.

Yes, we must live in *this* world, and work with the people we find in it. Right on. I agree absolutely with Marion's denunciation of "dream fantasies, wish-fulfillments for women and feminists and lesbians, where we share a wonderful dream-world where all the men have gone away and dropped dead and we have it all to ourselves."

But, since I can sometimes believe two impossible (and contradictory) things before breakfast, even if it gives me indigestion, I also love those same dream-fantasies. I feel a pang of quasi-nostalgia and a sense of loss when I think of the *Whiteaway* depicted in *When It Changed*. I dug Jessica Salmonson's "Wisewomen" story [*Janus*, Vol. 3 No. 2]. I'd love to read *MotherLines*...more than *Walk or Harrowing*. And I get off on the partly written novels by friends of mine, one of an imaginary world before there were men, and the other of a world after they've "dropped dead". Pure wish-fulfillment, sure, but as Joanna says, these are dreams of freedom, something vital to the soul, and we can't imagine it for women "unless you make the men vanish". Suzy McKee Charnas said of *MotherLines* that when she was free of the need

to have "male" characters, she "found the whole range of feeling was suddenly open to my female people." And that's why we dream of (as well as work for) freedom....

Myself, I suspect that masculinized brains are less crucial than feminized stomachs—we have been less dominated by men than by childbearing. Now that we can choose when and even if to have children, it's a whole new ballgame. Not necessarily played with balls, ahahaha. If in fact men and women are different other than in what set of sex organs they happen to be wearing (to steal a Bradley image), then it's not necessarily to the male benefit...any more. Consider: medical researchers were waiting for the pattern of female heart attacks to resemble that of men's at the same rate as women began to lead "male" lives. It hasn't happened, and now the thinking is that women handle stress better. (As if we didn't live under stress in our "female" lives!) Men are programmed by nature to kick and kill and maim and murder. When they can't do it to each other, they do it to themselves. They'd be better off working out their hormones in sports and letting us take care of business.

My last exhibit is Karl Stern in *Flight from Woman*. He denounces "phallic women" who become "wire mothers" (a reference to those experiments done with poor little baby monkeys) and thus deprive men and boys of the nurturing they need. I'm going to the mat with him one of these days. For now, I'll just refer to Avedon's letter, where she points out that we need nurturing, too....

Men have to be weaned from their lifelong demand for mothering. I used to hate that bit of womanly wisdom that "men are just little boys", but sometimes when you look past the big words and the big muscles, you see whimpering two-year-olds. Poor little Karl. Poor little Stevie. Poor little Georgie and Robin and Lionel.

I think I know what happened, you poor little hairless monkeys. For countless eons, at the dawn of time (read: your first couple of years) you lived under the ancient matriarchy. At the goddess's bosom you experienced the bliss of unquestioning, all-embracing love. But there were moments when she thrust you away and you felt the horror of inexplicable rejection, abandonment, punishment. And you trembled with rage and terror at her treachery. When you got big enough to figure out what was what, you decided that someday you'd fucking marry the bitch...when you're bigger than she is and you can be the boss. You'd rape and marry the goddess, yes.

This is, of course, a revisionist version of the edipal theory and as such another kick at Freud's prost(ri)ate corpse. He thought women's psycho-sexual development was more complicated and likely to go awry because it involved an extra step—in addition to moving out of the mother's embrace, the girl had to change her focus and concentrate on Daddy. But I think in fact women's development is simpler, because it is missing a step. Women do not grow up looking for The Mother. We grow up out of The Mother...right back into The Mother. And what we do with our primeval rage and terror is transmute it into guilt....

Seth McEvoy [Having read *Janus* Vol. 3 No. 2], I now want to see earlier issues of *Janus*! Doug Harbour's letter intrigues me because you said something about Monique Wittig, and I'd like to know what it was because I'm interested in her work, especially her style—I'd like to talk to somebody who reads French. I just read *The Opoponax* a few weeks ago and was really knocked out by the writing and the style. I feel like it ties in with Kate Millet's saying that her work (*Flying* especially) was only appreciated in France. Also, I'm halfway through *Woman on the Edge of Time* and am really digging that—I have a feeling that that book will someday take its place alongside of *Brave New World* and *1984* as a "real" work of literature that uses "science fiction" ideas. What *Woman on the Edge* does is that it has a real person as the "time traveler" instead of the usual blank nobody who travels into the utopia —Connie's questions to the future people are really perceptive.

Doug asks the question on sales for *Dialgren* and *The Female Man*; if I remember correctly, *Dialgren* is selling still, and certainly went through eight or nine printings—in other words, for a "science fiction" novel, it was a runaway best-seller. On the other hand, *Female Man* just covered the expenses, which wasn't good enough to give it even a second printing—that book is now out of print, damnit, and people want to use it in university classes and can't.

Jessica's letter is interesting, too. On *The Clariston Test*, I think those aspects were brought up pretty well in a review by Joanna Russ in *F&SF* about a year ago.... The problems in that book that Jessica brings up have to do with Katie's view of life—Katie doesn't really know any feminists very well; she is a self-made woman (or thinks so) and hangs around with men by choice. Katie doesn't know any lesbians, so what she wrote suffered—someone has pointed out that one of Katie's problems in writing is that she writes about real people mixed in with stereotypes and doesn't know what they are like as people—the person and the work are not separate: a writer's problems often do have to do with their problems in the way they approach life, but it sure gets hairy when you feel that way and start to criticize their work knowing that you mean it for the person as well.

Such as "Round 2 to Lunch and Talk". Due to Marion's continued bravery in not trying to hide her feelings and life for the past 20 years, she has been getting a lot of flak for writing or not writing things having to do with gays and women. I don't think Marion's ever denied responsibility for what she has written, but people keep leaning on her, and quite frankly I am puzzled. On one hand I, as a writer, don't like the idea of anybody telling me what to write, but on the other hand I do have to take the criticism, and so does she.

Oh, the helicopter quotation was originally said by that quotable Flo Kennedy, who has singlehandedly come up with more useful short quotations than anybody. Did you know that she was married to Charles Dye, an obscure 50s science-fiction writer?

Amanda's letter brings up something I've been saying for awhile: if one wants *Whiteaway*, they... then my reaction is: write it yourself! Only change the names or get permission, but write it yourself. The idea that Marion or Joanna are the only people who can write about certain subjects or ideas or even places (in a general sense) is silly. I'm not saying anyone can write, nor write as well, but I am saying that that impulse to want to explore a new nook or cranny might turn into a neat thing for all of us from a new writer. Writers like Joanna and Marion open up new territories for all of us. What excites me about science fiction is the community aspect, the dialog between all the writers that produces so many new things. Sometimes it looks like the mainstream writers are just talking to themselves, but in science fiction many of us are talking to each other (sometimes dangerously).

It might be a very good thing to have a rough and dirty discussion of can get sticky fast, because on one hand no editor publishes a good feminist line of SF novels, and on the other hand, very few would reject one out of hand if it were from a "feminist" author.

Which brings me to the main point of what I want to add to the discussion: it's high time for a feminist SF press to appear. In the 50s several small SF presses appeared because SF couldn't get printed in books, so it had to be done. Daughters, Inc., has shown that feminist books can make money and pay authors. Right now there's a very small feminist SF press, New Victoria Printers in Vermont, which was working (last I heard) on a SF anthology. One thing I've noticed at feminist book-stores around the country is that all of them have a little section devoted to science fiction by women, so they're hip to us and we to them somewhat.

The best to-date discussion of all the pros and cons of feminist publishing appeared in a magazine called *Blistered Madam*. (Issue #2, \$2.50; issues #1 and #3, \$2.00.) Issue #2 is the special debate issue on feminist presses, which is actually a carry-over from the special issue of *Janus* on lesbian writing. Issue #3 has a good letter from Joanna Russ in it, too. I can't recommend it enough for anybody who wants a complete discussion of all the problems of feminist publishing: *Blistered Madam*, 3116 Country Club Dr., Charlotte, NC 28205.

