

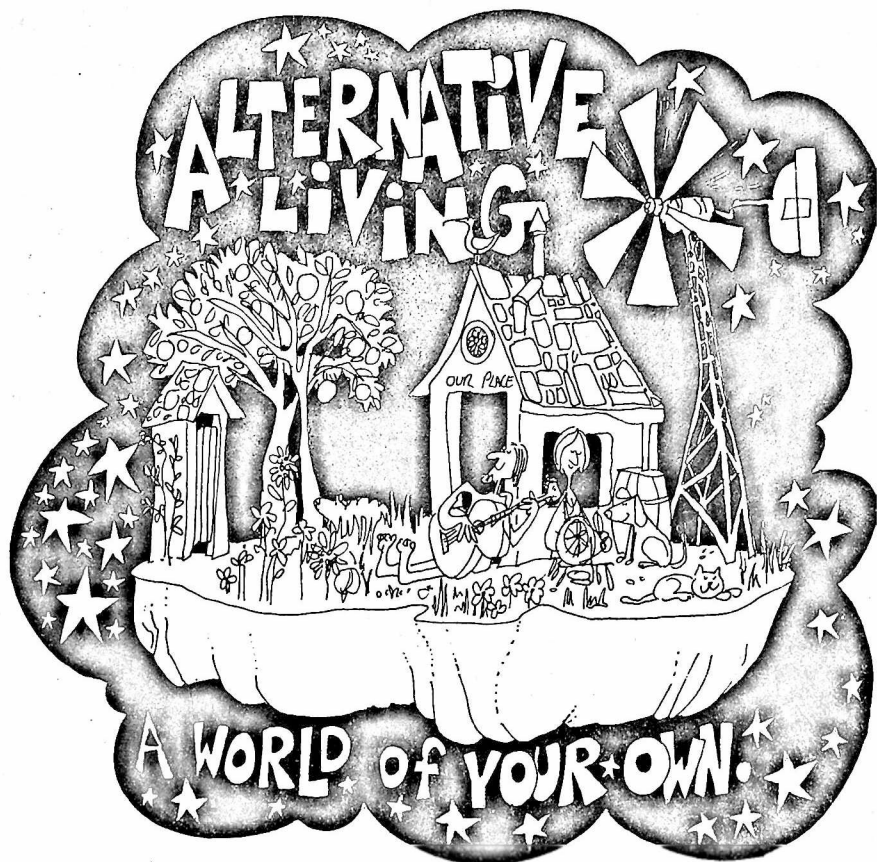
NOVA

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EDITORIAL

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MIKE POWNALL (NZ) — p 22.

Yes, well... this issue just grew and grew, and then I was very busy with Council work (two or three full-day meetings per week to scramble the estimates and rates), and then Deb was off sick for a few days, and then another few items arrived which I just had to squeeze in. So that meant I was looking at a double issue (again, I know, but I did say I would still do them occasionally when material demanded it, which is the case this issue). AND IT'S A BEAUTY!

Promises? Oh yes, I did make a few. But they just mean number 24 is that much closer to completion, give or take a few weeks. Nonetheless, we should have the Aldiss interview next issue, and then there's a great rave from Leigh Edmonds, and a huge stack of fanzines still to be mentioned... and etcetera.

The highlight this issue is our special *Alternatives/Futures* Section, a massive 18-page overview which grew out of the many fine contributions sent in. For which very many thanks one and all. I hope readers get as much enjoyment and information out of the section as I did putting it together.

On the home front, our chalet/workshop/studio was hooked up for electricity and the phone last week, which means I just have to knock a few desks and cupboards together and we can liberate our cramped house.

On another tack entirely, Deb is going 'home' to San Francisco for a month (most of August) to see her parents and sisters (family reunion time again), which means most of *Noumenon* 25 will be typed by my good self — could be some strange things!

The last thing to mention is that, gods willing, the Special Section will be in colour. However, as I've just done some other printing and had to use a two-bar heater on the ink rollers to keep the ink flowing, anything may happen. — Brian

Volume 3 Number 2/3 — June 1978

EXPLANATORY NOTES

sf is the standard abbreviation used for the term *science fiction* throughout this magazine: *SF* is considered unnecessary, and *sci-fi* undesirable.

WorldCon is the standard abbreviation for the annual World Science Fiction Convention.

GoH is the abbreviation for Guest(s) of Honour at a convention or gathering.

*10, *20 (etc) are used as the standard footnote indicators. I feel the asterisk is an under-used symbol and can be used in place of brackets in certain instances.

The following conventions are used in *Noumenon*: The titles of *novels* or *books* are in capitals, bold face. The names of *films* or *television programmes* are in capitals. The titles of *stories* or *magazines* are in capital and lower case, bold face. The titles of *articles* are in quotation marks. *Record album* titles are in capitals, bold face. *Song* titles are in capitals and lower case, bold face. The names of *musical groups* are in capitals.

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GUIDNUNC'S PAGE

1978 HUGO NOMINATIONS

The 1978 Hugo Award Nominations, for work first published in 1977, were announced recently. The full list appears on pages 38-39.

1978 NEBULA AWARDS

The 1978 Nebula Awards were presented at the Annual Nebula Banquet held in San Francisco on April 29. Charlie Brown of Locus reported that the only really close race was in the novelettes. (See Noumenon 21 for sources & publishers).

NOVEL

- GATEWAY** — Frederik Pohl
2. IN THE OCEAN OF NIGHT — Gregory Benford
3. CIRQUE — Terry Carr

NOVELLA

- Stardance** — Spider & Jeanne Robinson
2. Aztecs — Vonda N. McIntyre

NOVELETTE

- The Screwfly Solution** — Raccoona Sheldon
2. A Rite of Spring — Fritz Leiber
3. Particle Theory — Edward Bryant

SHORT STORY

- Jeffy is Five** — Harlan Ellison
2. Air Raid — John Varley
3. The Hibakusha Gallery — Edward Bryant

SPECIAL AWARD (Not a Nebula)

STAR WARS

The major awards were:

- Best SF Film: STAR WARS.**
Best Fantasy Film: OH GOD!
Best Horror Film: THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVES DOWN THE LANE.
Best Actor: George Burns (OH GOD!).
Best Actress: Jodie Foster (LITTLE GIRL ...).
Best Director (tie): George Lucas (STAR WARS).
 Steven Spielberg (CLOSE ENCOUNTERS ...).
 Thereafter, STAR WARS won everything! Special Effects, Costumes, Make-up (ho! ho!), Music, Writing (!?!). Publicist, Cinematography, Sound, Editing (which was poor), Art Director and Set Director. Oh, there were two other awards:
Best Supporting Actor: Alec Guinness (SW).
Best Supporting Actress: Susan Tyrell (BAD). ■

GOLLANCZ 50th ANNIVERSARY

As part of their 50th Anniversary of the founding of the firm, Victor Gollancz Ltd are publishing a special omnibus collection of four Arthur C. Clarke novels. Titled **FOUR GREAT SF NOVELS**, it includes **THE CITY AND THE STARS**, **THE DEEP RANGE**, **A FALL OF MOONDUST**, and **RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA**. It is a large-size hardcover (9"x6"), 615 pages on good quality stock, has a wraparound cover jacket illustrated by Chris Foss, and will retail at \$NZ 14.30. When compared with hardcover prices generally this is quite a bargain. NZ availability will be around August. ■

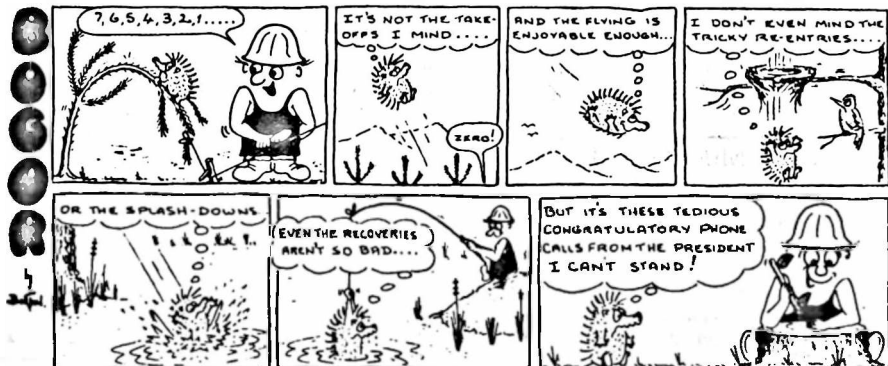
OTHER AWARDS

The 1978 Ditmar Awards are still to be officially announced. In other words, the failings and subsequent vivisection of the UniCon committee continues.

The Science Fiction Film Awards presented by the "Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films" were a complete non-event this time around.

MUSICAL WAR

Geoff Rippington (UK) sent a clipping from The Sunday Times which outlines a musical version of H.G. Wells' **THE WAR OF THE WORLDS**. Composed recorded and produced by Jeff Wayne (three years and £250,000), the work includes narration by Richard Burton and music from, among others, Julie Covington, David Essex and a seven-piece band. Sounds interesting. ■



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4 QUIDNUNCS...

MOORCOCK TO FONTANA

Fontana, who only recently started a special sf line, has acquired paperback rights to all the Jerry Cornelius titles -- **THE FINAL PROGRAMME**, **A CURE FOR CANCER**, **THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN** and **THE CONDITION OF MUZAK**. The last, which won the 1977 Guardian Fiction Prize, will be published in paper in the UK in July. Moorcock's next novel, **GLORIANA**, will be out in Fontana in November. Other plans include "a definitive Moorcock-edited **New Worlds omnibus**" and the Nebula-winning **BEHOLD THE MAN**. ■

CONFED COMING

The inaugural meeting of the Palmerston North-based SF Fan Confederation (SFFC or Confed) will take place on or near June 17 at Massey University. Write to Greg Hills, 331 Featherston Street, Palmerston North for all information. Greg has already published three newsletters, titled **Tanjet** ("the Oracle of the SFFC"), although they are mostly introductory to setting up Confed -- next issue is due August and will be more of a personalzine. ■

MINIATURES

Leigh Douglas Brackett Hamilton, writer, editor, script writer and widow of writer Edmond Hamilton, died on March 18 after a long bout with cancer. She was 62. Her first story appeared in 1940, followed by dozens of colourful adventure stories. Her "Eric John Stark" series is considered the epitome of updated fantasy adventure in the Burroughs tradition. She was also successful in the mystery and western fields.

Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine has apparently passed Analog in circulation. Because of the success it will probably go monthly by the end of the year.

Paramount announced (again!) the **STAR TREK** movie at a press conference recently, with all the original major stars signed (including Nimoy). ■

KIWI CON

Most suggestions I've received so far favour Wellington as the site for NZ's first sf convention. Garry Tee wrote: "The 49th Congress of ANZAAS (The Australian & New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science) will be held at the University of Auckland from January 22 to 26th, 1979. I suggest that your Con be held immediately before or after ANZAAS, for the convenience of those who'd like to attend both." I think that's an excellent suggestion. ■

MILLENNIUM SF CLUB

John Burt reports: "The Millennium Science Fiction Club held its fourth and so far most successful meeting on 24 April 1978. The main topic of the evening was an invitation to plan a future. After being given one or two starting points, it was decided to set out scenario 2000 years hence after a total collapse of civilisation as we know it. (See a full report on this experiment later in this issue.)

Things are going from strength to strength and, who knows, we may have to use the larger hall at Kelston Community Centre. This would obviously be a great possibility and would be very gratifying to the Committee. So see what you can do to bring along a new member or two.

The next meeting was on Monday May 29, 7.30pm at the Community Centre Kelston. It was a **FILM NIGHT**, and meant a good turnout. The film was **WILD WILD PLANET**, an Italian-made Sci-Fi Extravaganza!

The meeting was preceded again with a book exchange. This proved very popular, as with the previous meeting, with plenty of titles available to choose from. A discussion period after the film went way into the witching hour.

The Club's next meeting will be on Monday, June 26, same place, same time. The committee managed to gain the use of a print of **FORBIDDEN PLANET** for that night, so get on up there and see this classic of the genre.

(Full details of aims and membership appeared in **Noumenon** 20, page 3.) ■

TV FARE

Examples of good sf on TV are few and far between, so let's look at what's been on the screen lately.

Starting at rock bottom is **SPACE 1999**. Gerry and Silvia Anderson, the folks that brought us **THUNDERBIRDS**, are responsible for this turkey. Instead of bothering to build puppets for this show they just employed a cast of human ones. Formula for each episode goes like this: alien menaces Moon-base Alpha. Barbara Bain and Martin Landau stare frozen-faced at each other while everybody else stares at the monitor looking frightened. Maya turns into something. There's a few big explosions, some Eagles lift off and then a few more big explosions. The end. Great! Cut! Print!

It's claimed the show had a six million dollar budget. What they spent it on I'll never know -- it certainly wasn't makeup. As the show progresses the pathetic attempts at creating an alien creature become more and more embarrassing. Someone in the makeup department seems to have the idea that the whole universe is populated by six foot stuntmen wearing paper mache frog's heads. How they make sounds is a mystery as their mouths are always fixed in one position.

I'm glad someone else caught that cinematic masterpiece **THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE**, which must be in the running to get an award for the greatest number of laughs per minute. I'll never forget the sight of the half-man-half-bat gliding over the ground while flapping his "wings" of black polythene which dangled limply beneath him.

More recently we have **THE MAN FROM ATLANTIS**, which at least has the right idea in not taking itself too seriously. Patrick Duffy was a good choice for the role of the aquatic citizen complete with webbed hands and contact lenses, and Victor Buono makes a good resident villain. The whole thing is a load of junk, really, but at the same time it's enjoyable.

—Steve Swindleburger ■



****** First up, I'd just like to mention that I've received two Chairman's Newsletters from Peter Weston who is chairman of SeaCon '79, the 37th WorldCon. They are a return to a more informal distribution of information which I, along with many others, welcome. SeaCon will still be producing "official" and glossy Progress Reports, of course.

Both Newsletters are 3-page duplicated A4 and, along with more general matters, their main thrust is to encourage early joining, particularly for attending memberships. This is because accommodation booking forms will be posted out on October 1st to simplify hotel bookings, budgets, etc. **JOIN NOW!** SeaCon '79, 14 Henrietta St, London WC2, U.K. Supporting Membership \$7.50 until December 31. Attending Membership \$15 until December 31. ******

Chas Jensen
2/113 Osmond Tce, Norwood
Adelaide 5067
AUSTRALIA

Hope you enjoyed your trip to the Con and collected enough new subscribers and friends to keep Noumenon at its current level of activity. I think there are a few fans in this country who are more than slightly surprised at the frequency of publication you maintain, though I guess it helps if you want to be a newzine as much as is the case at the moment. I'm impressed.

The issues and subjects covered in the copies I've seen were enough to convince me that quite a variety must appeal to your readers, since it runs the gamut from Vaughn Bode to Fritz Leiber to Le Guin. Not a bad selection, especially when you include the items on sf music. Covers quite a lot of ground without appearing to hurry does your zine.

I like Noumenon for its excellent production as much as for the contents. I mean, it's not every day one sees a couple of large thingummy-jigs doing their shopping in space-suits on the cover of a zine, is it? The impression of their size takes a little while to penetrate but it does finally, thanks to the printing.

Jan's Open Letter in the same issue (N 20) was interesting but it seems to me that it is asking overseas fen to think two years ahead in their planning, which is being a touch unrealistic. I could be wrong by a country mile but there are some things which

Jan seems to have ignored. One of them is: assuming you wait for the ballots and then follow them up, the number of overseas fen and writers on the ballot sheets will depend on the rate information is disseminated among the whole of fandom. North America is ok because that's where most of the organising is done. In the Pacific area it's still piecemeal and so undermines Jan's position. The reason isn't so much apathy as a communications barrier, thousands of miles of sparkling blue water. Postal services can only do so much, and they tend to work slow at that.

The piece on Piers Anthony's trilogy was quite good though the point about the fourth kingdom seems to have been missed. It is Cal who originally points out that the fungoids are necessary to most ecological systems, aiding in the breakdown of organic (or otherwise) materials so they can be recycled. It was amazing to watch the fright this fact created among the bureaucracy who dominated the Earth and who were responsible for the situations the trio found themselves in. Within this framework Anthony has worked a complex series of relationships for his characters, which all echo the basic principle of balance. To me that seemed the main point of the trilogy, though its elaboration sometimes grew tedious and at others took turns which were startling. Nonetheless, a very good read.

We have just gained our first specialist sf bookshop in Adelaide in Chesser Street. Appropriately called the Black Hole, both for the connotations that carries and the fact that it is downstairs in a basement. It carries only the basic stock at the moment but that should improve in time.

Joanne Burger
55 Bluebonnet Ct.
Lake Jackson
Texas 77566
U.S.A.

(9 April 1978)

I was reading Noumenon 19 and felt moved to a letter of comment (which is very unusual, because I don't do locs).

About book clubs -- if anyone wants to join the US Science Fiction Book Club they can do so thru me -- they have to give me the money in advance, however, and should subscribe to either *Locust* or my *Forthcoming SF Books*, airmail so they will know which books are scheduled and so can tell me which ones they want. The book club is now doing three books a month -- two regular and one alternate. I was doing this for a friend in Holland until he found he wasn't ordering enough books to make it worth the trouble. I have to receive the books then remail them, which adds to the cost, naturally.

Are you on Gerald Bishop's mailing list? He is starting a British version of my FSFB, bimonthly, approx one pound per year -- write Gerald Bishop, PO Box 10, Winchester, Hants SO22 4QA, England for more details.

Further to the Lange/Crichton thing, Crichton denies having anything to do with the Gor books.

Re the Grainger series -- I found the first one interesting enough to keep reading them, and I liked

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the series so much I am trying to replace my pbs with hcs. **THE PARADISE GAME** (No. 4) is the best of the series, with **THE FENRIS DEVICE** (No. 5) next.

By the way, I have seen a copy of the final Hugo ballot listing, and it almost made me ill. The only thing on the list that I liked at all was the Niven/Pournelle thing **LUCIFER'S HAMMER**. Other books that I thought were much better written didn't make it at all. It is enough to make me vote NO **AWARD** in almost every category. It will be interesting to see what other fen think of the list.

Are you aware of **File 770**, Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar CA 91342 (\$1.50/4)? This looks like it will be the replacement for **Karass**. I am sure the sub for overseas will be much higher since it is running 20¢ per issue -- that would be 86¢ airmail, printed matter rates. Per issue. But he seems to be getting the fanish news, including all the stuff about the former con chairman of Iguacon, Greg Brown, not signing anything with the hotels for the con -- etc. Now Tim Kyger is the new chairman and is in the process of getting the hotels and Civic Plaza signed up.

I see you have a question mark after **ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE** in the *Publishing Information* list. When I first got the book (thru the book club) I didn't think I would like it, but I was surprised and found it fairly enjoyable. I have gotten tired of books where the Roman Catholic Church is the villain; in this one some members of the clergy are the villains, but the Church as a whole is not.

***Thanks for all the info Joanne, and for your offer to assist re the Book Club. I hope you don't get inundated with requests.*

*The question mark referred to the publisher's spelling -- **ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE**. I have yet to read the book. ***

P. Lyle Craig
2815 Amarillo
Baton Rouge, La 70805
U.S.A.

(18 April 1978)

Noumenon 19 is in hand and finally made me feel so guilty I hadn't written that I'm dropping you a note now.

Your music review was interesting and I think unique. I can't remember any other fanzine that does such music reviews. It was nice and informative and I enjoyed it very much.

Your reviews were also very informative. They saved me from going out and buying one book, and let me know that the **ALBUM COVER ALBUM** I had been thinking of buying was worth

Your cover was very good. I especially enjoyed the contrast in line work. I wasn't sure, however, if the character in front has just shot the reclining female. The gun looks to be a .45 calibre and if he had just fired the gun there would have been wisps of smoke. Anyway, I enjoyed the technique very much.

Well, EE2 should be out in a couple of weeks.

It's long overdue but better late than never. I'll send you a copy hot off the press.

***The mystery of the cover should unfold over the next few months. Colin will be using that main character in a strip which will appear in Strips (see Rags, Solecism & Riches) shortly. ***

Graham Lovelock
9 Te Anau Ave
Wellington 3
NEW ZEALAND

(16 April 1978)

Congratulations on your extremely good magazine. I have purchased every issue since No. 7 (at Unity Books in Willis St., Wellington).

I have always been an avid reader of science fiction from way back but have never been involved in sf in any active sense. Your magazine has certainly widened my horizons into the areas of sf art, music, films, and fandom in general.

***Graham also requested some back issues and I thought I'd mention here that most back numbers are available, the two exceptions being 1 and 2. Issues 12 and 21 have contained the two Indexes so far. ***

Gordon Larkin
113a High Street
Whitstable, Kent, CT5 1AY
ENGLAND

(24 April 1978)

Very many thanks for sending me the latest issue (Noumenon 21). It is a good meaty read, as ever. I am really very grateful to you for the extensive space you gave the BFS, not only in *Rags* but also the boxed ad. This is more than I expected and you have again my warmest thanks. I was very pleased that you liked the BFS publications as well.

A few comments you may find of interest: for Greg Hills, Bo Hansson has released an album **MUSIC INSPIRED BY WATERSHIP DOWN**; it's nice but not much different to the others at all. Also you will be interested to know that **THE NECRONOMICON**, edited by George Hay and with material from Colin Wilson, Christopher Frayling, Angela Carter, L. Sprague de Camp and many others, has just been published here by Neville Spearman at £5.50. It's a good looking book though I haven't had a chance to read it yet. Looks like I shall have to file it next to my **ILLUMINATUS** and **ALTERNATIVE 3** titles... they all seem to have a similar intent in presenting the fantastic in a scholarly manner.

***Always happy to spread the word on worthy items, projects, societies, etc. I hope you get some response from antipodean readers. Thanks also for the info. ***

Snippet Overheard Around the SF Shelves
"Oh yeah, Edgar Rice Burroughs was the best. I used to buy everyone I could get my hands on. Brilliant."

"No, no, it was 'Doc' Smith -- he had it over them all."

Christopher Priest
1 Ortygia House
6 Lower Road
Harrow, Middlesex HA2 0DA
ENGLAND

(26 April 1978)

OK, I give up. You prod me into acknowledging Noumenon at last.

You and your correspondents seem very interested in STAR WARS and CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, which is fair enough, so I thought I would convey a profound thought that came to me from seeing the movies.

Like all writers associated with the science fiction world I get very sick of being labelled a "sci-fi" writer;



I don't particularly care for "sf" either, but it doesn't have quite the same exquisite ignorance attached to it as "sci-fi". Even so, the phrase "sci-fi" is falling into more and more use, and it struck me that it could be useful to consider what it actually means.

I think of science fiction, or "sf", as the literature of speculative ideas... in other words, whatever the actual degree of originality, science fiction does set out to present a new possibility, or a new notion, or a new situation. Sf goes on from year to year, untouched by success or failure. Where the fashion lies is elsewhere, and mostly in the visual media. At the moment there is something of a boom, but that hasn't always been the case. So we have LOGAN'S RUN and THE BIONIC WOMAN and DR WHO and BLAKE'S SEVEN on tv, and STAR WARS and CLOSE ENCOUNTERS in the movies. These are all rather like sf, but they differ from the kosher stuff because they are totally devoid of original ideas.

In fact, they *are* sci-fi! I'd like to see them recognized as such; the label is a perfect one.

If we think of it this way, it makes sense of what is otherwise something of a paradox: that a film like STAR WARS, which is derivative of sf and plunders the idiom ruthlessly, is in general very popular with sf fans. SW is the consummate achievement of sci-fi, and hugely enjoyable as such. But sf it is not.

By the way, I enjoyed STAR WARS but disliked CLOSE ENCOUNTERS. One of the differences, for me, was in the way the special effects were used. I know it's unfair to compare the two movies, but they both depend heavily on special effects, and so there are similarities. In SW I got the feeling that the people who had devised the effects had had a hell of a good time working them out and getting them on to film... and this comes across to the audience. When the battle-cruiser appears in the first shot, you get a genuine frisson of awe at the apparent size and might of the thing, and you feel that Lucas and his associates got the same kick out of it. To put it briefly: they were enjoying the special effects, and so we *enjoy* them too.

However, I felt the motives in CE3K were rather different. It was almost as if Spielberg and Douglas Trumbull were saying: "Let's get the punters and impress the shit out of them." So that the audience response is intended to be the same as the character response, and that the audience, as it were, is supposed to stand around in a loose semicircle with its collective arms dangling like Truffaut's, and its collective jaw sagging in awe, and its collective eyes brimming with tears. I think this arrogation by the film-makers of the audience's response is slightly offensive. I've heard that some audiences sat there impassively. I got a fit of the giggles, actually, which perhaps tells you more about me than the film... but it struck me that at any moment the characters were going to cross themselves and kneel down. The only true and genuine moment of humanity in the final scene was when one of the technicians rushes past Richard Dreyfuss, knocks him urgently out of the way, and dives into the lavatory. At that point I felt the scene was actually working on a realistic level... which was, after all, the level on which the film tried to work. Bah... I thought it was a dishonest film, and a flashy one, and an empty one. (You wait until you see it on tv in a few years' time... then it will look like what it really was.)

Other matters:

You take me to task for my blurb on the back of THE JONAH KIT. "Complex... brilliant... cosmos-shaking". You should perhaps have wondered what was in those dotted lines before the publishers removed them. My original review read like this:

The book is complex to no purpose, the product of a brilliant mind with nothing to say. A cosmos-shaking flop.

(Actually, I'm just taking revenge on Ian Watson for playing the Inadvertent Dirty Trick of the Year, 1975. I had a nice comfortable billet at the Oxford Mail,

8 LETTERS...

reviewing sf, and getting regular parcels of free books. My bookcase was bulging with shiny new books. Then I did that review of THE JONAH KIT, the one they quoted, and made the cardinal mistake of revealing that Watson lives in Oxford, where the newspaper is published. A week later, my supply of free books mysteriously dried up. Six months later I was round at Ian's house, and saw his bookcase bulging with shiny new books, and at last I twigged what had happened. Pretty shitty, in my view.)

****You don't like "sci-fi", understandably, but say you don't particularly care for "sf" either. So, while agreeing in part with your suggestion of labelling sci-fi as such, what do you want science fiction to be called? Or is it just that you are objecting to the use of any abbreviation?**

I'm rather interested in your criticisms of CE3K, especially as I would go to see that film twice if a convenient opportunity arose (i.e. I wouldn't go out of my way or make a special trip). On the other hand, you wouldn't be able to pay me enough to see SW again. For me, the special effects in SW were mechanistic, while those in CE3K were skillful state-of-the-art build-ups to the stunning climax - the first appearance of the mothership. The only contrived element of the film was Williams' inappropriate soundtrack - "dishonest, flashy and empty" would be a very apt description, methinks.

The other minor faults of CE3K seem to stem from the general American malaise - the sentimental schmaltz which pervades so much of their life and art. This is quite harmless and not necessarily "bad", of course, but does need to be allowed for when discussing American art.

Werd tales from Oxford, a staple of British fandom over the years it seems, have obviously not ceased.

*Thanks for your writing Chris and I hope you continue to find comment hooks in Noumenon from time to time.***

David Wingrove
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ENGLAND

(29 April 1978)

Although I disagree with Mervyn Barrett (Noumenon 21), I have a great deal of sympathy with his views. The social commentary in a Bach Fugue? To express the mood (zeitgeist - spirit of the age) the music doesn't have to undertake a definite act of social commentary. Bach's music (especially his fugues) stemmed from his own personal experimentation with new forms of instrumentation (much of his music was, after all, designed to test organs!), but kept within the ordered and 'mannered' form that captures his age as much as the contemporary popular folk music did. I think Mervyn makes the error of seeing music as that part that survived and dominated the popular consciousness. Of course

Elgar doesn't capture the poverty, racism, greed and hypocrisy of Victorian Times (though to me he hints at it merely through its total lack); he captures the pomposity of a nation suffering the delusion that being 'great' is beating the shit out of the n----- (as does Walton; only at a different stage). Music which reflects the antonymous side of that society can be found in the songs from Childs (which can be heard - if he cares to listen - from people such as STEELEYE SPAN, June Tabor, FAIRPORT CONVENTION, etc).

I agree that most sf doesn't look beyond its age. However, I strongly disagree with his notion that the shift of emphasis to amplified/electronic instrumentation has produced a *plus ça change plus c'est la même chose* situation. Anyone who has heard music by FAUST, DEVO, THE RESIDENTS, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,



CAN, or Pere Ubu would instantly refute that.

If Mervyn wishes to receive a tape of 'modern' music I'd be glad to oblige. Oh, and a final point - none of the lyrics I quote are to me obscure. Their intensity of meaning on a personal level is significant.

An excellent issue with just about everything in it you could want from an sf magazine. Stimulating letters, an interesting ConReport, an intelligent and informative (good to know about PHOENIX) film section, and the usual incisive (and flattering ... ta) look at the latest batch of fanzines. And that's without mentioning the reviews.

****Thanks for writing so promptly Dave. I have a few other letters on hand re music - Leigh Edmonds, Kerry Doole, Paul Anderson - which I'll use in a special section next issue.****

Perry Middlemiss
PO Box 98
Rundle St.,
Adelaide 5000
AUSTRALIA

(23 April 1978)

Thanx for the copy of Noumenon 20 which arrived on Friday. You always seem to include many things that I can comment on.

It appears that quite a number of your readers are interested in the Darkover series by Bradley. If that's so then they may also be interested in a small booklet which I bought about two or three years ago.

It's called **The Gemini Problem: A Study in Darkover** by Walter Breen. If I remember rightly the price was around \$1.50 and is published by T-K Graphics in USA. It is forty pages of what appears to be a collection of articles Breen wrote around 1975.

The articles are printed as separate chapters and the following titles may give you some indication as to their special area: "How to Create a World", "Themes and Variations", "How to Write a Darkover Novel" and "Toward a Sociology of Telepaths". This is followed by a section titled "Notes", the most interesting part of which is a list of the Darkover novels in internal chronological order:

Darkover Landfall (written 1972/published 1973)

The Spell Sword (1973/1974)

The Star of Danger (1964/1965)

The Bloody Sun (1963/1964)

Heritage of Hastur (1974/1975)

Sword of Aldones (1947-8/1962)

Planet Savers (1959/1962)

The World Wreckers (1971&1971)

I have also noticed that a little further down Breen mentions **Door Through Space** (1955/1961), but he doesn't say where this novel fits in, or if it is a Darkover novel at all. Breen also goes on to say that the above list is only an approximate order of Darkover history and "a few inconsistencies ante-date the series' crystallization, while (Bradley) believed nobody would bother to check them."

It is an interesting booklet and may be of use to you. I bought it from a mail-order house in America, but you could probably pick up a copy from the publishers at: PO Box 1951, Baltimore, MD, USA.

Lynne Holdom
PO Box 5
Pompton Lakes
NJ 07442
U.S.A.

(17 March, 26 April 1978)

Thanks again for Noumenon (20). I always enjoy reading it. To clarify, I was speaking in my letter of the tendency of readers of both sf and the mainstream to prefer simplistic action/adventure to thought-provoking ideas and/or literature. What bothers me is the fact so many sf writers say that, if only they were in the mainstream and not stereotyped as an sf writer, they'd be free to write what they really want to. But the fact is the mainstream is even less hospitable to experimental writers, unless they happen to be very lucky. Barry Malzberg (whom I may as well state here, writes what I don't like) said he turned to sf because he couldn't sell what he wrote in the mainstream as that is even more closed to newcomers than sf. Also, most experimental lit gets pubbed in university publications and only seen by the limited few who read such.

STAR WARS has spawned a lot of absolute junk. I'm sick of seeing it. Now, I don't like the comic, which is really tastelessly done. The posters and all the other paraphernalia are getting to me and will make me hate STAR WARS.

I see Peter Graham made good use of the copy of **THE FORBIDDEN TOWER** I sent him. Actually

it isn't the best Darkover novel in the series and could have used a good editor. The book Peter's friend mentioned where everyone gets killed off is probably **THE SWORD OF ALDONES** which MZB herself advised people not to read. It was her first book -- not the first published but the first written. I'm not sure where I got the idea you wouldn't, didn't like Darkover novels. Okay, maybe you would. I would recommend **STORMQUEEN** to you. I would also like permission to reprint Peter Graham's review of **THE FORBIDDEN TOWER** in Jumeaux as I have a rave review and his will be an excellent counterpoint. **FORBIDDEN TOWER** is up for the Hugo.

As a final Darkover note, could you mention some where that any Australian or New Zealand Darkover fan who wants to contact others should write to Donna Sutton, 289 Altura Dr., Perris, CA 92370 USA. Darkover fandom is trying to get organised by area and Aust/NZ is Donna's until enough Aust/NZ fans surface to form local groups.

I happened to meet A. Bertram Chandler at the SF Bookstore in NYC. It was a purely chance meeting as he had arrived in NYC the day before and was leaving the following day. A friend and I spent two, all too brief, hours talking to him before he went to see the Empire State Building. I was the redheaded fan, if Chandler remembers us at all. I have an autographed copy of **THE BIG BLACK MARK** as a reminder of the occasion.

I do happen to think there may be a correlation between the decline of religious faith and the rise of belief in UFO's, astrology, tarot, I Ching, etc, but the article you quote doesn't seem to make it. I would say CE3K typifies the sort of film they really mean, rather than STAR WARS which is pure escapism. I read sf and fantasy but don't believe the fantasy for more than the duration of the novel, and the same with 90% of sf. Sf is not a predictor of the future anyway. I read it because I like to play with ideas and concepts, not because I want to find a substitute god.

I've read two other C.J. Cherryh novels since those you reviewed. I'd recommend both. However **THE FADED SUN: KESRITH** is the first of a trilogy as I understand; the other book is **WELL OF SHUUN**.

UniCon sounds a bit like PhilCon where the hotel was rotten as well, but the Con committee did try to help. The Con Comm is trying to sue the hotel which gives you some idea of the problem.

I saw a book which claimed **STAR WARS** was a modern retelling of the Gospel. The Gospel According to Obi-Wan? Alan Dean Foster's SW sequel **SPLINTER IN THE MIND'S EYE** is selling very well. Are we now in for a whole series of such novels?

Ace is reissuing Poul Anderson novels but these have different names. Thus **THE PEREGRINE** = **STAR WAYS**; **THE MAN WHO COUNTS** = **WAR OF THE WING MEN**; **QUESTION AND ANSWER** = **PLANET OF NO RETURN**; **THE NIGHT FACE** = **LET THE SPACEMEN BEWARE**.

THE SPACE VAMPIRES by Wilson was one of the most putrid sf novels I have ever read.

10 LETTERS...

Thanks for another interesting letter and all the info Lynne. Yes, it's fine to reprint the review and I look forward to receiving more info on Jumeaux. Here's Bert with another American tale or two.

Bert Chandler
Flat 23, Kanimbla Hall
19 Tusculum Street
Porto Point, N.S.W. 2011
AUSTRALIA

(9 May 1978)

Thank for N21, which was among the mail awaiting me on my return from the US of A. I read your piece on the UniCon with great interest. I wish that I had read it before I boarded the plane to go to it. If I had I'd have saved on plane fare and hotel bill.

In the States I attended two banquets -- first at the MarCon in Columbus, Ohio and then at the SFWA corroboree in San Francisco. At the PCA Convention in Cincinnati there was no banquet.

MarCon was held at one of the Howard Johnson motels. Convention facilities were quite good and it was possible to get a meal and a drink at almost any time, although the only tucker I can honestly recommend is the standard Howard Johnson breakfast. Hot cakes, with sausages or bacon and with lots of butter and syrup I love but at home, as I have a calorie conscious wife, enjoy rarely. Other meals and snacks were Howard Johnsonish.

The banquet wasn't all that hot, either literally or metaphorically. It was self-service. Those at the High Table had the privilege of being first (self) served. The other tables were numbered and the Guest of Honour (me) drew slips of paper from a hat -- well, actually an ardvark's head -- to determine the order in which their occupants would get their food. It was a long walk, through miles of corridors, from the banquet hall to the service table and from the service table back to the hall. Everything had to be piled on one plate -- with the result that one finished one's meal with Jello interestingly flavoured with beef gravy, cole slaw etc. Although wine was available the hotel management seemed surprised there was a demand for it. At the High Table we did get an assortment of glasses of all shapes and sizes but at the other tables people were making do with plastic tumblers.

Still and all, it was a very good Con. I've no complaints.

The Popular Culture Association Convention was held in the Netherland Hilton, a hotel well suited for conventions. I was the only honest working stiff among all the academics. At this hotel there was no need for anybody to starve. One of the restaurants was the justly popular Joe's Bar, serving enormous cut-to-order sandwiches, with salads and pickles, at very reasonable prices.

Finally there was the SFWA corroboree at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. The food at the hotel was excellent although rather expensive. There were, however, many moderately priced and quite good eateries within easy walk.

The banquet itself was a very civilised affair, worth

dressing for, although the only ones to sport a tuxedo were Ben Bova, Terry Carr, Randall Garrett and myself. Randall Garrett even had his World War II decorations up. Harlan Ellison would have dressed but he had left LA in a hurry and packed his dinner jacket but forgotten shirt and tie.

Talking of Tucker -- a Grimesish preoccupation -- in Los Angeles I was made a member of the Two Ayem Club. After fannish parties all hands repair to an ice cream parlour managed by the parents of one of the LA fans and are then given the privilege of going behind the counter to construct their own sundaes. Frankly, I wasn't all that thrilled. If I were turned loose in a delicatessen at two in the morning it'd be another story. I'd not be requiring another meal for at least thirty-six hours.

All in all, I enjoyed the conventions in the USA far more than I did the UniCon.

Other memorable meals were the expense account lunch with James Baen, of Ace Books, in New York. After what had gone before I neither needed nor wanted a sweet so just to be awkward, asked the waitress for pavlova. I had to explain what it was, an Antipodean national dish. Then she insisted that I finish my meal with an American national dish, pecan pie. After all that I took afternoon tea, with rich pastries, with Don and Elsie Wohlheim. I was out of action, gastronomically, until the following morning. Then, with the Vances, there were a fish dinner at Spengler's, a Mexican dinner at their favourite Mexican eatery and, finally, a Filipino meal (I was intrigued by the Last Supper mural in this latter eatery). Oh, and there was a very enjoyable lunch at Sally Stanford's Valhalla Inn in Sausalito. Sally Stanford is the ex-whorehouse-madame mayor of that city. The decor of her restaurant is Edwardian bordello.

It was a damn' sight better than that drearily hostelry in Melbourne.

With very best wishes to Debbie and yourself.

***My mouth is watering as I type this. --Deb. ***

We Also Heard From:

Roger Weddall (AUST) *Who sent a couple of chatty letters about post-UniCon 'life'.

John Millard (CANADA) *Who sent another very welcome parcel of magazines. Thanks John, especially for the copy of Science Digest.*

Marlon Hart (NZ) *Thanks for your letter and we look forward to seeing some artwork.*

Bruce Ferguson (NZ) *Thanks for the reviews.*

Dick Bergeron (USA)

Zak Reddan (NZ) *Who sent a copy of an hilarious 'interview' with Spielberg which appeared in Salient, April 17, the Wellington University student's newspaper.*

Albert Vann (AUST)

And a few others whose letters or notes will appear next issue, especially the few which are likely to be squeezed out when I finally paste-up this mammoth issue. ■

****You said that last time!****

From the 'Home Office'

DAVID WINGROVE, DIRECT FROM ENGLAND, PREVIEWS NEW BOOKS

Brian seemed to enjoy the eclectic nature of the last column and thus I'll keep it that way. The books are still coming thick and fast, almost as if sf is a recent publishing discovery. Perhaps in some cases it is...

First in the pile is *Kurt Vonnegut's SLAPSTICK or LONESOME NO MORE*, his 1976 novel just released in paperback from Panther over here. It is a delight to read; as concisely drafted as ever, as incisive, darkly humoured and yet better in some respects than previous novels in that the ideas are so strong. The target of Vonnegut's wit is the nature of social groupings, our attitudes to the physically handicapped, and the Chinese threat. My personal view is that this is the most enjoyable of Vonnegut's books, if not the most moving.



Still in dark humour vein, *John Sladek's KEEP THE GIRAFFE BURNING* (Panther) is one of the funniest books in decades. Sladek's humour is complex, often ambiguous, but always prominent in his work. His stories embrace philosophy, mathematics, semantics and experimentation in almost equal parts. I'm told that Tom Disch wrote the afterword, trying to give an explanation to these diseased images of a possibly deranged mind (my own guess is one of the most astute writers we have). Mind you, to be avoided if you dislike having to think occasionally.

Ursula LeGuin's THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS has been brought out in a two-volume paperback edition here (Panther). I have the Bantam paperback volume with its delightful cover. There isn't a poor story in the collection, several of them are Nebula winners, and most of them are classical examples of *sui generis* writing. Ursula talks of psychomys in her introduction, and these are perfect examples of stories which escape the ravages of time and belong in a time of their own.

Closer to home, *Chris Priest's* anthology *ANTICIPATIONS* (Faber) presents us with the 'British School' of sf writers (even though Sheckley, Harri

son and Disch are American by origin). Ian Watson opens the collection with a hard sf story about a messiah figure travelling backwards in time in a sealed machine. Priest's *The Negation* is a beautiful tale that again escapes into the realm of psychomys, while Brian Aldiss presents us with the longest and most delightful of his Zeepee tales (complimentary, incidentally, to his *LAST ORDERS* collection, recently published). The anthology is rounded off with intricate pieces by Disch and Ballard (the former an extract from Tom Disch's forthcoming novel) and an on-form Bob Shaw tale. The only disappointment is the Harrison piece where the 'joke' idea overwhelms the basic narrative skills.

Gollancz, in their wisdom, have just brought out an anniversary volume containing four of Arthur Clarke's novels. Entitled *FOUR GREAT SF NOVELS* (stunning originality!), you get *THE CITY AND THE STARS* (1956), *THE DEEP RANGE* (1957), *A FALL OF MOONDUST* (1961), and *RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA* (1973). The heavy emphasis on early Clarke doesn't harm this book. The first novel is still, in my opinion, one of his best, and the latest work shows only slight changes in perspective. Clarke appeals to those of all interests, and this is a very good excuse to re-read these novels. At £5.95 it is also an attractive buy for the bookshelf. I'm sure to re-read...

Less impressive are recent offerings from *Celia Holland*, whose *FLOATING WORLDS* (Sphere) tale is overlong, tedious and hardly worth bothering with, while *John Varley*, tipped by many to step into the shoes of the Clarkes and Heinleins of this world, has also presented us with a mediocre offering in *THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE* (S&J). Both books are a regression for the sf field.

George Martin once again needs a mention here. His novel *DYING OF THE LIGHT* (Gollancz) is a debut of considerable power. Starting from the end of the shorter *A Song For Lya* it is an examination of alienation which hints that he, rather than Varley, will be the writer to watch in the 1980's. And from Russia the works of the *Strugatsky* brothers are beginning to penetrate this country. Two recent offerings have been *ROADSIDE PICNIC* and *MONDAY BEGINS ON SATURDAY* (Gollancz), both evidence of an astute intelligence in the same vein (ie, comic) as Stanislaw Lem. Some good things are emerging from the Iron Curtain countries, even if for the main part their sf is stuck back in the fifties. But then, the same could be said for most of the American market at present.

Before I get too critical of the present American trend of verbal lobotomy I'd better sign off. *ANTICIPATIONS* gives us an idea of the gulf between British and American sf. But that can be the topic of my next column...

Futures Alternatives

Information Science

Returning to the company and work I will be heading immediately into another proposal. I think I mentioned a previous proposal which we were working on in August and September. Vacation and SunCon came right in the middle of that time, though there was a minimal effect on my part of the job. At the time I left they had not made up their minds just what configuration they wanted on the space craft. By the time I got back they had just reached a decision, so I was able to knock out a cartoon and a description in the week left, then fold my tent and silently steal away before I got dragged into last minute changes and editing.

In true aerospace efficiency, they had let two weeks slip away at the beginning of the 45 day response time before they got started on that proposal. The result was that in the last week they had every girl with the required clearances sitting in front of a typewriter batting out the blab that goes in such proposals. That included even executive secretaries from two divisions of the company.

You can imagine the whooping and hollering from exec sec put to doing clerk/typist jobs. Also from execs forced to fetch their own coffee and find things in their own files. Plus the overtime charges, when they hit, caused a large flap; the overtime hours were more than 60 hours in one week for some of the girls. That ain't legal, so there was another squawk from the legal side of the house. From my viewpoint, very amusing.

It has had the effect that I now get to look into putting in Word Processing (WP), Computer Aided Drafting (CAD), Finite Element Modeling (FEM) and Finite Element Analysis (FEA). No money, you understand, just permission. To put in any of those good things I have to show where they would pay out within the present fiscal year, since this company is extremely chintzy about spending capital funds.

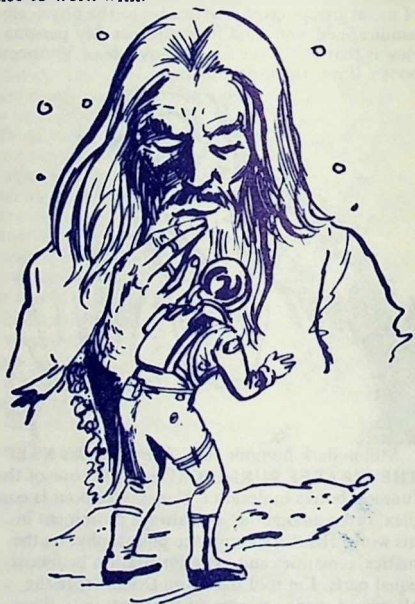
The amazing part of it all is that the aerospace industry, supposedly a forward looking business, is so very late in putting in WP, CAD, etc. Almost all of the other branches of the company have them, in some cases for years. Truck axle and knitting machine divisions have them. The printing press division even had editing terminals for sale to newspapers.

And in the aerospace world, ours is the last major company to get interested in WP. In scratching for information I found that in our Pittsburgh (corporate) offices there is a man who heads an Office of Office Automation, with the charter of putting together a corporate-wide specification on WP and CAD equipment.

The local branch of corporate division has taken over the building where I work, all but the two floors devoted to secure areas and proposals. They have a fairly new Wang WP system on the eighth floor, so I got acquainted with the people involved. Through that connection I got in on a demonstration sponsored by Rockwell, Texaco, Montgomery Ward and Comsat

Laboratories, called Project Prelude. It is supposed to be a preview of business communications of the 1980s. The demonstration consisted of a trailer-mounted satellite ground terminal which was parked in our parking lot (right behind my space), a mini computer and projection video equipment in the auditorium, plus several tables of facsimile equipment.

They demonstrated real-time television conferencing to the Pittsburgh office via the Canadian Communication Technology Satellite (CTS) but only for a few minutes, since the satellite power system won't take the load very long. Then they shifted to 2-frame-per-second television, which is entirely adequate for slow moving things like a business conference or facsimile. With color projection TV screen right at the end of the conference table, it is very nice to work with.



And I did manage to work with it. Having the name of the man heading WP at the corporate level, I recognised the name when announced. In a slack period while all the brass was getting coffee I got his attention and managed to do quite a lot of actual business. Caused another flap. Actually doing real business on this lovely demonstration toy. Shook up all sorts of people. Made contacts with a number of other people through that channel, ending with the names of several out here on the West Coast who are knowledgeable in the field of WP.

Talking to the technician with the terminal (from Comsat) I found that he is another sf fan and that his desk is right next to the desk of Ron Bounds, assuming they were both at home base at the same time. (Dept. of Small World Isn't It.)

Word Processing would be the ideal way to put

out a fanzine. Type the material, rough draft, one time. Either on a terminal with the material displayed on screen, or on a standard typewriter, and insert the material in. Edit it on the terminal until you are satisfied. Shift lines, paragraphs, pages as you desire. Correct spelling etc. Then let the machine take it from double space to single space, put it in columns, justify margins and leave spaces for illos and type it out at 45 characters per second, with type face to match IBM Selectric or other system.

In proposal work it sure beats retyping three and four times the way we're doing it now. If I can get the actual figures on the overtime wasted in putting out that fiasco we did last time I don't think I'll have too much trouble justifying the expenditure.

CAD has the same possibilities. Example of a star tracker, of which there are three on a sophisticated satellite, all pointing at odd angles. Without CAD you take the manufacturer's drawing, scale off dimensions and make your own drawing at the same scale as your satellite drawing, then redraw three times on the satellite, doing the descriptive geometry required to get it into the strange angles called for. After you have three views of the satellite, give the drawing to the artists who will then turn it into a perspective drawing suitable for inserting into the proposal. (Perspectives are much easier for political types to understand than the usual blue print three view drawings.)

With CAD you trace the manufacturer's drawing, add the overall dimension, so that the system now has the thing in scale. Let the system turn the satellite and the star tracker into perspective. Duplicate the star tracker two more times, rotate each to the correct angles, move to the satellite drawing and it is done. Now you can roll the assembly to any angle you wish to demonstrate whatever you are talking about in this part of the discussion. Means that you do not have to use duplicate drawings in different parts of the proposal (large man hours involved) and in seconds you have the angle that best displays the thing you want.

I did manage a trip over to another division, shortly after some cutbacks. They had a CAD system that they were renting from Lockheed. It was one of the earlier designs and expensive, so as soon as the cutback came they dumped it back to Lockheed. Instead they put together their own system, based on scrounged terminals and plotter. It works much faster and has a great many more features. In addition it is hooked into a mini computer and can handle FEM and FEA. As the system is set up now, about 40 out of the 140 engineers in the advanced design group use the system regularly. But more are getting familiar with it every week. They turn out work in minutes that used to take days or weeks. One of the very big advantages is that every terminal draws on the same data bank. That means that every engineer is working with the latest data and

is always informed if some other engineer is working in the same area. He can also call up the latest drawings of the area he is working in and let the system give him a three dimension view of the area. This serves as a check that he is not interfering with some part mounted on an adjacent frame.

The equipment is extremely simple to learn. On fifteen minutes instruction I was able to do an empty box, turn it into a perspective and roll it over to show the empty side. (That's one of the tests of a good system - to be able to handle concave structures like an empty box.) FEM is just one step up from CAD. It is a method of doing stress analysis of complicated structures, particularly thin shells and thick solids like forgings. Very important in getting the weight down in forgings. It operates by breaking the structure down into a model made up of simple cells, each of which is rather simple to analyse.

Example -- a brick is not such a complicated structure. Draw one brick, then tell the equipment to draw a circle of connected cells or bricks. Next tell it to stack up a number of circles of bricks. Presto, you have a model of a factory chimney. Assign wind load values and such and you have your chimney as a FEM. Next you put the loads and model into the computer which is programmed to solve FEA problems. It takes the problems a cell (brick) at a time and as it resolves each one it transfers the loads into the ones that the first brick is sitting on. Continue on down to the bottom, iterate a few times until the load changes per iteration are very small, and you have the information required to design the piling on which you are going to sit your chimney. Each step is simple, but there are a whole lot of steps. Just setting up a very modest model of a satellite by hand would take an expert a week or two. Obviously you are not going to do a parametric study of a large number of satellites to find the cheapest or lightest weight one. At least not by hand. With FEM it can be done in minutes and parametric studies are possible even in the limited time frame of a proposal. Obviously showing such a study to the customer helps your chances of winning.

Within this company, FEA makes use of a NASA owned program called NASTRAN. It is very handy to use and quite fast, but it does call on the big corporate computers. Since we are located behind closed doors, we cannot have data lines running through the walls. Any computer we use must be entirely within our walls. That limits us to mini computers. Fortunately, in the course of talking with the contacts I made, there was mention of a pair of graduate students from one of the local branches of the U. of California who did their doctorate on just that problem - how to put NASTRAN into a mini. They now have their own company and the backing of one of the better mini computer manufacturers.

It's a silly way to make a living, but most of the time it's fun.

—Ron Primula

"Technological forecasting is science fiction with a difference: it is done quite specifically to persuade someone to spend money."

H.B. Wiener, Futures, June 1977

Futures/Alternatives

"Basic Nature"?

Chris Fountain, 96 Hackthorne Road,
Cashmere Hills, Christchurch 2
NEW ZEALAND (9 March 1978)

Anyway, re your comments about man's attitudes: "A promise that capitalism, political chauvinism, colonization, bigotry, environmental exploitation and 'might is right' will be present when man reaches the stars is not acceptable to me. These attitudes will, thankfully, prevent man reaching the stars (and other planets)." I respectfully suggest that is pious shit!

Capitalism, political chauvinism, etc are manifestations of mankind's basic nature. Homo sapiens is basically a self-oriented species. And by "self" I don't necessarily mean an individual. An individual is still self-orientated when he cares for and defends his immediate family, city, school, country, etc. right up to the whole human species. We will move into space when there is a profit to be found there (Stine's third industrial revolution, L 5 colonies, and mining the asteroids for minerals are examples). And when we reach the stars, we will do whatever is expedient.

Our attitudes to our environment were shaped because in the past man has had to continually fight for survival, fighting other animals, the physical environment, and other men in an effort to survive. Now that there is a lull in the battle, man is re-examining his attitudes, but if (when) the battle begins again...

Man has survived by manipulating the environment to suit him. He fought the cold with fire and shelter, enabling him to move from the African plains to the colder north. We will continue to manipulate the environment, but we are no capable of examining the long term implications of certain actions and to act accordingly. No, environmental exploitation is a part of human nature (and the nature of all animals, for that matter -- we're just a whole lot better at it) and it will continue to be.

Capitalism is just an example of being one better than everyone else, an example of the desire to be top dog. Other examples are found throughout society -- dictators, slave owners, commanders in the army, prime ministers, etc. Some people are just better at being the big frog in a small pond than others through some attribute (e.g. intelligence, inheritance, money, physical strength, tenacity, et al). Hence, capitalism will arise wherever the conditions are right for it (i.e. a free enterprise economy, and what are the alternatives to that? Bureaucracy?).

As for bigotry, this arises from differences between people. We are suspicious of things that are different (strange). This is another survival trait. During times of prosperity where conditions are good for all, bigotry takes a seat in the back row. But when jobs begin to become scarce, then bigotry steps forward again. People resent those who are different and who are better off than they, or who represent

competition. Thus New Zealanders don't like the hard-working Dutch immigrant who started off with nothing in 1957 and worked his ass off until now he owns a beautiful house and drives a Jag or a Daimler. Thus we don't like the idea of giving women equal opportunity, because jobs are scarce (there are now more people employed in the country than ever before, yet unemployment is noticeable). And people need a scapegoat for their own failings. Hitler found the Jews an adequate scapegoat for the failure of Germany between the wars.

Why should you be thankful that these attributes, attitudes that have enabled many to survive in the past (though at the expense of others, but evolution -- life -- only rewards success; the dinosaurs didn't get a "highly commended" prize for trying hard) will prevent man from reaching the stars?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE GERMAN

TO ENJOY
**Liebfraumilch
HAPSBURG**

Noticed in passing.

Other species with a similar orientation will have done so, and so will some who are not so selfish, but will they compete successfully with us if we meet them? Life's a hard game and those species who play "a good, clean match" will probably end up extinct. Why pick on us?

* "Well Chris, perhaps I should go into this in a little more detail.

For a start your assertion about "manifestations of mankind's basic nature" is totally incorrect and is merely mimicking certain social scientists and their myopic and blinkered views. Selected reading in a number of areas -- A.S. Neill,

Herb Kohl, Leila Berg, Arthur Janov, Alan Watts, Montessori, etc. -- will show you a number of alternatives. Man's "fight for survival", especially, takes on a very different perspective after reading Janov.

Environmental exploitation is not "part of human nature" (but merely of systems and therefore neither inevitable nor irreparable) and is certainly not "the nature of all animals" (Jane van Lawick-Goodall and many others can show you that).

Capitalism arises whenever surplus of produce is not distributed equitably and those at the top (wittingly or not) wish to keep it that way. This condition is also self-defeating, as we can now see all around the world.

Bigotry arises from imagined differences between people -- lumping a whole race/sub-culture (etc.) together and ascribing set characteristics -- and ignores the true differences, the unique qualities which could make each individual a wonder-full, creative and constructive member of an intelligent, feeling and caring society.

The attitudes I denigrate will prevent "success" in space because they are ultimately self-defeating -- they are like the dinosaur, too big and clumsy to be self-supporting. **

Political Models

It seems to be a feature of political science that viable political models are proposed at just the time that they cease to be applicable to the situations they attempt to model. Thus, the idea of the Balance of Power works very well to describe politics in Europe over a 200-year period. It was first described right at the end of that experience.

In the 1940s Arnold Toynbee described a cyclical theory of history; many historians and sociologists believe that the introduction of the computer in the early 1950s created a revolution which has lifted us right out of a cyclical system. In 1973 a model of the world situation was proposed in which up to a dozen powerful nations determined world trade patterns; it is already evident that this no longer works. What, then, is coming in its place? That's anyone's guess, and right now it's my guess.

Our present civilization has had it. I don't envisage a descent to barbarity, or a "decadence, disruption, dissolution" series such as Toynbee proposes. Rather, I see a period of extreme turmoil followed by a (re)stabilization along different lines.

Society is fragmenting. That much is obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to look. What is less obvious is that society is also reforming along lines which cut across the old divisions.

The people of America distrust the people of China. The Protestants are fighting the Catholics in Ulster. The residents west of the railway line in Waikikamukau are getting up a petition to make the council replace

"Four U.S. Air Force planes evacuated 801 Americans and 46 natives from the low-flying Eniwetok atoll in the Marshall Islands and flew them to Guam to escape the onslaught of Typhoon Mary."

Special Section 15

the street lamps in the west before those in the east.

On the other hand, a dentist in Tbilisi, Georgia, USSR, uses the same tools and techniques as a dentist in Atlanta, Georgia, USA, and possibly subscribes to the same professional magazine (in translation). Hungarian philatelists swap stamps with Japanese ones. Kentucky Fried Chicken is sold in many more places than Kentucky.

During the Six-Day War, branches of several multinational corporations changed hands when Israel captured the Sinai Peninsula -- and kept operating. Perhaps the conclusion to be drawn is that, as national barriers break down, professional ones solidify. Perhaps. I don't know, but I predict that we'll all know within 20 years or less.

You may not consider something along these lines to be a loss of civilization: and you're right, it isn't. It is a transition from our present world-wide civilization to one which will be as different from it as it is from the civilization of the Romans. When the Roman civilization died, there was no successor civilization ready to take over immediately and a thousand years or so of barbarity followed (it seems pretty barbarous to me, anyhow). Now, however, I think that we can never again be in a situation where technology (whether of engineering, psychology or government) is lost, barring a nuclear holocaust.

We live in an information-rich society, which tends to be self-perpetuating: indeed, many sociologists have compared the Information Revolution of the mid-20th century (which was triggered by mass communications and electronics technology) to the Neolithic (i.e. agricultural) Revolution in scope. Only in a very small number of cases has a society which has ever employed agriculture lost the technique; I believe the collection and dissemination of information to be equally addictive.

What is likely to be the nature of our successor-civilization? Alvin Toffler (FUTURE SHOCK, THE ECO-SPASM REPORT), John Brunner (STAND ON ZANZIBAR, THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER), Mack Reynolds (COMMUNE 2000 AD, THE TOWERS OF UTOPIA), Poul Anderson (THE BYWORLDER), Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle and others have given thought to this, and produced many valuable insights. Toffler's "Ad-hocratic" society seems most likely to eventuate -- and also to be the "best" for the situation (but see THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER). I believe and fervently hope that the power of the "Powers" -- indeed, of any nation -- will soon be vastly reduced. Of course, some world-wide coordinating body is required -- I must be one of the few people who see giant multinational corporations as a good thing.

One thing stands out, even this early: this new civilization will be a haven for individualists and entrepreneurs of all kinds. Never before in history has such approval rested on non-conformism. Of course there are always those attempting to preserve the status quo, but I doubt they have a chance in the long term. --Tony Lovatt

Futures/Alternatives

Club of Rome

GOALS FOR MANKIND — Ervin Laszlo, et al.
(E.P. Dutton, 1977, \$)
Cover design by Joel Katz.

This book is subtitled "A Report to the Club of Rome on the New Horizons of the Global Community" and is the fifth in a series of similar reports to that organization.

The first report to the Club of Rome (an organization of rich and influential people who are concerned about the future of mankind) was the controversial **THE LIMITS TO GROWTH**, a book containing many computer scenarios showing that no matter which way we turned, mankind was doomed. If we kept going as we were when the report was compiled, we had about fifty years left (which is a very sobering thought, considering that many of us and our children will still be living then). If we drastically changed our lifestyles and lived as frugally as possible, we could stretch the life expectancy of civilization a little. The basic premise of **THE LIMITS TO GROWTH** was that the resources which our planet had provided us are rapidly running out, and as they dwindle so does the time left to us.

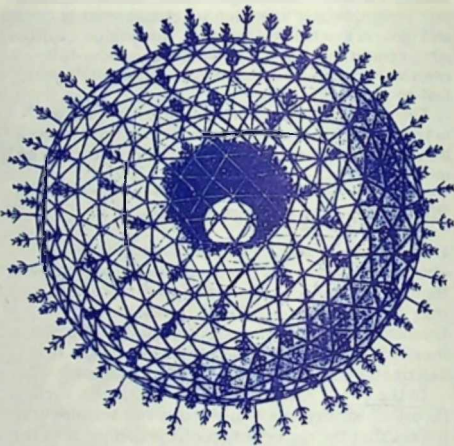
That first book was soon followed by other reports. **MANKIND AT THE TURNING POINT** labelled our generation as the crisis generation, pointing out that the longer we delay important decisions about mankind's future, the more expensive will be the costs in terms of money and human suffering. **RIO: RESHAPING THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER** sided with the poorer, underdeveloped nations in the world. It set out an analysis of the principles and measures which must be adopted if we are to get a more just, equitable and peaceful world society. **BEYOND THE AGE OF WASTE** dealt with the use of science and technology to extricate ourselves from our present plight.

So we come to **GOALS FOR MANKIND**. This volume tries to achieve three things in its 424 pages. First it tries to acquaint the reader with the contemporary goals of mankind. It does this by covering the various regions of the world, analysing the regional goals, and then takes the goals in one or two countries within the region as examples. This gives the reader an insight into, and an understanding of, the aims and aspirations of foreign cultures. Laszlo and his collaborators (from many different countries in the world) give brief glimpses of the histories, political situations and goals of most of the world's important regions (they forgot New Zealand; "God's Own Country" doesn't even appear on the world maps in the book), and also of the ILO, UN, Multinationals, the World Council of Churches, and the Roman Catholic Church. This first section fills more than half of the volume.

The second section sets out the ideal goals which should enable man to live in peace and prosperity. It deals with food, energy and resources, national and international security, and global development

goals. This section of the book also includes a chapter entitled "The Current Goals Gap" which shows which sections of the societies of the various countries were the most forward-thinking (by Laszlo's definition) and how much influence they had in deciding that country's goals. Not surprisingly, the poorer countries scored more than the developed countries.

The third, final section of the book is entitled "Breaking Through the Inner Limits". The inner limits "... even more than the outer limits of finite resources and environment, constrain our alternatives for the future." In this section Laszlo deals with the relevance of the great religions, as well as of the modern world views, to the issue of the inner limits and the brotherhood of man.



We've had some queries about these 'illustrations'. They are from Haeckel, c1880, via Garry Tee.

The book is full of interesting little facts, and its outlook is basically optimistic. It is the first of its kind (but perhaps I am doing it a disservice by classing it with the **SILENT SPRING** type of book) that I have read which even considers the possibility that resources from space will play a major role in our future. It also distinguishes clearly between known reserves and planetary reserves, and on the whole it reflects the more balanced point of view towards mankind's future which has arisen in the latter half of the 1970s.

This book is well worth reading even if the style of writing does bring to mind listening to a broadcast from Radio Moscow or Radio Peking, with excessive use of such terms as "world solidarity," "the solidarity revolution", and other jargon. I found the chapters pertaining to the multi-nationals especially informative; apparently they're beginning to realise that it's in their interest to develop the underdeveloped regions of the worlds because then they can expand their markets rapidly, hence making a bigger profit for the shareholders. It seems the markets in the de-

veloped countries have been just about exploited to the full. Knowing what I do now, however, if I had my money back again I wouldn't spend it on the book as few books are really worth that much. I would borrow it from a friend or the library, or pick up a second-hand copy. But if you have access to a cheap (or free!) copy, by all means read it. It might just make your day. —CRF

Auckland's "Club of Rome"

"The following summary was prepared by John to give readers some idea of the Club's activities. See also this month's Quidnunc's."

MILLENNIUM SCIENCE FICTION CLUB MEETING — APRIL 24, 1978

Members were asked to prepare for a trip into the future. The future was to be of their own choice, and the events and consequences were to evolve from their own thoughts. This is what transpired...

Members decided the period should be 2,000 years in the future, the year 3978 A.D. Remembering the natural destructiveness of man, however, it was decided that mankind as we know it ended in 1978 A.D. with the bomb. Starting again at 1, the year now becomes 1978 A.B. (After Bomb).

At this point the meeting broke up into four groups, each group deciding on quite different methods of survival and development of civilisation after the holocaust of 1978.

Group One: Chose a closed environment somewhere beneath the Andes, entirely self-supporting with hydroponics, etc. and cut off from the outside world. By 1978 A.B., with the selective breeding and careful indoctrination, the people have no memory of the pre-bomb period or any of the unwanted traits of man. They have also developed longevity and telepathy. There is one leader and only she is permitted to have knowledge of the past. Only the leader has access to, and introduces her chosen replacement to, the power of free will and thought. The leader's sole purpose is to protect the closed society from external influences, to the point of being fanatical. The leader feels continually threatened by the prospect of contact with other groups.

The meeting decided that the leader was very unsure of herself and suffered a persecution complex -- and had traits to start W.W.4!

Group Two: Chose Cryogenics as a method of preserving mankind. Situated somewhere in Siberia, they had only awakened from their long sleep in the year 978 A.B. They, like group one, had enough warning of destruction to enable them to make preparations for their future. They had stored supplies, etc. on the moon and had spaceships safely hidden -- everything, in fact, to enable them to pick up where they left off. In 1978 A.B. their population is still small -- only 300 persons -- but they have progressed and are continuing space exploration; they are content with their lot. No explanation was offered as to

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why the population had remained so small.

Group Three: Living somewhere near God's Own a small group were fortunate enough to escape the devastation of 1978 A.D. They were scientists working on the science of Cloning and, over the 2,000 years, have successfully built their civilisation utilising cloning to the fullest extent.

Group Four: Posited a scattering of mutations who survived and now live worldwide. Over the 2,000 years they have adapted to become super-beings. They are pacifists and have superior brains, longevity and telepathy.

All members then came back together and interaction between the surviving groups was discussed. It was decided that groups two, three and four co-exist in a harmonious way with a mutual exchange of trade and knowledge. Through the medium of telepathy, contact is established between group four and group one; the leader of group one decided to keep the knowledge of the other groups' existence to herself. Groups two, three and four are disturbed by the fact that group one's population live in an almost mindless condition, having no control over their own destiny, and try to persuade the leader to allow contact with her people. This she eventually decided to do, providing that group two, the Cryogenic people, were not allowed to meet them as they still had the traits of 1978 A.D. man.

This, for a short while, brought about the possibility of a war as group two wanted to know why groups three and four were becoming secretive. Due mainly to the smallness of their number, they eventually decide to accept the inevitable and step back from the limelight and seek outerspace for their community until the people of group one can accept them as they are.

There it is, Brian. I shall be interested in your comments. Needless to say, this is only a summary of the discussion -- it was, in fact, after 11 p.m. before the meeting closed. This is the kind of thing we want to encourage, and I think it worked very well. —John Burt

"My first point, of course, is the suggestion of the 'natural destructiveness' of man -- see my discussion with Chris Fountain on that. Given the bomb and the surviving groups, however, I think the sketch plans were fairly good. Questions do arise: how was the leader of group one able to keep secrets from her telepathic subjects, especially long-lived ones; with such a small population group two would be spread fairly thin -- Earth, the moon, space exploration -- so how did they keep in touch with each other; what ratio of natural reproduction and cloning did group three evolve? Would genetic adaptability and scope become limited with too small a root stock over such a long period?"

I heartily agree that this sort of exercise is interesting and informative; it can achieve much the same effect as written sf (which is, after all, discussion between author and reader). Good luck with future meetings."

Futures/Alternatives

L5 Space Colonies

Gerard O'Neill is a notable high-energy physicist — he developed the particle storage rings that have become standard on nuclear accelerators. In 1969 he posed a special question to a special seminar of his freshman physics students at Princeton, "Is the surface of a planet really the right place for an expanding technological civilization?"

They and he concluded that, no, free space would be better — richer energy domain (sunlight pouring past at ten times the strength of Earth sunlight), fine manufacturing materials available in the Moon and asteroids, many advantages of zero gravity, and lots of room. When they addressed the engineering of building an Earth-like environment, they found that many of the design problems solved each other.

The pinnacle of their vision is the behemoth Space Colony Model III, home of 1,000,000 inhabitants, the result by about 2000 AD of a "bootstrap" sequence of successively larger space manufacturing facilities. The first step, Model I, would cost \$100 billion, be ready in 15 years, house 10,000 people, and rapidly start paying for itself by constructing Satellite Solar Power Stations (SSPS) for microwave beam-down of energy from low-Earth-orbit — replacing nuclear and fossil fuel use on Earth.

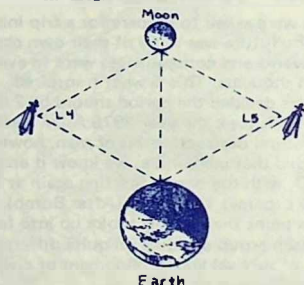
The later colony, Model III, would be 6½ miles long by 1¼ miles in diameter (across each of the two counter-rotating cylinders). The cylinders would rotate at a rate to provide centrifugal force equivalent to Earth gravity (1 g.). Each cylinder would consist of three valleys, interspersed with three enormous windows with huge mirrors to reflect in sunlight. Every inhabitant would have something like five rural acres in this space terrarium. A vessel that big would have blue sky and weather.

98% of the material for the colonies would come from the Moon, taking advantage of the high metal, glass, and oxygen content of lunar "soil". Water can

be obtained from oxygen in the plentiful oxides on the lunar surface; only the first 11% of the water mass would come from Earth in the form of liquid hydrogen.

With 1/20 of Earth's gravity on the Moon, and no atmosphere, it would be possible to propel lunar material off the Moon by means of a "mass-driver" — magnetically controlled buckets flinging Moon chunks toward the colony site. The entire construction of Model I would leave a mined hole only 7 yards by 200 yards by 200 yards. O'Neill claims that the whole Space Colony project can be done with present technology.

The site, usually called "L-5," is one of the two stable gravitational points in the Earth-Moon system. The Lagrangian libration points, L-4 and L-5, precede and follow the Moon in Orbit around the Earth (see diagram). They are Sargasso Seas of space, where things accumulate.



O'Neill and his colleagues have held many discussions and seminars on various space colony-related possibilities. The 1977 NASA-Ames Summer Study looked at using the Space Shuttle, suggesting starting a test program by 1980 for construction of Space Manufacturing Facilities (SMF).

O'Neill said: "If the necessary research is done quickly, we feel that the first Shuttle flights carrying components of a space-manufacturing system

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CHILDREN'S TOYS OF THE YEAR 2000 - N° 1

could lift off by the mid 1980's, and that significant amounts of clean electrical energy obtained from solar satellites in high orbit could begin to flow into our power lines on Earth by the early 1990's. By the turn of the century most of our new electric generating capacity could be in the form of solar satellites, rather than coal or nuclear plants.

Alternatively, a less aggressive program, taking plenty of time to explore alternatives, and conducted at the deliberate pace of government decisions in this decade rather than with the sense of urgency we felt during the Apollo Project, might give the same benefits, but five or ten years later."

As the bootstrap process continues, O'Neill foresees each colony manufacturing more colonies, and each of them making themselves as attractive as possible to draw colonists from Earth. Travel and communications between colonies would be very easy, but O'Neill expects that they would become increasingly diverse, comprising different Earth groups, different ideas, and setting forth on different missions to the asteroids, other planets, and even out of the solar system entirely.

Information on O'Neill and his space colonies is available from the L-5 Society, 1620 North Park Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719, U.S.A. ■

THE HIGH FRONTIER: Human Colonies in Space
Gerard K. O'Neill
(Bantam, 1978, \$US2.95)

*Flying Mother Nature's Silver Seed
to a new home in the Sun*

—Neil Young, *After The Gold Rush*

This is a very important book. And that, much more than likely, is the understatement of the year. Half a millennium after Columbus presented Western European Civilisation with a New World and an unprecedented era of expansion, Professor O'Neill is telling anyone who will listen that the earth is flat. He has visions of cylinder-cities in high orbit between the earth and the moon, kilometers in diameter, rotating to provide centrifugal gravity, with interior atmospheres, farms and villages, running rivers and wildlife reserves.

Not incidentally, he may recently have found his Queen Isabella in Boeing Corporation, which recently signed a contract with NASA to use the Space Shuttle (Santa Maria!) to establish proto-type orbital industry. This is no longer science fiction. The Soviets, while setting new space-habitation records, experimented with exotic new alloys (e.g.: glass / metals) and technologies possible only in the weightless vacuum in high orbit.

Anyone who has read Arthur C. Clarke's **RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA** knows how elaborate cosmic communities might become. O'Neill is trying to make it happen. He has two major selling points: [1] Unlimited, unadulterated, eternally constant solar energy. Tucked a safe 150 million kilometers away is the only nuclear reactor mankind will ever need. Simple aluminium reflectors can focus enough of this un-meterable energy to heat a blast furnace in seconds, or power whole cities. O'Neill would rather that these cities be above the energy-absorb-

ing atmosphere. But he is prepared to sell power to flatlanders.

His basic idea is to transform the sun's pure energy into microwave radiation, focus a tight laser-like beam of energy and transmit it down onto receptor-grids placed strategically around the planet. This is no mere technological transfusion of energy-glutted nations. O'Neill has in mind un-ending supplies of electric power for the less fortunate inhabitants of the globe. Obviously there is less wear and tear on a power station in a weightless vacuum, and therefore a minimum of expensive maintenance. But the catch is, how much would it cost to ship all the (already existing) equipment halfway to the moon?

Well, O'Neill thinks that it would be outrageously expensive, unduly polluting and totally unnecessary to push all the material up out of a deep gravity-hole when it is not only possible but economically feasible to kick it off of higher ground. For this purpose he has constructed a working model of the **Mass-Driver**. Which brings us to the selling point that will ultimately clinch the deal.

[2] The Mass-Driver is a series of electro-magnetic rings capable of inducing extremely high accelerations in material fed into its field. It seems to me to be a relatively straight-forward adaptation of particle accelerators (which, incidentally, were O'Neill's specialty at M.I.T.). The proposal is to build a large version on the moon near the crucial mineral deposits, power it with solar energy, and launch semi-processed ore into orbital rendezvous with the space colony.

O'Neill also suggests that the Mass-Driver might well serve as a propulsion system for space vehicles, with a range of efficiency theoretically capable of near-light speeds. Larger versions might ultimately shift mineral-rich asteroids into earth orbit.

I'll leave further detail to those who will read the book, or just follow the news. You will undoubtedly be hearing much more of all this as the bottom of the oil barrel draws nearer and nuclear wastes loom ever larger. Anyone who has heard of Freeman Dyson knows where these developments may lead. Given unlimited energy and resources anything is possible. But...

The pooh-poohers will say (who of course will not be among the readers of *Noumenon*): "If not impossible, then it's merely ridiculous. I wouldn't go up in those crazy things, and anyway who needs it... etc."

The answer to this sort of thinking (if an answer is indeed necessary) is more than obvious. I see no way to sit on the fence between expansion and stagnation. Anyone who fails to understand the distinction here could well contemplate the fact that when you stop growing you begin dying. You either make an effort and survive, or coast to inevitable entropic destruction. The chick that has depleted its egg must break the shell and learn to fly.

Michael Madigan, Waiheke Island, 17 March 1978

Futures/Alternatives

SPACE COLONIES

Edited by Stewart Brand
(Penguin, 1978, 162pp, \$5.00)
Cover by Don Davis

This is an unusual and fascinating book, published jointly by Penguin and the Whole Earth Catalog, and compiled mainly from the US magazine *The CoEvolution Quarterly*. The main purpose of the book is a discussion of the possibilities and problems of Gerard O'Neill's idea for orbiting space colonies. Unlike the other books on the subject this one allows the reader to make up his own mind, presenting the arguments from both sides of the fence. Indeed, although the editor's initial reaction was in favour of the idea, the most convincing arguments in the book are presented in a six-page section in which T.A. Heppenheimer (who has written a book on the subject) presents the arguments and justifications, and is taken apart point by point and with meticulous detail by John Holt (which certainly changed my opinion). After a while the book leaves its original topic to cover discussion of life on Mars, wristwatch radio transmitters and the whole philosophy of Space Travel.

With its A4 format and small print (well broken by frequent illustrations) the book has as much material as a standard 600-page paperback and, despite the odd irrelevancy or idiocy, maintains a very high level of information and informed discourse. I would recommend this very highly to anybody interested in the future of Space. —PSP

***The following article originally appeared in Svangerskab . . . Middel, one of the many fine fanzines put about by Dennis Stocks (PO Box 235, Albion, Queensland 4010, AUSTRALIA). See this month's Rags, Solecism & Riches. Thanks for permission to reprint, Dennis. ***

I was browsing through an issue of *Galaxy*, looking at the adverts, and I found a notation from the L5 Society. So what's happened to O'Neill lately.

Brian O'Leary, the ex-science-astronaut who quit NASA in disgust at the low priority accorded to science in the early Apollo days, has recently settled at Princeton University and has there joined forces with physicist Gerard O'Neill. (O'Neill, for those of you who don't recognise the name, is the man behind the notion that the colonisation of space is an imminently practicable -- and eminently desirable -- solution to the population/resource crisis on Earth).

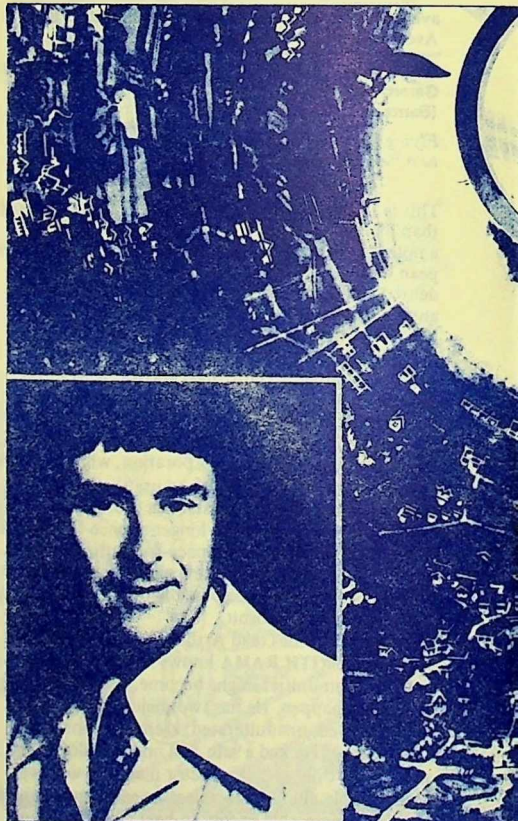
O'Neill's basic concept of building giant rotating cylinders out in space (at the L-5 libration point of the Earth-Moon system) has caught on big at the various college campuses. The appeal of an essentially inside-out Earth, where rivers flow and trees, grass and songbirds flourish on the inner walls of a giant cylinder, bathed in sunlight beamed by mirrors through huge windows, pollution-free with unlimited energy at its command, is undeniably a powerful one to a generation maturing in the shadow of the pollution-resource-energy-environment bind

here on Earth.

O'Neill is one of the major campus heroes at the moment, and is inundated with lecture requests. Isaac Asimov, himself hugely popular on the lecture circuit, has also been spreading the word of space colonies. Now O'Leary is joining them, and campus upon campus has its L-5 Society.

But a most curious and perhaps significant marriage is taking place between Alternative Technology communities and the L-5 enthusiasts. At first thought, AT-ers (with their emphasis on small-scale, resource-efficient, non-polluting, home-made technologies) might be expected to recoil in horror at the idea of miles-long space stations, each the epitome of super-technology grotesque, a billion-dollar boon-doggle in the sky. And indeed many see space colonies as exactly that. But a surprising number of AT-ers have embraced O'Neill's vision as a way of breaking out from the constraints of growth which, they have been amongst the first to perceive, will increasingly circumscribe life here on Earth.

Largely responsible for this marriage of interests has been Stewart Brand, the man behind that



NASA's vision of a space colony's interior. "We can make t

stunning publishing phenomenon of the late 1960s, the *Whole Earth Catalogue*. Brand now edits the *CoEvolution Quarterly*: the staple diet of CoEQ consists of somewhat rambling discussions of the ideas of people like E.F. Schumacher and Gregory Bateson, plus what might be best described as *Whole Earth Catalogue* addenda. A year ago, Brand heard O'Neill speak at the World Future Society meeting in Washington. It was a talk that converted Brand, "from mild interest in space colonies to obsession." Brand talked about space colonies to an audience of seventy AT-ers at the annual soft technology love-in which takes place at Goddard College in Vermont each summer.

About two-thirds were disbelievers and resentful according to Brand, "not happy that I had taken away the Apocalypse they were organising their self-discipline around." But the other third was "electrified" at the personal possibilities: "If we could get involved in the design now, maybe humankind could walk gently in the Universe."

Brand published O'Neill's Washington talk in the Autumn 1975 CoEQ, along with a lengthy interview. He then solicited comments from the

alternative future community. A selection of these comments appeared in the Spring 1976 CoEQ. They make fascinating reading. Many of the arguments revolve around the issue of whether a closed ecosystem could survive in space. The dubious win out.

John Todd of the New Alchemy Institute has had practical experience of trying to establish small-scale closed ecosystems for the house he is building on Canada's Prince Edward Island. Called "The ARK", the home (which was due to be completed late last year) is a wind and solar-powered "bioshelter" that will be "As close to a contained living space and biological entity as yet exists."

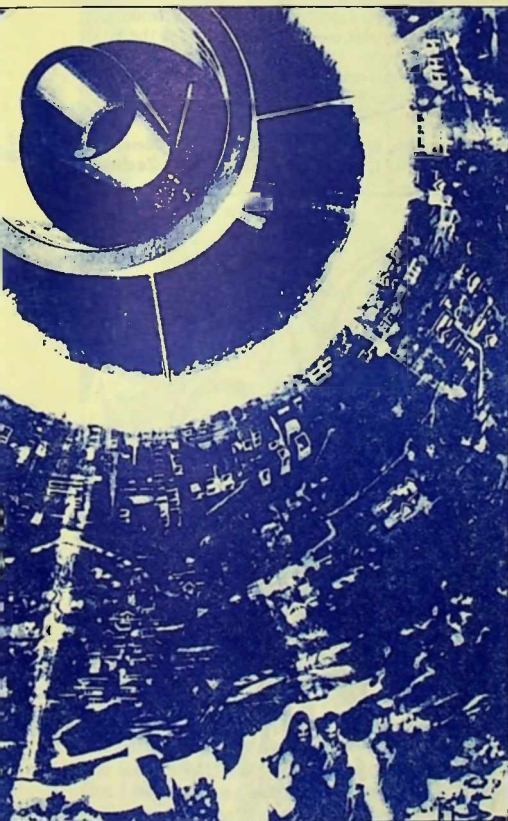
Todd's experience in establishing even simple closed-loop biospheres (involving, for instance, the growth of algae for fish production) have been plagued with problems. He concludes that he would "consider it unsafe to attempt to stimulate liveable environments from our present biological knowledge."

The bulk of the negative commitments centre on the idea that space colonies may divert attention, energy and money from solving problems here on Earth: that looking into space for the answers is the ultimate in escapism. Paul and Anne Erlich rehearse these arguments cogently, but conclude with the thought that "environmentalists often accuse politicians of taking too short a view of the human predicament. By permanently rejecting the idea of space colonies they would be making the same mistake." Other commentators include: Carl Sagan, who makes the intriguing observation that space cities (he dislikes the colonialism implied by the usual term) "may provide the social mutations that will permit the next evolutionary advance in human society;" Schumacher; Dennis Meadows; George Wald (who is outraged); Buckminster Fuller (who is incomprehensible); and George Hardin, who argues convincingly that the vulnerability of space colonies to sabotage makes them politically unworkable. There are many others both pro and con.

Stewart Brand himself argues that the experiment of colonising space should be done as much as for what it will teach us as for its own practical benefits.

Either success or failure will make for "a kind of growing up . . . If we can learn to successfully manage large complex ecosystems in the space colonies, that sophistication could help reverse our destructive practices on Earth. And if we fail, if our efforts to impersonate evolution in space repeatedly run amok, then we will have learned something as basic as Darwin about our biosphere -- that we cannot manage it, that it manages us . . ."

There is a certain irony in all the interest and argument stirred up by O'Neill's original notion of breaking beyond the bounds of earth in huge and self-sufficient space colonies. And that is that O'Neill himself -- and his new colleague O'Leary -- have in the last few years markedly



them more pleasant than Earth is today" says O'Neill (inset).

Futures/Alternatives

shifted the focus of the idea away from space colonisation and towards space manufacture, principally of orbiting solar energy satellites to produce energy for Earth. —Dennis Stocks

CoEvolution Quarterly is published quarterly by Point, a California non-profit corporation. Subscriptions are \$8/year, from Box 428, Sausalito, California 94965, U.S.A. You can order (back) issues through Noumenon also, at \$2.50 - \$2.95 each.

The Spring issue, as well as the excellent and extensive discussion on Space Colonies, includes fascinating information on the "New Alchemy Institute" and their Ark, a gut-level population/resources etc. article by Peter Vajk, an interview with astronaut Russell Schweickart, and the usual unbeatable roundup of reviews and comments on whole systems, alternatives, land use, communications, etc. etc. ■

Vegetable Saviour?

The Jojoba Bean is the most exciting and important discovery in the history of modern agriculture. It is a greyish green shrub standing almost eight feet high and can be found growing wild in the Sonoran Desert areas of Arizona, California and Mexico. The plants are divided into male and female types, and it is the female plants which flower and produce a crop of Jojoba Beans. The bean is about the size of a hazelnut, half an inch long, dark brown and hard. By mid-autumn (northern), it has fully ripened and fallen to the ground ready for harvesting.

The Jojoba Bean produces Jojoba Oil. By one of Nature's greatest coincidences, this oil is virtually identical with that obtained from Sperm Whales. For the survival of the Sperm Whale this fact may be crucial. The 1977/78 quota for Sperm Whales is 7,356. In addition many of the eleven whaling nations outside the International Whaling Commission kill Sperm Whales, especially Peru which killed 793 Sperm Whales in 1975. On current figures, the Jojoba Bean can save the lives of over 8,000 Sperm Whales every year.

Evidence presented to the National Research Council of Washington has shown conclusively that Jojoba Oil can duplicate Sperm Whale Oil as a high pressure lubricant. As this is the main use for Sperm Whale Oil it shows that Jojoba Oil is a marketable commodity. The commercial market for this type of oil in the USA alone is 12,000 tons annually. In addition a further 8,000 tons is required each year as an antifoam agent for penicillin production.

Jojoba Oil is an excellent antifoam agent in the fermentation of antibiotics and it increases the antibiotic yield by 25%, resulting in potential multi-million dollar savings for the pharmaceutical industry annually. Jojoba Oil can also be used safely as an oil-phase raw material of highest quality for the manufacture of cosmetics; it has a present use as a component of hair oil, shampoo and soap, and a potential use in face creams and sun tan lotions. Food-related uses include cooking oil, vegetable oil

and a low calorie additive for salad oil.

Further, hydrogenated Jojoba Wax is a hard semi-crystalline wax which has properties similar to those of carnauba wax. It can be used as a polishing wax for floors, furniture and cars, or used as protective coatings for fruit, food preparations and paper containers. It can also be used in cosmetics, such as lipstick, as emulsion in textiles, and in long lasting smokeless candles.

Other uses include: Sulphurised Jojoba Oil – to soften textiles and raw wool; as a spinning oil for artificial silk fibre, lubrication oil additive, linoleum base, printing ink and paint base, and varnish. Alcohol and Acid derivatives – can be used in the preparation of disinfectants, detergents, emulsifiers, driers, resins, plasticizers, corrosion inhibitors. Oil-extracted Meal – an animal feed supplement, 20-30% protein; also as a fertilizer with a high nitrogen content. Seed Husks – use as mulch-soil amendment, a protective ground cover to reduce evaporation, erosion, weed growth and enrich the soil.

What can YOU do to help? Spread the word around New Zealand, and the world, about the Jojoba Bean. Your efforts are a valuable aid in the continuing fight to save whales from extinction. Get the latest information from: Office of Arid Land Studies, University of Arizona, 845 North Park Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719, USA. The small cost is \$5/year for the Newsletter.

Peter Dorman, Research Officer, Project Jonah (NZ) Inc, Box 42-071, Orakei, Auckland, New Zealand.



Future Music Now

THE STORY OF I

Patrick Moraz

(Atlantic SD 18175 - USA)

(Charisma 6369 975 - NZ)

Liner notes, lyric sheet, inner-sleeve notes are provided with the USA pressing.

This is the most interesting and best realized of the albums discussed this month, a rather surprising achievement of potential which a lesser musician would have wasted. The music ranges through rock, ethnic, electronic, jazz and classical styles, with all parts skillfully blended into each other.

The theme of the album is as follows: Located on a plateau, surrounded by a jungle of strange vegetation and animals, stands a building, *i*, which offers people of all creeds, colours and sexes the



realisation of their impossible dreams. *i* stands for initiation, identity, idealism, integration, illumination, immortality, infinity...

The building is controlled by a sphere hovering overhead, which stores all the information on the emotions, sentiments and sensations of all the people in the building's 'rooms' and floors and 'games'.

The story presented here tells how two people, bound by a remarkable bond, achieve an even greater attainment than previously thought possible.

The music includes many percussive bonanzas, separated by styles such as electronic and vocals, neo-baroque, jazz/rock of a high order, ethnic funk, and some beautifully melodic songs. **Best Years of Our Lives**, **Like A Child In Disguise**, and **Symphony In Space** are three of the exquisite and melodic pieces, while **Impact**, **Cachoca** and **Dancing Now** will show how percussion can create definite moods.

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Along the way you'll also encounter some of the finest electronic passages yet put on record. The whole album is a lasting monument to a skilled and gifted musician and composer.

The highly original and imaginative story line, coupled with such magnificent musical expression and informative inner-sleeve notes, make this a truly outstanding album. —BAT

INTER-GALACTIC TOURING BAND

Various Artists

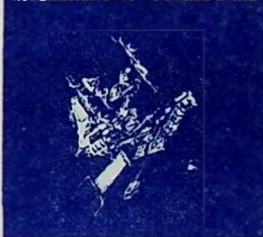
(EMI PB 9823)

12-page full-colour booklet includes personnel details for each track, plus lyrics and illustrations.

This album is no less ambitious in scope, being set in the year 3077 when the IGTB returns to New Earth to give a triumphant welcome-home concert in the Orbital Entertainment Dome.

The background leading up to the concert is sketched out in the booklet, based upon the notion that the invention of multi-purpose robots led to an easy and very creative life. The creativity spread into science and technology as well as all the arts, leading to peaceful Galactic expansion. Many other details are outlined.

INTERGALACTIC TOURING BAND



The album opens with a blend of orchestral and electronic elements, setting the mood for the approach of the IGTB, whose first "number" is **Silver Lady**, pure 1970s Rock. **Universal Zoo/Why** contrasts two types of Rock, featuring interesting vocals. **Starship Jingle**, the last of the 'introductory' pieces, is indeed a pop jingle, part of the publicity campaign used to encourage people to leave the overcrowded Old Earth and become colonists on new worlds.

The next three tracks outline, in musical form, the fates of three starships. Dave Cousins takes lead vocal for **Heartbreaker**, a very STRAWBS-sounding track of bitter-sweet melancholy about the lost first ship. **Reaching Out** is a very moving song about the hopeful/helpless nostalgia of the tenth generation second starship dwellers, beautifully sung by Annie Haslam of **RENAISSANCE**. **First Landing** is the lightweight-Pop musical celebration of the third ship's arrival at New Earth.

Four songs then provide snippets from future life. **Space Commando** is, again, like something out of a pop/rock musical such as "Hair", with lead vocal by Mr Snips. **Robot Salesman** follows, a clever,

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futuristic-space-cowboy song with shades of TOMMY in places. Love Station is disco-soul, radio-waves style, from Romeo Jones of "Love Station", the lover's D.J. of the stars, live-on-air. STATUS QUO then provide lead vocals for an uptempo rocker about a curious planet, **A Planet Called Monday**, and its unlikely means of artificial heating.

The finale, **Keeper Keep Us**, is an anthem to the being/entity who guides the IGTB through their journeys. While not as musically innovative as the Moraz then, this is a competent amalgam of now-familiar styles around the interesting theme, with a few new licks here and there which redeem the predominant 1970s feel. —BAT

LISTEN NOW

Phil Manzanera / 801

(Polydor 2310 571)

Inner sheet provides lyrics and personnel details for each track.

After a mood-setting vocal introduction (no lyrics provided for that piece, curiously), this memorable title track has a style and lyrics which are very much a blending of Bowie and the darker, cynical side of the STRAWBS. **Flight 19** then romps along, the lyrics in similar vein to **Get Em Out By Friday** (GENESIS) and some of the work by 10CC (Godley and Creme appear hereon).



A very good start to an excellent album which, thankfully, achieves a somewhat subtle aim -- to produce songs about a future Brave New World which 'explain' that world through the concerns of 'average' people. None of your cosmic concepts here, boyo! (Well, not too many.)

Island (which has even received some airplay on Auckland radio) is a beautiful, lush and romantic instrumental, coupling Manzanera's fluid guitar and Eno's swirling, soaring synthesizer. (Reference to Aldous Huxley's **ISLAND** perhaps?)

Law and Order returns to the feel of **Flight 19**, featuring a lengthy instrumental ending in similar style to the first track. The ambiguity of the lyrics echoes Parson's sentiments on **I ROBOT**.

Side Two's opener, **?Que?** (any reference to the series of novels?), is a short instrumental introduc-

tion to **City of Light**, a rather bleak vision (similar to some of Harlan Ellison's):

*Blinds are drawn cross windows facing nowhere
In the day the darkness is complete . . .
Don't try to run from here
You're not allowed to get far*

A varied and compelling track with an almost-hum-mable chorus. **Initial Speed** features Lol Creme on the Gizmo, Francis Monkman on keyboards, Mel Collins on some fine soprano sax, and Kevin Godley as the "heavenly voices". It is a good example of the instrumental flights of fancy such a line-up of musicians can occasionally achieve.

Eerie, faint and gradually 'approaching' guitar by Manzanera heralds **Postcard Love**, a rather FLOYD-ish tale of morse code communication and unrequited love. **That Falling Feeling**, almost hymnal in places, is the unsettling but moving finale, reminiscent of much of Philip K. Dick's work in lyrical content. The guitar instrumental is beautiful in texture and feeling.

The unusual and successful concept and the superb musicianship make this an exceptionally good example of state-of-the-art modern Rock. Recommended. —BAT

MOTIVATION RADIO

Steve Hillage

(Virgin V2777)

Hello Dawn, goodbye to the old . . .

Hello to the new dimension/direction.

That's what this album is all about -- just the sort of jumbled Age-of-Aquarius/muddled-occult theme to drive Mervyn Barrett and Leigh Edmonds to distraction. The track closes with some nice guitar though.

Motivation has a very chirpy opening leading into some competent strong-arm Rock, with "Healing rays, new dimensions, stoned on spirit" lyrics. Next is a strangely twee treatment of inner(mental) and outer (UFOs) "Lights in the sky". Radio has a nice opening blend of acoustic and electronic sounds, building into a very attractive sound picture. A more conventional electric sound takes over for the short vocal section: "When you're tuned into the good one (ie. the inner biological 'radio'), it's pure and clean." These are all shortish songs (3-5 mins) which, lacking much depth, appear ultra-short.

"Remember all the lives you've lived before. . . ." chants side two's opener, a FLOYDish treatment with some slightly more interesting guitar solos. **Saucer Surfing** is 3rd-rate Eno about "egos, vibrations, realities, new age. . .", while the next, dear me, is early HAWKWIND plus "We try to find the light inside but it's not easy. . ."

I don't know who the backing musicians are (no credits -- in fact very little at all -- on the cover), although the music newspapers list some Los Angeles session men. Whoever, they are very lame and hack-nayed in their approach. Hillage's best guitar on the album appears on penultimate track, an instrumental. What a shame he had nowhere to go. The final abomination is a *dreadful* rehash of **Not Fade Away**.

I was so worried by this album I went back and re-listened to Hillage's earlier solos because, unless I'm now corrected, he had some merits. Well, that is confirmed. **FISH RISING** features fine ex-



tended pieces, with plenty of soaring and blistering guitar over enthusiastic and competent backing, contrasted with mellow and romantic sections, the whole having a depth and scope far in excess of his latest effort. The second solo, L, was just as good, a trifle more polish added to the proceedings by the presence of Todd Rundgren (engineer & producer) and UTOPIA (instrumental backing).

I'm afraid, therefore, that **MOTIVATION RADIO** is a large disappointment and only a glimpse of Hillage's considerable skills. —BAT

AUTOMATIC MAN (Island, L35949)

A thick and rich sound introduces this new grouping of super-talents: Michael Shrieve (drums), Doni Harvey (bass, vocals), Pat Thrall (guitars, vocals) and Bayette (keyboards, vocals). You'll find a very American sound, traces of Steve Miller, Hendrix and Jazz/Rock, all put together with skill and energy.

The main tracks which concern us here are the brief **Atlantis Rising Fanfare**, an instrumental, and three items on side two. But just for interest you might like to listen to the other (excellent) non-sf tracks in-between, **One And One** and **Right Back Down** for example.

I.T.D. (Interstellar Tracking Devices) is a futuristic love song, the backing suitably spacey and the vocals, at times, as through a space-helmet. The title track follows, an up-to-whichever-minute-you're-listening-to-it song of surprising speed and complexity.

The final piece is **Atlantis Rising Theme: Turning of the Axis**, electronic and soaring over thundering bass and drums -- a short and effective sound-picture to end a strong debut album. —BAT

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These five reviews, plus Jon Anderson's **OLIAS OF SUNHOLLOW**, Alan Parsons' **TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION**, Stomu Yamashita's **GO** (all reviewed in *Noumenon* 10), Johnson & Knight's **THE KING OF ELFLAND'S DAUGHTER**, Parsons' **I ROBOT** (both reviewed in *Noumenon* 18) and our two major articles (BAT in 8/9, Wingrove's series at present) will give people a very good idea of sf-related Rock music. Keep those cards, letters and comments coming in, suggesting other worthy items as well. ■

Special Section 25

Management Science

THE FACE OF THE CITY

(A look at the *Tcity Trilogy* by Mark Adlard)
INTERFACE, VOLTEFACE & MULTIFACE
(Orbit 1977; \$2.30 each)

Cover art a composite picture by Peter Jones
(shown in *Noumenon* 20 in Rollo's column).

The histories of art and science are subjects in themselves. Sf by its very nature has often tried to fuse the two. An sf writer may use any discipline in his story or he may create a new one as a fusion of others: witness van Vogt's nexialism or Asimov's psychohistory.

Sf has often lagged behind in accepting the subjects which grow into prominence, however. The physical sciences were the first to be accepted and still are the only ones that qualify as 'hard' sf. The social sciences have now grown in importance and many stories deal with social issues.

There are currently two trends in science: towards more specialisation and towards inter-disciplinary subjects. Computer/information science and management science are two such subjects and as they grow in importance in the real world their presence will be felt in sf as well.

Mark Adlard is a paracting manager with a steel company and he has used this trilogy to illustrate the possible future of management science. He proposes no new theories of his own (contrary to many sf writers dealing with other subjects) but explains away his use of earlier practitioners by saying they were ahead of their time. A nice idea, but surely any subject will develop new ideas or it will fall into disuse. Thus, there is no need to add into the book quotations from early work. Sf writers may have done this during the genre's infancy but fortunately the practice is less common now. While one aim of sf is to educate the reader to the facts, it is poor style for the writer to suddenly stop in the middle of a storyline and mention the theory of Mary Parker-Follet or Fred Taylor. When told a 'fact' in an sf novel a reader will either believe it implicitly (within the context of the story) or will require it to be demonstrated and proven within the story. Quoting the original theorist is needless.

• • •
A trilogy is an exercise in perseverance by the writer. Some have the power to stand up greater than the sum of the parts, while most seem to flog a good idea until it has no spark of life left. *Tcity* is of the second kind.

A trilogy must start off well and the first volume must retain the reader's attention enough to persuade him to purchase the next volumes. In the case of a series of books the purchasing process must become almost addictive -- Doc Smith knew this well.

INTERFACE tells the story of a revolt in *Tcity*. We follow the executives around their boring duties until we realise that a revolt is inevitable. Heinlein would have written it into the first

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chapter, or at least worked the book around the central event. By the time the revolt arrives in **INTERFACE** it is an anticlimax and loses much of its effect.

VOLTEFACE and **MULTIFACE** show that, after the uprising has been suppressed (the first book let you think that they had won), the executives are trying to improve the life of their citizens. 'Work' is introduced to add to the life of the citizens -- which just perpetuates the boring life.

Adlard's elite executives are trained for their posts and have artificially enhanced intelligences. I fail to see how any executive with these special abilities could be motivated to continue to perform in their job. They are an enhanced elite along the lines of Party members in Orwell's 1984, but in their work they do little which requires the enhanced talents. Management science today is primarily concerned with managing people -- a resource ignored by the

We know nothing of their specialness, their motivations, needs or otherwise. The reader is forced to follow them through a series of adventures and still learn little about them.

In **VOLTEFACE** the symptoms of decay are recognised -- no creativity, the suicide rate, etc. The period from the 70/80s until the period of the book is called the *Denaissance* -- a decline in artistic performance as automation grew. Yet we are treated to little of the automated art that grew out of the *Denaissance*. Any new art form has its proponents and its critics (witness the current New Wave music controversy), and whenever a new form becomes unsuitable there is an alternative. The executives fail to realise that the environment is what is stifling creativity. **INTERFACE** introduced a character who writes her own songs but there is no attempt made to understand how this happened or how to encourage it in the future. The revolutionary nature of the songstress means that she is removed by the second book.



executives of *Tcity*. The decision process is still supervised by the omnipotent chief executive in Adlard's story, so why is there a need for an elite anyway. Many other sf writers have proven that computers have the ability to control worlds (**THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS**) and dictators can be benevolent when they are either automatic or manual.

The main benefit of the enhancement of the executives is to encourage appreciation of depleted assets of the past. An executive may have a fondness for 18th Century Newcastle Brown Ale and not be considered an eccentric. Their whims are catered for to the extent of visits to the Aphrodisias (who advertise their presence with 'flicker knickers' -- flashy underwear if there ever was any). Even such childish sexual diversions illustrate a need for variety in Adlard's boring world. So the main characters, for all their abilities, present little to the reader except a flat blankness.

The motives behind **VOLTEFACE** and the introduction of the work therapy stem only from economic concerns -- revolutions are expensive and, although the corporation seems to have unlimited funds, they are still concerned about profits. The *Stahlex Corporation*, which controls *Tcity*, makes *stahlex*, a steel material which can be used to make anything. The creation of *stahlex* is mentioned briefly but none of the current concerns about resource depletion are mentioned. Nor is there mention about the disposition of waste materials, either from the industry or from the city with its millions of inhabitants. The story makes no mention of ecology in any realistic sense.

Although the third book ends with a sign of hope from the executives I suspect their optimism.

One purpose of sf is to present a picture of a future world. The author's motive should be to present some view to the reader and try to influence his behavior in some way. The world of *Tcity* is

possible with today's technology (but not politics). A perfect world ruled by those with the talents to do so. But it is so boring, while a main purpose of sf is to entertain, no matter what the message. —BWF

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Trenton (NJ) Times]

PHILADELPHIA (AP) — Dr Samuel A. Goudsmit, a professor of nuclear physics at the University of Nevada, was flipping coins the other day trying to prove a point.

"You probably thought, as I did, that if you tossed a coin many, many times, it would come up heads 50 per cent of the time."

Not so, he insisted in a lecture this week to the American Philosophical Society, which also was looking into the speed of white mice and Benjamin Franklin's gout.

The odds are there would be more heads tossed than tails — or vice versa: the chance of a 50-50 tie between heads and tails is quite slim, he explained.

"Think of it this way," he said, extending a deck of cards to Dr Wilbert E. Moore, a law professor at the University of Denver who chaired the meeting here.

Dr Moore pulled out a two of hearts, an eight of spades and a ten of diamonds.

(Courtesy of The New Yorker)

Para — Science

THE KIRLIAN AURA

Edited by Stanley Krippner & Daniel Rubin
(Doubleday Anchor, 1974, \$US 3.80)

Since some recent sf has contained references to Kirlian photography, I guess the main source book of data on it is worth a look. So what does this book contain? About 18 to 19 papers, depending on what you call a paper, which arose from the first convention on the Kirlian effects in the west.

The first paper deals with historical notes: St. Elmo's fire described as Ariel in Shakespeare's *Tempest*; Telsa's experiments in which "the tall, slim figure of Telsa in the middle of the room waving vigorously what looked like two flaming swords. The two glass tubes glowed with an unearthly radiance, and he would parry and thrust with them as if he were in a double fencing match" (sounds very familiar — wonder if Star Wars got it from here or from Gordon R. Dickson's *Wolfing?*); humans like electric eels (guess the Darkovan kyrris humanoids aren't shockingly unrealistic after all!); photos etched in

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windows by lightning, spirit photography and Kirlian photos. It's a sort of gallery of wacky events. The basic story is, apparently, that the high frequency current passing off what is to be photographed onto a film leaves a visual record of its variations in doing so.

The next paper is an account by the Kirlians themselves and details some of the findings about such photos — how the skin as thus photographed is blue near the heart, greenish blue on the forearms, and olive on the thigh, for example.

The paper by Thelma Moss and Kendall Johnson explains why they think the effects are not those revealed by galvanic skin response, skin temperature, peripheral vascular changes or sweat. The visual effects are increased by meditation, yogic breathing and other relaxation methods. Also by willing it. Needling some, but not all, acupuncture points increases the Kirlian aura. The authors conclude they don't know what Kirlian photography reveals.

Then Robert Martin helpfully gives the circuit diagram for a battery-powered Kirlian kitset, a portable one. You too can take such photos. Rodney Ross then ascribes the effects to ionisation of the air by cold electron emissions from the photographed object, this producing light. But hints that the Soviet idea that it is due to "bioplasma" might have substance, and if so he thinks said substance to be subatomic particles present in living beings. While the next paper relates one unknown, the Kirlian effect, to another, what goes on in attempted psychic healings. Healing attempts alter the Kirlian effects seen, usually.

Rather than continue with a paper-by-paper listing I'd like to mention a few other areas covered: details of gadgets to locate acupuncture points; data on one doctor's reported experiments on the acupuncture meridian and point system's nature (fascinating if true); and the aura paintings of a personage called Ingo Swann, purportedly a psychic, who from other accounts I gather is a scientologist and has published an autobiography of his psi times.

To conclude, the book is worth reading, although I have my doubts about some views expressed in it, and it leaves one feeling there is a lot we have yet to learn about reality. The use of acupuncture anaesthesia on a cow and other events of that kind are hard to explain on auto-suggestion lines. Basically, everyone writing here is groping in the dark discovering something new. It is only the first word, not the last, on the Kirlian effects. But it is a worthwhile word. —PAG

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

The Earl of Harewood was cleared of two motoring offences yesterday when he said he did not realise he had backed into a parked car because he was listening to a Mozart wind serenade on his car radio.

Lord Harewood, a cousin of the Queen, and chairman of the BBC Music Advisory Committee, appeared at Bow Street and answered in the witness box to his full name of George Henry Hubert Lascelles.

He said he might have confused the sound of a burglar alarm which was set off on the parked car, with a sustained clarinet note.

[From the London Daily Telegraph]

Futures/Alternatives

Future War Then

After mention in *Noumenon* 19 of both war gaming and Tolkien's work, I thought you might be interested in *Simulation Publication's Games of Middle Earth*. This consists of three games, each with a map covered by a hexagonal grid and its own set of card-board counters as playing pieces. The set has been licensed by Tolkien Enterprises.

Two of the games are of a single battle. The playing pieces represent individual units such as Dwarf infantry or orc archers. The game *Sauron* is of the battle on the Plains of Dagorlad near the end of the Second Age. After two games it seems as if the army of Elendil and Gil-galad has a sure victory over Sauron, despite the latter's use of magic to panic his enemies, eclipse the sun to aid his orcs, and raise the Beast of Mordor, a game-balancing invention. Advancing Sauron's reinforcements should help.

The second small game is *Gondor*. Sauron must capture Minas Tirith and keep open the road back to Mordor. Both sides may use magic. Refinements include severed heads and boiling oil.

The major game is *War of the Ring*. Playing it is the reason I have had no time to play the others. The map is about three feet on a side and is in five colours, not counting white and black. It stretches from Harlindon and Forlindon to The Sea of Thur, and from Forodwaith and The Northern Waste to Harad. It is a thing of beauty. There are individual counters for many of the main characters in the book. Military units come in nationality. There are troops from Gondor, Rohan, Eye and Hand orcs, trolls, elves, dwarves and even Mumakil (elephants). Magic such as Sting, Anduril, the Palantirs and of course the Ring are represented by cards. As characters visit locations where there is a magical item, the card is picked up and placed under a card with that character's particulars on it. Thus the Fellowship player knows who has what while Sauron (the Dark Power player) does not.

The idea is for the Fellowship player to drop the ring in the volcano 'Crack of Doom' or to capture Sauron's fortresses. The Dark Power tries to bring the ring to Barad-dûr or to capture the citadels of the Fellowship. They are helped and hindered by event cards which are drawn every turn and played when desired. These include: fierce storms, movement halved, ents vent rage, and orcs quarrel over captives (who then escape). Unfortunately the rules have been written for non-gamers and have a few holes in them. It is not difficult to plug them but do it after a game, not during.

The usual game has the Fellowship romping down from Rivendell avoiding a few random searches by orcs and Nazgul and mobilizing Rohan and Gondor. Sometimes Gandalf and Aragorn go out hunting Nazgul and killing them in individual combat. Then the combined armies march into Mordor. Sauron is too busy trying to get his remaining Nazgul back

(he has limited movement) to bring reinforcements from Harad. Then all the Fellowship characters walk to Orodruin, kill the Nazgul and dispose of the Ring, winning the game. The rules however were written as if it would be difficult for them to do this, so some modifications must be made to give Sauron a chance.

We have done this by removing Fellowship character counters from the map and starting the game on Sauron's move in turn zero. The hobbits with Sting, the mithril mail, and the Ring start anywhere in The Shire. Only two magic cards are in Rivendell. Aragorn starts anywhere in Brealand. The rest await the hobbits in Rivendell. This effectively gives Sauron three more turns, a big help.

We have outlawed Nazgul hunting, allowing them to avoid combat unless they start it. After that they cannot leave. To prevent Sauron from killing the hobbits alone at the ford outside Rivendell, we allow Gandalf and Elrond to join in combat if the Nazgul (only) initiate it. These modifications have made it a much more exciting game. There is also a three player version, with Saruman as a much improved wizard. The regular rules seem fairly balanced.

If you are a true Tolkien fan, this game is a must.

The North American price is \$US15 for the big game only or \$20 for all three. In the Southern Hemisphere it is probably more expensive. Napoleon's Military Bookstore, which was on Pitt Street, Sydney 2000, Australia last time I was there probably has it.

Dave Pengelly, 371 Glenrose Drive, London, Ontario, CANADA N6K 2B1 (10 February 1978).

REAL TIME

Edited by John Brockman & Ed Rosenfeld
(Picador, 1973, 300pp, \$5.70)

This large format and thick paperback is the best source book ("catalogue of ideas and information") for people interested in the mind, sciences, communications, and other serious pursuits. Organic, back-to-the-land and alternative concerns are not covered. The editors provide a brief introduction to an author or field and then use excerpts from over 100 books and magazines to give a good idea of the information/topic/field covered.

The sections are: **Communications**, from language to media to computers, etc.; **Human Systems**, from evolution to societies to religion to economics to humanistics; **Mind**, from the brain to perception, philosophy, psychology, sociology; **Science & Technology**, from Whitehead and Calder to Sagan, Kuhn, Heisenberg, Koestler and Commoner; and **Trends**, a potpourri of prediction. Highly recommended. —BAT

My 'cultural pursuits' here generally revolve around continental movies and a wide range of concerts -- from Joan Armatrading to THE CLASH and THE STRANGERS. Music certainly is alive and well here.

I have seen a couple of interesting sf-related performances. One was a HAWKWIND concert. I've

never been a true HW convert but the show was most exciting, visually and musically, what with colourfully-clad Arabian maidens, jugglers, fire-breathers, flaming cross bearers, and Robert Calvert's megaphone. As the enclosed review notes their *Wind of Change* was a quite stunning visual tale. For all their faults HAWKWIND remain the most dedicated of bands with a specifically sf approach.

"... *Wind Of Change* is a brilliant multimedia creation and says a lot very economically. Liquid Len's silhouette projections tell the tale of civilisation's development from a lone tree to space city and all the way back again while the band develop from a simple bass pattern to majes-

tic chording on guitar and Hammond. It probably lasts four minutes. Not that time is a criterion in itself but their other tour de force was about the same length and I don't think that's a coincidence.

"That was *Damnation Alley* which was dominated by a transfixing performance from Calvert. The band's banshee bit was dead right in this one like the special effect in *PSYCHO*, the very sound of terror. Over this dreadful racket Calvert intoned then screamed instructions for defence against sonic attack. When they achieve that kind of intensity Hawkwind are unique and devastating, an event and an experience."

Anyway, I also enclose two clippings re Moorcock, music and HW from a new general and self-proclaimed 'hippy' fanzine called *Snipping Flowers*. It's meant to be aimed at positive and constructive people and feelings, but to my semi-cynical self, it just shows that old hippies don't die, they just stay in a time-war. This also applies to Moorcock's condemnation of the 'new wave' - England in '77 is much closer to 1984 than any summer of love in the late 60's. And the most vital music here reflects this reality - be it CLASH, SEX PISTOLS or more intellectually oriented musicians like David Bowie, Phil Manzanera and 801, etc.

Anyway, the other sf related event was a concert of so-called 'rock poets' who in fact all showed a strong sf bent. The best actual poet was Pete Brown, lyricist for CREAM and Jack Bruce and a known poet in his own right. He read a series of 5 short, amusing and stimulating sf poems - one dedicated to Philip Jose Farmer.

Another artist there was David Allen, noted Australian hippy ex SOFT MACHINE and leader of GONG, who I'm sure you've noted as having produced some fine sf-oriented music. His poems included some with his *Planet Gong* themes and others which quite bitterly attacked the whole Rock music business syndrome (apparently he and Virgin Records are at loggerheads).

Then came Robert Calvert, who read from his just published collection of sf poetry entitled *Centigrade 232*. I especially enjoyed one poem he acknowledged to be based on Ballard's *Ode to a Fine Flower*. His original poems sounded promising too, but he alienated much of the audience by his continual interjections when the other poets were reading. Apparently he is soon to leave HW to concentrate on his writing full-time, so you may hear more of him in the sf field.

So it was quite a stimulating evening and again showed that the worlds of rock, poetry and sf can be constructively merged. **Kerry Doole**

Answers?

The Sunday Times recently compiled a list of 25 "key" books which have, supposedly, influenced our thinking & lifestyle during the past 25 years. We reproduce the list below and will welcome comments from readers on the list.

- | | | |
|------|-------------|---|
| 1953 | de Beauvoir | The Second Sex |
| 1954 | Huxley | Doors of Perception |
| 1956 | Spock | Baby and Child Care |
| 1958 | Salinger | Catcher in the Rye |
| 1957 | Crossland | Future of Socialism |
| 1957 | N. Mitford | Noblesse Oblige |
| 1958 | Packard | Hidden Persuaders |
| 1959 | Williams | Culture & Society 1780-1950 |
| 1960 | Snow | The Two Cultures of the Scientific Revolution |
| 1962 | Laing | The Divided Self |
| 1963 | Burgess | A Clockwork Orange |
| 1963 | Heller | Catch 22 |
| 1964 | Carson | Silent Spring |
| 1966 | McLuhan | Understanding Media |
| 1968 | Berne | Games People Play |
| 1968 | K. Lorenz | On Aggression |
| 1969 | D. Morris | The Naked Ape |
| 1970 | Chomsky | American Power and the Mandarins |
| 1970 | Watson | The Double Helix |
| 1971 | Greer | The Female Eunuch |
| 1971 | Neville | Playpower |
| 1972 | Spock | Decent and Indecent |
| 1975 | Crossman | Diaries of a Cabinet Minister |

As an additional comment I'd like to suggest a few other titles which I hope will have an influence on viable future societies (which I invite comment on also):

- | | | |
|------|--------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1962 | A.S. Neill | Summerhill |
| 1972 | A. Weil | The Natural Mind |
| 1974 | L. Thomas | The Lives of a Cell |
| 1975 | Janov/Holden | Primal Man: The New Consciousness |
| 1977 | Henderson | Creating Alternative Futures |

JUST TO DAMPEN YOUR OPTIMISM

Washington - Pentagon officials asked Congress yesterday to spend \$44.4 billion in the next fiscal year to develop new weapons which will make the horrors of battlefields so terrible they will be a deterrent to war. -*Boston Globe*



VIEWED FROM ANOTHER SHORE

**Rollo Treadway discusses
SF Art and Illustration**

I know I should mention Bruce Pennington's *ESCHATUS* (Paper Tiger/Dragon's World) somewhere in *VFAS*, but after glancing through the volume many times during the last few months I feel rather at a loss as to what to say. I am immensely disappointed and perhaps I had better explain.

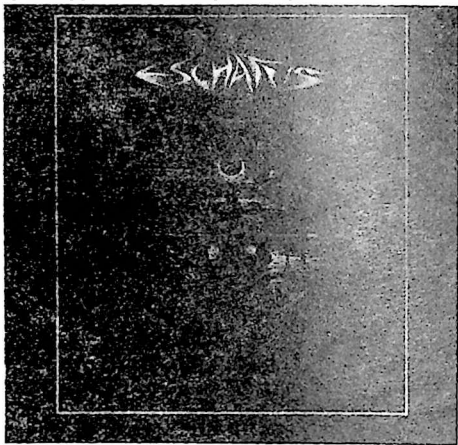
Pennington has always been one of my favourite science fiction cover artists and his imaginative landscapes, rendered with bold brushwork, make for impressive and eye-catching cover illustrations. Around mid-1977 two Pennington cards caught my eye. Both portrayed scenes from this then forthcoming book, which at the time looked set to push Pennington firmly across that mid-ground separating sf illustration/painting from Art (with a capital A). This is the direction in which I believe Pennington himself desires to head and, though this in itself is no bad thing, I feel it is an extremely risky undertaking and a task few if any current sf painters would survive.

(While having no desire to entwine myself in the classic "yes, but is it Art?" dilemma, perhaps I should explain that I feel little or no so-called science fiction art, i.e. the type of illustration and painting I write about in this column, has any relevance to Art with a capital A. I do not like or adhere to this verbal name-calling but in most people's minds this differentiation is a real thing and should be considered – take for example the treatment given N.C. Wyeth, Norman Rockwell and many others. But I digress . . .)

ESCHATUS is a superbly produced volume (at least the printing is without reproach – I have some reservations about the presentation), containing over forty Bruce Pennington paintings visualising the artist's interpretations of the prophecies of Nostradamus. At least that's what it says on page 66. I didn't pick it up from the paintings themselves. I knew little or nothing about Nostradamus and this book certainly hasn't helped me a great deal. Except for a short introduction the prophecies are left to explain themselves and the paintings. I'm afraid they really don't do this very well.

Anyone not possessing an extensive knowledge of the words and their interpretation would surely have trouble relating the visuals to the verse supplied with each. Everything appears out of sequence and cannot be related to any existing time scale. This in itself would not be too much of a problem if the paintings contained any sort of visual keys, but unfortunately the works appear in some sort of temporal limbo and contain few visual symbols capable of being deciphered by anyone but the artist himself.

The net result of these factors is that it immediately becomes a rather daunting task for the viewer to relate to any of the works. Further, many of the paintings have little individual merit and I personally feel would do little if unrelated to the other works in this volume. Hell, Pennington obviously has the techniques and mechanics of paint application down pat – why must he waste it



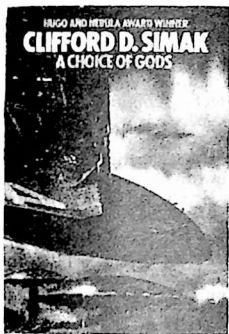
Eschatus — Paintings by Bruce Pennington.

all on several of the paintings included here which to me look like hack work for someone of his obvious talents. Over-simple picture construction, lack of atmosphere and emotion, continual repetition of static picture dynamics usually emphasised by horizon lines similarly placed in painting after painting for no apparent reason, and all those bright bright colours!

No, I must admit that *ESCHATUS* does very little for me. Many may enjoy the book but I think I'll give it a miss. Those two cards I mentioned earlier seemed to promise so much and yet the book delivers so little. Strangely, these two visuals comprise the book's front and rear covers and still hint at something lacking from the book itself: emotional involvement.

Of the rather large crop of paperback covers to appear on the shelves over the last couple of months two recent examples have caught my eye. At first glance *Chris Moore's* uncluttered cover illustration for Clifford Simak's *A CHOICE OF GODS* (Magnum)

appears just another variation on the space hardware theme. This view does the cover an injustice. Unlike many other recent covers using this approach Moore has retained clean, uncluttered shapes and allowed the simple design of the elements involved to attract the viewer's eye and provide the necessary dynamics. It is a simple yet very effective effort.



Cover art by Chris Moore Cover art by Dave Roe

Dave Roe's cover for **DRAGONSONY** by Anne McCaffrey (Corgi) displays once again this artist's over-riding concern for detailing and delicate rendering. Roe succeeds in taking a difficult subject (especially so since this is the third book in a very popular series), with elements contained in many other fantasy covers, and by bringing his individual approach to bear creates an extremely fresh and successful finished product.



Heavy Metal January 1978. Cover art by Val Mayerik.

As if to prove me wrong in my last VFAS col (Noumenon 20), **Heavy Metal** has actually gone on general sale in New Zealand bookshops, beginning with issue No 10 (Jan '78). Anyone with the slightest interest in sf related comics should check out this excellent publication despite the fact that the two issues already available in NZ are, I feel, not outstanding examples of the line. They do however contain a high standard of work overall, especially the Feb '78 issue which contains work from most of HM's more notable contributors.

Highlights for this viewer must be the first episode of *Urm The Mad* by Druiilet (the first time this 50-page epic has appeared in English to my knowledge), and of course the Moebius work. Check out **Heavy Metal** — you won't see comic work of this standard available often in NZ for \$2 an issue.

I cannot let this col finish without at least a short mention of the two recent issues of *Galaxy* (Dec/Jan 78, Feb 78). Not because of any good artwork contained within, rather for the fact that from the cover to the final page these must be two of the most poorly illustrated prozines that I have ever laid eyes on. I've never heard of any of the artists concerned but I've certainly heard of the Art Director, Stephen Fabian. Being a recent artist to evolve from fandom art to fully pro art, Fabian is perhaps trying to give other artists similar opportunities. But I cannot see how this approach can benefit anyone, if these issues of *Galaxy* are any example of the standard of work available. Surely there are far better artists around who can produce suitable work, artists far better qualified to publish work in *Galaxy* than those included in the issues. Perhaps some other factor or factors are to blame but one thing is for certain — *Galaxy* must do better than this. —Rollin Treadway

BSFA

THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION

- An organization designed to promote and advertise science fiction activities.
- A body comprised of writers, publishers and readers of science fiction.
- Which produces the critical journal, *Vector*, to which most sf authors have recently contributed — including Ellison, Le Guin, Silverberg, etc.
- Which also produces *Matrix*, a newsletter (letters, informal articles, news, chat, etc.) and *Tangent*, a quarterly amateur writer's magazine.
- Plus many other services and attractions.

Further information and application forms available from the Membership Secretary, Dave Cobbledick:
245 Rosalind Street, Ashington,
Northumberland NE68 8AZ, ENGLAND.

A Song In The Depth Of The Galaxies

(ix) **This is Your Captain Speaking . . .
Your Captain is Dead . . .**

Ladbroke Grove has something of a reputation in the sf field as a stomping ground of young "artists" with bizarre ideas to share. In 1970 a group of wandering musicians found a focal point in a project called "Hawkwind", playing free concerts and supporting little-known bands. Theirs was a music of fixed, obsessional rhythms, overlaid by a decorative layer of electronic sound. It was unusual and innovative. A first album, **HAWKWIND**, made an impression and they became a cult-band, specialising in the music of "inner space" and emphasising personal freedom as against institutionalised progress.

With their second offering, **IN SEARCH OF SPACE** (released in 1971), they produced the first truly "thoroughbred" sf album. Their debut album had stated their intention to "levitate their minds, in a nice way, without acid, with ultimately a complete audio-visual thing". By **IN SEARCH OF SPACE** they had succeeded. In concert their hypnotic use of rhythm, stroboscopic lighting, and dance achieved this effect. Seeing **HAWKWIND** live is one of the few purely sf sensations I have experienced (many times, never on drugs - I object to them as an insult to my imagination - and always with great satisfaction).

*"I am the centre of the universe
The wind of time is blowing through me
And it's all moving relative to me
It's all a figment of my mind
In a world that I've designed . . ."*

Master of the Universe, the song from which the above lyrics are taken, became the focal point of their "Space Ritual", the "audio-visual concept" they had set out to create. Musically they were criticised as being naive rock-and-rollers, clinging desperately to a gimmick. The "gimmick" was sf.

With **IN SEARCH OF SPACE** came a literary offering (part of the packaging) called "The Hawkwind Log". It is a thought-provoking document, excellently (and humorously) illustrated, with much of the material presented live by Robert Calvert, their lyricist/vocalist. The log is replete with images of decay and re-birth, throughout toying with time and distance.

Police raids and academic criticism failed to prevent the logical progression of ideas, and the

production of a "hit" single, **Silver Machine** (Top of the Pops - I almost fell out of my chair!) and another "pure" sf album **DOREMI FASOL LATIDO**, silenced the knockers. There are four memorable tracks on the album, **Brainstorm**, **Space Is Deep**, **Lord of Light** and **Time We Left This World Today**. The sleeve notes are humorous pastiche of the **New Worlds** syndrome, an appropriate act of self-mockery, perhaps in realisation of the mythological creatures they had become in the eyes of their young followers. And the music was even better, possessing all the best qualities of intelligent escapism, and developing a technetchny comparable to the Jerry Cornelius myths. Which is where Michael Moorcock comes onto the scene.

SPACE RITUAL, the recorded incarnation of the audio-visual experience, drew on Moorcock's imaginative powers for assistance. He wrote two tracks on the double album, **The Black Corridor** and **Sonic Attack**. The work is a well-balanced presentation of their material, drawing on past songs, pieces linked by commentary (by Moorcock and Calvert) delivered in a doom-laden monotone. The inverted nature of their vision, tempered as it is by good-time "vibes", can be witnessed best on a track like **Orgone Accumulator** on this album.

*"I've got an orgone accumulator . . .
... it's no social integrator . . .
... it's a one man isolator . . .
... it's a back-brain stimulator . . .
... and it's a cerebral vibrator . . .
... of orgones . . ."*

And so on, beneath a jaunty beat and prodding drums, the electronic moth-flutterings of the audio generator and Dik Mik's assorted effects. Once again the sleeve notes and cover illustrations are fine additions to the music. This is the album that best serves as an introduction to **HAWKWIND**. No song is as pure as its studio-recorded counterpart, but each is charged with a driving and positive excitement throughout. **Born to Go**, **Brainstorm** and **Master of the Universe** are all played with a venom and urgency previously lacking.

The next two albums, **HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN GRILL** and **WARRIORS ON THE EDGE OF TIME**, were once again original (within the limitations of **HAWKWIND**'s chosen musical style), the former evidencing a slight deviation in their musical direction. There were still tracks like **Psychedelic Warlords** with its insistent beat, but the influence of Simon House (formerly of **HIGH TIDE**) was marked, particularly on the shorter instrumental

by
David
Wingrove

Part Four. Reprinted from Vector, the Journal of the British SF Association, with permission.

pieces like *Wind of Change* and *Hall of the Mountain Grill*. Perhaps the general feeling of flux that runs throughout this album was a result of **HAWKWIND**'s new found affluence. A working class band, suddenly acclaimed, they tried desperately to retain their anti-establishment identity as a "people's band".

WARRIORS was something new; stability after the uncertainty of their previous work. Making use of Michael Moorcock's series of novels, *The Eternal Champion*, as a central theme, they produced what was perhaps the thematic apotheosis of their work. But the signs of staleness were also there. Their recently released album **HAWKROADS** is a collection of eight of their most jaunty and memorable songs. Somehow I never expected a "Best Of" set from **HAWKWIND** but there it is -- a fine album if it were their only one, but sadly adrift from the myths.

Michael Moorcock himself, active on the **WARRIORS** album and inspired by his contact with the musical medium thereby, produced his album **NEW WORLDS FAIR**, supported by a band entitled **THE DEEP FIX**. The band is, unsurprisingly, a hybrid of **HIGH TIDE** and **HAWKWIND**. It is fairly pleasing as a Rock album but, for me anyway, disappointing in that Moorcock doesn't make the best use of the possibilities available. These are just songs, linked in the vaguest manner, with no attempt at a strong theme. Perhaps next time...



(x) *We Want You Big Brother*...

David Bowie occupies the other extremity to that filled by **HAWKWIND**. Elitist, extroverted and abnormal is a fair description of the stage (life?) effect he attempts to convey. He is often thrust forward as one of the foremost exemplars of sf-rock, and yet this is quite misleading. Bowie has produced some classic pieces, but very often these are incidental, almost accidental even, to his original intention, which is to highlight his uniqueness, his own personal strangeness. *SF* is a perfect module for such antics, far more so than the alternative of existential meanderings (like Nico and **VELVET UNDERGROUND**), and he abuses the genre to obtain his own imagery. His music is not so dissimilar to that of any other rock group playing love songs, protest songs and anti-war songs. He makes scant use of electronics and generally leaves a heavy burden on the lyrics, which must carry the entire imagery alone.

Bowie's reputation is largely substantiated by the overwhelming media coverage he can command. *Starman*, *The Man Who Sold The World*, *Life On Mars* and *Space Oddity* are all widely known, as are his albums **ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS** and **DIAMOND DOGS**. But his preoccupations are not what they superficially appear (especially not to a well-read sf fan).

A good example of this is **ZIGGY STARDUST** which deals with the situation that Earth has only five more years left. An intriguing theme -- which Bowie doesn't even touch! No, he is intent on telling us the story of the pop star who makes it by cashing in on the disaster. As good an anthology of Bowie's own situation could not be drawn. *Starman* is one of the incidental tracks that this album throws off, but it doesn't redeem it in my eyes.

Better is **DIAMOND DOGS** with the best thing Bowie did in this line as an opener, *Future Legend*. A Delany-esque image, it tells of the death of the city and of corpses on the streets, red-eyed mutants, rats as big as cats. But he is then content to drift onto a recent nostalgia trip -- homosexual inferences abounding in the lyrics. The second side seems, superficially, quite attractive, with tracks titled *We Are The Dead*, *Big Brother* and *1984*. Again the music is too far from the lyrics to convey a realistic image. Only when, as in *We Are The Dead*, it lolls into the paranoid, does it achieve its effect. *Big Brother* is by far the best track of these three, with its menacing thread of anti-Orwellian tendencies:

*We'll build a glass asylum
With just a hint of men
We'll build a better whirlpool...*

and

*Someone to follow
We want you Big Brother.*

And with these lyrics we have penetrated to the core of Bowie's philosophy. He sees the mass of humanity as Orwellian plebs to be manipulated by the talented few who will entertain them and give them an example to follow. Only recently he has been quoted as saying he would welcome a fascist Prime Minister (the man being himself). Which is all a far cry from tracks like *The Supermen*, which tells of the boredom of the eternal beings and their joy when one of their kind dies. If it were all of that standard I would hail the man, but as it is I wince at his abuse of the genre.

And I am not alone. **THE STRAWBS**, a group whose own songs have bordered upon fantasy (particularly with the album **FROM THE WITCHWOOD**) recognised the "posed" nature of Bowie's work and produced an excellent parody with *Ciggy Barlust And the Whales From Venus*, a delightful piece of music with humorous and cutting lyrics.

• Continued next month •



34 Rags, Solecism and Riches

In this column we attempt to cover as many levels of writing about sf as possible, hopefully giving both NZ fan and libraries a guide for subscription or enquiries.

Because of the delays with surface mail (you send a zine by sea, which takes 3 months to arrive, I review it and return by sea, and you see a return for your effort 6 months later) Noumenon prefers air mail trades with other zines. Editors can suggest a monetary adjustment if they think an air-mail, year-for-year trade is inequitable.

act = available for contributions or trade (most zine editors are always looking for news, letters, articles or art and will put you on the mailing list for frequent contributions. **act** is also referred to as "the usual" in many zines).

subscriptions — because many zines arrive by sea, I have just listed an indicative price for most of them. A letter with a dollar or two will get you up-to-date information from most editors.

A4 — A4 is the new metric paper size which replaces Qto and F/C (quarto and foolscap) and is 11 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches. American A4 (previously Qto) is 11 x 8 1/2 inches approximately.

A5 is an A4 sheet folded in half, ie 8 1/2 x 6 (approx). **ph-ty** = photo-reduced typewriter text.

Continued from Noumenon 21 . . .

CLOCKWORK RADISH 1 - February; 8pp; A4; o/s. [Anthony Peacey, 82 Milne St, Bayswater, WA 6053, AUST]; irregular; act.

A rambling, lightweight perzine.

FEAR 'N' LOATHING 3 - Feb.; 12pp; A4; ph-ty; o/s. [Ira Thornhill, 1900 Perdido St, Apt B97, New Orleans, LA 70112, USA]; irregular; act.

Very late but beautifully Delmonte-decorated and photo-montage plus letters issue of this personalzine.

GEGENSCHWEIN 31 and 32; 20pp each; Qto; dup. [Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, AUST]; irregular; act or request.

This is Eric's "Personal Journal" wherein you'll find musings and personal details, letters, reviews, and anything else that comes to (Eric's) hand or mind.

PROFANITY 13 - August; 34pp; A4; duplicated. [Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St, Granada Hills, CA 91344, USA]; irregular; act; 50c/1; back issues \$2/3.

Lead item is a reprint of Poul Anderson's speech at RiverCon 2 (July 1976), then members of LASFS are introduced, followed by an article about LASFS, some sort of journal, and a lengthy lettercol.

REQUIEM 18, 19, 20 - Dec, Jan, March; 40pp; A4; typeset; offset; trimmed (all beautifully).

I can do no more than emphasise what I said for the last two — top class productions.

SCIENCE FICTION: A Review of Speculative Literature 1 - June; 98pp; 9 1/2 x 6; offset. [Van Ikin - see Enigma!]; \$1.70/1; \$3/2.

A new entry into the academic scene, but with fiction and verse included, plus art portfolios, an interview and a lengthy piece on Ballard.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 24 - Feb.; 80pp; o/s.

Another wonder-full issue of my favourite zine, here with interviews with Bob Shaw, David Hartwell and Algis Budrys, plus letters and art by a who's who and reviews on dozens of books, all interspersed with Dick's rambling wonderlog. Recommended.

SKYRACK FANTASY TRADER 21 - 28pp; 6x4; o/s. [Ron Bennett, 36 Harlow Park Cres, Harrogate HG2 0AW, North Yorkshire, UK]; £1/6.

Miniscule type, not very well printed, covering all areas of fantasy from pulps through hardcovers and paperbacks, comics and related items.

SOUTH OF HARAD EAST OF RHUN 10 - 22pp; m. [Jon Noble, 26 Lucinda Ave, Springwood, NSW 2777, AUST]; irregular; act.

Australian Tolkien/Dr Who genzine.

SPACE AGE BOOKS SF SUPPLEMENT 10 - No date; 20pp; 9x9; ph-ty; offset. (CHRISTMAS) NEWSLETTER 30 - December; 28pp; 9x9; ph-ty; offset.

NEWSLETTER 31 - March; 12pp; 9x9; ph-ty; offset. The latest catalogues from Australia's leading sf and 'new age' bookshop/mail order specialists (305 Swanston St, Melbourne 3000, AUST). You'll find news, reviews, articles, photos, reproduced covers and snippets along with the (bulk of each issue) listings of stock, new and forthcoming titles. \$3/year (?).

THE SPANG BLAH 16/17 - Winter; 32pp; A4; ph-ty; offset. [Jan Howard Finder, Box 428, Latham, NY 12110, USA]; quarterly; act; \$3/5, 75c/1.

All the international news, the bulk of this special women's issue made up of articles/columns by many womenfolk, plus letters and art. Recommended.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION 10 - August; 60pp; A4; duplicated. [Suzanne Tompkins & Jerry Kaufman, 606 15th St E, Seattle, WA 98112, USA]; irregular; probably the last issue but goes to Scythe.

A fannish genzine with a few columns and short articles and a huge lettercol.

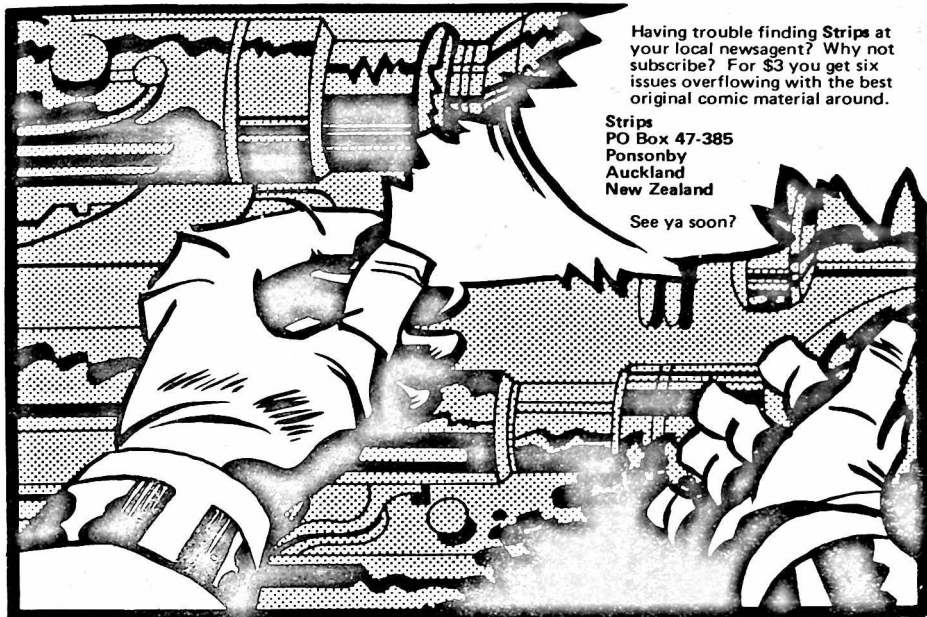
STRANGLER ELEPHANTS' GAZETTE - One shot; A4; ph-ty; offset. [Paul Stevens of Space Age Books].

A rambling Aussie fannish type thingy assembled and cunningly designed to help Paul's DUFF voting. Art, photos, old lithographs and other madness surround Paul's "history" of fan activity, etc.

STRIPS 6 - January; 36pp; 10x7; typeset; offset.

STRIPS 7 - March; 32pp; ditto the above.

Letters and a reprint of Professor Om lead into a real scoop, John Ryan's background and discussion on Star Hawks with reprints from the early strips. The Chronicles of Spandau continues with some superb artwork, pages 16 and 17 standing out in particular — lovely stuff. The reviews include a page on Heavy Metal and the issue finishes with The Frame (as obscure as ever) and the brilliant Noumenon advert.



Issue 7 has a stunning Wilson wraparound (familiar looking character too) and soon zooms straight into Barry Linton's Rock Ocean Dreams, followed by another scoop, a column from Howard Siegel. Our Maureen Cringe man returns with the delightful Kra², followed by an article on Fleetway/IPC. The Frame (what! Soft porn!?) rounds out another excellent issue. Recommended.

SVANGERSKABSFOREBYGGENDE MIDDEL - June; 78pp; Qto; duplicated. [Dennis Stocks, PO Box 235, Albion, QLD 4010, AUST]; One shot.

This basically prints reviews intended for the fourth issue of Brave New World Review which looks like it won't make it. Lots of lengthy reviews, plus a few articles (Laetrile, L-5 Society, snippets), which makes for quite a valuable volume.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation:

TIGHTBEAM 7, 8, 9 - July, Sept., Nov.; 24, 34; 24 pp; A4; duplicated. [Lynne Holdom, PO Box 5, Pompton Lakes NJ 07442, USA]; the fan- and letter-zine of the National Fantasy Fan Federation; free to members of N3F; available for trades.

Some news, good articles and reviews (some reviews are being reprinted in Noumenon, with permission), and lots of letters. Dennis Jarog's articles are particularly good.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN V37/N6 - Dec.; 90pp; A4; duplicated. [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson, TX 77566, USA]; the magazine of the N3F; free to members.

Mixed in with the numerous Bureau reports and messages, you'll find news, reviews, articles, adverts and all sorts of items. N reprints reviews from here also. The final pages here are the N3F constitution.

VERT 4 - November; 40pp; A4; offset. [Gil Gaier - see Guying Gyre]; irregular; available to contributors (letter writers, etc) only.

The Mike Glicksohn Issue, plus plenty of very nice art, a zine review col (thanks for the kind words Gil), a photo spread, and the huge lettercol.

WARP 1 - November

WARP 1, 2, 3 - Nov., Jan., March; 10pp; A4; dup. [NASF, PO Box 6655, Te Aro, Wellington, NZ]; irregular (?); free to members.

This is the magazine of the National Association for SF and replaces their previous Newsletter. These issues have a strange jumble of items (letters, 'reviews' and media notes) and the whole thing is still closer to the high school level than, say, university or older.

XENIUM 2.7 - February; 26pp; A4; duplicated.

[Mike Glicksohn, 41 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M6P 2S3]; available at editorial whim only; irregular.

The fannish fan's fanzine par excellence, this ish features Mike's wonderings/wanderings interspersed with some fine art and oddball quotations. Ben Zuhl has a humorous piece on fan games, Joe Haldeman writes about Heinlein (particularly **DOUBLE STAR**), and the Something Extra is a swizzle stick!

YANDRO 241 - December; 44pp; A4; duplicated [Robert & Juanita Coulson]

The same format as the last issue, including the huge capsule/medium-length review column.

YGGDRASIL 3 - October; 36pp; Qto; duplicated.

[MUSFA, Box 106, Union Bldg, University of Melbourne, Parkville 3052, AUST]; 4/year; memb.

Fiction, plus George Turner's series on sf criticism.



MASKE: THAERY — Jack Vance
(Fontana, 1977, 215pp, \$2.25)
Cover art by Peter Tybus.

Ye gods, what a ghastly cover! But inside is one of the author's most accomplished and typical creations. The land of Thaery on the backwoods planet Maske, full of individuality and odd customs (lovingly delineated), is ruled by a quirkish bureaucracy steeped in tradition to the point of ritual. Jubal the hero is a decent, highminded, resourceful, determined misfit. The consequent action is as it should be, full of twists and diversions, layered with intrigue and spiced with witty, ambiguous dialogue, whilst the style is Vance at his best — mellow irony exploding into sardonic hilarity. But at the end much of Maske remains a mystery — a sequel please? —RM

A MARTIAN ODYSSEY — Stanley G. Weinbaum
(Sphere, 1977, 320pp \$3.25)
Cover art uncredited.

Every genre has its quota of brilliant exponents who die young but leave a permanent imprint behind. Inf the most tragic case must have been Stanley Weinbaum, who was born in 1900, published his first sf story in 1934 and died at the end of 1935, having ensured himself immortality with only 12 stories (another dozen and a couple of novels followed posthumously). This book (originally called **THE BEST OF STANLEY G. WEINBAUM**) shows clearly the effect he must have had. The title story (his first) introduced the most amusing aliens the genre had seen — particularly Tweel, the nose-diving 'freak-ostrick' — followed by one of the most lovable absent-minded professors in *The Worlds of If* and an unusual Venus ecology in *Parasite Planet*. Despite their age, and the many more recent stories that have borrowed from them, the contents of this collection still make marvellous reading. —PSP

APPROACHING OBLIVION — Harlan Ellison
(Pan, 1977, 170pp \$1.85)
Cover art uncredited.

The second-best collection of Ellison stories (nothing has beaten **DEATHBIRD STORIES** yet — due in NZ in June from Pan also) at last available over here. As always with Ellison, the stories range from the hilarious to the horrific.

The best for humour must be *I'm Looking for Kadak* about a blue, eleven-armed, alien Jew called Evisse trying desperately to find a tenth Jew so they can recite the kaddish for their shortly-to-be-destroyed planet (the tale even has a built-in Yiddish glossary!). At the other end of the spectrum is *Knox*, one of the bleakest stories inspired, if only indirectly, by the Vietnam experience. This collection contains all of Ellison's short fiction from 1970-74 and is an excellent testimony to a remarkable author. —PSP

HIERO'S JOURNEY — Sterling E. Lanier
(Panther, 1976, 348pp, \$2.45)
Cover art uncredited.

The cover states "As fantastic a chronicle as Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*." While this is not entirely true (it takes a lot to beat *TLOTR*), **HIERO'S JOURNEY** is definitely a compelling, masterful, and well-written story, thoroughly enjoyable from start to finish.

The setting is post-holocaust North America, after "The Death". The world in this far future time is made up of pockets of distant and often warring cultures, amidst huge areas of uninhabitable wasteland. There are giant mutated animals, birds and fishes, some a little unbelievable in scope. Some human societies have developed quite formidable mental powers, and use these either for the good of mankind or for evil purposes.

The leading character is Per Hiero Desteen, a Priest, killerman, and highly developed psychic warrior. The culture where he comes from uses

mental abilities for the advancement of life, and Hiero is sent out on a travelling mission to uncover an ancient secret, which it is thought may be in the hands of those with mental powers used only to further the cause of evil.

Along the way, he teams up with a lovable, very intelligent bear, Gorm, who together with Hiero's huge bull morse, Klootz, travel south into unknown realms. They encounter all kinds of wierd and wonderful things, eventually add to their group a black female, Luchare, and in the end do achieve their goal. But the story is far more complex than this simple outline, and it is the brilliant descriptions and ingenious animals which make this book a pure delight to read. The cover illustration catches the feel of the book very well, even if it is slightly wooden and appears like it was rushed.

Lanier writes lucidly and has an imaginative style which complements the interesting storyline. I found it difficult to put the book down, and upon finishing it, I wished there were more to follow . . . —DMK

MICHAELMAS — Algis Budrys
(Gollancz, 1977, 250pp, \$9.10)

Algis Budrys is a top-notch writer and this is a top-notch book. Michaelmas Day (September 29), 1999, is a big day in the life of Laurent Michaelmas, world-famous TV newsman -- who foils plots, punishes evil-doers, and protects the world from a menace probably unequalled for its motivating frivolity. What with an omniscient computer (which can also sing lullabies), international intrigue, and fulminating McLuhanism, you'll have a whale of a time. An absolute "must read" (and probably re-read). — MKS

CRITICAL MASS

Frederik Pohl & C. M. Kornbluth
(Bantam, 1977, 185pp, \$2.50)
Cover art uncredited (Eddie Jones?)

The ten "new" collaborations by Pohl and Kornbluth in this collection, most of them completed by Pohl after his colleague's death, exhibit both the electric talent of two sf stars of the '50s and the maturity of Pohl's present-day writing. *The Meeting* (a Hugo winner) and the title story are particularly good, as are *The Quaker Cannon* and -- one of my own favourites -- *The Gift of Garigolli*. A good, thought-provoking collection. — MKS

THE MARTIAN INCA — Ian Watson
(Gollancz, 1977, 210pp, \$9.10)

(Forthcoming from Panther in paperback)

This is not up to Watson's usual standard, but it isn't bad either. The bifurcated plot cross-cuts between the first manned landing on Mars and the crash of a returned (unmanned) Mars lander in the Andes. The latter infects two Indians with a Martian life form, giving them ultrahuman perceptions and leading to the establishment of a new Inca empire. The Marsnauts and the possessed Indians each follow their own paths to self-destruction, but one hopes the reader won't. — MKS

FLOATING WORLDS

Cecelia Holland
(Gollancz, 1977, 480pp, \$10.45)
(Sphere, 1978, 540pp, \$4.75)
Sphere cover art by "Merlyn".

A huge, complex, serious and important book to which no short review can do justice -- its scope and ambition are so colossal. In a little over 500 pages, set in various parts of the Solar System, Cecelia Holland gives us episodes of political dicking, inter-planetary war, pure space opera, courtroom drama, explicit sex, love, hate, revenge, and personal tragedy. There are almost lyric descriptions of beauty and horror, flat descriptions of terror and heroism, and stark descriptions of the sordid and the sensual. Five planetoid cultures are involved, four major political ideologies, three distinct stages of human evolution. The unifying factor is Paula Mendoza -- Earth born anarchist turned political envoy, turned wife of one of the huge black mutants of the outer planets; mother, lesbian, diplomat, pragmatic idealist. The book rests on her credibility and if no human can really sustain that under such an enormous pressure of plot, Ms Holland comes very close to success -- a considerable achievement. Parts of the book are dull and others distasteful, while the whole may strike some as downright pretentious -- nevertheless it is a major and welcome contribution to the genre. RM

FLOATING WORLDS

A large number of people have raved about this lengthy novel, comparing it to LeGuin and calling it "magnificent" and a classic and such things like that. I can't see it. Holland has created an extremely interesting extrapolation for the colonisation and subsequent development of our solar systems. She has peopled it with reasonably well-drawn cultures. Her writing is clear and fluid. *But there ain't no story!* Around page 200 I wondered if I wanted to read much more. I struggled on but finally stopped reading at page 333. I no longer cared about either characters or the plot themes (presumably) yet to be resolved. Unless someone convinces me otherwise, this book will languish on the shelves unfinished for evermore. —BAT

THE GOLDEN SWORD

Janet E. Morris
(Bantam, 1977, 370pp, \$2.70)
Cover art by "Bob Larkin" (?)

This, the sequel to *HIGH COUCH OF SILISTRA* (reviewed in *Noumenon* 20, p24), is far better than the Holland title. The worlds and cultures presented are just as interesting and far better developed; the intrigue is well handled; the writing is crisp (although awkward sentence structures occasionally intrude); and the story line romps along, drawing the reader into its twists and surprises. My only complaint is the clumsy transition from the "lower" plane of planet surface to the world of the "gods" but, as this happens at the end of the book, and is obviously a mechanism leading into the next story, I'll wait and see what happens. Recommended. —BAT

REVIEWS...

The Andromeda Section

ANDROMEDA 2

Edited by Peter Weston
(Dobson, 1977, 200pp, \$9.85)
(Orbit, 1977, 200pp, \$2.45)

While not quite up to the standard of the first volume in this promising series, you'll still find a selection of stories well above par for such anthologies. Taking into account Weston's "idealistic" attempt to obtain the "top" work in the field (he claims he has no confines such as deadlines, story length, finances, etc), and the vagaries of taste, other readers may rank this volume even higher than I do.

Tom Allen's *King, Dragon* is an absorbing tale, very well told, even though it is minor. Ian Watson's *Agoraphobia, A.D. 2000* (many awkward story titles in this collection for some reason), an attempt to extrapolate hara-kiri into a mega-city future, leaves you scratching your head for any purpose. Bob Shaw's *Crossing the Line*, although a fine story, could happen anywhere in any setting and does not use the sf elements very well -- shades of Ballard and TV melodrama. Mike Rohan's *Fidei Defensio* is an exercise which Weston could perhaps have worked on to some benefit.

Then we get three very fine stories. Scott Edelman's *Heritage* stuns with its realism, likelihood, treatment, and bold ending -- you'll not forget it in a hurry. Robert Holdstock's *A Small Event* is a magnificent attempt at showing how social life and the arts will 'blend' in the future and, even though you may not agree with the direction suggested, Holdstock crafts a skillful and self-consistent tale. William Wu's *By the Flicker of the One-Eyed Flame*, a close approximation of an Ellison-style future fable, is also a curious blend of 1930s *Weird Tales* and 2030s *Brave New World*.

Robert Rickard's *Three Into One*, *Recurring* is, unfortunately, a muddled mess in terms of writing, though it's unlikely the cheap 'occult' base would support anything better. Davig Langford's *Accretion* is a middle-weight snippet, entertaining and inconsequential.

One Immortal Man, by Dick Geis, is another kettle of fish entirely, a skillfully woven tale of power, intrigue and mystery. The extension of occasional carelessness to a 'superhero' takes the tale into an order slightly removed from run-of-the-mill, even though well-told, stories of its kind. A very mature tale which leaves you well-disposed to the anthology as a whole. —BAT

ANDROMEDA 1

Edited by Peter Weston
(Dobson, 1977, 200pp, \$9.85)

This is the hardcover edition of the 1976 paperback original (Orbit) which was reviewed in *Noumenon* 8/9 (November 1976), page 30. "The best of

such anthologies I've read in ages... overall, an extremely good selection of modern sf. Recommended." —BAT

"The following letter arrived recently and explains what's happening with the Andromeda series."

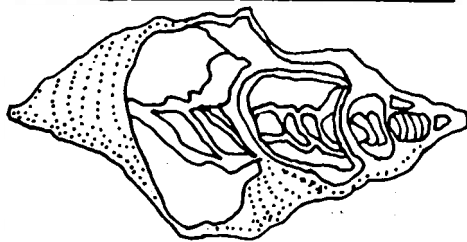
Peter Weston
72 Beaches Drive,
Erdington, Birmingham B24 0DT
ENGLAND

I'd like to take this opportunity to circulate details of another, non-SeaCon matter with which I'm deeply involved: the **ANDROMEDA** series of original SF anthologies.

The latest **SFR** had a story that **ANDROMEDA** had been suspended indefinitely by the publishers, Futura; subsequently I've learned this snippet emanated from George Hay who has no connection with Futura whatsoever. If I wanted to be uncharitable I could note that George is launching his own anthology series, **PULSAR**, from Penguin (with at least one **ANDROMEDA** reject in the first book), and that might perhaps shed a little light on his motives.

Whatever, it's not true. **ANDROMEDA's** future has never been in doubt. The only reason for the delay between Books 2 and 3 has been the great difficulty I've had in obtaining stories of a sufficiently high standard. The third volume has now gone in, and will appear in late Summer, and I'm reading now for No. 4. There's also still the possibility of all books to date being taken up by a US publisher.

Contents for Volume 3 are: *Not Absolute* by Tom Allen (Shippey); *The Cremation* by Christopher Priest; *Brother Ape* by David Redd; *Black Glass* by Fritz Leiber; *A Time-Span to Conjure With* by Ian Watson; *Flare Time* by Larry Niven; *Silver Paw* by William Wu; *Wanders & Travellers We Were* by Darrell Schweitzer; *Connections* by David Langford. ■



1978 HUGO NOMINATIONS

NOVEL

THE FORBIDDEN TOWER - Marion Zimmer Bradley (DAW)
TIME STORM - Gordon Dickson (St Martins; Goll.).
DYING OF THE LIGHT - George Martin (S&S; Goll.).
LUCIFER'S HAMMER - Niven & Poumelle (Playboy).
GATEWAY - Frederik Pohl (St Martins; Gollancz).

NOVELLA

A Snark in the Night - Gregory Benford (F&SF Aug).

The Wonderful Secret - Keith Laumer (Analog Sept.).
 Aztecs - Vonda McIntyre (2076: American ...).
 Stardance - Spider & Jeanne Robinson (Analog Mar.).
 In the Hall of the Martian Kings - John Varley (F&SF February).

NOVELETTE

Ender's Game - Orson Scott Card (Analog Aug.).
 Prismatic - Samuel Delany (F&SF October).
 The Ninth Symphony of Ludwig van Beethoven and
 Other Lost Songs - Carter Scholz (UNIVERSE 7)
 The Screwfly Solution - Raccoona Sheldon (Analog)
 Eyes of Amber - Joan D. Vinge (Analog June). June).

SHORT STORY

Jeffery Is Five - Harlan Ellison (F&SF July)
 Lauralyn - Randall Garrett (Analog April).
 Dog Day Evening - Spider Robinson (Analog Oct.).
 Time-Sharing Angel - James Tiptree Jr (F&SF Oct.).
 Air Raid - John Varley (Herb Boehm) (IASFM Sp.).

PRO EDITOR

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DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Close Encounters ...
 Blood! The Life & Future
 Times of Jack the Ripper Maya
 - Robert Bloch/Elison
 The Hobbit
 Star Wars
 Wizards

AMATEUR MAGAZINE

Don-O-Saur
 Janus
 Locus
 Science Fiction Review
 No Award also appears
 in all Categories.

NON-HUGO NOMINATIONS

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD (For New Writer)
 Orson Scott Card - Ender's Game (Analog August).
 Jack Chalker - A JUNGLE OF STARS (Ballantine).
 Stephen Donaldson - LORD FOUL'S BANE (Holt).
 Elizabeth Lynn - We All Have To Go (FUTURE
 PASTIMES - Edited by Scott Edelstein).
 Bruce Sterling - Man-Made Self (LONE STAR UNIVERSE - Edited by Utley & Proctor).

GANDALF AWARDS:

Grand Master of Fantasy

Poul Anderson † Ray Bradbury † Ursula Le Guin
 † Michael Moorcock † Roger Zelazny.

Book-Length Fantasy

A SPELL FOR CHAMELEON - Piers Anthony (Rey).
 LORD FOUL'S BANE - S. Donaldson (Holt).
 THE SHINING - Stephen King (Doubleday; Signet).
 OUR LADY OF DARKNESS - Fritz Leiber (Berkley).
 (Also as THE PALE BROWN THING: F&SF Jan.).
 THE SILMARILLION - J.R.R. Tolkien (Allen & U.).

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 ...

JOURNEY OF JOENES - Robert Sheckley (Sphere \$2.75): New edition; Cover art uncredited.
 THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE - Norman Spinrad (Sphere \$3.25): Reprint; Cover art by "Meryn".
 TO LIVE FOREVER - Jack Vance (Sphere \$2.75): Reprint; Cover art by "PE".
 DARKNESS WEAVES - Karl Edward Wagner (Coronet \$3.05): New, revised (to the original) edition; Cover art by Chris Achilleos.

THE EARLY WILLIAMSON - Jack Williamson (Sphere \$3.25): Collection; First Br. ed.; Cover art by "PE".

Hutchinson Publishing Group Ltd:

ANYWHEN - James Blish (Arrow \$2.20): New edition; Cover art uncredited.
 MIND OF MY MIND - Octavia Butler (S&J \$10.95): First British edition; Jacket art uncredited.
 THE MAGICIANS - James Gunn (S&J \$9.70): First British edition; Jacket art by B. Wilkins & Partners.
 STARBRIDGE - James Gunn & Jack Williamson (S&J \$10.95): First British edition; Jacket 'art' uncredited.
 A HERITAGE OF STARS - Clifford Simak (S&J \$10.90): First British edition; Jacket art by Clare Beaton.
 SUPERMIND - A. E. Van Vogt (S&J \$10.95): First British edition; Jacket art uncredited.
 WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG - Kate Wilhelm (Arrow \$3.10): First British edition.

Market Profiles:

ESCHATUS - Bruce Pennington (Paper Tiger/Dragons World large format paperback \$13.95): Collection of paintings by Pennington; Text based on Nostradamus; First edition.

Penguin Books (NZ) Ltd:

LAMBDA 1 AND OTHER STORIES - Selected by John Carnell (penguin \$1.75): Reprint; Cover by J.
 DESTINATION VOID - Frank Herbert (Penguin \$1.95): Reprint; Cover art by J. Petagno. Petagno.
 CELESTIAL PASSENGERS: UFOS & SPACE TRAVEL - Margaret Sachs & Ernest Jahn (Penguin \$2.95):
 Non-fiction; First edition; Cover art by Ron Walotsky.

Wholesale Book Distributors:

Perry Rhodan 28: THE PLAGUE OF OBLIVION - Clark Darlton (Orbit \$1.95): First Br. ed.; Cover uncred.
 THE STORM LORD - Tanith Lee (Orbit \$2.90): First British edition; Cover art by Pete Jones.
 PLANET OF EXILE - Ursula Le Guin (Universal \$1.90): New edition; Cover art uncredited.
 ROCANNOON'S WORLD - Ursula Le Guin (Universal \$1.90): New edition; Cover art uncredited.
 Perry Rhodan 27: PLANET OF THE GODS - Kurt Mahr (Orbit \$1.85): First Br. ed.; Cover art uncredited.
 THE EMBEDDING - Ian Watson (Orbit \$1.95): Reprint; Cover art uncredited.

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

SF (AND RELATED BOOKS) PUBLISHED IN NEW ZEALAND - APRIL & MAY 1978

— Listed in order under their NZ publishers and distributors

Associated Book Publishers (NZ) Ltd:

WAR OF THE WINGMEN — Poul Anderson (Dobson \$9.85): First British hardcover; Jacket art by R. Weaver.
STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT — Alfred Bester (Gollancz \$10.90): Collection; First edition.
DARGASON — Colin Cooper (Dobson \$9.85): First edition; Jacket art by Richard Weaver.
THE SURVIVAL GAME — Colin Kapp (Dobson \$9.85): First British edition; Jacket art by Richard Weaver.
NIGHT OF DELUSIONS — Keith Laumer (Dobson \$9.85): First Br. edition; Jacket art by Richard Weaver.
ALIEN CULTURE — Peter Macey (Dobson \$9.85): First edition; Jacket art uncredited.
A BILLION DAYS OF EARTH — Doris Pischerchia (Dobson \$9.85) First Br. ed.; Jacket art by R. Weaver.
THE ANYTHING TREE — John Rackham (Dobson \$9.85): First Br. edition; Jacket art by R. Weaver.
CAPRICORN GAMES — Robert Silverberg (Gollancz \$10.40): Collection; First edition (?).
MONSTERS IN ORBIT — Jack Vance (Dobson \$9.85): First British edition; Jacket art by R. Weaver.
THE WITLING — Vernor Vinge (Dobson \$9.85): First British edition; Jacket art by R. Weaver.
ANDROMEDA 1 — Edited by Peter Weston (Dobson \$9.85): Anthology; First Br. hc.; Jacket by R. Weaver.
ANDROMEDA 2 — Edited by Peter Weston (Dobson \$9.85): Anthology; First Br. hc.; Jacket by R. Weaver.
THE TIME OF THE KRAKEN — Jay Williams (Gollancz \$8.50): First edition; Jacket art by Mark Harrison.
THE VIEW FROM SERENDIP — Arthur C. Clarke (Gollancz \$13.20): Collection of "autobiographical" essays; First edition; Photo montage on cover.

Beckett Sterling Ltd:

INTERFACE — Mark Adlard (Ace \$2.25): New edition; Cover art by Paul Alexander.
STAR LIGHT — Hal Clement (Del Rey \$2.60): Reprint; Cover art by H.R. Van Dongen.
WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK — H. Rider Haggard (Del Rey \$2.90): New edition; Cover art by Michael Herring.
WHIPPING STAR — Frank Herbert (Berkley \$2.25): Reprint; Cover art uncredited.

Wm Collins (NZ) Ltd:

THE CUSTODIANS — Richard Cowper (Pan \$1.85): First British paper edition; Cover art uncredited.
THE SHAPE OF SEX TO COME — Edited by Douglas Hill (Pan \$1.85): Anthology; First ed.; Cover uncredited.
THE EXILE WAITING — Vonda McIntyre (Pan \$2.25): New edition; Cover art uncredited.
COSMIC KALEIDOSCOPE — Bob Shaw (Pan \$2.15): Collection; New edition; Cover art uncredited.

Leonard Fullerton Ltd:

GODS OF AQUARIUS — Brad Steiger (Allen \$14.30): First British edition; Non-fiction; Jacket by Miyauchi.

Gordon & Gotch (NZ) Ltd:

THE MALACIA TAPESTRY — Brian Aldiss (Triad/Panther \$2.95): First paper edition.
NEW WRITINGS IN SF 29 — Edited by Kenneth Bulmer (Corgi \$2.35): First paper edition; Cover art uncred.
THE GODS LOOK DOWN — Trevor Hoyle (Panther \$2.35): First edition; Q series; Cover art by P. Gudynas.
IN DEEP — Damon Knight (Magnum \$2.35): Collection; New edition; Cover art by Chris Moore.
THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS Volume 1 — Ursula Le Guin (Panther \$2.35): First British paper edition; Contains the first 9 stories of hardcover edition; Cover art by David Bergen.
DRAGONSONG — Anne McCaffrey (Corgi \$2.35): First British paper edition (not the first British edition as claimed); Cover art by Dave Roe
DRAGONFLIGHT — Anne McCaffrey (Corgi \$2.35): Reprint; Cover art uncredited.
THE GOLDEN SWORD — Janet Morris (Bantam \$2.70): First edition; Cover art by "Bob Larkin".
SO BRIGHT THE VISION — Clifford Simak (Magnum \$2.15): Collection; New edition; Cover by C. Moore.
SLAPSTICK or LONESOME NO MORE — Kurt Vonnegut Jr (Panther \$2.35): First British paper edition.
EMPIRE OF THE ANTS — H. G. Wells (Tempo \$1.70): Movie edition of a collection; First edition.
LORD OF LIGHT — Roger Zelazny (Panther \$2.35): Reprint; Cover art by Peter Goodfellow.
WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE — STAR TREK FOTONOVEL # 2 (Bantam \$2.70): First edition.
THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES — STAR TREK FOTONOVEL 3 (Bantam \$2.70): First edition.
A TASTE OF ARMAGEDDON — STAR TREK FOTONOVEL 4 (Bantam \$2.70): First edition.
STAR TREK INTERGALACTIC PUZZLES — Created by James Razzi (Bantam large format \$8.10): 1st ed.

Hodder & Stoughton Ltd:

A KNIGHT OF GHOSTS AND SHADOWS — Poul Anderson (Sphere \$2.75): First Br. ed.; Cover by "Meryn".
KRONK — Edmund Cooper (Coronet \$2.40): Reprint; Cover art by Chris Foss.
THE SLAVES OF HEAVEN — Edmund Cooper (Coronet \$2.40): New edition; Cover art uncredited.
WEIRD TALES — Selected by Peter Haining (Sphere \$2.75): First paper edition; Cover art uncredited.
MORE WEIRD TALES — Selected by Peter Haining (Sphere 2.75): Ditto the above.
PRIME NUMBER — Harry Harrison (Sphere \$2.75): Collection; Reprint; Cover art by "PE".
FLOATING WORLDS — Cecelia Holland (Sphere \$4.75): First paper edition; Cover art by "Meryn".

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