

(Invasion of Space continued from page 7) catastrophically treacherous program to militarize space. This is, we are supposed to believe, the best way to guarantee our "security."

Efforts to forestall this militarization of space have been labelled impractical, if not utopian. Yet considerable progress had been made before the late 1970s in preserving space for peaceful use. In 1963, the Partial Test Ban Treaty prohibited nuclear explosions in space. The 1967 Treaty of Principles Governing the Activities of States in the Exploration and Use of Outer Space, including the Moon and Other Celestial Bodies, prohibited the deployment in space or on celestial bodies of nuclear weapons or "any other kind of weapons of mass destruction." The 1971 U.S.-Soviet Agreement on Measures to Reduce the Risk of Outbreak of Nuclear War requires immediate notification concerning unidentified objects, planned missile launches, and interference with warning systems. The 1972 ABM treaty prohibits the development, testing, and deployment of all "seabased, space-based, or mobile land-based" anti-ballistic-missile systems. Destroying or disabling a communications satellite is banned by the 1974 Agreement on the Prevention of Nuclear War. All of these treaties have been observed to the satisfaction of both the United States and the Soviet Union.

In 1975, the United States deactivated its impractical nuclear-armed, ground-based anti-satellite system that had been deployed for twelve years. In the same year, peaceful cooperation in space research culminated in that link-up between the Apollo and Soyuz spacecraft. All of this contributed to what seemed an historic agreement in

June, 1979 — the second Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT II).

But by the fall of 1979, the United States was plunging headlong into an escalation of the arms race, with ambitious plans for a mobile-based MX missile, continuing development of the neutron bomb, refusal to ratify SALT II, huge increases in military spending, and that ever-growing program for the militarization of space. By the time of the first launch of the shuttle in April, 1981, very little remained of either U.S.-Soviet cooperation in space or the U.S. scientific space program itself.

Hope remains, however. In September, 1981, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko formally proposed to the United Nations a far-reaching treaty banning all weapons from space. It has been suggested that even a protocol to the 1967 Outer Space treaty could yet keep us from placing our doom in orbit over our own heads.

The Second U.N. Conference on the Exploration and Peaceful Uses of Outer Space is due to convene in Vienna in August, 1982. Central to this conference will be the belief that cooperation in space can help show the way toward the only real global security. It is still possible that such efforts will lead us away from the warlike fantasies of the most infantile science fiction toward the vision projected in the noblest science fiction — a united human race with cosmic destiny.

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BLYMUT ELEVEN

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It's worth a try. Totally, completely ridiculous, he thought, announcing his ultimatum again.

Two years later, a week after his thirty-seventh birthday, Tad Jordan was the father of a half-breed son, named Paul after his grandfather. Ten days later he fathered a daughter whom he called Kaitlin. Both children seemed marvelously healthy. The Earthing-Nurian hybrid was apparently a strong one. Perhaps he had fathered a new race. It was too early to say, but at any rate the babies were normal except for their bright green eyes.

The two Nur, whom he had taken for scientists, turned out to be women, wives of the guards. He had succeeded in capturing them a week after boarding the ship, when starvation forced them down the ladder.

Since then, life had been reasonably pleasant for Tad Jordan. The women, whom he named Susie and Donna, proved to be docile captives. He had locked them in an adjoining bedroom while he slept, and restricted their movements with rope hobbles until he grew to trust them. After that, they had free run of the ship.

They seemed to accept him as their provider, apparently preferring the amenities he offered to the hardships of cave life. They never tried to escape, even though the hatch lock was less complicated than the microwave oven which they mastered easily enough. Tad assumed that he had somehow acquired the women by killing their

husbands — a Nurian tribal equivalent of "to the victor go the spoils."

The Nur warriors had launched numerous attacks in the early months, but the closed ship was impervious to their weaponry. Susie and Donna had done nothing to abet their people, and had seemed content that he repulsed the assaults.

The women were definitely humanoid. Once he had overridden their unreasonable fear of removing the white snow suits, he found them small and quite attractive. The only meaningful physical difference between them and Earth women was the bright green pigmentation of their iris, which was surprisingly alluring after he got used to it.

The reason for the snow suits was tied to the massacre, he discovered when a rudimentary vocabulary had been worked out. The Nur had an allergic reaction to the temperate zone mosquito bite, which apparently was always fatal. The colonists had stirred up clouds of the insects with their felling of trees for cabins.

Naturally, the Nur couldn't permit this to continue, and speaking about it was impossible because of the language barrier. They took the most expedient course of action, one that was compatible with human problem solving throughout time and the universe.

Tad Jordan was working on a vaccine for his wives. He hoped the children wouldn't need it. He thought, perhaps, his life was for this purpose.

Kurt Newell lives in Santa Monica, California, wears a funny hat and a mustache, and is pleased to announce publication of his first novel, Bad Deeds, at any moment—it's a detective story. He's versatile.



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