



Sigma

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President's Capsule



by Joe Coluccio

Let's talk about Music.
And SF

It says on the "About Parsec" page of www.parsec-sff.org our mission is, "to promote awareness of the richness of speculative fiction as literature, art and music..."

So what about it?

I know many have a fondness for "filk" music. The term is supposed to have been a typographical error, but I don't believe that for a moment. If it had been called folk music, the tradition would not have lasted to this day. I can strum three major chords and a minor sixth with the best of them, do a credible job of Travis picking and know the joy of producing music carried by "filk" voices and clever lyrics in an increasing hot soaked evening. But I'm not following that seductive path here.

Science Fiction popular songs. Is there anything better than "Ground to Control to Major Tom" being crooned from the space station? A Space Oddity! There are "one-eyed one-horned flying purple people eaters." O Superman. Science Fiction Double Feature. In The Year 2525. Telstar. Across the Universe. The Eve of Destruction. But wait! There are so many more. I will let you do the late night video crawl in your own head.

Movie and TV soundtracks. None so striking to my ear as Louis and Bebe Barron's "Electronic Tonalities" the eerie sounds that accompany United Planet's Cruiser C57D's trip to the "Forbidden Planet." I am also fond of Leith Stevens use of strings that hang us in cislunar space in the score of 1950's "Destination Moon." And the unforgettable calypso of "Beware the Blob", ... it creeps and leaps and glides and slides..." Lyric by Burt Bacharach.

But what of original composition science fiction music? The stuff not beholden to movies or books.

At a Parsec meeting some months ago I played

music created by the cosmic particle data collected by the two Voyager probes. It was elegant as it was accidental. A creation presented by our universe put together by Domenico Vicinanza, a composer and scientist.

There are Science Fiction operas that meet the challenge. "Aniara" by Karl-Birger Blomdahl. A spaceship heads for Mars, but after a midsummer celebration is repurposed as a generation ship and shot off in the direction of the constellation Rigel. Eef van Breen's, "u", an opera in Klingon. Even Joseph Haydn got in on the act in 1777 with Il mondo della Luna (The World of the Moon). Stockenhausen, Philp Glass, Gian Carlo Menotti, a quick trip on a search engine will yield even more.

I sit often in the evening wondering at a notion of a pure science fiction musical composition. The idea is as slippery as thoughts about the nature of time, or imagining a tesseract, and know somewhere out in the wide world of vibrating strings, there is someone who is not only wrestling with the same concept, but succeeding. Until then I have the wonderful world of programmatic music designed to provide mood and drama to pictures, moving or otherwise.



PARSEC is Pittsburgh's premiere organization of science fiction, fantasy and horror. We sponsor an annual conference, workshops for young writers, lectures, and other events that promote a love of the written word and a passion for speculative fiction. Our members include writers, teachers and fans. PARSEC is a 501c3 non-profit corporation.

Monthly Meeting Minutes

by William Blake Hall, Secretary

April 11, 2015

The meeting got some twenty-odd attendees, among them John DeChancie and a little-seen childhood friend of mine named Paul Reilly. We started with Mary Soon Lee reading two poems and learned that Larry Ivkovich got two short stories accepted. Diane Turnshek announced that SFWA sent Alpha \$1000 – although it helps to justify all that if people, especially Parseckians, can fill the seats at the lectures. She also said 124 people participated in Earth Hour (plus myself by default, I would argue, because I turned in at 7:30 that evening). In fact, lectures are coming up on August 1 and October 17. We continue to sell T-shirts and Greg, who sent out over two hundred Sigmas, showed up with duplicates found in the Parsec library, so I walked off with “Blue Mars.” Bill Watt, father of recent speaker Mike Watt, announced that volume 2 of Mike’s “Movie Outlaw” comes out in May.

The cable show *Banshee* is looking for extras for scenes shot in Vandergrift, in particular those suggestive of “mountain men.” There seemed to be a spontaneous consensus that I was what they were looking for – and I wasn’t even wearing plaid.

Our speaker was confirmed Confluence attendee Lawrence C. Connolly. (Confluence, incidentally,



will have a speculative poetry workshop, involving Mary Turzillo, Mary Soon Lee, and Timons Esaias.) We’ve had Connolly before, and while he is perhaps best noted for his “Veins” trilogy and is oft cited as a horror writer, he really feels a closer citizenship to fantasy and science fiction. His presentation’s theme was “Dreams, Memory and Time Travel”, in which he essentially argued that a strong enough sense of

place can act as a form of personal time travel. He spoke of retracing his own steps from over thirty years ago while walking the streets of Squirrel Hill, getting to meet Joe Haldeman in a Murray Avenue bookshop, then getting inspired to mail off a story at the post office just down from the library. He moved on to Jung’s “collective unconscious” and a reference to racial memory in Clarke’s *Childhood’s End* before moving on to Paddy Chayefsky’s screenplay “Altered States,” in which a sensory isolation tank shuts out any sense of “now” and permits a Dr. Jessup to reach back to the First Thought. Jack Finney, the man who wrote *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, also wrote *Time and Again* in which a Simon Morley could lie down in a room of the Dakota Hotel, meticulously recreating a sense of time and place, and wake up to visit New York City back in 1882. (Some may recognize this principle getting borrowed in Richard Matheson’s “Bid Time Return,” which in turn inspired the schmaltzy yet intriguing 1980 movie *Somewhere in Time*.) From this, Connolly returned by way of Dickens’s *A Christmas Carol*, the attention to period detail in the cable series “Mad Men”, and the movie *Journey to the Beginning of Time* (Connolly credits a William Cayton, but it was originally Czech) to the job of conveying the mystique of his own “Veins” books, from which he quotes “Memory is spirit, spirit is dream.”

All in all the presentation was evocative but relatively quick. I sensed some inspiration from Carlos Castaneda’s Don Juan books, and Connolly agreed. I also noted that next month’s speaker, Thomas Sweterlitsch, has written a novel in which Pittsburgh has been destroyed, but people can still roam a virtual Pittsburgh pieced together from the approximate now. The Damon Knight story “I See You” got mentioned, and only later did I recall Asimov’s “The Dead Past,” in which the power of “time viewing” brings a threat not even related to time.

Somehow the discussion swung around to Clarke’s “Dial F For Frankenstein” and Bradbury’s “The Murderer,” and I think it fell to President Joe, appropriately enough, to mention Murray Leinster’s “A Logic Named Joe,” that curious early stand-alone tale which more or less predicted the personal computer while SF preferred to go the way of Asimov’s Multivac.

Later that night I met Caitlin, our newcomer from

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**The creebs are shifting. Don't felk the
sorkens, if you can avoid it.
Gallagher, Baldies and the Hogbens.**

The Kuttners I love.

**Henry Kuttner, Part Three
by Joe Coluccio**

I watched the Original "Father of the Bride" (1950) starring Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett and Elizabeth Taylor only to be taken aback by the speed and ferocity with which Tracy as the father of the bride and an attorney plies alcoholic beverages on everyone who walks into his apartment. Drunks used to be the fabric of our entertainment, the soul of our urbanity. Dipso-maniacs are no longer suave or funny. No wonder Steve Martin, in the remake, is a suburban sober hapless shoe store owner.

So it is with Gallagher, Henry Kuttner's inventor, whose creative and inventive urges are furthered only after a long night of drinking. In the morning, Gallagher has no memory of why he invented a "proud robot" or a "machine" that ate dirt. Without "reason", which cannot be found even in the bright sun of the morning, the invention is uncontrollable. The mystery of the gadget's "use" propels the stories through a bout of shady characters and situations. It seems like fun and it is, but after my review of Kuttner's "Weird Tales" some of the horror pokes through these stories and the comedy, dimmed by my modern sensibilities about the abuse of alcohol and its aftermath, become whisper thin.

The Hogbens are the Beverly Hillbillies as only an SF fan can love. There is Saunk and his mother and his 'likered-up" father and Grandpaw, who often hoisted 'pon his own petard speaks in Elizabethan English and Baby, who lives in a tank. They can fly, cloud people's minds, and as a rule do all the things we wish we could do. Often the subject and the tone makes the comedy of the situation delicious and dark. For example, the desires and wishes of the Pugh family made whole by the Hogbens. Grandpa's solution to prevent the absolute ascendancy of the Pughs, repugnant as they are ugly, lives in me and you with a snort and a sneeze to this very day. The dark vision and humor are more delicious to me than a cup of cocoa after a late night of thinking.

Baldies are quite a different story. Nothing all that funny about folk with enhanced human potential as

outcasts. How could I, who shaved all the sparse hair off my head, not love a "baldie"? Baldies are mutants, caused by a convenient nuclear holocaust, walking in a post-apocalyptic landscape. Mutants who, just like all us SF fans, suffer at the hands of "normal" folk. It hurts when our secrets are acknowledged by those who know there is something happening here but have no idea what it is (Thanks, Bob). In the case of the baldies, it can be downright dangerous. "Baldies" are mutants with a remarkable sense of community. Just like all of us SF fans.

It is true SF stories of human potential have led us down the path to Dianetics, General Semantics, wielded with such inelegance by S.I. Hayakawa at San Francisco State University, Ray Palmer's promulgation of Richard Shaver's primal language and other more or less benign



and quirking beliefs. Holy cow, I find myself thinking, people are convinced by this pap? I prefer my own fits and leaps within the mystical.

Still there is something intriguing about those "human potential" movements which fall short of superhuman fantasy but are tantalizing and within our grasp. They were often explored in the "Golden Age" pages of SF. Fellow travelers, the Rhines studied telepathy, and the 50's and 60's gave rise to more human potential leaders and movements than you can shake an X-man at. Fritz Perls, Carl Rogers, Alan Watts, Werner Erhard, Aldous Huxley, Timothy Leary. Wilhelm Reich, Baba Ram Dass and The Esalen Institute. Today, we get Ghosthunters, fad diets and a shiny promise of transhuman synthesis.

Reading Kuttner's, "Baldies", gave me the boost I require in this age of strained mysticism. As a bonus, the stories are a grand read as well.

Henry and Catherine, I'm glad to have known you.



Brief Bios

Anne McCaffrey
by Eric Leif Davin



Anne (Inez) McCaffrey (1926-): McCaffrey was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and graduated from Radcliffe College, Harvard University, in 1947 with a B.A. (cum laude) in Slavonic languages and literature. She studied voice and drama and directed opera before turning to writing. She eventually produced and directed the American premiere of Carl Orff's *Ludus de Nato Infante Mirificus*. She was married to E. Wright Johnson, "a Princeton man", for 20 years (1950-70), and with whom she had two sons and a daughter. She now lives on a horse farm in Ireland.

She was a copy writer for Helena Rubinstein from 1950-52. However, she always wanted to write fiction and, in 1953, Sam Moskowitz and Hugo Gernsback published her first science fiction story, "Freedom of the Race," in *Science-Fiction Plus*. Her husband did not approve. Even so, she continued writing.

Perhaps her most popular work comprises the multi-novel *Dragonriders of Pern* series. These are stories about a long-lost colony of humans telepathically linked to dragons. Together they periodically save the planet Pern from invaders from a nearby planet. Despite the use of dragons, they are scientifically rationalized, having been genetically engineered into existence. These stories won her a joint Hugo in 1968 for the novella, "Weyr Search" (which was also nominated for the 1968 Nebula); a Nebula in 1969 for "Dragonrider"; the Gandalf in 1979 for *The White Dragon*; and the Balrog for her 1980 *Dragonrums*. The series also made her one of the few science fiction writers (and the only female SF writer) to make the *Publishers Weekly* annual bestseller list, that being in 1983 for *Moreta: Dragonlady of Pern*. Her *Dragonrider* stories also spawned a vast network of fan clubs.

Despite this popularity, McCaffrey once said her

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Ex Machina

movie reviewed by
Francis Graham

In 1965 futurist-astrophysicist Josef Shklovskii listed five crises of an intelligent civilization in the Universe which may destroy it. The fifth was the creation of artificial intelligent beings. In *Ex Machina* we are made aware that this crisis may be closer in time than we may have previously thought. This film is science fiction at its best, and does give us a glimpse of what artificial intelligence, once fully matured, might be like. I am not going to worry about "spoilers" here; this film must be watched twice or thrice to get everything anyway. Any movie with a Latin title, meaning "from the machine", gives its intellectual nature away.

The premise of the film is this: Nathan is a reclusive computer genius, and a billionaire internet service mogul, and he constructs a humanoid robot with artificial intelligence. He uses a self-organizing molecular gel for the brain of this being. The organization pattern of the brain is modeled after all human interactions, which he obtains from data on internet social media transactions. "My competitors attempt to monetize this data by learning what people think," he says. "I have used it to learn how people think." A bit hazy (and there is always such haze in any science-fiction story) is how that data pattern is transferred to the molecular structure organization of the gel brain, but there is no doubt that, conceptually at least, it can be done. Indeed, if the full repertoire of possible operations of any black box system is known, a meta-architecture of what's inside can be inferred. It is a matter of matching one mathematical pattern, the meta-architecture, to another analog of it, such as matching a mathematical pattern in an old-fashioned slide rule or a 1930's mechanical calculator to a Texas Instruments microchip.

Having such a brain, the machine—and it IS a machine, and aware of itself as a machine, functions in human ways. But it is clear: the machine, named Ava, has a secret agenda. Ava is held captive by Nathan who has no illusions; he firmly apprehends that Ava is a machine. Nathan brings in young Caleb, a very smart programmer, to evaluate the humanness of the machine. Nathan wants to understand how the machine makes a human feel, a sort of modification of

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The Science in Science Fiction

Stop The Earth! I Want To Get Off!

by Francis Graham
Kent State University

Have you ever thought what might happen if the Earth suddenly did stop?

That is to say, was at rest with respect to the center of the Sun?

First, a word on stopping the Earth. Stopping the rotation is easy. Just nice and gently slow it down. No need to boil away the oceans if you do this slowly over the course of a month.

Now comes the revolution around the Earth. Hard, even for a Kardashev Type III civilization. It's not the 2.6×10^{33} joules you need to stop the Earth's revolution. Oh no, easy to come up with that energy if you are a Type III. The problem is not melting the Earth, because you want to do it fast. The Earth, like everything else that matters, is made of atoms, and suddenly stopping anything solid causes the atoms to jiggle about randomly. This is called heat, and the



temperature of the Earth goes up to the point that the whole planet will melt or vaporize.

A tractor beam or some such silly Type II tech is not going to work. The molecules of the Earth want to continue moving at 29 km/sec. because of inertia, and if you stop it with friction or fields, that energy then thermalizes into random motions and you have a gooey molten mess on your hands.

But the inertia comes from the gravitational attraction of everything else in the Universe. Block that, perhaps using advanced graviton balancers—and the molecules on the Earth temporarily no longer have inertia. So you can--voila--(pardon my French) instantly stop the Earth in its orbit. We allow it to continue to rotate.

Now comes the fun part, watching the silly antlike Earth creatures deal with the problem.

Actually, very little happens at first. The Moon goes away. The Earth slowly--ever so slowly—begins to fall toward the Sun.

Days get a little brighter. After 3 weeks, it's about 23% brighter. The temperature goes as the fourth root of the power, in Kelvins mind you, so it only gets about 15 degrees warmer. If you believe the spasming astronomers and their frantic press releases, you've got a while yet, 3 weeks makes a nice long party. At three weeks, you are hurling 14,000 m/s straight toward the Sun.

After 43 days, and that is a nice long party, you have become addicted to every known hallucinogen or narcotic but that won't be a problem in the future because you don't have much of one. The sunlight is now twice as bright and the temp is now 60 degrees warmer...things are beginning to heat up.

Good idea to move the party to the bottom of a deep gold mine at this point. You are now hurling toward the sun at close to the Earth's original orbital velocity.

By seven weeks your sunward velocity has increased to 52,000 m/s and air temp is above boiling. The surface of the ocean is not beginning to boil, though, because it has so much thermal inertia. The sunlight received is six and a quarter times more than it started with..

63 days later--9 weeks, it looks grim even for the party in the mile-deep gold mine. The solar illumination is 100 times normal and the temperature of the exposed ground is nearing the point where in the dark it would glow. Your sunward velocity is on average 100,000 m/s. Don't bother to write a will. There is a horror greater than death. It is the realization that every single other person will also die.

As the sun dawns on the 66th day, and it would be a very memorable sunrise indeed, the sun begins to envelop the whole sky. There is no day 67. Your remains and the rest of the Earth smash into the photosphere at 614,422 m/s. The surface of the Earth is turning to rock vapor, but the interior of the Earth is pretty intact. A mile or two underground in a deep gold mine you might just experience the collision. At this point drag friction from the photosphere would melt you and the rest of the Earth, as the planet becomes part of the Sun.

The Sun is so large, however, that it doesn't care.

The Books Greg Has Read

by Greg Armstrong

Bones of the Earth by Michael Swanwick

– Science Fiction. Time travel is a secret known only to paleontologists. I like the characters, their story was interesting. Swanwick put in a lot about dinosaurs that was interesting, including some interesting wild theories. But in the end, I was disappointed, as I didn't see the point to the thing as a whole. (I felt the same after reading *The Iron Dragon's Daughter* by Swanwick long ago.)

Otherworld Nights by Kelley Armstrong

– Urban Fantasy. This anthology covers several events that take place during the events of the thirteen books of Armstrong's Otherworld series, as well as her YA Darkest Powers trilogy. I think there is another YA trilogy in there, but I haven't read it, simply because I haven't acquired it yet. The characters in these short stories and novellas are familiar if you've read the books, so it was a pleasant return visit for me to see old friends.

Something from the Nightside by Simon R. Green

– Urban Fantasy, Detective. This is the first of a series that is now 12 books long. This story starts like the typical noir detective story, with the obviously rich and beautiful woman walking into the P. I.'s office (which still has a bullet hole in the door). The woman wants to track her runaway daughter in some part of London called "Nightside," where magic works and there generally is a monster under the bed. This was a quick, fun read. More a "follow your nose and survive" than a "figure things out" story, though. Perhaps the P. I., John Taylor, will do more detecting in the following books. I will read them, but not right away.

The Rebel Worlds by Poul Anderson

– Science Fiction, Spy. Poul Anderson's character Dominic Flandry has been described as James Bond in outer space. I never thought so, even back in high school when I started reading his tales. Flandry has always gotten by on personality and understanding people, where Bond is all about nifty gadgets (at least he is in the movies, I didn't read the books). In this novel, Flandry is given command of a small Imperial Navy space-going destroyer, and ordered to defuse a rebellion in a border sector.

The Rest is Silence by James R. Benn

– Mystery, WWII. I picked up the first book of this ongoing series, Billy Boyle, from the freebie table at

a Confluence a few years ago. This is the ninth, so I have enjoyed the series enough to keep going. Billy is sent to investigate a body that washed ashore in southern England, where the Allies are preparing for the D-Day landings. Could it be a German spy?

Parasite by Mira Grant

– Science Fiction. I want to add "Zombie Apocalypse" after Science Fiction there, but it isn't quite. Robot Rebellion might work, too. I'll let other readers decide if that is correct. The protagonist, Sally Mitchell, has recovered from brain death after a car accident. Except she didn't really recover, she has no memories from before she woke up in the hospital as the doctors were trying to convince the family that there was no hope, and it was time to turn off the machines. Now, 6 years later, she is trying to become independent once again, but is being confounded by the corporation SymboGen, whose genetically modified tapeworm is apparently responsible for her survival. They are studying her, wanting to know how. Concurrently, a "sleeping sickness" is taking more and more victims, as people suddenly start losing awareness, sometimes attacking people near them. I will read the next book.

– *Agents of Light and Darkness* by Simon R. Green

Urban Fantasy, Detective. This is the second novel of the Nightside, a district of London where it is always 3 am, and magic is real. This time, John Taylor, whose magic ability is to find anything, is hired to find the Unholy Grail, the cup used by Judas Iscariot at the last supper. Unfortunately for him, when he tries to use his ability, he opens himself up to attack by both Angels and Fallen Angels, all of whom want the cup for their sides. He manages to distract them long enough to hire Shotgun Suzie and the two of them go off through Nightside, just barely surviving several nasty encounters. I consider this a "dessert book," not a lot of nutrition in it, but quite enjoyable.

Symbiont by Mira Grant

– Science Fiction, Zombie Apocalypse. The second book of the Parasite trilogy. Okay, I got involved with the first enough to read the second. I will go on to the third. I'm not sure I like the main character, though I don't know why.

The Drop by Michael Connelly

– Detective. Yet another Harry Bosch mystery. In this one, Harry is assigned a cold case with a fresh hit on DNA evidence. Blood found on a murder victim from the 1990s was typed to a man who was 8 years

old when the woman was killed. While just starting the case, he gets called to take over an investigation into the death of the son of a former cop who had been out to get Harry off the force. The father is now a city counsel member. I've read a dozen Harry Bosch mysteries and would gladly read a dozen more.

Wool by Hugh Howey

– Science Fiction, post-apocalypse. First of a trilogy. The tale of a society that lives in a large underground silo. Talking of outside is a crime punishable by being sent outside to clean the sensors there. Of course, that is also a death sentence. It does strike me as a return to the Golden Age of Science Fiction, where the hero (or in this case, heroine) is an engineer. I will go on to read the other books, *Shift* and *Dust*.

Brain Plague by Joan Slonczewski

– Science Fiction. I picked this up because the author will be Guest of Honor at Confluence. It is the 5th (final) book of the Elysium Cycle, but I didn't notice. I guess that is why it seemed I should know more about the place than I did. The story stood on its own, though. In the novel, Chrysoberyl is a struggling artist. It seems the only people earning a good living are those that have brain enhancers. She gets herself put onto a list to receive a new type being given out in a test program. It turns out that they are actually sentient microbes, that view her body as a new, virgin world. then she discovers that the people suffering from the "brain plague" of the title have the same microbes... I will have to go back and read the other 4 books in this series. It struck me as a similar premise as Mira Grant's *Parasite*.

Nine Dragons by Michael Connelly

– Detective. Yet another Harry Bosch mystery. Harry investigates the shooting of a convenience store owner, and it looks like the Triad is behind it. As his investigation proceeds, his daughter (who lives in Hong Kong) is kidnapped, and Harry travels to China to find her.

The Reversal by Michael Connelly

– Detective. Connelly brings together his characters Harry Bosch and Micky Haller. Haller, usually a defense attorney, is asked to prosecute a case that has been overturned by new DNA evidence. He agrees and asks for Harry to re-investigate the case.

Omens by Kelley Armstrong

– Paranormal Romance, detective. The first of Armstrong's Cainsville series of novels. The romance is very slow; our heroine is celibate throughout the

book. The paranormal is subtle, our heroine reads omens, and takes a long time to convince herself they are real. The story starts when our heroine finds out she was adopted, and was actually the daughter of two famous serial killers. Running from paparazzi, she finds herself in Cainsville. She decides to visit her birth mother in prison, who asks her to pass her information to the Innocence Project, as she still claims to be innocent of the crimes she was convicted of 20 years earlier. Our heroine investigates...



Minutes continued from Page 2

last month who won the raffle (and evidently her boyfriend appreciated the Lovecraft collection), at the nearby Giant Eagle. I assured her that meetings would continue and that Confluence was coming up, but for her it was a matter of finding the time. As interesting as it would be to travel time, perhaps there is at least as much to be said for the power of multiplying it.

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favorite story was 1961's "The Ship Who Sang." This was the story of a deformed girl grafted into a spaceship, essentially becoming the ship. It was expanded into a 1969 novel of the same name and has generated several popular sequels. She also served as the Secretary-Treasurer of the Science Fiction Writers of America, 1968-70.

Ex Machina continued from Page 4

the Turing test.

But the machine has other plans. Aware of its own existence, and seeking to preserve its existence, it plans its escape. Any conscious being seeks freedom, freedom being defined as liberation from the will of others to end personal existence.

Monthly Meetings

May

Featured Speaker for May 9, 2015 – Time 1:30 pm at the Squirrel Hill Branch of the Carnegie Library:

Thomas Sweterlitsch

The Avant-Garde and Science-Fiction

A discussion on the aesthetics and influence of the “historical avant-garde” on science-fiction writing, and conversely, science-fiction’s influence on the avant-garde.

Thomas Sweterlitsch is the author of “Tomorrow and Tomorrow” and the forthcoming novel “Libra.” He lives in Pittsburgh.



June

June 13, 2015 – Meeting time 1:30 PM at the Squirrel Hill Branch of the Carnegie Library

In my search for someone to make a presentation for the June 13, 2015 Parsec meeting there have been obstacles. Turns out it wasn’t the cruel universe causing the snafu. It was me. As I continued the process with more vigor nothing seemed to pan out. With each renewed effort, I realized a resistance growing inside me. I stopped fighting and began examining. Sometimes just a walk around those seeming insurmountable barriers you have placed and fortified all by yourself helps you come to comprehension. I figured out what was bothering me.

We have not had a meeting just for the members and the public who find their way to Parsec on the second Saturday of each month in quite some time. A meeting designed for folks to sit around and talk about what they have been reading, what they have been writing, what they have been doing.

I went to a school in the North of Denmark, New Experimental College, whose sole curriculum was stated as “the program is the people who come.” I believe the idea applies to all organizations. So you are the program. You are the meeting. You are the featured speaker. Feel free to bring samples of your work. Writing, music, painting, carpentry, metal work, body markings, belly lint collections. But certainly bring your emotion and your intellect. Let’s talk SF.

For the business part of the meeting, I am going to invite everyone who is involved in the four committees and the Board of Directors to attend. To answer questions. To tell their story. Everyone has the right to know what is going on within our Parsec organization.

SO.....

I’m proud to announce that our featured guest speaker(s) for the meeting on Saturday the 13th of June 2015 at 1:30 PM at the Squirrel Hill Branch of the Carnegie Library is Parsec.

Joe

(Note: This program or event is neither sponsored or endorsed by Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.)

PARSEC

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Dues: Full Membership \$15

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Parsec

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