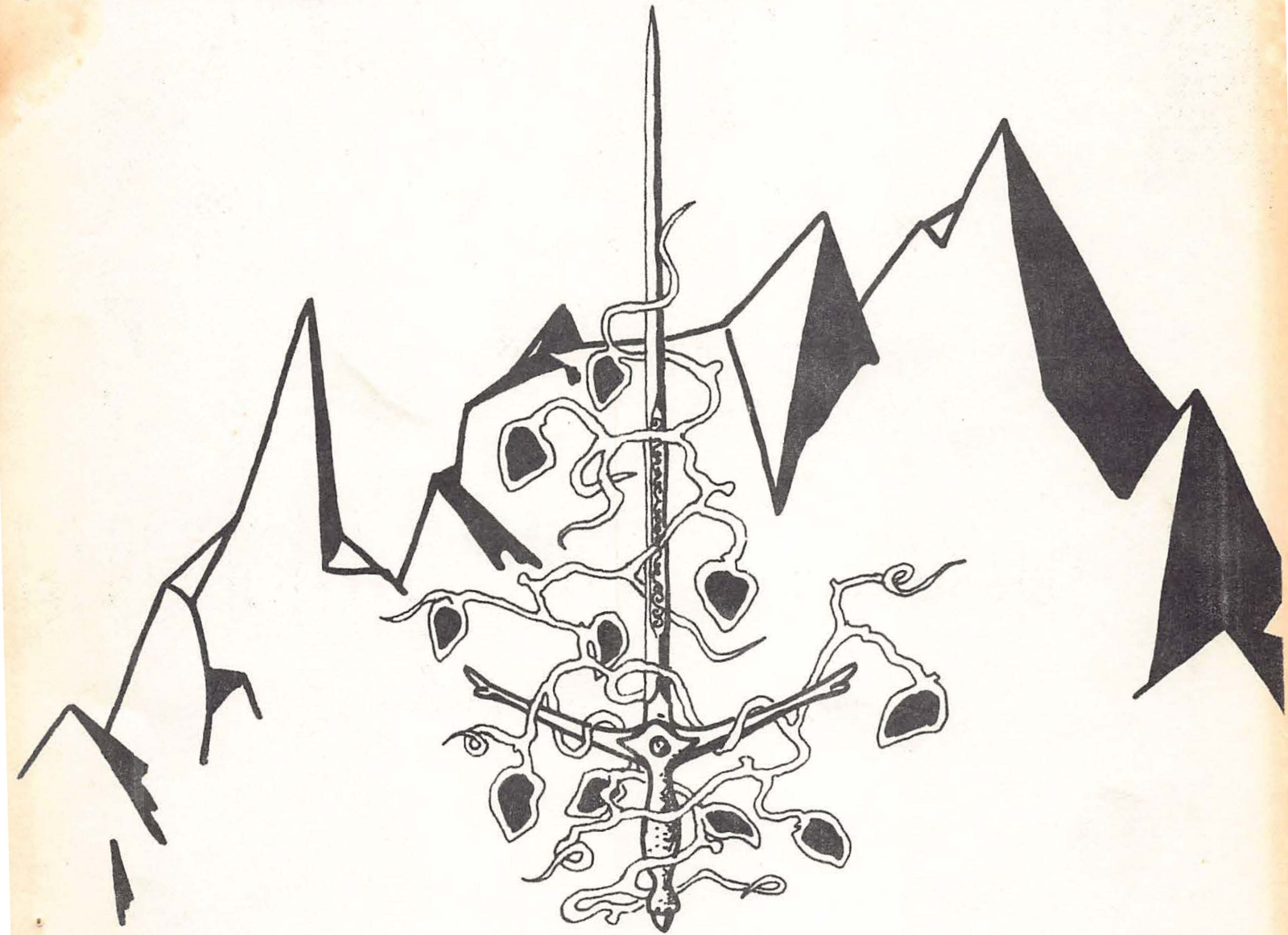


RETELQUEST



UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS * WINTER

1971

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Evelyn Chimelis and David E. Bara, TYPISTS

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EDITORIAL

Last fall, while postering for the Society's film, 1984, I was asked by a student why the Society would show 1984 since, as the student thought, it was not a science fiction film. I had never even considered the idea that 1984 might not be considered as science fiction by anybody. Without a good working definition of science fiction, the field runs the risk of having its best works not considered science fiction. If 1984, Brave New World, Flowers for Algernon, and any other book that has received critical acclaim is not to be considered science fiction because they are "good," there will be nothing "good" left in science fiction.

Perhaps one misconception about science fiction arises from the name itself. Asparagus fiction is fiction about asparagus, kazoo fiction is fiction about kazoos, but science fiction need not be fiction about science. A story about a future society, like the one in Logan's Run, need have very little science, yet is still science fiction. What then is science fiction?

Well, first, what is not science fiction? It is not fact, nor is it presented as fact and expected to be accepted as fact. Thus George Adamski's writings of his experiences with flying saucers are not science fiction since he wrote in the hopes of being believed. Edgar Rice Burroughs also claimed his stories were true, but presumably in his case, it was just a literary device and he did not expect to be believed. If it were now discovered that Burroughs actually expected his stories to be accepted as truth, he would no longer be a science fiction or fantasy writer. We will call fiction, seriously presented as fact, by the name "falsehood."

Which brings us to the second thing that science fiction is not, namely fantasy. A work of fantasy is one in which the author believes that the events in the work are not possible, nor are events similar to those of his work. Julius Caesar is not fantasy, even if Shakespeare was well aware that he was not writing an exact transcript of historical events. It is similar enough to the actual events to make Julius Caesar fall into an area we will call the "likely," stories happening, at the latest, in the immediate future and not contradicting most people's understanding of history. We can still place a work in the "likely" category if it has inaccuracies over which the author has little control. These inaccuracies might be anachronisms, such as the reference to the book in Julius Caesar, or the putting of English in the mouths of ancient Romans. Such inaccuracies might possibly detract from the value of the work but will not in themselves make the work fantasy.

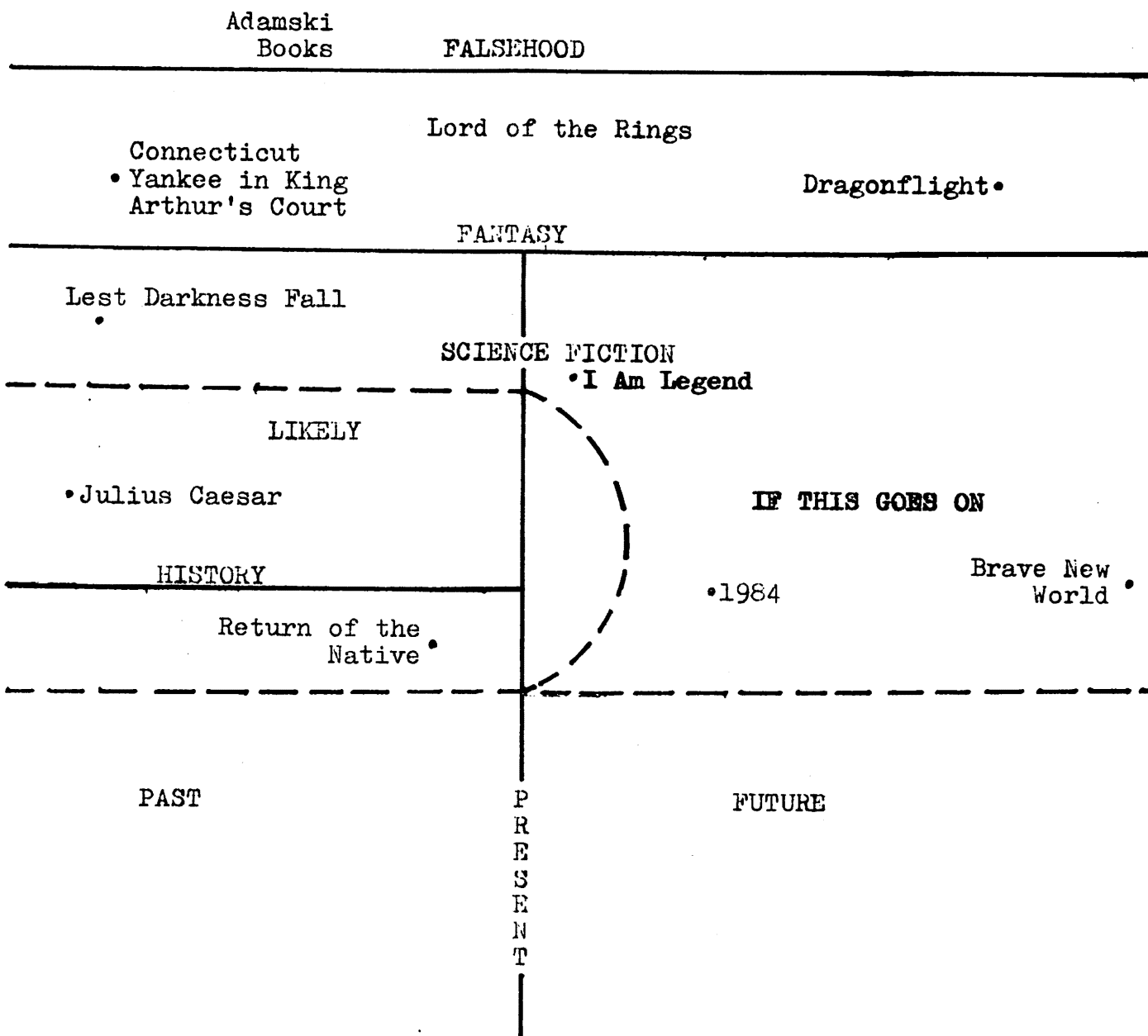
Any piece of fiction that contains neither elements of fantasy nor falsehood, yet is not in the likely category, we will call science fiction. (There is a subcategory of science fiction that deals with likely futures called "'If this goes on' science fiction," 1984 for example.)

We then place a story in the first of the following categories from which it has elements:

1. Falsehood
2. Fantasies
3. Science Fiction
4. Likely

As an example, consider a story in which after an atomic war vampires start reappearing because the stakes in their hearts

have been burned away. This story contains elements of science fiction ('If this goes on') and fantasy, so the story itself will be classified as fantasy. If the vampires are fully explained in scientific term giving the story elements of science fiction rather than fantasy, the story will be classified science fiction. We get, therefore, the following diagram of all fiction:



SCIENCE FICTION--A DEFINITION OF THE TERM

by Patrick J. Carey

Definitions are important. They enable one to get hold of his subject, to secure it for proper scrutiny. This is as true for science fiction as it is for anything else worth critical examination. The following will be, therefore, a summary of some of the definitions that have been made for science fiction.

The term itself was originally coined by Hugo Gernsback, the editor of the first magazine devoted entirely to science fiction, Amazing Stories. "Scientifiction" was what Gernsback called it then, back in 1926, and he defined it as fiction about the science of the future:

"The object of Amazing Stories is to supply fiction, and the fiction is to be based on natural science, so that the person who reads Amazing Stories will not feel that he is wasting his time on imaginary adventures and episodes, but will realize that he is studying science, or perhaps imbibing science." ¹

Robert A. Heinlein also emphasized the future aspect inherent in science fiction when he wrote, "Realistic future-scene fiction contains nothing which is not science fiction and contains at least 90% of all science fiction in print." ²

Theodore Sturgeon, on the other hand, more broadly defines science fiction as, "a story built around human beings, with human problems, and a human solution, which would not have happened at all without its scientific content." ² This definition rejects the importance of didacticism implicit in the Gernsback definition but still acknowledges the necessity of science in a science fiction story.

Most of the older, i.e., pre-new wave, science fiction critics agree with Sturgeon in this respect. For example, Kingsley Amis:

"Science fiction is that class of prose narrative treating of a situation that could not arise in the world we know, but which is hypothesized on the basis of some innovation in science or technology, or pseudo-science or pseudo-technology, whether human or extra-terrestrial in origin." ³

Reginald Bretnor:

"Science fiction [is] that sort of fiction in which the author shows awareness of the nature and importance of the human activity known as the scientific method, shows equal awareness of the great body of human knowledge already collected through that activity, and takes into account in his stories the effects and possible future effects on human beings of scientific method and scientific fact." ⁴

Sam Moskowitz:

"Science fiction is a brand of fantasy identifiable by the fact that it eases the 'willing suspension of disbelief' on the part of its readers by utilizing an atmosphere of scientific credibility for its imaginative speculations in physical science, space, time, social science, and philosophy." ⁵

Recently some critics have concluded that it is wrong to invoke science when defining science fiction. Alexei Panshin writes, "Instead of 'science,' the stuff of creative fantasy [Panshin's newly-proposed label for science fiction] is distance...." ¹

Does science fiction need a new label, as Panshin believes? And is "creative Fantasy" the best? I don't think so, to both questions. "Creative fantasy" is redundant. How can fantasy be uncreative? Also, fantasy is already a recognized literary genre, and a very popular one; witness the paperback sales of Tolkien's Lord of the Rings trilogy. It is distinct from science fiction, however, As Kingsley Amis puts it, "Science fiction...maintains a respect for fact or presumptive fact, fantasy makes a point of flouting these...." ¹ John W. Campbell makes the distinction even more clear: "A story is science fiction if the writer believes it could happen, fantasy if he thinks it could not." ¹

Recognising the clear-cut differences between science fiction and fantasy, I believe that lumping the two forms together as "creative fantasy" is useless obfuscation. There are readers who like one but hate the other. To them, retention of both terms would be a practical necessity. Also, since the terms have evidently become part of the language, it would be almost impossible to disregard them anyways.

If some general expression is desirable that will embrace both science fiction and fantasy, yet still not deny the distinctiveness of each, I think that we can do a lot better than "creative fantasy." I suggest the old term "speculative fiction," coined by Bob Heinlein and popularized by Judith Merrill in her Year's Best S-F anthologies.

If "speculate" means "to think about the various aspects of a given subject; ponder; especially, conjecture," as Webster says, then it is evident that all of the material that nowadays passes as either science fiction or fantasy can be considered to be speculative fiction.

My definition would be, therefore:

Science fiction is literature that (1) contains elements of a highly conjectural nature that (2) the author believes can or could have happened.

(Addendum:

Since the time this article was written (as a short paper for a science fiction colloquium in the Spring of 1970), Alexei Panshin has decided to change the name of the new paradigm that he is proposing for what I call speculative fiction from creative fantasy to speculative fantasy. This is, of course, very much an improvement, but I still believe that he would be better off if he didn't use the word fantasy at all when describing science fiction. His new paradigm is, by the way: "Speculative fantasy is a fictional form that uses removed worlds, characterized by distance and difference, as a setting for romantic-and-didactic narrative."

If the reader would like to learn more of why Panshin believes our genre needs a redefinition, I refer him to Panshin's excellent series of articles that have been appearing regularly in Fantastic for the last two years. The issues that particularly interested me are included in the bibliography, along with a few of the many other notable criticisms in the field of science fiction.)

* Gernsback actually coined the word "scientifiction" in 1915, for use in one of his earlier electronics-oriented magazines. He used the term "science Fiction" for the first time in his Science Wonder Stories, a descendent of Amazing.

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Alexei Panshin:

- (1) "The Nature of Creative Fantasy," Fantastic, Feb. 1971
- (2) "The Nature of Science Fiction," Fantastic, Aug. 1970
- (3) "A New Paradigm: I," Fantastic, Aug. 1971

Robert A. Heinlein:

- (4) "Science fiction: its nature, faults and virtues;" The Science Fiction Novel, Advent Publishers, Chicago, 1959 (p. 16)

Kingsley Amis:

- (5) New Maps of Hell, Ballantine Books, New York, 1960 (p. 14)

THE VISIT: UNITED STATES UFO

By Bill Meissner

out of the darkness they jump:

new balls

they are thunder
thickening the night
the blues reds and whites of their ship
pulse through the cornstalks
stray dogs growl
then run

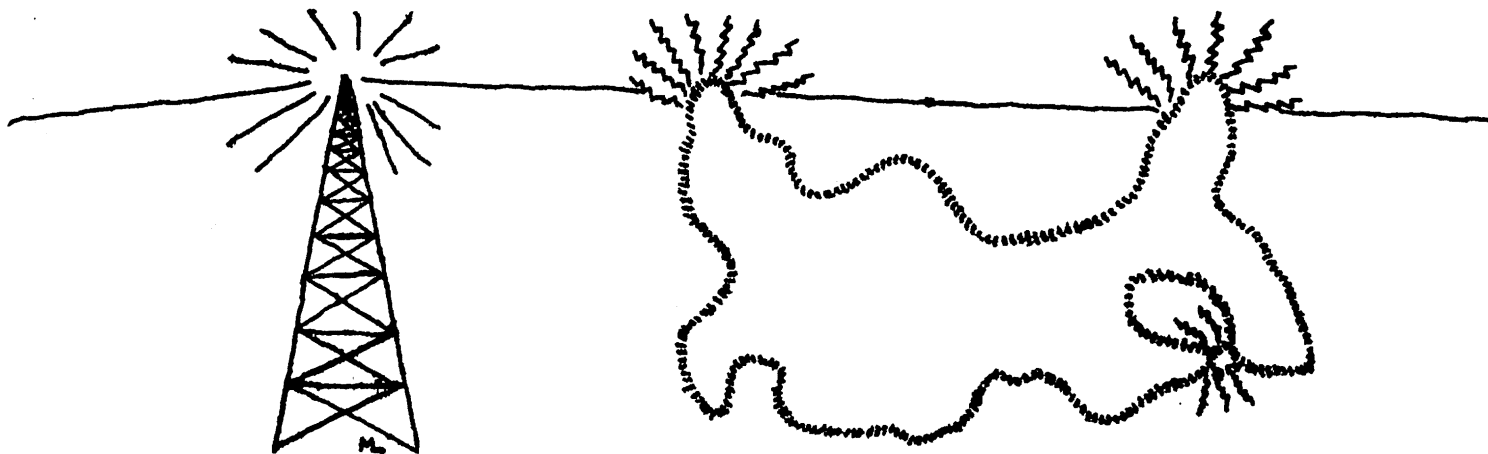
one ship lowers into the woods,
the creatures inside hoping
to find friends.

across the field a window jerks its eye
open. the telephone line to town
bulges with words
of invasions
of war

the farmer worms his way through the corn
his wife leans on the porch with a pitchfork
her eyes sharp, the boys are muffins
stuck together under the cupboard

from behind a tree he sees it.
and his name in every morning paper,
a door opening

he pulls the rifle tight
to his cheek, his trigger finger
curving into a smile



THE POWER PARASITE

A Story for Film

by Mark R. Leeper

June Quimby, the daughter of Governor George Quimby of Maine, is driving along the back roads of Maine, coming home from a party, when for no reason at all the engine of her car dies. She cannot get it started again, so she goes to look for help. Between the trees she sees an old mansion. Before she can start to climb the hill to the mansion, a car comes by. It is driven by scientist David Rhodes. He tells her that he thinks he knows what's wrong with the car but he has to get back to the mansion and will fix it in a little while. He meanwhile invites June up to the mansion for a drink. At first she is a little unwilling to go but he assures her that his intentions are strictly honorable and besides, they will have his research partner, the sixty-year-old Dr. Carl Hausman, as chaperon.

Up in the mansion, Dr. Hausman is waiting impatiently for Rhodes' return. As soon as Rhodes is in the door he asks, "Well?"

"Down another 17%. You haven't found the leak?"

"I'm sure it's not at this end. What about the receiver station? Are you sure there's no leak there?" the older scientist asks.

"None, I'm sure. We better cut power till we find the trouble."

The younger scientist notices June's puzzlement and explains the experiment. The scientists are concerned with the possibility of sending energy through space like one would send radio waves. Three miles up the road there is a receiver they have set up. They started broadcasting power to the station on a concentrated directed beam. At first the system was over 98% effective, with less than 2% of the energy lost in transit. But the efficiency began to slowly drop until now less than a quarter of the broadcasted energy was being picked up by the receiver station. If they could lick this problem, the ability to broadcast energy anywhere could change the world.

While June and Rhodes talk, Hausman has cut off the broadcast power and joins June and Rhodes in a drink. Rhodes tells June that her car will be all right now. It was just that the electrical equipment that the scientists work with sometimes interferes with electrical apparatus in the area if the apparatus has not been properly shielded, like Rhodes' car has been.

We cut to a scene of a farmer who is awakened in the night by

a crackling noise. He looks out his window to see an irregular flickering light behind his barn. He gets out of bed and grabs a long-handled flashlight. He tests it and finds it will not light. He throws it down, pulls a bathrobe and slippers over his long underwear, gets a shotgun, and goes to investigate. As he moves around the corner of the barn, his lit-up face grimaces in terror as he sees whatever it is that is crackling and flickering behind the barn. In the light we can see him scream once.

Meanwhile June has finished her drink and Rhodes walks her back to her car. Rhodes apologizes for the trouble the scientists have caused her, and June says she's happy it happened. It isn't often, she says, that she gets stopped on a back road and fed drinks by two mad scientists. She gets back into her car, but the car still will not start. Troubled, Rhodes tells her to push over, and he gets behind the wheel but the car still won't start. "Maybe the car just died on its own without your help," June suggests. Rhodes tells her perhaps she is right, but he obviously doesn't like that explanation. He suggests that his car still works and he can take her to the motel in town and in the morning he'll pick her up and they can see about getting the car fixed. When they get back to the mansion, he suggests that she call her parents to tell them she is all right; after all, the governor must have more important things to worry about. She is surprised that he knew that she was the governor's daughter. As she goes to call her father, she discovers that she can't make the call as there is a loud crackling coming over the phone. She tells Rhodes and he seems even more worried, but he tells her she can call from town.

They get in Rhodes' car. He tells her as they are driving that he will point out the receiver station when they pass it. But before they get there June sees a flickering off to one side of the road. She asks Rhodes if it's a fire. But Rhodes says it's the wrong color for fire and tells her to wait in the car while he goes to investigate. He is on the same farm where the farmer was killed earlier. He finds around the side of the barn the burnt, charred remains of the farmer. Then in the blackness he sees it. It looks like a solid undulating chunk of static electricity. It seems to have no shape of its own; like an amoeba it constantly changes in shape.

It seems not to move along the ground, but rather to float in the air. It is floating in the direction of the car. Rhodes hears a scream as June sees it. He races the thing back to the car. At first the glob of light does not move very fast, but as it moves it picks up speed. He yells to June to stay in the car and he gets to the car just before the glob does. He quickly starts the car but the glob seems to be following it. Rhodes tells June that he's going to slow the car. When he tells her to, she should jump out and roll away from the car. He slows and they both jump. The glob of light goes right past them following the car. The car runs into a tree and bursts into flames and the glob seems to bathe itself in these flames.

Rhodes runs to June and asks her how she is. She says that she's all right but her best party dress will never be the same. They start the walk back to the mansion. When they are almost to the mansion, June sees the glob coming up the road. They run the last yards to the house. Rhodes says he thinks he knows how to control the glob for a while. It is in the room now, coming right through the wall. Rhodes turns on the energy broadcast equipment.

The glob seems to shoot a tentacle out the window and move up it to what appears to be a straight glowing line running from the roof. The glob is absorbed by the line which slowly fades out. Dr. Hausman is in the doorway, watching what is happening.

June asks if it is gone and Rhodes says that for the present he thinks it is, but not for long. Dr. Hausman asks Rhodes what the glob was. Rhodes says he's not sure, but he has a theory. "How much do you know about bread mold?" he asks June.

June looks at him as if he's crazy, but Dr. Hausman asks him what he means. Rhodes explains that there are spores of bread mold all around us but they go unperceived until they land on a piece of bread in the right conditions and then the result is a culture of mold. What, he asks, if there is another form of life entirely, made of energy, living off energy.

Now Hausman understands. "You think," he says, "that a spore of this life form happened by chance onto our beam and is living off of it. Growing bigger and stronger?"

"That would explain the leak, wouldn't it? And why this thing should show up tonight? We cut off the beam and it had to look elsewhere for energy."

"But you have it controlled now, don't you?" June asked. "That was what we saw, this being jumping back on the beam?"

"For now it's controlled, yes, but that thing is growing. It won't be long before it needs more energy than the beam can give it. At first there was very little leakage. As it absorbed more energy, it grew and needed more energy. Earlier this evening the thing was absorbing over three-quarters of the energy and its needs are quickly growing."

"We clearly have got to find some way of killing it," Hausman says. "If it's like a mold, it won't have any maximum size. It will keep growing and destroying indefinitely. We know only its eating habits. We have two choices as to how to try to kill it. We can underfeed it or overfeed it. Pick one, Dave."

"Both are going to be risky. If we try to overfeed it and overload it with energy, we don't know its capacities. We could create a monster that nobody could handle. But as far as I know I think the other alternative is worse. That thing moves through walls like lightning. Eventually it will find some source of energy. It may even take refuge deep underground in Earth's largest reservoir of energy, the center of the Earth itself. If that happens, it is just a matter of time for the human race. No, it's too late to try starving it. We'll have to take our chances trying to overload it and burn it out."

They decide that they can transport the being by putting receivers on two automobiles a few yards apart and letting a field of high energy form between the cars. While the two scientists work, June calls her father and after some arguing convinces him to order the evacuation of the power company's nearby nuclear reactor except for control room personnel. Rhodes pushes June's car until it is outside the interference range of the transmitter and then drives it to the receiver station to install the receiver in the car. Meanwhile Dr. Hausman installs a quickly-rigged receiver in his own car. Hausman must direct and operate the transmitter and reluctantly allows June to drive his car in spite of the danger. The plan is to take the being, trapped between the two cars, to the reactor and try to overload it with energy there. June drives Hausman's car to the receiver station.

Rhodes is also reluctant to let June go but at last agrees. He quickly shows her the dial that shows how much energy the receivers are actually getting as a percentage of the broadcast energy. Last evening, he says, it was 24%. Now at 5 A.M. it was down to 13%, which meant that the being was absorbing almost 87% of the broadcast energy. When the dial dropped from 13% to zero, that would mean that the being would have grown big enough to absorb all the broadcast energy and would soon become visible again and look for more energy to absorb. As he is explaining all this, the dial drops to 12%.

It is a long drive through twisting roads to the power plant. They drive side by side as fast as they can go. The dial is slowly moving to zero. As the reactor comes into sight, the dial hits zero.

In the field between the cars, the being is beginning to become visible, thirsting for more energy. It is edging its way toward the car June is driving. June tries to edge her car away from it but it follows her. Suddenly it glows brightly and jumps to the dome of the reactor.

In a few minutes, Rhodes is in the control room of the reactor. The control personnel are surprisingly quick to co-operate with Rhodes, having been so instructed by the governor and seeing the immense spectre of the being over the dome of the reactor. They set the controls for maximum energy output. Then they abandon the plant. Now it's their job to put as much space as they can between them and the reactor, which is now just a time bomb, waiting to explode.

The reactor is located on a river. In a few minutes, they are a mile up the river, watching the reactor through tinted glasses and binoculars. There is a flash but no explosion, no mushroom. The being has absorbed the entire energy of the reactor. A geiger counter shows that no radioactivity has been released by the explosion. After several minutes a glowing column forms over the reactor site. The being is hungry for more energy.

The huge column forms itself again into a shapeless mass, immense now, hungry and drifting. They were too late to overfeed the being from the reactor. As it floats, the first rays of the sun creep over the mountainous horizon. The being climbs and drifts eastward, moving toward this new warm source of energy. Eventually it drifts from sight. Like the moth being drawn to the flame, the being is being drawn to the sun.

Nobody is really sure what to expect. Rhodes, who is surprised to see that he has put his arm around June, asks her to come back to the mansion to just wait and find out what happens. They travel slowly back over the roads that they had raced over earlier that morning. As they drive the sky goes dark. June sees it first; the sun has turned orange. Rhodes pulls off the road to watch. The sun slowly returns to its usual yellow. The being has finally been overfed, overloaded. "Well," says Rhodes, "I think we can expect some pretty bad weather the next few days."

"Dave, have you seen this?" she asks. The dial reads 99%, and is slowly falling.

THE HUGO AWARDS (1971)

by David Bara

I had the pleasure of attending this years Hugo Award Banquet which was held at the Sheraton-Boston during the 29th World Science Fiction Convention (Noreascon), September 3-6, 1971. The UMass Science Fiction Society had a fairly large contingent at the Convention. Our secretary, Janice Trout, took part in the Costume Ball as Jjzalena, the cat magician. I, at least, thought that the costume was quite good.

At any rate, the Hugo competition was a close, hot race; mainly because the air conditioning broke down in the ballroom where the Awards Banquet was held. Robert Silverberg was the fairly witty master of ceremonies, Lester Del Rey gave a speech about John W. Campbell's contribution to science fiction, Clifford D. Simak, the guest of honor, spoke on the merits of science fiction, and, as usual, Isaac Asimov presented the Hugos, after singing (and quite admirably) a humorous limerick.

Listed below is the Hugo ballot with the order of finish of the top three in each category. This year, for the first time, the second and third place finishers received a plaque. The winners, of cours, got stuck with a Hugo.

NOVEL

1. "Ringworld" by Larry Niven
2. "Tau Zero" by Poul Anderson
3. "The Tower of Glass" by Robert Silverberg
- "Year of the Quiet Sun" by Wilson Tucker
- "Starlight" by Hal Clement

NOVELLA

1. "Ill Met in Lankhmar" by Fritz Leiber
2. "The Thing in the Stone" by Clifford D. Simak
3. "The Region Between" by Harlan Ellison
- "Beast Child" by Dean R. Koontz
- "The World Outside" by Robert Silverberg

SHORT STORY

1. "Slow Sculpture" by Theodore Sturgeon
2. "Continued on Next Rock" by R.A. Lafferty
3. "Jean Dupres" by Gordon R. Dickson
- "In the Queue" by Keith Laumer
- "Brillo" by Ben Bova and Harlan Ellison

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

NO AWARD

Colossus; The Forbin Project
Blows Against the Empire
Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers
Hauser's Memory
No Blade of Grass

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

1. Leo and Diane Dillon
2. Frank Kelly Freas
3. Jack Gaughan
- Jeff Jones
- Eddie Jones

ON THE DEATH OF A CLOSE FRIEND

by Mark R. Leeper

Bloody Thick-headed Dutchman. Did he plan it this way? Dead at last. Passed in his sleep. I had him this time. I would have won at last, but the bloody thick-headed Dutchman cheated me again. I could taste victory in my mouth, feel it in my teeth. Quietly like a mist I eased my way to his bed for the final victory. And there lay not a warm vessel, but a cold shell.

And so the game ends. A draw. Death has claimed him but not by my hand. Neither of us has really lost, but neither of us has won. Yet if I have not lost, what do I have left? Who is there to replace him? There are no more opponents. There is no one left who even believes in the game. This Dutchman was the last one. Never again will I be feared as the Prince of Darkness. I will become a mockery and my name a toy for children's lips. With this Dutchman died my sport, and with my sport died my dignity. I will sit and watch this silent shell until the peaceful fingers of dawn creep over the sill and across the floor. And in the morning, when they bring him his breakfast, they will find him lying there. And here in the corner they will find my cape and my ring, and perhaps they will blame me for his death or praise him for mine.

(Editor's note: For the uninitiated, the speaker is Dracula, on the death of his chief nemesis, Van Helsing.)

THE HUGO AWARDS (1971)

PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE

1. Fantasy and Science Fiction
2. Analog
3. Amazing
Galaxy
Vision of Tomorrow

FAN ARTIST

1. Alicia Austin
2. Tim Kirk
3. William Rotsler
Mike Gilbert
Steve Fabian

FANZINE

1. Locus
2. SF Review
3. Energumen
Outworlds
Speculation

FAN WRITER

1. Richard Geis
2. Terry Carr
3. Ted Pauls
Tom Digby
Elizabeth Fishman

1ST FANDOM HALL OF FAME AWARD- John W. Campbell
PAT TERRY AWARD (HUMOR IN SCIENCE FICTION)- Ron Goulart for
"After Things Fell Apart"

PRIMAR TENEDARE

by David E. Manriques

The laws were immutable, no exceptions, none. You could not make something from nothing, nor could you exceed the speed of light. And that was all that there was--nothing or a something which could only be reached by traveling faster than the speed of light. The laws were laws, unbeatable.

Man had finally done it. Technology had snatched him from each ensuing disaster. When his world became untenable, he developed a globular force that allowed him to live away from it. In each globe he had put clean air, rich soil, fresh water, and green plants. The globes had grown in cellular profusion, dividing into twos and fours, until all the planets had been swallowed, and when growth appeared to be impossible and crowding threatened, someone developed the means to exploit the sun. Now that too was gone. Mankind was again threatened with extinction, yet there was no feverish activity, no great mobilization of effort. After all, they reasoned, one man out of the countless many would solve the dilemma, and only one inspired idea was necessary.

The globes on the fringe of the great mass had already experienced shortages. They knew that as each minute passed another octillion of men was born. For centuries it had been accepted that it was necessary to have as many offspring as possible so humanity could push forever outwards. The mass of globes measured a light-year in diameter.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well what are you going to do about it?"

"What can I do?"

Everyone looked at everyone else, getting the feeling that he was passing on the responsibility of decision. Naturally someone passed it back to the first person.

"We elected you president."

"You're my advisors."

"What did the computers say?"

"No solution."

"There's always a solution."

"There's got to be."

Everyone thought for a moment.

"You realize what it means if there is no solution?"

"Within a few hundred years we, as a race, will cease to exist."

"There must be something we can do."

"Birth control?"

"Be reasonable, we can't get to zero growth with an average lifespan of a thousand years. By the time enough died to allow new births everyone would be too old to have children."

"I guess so."

"Still..."

"Selected deaths seems the only answer."

"Oh sure, who'll volunteer?"

"I would think people would willingly..."

"Would you?"

Silence resumed control for a while.

"We just can't start singing a dirge."

"We have to think of something."

They rose and stretched. Without formality they walked away from the shade of the oak tree. The president was joined by his wife.

Each globe was an Eden. Each had mountains, valleys, deserts, jungles, plains, and forests, even seas. Grain grew and cattle fattened with little assistance from man. The weather was controlled and there was no need for shelter or clothing. Man was free to pursue the arts or merely lounge. There had been no want for centuries; it was unimaginable that the ailment could occur once again.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, everything."

"Don't want to talk about it?"

"No."

She gazed into his eyes, letting him know that she wanted to help. He remained silent, but squeezed her hand.

When man had used those elements he could use, and feared that there would be a shortage, he devised a way to transform the useless elements into usable ones.

"Is it true that we're not going to make an extension globe? Remember when we first settled this one?"

He smiled. "Yes, I'm afraid so."

War, a solution, was impractical. The only weapons readily available were sticks and stones. A few plastic implements existed, but metal had been transformed into earth. Besides, most people wouldn't stand for it.

The path they were walking on ended at the shore of a lake. They dove in, their tanned bodies glistening in the sun. They raced others in the water with strong powerful strokes of eternally healthy bodies. He was five hundred and fifty-four and she five hundred and fifty.

They joined some others beneath a fruit tree and shared lunch with them. A few nodded respect to the president and his wife as they sat among them. He stroked his wife's long blond hair and lay beside her as they ate.

"It seems strange. I mean, nothing's changed. It's as if the danger really didn't exist."

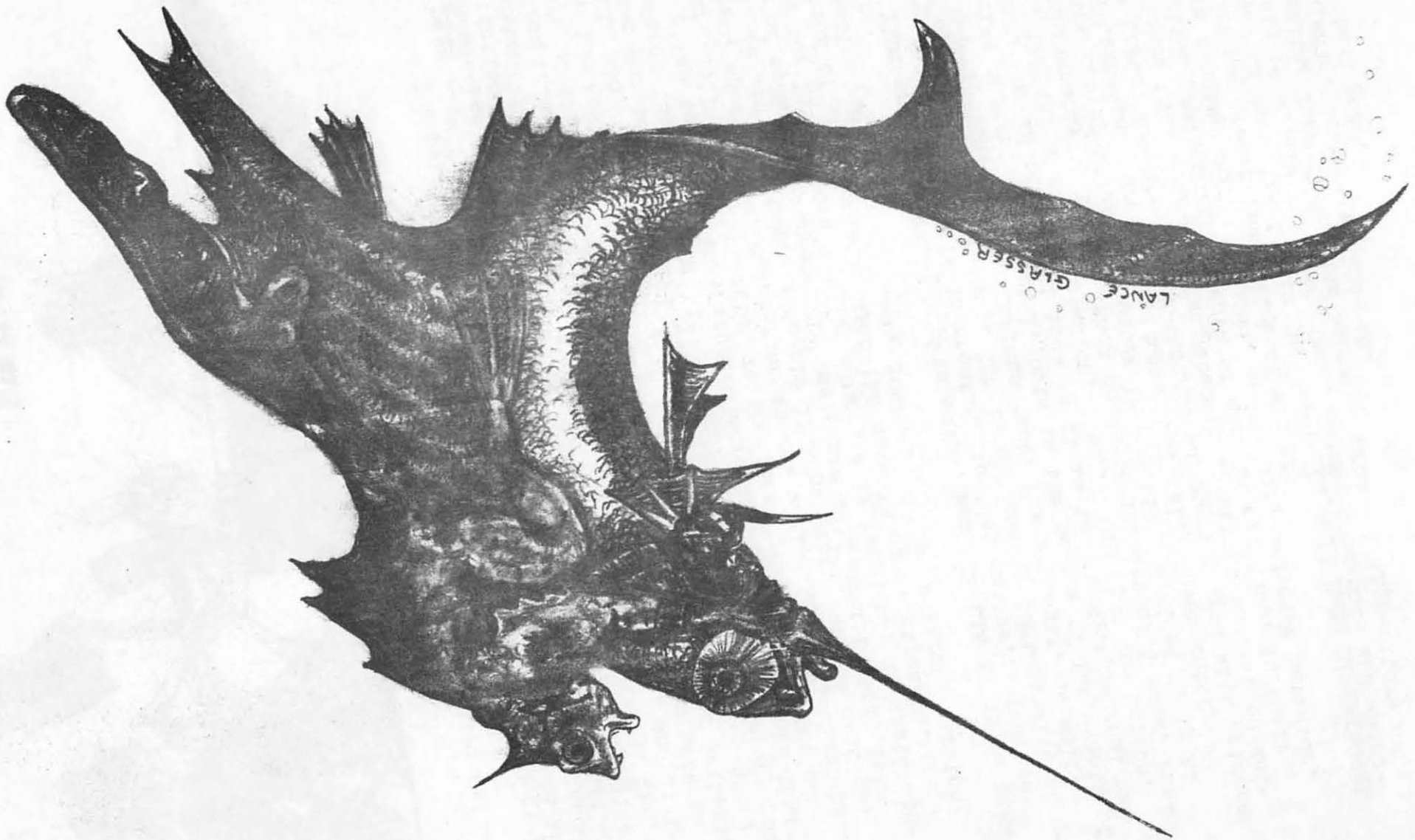
"That's true."

There was a moment of quiet. The conversation inevitably turned to a less morbid topic, better suited to such a beautiful day. Wisps of white ran across the pale blue of the sky. Birds sang in the branches above them, and a doe and fawn regarded them from a distance. The sun was warm and the meal settled them into an aura of content. They spoke of their many children and their hopes and plans for the future. Perhaps it was fitting. Man would not go out with either a whimper or a bang, just indifferent complacency as night fell at last.

SOCIETY FILM

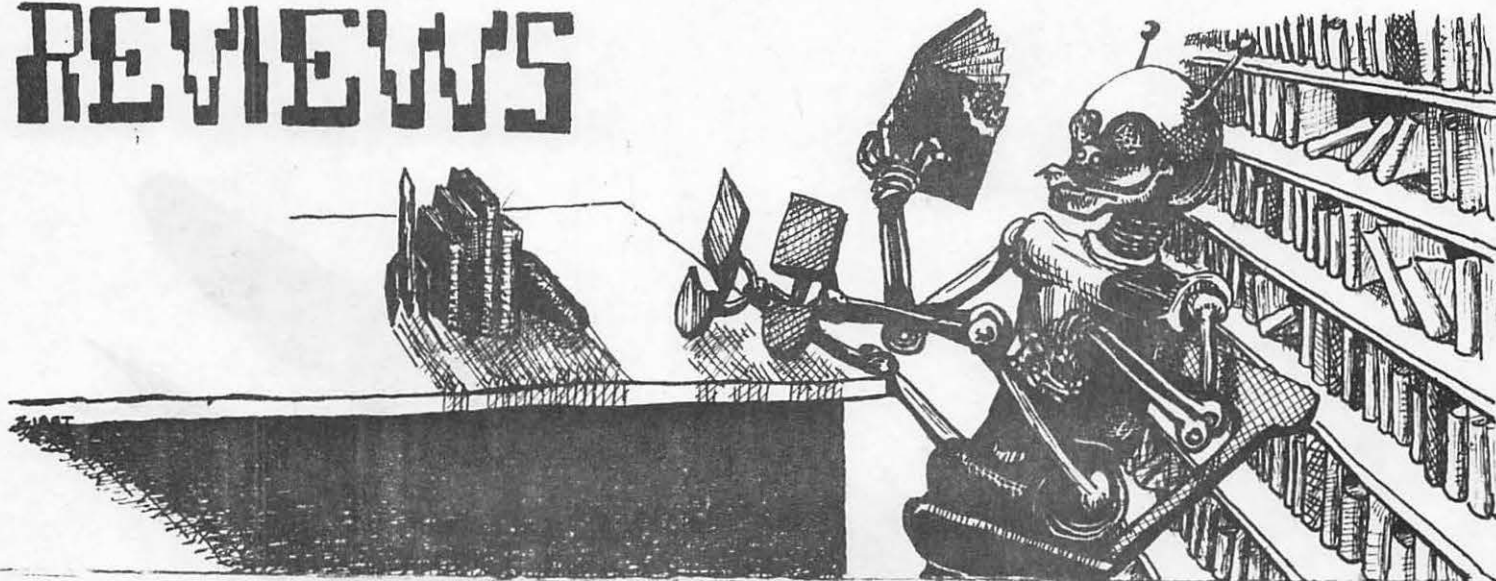
Our first movie for the spring semester will be, unless there is a last minute change, DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS. The film is the sequel to HORROR OF DRACULA, and features Christopher Lee in the title role. It is a Hammer Film Production, 1965, in colour.

DB



LANCE GLASSER

REVIEWS



REVIEW-THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS

by Dimitri Gat

The publication of Ursula K. Leguin's The Left Hand of Darkness (New York, Ace Books, 1969) has added immeasurably to the headaches of those who persistently attempt to define science fiction. For as the outlines of science fiction blur, shift and extend themselves, the characters in Mrs. Leguin's book slide from male to neuter to female and back again repeatedly. They are bisexuals--except the protagonist, who is a man. And it is in the sophisticated perceptions of the relationships between this man, Genly Ai, and various members of the race of Gethenians, most particularly Therem Harth rem ir Estraven, that the novel rewards the reader for his efforts. True, a casual literary nod is given to those long-patented science fiction trappings that bring self-confident smiles to the faces of the Definers: mad kings, space ships, emissaries to new worlds and ridiculous names. Mrs. Leguin also takes a feeble lick at plot, but the critical eye of even a tyro reader in the genre will realize that it's used for little more than linking the impressively in-depth conception of the bisexuals with the novel's other strength, the effective narration of a long journey over a dangerous stretch of Ice.

Plot and incongruous gadgets aside, Mrs. Leguin is to be congratulated for her skill in creating the Gethenians, a tour de force of imaginative writing. She is not nearly content with physical descriptions of this curious race. She presents, as well, extensive background material, both in the course of the events of the novel and in brief additions to it in the form of journal excerpts, tables, and legends which, though they slow the action, add considerably to her polished characterization of a race. Further, the conversations and other interactions between Genly Ai and the Gethenians are handled most skillfully, even subtly. Largely absent are the clumsy thought passages paired with grimaces and twitches that long have unsuccessfully served to develop science fiction protagonists' depth of characterization. In their place are cunning shifts of mood, personality and even narrator, all set on the treacherous stage of Winter.

Winner of both the Nebula and Hugo, The Left Hand of Darkness will likely be widely imitated. One imagines bisexuals and androgynes tumbling like flesh-pink sausages from the typewriters of lesser talents. Neuters will be in.

Until next year.

REVIEW-COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE

by Mark R. Leeper

For me, anyway, the name of American International Pictures has a bitter taste. It seems to me that AIP has been a strong force for destroying the genre of the horror film with exploitation titles and singularly bad films. Their name conjures up pictures of I Was a Teenage Frankenstein and Beast with a Million Eyes (a title with strong voyeur appeal but little else). If AIP releases a foreign film like Night of the Eagle, it could be quite good provided that the butchers at AIP don't mutilate it too much (as they almost did with Night of the Eagle--in America Burn, Witch, Burn).

But there are signs that AIP is starting to mature with Count Yorga, Vampire, and they may even be doing a little to conserve the field that they had formerly exploited and laid to waste. To be sure, they did have some out-of-place and poorly done scenes, but on the whole they have been able to do what has never before been done in a vampire film--or perhaps any horror film. They have made a truly frightening film. It is the only vampire film I have ever seen in which vampirism becomes a terrifying concept. Universal's and Hammer's vampires are staid and dignified gentlemen and ladies who every once in a while let down their dignity just enough for a little nip. Unlike in Yorga, in a Hammer film you can meet a female vampire in a graveyard someplace, maybe and she will talk to you for a while, edging closer... staring intently at your neck....creeping up as she gently talks to you...but just as she strikes, you whip out your crucifix and save the day. They do not strike at you, three at a time, out of the darkness, and start chewing on you before you know what hit you. I do know a fellow who, on the basis of Hammer's vampires, has decided that he wants to be a vampire and goes around biting his girl's neck. Not many people will identify with the vampires in Yorga.

Part of what is incredible about Yorga is that it takes place in the present, and in the United States. It is no small feat to put a vampire, or for that matter a werewolf, or a mummy, or any other of the stock supernatural monsters, in a modern U.S. setting without straining the film's credibility. Modern settings for vampires usually just do not work. This one did. Other interesting points include the explanation of the vampire's fear of the cross; it is simply a symbol of good and therefore a horrible sight to a creature of evil. It is logical and it does not necessarily imply Christian supremacy. Hammer's vampires are descended from an ancient, pagan, anti-Christian cult that in some mysterious way evolved into what we call vampires. It is not logical and they are making the same mistake that Universal made--they are over-explaining their vampires. The vampire loses his terror mystique if he is too well understood. Count Yorga had another good point when the Count said that vampires had to be wise (cunning?) to avoid for centuries being destroyed. A good point and I am not sure if it has been in other vampire films. The ending, though predictable about a minute in advance, is not predictable before then, and but for the last shot is superb. But the chief contribution of Count Yorga, Vampire is during the night after you see it when you come into a dark room and you want to turn on the light but are afraid to move because

IT WILL TIP THEM OFF WHERE...YOU...ARE!

Riddle-Paradox: When is more of the same nothing like the same? Answer: When it is too much like the same. Why do we see The Bride of Frankenstein more often than Son of Kong, a forgotten masterpiece of special effects? By itself I think Son of Kong is the better film, but whatever is good about Son of Kong you have seen it if you have seen King Kong (and who hasn't?). Bride of Frankenstein has a few good special effects and gives us a whole new interpretation of the monster. Bride is not a formula film and Son of Kong is. As great as the formula is with O'Brien's fine special effects, Son of Kong offers nothing that King Kong did not. This is not to say that I would object bitterly if we could see Son of Kong a little more often. There is some originality in Son of Kong. A totally worthless sequel is one that there is no point in seeing at all, if you have seen the original. Return of Count Yorga is playing at your local theater. If you have not seen Count Yorga, Vampire you are in for an exciting experience, perhaps even frightening. If you've seen Count Yorga, Vampire, pass the popcorn and let's see what Svengoulie has this week.

(Editor's note: Svengoulie is the host of Creature Feature which can be seen every Saturday night on WHNB-TV, Channel 30 in New Britain, Conn. following the late news).

REVIEW-COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE

by David Bara

After re-reading Mark Leeper's review of this film, I felt it necessary, for my own sense of fair play, to take issue with a few of his statements.

First of all, let me make it perfectly clear that I don't think that Count Yorga, Vampire is a bad film, as a matter of fact, it is quite good. Also, I will not take issue with the statement that it is frightening. Obviously, what frightens one individual might not frighten another. Many factors come into play when you consider how terrifying a film is. Like, did you see it alone in a darkened movie theater that was nearly deserted, or did you see it in a well-lighted living room? Was there a thunderstorm going on concurrently with your watching the movie, or was a gentle spring rain falling as you watched? I'm sure you get the general idea. For instance, the only film that has ever actually frightened me is Invasion of the Body Snatchers, and it wasn't because I saw it as a kid; I saw it about two years ago. Now, others may disagree with me, and that is their privilege, but Body Snatchers scared me so badly that I couldn't go to sleep after seeing it for fear of being taken over by the pods. To restate my point, fear varies according to the individual involved and the conditions that exist during the actual viewing of the film concerned.

Getting back to the specific film in question, I was not frightened by Count Yorga. But then, I have never been frightened by any vampire film I have seen, or, at least, if I have, only briefly. Admittedly, vampires are given a rather novel

treatment in this film, but I seriously doubt that it is as novel as Mark would lead us to believe. After all, how original can any vampire movie be?

Mark seems to think that one of the remarkable things about Count Yorga is that its vampires are not the "staid and dignified gentlemen and ladies" that appear in Hammer's vampire films. I would like to take issue with that statement. Though the vampires in a Hammer production may at times behave as gentlemen and ladies, it is hardly true that they do so at all times. Hammer and Christopher Lee have always portrayed Count Dracula as an extremely vicious and evil supernatural creature, entirely devoid of any human feelings. If you have seen any of Hammer's series of Dracula films, you will certainly know what I am talking about. And as to Hammer's vampires never being at all terrifying, but only creeping up on you slowly so that you can save yourself at the last instant, I need only recall the scene in Horror of Dracula in which Dracula bursts into the room just as his bride is taking a victim. The quick close-up to Dracula's face, his fangs bared and gleaming, his eyes wild and bloodshot, his mouth streaming with fresh blood; is certainly terrifying the first time you see it. At least it has always drawn a good number of gasps from the audience every time I have seen the film, and I've seen it seven times! I will use only this one example here, but I could use others to support my contention that Hammer's vampires are indeed quite frightening at times.

Another of Mark's criticisms of Hammer is that they tend to overexplain their vampires, and thus make them far less frightening. Aside from the one example he sights from Brides of Dracula in which Van Helsing (Peter Cushing) says they are an ancient anti-Christian cult, I can not really find any other examples to support his claim. I think that in most of Hammer's films, as in vampire films in general, the vampires are just taken for granted. We accept the fact that the vampires exist in the context of the film, and that's it. Whether we actually accept the vampire as a reality, or simply as a fictitious character is not the point. Count Yorga does no better or worse job in under or over-explaining the vampire than does any above average vampire film.

The modern setting of Count Yorga is not really of importance either. The setting could just have easily been late 19th century Central Europe as the modern United States. Other than the costumes and the cars instead of horse drawn carriages it makes little difference to the actual body of the film. It neither contributes to, nor hinders the unfolding of the movie. The modern setting is almost completely inconsequential.

As to certain aspects of the production of Count Yorga, it definitely lacks the polish of either a Hammer or Universal film of the same type. The acting is shoddy for the most part. No one in the film gives an outstanding performance. Though the sets and direction are much superior to the usual American International film, they fall far short of most of Hammer's and Universal's comparable efforts. When you come right down to it, Count Yorga, Vampire, though certainly worth seeing, and a better than average horror film, just is not as outstanding as Mark Leeper's review of it would have us believe. The simple fact may be that so few horror films are any good at all, that when a fairly good one comes along some fans of the genre tend to get far more over-enthusiased and overzealous in their praise than they should be. And in doing so, lose sight of the film's true value.

REVIEW--WOULD YOU BELIEVE COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE?

by Mark R. Leeper

In the three years that I have been writing reviews for the society magazine I have never considered it necessary to criticize another's review. The thought had crossed my mind after reading my co-editor's glowing review of the poorly conceived, weakly acted, antifilm House of Dark Shadows. But I felt then that it would set a bad precedent to have long-winded arguments on the review pages.

But since my co-editor has seen fit to break the ice, allow me, at least, to defend my statements. His comments about the conditions under which film is seen, changing the film's effect, are valid. He saw the film at a drive-in, alone in the car with a beautiful girl. If he paid full attention to the film, he's a bigger fool than I took him for!

My co-editor asks how original can any concept of the vampire be in the cinema. My answer is "completely!" I would defy him to point out any film vampire, prior to Count Yorga, that is a total beast of prey, completely animal! The neophyte vampires are a totally different breed from Hammer's vampires. Gone are the two neat bites on the neck, these vampires maul like wild dogs! As such, they are more frightening than Yorga himself, who is in the Hammer style of vampire, having had centuries to learn his bedside manner. The screams I heard from the audience during Count Yorga were like nothing I have ever heard Hammer get.

As for the setting being inconsequential, I invite my co-editor to re-view Return of Dracula to see how absurd that vampire is in a modern setting. Part of the romance of the vampire is the distancing effect. It takes a careful hand to take the distancing effect from a vampire and put him in a city street without shattering the audience's suspension of disbelief. As for the "anti-Christian cult" explanation of vampires in Brides of Dracula, to all outward signs, Brides is no less a sequel to Horror of Dracula than any other film in the sequence and if you can't believe Honest Abe Van Helsing about vampires, who can you believe?

I will admit that Yorga lacks the polish of Hammer's Horror of Dracula, just as does Nosferatu, and the original Dracula. Yet I would say that these four films, each with its own original concept of the vampire are the four most important vampire films ever made.

REVIEW--COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE--OF COURSE!

by David Bara

I'll be as brief as possible. Divergence of opinion on a film is not necessarily a bad thing. I think that calling House of Dark Shadows an anti-film is going a bit too far. Outstanding it is not, but neither is it putrid. A fan of the television show, which Mark was not, would be more likely to find it enjoyable.

Personally, I think that viewing Yorga at a drive-in need not mean you don't give it your full attention. I did. Mark saw it with a bunch of little kiddies. Hardly a sophisticated audience, and probably the reason for the "unusual" screaming he heard.

In regard to pointing out a film prior to Yorga that treats
(continued on page 24)

STRANGE ALLIES

by Glenn Blacow

Synopsis

An alien invasion fleet had attacked the earth with ultra-advanced weaponry. With its thermonuclear defenses nullified and all others badly outclassed, Earth was forced to admit defeat. But the aliens weren't interested in surrender. Humans, except as livestock and game, had no place in the plans of the Urazzu. The rapidly vanishing armies of humanity fought on without hope. Screening devices rendered most of their weapons useless, reducing them to hand-to-hand combat against foes far larger and stronger than men. It seemed that Homo sapiens would not even have the satisfaction of inflicting many casualties on the enemy.

One last hope remained. The commander of the last organized American combat force had made contact with other groups of Terrans. They were strange allies indeed, and their price was the cession of Europe and all survivors still in it, but their was little choice left. The pact was signed.

The allies then made their initial attack. The alien leaders were badly shaken as, for the first time in the invasion's history, one of their camps was overrun and its defenders annihilated. Nervous, they ordered that massive security precautions were to be taken at all bases.

Part II

The Urazzu sentry was jumpy. Had he not reason to be? An entire camp wiped out in spite of its supposedly infallible defenses! More dead in that single attack than in all of the battles fought in the invasion.

Still, he supposed he was lucky to be here. It was probably no more than an accidental power failure, and there were compensations. There were the Amusements every night. The natives, of course, were too fragile for the more strenuous of them--he could pulp a Katani she with a single tail-stroke, but they were amazingly sensitive to both pain and fear, and a good Master trained in the more subtle techniques could wring hours of virtuoso Amusement out of one before the soft-skin died. Even his own crude methods were most satisfactory. It was too bad the Lords were so upset. He hated to miss the Amusements.

He stiffened at a movement in the bushes and hastily unslung his burner-rifle and went prowling forward. A human! And a big one, too! Or was it? Something about the glitter of those eyes--- those eyes---eyes---eyes---

The sentry began to stalk forward slowly, pulled by the glare of those eyes. He did not notice when he dropped his rifle, nor when he lowered his throat (?) to within the reach of the tall figure standing there, nor even when the fangs met in his throat. He did not even notice when he died...

Shadows began to stir in the darkness outside of camp...

Patrol-leader M'saraz snarled at the cowering scout.

"Worm-eaten filth! Have you grown so afraid of the Katani that your own soldiers will not patrol outside the defenses and

you must send for the Zarakai?"

"Master," whined the scout officer, "have you not heard? Four camps have been wiped out, and the patrols we send out to guard our defenses do no return. The High Lord himself has directed me to call upon you for aid, for what can stand up to the Emperor's Guard?"

M'saraz's crest lowered, his anger appeased by the praise.

"One cannot expect conscripts to do as well as the Zarakai. perhaps. Very well. I myself shall lead this night's patrol. You!"

"To hear!" answered the groveling scout.

"You will personally guide us through these hills tonight. Come fully armed. And prepare rations and a vat of Osa-juice for my men."

"To obey!"

M'saraz's snouted head swiveled as he watched the fifty Zarakai lope by. His eyes noted the standard combat equipment of burner-rifle, battle-axe, and saw-toothed combat knife, his scent-tendrils checked each for the faint aroma of Osa. At the rear came the scout-officer, his half-ton of muscle dwarfed by the giant forms about him. As soon as the last of the line swung by, the Patrol-leader swung in behind.

It was fifty minutes later that the ambush snapped shut. Every bush seemed to vomit forth a furred and fanged shadow. The Zarakai, however, had not gained their reputation as fighters for nothing. A bare fraction of a second's warning they had, but it was enough. Three Zarakai and the luckless scout officer died, but then the patrol was in action.

M'saraz caught sight of the hurtling shadow from the corner of his eye, and the end of his gruesomely-equipped tail hurtled in a vicious blur to meet it. The brutal impact of the spiked appendage flipped the obscenely pulped attacker ten yards away in a fine spray of blood, while his rifle caught a second form dead center and sent it flaming into the bushes.

All up and down the line, the silent foe was met by the kiss of burner-rifles, by the brawny tentacles of the Zarakai swinging battle-axes and yard-long combat knives, and by armored tails swinging at Osa-enhanced speed. Two more Zarakai fell, then the last foe fell. M'saraz swung his head for a moment to check his men, only to catch a movement from where his first attacker had been thrown. Whirling, he saw it crawling back towards him.

"Finish them off!" he snapped.

"To obey!" came the chorus.

He strode over to the shattered form and drove his axe into the glaring eyes. The jaws suddenly snapped on his tentacle. Keening with pain, he poured a burner-bolt into the center of the thing's body, and the stench of charred flesh hit his scent-tendrils. The jaws continued to grind through his tough hide. He flipped the lever on his rifle to full strength and emptied the entire power-cartridge into his foe with a single bolt. Trees twenty feet away burst into raging flame and the writhing form on the end of his tentacle seemed to vanish in a halo of fire--but the pressure continued to grow.

"Die! Die! Die! Die, monster!" he chattered hysterically as he alternated blows of spiked tail, razor-edged axe, and saw-toothed knife into the horror that bit ever deeper. He failed to even hear the battle that raged behind his back as his fanatic troopers fought

for their lives against similar foes. His berserk attack so occupied him that he did not see it when the Zarakai, for the first time in a millenia of recorded history, broke and fled in an agony of fear--- and died, keening madly with terror, as the things pulled them down. M'saraz was still insanely lashing at the fiery-eyed thing that had first attacked him, even as the others tore him into a mangled ruin.

Shadows began to stir in the darkness outside of camp...

The High Lord Z'zaru cringed before the communicator.

"Fifty camps destroyed without a survivor! Three battalions of Zarakai annihilated! Z'zaru, you are a fool and an incompetent! Where did these soft-skins get the weapons to do this?"

"Most High One! Perhaps the Yallan or the Iskrhedi have..."

"Silence, fool! Neither have weapons of this type and neither would dare attack a Conquest Fleet! And what of the loss of three Ground Attack Wings?"

"Most High!" He nervously extended the record-spool he had been holding. "You heard this, did you not?"

"You imbecile! Atmosphere fliers that will not start! Others snatched away by creatures the size of a space-shuttle! Nonsense! Flog all ground crews for negligence and have those who report such nonsense screened for mental deviance. I command!"

"To obey!"

"And as for you..." hissed the Emperor.

Globules of shimmering oil appeared on Z'zaru's trembling hide as he awaited the rest of the sentence.

"...you have lost a quarter of your army--including most of the Zarakai under your command--and have somehow missed seeing one of the most formidable weapons we have ever run into during your preliminary scout. You have twenty turns of that vermin-infested mud ball you are on to destroy all opposition. In other words, until the colony ships arrive. If you have not done so," and here the manace in the voice deepened, "you will be judged to be a burden on the race. Your lineage will be ended, the inhabitants of your stable destroyed lest they contaminate the Urazzu, and your eggs burned. I command!" The commander snapped off.

"To obey!" croaked the oil-soaked figure on the floor.

Thoughts bordering on panic flashed through Z'zaru's mind as he crawled to his feet. Such punishment had not been heard of for a thousand years. He shuddered in every fibre and began to pace back and forth, tail lashing at every step. His lower right tentacle nervously wiped his food-pouch dry. After a few minutes, he began to calm down. He still had all of the resources of two thousand ships at hand, and perhaps something could be done with them.

Perhaps if he ordered the immediate extermination of all life (except that in the secured zones) from space, where these new weapons seemed ineffective...

A muted scurrying sound came from the ventilator system, breaking his train of thought. Must get these native vermin cleaned out, he thought. What did the soft-skins call them? Oh, yes, "rats."

As he turned, two tiny wooden shafts flecked with microscopic feathers streaked across the room and buried themselves in his eyes. A single cry of pain, the lament of a lost soul, was uttered, then the record-spool dropped from suddenly lax tentacles and the High Lord Z'zaru's vast bulk fell like a lightning-struck tree.

Shadows began to stir in the darkness outside of a hundred camps...

Captain Walter Briand saluted the general briskly. "Good news, sir! The last camp was taken yesterday. Victory at last!"

General Williams looked at his aide with pain deep in his eyes. "Victory, Walter? Have you seen the figures? Not of the dead, but of the survivors!"

The exuberance faded from the captain's face. "Yes, sir. One hundred million people left alive all over the earth--and only four of those millions in the United States. John," he said painfully, "do we have to give up Europe to our allies?"

"What else can we do? We promised it, didn't we? And the only other alternative would be a war with Them. No, Walter, we keep our agreement. Better get them in here now.

The Others filed in slowly--the same four as before. He turned his chair and looked at them. One hand played nervously with the tiny crucifix on the desk as he considered the tall one. Well, why not say it? The Vampire! Those eyes...

He hastily averted his own and glanced at the viciously fanged visage of the second ambassador. His other hand rested on the butt of his pistol (loaded with silver bullets!) as he considered the fighting qualities of the Werewolf.

Mentally clamping down on his stomach, he turned to look at the rotting face, leprous flesh, and needle-like fangs of the third. His lunch promptly began to protest, so he nastily looked away. Oh, well, ghouls were never supposed to be pretty...

He permitted himself one glance at the last of the emissaries before he got down to business. That red hair! Those green eyes! Those freckles! That lush body! And all on a girl two feet high!

...And to think, he mused silently, I never used to believe in leprechauns.

REVIEW-COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE--OF COURSE!
(continued from page 20):

vampires as beasts of prey, I need only, though with a bit of regret, turn to the much abused House of Dark Shadows. Barnabas' attack on Carolyn, when she threatens to expose him, is certainly that of a complete animal. I will admit that I have not seen a film, prior to Yorga, which has the sort of mass attack featured in that film.

Since most of the action in Yorga is set in and around his mansion, and not on modern streets, I can not agree that the present day setting is of any great significance. I may be wrong, but I was not really aware of this aspect of the film. It could have just as well been the turn of the century, as far as I was concerned.

As to Brides of Dracula being part of Hammer's sequence of Dracula films, a case can be made for both its inclusion and exclusion from the series. I happen to think it doesn't belong in the group, and Mark thinks it does. An argument on this point will serve no purpose, and I'm also sure that even Honest Abe Van Helsing is capable of an occasional slip of the tongue.

At this point, I have no intention of pursuing our argument any further, although Mark is invited to have the final say if he so desires. In regard to Mark's final point, concerning the four most important vampire films ever made, I tend to agree with him, though I think that, ultimately, Horror of Dracula will emerge as the most important and best remembered.

(continued on page 26)

IMAGINATION BECOMES REALITY

by Ken Sessler

Jerry Anderson climbed onto the fairly empty subway at Essex Street, grim-faced at the prospect of meeting the gaze of all those laughing eyes. Oh, they were all laughing at him all right. Could he help the way he looked? Lean, lanky-limbed, bespectacled, face pock-marked with blackheads and pimples, huge flapping ears. He was the perfect composite of all the poor schmoes in those ads. "Do you want to improve your chances with the girls?" And it was the same people every day, their eyes boring right into him, giving him the willies--and all, all laughing. He didn't dare to look at any one of them for very long, but he knew they all knew him. Every day he left his after-school job at the TV repair shop at the same time and boarded the subway car at Essex Street, thinking much the same thoughts.

What really bugged him, though, was the rut he was getting himself into. It seemed he could only think of two things--TV's and girls. Fooling around in the backs of TV sets was his consuming interest, but girls were fast catching up, and threatened to take first place. Strange, though, how everything was happening at once. First his voice had started to change ever so slightly. Then later came the lucky break he'd been hoping for--Mr. Cosgrove offered him the job at the repair shop. And now all of a sudden his mind was turning to girls, the existence of which he had up to now hardly realized as being that much different from a boy's. He wasn't yet quite sure what he would want of a girl if he had a chance, but he wanted one.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sliding of the doors opening at Holland. A shapely blonde got on and headed down the aisle towards him. Now there's a girl, he said to himself. Not a chance, though, he said, returning to his reverie, when a creamy voice breathed, "Pardon me?" He looked up and almost jumped out of his skin--the blonde was talking to him.

"Yes?"

"Is this seat taken?" she asked, pointing to the seat next to his.

"Why--ah, no--I mean, I don't think s--that is, well, I guess not."

"Thank you, you're so kind."

"Well,--"

"What's your name?"

"Jerry. Wha--what's yours?"

"Sylvia."

"That's a nice name."

And as the conversation continued, he became more and more at ease. He told her all about himself, and she actually seemed interested. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw an old lady across the aisle snickering behind her hand. He knew what she was laughing about, but he didn't care. She was probably thinking about the absurdity of it all--a poor schnook like him hitting it off with someone like Sylvia. And he had hit it off, too.

In the weeks that followed, he saw her every day, and they found something new to talk about every time, and they laughed and smiled together until they came to her stop, and then he watched her until she disappeared from sight, waving to her until he thought

his hand would fall off.

Inevitably, he fell in love with her. But could he ever get up enough courage to tell her? Each time he saw her, he fell a little more in love with her. He wished she would make things easier by telling him she loved him. And just like that, next day she did just that. And then all the pieces fell together--he was one of those gifted people who could wish for anything and get it. His job, meeting Sylvia, and now her telling him she loved him.

He was convinced of his power. He turned to kiss Sylvia, and she returned the kiss wholeheartedly. Then a strident laugh split the fragility of the moment. A fat man was bellowing with laughter, his whole body shaking. And sitting next to him was that same old lady, giggling and holding her sides.

"You've got to be kidding," she said. "I mean, haven't you carried this a bit too far? As if talking and gesticulating to an empty seat wasn't enough, now you're kissing thin air!"

"What're you babbling about?" he asked.

"Don't you know? Why, there's no one in that seat next to you, and there hasn't been any of these past weeks. What a kick I've been getting out of you and your conversations with a phantom! What's her name--Sylvia?"

And the woman's insistent, derisive voice acted like the snap of fingers waking him up from a trance. It was like he was opening his eyes for the first time. There wasn't anybody there. But then he remembered his power. He'd show that old hag. He'd wish that Sylvia was a real person. He closed his eyes and concentrated, and when he opened them again, there she was sitting beside him. A gasp of amazement escaped from the lips of the old woman, and he knew she saw Sylvia.

He threw his arms around her in jubilation and received the rudest shock of his life. She slapped him full in the face.

"Take your hands off me, you masher! I don't know you!" Then she hesitated for a few moments. "...In fact, I don't even know myself--"

And within the next few years, Jerry Anderson accounted for over 60% of the female amnesia victims in the sprawling city.

REVIEW--"REVIEW--COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE--OF COURSE"
(continued from page 24)

by Mark R. Leeper

To end discussion, I will agree with my co-editor. Yes, if you have been systematically desensitized to the weakness of "Dark Shadows'" production by watching the television program, you might even enjoy paying \$2 to see the same disconnected style on the wide screen.

Yes, there were many kiddies in the audience when I saw Count Yorga, Vampire, but if you've been in a kiddy-dominated audience recently, you know it takes a lot to get kiddies to look at the screen, much less terrify them. As for Barnabas' bestiality and the importance of Count Yorga, Vampire's setting, I still disagree with my co-editor, but the films would have to be studied to resolve these arguments. And "Anti-Christian Cult" is one incredible slip of the tongue even for Honest Abe.

WORK WEEK

by Ken Sessler

Crouching behind a clump of bushes, he peered out through the gaps between the coarse branches, carefully surveying the crater-blasted terrain, searching for the slightest signs of movement. Separated from his platoon, his present objective was to get back to field HQ any way he could. In no way, however, would this prevent him from carrying out the prime necessity with which every good soldier was instilled--the necessity to kill whenever the opportunity arose. Indeed, to fulfill the former he most likely would have to resort to the latter.

Satisfied there was no one in the immediate area, he set himself to cross the man-made valley, yet with some qualms, for there was very little vegetation left for cover. If he crawled across, he might escape notice, but he would also make an easier target if anyone did happen to notice him, so he thought it better to make a run for it. In any case, he didn't have much to fear; this was no-man's land and as such wasn't frequented much either by his or the enemy's side.

He swung out over the crest of the small ridge overlooking the valley and legged it to the shelter of a blackened forest on the other side. Here among the scarred limbs of once-thriving pines lay comparative safety. There was nothing here of worth that either side wanted enough to warrant stationing a holding force in the countryside nearby.

All of a sudden he heard a soft rustling, and every sense became alert. He scanned the rows of stiff matchstick stalks with acute precision, and spied a rather uncautious fellow scouting around in a clearing about a half-mile distant. He wore the gray-green of the enemy.

Hoping to avoid notice, he moved stealthily forward to allow himself a better shot at his adversary. When he felt he was close enough, he dropped slowly to one knee and cocked his rifle at his shoulder. He lined up his sights and shot--but apparently not swiftly enough; the click of the trigger had given his opponent enough advance warning to leap to the left, upsetting his aim.

Before another second had passed, the enemy had gotten to his feet and started loping off into a denser part of the "forest." The first soldier recovered from his dismay at having missed the kill, and started off in pursuit. As soon as he reached the clearing, the trail became easy to follow; blotches of red spotted the dark forest floor. If the other was wounded, it would not take long for him to catch up with him. But he still had to be on his guard, for the other man still had his weapon--that factor could never be discounted. As a last-ditch effort, the man might lodge himself behind a particularly huge stump and take a pot-shot at him as he ran by. So he slowed his pace somewhat.

Then he saw the man he'd been chasing collapse to the ground some thirty yards ahead of him. He circled the place a few times, moving in as he did, and soon was close enough to see the man gasping for breath, his gun cast aside, forgotten in his agony. The soldier strode confidently toward the wounded man, his rifle butt poised to crush in his skull. But the blow never fell, for just then it sounded: a long, low, loud blast like that of a fog-horn, but louder than any bomb.

The attacking soldier froze. God, he hadn't realized it was this late. 5:00 Friday afternoon already!

He set aside his rifle, stooped down beside the wounded man, tore off a strip of his own clothing and fashioned a simple tourniquet with it to staunch the flow of blood in the man's leg.

He pulled out a pack of cigarettes.

"Smoke?" he offered the man..

"Yeah, thanks."

"Been a long week."

"Sure has."

"Hey, that's quite a wing I gave ya there."

"Yeah, I know."

"Probably be better by Monday, though."

"Yeah, probably will."

CHAPTER 24--THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN FUTURE

by Mark R. Leeper

With a loud popping noise the door to the force cell swung shut. As the effects of the stun beam began to wear off, Captain Future opened his eyes. He was alone with Joan in the spacious but bare cell. Immediately he was on his feet, looking around for a way out of the cell. "I'm looking for a way out of this cell," he said absently to Joan.

"But why, Curt?" she asked innocently. "This is the first time we've been alone together in over a light year. Why can't we..."

"Come on, Joan," Captain Future said harshly. "If we don't destroy the Gwrrlups, Earth will be cut off from its megoleum mines. We can't let that happen. Someday you and I will settle down on a nice quiet meteorite. We'll raise a family of little Captain Future's. But now we have work to do. Ah...here it is-- a neutron keyhole. Little do the Gwrrlups know I have a neutron key hidden in the buckle of my Van Allen belt."

"Oh, Curt, look out!" cried Joan belatedly as a stun ray from the ceiling of the force cell struck Captain Future down...

As the effects of the stun beam began to wear off, Captain Future opened his eyes. There at the other end of the cell was a Gwrrlup with eighteen of its tentacles around Joan. Summoning the last ounce of his waning strength, Captain Future jumped to his feet and attacked. The Gwrrlup had only time to raise his blaster pistol when Captain Future kicked it out of his tentacle. In a flash, man of steel and ugly tentacled monster were struggling on the floor. "Get the atomic-powered blaster pistol, Joan!" Captain Future cried fervently as he used the last ounce of his waning strength to push himself away from the Gwrrlup.

"Eat hot omega rays, you m-th-rfucking faggot!" cried Joan, neatly placing her shot in Captain Future's groin.

"Why, Joan?" Captain Future asked with the last ounce of his waning strength.

"Shuddup and die," Joan exclaimed cheerfully. "Come on, Qdgnxp, let's find someplace where we can be alone together."

"Jfgnpiz," quipped Qdgnxp, suddenly serious.

1ST ANNUAL UMASS SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY NOVEL POLL

by David Bara

From the same people who brought you two author polls now comes a novel poll (though the poll isn't actually novel).

Each society member was asked to write down his five favorite science fiction, fantasy, and/or horror novels. These individual nominations determined the novels that appeared on the ballot. Society members then voted on all of the nominated novels, rating them on a 0-10 basis; 0 being putrid, 5 average, and 10 superior. (Novels not read were left blank).

A total of 27 ballots were returned. The results of the poll appear below.

<u>NOVEL</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>TOTAL SCORE</u>	<u>NO. OF VOTERS</u>	<u>AVG.</u>
1 DUNE	Frank Herbert	166	18	9.22
2 FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON	Daniel Keyes	123	14	8.79
3 THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS	Ursula K. LeGuin	92	11	8.36
4 DRAGONFLIGHT	Anne McCaffrey	107	13	8.23
5 CHTHON	Piers Anthony	71	9	7.89
6 VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE	A.E. Van Vogt	93	12	7.75
7 WAY STATION	Clifford D. Simak	107	14	7.64
8 CITY	Clifford D. Simak	99	13	7.62
9 SOS THE ROPE	Piers Anthony	91	12	7.58
10 DRACULA	Bram Stoker	83	11	7.55
11 RITE OF PASSAGE	Alexei Panshin	112	15	7.47
12 THE DYING EARTH	Jack Vance	67	9	7.44
13 A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ	Walter M. Miller, jr.	89	12	7.42
14 THE CAVES OF STEEL	Isaac Asimov	110	15	7.33
STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND	Robert A. Heinlein	176	24	7.33
16 LORD OF LIGHT	Roger Zelazny	117	16	7.312
17 THE CITY AND THE STARS	Arthur C. Clarke	95	13	7.308
18 SIRENS OF TITAN	Kurt Vonnegut, jr.	73	10	7.30
19 THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES	Ray Bradbury	131	18	7.28
20 MISSION OF GRAVITY	Hal Clement	80	11	7.27
21 SLAN	A.E. Van Vogt	94	13	7.23
22 RINGWORLD	Larry Niven	93	13	7.15
THE PEOPLE; NO DIFFERENT FLESH	Zenna Henderson	93	13	7.15
24 TARZAN OF THE APES	Edgar Rice Burroughs	92	13	7.08
25 THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN	Michael Crichton	133	19	7.00
A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT	Mark Twain	112	16	7.00
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES	Ray Bradbury	63	9	7.00
28 CHILDHOOD'S END	Arthur C. Clarke	124	18	6.888
29 THE MOON... IS A HARSH MISTRESS	Robert A. Heinlein	117	17	6.882
30 THE TIME MACHINE	H.G. Wells	130	19	6.84
31 RETIEF'S WAR	Keith Laumer	82	12	6.83
32 WALDO AND MAGIC, INC.	Robert A. Heinlein	101	15	6.733
33 WORLD OF NULL-A	A.E. Van Vogt	74	11	6.727
34 THE WAR OF THE WORLDS	H.G. Wells	141	21	6.71
35 GLORY ROAD	Robert A. Heinlein	113	17	6.65

NOVEL POLL

36	THE LOST WORLD	Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	72	11	6.55
37	STARSHIP TROOPERS	Robert A. Heinlein	96	15	6.30
38	THE DOOR INTO SUMMER	Robert A. Heinlein	92	15	6.14
39	FAHRENHEIT 451	Ray Bradbury	97	17	5.70
40	WAR AGAINST THE RULL	A.E. Van Vogt	56	10	5.60
41	THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION	Samuel R. Delany	47	9	5.22

The following section of the ballot was for series voting.

1	THE LORD OF THE RINGS TRILOGY	J.R.R. Tolkien	120	13	9.23
2	THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY	Isaac Asimov	163	20	8.15
3	THE MARS TRILOGY	Edgar Rice Burroughs	84	11	7.64
4	THE GOR SERIES	John Norman	80	11	7.27
5	THE CITIES IN FLIGHT SERIES	James Blish	51	8	6.38

NOTE: THE LORD OF THE FLIES by William Golding which was nominated and received a vote of 114-14-8.14 was removed from the results because it can not be fairly labeled as science fiction, or even fringe science fiction.

To be included in the results above a novel had to receive at least 9 votes (about 40%) of the maximum of 24 received by STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. The novels below are those nominated which did not receive enough votes to be included above.

1	THE WIZARD OF EARTHSEA	Ursula K. LeGuin	45	5(21%)	9.00
2	DRAGONQUEST	Anne McCaffrey	60	7(29%)	8.57
3	UP THE LINE	Robert Silverberg	49	6(25%)	8.17
4	THE DRAGON OF ISHTAR GATE	L. Sprague de Camp	32	4(17%)	8.00
5	CONJURE WIFE	Fritz Leiber	8	1(4%)	8.00
6	MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM!	Harry Harrison	15	2(8%)	7.50
7	STAND ON ZANZIBAR	John Brunner	52	7(29%)	7.45
8	SIRIUS	Olaf Stapleton	44	6(25%)	7.33
9	THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS	John Wyndham	29	4(15%)	7.25
10	THE GREAT TIME MACHINE HOAX	Keith Laumer	43	6(25%)	7.17
11	THE STARS MY DESTINATION	Alfred Bester	35	5(21%)	7.00
	PICNIC ON PARADISE	Joanna Russ	35	5(21%)	7.00
13	CAT'S CRADLE	Kurt Vonnegut, jr.	54	8(33%)	6.75
14	DERYNI RISING	Katherine Kurtz	20	3(13%)	6.67
15	RE-BIRTH	John Wyndham	39	6(25%)	6.50
	IF THIS GOES ON...	Robert A. Heinlein	39	6(25%)	6.50
17	DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE	A. Merritt	13	2(8%)	6.50
18	OCCUM'S RAZOR	David Duncan	45	7(29%)	6.43
19	SPACE PRISON	Tom Godwin	42	5(21%)	6.40
20	OUT OF THE DEEPS	John Wyndham	44	7(29%)	6.29
	MOON OF THREE RINGS	Andre Norton	44	7(29%)	6.29
	THE SEEDLING STAR	James Blish	44	7(29%)	6.29
23	THE WHOLE MAN	John Brunner	50	8(33%)	6.25
24	THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH	Avram Davidson	24	4(17%)	6.00
25	LOGAN'S RUN	Nolan & Johnson	18	3(13%)	6.00

No matter what Carlos Clarens says, Christopher Lee IS Dracula; Bela Lugosi, despite his stare, just doesn't make it. DB

THE TRUTH LEARNED BY QUALZHAR FROM THE FOREST PEOPLE

by David E. Manriques

A hundred feet below the atmosphere the alarm went off. No explanation. None whatever. Calraith felt a momentary sensation of panic, but it didn't last. Cooly, he went over the instrument readings and analyzed the significance. The main fuel tank had ruptured. He didn't want death, but he accepted it calmly. In what time he had left he didn't pray or remember the past, he went about his job minimizing the effects a crash landing would have on his recording instruments. To the end he would be a credit to the service.

The whining cry of the silver arrow sundered the tranquility of the forest. Even before the echoes of its entry had departed a greater sister sound tore a great swath through the forest floor. Trees that had stood since the ages of his fathers were uprooted and shattered as if they were less than saplings before a great storm. None of the smaller creatures dared to speak for some time. Shungar joined him on the hill.

"Was it sent from the Gods?"

Qualzhar regarded him. Did Shungar persist in the belief of foolish myths? Here then was a chance to prove them to be false.

"Of course not."

Shungar accepted his word. Qualzhar was the elder. He had proven himself before many Councils. He had erected great works that would be remembered for ages. Mates contended for Qualzhar.

"Come with me. I will show you that this thing is only a thing from the sky."

Shungar trotted with Qualzhar, one who never went as fast as he would need to tire himself, but never so slow that he was wasting time. Time was becoming important to Qualzhar; his coat already showed flecks of gray and one hoof was splintered from too much travel over rough stone.

They did not touch the charred soil. It was yet hot and tainted with the death of both plant and animal. So swiftly had the silver arrow fallen that even the fleetest had been caught under its shadow.

It was a wide path, cruelly cut, leaving a pool unclean, never to have its waters touch a thirst with its cooling hand again. Steam rose from the pool, warmed by the very skin of the arrow. The silver sides were scarred and pitted. The shaft was half-buried in its own carnage. Too many had been gamboling at the pool. Broken bodies caused each to pause in respect. They were both far away from their own wide plains, having journeyed in hopes of discovering some great truths for their own people or at least some new ideas. It was not a great journey. Really just a passage over the snow-topped peaks that separated the Plains People from the Forest People. They bowed their heads in respect, for life is precious wherever it can be found and in whatever it wishes to dwell.

The water had given up its purity to cool the great metal shaft. Metal was a thing to be feared. Those that had too much deluded themselves with power and became warped. Greed came, and they drove their lesser brethren away from lands, which they had no use for. Those that had so much metal must be very warped.

"It is a strange thing."

Qualzhar did not deign to answer, but slowly circled the thing. It seemed featureless, useless, unless destruction had a use.

"It is buried. How can one tell of its nature?"

Others began to appear. A death wail rose from those that recognized the slain. The Forest People's skin was lighter, their skin a white instead of a healthy tan. Qualzhar and Shungar went unnoticed. The bodies of the dead were gathered and prepared for a feeding. The death of so many, so young, would probably be the largest feast since the emergence of the Hill People, who had had their minds tainted with metal. It was a sad thing, death, but the feasting would be something to tell of. They returned their attention to the ship, not wishing to interfere with the Forest People's ritual of fixing the skull near the tree of death. The skull was relegated to more important uses on the plains. Let the hooves show whether the man died young or old, traveled or mated. There were four hooves and only one skull; it seemed senseless to waste the one skull.

Qualzhar smote the arrow with all his might. A ringing was heard. Perhaps a great sound, but their ears were still deafened by the course and crash of the metal thing. All eyes turned upon the pair and one broke from the group salvaging what they could from the broken bodies.

"Be you travelers?"

"Yes, but not of a great distance."

"Will you do us the honor of joining us tonight? Such a tragedy should be graced by visitors."

"Indeed, it is only proper that such a great loss of life be honored by whoever is able."

"I thank you."

"Do you know of the killer?"

The white-haired person stared at the great silver metal.

"I know nothing. It has fallen; once a thing as fallen as this is it is not known to rise again."

"Have there been others?"

"No."

The old one left to help direct the disposal of all that remained. The pelts were so many that each would have a cloak for the winter chill. It was well that death brought such things, or how could a man face death?

Qualzhar and Shungar moved much away from the great silver metal, and they came to realize that the size was far greater than anything should be except that which nature chose to make.

"Can you now say it is not from the Gods?"

"I can, and I say again, what Gods there may be would not visit us in this manner or they would not be Gods."

They toiled a little longer until it seemed as if they were toiling for toil's sake rather than as a quest to the riddle of the great silver metal. They rested then, watching those best able to prepare the feast do so. A young man in search of wisdom bade them good-day and folded his hooves under the fruit tree near them.

"It is said that you are Plains People."

"That is true."

"Are you travelers?"

"We are travelers for this part of our lives. Once we were builders. We have always been thinkers."

"And what are you now?"

"We have traveled here in search of wisdom. Perhaps that great

silver metal holds a truth."

The young man regarded it.

"Do you know its sender?"

"That may be the Great Truth."

A young maid galloped by and playfully nipped the hide of the young man. It was fitting that weighty thoughts not lie on such a young man. He had children to sire yet.

The feast was a great one. Much more than a dole of meat was served all. The guests received the most tender sections, being guests. The polished skulls hung proudly on the branches, and the mates and children possessed the pelts, stomachs, sinews, and such that was useful or could be traded. Both Qualzhar and Shungar traded their old pelts for new and longer ones and a story of their own lands.

Fires cooled to embers, the light shing from the great silver metal. It was once said by one of the most wise that if you found a thing, you could find another just like it, for everything had a like.

Almost all the dirt had been removed from the skin of the great silver metal. A yawning hole in its side allowed one to peer inside. Sharp jagged pieces threatened anyone foolish enough to enter.

"What do you make of this?"

"It is true that I have never seen or heard of a place where such a thing could be fashioned."

"Could we say it is not of this world?"

"I suppose so."

"Could we then say that it is from the Gods?"

"No, for the Gods would have no purpose for sending this."

"Perhaps to make you believe. Your belief would bring many others to think the same."

Qualzhar mulled this over. There was reason to Shungar's words. There always was, that was why he had chosen him as companion.

"Perhaps you are right."

Many of the Forest People had gathered to listen to the two learned strangers debate. Much wisdom could be found here, and it was a fine excuse to bask in the sun and coddle a mate.

Bits of stone and wood were gathered to blunt the points of metal. A cushion was formed, but the largest and bravest were not able to proceed. A younger and smaller one would have to do. Reluctantly the yearling entered, returning in a scant space of time, all aglow.

"Why have you returned so soon?"

"I have seen enough to know that it is of the Gods."

"How so?"

"It is a living space and who but a God would choose such a place? The God is dead and who but a God would choose to die in such a manner?"

"The youth speaks with wisdom."

"It may be so, yet I would rather have seen for myself. How was this God fashioned?"

"He bore the breast and shoulders of a man, but possessed but two legs."

Qualzhar reflected for a moment.

"Do you believe?"

"Belief not not come quickly, yet I will say there is reason for belief."

"This is senseless."

"Is it?"

"He's dead."

The chaplain meditated. It was true that their use of the scout ship was unwarranted when they had only a skeleton crew. The one expendable man, the captain, had been expended. If he and the hydroponics man were to die also...

"He must have a Christian burial."

The lieutenant snorted.

The planet beneath them was unexplored; anything could have happened to the captain. He was Catholic, the chaplain felt bound to follow the mores of the captain's religion. He wouldn't feel right if he didn't even search.

"My...There it is!"

The chaplain peered down.

"All right, set us down."

The ship turned and began a slow descent, careful to touch the ground already scarred by the crash. They wore only light suits, noticing the initial readings but not pausing for prolonged investigations of the atmosphere. Before they reached the ship, they were surrounded by centaurs, who regarded them with awe.

The lieutenant laughed, nonchalant towards the animals.

"Chaplain, I bet they think we're gods."

"Probably. Man always turns to God when disaster strikes. When man doesn't need disaster to know God, then His kingdom shall reign."

The lieutenant smiled. "I'm afraid that's not good enough for me. Sure, when things look bad, men will dream up something to blame it on."

"Can you truly believe that everything happens by chance?"

"Why not?"

"Esteemed ones, I believe you are also debating the existence of God. Since neither of us may hope to prove or disprove the other, let us hope that God does exist, for it would be better if He did. This is the truth I have learned from the Forest People."

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The University of Massachusetts Science Fiction Society Library is located in Room 328B of the Student Union. The Library comprises 4400 volumes, including 1400 magazines.

Betelgeuse is seeking contributions for the Spring 1972 issue. All fiction, poetry, articles, or reviews should be placed in the Betel bag in the Library. People wishing to contribute artwork, please see one of the editors.

JUNGLE RENDEZVOUS

by Mark R. Leeper

Even the air around him seemed to teem with life as he paddled his way down the stream. The jungle itself was alive on all levels of size from the immense alligators sunning themselves on the beach down to the microbe level. Thousands of lives to every cubic inch of ground or beach. And thousands of deaths, from the female spider hypnotizing and eating her mate to the poisonous snakes silently stalking their prey. Many of these animals still unknown to man. It was here, less than a year ago, that he had discovered that centipede like none other ever known. Now he had returned, mostly by memory, to this jungle stream that no other man had ever seen. He was sure this stream was totally unknown, this jungle undiscovered but for his own discovery once before.

There is no silence in the jungle. The sounds of life just surrounded, immersed him, almost to the point that the sound was itself alive and engulfing him like some huge amoeba. He paddled on down the gnarled, twisted stream. One more bend, he told himself; tonight he would camp just where he had camped before and tomorrow he would go deeper into the jungle than he had gone last time. God only knows what new thing he might discover. He wished he could have brought Kate and Bennet with him. But they had to teach while he did the actual field work, the actual discovery. He thought for a moment of Kate and their last night together.

His first surprise of the afternoon was the tent on the shore where he would have least expected to find a tent. His second surprise was who was in the tent.

"Kate, my God, what the hell are you doing here?"

"The same thing you are. Old Buffalo Bill decided that you and Stanton might need some help here in the jungle by yourselves. He gave me and Bennet leave to join you. We've been camped here since this morning. Where the hell have you been, anyway? And where's Stanton?"

"That's why I'm late. Stanton was "taken ill," to be euphemistic. Must have drunk some of the wrong water. As he put it, he decided that he didn't want to put himself hundreds of miles from the nearest plumbing."

"Well, other than that we have all the comforts of home. I even brought silk sheets. Care to try them out?" she asked, closing the tent flap.

"What about if Bennet comes back?"

"If he sees your canoe here and the tent flap down, he won't disturb us," she said, unbuttoning her blouse.

When it was over he was drenched with sweat and the silk sheets stuck to his arms and back. She wriggled out of his arms, and got up to get a cigarette. He started to rise and follow her but the sheets stuck to his body and pulled him back. "Peculiar," he said to himself, trying to pull the sheets off, but they only stuck harder and to more parts of his naked body. Suddenly, he was not sure why, he panicked. The more he struggled with the sheets the more tightly they bound him until only his head was free. With all his strength he tried to push the sheets away but now he could only move his head. Then he realized that Kate had been watching him. With four pairs of eyes she watched him. He felt as if he were waking from a dream as he saw Kate bending over him with her mouth open. For an instant he realized his entire head was in her mouth, then he felt her mouth close...

Dear Kate,

Brace yourself for some bad news. What I have seen with my own eyes I still don't believe and all I can do is assure you that what I tell you is true. It has been two weeks since Todd went down the river alone. As you know from my last letter, I pleaded with him not to go, but was really not feeling well enough to hold him here until I could go with him. I was feeling better yesterday so I canoed down the river following the map he had drawn. I found his camp of last year and his skeleton. I am sure it was his skeleton as the ring finger on the left hand was missing a joint just like Todd's left hand. The skeleton had been picked clean. The skeleton was tangled in a spider web between two trees. The web was over two feet across. The next thing I remember was paddling up the river as fast as I could. I know you cannot believe this, as I would not either. But I cannot give proof. I would rather be tried for murder than to have to return for proof. I don't ask you to believe me.

Sincerely,

Timothy Stanton

NEW YEAR'S EVE

by Evelyn Chimelis

Similar to the legends of vampires and werewolves is the legend of "New Year's Eve," which illustrates the superstitious nature of the average Normerican of the years 50 A.A.-50 P.A. These natives believed that certain ceremonies were required to insure that Terra would continue its circuit about Sol. Hence evolved the myth that on "New Year's Eve," the earth would open and strange creatures be released. The major one of these was called "Guy Lombardi" and this holiday was believed to be the one night when his spirit stalked the earth. He and his minions, legend claimed, created satanic symphonies which could halt Terra in its orbit. ("Guy Lombardi" was also the guardian of athletes, particularly those in a sport variously known as "football," "soccer," or "rugby.") Natives frightened these spirits away with noisemakers, fire-crackers, and libations to the gods. These primitive ceremonies continued on and off into the Second Century, when the rise of mantology eliminated the necessity of such "reassuring" rituals.

(The custom of "New Year's Eve," it should be noted, has not been found in any other civilization above an E-4 rating, and its presence in this D-5 civilization can only be regarded as somewhat of an anachronism.)

--Serat Tavor
(Myths and Legends,
1573 P.A.)

