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# Venus

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The cover was a composite effort. JEANNE GOMOLL is responsible for the composite execution and the drawing of SATURN. JENNIFER WILSON is responsible for the moon, JANUS , and Jan Bogstad for the conception..

TYPING WAS DONE BY JEANNE GOMOLL, MIKE WEIDEMANN. PRINTING AND TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE FROM HANK LUTTRELL
LAYOUT....JAN BOGSTAD


Since mid-June, a Science Fiction club has been meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30 in the Madison Book Coop. The Magazine Janus has grown ot of these regular meetings, with a few pointed nudges from those of u us who want a more tangible result than can be gleaned from the haphazard but nonetheless exciting conversations that the meetings engender.

The name itself may seem rather inappropriate at first glance. Someone has already called it to my attention that Janus bears a rather marked resemblence to my name,(Janice). The name was not adopted at my suggestion, but rather resulted froma flippant comment on the part of one member of the group. It caught on quickly because of the variety of interpretations that the word is subject to. It is the name of the Roman god who was always invoked at the beginning of important undertakings. This god of doorways was a two-faced God, a theme which we hope to exploit to the fullest as the 'Zine' continues. It is also the name of Saturn's closest moon, discovered only in the last decade,(1967). As such, it represents to me the blending of the sciences and the arts, of which mythology is a recognized basis, but I'll go into that in more detail later.

The exploration of the possibilities of the two-faced god theme interests me as an editor because it has given rise to much speculation about some of the basic tensions which I feel exist in Science Fiction specifically and Literature in general. There is always the profitable tension in written literature between form and content, or more specifically between what one has to say and the form one uses to say it, including the craftsmanship necessary to say it effectively. Form and content are each recognizably part of the other but still recognizably a facet of literature separately. Good writing always benefits good ideas, but what use is good writing when it has nothing to say? A Science F9ction writer must feel an even more acute tension brought about by the melding of ideas which are more divorced from literary forms, in their usual expression, then the subjects usually chosen for fictional works. The Science Fiction writer must join Scientific Method and ideas with literary craftsmanship. Admitedly, most Science Fiction falls below this ideal, but then so does most

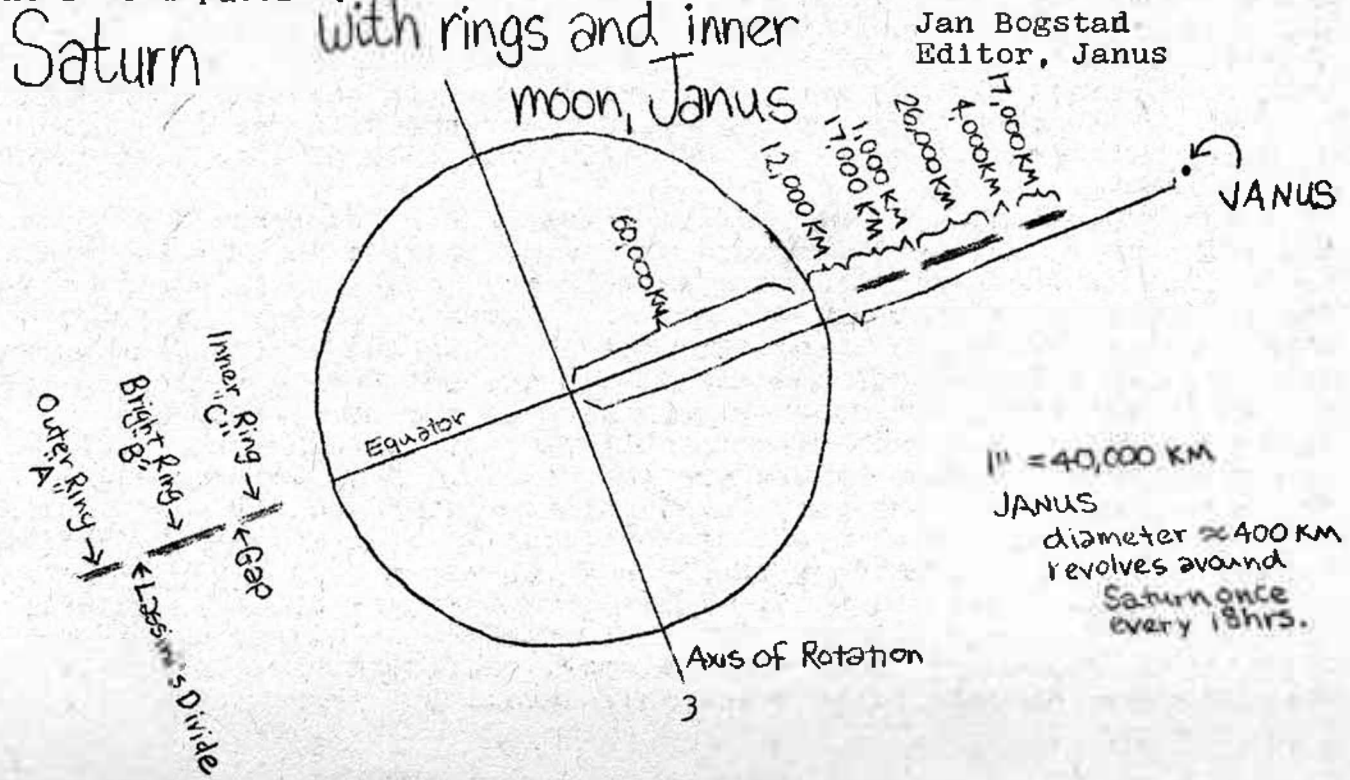
mainstream fiction. The Science Fiction writer should have some contact with science, at least basing his ideas on recognizable scientific principles or methods, but the scientist must also be a craftsman. In modern S.F. there is room for a certain amount of leeway between the extremes of Super-Science and Total-Fiction, but too much concentration on either pole makes for bad Science Fiction.

It one thinks about these distinctions, it is obvious from the newly emerging literature discussing S.F. that these two poles are a recognized part of the genre. This is evident even in the range of terms that have been used to denote S.F. To me, Speculative Fiction, first used by Robert Heinlein in 1947, emphasizes the fictional and artistic pole in the genre, while an earlier designation, Scienti-fiction, obviously puts more emphasis on the science involved. Yet each survives with the help of the other, and S.F. in the modern scene can lie anywhere between the two extremes. Scientific principles and discoveries, inductive and deductive reasoning, even the processes of the 'soft½ sciences'(Anthropology, Psychology, Sociology, for example) give a believable basis for the speculation about or logical summation of present trends which make up one subgroup of good S.F. Yet literary competancy, even artistry insome works, has always been important to the success of the best S.F. stories and Novels. Herein kies the clain to success of such works as Ursula LeGuinn's Left Hand of Darkness, and The Dispossessed, of Frank Herbert's Dune, Isaac Asimov's Foundation Trilogy, John Brunner's Stand on Zanzibar and many more of the high points of modern S.F. The well known tension between form and content; The science Fiction writer's seesaw between artistry on the literary plane and scientific supportability on the other; Each are important facets,the contemplation of which produces good S.F.

There are other tensions, other opposites observable in modern S.F., but I want to save them for future issues of Janus.

In keeping with my high ideals for S.F., which are elucidated above, I add a word on the editorial policy of Janus. We are interested in printing short stories, poetry and graphics which deal with SCience Fiction. We are also interested in criticism of current S.F. and articles about the genre, especially those which are written with interesting or experimental twists. We hope to hear from a great number of interested parties.

Jan Bogstad
Editor, Janus



# ISN'T SCIENCE WONDERFUL

By Charles Holy

Sheri Spargell stepped out onto the patio and downed the remaining two fingers of her scotch and soda with a gulp. She breathed deeply of the cool, crisp night air as the liquor burned its way down her throat and started a warm glow in the pit of her stomach. Behind her the sounds of a party in its advanced stages could be heard.

"Goddam it, if he calls me the 'little woman' one more time I swear I'm going to kick him in the balls right there in front of everybody," she muttered to herself. She absently raised the glass to her lips again and noticed it was empty. She sighed and mentally debated the value of running the gauntlet again for another drink. Probably better if I didn't, she thought. Lord knows it's hard enough getting through a day at the labs sober, but to try it with a hangover would be insane. She was startled by a voice from behind her.

"Care for a fresh one?"

It was Barry Edwards. A real hunk. She remembered he lived about four blocks from Henry and herself and drove a Porsche or was it one of those new Triumphs.

"Christ. Barry, you startled the hell out of me. Yes, I'd love a drink drink." To hell with the lab. There were some things one had to put ahead of electronics research.

"Here, take mine. I haven't touched it yet. Where's Henry?"

She accepted the drink and sipped it. Mmmmm, good. She licked her lips and smiled vaguely.

"Henry? Why I suppose Henry is off getting snookered as usual."

Barry laughed and said, "Poor Henry, he never could hold his booze. Say, are you cold? That dress looks a little light."

He touched the filmy material of her dress at the shoulder and let his fingers slide slowly down her arm. "I think there's a sweater in my car. Do you want to come and look?"

Sheri's lips curled in a half-smile. "Yes, I am a little chilly." But I'm getting warmer by the minute.

"Sheri? Sheri? Are you out here?"

Damn, that son-of-a-bitch. It was Henry. Standing framed in the light from the doorway he looked pale and he had one hand braced against the sliding glass door to keep from toppling.

"Sheri, I don't feel so good. Let's go home," he whined. He took an uncertain step forward and staggered. Sheri quickly held him up and he stood, tottering precariously, with a stupid smile on his face. He waved tentatively to Barry.

"I better get him home, Barry," Sheri said. "I have to get up early for work anyway. Hey, I'll see you around though, won't I?"

Barry's smile was strained. "Yeah, sure, Need any help with him?"

"No, I can manage. I've had a lot of practice."

"Okay, good night." Barry disappeared in the whirl of the party.

Henry sat close to her on the way home and nuzzled her neck as she drove.

"Hey, Sheri, how about a little you-know-what when we get home?"

"Okay, Henry. But just set back and let me drive now. huh?"

"Okey dokey."

When she pulled into the driveway and stopped,,she looked over and saw Henry had fallen asleep.

The next day Sheri was at her desk at the Upper Sandusky RCA Electronics Research Laboratory. Last night had upset her and she was having trouble concentrating on the reports before her. Finally she pushed aside the equations she had been staring at for the last half hour and poured a cup of coffee. She got out the latest issue of the Monthly Journal of Electronics and settled back to read.

As she idly paged through the magazine an article caught her eye. Waljis on molecular pattern scanning. She skimmed the article once and then went back and reread it thoroughly twice. It fascinated her. The article described a proposed method of scanning matter and recording the atomic configuration. Sheri mused that if accurate scanning was possible why couldn't the matter also be broken apart, transmitted and reassembled according to the recorded pattern. On a piece of scrap paper she worked through the equations, altering a sigh here and there, scratching out sections and reworking. Finally she sat back and worked her stiff neck and shoulders and took a sip of her coffee. She winced at the bitter taste of the cold coffee but drained the cup and refilled it.

She drank slowly and stared at the scratchings on the scrap of paper. If she was right, a process for matter transmission was possible. All she had to do was run the equations through the computer to check them.

Suddenly she realized she was scared. Scared of the possibility of discovering she was wrong? Maybe. Scared of exploring this discovery alone? Maybe.

She looked up as the quitting bell sounded and rubbed her tired eyes. She cupped her face in her hands for a moment and then, with a smile, locked the equations in her desk and left. Tomorrow would be soon enough to see if she were right.

She headed home feeling calmly elated and at the same time muddy-headed. The clarity with which she had seen her idea made the real world seem hazy and indistinct. On the way she decided to stop a a cocktail lounge for a quick drink. There was a Porsche in the parking lot and she was late getting home.

"Where the hell have you been? You should have been home two hours ago. I haven't had anything to eat," Henry met her at the door. His face was flushed and Sheri could smell the piney odor of gin on his breath.

"I stopped for a drink on the way home and got to talking with a friend and why

didn't you fix something for yourself if you were hungry." This was a familiar dialogue to Sheri and she payed little attention to Henry as she put her coat away.

"That's your job to do the cooking."

Henry usually gave up here but he was either more upset or drunk than usual. His voice got louder. "What are you a wife or a...a...a women's libber?"

Sheri whirled on him and set her hands on her hips. Her voice quivered with anger as she spoke. "I am a person, Henry; a woman."

"You're my wife!"

"God, yes. How could I ever forget that. But I'm not a drudge or a houri, Henry. I'm just as good as you are, damn it!"

Henry fumed. His mouth worked soundlessly like a fish's and then he shouted. "I want my supper!"

Sheri's jaw muscles tightened and twitched. She turned away jerkily and walked out of the house into the night. She got into the car and squealed out of the driveway leaving Henry standing at the door staring after her.

She opened the window and the crisp autumn air blew in and cleared her head. She had left without her coat and her teeth chattered in the cold.

Ten years. Ten lousy years with Henry. No, not all lousy, but the number of scenes like the one she had just walked out on had been increasing in number and bitterness. But leave him now? Just as she was on to something big in her work? Yes, the work. Maybe that was the answer. She quickly drove to the labs, checked in at the gate and hurried to her office.

She sat down at her desk computer and began punching in equations from the rough calculations she had made. Soon her equations were beyond thos of Waljis and beyond the ability of the desk computer to handle. She called the main computer center and impatiently waited to be cut into the big computer. The call came back quickly giving her clearance and she cut her desk computer into the line and transferred the equations she had set up on it into the banks of the big brain. She paced the floor nervously and smoked a cigarette while the computer worked.

She thought wryly that if Henry had had his way she never would have gone to work and all this would have been lost. She had tried to be a house wife but a frightening experience with tranquilizers and alcohol had convinced her that homelife was not for her. Henry seemed to think that she had somehow failed him and he never forgave her. Neither could she forgive him.

She was startled when her printer started to chatter excitedly and she watched with nervous anticipation as the green and white computer printout slowly folded itself into the receiving tray.

As abruptly as it had started, the printer stopped and the office was quiet. Sheri ripped the printout from the machine and began reading it. Her excitement grew as she read. She had been right. Not only was a process for matter transmission possible but it was very simple to accomplish. Schematics filled her head as she read the equations and translated the electronic functions they described into working circuits. Most of the equipment needed could be built by modifying equipment that was already available and the rest she could build herself. Sheri rolled up her sleeves and brushed back her hair. She had a lot of work to do.

The next month, Sheri and Henry spoke to one another less and less. Sheri spent her days at the lab working with the computers and nights she would come home, put a couple of TV dinners in the oven and hurry down the basement stairs to her workshop. Sometimes Henry would take the dinners out but often they were left to burn and Henry would leave the house muttering.

Under the bright lights of the workshop exotic electronic sculptures of rust-red circuit board speckled with gleaming globules of solder connected by a rainbow selection of wire grew. Sheri would work till early in the morning, coughing from the fumes of burning plastic as she set heat sinks in the circuit boards or brushing back stray strands of hair that clung to her sweaty forehead as she bent over a hot soldering gun.

At first she frequently heard Henry open the basement door and she felt his presence at the top of the stairs as he stood there silently for long minutes. Eventually h he either stopped coming or she stopped hearing him.

On a Saturday morning soon after the first snow of the year, Sheri was in the kitchen drinking a cup of lukewarm coffee and eating a plain English muffin she had found in the freezer and heated up. Henry came in quietly, polishing his glasses on his

handkerchief. She looked up as he came in and went back to her muffin.

"Can I have some coffee, Sheri?"

She kept on chewing deliberately and jerked her head in the direction of the coffee pot.

Henry poured himself a cup, sipped it and grimaced at the acid taste. He looked in the sugar bowl, saw it was empty and shrugged resignedly. Sheri watched with disinterest as she finished the muffin.

"We have to talk, Sheri," Henry said suddenly.

"Don't you think it's a little late?" She poured the dregs of her coffee down the sink and headed down the stairs. Henry followed, cradling his cup and watching as she moved around the room checking connections amoung the maze of electronic components that now filled the workshop.

"Sheri, I've been thinking. Maybe we could use a vakation. We can't go on not talking to each other like this." He stood awkwardly waiting for some reply. Sheri checked the leads running from what seemed to be the main electronic console to a large thick-walled, telephone-booth sized cabinet.

"I went and saw a travel agent and he gave me a bunch of brochures. All we have to do is pick where we want to go, Sheri. Paris, Rome, London--you name it."

Sheri flicked several toggle switches and a bank of meters jumped, glowed and then steadied. The cabinet hummed and the three interior walls glowed a phosphorescent green.

Henry started. "Is something wrong? Why is it humming?"

Sheri crosschecked the settings of a bank of dials against a computer display. "No, nothing is wrong. It's a teleporter. It's supposed to hum."

"A tele...teleprotractor? It looks dangerous."

Sheri shrugged and finished checking the dials.

"Well, what do you think?"

She turned to face him and leaned back against one of the consoles. "About what?"

"About a vacation. We can go anywhere we want."

"It sounds okay."

"Good, I got some brochures from the agent; I'll go get them and we can look them over. You know, you're starting to sound like, my little woman again." He didn't see the cold glare she gave him as he turned and started up the stairs.

"Henry, wait!" He turned and smiled inanely.

Sheri sagged back against the console with her eyes tightly shut, furiously gripping its edges. The intensity with which she had been working told on her. She was thin and gaunt from skipping too many meals and heavy black rings under her eyes evidenced the lack of sleep. Her nerves were frayed to the breaking point. She hesitated a moment and then said in a monotone, "Henry, I want you to help me with an experiment."

Henry's smile waned and he remained standing half way up the stairs, shifting uneasily. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to get into the cabinet."

Henry's smile vanished and he whined, "No, I don't want to."

"Henry, come down here!" Sheri's voice crakked hoarsely and Henry stared for a moment taking in its strange tone.

Henry came hesitantly down the stairs and stood before the cabinet. Nervously he looked over his shoulder at Sheri.

"Go on, Henry. Get in." Sheri's voice was coaxing now.

"What'll it do?"

"It's kind of like an X-Ray, Henry. It'll take a special picture of your body."

"That's all?"

"That's all you have to worry about. Just leave the rest to your little wifey, the scientist, okay? Then we can see about a vacation." Henry seemed reassured and he stepped into the cabinet smiling.

Sheri flipped back the switch cage protecting a pair of switches and flicked the first. The cabinet's green glow faded out and then reappeared in bands sweeping down the inside of the cabinet and disappearing into the base. A green light between the two switches flickered on.

"Ciao, Henry." Sheri flicked the second switch.

The lights in the basement dimmed, went out and then came back on. The hum of the cabinet slowly built back up to its former pitch and the insides glowed dead-baby green again. It was empty.

Sheri stared at the vacent cabinet and wondered where Henry might be. She knew there was no receiving station on Earth for her to transmit to. In what strange place there might be such a receiver, she did not know.

Wherever it was, she hoped Henry enjoyed it there. She really did.

****DOWN THE BUNNY HOLE****

**or**

Personal Reflections on the work of A. Betram Chandler

By Thomas Murn

One of my earliest memories as a Twentieth-Century child is watching Bugs Bunny cartoons. They were quite the thing for an escapist youngster -- a whole world in itself, borders clearly delineated, outside influences clearly defined. There was that old meany Fudd, always after B.B.'s ass, snoozing with a shotgun next to his garden. And then there was Bug's old uncle.

Now, this was a long time ago, you understand. My databanks have been diluted from digesting too many drekky space operas by obscure authors. But I still remember the picture of the old rabbit hole of Bug's uncle. And I'll swear that his mailbox read 'A. Bertram Chandler."

Years later, as I was becoming fledglingy fannish, I remembered the old rabbit. I still wonder about the exact connection between the animators of the show and that mysterious tramp freighter captain who wrote such -- well -- continuous science fiction.

The outer-space world of Chandler can be approached as easily as the world of Bugs Bunny. If you haven't figured Chandler's universe out yrself by now, I can fill you in easily. You see, the characters never seem to change. There is the space fleet commandant, John Grimes. He is (by design, of course) the coolest, the most suave, and certainly the luckiest sonovabitch to ever roam the seven quadrants. He's taken on a wife, Sonya. He has girlfriends and old space acquaintances in every port of Chandler's universe.

Yes, the universe never changes, either. There is the Federation, the Empire of Waverly, the Rim Worlds Confederacy, etc., etc. -- all somewhat feudy little star-clusters and space- sectors, the main difference being number and class of spaceships possessed by each faction.

Well, the setup is cozy, as far as it goes. Unfortunately, Chandler's visions of galactic empires to come are somewhat inhibited by his tendencies towards certain pet preoccupations. There is Chandler's undeniable nationalism. His idea of preserved culture seems to be a vision of thirtieth-century spacers singing

How much is that doggy in the window?
(Arf, arf, arf)
The one whith the Sirius look,
How much is that doggy in the window,
Please put my name down in her book!

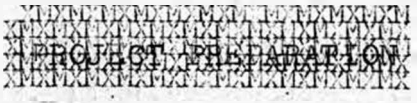
This little gem, which the spacers of the Dog Star Line sing in between planetfalls, can be found in Chandler's latest big-zine offering, "Rim Change" in the August issue of Galaxy.

Another of Chandler's dalliances has to do with his seafaring nature. Perhaps spending so much time in the middle of the Pacific Ocean has resulted in a rather spaced-out perspective, but somehow Chandler believes that the 'navies' of the nth century will be organized along almost the same lines as the feudal-system operations of the long-gone but very-well-remembered twentieth century. Gawd, if we haven't gone socialist by then...

These elements can be found in virtually all of Chandler's fiction production. After the ninteenth novelette or so, Chandler's setup starts to resume epic, even mythical proportions. Now, Chandler has certainly been prolific by contemporary standards. I keep a little cardfile containing fanzine, big-zine, and anthology entries by author, and damned if Chandler's 3X5 doesn't look almost as crowded as John Brunner's, almost approaching Robert Silverburg's overflowing card. For some reason Chandler seems to enjoy publishing in Galaxy (as he did in the now-departed If) rather than the other large-circulation zines, even though by now everyone must have discovered the value of Chandler's name as a calling-card on the cover. Perhaps it's a question of coherency, or thematic material, or...

Well, I really don't want to consider such things. For Chandler and his particular form of stasis have established themselves in my heart. Even after putting up with 250 pages of Australian chanties in his latest (DAW) novel, The Big Black Mark, I still feel some affection for the ever-successful Grimes and the assortment of worlds in his universe. Maybe it has to do with subliminal influences of television on three to-four year old viewers...

SISTERS




by John Bartelt

John Bartelt

The ship passed from hyper- to normal-space. As soon as he was sure everything was all right with his own craft Vihktik, captain of the Akekubghee, contacted their sister ship, Iciktepi. "Rakton, how goes it he asked,

"All is well, Vik," Rakton, the Iciktepi's captain , replied. "The first planet looks to be too close to the star to be inhabited. I'll check the second, you can take the third. O.K.?"

"O.K., Rak." Unable to safely penetrate hyperspace in the close proximity of a star, it took them a number of days to reach the planets, even though they had come from their homebase, lightyears away, almost instantaneously. The Iciktepi reached the second planet first.

"Vik-- we couldn't detect any signals, or power generation, so we've sent down a landing party," Rakton reported. "They've found evidence that a fairly advanced civilization flourished here once, but they timate it must have died about 150,000 of the planet's revolutions ago."

"Then it couldn't be what we detected the signals from," replied Vihktik.

"No, they must have come from the third, or maybe the fourth. We'll check outthe remains here, then go to 4."



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"Rak, this is Vik. 3 has intelligent life. A fairly advanced technology, but it seems to be on the decline. From the video-casts, they appear to be humanoid form--bipedal, two manipulators, main sense organs on the upper section. No landing party, of course."

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"Vik, this is Rak, from the surface of 2. It"s terrifically hot, nd the atmosoheric pressure is also tremendous--not like a gas-giant,

of course, but darn high for a dense-proximity planet. It's mostly carbon dioxide, with some sulfur and nitrogen oxides thrown in. Not a lot of artifacts left, but it wasapparently highly industrialized at one time. No obvious signs that a war wiped 'em out. Background radiation is well within normal ranges. May be it just went slowly down hill. Oh, hold it--a scout just reported a building nearly intact. I'm going to go check on it."

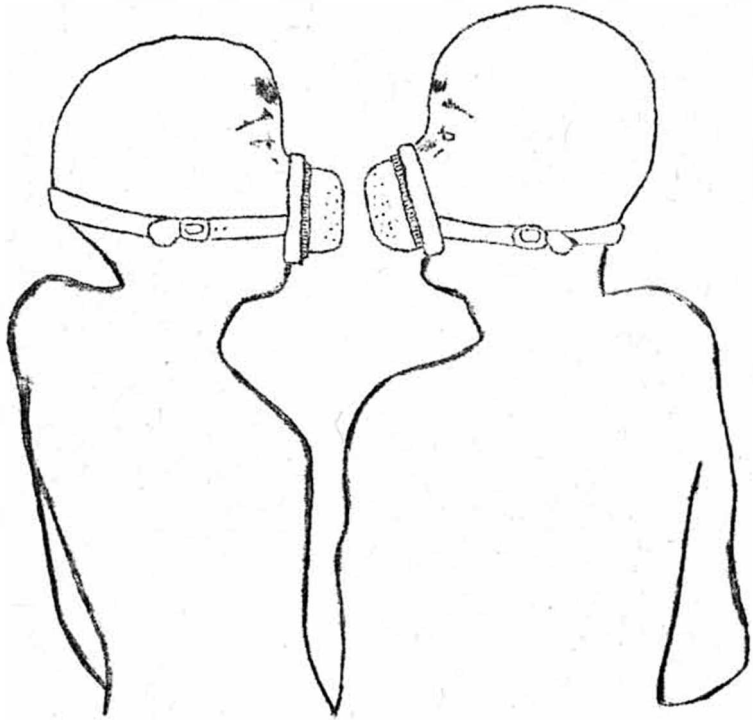
"We're going to start probing the hymanoids' thoughts--see what we can learn."

Captain Rakton and the rest of his party moved to the site of the best preserved building yet found on 2. "Vik, this is Rak. It looks like a factory of some sort--assembly lines, and furnaces that must have burned fossil fuel. Odd though--I don't see any oxygen tanks."

"Maybe they used some other type of oxidizer," said Vihktik.

"Yeah; or maybe there used to be oxygen in the atmosphere."

"The computer finished the analysis of the first part of the test thought-probing we did. It says one person, an elder or teacher, is telling four others about a recently found piece of very old graphic communication..."



"We estimate it's over 700 years old," said professor Shaf.

"What does it say, Professor?" Pol asked.

"It says, 'The night flees before the sun, The moon yields the heavens, Birds fly where the stars had shone, Trees and flowers scent the air,'. Apparently, it's incomplete," Shaf replied.

"...That's as much as it's analyzed so far," Vihktik said. "I wonder if it couldn't analyze it completely, or if the speaker didn't understand it himself--that one part is quite unclear. By the way, did you see the figures on the size of their satellite? The planet's only about 930 units in diameter, and the satellite is over 250!' It orbits about 27,000 units away, too, and not in the equatorial plane."

"A double planet."

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"Vik, this is Rak. We"ve found what looks like the remains of a museum. It wasn't as sturdily built as the factory, but there's a good bit still intact. There are some models of rockets--primitive chemical engines. My first officer, Hroavi, reported their were some artificial satellites in orbit. Some of the octopeds--oh, I forgot to tell you about that. We've only found some crude sketches, but it looks like they were low slung creatures with eitht appendages. Anyway, they probably got into orbit, but nothing more. No natural aatellites to go to. The computer's been analyzing the written language and if it's right, their space program was terminated because of cost."

"So there wasn't any contact between 2 and 3."
"Nothing to indicate it."
"3 would be too cold for the octopeds, and if the humanoids were advanced enough to land on 2, it would be too hot for them."
"Right. Funny thing though--2 seems too hot for the octopeds; from what we know of them, they couldn't take this heat. And we don't understand they're respiratuon--it lookslike they need free, atmospheric oxygen. Something's wrong here."
"Could be their industry produced a lot of carbon dioxide, and that triggered a greenhouse effect. The other oxides could be by-products."
"But they couldn't combust all the oxygen. "
"Yes, but once all the plants are dead, what's to make it?" Vihktik asked.
"But no intelligent beings would allow their atmosphere to become poisonous. They'd realize what was happening and stop it."
"True," Vihktik replied. "The computer spit out the rest of the first thought-probe analysis. The four others questioned the teacher..."
"What does it mean?" Alsander asked.
"Yeah, what does it mean by 'sun','moon', and'birds'?" Pol asked.
"And what are 'stars, 'trees', and 'flowers'?" Marta asked.
"Vik, isn't it odd how similar 2 and 3 are? Temperature and pressure differ, but the atmosphere's composition, and the palnets' size and appearance are so similar--both are completely cloud covered."
The professor answered,"The sun, according to legend, would shine in the sky, and it would be light everywhere while it was above the horizon. The moon was suposed to be a lesser light when the sun wasn't visible. Stars also were supposed to be seen at night. Oh, and the moon was supposed to change shape--it's all very confusing. Birds, I think were some sort of animal, and trees were some sort of huge plants back in the primitive times. I don't know about flowers."
"Where did the animals get their oxygen?" Marta asked.
"They breathed the open air, just like men used to," Willum replied.
"Oh, come on. They didn't really, did they?" Alsander asked.
The professor merely shrugged, so Willum replied," We certainly didn't evolve in oxygen helmuts."
"How did the air get the way itis then?" Pol asked.
The professor straightened up and said, almost gruffly, "What does it matter. That's the way it is. We have enough problems finding raw materials to support mankind. I wouldn't worry about those legends--they're about as believable as the one about the three nen who flew to the moon, and stories about 'alien beings'."
"We thought-probed a few more spots," Vik said.
"Ohmigod, Kete just dropped over!"
"There's a leak in his coolong unit. He's ddad."

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"Yes, Rika, the food synthesis plants may turn out a slight surplus this year, for once."

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"I'm afraid we're going to have to raise the oxygen tax again. It's getting more and more expensive to run the oxygenworks."

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"Drink rain! Are you crazy? Water has to be filtered, boiled, sterilized, and who-knows-what else before it is drinkable."
"They seem to be dying on their planet. It's too bad they never developed ther space travel farther," Rakton said.
"They may make it--there's still almost half a billion of them," Vihktik replied.
"I'll give you five to one, in fifteen chronits, we're back here, trying to bail them out."
"Twenty to one we fail."

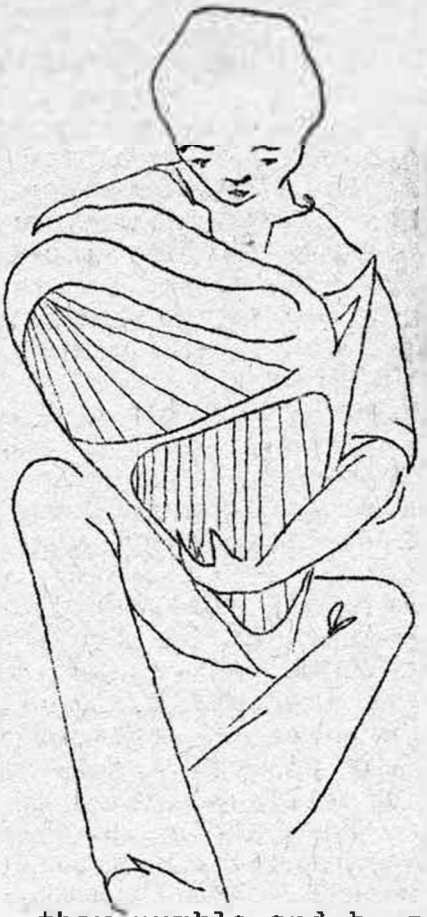
What is death, I know

I am a brimstone mechanic
biting chunks out of the road.
And tossing them aside
like tattered cats

I am a salamander of lava,
sluggish pulse incarnadine
in the night.
Tongue of fire
hissing at the mouth
of the greedy sea.

I am a yellow shark
with a neon fin
nosing into the shadows
with hypnotic lemon eyes,
Vampire eyes.
Now I wait for you
foolish little fish.

Jennifer Wilson



Cool, empty wind brushes
after the heat of day
Bus stop pool of light
Shines on pealing wooden benches
-go by bus, ride with us-
flake the tarnished letters.
Blacknight sighed with neon
dimming the stars in the city sky
flickering heatless red and green
sirens glowing.
Silent night, we sit at the bar
between rounds and have rounds
laughing at jokes we can't remember.
One by one we drift out
into the country silence
streched on a lifeline of loud talk.
Then float homeward unreal,
headlights flow along the road
slithering snakes with lightening
tongues
Catching trees with lonely mailboxes
hitchhiking down the road.

Ahead there is a shimmer of false
dawn on the hills,
turning them sullen red.
A blood red sun
slides over the horizon
carried on by billowing clouds.
The hills simmer and stir.
A muttering wind arises among them,
hissing in frantic whispers
of unclean life.
they rumble and burst open,
spiliing burning deatn
in a frenzy of cleaning
scorching, aching, sterile
purity
lifeyears pass.

Sandstone wears past the dinosaurs
All that remain
Are whispering highways
rushing over the naked desert
sand and stone
under a fading sun
the grinding hills of
low purple
at night
the frosted sky
is thick with diamond
hard stars,
unwinking in the moon
less dark

Jennifer Wilson

PROJECT PREPARATION by John Bartelt

One by one, they filed in. At the head of the table sat Tlinoke, chairperson of the Committee on Space Exploration and Alien Contact, one of the ranking statespersons of the Interplanetary Congress of the Bodelni Confederation, and a native of Homeworld. On her left sat Jehrberc, the Vice-Chairperson. Eleven other committee members were scattered around the long table.

The three legged Bodelni sat on narrow-backed chairs, one leg in front, one to each side. They had two large arms and two small arms, a large head with powerful jaws and keen, quick eyes.

Tlinoke opened the meeting and introduced Sopnoy, who would be presenting most of the information at this first session. Sopnoy began, "Thank you, Tlonoke, and committee members. As you know, this meeting is concerned with the progress of Project Preparation. I thought we would begin with the historic background.

"Over 250 years ago, we colonized our neighboring planet Aseu; soon after that, the satellites of the gas giant Auni were settled.. Then we pushed into interstellar space, colonizing Newhome, Morningstar, Pacificus, Azure, and finally, Newpointe, Jehrberc's home. That planet was settled 125 years ago. Then the outward surge was halted. The reason for that halt is why we are here.

"It was soon after the settlement of Newpointe, that radio signals, intelligent radio signals, from a non-Bodelni source, were detected. Both audio and video broadcasts were received, and the source was identified as a star, much like Homesun, 17.8 lightyears from Newpointe. The language was broken, the signals translated and three ships were dispatched to the star system. They found the star's second planet was the source of the signals. The inhabitants of the planet, roughly Bodelni size and shape, though they had only two arms, had not yet achieved space travel. While broadcasting a message of friendly greeting, the ships began their descent through the atmosphere. They identified their source and their peaceful intentions, and landed. What happened then was a total surprise, and very baffling. Although none of the ships bore any armament and they never gave any provacation, all three ships, with eleven people each, were destroyed. No further landings were made and that star and all space within one lightyear of it was quarantined. Since then, by our interpretation of the signals we receive, it seems they have been embroiled in one war after another--they are a very disunified people.

"It was fourteen years later that intelligent non-Bolelni signals were again detected. Naturally, after the first disaster, it was inevitable that we were more cautious the second time. We studied them longer, and equipped a single ship for the mission. It contained recorded messages from our leaders, items and inventions that might interest them, and a summary of our knowledgge, in the newly developed universal units."

"Excuse me, Sopnoy, but could you explain precisely what 'universal units' are?" ILimria, of the Aunuian system, asked.

"The systen of measurements known as the Universal Units System was developed by the physicist Etonatl for use in communicating with alien cultures. It is based on four universal constants: the speed of light in a vacuum; the wavelength of the most common hydrogen radiation; the mass of the electron; and the charge of the electron. Needless to say, it is a cumbersome and awkward system to work with, but translating our data into it makes it available to the alien cultures in an understandable form. Or, more simply in the long run, we can use it to set up a table of

conversions so we can change directly from one system to the other.

"The ship was also equipped with force fields. Apparently these people were also gripped by what our psychologists now term 'xenophobia', a fear of the foreign or strange. The ship was attacked before it ever set down, but the force fields proved an adequate defense. This fear of us, of an alien culture was both perplexing and disturbing, since it now seemed to be the rule rather than the exception.

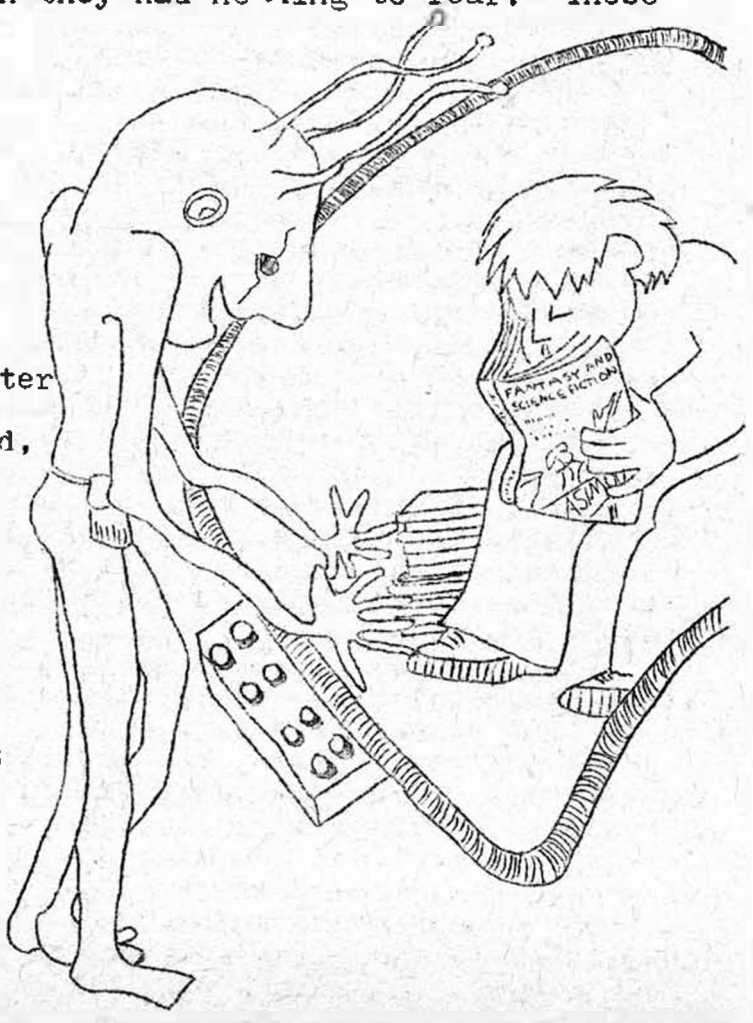
"Twenty-two years later the third non-Bodelni intelligence was detected. We again monitered and studied the signals. Now however, we were very wary, due to our previous encounters with alien cultures. This is when Project Preparation was propoeed.

"It was decided that something should be done to prevent another adverse reaction when we finally made contact with the aliens. What was needed was some means by which they could be induced to lose their fear of aliens, thus making our existence less shocking. This is Project Preparation's purpose.

"To do this, ships were sent to the system, but never approached the inhabited world by less than 2 million kenes--or one five-millionth light-year--and used [illegible] in universalunits.

"From this distance we used techniques that are still classified top secret, but which might be described as subtle mind influence. To those members of this two-legged, two-armed race who already had a favorable disposition, we suggested the possibility of friendly aliens. In many cases this had little or no effect. In some cases, however, the people accepted the idea, and sometimes went on to write speculative stories on the possibility of alien intelligence from which they had nothing to fear. These works fitted into a larger genre of speculative literature that grew up at the same time. It is heartening to note that this genre seems to be most popular among the highly intelligent, though paradoxically, those are rarely the leaders of the people. We, of course, do not use any form of communication they could intercept, while we continue to moniter their broadcasts. The people of this third planet are not united, but war among themselves. However, we have made great progress. In a few more years they will probably be ready for our landing."

"Thank you, Sopnoy," Tlinoke said. "If there are no objections, meeting adjourned."



# MESSAGE FOR THE SON OF THE SUN

By Charles Holy

Hawk sat with his knees drawn up tight to his chest, huddling under his drab blanket against the chill of the mountain air. His breath made small nebulous clouds which were whisked away by the mouning breeze. Across the plain which spread below him, the first light of day was showing and he could make out the dim shapes of his fellow soldiers sleeping near him, wrapped tightly in their blankets. Beyond them was the dark shape that was the tiny tent of the quipu camayocs, the tax collector of the Inca, Huayna Capac.

Hawk yawned and rubbed a stiff spot at the back of his neck. His watch was almost over and he could soon wake up the others so that they could be on their way. First to Cuzco to deliver the tributes to the Inca and then each man would return to his home until he was called to service again.

Home. The cool green plateau overlooking the tree-covered plains through which the winding Urumbamba flows. Home. In the shade of the granite peak cakled the hitching post of the Sun. Home. Where a wife sang as she worked and little children laughed.

Hawk came slowly out of his dreams and felt a ringing in his ears like the ringing he felt when he climbed high on the mountains. He shook his head to clear it but the ringing persisted and grew louder. The others stirred uneasily in their sleep and the pack llamas shifted restlessly from foot to foot and cleared their throats noisily.

A bright flicker of light high in the gray sky caught Hawk's eye and he strained to see the steadily growing pinpoint of light.

The ringing became a screech which filled Hawk's head. Several of the soldiers woke grumbling. Looking at Hawk, they followed his gaze and saw the growing fireball in the sky. Their startled exclamations woke the others.

The chief quipu camayoc stamped irritably out of his tent followed by his assistant who was still pulling on his robe of office.

"What is all this noise? You woke me from a sound sleep."

Hawk, standing speechless, pointed towards the firevall which was now the size and color of a gold dinner plate. The assistant sucked in his breath loudly and the chief tax collector spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"It is a messenger from the Sun, for his son, the Inca. Inti, the father, sends a sign to his children as he did long ago in the beginning."

The screeching filled the air and yet grew louder and more piercing. The llamas bolted in fear and the men pressed their hands to their ears and sank to their knees in pain and awe. The blazing light filled the sky, burning their eyes until they had to look away.

Abruptly the scream stopped and was followed by a deep booming sound which rolled over the hills with the voice of a hundred thunder storms. The ground trembled under the men as Inti, the Sun, touched the earth.

Rising shakily to their feet, the men blinked and looked out over the plain where smallfires burned around the rim of a great dark hole from which poured tendrils of smoke.

Hesitantly at first , and then in a mad rush the men ran down the hillside laughing and shouting and slipping in hte dew slick grass: running to meet the messenger of the Sun.

Later, down on the pkain, dawk and the others walked gingerly over the hot ground and peered over the crater's rim. They ooed and ahed when they saw the twisted silvery mass nestled in the crater's depths, creaking and groaning as the tortured metal cooled.

The others scrambled over the lip of earth that had been thrown up

and clambered down the inner slope, swearing violently from time to time as the hot stones burned their hands and feet. Hawk hung back and sidled around the rim of the crater, stopping frequently to poke at the shiny fragments of silvery metal strewn throughout the tall grass.

Under a scorched, thorny bush he spied a gleaming golden ball about the size of the end of his thumb. Cautiously picking up the shiny sphere, he held it up to the sun on the palm of his hand and examined it. He felt his hand start to tingle and he quickly dropped the sphere. He squatted for a moment staring at the tiny globe and then hesitantly picked it up again.

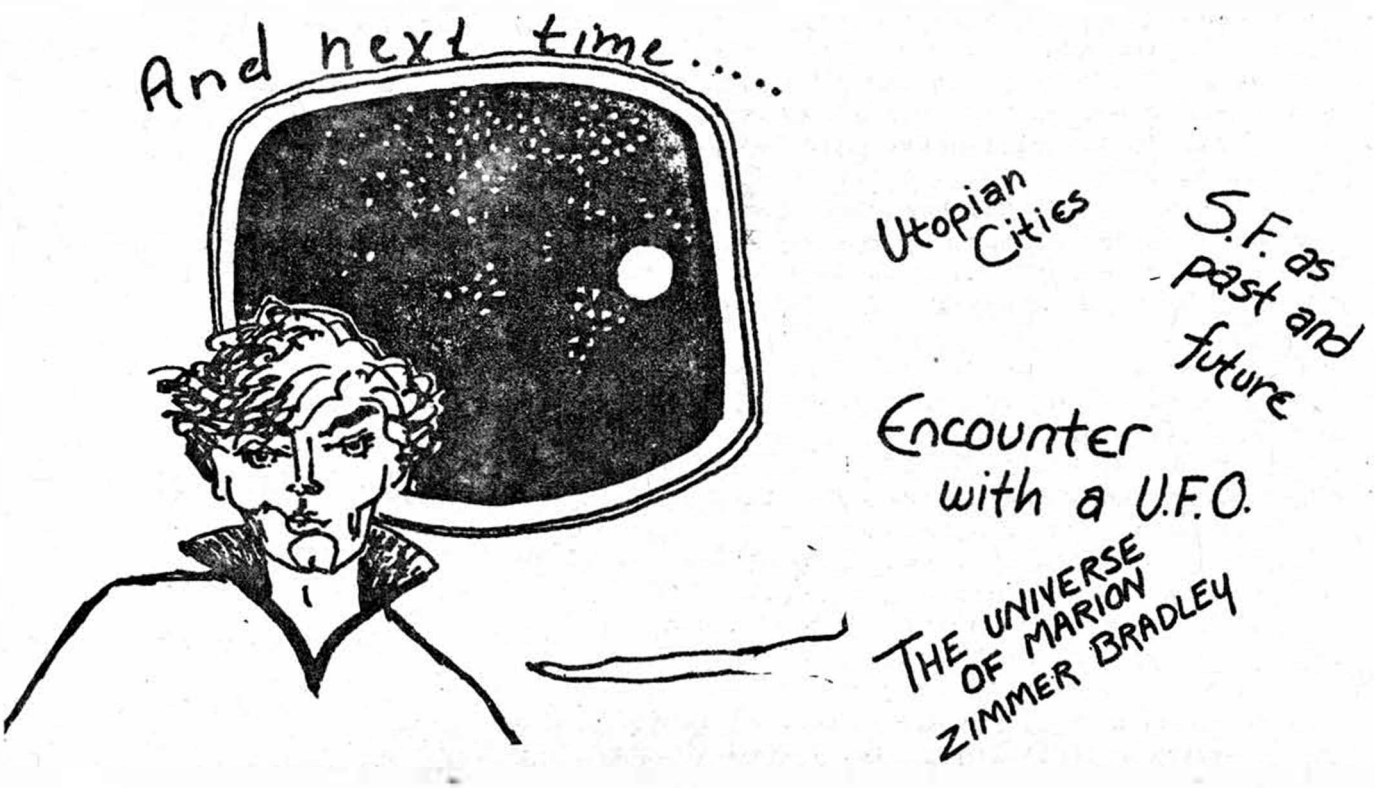
He squeezed his hand tight around it and felt the tingling once more. With his other hand, he loosened the drawstring of his small neck pouch which contained his fingernail parings and his several old baby teeth. These he would need to rest comfortable and whole in the afterlife. He slipped the sphere into the pouch and smiled broadly when he felt the warm prickling spread through his chest.

Happily he turned and ran after his friends thinking how wonderful it would be to show his wife and children and friends a piece of the Sun when he returned home.

Home. The cool green plateau overlooking the tree-covered plains through which the winding Urubama flows. Home. In the shade of the great granite peak called the hitching post of the Sun. Home. Where a wife sang as she worked and little children laughed.

Home. To Machu Picchu.

...and next time---



JANUS

REVIEWS

Tanith Lee, The Birthgrave. New York: Daw Books, Inc., June, 1975. 350 pp.
(review by Thomas Murn)

24 August, 1975

Tanith, dear,

I picked up a copy of your little book the other week, and I just wanted to tell you, I simply adored it! For 350 pages, I was just enchanted. Those strange surroundings were really strange, luv. I mean, it was definitely On Some Faraway Beach, if you know what I mean. Real dead alien emotion.

Oh, and that crystal-jaded heroine of yours, dear, now that was quite a show of force, pulling off a character like that. Undeniably believable in all her lost-worldliness, poise without pretention, even !

D. A. W. were really dolls to pick up on this one, you know. I'll bet all dem other publishers were really blown back by yr high-handed treatment of the planet and its cast of thousands. I'm just glad, dear, that it's between two covers, where those folks out there can wander through the thing and all its little baubles and marvels and maladjusted lost races.

-But you know, sweet, for all the strain of putting these people at the other side of the galaxy; for all yr heroines marvelous bitter self-searching, & all the people she (tittilatingly) steps on on her way--oh, you must know what I mean, dear--those last FIFTY PAGES!

Rather an abrupt halt to the flow, no? Must throw those highpowered searchformeaning types into a dither, eh? It does make one wonder about the meaning of the whole thing, tho--

Well, what did you want, anyway, a good isolated tale, or some kinna symbolism, or something?

The doorbell is about to ring--Paolo is dragging me out to Rodney B.'s again tonight--so I'll say much luck with your words, and see you at the next solstice.

Kisses, Sis

John Brunner, The Shockwave Rider. New York: Harper & Row: Science Fiction Book Club Edition, 1975. 246 pp.

by Bill Brohaugh

John Brunner's latest novel, The Shockwave Rider, bears a jacket blurb that describes it as "similar in scope to his widely acclaimed Stand on Zanzibar and The Sheep Look Up." It is similar in scope, perhaps, but not similar in success.

In Rider, Brunner returns to the pastiche style of narrative that was used so effectively in Zanzibar. (The novel that preceded Rider, Total Eclipse, was straight narrative.) The choppy, piece-by-piece story-telling is a perfect window through which to view the truncated, "plug-in" life-styles that provide the core of the book.

Brunner credits the derivation of the novel to Alvin Toffler's best-seller, Future Shock, and from that springboard takes us to a complex future world, a world that is swiftly becoming standarized by extreme human mobility, a world where the computer has supplied new foundations for human neuroses.

The first portion of the book in which protagonist Nickie Haflinger rides the tidal wave of future shock is more real, more interesting, and more credible than the second portion in which the wave finally swamps him, and he struggles to destroy the undertow. This, perhaps, is because of a relaxing of the pastiche writing as the novel progresses. The second portion is not as terse as the first, even though it is more animated.

The beginning is not without its flaws. In jumping back and forth between two periods of time, the outcome of the first of those periods becomes pre-ordained. However, Brunner has not done this without purpose. His motivations for the shifts become apparent late in the novel--the foundations necessary for later plot developments are presented via the jumps. Even so, another method of exposition, one that wouldn't undermine the suspense inherent in the story-telling of that initial segment of the novel, could have been utilized.

In using concepts postulated by Toffler, Brunner, has attempted to tackle a topic of immense scope, and he is certainly one of the best qualified for such an undertaking. Brunner's excellence in character shaping and portrayal is here, especially in the form of Nickie Haflinger and his chief antagonist, Paul Freedman. Both are complex, intelligent men who think they know what they want for themselves, but like everyone in the novel, neither really does.

Brunner's thoughtful, articulate, glib writing is also here (the novel's sections carry such titles as "Data Retrieval). What is not here is a complete credibility of premise, especially as the novel nears denouement. The primary example of this is the importance Brunner assigns a West-coast settlement named Precipace. It is not my belief that, given Brunner's assumptions, a society of listeners would ever develop.

In certain ways Brunner has lived up to and surpassed his qualifications with The Shockwave Rider. In others, he doesn't quite make the mark, even though he comes close.

The dust-jacket art for the Book Club Edition is by Creston Ely, and although it is well-conceived and nicely executed, it lacks somewhat in appeal. A red-pink arrow leads up to and dives into the mouth of a pained-looking man. This obviously represents the force-feeding of data into everyday man, well in line with the concept of future shock. But somehow it has the look of a caricature of a poor gent afflicted with ungodly bad breath.

Samuel R. Delany. Dhalgren. New York: Bantam Books, 1975. 879 pp.

by Thomas Murn

With Dhalgren the question becomes why?

After slogging thru the streets of Bellona, Delany's city and the entire seeting for the novel, the reader will be found asking questions

such as these. I myself was entertained, impressed, heightened even by the happenings in Bellona. And that final section of the book, 'The Anathemata,' was a real ugut shocker, or something. But I mean really, S. R., it took you almost five years just to write the thing, and now what do you expect us to do with it?

You could probably write about 5,175 words on the real-as-roughstone heroes and heroines alone, much less the secondary characters, breezing in and out like a soap opera script. The Kid and his gang are the prime attention-grabbers, wallowing in post-dimentional urban ruination with the natural ease of pigs in a barnyard; naughty but nice, in a spaced-out soul-searching sort of way. The Kid's old lady Lanya is so, well, earnestly presented that Theodore Sturgeon is reduced to blubbering in his review of the book in Galaxy.

And the city itself, described in precisely-calculated hysterical disorder. The hero arrives, but we never quite learn how or where from. Dimentional warp? A. D. 2025? The southern hemisphere of Krypton? Anyone's guess--which helps to build the dynamic tension, to disorient the reader so a number of progressive juxtapositions can be made (such as Kid's admittance of the falsification of parts of the story--you know, "how fake is your world, kid?").

And the sideshow characters inhabiting the city itself, who are explored, discussed, beat up and various forms of crazy. Everyone that steps onto the great stage is good for some kind of comment, observation, happening, or just hangin' around, if for nothing else. There is Commander Kamp, leader of an American expedition to the Moon (of "our" space and time); Ernest Newboy, curiously long-winded poet and critic; the Richards, straining to comic proportions to try and lead a "normal" life in the twisted city.

Delany's own rationale for not showing more of the world surrounding Bellona and making it work is, in Captain Kamp's words, "you've only got an inch-wide strip (but) you'll be amazed at all the information you can get from running your eye along that." In other words, a glimpse is all you need to ascertain the broad spectrum beneath. Delany has used nine hundred pages to embellish that little strip we can see of the reality that is Bellona; Delany gives us all the information we would need for almost endless speculation on the characters, the city, the strange astral and mental occurences, the source of the holographic projectors used by the gangs for esthetic or other embellishment--it's all here, but it would take far too long to find everything, much less talk about it all. You can use the book and what lessons and observations it has in any way that you choose. It's just there, just like the rusting, decaying steelspan bridge leading out of (?) Bellona.

the maelstrom tortured and ripping
around a confused center
that can only cower intimidated again
and cannot extend itself, cannot stabilize
only ripping faster in the circle that rudely kills,
the center, once drowned becomes the drain for further
drain for further decadence
and soon leaves nothing
but movement to tear at the nature of movement.

Jeanne Gomoll