



first class and the gym teacher told us to put our arms up horizontal and I was the only one who knew what horizontal meant! My dominion and exalted position in the class lasted until the gym teacher wanted us to kick a large rubber inflated ball tossed at us. That was when I fell about 33 places in the ranking ladder. In fact, I ranked higher than only Perry Kittridge, who looked like

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the gumdrop who wished he could be a real boy but who didn't get his wish.

However, as time went by my experiences in gym class became more like everybody else's. Isn't everybody picked last every darn time when teams are being chosen--even picked after Perry Kittridge, the (almost) human gumdrop? (Hey, I don't feel bad about picking on Kittridge. In addition to being fat and stupid, he was mean. His father was a jeweler who spoiled him rotten. I remember the time I lent him a pen to take a test and when I asked for it back in the next class--gym class, in fact--he threw it across the gymnasium floor. Then there was the time Kittridge and Stuart Eichenbaum got into a fight. Eichenbaum was a Kittridge clone who may have weighed a few pounds less and had maybe a couple more IQ points. I wish I'd seen it. The gym teacher called it "two tons of fun" with his usual gym teacher sensitivity.) These days I picture Kittridge fat and divorced but making four times my salary working an hour and a half a day running his daddy's jewelry store.

I suppose I was a little jealous of Kittridge because the refugee from Candyland got picked before me on kickball teams. When he came up to bat (kick?) the players from the outfield came into the infield because it would have taken a special exemption from the laws of physics for Kittridge to kick the ball more than six feet. At least they didn't all come into the infield when it was my turn to kick. They did things like line up at the water fountain. They knew all they needed was one guy to pitch the ball and one to catch it. (I hope you realize these are not happy memories I'm giving you! Except for the "two tons of fun," that is.) Now I wonder why anyone thinks gym class does people so much good.

2. The May 7 issue of MIS WEEK has an article on page 35 about the new Futures Center in the Franklin Institute Science Museum in

Philadelphia. This 90,00-square-foot addition has eight new permanent exhibits which use an interactive computerized information system called Unisystem to tie them together via a local area network.

Unisystem's goal is to tailor the exhibits to the sophistication level of the visitor. The Museum's directors describe the Futures Center as a "smart museum" far ahead of any other museum in the world.

The eight exhibits, which focus on the 21st Century, are FutureVision, FutureComputers, FutureSpace, FutureEarth, FutureEnergy, FutureMaterials, FutureHealth, and the Future and You. The FutureHealth exhibit, for example, has an imaging system that lets you see how your face will (probably) age over the years. The FutureComputers exhibit has technologies familiar to most AT&T-ers--robotics, artificial intelligence, and computer-aided design--yet the article claims they are presented in such a way as

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to fascinate even the most knowledgeable.

Other exhibits show you how a microchip is made, let you design a car with CAD software, pit you against a computer in a game of tick-tac-toe (ho-hum), let you fly over a computerized model of Philadelphia or see the "smart house" of the 21 Century, or try using a robotic arm.

And of course there's always the rest of the Franklin Institute as well. [-ecl]

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Think of the dull functioning of dogma, age after age.  
How many milions have been led shunted along dogmatic  
runways from the dark into the dark again... endless  
billions, and at the gates, dogma, ignorance, vice,

cruelty, seize them and clamp this or that band upon their brains.

-- Theodore Dreiser

### PATHFINDER

A film review by Mark R. Leeper

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Capsule review: A thousand-year-old Lapp legend is the basis of this short, entertaining, occasionally bloody children's film from Lapland that will be

entertaining for adults also. How often do you get mystical legends in films from Lapland? Rating: high +1.

The plot has been done many times before, often but not usually as well. But this time there is a good reason for the well-worn plot. This time it is an adaptation of a millennium-old legend from Lapland. In the Tenth Century the story was considerably newer.

Aigin, a teenager, returns from hunting one day to see his family's camp overrun by marauding invaders, the Tchudes. His parents and his young sister have been murdered. There are about eighteen of these Tchudes, all dressed in black and armed to the teeth with crossbows: the leader's crossbow is decorated with snarling fangs. There is no doubt these are pretty nasty dudes. One slip and Aigin is running for his life through the frozen landscape. He runs for help to a nearby village but rather than help Aigin they seem more anxious to pack up and run than to fight back. So Aigin decides he must fight the Tchudes himself.

The attraction of P\_a\_t\_h\_f\_i\_n\_d\_e\_r is not in the storyline, which would be as easily fit to a post-Holocaust society and has been many times from R\_o\_a\_d\_W\_a\_r\_r\_i\_o\_r on. Where P\_a\_t\_h\_f\_i\_n\_d\_e\_r stands out is its depiction of Tenth Century Lapp culture. We get little hints of Lapp mysticism and culture. We learn superstitions, such as the belief that once you have killed a bear your gaze is deadly for three days. The entire story is framed in a mystical context in which each person has a totem reindeer who appears at pivotal moments in a person's life.

This is basically a children's film with a little violence. That is more acceptable for children's films in other cultures than it is in ours. Still, it is a well-constructed and filmed children's story, and one that adults would enjoy also. I would rate it a high +1. At 88 minutes it is a trifle short, but it is enjoyable.