

Lincroft-Holmdel Science Fiction Club
Club Notice - 10/31/84 -- Vol. 3, No. 16

MEETINGS UPCOMING:

Unless otherwise stated, all meetings are on Wednesdays at noon.

LZ meetings are in LZ 3A-206; HO meetings are in HO 2N-523.

 D A T E T O P I C

11/15 LZ: THE TOMBS OF ATUAN by Ursula K. LeGuin
11/15 HO: Video Meeting: ConStellation Masquerade
12/04 LZ: Video meeting: THE FLY (part 1)
12/05 LZ: Video meeting: THE FLY (part 2)
12/05 HO: STARTIDE RISING by David Brin
01/02 LZ: THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO by Charles G. Finney
01/23 HO: COURTSHIP RITE by Donald Kingsbur
02/13 LZ: SLAN by A. E. Van Vogt
03/06 HO: DOWNBELOW STATION by C. J. Cherryh

LZ Chair is Mark Leeper, LZ 3E-215 (576-2571). HO Chair is John Jetzt, FJ 1F-108 (577-5316). LZ Librarian is Lance Larsen, LZ 3C-219 (576-2668). HO Librarian is Tim Schroeder, HO 2G-432 (949-5866). Jill-of-all-trades is Evelyn Leeper, HO 1B-437A (834-4723).

1. I have had a lot of comment about the last item in the last notice. Somebody suggested to me that I might not live long enough to see a solar system form. Apparently these people didn't realize that I faithfully do the Royal Canadian Air Force exercises three times a week. I do them expressly for the purpose of staying alive long enough to live into the far future. Also I eat vegetarian at least one night a week. I expect that all this superb care for myself will keep me alive long enough to see plenty of star systems form. If not, I am going to be really mad.

2. The following are the awards given at the 17th International Fantasy Cinema Filmfest at Sitges:

Best Film: THE COMPANY OF WOLVES (U.K.)
Best Director: Carl Schenkel for ABWARDS (OUT OF ORDER)
(Germany)
Best Actress: Amy Madigan for STREETS OF FIRE (U.S.)
Best Actor: Joe Morton for THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET
(U.S.)

Best Screenplay: John Sayles for THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER
PLANET (U.S.)

Best Photography: Tom Cowan for ONE NIGHT STAND (Australia)

Best Special Effects: Christopher Tucker for THE COMPANY OF
WOLVES (U.K.)

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Best Short: "Christ" by Ramon Garcia and Josep Maria Torres
(Spain)

Critics' Award: THE COMPANY OF WOLVES

Critics' Special Mention: ABWARTS

Mark Leeper

LZ 3E-215 x2571

...{houxn,hogpd,hocse}!lznv!mrl

Mercury Capsules - October 31, 1984

"Mercury Capsules": SF review column, edited by Paul S R Chisholm. Appears in the "Lincroft-Holmdel SF Club Notice".

A medium for quick reviews of anything of interest in the world of science fiction. I'll pass along anything (not slanderous or scatological) without nasty comments. I prefer to get reviews by electronic mail: send to wi!psc from the AT&T-IS ENS systems in Lincroft; hocse!lznv!psc, houxn!lznv!psc, or hogpd!lznv!psc from everywhere else. If that's impossible, I'm at LZ 1D-212, 576-2374.

o+ The old "realistic" novel is being changed, too, because of influences from that genre loosely described as space fiction. Some people regret this. I was in the States, giving a talk, and the professor who was acting as chairwoman, and whose only fault was that perhaps she had fed too long on the pieties of academia, interrupted me with: "If I had you in my class you'd never get away with that!" (Of course it is not everyone who finds this funny.) I had been saying that space fiction, with science fiction, makes up the most original branch of literature now; it is inventive and witty; it has already enlivened all kinds of writing; and that literary

academics and pundits are much to blame for patronizing or ignoring it - while of course by their nature they can be expected to do no other. This view shows signs of becoming the stuff of orthodoxy.

I do think there is something very wrong with an attitude that puts a "serious" novel on one shelf and, let's say, F_i_r_s_t_a_n_d_L_a_s_t_M_e_n on another.

What a phenomenon it has been - science fiction, space fiction - exploding out of nowhere, unexpectedly of course, as always happens when the human mind is being forced to expand: this time starwards, galaxy-wise, and who knows where next. These dazzlers have mapped our world, or worlds, for us, have told us what is going on and in ways no one else has done, have described our nasty present long ago, when it was still the future and the official scientific spokesmen were saying that all manner of things now happening were impossible - who have played the indispensable and (at least at the start) thankless role of the despised illegitimate son who can afford to tell truths the respectable siblings either do not dare, or, more likely, do not notice because of their respectability. They have also explored the sacred literatures of the world in the same bold way they take scientific and social possibilities to their logical conclusions so that we may examine them. How very much we do all owe them!

Doris Lessing,

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o+ _R_e: _C_o_l_o_n_i_z_e_d_P_l_a_n_e_t_5; _S_h_i_k_a_s_t_a(_C_a_n_o_p_u_s_i_n_A_r_g_o_s: _A_r_c_h_i_v_e_s); novel,
Doris Lessing, 1979.

If you didn't think "space fiction" had a lot to do with "sacred literature", this, uh, may not be the SF novel you might expect.

Like lots of mainstream writers, "respectable" or otherwise, Lessing has discovered SF. And like most mainstream writers, she's found it a wonderful pedestal to get up and preach from, free from any Earth-bound

prejudice. No, your omniscient characters can make all the objective observations on what our world is "really" like, because they see it from the outside.

In short, they can make all sorts of holier-than-thou and snotty criticisms no human character could get away with.

I'm overstating for the point of criticism. But without exaggeration at all, I can say that Lessing loses a good short novel here by giving us instead a lecture on how much better the world would be if we fit the British ideal, instead of being typically British.

I'm not going to recommend this book. On the other hand, I think I'll try the second volume.

Mild spoiler: the ending is sort of a cheat: the characters are working hard to fix things up, but it all gets fixed up, not because of anything the characters do, but because a sort of giant cosmic alarm clock goes off. And the Shikastans became the way they became the way they did because of the influence of Shammat (I apologize for misspellings, I returned the book) . . . but how come the Shammattians are the way they are?

Paul S. R. Chisholm

o+ R_a_p_h_a_e_l: novel, R. A McAvoy, 1984.

Holy smokes! I was going to begin, "Hot damn!", but that doesn't seem, um, appropriate for this book.

This is a tale of two rival brothers. One is the title character, who we've seen through the trilogy (begun with D_a_m_i_a_n_o and D_a_m_i_a_n_o'_s_L_u_t_e.) The other is variously know as "the Liar", "Light-bringer", "Lucifer", "Satan", "the Devil", etc. Yeah, that one. The first brother ain't the painter Raphael, he's the archangel of the same name.

I couldn't believe McAvoy was going to pull this off. When (a few dozen pages into the book), I found the w_a_y the brothers' fight was going, I put the book down for a few weeks. Strong stuff.

The whole crowd is here, faithful to their characterizations in the first two books. The crowd includes one character I more-or-less expected to see, and one I never would have dreamed of finding here. The latter is much better characterized here than elsewhere.

If you're tired of so-so endings, run don't walk to the bookstore. The finale is not only satisfying, it's more pyrotechnic (and believable) the the final battle in S_t_a_r_W_a_r_s.

McAvoy doesn't fully satisfy me with Satan's characterization, but she does a impressive job. And I wish she'd use i_t_a_l_i_c_s for emphasis, instead of CAPITALS. But her writing, always interesting, usually marvelous, has continued to improve. (And she promises this is the end of the trilogy. Good! I don't want more Damiano, I want more McAvoy!)

Recommended for fantasy fans, fantasy haters (like myself), McAvoy fans, the Hugo award, the Nebula award, the club library, and your bookshelf. McAvoy was talking at the WorldCon about how she wasn't trying to be "professional", how she was writing for fun and for love. The explanation didn't sound convincing. The writing does.

Paul S. R. Chisholm

NJAL'S SAGA

A book review by Mark R. Leeper

Imagine a mammoth historical novel about a culture as alien as the Nippon of S_h_o_g_u_n. All the events are historical fact, as accurate as any historical record of its period. Now remove most of the descriptive passages and replace them with more characters and more plot, so that every paragraph advances the story, yet all are still accurate to the plot, or at least the folklore, of the period. Now, of course, you have too many characters to keep track of, so add an appendix giving a thumbnail history, by chapter, of each character of any importance, over 150 in all. The story is now written so densely that just about any stretch of ten pages has enough plot for a novel itself. What you have is a huge narrative with characters developed by their actions, not by long descriptions that slow the story, yet the characters remain well-developed and believable. Is anyone writing novels like this? Nope.

Has anyone ever written novels like this? As a matter of fact, for everything but the appendix, the answer is yes. The appendix was provided by the translator. The book I am describing is in print and has been for over twenty years. It has just been hidden in the Classics section of the bookstore. It is N_j_a_l'_s_S_a_g_a, a 13th Century account of a 10th Century blood feud that involved hundreds of families and clans in Scandinavia and Britain, though it was centered in Iceland.

The story revolves around the friendship of two men, Njal Thorgeirsson and Gunnar Hamundarsson who through a complex and long chain of events make both enemies and many allies. Without the aid of the appendix, the complex set of loyalties would be nearly impossible to keep straight. Nearly every year at the annual Athling--the legal counsel where grievances are redressed--their friends or enemies are involved with grievances. Eventually the enemies conspire an attack on Gunnar's household, killing all. After twenty-one more years of battles and grievances, the enemies conspire to burn Njal's homestead.

This is a solidly entertaining book that tells a lot about the social order of Iceland in the 900's. Just from context there is a wealth of

information about the legal system--both how it was intended to function and how it actually did function, how land and sea battles were fought, how Christianity came to Iceland. The book is available from Penguin Books in a translation by Magnus Magnusson (you may remember he did an excellent series on the Vikings for PBS) and Hermann Palsson. If you can't find it in your local bookstore, it should be available by mail from Penguin in Baltimore.

BODY DOUBLE

A film review by Mark R. Leeper

The ads for this film call Brian De Palma "the modern master of suspense." To some extent, they are correct. De Palma has made a series of interesting horror films, including T_h_e_P_h_a_n_t_o_m_o_f_t_h_e_P_a_r_a_d_i_s_e, T_h_e_F_u_r_y, and especially C_a_r_r_i_e, without which public attention might never have come to Stephen King. He has also studied in depth the films and techniques of Alfred Hitchcock. He released O_b_s_e_s_s_i_o_n at the same time that Hitchcock's final film, F_a_m_i_l_y_P_l_o_t, was in the theaters. I have also claimed that if the two films were shown side-by-side, without credits, most people would have picked O_b_s_e_s_s_i_o_n as the new Hitchcock classic. Other Hitchcockian suspense films De Palma has made include S_i_s_t_e_r_s, D_r_e_s_s_e_d_t_o_K_i_l_l, and B_l_o_w_O_u_t. His current effort along these lines is B_o_d_y_D_o_u_b_l_e.

At this point, this review will become a minor spoiler review, much as I would like to avoid it. This is because the biggest surprise of this film is that every single surprise is telegraphed. In the second scene in which the villain appears I told myself, okay, this guy is going to be the villain. The film introduces the characters and the situation, then has a riveting suspense sequence in a shopping mall. (This is a very well-directed sequence, by the way.) Then just as the mystery is getting started, it shifts to a purse-snatching scene on a beach. We were still very early in the mystery (certainly still in the first half of the film), and I said to myself, "Oh no!" Then I took my notepad and wrote down the entire

solution of the film: who was doing what to whom and exactly why, and exactly how the villain's plot worked. And it was no wild guess. De Palma can use Hitchcock's style and make polished mysteries, but he does not do Hitchcock's homework. Each Hitchcock film had a new and unexpected plot. None were derivative. The plot for B_o_d_y_D_o_u_b_l_e was clever when Hitchcock used it in a previous film. De Palma cannot borrow Hitchcock's plots and expect them to still be surprising.

Hitchcock proved that he was more than a filmmaker--he was a reader. He read a lot of the mysteries being written in his time, took the better plots, and made films out of them. De Palma is more a student of film. He can pick up a lot from previous films, but it is pretty tough to pick up mystery plots that other film fans will not recognize. It is extremely frustrating to see the care with which De Palma constructs his films and to see all that care wasted. By not having a fresh, original source of plots, that effort is squandered on suspenseless suspense films.

TWILIGHT ZONE SILVER ANNIVERSARY
NIGHTMARES
Two film reviews by Mark R. Leeper

I saw these programs on two consecutive nights. Both are anthologies originally made to be shown separately on TV. The T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e S_i_l_v_e_r A_n_n_i_v_e_r_s_a_r_y is made up of three of the four episodes that until now never got put into syndication. Two were held out because of lawsuits over their originality, and the third for reasons never made public. A fourth episode that never made it to syndication is considered offensive to the Japanese-American community and will probably never be shown again on TV. (These facts are from T_h_e_T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e

C_o_m_p_a_n_i_o_n.) N_i_g_h_t_m_a_r_e_s is a collection of four episodes of an unsold TV series which were edited together and released as a theatrical film. Now it has made it back to TV, or at least cable TV.

The episodes in T_h_e_T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e_S_i_l_v_e_r_A_n_n_i_v_e_r_s_a_r_y were chosen for their previous unavailability, not for their quality. They are pretty much run-of-the-mill. They come from later and somewhat uninspired seasons. The program started with a little boilerplate on how great the series was (and it was some times), all the great stars who got their start there, etc.

The first episode was "A Short Drink from a Certain Fountain." This is a very minor youth serum story starring Patrick O'Neal (who hosted T_h_e_T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e_S_i_l_v_e_r_A_n_n_i_v_e_r_s_a_r_y). To call this predictable is an understatement. There is no simpler plot for a horror story about a youth serum. There i_s only one thing that can go wrong with a youth serum. It told that story.

Next came an hour-long episode called "Miniature." With a half-hour TV show there are about eleven minutes to establish a situation, eleven minutes for plot complication, and about two minutes for the intro and credits. Most of what made the half-hour T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e_s good was clever use of the eleven minutes of plot complication. That part had to move very fast. The hour-long T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e_s had the same time for set-up, credits, etc., and the extra twenty-four minutes went into plot complication. That meant there were thirty-five minutes to do what Serling used to do in eleven. So much for Serling's skill of telling a story fast. The hour-long episodes were real foot-draggers for the most part. "Miniature" would have made a good half-hour episode, but it is tedious in the hour format.

It stars Robert Duvall as a poor friendless schnook who is molly-coddled by his mother and ridiculed by his co-workers. He does, however, have one thing that makes his life interesting: he looks into a particular doll house in a museum and the wooden dolls come to life and play out a story for him.

To enhance the fairytale quality, a process has been used to show what goes on in the doll house in color. This a computer process in which a technician gets the first frame of a scene on a screen and paints it using

an electronic pen. The computer then recognizes the same field in the next frame, so it automatically paints it the same way. The technician paints only the new fields that have been created by, say, a character coming into the frame. The result is not as believable as a color film, but it is colored as well as could possibly be done by hand. The colors look like they came from old French postcards. Duvall's performance is a little overdone, a pity considering the superiority of his acting later in his career. This is an okay story, but it is too much like other T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e stories and is overly long.

"Sounds and Silences" is about a noisy man who is punished by first being made overly sensitive to sound, then under-sensitive. The three stories act as reminders that though T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e at best was excellent, many episodes were fit for one watching but not much more.

Somewhat better on the whole were the four stories from N_i_g_h_t_m_a_r_e_s. The opening to the film (and presumably it would have been the opening to each episode of the series had the series been made) is a logo every bit as disquieting as the logo of T_h_e_T_w_i_l_i_g_h_t_Z_o_n_e. The viewer is racing over a landscape and under an overcast sky, both in electric blue. They come together at a dark horizon punctuated by two red disembodied eyes. Not that it buys a whole lot, but the logo is eerie.

The first of the four stories (called, as I remember, "Terror in Topanga") is a standard suspense story. It concerns a housewife so addicted to smoking that she goes out for cigarettes in spite of warnings that an escaped homicidal maniac is loose and doing his thing. The story is built around a surprise plot twist. In fact, the twist is a little too understated and short. There is more padding than story, but the padding is presented crisply and suspensefully enough that even if the plot twist is missed the story is worth seeing.

"The Bishop of Battle" is named for a mysterious videogame. The main character is a videogame addict who has a compulsion to find out what happens when a player gets to the 13th level. "Some guy in Jersey did it twice," we are told. That's a good touch, incidentally, since it is clear from the story that nobody would get to level 13 a second time and the rumors are apocryphal. In classic EC comic tradition the story starts out by showing us the main character is a videogame hustler. In the old EC horror comics all sorts of nasty things happened to people, but they were always evil-doers and the unpleasantness was always presented as justice. The idea of something r_e_a_l_l_y_n_a_s_t_y waiting on an unattainable level of a videogame is clever and original enough to justify the story, even if the actual nasty does not come up to audience expectations.

"Benediction" is the clinker of the set. In it we have a Catholic priest who is losing his faith getting a sign that the Devil exists, in the form of a flashy black pick-up truck with tinted windows. It borrows heavily from T_h_e_E_x_o_r_c_i_s_t,_P_r_e_y, and especially T_h_e_C_a_r. Only one very nice dream sequence and one imaginative entrance of this hell-on-wheels truck make this segment watchable.

_ N_ i_ g_ h_ t_ m_ a_ r_ e_ s saves its best segment until last. "Night of the Rat" stars Veronica Cartwright and Richard Masur as a couple whose house has a rat problem... On top of having a few small rats, they have the leader of the pack--a giant (well, 6-foot) demon rat out of German folklore. Not too bad a story at all. The special effects were even adequate. Not really a piece of frightening horror, but not too bad.

What's the moral of all this? Well, I guess it is that the great old series we remember just seem great because we remember the best. _ T_ h_ e _ T_ w_ i_ l_ i_ g_ h_ t_ Z_ o_ n_ e had more weak stories than good ones. I am watching some third-season _ S_ t_ a_ r_ T_ r_ e_ ks and they are really hokey at times. These are series that started good and built their reputation on their best efforts.

TV fantasy was good in the golden old days: the days of the first couple of seasons of _ T_ h_ e _ T_ w_ i_ l_ i_ g_ h_ t_ Z_ o_ n_ e, the first and maybe the second season of _ S_ t_ a_ r _ T_ r_ e_ k, but even that was pretty spotty. This is another of those golden years it seems, because _ T_ a_ l_ e_ s_ f_ r_ o_ m_ t_ h_ e _ D_ a_ r_ k_ s_ i_ d_ e so far has had more good episodes than bad. _ N_ i_ g_ h_ t_ m_ a_ r_ e_ s, had it sold, would have had at least three good episodes. The best shows were very good in the old days, just like the best of British television is pretty good. But that does not mean that the average show from Britain of the 1950's was all that good. It may be that the highs are not as good. The best of _ T_ a_ l_ e_ s_ f_ r_ o_ m_ t_ h_ e _ D_ a_ r_ k_ s_ i_ d_ e may not affect us like the best of _ T_ h_ e _ T_ w_ i_ l_ i_ g_ h_ t_ Z_ o_ n_ e, but then series lasted longer in those days.

SHERLOCK HOLMES THROUGH TIME AND SPACE edited by Isaac Asimov et al
Bluejay Books, 1984, \$14.95.
A book review by John W. Watson, M.D.
(as told to Evelyn C. Leeper)

It was one of those clear Sussex evenings. The rain which had been falling all day had cleared, leaving the warm sun to cast its final rays upon the downs. Holmes was busy with his scrapbooks and I was sitting beside the fire, wondering how to spend the evening hours when Holmes suddenly interrupted my thoughts with, "You really should, you know."

It took me a few moments to realize that he meant I really should discuss the latest book of "his" adventures. I had, in fact, been staring at the book on my desk when he spoke, something which had obviously not escaped his notice. He was right (as always); my publisher was always eager for my opinion on these forgeries, as Holmes insisted on referring to them, though he must have realized that the authors did not expect their readers to believe any of them. Since Holmes's retirement to the downs, the public has been deprived of the constant source of enjoyment they had from in poor accounts of his cases, and Holmes steadfastly refuses to allow me to make public those cases that until now have been withheld from the public, though

he has said that when the last member of the strange cult of Ba'ala has died, he will allow me to reveal that horrifying story.. The result is that authors everywhere attempt to deduce what the giant rat of Sumatra was, with considerably less success than Holmes had, I might add. But then Holmes was on the scene and saw the peculiar footprints whereas they...but I digress.

This anthology, sent to me by my agent in London, contains 15 accounts, of which only my own ("The Adventure of the Devil's Foot") has any truth in it at all. It is only because of the British copyright laws which have placed my accounts in the public domain that it even appears here; had I any control over its publication, it would not be used to bolster the public's mistaken belief in the fictional accounts it appears with. In particular, these authors have seen fit to have Holmes consorting with aliens ("The Adventure of the Sore Bridge--Among Others" by Philip Jose Farmer and "The Adventure of the Extraterrestrial" by Mack Reynolds), mad scientists ("A Father's Tale" by Sterling E. Lanier), and innumerable other ridiculous characters.

In one case, Holmes is used merely as a dramatic device for a pun! And to further deprecate Holmes's talents, the previously mentioned Mr. Farmer has written "A Scarlet Study," in which he claims that a dog(!) has the same powers that Holmes does. I feel I must state here that Holmes is quite distressed by these portrayals of him and if they do not cease, he will reveal to the public all that he knows about the singular disappearance of the Peoria City Council.

A large number of stories do not show Holmes at all, but rather use some person or incident as a basis for the most absurd conclusions. I will

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state now that there is no truth to the vile rumor that Moriarty survived the Falls at Reichenbach and escaped via a time machine (the beginning of "The Adventure of the Global Traveler" by Anne Lear), nor have my writings ever been the basis for demonic summonings. These accusations and slanders must cease immediately.

This volume will undoubtedly sell many copies in the bookstalls of London and other world cities. The authors have some skill in writing and to the outside reader, the tales probably seem plausible. I must admit to a certain enjoyment of some of them myself. And the public is understandably eager for further accounts of my companion's career. But an entire planet

of teddy bears acting out _ T _ h _ e _ H _ o _ u _ n _ d _ o _ f _ t _ h _ e
_ B _ a _ s _ k _ e _ r _ v _ i _ l _ l _ e _ s ("The Adventure of
the Misplaced Hound" by Poul Anderson and Gordon R. Dickson)? That is
going too far. Holmes refuses to go to New York to protest the publication
of this volume to Mr. Frenkel directly. He claims that it would not be in
keeping with his new character, which is, as he said, "Sedentary, my dear
Watson."

[I feel that Dr. Watson is being too harsh on this book. True, there
are many other fictional accounts of supposed Holmes cases, that are better
written, but the peculiar science fiction bent of these stories makes them
worth reading. Of course, one has the problem of writing a science fiction
mystery, which Asimov has talked about before--how can you expect the reader
to deduce along with the detective when the reader may not know, for
example, that time travel is allowed in this story? "When the impossible
has been eliminated, whatever remains, however improbable, is the truth."
But how do you know what's impossible? And the illustrations by Tom Kidd
are very nice too. --Evelyn C. Leeper]

_ N _ O _ T _ E _ S _ F _ R _ O _ M _ T _ H _ E _ N _ E _ T

Subject: National Lampoon's DOON
Path: ihnp4!harvard!seismo!rlgvax!knight
Date: Wed, 24-Oct-84 21:51:00 EDT

I happened to be in the local high-volume commercial bookstore and came across a book on their front stands entitled "National Lampoon's DOON." I didn't catch the author's name; sorry. Since I'm as much of a sucker as anyone else for a good pun-laced parody of a popular work (I thoroughly enjoyed "Bored of the Rings," after all), I gave it a quick thumbing through. Seems we have a young protagonist named Pall, who is being sent to Arruckus, the Dessert planet, where the dominant form of life is a form of giant pretzel... ho hum.

Now, I don't exactly know why, but my internal warning system lit up, telling me, "Don't buy this turkey!" Before I completely dismiss it based on my one unreasonably rushed thumbing through, however, I wanted to see whether anyone out there has read it and could either confirm my good taste or else teach me never to make such snap decisions ever again. How about it? Would anyone care to post a review?

By the way, if you think the timing of the release of this book has nothing to do with the fact that the movie is coming out in two months, have I got a bridge for *you*!

Steve Knight

Subject: Re: Ellison Story
Path: hocsl!hogpc!houxe!drutx!ihnp4!nsc!chuqui
Date: Sun, 28-Oct-84 13:21:11 EST

Maybe someday, after *The Last Dangerous Visions*,

There was an article in Locus a few months back which said that Harlan was going to ship TLDV to the publisher the first week of August. He seems to have finally broken a 10 year writers block that seems to have actually been caused by some physical problems he has had. Considering that TLDV was due out in 1976 or so, I'm glad I didn't hold my breath for it, but I AM looking forward to seeing it when it does arrive.

chuq

Subject: Re: Harlan Ellison
Path: hocsl!hogpc!houxm!ihnp4!zehntel!dual!proper!mikevp
Date: Sun, 28-Oct-84 16:47:05 EST

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RE: Harlan Ellision?

I suppose if what you like is terminally depressing unrelieved morbidity, Ellision is the writer for you. Personally, I would rather read something that has at least one little glimmer of humanness somewhere in it.

Subject: The Terminator - The future of computer science demonstrated
Path: ihnp4!clyde!watmath!watcgl!sahayman
Date: Sun, 28-Oct-84 13:46:49 EST

Well, forget your Smalltalk, forget your Modula-2, forget your Prolog, forget your 80286; go see "The Terminator" and you will see that the robot of the future -

- A) runs Apple DOS
- B) is programmed in COBOL.

Watch some of the graphics in the movie that supposedly represent the programming of this robot from the year 2060, and you will see COBOL program fragments, plus a lot of an Apple 6502 Assembler program known as "Key Perfect" (Version 4.0). At least the code is well documented.

I liked the movie anyways. Lots of action. Arnold Schwarzenegger - what an actor! Lots of people getting blown up. Blowed up real good. No helicopters though.

Steve Hayman

