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WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE

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Welcome voyeurs and Janus subscribers!

About a month ago I wrote another "News Nurls" 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 regroup 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 fannines 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 Young, Pierry, 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 gained 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 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 B 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 a 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 Nurls". 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 Nurls" column. And so we've decided to make permanent our respective domains over the columns we each feel more comfortable writing in. Thus "News Nurls" shall always, forever and ever, until gagation does me part, be "News Nurls". 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 Rhim'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 Madison 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 latest issue of Janus was at last sent out during July, 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 SP^2 permit when we had been expecting to use the student organization's permit which funded the issue.* Anyway, finally that issue (#6) 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 onNous on opening night.

*Now that SP^2 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 CoA a month in advance of your move. Tis the season for emigrations and such. Thank you.
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 eager to do our last issue's back cover, accompanied us to the movie (hopping around on his seat a lot and gawking 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 Case (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 cakes 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 activity, 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 SunCon 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,
we've gotten some more money from both the University of Wisconsin Extension (mainly for WisCon) and from the Wisconsin Student Association (mainly for Janus). We are therefore "guaranteed" for a little while longer. In fact we're getting to feel more than a little, perhaps too, confident. With our success in financing the zine and other group activities, plus all the really great letters we get and support from people we hear from at the conventions, not to mention all the contributions of written and drawn material we've been getting lately for Janus, it has...well...nice. Thank you.

Of the money we were attempting to get this fall, we unfortunately did not get that planned for our animated film, Mediocre No. (using Fred Haskell's voice on the soundtrack). We're continuing with those plans anyway, however, hoping to get funding elsewhere.

In the area of performing arts, though, while we're on it, several members (Hank, Leslie and Jan, Phil, and Jim primarily) continue their work on WORT-PM. And one weekend in September the whole group got together at Dick and Diane's house and painted a fantastic mural on two downstairs room walls; it turned out beautifully and was a lot of fun doing it.

Other than our first open meeting of the semester (advertised to attract newly arrived potential MadSTP fans) last September 28, which went over quite well with a discussion of the 1977 Hugo winners-and losers—you are now up to date on MadSTP activities. In this issue of Janus, you will find the aforementioned Suncon reports featured, along with lots of good artwork, not that it isn't usually good (she humbly notes), but this time there are a lot of new names and even a center fold-out section! There are a couple more controversial-type articles this issue. (We liked hearing from you all after the "Lunch and Conversation" article so much we decided to do something to provoke similar energetic responses again.) Our feature columns continue, with the addition of a new column by Ctein. Another change that you will probably note with eye-watering relief is that—by popular demand—the LOC section is no longer typed in script typeface. Also, I've rearranged the layout of the zine, especially in the review (book and film) sections in a way that I hope reduces some of the problems I've been creating there.

Before you go ahead and sample the issue, however, I have something to say to all of you fanzine editors out there. (Everyone else can skip this and go ahead.)

Although there are two editors of Janus (the two-headed god, remember), we do not ask for two trade zines since all trades go into the MadSTP library (a closet, right now, in the Madison Book Co-op). However, any of you who request articles or LOCs from Jan or myself, or artwork from me, and think you're going to get by with a combination contributor's/trade/review copy...well, please, please readjust your mailing lists. This has come up lately for me since I've been sending out drawings for various zines and locating or otherwise writing once in a while for other fanzines. For myself, and I assume Jan too, I prefer to keep issues of zines in which my work appears. In such cases, please send the copies to appropriate places. You risk not being reviewed or traded with if one of us assumes it is a contributor's copy. Or you risk hurt feelings if we don't get our own issues when we send you stuff. And you may not get to take your pick of the two alternatives. OK? To help you out with respect to this request, here are Jan's and my home addresses, along with a few other addresses of people you might be interested in procuring as contributors to your zines:

Jan Bogstad, 815 E. Johnson Street, Madison, WI, 53703
Jeanne Comill, 143 W. Gilman St. #303, Madison, WI, 53703
Julie Comill (my sister, who is interested in receiving fanzines and is getting to be a pretty good artist, doing things that seem especially useful as fanzine ills I think), 1440 Norwood Dr., New Berlin, WI, 53151
Robert Kellogg (Artist Extraordinaire), 109 E. Dayton Street, Madison, WI, 53703
James A. Cox (poetry by the pound), 290 Orchard Dr., H, Oregon, WI, 53575.

Now...enjoy Janus. And Happy Hallow's Eve.
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 best 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 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-
tion of human perception of how the world is put together. Thus it portrays a conception of Buddhism which might really give a Western reader the flavor of what altered perception might be. This must be distinguished from intimations of Buddhism that are just excuses for some bit of action in a swashbuckling plot.

I could make a few more comparisons of deep and superficial treatments of what I consider to be fascinating and interesting philosophical concepts. For example, Freudian psychology has been much banted about. Now, people probably know what the Oedipus and Electra complex are all about. I myself thought as much before I actually read Freud's words. I took the word of people who took the word of other people that all of Freud's work was sexist, unintelligent, and worthless. Then something got me interested in looking further into the philosophy. (Incidentally, that impetus was neither the monsters from the id of Forbidden Planet nor the trick ending of Tanith Lee's novel, The Birthgrave. In both of these cases, simplified versions of Freudian terminology is used as the excuse for an adventure-oriented plot line.) Freud never separated the id, ego, and superego as elements of human psychology that could function at all independently of each other. In fact, he very rarely writes of one of them alone at all, and then only as a discussion of the way that humans develop mechanisms to adjust to the societal pressures of late 19th and early 20th Century Western culture. Nor does he speculate that a person could thrust her psychological difficulties onto the real world, causing certain persons to be attracted to her as does Lee's character in The Birthgrave. I will admit that, in his book Beyond the Pleasure Principle, he touches on the possible psychological reasons for the repetition of a potentially destructive act on the part of a person whose psychological development was damaged in childhood, a phenomenon that I think Ms. Lee was alluding to in her novel. It should have been sufficient for her to let the obvious pattern of repetition in her character's behavior speak for itself without the explanatory ending. Now Piers Anthony's Otherkin on the other hand, is, to me, adequate to the task of embodying aspects of the Freudian model of human psychology in a believable characterization of a truly anguished person. As you probably could tell if you read my review of Otherkin in January, Vol.2 No.1, I didn't like or understand the book the first time. Slowly, however, I began to realize that the core of the novel involved a twist of the classical Oedipus complex involving inverted masochism. I'm still not sure that masochism works that way, but the story was very thought-provoking. It certainly explores the implications for individuals of that theoretical attitude towards human psychology.

While I'm on the subject of the complexity of human psychology, let me relate to you a conversation between me and four others at SunCon which prompted me to look with new eyes at the story "Bicentennial Man" and my understanding of human psychology. If I try to categorize the story according to my outline, I run into the difficulty of having to make a judgement as to whether a robot could ever be built to imitate humankind in both body and mind. I believe that "Bicentennial Man" is an exploration of what it means to be human. In that sense it fits into the category of exploration of a complicated philosophical position, one that has been written about in poetry and suggested in Freud's writings in Janthane in human development.

Yet I find myself unconvinced. Part of the way that any human being relates to the world, the way we communicate, react to others, and see ourselves, is formed in our early childhood, in our relationship with our parents and our attempts to integrate visual and tactile impressions of the outside world. I don't believe that a robot could be created by the hands of humankind that would have the requisite human make-up necessary to act as Asimov's robot did. I guess this problem with the SF explorations of the limitations of creating robots has always bothered me. So, this is a case where I believe that a story explores an idea in some depth, but I don't like the story because I'm not convinced that it displays a probable future. I think Asimov has simplified the problem of a robot's possible mental development in order to foreground the truly and uniquely human problem of being an outsider. Now a robot can solve this problem by agreeing to die as people do, but for humans who are outsiders, who somehow cannot find a position where they can attain self-respect because of the imperfections of society, the problem is not that easily solved. While I see this story as exploring a complicated sociological and philosophical problem, I see it also as a falsification of that problem in two senses. First, it intimates that robots can be made to imitate people, and, second, it discusses the problem of societal oppression in simplistic terms.

Of course, the choice par excellence of SF novels as philosophical exploration would lead us to the work of Ursula LeGuin. Taostic philosophy in The Left Hand of Darkness becomes the basis not only for a future religion but also for an embodiment of some of the principles of Taoism in the characters of Genly Ai and Estraven. And, anyone who has ever read about anarcho-syndicalism cannot help but appreciate some of the insights into its effects on the character of people, male and female, and the comparable negative effects of capitalism that are made in the context of Shevek's voyage from one society to the other in The Dispossessed.

Recently, however, I have discovered two novelists who seem to get even closer to the heart of the philosophical and psychological bases of political change. This is perhaps a more accurate description of the novels of Ian Watson than those of Ian Wallace. It is at least more obvious in the work of the former.

Watson's The Embedding concerns itself with the relationship between the structure of the human mind and the structure of the sentence in any language. Watson explores the threshold of comprehension in several ways within the book. First, he portrays a man, Chris Sole, who is involved in some experiments with the relationship between perception and the creation of language in children. The theory that these experiments with three sets of children in their environments is that the kinds of things that children perceive in the world outside them will affect their structuring of language. And the factors which create the choices in this project are very similar to the factors that cause political chaos in the society depicted outside this little experimental station in Brazil. The problem? Perhaps the human mind has already reached its organic threshold, so that any attempts to, say, increase the perceptual chunk that a mind can deal with will cause it to lapse into chaos. While Sole's children are battling with a lack of outside reference to deal with their inner syntactical proclivities, another exploration of the same nature, and of equally frightening consequences, is taking place. A group of Brazilian Indians is faced with extinc-
tion when the land which forms the context for their expanded and drug-induced conceptual framework is threatened by the damming of a river. Again, a repetition or a doubling of the mind/environment/conceptual structure of the language theme. The third significant element in creating a vision of the socio-economic whole which influences all of these people is the appearance of aliens who talk of suns as if they are sentient beings. These beings require the exchange of a few human brains for their advanced form of space travel. Thus the idea of language and the perceptual capabilities of the peculiarly human mind, the theories of such people as Noam Chomsky and Lilly, are embodied in three different groups of people who function within an explosive political situation which really finally does explode. The connection to the political realm? That the society of the late 20th Century is not ready to deal with the kind of perception needed to deal with alien beings.

Why do I think that Watson's approach to the complicated linguistic and psychological theories his story dabbles in is superior to so much other SF that I read? Because, as with And Chaos Died, his story is structured around an embodiment of those theories of how the human mind works rather than using the theories as a pretext for a lot of action and an improbable plot line. This is not to say that his plot lines, in either The Embedding or The Martian Idea, are terribly probable, but they do outline the sort of action that one would expect the CIA, the FBI, and various super-powers throughout the world to take towards primitive or Third World countries. So he has interjected the political into his story, suggesting, as Russ does, that the Western, analytical model of reality may not be adequate to evaluate all aspects of the universe in which we live, and showing the limitations of certain theories of the mind by embodying them and taking them to their logical limits in the persons of characters with whom we can identify and sympathize.

I want to call attention to the later writings of Ian Wallace, for they also have the sort of complexity which for me makes a good story great—a characteristic they share with the works of LeGuin, Russ, Watson, E. M. Forster, and a few others. In The Sign of the White Madonna and World Asunder, Wallace narrates twists of plot which depend on the intuition of his characters. They also continue the cult of super-hero that has been so often denigrated in SF. I admit that the idea of a superhuman character does not seem too productive to me, but it does serve a purpose in terms of the ideal it sets up. I do not feel inferior to or defeated by the characters in these two stories. They seem to me to be very human people as well as to possess powers which I do not yet have. What is so fascinating about these books by Wallace is the world-wide scale in which they take place. The writer does not ignore the fact that dealing with world politics is a very complicated process, though I do not believe that he displays the complexities as well as LeGuin and Watson. Still, his work holds a fascination for me, and this is why my two categories will never be either prescriptive or exclusive.

I am very aware of the fact that my personal preference in SF is not everyone's; I am not trying to tell anyone that SF should be rejected because it does not go into enough depth on the subject of the system of thought or theory to which it alludes. Rather, I want to turn the focus from the technical or scientific in science fiction to an element that has always been there: the embodiment of theory. In this process, I am outlining two ways in which such systems of thought or theories are realized in SF novels.

I think that this can be a fruitful way to take another look at science fiction, not because I hope to categorize each story and each novel as falling into one category or the other. Just as a piece of poetry never has a single "right" interpretation, so no work of SF falls wholly into either of my two categories. Just as I would never condemn a realistic or a surrealistic novel for not being what they never intended to be, so I would not condemn an SF novel for falling into one category more than the other.

I do say that we should look at the way that fiction can become a kind of practice, a practice in which ideas are tried on for size, just as Ms. LeGuin alludes to it being an experimental laboratory to her. I cannot make the experiments, but I can point out that they are there, either as devices to smooth the way of a story or as the motivation for the story itself.

I guess I have come to think of sociological, psychological, linguistic, etc., theories just as some people think of scientific theories. After all, they have the same substance—they are thoughts in the minds of people—and can be communicated in fiction at least as easily as, and perhaps more effectively than, in any other medium.
Bette Mull
1762 Seven Pines Rd.

Loving Knicks and that is one of my particular all-time favorite Knicks stories: I'm so in Nash's camp and I've seen him play in person. I always think of him as a class act. He's always cool under pressure. I don't know much about him but I know that I like posters. All of us who function at all outside cultural institutions do quite a bit of reading and trying to make sense of our lives. I was really impressed with the way the Knicks played. I'm not a big basketball fan but I do appreciate a good game. The team is really coming together and giving everyone a sense of hope for the future. I'm looking forward to seeing how the season unfolds. And I will... thanks for the interesting post! I think the Knicks are doing really well.
the marriage of another, the political idealism of the Marxist, etc. The guerrilla bands are possibly the only ones not corrupted, because they were in fact corrupted beyond redemption. At the same time, I am no longer a Marxist, for I am no longer wholeheartedly committed to the communist cause as well. So I don’t see it as at all a pained director against youthful sensationalism; or, as the late Mr. Haxtun’s own people would say, as an attempt at black magic. I see it rather as a self-induced lapse into an emotional blundering. How do these things happen?

All the films Richard and Dina review are commercial junk films. I have seen all but two (which I will accept as a disclaimer because everyone else says so. However, of the films evaluated, I think the vast one is probably 700 A.D., which has a certain amount of further, despite the fact that the film itself is quite good. I wonder if they’re judging both by the superficial glitter of a larger budget, or by the humorously overactive pacing of the director, 700 A.D. is a B film, and an excellent example of its genre (whereas Ivanhoe is not so good a film, but is an excellent example of the genre). The sequel season of 700 A.D. was an update of the 70s to the best of the 50s ever made. From what I have seen in a tendency to make larger films of a different kind, different film-goers are both making longer, more moving, more moving of the world’s history in our society...}

I have always thought that 700 A.D. was an excellent example of its genre, but my tastes are different... I think that the film itself is quite good. I wonder if they’re judging both by the superficial glitter of a larger budget, or by the humorously overactive pacing of the director. I think that 700 A.D. is a B film, and an excellent example of its genre (whereas Ivanhoe is quite good, but is an excellent example of the genre). The sequel season of 700 A.D. was an update of the 70s to the best of the 50s ever made. From what I have seen in a tendency to make larger films of a different kind, different film-goers are both making longer, more moving, more moving of the world’s history in our society...
that Walter Tevis somehow read "Stranger in a Strange Land," but it's 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 how it would happen...

That followed was The Sun Also Fell to Earth; it was a story about a humanoid man from a strange, alien world who, with much against him, began to achieve world domination. The book itself was very good, but for very good reasons, one of the characters' apparent lack of effort to change the world... was, in fact, a very realistic portrayal of many of the world's leaders.

The book was very well written, but it was not well received by the critics. Smith and Newton are certainly world-class authors, but their characters' actions... were not well received by the critics. Smith and Newton are certainly world-class authors, but their characters' actions... were not well received by the critics.

From beginning to end, Tevis's novel is more completely realized than Heinlein's. The author's studies underscored his successful mission to produce a novel that was a true narrative, and the book succeeded.

To the movie: I'm told, though I can't quite quote a source (passing conversations in dark places...), that something of The Sun Also Fell to Earth was cut for theatrical audiences. The source is not mentioned, but it's the same source that I've heard from before, and it's a good argument for the idea that the movie was cut extensively. However, the idea that the movie was cut extensively is not supported by any of the facts.

Ah, no. I pick holes because the movie was not the book. I can't view it cold; I can't view it until the audience has had time to digest the idea of a faceless corporation kidnapping Newton and holding him for his own reasons. Their simplicity is demonstrated, but not fully; their greed is extant, but not involving. They are monotonous, and are eliminated by the audience. Although they represent forms of evil, they help not the book; Tevis has Newton picked up and examined by the FBI, who inform him that they've been watching him for years and will continue to watch him every year. It is not precisely a threat, but a police reminder that things are not as complex as they seem; that more variables lie in his path than he might have originally assumed.

The right thing; watching the FBI headquarters is an AI agents. They are now aware of the book's existence and are infatuated with their own television shows, like the satiric, who ask a few questions, and give him a physical—including retinal photography—of their collective and individual. The FBI is trivially simple; it needs only to reduce light. It's, literally, blinded; figuratively his sight is awakened.

But no one ever heard of a freedom of an extraordinary thing, the reduction of something special to the level of the ordinary, a demand that a deliberate accordance will make them go down, we will keep you here until your own is stopped. There are several stories of Newton's activities are not complete. In the book (in my view) it is an accident, and afterwards; as though the act of identifying him can be explained with a simple, "Sorry, I really didn't mean to do that."

---

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 by looking around you can find what you can find, supported, as Janes says, by other aspects of the book than the initial one that you dig up. What is the process that when a book contains, though of course it can be carried too far from reality, and can even be prevented not to have a writer has really done just the opposite of what he stated intention.

"It's nice to talk 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 at the varying structures of each reader's decision for herself out of the plane (the words on the page) makes meanings to arise on both conscious and subconscious levels, and these meanings can be tremendous contributions to the impact of a book.

Thaks again; and if there are no more historical facts known on the history of the human, how about something else in the same vein? Loved it, particularly Leonard.

Leigh Couch
--- and enjoy the advice (Marlon Brando)"Bradley's"

The next, I'll be thinking about the relationship between each word and each sentence. I'm not saying that this is necessarily the answer, but it seems to make sense.

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 by looking around you can find what you can find, supported, as Janes says, by other aspects of the book than the initial one that you dig up. What is the process that when a book contains, though of course it can be carried too far from reality, and can even be prevented not to have a writer has really done just the opposite of what he stated intention.

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Thaks again; and if there are no more historical facts known on the history of the human, how about something else in the same vein? Loved it, particularly Leonard.
Fantasy. Then there is Delay, but that's all I can call it. In SF, the major characters are almost all white, excluding a few black characters. As lizard people, they look like humans, but they are not. The lizard people are all scientists, all engineers, all people who work in fields that require a lot of education and training.

Science fiction is a genre that has always been about exploring the unknown. But today, science fiction is also about exploring the unknown in a way that is different from the past. Today, science fiction is about exploring the world of the future, the world of tomorrow, the world of what could be.

Gregory K H U103 Church St.

I'm working on a story about a man who has a job in a bank. He's a good guy, but he's also a bit of a loner. He's not interested in the people who work for him, or the customers who come in. He's just interested in making money.

White Plains, NY, 10605

I think I'm going to write a story about a man who is a scientist. He's a good guy, but he's also a bit of a loner. He's not interested in the people who work for him, or the customers who come in. He's just interested in making money.

I'm working on a story about a man who has a job in a bank. He's a good guy, but he's also a bit of a loner. He's not interested in the people who work for him, or the customers who come in. He's just interested in making money.

Angus Taylor Flinders 34

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Adrienne F16

I'm working on a story about a man who has a job in a bank. He's a good guy, but he's also a bit of a loner. He's not interested in the people who work for him, or the customers who come in. He's just interested in making money.

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*Continued on P. 140*
APA 695. "The sex APA" needs no comment as we are all very educated in that area. (Thanks to Bob Tucker and Mike Glicksaun, to mention only a few.)

Ashwing (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 Moorcrook's Steeleye series and has a cute article by Jeff Franke 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.

Bowdutt (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 G. Thompson, 7498 Canasa Ct., Westminster, CO, 80030. 35c $ or 6/82. Check this one out if you want to know what people thought of MidAmericaCon, MileHighCon, 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. 33c $ or 3/81 or the usual. This is mostly a long, informative editorial in which Ira describes driving to various conventions, talking with various fanshipp 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. 80, 81/year, or the usual. "The magazine of the Penn State Science Fiction Society". A short article that has been reborn out of the 7-years-lapsed ashes of the first Penn State SF zine. A short article on Lemb, fiction, a review of Isaac Asimov's "Science Fiction Magazine" which does it justice (not a difficult task, I suspect).

Journey's 1 (Spring 1977) Michael Caplan, 89 Rameau Dr. #4, Willowdale, Ont., M2H 1T6, and David Michaelides, 58 Paul Markway, Willowdale, Ont., M2H 1S7. 75c $. Three times a year. Stephen Fryer has published an interview with Hal Clement in this ish, and the two editors "squeak off" in separate editorials. Journey's 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 223. $1 $ or 6/85 (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.

Tales of Canadian Fen A little known fact of Canadian fanzines is that they are made from crushed beavers.

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 Maplecrest Rd. SE, Calgary, Alb., T2J 1W9 (for other countries). 75p $ or 4/12.50 in England and Europe; $1.25 $ or 6/86 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 Charanas disagrees with both of us.

So It Goes 14 (Summer 1977) Tim C. Marion, 614 72nd St., Newport News, VA, 23605. 50c $. One of the usual. Tim talks to us about what it's like to be a riveter, putting rivets on the inside of steel cylinders for 40 hours a week. A zine in mimeo with two colors of paper and lots of humorous artwork.

Tweek 27, 28, and 29 (? , ? , and ?, 1977) Patrick Hayden, Seth McBry, Anne-Laurie Logan, and Gary Farter, c/o ASSFS, Box 22670, SUNYA, Albany, NY, 12207. Price is no object. Triveally. 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 Outravere or OF, depending upon how you choose to start reading the collection) (August 1975, 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.
glints of mica adorn me.
when the sun shines down upon me,
why do my tears still flow?

I had reason to mourn then,
that much I still know.
my fate, I suppose, must wear me
still of something. In the moonbeams
here my tears still flow.

Ruth Berman
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 involves 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 a while, 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 lustre 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 C-3PO
Kenny Baker as R2D2
Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca the Wookie
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 VenSydow as Fr. Lancaster Merrin
Jamm 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 delupe into Regan's subconscious trauma 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 via by Fr. Lamont. 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 forerunners of that higher consciousness.
One such individual was Fr. Merrin, the original explorer, 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 biofeedback 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 tinkertoy. 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 we have achieved inconclusion rather than mystery.

T: Fantastic Animation Festival
R: Voyage Productions, 1977 PC

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 Dresen
7. "Moonshadow" by Cat Stevens
8. "Nightbird" by Pink Splash
9. "Room and Board" by Bill Buna and Randy Cartwright
10. "Sambi 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 Levi's
15. TV commercial for 7-Up
16. "Mirror People" by Kathy Rose
17. "Abesaton" 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 (Diame) to bad (Dick) and #9 as good (Diame) to indifferent (Dick). Diame 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 dooves, fatalistic nature of both offerings.

Nos. 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 well 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 clayball 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, 11, 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: Beverly Cross
R: Columbia, 1977
S: Patrick Wayne as Sinbad
Jane Seymour as Farah
Margaret Whiting as Zenobia
Patrick Troughton as Melanthius
Taryn Power as Dione
SE: Ray Harryhausen

13. 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 Dynorama, 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 Dynamon, and most of the rest is superfluous. The 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, while Farah and Sinbad sail off with the baboon to find Mfelanthius, 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 Tourey 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 throughout a jungle; this isn't too bad in a 12-page story, but it's damn high 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 elephantiasis 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
Jannett 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 Java" 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 stranggles, 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 depth 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. ☹️
This is the last Star Wars Review!

Hank Luttrell

 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 7-11 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' 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 good guys 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 82 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 roping 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*' 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 oliferous 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' *THX-1138* was first a student film made for pennies, and then a fine 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 thongs and that, not to mention *Star Wars* sequels and *Star Wars* (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 mediocrity 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.

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**HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 7**

- standard photometer
- standard beanie

QRST

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

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**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.
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 cliche) 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 have reached the hinterland where I sit typing, estimating 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, haunter face? Is it Charlton Heston? And that other, attired like Banquo's ghost—is it Pierre Boulle? 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 was a bad film, for all that Boulle'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...
"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 hostalries. The Fontainebleau, though, has fallen on hard times. Its management corporation 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 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 shooing 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.

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—let’s face it—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.

I spent most of my daytime hours in the Huckster'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 Cherry (and yes, she explained, that "h" on the end of her name in 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 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

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 Lor, who bowd 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 fans. 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 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 Gomol

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
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 buckster 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 prolooging 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 cannot longer settle for just drawing people's attention to the problems of adequate representations of women in SF, if 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 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 MidAmericaCon 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
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 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 Bird Song.

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

—Hank Luttrell

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.

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 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 mugs 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 Kipled. [LW]
Three Reviews

JOHN BARTLETT

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 dreamy 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 Dunosphiles.)

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

One question: is water 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 the end: Leto Atreides 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.

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 6F cons.
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 more pre-rationalization of a certain sense of disconnection that will inevitably show itself in the proceeding paragraphs. I will try, however, not to talk 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 _1976: 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 "Ancestors" and Carol Emshwiller's "Escape No Accident", and these stories are enough, much enough more than enough, reason for you to run out and buy 1976 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 fishy 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 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 and not wrong-headed and was 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 "Aztec") 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 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, unconscious.

In a rather perverted way ("No Greyhound!") I found that these two stories, "Meathouse Man" and "Aztec", 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 facts 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 and 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 "Aztec", alone, I would suggest you find Edward Bryant's collection, 2079: The American Tricentennial.

I had another favorite from my reading- orgy on old bus #3667. (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 there in that town for another 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 jazzy 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 recognize 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 can 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 Heimlenesque 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 where 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 these 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 headlines. 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 Eyelash 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 anyone 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 Osmara

by Robert Kellough

The Beacons of Ossalkrana
THE KRIZILUM STEPS
The Ophiuchi Hotline takes place 558 years after the Invaders destroyed all human artifacts on Earth. The survivors live on Luna and saved 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 “thrown 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 purist of story anthologies and back issues of Galaxy and P&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 distinctively 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.
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 born 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 Incas", 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 Incas" to bring about a premature fall of Bolivia's revolutionary government. Watson handles the conferences of the CIA man, Inskip, & the NASA controllers 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 Incas" 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 "metaprogramming". Later, he's the first astronaut to contract the "disease", & when he awakens his full 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 knew 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 ave 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 decides 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 transcendent, 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 query 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 thought-provoking fiction that is also suspenseful & emotionally engaging will find The Martian Dome to their taste.
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 mosquitoes 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 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 oscillation is about .002 in the next hundred years, and .02 in the next thousand years," Ardrey coldlyingham their incredibly uninformed statement, and then calls such off-base proclamations "obscenities".

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 australopithecus were ignored by the scientific community for decades that, Ardrey clearly indicates, were too precious and to be published by no means are in 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 unseem implications. The collection Man and Aggression was issued as a response to the propostions 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 procovine 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 — 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 UN, 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

The glaciers are coming! The glaciers are coming!

chilling: Baffin Island, in the Canadian Arctic, snow-free in summer for 40 years, in 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 gaps 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 Hole or time-hound Planer of the Ape.

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 attractive 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

higuash. 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 scupulous 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.")

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-archaeo-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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for Moan Media Wisconsin
"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 make 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 refraining 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 reveals your limited and anachronistic understanding of contemporary reality. Sexist 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... Ahh. 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 potential, you chose to eradicate 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 the point of 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.'"
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 Czerbinski, 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 sufficient 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 Bigfoot 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 Encyclopedia of Aliens
Vol. 4 No. 3

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

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 12

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

quick-release
buckle on
chinstap

HISTORY OF THE PROPELLOR BEANIE: PART 13

The derivation of this curious variant is entirely unknown.
In January, 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. 31.)

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 inferior (not proven), that it is not known to be true. I hope the following will help to rectify 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 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 De Beauvoir 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 unsex 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. De Beauvoir 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 . . . years in the case of a diamondback terrapin and a box tortoise, 4% years in an indigo snake, and 6 years in another colubrid, Lycodon. These are probably exceptional cases, 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 Write (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 biological 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 a male. 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 purposes of circulating gene pools and increasing genetic variations. Again, citing De Beauvoir:
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 as 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 De Beauvoir 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.)
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 its has taken humanity 333 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.

"Tercentenary 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 Multiwa story, a set which includes "franchise", "Joker", "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 "JS vs. JS", "James", 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". On 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 "triumvirate", as in "the triumph 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 bloodstream of
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 deminuturize. One of the most obvious errors of the movie is that the deminuturized 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 deminuturize, 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 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 move 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 "miniturization". 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 hypo-universe again, and you throw away your body, and you are away. (As I recall, the comic-book hero, the Atom, had his choice: he could either retain his full mass, or shrink it, 400,000, 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 on the A.B.A.* (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 major 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

in the "Geo, 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 conglomerate of articles previously printed in various places, from *TV Guide* to *Villa* (it is his 160th book; the latest count I've heard is 188, in the August 1972 *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-see" instead of "AT-KH-il"; 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 *Loose* reported that the Good Doctor had suffered a mild heart attack in May. I hope his recovery continues to go smoothly.

Miscellania: 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 is named "James" — 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.*
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 2 seconds) 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 techno-freaks fighting with the eco-freaks. I've been (correction, I gm) 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 out to be 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 Z...[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 people from using it. For example, you are 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. For production, he pointed out that it 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](image-url)

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 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.
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 same time that the poor people starved to death due to 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 DE's 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 (what made it invisible in a table of similar coefficients)! Someone had mistyped the number, none of the proofreaders had caught it, and the computer cheerfully churned along on erroneous information.

DE's 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 weapon 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 the same question (giving them a list of fictitious 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? Or will Thursday? Our economy 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! Warning bells!

For this reason, whether in society, companies 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 Res-
taurant, 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 character-
istic?
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 complain-
ing 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 cluttering the mainstream of amateur SF pub-
lishing." —Harlan Ellison

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

"[Janus is] a bargain basement STARLING!
McLuhanesque construction... that... jumpl[s] around
like a warty toad on speed." —Mike Glicks

FANZINES

Corr (Perri Carrick-West, ed.) Multi-colored eclect-
icism.

Digressions (John Bartelt, ed.) Long-lost Madison
fan holds forth from far Minneapolis.

Janus (Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, eds.) Fem-
ist-orientated, genuine $1 each or $4/4
issues (1 year).

Overrat (Richard C. West, ed.) Scholarly journal
devoted to works of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S.
Lewis, etc. all.

Starling (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, eds.) Hugo-
nominated personal journal of popular culture:
music, STF, comics, movies, mysteries, comics,
etc. $2 each or $2/2 issues.

CONVENTION

WisCon 1973: the Wisconsin Convention of Science
Fiction. Co-sponsored by the University of
Wisconsin Extension. Scheduled for February
17-19 of 1973. 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 ad-
venture 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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a non-profit, non-stock Wisconsin corporation. For
information on any of the activities, or on how you
can become an active or supporting member of SF³
(contributions are tax exempt), write to:

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Box 1624
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Now as inerrant, necessary parts of the society than the mere fact that men are able to beamed radios, or that babies are "born from machines." The attitudes, I believe, can be applied to any age.

However, I have a feeling that I am not saying all that much to the boys and girls who come to see me. I suggest that you read anything that Plato wrote, anything that Spinoza wrote, or anything that I or that other sorts of people have written. The "human condition" is a great deal more than just social framework and more than attitudes is physical nature of universe and occupants, plus individual fancies.

But having read Janis's comments on "here be dragons," I am sure not what I am concerned with. Janis tells us that it is impossible to pretend that Plangarans present a society in which sex is unimportant. It is connected on, and in any way connected with the whole of society and the man and the woman are fully connected with all of it. That the one character's comments amount to, almost, was "here be dragons" or we get to enjoy women more. That's right back to treating women as sexual objects. The obligation of the man in society to be above that is the same thing...leaving out women.

Janis goes on to point out that it is important to get over with Jerry's comments about the nature of freedom. I mean, just that one's actions should mean something. Here, if we can forget about it, free to take a job if everyone in town in the area...and that's the kind of freedom that I mean.

If you imagine a man should have equality because it is morally right for us to have it, plain and simple. That's all. It is not necessarily better, better not so better. So much out, that's the value. It shouldn't be the reason for "something" or "quality" or anything of that sort. I think youth's concerns should be the same...of course, it is not to be unbalanced. And I think

---On Janis's Janiss's letter, the point on as much as I can without having read the book first. Janis comments on how the characters in the book tend to be obsessed with various kind of all the great, all the great, all the great. It is not on a small scale, at least not as small as the book is, and not necessarily just about freedom. The idea of an equalitarian is not one of the characters in the book, although the listener in the book is called "Jerry," who some how doesn't have a place in as much as it does on Casson, and who might have a place in society, but that's a different matter. I think those issues are very important and that's why I am writing this letter.

---On the question of black criminals: and social ones: there are differences between a black criminal and a white one. They are not the same. I see a lot of people who read the book tend to be obsessed with various kind of all the great, all the great, all the great. It is not on a small scale, at least not as small as the book is, and not necessarily just about freedom. The idea of an equalitarian is not one of the characters in the book, although the listener in the book is called "Jerry," who some how doesn't have a place in as much as it does on Casson, and who might have a place in society, but that's a different matter. I think those issues are very important and that's why I am writing this letter.

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