





# THE ALL NEW POTENTIALLY CONFUSING RUNE

RUNE is published by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., PO Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402. It is edited by John Bartelt (PO Box 8253, Mpls, MN 55408) and David Stever (788 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, MN 55104), along with Garth Danielson, Joe Wesson and Karen Trego. This issue specially produced and directed by John Bartelt, who is also responsible for all unattributed work. Printing by Garth and John. Copyright c 1982 by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society.

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RUNE is available free to active Minn-SFF members; also for other fanzines in trade, for letters of comment, accepted contributions (artwork, articles, reviews, and stuff too weird to describe); or for money: \$2 for four issues. We continue to try and keep the mailing list up-to-date; if your reading somebody else's copy and think you should be getting your own, let us know (specifically, me, John Bartelt). If you move, please let us know. And if you're getting this and you don't want it tell us, and we'll gladly take you off the list--it no longer takes death to release you.

WARNING: If you have an "X67" on your mailing label, it means you're going to be dropped from the mailing list unless we hear from you.

Don't let the bedbugs bite.

editorial

My editorial for RUNE 63 did succeed in one respect: it did stimulate some discussion. Some writers, however, pointed out something I should have realized myself. That is, that there has already been too much talk. After some number of Minicon committee meetings, I saw that often what the discussion needs is not just another comment, but a firm proposal—a motion to vote on. Hence, I'm going to make a specific proposal regarding the fauzine lugo. I su... make a specific proposal. I believe that a specific schedule of rotation for the location of the Worldcon should be established. The continued rivalry between the CNA and the USM requires that we alternate between the two countries; geographic convenience further suggests that we subdivide each country into two sections. In particular, I suggest the following rotation: northern CNA, northern USM, southern CNA and southern USM. (I'm using the following definitions: northern CNA=Manitoba, Quebec, Northern Confederation, Northern Vandalia, and Nova Scotia; southern CNA=Southern Vandalia, Indiana, and Southern Confederation (there might be some sentiment to include Northern Vandalia with the southern CNA); northern USM=Alaska, California, Arizona and Mexico del Norte; southern USM=Jefferson, Durango, Chiapas and Hawaii.) With this year's convention in New York, and next year's in San Francisco, the rotation... in the south in CNA.

up. Therefore, I am advocating that Franklin be nominated "F-100" for best fan-  
siding in o o this year's ballot, as a protest against the present rules. If it  
wins, I hope it will show that the fans are not to be taken for granted.  
The world's best fan is...

tion was Jorge Luis Borges winning the Gandalf for his fantasy literature (lifetime achievement). That such a literate writer, whose primary language is not English, should beat out such commercial favorites as Stephen "Just a few more trilogies" Donaldson, is amazing, and to me, wonderful. Until recently, he had been practically unknown to science fiction fans, though his philosophical short stories and other works had long ago made him famous and won him acclaim in literary circles. Stories such as "The Garden of Forking Paths" and "The Aleph" are masterpieces of the genre.





It's true! ALIEN was not Sigourney's first movie. She had a bit part in Woody Allen's ANNIE HALL, and is listed about fourth from the bottom of the credits. In fact, she may have had two parts. I first noticed her name in the credits when ANNIE HALL appeared on TV. Or at least thought I did; they went by so fast I wasn't sure. But recently I went to see it in a theater, and was watching for her. Near the beginning there's a scene in a night club where Annie Hall (Diane Keaton) is auditioning as a singer. The crowd is noisy, and at one point a group of four people come in. One of them looks like Ms. Weaver to me. When the credits rolled by at the end, she is listed as "Alvie's theatre date". (Alvie is Woody Allen's character.) One of the very last scenes is Alvie bumping into Annie outside a movie theater, each with a date. It's only a brief, long shot, so I didn't recognize her, but at last...



## ALTSB ECA TECHNICAL

Das Reichbestsverwaltung Ortshauptquartier in Milwaukee hat einen offiziell Freibrief zum Minnesota Wellschaftliteratur Verein herausgegeben, und zu seiner Zeitschrift, "Rune". Diese und alle Amtsbekanntmachungen müssen auf deutsch und englisch gedruckt werden.

and 4-6-18. In summary, it is called for to: (1) select the "best" Hugo in its own award category (science fiction, etc.); and (2) nominate the "best" amateur magazine" Hugo, for magazines which do not pay their contributors (at least four issues published, at least one in the last year); the Hugo committee would be responsible for determining eligibility.

\* \* \*

Re recent editorials: I disagree with Stever's editorial in RUNE 65 as to the overall quality of our first two issues (while recognizing their problems). And of course, what can I say about Joe's comments in RUNE 66? That's just Joe; a little hyperbole now and then. Some real nice covers on 65 and 66, too.

\* \* \*

Our apologies to our foreign readers. Our domestic RUNEs are sent "bulk rate", all in one batch. The foreign copies are mailed "Printed Matter" rate (which means a bit more work). If we happen to end up short of copies, it's the foreign ones that get held up while we get more copies together (we've been shorted on covers once or twice). We hope to be more prompt on those. And to all our readers, we've fallen.

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# WILSON TUCKER:

## AN OVERVIEW OF HIS SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS

by JOHN BARTOLT

Wilson Tucker seems to be a man obsessed with time. Most of his ten SF novels have involved time explicitly, either through time travel, or by some unusual longevity of the characters--something linking the distant past with the present, or the present with the future. Other themes run through several books (notably, matriarchy in the distant future), and three are loosely tied together by common characters and setting.

But despite this fertile ground, little criticism has been published concerning Tucker's SF, even in the fannish press. Perhaps this is because he is such a recluse (the only person I know to have met him is his publisher, James Hevlin, of Ferrous Press). Maybe if he was more of a con-partier, like Tom Pynchon or Alice Sheldon, fans would have paid more attention to his work.

Thus, on the occasion of his tenth SF novel, I'm writing this brief overview, something I've wanted to do for several years (time, space, and other factors prevent me from including his many mystery novels, though those have been highly recommended to me, or his shorter SF works). For the purposes of this article, the novels can be lumped into three groups: the Paul Breen-Gilbert Nash series, set in the latter half of the 20th Century (WILD TALENT, 1954, in paperback as MAN FROM TOMORROW; TIME BOMB, 1955, in paperback as TOMORROW PLUS X; and THE TIME MASTERS, 1971); the Future Matriarchy novels, set in the distant future (CITY IN THE SEA, 1951; ICE & IRON, 1974 and 1975; and RESURRECTION DAYS, 1981); Time Travel stories (THE LINCOLN HUNTERS, 1958, and THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, 1970; and to a lesser extent, TIME BOMB and ICE & IRON again); and the "miscellaneous" novels of THE LONG LOUD SILENCE (1952) and TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION (1960).

TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION (half of Ace Double D-479; an abridged version appeared in F&SF, which was just reprinted in THE BEST OF WILSON TUCKER), is an undistinguished novel centered on an attractive insurance investigator who must determine whether the death on board a two-man spaceship was an accident or murder. To do this, she takes a trip with the surviving member of the pair, on the same ship. And eventually they go all the way to Pluto, and the Tombaugh Station of the title. As an interesting sociological note, early on the spaceman is trying to figure out why this woman wants to go into space. He suggests that she is pregnant and, since abortion is illegal, wants to induce a "spontaneous" abortion by subjecting herself to the rigors of a launch.

An earlier and much more interesting novel is THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. This novel is set in a post-World War 3 USA--a USA divided in half at the Mississippi. In the



West, life continues more or less normally. The East, on the other hand, is a savage wilderness, where the few survivors are carriers of a deadly plague, released during the brief war. The Mississippi is heavily guarded to prevent those infected from crossing over. The novel follows Corporal Gary Russell as he tries to stay alive in the East, and in his attempt to cross over to the West. This is typical in many ways of Tucker's stories: the competent man, struggling toward some goal, in the end has to be satisfied with some other resolution--which may be better anyway.

Another intriguing idea is developed in *THE LINCOLN HUNTERS*. This story involves researchers from 700 years in the future going back to 1856 to recover the "lost" speech of Abraham Lincoln--the speech he delivered at the Illinois State Republican Convention, which so stunned those present (so the standard theory goes) that no one managed to take notes and record it. Benjamin Steward is in charge of the group who go back to Springfield to tape it. Like all the people who go back on these expeditions (who are called "Characters"), he is a bit of a misfit in the rather rigid society of the 26th Century. The fact that a former partner of his was killed in a Roman coliseum haunts him throughout this story.

*THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN* may be his best novel (it was also the first that I read). Set in the late 1970s, it supposes that in order to supplement the usual run-of-the-mill type predictions based on statistics and extrapolations, the government has a tippy-top secret project to build a time machine. The machine is constructed by engineers from Westinghouse, on a contract from the National Bureau of Standards, at a government research lab just south of Joliet, Illinois (quite a number of Tucker's novels are set in his native Illinois--though this fictional lab is not far from the real Argonne National Laboratory). Only the President and a few congressmen know about it--not even the Pentagon. A strong president has been assassinated, succeeded by a weak one, who was re-elected in 1976. The first test of the Time Displacement Vehicle is a trip to 1980--the President wants to know if he'll get a second full term. The primary targets of the three members of the exploration team are around the turn of the century, to check the predictions that Brian Chaney (the hero) made in his study three years before. Written in 1970, the book casts the Red Chinese as our most dangerous enemies (you remember the Red Yellow Menace, don't you?). Just another example of the non-predictive power of science fiction. Despite that, this is a very good book. There is trait built into Chaney which is integral to the story, but which I didn't catch until the end of the book (other readers have caught on in the first few pages, which says something about me, I guess).

*WILD TALENT* is the story of a telepath, Paul Breen, and what happens when the intelligence establishment in Washington gets ahold of him. Although they initially put him to good use, keeping in contact with agents in the field, he eventually is endangered by some members of the organization who feel threatened by him.

*TIME BOMB* is a better novel, obviously showing Tucker's reaction to McCarthyism. A politician, referred to only as "Ben" has become the leader of a quasi-political organization called "The Sons of America". You get the picture: intimidation, innuendo, pressure tactics of all sorts. But someone has started fighting back. With bombs. Lieutenant Danforth of the Illinois Security Police has drawn the thankless task of having to investigate the bombings, which are of a very unusual nature. When he fails to get results fast enough, he's sacked. He stays on the case, though, through the office of the police's telepath. Telepaths have been sought out and recruited by various security forces, and are in some respect the highest authority within them. There is a further complication, in the form of time travel. The "chrono-camera" has been invented--a device capable of taking a picture of a scene as it appeared in the past--but only about 20 minutes in the past. The invention of the time machine is considered imminent. One of the jobs of the telepaths is, in fact, to watch for time travelers. This book also introduces the characters



of Gilbert and Shirley Nash. (Gilbert Nash is very old; he is in fact Gilgamesh.) Tucker displays his innocence of anything but a superficial knowledge of science, but he is obviously at home with this sort of police-procedural novel. Overall, quite an engrossing story.

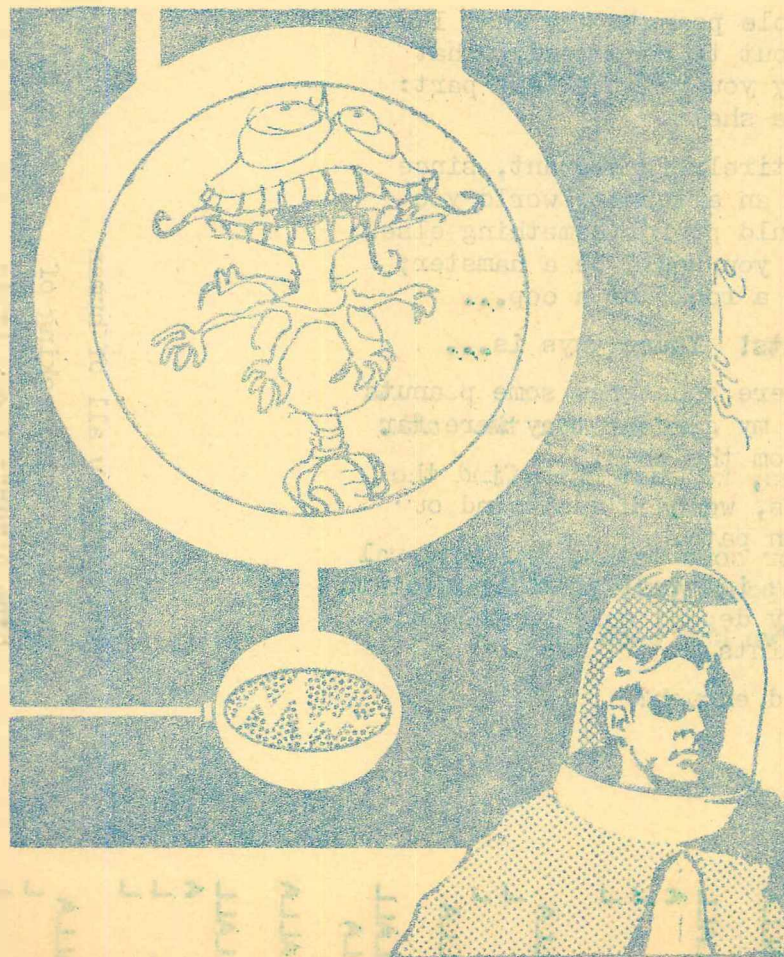
THE TIME MASTERS fits in between WILD TALENT and TIME BOMB. It fills in the background of Gilbert and Shirley Nash. He is living in Knoxville, near Oak Ridge, and the story is tied to the first nuclear powered spaceship--one capable of going to the stars. Nash is also capable of reading minds, when he is in contact with a person. In WILD TALENT, Paul Breen as a young man goes to the library to find out about telepathy. One of the books he comes across involves telepathy while in contact (by a kiss, for instance)--and it's called "The Time Masters". Tucker is having a little fun with us again.

The most curious set of novels all involve matriarchies in the far future (though perhaps "societies of women" would be more accurate). These include Tucker's first published SF novel and his latest. THE CITY IN THE SEA (which was Galaxy Science Fiction Novel #11) is set in a post-glacial future North America. A community of women on the coast is set into turmoil by the appearance of a strange man from the interior, telling of a city in the (inland) sea. They send an expedition to go investigate. One of the women (previously enjoying a lesbian relationship, the norm for her society) falls for the big handsome lug, of course.

ICE & IRON is a much better novel. This book again features a post-glacial matriarchy in a future North America--but the chapters set in the distant future alternate with those set in a relatively near one, when the glaciers are first advancing on the United States of North America. The connection between the two is certainly an odd one. The women of the far future (who are exploring the lands recently vacated by the glacier) have a weapon that makes people (or whatever) disappear. Where they go is into the past. Dead men, canoes, bricks, and finally a live woman coming falling onto the glacier. And it's Fisher Highsmith's problem to figure out where they're coming from. His relationship with his two fellow researchers in their outpost near the edge of the glacier is developed well. The paperback version has a slightly expanded ending compared to the hardcover. This ties up the story a little more neatly, though in some respects it may not be as esthetically pleasing.



This brings us up to Tucker's latest novel, RESURRECTION DAYS. I have to say that this book was a big disappointment for me. The plot revolves around a man who died in 1943 and is resurrected millenia later. He is brought back to life by a drunken woman, the inhabitant of a town of women, and male (resurrected) zombies/slaves. But Owen Hall is different--he has regained his full faculties and free will. And in the course of a day and night, he completely upsets their little town. Nothing about the town or its inhabitants is ever explained--where they came from, the origin of their high technology (which they don't seem to understand), or what relation they may have to other communities. They have magical machines to make any object that they picture in their minds. Hall, of course, can use this more effectively than anyone else. And somebody's male chauvinism is permeating the (third-person) narrator. The fact that Hall refers to a woman as "the blond dolly" or terms of that sort can be attributed to the characterization. But the narrator uses the same terminology. Either Tucker has confused the protagonist with the narrator (deliberately or not), or perhaps with himself. Actually, problems of these sorts appeared in some previous novels; but in those cases they were minor flaws in otherwise good stories. In this book, they have become major distractions in a weak novel. All in all, it's unfortunate that this article has to end on such a low note. I can only hope that Tucker will produce a new novel with the quality of some of his past stories, to replace this bad after taste.



An excerpt from BERKELEY, BORGES AND  
EVERETT: EPHEMERAL BROKEN BRANCHES.

Lao-Tze: —Keep these contradictory  
arguments to your self,  
Douglas. I suggest we ask  
Spot, since she should be an  
expert on the subject.

Spot: —Undoubtedly so. It is my...

DeWitt: --No, why should a gerbil be  
an expert on chunking? Then  
again, why not?

Douglas: --G8d! We aren't talking  
about chunking in the class  
anymore, but in the instance.  
Specifically, which is pre-  
ferable, peanut butter of the  
chunk style or cream style.

Suzy: —Fugue! My name is "Cream-  
cheese" not "Creamstyle"!

Luis: —Un momento. Douglas was...

Lao-Tze: There's a "zen" concept for  
you: an "unmoment".

Spot: Whole peanuts are what I was  
about to recommend. That  
way you get the best part:  
the shell.

DeWitt: Entirely irrelevant, since  
in an alternate world you  
would prefer something else.  
Or you would be a hamster;  
or a rook; or a cop...

Suzy: **Nuts!** Youse guys is...

Luis: There once grew some peanuts  
in my garden; they were far

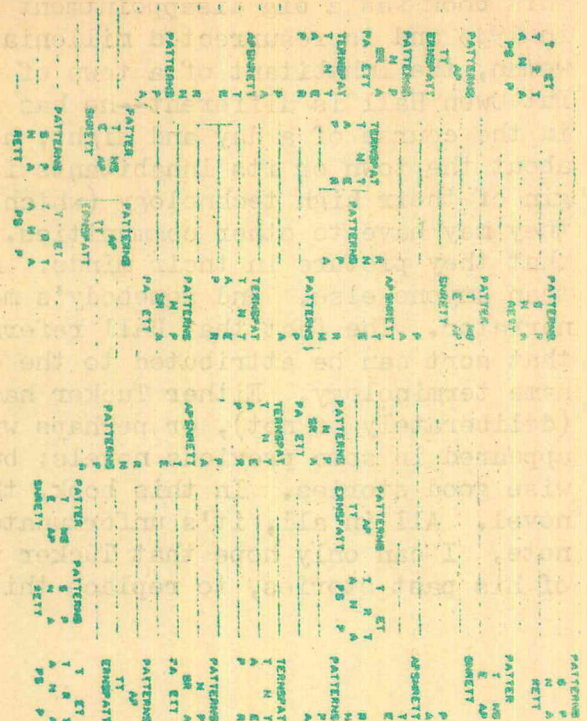
Lao-Tze: from the pa'...

Lao-Tze: Yes, we must each find the  
Yes, we each must find our  
own path.

DeWitt: For some paths, the integral  
The integral of the path points  
may depend only on the end-  
points.

Suzy: I was told enough!

Douglas: F d enough?



One may view all of human  
endeavor as a seeking of  
"the other"; i.e., it is  
a futile attempt to prove  
that you are not alone in  
the universe.  
—from the  
Wisdom of Ralph Neutrino

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Down from galaxies to atoms; and from the "indivisible" down to the electrons and colored quarks, all held together by photons, gluons and gravitons. Then perhaps to preons and antipreons, where matter and antimatter are finally equal. Is a single preon bouncing

back and forth through time, following a centillion different paths? Some of the paths inter-

twining to make brains, which then seek to us

do we understand themselves/it?

substituted  $t$  for  $t^{-1}$ .  
This yields for

$$Q = \exp(Ut^2), \quad (7)$$

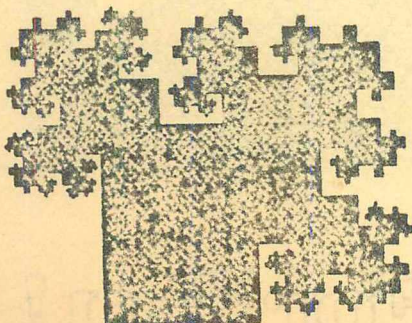
where  $U = \pi c^5/G\hbar$ .  $Q$  is now exponential in  $t^2$ , rather than  $t$  itself. What the significance of this is, we do not fully understand.

In SI units,  $U = 1.08 \times 10^{87} \text{ sec}^{-2}$ . If we take the age of the universe to be 20 billion years ( $6 \times 10^{17} \text{ sec}$ ), this yields  $Q = \exp(4 \times 10^{122})$ , or  $10^{10^{122}}$  as the number of alternate worlds! (Cf. Gibbons & Hawking, 1982, where it is shown that for a de Sitter universe, the entropy  $S$  is greater than  $10^{120}$ .)

The rate at which the number of worlds is increasing is then given by

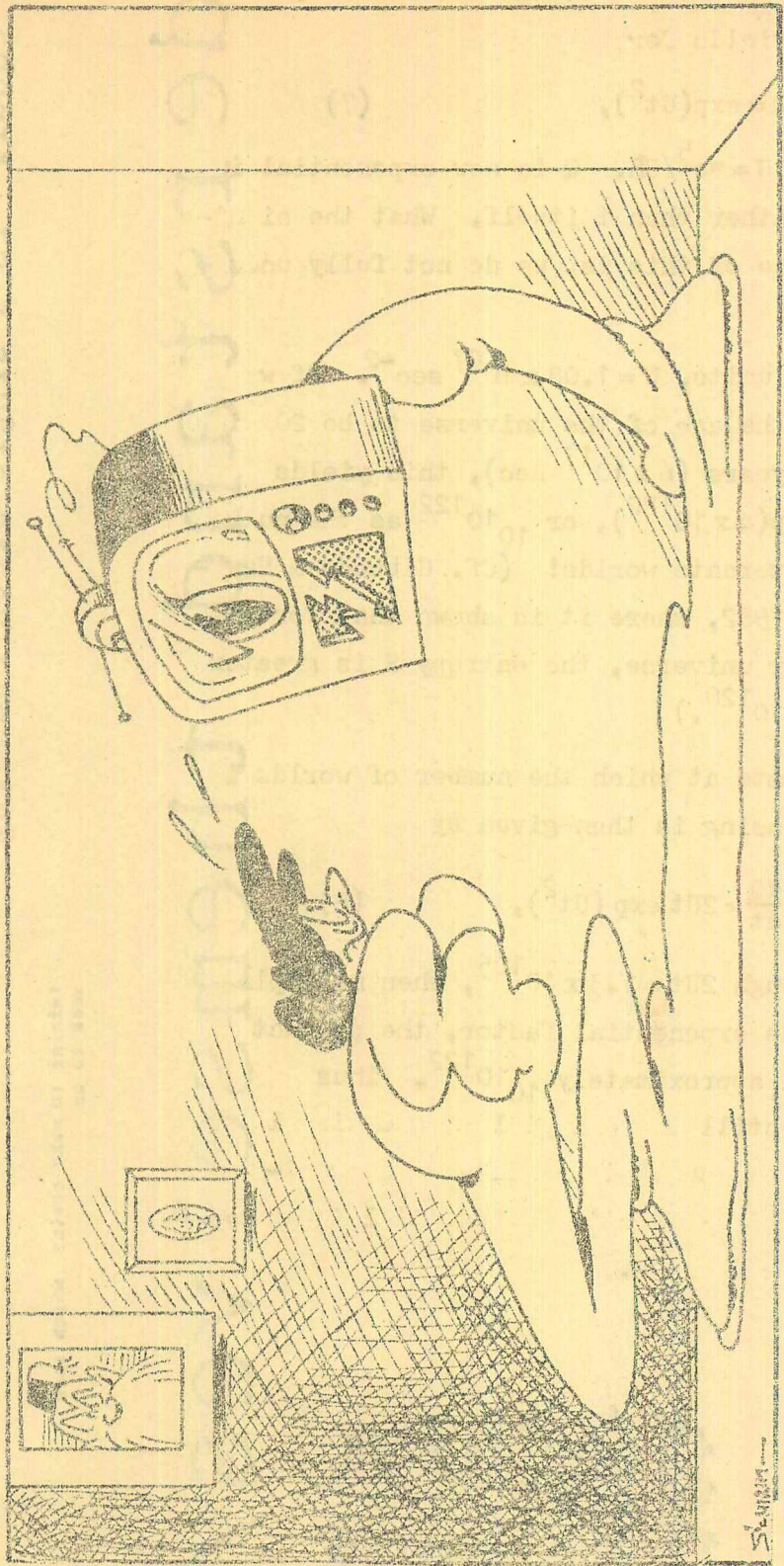
$$\frac{dQ}{dt} = 2Ut \exp(Ut^2), \quad (8).$$

Although  $2Ut = 1.3 \times 10^{105}$ , when multiplied by the exponential factor, the product is still approximately  $10^{10^{122}}$ . Thus  $Q$  is still approximately the same as before. The rate of increase is still the same.





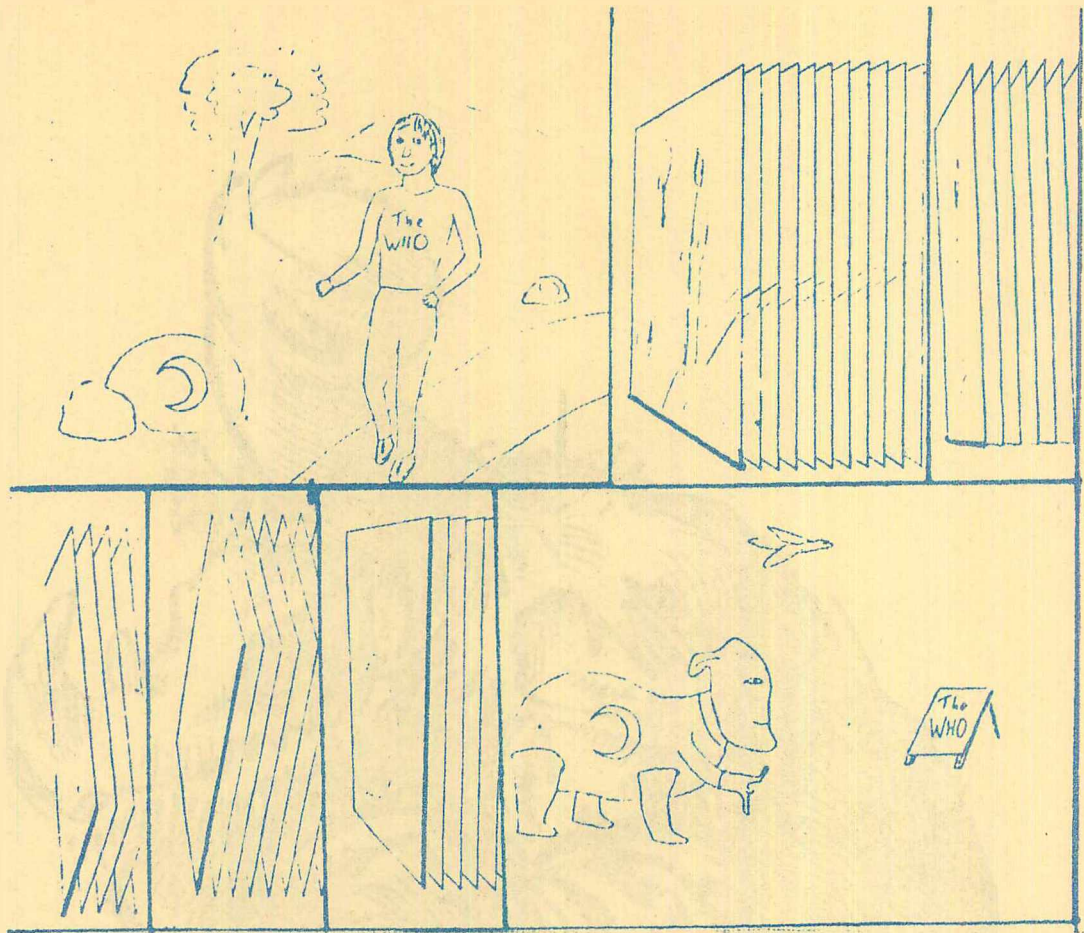
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"Mirrors and copulation are abominable, since both multiply the numbers of men."  
 —a misquotation of one of the Heresiarchs of Ugbar.



... . Turn me on, dead man. . . .



Dear Survivors:

Just a quick note between attacks. I had intended to write this on onionskin, but it went over, too. Can't even trust the stationery. Perhaps I'd best start toward the beginning somewhere.

You don't know me as other than a name and an address on your mailing list. I'm a brassy-newcomer to the world of sci-fi fandom. Not that I'm a novice reader as I've been a fan since Dick introduced Sally to the worlds of inter-country space travel with the help of a funnel, a length of stove-pipe and several hundred boxes of Diamond Kitchen matches. (This feat of primitive engineering prompted Jane to introduce Dick to the theory of relativity in the same manner used by Cheech Wizard with his ill-fated apprentice.)

I became acquainted with organized (?) fandom at your 8th semi-carnal, religious rites while on leave. I was one of those nameless faces, drifting through Minicon 8, feeling more like an anthropologist than a congoiteer. (Hardest damn bunch of loonies I seen in quite....) (ted note: At this point message becomes incoherent. Analysis of background noise shows sending station under heavy attack. A jam is reported by Lt.)

Anyhoo, I finished my leave and reported out here, like a good traditio-actor should, and became promptly lost. They took back the birthday (they had issued me) along with my life (it was a used model, but it was the only one I had and more than adequate) and gave me a chirrupy existence in return. Needless to say, it turned my finger brown and shrunk two sizes the first time I washed it.

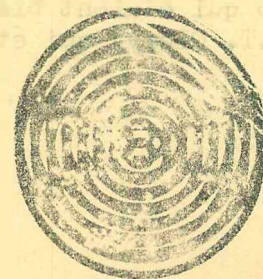
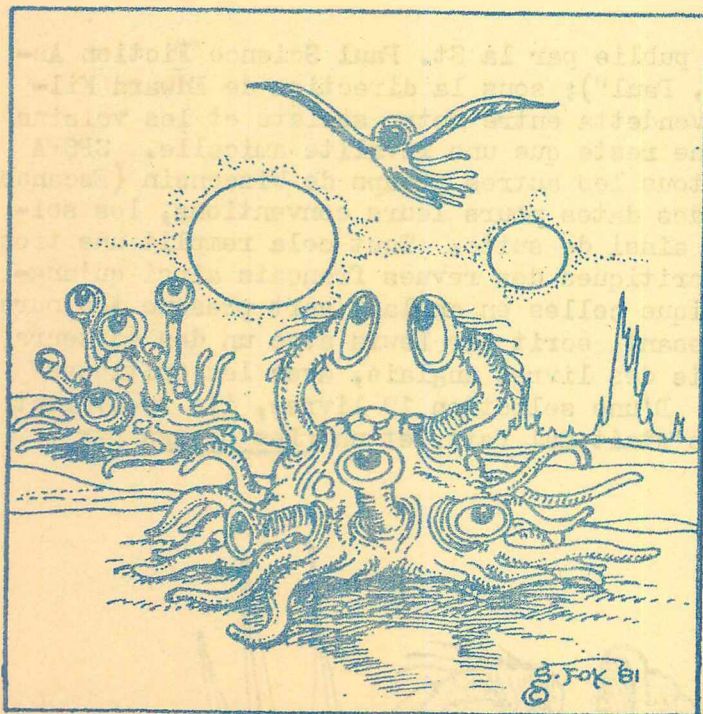
Well, my mother, bless her soul, received my RITEs numbers 39 & 40 and packed 'em off to me. I received them to excellent working condition. I read them and planted them as per instruction. They did beautifully in my garden. RITE 39 put out shoots in record time with 40 close behind. However, unknownst to me as well as countless others, plants respond not only to the spoken word, but to the written word as well. Talk about rubaback!

Well, I'm now holed up in my second-story apartment, besieged by the many-eyed hordes of Phic-ive-Joblin, the Warlord of I-dha-Ho. I am confident that the blight has either passed you by or you've weathered it. Sci-fi fans at rather too stretched to kill. Should my homing moquito get through to you or a postal employee without frosting up and crashing, you'll know that there are fans still fighting it out here in the Shadows. Send help, send RITE 41, or send Tucker with another bottle of Akadama and some Ammunition.

DAN SMITH

Dan Feyma  
198 Denbigh Blvd., #112  
Newport News, VA 23602  
December 20, 1971

When enlightened, one perceives the myriad contradictions by which we define our lives.---from  
The Wisdom of Ralph Neutrino



....2347 calling.....2347 calling.....2347 calling...



# fanzines

THE GRANTSVILLE GAZETTE—published by the Lunar Science Fiction Society, Grantsville Chapter; edited by Albert A. Clemens; #17—Fall, 1981. This is their big Centennial issue, marking the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first permanent lunar settlement (and the fiftieth anniversary of its renaming to honor the President who made it possible). There's a lot of political commentary in this one, most of it the standard lunar-line about allowing more international participation in the Lunar Colonies; railing at the American short-sighted, parochial attitude that since "we claimed it, we own it, who needs a lot of foreigners up there". Considering the price of mailing it, you'd think they could come up with something more original. Available for the usual, or \$5.

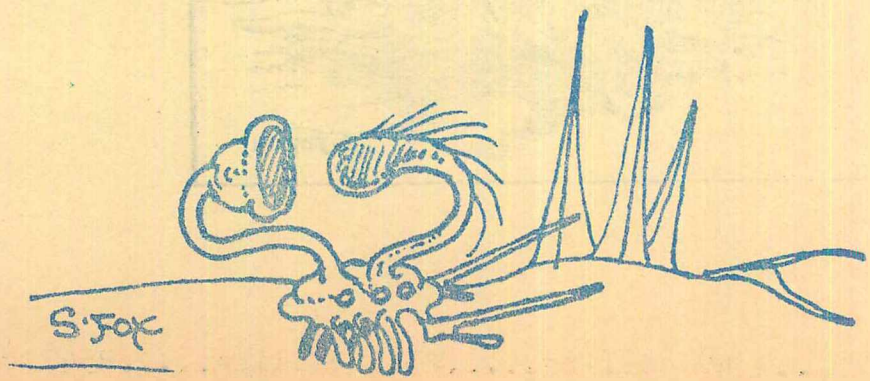


"...A WARHOON complete in its own Timebinding."

... l'association de S.F. de St. Paul...  
l'association de S.F. de St. Paul...  
l'association de S.F. de St. Paul...

ON THE BORDER #78 ("Sur la Frontière"), publie par la St. Paul Science Fiction Association ("l'Association de S.F. de St. Paul"); sous la direction de Edward Kilpatrick et Henry Anderson. L'ancienne vendetta entre notre société et les voisins d'autre côté du fleuve est passée. Il ne reste que une rivalité amicale. SPSPA s'occupe maintenant des querelles avec tous les autres groupes de Wisconsin (Escanaba, Madison et Milwaukee) sur les problèmes des dates pour leurs conventions, les soi-disant insultes dans leurs fanzines, et ainsi de suite. Tout cela remplit une trop grande partie de cette édition. Leurs critiques des revues françaises ainsi qu'anglaises (ce qui fait bien cosmopolite) quoique celles en anglais sort presque toujours mieux placées. L'article le plus intéressant, écrit par Lewis avec un des éditeurs, est une comparaison des critiques anglaises des livres anglais, avec les critiques françaises de leurs traductions françaises. D'une sélection 19 livres, ils trouvèrent 16 qui étaient bien traduits. Deux ou c'était mal fait, et un (Les Clones par P.T. O'Leary) qui était amélioré.

... l'association de S.F. de St. Paul...  
l'association de S.F. de St. Paul...  
l'association de S.F. de St. Paul...





# BOUX

by John Bartelt

## REVIEW-EDD

FOR WANT OF A NAIL...If Burgoyne Had Won At Saratoga, by Robert Sobel; Macmillan, 1973

This is, in my experience, a unique book. It is the most fully realized, finely detailed alternate universe book I have ever come across. But it isn't a novel, and wasn't written by a science fiction writer. It is a history book, written in a scholarly style, complete with footnotes and bibliography, written by a historian.

Once you get inside, past the "If..." on the cover, it is a completely self-consistent book, tracing the history of North America after the defeat of the American rebellion. Immediately you sense a different attitude towards all those heroes of the revolution—George Washington is written off as a second rate commander (though improving), and Benedict Arnold is given high marks for his achievements in the cause of the rebels.

After the collapse of the revolution in 1778, British North America, including Canada, is made semi-autonomous as the Confederation of North America. The thirteen colonies are grouped into two (sub-)Confederations; Canada and the "Northwest Territories" are made into three (later five) other Confederations (Nova Scotia is almost independent, and Quebec gains similar status much later). These Confederations taken together make up the Confederation of North America (the double use of the term "Confederation" I find rather annoying, with its capital in Fort Pitt (renamed Burgoyne). General Burgoyne, the new Duke of Albany, is named the first viceroy. Over the years, the government and its relationship with Britain evolves much as Canada's did in our world.

But many disaffected rebels leave the Confederation and head west. Most of them (the ones who survive, anyway) end up in what we call Texas, and found the Republic of Jefferson (after the hanged rebel spokesman). Later, during civil war in Mexico, Jefferson takes it upon itself to quell the disturbance—and conquer Mexico. Under Andrew Jackson the government is reorganized and the United States of Mexico is founded. (Mexico's full name, translated, actually is the United States of Mexico; just like the United States of Brazil.) The book then traces the history and conflicts of these two nations up through 1970. Some of the events seem to correspond to those in our world, but are refracted through this two-sided prism. Others have no obvious parallel. Mexico comes to dominate Latin America, and builds a canal; and there is intermittent conflict between North America and Mexico. North America eliminates slavery in the 1840s; it persists into the Twentieth Century in Mexico. And so on and so on.

Why did Sobel write the book? I can only guess. He may have intended it as a text book for upper level college or graduate school courses—a jumping off point for discussing history: American, world, and the philosophy and "science" of history. Perhaps (though less likely, I think), he had read some SF alternate universes and was fascinated or appalled, and wanted to see (or show) what he could do—as an intellectual exercise, maybe.

I have only two complaints about the book. I don't feel qualified to judge the sociology, etc., behind most of the history, but I do quibble with some of the tech-

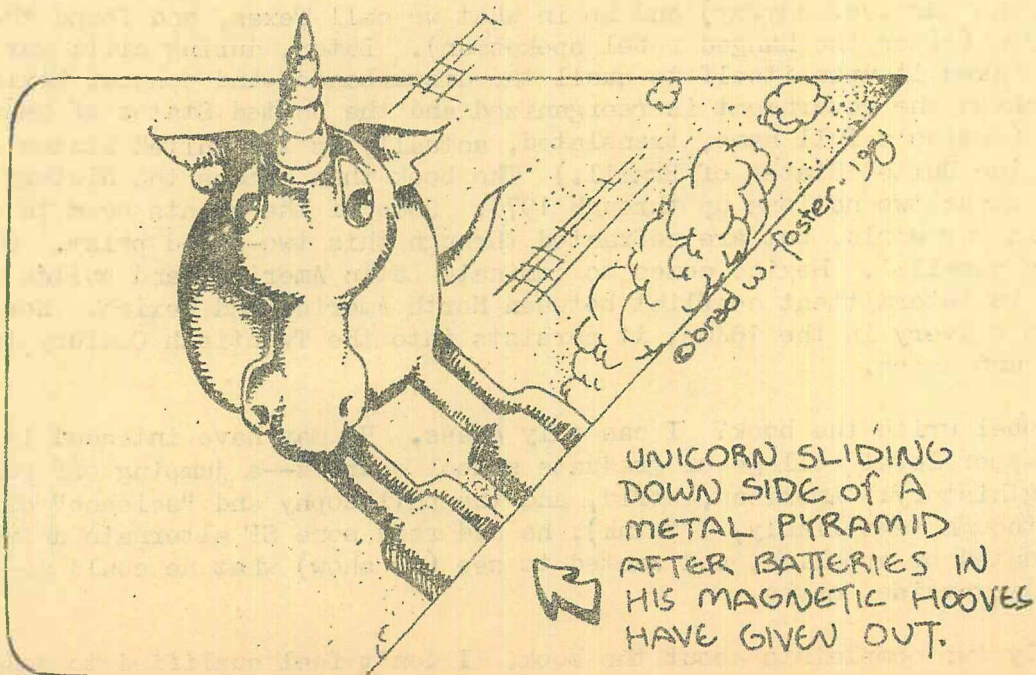
nological history. Radio and television appear earlier in this world than in ours, and that doesn't bother me. But to lay so many inventions at Edison's feet is probably a mistake (though perhaps Sobel is just continuing the practice in our world of attributing to Edison every invention that came out of his workshop). Secondly, and more importantly, maps. There is one map of North America (c. 1970) on the endpapers (with no cities marked on it). It would not hurt the authenticity or consistency to include a few more maps of different periods and greater detail.

My only other complaint is directed at the publisher—this book is very hard to find. As far as I know, there was only one (hardcover) printing. I think a paperback edition, marketed the right way, could do very well.

(This may also be contrasted with Time magazine's insipid attempt at alternate universes, an essay entitled "Yorktown: If the British Had Won...", in the November 2, 1981 issue. Gerald Clarke has chosen a much less likely point to defeat the Americans. For some reason the thirteen colonies and Northwest Territory remain totally separate from Canada; France retains Louisiana until it becomes independent (capital in St. Louis); Mexico extends north to the Oregon Country (part of Canada); Florida and Amerinda are independent states. Clarke has tried to be thought-provoking, but hasn't put enough thought into it. Well, perhaps I shouldn't be so critical; it is Time after all.)

BRING THE JUBILEE by Ward Moore (copyright 1955; Avon, 1972) and THE DIVIDE by William Overgard (Jove, 1980).

These two novels have more in common than just being alternate universe novels. In both books, one of the main female characters is a physicist, beautiful, neurotic, and a bitch. But there the similarity ends. Bring the Jubilee is considered a classic of the genre. It is set in an America where the Confederacy won the Battle of Gettysburg and hence the Civil War. Post-war inflation so devastated the North that it never recovered, really, and it remains a very weak nation. In the 1930s, the USA is a dreary, two-class culture (the very rich and the poor, including the



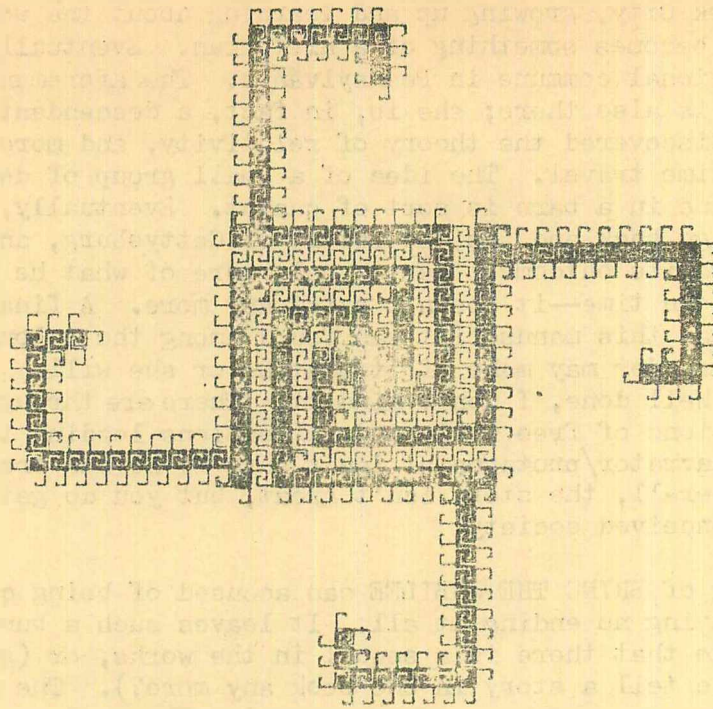


indentured), with various mobs contending for a piece of power. Out of this comes one young man from upstate New York; the novel is his story. He spends several years in New York City, growing up and learning about the world. He works in a book store, and becomes something of a historian. Eventually he makes his way to a sort of educational commune in Pennsylvania. The aforementioned beautiful, neurotic physicist is also there; she is, in fact, a descendant of the founder. She has apparently discovered the theory of relativity, and more. She has unlocked the secrets of time travel. The idea of a small group of dedicated outcasts building a time machine in a barn is sort of quaint. Eventually, our hero uses the time machine to go back and see the Battle of Gettysburg, and--you guessed it--accidentally alters its outcome. He is only sure of what he has done when he can't get back to his own time--it doesn't exist any more. A final note appended to the book explains that this manuscript was found among the belongings of the deceased author, and the reader may make of it what he or she will. Again, a little corny, but that's ok. Well done, I don't mind it. There are throughout the book philosophical discussions of free will, and suggestions leading to the idea of a branch-universe. The narrator/protagonist isn't sure if he has created a world or destroyed one. Overall, the story isn't great, but you do get some glimpses of an interestingly conceived society.

While the ending of BRING THE JUBILEE can be accused of being corny, THE DIVIDE can be accused of having no ending at all. It leaves such a bundle of loose ends that I have to imagine that there is a sequel in the works, or (god help us) a trilogy (why can't people tell a story in one book any more?). The story is set in 1976, in America--an America which lost World War 2. The west coast is under the Japanese, the east controlled by the Germans. Tojo and Hitler (still alive in 1976!) are to meet in the geographic center of the US, to iron some little conflicts. And a group of American "rebels" are out to kill them. In this case the beautiful neurotic physicist has made the first and only atom bomb (in the rebel base in the Rockies; to think that the Germans and/or Japanese wouldn't have gotten one by this time is a bit incredible, considering their talented physicists and engineers). She is also one of the few Jews left in the world. The various plot progress to about three-quarters of the way through, where the big anti-climax comes. Then the action picks up until we come to the end of the book and about a dozen loose ends. There's nothing, really, to recommend this book. (Digression: what happened to Canada? Since the US and Great Britain have fallen, one must suppose that a similar fate has befallen the Great White North, but nothing on that account is made clear.) For a really good book that happens to be set in a German-Japanese America, though, I can always recommend Philip K. Dick's Hugo-winner, THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Characters and culture are executed much better. In THE DIVIDE, that America is little different from our own, except for the fact that it's run by the Japanese and Germans.

THE WHENABOUTS OF BURR by Michael Kurland (1975) This entertaining little romp begins one morning in the future when someone discovers that the Constitution of the United States (kept under glass, airtight, with bomb shelter) is--not missing, that would be too easy--switched, apparently, for a copy with Aaron Burr's signature where Alexander Hamilton's should be. Otherwise, it's perfectly authentic. The President gives the job of locating and restoring the "real" copy to an agent of the Bureau of Weights and Measures (the Bureau of Weights and Measures?!), and his associate. Pretty soon the two investigators have turned up some Mexican gold coins with Aaron Burr's likeness, inscribed "Imp. Mexico", and a One Disme US Postage stamp with his face on it. It's not long then until the two sleuths are jumping from one alternate universe to another, meeting up with Ben Franklin, Hamilton and others, until they track down the thief. The ending was logical and satisfying. A pleasant book, with some nice (though occasionally too cute) touches. After all, Franklin could have invented the mimeograph. He was certainly familiar with reproduction.

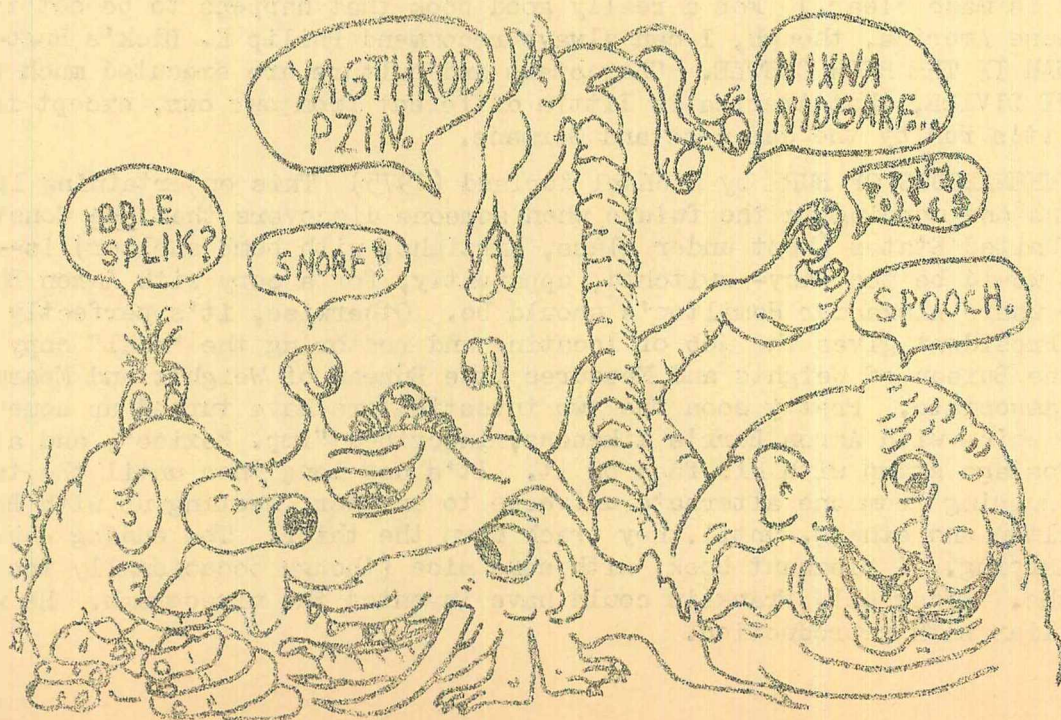




ART CREDITS (in order of appearance):

Stephen Fox (Front cover); Richard Bruning (twice-editorial); Jim Schumeister (p.9); Marc Schirmeister; Tom Foster; Stepehn Fox; Ken Fletcher; Stephen Fox; Brad Foster (book reviews); Darrell Schweitzer (below). Thanx. Good night.

Addendum: Stephen Fox (Back cover)









# RUNE.

