



idea either. You might call me some night when I really am asleep. Anyway, my number is 555-1234.

Doctors tell us we all have occasional sleepless nights when the tensions of the previous day creep up on us and then we have some sort of tension-producing dream like we are supposed to put dead

THE MT VOID

Page 2

weevils, one each, into the holes of a large piece of beaverboard. Suddenly we find ourselves wide awake sating to ourselves, "Ah, it's morning," and then we look at the clock and it is 3:43 AM. Then we say to ourselves, "Uh-oh! Now what do I do?" In my case there is an additional complication--I might as well use a medical sounding word such as complication, since this is a medical disorder. The complication is all the Tabasco sauce I put on my food yesterday. It is igniting the fires down there and making the beans and things I've eaten jump around. At least when this happens I don't have to sit in bed asking myself, "Now what do I do?" I clearly want to be in a different room than I currently am, but the less said about that the better.

Anyway, so I finish that activity. Of course, that isn't the only thing that sits me up. I remember the time at 12:30 AM that I discovered that new 7-UP Gold has caffeine. Now I don't drink two glasses of anything in the evening without knowing what's in it. I am wide awake at 4 AM. Now what do I do? Well, as it happens I have out of the library the very thing. It is a cassette called "Easing into Sleep." And it bears a warning, "Because the tapes help you to reach a deeply relaxed state (at this point I am picturing a very laid-back California as being the most relaxed state I know) they should not be used while doing anything that requires a high degree of alertness, such as driving or operating heavy machinery." Gee, didn't I see something like that on a bottle of cold medicine once? This must be powerful stuff. That's it--I cancel my plans to operate any steam shovels or bulldozers in the next few minutes. "Some may find the use of this tape evokes significant feelings of anxiety. Should this occur, stop listening and seek professional guidance." Uh, what am I getting myself into here? It is beginning to sound as if I should swallow the tape with a glass of water.

What the author says on the body of the tape is that there are two sides and when you get through the first side, go on to the second, though he claims very few people have ever heard the end of a side. (P.S.~That could be true. I tried playing the tape for Evelyn and she couldn't stand it.)

The tape starts with monotonous harp music and a man with a soft voice. Because this whole thing is starting to sound like my most fleecy nightmare of heaven, let's call the narrator Mr.~Jordan. The first thing Mr.~Jordan tries to do is to teach me how to breathe. Now I've been breathing since before I was six years old--in fact, just about as far back as I can remember. But before I can get too mad at Mr.~Jordan and his harp music I tell myself that I have been sleeping almost as long as I have been breathing (though not all in one stretch) and maybe if I have forgotten how to sleep I could also have forgotten how to breathe.

THE MT VOID

Page 3

It seems the old snoozemeister has some odd ideas about breathing based on what I judge to be a misunderstanding about sleeping or biology or something. If you only take shallow breaths you fill up your lower lungs. If you take deeper breaths you fill up your middle lungs, and if you take r\_e\_a\_l\_l\_y deep breaths you fill up your upper lungs and can feel it in your shoulders. I tend to take small breaths so by now my lungs must look like gourds or pears or some such.

Next Mr.~Jordan moves on to relaxing exercises. You have to consciously tighten up each part of your body, starting with your left foot. How Jordan thinks this will be relaxing I am not really certain. I mean, sure, if I tighten up the foot and relax it, it will feel less tense than when it was tightened, but so what? I suspect Jordan was the man who invented the strategy of raising the price of an item, then dropping it back to what it was and calling it a sale.

Hey, I'd love to sit and listen more to how Jordan is putting me to sleep, but it's now 7:30 and I have to get up or I'll be late for work.

Mark Leeper  
MT 3D-441 957-5619  
...mtgzx!leeper

Acceptance by government of a dissident press is  
a measure of the maturity of a nation.

-- William O. Douglas

SUM VII by T. W. Hard  
Harper & Row, 1979, ISBN 0-06-011702-8, \$8.95.  
A book review by Mark R. Leeper  
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Okay, I admit it. I have been intrigued by stories of ancient  
Egyptian mysticism since I was a kid and saw the old mummy movies. Out

of curiosity I will probably read any original novel I can get my hands on that is about resurrected mummies. Surprisingly, so far this policy has disappointed me only twice. That is because I have found only two such books and both have been stinkers. One was Anne Rice's M\_u\_m\_m\_y, \_o\_r \_R\_a\_m\_s\_e\_s\_t\_h\_e\_D\_a\_m\_n\_e\_d of last year; the other is a novel in some ways very similar to Rice's written ten years earlier, S\_u\_m\_V\_I\_I by T. W. Hard.

Bryan St. John is a medical student, well-versed in anatomy, taken on an expedition to Egypt to ascertain what he can about the medical history of any mummies the expedition might find. There they find the mummy of a great Egyptian architect. But there are two funny things about this particular mummy. He is carbon-dated to be many times as old as the hieroglyphics would indicate and he seems almost fresh enough to be brought back to life by medical science! Not the author is an M.D. himself and, like many M.D.s, he assumes that everyone just loves to hear medical details. I mean, how many novels treat the reader to photographs labeled "Figure 3a, Anterogram showing patient cerebral vessels of Sum VII, Contrast injection R carotid, Dept. of Radiology, University Medical Center"? We get the whole thing: a complete medical rundown of the mummy as they are bringing him back to life. Michael Crichton can throw in medical exhibits in such a way as to add authenticity. Here they seem heavy-handed. And it is just a bit pitiful to be menaced by a monster who any moment can go into spontaneous thrombosis. (I wonder how closely the Frankenstein Monster had to watch his diet, now that I think about it.)

Then there is the big surprise ending that became obvious only about halfway through the book. It answers such questions as why this mummy is different from all other mummies, and just how it was that a primitive people like the ancient Egyptians had the engineering know-how to build the pyramids. And it answers these burning questions in the most trite and predictable manner possible. But I do not want to say too much and ruin the ending for anyone who has never read a tabloid in a grocery check-out line. You can read this book in one sitting, but what a waste of a sitting. S\_u\_m\_V\_I\_I does not add up to much.