

imulacrum

SIMULACRUM 8

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"THE DOOMSDAY ISSUE"

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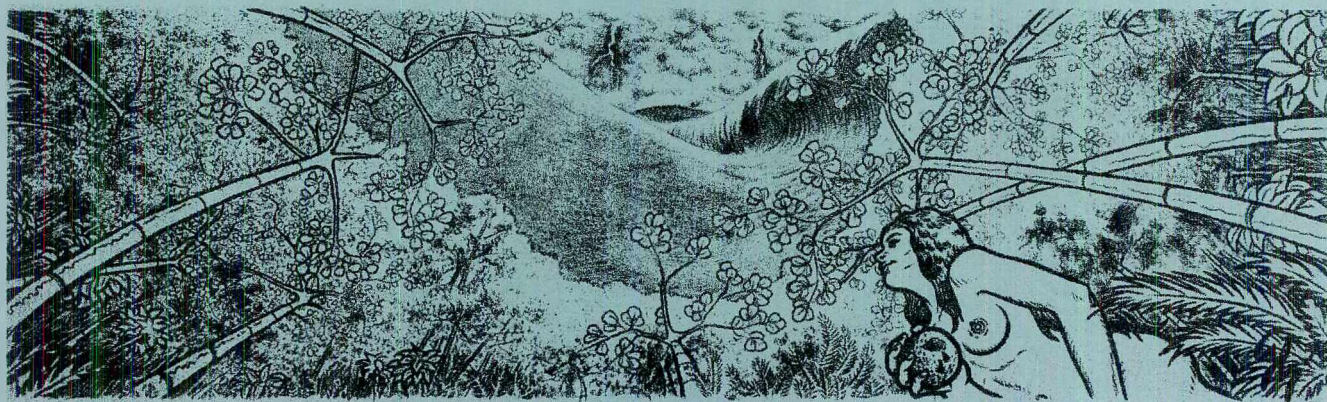
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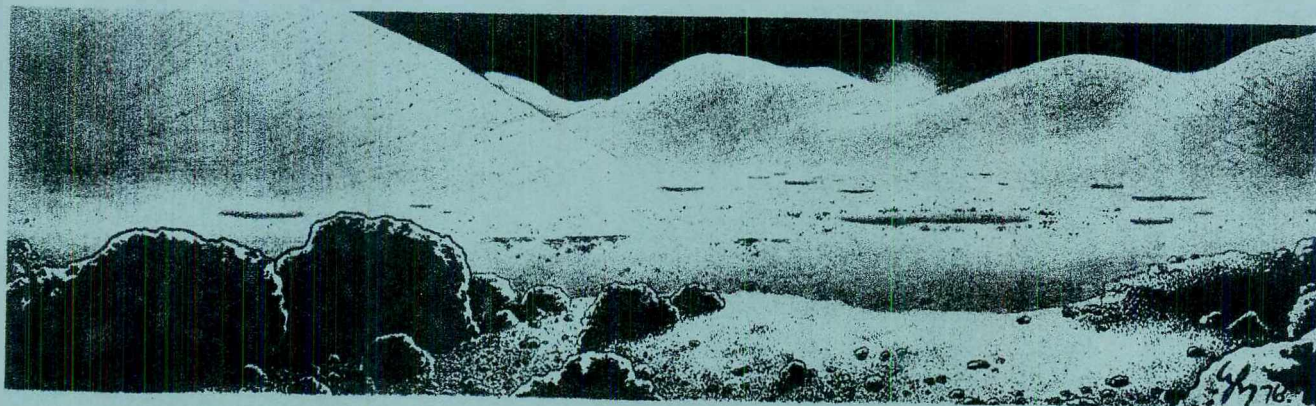
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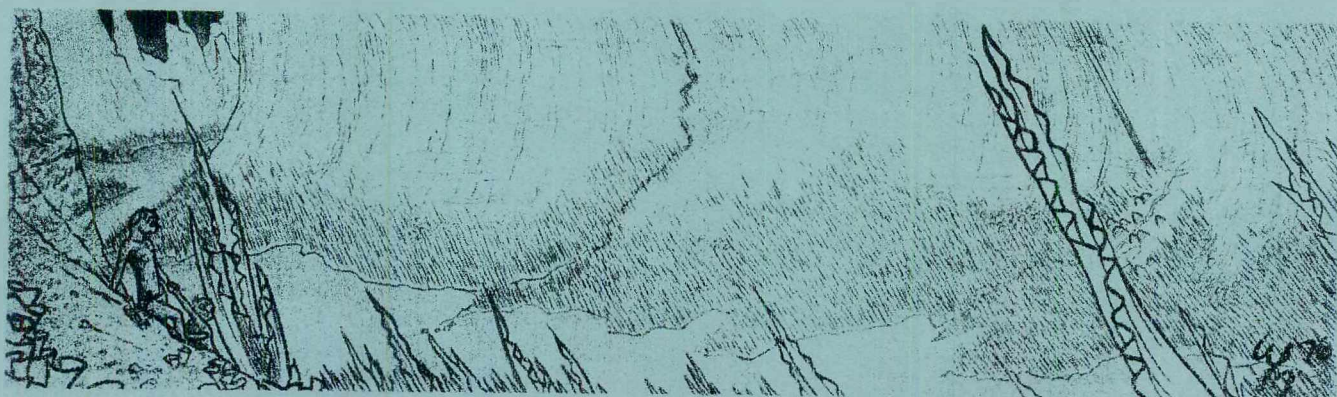
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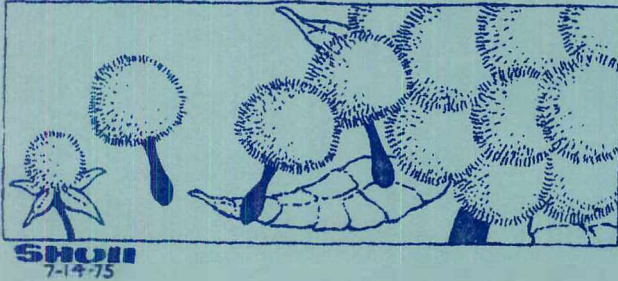
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NON SEQUITUR

(1) editorial true to the theme of the issue...

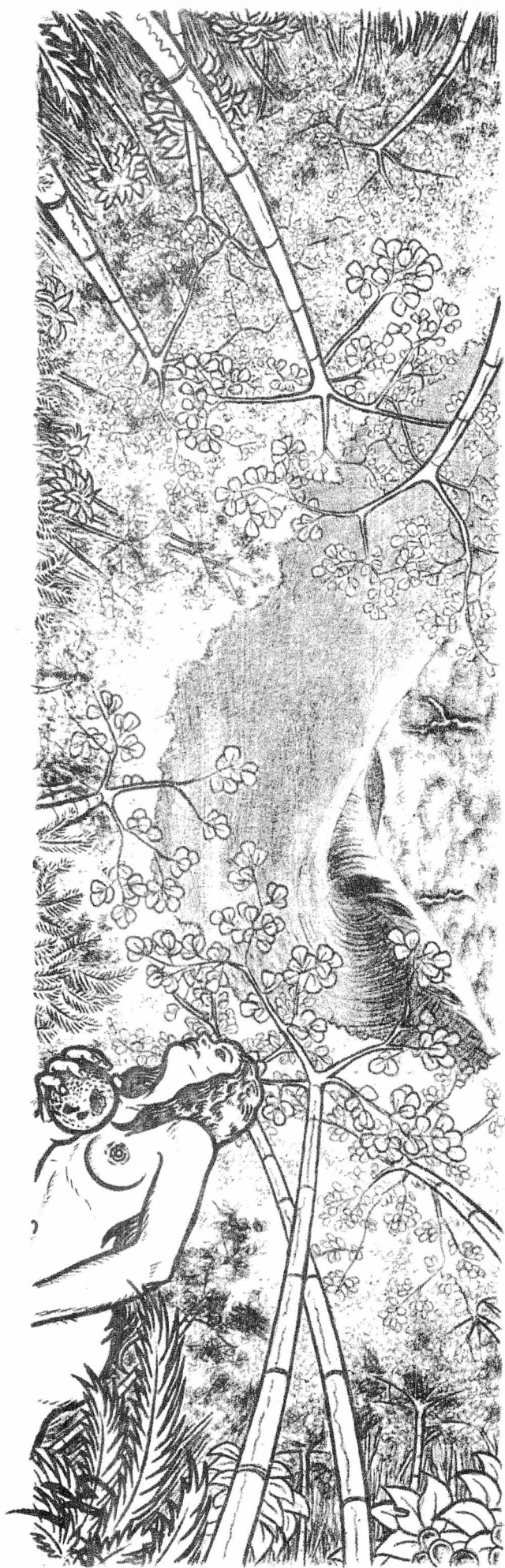
When I was twelve, in the very early sixties, doomsday was popularly expected to arrive in the form of atomic apocalypse, with slagged cities and years of nuclear fallout. Those were the days of the Cuban missile crisis, with the fingers of Kennedy and Khrushchev only millimetres from the proverbial Button. Even in Canada, literature on survival after the holocaust and construction and stocking of basement fallout shelters was everywhere. Remember the fallout shelters? They were almost a status symbol in the early sixties. In the small town where I lived then, their promoters made much of the fact that the town was one of the closest places in Canada to New York City. Canada itself made much of the fact that it was located between the two super powers. Newspapers frequently tabulated the effects of hydrogen bomb blasts on life and property at different distances from ground zero, and in contrast, sometimes soothed public hysteria with other tables showing how small in proportion to natural or man-made medical radiation the amount from fallout from bomb tests was.

Nuclear doom went out of fashion and public notice a few years later (today, in fact, the lethal "neutron bomb" is attracting almost no public attention at all); and by the mid-sixties, urban violence seemed to be the overriding concern. Race riots, Watts, Detroit, were on top of the news then, for several successive summers. American cities were not good places to be, and even in smaller centres great chunks of inner city blocks were laid waste. Burnings, lootings, police brutality, wrecking sprees, seemed to occupy much of TV newscasts.

And violent doom also became passé, when in the late sixties concern about pollution became trendy. Gloomy accounts of what cesspools the lakes and oceans had become or were becoming filled the papers and magazines; new ecology books and imitators of older ecology books proliferated. The fouling of the planet's air and water was now the road to the ultimate catastrophe. The "now generation" took to cleaning beaches in order to be "with it". "Back to nature" communes, health food, and a "natural look" were popular with young people, and were reflected in the commercials and ads of the time.

By the mid-seventies, pollution doom too passed away as the Arab oil embargo brought a new crisis to popular attention. Suddenly energy scarcity was the fashionable thing to worry about. Gasoline prices rocketed and several severe winters caused critical heating fuel shortages, and it came to be considered unAmerican to put the thermostat above 65°F. Auto manufacturers were required to better the mileage of their product, and economical imports cut into the market for the gas-guzzling behemoths. Despite the energy shortage, it became proper to protest against nuclear power development, and trendsetters endeavoured to build solar or wind generators in their back yards. Where once the motto was "live better electrically", utilities now encouraged people to "stagger" the use of electricity, turn off lights not in use, and exercise moderation in Christmas decoration.

Today, energy doom is on its way out, and no new preoccupation has yet arrived to replace it in the hearts of the "cause of the month" crowd. Perhaps a food crisis is next?



But, underneath whatever concern happens to be "in" at the time and in the public eye, the problems have always been around and continue to be around. Nuclear war-heads still wait in their silos (although public bomb testing has stopped); factories still use rivers as sewers and belch smelly fumes; large areas of many cities are still dangerous places by night; fuel still grows more expensive and scarcer by the month. And when the trendriders give up a concern that no longer has novelty for new toys, the genuinely concerned people who had been attacking the problem all along remain behind, unruffled and benefitted by perhaps a few new sincere recruits and at least their problem's having been brought to the public eye.

Although science fiction authors have tended to use various doomsday themes throughout the decades, before preoccupations became trendy and after they were no longer so, and without requiring the benefit of current events for inspiration, science fiction has kept pace with popular concerns in the real world, and the fads of the masses have caused statistical ripples. There were more than the usual numbers of post-nuclear holocaust stories of ravaged worlds and mutants in the early sixties, not to mention low-budget films about giant monsters developing from escaped nuclear laboratory test animals. Books like FAIL SAFE (admittedly mainstream, but with marginally sfnal aspects) reflected the paranoia of the times. Later on the element of violence was added to after-the-bomb dystopias to bring them in line with events of the times. Extrapolating violence alone led to other horrific visions of things to come. And some of the books along these themes written at their predictable times, perhaps inspired directly by events, were actually good: DAVY, THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, THE JAGGED ORBIT.

Popular pollution concerns led to science fiction featuring ecologically concerned outworld colonies, "terraforming", balance-of-nature puzzles, and extreme pollution apocalypse. DUNE is from this period, as is THE SHEEP LOOK UP, and a little later on, THE WORD FOR WORLD IS FOREST. There were entire anthologies devoted to ecological sf, and undercurrents of pastoral/industrial, natural/technological, cultural/regimented choices and conflicts ran through stories not even specifically directed at ecological themes. Japanese Monster Movie beasts were now the result of some chemical mutagen rather than the creation of the mad scientist's atomic experiment.

The energy crisis is perhaps still too recent to have yet spawned major works that will stand the tests of time. Depletion-of-resources had already been included to some extent in pollution-doom stories, and story backgrounds containing radical new energy sources are no strangers to sf.

The problems do have solutions, not always the ones suggested in science fiction novels, and not always ones that would be palatable to the public. Carrying signs and shouting in public and singing sad songs do no concrete good in themselves, and at best only make people aware that there are problems. Passing laws does no good either, unless incentives can exist that make it worthwhile for people to follow the rules more by choice than by coercion. Talking about the problems in conference rooms and think tanks does no good also, unless the talk leads to action. Certainly when picking up litter and cleaning shorelines becomes a fad among large groups of people, it does immense good--while it lasts. Unfortunately, it is only a fad and when some new glittering thing happens along to entice these people, many may well go back to their old messy ways. The same thing happens with the more recent concern about turning off electrical appliances when not needed, or riding a bicycle rather than taking a car--when enough people follow the trend, substantial amounts of energy are saved, but at any time with the change of the wind a lot of them could go back to their old wasteful ways. Unless enough people can change their habits permanently, rather than just follow sheep-like to do what their fickle leadership-objects do, saving the world from its various dooms cannot be dependent on the crests or troughs of popular preoccupations.

Merely as a thought-exercise, I enjoy contriving my own solutions, all rather impractical in the real world, although none theoretically impossible. I could wipe away

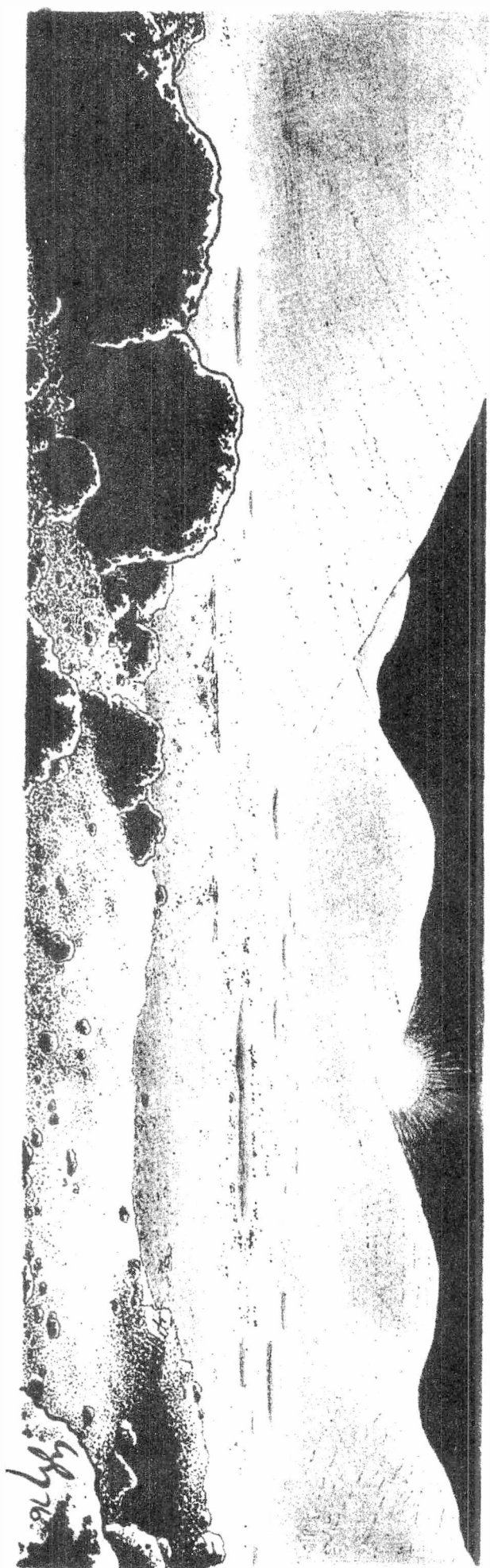
threats of nuclear doom by doing away with war, and I could try to do away with war by convincing people that nationalism is silly, that decentralization is desirable, that more individual freedoms and less remote-control rule would be a good thing. But would it work with real people? Would it work with the lure of greener fields in the distance and the general acquisitiveness of many for more and more with as little effort as possible? Would it work with the desire many people would retain for a central authority to make decisions for them and to make them feel secure; and the lust for power in a small number of individuals that invariably rears its ugly head?

I could hope that violence and crime in cities (and, for that matter, not only in cities) could be substantially reduced by wiping off the books the laws concerning non-crimes (things like drug use or prostitution) which lead to real crimes not in themselves but because of the laws against them, and sharpening the teeth in the proscriptions against real crimes. I could hope to change the extraordinary (to put it mildly) attitude embodied in television and other influential media that although sex is bad and undesirable, violence and especially stupidity are fine and wonderful. I could hope to awaken more people to their potentials so that they might find more personally satisfying ways to spend their time than destruction and troublemaking. But again, would it work? Are such major shifts in attitudes and values feasible?

I could wish that environmental contamination problems could be solved with that neat, built-in-responsibility principle contained in the suggestion given to a factory in a probably apocryphal tale: You shall take in your water supply downstream from your waste discharges. The reasons for such a rule are implicit in the objections factory managers would raise to it. Garrett Hardin says some worthwhile things about this in his book, EXPLORING NEW ETHICS FOR SURVIVAL (which includes the essay, "The Tragedy of the Commons"); one of the points raised being that as industry internalized the costs of resources, workmen's safety, compensation and welfare, or warranties on their products, through the years of development, the time has now come for industry to internalize the costs of environmental damage and waste decontamination. The clean-up costs would be added to the price of the product--if people wanted to have it badly enough, it would be up to the product's users to pay for the clean-up involved. There is only a little that individuals can do, compared to the massive efforts industry could make in order to have effect.

John Brunner's THE SHEEP LOOK UP is not just about the effects of excessive pollution on the world; it is also about public apathy to the problem after ecological concerns passed out of fashion. The characters in the novel seem to take the filth for granted, some even actively hostile to the few hold-outs still concerned about the environment, with only an occasional plaintive thought that it hadn't always been like this--but the pollution grew gradually and the people grew immune to noticing it, although not to its effects. However, I don't think this scenario is entirely accurate--because it is not the noisy trendriders who create the solutions. If those in power who could act flatly refuse to, no amount of mere public noise-making could help, and conversely, if useful things are being done in the back rooms, public apathy would hinder little. The apathy of those in power in industry is more dangerous than that of the man in the street--whose power is limited to making his money talk. It takes a significant proportion of the market to make an economic boycott work, and statistically the effects can often level out. The same may be said of government and voters.

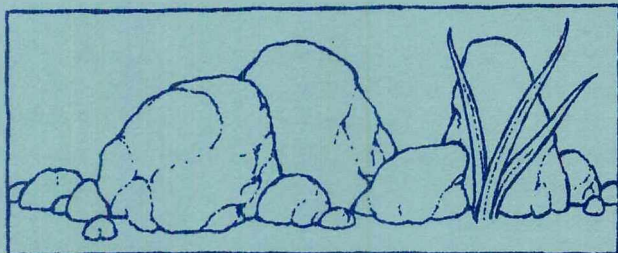
Solutions to energy and resources-scarcity crises may be related somewhat to those for pollution problems. Conservation can't be only legislated, the incentive has to be there; and if power and materials become expensive, restraint in use and stretching out the usable lifetime of articles will follow automatically. Rationing of power or fuel is something I object to on principle; I would rather see pricing that reflects full costs and responsibilities and its resulting automatic restraints, a much fairer system to my view. I could wish that manufactured goods were built



more durably, that resources could be used more efficiently--both on the large scale factory level and on an individual personal-use level. But that would be asking for extensive undermining of the continual-growth, continual replacement basis of the economy today. People would likely be no more willing to suffer through massive upheavals in the established ways of society than they would be to give up their trinkets. There will not be widespread use of solar or wind generators or other alternate forms of power until the cost of older sources rises above that of the still expensive alternatives. There will not be durable and efficient goods widely available until the immediate cost--the short term expenditure of money that is all that most people seem to be able to see--is less than that of shoddy throw-aways; something that will require people to develop a somewhat longer period of foresight than is the present custom in order to compare the two costs properly. And again, the solutions I can see would require more changes in attitudes and values in more people than is probable in society as it is today.

I could wish to do a lot of things--and others have their own plans for saving the world--but all I can come up with are impossible solutions. Real, workable, practical answers elude me. The suggestions I have made here, and an ideal world I'm designing that I like to daydream about--none of these violate any known laws of science. But I'm almost certain that no elegant proposals will be put into effect.

Malthus may well win. I can see the possibility of options closing down, one after the other, inexorably, until only one choice remains, is forced upon mankind, one which may never have been picked freely. I can speak large words about built-in incentives, about full-responsibility pricing, about arranging things so that the doer finds it worthwhile to take responsibility for his own--all of which ought to be workable and livable-with when done with foresight and watchfulness. But I see too much apathy, too much laziness, too much greed, too much shortsightedness, too much stupidity, too much foolishness, to hope greatly for better than a domino-effect of upheavals, a massive creature with too much inertia once started to be stopped.



SHUII
7-14-75

NON SEQUITUR

(2) ...and now for something completely different

I can make a Gestetner do tricks, but am I an editor?

That's what I want to find out, and that's part of what's behind the overhaul of SIMULACRUM. This is the last issue of the "old" SIMULACRUM there will ever be; I'm essentially folding the zine with this issue and starting a new one--which will still be called SIMULACRUM but which will be very different from the previous issues.

I haven't been very happy with SIMULACRUM so far--either the individual issues or the general progression of things from issue to issue. Although the printing quality has become undoubtedly SIMULACRUM's strongest asset, and the layout has progressively improved, the quality and interest of the contents had not kept pace.

Mimeography is an acquired skill--I didn't even print the first two issues, back in early 1975; Taral did and all I did was slipsheet, and the first issue on which I actually did significant amounts of printing (SIM 2, whole number 3) suffered a

noticeable drop in repro quality; but with the acquisition in 1976 of a versatile modern machine and growing familiarization with its potentials, I think I can now make fair claim to being one of the top mimeographers in fandom without offending too many people by overstepping my place. Layout and design is also a fairly acquired sort of skill; with experimentation and judgement one gets more adventurous and the overall appearance of the product more interesting.

But these things are totally under my own control--contributions from other people are something over which I have much less control, except to reject on occasion. Rejection is something I have done too little of in the past. The honest truth of the matter is that in the early days of SIMULACRUM I was quite happy with the idea of a very large genzine, and tended to accept for publication virtually anything sent to me. (Yes, I am very critical of the giganticism syndrome in others today, but I am rather unwilling to excuse the fault in others just because I was guilty of it myself once.) There was no direction to SIMULACRUM at all, I was travelling blind, and each issue was something of a jarring mismatch of tones, moods and styles. And this wasn't editing, this was virtually mere page-packing. There was some good material in the early issues, but that was as accidental as the inclusion of not-so-good material: I accepted nearly everything.

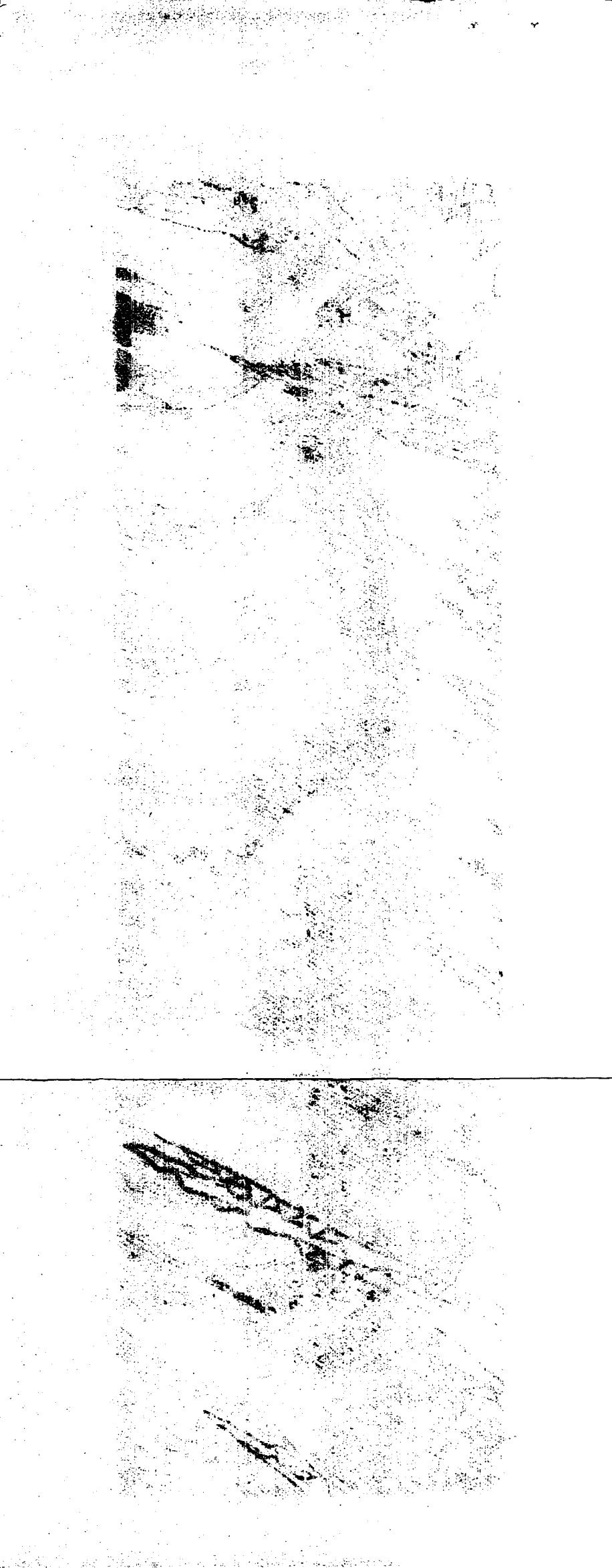
The level of popularity SIMULACRUM enjoyed from the beginning was also something of a fluke. It appeared on the scene during a time when there were few large mimeo genzines left--ENERGUMEN was gone, GRANFALLOON was going, the genzine incarnations of SPANISH INQUISITION and SCIENTIFRICTION were only beginning, and KNIGHTS had yet to metamorphize from more humble beginnings. Even those first issues in 1975 had better mimeography than nearly everything else appearing in fandom. And the contents were never so bad as to earn SIMULACRUM the reputation of "impeccably repro'd crudzine" although I have to agree fully with those who considered the contents never coming up to the appearance. But there was also that infamous "abysmal luck" editorial in SIM 1 (whole number 2), reiterated somewhat in the very next issue, that, as I put it a little later on when I realized the implications, "plucked the heartstrings of 'nice fandom'", and perhaps obtained for me approbation from some quarters that I did not truly deserve on an objective scale. There were people who were enraptured by those early issues, and there were people who detested the zine intensely.

And then, for an issue published in its very first year of existence, SIMULACRUM won a FAAn nomination. Whether this nomination was deserved can be argued--I did not think it was, myself--but those were the opinions of fanzine fans, and SIMULACRUM has remained on the ballots every year since then, with SIM 7 finishing second to MAYA 14 in a field of five nominees in the awards for 1977 zines. I was happier with SIM 7 at the time I published it than with any issue before that, and still feel now that that issue was the best of the first seven--but today I feel the zine is in a hell of a rut.

I do not really get terribly much satisfaction out of editing a largely sercon zine, nor do I feel at ease refereeing a sercon lettercol. MYTHOLOGIES does that already so much better than I can, and since I'm not even familiar with many of the topics under discussion in the SIM lettercol for the past few issues, I was feeling left out of the conversation in my own fanzine. The thought of producing more issues with that kind of orientation which began more and more to resemble work, was off-putting, and perhaps this is one reason why there have been such long gaps between issues. And why, I asked myself, should I pour so much money into a fanzine that now returns to me so little in fun and satisfaction?

Therefore, with SIM 9, I will be presenting the N*E*W SIMULACRUM--with a direction, and specialization, at last. The new SIMULACRUM will be fabulously faanish--or at least as close to fabulous as I can manage--with more frequent although somewhat smaller issues. Fan history, fan politics, fanzine commentary, faan fiction, humorous anecdotal articles, repro and technical hints, reprintings of faanish classics of years gone by, art portfolios, fanzine symposia, will be its make-up; a fanzine





designed to be enjoyable and entertaining and sometimes controversial--to me as well as the readers--but hopefully never too trivial. I'm not barring sercon material totally, but it's going to have to be a special kind of sercon (something like Don D'Amassa's article in this issue, for example). And the present standard of design and mimeography will be maintained or bettered in the new faanish issues--a paradox to its intended informal tone that I think I'll relish highly--and in any event I enjoy the design and printing stages and experimenting with the mimeo. And finally, I intend to impose on the material, for the first time, proper quality control standards. This time, I'm going to aim it at the top. It may not get there, but at least I will try to prove to myself that I can actually be an editor as much as a publisher.

The new SIMULACRUM will be a little harder to get, though. It will be available mainly by editor's whim, although anything published within will get its creator a copy. Whim can be invoked by a number of things--merely being someone I like a lot or whose own work I admire, or sending me fanzines which I find particularly interesting, or offbeat things like Selectric balls I haven't already got or crash space during a trip. The key word is unpredictability. There are, after all, always subs, and about a third of the print run each time will be available for money to anyone interested--which will at the same time serve to subsidize the costs of each issue and allow me to up the frequency. I expect also that with the changeover to faanish genzine, I may lose some of the present readership, and gain other readers elsewhere--the audience to whom this fanzine will most appeal can't help but change.

The revamping of SIMULACRUM is the result of an inspiration, and I owe that to Taral. Fandom at the moment is heading in a largely sercon direction, he suggested in a conversation with me and also in writing elsewhere. Almost all the top genzines today have leanings far more to the sercon side of things than the fannish--JANUS, KHATRU, KNIGHTS, MYTHOLOGIES. And apart from that, he asked me, what was I planning to do with SIMULACRUM anyway? Up to now I'd just been muddling around, putting together an almost random collection of articles and letters whenever the fanzine muse hit me, and where was it leading to? Directing the current physical and technical standards of SIMULACRUM into faanish channels would make a rather unusual item in today's fandom, not to mention something far more enjoyable for me. I was losing enthusiasm for the old semi-sercon SIMULACRUM so rapidly that I had begun to consider folding the zine entirely; the discussion with Taral about these ideas has renewed me enough that I want to give this fanzine another chance. To be sure, if I am not satisfied with the progression in quality and tone of the zine after a couple of new style issues, I probably will end up folding it. But for now I feel better about putting the resources that have been my custom into it than I had for a long time.

This issue, SIMULACRUM 8, Volume 2 Number 2, Whole Number 8, the last of the old incarnation, is also enough of a bridging issue to SIMULACRUM's re-birth that I derive an adequate amount of enjoyment from its production. Some of the material would have been suitable for the new incarnation, some not; but then again, I had been promising the ecology/doomsday issue for so long that this serves in a way as a fulfilment of these promises. The lettercolumn, very abridged this time for space/money reasons, will not for the most part be carried through to the new SIMULACRUM. The sercon topics currently under discussion will be out of place, thus this issue has the last I intend to publish of the topics raised by earlier issues; and only locs appropriate to the tone of the new SIMULACRUM will be appearing in the (probably rather short) lettercol of the first issue.

Look for it next spring, I hope: the all new SIMULACRUM 9, Volume 3 Number 1. I am already working on the initial stages of that issue, lining up new columnists and arranging for articles, planning features and in general laying the groundwork. And at the moment, in a parting shot to the old SIM, I guess it is only appropriate that the "doomsday issue" should also be the last issue.

HORRIBLE



One of the roles of good science fiction, we are told, is to warn us in advance of problems the seeds of which exist in our present. This is obviously an admirable quality, and a great number of authors have, with varying degrees of accuracy, knowledge, and talent, warned us that our cavalier attitude toward the environment will one day cause us great sorrow. It is not my purpose here to discuss the reasonable, well thought out cautionary novel, but rather, to focus on the writer who jumps on the bandwagon of a popular theme, authors like David Lippincott whose novel TREMOR VIOLET takes all of the standard situations and clichés of the earthquake novel and restates them to the eternal boredom of anyone who has read anything of the kind before. Sad to say, the growing concern with the ecology has lent a certain legitimacy to plots that earlier would have been confined to the Sci-Fi film, the ravaging insects gone mad, the giant whatsit, and the incredible Smog Monster That Ate Toronto.

As bad as these novels often are, they do have redeeming qualities. They are frequently sidesplittingly funny. They show us by comparison how comparatively skillful some of the better genre writers are. They point out the need for at least the background of an educated layman.

Let's take a look then at some of the commoner forms that ecological disaster novels take, starting with the most obvious of all, the animals in revolt. At the outset, let me point out that there have been good novels on this theme. J. T. McIntosh pictured a revolting animal world in THE FITTEST; John Wyndham showed us mankilling plants in THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. It is possible to take even the tritest of themes and do something constructive with it. But then there are books like THE DEADLY DEEP.

THE DEADLY DEEP by John Messman is sort of a super-JAWS, with the entire ocean rising against humanity. The novel opens on a pleasure cruise, with a lecherous man admiring openly a young lady's breasts, while she is lying in the sun, trying to decide

ECOLOGY STORIES



Don D'Ammassa

illustrated by Stu Shiffman

how best to show off those same features. Suddenly a whale rises from the deeps and rams their boat, killing all but the buxom young woman. We are then transported to the coast of Maine, where a lecherous old lobsterman is diced up by some rebellious lobsters. To ensure that we see the shape the story is taking, we then travel to a seaside resort where science writer Aran Holder, the hero, is admiring his mistress's breasts, until she is attacked by some malevolent sea bass. Holder decides that there is something decidedly unnatural about this, so he says goodbye to his girlfriend and her breasts and zips off to Washington to consult with a government official named Emerson.

We then switch viewpoints to that of this same Emerson, who, reluctantly, breaks off his examination of his secretary's breasts in order to receive Aran Holder. Emerson pooh-poohs the idea that there is anything to be concerned about, which instantly tells the reader that there definitely is something to be concerned about. Government officials are always wrong in ecological disaster novels. Holder remains skeptical. That night, armies of crabs march ashore, invade private homes, and chop up the residents. Codfish jump aboard fishing vessels in such large numbers that they founder under the weight. All fishing is suspended, which causes major problems because, according to Messman, nearly half of all the food consumed on the East Coast of the U.S. is seafood. As a long time resident of Connecticut and Rhode Island, I find this claim ludicrous at best.

Which brings me to an interesting digression. I recognize that it is not always possible for an author to be familiar with every city which he mentions in his book, but since a substantial portion of this novel deals with the city of Providence, I feel constrained to correct a few errors that have crept into the novel. First of all, contrary to Messman's description, the Providence shoreline is not dotted with resort hotels, but rather with oil storage tank farms, a public park, and some freight docks. Second, there is a fascinating scene where local residents run down



to the shoreline to see off the magnificent Providence tuna fleet. This certainly would be worth seeing; Providence hasn't had a tuna fleet in modern memory, if ever.

Back to our gripping story, we find that Emerson has now enticed his secretary into bed, where he can more adequately assess her breasts. It is clear that she is relatively indifferent to his activities, however, since her thoughts throughout their lovemaking are totally devoted to determining how best to emphasize her breasts. There seems to be a trend developing here.

Meanwhile, Holder learns something that bothers him subliminally. A noted scientist, known to be working on genetic research as applied to marine lifeforms, commits suicide and leaves a note which says merely, "I'm sorry." Holder is upset that such an eminent man has died, and decides to take a small side trip to see if there might possibly be some connection. He finds the mourning mistress of the dead scientist, a girl with astonishingly attractive breasts, whom he consoles through several methods, including fondling her breasts. As small squads of fish elude air patrols to attack the few remaining swimmers, and as armies of octopi attack peaceful Italian villages, Holder gives in to "the sheer animal vigor of his thirsty, young maleness."

Things go from bad to worse, and Holder determines to make the girl talk. But lo and behold, she has fallen into a drunken stupor, which he cures by baring her breasts. This sobers her up immediately, possibly because she is determined to make certain her breasts are being shown in their best light. She tells Holder that her ex-lover has implanted human DNA in three killer whales, and that this allowed the whales to have access to all of the racial memories of mankind. Since they are therefore able to recall every incident of man's inhumanity to fish, they have determined that man must die, and have organized a marine army to conquer the world.

Now things really escalate. The majority of the fish in the Atlantic congregate in

one spot off the coast of Florida (heaven only knows what they were eating). They begin to swim very rapidly in a large circle, until they generate a tsunami that destroys much of Florida. Not content with this small attack, they then set out to have all of the marine life in the world cluster under the Antarctic icecap, so that their body heat will melt the ice and raise the sea levels.

As the combined generals, admirals, politicians, scientists, and big-breasted women of the world fear that the end is nigh, everything mysteriously returns to normal. Holder theorizes that the DNA implant was not totally successful, and that the killer whales have returned to their old ignorant ways. But, he warns, the superintelligence may some day return, if man doesn't immediately cease taking unfair advantage of the world's other lifeforms.

Messman is not the only author to view the seas as a source of potential menace. Zach Hughes is a more skillful writer in many ways, but he is similarly ignorant of his subject matter. In TIDE, a government project is trying to increase the size of food fish by radiation treatments. Hughes' long technical discourse is marred by the fact that he refers to the bottlenose dolphin as a fish rather than a mammal, but everyone should be allowed a gaffe or two.

There are a number of similarities between TIDE and THE DEADLY DEEP. The radiation treatment causes an unexpected mutation which alters the nature of fish, making them aggressive, cannibalistic, and vicious. People who eat fish that have been affected begin to act in the same manner, so the ocean is eliminated as a source of food.

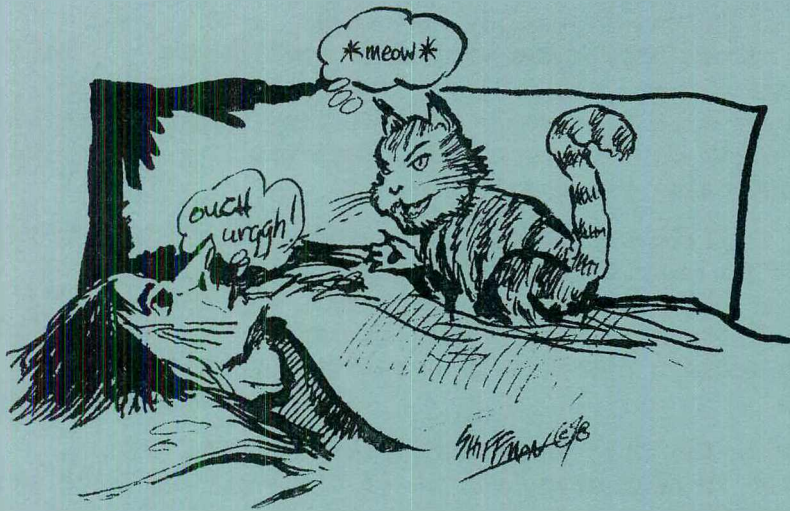
There's an even more striking parallel. The general in command of the Coast Guard (don't ask me how a general came to be commanding the Coast Guard) sends his girlfriend to find T. W. Smith, a misogynistic troubleshooter. Lou Anne successfully fends off passes by a cab driver, several pedestrians, a shopkeeper whom she consults for directions, and a boatman. Finally she locates Smith who remarks, "You're a skinny broad but quite sexy." In the face of such suave charm, Lou Anne is helpless and immediately climbs into the sack with our hero. This all transpires in the first fifteen pages.

The aggressive fish spread all over the world, and government officials believe that strategically placed nuclear explosions will wipe out the mutants. If you have been paying attention, however, you'll remember that government functionaries are always wrong in this sort of novel. The hero prevents the bombing of the oceans by, so help me, disconnecting his artificial leg and throwing it into the general's face.

Possibly the best known and certainly among the best written of the animals-gone-mad stories is Daphne Du Maurier's "The Birds". But when Alfred Hitchcock filmed it as a mediocre horror film, he was lending legitimacy to a disreputable sub-genre. Recently, H. G. Wells' THE FOOD OF THE GODS has even been recast as an ecological horror novel with giant rats and such. English novelist James Herbert used a similar idea in THE RATS, in which a mutated, super-intelligent rat spawns thousands of semi-intelligent, giant offspring, which roam the streets of London feasting upon unwary humans.

Berton Roueche hit upon the idea of having domestic animals go berserk. In FERAL, several hundred abandoned cats begin to hunt as a pack. It's a pretty fair novel of no particular significance. Roueche makes no attempt to justify this change in behavior, beyond hinting that perhaps cats are evolving into a more garrulous form. Driven by hunger, the cats begin to attack isolated humans. The hero is stymied primarily because no one takes his complaints seriously until a policeman is killed. The police suffice to quell the menace in FERAL, but it takes several army brigades to do the same in a recent imitation, CLAW.

CLAW by Jack Younger is not recommended. An unprecedentedly fierce storm has isolated 47 Massachusetts communities from the outside world. Conveniently, all the roads are washed out, communications lines are broken, and a simultaneous atmospheric disturbance has made even CB radio transmission impossible.



One such community is Marblehead, scene of our story. Thousands of cats have gathered in the area, and all of the local domestic cats have left their homes to join the invading army. The cats have become totally fearless of men, attack openly even in the face of gunfire, often clawing their way through doors and walls to reach their prey.

Younger presents an extraordinary mishmash of explanations. First he tells us that scientists have known for years that cats all originated in Egypt, probably left there by the same alien visitors who built the pyramids. (Didn't you know that?) Although he initially implies that the strange behavior of the cats is the result of mercury poisoning, he eventually dismisses his own explanation in favor of an unusual evolutionary theory. He postulates that at some time in man's remote prehistory, the race suddenly changed from peaceful fruit gatherers to killer apes. Cats, we are told, have now begun to reach that same stage in their own evolutionary development.

If so, it's certainly a strange form of evolution. Rather than preying on the defenseless wildlife that inhabits the vicinity, the cats will attack and eat humans only. Since these attacks almost invariably result in the deaths of many of these same cats, it doesn't appear to be a very favorable characteristic.

Younger also presents some curious scenes. At one point the besieged citizens of Marblehead spot a drifting pleasure ship off their coast. They board the ship and find the entire complement of three hundred passengers and crew dead, ripped apart and eaten by cats. When one man wonders aloud how the cats could have reached the ship, another points out that ships normally carry some cats in order to keep the rat population down. I leave it to you, dear reader, to wonder who would go for a pleasure cruise on a ship that needed to carry enough cats to overpower three hundred humans in a single attack.

The men then kill all the cats aboard the ship by pouring gasoline into the hold, across the deck, and over the bodies of the various dead people strewn about the ship. When the fire dies down, the ship is miraculously untouched. This particular section is silly enough to destroy any suspense that might possibly have been built into the story. Anyway, the army arrives in the nick of time and destroys all of the cats with flame throwers.

The insect remains the favourite ecological rebel of the SF movie, giant sized of course, and we've all likely seen giant mantises, locusts, spiders, ants, and other creepies crawling across the TV or movie screen. Donald Glut recently employed a wealth of unusual insect killers in a perfectly awful novel titled BUGGED. But the all time winner of the most unlikely predatory insect goes to Rodney Hughes who, in

his novel THE DRAGON KEEPERS, has the hero menaced by a horde of carnivorous fire-flies!

Man versus insect is a battle described in near-religious terms in some novels. In Arthur Herzog's THE SWARM, we learn that bees are actually a racial enemy of mankind from prehistory, arising every so often to dispel man's vanity. Killer bees are also the villains in Jack Laflin's THE BEES. Similarly, the fire generating cockroaches of Thomas Page's THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE are described as an ancient enemy that has appeared in the past and may well reappear in the future. This latter novel, filmed as BUG, features a unique form of inter-species communication. When the dedicated scientist asks the cockroaches a question, they spell out answers with their bodies on the walls of his room. Luckily, they're American cockroaches, and can speak and write English.

Another approach is that ecological disaster is a judgement upon us. Taylor Caldwell, whose activities in the John Birch Society are usually nothing short of comical, wrote a rather nauseating short novel titled YOUR SINS AND MINE, which Damon Knight obliterated in IN SEARCH OF WONDER. Because of the sins of the world, food plants refuse to bear fruit, and the possibility of universal starvation fills the world. But one man rises in the heartland of America, speaks the word of the Lord, and talks humanity into raising its voice in a universal prayer, at the end of which everything is immediately restored.

D. Keith Mano, a more rational conservative than Caldwell, eschews logic entirely in his ecological disaster novel, THE BRIDGE. The novel is set in a dying civilization where the Ecologists have taken power. They pass a series of edicts which ban, among other things, human speech (noise pollution), the killing of any form of life, even malignant tumors, and the elimination of human waste, which might litter the countryside. The practice of medicine is proscribed, and the only food one is allowed to eat is a chemical substance, totally non-organic, which is totally converted to energy within the human body, except for a periodic minor emission of some gas.

Unfortunately for the hero, the Ecologists one day learn that the very act of breathing destroys some microscopic forms of life, so they set a deadline by which everyone must commit suicide, for the greater good of all life. The hero, as you might guess, rebels against all of this, believing that life is a matter of eating others before they eat you.





Mano's motives are satirical, but his satire is perhaps too caricatured to be effective. On the other hand, his novel is certainly no less credible than Allan W. Eckert's absurd *THE HAB THEORY*, in which so much ice accumulates at the North Pole that the Earth becomes top heavy and falls over. Happens every few thousand years, he tells us, and we shouldn't really be surprised about it.

THE HAB THEORY brings us to the category of natural disasters, such as floods, earthquakes, climatic changes, sunspots, solar flares, meteors, and various fields of influence from outer space. As a special subset of this category are the nuclear war novels, which generally result in at least a sidelong look at the effects on the environment. There are many excellent novels on the natural catastrophe theme. The world has been buried in snow in Sterling Noel's *WE WHO SURVIVED*, John Christopher's *THE LONG WINTER*, and Michael G. Coney's *WINTER'S CHILDREN*; it has been shaken to pieces in *THE RAGGED EDGE*, destroyed in Wylie and Balmer's *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*, blown about in J. G. Ballard's *THE WIND FROM NOWHERE*, immersed in John Bowen's *AFTER THE RAIN* and Ballard's *THE DROWNED WORLD*, parched in Charles Eric Maine's *THE TIDE WENT OUT*, Ballard's *THE BURNING WORLD*, and Barry Wells' *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT*

FIRE, crystallized in Ballard's *THE CRYSTAL WORLD*, asphyxiated in D. F. Jones' *DENVER IS MISSING*, and frozen in relation to the sun in Brian Aldiss' *THE LONG AFTER-NOON OF EARTH*. And these are just a few of the more obvious examples.

Even children's literature has been invaded by the natural disaster. Sheila Burnford wrote a modern fable titled *MR NOAH AND THE SECOND FLOOD* in which a remote descendant of the original Noah builds a second ark with which to escape the perils of overpopulation and pollution. But this time Noah decides to exclude one unworthy animal from the ark - humanity.

Susan Cooper - best known for her fantasy novels - has written one of the two ultimate stories of man vs. his environment (the other is Robert Sheckley's "The Mountain With No Name"). In *MANDRAKE*, the Earth itself is portrayed as a semi-conscious entity, driven insane by the pollution created by mankind, endangering all of humanity.

Pollution, particularly pollution of the air, has generated much speculation, both fictional and otherwise. Many SF novels now allude to the problem at least peripherally. Some, like John Brunner's *THE SHEEP LOOK UP*, deal with it as a central issue. The problems of air pollution have, unfortunately, attracted more attention from the less gifted writers than from the better ones.

Eugene Carl Shaffer's *THE LAST BREATH* is a case in point. As the result of atmospheric pollution, the cycle of precipitation has been interrupted. Airborne water crystallizes into a solid mass that begins to spread through the skies, and no rain falls anywhere. Within a few days, most of the fresh water on Earth has disappeared.

The government reacts in the expected fashion. Fearing that the solid cloud cover will spread over the entire globe, they send aircraft up to investigate. When the airplanes enter the clouds, they are, predictably, smashed by the impact. The military then gets into the act, bombarding the cloud cover with missiles and explosive shells, hoping to break up the accumulations and somehow force it to rain. They fail. But President Tang of the U.S. remains undaunted: "This is not the time to throw in the sponge."

The cloud mass at last expands to enclose the entire planet. Immediately people begin to suffocate. Suffocate? Sigh. Anyway, the hero and heroine are resigned to the inevitable. As they wait for their air supply to be cut off, he turns to her and says: "This may sound like madness, Vivian, but I'm going to have myself a cigarette...one last cigarette. Just to symbolize the paradox of man." And, as he finishes his smoke, the clouds begin to disperse and the rain to fall. Since Shaffer offers no better explanation (no explanation at all, in fact) I'm tempted to credit this to the cigarette, the smoke from which obviously set off some sort of chain reaction.

DEATH CLOUD by Michael Mannion is even more entertaining in a masochistic sort of way. Dorchester is a medium sized community experiencing an unusually high rate of mortality due to respiratory diseases, even among people with no previous history of the illness. A young graduate student and his wife are the first to notice mysterious clouds that cluster motionlessly over Dorchester, even when the wind is blowing. Shortly thereafter, a professor at the college has a dream in which he realizes that the clouds are a solidified form of radiation.

The student, wisely enough, realizes that this is nonsense. Nuclear radiation can't solidify, he tells the professor. The latter agrees immediately. This radiation, he says, is "not nuclear radiation at all." The death rate rises, coinciding with a strange dry fog. Dry fog? Well, you see, particles of solid radiation are falling from the clouds. In fact, one morning the cloud itself becomes so heavy that it falls on Dorchester, killing most of the inhabitants. It is then that the hero realizes that these clouds parallel a dark cloud within humanity, and that until we learn to stop hiding it within us, these mysterious clouds will continue to appear in the world.

Human manipulation of the environment, particularly the weather, is very popular at the moment. OPERATION WEATHERKILL by Paul Edwards poses the possibility of an international blackmailer capable of manipulating the jetstream to such an extent that he can generate tornadoes in San Diego, snowstorms in Honolulu, and torrential rains in Death Valley. But the ultimate weather manipulation is probably that found in MOON-SPIN by Elmer Carpenter.



Our hero returns from an interstellar expedition to find the U.S. reeling from the latest Soviet assault. The Soviets have occupied the side of the moon that faces the Earth; the U.S. is occupying the dark side. But the Soviets are using their three lunar bases as weapons against their enemies. "Using these widely separated bases they're setting up a photomagnetic field that filters out about ninety percent of the rays of the sun that normally strike our continent," the hero is told. To which he replies that "That explains the moss I saw growing between the slabs of sidewalk!"

As everyone knows (don't we?) you can't launch missiles to the Earth from the dark side of the moon, so our bases there are largely neutralized. But scientists develop a plan by which to foil the Russian plot and improve our own position simultaneously. By activating a group of nuclear engines on the dark side, "We plan to rotate the moon through an arc of one hundred and eighty degrees."

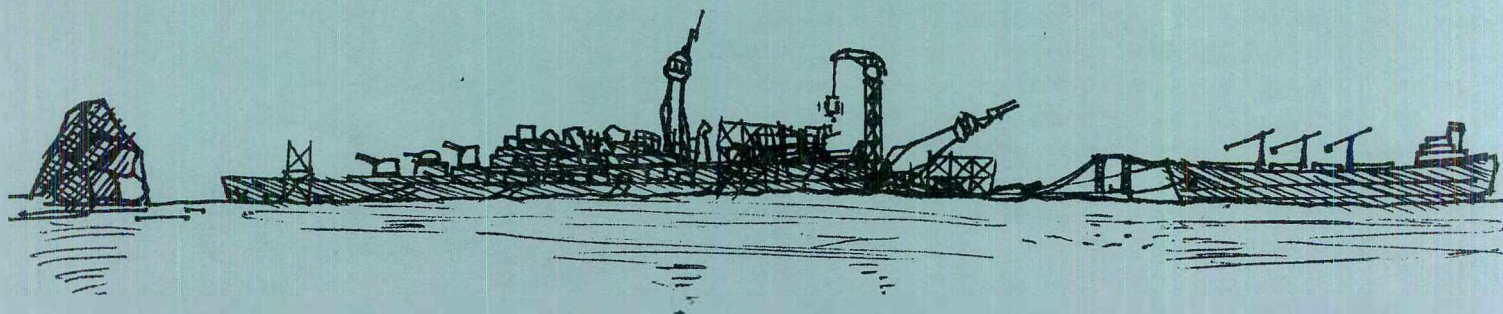
The hero, although an experienced space pilot, warns that "I've never been in a low gravity field" when it is suggested that he pilot a female scientist to the moon. But he agrees, and scurries along to the secret rocket base, located inside the Empire State Building. No, I'm not making this up, honest. They reach the U.S. base, which has been evacuated for the occasion, and activate the rocket engines. Unfortunately, they overestimate the amount of force needed and the moon breaks free from its normal orbit and begins to hurtle toward the sun.

The scientists begin to figure out the possibilities of establishing a new orbit. "There're two planets whose orbits lie between us and the sun, Venus and Mercury. There's a small possibility there may be a third one, Pluto." Vanishingly small, I'd say.

The U.S. contingent sets out to steal material from the Soviet bases, and discover why the Russians were so anxious to conquer Tibet. It seems that they have captured all of the abominable snowmen and sent them to the moon, since they can work on the moon's surface without using spacesuits. Luckily for the good guys, the Soviet scientists are too dumb to notice that they are no longer in Earth's vicinity, despite the fact that it no longer appears in their sky.

The Soviets are thwarted, but a new menace arises. A cloud of lunar insects begins to attack people, eating right through their spacesuits. When Carpenter says "They aren't flying. They can't. They jump and sail," I was willing to accept this as a metaphor. But when one of the insects is examined in some detail, we learn that they "have appendages for gliding". Through an odd coincidence, fifty gallons of insect repellent were included in the station stores, and the Americans paint their spacesuits with them while they repair their spaceship.

At this point, I decided I'd read enough about the ecology and environment in SF. I'm known for my liberal mindedness about scientific accuracy. It doesn't bother me at all that Niven's Ringworld may be unstable as described, or that Piers Anthony made errors of meteorology in RINGS OF ICE. But when an author makes errors of fact that even a reasonably intelligent but non-scientific minded reader like myself can gag on, he's fair game for all the sarcasm one can generate. A writer has an obligation to do some homework before he writes any book. Those mentioned above are, therefore, literary juvenile delinquents. I flunk them all.



A Nice Place To Visit, Burr

Under the administrative aegis of Messers O'Dwyer, Wagner, Lindsay and the amiable, ineffectual nebbish, Abe Beame, New York City has managed to find itself increasingly and seemingly insurmountably in difficulties; however, if it is any consolation to the politicoes, they ain't seen nuttin' yet, compared to what has happened to their city in SF pages. Not even Gerald Ford, the quintessential sticks-thinker, could wish it a harsher fate, yet he must smile as he thinks of such cinema moments as THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS chewing up the city, and WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE flooding it.

I shall not attempt a catalog of SF mayhem on the Big Apple, but only a handful of tales, and the reader will certainly add a few for each of mine. In some cases, the writer is not unsympathetic to NYC, and in others, it is merely the locale for The End Of The World.

Consider a solid hater, first, the otherwise very human and kind pioneer of Gernsbackian SF, David H. Keller, M.D. In his short novel, THE ABYSS, he manages to take care of the polyglot nature of New York's population, Modern Art and the Subconscious, by plunging its 8 millions (in 1948) into a week of terror; he does this via a drug which releases their unrestrained subconscious, a drug administered through chewing gum which is tried by rich and poor alike in response to a contest. If the medium seems dubious, the thesis, that of a psychiatrist of experience, is serious. In any event, in just a few days the various elements of the city are reacting: the police "revert to the conduct of Roman legions"; a new religion appears in Harlem, led by a "gigantic Negress" wearing two eyes on the left side of her face, Picasso-esque. "I'se Lily of the two eyes," she announces, strangling a hapless male bystander. On the East Side, "Izzy the Dope" urges his followers to steal everything and plans to seize power. Thousands die in war with the police, who callously dump the bodies in the East River. White men fight black women, "male lions and female gorillas". Mayor McCarty announces secession of the city and his own accession to the status of Emperor. His general, Peroni, loyal to the nation, assassinates him, as he sees the effects of the drug wearing off and the tired city returning to such normalcy as it has known. New York has not been destroyed, but the emotional binge of ethnic hatred is potent.

Lovecraft's antipathy toward immigrant peoples is well-known, and in his brooding short story, "The Horror at Red Hook" he describes a lasting supernatural horror in what had once been a charming area of Brooklyn, New York, prior to the invasion of the "mongrel hordes" from abroad. "It is always the same...the soul of the beast is omnipresent and triumphant, and Red Hook's legions of blear-eyed, pockmarked youths still chant and curse..." and dread monsters are at hand.

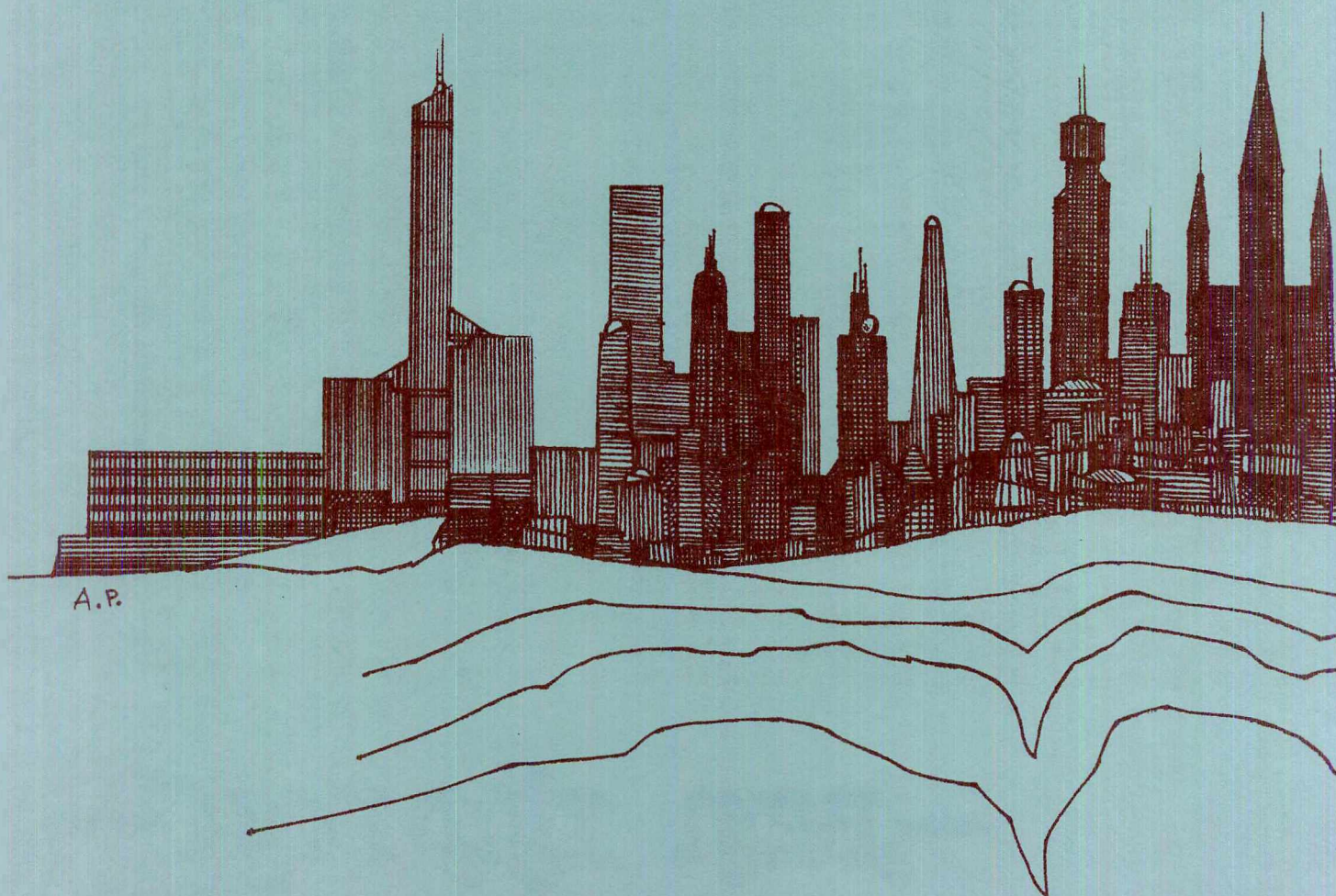
In GOMORRAH, a novel by Martin Karlins and Lewis M. Andrews, 1974, a nightmare vision of the city a generation from now presents a heavily policed central area, safe for tourists, and the unpoliced balance of the city, where tourists may take bus tours, in the advertised expectation of "actually seeing a crime committed", a robbery, a

-BEN INDICK-

rape, or even a murder. It is a vast no-man's land, and while an aging police official has hope for the city's future, the authors do not. They do not comment on where the Sodom of that era may be; perhaps it is your town.

If New York escaped complete physical destruction in the foregoing, it was less fortunate in other fictions. In George Allan England's great, if verbose and Victorian socialist classic, DARKNESS AND DAWN, the entire Earth suffers a gigantic cataclysm; however, the locus of the first novel is the ruined metropolis. There is a certain charm for the NewYorkophile in picking out the 1912 landmarks as the author wrote of them, and the drawings in the Cavalier magazine of the period show nostalgic ruins of period skyscrapers. J. A. Mitchell's THE LAST AMERICAN, 1899, postulates a future when a visiting Persian expedition to the ruined and vacant American continent arrives and sees the Statue in the harbor as well as numerous partially-destroyed landmarks of "Nhu-Yok". Mitchell's tourists, outfitted with dreadful pun-names, wonder why such a great nation vanished, and blame it on greedy materialism. "The Mehricans possessed neither literature, art nor music of their own...their chiefest passion was to buy and sell." They also wore clothing which was uncomfortable but, imported from abroad, fashionable. The book ends up in an equally desolate Washington D.C., and is replete with puns and wistful humor, as well as some mild satire of the Irish, who were then in widespread emigration to the U.S.A.

Some sixty years later, Mitchell was reborn in THE WEANS, by Robert Nathan. Nathan was entirely unaware of the former, and the parallels are therefore remarkable. Scientists from Kenya visit the ruins of the western continent, "n.Yok" and also "M'lwawki, Cha'ago", etc. It is good-natured satire also; the travellers discover that the currency of the vanished inhabitants, the "Weans" as opposed to the "Theyuns", consisted of "the grand, the fin, the buck, the bit and the payola".



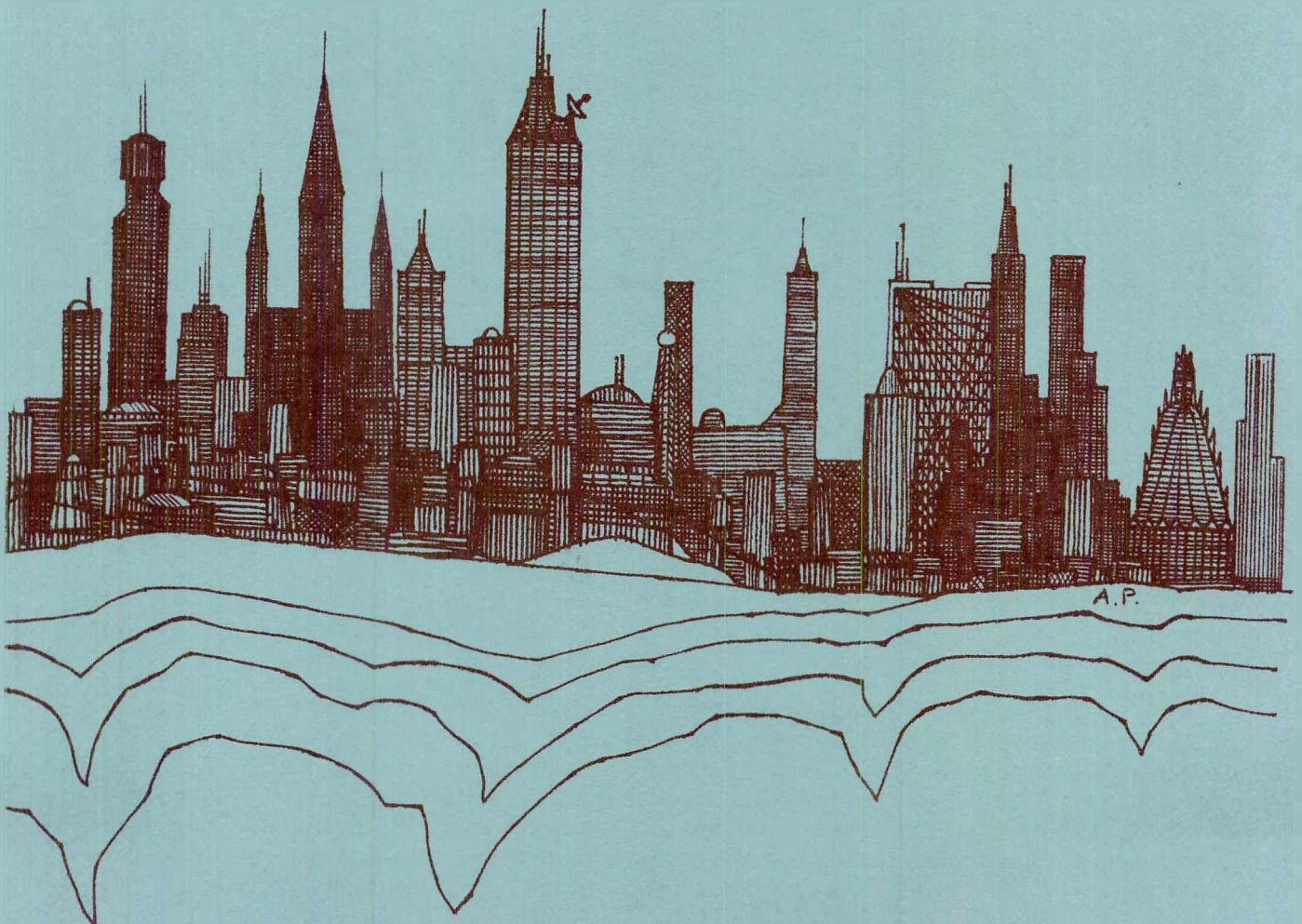
Digging through the levels of n.Yok, the author has his fun with our mores, including rock and roll.

James Blish, in his 1955 novel, EARTHMAN COME HOME, does not destroy New York City-- he simply removes it intact from Earth! It is actually one of many such peripatetic cities which have left the exhausted mother planet and are wandering the universe like giant space ships.

New York as the scene of Mankind's final moments is movingly described in Frank Lillie Pollock's short story of 1906, "Finis". The intolerably hot rays of a previously unknown sun finally reach and consume Earth. In the last moments, "the Brooklyn Bridge collapsed with a thunderous crash and splash that made all Manhattan vibrate."

One of the most moving accounts of the death of the great city is Arthur Leo Zagat's 1936 short story, "The Lanson Screen". A scientist, seeking to defend cities against attack, has devised an impenetrable energy screen, through which nothing, not even light or air, can move. To convince the military of its feasibility, he erects it around Manhattan, and, indeed, no bombs can harm it or get by it. Unfortunately, the inventor, who has left no notes anywhere of his invention, is inadvertently killed within the city, and the screen remains. Within it, the city quickly suffocates, as some riot, and some starve, and the oxygen is used up by uncontrollable fires. A later generation is finally able to remove the screen and to discover what happened, through the pages of a diary kept by a man who has faced death bravely, with love for his family.

Really, it's a helluva town, and one can only hope that if it has survived the writers and their phobias, it may also survive its own politicians and citizens.



Our gods are here, below,
in our midst: in the
Bureaus, in the kitchen,
in the workshop, in the
lavatory--the gods have
become even as we; ergo,
we have become even as
the gods. And we shall
come to you, my unknown
planetary readers--we
shall come to you to
make your life even as
divinely rational and
regular as ours.

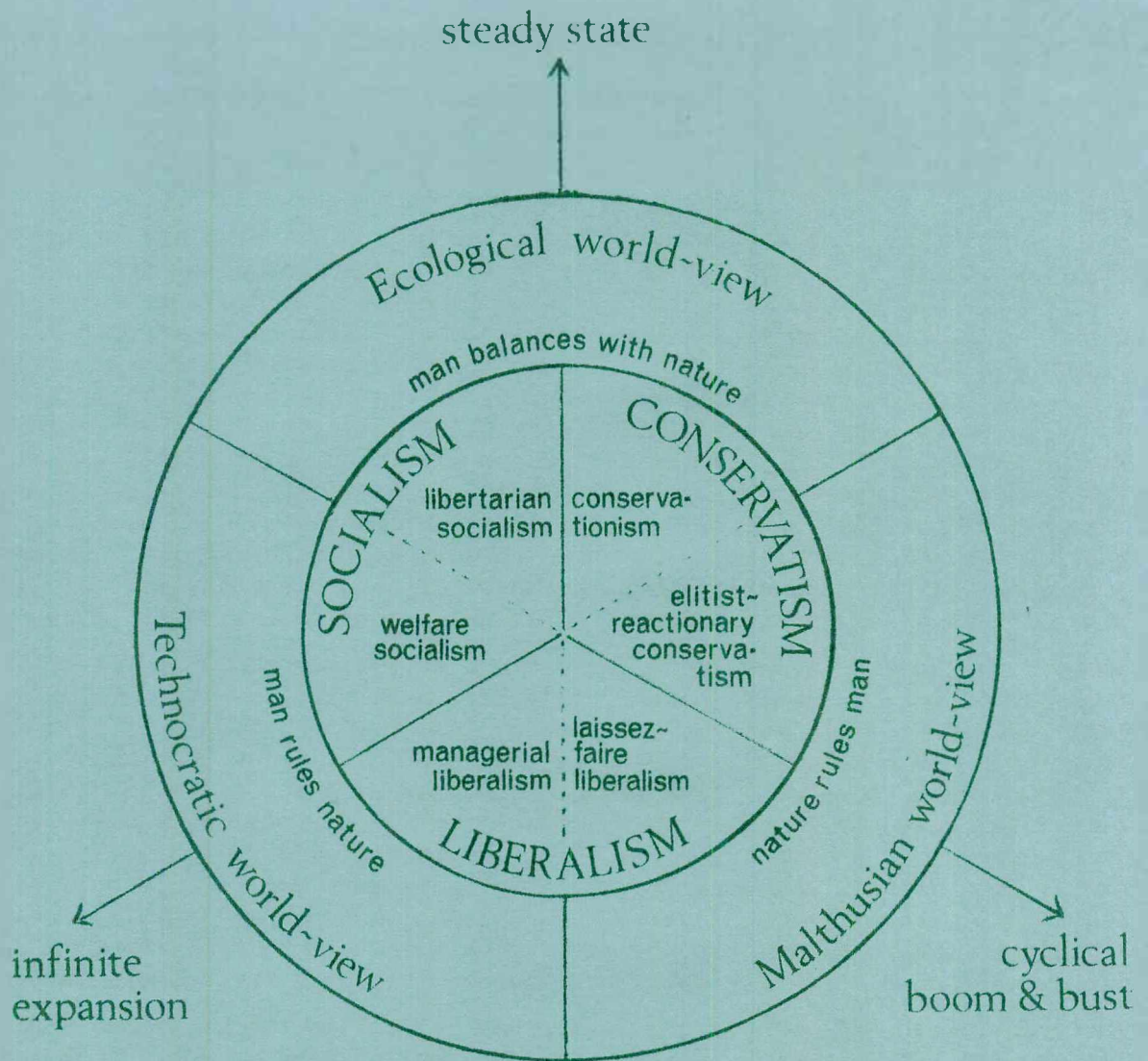
--Yevgeny Zamyatin, We

ANGUS TAYLOR

POST-INDUSTRIALISM: THE RATIONAL DOOMSDAY?

The idea of organizing society along rational lines has a long history. And since at least the time of Francis Bacon (1561-1626), proponent of the scientific method and author of *NEW ATLANTIS*, this ideal has been joined to the advance of science and technology, so that utopian writing--both fiction and non-fiction--has looked forward to the scientifically-planned future. Twentieth-century fiction, however, has often viewed this prospect as nightmare. Yet the hope of organizing the ideal society through technology has not expired. Technology tends to be viewed either as messiah or devil: the bringer of inevitable progress and happiness, or the Frankenstein's monster that cannot be controlled.

The basic question to be considered here is whether there is inherent in modern technology a rationale that supercedes political ideologies in the sense that it is driving all advanced industrial societies willy-nilly toward a common form, or at least to forms that are similar in a fundamentally important way. This question is related to the notion of "post-industrial" society--the hypothesized emergence of societies organized along lines different from those laid down by the Industrial Revolution.



Schematic of Modern Ideologies and World-Views

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In *THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY* (originally published in 1954) Jacques Ellul painted a radically pessimistic picture of society dominated by "technique", by which he meant, roughly speaking, all those practices by which resources are directed towards the achievement of goals. Yet Ellul's concept goes beyond this: technique in modern society has become an end in itself in his view. Technique has assumed a life and logic of its own and is organizing society totally.

The complexity of modern society, says Ellul, forces the state to adopt efficiency as its criterion in everything. Technique destroys the old capitalism and the old liberal values; the state substitutes itself for private capitalism and becomes the agent of the technical movement. Differences of expression in the political and cultural spheres remain, or even increase, but their essence (technique) is identical. The illusion of liberty is created, but no more than that. Ellul, in a striking image, says that in the face of this development, notions of the rights of humans, liberty, justice, etc., have no more importance "than the ruffled sunshade of McCormick's first reaper".

Ellul is thus profoundly pessimistic about the future (though he goes through the ritual of claiming he is making no value judgements, but merely describing the "facts"). According to his analysis, there is little hope of escaping the clutches of totalitarian technique. All countries, regardless of ideology, must follow the same path. "Technique is the same in all latitudes and hence acts to make different civilizations uniform."

Ellul's technological determinism appears to be in line with his strong Calvinist religious beliefs, and his opposition to the secularization of Christianity. In *THE TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY* he has given us a provocative picture of the way technique undermines autonomous human behavior, but I would suggest that his other-worldly orientation is perhaps what has hindered his seeing the way clear to radical transformation in this world. The concept of the totalitarianism of technique contains an internal contradiction which Ellul fails to deal with convincingly. For in any system, is it really logically possible to speak of means existing without ends? This is precisely what Ellul maintains, it seems to me, and it is upon this assumption that his edifice is built. What he has given us, I suggest, is a penetrating criticism of the myth of an advanced stage of capitalist society--together with the implicit assumption that the bases of such a society are immutable. Ellul's view of social development is in this sense a-historical.

Someone who paints a rather similar picture of the way the world is going, but who looks at it from a very different angle, is Daniel Bell, author of *THE COMING OF POST-INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY* (1974). To understand Bell's pet theory, it's necessary to begin with his proclamation of *THE END OF IDEOLOGY* (1960). For Bell, ideology was synonymous with passion. Like religion, it tapped emotion. "The nineteenth century ideologies, by emphasizing inevitability and by infusing passion into their followers, could compete with religion. By identifying inevitability with progress, they linked up with the positive values of science. But more important, these ideologies were linked, too, with the rising class of intellectuals, which was seeking to assert a place in society." (This last sentence is worth keeping in mind with regard to Bell himself and his own thesis of the post-industrial society.)

But today, said Bell, few could any longer believe in the utopian blueprints of the ideologues. On the one hand there was a rough consensus among western intellectuals on political matters: acceptance of the welfare state, desirability of decentralized power, a mixed economy and political pluralism. On the other hand, the ghastly problems of contemporary culture, such as the wasteland of television, lay outside the political sphere. Ideology had to be replaced by pragmatism. Issues had to be considered on their individual merits. Utopia could be retained as a goal, but only on a business-like basis: how to get there, how much it would cost, and who was to pay had to be carefully spelled out. Heroic, revolutionary moments were an illusion. "And what is left is the unheroic, day-to-day routine of living ...one's role can be only to reject all absolutes and accept pragmatic compromise."

Although Bell later claimed he was not suggesting that ideology should or had come to an end, merely that many people perceived things in this way, his own words in *THE END OF IDEOLOGY* suggest he meant precisely this: ideology was dead, and a good thing too. Of course, by the late 1960's, few persons could claim seriously that ideology had lost its power in the world. *THE COMING OF POST-INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY* can thus to some extent at least be seen as an attempt by Bell to rescue his earlier thesis from the rubbish heap of history.

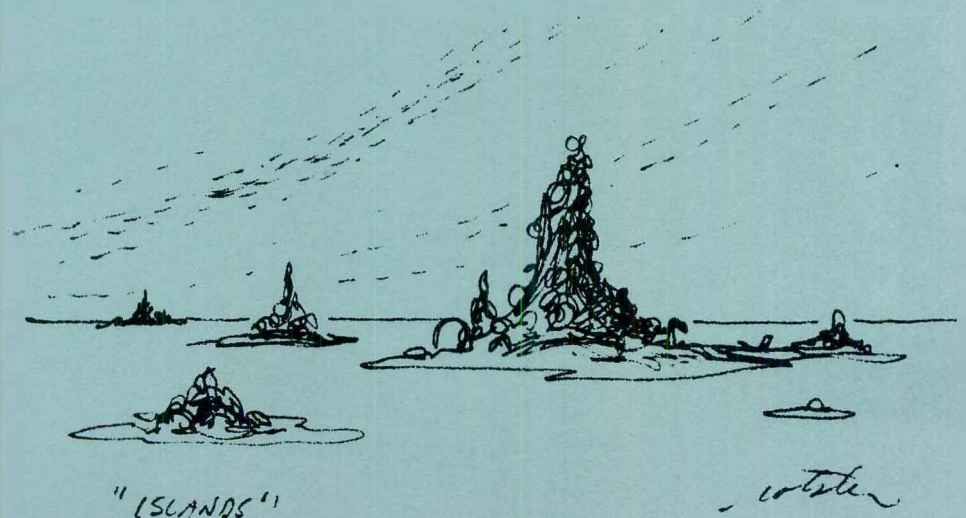
According to Bell's scheme, the post-industrial society does not replace socialism or capitalism, but cuts across both forms. Socialist/communist regimes have concentrated on developing the productive forces--the technological equipment--of the society: a function assigned by Marx historically to capitalism. "In that historical sense 'communism', then, is not a 'next' stage in history but simply one of a number of alternative modes of industrialization." What is the nature of the coming post-industrial society? It is characterized by:

- 1) the change from a goods-producing to a service economy;
- 2) the pre-eminence of the professional and technical class;
- 3) the centrality of theoretical knowledge as the source of innovation and of policy formulation for the society;
- 4) the control of technology and technological assessment;
- 5) the creation of a new "intellectual technology" (systems of rational thought and planning).

Bell denies that societies can be analyzed as social systems. Instead, he divides society into three parts: (1) the "social structure", comprising the economy, technology, and the occupational structure; (2) the polity; (3) the culture. For Bell there is no necessary correlation between changes in the "social structure" and changes in the other two sectors. Changes in the "social structure" simply pose management problems for the polity; and culture is not only autonomous, but today is actually heading in the opposite direction from the economic sphere (in the direction of hedonistic life-styles and individualism). Thus the "social structure" is governed by the rationalizing imperatives of a complex society; but at the same time it actually becomes subordinated to political decision-making, because centralized planning provides a more specific locus of decision than the old impersonal and dispersed role of the market.

What all this means is that Bell wants to have his cake and eat it too. He can now admit without embarrassment that yes, "socialism" and "capitalism" do continue to exist--but since their existence is confined to the realm of "social relations" (Bell is not very clear about what this means), this means that the realm of "techniques" (the pragmatic basis of industry) can lead an independent existence. Thus industrial societies and post-industrial societies can be either socialist or capitalist. In effect, Bell agrees with Ellul that technique is taking over and that society is seeing the rise of a technical/professional meritocracy. But then he says: "But don't worry. That's okay. Culture is safe and our political leaders are still running the show." But of course, under Bell's scheme it's the new technical/professional elite, centered in the universities and based on theoretical knowledge, that is needed to make the political decisions. Bell's real message seems to be: "You all run along home and watch KOJAK and don't worry your little heads about a thing. The Daniel Bells of the world will take care of things."

It is interesting that in Bell's massive tome of speculation on the inevitable coming of his post-industrial society there is not a word about the Chinese attempt under Mao during the Cultural Revolution to prevent the emergence of a technical

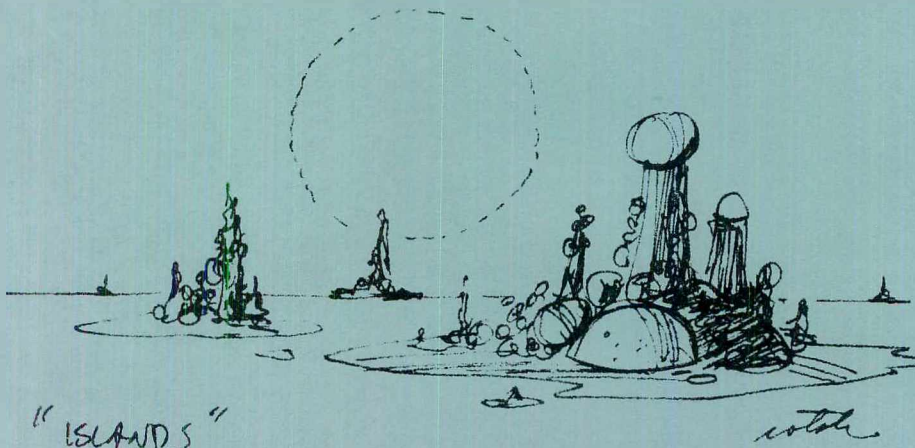


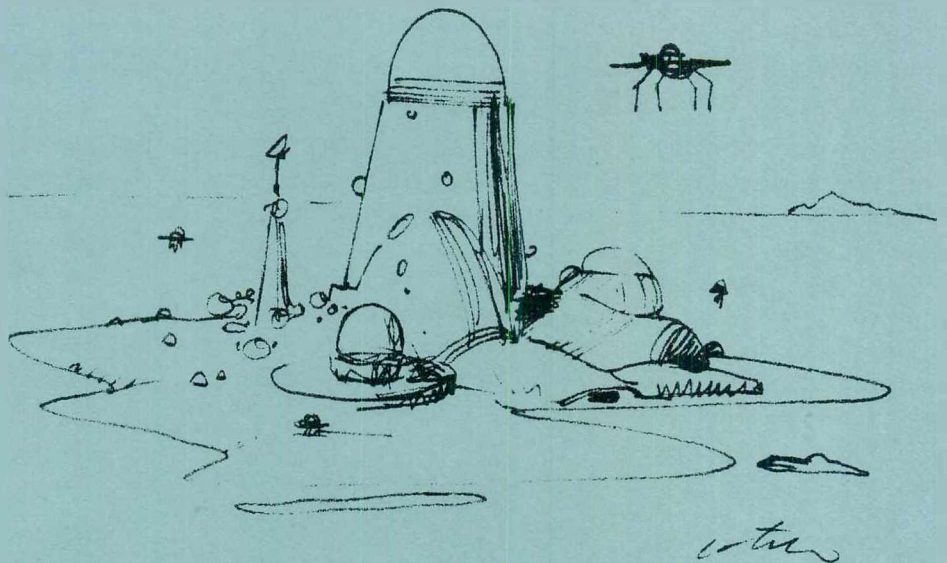
elite and to put "politics in command". What a convenient oversight! (Of course the question must now be asked: do post-Mao events support the Ellul/Bell thesis of the inevitable triumph of technique?) Bell refuses to deal with the question of revolutionary or ideologically-motivated change in society--a question that may be forced to the forefront by factors of "limits to growth" or the international political/economic situation.

What is Bell's position on these two issues? As for the first, he says, "The ecological models take the physical finiteness of the earth as the ultimate bound, but this is fundamentally misleading." Bell shares Buckminster Fuller's belief that science and technology enables us always to do more with less, and that indefinite expansion and abundance are real possibilities. As for the relation of the United States (his model country for his post-industrial speculations) to other countries, Bell speculates that the U.S. may become a "headquarters economy" and quotes the notion that an international "class struggle" among nations may be developing. But this, he finds, is "a problem for the twenty-first century".

One wonders at Bell's casual dismissal of these two potentially vital issues. Does his model for development rest on the assumption that the U.S. is a closed system (or non-system) with infinite resources? In AN INQUIRY INTO THE HUMAN PROSPECT (1974) Robert Heilbroner specifically considers how these two factors may shape the future of industrialized nations, and he too reaches the conclusion that we are headed for a "post-industrial" society. But, according to Heilbroner, society is about to become "post-industrial" in the sense that it will no longer be able to sustain industry to the same extent or in the same manner as presently. Even if we don't run out of resources, he argues, the tolerance of the ecosphere for the absorption of heat will limit industrial growth. Considering the exponential growth of heat added to the natural flow of solar and planetary heat, we have perhaps 150 years left before the thing gets out of hand. Planned economies will be able to adapt better than capitalist economies in the short run, but in the long run even "industrial socialism" is doomed. "For industrial civilization achieves its economic success by imposing common values on both its capitalist and socialist variants."

Heilbroner concludes that "'whether we are unable to sustain growth or unable to tolerate it', the long era of industrial expansion is now entering its final stages, and we must anticipate the commencement of a new era of stationary total output and (if population growth continues or an equitable sharing among nations has not yet been attained) declining material output per head in the advanced nations." And for Heilbroner, only Malthusian checks like massive crop failures and resource shortages will be effective in initiating the required change in the system. The prospect is thus for wars between nations over resources, for rising social tensions, and for increasingly authoritarian national governments.





Heilbroner's analysis is similar in broad outlines to the computer model of the MIT team's report to the Club of Rome (THE LIMITS TO GROWTH). This model deals with dynamic statements about only the physical aspects of human activities, and assumes that social variables like income distribution and attitudes about family size will continue to follow the same patterns as in recent history. This limitation in analysis is illustrated in the treatment of population growth, which is assumed to stand in a particular relation to industrial output per capita: "Wherever economic development has taken place, birth rates have fallen. Where industrialization has not occurred, birth rates have remained high."

Yet recent experience in China, for example, suggests that falling birth rates are not necessarily related simply to industrialization, but to social transformation. Failure to include social and political factors leads the MIT study to maintain that "the greatest possible impediment to more equal distribution of the world's resources is population growth". But various studies suggest the relation is the other way around: that it is poverty that is the principal stumbling block to reducing population growth. (For example, Mahmood Mamdani's THE MYTH OF POPULATION CONTROL, an excellent study of the failure of family planning programs in an Indian village.)

Labelling the MIT approach "Malthus with a computer", a University of Sussex critique (THINKING ABOUT THE FUTURE--U.S. title: MODELS OF DOOM) says that the Growth versus No Growth debate ignores the really important issues of the composition of growth in output, and the distribution of the fruits of growth. The problem is a socio-political one of stimulating ecologically sound growth and of more equitable distribution, both between countries and within them. Thus the Sussex book argues that "forecasting groups should view their work not as prophecy but as contributions to an essentially political debate about the future of the world". Present-day Malthusianism generally favors the interests of the rich countries, and helps to give them a clear conscience about their selfish behavior toward the poor. (In other words, if there's not enough to go around--the argument goes--let's not waste what we need in a futile attempt to help others.)

But if the "limits to growth" thesis must be seriously doubted on political and social grounds, so too must the idea of straight-forward progression toward a "post-industrial" society throughout the world. Third World economies are generally divided into modern and traditional sectors, with the modern sector in each country typically including 10% to 30% of the population. Most development occurs in the

modern sectors, which are linked with the advanced industrial world. These sectors may be participating in a "post industrial" transformation, with the assumption that the struggle for the basic needs of life is a thing of the past, but most Third World inhabitants are in no such position.

The thesis that the advanced industrial nations are about to enter a "post-industrial" condition, and that post-industrialism is the shape of things to come for all nations, is simplistic. Whether in anticipation of continuing technological advance (as in the case of Ellul or Bell) or a drastic slowdown in industrial growth (as with Heilbroner and the "limits to growth" group), the wholesale extrapolation of present trends into the future implies a kind of technological determinism. A more realistic, and more hopeful approach to forecasting must recognize history not merely as a repository of data, but as the continual generation of new futures from particular circumstances.

SPECIAL ART PORTFOLIO

Al Sirois

THE DOOMS OF TOKYO





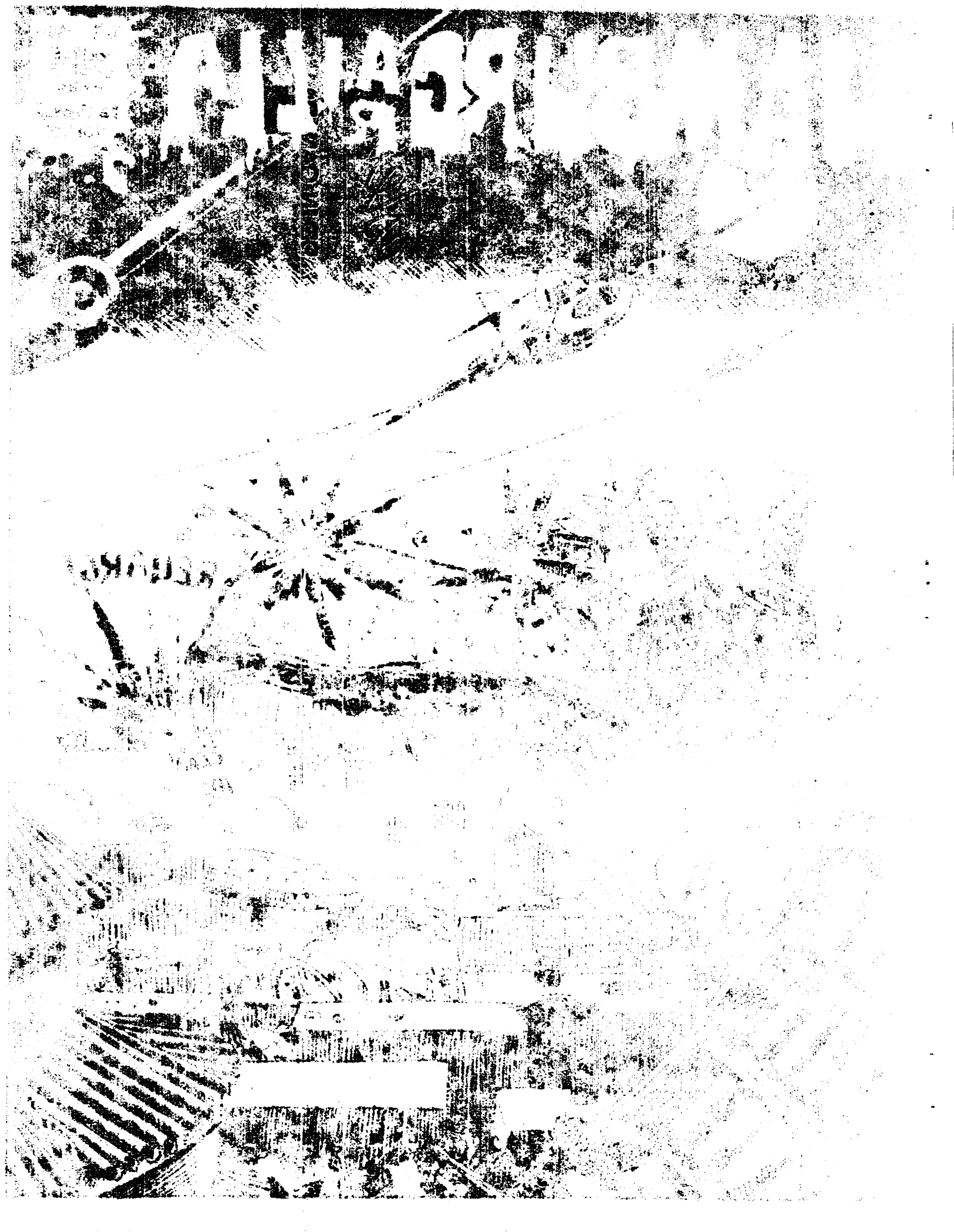


HAMBURGAILLA

THE GIANT
DOUBLE
CHEESE
that
DESTROYED
TOKYO!

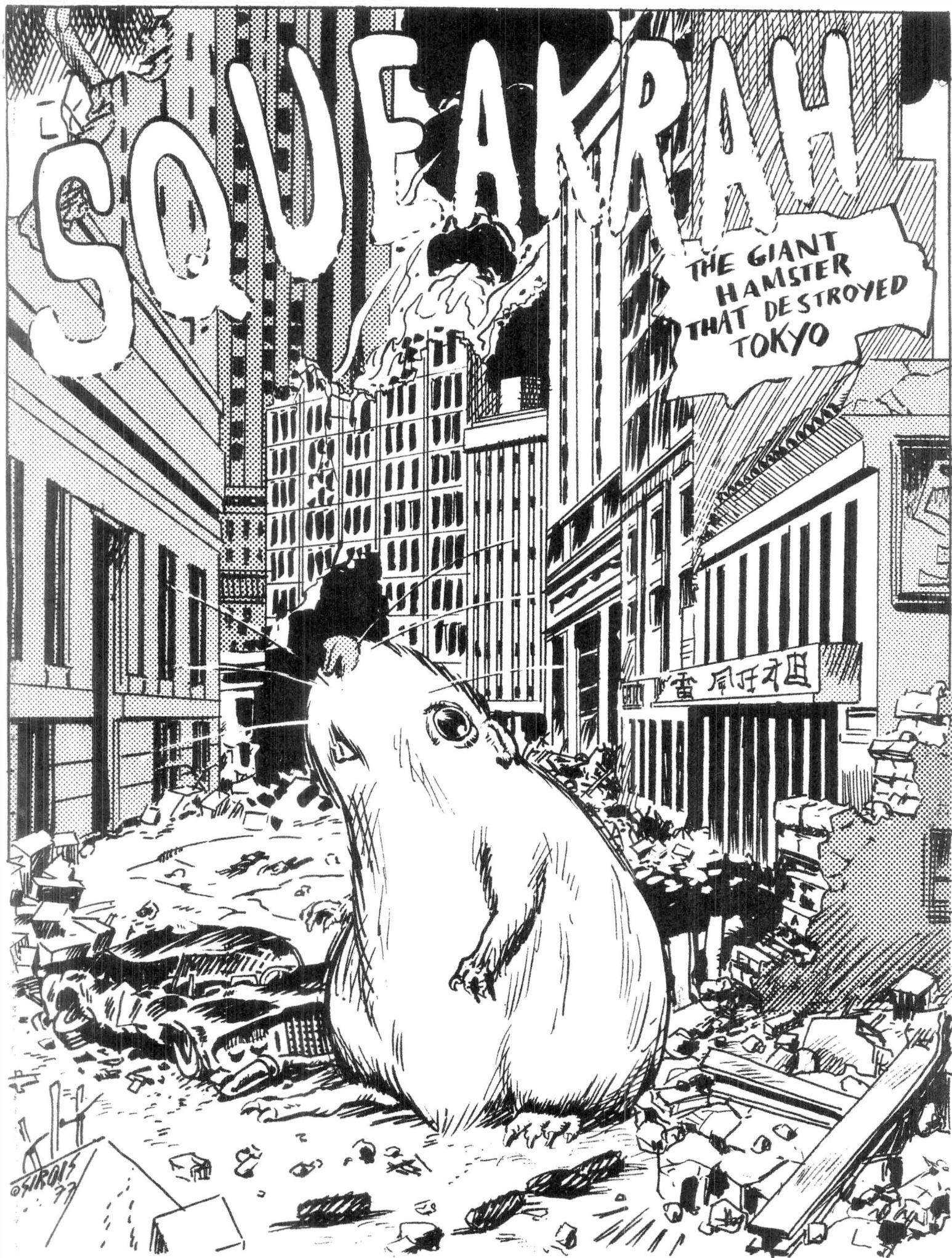


ALLIANCE



SQUEAKRAH

THE GIANT
HAMSTER
THAT DESTROYED
TOKYO



© 1977
77



Excerpts from the Log

Fifth day at sea.

Sighted iceberg, far off,

Clear, green, crystal, in grey water.

White water outlines the ship,

With a white trail following above the screw.

Sixth day at sea.

A passenger dropped a match overboard.

The waves took flame.

They burned blue for miles around us,

As far as we could see.

Humid smoke choked us.

We fell gasping on the decks.

Waves of flame rose and fell around us,

Blue fire consuming the water.

Eighth day.

We hit salt ash.

The dead sands, white with salt

And grey with cinder,

Spread out around us,

As far as we could see.

I do not know if any of us

Will survive the walk to shore.

(copyright © 1973 by Texas Quarterly)

Ruth Berman



RICH BARTUCCI

Counselor, Nolo Contendere

I stepped out of the TeleTrans booth onto Aesculapius, dusting off my magenta slicker as I walked. The weight of my typewriter was a firm, familiar reminder of my status as a Pornographer, more so than even my gaudy slicker. Other writers use voicetypers; with pornography, the subject matter gets a little more frenetic, and an author can become incoherent and illegible when working with a supercharged dictaphone. Also, it helps if your hands are kept busy.

The customs guard at the gate gave me a quick once-over and grinned. "Here to soak up the local color, Pornographer? Gonna write a story about a customs office, maybe? I could tell you tales--"

"I'm sure you could," I interrupted, "but--" And I told him a better one than whatever he could have been holding. He doubled up nicely and guffawed lustily while I picked up my luggage and strolled away.

Hailing a robot cab, I climbed into the passenger compartment. "Take me to the hotel nearest to the Lexloci delegation," I told it.

"Sure thing, Pornographer," it replied. "Hey, are you thinking about doing a book on how women try to drive us cabbies nuts by talking all seductive and like that? I've heard some stories..."

I was certain I'd heard the same stories, but I had to listen anyway. I've yet to tell the joke that'd convulse a Mark VI neuresistor.

"--and then she started fingering the speaker grille until the driver almost blew his capacitors. All the time she kept moaning, 'Shock me, robbie, shock me!' until --Here we are, Pornographer," he interrupted, "the Lister Inn. Best hotel on Aesculapius. The Lexloci delegation is staying on the 21st floor. You want I should drop by and pick you up later? I know a real hot night spot, where every waitress is a licensed nymphomaniac."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM BARKER

"Uh, no, thanks." That last story had been straight out of Jorgen's LUST SLAVES OF THE TRANSISTOR, slightly bowdlerized. A classic, but hardly something I'd use in this day and age. Too tame. I walked into the Lister and turned my luggage over to a bellrob. The desk clerk signed me in and handed me the keys to a modest suite on the 22nd level.

"Fully soundproofed, Pornographer, and privacy is assured. Animals larger than a sheep may be brought in through the freight entrance and the services of the three top specialists in venereal disease are on call. If you want anything, just ring. Front!"

Safely installed in my rooms, I tipped the bellrob and sat down to unpack, all the while staring down at the floor as if I could see through vitacrete and carpet into the Lexloci rooms below.

It had taken a long, long time to engineer this moment. I had planned for it since I was thirteen, since the day a grinning Lexloci lawyer had systematically stripped my father of every pfennig he had. Alimony, they'd called it--when my father'd literally lost his shirt. Only a token respect for the Public Decency Ordinances had left him with his B.V.D.'s. I could still see those B.V.D.'s in my mind, brave red-and-white stripes that bagged loosely around my father's spindly shanks. At that moment, I, Hal Oleo, had vowed to destroy the Lexloci shysters and all they stood for--plea bargaining, judge-buying, witness-corrupting--and return honesty and fair play to the courts of the Galaxy. A tall order for a thirteen-year-old boy--but not for a member of the all-powerful Pornographer's Guild.

The human race had diversified among the stars; now, five centuries after the discovery of the TeleTrans Principle opened the Galaxy to the race, there were planets where men of like mind and spleen gathered, seeking the company of their own kind. On Aesculapius, they were doctors; on Decimal Point, C.P.A.'s; on Mantra, transcen-

dental meditation was raised to a high science; on Rotorooter, plumbers congregated. Hundreds of worlds, hundreds of professions and proclivities, with only one thing in common--the age-old human preoccupation with sex.

When a few crafty practitioners of the Art--seedy hacks working in hovels all over the booming Galaxy--had realized that this elemental drive could be preyed upon, they combined into the Pornographer's Guild. All the great writers of scatological fiction--Jorgen, Hume, Tetsukura, Gretch--were gathered together to found a union more powerful than any since the days of St. Hoffa. Via TeleTrans they spread their novels and stories throughout the Galaxy, writing with such verve and illumination that the billions devoured their work and clamored for more. They drafted into their ranks the most promising young prospects, and they soon had but to threaten to boycott a world to achieve any end at all. The Pornographer's Guild could topple governments, unseat archbishops, ruin cartels--all with the threat of embargo.

All this I'd realized at age thirteen. To strike back at Lexloci, I'd have to have the power of the Guild behind me. I would use the might of the Pornographers to do more than humble politicians or crush theologians; I would use it to destroy an entire world!

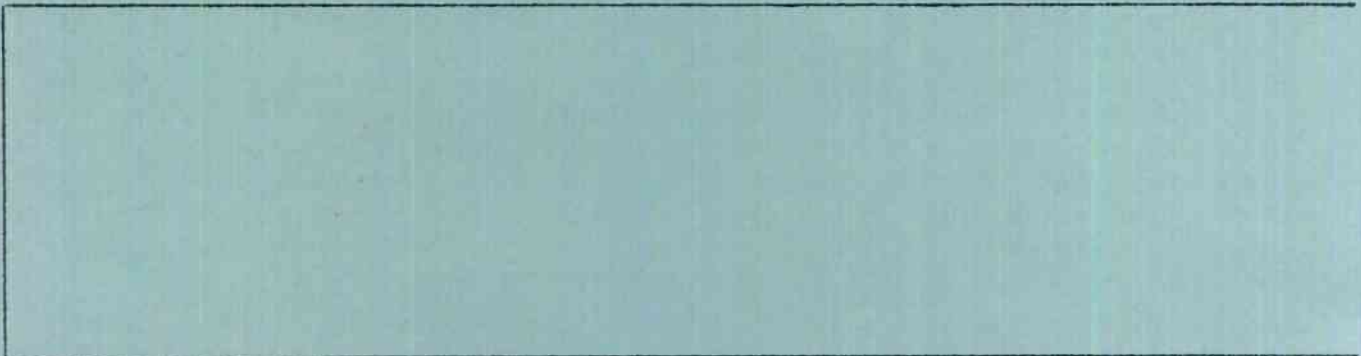
The case in which the Lexloci delegation was involved was one of malpractice, an uncommon charge here on Aesculapius. Until recently, the doctors had been able to suppress all malpractice legislation. It had taken a Lexloci lawyer, exercising all the wiles of his breed, to sneak the statute into the legislature as a rider on a bill to sterilize the city pigeon population. The law had opened up a Pandora's Box on Aesculapius, and the befuddled physicians were still trying to sort themselves out.

Mrs. Gregor Marlebone was suing the staff and administration of the Tsutsugumushi Memorial Hospital for eighty billion sols. As TMH was owned and operated by the planetary government, an award of that size could bankrupt the world and unseat the entire executive branch. She contended that she had received unnecessary surgery--a breast transplant--and was pressing charges for damages and "mental anguish".

A shudder of horror had rippled over the planet when those last words had been uttered. A terror long thought laid to rest had been resurrected. To imagine the effect, think of telling an Arab that the Israeli Free State had risen again, or an American that income tax was about to be reinstituted.

And behind it all was Lexloci.

Powergrubbers, all of them; vermin whose sole aim was to insinuate themselves into the courts and legislatures of every human planet, to gnaw for themselves a cozy rat-hole in the race of man and prey upon humanity forevermore. There, in that hotel room, I felt my demon upon me, and lifted my typewriter from its battered case.



Hatred red-hot in my veins, I began to write.

* * * * *

"Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, honored opponents, I come to lay before you the case of one Mrs. Gregor Marlebone, citizen of Rococo, artist and interior decorator, and temporarily resident here in Aesculapius City. On the morning of the 3rd of January in the Year of Our Lord 2592, she underwent surgery wherein her right breast was removed and the breast of an unknown donor substituted."

Smooth as butter, the Lexloci lawyer displayed his talents before the packed courtroom. I watched his eyes as they glittered and noted his name--Oliver Wendell Schwartz. He could have been the same man who'd denuded my father so long ago; he had the same narrow shoulders, like a weasel's. His chin was pointy and intimidating; he stabbed it at people as if it were a weapon, and he had an eerie look to his face; it was lit from within, fairly glowing as he talked. His teeth gleamed like pearls, and his canines appeared to be longer and sharper than those of a normal man.

I watched as he set his case before the court. The jury began to take on a glassy-eyed look, like white mice in a snakepit. Crooning legalisms were hypnotising them, seducing them away from planetary loyalty and common sense. I could see Schwartz pied-pipering them along to the sea.

I glanced up at the judge. While not directly evidencing the hollow-eyed fascination of the jurors, he was nodding, almost imperceptably, as if agreeing with each of Schwartz's points. The counsel for the defense, an Aesculapian lawyer with forty years of service as the planet's top barrister, was slumped over and weeping into his hands. The battle had been lost before it was fairly joined.

What I'd been counting on was just this last, however. When called upon to present his side of the case, the Aesculapian was unable to rise. His assistants stammered and begged the udge for a recess of three hours to give counsel for the defense a chance to compose himself. Their



JIM BARKER.

request was granted, and the judge retired into his chambers.

When I spoke with the court secretary, she told me that obtaining an audience with his Honor was impossible at the moment. I told her that I had information of vital importance to the case. I also told her the one I'd given the customs guard. She reddened, stuttered and hit the page unit clumsily. "Your Honor," she said, "a Pornographer Oleo wishes to see you. He says it's an important matter, bearing directly on the case at hand."

The judge's voice came through with a dull harrumph. "Can't he submit it in court?" he asked.

The secretary glanced at me. I smiled knowingly. "Uh, he says that it's for your ears only, sir."

"Hunh! Well, send him in."

She flipped off the page unit and pointed at the door. As I walked past, I heard her begin to giggle. By the time I'd opened the door to the judge's chambers, she was convulsed on the floor by her desk. A bit of a sleeper, that story.

Judge Merkin was seated at his desk when I entered. He looked up at me with a fishy stare and said, "Well, what d'you want? I've no time to dawdle with a Pornographer. Don't read your tripe, anyway."

"Really?" I replied. I took a bundle out of my writing case and handed it to him. "Perhaps this'll be more to your liking than the rest of my stuff. It's the outline for a book entitled OUT OF THE CLOSET AND INTO THE COURTROOM: THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS A TRANVESTITE.

His Honor jerked as if somebody has slipped sulfuric acid into his Preparation H. "How did you-- What do you-- How dare you come in here with this, this parcel of calumny!"

"Detraction, Your Honor."

"Huh?"

"I said 'detraction'. It's only calumny when it's false. And I have solidographs and sonocordings to back up my story. It's very well-researched."

Judge Merkin slowly deflated; I could almost hear the hot air hissing out of his ego as he slumped back into his chair. "What do you want of me?" he asked, his voice low.

I told him.

* * * * *

The counsel for the defense had still not recovered his equilibrium by the time court was reconvened. The job fell on his chief assistant, who botched his task so badly that mutterings of malfeasance were rising from the spectators before his summing-up was completed. Schwartz smiled toothily and surveyed the slack-jawed jury. They were with him, all the way, in spite of the fact that they would

probably be torn to bits by the angry Aesculapian populace for handing in the verdict that would bankrupt their planet. They were too well-sedated to care, narcotized by Schwartz' deadly voice. They shuffled out to deliberate and shuffled back in with barely five minutes' grace; one of the more elderly jurors had needed to use the lavatory.

"Mr. Foreman," intoned Judge Merkin, "have you reached a verdict?"

A little mouse of a man rose, his eyebrows twitching. "We have, your Honor. We find the defendant, the Tsutsugumushi Memorial Hospital, guilty as charged."

Judge Merkin turned to face Dr. Klieg, the hospital's director. "Please rise," he commanded. "Dr. Klieg, you are required by this court to pay, as the agent for the Tsutsugumushi Memorial Hospital, the sum of one one-hundredth of one Sol to Mrs. Gregor Marlebone, that being the smallest unit of exchange in Galactic currency. This case is now closed."

I looked at Schwartz and the crew of Lexloci lawyers around him. They were tight-lipped, sickly-grey--and beaten! I'd done what I'd come for. The most heavily publicized case in a century, and the vaunted Lexloci legions had been downed. They'd won their case, but they'd been made to look ridiculous. Instead of a fat percentage of that eighty billion, moreover, they'd have to try splitting a one-cento piece with Mrs. Marlebone. The government of Aesculapius was saved--and it'd be a sunny day in the Coal Sack before anyone'd hire a Lexloci lawyer again.

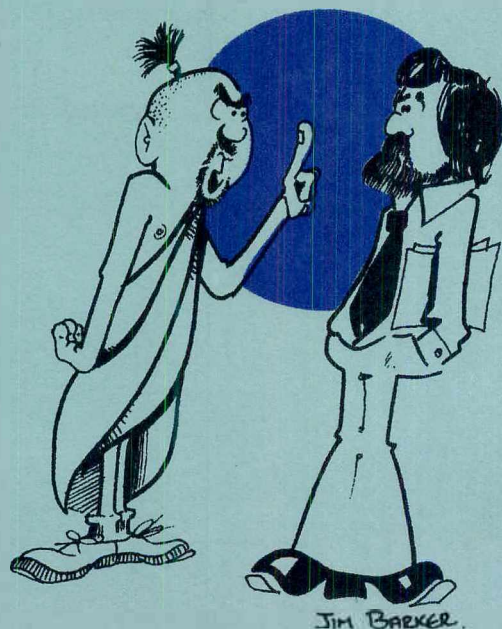
As I turned to leave the courtroom, I bumped into a figure in the flowing tunic and tennis shoes of a Transcendental Meditator. Mumbling apologies, I made to go around him, but he stopped me with one hand and stared into my eyes.

"You have done an evil thing today, Hal Oleo!"

I rocked back on my heels. "Me?" I replied. "What have I done--except, that is, to watch a long-deserved come-uppance."

"Well you know, Hal Oleo!" His voice carried an eerie undertone, the kind you'd write into the character of a psychopathic sex-slayer in a bad S&M book. "You engineered this terrible deed! You pushed and pulled at the fabric of jurisprudence to destroy a world--and you almost succeeded!"

"What do you mean, 'almost'? I did succeed." I boasted now. "I came here to put the Lexloci away, to make them ridiculous in the eyes of the entire Galaxy. Oh, they're crafty bastards, those shysters--but they rely on their



unconquered reputation to keep folks hiring 'em. Without it, they're dead."

"Not so! Look!" He pointed. Schwartz and his gang of cutthroats were gathered around the table. I caught a glimpse of Schwartz' eyes. They glittered--and he was grinning!

"What the hell--!" I turned to the Meditator. "You, whatever-your-name-is, what are those cheap crooks so happy about?"

"My name is Patna," he replied. "And they are just now receiving the news that a Galactic High Court has been appointed, a court to which cases from planetary courts may be taken. And that the Chief Justice of this court is none other than John Marshal Cherenkov--a Lexlocian."

I felt a silent scream welling up within and the room shook around me. "John Marshall Cherenkov--the man who took my father for everything he had? Cherenkov the Fiend? Cherenkov, the prosecutor who convicted Jesus Christ nunc pro tunc to get the Jews of Zion IV off the hook? That Cherenkov?"

"The same." Patna looked smug.

"How?" I shrieked. "The whole Galaxy must've realized that this'd be the beginning of a Lexloci legal empire. They've fought it for years. Who helped them?"

"We did--the Transcendental Meditators of Mantra and Maharishi. I myself helped to engineer the coup." He looked vexed. "And you could have spoiled it all."

"They'll find some other case--on Aesculapius, on Earth, on New Detroit--and they'll take it to the High Court. They'll win one government-busting decision and they'll be unstoppable." I stared at him. "Why did you TM freaks interfere? The Lexlocians could have been broken here, wrecked forever. No more lawyers--at least, no professionals, no shysters. No more fear of litigation for the least little reason, no more chaos in the legal system, no more--" It became suddenly too much to bear; I choked up.

Patna smiled. "The Lexlocians are a vital part of humanity, even as are the people of the other Facet Cultures. We are all aspects of the Great Diamond of Mankind."

I told him where he could stuff his Great Diamond.

"Nonetheless, Hal Oleo, your action in attempting the destruction of the Lexloci was wrong. In countering it, we of Mantra and Maharishi have soiled ourselves in the affairs of the flesh. Our spiritual well-being has suffered thereby."

I turned on him, viciously. "Then what is the purpose of your Facet Culture anymore, Patna? If your transcendental detachment is violated by this interference in the affairs of other Cultures, how can your own continued existence be justified?" I saw him pale visibly and continued, "It cannot, Patna. You Meditators have violated your own reason for being by sticking your noses into this mess. How the hell

did you know that it isn't for the best that the Lawyer Facet be extirpated from the Race?"

"Our detachment, gone!" He was in shock, his mouth slack. "True, true," he muttered. "Without detachment, our karma is mingled with that of others, impure beyond cleaning." He looked into my eyes, lost. "We are but a flawed Facet in the Great Diamond. In forestalling you, Hal Oleo, we have destroyed ourselves!"

I nodded angrily--then heard something from Schwartz and his team of Lexlocian lawyers. "Listen, Patna," I said. "Listen to what you've saved!"

The proud, harsh hymn of the Lexlocians was coming from the small clump of men in the otherwise deserted courtroom. I heard it ring in my head like the dull whine of a court stenographer re-reading part of a trial record.

"Counselor, nolo contendere
When the case is clearly lost;
Cover up your worst disasters,
Or out of court you will be tossed.

"Get a writ or a subpoena,
Get your client out of town;
Change a venue, bribe a juror--
Make the judge look like a clown.

"Beat that will to death in probate,
Frame the butler or the maid;
Have the case thrown out on trifles,
And make certain that you're paid!

"So shall we, beknighted shysters,
When, at last we've 'Crossed the Bar',
Stand before that Final Judgement,
To cop a plea for what we are!"

I watched Schwartz and his men gather up their briefcases and folios and march past us, coyote-proud and arrogant. Patna gazed brokenly on their retreating backs and I felt as if I could hear their singing rising on and on in the dusty silence as I turned and walked to the TeleTrans center.



...BUT WHAT ABOUT PHOTOSYNTHESIS? - JANET WILSON

Not very long ago, fandom woke up one morning and Canada wasn't there.

It could still be reached by phone, mind you, and anyone who ventured across the World's Longest Indefensible Border found it in its usual position between the U.S. and the north pole. But as far as fanzines, locs, and just plain correspondence were concerned, it might as well have been removed from the planet.

This was no great disaster for U.S. fans. After all, comparisons between the two countries are largely a matter of moving the decimal point. There is roughly ten times as much of everything (except snow) in the U.S. as in Canada. For every vanished fan, there were at least ten still reachable by mail.

In Canada, though, it was a different matter. For all practical purposes, the world had suddenly narrowed down to the people we could visit and those our financial position would allow us to call. Canada had disappeared, thanks to the post office strike, and so had everywhere else.

Fortunately, we could phone people across the border, and civilization was still functioning there. But the alarming part was that there was talk of a similar strike in the States. And who knows--it might have spread even further. Now there (and it's about time I got around to the theme of this issue) is a fannish doom.

There we'd all be, marooned with our paper and stencils and ditto masters --and no way to send out a zine. Nothing to loc. No apa mailings to comment on. No news to report. We could hand things out locally, but all the local fans would already know what we knew, and vice versa. It would be downright incestuous. Our zines would wither and weaken from stagnation of their gene-pool.

And because of fandom's constant evolution, when some traveller did bring us a zine from outside, we wouldn't understand a word of it. We'd have broken down into isolated little tribes. (It's bad enough now when the local in-jokes get going.) To communicate at all, we'd have to depend on the phone, which would at least enable us to stop every few words and yell for an explanation.

Our fannish descendants would read our old zines (as best they could) and marvel at the quaint, leisured, unhurried pace of fandom back in the post-office days--discussing things over the course of months, taking up to a year to finish off a fannish controversy, working so carefully to get our zines looking right.

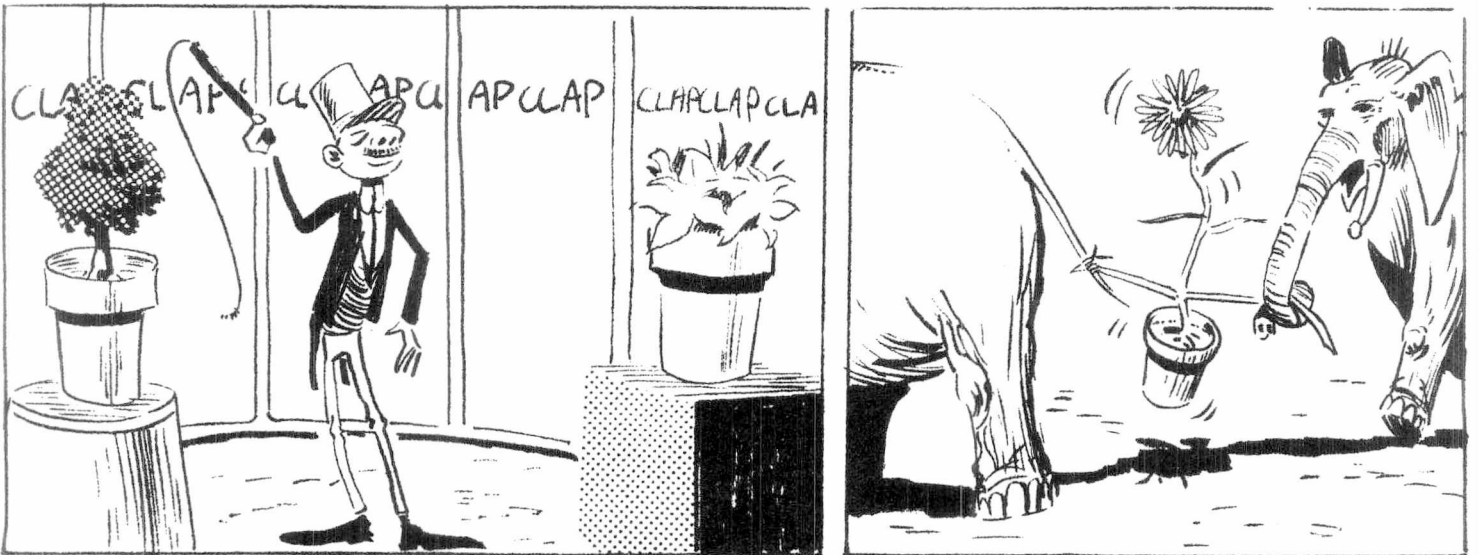
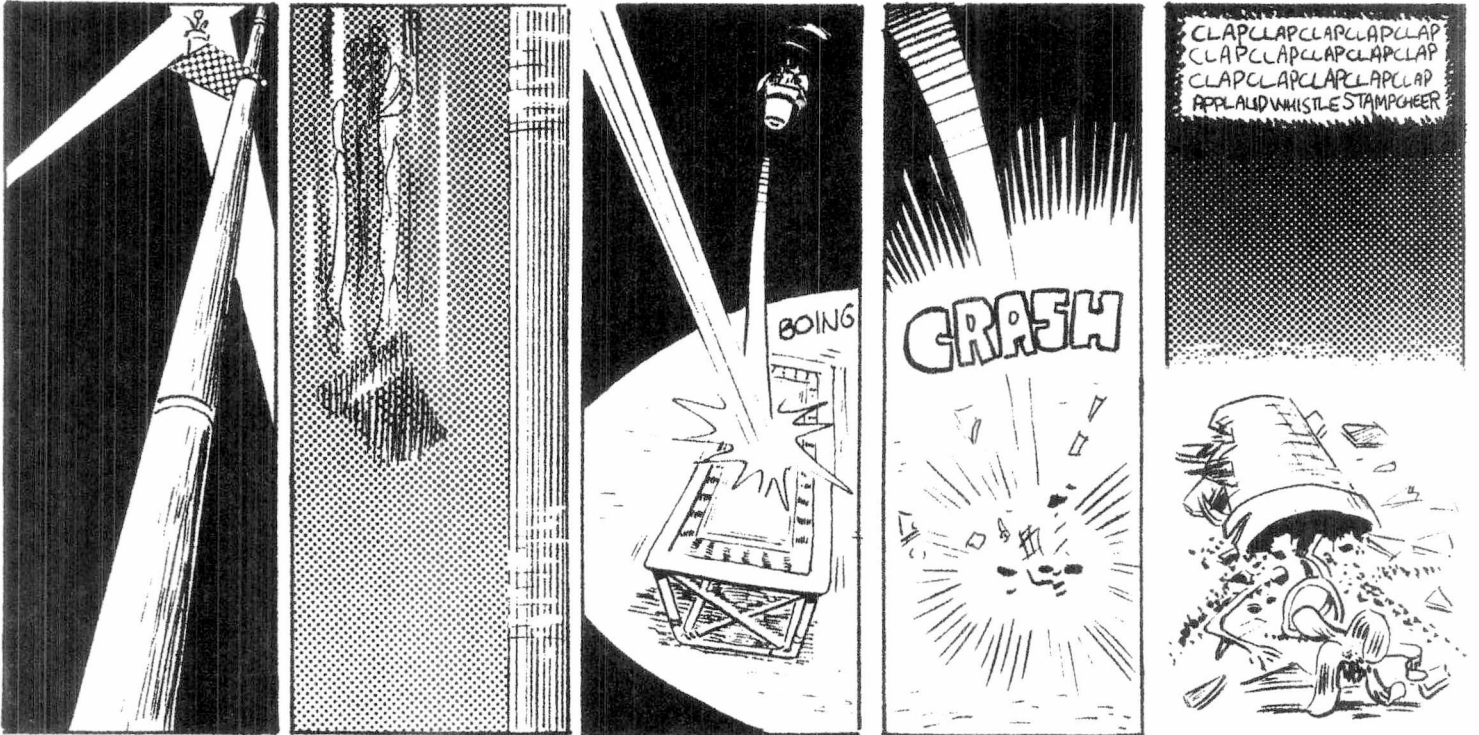
Some of them would go on about the lost art of written self-expression, and a few creative anachronists might try putting an occasional zine on paper for their friends, but the rest would just sit there in post-literate smugness and wonder why we bothered.

After all, we did have the telephone, so it didn't make sense to do all that work when a short call would have got across the gist of our information, and if we didn't express it just right we could have corrected any misunderstandings right away instead of getting the fallout a month later. Imagine--first-drafting! Things sure have improved, they'd say, congratulating themselves on their progress.

And then the phone company would go on strike.

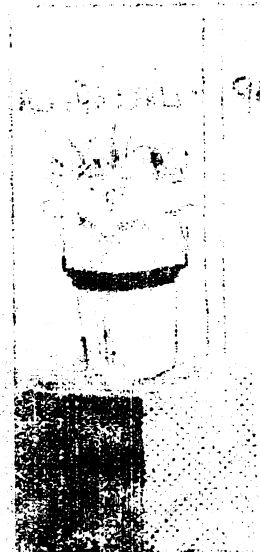
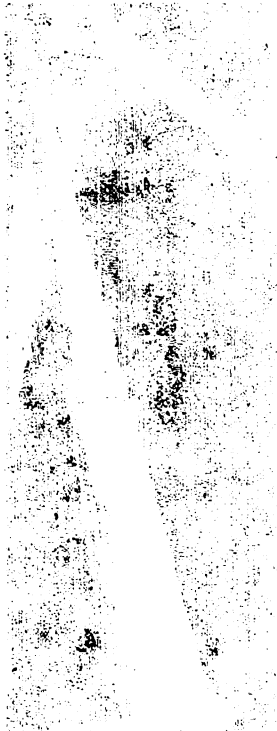
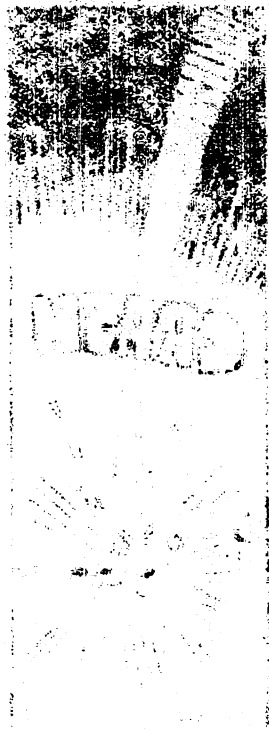
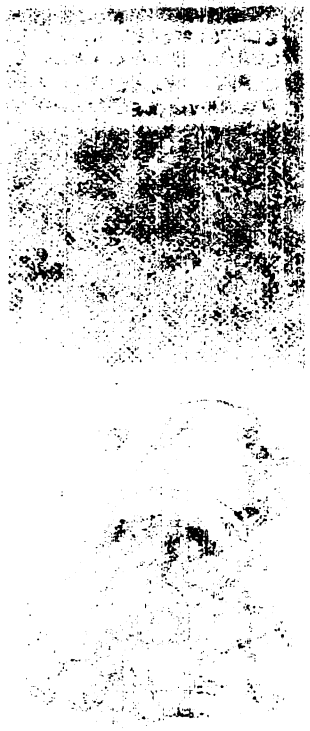
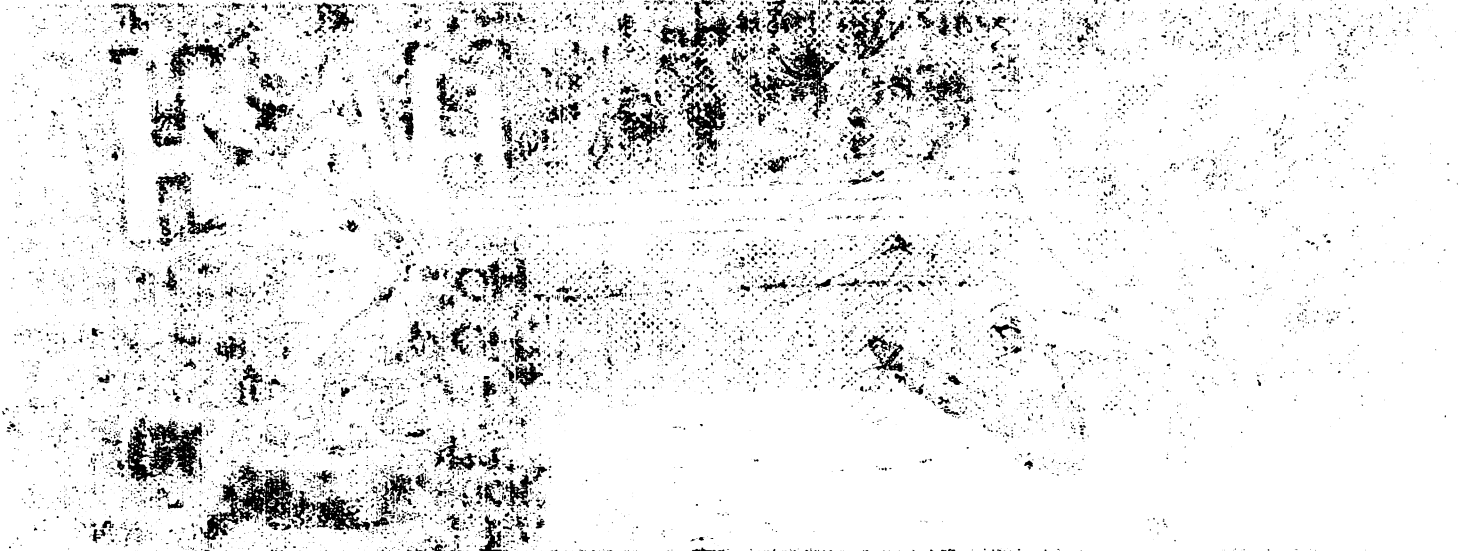
TOURING THE FABULOUS WORLD OF THE FUTURE: 2

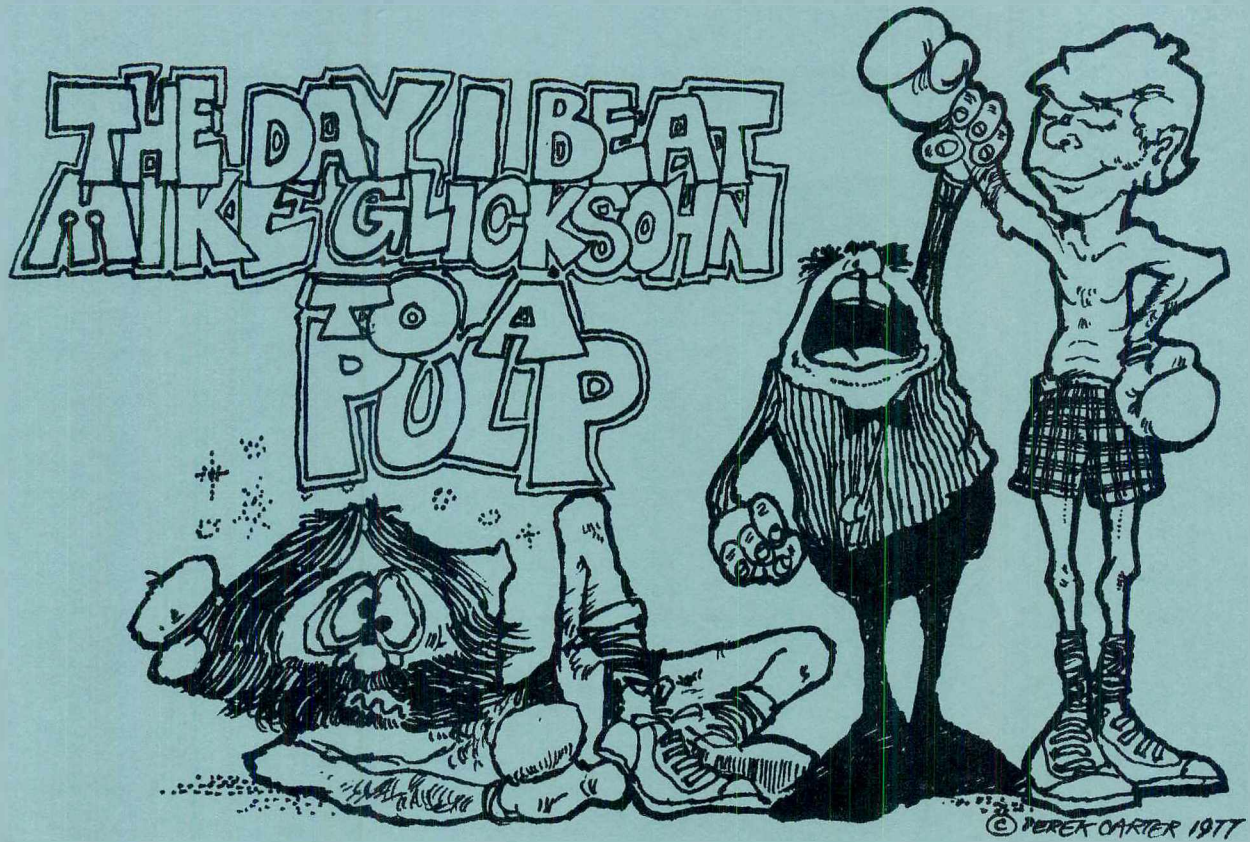
"A VISIT TO THE POST-ZOOLOGIC GENOCIDE
ACT OF 1987 PLANT CRYS!"



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20535

REPORT OF INVESTIGATION
DATE: 10/10/68
BY: SA [illegible]





Yes, it's true. Every word of it. I swear. Of course, Glicksohn doesn't mention it much. As a matter of fact, I've distinctly heard him not mention this incident on numerous occasions. And no wonder! We all have those little humiliating moments we'd rather have the world forget. But to begin my tale, I must go back to the beginning. After all, it was only sweet revenge, and he had it coming to him. You see, it's because of Mike Glicksohn that I'm in the state I am today.

It all started back in the halcyon sixties. And, yes, it was my addiction to the soul-destroying substance science fiction that led me to take the fatal plunge. Little did I know what lay in store that day I saw the crudely written sign on the noticeboard at Queen's University in Kingston: "All those interested in forming a science fiction club on campus please come to room X in the Student Union building at noon today."

What I arrived the common room was crowded with people. Dozens of people. Imagine: other people who read science fiction! Someone called the meeting to order. A somewhat unruly-looking individual sitting in one corner with various SF magazines piled before him, began to talk about the glories of science fiction, and how the Queen's club should be organized. On and on he talked. On and on and on, and as the noon hour wore on, more and more people wore out, and drifted away. The longer

Raw He-Man Action in the Urban Jungle
angus taylor as told to joe garagiola

illustrations by derek carter

this guy talked, the more people left. He had that sort of Robert Stanfield charisma about him, guaranteed to drain the enthusiasm from even the most committed. When he finally stopped talking there were only seven or eight of us left--the hard-core which now constituted itself as the Queen's Science Fiction Club.

Our self-designated founder and leader, whom I shall call Tom Blank, produced for the following meeting the first issue of the club fanzine. It was about six pages long, virtually illegible, and featured a ghastly pink and purple cover drawing of soldiers wielding flamethrowers and such. Tom was a Trotskyite, and his article inside, called "A Reply to John W. Campbell"--or something like that--denounced that SF editor's hawklike views on Vietnam. I think a second number of this Queen's fanzine was produced, but I doubt if any copies of either issue survive today.

The history of the Queen's Science Fiction Club is one of uninterrupted decline. We held weekly meetings, for a time. But at each meeting there were fewer people. Before very long there were just two of us: Tom and myself. And at the next meeting...well, maybe Tom showed up. I can just imagine him spending an hour or so talking to himself, setting a time for the following week's meeting, and then failing to show up himself for that one. So long, Queen's Science Fiction Club.

But something did happen. Back when we were down to about four attending members. Something happened that changed the course of my life. (*sob*) It was an evening meeting. I arrived a bit late, and behold as I entered the room a strange figure, dressed in an Armed Forces uniform, addressing the meager gathering.

"Fear not," he intoned (or some such words), "for behold I bring you tidings of great joy. All is not lost. You may yet be saved. You are not alone. For there dwells in the city of Hogtown a mighty organization, the Ontario Science Fiction Club, and Peter Gill is its master."

This strangely-garbed prophet was, I believe, John Mansfield, on his way back to his base in New Brunswick. With trembling fingers I examined the copies of OSFiC he had brought with him. They were somewhat less awful than the Queen's fanzine. I decided to enlist--I mean, subscribe.

So that's how it began. Soon after, I wrote my first letter of comment to OSFiC. And that's when it really began. Two days later I received a long, effusive letter from out of the blue, from someone who had the nerve to address me as if I were a long-lost friend. What kind of a weirdo-pervert is this, I wondered. What have I got myself into? The letter was not from OSFiC's editor, Peter Gill. It was from someone I had never heard of. Yes, you've guessed it: it was from Mike Glicksohn.

In the spring or summer of 1967 I had my chance to actually meet these OSFiC people. OSFiC was so huge that it had two branches, one in Toronto, and one in Ottawa. The two branches were converging at a motel just outside Kingston. This was the immortal, unforgettable (are you ready?) KingCon. Except that I've forgotten most of it. I was sick. I had a terrible head cold, or perhaps it was hay fever. I had a miserable time. All I do remember is that there were a lot of weird people there, and that Glicksohn, who stood out even in such a crowd, spent a disgusting amount of time kissing, in a most ostentatious manner, every female he could lay his hands on.

That autumn I moved to Toronto, to begin my very brief career with the Ontario government. I found an apartment on St. George Street, which I sublet for six months from a woman who had been called away to receive the attentions of the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry. At the end of the six months she decided not to renew her lease and came, with her boyfriend--they were both in their forties, I would say--to move out her furniture, dishes, etc. It was moving day for me, too, and a chaotic scene, as we all rushed about, and they argued with each other and occasionally with me. I never expected to see the woman again, but a few months later, as I was watching the Ontario New Democratic Party leadership convention on television--the one that chose Stephen Lewis--lo and behold, there she was, on the screen, nominating some

taxi driver who wound up getting one vote--or maybe two--in the balloting. I think the taxi driver was her boyfriend.

What the hell has all this got to do with giving Mike Glicksohn his just come-uppance, I hear you ask. Good question. Glicksohn was living, as fate decreed, just two streets over, in a rambling old student house on Bedford Road. When I had to leave my St. George apartment, he suggested I move into his house. The school year was ending and several rooms were coming available. Thus it happened, and thus I came to occupy a room next to that of Mike Glicksohn himself. DO NOT DISTURB, QUANTUM MECHANIC AT WORK read the sign on his door. Nonsense, a ruse! He was supposed to be working on a Master's degree, but in fact divided his time among boozing, watching the Chicago Black Hawks (a crappy team) on television, doing impersonations of W.C. Fields, and luring poor suckers like me into the quagmire of the Ontario Science Fiction Club. Often he would perform two or three of these activities simultaneously.

It was all his fault. It was through him and Bedford House that I met most of the people who were to criss-cross my existence in Toronto over the next several years and drag me from the straight and narrow path to a life of drugs, loose women, and OSFiC meetings. Now, I wouldn't have objected, except for the OSFiC meetings and the horrors of Peter Gill's spelling.

But I had my chance for revenge, and made the most of it. One summer evening, as the usual Bedford House party was gearing up from mild chaos into a low roar, headed for drunken orgy and total oblivion, I accosted the arch-fiend Glicksohn as he sat on the living room couch, imbibing alcoholic fortification and discoursing with Susan Wood, who had come down from Ottawa to visit him. Undeterred by his shaggy beard, his rippling muscles, and the demonic gleam under his fierce brows, I strode boldly up to him and pointed to a battered copy of AMAZING STORIES on the table before him.

"See that, Glicksohn?" I sneered.

"Yeah, punk, it's an old magazine. So what?" He tried to sound tough, but I could detect a tremor of fear in his voice. He knew this was the showdown.

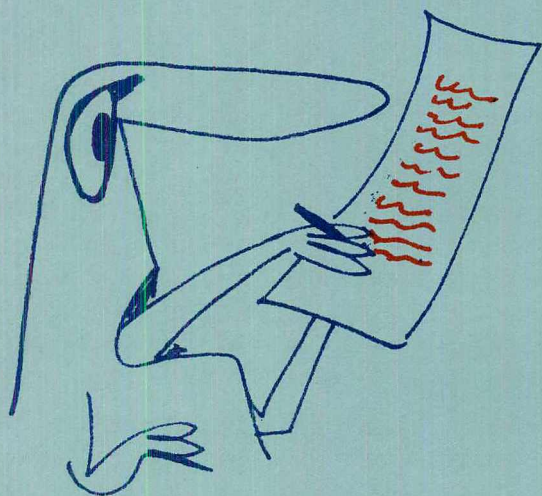
Suddenly, without warning, I snatched the magazine from beneath his astounded gaze.

"Aha, Glicksohn," I bellowed, "I just beat you to a pulp!"

Glicksohn, doubled up with laughter, fell backwards, clutching helplessly at his

[ed. note: here the manuscript breaks off, due to violent argument between author & agent...]





last words

Because this is the last issue of SIMULACRUM in this guise, this is also the last letter column I'm running on the topics that have been under discussion in these pages for the past while. Next year's restyled fanzine SIMULACRUM can be considered a brand new fanzine, and the first issue's loc column will contain essentially only discussions that suit the zine's new directions. Many letters came in continuing the discussions of last time, but the loc column had to be drastically abbreviated this time out of budgetary considerations. (But perhaps there's a faned of more sercon bent than I out there, who would like to publish this sort of material--if so, maybe he'll get in touch with me and we can arrange something.)

KATHI SCHAEFER Brett Cox's letter disturbs me slightly. In his first example, the store owner needn't bother to search anybody if everybody is required to check things which could be used to conceal stolen items--purses, packs, oversize coats, piles of books, etc.--on entering the store. But okay, Brett isn't bothered by the store owner's desire to search his person without due cause. I would be, myself, but never mind. The second example, on the other hand, irritates me. "If, on the other hand, I wanted to go see an x-rated movie and found my path blocked by a picket line of middle-aged housewives dedicated to the eradication of filth from the movie screens and the purification of our precious bodily fluids, I would cheerfully slam my way through the crown while throwing the vilest of imprecations at the microcephalic dingbats who would dare to rob me of one of my most basic rights--namely, to see whatever I damn well please..."

Now. In a libertarian society, the government would have only a few limited functions: maintenance of national defense when attacked, maintenance of civilian police to attempt to prevent violent crimes and to capture criminals when prevention fails, and maintenance of a criminal court system; there may be other legitimate functions of government, but I can't think of them. In such a society--and

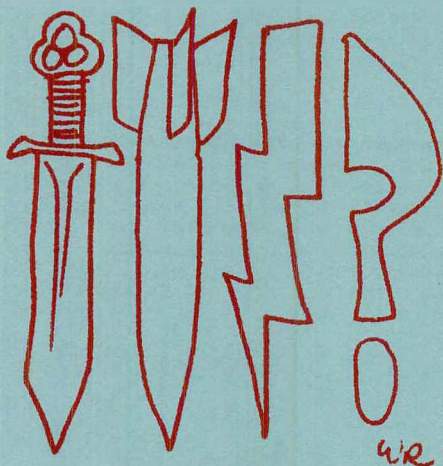
what we have in the United States is only a moderately corrupt version of such a society, compared to the rest of the world--government would, naturally, have no power to censor anything, as well it shouldn't. Moral suasion, peaceably exercised, would be the only legitimate form of "censorship", and what Brett is objecting to in the imaginary middle-aged housewives is just that. If one honestly believes that watching pornography will corrupt the young and make hair grow on their palms and damn them to hell for certain, sure, then it probably becomes a moral duty to try to persuade the young not to watch pornography. Giving lectures in church to folks who probably aren't going to watch pornography isn't going to achieve that; in fact, the only thing that can get the warning message across to those for whom it is meant is to go to the porno palace and put the message on big signs so the people patronizing the theatre will have to see them as they go in. This does not mean that I agree with them, I hasten to add, but I do think that if they honestly believe that pornography corrupts ((and absolute pornography corrupts absolutely)), then they must do something about it in order to be morally consistent beings.

But those to whom the message is directed don't have to listen. People may indeed say what they like in such a situation, but they should not be terribly surprised if those to whom they're attempting to direct their lesson tell them to fuck themselves. As you point out yourself in your original loc. As long as no coercion is used on either side.

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY Odd that John Alderson should denounce Freud in such emphatic terms, and then resurrect one of Freud's most questionable theories--penis envy. I find his evidence unconvincing. Circumcision is not something mothers demand. It was first popularized by the patriarchal early Jewish culture, and is currently accepted because of the recommendations of the predominantly male medical profession. I don't recall if I was frequently required to wear blue as a child, but I don't think it scared me as much as it did Alderson. Nor do I see why little boys should interpret restrictions on their behaviour as threatened castration. (How do little girls interpret restrictions on their behaviour?) I do think that Jessica Salmonson's theory a few pages later makes as much sense as a lot of psychological theories I've heard, and if she can manage to tell it with a straight face, I do believe she could sell it.

JEFF FRANE Midway through John Alderson's article on myths, I decided he had to be writing tongue-in-cheek. By the time I'd finished, and after reading his other (rather interesting; but why didn't he examine the relationship of the word "mate" to its other, more common, meaning) article I decided he was serious. Is he? I mean, what's all this incredible rubbish about the female desire to castrate. What sort of women does this chap meet, anyway? And, after totally discrediting Freud, he drops the old penis-envy trip on them. I gather that the following part, where he bemoans the treatment of the poor boy-child, is meant as a parody on similar (justified, as is his to a degree) criticisms made by feminists. I wonder why anyone feels the need to return to racial memories to understand a fear of castration; isn't the simple fear of mutilation enough? I personally don't care for the idea of losing any part of my body, and I particularly don't like the idea of being deprived of sexual enjoyment. Another point: he says archaeolo-

gists (I presume he means anthropologists, the former are mostly concerned with structures) determine sex by bone structure. Actually, they're inclined to hedge their bets, saying that the skeleton is "either a woman or a child" or a small man. Differences in pelvic structure are, generally speaking, only positively visible over large ranges of samples; the variety in human morphology is enormous. I also take strong exception to his comments about matrilineal and matriarchal societies. The latter are rare, particularly in historical times, yet there are matrilineal societies all over the world. It is the obvious type to use whenever there is any question about paternity, and is the most common system among Native Americans. But there is a big difference between determining lineage and handing out power.



GEORGE FERGUS I didn't see Wayne Hooks' original analysis of mythology in Freudian terms, so although I expect that I would consider much of it utter nonsense, I cannot comment on it directly. John Alderson rightly points out the important distinction between "primary" myths that are simply historical events exaggerated and passed into legend, and "secondary" myths that are simply theories that were invented by early philosophers to explain the world around them.

But mythology will never be the "exact science" that John proclaims as long as he and others keep making erroneous interpretations of it to support their own prejudices. The origin of our use of fire is so ancient that stories about its beginnings are very unlikely to be primary myths. Stealing the secret of fire from the gods is almost certainly a secondary myth invented long after the fact. In tribes where the gods were mostly female, this myth takes the form of a man having stolen fire from a bunch of women, but this cannot justify John's conclusion that, historically, women originally kept men from using fire.

Jessica Salmonson, on the other hand, says that Pandora's box contained forbidden knowledge which was given by women to men in order to benefit humankind, but which was subverted by men into pestilence and war. Jessica is apparently getting this confused with Eve and the forbidden fruit. In the Greek myth, it was only a bunch of ills and woes that were originally trapped in a jar. (Pandora's "box" is apparently a later error of copying or translation.) These ills were let loose on humankind when Pandora's curiosity led her to open the lid of the jar. This tale is again almost certainly a secondary myth, probably invented by some Greek woman-hater. It first

appears in the writings of the notorious early misogynist Hesiod, but is absent from the accounts of other Greek mythologists until much later when misogyny was in full flower.

It should be pointed out that what has passed down to us as a culture's body of mythology was originally invented at various times by people of varying attitudes. When stories contradicted each other, the one that survived is often simply whichever was passed on by the most popular storytellers. For example, Terry Floyd mentions that Athena is the only figure in Greek mythology with only one parent. This is Homer's version. The less popular Hesiod, on the other hand, said that Hera, not wanting to be outdone by Zeus, spontaneously produced Hephaestus all by herself. Only she wasn't quite good enough at it and he turned out to be lame, so she flung him from heaven.

John Alderson's assertion that Freudian psychology is bullshit is rather undermined by his apparent lack of knowledge of what is and is not part of Freudian theory. He asserts that the Freudian explanation for castration anxiety is that the boy sees his father's penis disappear into his mother. This is untrue. Rather, according to Freud, the boy believes that it is his father who will castrate him, since his mother and/or sisters appear to have been castrated already. John's alternative explanation, that castration anxiety occurs because of racial memory of a time when women were in the habit of castrating men (plus the psychological castration of wrapping boys in "cold blue blankets") can hardly be taken seriously.

Then John, having disposed of what he erroneously claims to be Freudian theory, goes on to espouse Freud's theory of penis envy: a girl develops an inferiority complex because "she observes herself merely to have a hole whilst men are provided with a set of genitals". John is apparently either unaware or unconcerned that this concept is a central part of Freudian "bullshit".

Perhaps the best way to critique Freud (and Alderson as well) is simply to note that studies of normal children do not give much empirical support for the importance of castration anxiety or penis envy in either sex. (See Julia Sherman, ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WOMEN: A SURVEY OF EMPIRICAL STUDIES, 1971) I might also note, however, that Freud was not quite as dogmatic in his theorizing as is usually supposed. He specifically states that his work "stands in urgent need of confirmation before its value or lack of value can be decided". And although he felt that his findings "would be of great importance if they could be proved to apply universally", he was "aware, however, that this opinion can only be maintained if my findings, which are based on a handful of cases, turn out to have general validity and to be typical. If not, they would remain no more than a contribution to our knowledge of the different paths along which sexual life develops." (Sigmund Freud, "Some Psychical Consequences of the Anatomical Distinction Between the Sexes", 1925)

John has some awfully strange notions, and I really wonder where he's managed to pick up so much distorted misinformation. I don't really want him to get that "gleam of battle" in his eye and come after me, but I would like to point out a couple of his more blatant errors of fact. Firstly, archaeologists really do not have any direct method of determining the sex of fossil bones. Complete skeletons can often be judged male or female by the width of the pelvis, but that's about all as far as I know. Secondly, "a woman's heat-period and her ovulation" do not "occur about a fortnight apart". John ought to know by now, I should think, that women do not have periods of "heat". And if they did, these would coincide

with ovulation as in other mammals. Early investigators of human sexual behaviour found that some women reported increased libido at the time of the month farthest away from ovulation, but this was later determined to be due to a reduction in fear of pregnancy at this time.

GINA CLARKE I noticed a peculiar phenomenon in your letter column.

People from alternate universes are invading us.

Either that or innocent souls have fallen through warps in the space-time continuum and haven't noticed yet that they're a long way from home.

John Alderson, for example. I wonder, has he noticed the sun coming up in the wrong direction? Or that the eucalyptus leaves outside his window are...subtly different? Or that the wombats and kangaroos bounding by look...a bit peculiar? Or that the Southern Cross is...somehow askew?

If he checks and finds this is so, I advise him not to panic. Instead, I recommend that he take his notions regarding men and women and simply reverse them to find out how things stand in this world.

For instance, if I may refer to another fanzine, he said in the most recent DON-O-SAUR:

"(Women's) age-old struggle to be one up on men is still going on."

"The history of mankind is the struggle between males who regard both sexes as of equal importance, and the females who as ardent sexists wish to emphasize their difference and superiority."

And then here in your zine he refers to "a world where at least half is for females only, the rest mixed but dominated by females."

Now these sentences, which at first glance seem quite insane, make perfect sense if you merely reverse the gender. Similarly, other problems John may be having might clear up if he stood on his head, or looked in a mirror.

Now Jodie Offutt appears to come from an alternate universe much closer to ours, though there is still something of John's women-as-nasty-oafs, men-as-gentlemen about her view which leads her to make such unconsciously funny remarks as, "Ladylike behaviour, for some reason, is detrimental to the new role of women."

And I think Wooster comes from Offutt's world. He says, "I would...respect a feminist who knew her freedom and could practice it without continual self-justification more than I would the more common sort who has to prove her independence by demonstrations and continual overt prejudices against others..." See, there's that same tone of bewilderment about why femlibbers should find it necessary to indulge in "unladylike" behaviour.

Now I don't know what relations between the sexes are like in Terry Jeeves' home universe, but apparently race relations are reversed. There I guess Africa discovered the New World and imported white slaves and colonized Europe. At any rate, at the present time racism has resulted from black people having special privileges denied to whites, and the poor down-trodden whites having the law chucked at 'em while the blacks go scot(sboro) free...

Now, granted, that's true in our universe too...but on a very small scale and only as a feeble reaction against the enormity of the history of white injustice to blacks...

What bothers me about all this is wondering if some poor souls from this world have fallen into Alderson's and Jeeves' and Offutt's

worlds, and at this very moment are making fools of themselves by complaining about the horrors visited on blacks and women...

JEFF FRANE I particularly enjoyed your response to Jessica's letter about mythology and ancient civilizations. Your point about the use of fossil fuels was particularly well made; it was something that should have occurred to me and never had. I myself am bothered by those stories of lost civilizations. Not only because there is no evidence that they ever existed (Von Daniken's marvelous discoveries are generally explained already by archaeologists; some of them are totally unsubstantiated and, in fact, fabricated), but the whole idea reveals an attitude of immense egoism and ethnocentrism. "How could those primitive people have ever done something like that?" The same sort of mental block prevented highly respected archaeologists from believing that the people living in Northern Europe and the British Isles could have conceived, designed, and built the monolithic structures without supervision from someone from the Mediterranean. It was a rude shock for them when the bristlecone calibration of the C-14 tests determined that the monoliths were built a long time before anything on Crotel. There also seems implicit in those stories a lack of wonder about what was actually accomplished in the past. Isn't the Great Pyramid enough of a marvel without us having to construct mythical cultures?



GEORGE FERGUS A number of nonreligious fans apparently have difficulty thinking of themselves as atheists, preferring instead to call themselves agnostics. But agnosticism seems to me rather a cop-out. It is too fine a philosophical point for most of us, to worry if there exists absolute truth and absolute certainty. I expect that most fans would agree with the agnostic viewpoint that there is only relative certainty, but that does not prevent us in most other cases from expressing what opinions we have, and acting on them. Atheism with respect to Jehovah

need not require, logically, any more confidence of "certainty" than does atheism with respect to Apollo.

There are not just two sides to the religious argument--there have been lots of religions in competition with each other around the world, each saying that the others are more or less false. An atheist merely adds one to the number of deities most people already agree are false. I submit that it takes more "certainty" to insist that one god is real but all the other conceptions of gods are false, than to simply disbelieve in all of them.

ANGUS TAYLOR There are several of parallel world stories regarding other religious histories. But it's a bit silly to imagine that there might never have been religion. That's like saying: what if a person never had a childhood? You could dream up an sf story for that, but it could never have happened that way in our world. Similarly, feminists would be well advised to forget the nonsense about a matriarchal utopia that was destroyed by a "conspiracy" of males. History doesn't develop according to "conspiracies" but rather within the framework of technological, economic, geographic, etc. forces. If ancient matriarchies were replaced by male-dominated societies it was not the result of conspiracy but because changes in technology, etc., made the old social set-ups no longer viable. (Just as today changes in such forces are making a male-dominated society no longer necessary.) According to my superficial understanding of things, the female principle (worship of Mother Earth, etc.) was dominant during the Stone Ages (particularly the New Stone Age--i.e., agricultural societies) but was subordinated to the male principle when urbanization occurred and with it the coming of class society. Then the main focus of myth and religion turned from the Earth to the Sun (e.g. ancient Egypt, the Mayas, Incas). None of this has anything to do with the plotting of nasty males; it's a matter of objective laws of social evolution (which of course doesn't rule out all sorts of variations according to particular circumstances).

HARRY WARNER JR. I wish someone would start up a special fund for John J. Alderson, if he won't run for DUFF. On paper, he sounds like one of those rarest of people, a true individualist. If he expresses himself as firmly and as iconoclastically in person, he would enliven a lot of panels and parties at cons in the United States and Canada. I'd love to be present at an argument between him and Judy Merrill, for instance.

GREAT MOMENTS IN LETTER-HACKING

#4



Mailing the letter, then reading something that proves you were wrong!

WR

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

John Alderson's essay would have

been better had he not interjected his own heterosexism in an attempt to prove through his prejudices that mated bushmen were never homosexual. I have seen the accounts that established sailors as resorting to homosexuality when at sea, that men in prison pair off homosexually, that Amerika's equivalent of the outback in the Old West's gold rush days produced an identical tradition of mateship that included homosexuality. There is no reason to assume that bushmen were in some fashion different from human males the world over, who (1) resort to homosexuality even if they are heterosexual, if women are not available, (2) if of a higher intelligence and sensitivity may see physical contact as the logical extension of a very deep, personal, meaningful love for another man, (3) will have a certain number of homosexuals, perhaps 6%, no less anyway, who are primarily homosexual in any circumstance and may very well pair-bond temporarily or for life sexually and emotionally with another man. There was no reason for Alderson to interject his prejudices into this essay and ruin it--there was no reason to discuss homosexuality at all, either to confront it and admit its certain existence among some, or to refute it foolishly. It should be totally impertinent to the other facts he presents: that bushmen were capable of loving and trusting a special "mate" and that this was a special relationship, regardless of whether or not they knew each other sexually.

MIKE BRACKEN

"But it's not as good as it used to be."

On the telephone this evening Donn Brazier mentioned that as being one of the many reasons he has decided to give up **TITLE**--after seventy-three monthly issues.

In today's mail came a review of **KNIGHTS** 19. It was "halfheartedly" recommended because it "doesn't equal the others". Not long ago **KNIGHTS** was a fanzine breathing its final breaths.

What do the two have in common? One is dead, the other almost died. Even surviving, **KNIGHTS** readers complain of it not having the old spark.

This leads me, mostly, to question the readers of the respective fanzines. After all, a fanzine is nothing without its readers and, save for perzines and apazines, relies almost entirely on its readers for contributions. If a fanzine seems to be missing the one thing you once thought of as its high point, why don't you supply it? As the editor of **KNIGHTS**, I can find myself doing nothing new as far as my editorial style is concerned. I haven't changed the way I edit, I've just gained a slightly different readership.

Perhaps I can blame **KNIGHTS'** "lapse" on a year-long semi-gafiation. During that time **KNIGHTS** lost all the momentum it had built up, and fandom had undergone quite a change--new fans had come in who hadn't heard of **KNIGHTS**, and old fans had faded away. But how does that account for **TITLE**? Donn hasn't missed a month to my knowledge since he started the zine.

And how many other fanzines has this affected? More than one, I imagine, because I can remember reviews I read as a neo that told me fanzines were over-the-hill or not-as-good-as-in-the-old-days. Fanzines tend to build up to a high point and then slowly tumble down the hill on the other side until somewhere near the bottom where they disappear.

Only a few fanzines are able to hit the crest and stay there. Some hit the crest and end with a bang.



"I guess somebody didn't
like the editorial"

Which leaves me with a question: at what point should a fanzine editor say quits? While he may be satisfied with what he's doing, he may lose his readership completely. When is it no longer worth the effort?

MIKE GLICKSOHN If you're going to attempt to put forth what appears to be a historical view of fannish activities in Toronto then you're either going to have to come right out and say "This is a very biased and personal view of things and isn't intended to be historically complete" or you're going to have to overcome your prejudices and admit to the existence of fans, fanzines and fanac you might not personally be all that interested in. Your "Toronto Fanzine Renaissance", for example, is woefully incomplete since you leave out all reference to the zines produced by fans you don't like. Yet the way the chart is set up there is certainly the implication that this is an accurate depiction of what happened in Toronto during those three years. It isn't, not by a long shot, and you know that. I think you owe it to SIM readers who are unfamiliar with Toronto fandom to at least admit that in print. (XENIUM, by the way, first appeared in January 1973 and while Taral may have printed OSFIC...EVENTUALLY the material was gathered by Gord van Toen and John Douglas so the zine owes much to them.)

As it stands now, the chart should indeed have been labelled "Derelict Fanzines" or some such. But--what other fanzines were there? Media and peripheral-interest zines, local-only clubzines, and all the apazines, are outside the scope of a list of generally distributed fannish fanzines. The only additions I should make to it that are generally known to fandom are your own THE HAT GOES HOME and some of Michael Harper's NIT WIT issues. You know yourself that RESOUNDING HALF-MAN STORIES was never generally available, however fannish it may be. Also, OSFIC...EVENTUALLY included very little of the material gathered by Gord van Toen and John Douglas--almost all of it was compiled by Taral and Phil Paine from their own "generation" of Toronto fans.

RICK SNEARY I am inclined to think that more fanzines generate more material. Though there are some fans who want to be fanzine editors more than they want to edit a fanzine. A fan should be able to write, and prove it by writing for other fanzines, before starting his own. But each fanzine generates its own character, if it is given a chance, and the editor has any talent. (It takes a few regular issues to do it.) But once started the editor will have his own circle of friends to draw on, some of whom may not write for any other fanzine. And, if the fanzine develops a personality, it may cause fans to write something for it that they never would for another zine. Good material will always inspire similar attempts...this is why focal point fanzines have developed in the past. But, if an editor can't write there isn't much hope for the zine.

I know of specific people who would like all the perceived egoboo and prestige of being a faned, who have perfected the knack of getting others to do for them the work for which they have neither the ability nor inclination--the egoboo to devolve upon the leech, of course. Considering the propensity of some segments of fandom for propping up lame ducks, such tactics even succeed.

WAHF...(alphabetically, to be fair): Akicita, John Alderson, Don Ayres, Rich Bartucci, K. Allen Bjorke, Alan Bostick, John Boston, Lester Boutilier, Richard Brandt, Brian Earl Brown, Buck Coulson, Allen Curry, Don D'Amassa, Garth Danielson, Carolyn Doyle, Leigh Edmonds, George Flynn, D. Gary Grady, James Hall, Hank Heath, Wayne Hooks, David Hull, Ben Indick, Marty Levine, Eric Lindsay, Sam Long, Steve McDonald, Joseph Nicholas, George Paczolt, Tom Perry, Jerry Pournelle, Darrell Schweitzer, Joyce Scrivner, Mark Sharpe, Anne Sherlock, Bob Tucker, Roger Waddington, Charles Wells, Gail White. Thanks to all, and apologies to those squeezed out of the loccol because of the budget and reorientation of the zine.

