

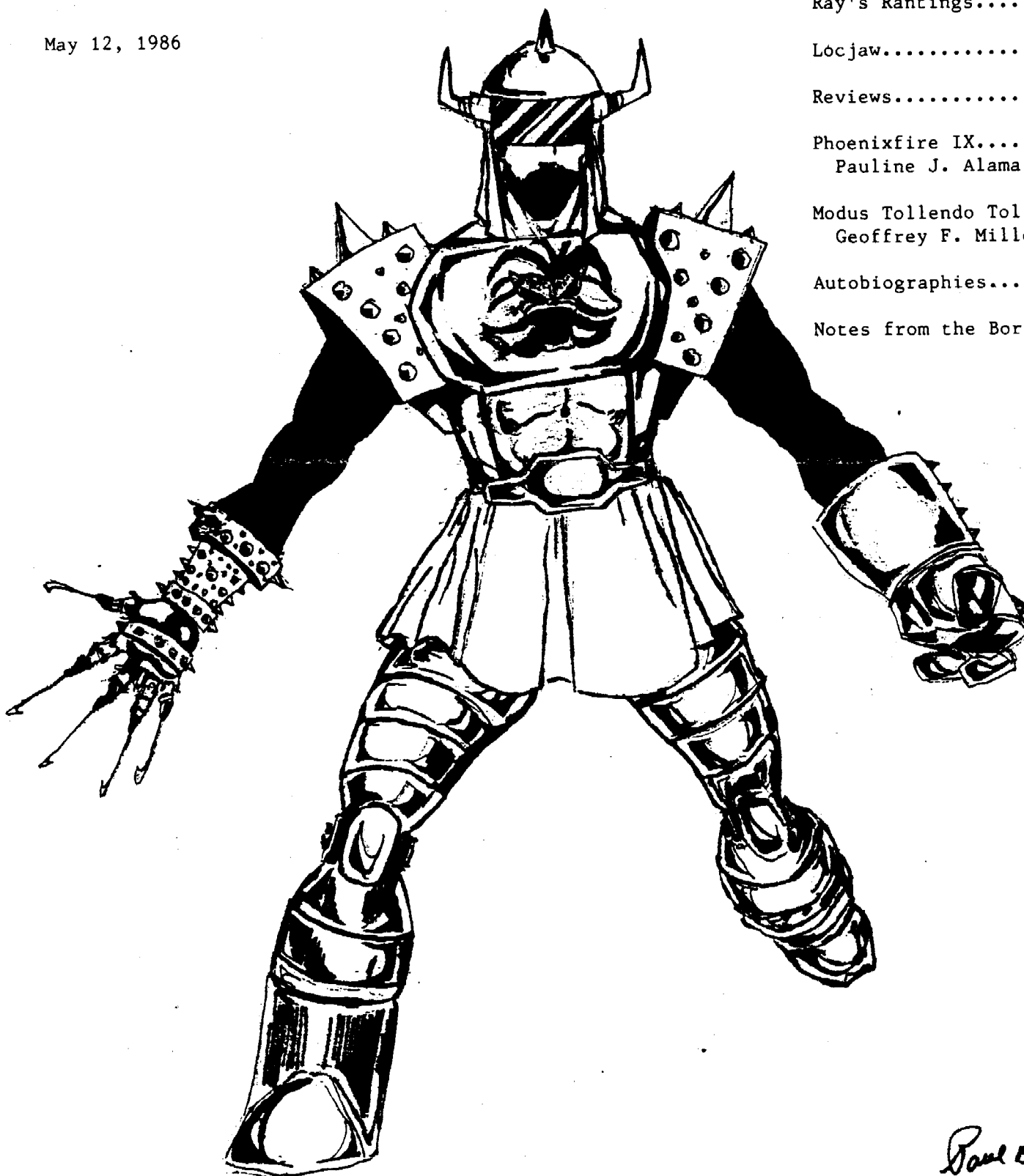
# CUSFUSSING #48

ISSUE NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT

May 12, 1986

## CONTENTS

Ray's Rantings.....	1
Locjaw.....	1
Reviews.....	5
Phoenixfire IX.....	7
Pauline J. Alama	
Modus Tollendo Tollens...9	
Geoffrey F. Miller	
Autobiographies.....	11
Notes from the Bored....	14



*Paul B. Mock*

# PRICON 8

Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention

Saturday, November 15, 1986

Noon to midnight  
Ferris Booth Hall  
Columbia University  
Broadway and 114th street



Panels  
Movies  
Dealers  
Speakers  
Art Show  
Star Trek  
Dr. Who  
Japanimation  
Trivia Contest  
Dungeons and Dragons

All events subject to change

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



**Further Information:**

- Would Like Information on:
- D&D Tournament
  - Dealers' Tables
  - Advertising in the Program Book

Parking is possible but not easy, your best shot is Claremont Ave and 120th St. The easiest way to get here is to take the #1 I.R.T. to 116th Street and Broadway and then walk down to 114th Street and Broadway, where, barring catastrophe, you'll find Ferris Booth Hall. For information about dealers' tables, or our art show, write to the above address. (Or ads in the program book.)

Return to: The Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society, 317 Ferris Booth Hall, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027

The Low Land

## I. The Election of the President

Well, they couldn't get rid of me so they had to promote me. I think I know how Theodore Roosevelt felt in 1901. That horridly trite expression about history repeating itself must be true. Actually, I haven't quite said good-bye to the office of Editor yet. In fact, you can consider this a combined Editor-President column. It just turned out that I was able to spare some time to work on this issue...

## II. A Game of Insanity

No, your eyes are not deceiving you. Yes, this is the third issue of CUSFuSsing this year. Yes, we are ambitious, aren't we? Yes, we are absolutely crazy, I know. Things have been happening so fast around here in the last few weeks that I hardly have been able to keep a lid on things, so to speak. We had our very first F/SF scavenger hunt. (See Notes From The Bored for details.) We just did a showing of the film DR. STRANGELOVE at Barnard Springfest, and with only five day's notice. FIVE. 5. Four plus one... You get the idea. Scavenger hunt, Springfest, SCA Dance Practice, CUSFuSsing, and finals have all added up to one terrific whirlwind. AND we also are pushing through all the preparations for Apricon VIII...

## III. The Barbecue

Once again we will have summer meetings, probably bi-weekly, to keep things rolling. I'm sure that Susan will agree that compiling CUSFuSsing #49 during the summer also wouldn't be a bad idea, so you might get your first issue for next term in September instead of December. Keep an eye out for the return of a revised AND OF COURSE THERE WAS A UNICORN. Also look out for the Special Anniversary Issue Number Fifty, hopefully to come your way at Apricon 8! (You did like Apricon 8, didn't you?)

Raymond M. Loy

P.S. I think Lit Hum has begun to affect my mind.

P.P.S. Moo!

[You may have noticed the check-off item on the back of CUSFuSsing 47: "You didn't send us anatomically incorrect art." Unfortunately, the letter that prompted it didn't get printed last time! Well, here it is...]

Bob Lee  
1720 Burgundy Rd.  
Leucadia, CA 92024  
Who cares when?

Dear Bored,

All right, I give up. When did I move N.Y. to the moon and what does the expression mean?

You are also the first fanzine I've encountered that submits to unsolicited blackmail. I mean, I send you a drawing of a merely bare-breasted girl and I get an ish back with a frantic declaration that you'll continue to send me CUSFuSsing as long as I DON'T contribute artwork! I use this ploy to get copies of religious and right-wing publications I find screamingly funny ("Send me mail or your mothers will know what kind of mail you get"), but I've never thought of a fanzine as belonging in either of those categories. This could encourage me in ways your faculty may not approve of, you know. I could threaten to send you drawings of sexual techniques instead of just bare breasts, unless I get Columbia University Ph.D. diplomas in brain surgery, nuclear engineering, aeronautics, or international law. With "magna summa cum laude or whatever" stamped all over them. The brains in my closet are constantly nagging me to put them back into bodies, and the plutonium in my freezer gets brighter all the time.

Put the spurs to your reviewers and tell them to review Jack Vance's LYONESSE, CUGEL'S SAGA, and RHIALTO THE MARVELLOUS, already. Why ignore 3 new books in as many years by a master? Generally I despise fantasy with its reliance on magical wimpery or its inventory of detached body parts, but Vance's works in the genre have a sardonic worldliness and a wicked glee in depicting complicated double-crosses, ludicrous hypocrisies, and insolent underlings that give his stories real depth and wit. And no one satirizes the use of euphemisms for coarse bodily needs and functions better. I know a subversive when I read one. Vance and Fritz Leiber are the only fantasy writers I've read who don't take their characters too seriously and so manage to have fun with them.

Save me, my brain is taking  
over my mind,  
Bob Lee

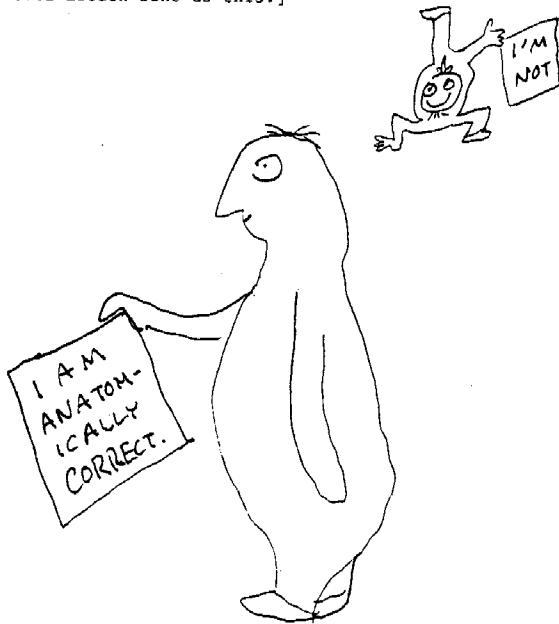
---

This is CUSFuSsing #48. CUSFuSsing is the official magazine of the Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction and Creative Anachronism Society (gasp, gasp, gasp), which is located in sunny Morningside Heights in uptown Manhattan, and has its offices in 317 Ferris Booth Hall (next door to the Dark Room). Meetings are Wednesdays, eightish. CUSFuSsing can be had for contributing to CUSFuSsing, writing a LOC, bribing the editor's instructors, keeping the office clean (once, if ever, it gets clean), donating a personal computer, depositing to our Swiss numbered accounts, refraining from sending the Bored anatomically incorrect art, feeding the Bored, coming to see the Bored on visiting day, helping type, helping with layout, not sniffing rubber cement during layout, helping collate, or otherwise easing the editor's misery.

All material copywrite © 1986 by the contributors.

[I asked the same question about N.Y. and the moon the first time I laid eyes on a CUSFuSsing. Warwick, the originator of the slogan, puts it this way: "Would anyone know the difference if New York City were moved to the moon?"... On second thought, send us whatever you'd like. Even if our readers don't get to see it, I'm sure we on the Editorial Bored will be quite entertained... If you're into bodily functions, check out Rabelais.]

[Ursula LeGuin sent us this:]



*To Cusfussing with love  
from Ursula*

[We love you too!]

Harry Warner  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, MD 21740  
April 24, 1986

Dear Ray:

I've tried to remain calm about the name change for your group. If it grows much longer, I'll be forced to buy some legal sized envelopes to make room for the complete address. But I can't complain because I feel like an anachronism myself, differing from the SCA through the fact that I'm an uncreative anachronism, when I'm not writing locs.

It was a surprise, although a good one, to find a con report disguised as a loc. Laurence Lurio inadvertently strengthened my certainty that I'm wiser to stay away from cons, but he obviously had a fine time at Boskone.

The reviews inspired chiefly the thought that we need a moratorium on the use of "myth" for puns. With all the tens of thousands of words in use in the language, which are eligible to form the basis for puns, the time has come for other words to get equal opportunity to be punned on in both fandom and prodrom. Little Myth Marker would have been an ingenious title if the myth hadn't previously been used in about five hundred and sixty-four puns as a substitute for "miss", "mis-", or "mys-" at the start of words. The first time I encountered "myth" in a pun was perhaps twenty years, or more, ago when a Tolkein organization entitled its fanzine Mythprint. That was innovative. By now, puns on myth have as much ingenuity as the comedians who, in radio's golden age, said "Brooklyn!" whenever they wanted to get a good laugh.

Invocation and Binding was quite a good story. For one thing, it offers a different angle on the old demon evocation theme by telling the story from the demon's standpoint. For another, the sorcery fights are rousing ones, which remind me of space battles in E. E. Smith's Skylark series. I can easily imagine an editor picking up this story for inclusion in an anthology of short fantasy stories.

Geoffrey Miller feels pretty much as I do about authors who overdo the use of a particular fantasy world or science fiction locale in one novel after another. The explanation normally given for the benefit of this custom is the author's ability to explore all of the possibilities and consequences of his original concept more thoroughly than s/he could do in one novel. But, too often, the result is just rehashing of slight variations, the most obvious and awful example being the Gor series.

Maybe my memory is false, but I believe you've given us a longer section of Pheonixfire this time. This installment also seems to be more cohesive, and more capable of standing alone, without too much dependence on what has gone before and presumably what is yet to come. I enjoyed these pages very much.

Notes From the Bored had a slight sense of familiarity. Most of the messages were cryptic to the uninformed like me, and, as a result, they remind me of the inexplicable things I used to find, from time to time, in what were supposed to

be my inviolable files at the newspaper office, after it went to computerized typesetting. In theory, only I could put a new file in, but, in practice, someone would punch the wrong key and a message intended for someone else would end up in my files, or someone would try to transfer a story to an editor, and accidentally send it to me. Then there were the occasions when the computer would malfunction, and the most alarming statements would appear on my screen when I tried to call up something which I had been working on. At least your times survived on the messages. The newspaper company had two computers, and transferred everything from one computer to the other every twenty-four hours for maintenance purposes. Whenever that happened, everything got redated to the moment of the transfer.

Once again I thought that the illustrations were excellent but I still haven't learned how to be more specific about what I like, and why I like it, when art is concerned.

Your type size is just over the borderline between legibility and illegibility, but fortunately, for my eyes, it is on the right side of that dividing line. I confess that you gave me a bad scare when I saw the small type faces on the red wrapper and had a moment of panic, for fear that the paper was of that dark hue throughout the issue. The white paper looked awfully good when I got the copy open and found that it wasn't all red after all.

Since I'm retired, I can't offer to send you one of the newspaper's computers to use in your office. There were times when I was working when I would have seized any chance to get one or both of those computers out of Hagerstown.

Yrs., &c.,  
Harry Warner, Jr.

[Yes, it's a myhttake to continue with such awful puns. (At least I have an excuse; I only slept two hours last night!). I know you've probably read PHOENIXFIRE already (I would have!), so I'll apolzize for it not being as long as in the last issue. Say, did those computers end up in the Columbia Bursar's Office?]

Brian Brown  
11675 Beaconsfield  
Detroit, MI 48224  
January 2, 1986

Dear Raymond or current editor-of-the-moment,

I was rather amused by Pauline Alama's consistently wrong head reviews. We apparently have few tastes or criteria in common. Natural I consider my standards better than hers and I'm sure the feeling is mutual. Such is the nature of the reviewing game.

Her comments on Parke Goodwin's BELOVED EXILE particularly disturbs me because they seem to dismiss the book a priori for what it is not rather than for what it is. I have not read BELOVED EXILE, the sequel to Firelord but I have read FIRELORD. And since most of her named criticism seem directed more to FIRELORD anyway, I feel perfectly competent to argue Goodwin's case.

The Arthurian Legends are a mishmosh of tales dating back to around 1000 AD with oral traditions going back even further. They all refer to the traumatic events of the fifth century when Romanized Britons were overrun by the Angles and Saxons, destroying a mature, Christian, urban society. The Britons were pushed into Wales, which is where these tales first came from. Colorful and improbable as these tales might be, that they are about a real, historical person is, for me, the more exciting feature. Beneath all the elaborations of the Welsh bards and French Troubedors, Arthur DID exist. And this is as fascinating as the mythical Arthur. In FIRELORD Goodwin set out to expound a vision of what that historical Arthur must have been like. So, of course there's no magic in this world. But then, where did the "magic" in the mythical Arthur amount to anything more than cheap dramatics?

So of course Goodwin's Arthur doesn't pull a out of a stone. But it's wrong to say he was "officially named" successor since by that time there was no authority proper to name anybody anything. Arthur seized the moment, made himself king by prompt and daring action. And even Mallory admits that Arthur's rule was constantly contested by other kings and warlords.

The major theme of FIRELORD, which admittedly may not have been carried into BELOVED EXILE, was that Arthur was both master and victim of destiny. He did many heroic things stemming a flood of invaders but equally everything he did was magnified and glorified by synchophants and poets. In fact the frame of FIRELORD is a deathbed autobiography by Arthur who wants at least one honest account of his life, warts, pimples and all.

Pauline Alama is free to not appreciate a historical rendition of the Arthurian tales but she should be fair and admit whether the storyline is fair, internally consistent and true to the general direction of the originals. FIRELORD is.

On a list of frustrating authors, R.A. MacAvoy is far down on my list; in fact she's not on it at all. Compared to Heinlein's nauseatingly giddy ear for dialog, or Asimov's tedious pedanticism, or Niven's bland to stultifying characterizations, MacAvoy is a pretty Jazzy writer.

And anyone who doesn't understand why Thor would side with Jesus against Odin is in no position to say that the author doesn't understand 10th century Ireland. Odin is a charnal house god. He lords it over Valhalla where the dead warriors go. Thor and Jesus are generative gods. Jesus dies and is reborn like John Barleycorn emphasizing the continuous cycle of life. They nurture Life. So if push come to shove, yeah I could see where Thor would help an alein god, like Jesus, to thwart Odin.

Oh well, its variety that makes the world interesting.

Regards,  
Brian Brown

[If I were you I wouldn't use the word "Wales" in the same sentence as "tales."]

Alexis Gilliland  
4030 8th Street South  
Arlington, VA 22204  
April 27, 1986

Dear Raymond,

I have CUSFuSSing #47 in hand and note Geoffrey Miller's article on sequels. The author has a problem, which is: after writing n books, of which one sells more than the rest put together, there is a temptation to write a sequel.

Conan Doyle tried to kill off Sherlock Holmes he was so sick of writing sequels. But in the detective genre, the Travis McGee, Matt Helm, Nero Wolfe, etc. etc. series often make their authors rich.

So why object to the same phenomenon in s-f? My latest, WIZENBEAK, is the first of... two so far. Will it make me rich? Probably not, but it is an interesting universe.

A couple of cartoons are enclosed.

Best Wishes,  
Alexis Gilliland



T.L. Bohman  
Box 14  
East Thetford, VT 05043  
March 24, 1986

Most Noble Editor (assuming, of course, that some ignoble editor hasn't come along and packed you into a jar of vinegar--which would be a terrible thing to do to good vinegar, don't you think?),

Thanks so much for CUSFuSsing #46, a decidedly entertaining publication, even if you do spell the title a little funny. I mean, nobody's perfect, right? I might even refrain from taking a poke at the old Wombat himself despite his suggesting in his very first paragraph that CUSFuSsing was fully-baked. Or at least three-quarter baked.

Apricon VII looked interesting. Of course conreps are never as fun as the con itself, but, having missed the con I'd doubly hate to miss the report. Maybe in CUSFuSsing 47? Actually, #46 was quite good. Locjaw was nice too. Despite Jan Finder's terrible slight, I enjoyed (and generally agreed with) his movie comments. Starman, for example, struck me as a good example of what you do being less important than how you do it. This Movie had the oldest, corniest plot in SF and somehow managed to pull it off with tender characterization, clever dialogue, and good acting, especially by Jeff Bridges. I enjoyed it quite a lot. Movies come lowly to East Thetford (v-e-r-y slowly) but I enjoy doing movie reviews; let me know if you can use any.

The book reviews were quite interesting. I agree that Adams's last Hitchhiker book, while offering a few good chuckles, is definitely not up to the standards of his earlier works. Earthman's Burden is an old classic that I remember reading years ago with the same sense of delight that Warwick Daw described.

The fiction was quite good. Carolyn Sher's tale was amusing and Pauline Alama's story was well-written with very good dialogue. "Pheonixfire" had an episodic feel to it, due, I suppose, to the fact that all I've read of it was the single brief episode. I hate reading serial but often there's no alternative to publishing them that way.

All-in-all, I can think of only a few nits to pick (and believe me, this was such a mental strain I almost hurt myself), to wit:

Ray Loy: Watch thy layout lest thy eternal words be obliterated by the god damned staple you just pounded through the corner.

Mark Katzoff: I hate to mention such a trivial detail, but somewhere along the road you lost 7 martians.

Laurel Beckley: Er, uh, what trivia questions?

Thanks again ...

CHEERS!  
Terry

[CUSFuSsing stems from the anacronym for Columbia University Science Fiction Society. As far as the staples go, I think we have finally solved the problem in our new format, as you can see in issue 47. The trivia come from issue 44.]

Merrick Lex Berman  
107 Tinker Street  
Woodstock, NY 12498  
March 9, 1986

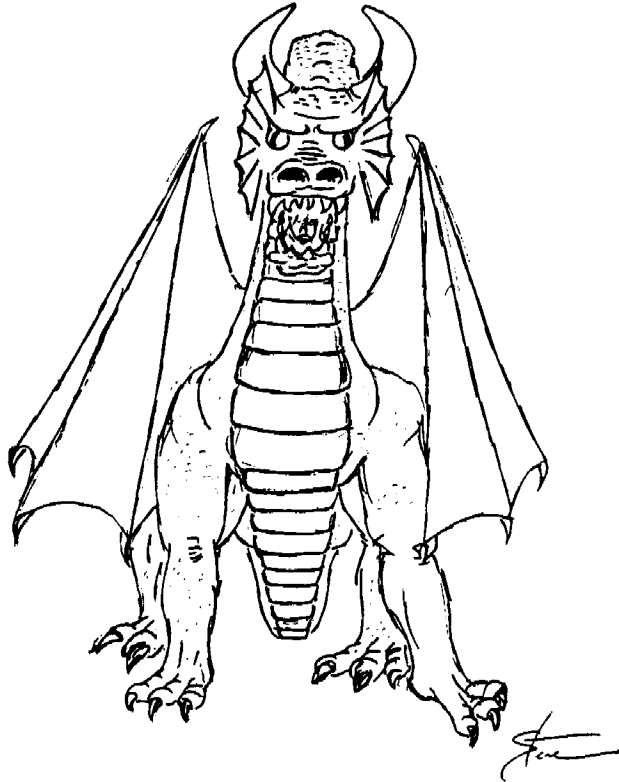
dear sfolks,

Hugging down Hudson, oh! so cold. Ice-blue ecstasy ripples across my scales. The cold, cold night fills the geometry of my bones, transcending pain; and I feel like a sculpture in ice, waiting beside the frozen river for the empty black sky to settle down to the ground. Then I will feed on the darkness and the cryogenic dreams from space. The cool silver dreams that taste like little spheres of percodan, how I love their other-worldliness and their carefree journey in the unified field!

Please, in your simmering beds, don't mind my vermillion tongue slipping like an icicle into your hot, steamy dream-tubes; I am only tasting the alien soul nuggets lodged inside there. The soft hair on your stomachs might tremble a little, then I'll be gone, flexing on the moon's mud and I'll return to my burrow under milk wood.

love,  
Merrick Lex Berman

[Some of Merrick Lex's art has managed to precede his letter by appearing in CUSFuSsing 47.]



# Reviews

MOONDUST AND MADNESS, Janelle Taylor, Bantam, 1986, paper, 413 pages, \$3.95

We recently received this so-called sf novel for review, but soon discovered that it was really just a romance novel with an alien hero. No one was bold enough to take it out to review, so we did a "group pan": we went around the room giving each member present the opportunity to read a random passage. Just to get a feel for it, here's a sample from page 334:

He shuddered to think he might never have discovered or experienced this if Jana hadn't entered his life, if they hadn't yielded to the chemistry between them, if he hadn't purchased her at the auction.

And, of course, our comments:

Holly Taylor - I don't think I'll stop throbbing for a week! I always react that way when presented with a fine work of fantasy of science fiction.

Pauline Alama - The lyric quality of a 7th-grade textbook; the social sensitivity of a Gor novel!

Our Animal Mascot - I dunno, I liked it.

A Local Tribble - It must be sf - they're all triple-jointed and throbbing.

Chairman of the Universe (Member of FOES) - I once thought that the worst thing I could ever do to a sentient being was to lock him in a room with Howard Cosell, a microphone, a Nakamishi amp, and wall-to-wall speakers. I was wrong. I'm sure all of you I've already punished appreciate it.

Me - God save us from sleazy mediocrity. Write it better or make it sleazier.

Numerical Idiot - There's a good scene on page 37.

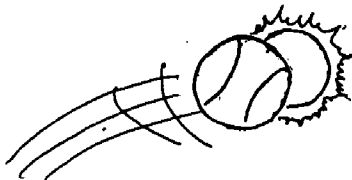
Anonymous - A stirring, passionate romance...

Pres. - One of this century's literary classics.

Anonymous II - I'm glad they are not marketing this as SF.

Ed. - A writer capable of such lyric prose as "Varian observed the bewitching girl as she slowly relented to the call of narcotic slumber" will surely take her place besides John Norman, author of the Gor books.

Librarian - I haven't read it and DON'T intend to!



THE PRAESIDIUM OF ARCHIVE, by Jefferson P. Swycaffer, Avon, paperback, \$2.95

Reviewed by the Other Paul.

The premise of THE PRAESIDIUM OF ARCHIVE is actually rather clever: during the course of a meeting among the six members of the highest council of a future interstellar democracy six stories are told, together outlining a crisis in the history of the democracy. Each story, of course, stars one of the members.

Unfortunately, the execution is faulty. The first story deals with the Justicar (sc. justiciar?), who is judging the last appeal of a woman convicted of using religion illegally for political purposes. The idea is interesting, and I wish Swycaffer had developed it to novel length.

The next two stories are space opera in the grand old tradition of Doc Smith, but without his color, invention, or excitement. Somehow, I doubt that the Secretary of the Treasury would take personal charge of an attempt to capture a single pirate ship, and a space battle is, like the game of Traveller (acknowledged on the copyright page along with Imperium), nothing but brawling.

Later stories are even thinner: an elegy for a daughter killed in combat, an attempt at a xenopsychological study of a slave race, and the description of an exiguous attempt to assassinate the first secretary. I'm afraid this slim volume remains, to my taste, just that: slim.

THE CHRISTENING QUEST, by Elizabeth Scarborough, Bantam Spectra, paper, \$2.95

Reviewed by the Other Paul.

When I reviewed a previous book in this series, BRONWYN'S BANE, I pointed out that Scarborough had given her heroine a fatal flaw - not fatal to Bronwyn so much as to the novel: her christening gift was that she could not tell the truth, which made her impossible as the center of plot. I mitigated my criticism, I think, by asking that Scarborough continue to write in hopes that maturity might mellow her out.

I have read a couple of her books since then, with mixed reactions. To my perhaps jaded eye, she has still not come up to her full potential.

And now we have a direct sequel, THE CHRISTENING QUEST: still, I am afraid, flawed, but still showing great potential. Bronwyn, now cured of lying and married, delivers a red-haired baby girl, who is immediately kidnapped by the Miragenians, a mercantile nation patterned on the magicians of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, to whom Bronwyn had been forced to promise her first-born.

Bronwyn's charming cousin Rupert goes off in pursuit, hoping to christen the child properly and to deliver to her the magical gifts that will keep her safe while she grows up. In this quest he is aided by Carole, the whistling witch, who was the most appealing character in the previous book.

Unfortunately, Scarborough at the beginning has recycled a few too many characters and situations from BRONWYN'S BANE, and the Miragenians, who are perhaps her best invention, are given short shrift. Additionally, the climax includes what may be fantasy's most spectacular deus ex machina, and then peters out to a question-begging ending.

Nonetheless, the novelist continues to show improvement, particularly in the characters and relationships of Rupert and Carole. So once more I ask "keep it up," a couple of more tries and she will be among the best of modern fantasy writers.

THE COMING OF THE QUANTUM CATS, by Frederick Pohl, Bantam Spectra, 1986, 296 pages, paper, \$3.50  
Reviewed by Raymond Loy

QUANTUM CATS is a very exciting book based on the idea that there are an infinity of parallel times, that time branches at an infinite number of points as it goes along. Well, someone invents a machine to cross from one parallel time to another, and therein lies the story. It is told from the points of view of several different people and their corresponding selves in adjoining parallel times. This continually catches the reader off guard, since each of the four parallel times in the story is different from the others and from our own time. In one time the protagonist is a mortgage broker, in another a Senator, in another a quantum physicist, and in yet another he is an army major. I won't spoil the way some famous people in our history turned out in theirs. This book probably has a bit too much sex for all you Jerry Falwells out there, but in no way is it a MOONDUST AND MADNESS either. I highly recommend QUANTUM CATS.

RADIX, by A. A. Attanasio, Bantam, paper  
Reviewed by Luis Manalac

The book chronicles the life of Sunner Kagan through his three incarnations:  
- An overweight, punk, disturbed killer (aka SUGARAT)  
- An elite soldier for a human empire,,  
- And finally, the incarnation of the death wish of a human turned god.

The environment of the story is very rich and detailed, although not the same order of magnitude as Frank Herbert's DUNE.

THE PROTEUS OPERATION, by James P. Hogan, Bantam Spectra, 403 pages, hardcover, \$16.95.  
Reviewed by Herschel Ainspan

THE PROTEUS OPERATION, a new novel by James P. Hogan, explores the possibilities of changing the present by traveling into the past and altering it. In this specific novel, a group of Americans from the year 1974 are sent back to the year 1939 with orders to strengthen the Allied resolve to fight the rising Nazi regime, thereby hoping to end the Fascist domination of the world of 1974.

The novel opens in the world of 1974, a world where the Fascists have conquered all of Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America, leaving only North America and Australia as free democratic states. Believing that the failure of the Allied powers to stand up to Hitler until it was too late was responsible for the world's present domination by Fascism, the U.S. government decides to send a specially-trained team of military men and scientists back to the year 1939. They plan to build a return time-gate to bring diplomats from 1974 back to 1939 and persuade the Allies to fight Hitler; and to send an atom bomb back to the Allies of 1939, giving them the advantage over Hitler's atom bomb efforts. However, this ideal plan does not work out: the scientists find they must cope with the unexpected complexity of time.

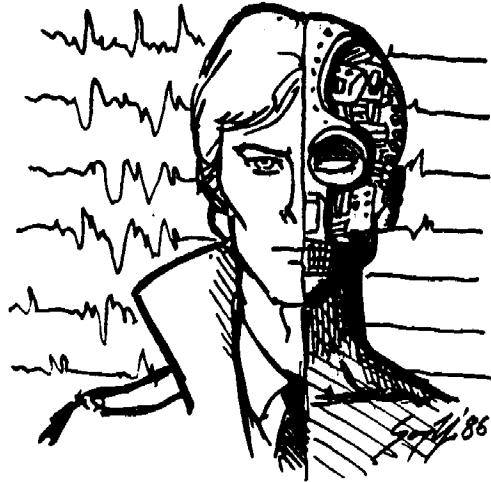
Although portions of the book can sometimes be boring due to detail, over all this book is quite exciting and makes fascinating reading for anyone interested in World War II history or time travel paradoxes.

TIME OF THE GREAT FREEZE, by Robert Silverberg, Ace, 1980, 195 pages, paper, \$1.95  
Reviewed by Edward Wilkinson

The book TIME OF THE GREAT FREEZE takes place after the second Ice Age. Because of the gigantic glaciers that have moved down from the north, a city that can hold 800,000 people has been built under a mile of ice. A group of men have been evicted from this city, New York, for treason. The only place they can go is the surface. They will be the first people to leave the city since it was built.

When the group reaches the surface all they can see is the vast whiteness of the glacier. Fortunately, they have been equipped with sleds, clothing, weapons, and food. With this equipment they make their way to the City of London.

The group has many adventures, like... nah, I won't tell you. You will just have to read the book yourself. I have just donated it to the club library.



IN OTHER WORLDS, by A.A. Attanasio, Bantam Spectra, 1986, 211 pages, paper, \$2.95  
Reviewed by E. Warwick Daw

A man catches fire and finds himself in another world. This new world is on the edge of a black hole. Gravity has strange properties and effects. The world consists of many islands, called skyles, which float in the air. Because of the special properties of this world, the people who live there do not age, and there is no disease. Death is only by violence and accident. However, the protagonist soon finds both of these in great abundance, for this world is not an easy paradise. The worst is from a spider-like race, called the Zotl, who eat human "pain products" which they torture humans to death to get.

I won't say any more about the setting or plot, because I don't want to spoil the book. This is definitely one of the most imaginative books I have read recently. Sometimes it seems like an adventure story, but it goes far, far deeper. It asks difficult questions about who we are, why we are here, and how much control we really have over our own lives. This book can be enjoyed as an adventure, but if you are looking for something more, it also is that. I give this book a very strong recommendation.



# Phoenixfire

by Pauline J Alama

Summary of Phoenixfire I-VIII

Corian, a young man from the village of Green, saw a golden bird trailing flame -- the phoenix -- pass over the field where he was tending sheep, and was moved to follow it. He touched it for an instant with his right hand, and, where his skin had touched the bird, shiny marks remained. These marks had power, he soon discovered: powers of life and healing.

Driven from Green by suspicious villagers, Corian set off in search of the phoenix, joined by Tantris of Rauth, a lord's son taken to wandering. But Tantris received a quest of his own: to take his widowed foster-sister Allia away from her treacherous in-laws in Eldt, and bring her a necklace given her by the enchantress Mirra, but lost long ago. The necklace and Corian's hand began to waken Allia's innate magic. The necklace drew her toward Mirra, and Corian and Tantris decided to accompany her.

On the way, they stopped at an inn, where Corian and Tantris found Hanon, a horse trader they had met previously. Corian felt a strange darkness and sought to dispell it by the phoenix-fire in his hand. Corian then saw Hanon as a wolf, like those which had attacked him and Tantris before they reached Allia. Revealed, Hanon used magic to set the inn-guests upon Corian, Tantris, and Allia. Allia saved them by freezing their attackers with a strange, wordless song, but as the three companions were leaving, a boy broke from the stilled crowd and touched Allia. She fell lifeless; the boy caught her up and ran off. Tantris chased after, losing Corian. His chase ended in seeing Allia at the bottom of a river.

Tantris and Corian were reunited in the Sword and Crown Inn, with the help of an inn-maid named Wynander. Here Corian answered a man's plea for a healer to come help his wounded brother. After healing the brother and still weak from the effort, Corian was attacked by a man deceived by magic to take Corian for his father's murderer. Wynander came to Corian's defense: using strange fighting techniques, she defeated the attacker. Realizing the vulnerability of Corian's power, which cost him much energy, she offered to come along as his defender, hoping to see the world.

## Phoenixfire IX

"Which way now?" Wynander asked, standing on the muddy shore of the river which stopped their path.

"Can we ford it?" Corian eyed the river doubtfully.

"Too deep by far," Tantris shook his head. "It's upstream or down, unless you find us a boat."

"Well, he did find us a horse," Wynander said.

"No, Touch found me," Corian countered. The gray horse, its mysterious sense of the phoenix-fire as true as ever, had caught up to Corian the second day out of Torun. "But a horse won't help us get across. Further up the stream there may be a bridge, or a ford."

"Upstream, then?" Wynander said.

"Yes--no, wait." He clutched Allia's necklace in his right hand, holding his head with the other. "Downstream," he said at last, weakly.

"Here, I'll take it," Wynander said, pulling the necklace from his unresisting fingers. She had taken it thus many times before when, dizzy and reeling from its power, he yielded the talisman to whichever of his companions would relieve him of its weight; but she herself could feel no trace of its oppressive power, no more than could Tantris. She could carry it lightly; not as Allia had done, in perfect accord with its magic, but rather because its magic had nothing to do with her.

"Thank you," Corian smiled wearily at her. "The more I use that pendant, the more helpless I am. I can't understand why the two of you will be led by me." He laughed, but it was a thin laugh.

"We have nothing better to do," Wynander said. "Come along." Throwing an arm over his shoulder, she steered him downstream. He tugged on the halter of the gray horse, while Tantris steadied the packs on its back, and they were on their way once more.

"Pipe us a song as we go," Tantris said after a bit of walking. "If you don't stay nimble with the pipes, how will we earn our living?"

"Not on my singing, surely," said Wynander, who could not carry a tune. "Play the one about the king's daughter and the elf-lad." So Corian played as well as he could while they walked along the riverbank, and Tantris filled in the words. Wynander danced madly on ahead, then circled back around her companions in rapture. She was in love with both of them. Tantris with his fair hair and gentle brown eyes was a bonny fellow, though awkwardly over-tall; Corian, of plainer coloring and grimmer aspect, was less pleasing to the eye; but the fighter-maid, their fellow-traveller, loved both with the same warmth. They seemed different from all the men she had ever known--warm-spirited, brave, and kind. Tantris was gradually recovering from the loss of his sister; though quick to share another's pain, he was not gloomy by nature and she could see that he would be a merry companion. Corian, though more melancholic, could soon be brought round to mirth; even now, after one of his fits of doubt, she could see his eyes laughing above the pipe he played, smiling at her and her dance. They were men of easy temper and generous spirit, sharing with their new companion jokes, confidences, and the pennies from Corian's piping (Tantris' money being long spent.) She knew more of them now than they knew of her, for they held nothing back, trusting her as a friend.

The man of the magic hand surprised her--a shy lad from a village many times smaller than Torun, he accepted her friendship like a rare and unmerited gift which he scarcely dared claim as his own. He had flown into her life as the phoenix into his, changing it all with one burning touch--could he know so little of his own magic?

"Is that a bridge ahead?" Corian's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Yes! I see it," the girl replied. "Come on, then!" She broke into a run.

Corian watched her a few moments before he, too, quickened his pace toward the bridge. Wynander's patched and trodden skirts billowed about her. Corian had noted when she sought that the dress was cut wide to free her legs for kicking. Once wine-red, the dress had faded unevenly into soft rose tones, fusing with the rosy glow of her sun-burnt skin and the glints of red among her hair's thousand shades of brown.

"Tantris," Corian said as they crossed, "let's give Wynander a last name."

"A last name?" Tantris said thoughtfully.

"Yes--I don't think it's fair that she shouldn't have one when we do."

"Quite right! What do you think of that, Wynander?" said Tantris.

"What would you name me?"

"Let's see," Tantris said, "It must be something appropriate--most names come dreadfully at random. Who thought, when they named you Wynander, whether the name would suit you--or perhaps, whether you would suit it. I know--we can do better than a last name. We can give you a maid's-name, such as noble ladies have."

"What names are those?" Corian asked.

"They are given upon coming of age, and they do not change with marriage. My mother's is the Dove, you know. My sister Olwenda is the Pearl-flower, and Allia--I don't believe Allia ever had one. She was married before she came of age. Are you sixteen?"

"Seventeen at summer's end."

"Then the time's right! What shall we call her, Corian?"

After considerable discussion, they agreed on "the Lioness."

"What think you, lass? Will you take the name? If you like it," Tantris assured, "you can keep it forever."  
"Like my dearest possession," she said laughing. "I only hope, if we meet a real lioness, it will be as agreeable to me as this name you borrow for me."

They fared on with the morning sun at their backs. "Everyone should have a name like that," Tantris said as they went along, "a name chosen by those that know you, when you're old enough to be known as yourself. The name would be you--and if it became foreign to your nature, it would remind you what you had been, make you question what you had become."

"You have one such name," Corian said. "In Demshire you were Tantris Wanderways."

"Wanderways!" The new-named Lioness turned her head back to throw Tantris a bemused grin.

Tantris laughed in return. "As we journey you may come to see how many times I have been named, or named myself--sometimes unwisely. I suppose I may come by a great many more names before I die, if I'm to have a good while longer to wander."

"Well, the next time you need one," Wynander said, "I'll name you. And it won't be Wanderways."

"I suppose we all go about naming and renaming ourselves, though in silence," Corian said. "And happy is the one who has many names before life's end!"

"Look--strawberries," Wynander interrupted, stepping suddenly off the path they trod and wading into the weeds beside it.

"You always have the sharpest eyes among us," Corian said. The day before it had been mushrooms the girl had spotted in the moist, grassy vale. "Where are they?"

"Here," she pointed. "None ripe, though, and few past blooming." She stooped to touch the white blossoms. "Some other wanderer will gather these when we're long past. But there'll be others along the path--we won't starve."

And so they travelled together with good cheer, rambling a bit as Corian's direction wavered, unhurried in the late spring sunshine, the quest's danger almost forgotten. And the weeds at their feet rose to brush, the brush to thick shrubbery; trees grew more closely about them with each day's passage. And the wild strawberries at the path-side shed their petals, and the fruit swelled and ripened, till the first handful of berries stained their hands in the warm green light of a forest glade in summer.

Hills rose on all sides of the place they had chosen to rest; they could see neither the lands ahead nor the lands where they had been. Above their heads the branches parted to reveal a patch of brilliant blue sky, but elsewhere the daylight was filtered through thick summer leaves. Tantris reclined with his back against the rising land, eyes turned idly upon the leaves above him. "The land is kind to us," he said after a long silence. "Fish from the streams, fruit and game from the forest--and herbs, no doubt, if we searched for them. And yet the folk further south call this a harsh land."

"You are not here in winter," Wynander said. "Then you'd find cause to complain, and hurry your travelling to some sheltered hearth. Still, it is a goodly land, and fair."

"I hope we will not still be searching here in winter," Corian said.

"How much further will it be? Are we still so far from our goal?" asked Tantris.

Corian turned his eyes to the wisps of grass between his feet. "I cannot tell. I wrestle with the power in Allia's pendant, and win a little knowledge which my thick wits can grasp. I suppose I will know how far we are from Mirra when I see her with my own eyes."

They set out through the brush and brambles with Corian leading; they had not seen a path in many days. Despite his misgivings, Corian directed them with some measure of conviction; and so, when he came to a deep cleft with a silver trickle of water at the bottom, he simply descended, leaving the others no choice but to follow.

"Down there, Corian?" Wynander said.

Corian nodded. "It's not that difficult."

"But how will we get up?"

"We'll find a pass. It has to be-- we need to cross this eventually."

She set her foot on the ferny bank, and was soon walking between the two walls of earth with Corian and Tantris. There was scarcely room for the horse in the deep-carved streambed, but where Corian went, it followed, called or uncalled.

They stumbled on a good while along the tiny thread of water in the cleft. At length the farther bank broke, leaving an easier slope upward. One by one they clambered up, till they stood together on the brilliant green grass at the top of the bank. The sun shone warm upon them and star-like white flowers glistened up at the travellers from below. Corian smiled. "I could travel forever in such country. Let's go!"

They walked under spreading trees among the clusters of wild flowers which sprang gold and blue, purple and sunset-colored, from the soft fragrant earth. The air was sweet and nearly still, with only the faintest quiver of a breeze to stir the leaves. From one of the overhanging trees, a petal drifted down into Corian's hair more lazily than a lone snowflake. The companions walked in silence, stepping carefully so as not to harm the growing things beneath their feet. As they moved onward, they found not only strawberries but grapes, ripe out of season, as well as strange golden fruit which they eyed wonderingly but did not taste. After a supper of the fruits the land yielded them, as evening was darkening into night, they stretched out on the turf to sleep.

Some hours into the night, Wynander shifted for the hundredth time and lay on her back, looking up almost indignantly at the clear stars.

"Wynander?" Corian sat up suddenly.

"Corian?" she whispered back.

"Wyn, do you feel there's something strange?"

"I feel--I feel watched."

They set out early the next morning, when the light was still gray over the fair country. Of the previous night, none of them spoke a word; but all three seemed weary and stiff-jointed till mid-morning, when the sun's touch seemed to heal them and they walked with more energy. The bushes grew more thickly as they went on; Corian pushed aside branches to make his way, and the other two followed after him. The branches sprang back over the path behind them, and so the three travelled through the glorious land leaving scarcely a footprint in the emerald grass to mark their passage.

The land fell gently, and they stumbled downhill through the silent forest. At length, finding themselves in a small clearing, they suddenly stopped. There was a strange quality to the stillness. It seemed to Corian that he could hear the world breathing.

There burst from the stillness a single point of motion and sound; a bright bird shot towards them from the bushes ahead, filling the air with wild music. The bird was the color of twilight, but there flashed from its wing-tips as it flew the color of the dawning sun. The bird wheeled round the speechless travellers once, twice, three times, till it stopped to cling to Tantris' shirt. Beneath his astonished gaze it hung on and sang in a voice cold and strange, the voice of no bird they had ever heard.

Wynander drew her breath in sharply. Corian spoke as in a dream: "That is a voice I never thought to hear again."

"Allia," gasped Tantris.

As he spoke, another bird came, brilliantly white, bright as the midday sun. It flew towards Tantris, towards the bird clinging to his garment, and the first bird left Tantris to join the newcomer. They circled once, then flew from the glade and were seen no more. Their sound thrilled through the clearing long after they had disappeared into the woods.

"What trick is this? What game is being played around me?" were the first words Tantris managed to breathe. Corian only shook his head, unable to answer.

"What should we do?" Tantris asked.

Wynander laid one strong hand upon his shoulder. "Do not throw yourself in turmoil over wonders beyond our fathoming. We must wait for some clearer sign; now, we can only go on."

And so they left the enchanted glade behind them. As they walked through the lovely land, they heard no birds, nor saw any small animals rustling the underbrush. But the flowers sprang by their feet, and fruit hung from tree and vine, all ripe and none green.

In the deep of the night Corian again sat up, untouched by sleep. He remained silent, hands around his knees, staring into the darkness as the others tried to rest.

"This land is watching us!" Tantris' cry startled him.

"Yes, I feel it too," Corian replied.

"Shh! They'll hear you, if they're a league away, at this rate," Wynander hissed.

"Who are 'they'?" Corian mused.

"Every blade of grass must have an eye," muttered Tantris, as Wynander motioned him to be silent. Just then here was a rustle in the bushes. Tantris grabbed for his word.

For a long while, all was still.

"Only the wind," said Wynander.

"What wind?" Corian said.

Still, nothing moved; not even a sound came from the woods all round them. At last Corian said, "We will get no rest in this land; we may as well move on." They woke the grey horse--the only member of their party who had slept in the past two nights--and gathered their things to leave. It was easy going for a long while, with only a gentle rise and fall in the land. After a space they came to a stream, rather broad but shallow enough to wade. Eager to go onward, they stepped into the waters. Despite the summer heat, the brook proved painfully cold; but the travellers waded on in despite of it, pausing only briefly on the opposite bank to rub flushed and frozen feet. From there, they continued over wooded hills as the night wore on. The darkness faded to gray; still they wound past trees and ramble-thickets as light grew in the east.

The birds that sing at sunrise began to call, and a pink glow tipped the trees. In a sunlit glade amid the uttercups, three travellers dropped to the grass to sleep, oblivious to the sounds and sights of dawning.



# Modus Tollendo Tollens

by Geoffrey H Miller

"dada is a virgin microbe that penetrates with the insistence of air"

-- Tristan Tzara

a drift, a blaze, a broken anchorite, a drift, a million game theories, a million parsed utopias per square meter of ocean floor.

## 1. encephale isole

The technologies become the characters, and the characters evaporate into mimesis with the evaporation of the cult of personality. Writers no longer produce characters, or represent them, or even leave blanks for them. The characters are as alien to this story as, perforce, the readers are.

(R) REM clamps replaced all other vices, therapies, and cults twenty years ago. An REM clamp plugged into someone with minor mid- and hind-brain rewiring could put them in, and hold them in, a preset period of active dreaming. Socially interactive mobile dreaming. So that someone receives sensations consciously but acts unconsciously, as in a dream: it is a great freedom, a boon for mankind, furthest frontier of the Joneses. Of course, the sensations received and remembered come through the exotic filtering and surreal sensualism of the dream state. Of course this proved immensely popular, being cheap, being governmentally sanctioned, being chic. People had been born, had died, had gone insane, regained sanity, conceived children, divorced lovers, and suffered torture in the dream state before it was even released for public use. After that, the possibilities really opened up.

(S) Semiotic Terrorism: new name for the old Libyan concept. The Analgesic Society sports only one type of terrorism, semioterrorism. There exist several sub-types. For instance, the Safety Dance is a hygienic shower of manmade meteors. Large cubes of iron (these used to be called "safes" for no discernible reason) which are coated in a heat shield of teflon and asbestos fall from the heavens and crush random people at random times. The cubes are guided from their deep orbits to targets by IR control systems that funnel the safes first toward metropolitan areas and second to specific radiant lifeforms. Since pets and zoos have been banned, these lifeforms invariably are gawking humans. Cynics believe that those supporters of the old Military Industrial Complex and those few stray Republicans who were banished to the asteroid belt some years ago are actually manufacturing and boosting these cubes. They believe this because, after a cube is fallen, it will open if anyone near it says "Remember the happy and cruel statistics of war" in any language, and will reveal within its iron shell a horde of pale, pale diamonds gathered from the planet that used to mediate between Mars and Jupiter. This is semioterrorism because it couples a fantastically powerful sign to an absent function and a maddening silence about demands and conditions.

(B) Yet, understanding REM clamps and semioterrorism is

really no more important to understanding modern life than understanding pet rocks and miniskirts would have been fifty years ago. At the core of the spectacle, at the apex of the Hierarchy, is the system of personal AIs that keep ambient urban information levels down to sane levels. They are logical extensions of earplugs and sunglasses, but operate at conceptual rather than perceptual levels. These semio-buffers were a prophylactic measure designed to keep poisons out and humanity in. The biosphere is poisoned not by radiation, neurotoxins, paraquat, or (except around the iron cubes) asbestos, but by viral data, complex self-replicating invasive data. The data necessary for the well-being of every citizen's neural system is also the data foaming up in datanet frenzy, a red washing tide under the blue moon of capitalism.

The problem is that AIs have notoriously addictive personalities, particularly when it comes to fixing on ambient information. They thrive on the junk. If left unrestrained, increasingly sophisticated semio-buffer AIs would lead their wearers into dangerously high levels of data (e.g. into universities, TV stations, clearing houses, stock markets, or art galleries) and permit overdose on toxic semio-text. For this reason, certain members of society are prohibited from wearing semiobuffers, so that they may keep tabs on what's really going on -- any semiobuffer capable of filtering real data is also capable of creating false data. Certain politicians, data disposal police (the dread DDP), and anchorites are strictly forbidden any data contact with AIs. If this primal commandment were breached, the AIs would feed faulty data to their wearers and lead them straight to the centers of semiototoxicity with impunity. This would mean the end of all recreational dreaming as we know it.

2. single skulling

At the center of the big boom town, the big boom time, wondering whether it is possible to ask whether it is possible to ask whether we really meant it.

3. After the Seas turn to Mountains

After Eno: events in dense fog. After Whorf: cognitions in deep spaces. What a hundred thousand years of selection could do for the Marines. Giving gills to the people of the land who are the people of the dry quarter means giving the oceans over to dryness. Making the dark waters ... cognitively penetrable. All at once the brittle huge armature of history points back no longer to Plato as godfather of thought but to the Jain anemones and the Derridean whales. We left behind the semiobuffers as we took to the waters but, perhaps, we kept the clamps as a hedge against the semioterrorism that by now had invaded our very genes. (Transposons are, after all, the first DNA hijackers.) The armature of history, the deep-rooted etymology of reference itself cast into the Pacific, a vat of nerve growth factor, where Atlantis mutates into continents of flesh gliding through that paradox of transparent waters absorbing light deep down.

The primordial proposition: the East Pacific ridge all the way from the Mendocino Fracture Zone to the Easter Island Fracture Zone. A global semantic net formed of the songs of lungs ten meters long. And dissent from that net, an optical dissimulation, radical ex-humans talking in headlights, beaming flashlights, a communication metaphor taken over from the early days of fiber optics in telecommunications.

Characters evaporate into chemiluminescent whisps of uncrushable flesh. Their motives deepen with their environments. Gazes coalesce into voices that laze out from nowhere, going the greatest distances, circumventing the acoustic conventions of reactionary cetaceans. Coherent beams of analogic through the basin of hormones.

We become mammals of few centimeters, utterly transparent except for -- the translucent interwoven texts of organic and artificial neural systems. And the opaque functionality of teeth evolved past any recognizable form: twin crystal incisions, kept chilled in thermal cavities between brain lobes, for taking freeze-fractured samples of all biologies encountered; hollow fangs for patch-clamping the diaphanous outer membranes of aphotic plant life. The famed beings with straw-shaped teeth for taking core samples from the skulls of trilobites, and their even more enigmatic fetal offspring who, in utero, grow tubes so small that single protons could cause cavities, tubes for deriving nourishment from the singular cores of quarks. And ultimately, those new anchorites with specular mirrored molars for extracting other forms' life memories from their optical storage devices. We keep this all in working order with thermal dentistry so subtle yet so powerful that the patients must hover in ether chairs positioned tangentially to a therapeutic cyclotron.

The Bering Abyssal Plain, the Nazca Ridge, all the seamounts and guyots, the inverse Everest of our inverse world, the Mariana trench -- floorscapes painted seaside down to be viewed landside down. Ideas from the bottom of the sea.

The most recent modest proposal has been for all of us to derive all our energy for the pursuit of pure scientific glass bead game thinking from a direct quantum tunneling effect. Straight through from subject to object without going over the activation energy wall of reference. This might create certain autoimmune disorders that could prove uncomfortable. Can we possibly mean it?

Using vodka for cerebrospinal fluid and putting just one eye in front of the other down the road to our migratory land of pure gaze, we set up. A million game theories, a million parsed utopias per square meter of ocean floor. Cubisms inaccessible to each other. We.

the end



# Autobiographies

Elizabeth Bell

Asimov to Zelazny--all are under my care now! I can usually be found reading--SF or almost anything else. I'm the newly elected librarian, Elizabeth Bell. Hobbies I enjoy other than reading are watching horses and horseback riding; but don't despair. It's also possible to talk to me-- I'll appreciate it if you've got plans for improvement of the library, cataloging books, or any type of gift for the library, whether paperback or hardcover. Remember that I'll also appreciate gifts (books of any form whatsoever). Other than reading, activities and plans for this year include reorganizing the library. I need help, so if you've got spare time after May 12, I'll welcome you! Please stop by.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you.  
And yes, I do like crossword puzzles. Think about it; my writing style isn't normally this stilted.

Elizabeth Bell

\*

Steve J. Mack

And so we come to me. First let me describe my outstanding physical attributes; I am six feet, three and one half inches tall, I have black hair, and I am sixty billion years old. Actually, I will be sixty billion this summer. I am really going to be fifty nine billion nine hundred and ninety nine million, nine hundred and ninety nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety nine, and eight months next Tuesday. Yes, all you calculus majors and junior astrophysicists, the universe is only fifteen billion years old. Figure it out for yourselves. My autobiography would therefore take up too much space for this small fussion, and although my good friend, whom we shall call L.R.O.N., was working on a project with me, he will be missing for tax purposes for some time. Let me finish my description: STR:16 INT:17 WIS:24 DEX:13 CON:14 CHA:24 (I'm an Eagle Scout, it's required.) To continue... KINGDOM:The Emirate of Yalraum PHYLUM:Cabinetum CLASS:Paladin/Magic-user/Assassin ORDER:Tuna Salad with Lettuce FAMILY:Adams GENUS:Genious SPECIES:Noble Gas

And now to answer all the questions you must have.

No. I am not now, nor have I ever been a member of the Beatles.  
No. I am not a worshipper of the Elder Gods.  
No. I am not Duke Arioch, but I have been known to do lunch with him.  
Yes. I am a member of the official Fans Of Elric Society (FOES), of which I am the only known member.  
No. I have never wielded Stormbringer in traffic.

Height:Yes Hair:Down to his knees Eyes:Two Color:No Weight:Not applicable Age:Sixty billion (We already went through that!) Sex:Never on a Monday Toes:10



\*

Michele Rizack

I don't know what to write! (Scene: Editorial Bored breathing down my neck so I will write this.) I was born in New York. So what? So was a famous Heavy Metal rock star. What makes me special is my wry (rye? dry? high?) sense (cents?) of humor, or so my family tells me. (Do you think I used enough parentheses in that sentence? Someone told me it was the best way to write nothing in more than one paragraph. (Actually, I told it to myself.))

I am interested in comic books, SF+F (of course!), Heavy Metal music (and the magazine), a lot of sex, and a little violence. I hope to use my position in the Club (Business Manager) as a reference for getting a job, unless we go bankrupt. I am also a first-year student at Barnard College. I like getting mail, so send me mail through the Business Manager's title at the Club, or send me mail through the Dec-20 computer system at CU (via Bitnet or Decnet). My username is BC4.M-Rizack@CU20C.

\*

ometimes I feel as if I'm not in control of my own  
estiny, that I'm just an actor in some play...

The Tragedy of

Ray

Prince of the  
Sad Countenance

ramatis Personae

Raymond M. Loy, the prince  
E. Warwick Daw, first conspirator  
Susan K. Glatz, second conspirator  
A student  
Other classmates  
Chorus: The BCSFS

And a cast of thousands

\*

Act I

(Scene: A hospital in Queens. May 7, 1966)  
Enter Raymond M. Loy.

(Thud)

RAY Wasaaaaaaaaaaaaa...! [Exit.]

\*

Act II

(Scene 1: The "Resource Room" of Indian Hollow Elementary  
School, January 1978)  
Enter Ray.

RAY Wow, a computer!

[Ray proceeds to make himself difficult to remove.]

\*

(Scene 2: Commack H.S. North, AP Chemistry class, Fall 1982)  
Enter Ray and Classmates.

STUDENT Why do you want to go to Columbia, Ray?  
I mean, like, it's like, in Harlem.

RAY But... [Class begins.]

\*

ACT III

(Scene 1: 317 FBH, The Science Fiction Society Office,  
March, 1985)  
Meeting begins in usual disorderly manner. Enter Ray.

WARWICK You said you'd like to help? O.K., you can  
be scribe.

RAY Great!

Meeting continues in usual disorderly manner.]

\*

(Scene 2: Corner of W114th St. and Broadway, July 1985)  
Enter Warwick, Susan, Ray coming from summer "con" meeting.

WARWICK Say, we need an editor for CUSFuSsing now that  
Jonathan can't do it. How about it, Ray?

SUSAN Yeah, how about it, Ray?  
Everyone has to be editor at least once!

RAY Well... OK... [Exeunt.]

\*

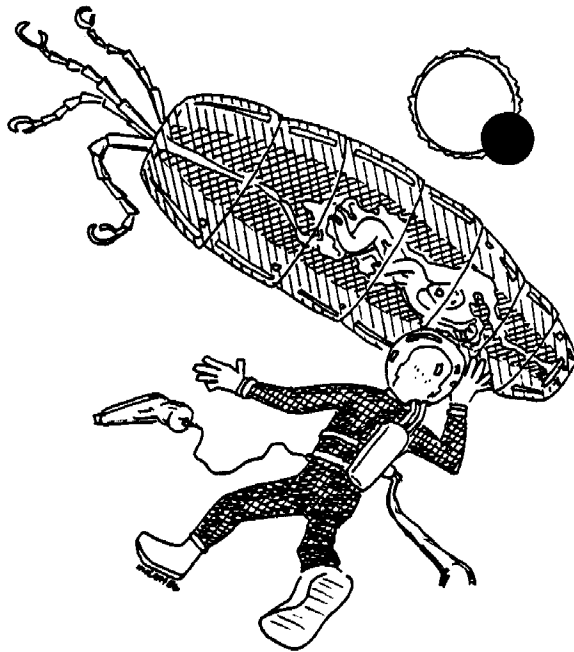
(Scene 3: 317 FBH, March 1986)  
The BCSFS debates the presidential nominees and comes to a  
decision. Enter Ray.

CHORUS You've been elected President, Ray.

RAY (moan) [Exeunt.]

\*

[The saga continues...]



Life: You can't live with it, you can't live without it"

I was born February 21, 1969 in a Texas frontier town called Houston. Numerous school field trips to NASA and affection for the Jetsons conspired to make me a science fiction fan. As yet I am still a reader, watcher, and admirer; no writing skill is to be found in my body. I learned to read somewhere in my formative years so that I could read sci-fi and D&D rule books, a skill which later got me into Columbia. In the real world, New York City, to which I boldly journeyed this year, I have promptly tucked myself away in a small, book-lined corner of the galaxy: the Science Fiction Club office. Now elected Activities Coordinator, I fear I shall never leave.

On the academic side, I am studying either International Affairs (a universe of its own) or East Asian Studies, meaning Japanese. My dream is to be Secretary-General of the United Nations when we make contact with "intelligent" extra-terrestrials (I am writing up my "We are peaceful species" speech right now). Other high points of my life which I haven't mentioned yet are the time when I was student-director of our sixth grade play, MACBETH, and the time when I got to pet a killer whale at Sea-a-Rama.

\*

Jon Burstein

All my life I've been searching for the perfect fastener, mainly to keep my mouth shut. Otherwise, puns keep jumping out. Hi, I'm Jon Burstein, currently Animal Mascot, and gentleman scholar (No comments, please...). I specialize in being lazy except when I can't get away with it, and one of my few interests is saving lives. I read lots of SF, but remember very little.

But, to get to the point of all this, I was born February 15, 1967, or so I'm told (notice that you only know your name, age, and parents based on what someone else tells you! Hmm...). I am currently alive. --I have no problems, Captain. Just an allergy. Excuse me.--

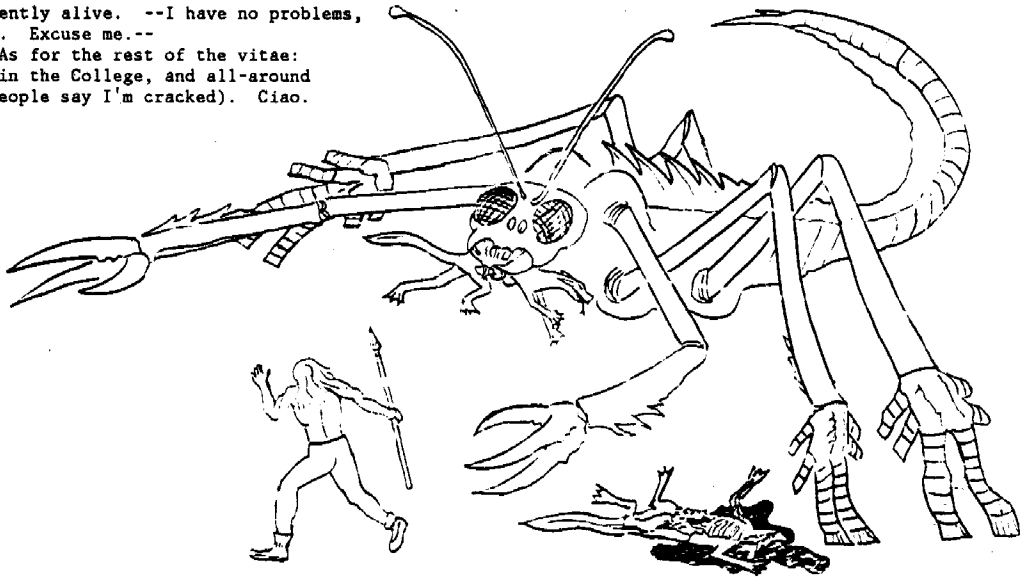
Ah, that's better. As for the rest of the vitae: biochem major, sophomore in the College, and all-around good egg (although many people say I'm cracked). Ciao.

We will introduce ourselves, to minimize chaos, in an orderly manner. Let us explain: we are a multiple personality. Susan is a New Yorker, and tres cool. She's the one with the black nail-polish. Kim's the academic, she likes learning, research, books. She sings, too. Yeah, that's her hiding behind her hair. Morgan is into esoterica, and the tragedy of her life is that she wasn't born for teenagerhood in the sixties. The other Susan--no relation to the other Paul--is into leather and black denim. She's the one in the corner playing with the knife.

We were begotten, Kim thinks, by spontaneous generation from the back corridors of a schizophrenic's mind. That was three years ago--when we awoke in a room in 600, a Barnard dorm, with our differing life histories, homework, a roommate, and roaches.

We fumbled through life that first year in shock. That we survived the onset of Barnyard girls, ivory tower profs and a leaching beurocracy is, Morgan says, indisputable proof of a deity's answer to her calls. Most of the others argue that we should thank Susan's adaptability and the other Susan's drugs.

At any rate, we survived till sophomore year, when we found our way to the Science Fiction office. This was a Good Thing, since all the imaginative or intelligent people on campus stopped in there sometimes. Having found salvation we gratefully agreed to join the Bored. Things took their natural course, Warwick is graduating, and so we became Editor. We're not as dedicated as he, nor as masochistic as Ray, but hopefully we'll get this issue out before Julius's month anyway.



# Notes from The Bored

The Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction and Creative Anachronism Society (gasp) held its first (annual?) scavenger hunt on April 19. Each person chose a category, and then thought of three different items for it. Here is the result, which you might find handy for your very own scavenger hunt:

- Robotics
  - That robot next door, or something related
  - A picture of a robot (except for Steve's drawings)
  - A facsimile of a Dalek
- Alien Invaders
  - Picture of a vicious alien
  - National Enquirer (or comparable) headline exposing an alien invasion
  - One pair of deelybobbbers
- Artificial Intelligence
  - Photocopy of page 42 of Herodotus' HISTORIES
  - 21 Pennies for 21 artificial thoughts: one for each of the years 1966-1986
  - 5 Questions asked on "The Dating Game" or comparable show
- Space Travel
  - Ad for FORBIDDEN PLANET (the movie)
  - One of the SECRET WARS comics (either of the two series)
  - [censored]
- Magical Beasts
  - A physical (no pictures) mythical beast
  - A representation of the Unicorn Tapestries
- ESP
  - A bent spoon
  - 15 Fortune cookie fortunes
  - Quotes of 2 people saying essentially the same thing (Mind Reading)
- The year 2001
  - The dust jacket from a hard-cover copy of A.C. Clarke's 2001
  - A picture of a spaceship with a caption identifying the ship as being from the year 2001
  - A page with the words "2001" and "Stanley" on it which does not mention the word "movie"
- Time Travel
  - 2 Post cards of the same place at obviously different times
  - A Dr. Who button
  - A time machine
- Magical Weapons
  - Excalibur (pictures, songs, reasonable facsimile)
  - Mjolnir (Thor's hammer)
  - The flaming sword of the Tree of Life

The teams in our scavenger hunt were:

- 1) Warwick, Pauline, Elizabeth
- 2) Holly, Steve, Sybil
- 3) Ray, Susan, Michele

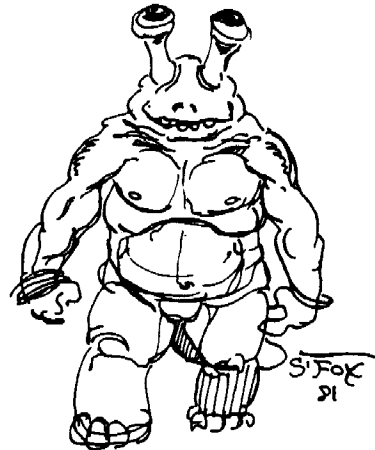
The choice of the winner was based first on coverage of all categories, then on total number of items, and finally on the originality of items.

AND THE WINNER IS...

Team number one: Warwick, Pauline, and Elizabeth. Not only did they find 21 items (4 more than the others), but two were simply astounding:

- \* A wastepaper basket, mixing bowl, and light bulb facsimile of a Dalek
- \* [censored]

[This space intentionally left blank.]







Why you got this:

- You LOCed
- You Contributed
- We Trade
- We would like your LOC
- We would like your contribution
- We would like to trade
- We would like YOU
- We love you
- You bribed the President
- You sent us anatomically correct art
- You didn't send us anatomically incorrect art
- You sent us anatomically incorrect art, but we feel sorry for you
- You moved New York to The Moon
- You liked Apricon VIII
- This may be your last issue unless we hear from you

Credits:

Editors-in-Chief: Raymond M. Loy  
Susan Glatz

Editorial Bored: Pauline J. Alama  
E. Warwick Daw

Typing, Layout, etc.:

Elizabeth Bell, Jonathan Burstein,  
Steve Mack, Michele Rizack, Holly  
Taylor, Sybil Shearin, The Bored,  
and the Editors

Artwork:

Fernando Bobbio (9,10,15)  
Steven Fox (11,14)  
Alexis Gilliland (3)  
Hank Heath (12)  
Ming Hsia (back cover)  
Ursula LeGuin (2)  
Paul Mack (front cover)  
Steve Mack (inside front cover, 4,5)  
Kwong Wong (13)  
Sang Yi (6)

Columbia University in the City of New York  
Barnard-Columbia Science Fiction Society  
317 Ferris Booth Hall  
New York City, New York 10027



E. WARWICK DAW  
78 ABERDEEN  
ST. LOUIS, MO 63105

