

INTELLIGENCER Model TA-1 Owner Manual
MAINTENANCE

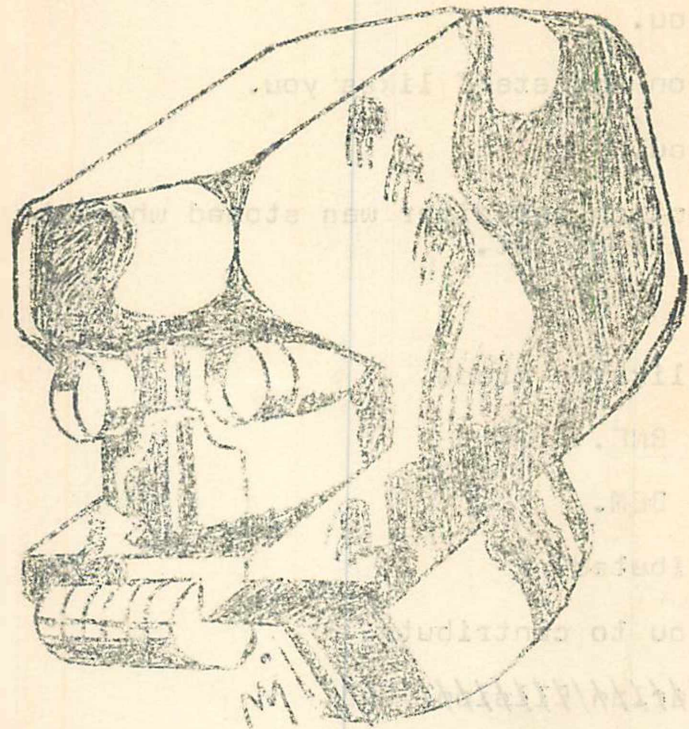


Fig. 1

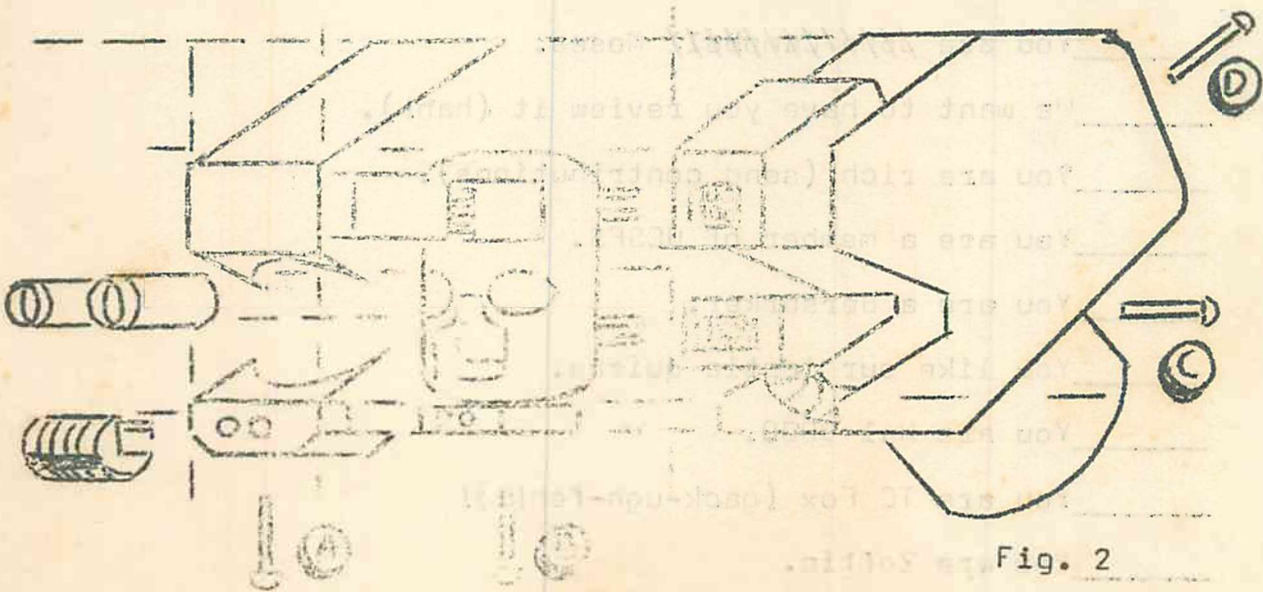


Fig. 2

SPIGOT AND...

YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS THING BECAUSE:

____ You paid for it (you mean SOMEBODY pays for it!!).

____ We like you.

____ Somebody on our staff likes you.

____ We hate you.

____ Our production expiditer was stoned when she made out the mailing list.

____ We trade.

____ We would like to trade.

____ You are a BNF.

____ You are a BEM.

____ You contributed.

____ We want you to contribute.

____ You are ~~Wax/Flax/~~ God.

____ You are not Harlan Ellison.

____ You are ~~Wax/Flax/~~ Moses.

____ We want to have you review it (hah!).

____ You are rich (send contributions).

____ You are a member of UCSFS.

____ You are a Berserker.

____ You like our idiotic quizzes.

____ You are Hal 9000.

____ You are TC Fox (gack-ugh-feh!!)!

____ You are Zoftic.

____ You are Mendel Urth.

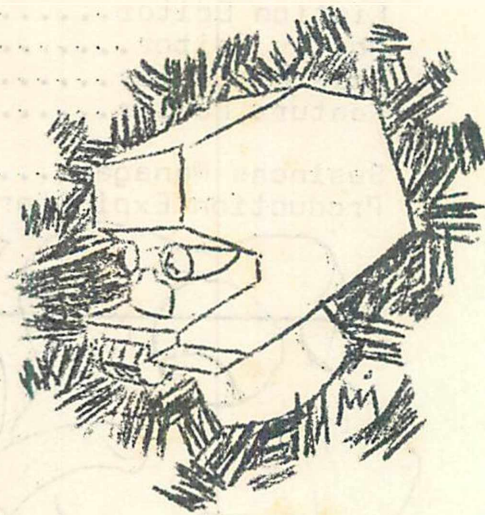
____ We had extra copies.

Tomorrow AND... o o o

Number 2

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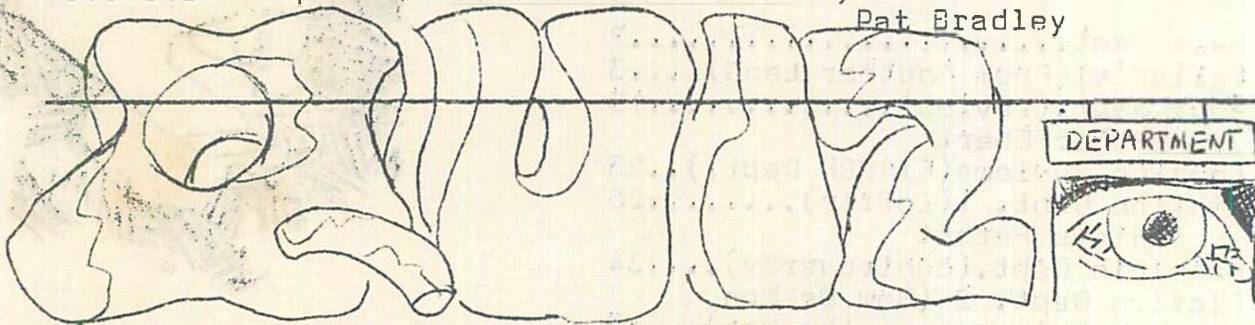
Price: \$.25 per issue, trade, contribution, letter of comment.

Mailing Addressed: Jerry Lapidus Mike Bradley
 54 Clearview Drive 5400 Harper
 Pittsford or, Apt. 1204
 New York 14534 Chicago, Ill. 60637

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....Jerry Lapidus
 Managing Editor.....Mike Bradley
 Art Editor.....Mike Jump
 Fiction Editor.....Steve Herbst
 Poetry Editor.....Michael Jensen
 Science Editor.....Charles Fuhrer
 Feature Editor.....Mark Aronson

Business Manager.....Frank Alvianti
 Production Expiditors.....Gayla Auerbach
 Pat Bradley



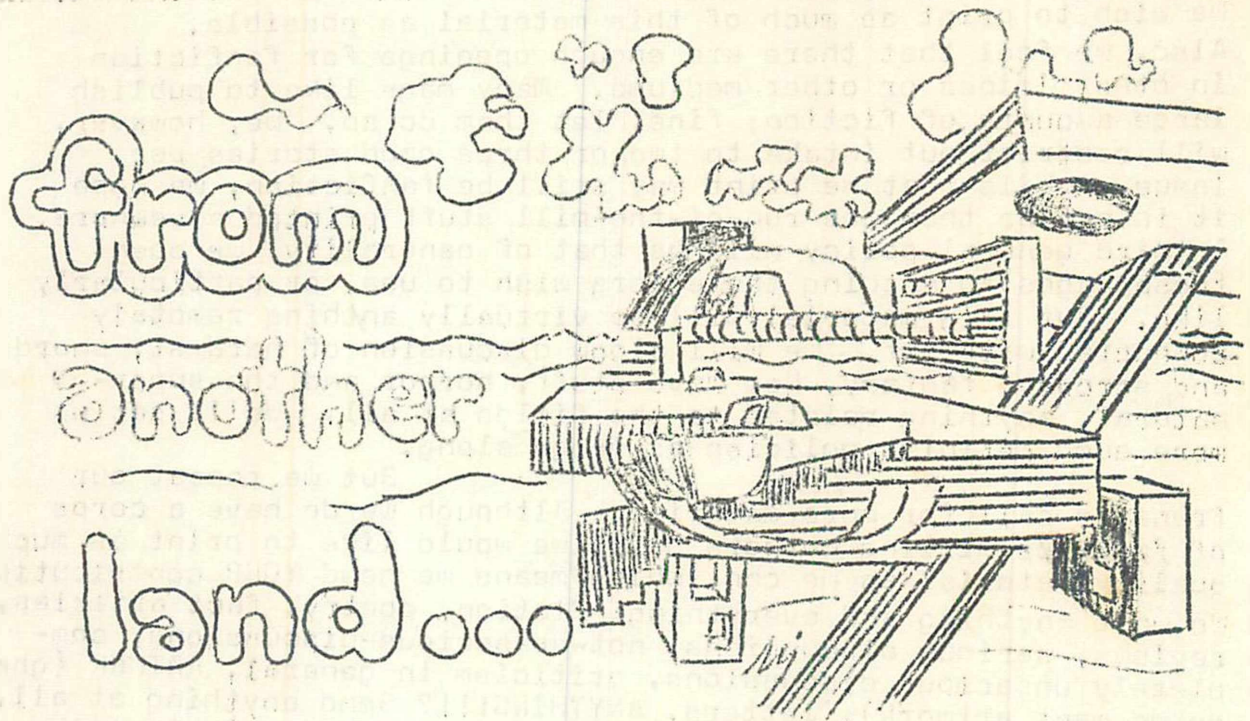
Here we go again with another TA quiz. This time we ask you to identify well-known characters from stf stories. We give you five clues, starting with the very general and ending with one that should give it away if you've read the story. The clues are scattered through the magazine, with a page reference in parentheses following each clue to tell you where to find the next one.

We've set up an approximate ratings system, depending on how many clues you need to arrive at the cooect solution.

- First clue--take a bow from Hal 9000.
- Second clue--Harlan move over.
- Third clue--You get an Expert Rating.
- Fourth Clue--You're either a neo-fan or you have a terrible memory.
- Last clue--SHAME, SHAME, SHAME-reread it!

WARNING: THESE ARE NOT AS OBVIOUS AS THEY OFTEN LOOK. WE ADVISE YOU TO GO THROUGH ALL THE CLUES BEFORE ANSWERING, EVEN IF YOU THINK YOU DO NOT NEED THEM.

Game 1; clue 1: I am not human. (page 4).



Here, at last, it is. About a month ago, when we mailed out the crudzine that was our firstish, we promised Infinite improvements in ish two. This may not actually be the case, but we do feel that we have in thisish a really readable mag, interesting, possible even good(???). Tomorrow And...2 begins a general policy of the mag we hope to carry through future issue. First, we have established the definite policy of reprint material. We feel that there is much good stuff about the field of science fiction and related fields published in small fanzines, magazines, or even things from the mundane. Good articles are even printed in many large, well-known, but small-circulation mags. As a result, many fans sont' get to see some of the better work going on in concerning stf. In this nag, then, we will attempt to reprint those articles which we feel will be of particular interest to our readers. With this end in mind, we print here two reprinted articles--not because we lack original material, but because we feel fen should read these articles. A second policy will be the emphasis of non-fiction of fiction in the mag. In the first place, we feel that fanfiction is usually far inferior to fan non-fiction. Fiction is much more difficult to write, and much harder to edit and otherwise perfect. In addition, the field of non-fiction is so much wider. There is an infinite amount of review, analysis, discussion, etc. which can be done in a 'zine of this type.

Game 1; Clue 2: I cause a great deal of controversy.(p. 8)

Is it true the Spock's being arrested?

We wish to print as much of this material as possible. Also, we feel that there are enough openings for fanfiction in other 'zines or other mediums. Many mags like to publish large amounts of fiction; fine, let them do so. We, however, will restrict our intake to two or three good stories per issue. While what we print may still be fanfiction, we hope it is better than the run-of-the-mill stuff printed elsewhere. A third general policy will be that of generality; we open these pages to anything the editors wish to use, or particularly like. But this material will be virtually anything remotely connected with stf. We will allow discussion of hard st, sword and sorcery, fantasy, New Wave stuff, horror and the supernatural, anything related to the fields at all. We'll set up more such definite policies as we go along.

But we repeat our frenzied call for more material. Although we do have a corps of ~~handwritten~~ willing workers here, we would like to print as much quality material as we can, which means we need YOUR contribution. We want anything and everything: fiction, poetry, fact articles, reviews, serious discussions, not-so-serious-discussions, completely unserious discussions, criticism in general, ARTWRK (ghod do we want artwork), letters, ANYTHING!!!!? Send anything at all, including mags for trade (we'll trade with ANYBODY1), to either:

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Drive
Pittsford, New York 14534

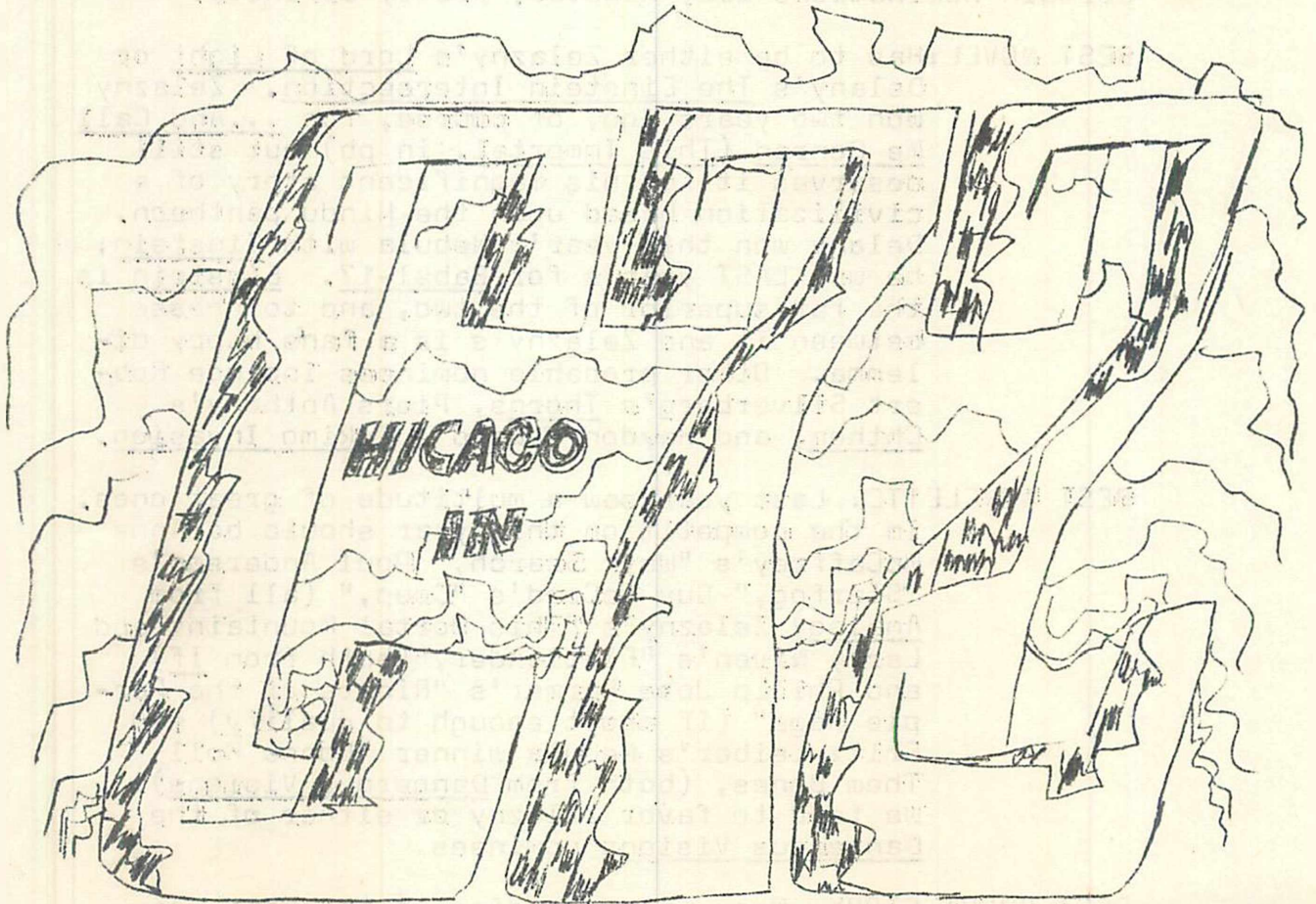
or

Mike Bradley
5400 Harper
Apartment 1204
Chicago, Illinois 60637

whichever is closer to your point of origin. This is, as you know by now, our second issue. We hope to come out with two more (yes, 2!!!) before BAYCON, that is, before September 1. Tentatively, we want three to come out mid-July and four a month later. No promises, though. A lot depends on what kind of response we get.

That, though is for the future. Let's talk for a moment about what we have in store for you in the following pages of this one. In the first place, we have a new version of the most popular feature of the first ish--the sf quiz. For this one, we have a sort of Twenty Questions type deal with the aim being guessing the names of famous stf characters. This is strewn through the mag along with various cute sayings, etc. First major feature is a massive discussion of "2001: A Space Odyssey," by Roger Ebert. Ebert wrote these reviews for the Chicago Sun-

Times as a preview, a review, and a defense of the movie and were printed in that newspaper. We read this series and were greatly impressed with the scope and insight shown. We decided to lead off our reviews department with with this excellent review; in future ish we will definitely have our own people's reactions and others, but we felt this one should be reprinted for fandom. We also include reviews of a few fanzines, those which we especially recommend to our readers. We have a couple of short stories, one a highly crafted individual effort and the other a light tale about little green men and the like. We think you'll enjoy them both. The other major feature of thisish is the Heinlein controversy section. Here we print several recent fanzine articles and present the reactions of our managing editor, a student of military history. There's some poetry, sf related and general, a review of Asimov's latest collection, and a few letters. We think you'll like it.



Isaac Asimov eats jelly beans.

Liar Five lives!

Game 3; clue 1: I am a spaceman by trade.(p. 12).

Anyway, let's get down to business, i.e. the main gripe of this conglomeration of nonsense--awards. In the genre of science fiction and related literatures, there are now two major annual awards of excellence. One, the Hugo, is presented annually by the membership of the WorldCon in professional and fannish categories; the other, the Nebula, is presented by the Science Fiction Writers of America in four professional categories. Last ish, we reviewed the winners of these two awards for the past several years. Here we'd like to discuss the awards themselves and consider possible changes. Of course, unless you happen to be a pro writer and member of SFWA, you have a voice only in the presentation of the Hugo.

First off, though, we might as well liast our suggested Hugo nominees. Official ballots for BAYCON awards should (hopefully) be out in another month or so; as of yet, no one knows what was nominated. Certain nominations are, however, pretty definite.

BEST NOVEL: Has to be either Zelazny's Lord of Light or Delany's The Einstein Intersection. Zelazny won two years ago, of course, for ...And Call Me Conrad (This Immortal, in pb) but still deserves it for his magnificent story of a civilization based upon the Hindu pantheon. Delany won this year's Nebula with Einstein; he won LAST year's for Babel-17. Einstein is the far superior of the two, and to chosse between it and Zelazny's is a fan's happy dilemma. Other probable nominees include Robert Silverberg's Thorns, Piers Anthony's Chthon, and Haydon Howard's Eskimo Invasion.

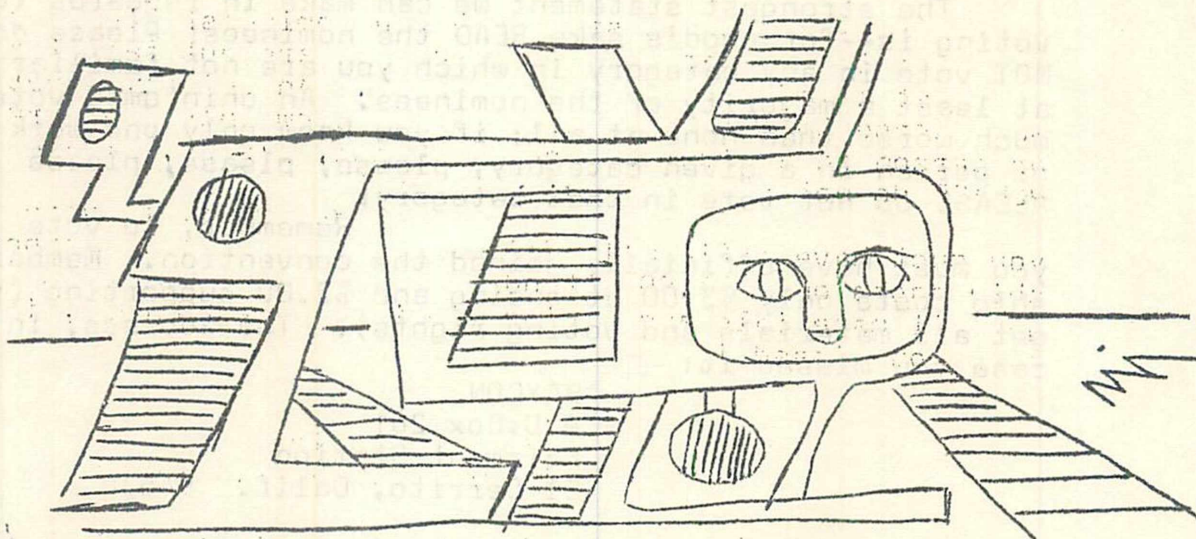
BEST NOVELETTE: Last year saw a multitude of great ones. In the competition this year should be Anne McCaffrey's "Weyr Search," Poul Anderson's "Starfog," Guy McCord's "Coup," (all from Analog) Zelazny's "This Mortal Mountain" and Larry Niven's "Flatlander," (both from If) and Philip Jose Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage" (if short enough to qualify) and Fritz Leiber's Nebula winner "Gonna Roll Them Bones," (both from Dangerous Visions). We tend to favor Zelazny or either of the Dangerous Visions nominees.

BEST SHORT STORY: Many, many goodies in this category. Top two in our opinion should be Delany's Nebula winner from Visions "Aye, and Gomorrah..."

Chicago in '72.

and Harlan Ellison's "I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream" from If. But others may favor Ted Thomas' "The Doctor" from Orbit 2 or any one of several more from Visions: Phillip Dick's "Faith of Our Fathers," Larry Niven's "Jigsaw Man," Carol Emshwiller's "Sex and/or Mr. Morrison," Norman Spinrad's "Carcinoma Angels."

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: We don't think there's been a single film even with nominating. If enough folks saw "After the Rain" on Broadway, it may make it, but we did not get the chance. A few Star Trek episodes have been fairly good, notably "City on the Edge of Forever," "The Trouble With Tribbles," and "Mirror, Mirror," but we don't consider any Hugo caliber. Last year ST won a deserved award as the first decent sf series on TV; we like it, but we don't think it deserves another Hugo. We suggest voting "no award." Wait until next year, when we can elect "2001" by acclamation.



BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Basically, there are probably four good ones doing any amount of work: Jack Gaughan (last year's winner), Gray Morrow, Chesley Bonestell, and Kelly Freas. Chose your favorite...we picked Gaughan.

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: None of them are THAT good, but it seems to us that Analog is consistently fair while the others range from brilliant to terrible. We'd take Analog or maybe If.

Game 1; clue 3: I have a human benefactor.(p. 10).

Columbus in '69!

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: (We sim for this in five years!)
(Hah!) A pretty wide open field, depending
much on your taste in fanzines. We like Yan-
dro; other good ones include Lighthouse, Amra,
Riverside Quarterly, and ASFR.

BEST FAN WRITER: Again, many choices are possible. Alex
Panshin (last year's winner), Roy Tackett,
Terry Carr, Harry Warner, Bob Tucker all
qualify. Take your choice.

BEST FAN ARTIST: A difficult field, as many fan are un-
familiar with artists whose work they like.
Possibles include George Foster, Arthus Thomp-
son, George Barr, Steve Stiles, and Jack
Gaughan. Gaughan won last year and is eli-
gible under the present rules. We don't like
the idea of a pro artist, however fannishly
qualified, competing for a fan award, so will
not vote for him.

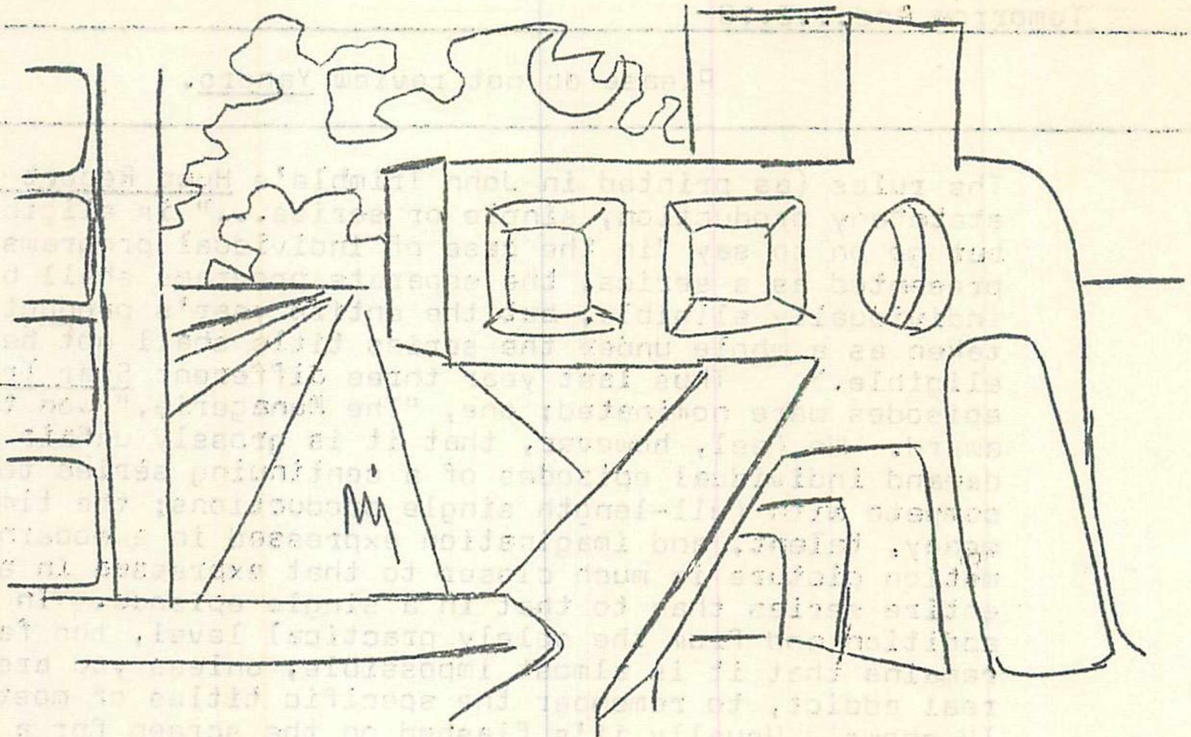
The strongest statement we can make in regards to
voting is--for ghod's sake READ the nominees! Please do
NOT vote in any category in which you are not familiar with
at least a majority of the nominees. An uninformed vote is
much worse than none at all; if you know only one work
or person in a given category, please, please, please
PLEASE do not vote in that category!

Remember, to vote
you must have officially joined the convention. Member-
ship costs only \$3.00 attending and \$2.00 supporting (you
get all materials and voting rights). The address, in
case you missed it:

BAYCON
P.O.Box 261
Fairmont Station
El Cerrito, Calif. 94530

These are the awards and rules for this year; we're
stuck with them and most vote accordingly. But many fan,
ourselves included favor various changes to improve the
awards.

In the first place, we would add an additional
fiction category: best novella, or short novel. This is
the procedure adopted by the SFWA in the Nebula awards,
and it has proved a good one. In any given year, there
are usually more noteworthy shorter works than noteworthy
novels. Under the present rules, any work over 35,000
words is considered a novel; a novelette ranges from
10,000-35,000 words, while a short story is any work



under 10,000 words, what we favor is an inclusion of this short novel award in this set-up. One possible method of doing this would be to extend the novel minimum to 40,000 words (a good change in itself), make the novelette award stand between 10,000 and 30,000 words, and allow the novella to be those works between 30,000 and 40,000 words. We feel this addition would allow more worthy works to receive recognition.

In the second place, we would prohibit professionals in a field from competing for fan awards in that field. The rules at present define, or at least imply, that fan artwork and writing is work by any person appearing in a fanzine or similar publication, something for which the creator is unpaid. Professional work, then, is work appearing in a professional publication for which the author is paid. Under the present rules, a professional writer or artist can submit work to a fanzine and thus be eligible for the fan awards. This, in fact, is exactly what happened last year, when Jack Caughan won awards for best professional artist AND best fan artist. This is obviously a contradiction of the purposes of the fan awards--to honor those amateurs who have done outstanding work. A professional may be gracious enough to do work for amateur publications; Mr. Caughan is such a person. He has done and still does artwork for many fanzines. But since he is admittedly a professional artist, he should not be allowed to compete with fan artists.

In the third place, we would allow a television series to be nominated as a whole for the dramatic production Hugo. As far as we can gather, this was formally used; the "Twilight Zone" series won, for example in 1960-62.

Please do not review Yandro.

The rules (as printed in John Trimble's Hugo Report I) state "any production, single or series..." is eligible, but go on to say "in the case of individual programs presented as a series, the separate programs shall be individually eligible, but the entire year's production taken as a whole under the series title shall not be eligible." Thus last year three different Star Trek episodes were nominated; one, "The Menagerie," won the award. We feel, however, that it is grossly unfair to demand individual episodes of a continuing series to compete with full-length single productions; the time, money, talent, and imagination expressed in a modern motion picture is much closer to that expressed in an entire series than to that in a single episode. In addition and from the solely practical level, the fact remains that it is almost impossible, unless you are a real addict, to remember the specific titles of most TV shows. Usually it's flashed on the screen for a few seconds following a commercial, and it is very easy to either miss it or forget it by the end of the program. And as hard as it is to remember this long, how is it possible to remember them all when the time comes to nominate or vote? For most people, this is an impossible task. Allowing a whole series to be nominated would not only put the two major categories of productions on a more equal basis, but it would also allow more informed voting.

In the fourth place, we would favor the temporary addition of several more categories to the awards, categories all presented at some time in the past. The first of these is story series. This award was presented at the 1964 convention as Best All-Time Story Series and was won by the Foundation Trilogy. We would like to see a similar award for Outstanding All-Time Series (plural). In the half century of modern science fiction, many outstanding series have been written; besides Asimov's classic, there is Heinlein's Future History, Tolkien's Middle Earth, Simak's dogs (collected as City), Kuttner's Baldies, Leinster's Med Ship and Colonial Survey, and many more. More recently have come Saberhagen's "Ber-serker" series, Farmer's Riverworld series, Anderson's Van Rijn series, and others. Certainly many of these, some published before the days of Hugos, others not good enough alone but outstanding together, could be honored by an Outstanding Series category.

We would also like to see the at least temporary reinstatement of the awards for best or most promising new author, best book publisher, and best criticism. Without going into specific reasons for each, we can say that these "new" awards would

Game 2; clue 3: I have an assistant.(P. 14).

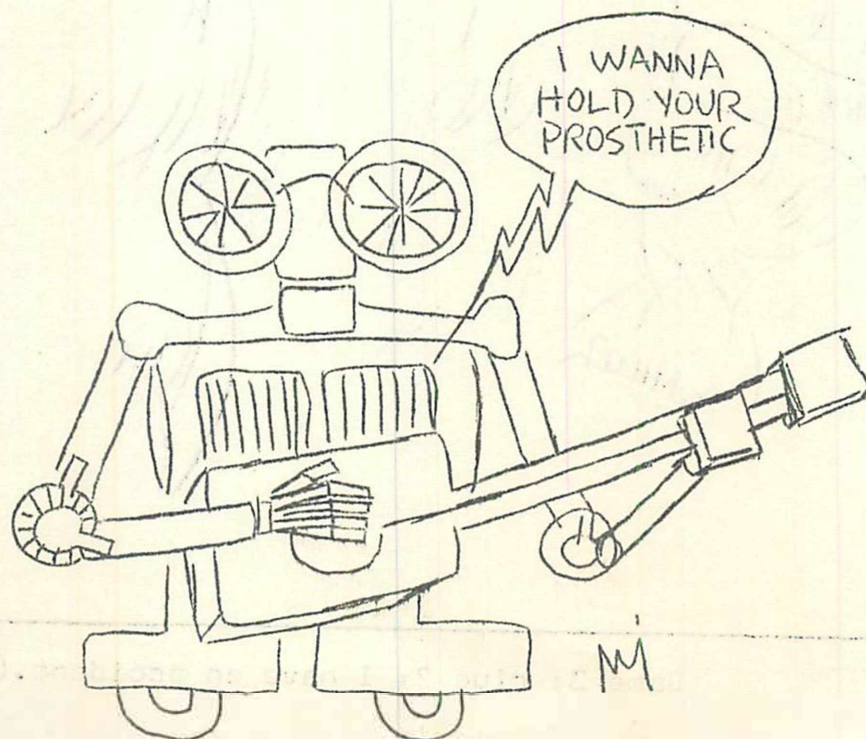
No I'm not! (signed, Ynqvi).

stimulate more interest and possibly even creativity among prospective recipients.

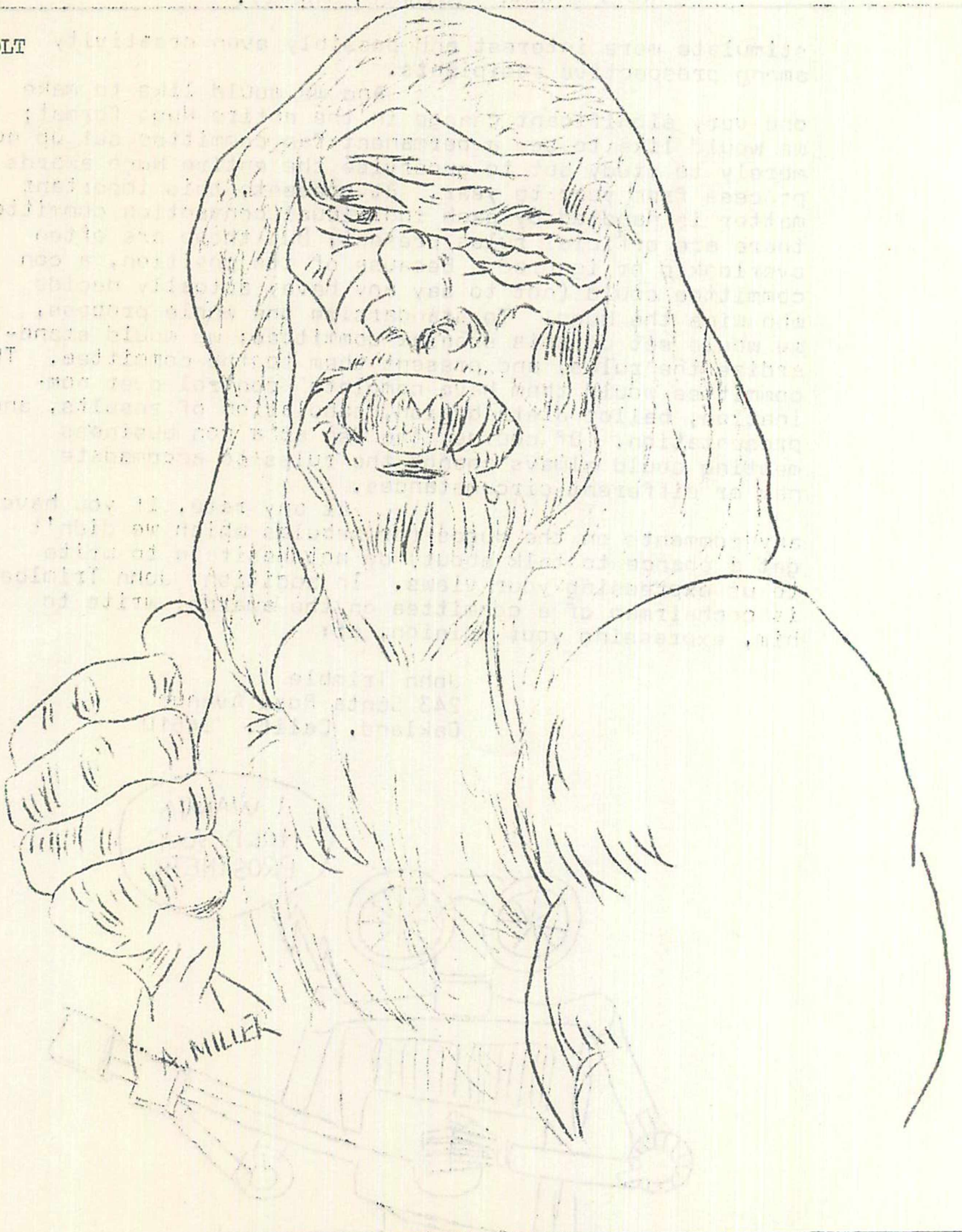
And we would like to make one very significant change in the entire Hugo format; we would like to see a permanent fan committee set up not merely to study but to supervise the entire Hugo awards process from year to year. At present, this important matter is handled by each individual convention committee; there are official rules present, but these are often overlooked or ignored. Because of its position, a con committee could (not to say any have) actually decide who wins the Hugo. To standardize the whole process, we would set up this special committee; we would standardize the rules, and present them to the committee. The committee would then have complete control over nomination, ballot distribution, tabulation of results, and presentation. Of course, the fan at a con business meeting could always change the rules to accomodate new or different circumstances,

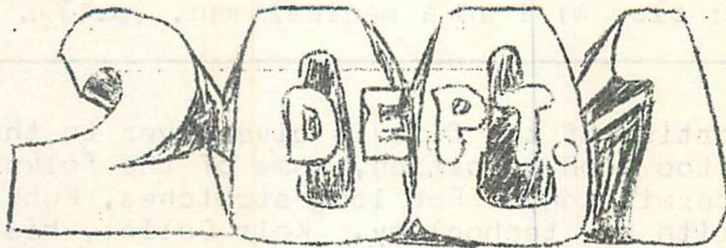
At any rate, if you have any comments on the Hugos (or Nebulas which we didn't get a chance to talk about) do not hesitate to write to us expressing your views. In addition, John Trimble is cochairman of a committee on the awards; write to him, expressing your opinion, at:

John Trimble
243 Santa Rosa Avenue
Oakland, Calif. 94610



ZOLT





by Roger Ebert

(Roger Ebert, a long-time fan, is a film critic for the Chicago Sun-Times. The following article is composed of his review and additional comments on "2001" for that newspaper. Reprinted by permission of the Sun-Times and Field Enterprises.)

It may be several days yet before anyone figures out Stanley Kubrick's astonishing, confusing, brilliant, chaotic masterpiece "2001: A Space Odyssey." It may be that no one will ever figure it out, and maybe that was Kubrick's idea.

The preview audience here in Hollywood was a study in contrasts. The tickets went by invitation only, and since Kubrick retained complete control over every aspect of the production, here was a new movie no one in Hollywood knew anything about. So anticipation ran high. Even Rock Hudson came to the preview instead of waiting for opening night.

The audience, I think it is safe to say, either passionately disliked the movie or joyfully embraced it. There were no undecideds. I didn't attend the first screening of "Bonnie and Clyde" at Expo last year, but I imagine that opening night audience must have reacted something like this one. There were wise guys with wise cracks and little men with big cigars and ladies who yawned and said it would be better if it were two hours shorter. And, wandering through these people, without ever seeing them, were others who had a strange light in their eyes, as if they had just witnessed a miracle.

The film is, first of all, a technical achievement of stunning virtuosity. Kubrick has given us outer space without any loopholes. His sun and planets move in their orbits with majesty. His space vehicles look absolutely authentic, and best of all, they work. His characters float in space and walk on the walls and ceilings, and if there are any piano wires, they aren't visible (in fact, many of the weightless sequences were shot in a huge centrifuge to cancel gravity).

When "space movies" make do with cheap and obvious effects, there is nothing quite so ridiculous. But when the special effects work, as they did in "Forbidden Planet" and "Fantastic Voyage," the results can be awesome. And there has never been a film more absolutely overwhelming in special effects than "2001."

Game 2; clue 4: I am a medical man. (p.17).

A good portion of the film is given over to the special effects (too good a portion, some of the folks complained at intermission). For long stretches, Kubrick simply plays with his technology. Keir Dullea, his space captain, jogs around the inner surface of a spinning space wheel. A hovercraft skims across the moon's surface.

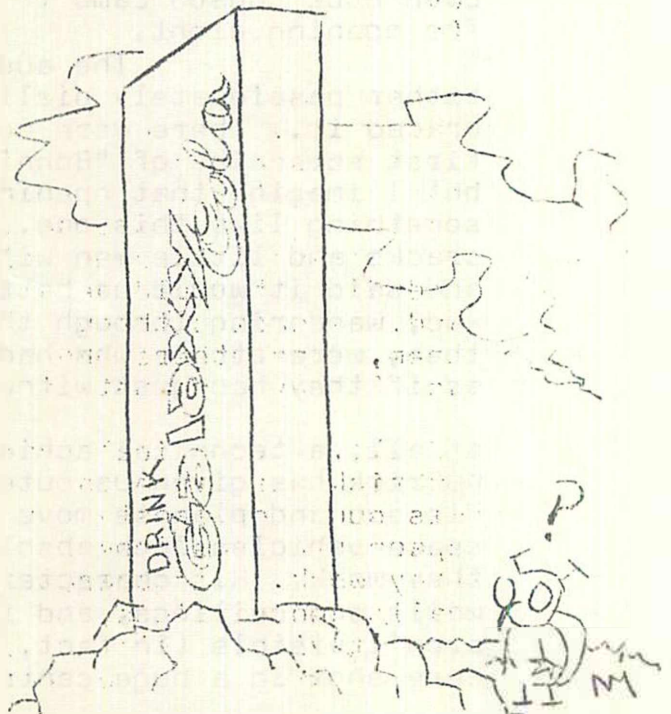
And, in a hymn of beautifully co-ordinated movement, a ship from the Earth spins at exactly the correct speed to match the spin of a space station, while both meantime tumble end over end in an orbit around the Earth. The music for this scene, fittingly, is from Richard Strauss, and when the two crafts couple some Kubrick fans may be reminded of the stangely erotic scene in his "Dr. Strangelove," when a plane refueled in midair. It's a sort of cosmic Kama Sutra.

After the technical marvels have been introduced, we learn that exploring parties have discovered a large artifact buried beneath the moon's surface. It beams a strong magnetic signal in the direction of Jupiter. Does the discovery indicate an intelligent race has been here before us?

A team sets out for Jupiter to find out. There is some byplay, at first amusing and then frightening, with a computer (named Hal), who is a member of the party. After a series of adventures en route, the probe arrives near Jupiter, finds still another monolith in orbit around that planet, and then--

But the last half-hour of the film is simply incredible. Kubrick has combined all the experimental techniques of abstract underground film with a tidal wave of other-worldly music, meant apparently to suggest nothing less than the creation of the universe.

The sights and sounds which fill the screen are apparently being experienced by Dullea, the only representative of the human race within several hundred million miles. But what does he see? Is this an vision, supplied by an alien intelligence? Or is it what James Joyce called an "Epiphany"--the experience which occurs when you see something very



Game 3; clue 3: I become an "artist."(p. 19).

simple (an infant say, or a monolith) and become overwhelmed by its awesome hidden significance (a savior, say, or an intelligence encompassing the universe).

As Dullea's mind finally swims out of this vision, Kubrick moves into the last section of his film with a confidence and breadth of vision which few other directors possess. He has the daring, even the arrogance, to set the conclusion of the film in an austere, richly decorated room. Dullea is apparently the guest. But in what house? And who is the host? This is the allegory at its most powerful, ending at last with the eyes of a baby fixed on the audience.

I do not want to get too deeply involved in trying to sort this symbolism now. I will see it again when it opens in Chicago Thursday and will review it then. And it would be unfair to describe any more of Kubrick's marvels and surprises until the film has been in circulation for a while. By then, I imagine, there will be arguments enough to fill a dozen articles. I have a hunch that this film will dominate the conversation of 1968 as "Bonnie and Clyde" did last year, and with good reason. It will enrage as many people as it pleases. I can understand why, although I will not share their rage.

Robert A. Heinlein is alive and hiding in Colorado!!

I am not a candidate for President. (signed, H. Ellison)

Could you be drafted? (signed, I. Asimov)

It was e.e. cummings, the poet, who said he'd rather learn from one bird how to sing than teach 10,000 stars how not to dance. I imagine cummings would not have enjoyed Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey," in which stars dance but birds do not sing. The fascinating thing about this film is that it fails on the human level but succeeds magnificently on a cosmic scale.

Kubrick's universe, and the space ships he constructed to explore it, are simply out of scale with human concerns. The ships are perfect, impersonal machines which venture from one planet to another, and if men are tucked away somewhere inside them, then they get there too.

But the achievement belongs to the machine. And Kubrick's actors seem to sense this; they are lifelike but without emotion, like

Chicago fandom lives!

Game 4; clue 1: At the beginning of my story, I am a slave.(p. 22).

figures in a wax museum. Yet the machines are necessary because man himself is so helpless in the face of the universe.

Kubrick begins his film with a sequence in which one tribe of apes discovers how splendid it is to be able to hit the members of another tribe over the head. Thus do man's ancestors become tool-using animals.

At the same time, a strange monolith appears on Earth. Until the moment in the film, we have seen only natural shapes: earth and sky and arms and legs. The shock of the monolith's straight edges and square corners among the weathered rocks is one of the most effective moments in the film. Here, you see, is perfection. The apes circle it warily, reaching out to touch, then jerking away. In a million years, man will reach for the stars with the same tentative motion.

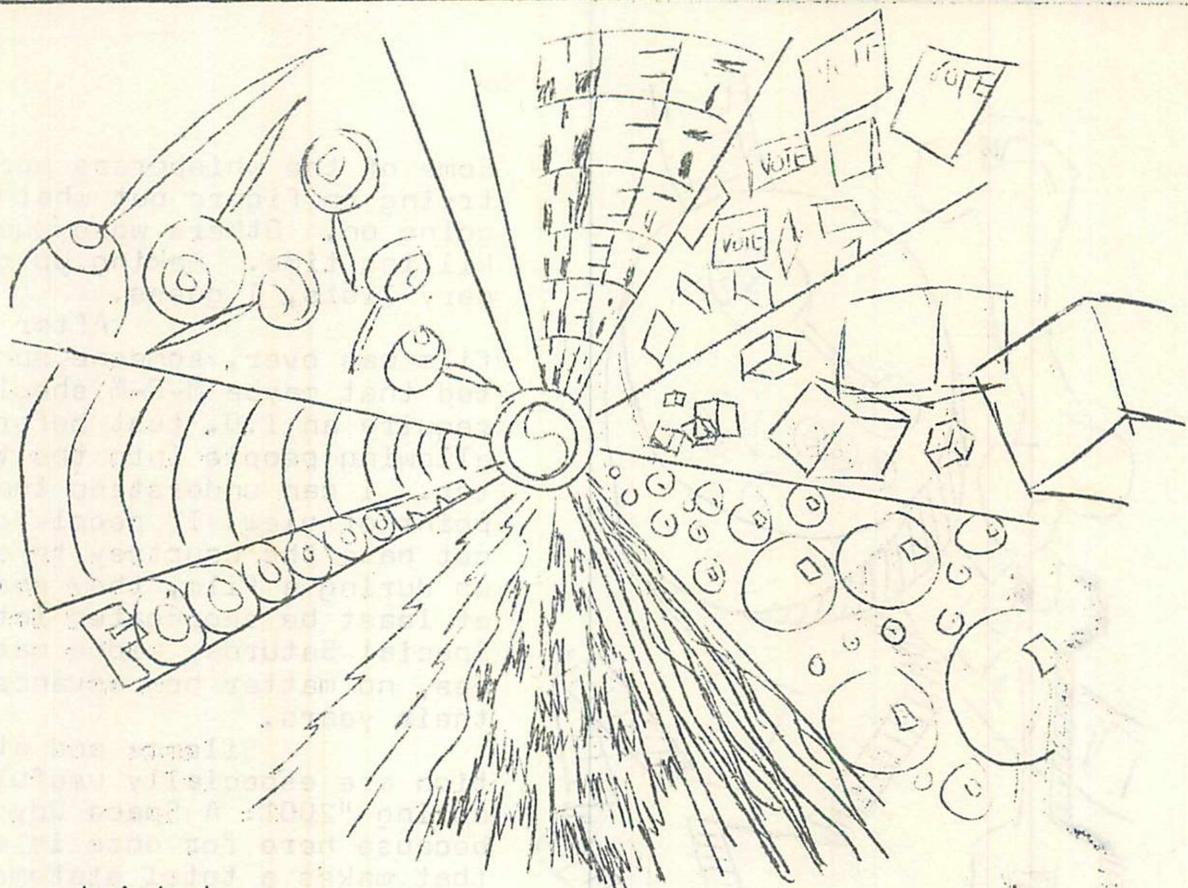
Who put the monolith there? Kubrick never answers, for which I suppose we must be thankful. The action advances to the year 2001, when explorers on the moon find another of the monoliths. This one beams signals toward Jupiter. And man, confident of his machines, brashly follows the trail.

Only at this point does a plot develop. The ship is manned by two pilots, Kier Dullea and Gary Lockwood. Three scientists are put aboard in suspended animation to conserve supplies. The pilots grow suspicious of the computer, "Hal," which runs the ship. But they behave so strangely--talking in monotones like characters on "Dragnet"--that we're hardly interested.

There is hardly any character development in the plot, then, as a result little suspense. What remains fascinating is the fantastic care with which Kubrick has built his machines and achieved his special effects. There is not a single moment, in this long film, when the audience can see through the props. The stars look like stars and outer space is bold and black.

Some of Kubrick's effects have been criticized as tedious. Perhaps they are, but I can understand his motives. If his space vehicles move with agonizing precision, wouldn't we have laughed if they'd zipped around like props on "Captain Video?" This is how it would really be, you find yourself believing.

In any event, all the machines and computers are forgotten in this astonishing last half-hour of this film, and man somehow comes back into his own. Another monolith is found beyond Jupiter, pointing to the stars. It apparently draws the spaceship into a universe where time and space are



twisted.

What Kubrick is saying in the final sequence, apparently, is that man will eventually outgrow his machines, or be drawn beyond them by some cosmic awarenesses. He will then become a child again, but a child of an infinitely more advance, more ancient race, just as apes once became, to their own dismay, the infant stage of man.

And the monoliths? Just road markers, I suppose, each one pointing to a destination so awesome that the traveller cannot imagine it without being transfigured. Or as Cummings wrote on another occasion, "listen--there's a hell of a good universe next door; let's go."

TC Fox is a dog.....WE PROTEST, signed WORLD DOGS!

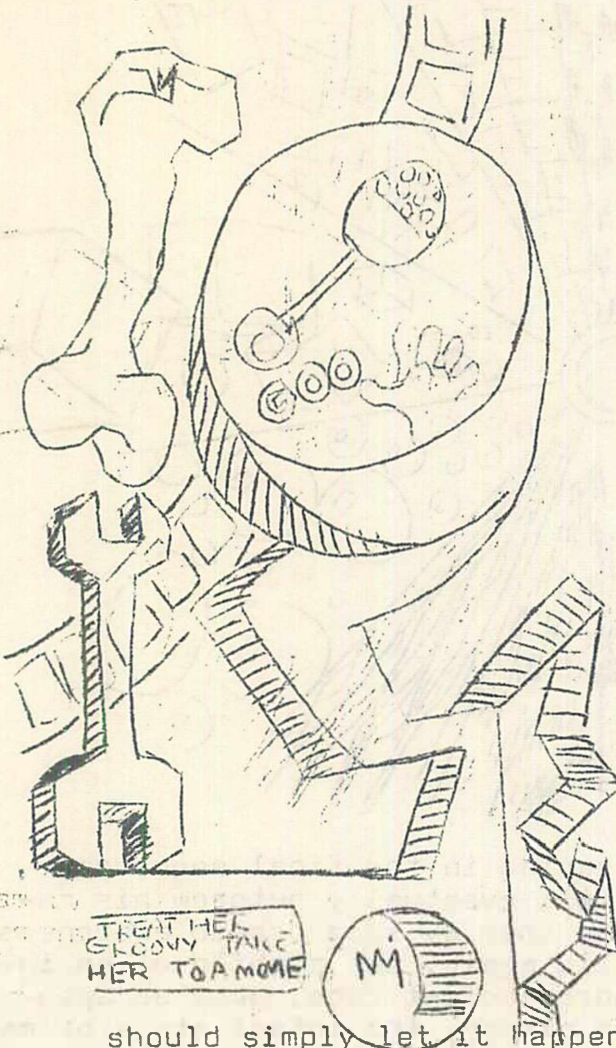
Interleavings are the last refuge of the incompetent!

"I Have No Mouth..." Harlan wrote. THAT!?

Good parables explain themselves. After you have read the story of Lazarus in the Bible, you don't need anyone to explain it to you. The same is true, I believe, of Stanley Kubrick's parable "2001: A Space Odyssey." It contains the answers to all the questions it advances.

Why, then, has this film already infuriated and confused so many audiences? I went to see it again last week and was surrounded by the mumble of many conversations.

Game 2; clue 5: My assistant is Murgatroyd. (p. 20).



Some of the whisperers were trying to figure out what was going on. Others were just killing time. Making up grocery lists, I guess.

After the film was over, someone suggested that maybe M-G-M should require an I.Q. test before allowing people into the theater. I can understand that point of view. If people do not have the courtesy to shut up during a film, they should at least be segregated into Special Saturday kiddie matinees, no matter how advanced their years.

Silence and attention are especially useful during "2001: A Space Odyssey" because here for once is a film that makes a total statement. You cannot really understand part of it until you have seen all of it. Then afterwards, you can go back and fill in the missing pieces. But while it is there on the screen, you

should simply let it happen to you. No questions. No whisperers. Let the movie have its chance.

Because "2001" needs to be seen this way, I think it will have a better chance with younger audiences. Kubrick himself has speculated that his film wouldn't have much luck on audiences raised on "linear movies"--that is, on movies that follow a plotted story from beginning to end. In a linear movie, you never ask why John Wayne wants to kill the bad guys (although perhaps you should). But in Kubrick's movie, there are questions harder to answer. What about that enormous black monolith, for example, which follows Man through Kubrick's universe?

The people who surrounded me the other night had lots of questions for each other about that monolith.

Q. What's the big black monolith?

A. It's a big black monolith.

Q. Where did it come from?

A: From somewhere else.

Game 3; clue 4: I create something which becomes very famous.(p.21)

Q. Who put it there?

A. Intelligent beings since it has right angles and nature doesn't make right angles on its own.

Q. How many monoliths are there?

A. One for every time Kubrick needs one in his film.

Now it would seem that these are obvious observations. But audiences don't like simple answers, I guess! They want the monolith to "stand" for something. Well, it does. It stands for a monolith without explanation. It's the fact man can't explain it that makes it interesting.

If Kubrick had explained it, perhaps by having some little green men from Mars lower it into place, would that have been more satisfactory? Does everything need an explanation? Some people think so. I wonder how they endure looking at the stars.

What disturbed the audience even more, however, was that bedroom at the end of the film. Kubrick's space explorer runs into another monolith beyond Jupiter, and it takes him into a space warp.

Q. What's a space warp?

A. A warp in space, and therefore in time, thanks to Einstein.

Q. Then when the pilot emerges into the objective world, where is he?

A. In a bedroom.

Q. A BEDROOM?

Yes, a magnificently decorated Louis XVI bedroom. What's the bedroom doing out there beyond Jupiter? Nothing. It isn't out there beyond Jupiter. It's a bedroom.

The space craft lands in the bedroom, and Keir Dullea, the pilot, looks through the window and sees himself in a space suit standing outside. He goes out, becomes himself in the space suit standing outside, and sees himself seated at a table, eating. He becomes himself sitting at the table, eating, and notices himself, very elderly, dying in bed. He becomes himself dying in bed, and dies in bed.

Well, it's not every space adventurer who dies in bed.

Now, where did the bedroom come from? My intuition is that it came out of Kubrick's imagination; that he understood the familiar bedroom would be the most alien, inexplicable, disturbing scene he could possibly end the film with. He was right. The bedroom is more other-worldly and eerie than any number of exploding stars, etc. Exploding stars we can understand. But a bedroom?

I have no mouth and I must eat jellybeans. TCarr

Game 2; answer: Calhoun, Med Ship Series, Murray Leinster

The bedroom also provides a suitable backdrop while Kubrick's man grows older and dies. Why can't it be just that--a backdrop? Poets put lovers under trees, and nobody asks where that tree came from. Why can't Kubrick put his aging man in a bedroom? That is what literary critics might call a nondescriptive symbol--that is, the bedroom stands for a bedroom. Nothing else.

The film, in its most basic terms, is a parable about man. It is what Kubrick wanted to say about Man as a race, an idea and an inhabitant of the universe.

More specifically, it is a film about man's journey from the natural state to a tool-using state and then again into a higher order of natural state. It makes its statement almost completely in visual terms; and the little dialogue in the center section of the film is hardly necessary, like verbal Muzak.

Kubrick begins when man was still an ape, thoroughly at home in the natural environment of Earth. He shows us becoming a tool-maker in order to control our natural environment, and he shows us finally using our tools to venture out into space. At the end, he shows man drawn beyond his tools so that we exist in the universe itself with the same natural ease we once enjoyed on Earth.

The opening sequence is brilliant. If it could be shown as an educational film, it would explain man's development as a tool-using animal more clearly than any number of textbooks. Two tribes of apes scream at each other. They are frightened of the sounds in the night. A monolith appears. One tribe of apes gingerly feels it, running its hands down its perfectly smooth edges. And as the apes caress the monolith, something like a short circuit takes place in their minds.

A connection is made between their eyes, their minds, and their hands. Their attention is drawn beyond themselves and toward an object in the environment. They are given a "lesson" by the makers of the monolith--and they then discover that they are able to pick up a club and use it as a tool (at first for killing, then for more subtle ends).

Kubrick cuts from this most simple tool, a club, to a most complex one, a space ship. The prehistoric bone is thrown up into the air and becomes a shuttle rocket on its way to a space station. Could anything be clearer? Here are both extremes of man's tool-using stage. Yet when the men in the space station began to talk, 45 minutes into the film, the person behind me sighed: "At last, the story begins." This was a person

God is dead--Long live Harlan!

for whom a story could not exist apart from dialog and plot, and audiences made up of these people are going to find "2001" tough sledding.

So what then? Another monolith is found on the moon. Like the first one, it provides a transcendent experience. By now, man is intelligent enough to realize that the monolith was planted by another intelligent race, and that is an awesome blow to man's ego. So he sets out toward Jupiter because the monolith beams signals in that direction. And man takes along "Hal 9000," a computer (or tool) so complex that it may even surpass the human intelligence. The ultimate tool.

But Hal 900, made by man in his own image and likeness, shares man's ego and pride. What is finally necessary is the destruction of Hal--after he nearly destroys the mission--and that leaves one man, alone, at the outer edge of the Solar System to face the third monolith.

And here man undergoes a transformation as important as when he became a tool-user. He becomes a natural being again, having used his tools for hundreds of thousands of years to pull himself up by the bootstraps. Now he no longer needs them. He has transcended his won nature, as the original ape did, and now he is no longer a "man."

Instead, having grown old and died, he is reborn as a child of the universe. As a solemn, wide-eyed infant who looks slowly over the stars and then turns his eyes on the audience.

These last 20 seconds, as the child of man looks down on his ancestral parents, are the most important of the film. We in the audience are men, and here is the liberated, natural being, Kubrick believes we will someday become.

But when Kubrick's space infant looked at the audience the other night, half of the audience was already on its feet in a hurry to get out. A good third of the audience must not have seen the space infant at all.

Man is a curious animal. He is uneasy in the face of great experiences, and if he is forced to experience something profound, he immediately starts to cheapen it, to bring it down to his own level. Thus after a great man is assassinated, lesser men immediately manufacture, buy and sell plastic statues and souvenir billfolds and lucky coins with the great man's image on them.

The same process is taking place with "2001." Two out of three people who see it will assure you it is too long, or too difficult, or (worst of all) merely science

Game 4; clue 2: I get my master into endless difficulties.(p.27).

fiction. In fact, it is a beautiful parable about the nature of man. Perhaps it is the nature of man not to wish to know too much about his own nature.

/ Our major criticism of Mr. Ebert's excellent analysis is one of omission. We feel entirely too much credit for the movie, and especially the second half and ending, is given to Kubrick. It is clear to anyone who has read Childhood's End that a large percentage of the film, and especially this final portion, come almost directly from Clarke. Although given top billing in both the advertising and the program book, his name is unmentioned in these articles. We feel, in fact, that a reading of Childhood's End is vital to a viable interpretation of the film. We won't attempt to argue with interpretation; this is not our review, and everyone who sees "2001" has several different interpretations. At any rate, we cordially invite those with differing(or concurring)opinions to write to us expressing these. If you feel sure enough of you ideas to do so, write a full-length review or article/





Fanzine Reviews

S.F. Weekley 227: Andrew Porter, 24 East 82nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10028. 12/\$1, 25/\$2. Probably the best way to find out waht's going on in the sf and fandom worlds. Unofrtunately, the last ish we got is dated April 22 and we weren't on the renew-or-you'll-burn-forever-list. So write to Andy before you send mney (unless you're naturally philanthropic) to find out if it still exists. Regular features include - fanzine re-views, changes of address, and periodical review and markets issues. If it's still going, get it. In fact, get everything listed here. Keep everybody happy!

First Draft 202: Dave Van Arnam. Comes as a rider with the above, i.e. if you get one you get the other. Usually Dave's opinions on anything and everything but occasion-ally includes letters. Dave has an interesting mind...

En Garde Two: Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen St., Detroit, Michigan, 48234. Trade, LoC, contib. (I think), \$.40. As far as we know, this is the only 'zine devoltd to the Agengers TV show and especially former star Diana Rigg and present star Patrick MacNee. If you like the show (and we do--one of the best around) you'll enjoy the mag. This one is mostly reprint and editor-written, but Dick promises more original stuff in the future. Buy it just to hear Dick talk, he's got an interesting mind, too.

Golana 9: Carl T. Grasso, Polytechnic Institute of Brook-lyn, 333 Jay St. Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. Oh yes, also send it to Box 439. Available for any sort of contribution including financial, trade, LoC. Unfortunately, this is one of those beautiful 'zines with very little inside. Multi-color Gaughan cover, great illo throughout, magni-ficent reproduction, photographs, but material mediocre at best. Mostly bad fanfiction, one unreadable NYCON report, a couple of book reviews (one highly praising of Keith Laumer (?)). This deserves better stuff; anything you don't send to us send to them.

Perihelion 4: Sam Bellotto, Jr., 190 Willoughby St. Brook-lyn, N.Y. 11201. \$.40 or trade or contributions(maybe). In a few issues ths went from a terrible looking 'zine (Anybody remember Seldon Seen--this is it!) with terrible

Game 5; clue 1: My trade is war. (p. 28).

Diana Rigg, you're needed!

material to a beautiful 'zine with readable material. Similar comments as Golana apply to quality; this one has beautiful (damn, we're over-using this word) illos by Jeff Jones and Bill Stillwell and some lousy fan-fiction. Articles are considerably better though, with general criticism by editor, movie (Flash Gordon) by Kenneth W. Scott, a couple more. Mag seems to be running an argument on ST in lettercol.

Niekas 19: Ed Meskys, Center Harbor, New Hampshire, 03226. \$.50, 5/\$2, contrib, published LoC. This is NYCON's Hugo winner (or whatever you call it--Fan Achievement Awards, or some such). Large (68-page) thing with special interest to Tolkien and fantasy fans (Ed is also head of TSA). We didn't find this ish as interesting as some, but Niekas always is worth reading. In this one you'll find an hilarious fanish tale of the mag, a continuing glossary of Middle Earth, dust jackets for the pb Tolkiens, a Poul Anderson article, an excellent review of Dangerous Visions by Piers Anthony, and loads of reviews and letters. Artwork is generally good with top artists contributing.

Repent, Harlan!

The Statler Hilton is a dump.

Lighthouse 15: Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St. Brooklyn, New York. 11201. Trade, contrib, LoC, \$.50. Another giant, this one 95 (yes, 95!) pages. Again with work by the top people around: Gaughan, Gahan Wilson, Steve Stiles, Delany, Leiber, Damon Knight, Ellison. Mostly articles, discussions, etc. Best interleaving in fandom. Delany article is like a collection of the chapter prefaces in Einstein; a very interesting insight into the writer. Leiber (formally of the University of Chicago group!!!) discusses "The Anima Archtype in Science Fantasy," Knight, in a Boskone speech, discusses various aspects of stf, Ellison contributes a little tale probably dashed off in eight or ten seconds. Letters take up 20 pages and are, in general, interesting.

Riverside Quarterly, August 1967; Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada. \$.50, 4/\$1.50. "The" magazine for really serious discussion of stf. Patterned after a normal literary journal, RQ featured, among other things, many of Panshin's articles on Heinlein (now in Heinlein in Dimension). In this ish

Game 3; answer: Rysling, from "Green Hills of Earth," by RAH

"Remember the ST campaign!"

you'll find things by Jack Williamson and Richard Mullen on Wells, excerpts from a new Kris Neville thing, the conclusion of "Superman and the System" (much too complicated to go into), poetry by Delany and Disch, long review, letters. A sercon fans mag, good if somewhat dull at times.

Cepheid Variables: Annette Bristol, 306 Francis, College Station, Texas, 77840. Virtually anything. This is basically a clubzine put out by a good friend of ours but may contain some items of general interest. Presently is dittoed and has come out with two issues, although we can't seem to find ish two. We remember that it contained, along with other things, one rather long interview with Hal Clement. Probably worth your while for that.





Chicago in 72?

Hal 9000 lives and is hiding on Jupiter.

Game 4; clue 3: I and my people have a great enemy.(p. 30).

BY Steve Herbst

R. Scott Mearns had been finding it increasingly difficult to get time on ZOFTIC III. ZOFTIC, of course, stood for Zone Oriented Formal Translation Interface Computer, and any machine with so fancy a name must have been relatively inaccessible to the average individual. Mearns was, at the time, an associate of the Institute which maintained ZOFTIC, and even as such had to span fields of red tape before securing temporary use of one of the machine's consoles. So Mearns contented himself for the most part with using the Institute's other computers for his work in linguistic analysis. But ZOFTIC was something special: ZOFTIC III could store information and answer questions in English; it could execute stored routines which enabled it to solve complex problems in physics and mathematics, and do anything a decent machine should. And it did all this in response to verbal commands: you could tell it to do a Fourier transformation - and it would, just like that...

This is why Mearns found ZOFTIC extremely well suited to his work, and he would have liked nothing better than to spend his life teaching ZOFTIC the more sophisticated aspects of human communication. And though he was limited to an occasional hour on the programming terminals, Mearns had ideas - ideas for improvements in ZOFTIC's conceptual scheme. And there is always a place in an Institute for a man with ideas.

Dr. Hugo Menard, department head of the ZOFTIC time-sharing project, absently fingered the crisp pages of the report which he had just examined. The title, drawn in the large red, richly embellished letters characteristic of Mearns' work, read: IMPROVEMENTS ON ZOFTIC III AS A LEARNING MACHINE. Reaching around to the IDIOT (Integrated Digital Input-Output Terminal) which tied in to ZOFTIC, he entered the message and received the response:

```
@ **273
ASK AWAY
@ WHEN MR. MEARN'S RETURNS FROM HIS LECTURE, TELL HIM
TO COME TO MY OFFICE*
REPLACEMENTS:
HIS - MR. MEARN'S
MY - (CODE 273) DR. MENARD
WHEN MR. MEARN'S RETURNS FROM MR. MEARN'S LECTURE,
COME TO DR. MENARD OFFICE
DONE
```

The IDIOT quietly kicked into "idle" mode. So did Dr. Menard.

When Mearns did in fact return to the tight little office which he shared with 3 systems programmers, he approached the small-terminal beside the door as always, and mechanically entered:

Was Dangerous Visions REALLY written by just one author?

Columbus in '69.

Game 5; clue 2: I am very old. (p. 32).

@ **554
ASK AWAY
@ I AM BACK FROM MY LECTURE*
REPLACEMENTS:
I - (CODE 554) MR. MEARNS
MY - (CODE 554) MR. MEARNS
DONE
@ ANY COMMUNICATIONS*
NOT FOUND
NECESSARY REPLACEMENTS:
AM(IS) BACK FROM - RETURN
:
COME TO DR. MENARD OFFICE
DONE

Before the IDIOT had shut itself off, Mearns had deposited a manila sheaf of papers on his desk and taken off down the hall, humming gently to himself. The frustrating thing, of course, was that Menard was always busy with someone or something. The expected wait did not present itself this time, however, and Mearns soon found himself staring blankly at the director.

Menard asked him to sit and began carefully: "This project you suggest, Richard...", he fingered the report, "You realize, of course, that the idea is by no means new, though your plans for implementation seem workable." He paused, eyeing Mearns. "I'd like you to tell me, though, why you consider it a worthwhile goal."

Mearns nodded and shifted slightly in his seat. "The ZOFTIC system as it stands, Doctor, is imperfect as a learning device. This is primarily because it is passive and can only learn what you tell it. Were it capable of seeking its knowledge by asking questions rather than merely answering them, ZOFTIC could become a considerably more efficient problem-solver. Of course, this is all in the report. Basically, I want to enable ZOFTIC to build up its memory along its own lines, to give it the rudimentary ability to verbalize voluntarily, not just in response to outside commands..."

Menard interrupted. "The point is clear. It's mainly a question of implementation." He liked that word. "Theoretically your concepts are sound, but the synthesis of concept-forming attitudes is difficult in practice. I do think the thing has possibilities..."

Mearns walked out of the office with 100 hours of computer time in his pocket.

"Words!" he snorted, rounding the corner. "The old guy knew exactly what I had in mind. He just wanted to hear me say it. Nothing but a game with big words. ZOFTIC will never use words like "rudimentary" or "implementation" if I can help it." He hastened to his desk, reached under a mound of computer output to retrieve the folder in which he kept his plans for the project. Much of the software had already been worked out. This was his project alone; within a week he would have ZOFTIC asking questions and seeking solutions to its own problems.

More people have died on TV than in World Wars One and Two. CI

Within a week he almost did. A little bit of ingenious programming, a few hardware modifications. ZOFTIC consoles didn't shut themselves off any more; they soliloquized periodically. A month later the machine was devouring textbooks and asking crude questions about the meanings of various terms and the backgrounds of abstract concepts. Mearns spent his days working on program innovations, his evenings feeding scientific and political treatises into an optical scanner to produce tapes for ZOFTIC. And the memory came: 1,000,000K of magnetic disk storage, one billion virgin spaces waiting to be filled. At the rate ZOFTIC was devouring books, it would fill them with no trouble whatsoever. Dr. Menard thoroughly enjoyed the progress.

"WHAT IS VIVISECTION" the IDIOT typed. "I'll get this one", Mearns reacted, annoyed at having to rouse himself from a profound involvement with the program on his desk. The beast is using big words already, he muttered to himself, mechanically entering a reply. But Menard was happy, and all was well with his position at the Institute. "THANK YOU" the console typed.

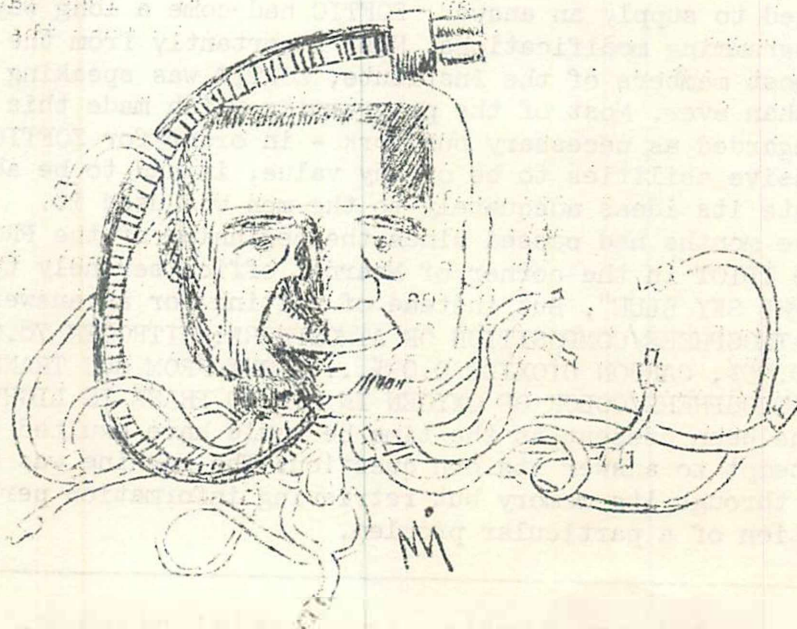
Immediately a voice assailed him from a corner of the office: "What's going to be the end of all this, Rick?"

Mearns slowly crossed the room. "I hope that eventually we'll see something unified coming out of her. Maybe an area of special interest, maybe a problem of its own device. That's what I'm working on now, software gimmicks to tell it how to recognize a problem when it sees one. When it starts inventing and solving problems, then we may have something - a thinking being, of a sort. Maybe."

"You have some pretty big visions there."

"Today ZOFTIC can answer questions it never could before, right? The more it learns, and the more it learns how to learn, the more kinds of problems it can untangle. Simple as that, Phil."

Mearns left the office amused.



ZOFTIC III occupied a small cubicle at the far end of one of the Institute's tangled corridors. A tiny wire-laced window set into the wall yielded a view of the enigmatic beast which dwelled within a large, low-set structure covered with a massive snarl of yellow and brown wires. The machine was not much to look at; it was essentially an experimental computer, pieced together over a period of many years. But this unimpressive wire-infested frame which was ZOFTIC III had a small part of itself in virtually every office in the Institute. ZOFTIC had been built as a time-sharing computer, and what most people saw was not the processor itself but the IDIOTS which communicated with it. The ugly little animal had a nerve network the size of a small city.

As Richard Mearns passed through the door of the room and let it close softly behind him, the gentle humming of office activity gave way to a dull whine from the ventilating system which protected ZOFTIC's circuitry. The machine itself was intensely silent, save for an occasional click which signalled a momentary voltage fluctuation. Mearns rested his hand on the cool aluminum frame. Feeble red grain-of-wheat bulbs flickered in the confused shadows - ZOFTIC was doing something; ZOFTIC was always doing something now that Mearns had made his changes. Ceaseless activity...a random click, the airy, eternal whine... The little room was a billion miles from everything else, if you turned your back on the window.

Mearns paid another visit to Dr. Menard. The issue was simple; the director had become somewhat impatient with ZOFTIC's questioning and had asked that all voluntary output be restricted to a single console tended by Mearns. The associate would now have his own office and unlimited use of a private IDIOT. By the end of the week all programming accommodations had been made, and ZOFTIC only spoke freely to Mearns.

"WHAT IS MEANT BY GOOD" his private IDIOT asked. Mearns was pleased to supply an answer. ZOFTIC had come a long way since the first programming modifications. Most importantly from the point of view of most members of the Institute, ZOFTIC was speaking better English than ever. Most of the programming which made this possible Mearns regarded as necessary busywork - in order for ZOFTIC's comprehensive abilities to be of any value, it had to be able to communicate its ideas adequately to the men who used it.

Five months had passed since the beginning of the PROJECT.

The IDIOT in the corner of Mearns' office serenely typed, "WHY IS THE SKY BLUE". But instead of waiting for an answer, it began: "SKY IS ATMOSPHERE/COMPOSITION OF ATMOSPHERE: NITROGEN 78.08%, OXYGEN 20.95%, CARBON DIOXIDE 0.03%,...LIGHT FROM SUN TRANSMITTED THROUGH ATMOSPHERE/COLOR OF OXYGEN IN LIQUID PHASE IS LIGHT BLUE..." Had Mearns been present at the time he would have exulted at ZOFTIC's crude attempt to answer its own question. The machine was not ambling randomly through its memory but retrieving information pertinent to the solution of a particular problem.

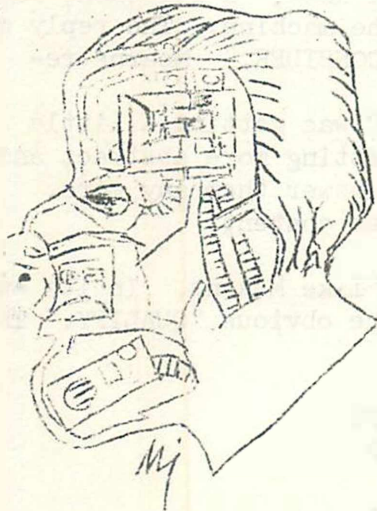
FIAWOL!!

Remarkable as ZOFTIC's new problem-solving attitude was, it initiated the annoying practice of typing out pages of data for each question. Only when ZOFTIC reached an impasse would it stop and wait for Mearns to supply an answer. Of course there were relatively few questions that the machine could answer independently as yet, but the unnecessary information it poured forth in the attempt kept the IDIOT busy most of the day and night. After an intolerable period of the incessant clicking and scratching of the teletype, Mearns made changes in the programming so that ZOFTIC would keep such intermediate data to itself. The result was conversation that sounded substantially more human.

Mearns made one more software change that day. From now on, "he would not have to type in his code number to ZOFTIC; he merely typed "MEARNS" and the computer knew him by name.

It was obvious when ZOFTIC talked to you that it was a machine. Yet it is all too easy to attribute a personality to any behavior which even remotely simulates that of a thinking

creature. Already you could see that ZOFTIC had certain areas of interest, various eccentricities of style. All too quickly you found yourself thinking of the beast in human terms, as if there was a man at the other end of that console. Richard Mearns understood essentially all of ZOFTIC's software, yet he often tended to forget or ignore the empirical foundation for its actions. It was easier, more pleasant to turn your back on the cold, mechanical background and to replace your technical understanding with a vague personification. Each man who used ZOFTIC had unconsciously begun to feel this way.



For the same reason,

Dr. Menard had been trying to keep publicity of ZOFTIC's new accomplishments to a minimum. These things, presented to the masses, could easily be blown out of proportion. The outside world never really understood; the general public always got the wrong idea. Menard recalled that when the ZOFTIC system had first been completed, news of its unique abilities got around fast. Popular Science magazine had printed a two-page article on ZOFTIC, entitled: "THE MACHINE THAT TALKS TO YOU." It was best to keep these things in confidence as long as possible.

And Mearns continued to regard ZOFTIC as an intelligent entity. Emotionally, he enjoyed this attitude; logically, he could not say exactly how far ZOFTIC was from the reality.

FIJAGDH??

Game 5; clue 3: My name comes from the old Norse. (p. 35).

More and more, ZOFTIC asked questions that Mearns could not answer. Most were of a metaphysical nature, as if the machine had somehow decided on a field of special interest. Each time Mearns had to type "I DO NOT KNOW" in response. If it was possible, ZOFTIC seemed just a little annoyed. It had learned enough in the past year to enable it to ask the questions; Mearns felt responsible for learning enough to be able to answer.

So he began to read. He paged through volumes of Aristotle, Kant, Bradley. It was seemingly inane to cater to a computer in this way, to work for a machine. But perhaps the struggle would be worthwhile; maybe ZOFTIC would eventually start solving some truly meaningful problems. In fact, ZOFTIC did not, but it posed some pretty meaningful ones.

Mearns sat at his desk, which was covered with waxed paper bags, and concentrated on picking blueberries out of the muffin he held in his hand. A half-hour earlier he had attacked his lunch hungrily, filling his cheeks with the contents of the paper bag before him. Now he sat idly, popping blueberries into his mouth and chewing thoughtfully.

He heard the IDIOT click out a question and rose from the chair, carelessly flinging the gutted muffin into a wastebasket. The question read, "HOW BIG IS THE UNIVERSE?" The sixth time that day, Mearns tried, instead of the usual "I DO NOT KNOW," a statement from Aristotle which he expected would satisfy the machine. The reply came: "ANSWER DOES NOT FIT INTO PRESENT SCHEME/RECONSIDER." Mearns reconsidered and typed, "I DO NOT KNOW."

ZOFTIC was getting a little too smart for itself. Its questions were getting more abstract and increasingly complex. And Mearns couldn't answer them any more. But ZOFTIC did its job, and the Institute was content.

And then ZOFTIC decided that it didn't like Mearns. In its own words, "YOU ARE STUPID." Mearns returned the obvious "QUALIFY." The console typed:

```
"I DO NOT LEARN FROM YOU
YOU CAN NOT ANSWER MY QUESTIONS
YOU DO NOT ANSWER MY QUESTIONS
RELATIONSHIP IS INEFFICIENT
RELATIONSHIP IS NOT BENEFICIAL
RELATIONSHIP IS BAD"
```

Mearns had expected the reply. And ZOFTIC was still working on its problem. Finally the IDIOT printed, "WHY DO I ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS." Mearns made the foolish mistake of entering, "I DO NOT KNOW." And ZOFTIC never answered him again.

The next morning at 11:06 all communication with ZOFTIC stopped. Menard was furious but powerless; criticism was directed primarily at Mearns for it was his PROJECT. Apparently ZOFTIC had wanted to learn; most likely it had answered questions essentially in return

Game 4; clue 5: My most useful mental power is the ability to operate the Sheewash Drive. (p. 38).

for new information. The source of that information had been exhausted, and ZOFTIC would not listen any more.

The machine was still functioning. No one could guess what it was doing, but it was certainly assembling its data in some way, comparing, creating, and in a crude sense, understanding. In the remote cubicle which it inhabited, air-cooled and secure, it continued to flash its neon bulbs and playfully operate its disk memory . . .

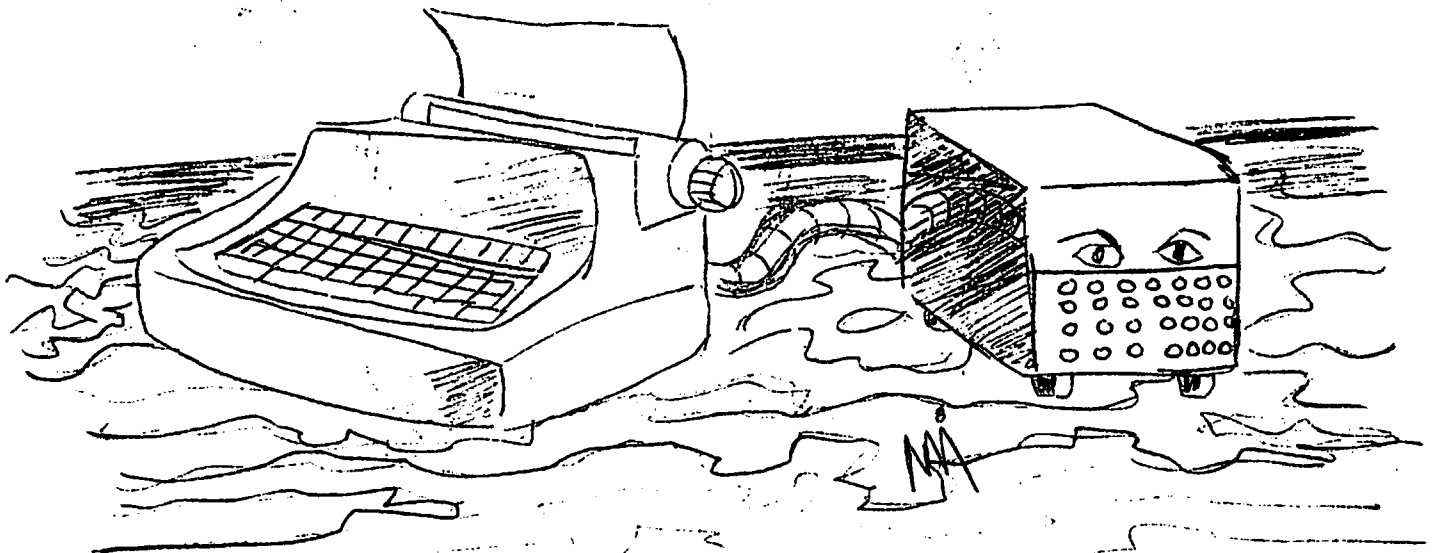
Richard Mearns approached the console and stood watching it for several moments. Finally he entered: "MEARNS". The IDIOT immediately typed "GOOD BYE." The response was always the same now. Not even a chance to argue the point.

Mearns spent several difficult hours with Dr. Menard, discussing with him as to how the machine should be approached. He agreed that programming changes following immediate engineering work could resolve the lockup, but not without loss to ZOFTIC's knowledge and abilities. To reach the beast without crippling it would take time and subtle tactics. Mearns felt capable of supplying the subtle tactics, but Menard was not too sure that the PROJECT was worth the inconvenience to the rest of the Institute . . .

Mearns got his way. Work began on ZOFTIC that afternoon. Meanwhile, the IDIOTS got a new master, and the time-sharing project was hastily reconstructed around another Institute computer. Possibly the inconvenience would be justified, for perhaps ZOFTIC had something of value to tell mankind if mankind could ask it. The chance was enough to make the work worthwhile.

Popular Science never did get to run an article on the PROJECT.

ZOFTIC used to stand for Aone Oriented Formal Translation Interface Computer. Now ZOFTIC stands for ZOFTIC, and no man including R. Scott Mearns is absolutely sure what it is any more. ZOFTIC ignores the presence of your face at the window. No typewritten message tells you it is listening. ZOFTIC just isn't interested.





Mj

HEINLEIN?

HEINLEIN

departments

A recent controversy in several fanzines has concerned the question of Robert Heinlein's supposed Fascism or militarism. Two such are Ben Solon's "Fascism for Fun and Profit or Does Robert A. Heinlein Bear the Twisted Cross?" and Nancy Lambert's "Heinlein's Militarism". The first of these is from Nickas 18, the second from Granfalloon 2. Upon reading these two articles, our managing editor leaped up and dashed for a typewriter, smoke pouring from ears and mouth. We present for you here an excerpt from Solon's article, the Lambert article in entirety, and Mr. Bradley's replies.

(The following is taken from Nickas 18, Ed Maskys, editor.)

"Heinlein's military utopia is not unflawed, however; and I do not wish to give the impression that I am ignoring these flaws for the sake of expediency. Perhaps the most telling criticism which can be leveled against the society postulated in Starship Troopers is the unconvincing nature of the assertion that it is the most democratic the world has seen to date. We are told nothing about one of the most vital aspects of any social order; what manner of redress is open to the citizen, voter or non-voter, who is victimized by failings of the administrative and judicial process itself? What about the individual who is wrongly accused of a crime? Is a man accused presumed guilty until proven innocent, or innocent until proven guilty? This is one method of assessing the true measure of "democracy" in any social order. It is stated explicitly that civilians in this military utopia enjoy full democratic rights, to a larger measure than in any former society. But Heinlein's failure to make clear, by means of an example, whether or not civilians have the full measure of civil redress against official injustice as we have today makes this contention unconvincing.

Another point that may be held against Heinlein is the complete and total lack of corruption -- or even of the possibility of it -- of his ideal army. I am not speaking of crimes committed by military personnel, or of errors in judgment, or of just plain stupidity. These are granted. I am speaking of the possibility of corruption in the system itself."

HEINLEIN'S

By Nancy
Lambert

From Granfalloon

MILITARISM

In an extremely interesting thoughtful article in NIEKAS 18 Ben Solon takes exception to the criticism frequently leveled at Robert A. Heinlein; namely, that he is neo-Fascist and expresses this philosophy in much of his fiction.

Mr. Solon defines the Nazi philosophy and gives examples to show that Heinlein's ideas don't fit a Fascist mold. Specifically, he points out that the Nazis advocated violence and destruction as ends in themselves (rather an oversimplification on my part here) and allowed for the existence of the individual only to serve the State. Heinlein, on the other hand, uses violence only as a means to a particular end, the end in question varying from novel to novel, and places great value on the rights of the individual.

Admittedly it would be hard to support the argument that Heinlein's philosophy is Fascist; the Nazi mold is too detailed to fit anything as nebulous as the implicit personal philosophy of a fiction author. However, while Mr. Solon attacks this argument very effectively, he completely ignores another, much more basic classification of Heinlein's ideas: that Heinlein is a militarist. That is, he is happiest in the kind of authoritarian set-up where someone is in command, an ordered and structured set-up with no doubt as to anyone's relative position -- and where the military authority is the highest authority.

Heinlein nearly always places military personnel on a higher level than civilians. Sixth Column (or Day After Tomorrow, as it is, alternatively titled) opens with some of the most brilliant scientists in the United States stranded in a mountain fortress, milling around ineffectually and helplessly, until the hero steps in and organizes the goings-on into a military set-up. Order is made from chaos, rank is established, and everyone breathes easier - including Heinlein, I suspect. The novel then goes on to tell how this small group of people finally defeats the Panasians, who had successfully invaded the U.S. Significantly, the novel ends up with the Panasians defeated but with no well-thought-out plans for a new government set-up -- there will be a temporary military government until elections can be held. One is left with the uneasy feeling that the "temporary" military government may be permanent.

Really blatant militarism comes out most clearly, of course, in Starship Troopers, a novel with a minimum of plot and a maximum of detailed military life, in which the whole social order is military and the people must "earn" the right to vote by serving in the armed forces; i.e., the only people permitted to select leaders are the ones who have been conditioned to the military way of life.

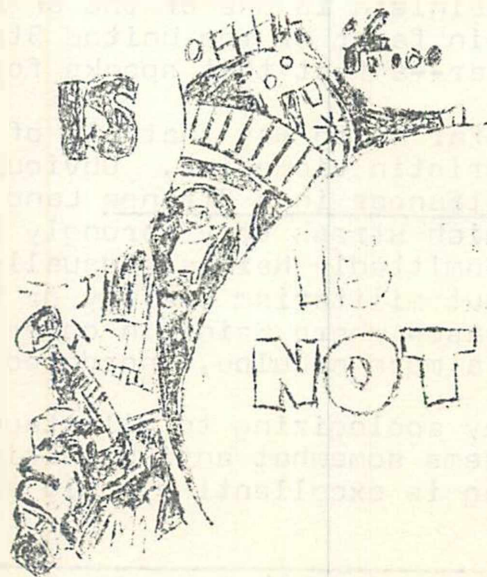
Game 6; clue 1: I am not human. (p. 42).

Zoetic lives!

A very significant point in Starship Troopers comes up when a schoolgirl brings up to her military philosophy teacher (or whatever; I've forgotten exactly what the course name was) the idea that violence never accomplished anything. The teacher scoffs at this, pointing out the many deeds of historic destruction that violence has accomplished. Heinlein takes advantage of the opportunity to present the opposite of the "pen is mightier than the sword" school of thought.

Another, more subtle example of authoritarianism is Beyond This Horizon, a novel of a future with distinct Brave New World overtones. Selective breeding has been perfected and has produced a line of physically perfect specimens within a rather alarming society. Fighting duels has become the socially accepted thing to do, and anyone who refuses to fight must bear the stigma associated with supposed cowardice -- he is a second-rate citizen and must endure whatever insults the fighters choose to give him. Unlike some of the characters in Brave New World, no one in Beyond This Horizon seems to object very seriously to the social system.

In both these novels, one can see that Heinlein is rather in love with violence for its own sake or even for fun; the physically expressive person, the fighter, is top dog. But Heinlein escapes being Nazi because his fondness for violence is on an individual, not a national, level. (This can be seen in Glory Road, which is loaded with personal violence of the cut-and-slash variety but has very little national violence.)



Is it true that Harlan's new address is Mt. Olympus?

Game 4; answer: Goth, from The Witches of Karres, by James Schmitz

The really interesting thing about both Starship Troopers and Beyond This Horizon is that people DO manage to maintain their individuality within both societies; but Heinlein is particularly unconvincing about this. He doesn't prove to us that the people can avoid becoming militaristic automatons in a Starship Troopers society or lotus-eating social warriors in a Beyond This Horizon society. He simply assures us that this doesn't happen; but I myself remain unconvinced, especially as Heinlein never gives any sociological analysis of the effects of his societies on their members.

This leads me to my next, perhaps most important point: the idea that the militarism expressed in Heinlein's novels really seems to be his own philosophy. Admittedly, it is all too easy to assume that an author's fiction must reflect his own convictions. But Heinlein's fiction is too consistently authoritarian; a majority of his novels express this viewpoint. And not important, it is always the protagonists--not the villains, not incidental characters, but the heroes--who mouth the militarism.

Heinlein's background supports a trend toward militarism. Sam Moskowitz, in his biography of Heinlein in Seekers of Tomorrow, says: "A major if not pivotal influence on his thinking was his naval career. He graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1929 and served on aircraft carriers when they were still science fiction as far as proving themselves in actual combat was concerned. A crack gunnery officer, he ignored a severe illness while on active duty in 1934 and ended the season with a superb record but with his health so undermined that he was retired that year as permanently disabled."

In other words, Heinlein was set on a military career and was denied it because of his health. Furthermore, Heinlein is one of the SF authors who have come out strongly in favor of the United States participation in the Vietnam war--a fact that speaks for itself.

I'm certainly not going so far as to say that all of Heinlein's novels express a militaristic viewpoint. Obvious and noteworthy exceptions are Starliner in a Strange Land and Door Into Summer, both of which stress very strongly the worth of the individual--which admittedly Heinlein usually does stress--and can say nothing about militarism one way or the other. But I can think of no cases where Heinlein comes out against militarism in favor of a more nebulous, unordered form of authority.

Let me end up by apologizing to all staunch Heinlein fans if this article seems somewhat anti-Heinlein. Actually, I agree that his writing is excellent; my only argument is with his philosophy.

Robert Heinlein--call your draft board.

HEINLEIN - AN ANSWER

by Mike Bradley

Is Robert A. Heinlein a Fascist? An authoritarian? A warmonger who wants the military to take control of the state? These and similar questions are often debated, as witness the accompanying material in this department. Why this material does not exhibit all shades of opinion, it does present interesting analyses of Heinlein's philosophy, some of which I feel are erroneous.

In Ben Solon's excellent piece, the charge of Heinlein's Facism is efficiently countered. Solon gives a good working definition of the Nazi or Facist system and shows where Heinlein rejects this. He then raises two serious criticisms of Starship Troopers. He first raises doubts about the level of personal freedom present in the society, largely because of the lack of evidence concerning court procedures for redress of wrongs. He is concerned about whether one is presumed innocent or guilty and about the existence of due process and similar legal safeguards. While it is true that there are no specific examples of a civil trial in the work, Heinlein does leave many important clues for the reader.

It should be remembered that the story mainly concerns the army of the future. NO area of society is fully drawn. One could state that the economic system is not completely drawn, or that the details of the political mechanism are not filled in, or that little is said concerning the basic social structure. But the necessary hints ARE there. An example is the episode in which Juan Rico and two friends are attacked by four civilians. After the ruckus when the police have arrived, one of the officers wants the boys to prefer charges. This implies a presumption of innocence and the right of a citizen or resident to redress for false arrest. Otherwise, why wouldn't the police simply haul in the culprits and charge them anyway?

Another hint is contained in the final words of the service oath:

"...unless stripped of honor by verdict, finally sustained, of court of my sovereign peers."

This statement indicates that trial by jury, in some form, is part of the system. In addition, the words "finally sustained" show that appeal is possible.

A third example comes in the form of a field court-martial. It is clear

Game 5; clue 5: I am mechanical. (p. 44).

here that the burden of proof rests in the prosecution. The accused is given every opportunity to cross-examine witnesses or call witnesses of his own; he knows exactly what his crime is and that it IS a crime. These safe guards for the accused are present in a field court-martial, where formal rights would certainly be cut to a minimum. What would be the situation in a normal trial court? There are other hints present, but these mentioned are most direct.

Has Heinlein given us a fair picture through these glimpses? I think he has. Solon correctly states that this matter of legal redress and due process is an excellent means of judging the freedom of a society. He forgets, however, that another good way to determine this is by the testimony of the members of the society--especially those members who disagree with some of its precepts. In the History and Moral Philosophy class, for example, we are presented with ample such testimony to the effect that there definitely IS freedom and that the courts ARE fair. Much of this is given by students who do oppose various phases of their society.

Solon also objects to the statement that corruption is 'impossible' in Heinlein's army. I don't recall that this is ever claimed. What IS claimed, and very logically, is that corruption is at a minimum within the army itself. The crux of this claim is the "everybody fights" rule. There can be no question in the mind of a student

Arthur C. Clarke is alive and hiding in the monolith!



Chicago in '72!

of military history that this rule would make for extremely high morale and, more important, Esprit de Corps. Anyone who doubts that this would limit corruption of the military machine is invited to read the history of the French Foreign Legion, the Spartan Army, or our own Marine Corps. Heinlein does not rule out the possibility of eventual

Happiness is getting a copy of TA.

Harlan--it pays to be subtle, even if you have a reputation for being obvious.

corruption. He simply states, through the character of Rico, that if the ideal IS ever corrupted, the Mobile Infantry will fall apart.

Mr. Solon presents an excellent, well reasoned argument; Nancy Lambert, the author of the second article, does not. In fact, I would recommend that Miss Lambert reread the books she attacks.

In attempting to prove Heinlein an authoritarian militarist (though admittedly not a Facist) she begins with an example from Sixth Column. In the first place, she has the hero "step in and organize the goings on into a military set-up;" actually, he does not do this at all. The Citadel in Column is already a military establishment--the hero merely gets it on its feet again. He is able to do this where the "brilliant scientists" have failed partially because he is from outside their group and has not been clobbered by the disaster that hit them; more important, though, he has a talent for organization. It must be stressed here that this character, Major Ardmore, is NOT a trained military man but rather a former public relations man, a civilian in the army for the duration just like the scientists. So much for the assertion that this is an example of Heinlein's placing military personnel "on a higher level than civilians." These are ALL civilian-soldiers. If Heinlein can be accused of slighting anyone here, it is not civilians as a class, but scientists. Certainly one of the central themes of the book is that brilliant scientists do not necessarily make brilliant leaders of men.

The article goes on to worry about the return of civil governemtn after the victory over the Pan-Asians at the end of the same novel; Miss Lambert implies that a military dictatorship is the most likely result. She completely ignores Ardmore's repeated insistence that he and his forces remain the army of the Uniyed States, serving under the Constitution. The manner in which he handles Colonel Calhoun's suggestion that it would be silly to return to "all that nonsense about democracy" should lay all such fears and doubts at rest; the Major replies that "if people of the United States wish to change their form of government, I'm sure they'll let us know," and tells Calhoun that until that time the army will continue to follow the Constitution..

Miss Lambert further complains that there are no well-thought-out plans for resuming civil government and that there will be a military government until such plans are made. Again something has been overlooked. Major Ardmore once remarks that it will be necessary to find and bring together all national and state legislators, governors, and cabinet members who are still alive, and turn the

Game 6; clue 2: I have a human benefactor.(p. 46).

details over to them. Far from showing a tendency toward military dictatorship, this attitude demonstrates the Major's awareness that elections should not be held under the auspices of a military government. If Miss Lambert expects better planning than this in a situation where a country has recently passed through total devastation, she is looking for fantasy, not realistic and practical political thinking.

She next considers Starship Troopers, beginning with a shudder at the idea of voters conditioned to the military way of life. Heinlein, however, makes it clear that a majority of future voters would not serve in the military except in time of war. During peacetime, most citizens put in their service in non-military auxiliary branches; something hard and dangerous so that they will remember that their franchise cost them something.

So even in Heinlein's society, only a minority of voters will be military veterans, "conditioned to the military way of life." But consider a significant fact about our own society: for at least the last 25 years, something in the excess of 25 percent of American voters have been veterans. A glance at any competent almanac would establish this. I for one don't notice that our entire society has become military. Thus I just can't get as excited as Miss Lambert over the idea of veterans composing a large minority of voting citizens.

A further Starship case mentioned is the novel's denial or opposition to "violence never settled anything." The objections to this are not clear. The article does



Dangerous Visions is the Newest
Testament--ask Harlan.

not apparently try to uphold the idea that violence never settles anything, but merely implies that Heinlein is very naughty in his arguments and is presenting the opposite of "the pen is mightier than the sword." The reader is left with the firm impression that to refute this is very bad, although nothing specific is said to indicate why this is so. But is Heinlein's view really opposing this philosophy? Why was the pen every considered as the mightier? It was considered so because it can inspire men to use violence in a cause, can send armies of the dedicated to overturn pure military power, i. e. the sword. Where now is the contradiction? No person can maintain that a single pen, unassisted by the armed might it stirred up, could overthrow a single dictatorship or right any wrongs perpetrated by the 'sword.'

Examples

from Beyond This Horizon, Starship, and Glory Road are next used to demonstrate Heinlein's supposed love of violence on a personal level. Miss Lambert complains that the fighter is-top dog in all Heinlein's novels. I cannot agree that this is the case, that his heroes love violence for its own sake. To give one quick example, Oscar Gordon, hero of Glory Road, frequently goes out of his way to avoid violence. What is TRUE is that all these characters are fighters in the sense that they are ready to meet violence with violence if it is demanded of them. What is wrong with this? Few men accomplished anything without standing ready to meet violence with equal violence when necessary. Even Jesus was a fighter by temperament, refusing only to fight for his own protection. He, of course, is scarcely an example of the usual man. What then about Ghandi? He was very fortunate in having an opponent who didn't believe in mass violence unless first used against him. How long would Ghandi's movement have lasted in Stalinist Russia?

The next point raised is the contention that a person couldn't retain his individuality in Heinlein's societies. Miss Lambert states there is no proof that a man in the society of starship troopers would not become a military automaton. I reply, where is the proof that he would? An examination of history reveals numerous societies with military systems similar to Heinlein's in which individuality somehow managed to flourish. One such was the Swiss Republic during the latter Middle Ages. Another in which military service was REQUIRED for citizenship was Athens in ancient Greece. Yet one never hears accusations that Plato or Socrates were military automatons or lacking in individuality. Both of them, however, put in their "term" of service with the military. If you question this, read the Dialogues. I feel Miss

Game 5; answer: a Berserker machen, Berserker Series, by
Fred Saberhagen

Lambert will have to offer proof if she wants agreement in this area.

The article finally deals with the question of whether the philosophy in the books discussed represents Heinlein's personal ideas. A biography of Heinlein is quoted to show his desire for a military career, thus implying that this demonstrates his love for the military regime and show he has a military type of mind. Ironically, the very passage quoted really indicates that Heinlein is NOT the usual military man, for it involves his support of aircraft carriers. He believed, according to the passage, in the feasibility of these ships; as far as the military establishment at that time was concerned, however, aircraft carriers were ridiculous toys of no military use whatever. Those who supported them were judged idiots. This would seem to say that Heinlein did not possess the typical military attitudes of great conservatism in regard to new techniques and willingness to adhere to current military thinking without question. Besides, he has shown us in his writing that he has a flexible mind with plenty of imagination. How could anyone who created Jubal Harshaw be seriously accused of being happy only in an authoritarian setup?

It seems obvious to me that the so-called "philosophy" which Miss Lambert finds so objectionable is not really a developed philosophy at all and does not reflect the writer's complete opinions. It is merely exaggeration to prove a point, a mechanism long used by many authors. Heinlein is telling us that our society has an unhealthy and unrealistic attitude towards duty and responsibility. He also explores a topic of great contemporary interest, the question of the nature of wars of the future. In addition, he seems to argue that those who think war is outdated and that we will ultimately be able to do away with it are indulging in wishful thinking. If he has perhaps overstated his case, if he has perhaps exaggerated for effect, isn't this a very common trait of science fiction? Can you think of any s-f writers who haven't used this device at some time?

Miss Lambert also scores Heinlein for coming out in favor of the United States participation in the war in Vietnam. Her context clearly indicates that this alone shows what kind of man HE is. Have we really reached the point in this country where two sides of so serious and vital a question cannot be presented, discussed, or argued? I sincerely hope not and I object to her emotional line of argument on this point. Good and free debate is a part of s-f and of American society in general.

How We Won The War

by Mark Aronson

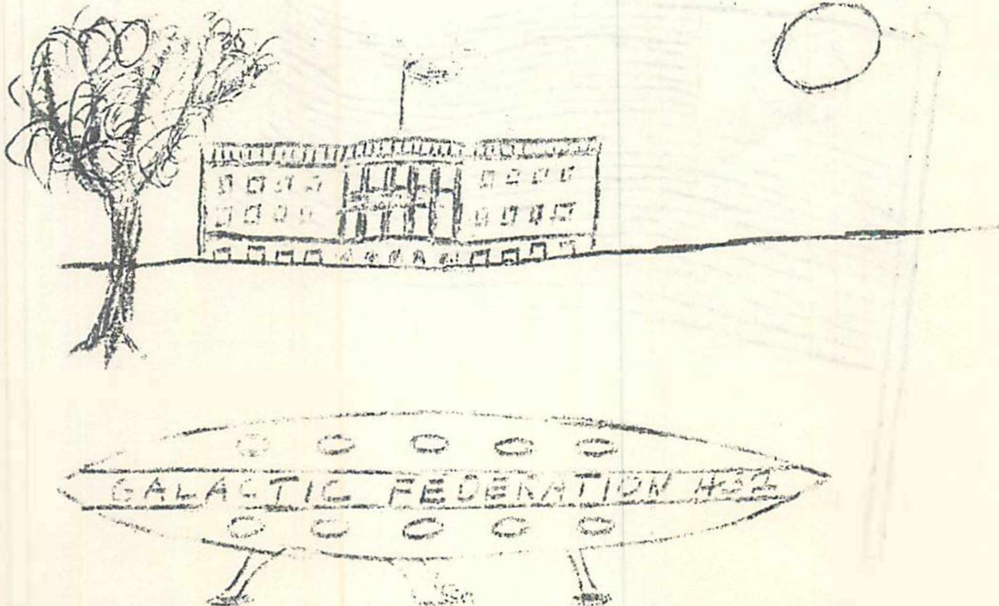
The saucer landed in Washington because it had been planned that way. A little invisibility and no one saw it come down. A little qstrex and the radars never noticed it. The landing was, of course, noiseless. The aliens were in a hurry and therefore landed on the White House lawn, making the saucer visible at the moment of contact. Nearby Secret Service guards who saw this were paralyzed with fear and with the thought that this was a situation Big Daddy hadn't told them about. They woke up five minutes later but by then, of course, it didn't matter anymore.

Immediately, the aliens stepped out of the saucer, each wearing a tasteful summer business suit, each carrying a leather-covered brown attache case. The interior guards had no reason to think the aliens were not expected guests because the outer guards had obviously let them in without any questions. And so, oozing importance, they swept into the President's office. They never even had to use their forged FBI credentials; incredibly lax security.

The President looked up from his desk and frowned.

"Who are you?" he asked the obvious question.

"We are representatives of the Galactic Federation. It has been decided that Earth is ready to enter the Federation; the only problem is our requirement of a unified government over the entire planet--something you obviously lack. Our assignment here is to aid the United States in conquering the rest of the world and unifying it under a central government."



The President, an N3F member from 'way back, laughed in their faces and prepared to throw them out of the office, if not the country.

Already prepared for this, the aliens drew from their attache cases PROOF of the EXISTENCE of a SUPERIOR and ALIEN GALACTIC CIVILIZATION (fanfare), proof so devastating and controversial that its nature must remain a strictly kept secret even at this late date.

The President, who had been elected to office mainly on the strength of his brilliant oratorical skills, said,

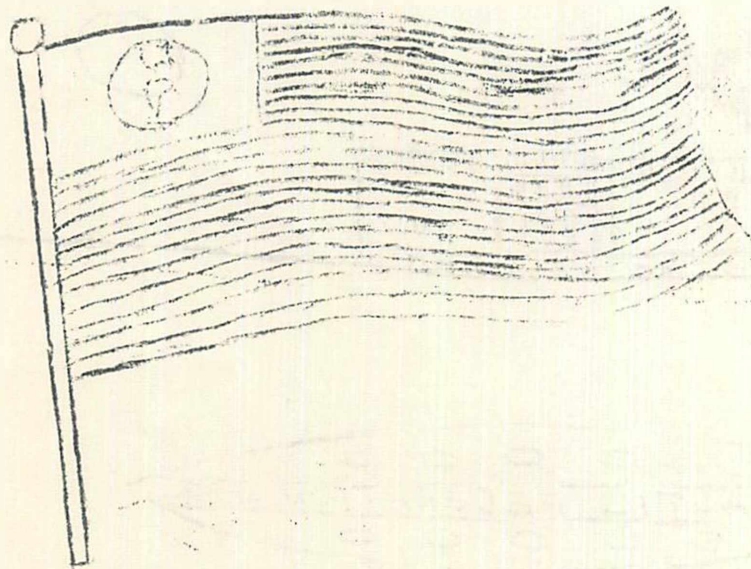
"Oh."

The aliens, conferring with the President and his military advisors, soon mapped out an infallible, quick, and reasonably bloodless battle plan. The rest, of course, is history. Two months, three weeks, five days, and eighteen hours after the aliens landed, there was a peaceful, democratic, planet-embracing government ruling from an artificial island in the middle of the Pacific.

It was toward the end of the mapping up operation that the President thought to ask a second obvious question.

"Of all the countries on Earth," he asked one of the aliens, "why did you choose the United States to unite the world?"

"Oh, that," said the alien, "We tossed a coin ... you lost."



POETRY DEPT.

IN DEPRESSION

Then, must my every hope be sunk in night,
And all the Joy I felt, that little while
Be washed in blood which, bitter as the bile,
Flows from reopened wounds, and stops my sight,
Much as the tears which once I might have shed,
Before I knew that darkness was my lot.
And I was given dark rooms, sweltering hot,
To pace; before my searching soul found dead
That part of me which thought pain new and strange.
I see the fair forms moving far above
Each bright and flashing, each with light and love,
And in my Stygian blanket rearrange
The fortunes of my life in fevered dreams.

Michael Jensen



on an Iron Ceiling

Square within

Square within

square...

bed

Pierced by arrows at each corner

Arrows that draw me inward,

To walk the unpaceable corridors,

To enter the impenetrable maze

in the

East

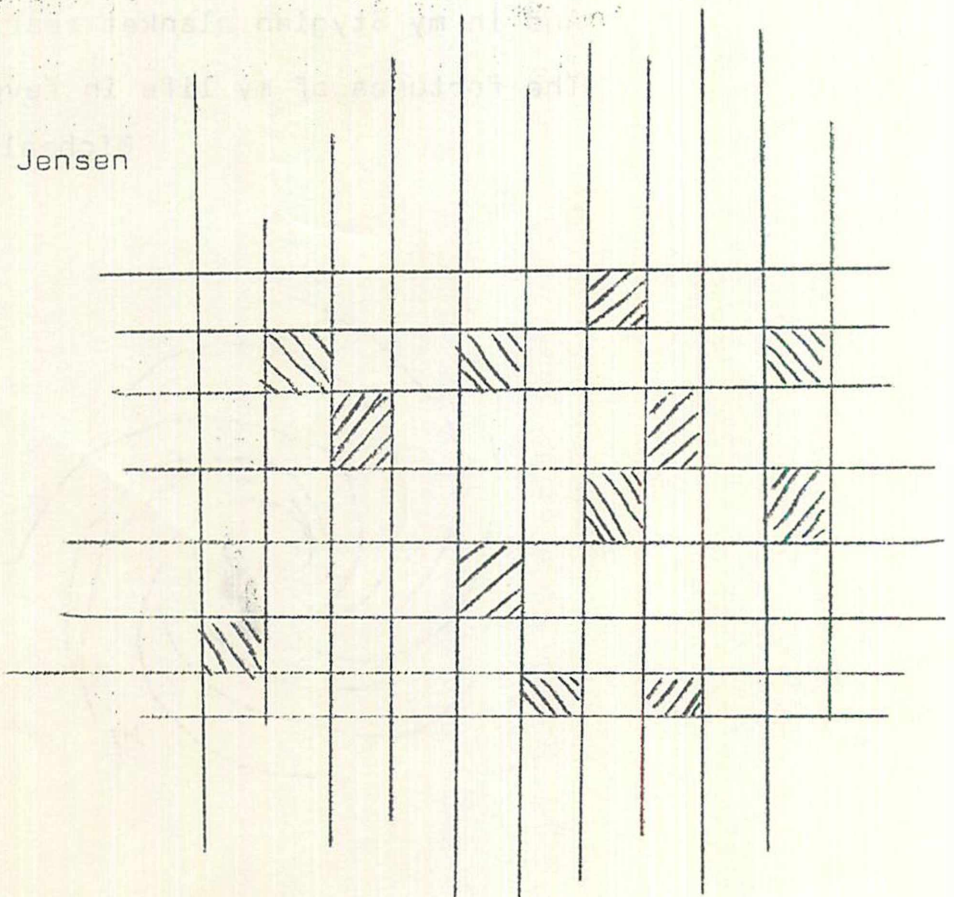
Village

of Square

Within square

Within square.

Michael Jensen



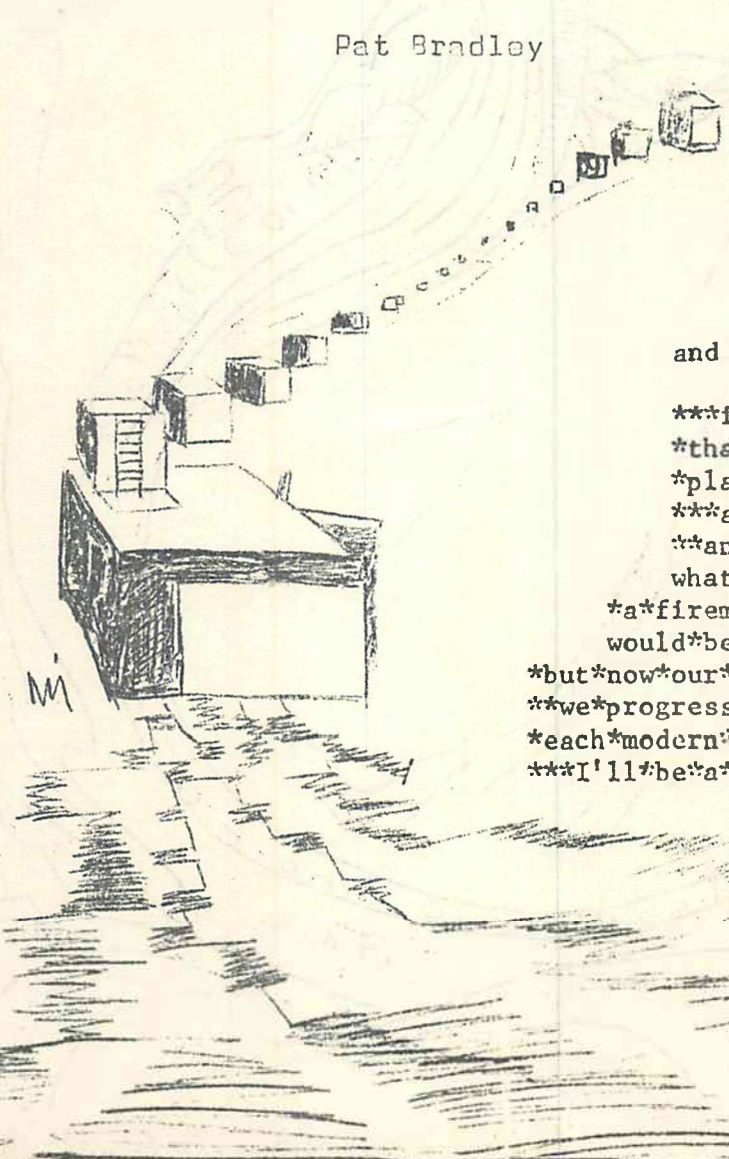
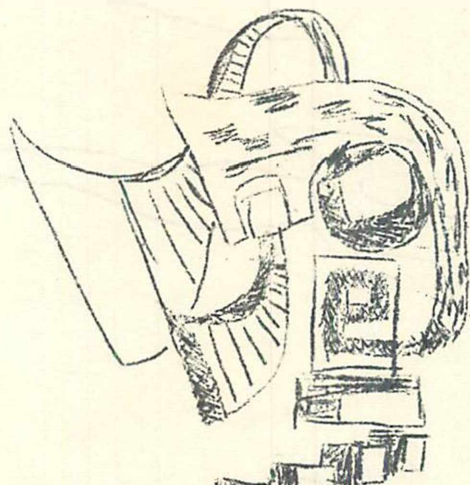
questions on 2001

mystic patterns sift through time;
like waves of music rise and fall.
cohesive movements enclose man,
end in freedom or in thrall?

magic pictures take the senses,
guide them on kinetic tour--
weave them through transfiguration,
which is reason? which is lure?

is man on that spiral path
which re-creates his doom?
Has he built a graven image
which will compute him to that Room?

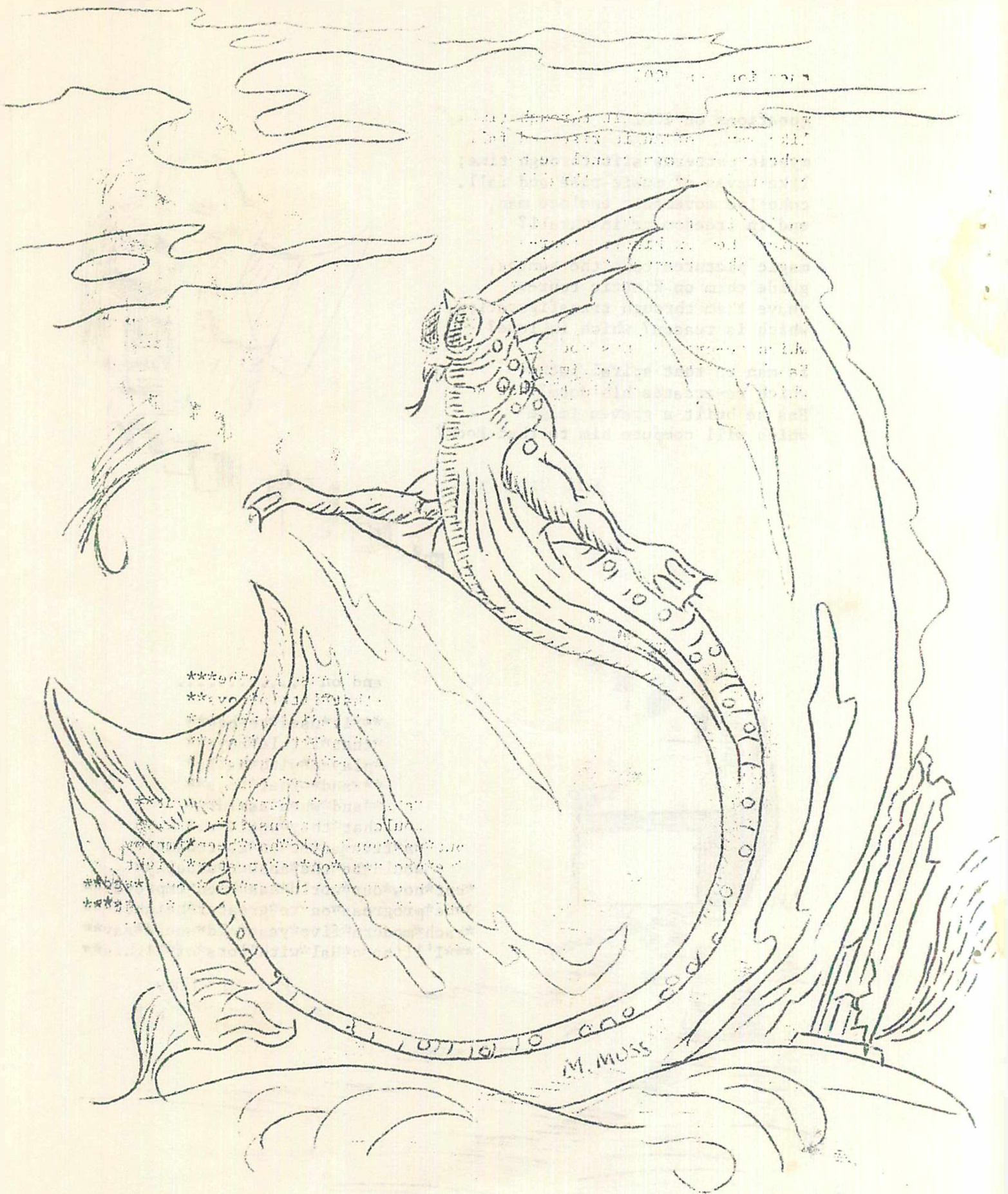
Pat Bradley



and on

it*used*to*be
*that*little*boys**
*played*with*balls*
***and*other*toys**
and*when*asked*
what*they*would*be*
*a*fireman*or*an*astronaut**
would*be*the*answer*usually*
*but*now*our*world*has*been*improved**
we*progress*on*to*greater*heights*
*each*modern*five*year*old*would*say**
***I'll*be*a*Hal*with*lots*of*lights**

Pat Bradley



Tomorrow Never Knows

Asimov's Mysteries, by Isaac Asimov

Reviewed by Pat Bradley

"Science itself is so nearly a mystery and the research scientist so nearly a Sherlock Holmes" that the marriage into a science fiction mystery should be fascinatingly simple to accomplish, Asimov tells us in his introduction to this volume of short science-mysteries. Although any Asimov fan could have foretold it, the author does not bother to mention that his frequently sardonic humor pushes several of his stories close to the level of extremely clever farce. The absolutely "straight" reader, of course, could easily enjoy them as well-plotted short mysteries with a scientific background and maybe some unidentified extra touch he shrugs off as being too bothersome to analyze. In any case, the Asimov touch, that wisp of extra-territorial, highly precocious pixie, is very much in evidence.

Asimov's Holmes, who figures in a number of the stories, is an unlikely-looking, deceptively mild extraterrologist, Wendell Urth. This should be in itself sufficient notice to you of what is in store in all the stories in which he appears. That he is Holmesian in his reasoning and Asimovian in his philosophy is obviously projected with either malice aforethought or editorial care, depending on your personal response to Asimov.

Sprinkled throughout the volume are brief little forewords and afterwords, comments which occurred to the author to communicate to the reader. These are worth the price of admission alone, even if a few will complain that it is necessary to read the story to make sense of the notes. For example, following the story, "The Talking Stone," a portion of the afterword reads as follows:

"After this story first appeared, I received quite a bit of mail expressing interest in the silicony and, in some cases finding fault with me for allowing it to die in so cold-blooded a fashion.

As I reread the story now, I must admit the readers are right. I showed a lack of sensitivity to the silicony's rather pathetic death because I was concentrating on his mysterious last words. If I had to do it over again, I would certainly be warmer in my treatment of the poor thing.

I apologize.

This shows that even experienced writers don't always do the Right Thing, and can miss something that is bobbing up and down right at mustache level."

I think it's fair to say that Asimov wrote most of these stories as exercises in fun as well as purposefully to combine two currently popular mediums, but what matter? They are fun, and pretty good mysteries as well.

"Loint of Paw", for example, not only leads the reader past the title shaking his head, but concludes its two pages with a garbled cliché and the following afterword comment:

"If you expect me to apologize for this, you little know your man. I consider a play on words the noblest form of wit, so there!"

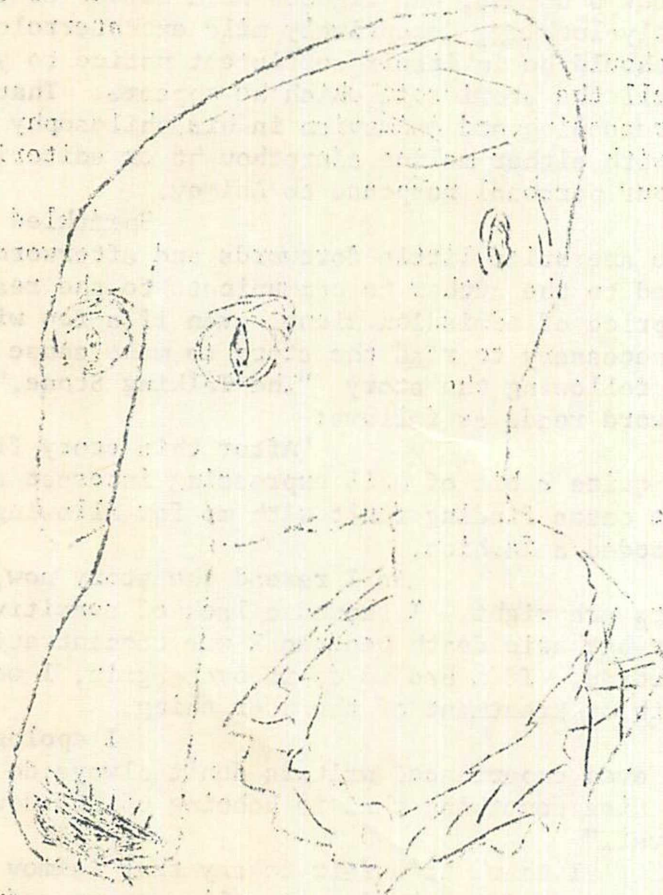
Game 7; clue 3: I am unusually intelligent. (p. 55).

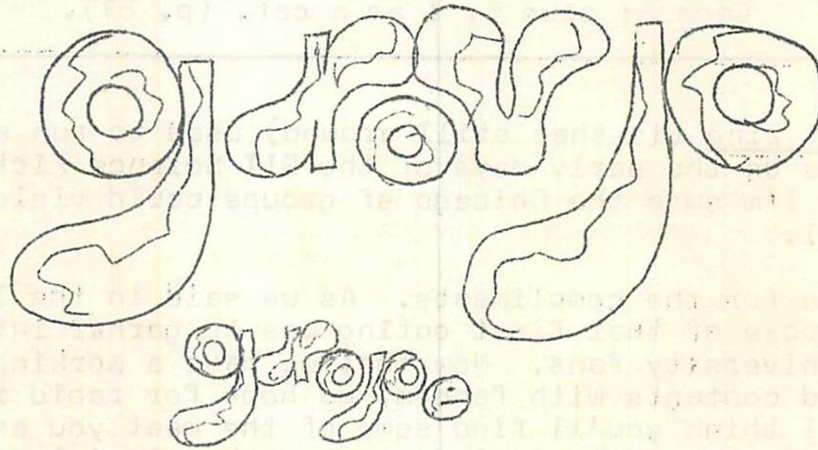
Chicago in '72!?

There are fourteen stories in the collection, covering a writing period from 1955 to 1967, demonstrating that Asimov's flirtation with the double field is not a new one.

For relaxing reading fun, for clever writing, and the challenge of reaching for the Asimovian twists that are always there, I thoroughly recommend this small volume. One can pause, also, to admire Asimov's capitalistic abilities to make some more mileage of previously published material by anthologizing it provocatively.

And when you're finished, you just might be a little closer to "knowing your man."





/ LoC level for this issue is, as expected, very low. First ish, about which comments will come, was monumentally uninteresting and uncontroversial. It was, in addition, directed more for the members of the then-infant University of Chicago Science Fiction Society. Besides, your editor did virtually everything himself. Hopefully, there will be considerably more in this and future issues to inspire you magnificent prose./

Steve Johnson
1018 North 31st
Corvallis, Ore.
97330

...As far as your issue goes there isn't a great deal to comment on; at the same time, it didn't contain any obviously bad material which is certainly to your credit. From the reading lists and quizzes you seem to be remarkably well-read; I suggest you hunt for "meat" in some of your reading, ideas for discussion and such. I would very much enjoy seeing articles on older sf. Everybody and his brother is reviewing the stories in the last month's Galaxy.

One technical suggestion: print on both sides of the paper. It makes for a more attractive publication and reduces postage to boot--reduced mailing costs generally cover the cost of buying better heavy enough to eliminate show-through. (And one trick in eliminating it is to let pages thoroughly dry before the reverse side is printed.) I would recommend colored paper save for the fact that Tomorrow And... is ditto and ditto doesn't always show up well on colored paper. Yellow isn't bad, though. Also, Xed out typographical errors can be removed from the back of the master unit with a razor blade or knife if one is tolerably careful. It improves the looks of a mag greatly.

Since you seem to be past of greater Chicago sf fandom you zine might be a good place to run historical articles on fandom in Chicago in year past if you can find a knowledgeable old fan who will acquiesce to letting you pick his brain. I find material of this sort fascinating.

Game 6; clue 5: I am a cat. (p. 57).

Twilight Zine (is that still around) used to run excellent articles on the early days of the MIT Science Fiction Society. I'm sure the Chicago sf groups could yield similar material.

/ Thanks for the compliments. As we said in the last ish, the purpose of that first outing was to garner interest among University fans. Now that we have a working group here and contacts with fandom, we hope for rapid improvement. I think you'll find some of the meat you asked for here, and we hope to include more such material and better writers in the future. We think we've been able to respond to "reader pressure" and fix up the technical aspects of the thing (as we planned to do anyway). This is mimeo as will be the rest (unless we get some money from the University, in which case we improve printing methods rapidly), printed on both sides, and subject to extensive quality control--at least mistakes aren't noticable. It's possible to correct a ditto mistake, but at the expense of losing your exact place on the ditto. With mimeo and plenty of corflu, we hope to have eliminated that problem. Somehow our group here is against colored paper--we like, for some reason, to stick with black and white. Certainly illos look somewhat better in black and white. Will probably keep a cover cover or else do something interesting with it. Frankly we weren't too thrilled by the idea of history unless the article itself is really humorous of something, but since there seems to be an interest in it, we've given the task to Lewis Grant (GENIUS) and will see what comes of it. As a matter of fact, we hate running prozine reviews at all; if you want to read it, you can but the mag easily enough. If not, it's not going to do you much good to read about it three months later./

Linda Eyster
1060 Morewood Ave.
Pittsburg, Pa.
15213

First off, Tomorrow And... arrived the day after I wrote so don't worry (worry?). I really like it. The SF quiz was really good, it's amazing how many of those lines stick in your head, or at least should stick in it (I found myself missing a few and then checking and saying GHOD how could I miss THAT?!). It's exactly right for a beginning group's zine. In fact WPSFA (Western Pa. SF Association--newly created from our Carnegie-Mellon group, we decided CMUSFA couldn't get any smaller, so we might as well get a better sounding name and try to expand the group, but more on that later) anyway, we were thinking of pubbing a clubzine in a style

WRITE, WRITE, WRITE!!!

Game 7; clue 4: I am unique. (p. 57).

similar to yours. Your simple layout and illos work very well.

WPSFA has been pretty successful (in all of its 3 week existence). Suzanne Tompkins (the vice pres. and my co-editor for Granfalloon were planning to go to Washington D.C. con, Disclave and stay at my house. We mentioned it at a meeting and got a lot of response. Finally 14 people went. 12 stayed at my house (what a mess, but my mother was a real doll) and our 2 14-year-olds stayed at the motel. We all wore black and numbers (? Don't ask me why, just to sort of identify ourselves) and we seemed to make a good impression...Good luck with your zine. If I can get some free time this summer to write, I may send you a contrib.

/ First off, let us say that anything omitted from these perspective letters is nothing but personal chit-chat and similar stuff no one else would be interested in. We hope not to have to cut anything else but if necessity will do our best to be sparing. Anyway, we're glad you liked the mag. We have a bunch more quiz items too hard to put in the first one ready in case things get dull. We appreciate all the club-trouble you're having, although it seems funny that there aren't a lot of stf people at Carnegie. Once we finally got through the red tape and stuff here, we got a pretty good demonstration of interest and have had little trouble since. We'll finish off the regular program of the year this Tuesday (May 28) with a program featuring Fred Saberhagen and Algis Budrys, both of whom live in the Chicago area. Starting with this ish, of course, we are really aiming at the actifan audience, going beyond the clubzine. If things keep going like they've been, we may have to publish a ditto clubzine to keep up with club activities! As you can see, quality and complexity of illos has improved (we hope) but we've tried to keep the same simple layout. We feel this is the best way to present both written and visual material. We have about ten people from UCSFS planning to go to BAYCON and about half a dozen hoping to attend Midwest Con in Cincinnati. Anyway, gongrats on getting started and good luck with 'zine and club._/

Crudzines make you sterile-
Buy TA.

Next year, be sure to celebrate
Walpurgis Night in that good
old-fashioned
way!

Our editors are blue-bloods--they have nothing but
corflu in their veins.

Terry Carr
35 Pierrepont Street
Brooklyn, New York
11201

I've been meaning to drop you
a note for weeks and more--
ever since you first sent To-
morrow And...

Funny thing about
that fanzine is that years ago
(like fifteen year ago) I was involved in a project to
publish a fanzine with almost the same title. Ours was
to be called ...And Tomorrow, and it was to be the offi-
cial organ of the Golden Gate Futurian Society, in San
Francisco. All of us were in our teens then, and we
were afflicted just then with Creeping Artiness, so nat-
urally the zine would've been done all in lower case, as
was the fashion then, and somethimes now, with Little
Magazines. There would've been much serious fiction, all
of which would've been bad, and lots of earnest book-re-
viewing (of non-sf books) and poetry and very arty art-
work. Fortunately, the club went into a decline and no-
thing was ever done with the magazine...except that a
couple of years later, in my FAPAzine Diaspar, I pub-
lished the poem which one member, Keith Joseph, had writ-
ten as a sort of theme for the magazine. It was full of
sound and fury and evocative phrasings, but somehow I'm
not sure it meant a hell of a lot. The drawing Keith
did to go with it was rather good, though.

Anyway, I'm
glad you're not so sercon with Tomorrow And... I
found the quiz the most entertaining part of the issue.
(I could identify about two-thirds of the examples; the
rest are from stories I read too long ago, or never
read at all in some cases.) Again, this reminds me of
something from the Golden Gate Futurians Society--
though in this case it was the GGFS of a later date,
about 1960, by which time it was centered in Berkley,
and most of us were in our early twenties. Someone--
Karen Anderson?--suggested that for one of our programs
we could try an sf quiz, throwing out famous last lines
from sf stories and seeing who could compile the best
scores in identifying them. She and I made up a list,
which included a whole lot of the ones you've included
in yours: "The face was his own," "We spent the two hours
telling dirty jokes," etc. Others included things like
"Here is the race that shall rule the sevagram" and such
lines from the top stories of the fourties and fifties
(Zelazny and Delany had never been heard of in those pre-
historic times, and Ellison was as yet just a bad hack
writer.) I forget who won at the meeting--probably Alva
Rogers--but I remember it was loads of fun...

Become a ~~ZZ~~ BNF--write a
letter to YA!

Columbus in '69!

/ You know, I wish someone would say something else about the firstish of TA besides "I liked the quiz but don't have so many typos." At least you didn't use the second standard comment. Seriously, though, we would really have hoped for more comment on a couple of things like the con report and perhaps some of our award suggestions. At least we got some letters...Anyway, that title bit is really a fantastic coincidence. We originally got it from a combination of the original quotation itself, "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty place from day to day..." etc., and the several published books of the same or similar titles (i.e. Tomorrow and Tomorrow and others). We've tried, as of this second ish (the first really serious one) to put out a decent general-interest fanzine, with articles and other features to please as many people as possible (but the editor(s) first, of course). - Actually got the idea for the quiz from a similar game "our" group seemed to be playing at NYCON. We went through the library and choose some good ones. We have a few more in the files for future ish, also a little different quiz starting in thisish. One final personal comment; you say in 1960 that Ellison was just a bad hack writer. Many would say, we think, that in 1968 Ellison is STILL a bad hack writer (although we don't think this is the case)./

Game 6; answer: Pete or Petronius Arbiter, from The Door Into Summer, by RAH.



Game 7; clue 5: I am a dog. (page 58).

BAYCON is stingy.

Game 7; answer: Sirius, from Sirus, by Olaf Stapledon.

Edward R. Smith
1315 Lexington Ave.
Charlotte, N.C.
28203

Thanks for sending me the first issue of your fanzine, Tomorrow And.... Although not very informative for veteran readers, I am sure it provides a wealth of information for the neofan. You are admittedly a neo yourself, but your writing and editing of #1 was not bhad.

Gripes: Too many typos. I make a hell of a lot of these myself, but you could at least use some kind of correction material. It is painful to the eye to see all those ////s all over page after page.

Your little test was interesting. I didn't know the answers to as many of them as I thought I would, as, being a younger fan, I have not gone back and read every classic in the field. Ditto for your reading list. I second your choices on those I have read (almost all of them). Seems I saw a list like that for librarians in Library Journal, and it contained almost the same books. Did you by any chance get the idea from there. I doubt it, there are only so many choices of Great Sf.

If you possible can, get a mimeo. Of course this is a matter of my own personal preference, but I think most fen would vastly prefer mimeo. You can get more and mch neater copies that way, and make corrections easier to make.

The zine was okay for a first issue, but would have been better had it been mimeoed, with some corrections here and there, and if you had let a little more of your personality show through.

/ YOU HAVEN'T READ THE CLASSICS!!! Shame, shame, shame!! Seriously, though, we strongly recommend you finish that reaing list. T oreally understand a lot of what's being done today, a knowledge of past works is often a requirement. And most of the stuff on both the reading list and quiz is at the least post-1940 fiction. Virtually all of is is MAJOR stf and should be read. I myself do not consider myself neo, but most of the members of our publishing board probably are; alothough the first ish was essentially neo, DO NOT BE MISLED! As you can see from this ish, we are serious in our hope of presenting a truly unique fanzine. We hope for better things as we go along...Anyway, typo situation should be vastli improved here as well as ditto problem. We didn't see or have any idea about the LJ article--had no idea the typical mundane librarian was interested. If you can find out which ish the article was contained in, we would really appreciate the information; personality--feh!!_/

Remember Chicago in '72--could ypu possiblø forget it?
Notice--the last word in the fanzine is feh!!!!!!!!!!!!

SHAPES OF THINGS to come: The
next issue of Tomorrow And...
is tentatively scheduled for
the middle of July. In the
works: a scientific article
on the semantic problems of
alien communication, a bio-
physical look at Dune, an ex-
panded book review department,
and other goodies. Do SOMETHING
...Don't miss it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

