

Janus



Janus

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SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

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Back issues of *Janus* and the program books for WisCons 3 and 4 are available for \$2.00 each, except \$4.00 for *Janus* 12/13 and \$5.00 for photocopies of *Janus* 1, 2, 3, 8, and 14. Include \$1.00 per order for postage and handling.

WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE

Issues delivered by mail have a letter code on the mailing label. Here's what it means: C = you contributed; M = you were mentioned or reviewed; S = you subscribe, and your subscription expires with the issue indicated by number; T = we trade; and X = some other perfectly good reason.

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Janus, c/o SF3, Box 1624, Madison, WI, 53701

Changes in *Janus*

There have been a couple of changes in *Janus* effective this issue, one which we hope you'll notice, and one which we hope will be invisible.

The noticeable one is that we have finally done something about all the irritated comments we've gotten about excessive photoreduction making *Janus* hard to read. Instead of photoreducing it to 75%, we're now going to 85%. This will result in larger, presumably easier to read type; it also, alas, means that we can fit in only 88% as much material in the same amount of space.

The change which we hope you won't be able to detect involves the operating structure of the group which puts out *Janus*. *Janus* is now published formally by the SF³ Publications Committee. Instead of having this or that decision about the magazine made by this or that individual, policies are now set by the committee as a whole. In addition, the actual work is performed by four subcommittees: writing, art, financial, and production. The writing and art subcommittees perform in much the same manner in their respective areas: they solicit contributions, generate their own if necessary, review contributions for acceptability, try to get them into shape for printing, and pass them along to the production subcommittee when done. The financial subcommittee tries to find money via increased distribution and advertising. (Yes, we now take advertising. Write for our rate sheet.) The production subcommittee establishes an overall timetable, sets the size of the magazine, determines the nature of the cover (very important for newsstand sales), does a dummy issue, lays out the contents, and assembles and mails the magazine after it's printed.

Is this likely to work? We think so. Carroll College in Wisconsin built its new campus without sidewalks. After two or three years, the students had worn paths where they walked most often. Then the college laid sidewalks on those empirically established routes. *Janus* has been around for over five years, and we've established routes that we feel fairly comfortable with, even if (as in the case of Carroll College's sidewalks) they look strange to the uninitiated. The work involved in putting *Janus* together is just too large for any small group to handle, and any time you deal with a larger group—whether you call it a committee or something else—you've got to have a way to make decisions. We feel more comfortable with a bottom-up approach, where everyone gets a say, than with a top-down approach, where one person is clearly the boss.

New Moon Accepting Contributions

Jan Bogstad announces that she will be publishing a magazine called *New Moon*, where she will continue to examine important literary, political, and feminist issues, as she has done in the past as co-editor of *Janus*. Contributions are welcome. Send them to *New Moon* at Box 2056, Madison, WI, 53701. (Incidentally, "new" is Chinese for "woman".)

Themes for Upcoming Issues

Janus 18 will concentrate on post-holocaust fiction written by woman authors. It has been observed that the disenfranchised and oppressed in any society have no vested interest in the

survival of that society. Is this why so many women are interested in writing about a time after the destruction of society as we know it?

Janus 19 will feature language and SF as a theme. George Orwell's 1984, with its New-speak, pointed out that it's very difficult to communicate concepts without the appropriate labels for them. How has SF approached this and other problems of language?

We mention these themes for future issues now, in case you, as a potential contributor, are interested in sending us something. If you are, please write to us for our spec sheet.

Errata

In "Terri-Cloth" in *Janus* 15, Terry Garey was mistakenly identified as Terry Gary. In *Janus* 16, the contents page listed artist Karen Dalker; she's really Kara Dalkey. Apologies to both.

SF³ Annual Meeting

SF³'s annual meeting, required by law, will be held at 1:00 p.m. on Saturday 1980 September 13 at 1610 Hoyt St. in Madison. All are welcome, though only members can vote.

Book of the Month Circle

The SF³ Program Committee has listed the following as

the monthly (third Thursday) books for discussion in 1980: August 21, *The Snow*

Queen by Joan Vinge; Sep-

tember 18, *The Door into Fire* by Diane Duane;

October 16, *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter M. Miller; and November 20, *The Magic*

Labyrinth by Philip Jose Farmer.

ALL THE

Monthly Programs

The SF³ Program Committee is taking a summer vacation but will resume monthly (last Wednesday) programs in the fall at Union South. September 24 will be the annual get-acquainted meeting and hashover of the Hugos. October 29 will bring a comparison and contrast of SF art and Cro-Magnon cave art with Steven Vincent Johnson and Lou Goodman. Other program ideas (and volunteers) are welcome.

Madison Fans Are Honored

Jeanne Gomoll was fan guest of honor at Autoclave 4, July 25-27, in Detroit. Jan Bogstad and Jeanne will be fan guests of honor at AquaCon 1, 1981 February 12-15, in Anaheim, California (home of Disneyland). Steven Vincent Johnson will be artist guest of honor at WisCon 5, 1981 March 6-8, in Madison.

SF³ Exports Con Programming

In the time-honored sercon tradition of Madison fandom, various members of SF³ have appeared on, and even organized, panels at various cons. For example, at MiniCon there were "The History of Dead Cats" and "Urban SF Clubs" with Jeanne Gomoll, a program on SF radio by James Andrew Cox, host of the weekly "Science Fiction and Fantasy Hour" over Madison's listener-sponsored WORT-FM (89.7 MHz), and Jan Bogstad as one of C. J. Cherryh's interviewers.

At Archon 4, in St. Louis, Jan moderated

a panel on fanzine publishing and, along with Phil Kaveny and Diane Martin, led a discussion on woman writers and post-holocaust fiction. That same theme will be reprised by Jeanne Gomoll at NoreasCon 2, and Jeanne and Greg Rihn will present the dead cat slide show. Also at NoreasCon, SF³ will officially kick off its bid for the 1985 worldcon.

Hugo Nomination

Janus has received its third consecutive nomination for the Hugo Award for best fanzine. It hasn't yet won, though.

Bread and Roses Special Issue

The Madison-based feminist periodical *Bread and Roses* devoted its Spring 1980 issue (Volume 2 Number 2) to SF from a feminist perspective, and featured an article co-authored by *Janus*'s Jeanne Gomoll. See the *B&R* ad on Page 36.

More Woman F&SF Writers

Ayn Rand, Connie Willis (in *Galileo*), M. Lucie Chin, Pat Cadigan, X. X. Hoover, Steve Barnes (in *Pandora*), and Jayge Carr (= Marjorie Krueger).

D&D Game of the Month

The *Dungeons and Dragons* Game of the Month,

NEWS THAT FI

produced in alternating months by Richard S. Russell and Kim Nash of SF³ (and not to be confused with the other *D&D Game of the Month*, produced by the Madison Dungeon Masters' Association) continues to be one of the most popular programs on Cable Channel 4, Madison's public-access channel. Public-access TV and D&D seem to be a good combination. People can participate in the program by calling in from home to play one of the stock characters, or, in Kim's productions, can make arrangements to appear in person. People are also invited to the studio to learn how to work the equipment and help put the show on the air.

Lucy Nash, as both a dungeon master and a player, has developed quite a cult following among the junior-high-school boys who are the most enthusiastic viewers of the show. At least one of them was interested in having her autograph his *Monster Manual*.

The Road to Wall Street

Several folks at SF³ have recently plunged into entrepreneurship. The following are the last unpaid ads they'll get from us.

Georgie Schnobrich makes some of the world's greatest decorated cakes and cookies (including birthday cakes featuring black holes, rocket ships, and trapeze artists for various Madison fans) and can be reached at 608+256-7609.

Tom Murn, former Madison fan and *Janus* regular, is now editor and publisher of *Sugar Beat*, a regional features newspaper for the Sugar River Valley area in Wisconsin. Tom and the paper are at Box 10, Belleville, WI, 53508, phone 608-424-6129.

Richard Bruning does graphic arts and

WISCON 5

MARCH 6-8, 1981

GUESTS OF HONOR:

AUTHOR

CHELSEA QUINN YARBRO

FANS

BUCK & JUANITA COULSON

EDITORS

DON & ELSIE WOLLHEIM

CRITIC

TERESA DI LAURETIS

ARTIST

STEVEN VINCENT JOHNSON

Make all checks payable to

SF³

BOX 1624

MADISON, WI 53701

WisCon Advance Registration: \$10.00 until 2/28/81
At the Door \$12.00

commercial illustration out of his Abraxis Studios, 2 W. Mifflin St. #208, Madison, WI, 53703, phone 608+251-7329.

Empire Caravan

For some reason, Madison as a film market ranks behind Champaign-Urbana and Dubuque, both of which got *The Empire Strikes Back* on opening night. Undaunted, over 50 Madisonians traveled the 130 km to Milwaukee for the event. And, a month later, repeated the mob scene in Madison.



You think this is here just for your amusement? Wrong! If you fail to send us a CoA, and the Postal Service bounces your copy of *Janus* back to us, it costs us 65¢ for the returned one, and another 55¢ to remail it to you. We can't afford that, so henceforth each returned copy will result in a deduction of one issue from your subscription.

POINT:

One of the consequences of *Janus* changing its management structure is that there are no longer any editors to write editorials. Therefore, it is now *Janus* policy not to have editorials which express the "official" position of the magazine. Instead, any articles expressing an opinion will be signed by the author(s) and will represent only the opinion of the author(s). Such is the case with the following two articles, which represent different sides of the question on whether the ERA boycott should affect the 1982 worldcon site-selection vote.

What is the ERA? It's the Equal Rights Amendment, which states that "Equality of rights

under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." The ERA has been passed by a two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress and ratified by 35 (70%) of the 50 states. But, to become a part of the US Constitution, it must be ratified by 38 (75%) of the 50 states, so it's presently 3 states short of adoption.

What is the ERA Boycott? It's an effort by the National Organization of Women (NOW) and other groups to encourage people not to travel or to do business in states which have not ratified the ERA. The idea is that the economic loss to the non-ratifying states will exert pres-

SUPPORT THE BOYCOTT!

RICHARD S. RUSSELL

You have red hair. You and a dark-haired driver are pulled over at the same time for speeding. The dark-haired driver is given a ticket and sent along. You are taken to headquarters, told to remove all your clothes (or it will be done for you), and subjected to a probing body-cavity search.

You wear glasses. Your business partner of some 25 years does not. Your partner dies, leaving you half the business. You pay inheritance taxes. Your partner would not have had to pay.

You're black. You get sickle-cell anemia. You ask your employer for sick leave and are refused. Your white co-worker, who has contracted regular anemia, is granted sick leave.

Do these sound to you like reasonable distinctions? Does it seem fair that some physical characteristic should affect the way the law treats you? Should red hair, or glasses, or black skin affect your dignity, your liberty, or your checkbook? Most people would say "no", and, if you're one of the others, you may as well stop reading right now, because there isn't enough space in this whole magazine to discuss this issue to your satisfaction.

Well, all of the above scenarios are not only realistic, they are actually happening right here right now. Just one little difference: instead of happening to red-haired or near-sighted or black-skinned people, these things are happening to women. Police in certain cities (Chicago being a notable example) routinely strip-search women stopped for traffic offenses while letting men go. In many states, farm wives must pay inheritance taxes on the farm if they outlive their husbands; the reverse is not the case. Pregnant women have been denied sick leave, and the decisions have

been upheld in court, while other medical disabilities are covered.

So what do we do about it? Well, all these laws and practices are presupposed by the male-dominated legal system in this country to be perfectly OK until they can be overturned on some constitutional basis. For example, look at the original "grandfather clause". This was a provision of the law in many states of the former Confederacy which stated that you couldn't vote unless your grandfather had been entitled to vote. This obviously kept all former slaves from voting, and it was perfectly legal. It took the 15th Amendment to the US Constitution to provide a basis for overturning the grandfather clause by stating that the vote could not be denied on account of "previous condition of servitude". (Interestingly, the corresponding privilege for women, the 19th Amendment, was not enacted for another 50 years.)

Therefore, to provide a basis for attacking laws and practices that discriminate against women (and there are many besides the ones listed above), we need the ERA. To get it, we have to convince legislators in non-ratifying states that they should vote for it.

Unfortunately, some legislators have been listening to "reasoning" like "It will destroy the American family" (which presumes that the "family" is such a noble ideal that the government should force it on everybody by law), or "This will lead to unisex toilets" (which, of course, would be completely different from what you have in your own home), or "Your daughter will be drafted" (evidently not caring about your son, who may also be drafted). Well, these

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COUNTERPOINT

sure on those states to ratify the ERA.

What does this have to do with fandom?

The 1982 worldcon must be held somewhere in the Midwest. At present, there are two bidding committees, one from Chicago and one from Detroit. Chicago is in a state (Illinois) which has not ratified the ERA; Detroit is in a state (Michigan) which has.

What does this have to do with me? If you are a member of NoreasCon 2, the 1980 world science fiction convention, you are entitled to a vote on the 1982 site, after paying a \$7.50 voting fee. The fee automatically makes you a supporting member of the 1982 worldcon, regard-

less of who wins, and you can convert to an attending membership for another \$7.50 within 90 days of NoreasCon. If you're not currently a NoreasCon member, you can join at the door in Boston for \$45 (which does not include the voting fee).

What should I do? That's up to you. The following articles will offer advice on whether or not to consider the ERA in making your choice. Other criteria for choosing between Chicago and Detroit are listed on the fact sheet—entitled "1982 Bidders' Survey"—put together by NoreasCon 2 and available from them at Box 46 MIT Branch, Cambridge, MA, 02139.

CHICAGO! CHICAGO!

GREGORY G. H. RIHN

With Assistance of Ross Pavlac and Melissa Bayard, ChiCon IV Bid Committee.

In writing this article, I cannot deny that the ERA is an issue of importance to fans. Many fans are deeply committed to the cause of human rights, and to attempt to deny it would be closing one's eyes to reality. However, what I do hope to do is to put the matter into perspective.

Political controversy is not unfamiliar to science-fiction fans. Many great works have been based on themes dealing with the struggle to improve the condition of humanity (or universal sapience) through enlightened means. It is a legitimate area for study, comment, and concern.

The first question to be raised, then, is to what extent should "mundane" political and social issues be allowed to affect fannish activities? Prior attempts to politicize fandom that occurred during the Vietnam era and at IguanaCon had little or no effect on the mundane world, while raising bad feelings that still linger on in the fan community. The chief problem is: once you have allowed one mundane issue to dominate fan issues, where do you stop? As a concrete example/problem, Boston, the site of this year's worldcon, is one of the most racially segregated cities in the American North. The memory of the bussing riots, with some of the supposed societal elite of the USA defying the federal courts and preaching insurrection, is still raw. Yet no one proposed that Boston site be boycotted. What if someone had? What if this year's worldcon were to be held in Moscow? Would fandom follow the Olympic committee and boycott? What if Detroit were found to harbor some undesirable socio-political entity such as a whale-fishing fleet, or were to suddenly, as Miami, Florida (site of Suncon) did, repeal gay-rights legislation, or pass a dracon-

ian anti-gay law, and a boycott were proposed?

The point is that nearly everyplace has something wrong with it from a mundane viewpoint. The number of unpopular worthy causes that many fans favor but which are opposed by many mundanes is high. Arguably, states with extreme anti-gay laws are doing as much damage to our society as states that don't believe in the ERA. If that hypothesis isn't accepted, what about bussing? Gun control? Treatment of handicapped? Water/air pollution? Treatment of American Indians? The draft? Censorship? Human rights? Not to mention the most controversial issue in the US today: abortion! Even if there isn't currently a boycott for any particular cause that doesn't mean one wouldn't be equally as justifiable as the ERA boycott.

Where do we draw the line? In almost every field of mundane endeavor, mundane politics have clouded non-political questions, notably in some of the farces perpetrated at recent Academy Award ceremonies. No matter what a person's mundane accomplishments may be, he/she is bound to be held up to ridicule and destructive criticism if he/she holds an unpopular belief. What if this sort of thing intruded into the Hugos, if writers were politicked for or against because of political beliefs? One can name many pros and fans who hold to ideologically vulnerable viewpoints. Where do you draw the line? If you dig deep enough, every person, every place, every thing has something that can be held against him/her/it. To my mind, the line should be drawn thus: to get an answer on a fannish issue, include only the data that bear on the subject—criteria that affect what kind of worldcon you will get.

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RUSSELL

are emotional arguments, and they carry enough weight to have stalled the ERA in Illinois. To counter them, since reason alone seems insufficient, the ERA boycott proposes to add economic pressure, hoping that the extra ingredient will be just the little bit extra needed to tip the scales in favor of the ERA.

If you think that the ERA should be passed, you can do your bit by voting for Detroit in 1982 instead of Chicago. As an SF fan, you've had a chance to read about many possible futures. Here's your chance to help make one of the good ones come true.

Now, it may be that Chicago offers a number of advantages in a con committee or as a con site that Detroit doesn't. Maybe the reverse. You'll have to sort those issues out for yourself.

But, while you're sorting, remember that Illinois is unwilling to admit legally, officially, and publicly that half the human race should be treated equally by the laws of the land. By their inaction, they are promoting the discriminatory status quo. Remember further that you can encourage that situation by voting for, attending, and spending money at the Chicago site; or you can discourage it by voting for, attending, and spending money in Detroit.

This is not to say that ERA ratification is the only criterion you should use in selecting a con site. Clearly, it's not. But, equally clearly, it should be one of the criteria, and a fairly important one in my opinion.

Likewise, this is not to say that the presence or absence of a worldcon in Chicago will make or break the ERA. Clearly it won't, all by itself. But, equally clearly, it will contribute to the overall effectiveness of the boycott. Enough straws will break the camel's back.

This whole process is one of little bits and increments, starting with the little bit that your vote represents. But the little bits all add up. For example, your "little bit" of room charges, figuring \$40 a night for 4 nights, works out to only \$160. But multiply that by 1800 guest rooms, and you're talking \$288,000. Throw in what 5000 fans can spend on food and drink and miscellaneous stuff, and you're into millions of dollars. And that itself is just a "little bit", an increment in the boycott's overall economic impact on the State of Illinois, just like Illinois's ratification is one more increment toward getting the ERA for all of us. Remember, the inaction of the Illinois legislature doesn't deny equal rights just to the women

of Illinois; it denies them to women all across America.

But, to be effective, we fans can't view ourselves as the "exception". We can't say things like "But the Chicago committee is pro-ERA; why should we penalize them?" Ignoring the question of whether you're doing anybody a favor by wishing a worldcon on them, the simple answer to this question is to take the ERA out of it. If the ERA weren't an issue, would you feel you were "penalizing" a committee by voting for the opposition? For that matter, if you want to vote for Chicago, do you feel you're "penalizing" Detroit for being in a ratifying state?

We can't say things like "It wouldn't hurt just this once." The deadline for ratification is June of 1982. If not now, when? Besides, it isn't just this once. The 1978 worldcon was held in Arizona. IguanaCon was announced, planned, and voted on before the boycott was called, and it was too late to call it off after the boycott began. But all those fannish dollars were extremely well received in Phoenix. No, the boycott is on now, and it's decisions which are made now which will indicate whether the boycott is working. A vote for Chicago will mean that the boycott isn't working; a vote for Detroit will mean that it is. And this will be true, and will be seen as being true, regardless of how you personally feel about it.

We can't say things like "Where will it all end?" There are a lot of pressure groups which might ask us to support a boycott. We should consider them when and if they contact us. Right now, it's only the ERA which has an organized boycott in effect. Let's start here and take the rest as we come to them.

We can't say things like "This will hurt Chicago, but it won't hurt Illinois." Bullshit. Chicago is part of Illinois. When you travel there, you drop 30¢ in the tollway booths. Where do you think that money goes? When you buy a Big Mac there, you pay a sales tax. Where do you think that money goes? When you pick up a gift for Mom, you're helping pay the sales-clerk's salary, and part of that salary is withheld as taxes. Where do you think that money goes? Ultimately, every dollar you spend ends up—directly or indirectly—in the economy of Illinois.

Bits and pieces. Increments. They all add up.

And they start with your vote.
Detroit in 1982!

RIHN

The above *reductio ad absurdum* results from letting mundane issues dominate fannish ones. My argument is that, if mundane issues worry you, weigh them in the balance with all the others. It is rumored that some fans concede that Chicago is the superior bid, but feel constrained to vote Detroit on principle, all

the while hoping Chicago wins. There is no need for this kind of moral strain, as may be shown by examining the status and significance of ERA at this time.

Some proponents of the ERA seem to believe that passage of this constitutional amendment will result in a certain great alleviation of

discrimination against women. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The ERA is merely a statement of principle, which, upon being adopted as one of the cardinal tenets of American law, would still need to be implemented through long years of court hearings, legislative debates, and administrative actions. In fact, these processes are already at work all across the country. The lack of a constitutional amendment has not kept the courts from declaring sexually discriminatory laws and actions unconstitutional on grounds of denial of equal protection, grounds of fundamental fairness, or grounds based on analogies drawn from other laws or cases. Many states (including Illinois) have enacted equal rights acts of their own, and the federal government has enacted numerous laws and regulations intended to foster equality of the sexes. The Constitution and Bill of Rights have been in force nearly two hundred years, and the governments of this nation are still involved in determining the extent and definition of freedom of the press, freedom of religion, Fourth Amendment freedoms, and many others. Constitutional amendments, laws, and court decisions have not resulted in the sudden and complete equality of blacks or other minorities, nor will they for women.

In fact, the emphasis on ERA as a symbol of progress in women's struggle for equality may well be diverting energies that could better be spent in attacking specific instances of discrimination which will have to be attacked piecemeal eventually, anyway. The passage of a constitutional amendment does not automatically repeal all laws and acts which might be conflicting. It is a principle of American law that a presumption of constitutionality attends all actions taken in accordance with the law at time of enactment. In other words, a law is constitutional until proven otherwise. The ERA would be one additional tool among many in defeating unconstitutional discrimination against women—but not the only one nor an indispensable one. At present, I think the ERA is desirable but not so vital as to be worth courting the evils of single-issue politics.

It is worth examining the political and economic status of Illinois in determining whether the boycott will in fact be an effective tool in this case. It has been put forward that the State of Illinois, by refusing to ratify, has in some fashion legally, officially declared that women are inferior before the law. Not so! Beside the existence of the Illinois equal rights act that I have already cited, even the non-existence of such a law would not presume the existence of its opposite: this is like saying that everything not prohibited is compulsory, or vice versa. Non-ratification of the ERA does not imply that discrimination is good, nor do opponents of the ERA necessarily say so; instead, they point out that the long-term effects of ratification are unforeseeable, or that such effects may lead to undesirable results, or they disagree about wording or effect. Even some proponents of the ERA are divided on such issues as military service. Some feel that women should be exempt from the draft even if the ERA is passed—a clear discrimination on basis of sex.

It is worth examining the political facts of life in the state of Illinois. Some states having large urban districts are largely dominated by those areas (e.g.: New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware); others are not (e.g.: New York and Florida). Illinois belongs to the latter category. Even though Chicago is the largest urban area in the Midwest, it has not overbalanced the rural influence on this issue. Although the national political image of Illinois is dominated by the Chicago Democratic political machine, the rest of the state is and has been a conservative stronghold. The Chicago area is almost a separate entity with respect to the rest of Illinois, politically as well as economically. The Chicago area supports ERA in the Illinois legislature.¹ Chicago has a female mayor. However the support of the Chicago area alone has not been able to turn the trick.²

The grain and produce of rural Illinois merges into the national farm/food industry, becoming part of the same goods that are consumed in every state, ERA or no ERA. Due to the structure of American economics, the ERA boycott, which concentrates on conventions in urban areas, is unlikely to affect the rural population of any state.

It is worth wondering who will be hurt by the boycott. Very likely not the Hyatt. Hyatt Hotels are a national and international chain, and, though the Regency is their new flagship, the fortunes of the company do not stand or fall on what happens in Chicago. Those who might miss us would be waiters, bellhops, small businesspeople, and workers in the service industries who would lose wages, tips, and business. Ironically, these jobs are filled largely by women and minorities.

Would we be missed at all? Not likely! Yes, a worldcon generates sizable revenue, and Labor Day weekend is not "prime time" for your standard business-with-pleasure type of convention. On the other hand, Chicago is the nation's largest convention city, a fact not diminished by the ERA boycott. In fact, the Chicago convention bureau reports that business has shown a steady increase of 7% per year. Financially, the con is relatively small potatoes as far as other merchants are concerned. Fans spend most of their time at con-connected events and parties, instead of diving into the convention-oriented fleshpots. Money spent goes

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¹With the possible exception of certain black-dominated areas pointed out in recent media coverage as holdouts for economic favors from Washington—another example of how politics as usual triumphs over causes, and of how one minority group fails to rally to the cause of another.

²This may change in the immediate future. There are concerted efforts afoot to reverse Illinois's stand on ERA where the effort counts—in the state legislature. Although as of this writing, the ERA has once again been defeated in Illinois, NOW reports primary victories for pro-ERA candidates in 16 of 17 target districts in Illinois, making the ratification in 1981 a very real prospect.



LET'S DO THE TIME

♦ ♦ ♦
 "That which is not prohibited by nature is mandatory."

—Dr. Murray Gell-Mann
 Nobel laureate

♦ ♦ ♦

"Everything you know is wrong."

—Dr. Happy Harry Cox

♦ ♦ ♦

With these seemingly discordant quotations, I welcome you all to the wonderful world of time travel. I plan to show that there are no physical or logical arguments against time travel. I will not tell you how to build a time machine. This column is more of an intellectual exercise, a sort of "existence proof" that removes any objections to time travel without specifying the exact form or mechanism by which it would take place.

Big promises, huh? Well, I think I can pull it off. Bear with me for a bit while we collect the intellectual tools needed to understand the nature of time travel.

The first tool is something called a "space-time diagram". When Einstein formulated his relativity principles, he found that it was convenient to treat time as a fourth dimension which, along with the three spatial dimensions, described an object or event. Time was not physically another dimension that one could travel "through"; rather, it was a mathematical convenience.

Actually, to properly describe the world, one must include the time coordinates. We really live in a four-dimensional "space" which we call "space-time". So far as we can tell, space-time is not a mathematical fiction—it is as accurate a portrayal of our universal environment as we know how to make.

Space-time, unfortunately, is a bit hard to visualize. For one thing, we perceive that fourth dimension quite differently from the way

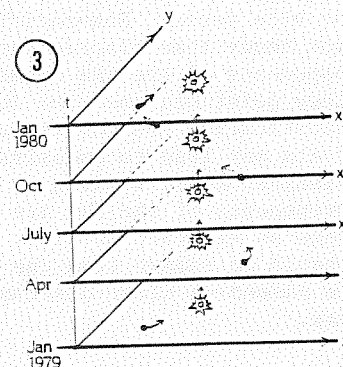
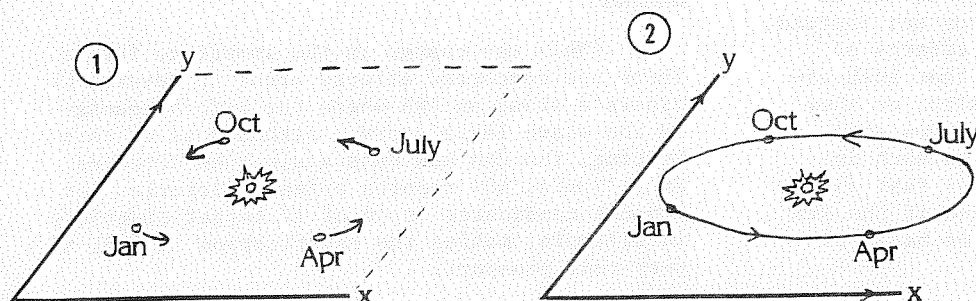
we perceive the other three. For another, it is hard to buy a four-dimensional chalkboard, and physicists are inordinately fond of drawing pictures of things. Some brilliant soul figured out that, if we made a few very careful simplifying assumptions, we could draw pictures that would represent space-time well enough to be handy. Here's how those pictures work:

Imagine the Earth moving in orbit about the Sun. At each and every moment, the Earth occupies a different point in space. (For the sake of simplicity, I have used my godlike powers as the author to freeze the Sun in position; that way we need not worry about its motion as well.) Figure 1 shows the position of the Earth at three-month intervals. Notice that the positions have been plotted on a plane whose coordinates are labeled x and y —two of the space coordinates. We are looking down on that plane at an oblique angle.

Of course, the Earth doesn't jump from season to season—it moves smoothly in a trajectory which makes a big ellipse that is closed in space. Figure 2 shows the complete closed orbit. Again, some of the points are labeled to make it clear that the Earth is moving with time. (Note the phrase, by the by—we talk about moving through space at the same time that we talk about moving with time.) The diagram implies that the whole event has duration as well as spatial depth.

If we wanted to show that motion explicitly, we could make a movie; each frame would show the Earth slightly later in time. We can take a bunch of the movie frames and stack them on top of each other (Figure 3). This produces a picture which is analogous to Figure 1, except that now we have included time explicitly, as the vertical coordinate, t .

Since the motion is continuous, we can draw a better picture, just as we drew Figure 2, that shows the continuous trajectory of the Earth through a "space-time" consisting of two spatial and one temporal dimensions. That gives





WARP AGAIN... by CTEIN

us Figure 4. Notice that the orbit is not closed in time. Instead, the path looks like a spiral. You can't go home again. (Or can you?)

I suppose that one could actually draw a perspective sketch that included all four space-time dimensions, but no one bothers to. It would get too confusing. Instead, physicists try to simplify life even more by going to a universe that has only one space dimension! An example of such a universe is shown in Figure 5, a ball rolling along a track which has bumpers at both ends so the ball bounces back and forth. This is one-dimensional motion, and we can draw the space-time diagram for it in Figure 6. Now the spatial dimension, x , is the horizontal axis, while the vertical axis, t , represents time. You can read this diagram by laying a piece of paper along the x -axis and sliding it up the picture. Where the trajectory line touches the edge of the paper is the location of the ball at that moment. You see, the ball does bounce back and forth, even though the diagram shows a zig-zag.

This is our first tool. The second one comes from a very bright fellow, Dr. Richard P. Feynman. While winning the Nobel Prize, Feynman came up with some clever scribbles which are so useful for describing particle physics, and so commonly used, that they are simply called Feynman diagrams. Figure 7 is a Feynman diagram for a simple event—an electron and an anti-electron collide and annihilate each other, and a gamma ray results. (Actually, I've oversimplified the situation, but it will do.)

Again, this diagram can easily read by sliding a sheet of paper up the illustration. The electron comes in from the left, the positron from the right; they collide and are gone.

Big deal, a bunch of squiggles! It may have gotten Feynman a Nobel but it won't get us one, so why bother? Well, Feynman made an interesting observation. It didn't matter which

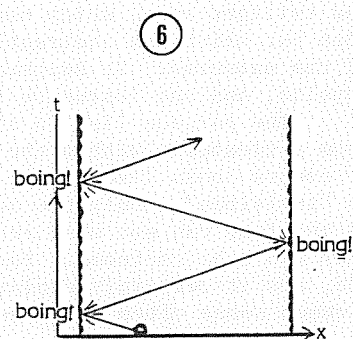
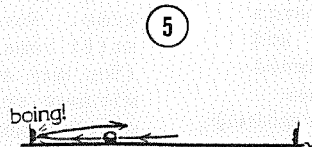
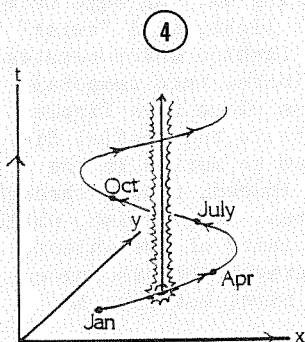
way any of the arrows pointed, so long as things like energy, momentum, and the "number", N , of particles remained constant. (N is equal to the difference in number between the particles and the anti-particles. In this case, there are always equal numbers of electrons and positrons, so $N=0$.) For instance, you can turn the arrows on the lines and the time axis over so they all point down, and read the result from the top down. Now, we have a gamma ray coming in and being turned into an electron and a positron. This actually happens—it is called "pair production" (Figure 8).

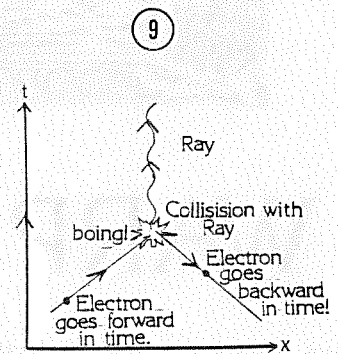
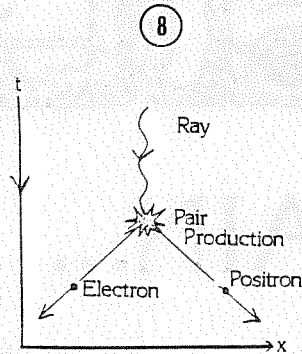
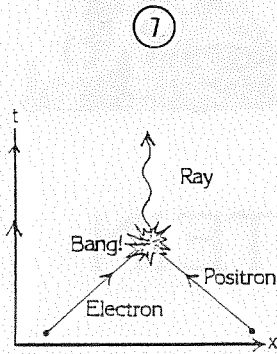
Figure 9 shows another possibility, only the arrow on the positron is reversed. This diagram is interpreted to mean that an electron emits a gamma ray. Newton's law of action and reaction holds, so the electron must recoil, just as a gun does when it "emits" a bullet. The electron does recoil...in time! The electron is now traveling backward in time. The amazing thing is that an electron traveling backwards in time is exactly the same thing as a positron traveling forwards in time.

There are lots of other possibilities, like a positron emitting a gamma ray and recoiling (same thing, just seen from the anti-matter viewpoint) or an electron colliding with a gamma ray coming in and recoiling, etc., etc. The point is that lots of events that we think of as happening in a forward direction in time, may equivalently happen by traveling backwards in time. Feynman even went so far to suggest that perhaps all the electrons and positrons in the universe are one electron weaving its way back and forth through time.

It doesn't matter whether this actually happens. All that counts is that time reversal is a perfectly acceptable description of the real world.

This raises all sorts of nasty philosophical questions, like "What causes what to happen?" and "Is everything really pre-ordained?". I





don't know the answer to the first question, and the second one actually doesn't matter—the uncertainty principle tells us that even if everything is pre-ordained, it is impossible to know that—the universe will always look as if it is filled with happenstance. Free will may not exist; random chance certainly does.

These questions don't matter to this discussion (although they do matter greatly to our understanding of what the world is like). They are fun to worry over, though. Anyway, we now know enough to plot out time-travel stories and resolve all the paradoxes.

Figure 10 shows the classic, basic plot. Someone builds a time machine, goes back in time to a time before the machine was built, and kills herself or himself. Where did the time machine come from?

Is this really a paradox? No way! At Point A, the time traveler starts traveling back. At Point B, a suicide/murder is committed. Our guilty time traveler resumes her or his voyage into the future and the story ends. From our omniscient viewpoint, it looks perfectly straightforward (well, as straightforward as particle physics).

Notice that there is never more than one inventor. Oh sure, at Time C, there are a lot of inventors shuttling about, but one of them is an anti-inventor (traveling backwards in time) and the inventor "number" still adds up to only 1. No paradox there.

The so-called paradox appears because of the viewpoint of the observer within the story. The sequence of events from B to A and A to B describes a closed loop on a space-time diagram. Closed loops happen in physics all the time—they correspond to events which "exist" in a certain sense, but cannot be observed from outside of the loop: a sort of side-jant through the twilight zone, which cannot be directly seen but which can indirectly affect the rest of the universe. It happens all the time in physics, and one learns to live with it.

The paradox lies in that closed loop. From a viewpoint within the story, the sequence of events looks like Figure 11—the closed loop is "invisible". Only the actual participants in the loop can see what really happened, and they won't be confused. Yes, it looks damned odd, and it certainly violates common sense (Common sense often has a very narrow viewpoint),

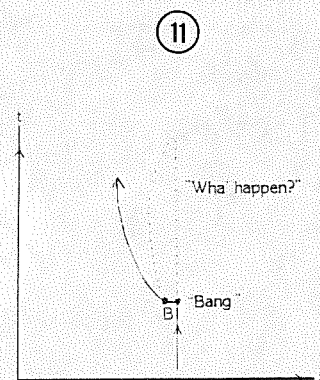
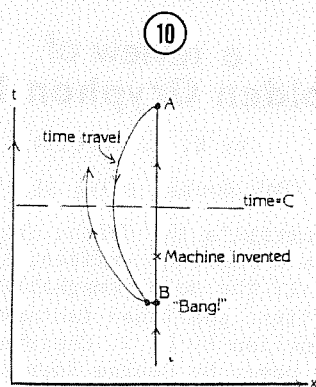
but it violates no principles of physics.

No doubt, you can think of other questions and characteristics of the plot and diagrams that describe it. I think you will find that this type of tool resolves all the problems very nicely. I don't claim to have wiped out all questions about time travel. For one thing, I carefully sidestepped the classic "shoot your own grandfather" scenario. I did so because, frankly, I don't know how to diagram procreation on a space-time diagram. I suspect that an orderly and consistent representation would be as non-paradoxical as my example. After all, I only eliminated a bunch of middle-men and -women.

I know of no time-travel story which cannot be unknotted by this tool, in a plausible fashion. (I leave *The Man Who Folded Himself* as an exercise for the reader.) Most cases are only exotic examples of my murder/suicide. If my reasoning is correct, and Dr. Gell-Mann's supposition is right, then there must be time travel somehow, somewhere.

I don't know how to build a time-machine, it is true. I suppose one could carry my analogy to its limit and build a machine that converts you to an anti-you, bounces you through time, and converts you back again. Be advised that each time you make the conversion, the machine will emit a gamma ray burst of energy, $E=2mc^2$, where m is your body mass, and E is going to be very large! You will also have to pay the power bill. (I recall a story about a man who goes back 500 years to invest some money so that the interest will have accrued to the point that he can afford to send himself through time.) Maybe there are better ways.

A theoretical physicist named Tipler proposed a way a few years ago. By his analysis, a very massive object, rotating with an edge velocity close to the speed of light, will "twist" space-time around it in a fashion which rotates some of the spatial coordinates into temporal ones. That is, if you pass close to a Tipler object, some of your motion in the spatial dimensions will get converted to motion in the temporal one and you can, indeed, travel through time. Forwards or backwards, as you wish, while still remaining in the vicinity of the object. (You may also be able to travel through space without traveling through time, but that is another game.)



Tippler may be wrong—sometimes "ideal" calculations don't work in the "real" universe. Those wonderful interdimensional "wormtubes" that were supposed to exist in black holes turn out not to work in the real universe; maybe the Tippler object is like that. Then again, maybe not. No one has proven it wrong yet.

Or maybe Larry Niven is correct: time travel is prohibited and the universe will act in such a fashion (usually unpleasant) to insure that no one does it.

Personally, I'll bet in favor of time-travel, and I'm looking forward to seeing you all at Minneapolis, in 1973.

RIHN *Continued from page 17*

Bradbury could have had any meaningful input to this production. This should stand as a warning to those who may be approached to hazard their classic works on *The Tube*. (Isaac! Hold out for Ellison's screenplay for *I, Robot!* Put it in your will, Man, so's they can't do it to you after you've gone.) The film had some nice moments based on certain of Bradbury's vignettes, but in generan

was a grave disappointment.

Much more exciting was the PBS production of Ursula Le Guin's *The Lathe of Heaven*. The production values were high, and the script maintained the elegant, thoughtful tone that is characteristic of Le Guin's written work. The pace was perhaps a bit slow and the script a bit talky for commercial TV, but these were not true defects. It is too bad that this might get swamped in the Hugos by *The Empire Strikes Back*.

RIHN *Continued from page 7*

first to the same hucksters that show up at every con, and secondarily to local shops. Fans eat a lot, but an SF con won't generate the prayer breakfasts, incentive lunches, multiple rubber-chicken banquets, and booze-swilling cocktail parties on which hotels thrive. The Hyatt does have the largest and newest convention facilities in Chicago, and, with two years lead time, should have no trouble finding others to fill the space if the Chicago bid loses.

And suppose it does lose. The ERA-ratification deadline is June, 1982. Therefore, like it or not, by the time WorldCon 1982 rolls around, the issue of whether or not there is an ERA will be moot. If it is ratified, no one will have anything to gripe about; and, if not, the matter will be of interest only to political historians, and there will be no use holding a grudge against one-third of the United States. The point here is that if you believe in the economic effects of the boycott (already shown to be ephemeral at best), the damage won't be done until after the brawl is over. And if you think that the statement of 5000 fans (who are politically disunited, socially eccentric, economically middle class, and totally lacking in traditional political clout as a group) that they are or are not concerned about the ERA is either going to be a great boost to pro-ERA forces, or a devastating gift of aid and comfort to the enemy, you are entitled to your opinion.

I see nothing wrong with stating one's principles, or making sacrifices for them. I have done so in the past. However, I prefer doing so when and where it counts, and in using the right tools for the job.

The political attractiveness of the State of Illinois *vs.* the State of Michigan on this one issue should be just that: one issue in deciding where to place the 1982 WorldCon, and not such a great issue that it overbalances all the rest. It is the chief problem of modern politics that many special-interest groups are willing to throw tremendous amounts of effort and money into political contests based solely on single issues, ignoring all the other qualities of the contestants. The right-to-life groups are notorious for it. The National Rifle Association has done it for years. Political action committees backed by industrial interests threaten the rights of workers with economic power, countered by the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE). I am sad that groups such as NOW have been driven by desperation to this sort of tactic. Politics is a part of life. I wouldn't keep it entirely out of fandom even if I could. I would like to keep out this kind of tunnel-vision politicking, if I can.

Whatever your decision, think carefully. This is one of the most important decisions fans make, and it would be nothing less than foolish to decide it on a single basis. Consider all the facts!

A GOLDEN FANTASY

a review of The Golden Gryphon Feather

by R. L. Purtill

(DAW Books, 1979) \$1.75

R. L. Purtill's *The Golden Gryphon Feather* (DAW Books) is a smoothly written, easily read short novel, all the more remarkable for being the author's first published fantasy. The book has an introduction by C. J. Cherryh, and an above-average cover by George Barr.

Set largely in a matrilinear pre-Cretan society called Kaphtu and contrasted with an oppressively patriarchal version of Athens, it is a story of a group of Athenians who must learn the Cretan bull-dance unless they wish merely to be sacrifices to the bull. It is a simple, straight-forward adventure with few ironies but lots of magic and heroism. The protagonist is a strong, uncompromised young woman who is not once reduced to melting into some square-jawed hero's arms. (She is the square-jawed hero.) Unlike many books with good central female characters, Chryseis's best friend is also female. In typical handlings of adventurous fantasy, a strong woman (if included at all) is shown interacting only with men, isolated from her own sex, and if other women appear at all they are minor antagonists. Purtill assuredly has a vision with more depth than that.

There is an inexplicable sex-role dichotomy in this presumed egalitarian society (possibly rationalized by the fact that spreading patriarchal ideas will, eventually, destroy the Kaphtu/Cretan civilization). For instance, only men are shown in professions (artisans, shepherds, soldiers, sailors). Women are shown to be present in the society (In some fantasies, you'd think women didn't exist, period!), but except for the temple-related characters and servants of the royal class, women do not participate except in "behind the scenes" capacity, as would be expected in a patriarchal setting. In fact, in Chapter Nine we are given to understand that women's "traditional means" of influence are "guile and fascination." This sort of attitude was typical of Thomas Burnett Swann, who also portrayed strong women but only within the context of manipulators, mothers, whores, and other stereotypes. These stereotypes seem, to me, out of place in Purtill's matrilinear culture. Since women in this culture control wealth by the allocation of divorce rights and designation of heirs, guile and fascination would not be traditional modes of female power. What we are witnessing is the same flaw many science fiction authors succumb to: envisioning 20th Century ideals 4,000 years in the future. Purtill envisions 20th Century ideals 4,000 years in the past!

There are other things which make the world not entirely well drawn or consistent. One man remarks in Chapter 12 how, when he dies, his son would be wealthy. This would seem unlikely when the rest of the book suggests inheritance is through the mother. Fatherhood is entirely too central in importance, in fact, for



a presumed matrilinear society. Logically, in the society where women are allowed to take lovers (and this is stated as a given, though not actually shown), and where chastity belts or seclusion are never a threat (though veils apparently are known), fathers would be of no great concern. In this book, however, fathers are very concerned about blood-sons. There are other minor internal inconsistencies related to world-building or extrapolation. There is also a tendency to under-visualize a setting (especially the smokily drawn Athens) under the assumption that the reader already has a picture of this world in mind (and indeed, the particular mythic setting is familiar enough that the story occasionally seems under-imaginative). Many things are left incomplete or unexplained, either in anticipation of a sequel (cheating!) or because the reader is supposed to be already versed in European mythology.

The book's greatest flaw is its thinly veiled Judeo-Christian ethic. The best fantasists usually avoid "witnessing" even if they're devoutly religious; others' books will be found on the shelves of Christian bookstores and nowhere else. *The Golden Gryphon Feather's* inclusion of references and conversations about the King of Kings or Mother of Mothers—the sexless, unseen, ultimate presence that controls even the gods—seems totally out of place as a tenet of a society which has grown away from the ancient monotheistic worship of the Great Mother and—through the device of hero-, saint-, and ancestor-worship—has acquired an ever-expanding pantheon. Whoever questioned this order would have to be slightly peculiar; either it would be construed blasphemy or, if the culture were fairly secure, the extrapolator would be considered demented. (The actual possibilities are dealt with more cleverly in a book by deCamp titled *The Tritonian Ring*.) Within the context of a believable fantasy world with a large pantheon of deities, monotheistic theory should occur only if, say, a Hebrew-type figure from outside the culture gained some power and is corrupting or influencing the established faith. This is not the case in *The Golden Gryphon Feather*, where the monotheistic theory seems to come from the author's beliefs and not from the context of the society he attempts to create. So this flaw is two-fold: it makes the author look like an evangelist more than a storyteller, and it damages the credibility of a world which presumably has a faith different from modern times.

The second chief flaw is less consistent, but very unsettling—and possibly also born of a Judeo-Christian bias imposed upon the pagan setting. This flaw is an almost puritanical view of sexuality which even pre-empts a sensuous or ambiguously sexual writing style. We are told her best friend sneaks lovers into her room, but we never know what they're like. There's a rumor that the protagonist and her friend are lesbian, but they carefully establish their friendship as being chaste almost to a paranoid state. Dion, an overtly sexual char-

acter, is highly untrustworthy. *Ad infinitum*. I would hardly suggest a story degenerate into an orgy—but even fantasies with a "G" rating (children invited) are not this sexless. Fantasy has traditionally been eloquent and sensual.

This error extends itself into an undisguised disapproval of homosexuality. One would wonder how or why an author would choose this particular setting if unable to deal with the concept of "manly love" which, in classical Athens, was honored above the love for women. It could be shown that the Athenian portion of the story is set in pre-classical Athens and argued that homosexuality was not yet considered more noble, because women were not yet reduced to living in oriental seclusion and men loving women was not yet viewed as the more bestial act. (Until the time of Sappho, women could rule, own property, share equal status with men.) Yet even in this pre-classical period (as shown by the case of Sappho), homosexuality was not considered abnormal. However, Purtil's Athens is by no means comparable to the actual period; he has moved the well recorded classical period backward by several centuries so that women are kept in oriental seclusion. (This seems to be poetic license taken in order to make comparisons with liberal Crete.) He has the later social structure intact, *sans* homosexuality.

Yet male homosexuality does turn up. It is stated that the Evil Pirates are interested in pretty boys. In the only violent chapter of an otherwise gentle fantasy, all the queer sailors are killed. (A volcanic island erupted with fewer fatalities.) The one sailor to survive was the one who exclaimed about homosexuality, "No! It will offend the gods!" I could not resist adding a bit of marginalia to the book "Which gods? Apollo, himself a boy lover?"

This will be, only naturally, deeply offensive to anyone except those sharing a particular prejudice against gay people; but I must inject here that this is a theme the author barely touches. It occurs in the expanse of a few brief pages. Anyone expecting the same considerate handling of paganism or male homosexuality which marked Swann's best work will be entirely disappointed in Purtil. However, many a reader overlooked Swann's vicious attitude toward amazon women; perhaps we can overlook Purtil's current prejudice as well. I believe that had Swann lived, he'd have learned to depict women as freely as he did men outside of oppressive stereotypes. There is evidence in *The Golden Gryphon Feather* that Purtil's negative or lacking portrayals of sexuality in general, and homosexuality in specific, will vanish as the author hones skills, recognizes weaknesses, and grows in storytelling competence. Only time, and future publication, will tell us if R. L. Purtil can rise above prejudices and biases. If he does we may well have one of our best living fantasists.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson

a review of
A WORLD BETWEEN
 by Norman Spinrad

(Pocket Books, 1979) 343 pp., \$2.25

From one perspective, a book like Norman Spinrad's *A World Between* is a hopeful sign for feminist SF readers. At the very least, the ideas in this novel contrast refreshingly with frequently heard complaints about some women-authored SF, or even about feminist SF panels at conventions: that problems identified by feminists are minor and/or ludicrous and that fiction engendered by this awareness is thus of no consequence. In other ways, *A World Between* is irritating because of the author's foolish assumptions about lesbian and gay¹ behavior and communities.

A World Between takes place on a paradise planet, Pacifica, an "electronic democracy" (a town meeting aided on planetary scale by computer technology), which is also the media center for most other human-populated planets. (I wondered if Spinrad named the planet after the community broadcasting network?) Pacifica's women and men enjoy a roughly even distribution in all areas of power—political, economic, and personal—although women retain a slight edge. It all works beautifully and reads like a seductive fantasy. Problems set in, however, when the Transcendental Scientists and the Femocrat mission both arrive on Pacifica. The planet, it turns out, is not a solid, unshakeable utopia. There are enough underlying cultural neuroses and uncertainties that the "Pink and Blue War", which is being waged on other planets by representatives of the TS's and the Femocrats, erupts on Pacifica.

Pacifica is "a world between" these two extremist groups. The Transcendental Scientists, overtly sexist, imperialistic fascists armed with advanced science and technology, offer their science and their prejudices (the whole package or nothing) to the Pacificans, who risk condemning themselves to back-water planet status if they refuse. The Femocrats, cartoon caricatures of radical lesbian separatists, come from Earth, where men have been reduced to animal status and are referred to as "breeders". They offer the women of Pacifica a defense against the misogynistic impulses encouraged by the TS contingent, and the "Pink and Blue War" is on, this time waged and defended by all the sophisticated media technology that Pacifica

has developed through its history.

It's a great yarn. The main characters—Carlotta Madigan, who is the official head of government, and her lover Royce Lindblad, the second most powerful person on Pacifica—recreate in personal microcosm the conflicts which the planet's culture must resolve. If it weren't for the gross exaggeration of the Lesbian Menace (in the form of the Femocrat mission) and several other non-credible assumptions having to do with gays and lesbians, I'd recommend this novel unreservedly. But Spinrad points out through one character the "fact" that since Pacifica "is a female dominant society, there are no psychopolitical pressures toward lesbianism." Sort of like how with our male dominant society, there is no male homosexual sub-culture. That's how it works out on Pacifica

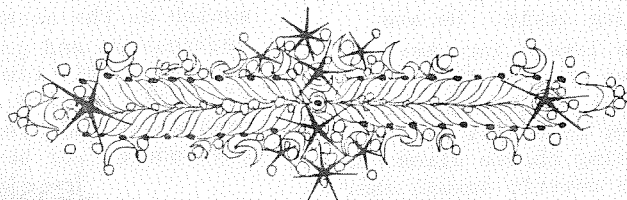


though: there is a very visible male homosexual community which allies itself almost immediately with the TS faction, while there is no similar ready-made alliance waiting for the Femocrat mission.

Still, read *A World Between*. I'd like to see the novel written again from a slightly different perspective and with less caricaturing of the woman-separatist faction. Nonetheless, the ideas and the stage created by Spinrad for these ideas are provocative.

Jeanne Gomoll

¹By this usage, I accept the current slang definition of gays as meaning male homosexuals and lesbians as meaning female homosexuals.



a review of
BORN TO EXILE
 by Phyllis Eisenstein

(Dell, 1979) 254 pp., \$1.95

Phyllis Eisenstein's first novel, *Shadow of Earth*, has some similarities to her newest novel, *Born to Exile*, but the second book shows dramatic improvement. Both novels portray central characters who have peculiar abilities to travel. In *Shadow* the traveling is to an alternate universe in which the Spanish Armada was never defeated by the English, and North America is dominated by a Catholic, anti-technological rule. In *Born to Exile* the mode of travel employed by the minstrel Alaric is more limited, but in the end makes a more entertaining novel. Alaric is born with the ability to teleport, but must carefully disguise this ability since the people of his world would immediately brand him and punish him as a witch.

Alaric's world is vaguely medieval. As in Elizabeth Lynn's novels, the reader must accept the world as only a construct of familiar historic elements, and not the real world. Thus, Alaric's world is a blend of medieval

European history and the fairy tales we know based in that time period. Alaric meets and falls in love with the Princess Solinde at the Castle Royale, skirmishes with the magician Medron, and discovers the sinister secrets of the Inn of the Black Swann.

What made the construct-world and Eisenstein's story fascinating to me was the way in which the elements of fairy tale and realistic character treatment were skillfully blended. The relationship between lowly minstrel Alaric and highborn princess was not concluded in the time-honored manner of the fairy tale. However, not to give away the details of the plot, or the secret of Alaric's true origin, I will only say that Alaric's characterization is worked with satisfying depth and skill, and that the novel's ending felt "right" to me. I hope that Eisenstein writes the sequels to the further adventures of Alaric that seem implicit in *Born to Exile*.

Jeanne Gomoll

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL US MICHAEL

a review of
MESSAGES FROM MICHAEL

by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Picture yourself reading a book on an occult theme and realizing that your lips have curled to form an amused smile. If the book you're reading is *Messages from Michael* by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, your reaction is to be expected. Most imparters of eternal verities don't have Michael's acerbic wit.

Messages from Michael is presented as a non-fiction work. Yarbro, who has had a long-time fascination for the occult, relates that the work is a compilation of transcripts from thousands of hours of mediumistic dictation.

There is a vast difference in tone between *Michael* and Yarbro's SF stories in general. Her novel *False Dawn*, for example, depicts the alien, polluted world of the not too distant future. Humanity and compassion are also nearly nonexistent in "Dead in Irons" and "Un Bel Di", both cautionary short tales of outer space. In *Michael*, hope for the future of humankind and alienkind is a possibility, due to the evolutionary nature of the soul. *Michael* leaves readers with a note of optimism.

The title, *Messages from Michael*, although good alliteration, is somewhat unfortunate, as readers may expect the book to be "preachy". On the contrary, *Michael* follows a simple question-and-answer format, concise and easy to follow.

Jessica Lansing's association with Michael began at a dinner party one evening, when her

ouija board spelled out the message WE ARE HERE WITH YOU TONIGHT. (In the book, Michael's comments all appear in capital letters.) After "curiosity overcame their reluctance" Jessica asked if there was a name they could use if they wanted to make contact again. The unexpected guest suggested the name "Michael", since it was the last name which a soul of that entity had used while incarnate. Michael went on to explain that:

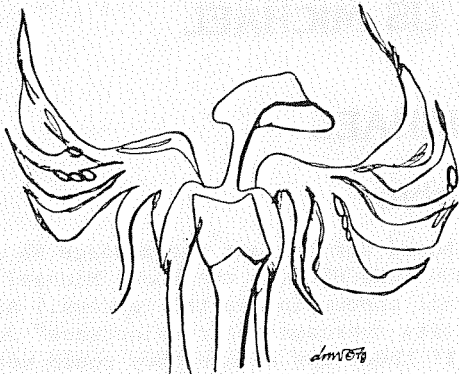
EACH SOUL IS A PART OF A LARGER BODY, AN ENTITY. EACH ENTITY IS MADE UP OF ABOUT ONE THOUSAND SOULS, EACH OF WHICH ENTERS THE PHYSICAL PLANE AS MANY TIMES AS NECESSARY TO EXPERIENCE ALL ASPECTS OF LIFE AND ACHIEVE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

While the latter half of this quotation refers to reincarnation, which is a common idea in Eastern philosophy, the concept of a human intelligent group soul is unique.

Messages from Michael focuses on the evolution of the human soul. There are several levels through which a soul must pass. The first five are learned on Earth, while higher education is reserved for the Astral and Causal planes. The five lower levels are: Infant, Baby, Young, Mature, and Old. Michael uses examples to compare and contrast these levels. For example, THE MOTTO OF THE YOUNG SOUL IS "DO IT MY WAY", in contrast to the old-soul motto, "YOU DO WHAT YOU WANT, AND I'LL DO WHAT I WANT".

Soul level is only the first aspect of Michael's elaborate classification system. Whether or not the reader finds truth in the information which Michael imparts, it serves as insightful reading. Anyone who has read *Games People Play*, or any text on role play, in order to find one's self should enjoy Michael's approach to self-awareness. You may even discover that you have been having trouble with your boss because she is, in essence, a young warrior in the aggressive mode with a chief feature of impatience. Before an infant soul incarnates for the first time, it chooses a role which it will keep throughout its entire Earthly cycle. The seven roles sound a bit archaic, but Michael's explanations clarify. The roles are SAGE, ARTISAN, PRIEST, SLAVE, KING, WARRIOR, and SCHOLAR. Since you are probably not excited by the prospect of being a slave throughout your life cycle, let's briefly review that role. Michael does state that BABY SLAVES CONSTITUTE THE MAJORITY OF THE DOWN TRODDEN HOUSEWIVES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. But, further on, we find that mature slaves may, for example, TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO MORE PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF SERVICE, SUCH AS PHYSICIANS, THERAPISTS, PSYCHOLOGISTS.

Before you accuse Michael of being a sexist entity, consider this fact: THERE IS NO GENDER TO AN ENTITY...MALE AND FEMALE ARE FACTORS OF THE PHYSICAL PLANE. Having incarnations as both male and female enables the soul to ex-



perience all aspects of human life.

Although your role stays the same, there are (you guessed it) seven overleaves, which change from life to life. One interesting overleaf is the chief feature. THERE ARE NO GOOD CHIEF FEATURES. Michael aptly likens them to the literary concept of the tragic flaw. The seven are GREED, SELF-DESTRUCTION, ARROGANCE, SELF-DEPRECIATION, IMPATIENCE, MARTYRDOM, and STUBBORNNESS. It is not surprising that a sixth-level young priest, whose Earthly name was once Jeanne D'Arc, had a chief feature of martyrdom.

Michael's philosophy is complex. However, the next chapter, which is composed solely of examples of how overleaves interrelate to form a personality, may help. Michael prefers to give examples which deal with the arts rather than politics, BECAUSE THE ARTS ARE LESS SUBJECT TO HISTORICAL REINTERPRETATION THAN ARE POLITICS. One famous example at the mature soul level IS A FOURTH-LEVEL ARTISAN IN THE PASSION MODE WITH A GOAL OF GROWTH, AN IDEALIST IN THE INTELLECTUAL CENTER, WITH A CHIEF FEATURE OF ARROGANCE. THIS FRAGMENT WAS THE ARTISTIC GENIUS

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI.

The last half of the book covers a wide range of topics. If, for example, you have an interest in the roots of any religion from Christianity to Zoroastrianism, the chapter titled "The Higher Planes" is a must. This reviewer was delighted to hear that Jesus had nothing against sex, in moderation, and especially that THERE IS NO ONE "OUT THERE" WHEN YOU FINALLY EXIT WHO WILL ASK YOU IF YOU WERE AN EPISCOPALIAN. Although Michael states that there is some truth to be found in most teachings, he tells us that religious ritual is simply a harmless way to promote a group high.

The last chapter, "A Michael Session", sets the scene of the afternoon seance in a comfortable sunny room, devoid of incense and trumpets. This particular session includes several first-timers and appeared to be chosen for its many questions of a sensational nature. Michael gives concise and often convincing answers to questions on UFOs, dolphins, and Atlantis, to name a few. It is irresistible at this point to sit back and wonder what you might ask if you were part of the group.

In the epilog, Michael states that "MANY OF YOU WILL FIND THE BLEND OF EASTERN AND WESTERN THOUGHT UNPALATABLE." On the contrary, many readers will find Michael's "down to Earth" explanations of Eastern teachings to be the best they've ever read. Unlike most occult works, one need not have a degree in Sanskrit to appreciate what Michael has to offer, for he uses terminology which is clear to the modern reader. Michael does recommend a skeptical attitude, saying BELIEF OR FAITH IN ANYTHING IS DESTRUCTIVE RATHER THAN CONSTRUCTIVE FOR IT DENOTES BLINDNESS OF THE SORT THAT DRIVES THE LEMMINGS INTO THE SEA. The sceptical reader may wonder if *Messages from Michael* is an occult work or a persuasive piece of fiction. In either case, Michael's philosophy presents a new and insightful approach to human behavior. In the preface, Quinn Yarbrow says that she believes "sometimes". Whether or not you accept this book as occult literature, you will almost certainly find yourself wishing it were true.

Karen Jones

MARSPROBE Steven M. Tymon

The manless wanderings in deep space
to touch briefly the soil of another world,
questing for a hint of life
on the Martian dawn—

it is the first exploration
of something beyond Spain and her Incas,
beyond Columbus and the East never found—
the riches to be seen were more
than gold, silver or spice but,
on dry, desert, inferno-cold soil,
there was no trace of a breath of God:
only a handful of sand.

We find ourselves alone
and lost to another legend,
listening to whispers in the Cosmos,
the echoes of nebulae—
dust falling in empty halls.

WHAT'S ON THE TUBE, BOOB? • GREG RIHIN

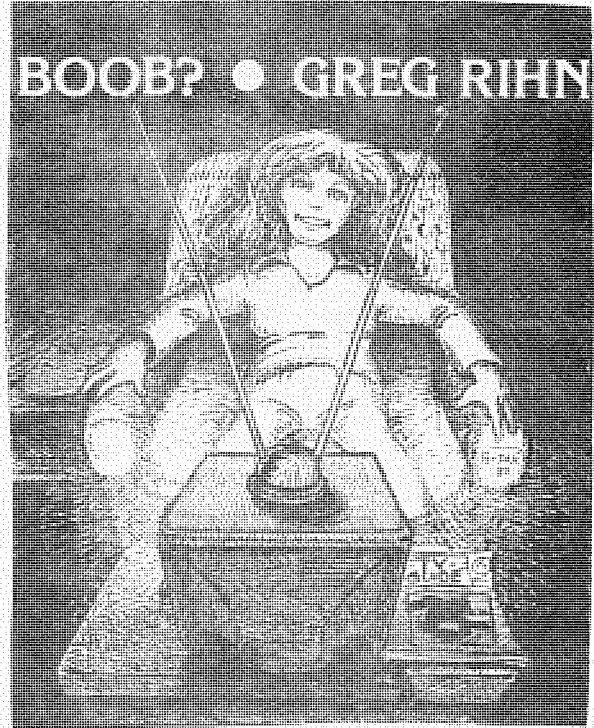
Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, by the accounts of most critics, both knowledgeable in SF and otherwise, was a qualified success: not as flashy in special effects as *Star Wars*, or even *Battlestar: Galactica*, the plot was undistinguished and the acting nothing special either. Whatever might have been gained with feminist critics by Erin Gray's portrayal of the reasonably competent Wilma Deering was lost in advance by the montage of erotic-dream females and sappy song during the credits. Although definitely a light piece the film was good entertainment and had few things that could be pointed to as egregiously bad.

Buck Rogers's translation to the small screen has preserved the movie's good points and improved on some others. The show maintains the premise that Rogers' USAF test-pilot flying skills and jujitsu are superior to the 25th Century's computer aids and combat skills. However, the TV version very quickly explains that the enemy "Hatchet" fighters had superior electronic jamming equipment that fouled up the Defense Directorate's fighters. That show also added the star-gate, which explains how those little ships (as opposed to the two-mile long *Draconia*) get from planet to planet in a reasonable manner. Another episode explained the operation of the stun-gun, which works by overloading the nervous system. It was foiled by a villain who'd had his nerves surgically altered. The same episode featured the native of a heavy-gravity planet who'd developed telekinetic powers to deal with the gravitation.

The evolution of the original comic strip to the present screen version has been nicely done, with the "Mongol Airmen" becoming the Draconians, under the leadership of bitchy Princess Ardalla (Pamela Hensley) and Kane (played on TV by Michael Ansara, much more brooding and dangerous-seeming than his movie counterpart). The running gags about Wilma and stuffy Dr. Huer (Tim O'Connor) being baffled by Buck's 20th Century slang are a nice touch—especially when compared with the 1930's vernacular spouted by the entire cast of the original comic.

The show's first made-for-TV episode (unfortunately titled "Planet of the Slave Girls" [!]) was distinguished by the appearance of Buster Crabbe, the original Buck Rogers, as well as Flash Gordon. The repartee between Crabbe and Gil Gerard (Rogers) was one of the highlights of science fiction on television. The show was also enhanced by performances by veteran horror/science fiction actors Jack Palance and Roddy McDowall.

The acting and directing of the TV show are, in my opinion, worthy of comment: even if the directing staff has not elicited any award-winning performances, they have at least dealt well with a number of veteran actors and familiar faces from past sci-fi TV shows. Notorious scene-chewers such as Ray Walston (aka "My Favorite Martian"), Frank Gorshin, Cesar Romero, and Julie Newmar (respectively, The Riddler, The Joker, and The Catwoman on the old *Batman* show), turned in very creditable and



restrained performances.

The show's action-adventure slant gives the show an open ended structure allowing far more variation than recent quest/flight shows like *Logan's Run* and *Battlestar: Galactica* in which every episode has to end with fleeing from the Sandmen/Cylons.

Since I've brought up (urp!) *Battlestar: Galactica* a word is in order about its recent reincarnation, *Galactica 1980*. The word is: sameness. Actually, quite a lot has changed: it's years after the last episode of *BSG*; they've found Earth and evaded the Cylons (for a while); Adama's grown a beard; his grandson has grown up (the one that had the daggit) and is the new ace pilot (must run in the family); and they've acquired a mutant junior genius who's supplied a lot of new gadgets, including invisibility devices and flying motorcycles. The sameness lies in that it's all been done before. The Galacticans are trying to subtly influence Earth's development so that we can help them beat off the Cylons. They are also on the run from a U.S. Air Force Colonel investigating unusual phenomena, retaining the *The Fugitive* plot frame. Also, it turns out that Earth has lighter gravity than Galactican normal, allowing the Galacticans to do the same sort of jumping stunts as the Six-Million Dollar Man (and Wonder Woman and...). A recent episode which threw some crashed Cylons and Wolfman Jack (!) into New York City on Halloween night was funny, but The Incredible Hulk could have done the same gags, and Lou Ferrigno and a bucket of green paint comes cheaper than a starship, crew, and cylon suits, even if the starship's only a model.

The commercial production of *The Martian Chronicles* was seriously flawed, both by budgetary problems limiting special effects (the visible wires lifting the rocket ship were universally excoriated), and by the decision to script the show as a more or less contiguous plot. It's difficult to believe that

Continued on page 11

CELLULOID

The contemporary cinema scene has been empty of interest since the Nicholas Meyer-scripted *Time After Time* and the PBS production of Ursula K. LeGuin's *Lathe of Heaven*—I don't even acknowledge the existence of the *Star Trek* film and Disney's *Black Hole*. We are deluged with drek occult films. John Carpenter wastes his talent on mindless terrorflicks, Steven Spielberg gets overly indulgent with World War 2 fantasies, and nothing comes along that's new and exciting. TV SF (except for the aforementioned PBS *Lathe* and the PBS *American Short Story* series' "Rappacini's Daughter") is a wasteland playing around with storylines done with more intelligence and panache by Ed Hamilton and Doc Smith. The NBC adaptation of Stanley Weinbaum's *Martian Odyssey* was a horror.

So, when I want to regain my sense of wonder, I go to the film revival houses in New York City. There's always something of interest, even if it's not genre material. That's one of the many things I love about this city. Let's start with the Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Carnegie Hall Cinema just finished a series on film adaptations of classic literature with the Fleischer Studios' feature-length production of Popeye the Sailor in *Gulliver's Travels* (Fleischer 1939), a fine piece of work.

Presented with "instructions" by Paramount to produce something equivalent to the Disney product, the Fleischer Studios (then the only major animation studio in the East) waffled between a feature-length Betty Boop (as a Jeanne d'Arc figure or as the swanmaid from the Grimm fairy tale) and an adaptation of Dean Swift's satiric *Gulliver's Travels*. Obstruction from Hollywood almost deterred Max and Dave Fleischer from their plan to cast the character of Segar's fabulous Popeye (*übermensch* of the Thimble Theatre) in the title role. Hollywood thought the spinach swigging mariner too comic for a shot in a reworking of a classic story. The

Fleischers thought differently.

The film still holds up well. There is substance there that one is surprised to discover—the Fleischers' work always reflected more metropolitan sophistication than the Midwestern Disney. They had different concepts of where their product should be aimed. Disney chose the path of the saccharinely pastoral. The earlier precensorship cartoons of Max and Dave are at times cutesy—but look at the old Betty Boops for the sexual innuendos that only now are finding their way into the network sitcoms.

The techniques look sophisticated now, to an audience too often familiar only with Saturday morning cartoons. Ralph Bakshi (*Fritz the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*, etc.) made a goodly noise, when his abominable *Once and Future King* appeared, as to how the rotoscope was the artistic wave of the future. The Fleischers invented all of Bakshi's little "innovations" back in the early days of animation. They pioneered mixed cartoon and live action in the silent era "Out of the Inkwell" series with Koko the Clown (who had a cameo appearance in *Gulliver's Travels*). The rotoscope was their invention. They did innovative work with model sets.

benefits greatly from their expertise.

Popeye himself is the only one of his movie theatre associates who appears in the film in a major role. The King of Lilliput is reminiscent of the Wimpy characterization, and the King of Blefescu of Bluto. Olive Oyl is only seen at the beginning, briefly saying farewell to Popeye/Gulliver at Plymouth. Koko the Clown (as I mentioned before) and Betty Boop have small cameo roles in the wedding feast scene.

Jack Mercer continued his traditionally excellent work as the voices of Popeye/Gulliver and the King of Lilliput. The recording studio adlibs are better than ever—an example in the scene of the invasion by Blefescu where, after a pretentious speech on the beauty of peace, he mutters an aside, "...Oi hates warmongers, their biznisk product stinks wors'n fishmongers". Mae Questel (known as "Aunt Bluebell" of the paper towel commercials) did good voices for Princess Gloriana, Gulliver's girlfriend in Plymouth; Lady Hialeah of the Houhnhnms; and Betty Boop. The other voices are workmanlike, but don't have the same life as those of Mercer and Questel.

Yet it's Popeye (Yes, Popeye!), Popeye, beside whom an "ellyfink" is a weakling, who is the hero here, a more contemplative and richly-portrayed character than ever before. He's still a scrapper, but we see the reason



Detail from the Wedding Banquet Scene
Popeye the Sailor in *Gulliver's Travels*
(Fleischer Studios, 1939)

FANTASIA

Stu Shiffman

why. Italian animator Vincenzo di Fate said (in the animation fanzine *Mindrot*) that, "...while the general run of theatrical Popeye cartoons are most admirable for their rich detail and sparkling humor (not to slight the fabulous battle scenes), in *Gulliver's Travels* we see the man behind the drawing..."

The Fleischers only sent Popeye to Lilliput and the Land of the Houyhnhnms, but that's enough. Popeye's tough, but he's not a Yahoo. The Carnegie Hall Cinema had a very good print, but most of my readers will have to make do with the edited-for-television version.

Darkness (UA, 1974), William Friedkin and John Carpenter's adaptation of Jack Williamson's *Darker than You Think*, did quite well at the Thalia Theatre (where Woody Allen kept going to see *The Sorrow and the Pity* in *Annie Hall*) at Broadway and 96th Street. However, as this is familiar enough to most, I'll merely note the excellent performances of Maximilian Schell as Professor Mondrick and Jack Nicholson as reporter Will Barbee—the man who discovers new and frightening realities beyond the everyday. Personally, I find that most films of horror and the occult are shoddily done, but when they're done properly (*Darkness*, *Conjure Wife*, Hitchcock's work, etc.) they're wonders to behold. They also scare the bejabbers out of me.

The New School is showing Disney's *The Hobbit* (1964) as part of its American Family Cinema course. Generally adequate, though an uninspired adaptation—excellent work if judged by its own terms, but not when considered in relation to the source material. The songs are not overly cloying, but they might have done better to have used Tolkien's own song lyrics. Still, there are some excellent sequences and character animation.

Bill Tytla's work on Dwalin and Thorin Oakenshield, although deriving from the dwarves in Disney's own *Snow White*, is excellent. In general, he avoids the pitfalls of the typically Disneyesque cute. Ward Kimball's Bilbo is foreign to my concept of the Baggins, but still enjoyable. I think that Kimball worked on the Mouse too much. The visualization of Bilbo seemed to have been synthesized from Disney's Mr. Toad and Mickey Mouse. Yet it works—that is the astonishing part!

The voices work well, in itself surprising for such a late Disney feature. Alec Guinness as Gandalf (more evidence of the growing dependence of the studio on "star" voices) is comic but powerful. Sterling Holloway, providing the voice of Bilbo, gives a rounded feeling to the *Hobbit* that I had been afraid would be missing. Clarence Nash's bizarre alien Cockney

voices for the trolls and goblins are hard to decipher occasionally, but seem to fit the impression that I received from the original. Nash is perhaps better known as the voice of Donald Duck.

The Regency Theater near Lincoln Center is still in the midst of its MGM retrospective. It had a double feature of *The Incomplete Enchanter* (MGM, 1948), discussed in my last column, and *Land of Unreason* (MGM, 1950) for three days last week. They stand up much better without the cuts done by WPIX, Channel 11 (the station of "The Daily News: The Picture Newspaper"). Danny Kaye is excellent, in the latter film, as deCamp and Pratt's diplomat Fred Barber, as is Bing Crosby as King Oberon. Once again, as in *The Incomplete Enchanter*, the MGM backlots became faerie and wonders unfold. Sylvia Fine's songs are thrilling, particularly Kaye's "Albert Magnus!" (upon which Tom Lehrer's song "Lobachevski!" is styled). Virginia Mayo's Malacea (an apple-tree dryad), Avicola the Vole, and Queen Titania are a bit strange, but effective.

Leni Riefenstahl's *Der Rosenplaneter* [*The Red-Planetier*] (1937), an SF classic, will be at the Bleeker Street Cinema at the beginning of next month with Ernst Lubitsch's *Licht und Rocketen* [*Light and Rockets*] (1940). I'll have more on them in my next column. The descriptions that I've read make both films sound fascinating.

Things to Come:

The latest release from Channel 13, the PBS station in New York, shows that the BBC serial *Quatermass—to the Stars!* has been acquired and will be shown right before the next membership drive. That should be of great interest. Anthony Quale is Professor Bernard Quatermass. Nigel Kneale's scripts for the three earlier Quatermass serials make exciting and thought-provoking reading—extraordinary for video SF from the 50s. I've just read his novel that this new work is derived from, and I think that it's Hugo material. We'll see....





by
JEANNE GOMOLL
 and
DIANE MARTIN

JEANNE GOMOLL

faanish fanzines

Long time fans traditionally speak of faanish fanzines in hushed, reverent terms. The faanish fanzine flourished, it is said, in the Golden Age of Fanzines and was heralded by such names as Willis, Burbee, and Carr. Such fanzines seldom, if ever, mention science fiction; they concern themselves with other fans and other fanzines. Fans who publish faanish fanzines are far too busy keeping up with faanishness and the fan community to keep in touch with the world of science fiction. They tend to put down other fans who still read science fiction as being too sercon. Faanish fanzines are characterized by wit and anecdotal humor. They have produced fine writers and artists and are a tradition of which SF fandom is rightfully proud.

Another characteristic of the modern faanish fanzine, according to many recent articles in the fan press, is that the faanish fanzine is becoming extinct. In spite of this widely-held opinion, I've noticed that very recently—within the last several months—there have been a whole lot of faanish fanzines published. Ron Salmonson suggests, in a letter of comment to one of those faanish fanzines, *Fast and Loose*, that "at the next worldcon, faanish fans congregate together in an appropriately somber yet faanish atmosphere of black armbands and funereal music and celebrate by toast or feast the first annual death-of-fanzine-fandom ceremony. The first in a long-and-annual series of such events."

If all you know of fanzines is the sercon variety like *Janus* or the large-circulation variety like *Science Fiction Review*, or *Locus* or *Starship*, I recommend that you check out the kind that many fans insist is the heart and soul of faanishness, the root of all fan tradition. Like...

Fast and Loose: This fanzine is published so frequently that issues have been known to arrive only a week apart. *Fast and Loose* is a good example of the "smaller is faster" philosophy in fan publishing. Rather than waiting six months for the next quarterly production to slog its way to you, as is the case with

many sercon genzines, a fan can write a LoC to *F&L* and be assured that if and when the letter sees print, the readers will remember the idea which inspired it. *F&L* averages 10 pages in length, is well written, very funny, and features lots of skilled faanish writers. Bostick's tale of winning the Gorgar pinball competition at Rain Too in Seattle is a gem of fine anecdotal writing. I'll bet that this zine is already a hot collector's item for faanish archivists.

Telos: Is it merely a coincidence that this fine faanish fanzine comes from not only the same city, but from the same address as *Fast and Loose*? *Janus* is far too sercon to hint at the possibility of a faanish hoax, so I'll reassure you: it's merely a coincidence. *Telos*, however, like *F&L*, is for reading cover to hilarious cover, even though there aren't covers to speak of.... There's a marvelously funny editorial by Patrick Nielsen Hayden on the joys of flexible publishing schedules and a plug for the Willis issue of *Warhoon* that convinced me to send off for a copy for myself. There is a weird story of one of Patrick's days at the Seattle Housing Authority where he was working as a clerk: a woman came in claiming that her "only pet is Jesus." Best of all, for me, was Teresa and Patrick's article: "How to Be a Seattle Fan." You have to, for instance "be a temporary office worker for a living." You must "be exhaustively familiar with local and national left-wing factional politics. Make fun of the RCP. Call them the Trekkies of the revolution." This article should be and probably will be reprinted in future fanthologies. There is also a Bob Wilson reprint, a very witty graphic illustration of apa etiquette, "Apahack's Lexicon," a disappointing Rotsler portfolio, and a concluding editorial by Teresa Nielsen Hayden commenting on the Great-Classics-for-the-coffee-table phenomenon and the reasons people buy "culture." Interesting. Oh, and not to forget, the frenetic flow-chart of fandom, with the accompanying "Diagram of Necessary Metaphysical Assumptions:"

← US THEM →

GOOD

•BAD

Genre Plat: Allyn calls her zine "silly old sercon *Genre Plat*" and Ken Fletcher endorses it by saying "*Genre Plat* is sercon without tasting like medicine." *Genre Plat* claims to and may well have started out being sercon, but somewhere in the process of acquiring and losing its two and one-half co-editors, and the cathartic experience of Allyn's reading of Dan Steffan's zine *Boonfark*, *Genre Plat* went through a personality change. It is now increasingly leaning toward faanishness. Regardless of #4's spiffy, elaborate covers by Joe Pearson (front), and Dan Steffan and Grant Canfield (back), regardless that there are 40+ pages in this zine, I think it is a faanish fanzine in disguise. Look at the kitty illos, look at the Harlan in-jokes sprinkled through Sherry Gottlieb's reprinted GOh speech from Westercon 32 and Angela Moon Feldperson's (Rebecca Kurland's) insane "Getting Down with Harlan Ellison." Look at the hoax pen names. Jon Singer should be ashamed of himself for P.M. Cocoon's "Yakkity Yak or Growing Up in Ohio." Other good, funny, faanish anecdotal writing by Allyn herself, Rich Coad, Bill Gibson and Poul Anderson, and surrealistic writing like Andrew Brown's and M.C. Smith's pieces, make for a sparkling and enormously enjoyable fanzine. And it's not even from 5022-9th St. in Seattle! Recommended for fans who have the patience to wait for the next issue.

Boonfark: Faanish fanzines are supposed to be relatively small so that frequent publication is possible. Sometimes it doesn't

work out that way though; the wheels fall off, or something. *Boonfark* outdoes even ~~any~~ *Genre Plat* in the "flexibility" of its schedule: #2 came out, apparently, sometime before I got involved in fandom several years ago. However, *Boonfark* is indubitably a faanish fanzine, since Dan's editorial is all about how faanish fanzines are a dying breed. And true to the trend, the zine does a good job of making a lie of such precipitous eulogies. *Boonfark* 3 is a nostalgic issue partly because it also contains good old faanish reprints. I enjoyed most the Terry Carr/Ted White interchange from *Lighthouse* 3 (Aug. 1961), which demonstrates at some length how humble a fan must be in order to grown up to be a pro. Besides that, there's left-over controversy on the subject of fan artist Phil Foglio's Hugos, still interestin for the ~~gossip~~ ~~the~~ principle of the arguments. There's a Pete Graham reprint from *Lighthouse* 5 (Feb. 1962); a Rich Brown column, "Tote'm Pole" on fan Ted Johnstone; a Ted White column on fan art Hugos; lots of witty, well-written LoC's; and best of all, some very good illustrations from Dan, Grant Canfield, Steve Stiles, and others. The Steffan/Canfield cover is. . . effective. A plain brown cover may be appropriate.

Mainstream: I suspect that *Mainstream* is yet another of that fast-disappearing phenomenon of faanish fanzines. It's mimeoed as are all true faanish fanzines, and contains clues that even the greenest of faan sleuths would not miss: an address close to

GLOSSARY

APA: Amateur Press Association. A group of writers who exchange magazines with other writers through an organization coordinated by an official editor (OE) on a regular basis. They generally spend a large amount of time commenting on other people's magazines.

APA-Hack: Fan who belongs to many APA's.

Clubzine: Fanzine published by and of primary interest to one SF club.

Con: Science Fiction Convention

Faans: The inner circle, the afficianados of fandom who spend so much time keeping up with this segment of society that they completely lose touch with SF.

Fans: The outer circle, regular feet-on-the-ground, head-in-the-clouds SF fanatics

Faanish Fanzines: Fanzines published by Faans.

Fanthology: Anthology of fan writing and/or art reprinted from other fanzines.

Fanzine: Amateur magazine published by an SF fan. Non-commercial. Also known as a "zine".

Harlan In-Joke: Name-dropping on a grand scale. Every fan seems to have their own "Harlan Story" about author Harlan Ellison.

Genzine: Fanzine of general interest, covering a variety of SF-related topics.

LoC: Letter of Comment.

Mainstream: Just as everyone who is not a Catholic is a non-Catholic, everything that is not SF is mainstream.

Mundane: See "Mainstream".

Newszine: Fanzine devoted to fan and/or pro news.

Personalzine: Fanzine published by an individual, often in diary form. Few, if any, contributors other than the editor.

Pros: People who support themselves financially by their participation in the SF Field.

Prozine: Professional SF magazine that pays its contributors and has a large distribution.

Reviewzine: A fanzine that reviews books, films, or other fanzines for the largest part of its contents.

Semi-Prozine: SF magazine half-way between the fanzine and the prozine.

Sercon: "Serious and Constructive", a ~~usually~~ ~~friendly~~ putdown of fans who still have the time to read and talk about SF.

The Usual: A phrase used in many fanzine colophons to signify that the editors accept the following items in lieu of money for their fanzines: published LoC, art, article; trade with your zine, editorial whim; stamps; and sometimes a phone call.

///////// : Hatch marks, used to obscure but not hide the word or phrase the author really means.

that other Seattle address. A funny article by *Telos* co-editor, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, about *Fast and Loose* editor, Alan Bostick. Jon Singer pops in for some bizaareness on sour dough bread and asparagus. Theresa Nielsen-Hayden, (the other *Telos* co-editor) follows with helpful hints that Heloise would never tell you about peyote preparation, and Don Simpson reveals a no-doubt censored episode from TV's "Mr. Science." There are two wonderful covers by the rarely published Ole Kvern, Suzle writes a delightful Seacon report, and Stu Shiffman prostelizes and presents some fascinating scholarship on the great ghod Roscoe. The only hint of science fiction comes in a LoC from Kathy Dryburg. That's the conclusive bit of evidence that this zine is faanish, of course: *Mainstream's* almost total avoidance of all things science fictional. That must be why it's called *Mainstream*.

Mota: Even the most pessimistic of faanish editorializers holds out *Mota* as an exception when proclaiming the imminent disappearance of the faanish fanzine. Terry has been publishing *Mota* since the early early 70's. These many years of faanish activity were rewarded last year by his winning the TAFF (the Transatlantic

Fan Fund) nomination and award. The zine in general is characterized by the best of American and British faanish anecdotal writing by such pundits as Terry himself, Peter Roberts, Bob Shaw, Dave Langford, and Jim Meadows; and the superior art of Dan Steffan, Grant Canfield, Reed Waller, Steve Stiles, and Harry Bell. It is one of the few fanzines that I always read cover to cover as soon as possible after receiving it. As Terry says, *Mota* is the journal of ecdysiology enthusiasts and whippet fanciers. Get it.

I can't help but think how amazing it must have been in those bygone golden days of faanish fanzines when the faanish fanzines weren't dying! Wow, there must not have been time for anything else but reading the mail and writing LoC's! Maybe we're just lucky that we have merely this trickle of faanish fanzines to contend with. If these zines interest you, write to the editors and get in on the fun. And if you'd like to find out more about the tradition of faanish fanzines, I'd suggest that you write to Gary Farber and ask him for *Currently Recommended*, which is a list of fanthologies and other faanish reprints that have become famous over the years.

DIANE MARTIN

club zines

Chat #31. This zine is devoted to Southern fan news, and as such isn't always useful to Yankees, unless one travels to a lot of Southern conventions, or knows the people. CSFA sounds even more organized than MadSTF. This must mean they're crazier. The thing I like best about this zine is the title's triple pun.

Rune #59. This issue is your normal blend of MinnSTF entertainment and craziness. Gerri Balter interviews John Varley. And there's an illustrated radio play, "Captain Audio and the Space Cassettes", (as the note at the end of the script says, this "makes 'Pigs in Space' look sercon"). *Rune* is fun.

Synchronicity #1. Contains a calendar of science fiction/fantasy events taking place in Minneapolis/St. Paul during the months of March, April, and May 1980. Quite an impressive list, containing theatre, radio, movies, art exhibits, and music. Outdated now, of course, but Stodolka threatens to do another issue. Also info on a proposed for-real Bozo Bus Trip to NoreasCon, and a discussion of the new SF boom.

Voice of the Lobster #5/6. This is the final pre-convention issue of a momentous undertaking by the NoreasCon Committee: A blow-by-blow account of what it takes to organize a worldcon, which should be a great help to future concommittees, worldcon or smaller (avoids the "re-inventing the wheel" syndrome). This issue contains articles on projecting attendance, and setting dealers' room and art show rates; letters, arranged by topic, and comments to a previously-published questionnaire and its results. If you are putting on a con, or even thinking about it, *VotL* is a valuable aid.

genzines

Braincandy #4. This magazine is a little too groovy or hep or with it or something for me (I know those words are outdated; that's how I feel when I read this zine). Still, there's something appealing about it, even for an old fogey like me. (I just turned 30.) In this issue we have interviews of Karl Kofoed and Ted White (If you are groovy, hep, and with it, you will know who both of these people are. If you're an old fogey, you'll only recognize Ted White.) There's a review of Giger's *Neconomicon*, complete with reproductions from the book. There's one of those new-fangled "illustrated stories" (I still think of them as comic strips) by W. E. Rittenhouse and Matthew Howarth, titled "Outcome". Nicely done.

Digressions #4. This zine has gotten better and better, every issue. Now it's gotten so good, John says he's not going to publish it any more. Pleading lack of time, graduate school! Hah! This issue is a John Varley Special, containing an interview with him, a bibliography, and an article, all by John Bartelt; reviews of some of Varley's books by Lee Pelton and Jeanne Gomoll; and a brilliant John Varley/Walt Kelly comic strip pastiche, "The Okefenokee Hotline", done by John Bartelt, Dave Wixon, and Ken Fletcher.

Lucas' Little Brother #15. I was initially attracted to this zine by the kitten which forms part of its logo. We have, in this issue, movie reviews, an article on puns, horrible examples of same, book reviews (featuring Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's and Ann Rice's vampire novels). There are clippings from newspapers and magazines on subjects that stuck the editors' fancy, such as right-turn-on-red, balancing the federal budget, and the Pope. Good writing.

The Monthly Monthly #17. *TMM* has a unique organization: the editorship changes each month. Kulyk is the editor for this particular issue only. The other editors, Roseanne Chares, Michael Hall, Robert Runte, David Vereschagin, and Bob Weir have their turns on other issues. Not surprisingly, parts of Kulyk's editorial and letter column discuss this unusual arrangement. This discussion is interesting in itself. The other articles ain't bad, either. We have book reviews by Doug Barbour and W. Ritchie Benedict, a movie review of *Saturn 3* by Bill Beard, and an essay by Tony Strelkov (son of Mae) on growing up in Argentina. Very readable. And Regular!

Noumenon #34. This is another one of them foreign zines printed on funny-sized paper. Saddle-stapled, it ends up about 7 1/2 x 10. A very manageable size, actually. Not surprisingly, this zine is full of New Zealand and Australian fan news, conreports, publishing notes, and the like. The lettercol is not the best part. (Maybe because I don't know any of the people.) This issue has a thoughtful review of *The China Syndrome*, by David Harvey. There's also a substantial book review section.

Pandora, Vol 1, No. 4. *Pandora* is subtitled, "an original anthology of role-expanding science fiction and fantasy". It's not exactly a fanzine, since it pays its contributors. *Pandora* is a very classy looking zine and the quality of the art and written material is also high class. There are articles and stories and drawings and poetry by Steve Barnes, Jaygee Carr, Tom Disch, Janrae Frank, Jim Hammel, Vance Kirkland and Victoria Poyser, just to name those listed on the cover. Besides fiction, poetry, and art, there are book reviews and letters, and the promise of an interview and science article in the next issue. I particularly liked the mini-biographies of the contributors.

Space and Time #55. I don't care much for the fiction *Space & Time* publishes, it being amateur semi-Lovecraftian horror, and weird, disgusting fantasy and SF. But it's well-produced and persistently regular in publication. If you like this sort of stuff...

The Wretch takes to Writing #3. Some very entertaining writing here, by one Cheryl Cline. An article on (get this) "Feminism and Sci-Fi" by Rich Coad, several articles by various people on punk rock, letters, and hand-imprinted rubber-stamp illos. Kinky.

newszines

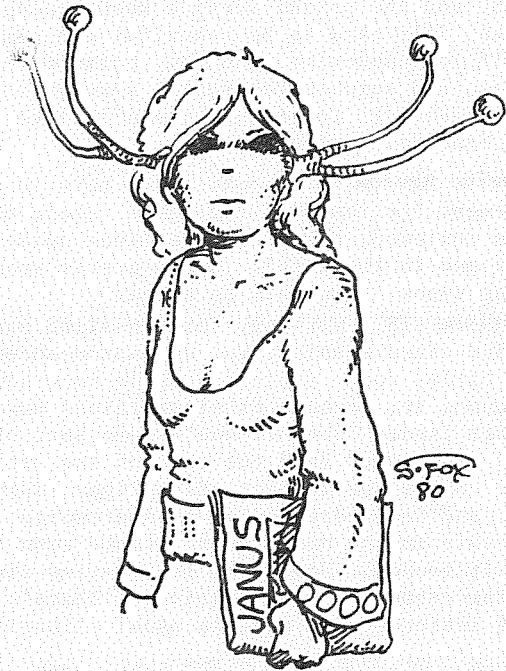
DNQ #28. A minor newszine published by two minor fans who live in a minor country to the north of us. Sometimes amusing, frequently inaccurate, often infuriating. Contains minor fanzine reviews by Taral, minor news, and minor essays by John Berry and Dave Langford (two minor fans from England, a minor island somewhere near Remulac, France, I think).

special interest zines

Circle News: Circle is a group, a community, a non-profit organization. It deals with psychic healing, past lives, holistic health, Kirlian photography, reincarnation, and a variety of other New Age and occult topics. They produce radio and television programs, newsletters,

workshops, classes, lectures, and seminars. Write them if you are seriously interested. They're good folks.

Fantasy #5. This is the official publication of the Fantasy Artists Network. I've been reading this zine with delight and amazement for several issues now. Intended primarily for artists, it is so well-done that even non-artists like me find it interesting. There are how-to articles, like "Photographing Your Art", "Biomechanics of the Tetrapods" (how to draw four-limbed critters), "Packing Art for Shipping", "Making a Mold from Plaster", and "Drawing for Fanzines—Some Basic Considerations." Plus convention and market listings. Very practical stuff for established as well as aspiring artists.



perzines

Diagonal Relationship #13. I think I liked this zine better when it was small format, 8 1/2 x 11 pages folded in half. Done the "normal" way, on unfolded paper, it doesn't read as well. The layout is a little on the weird and messy side, which is tolerable, even cute, in the small format, but not so here. The page numbers are different sizes, with goofy little designs along the tops of the pages. There's no table of contents. (I suppose we're lucky to have page numbers.) On the plus side, Arthur discusses such provoking topics as sex-oriented literature, wicca, and politics. Lately, I've been getting a feeling of *deja vu* while reading *DR*. Like maybe he's running out of things to say. Or maybe just likes saying them over. *DR* #13 is an underachievement, but keep watching.

The Insomniac #102. This is a small, funny-shaped fanzine (made up of two sheets of 8 1/2 x 11 pages cut in half and then folded in half and center stapled). Normally I don't like small, funny-shaped zines. But this one is good. There's personal recollections and anecdotes, a letter, a book review, a fanzine review. Zaharakis is a bishop and an exorcist. He writes a lively and entertaining zine.

reviewzines

Fanzine Fanatique #35. *FF* is a fanzine review magazine. The cover to this issue proclaims it as "The Award Winning Fanzine". Based on the results of the *Twili Dnu* poll, *FF* placed first in the "Worst British Fan Writer" and "Worst Reproduction" (all-time winner), second and third in the "Worst Single Issue", and third place in the "Worst British Fanzine" categories. Well, I must admit the repro in *FF* is consistently lousy. Plus it's printed on that funny British metric A-4 paper that's just a little too long to fit nicely in US-sized folders, notebooks, etc. And the publication schedule is erratic. The editors talk about these difficulties in their opening remarks. When you're Busy, have a cranky antique mimeo, and the postal service keeps going on strike, it's hard to be beautiful and timely. But if you subscribe, and they print more issues, and somehow the postal service screws up and delivers it to you, why, you'll like it! "100 Fanzines Reviewed Inside."

SFanzine Review #1. Looks as if this is a replacement for *Fanzine Fanatique*. About 60 fanzines reviewed, three to five lines apiece. Brief and to the point. Repro pretty good, hardly any typos. Can this be a hoax?

Scottishe #78. Not only foreign-sized paper, and foreign-sized staples, but an unpronounceable foreign title, too. (Actually, I do know how to pronounce it, because Ethel explained how in an earlier issue: "Scot-is-she"—some sort of foreign pun.) The cover (and the rest of the art) is by ATOM. Shows Pozzie Bear, Miss Piggy, Kermit the Frog, and Gonzo dressed up in spacesuits, with a spaceship in the background. Looks even cuter than it sounds. *Scottishe* is a review zine, reviewing recent SF, and fanzines. There's also a meaty lettercolumn, and the usual editorial com-

ments, herein called "Natterings" and being on the subject of Seacon. This is like *Fanzine Fanatique* only cleaned up a whole lot. I like it anyway.

The Whole Fanzine Catalog #13. Another reviewzine (I seem to be partial to them!). Ambitious in its scope. Not to be confused with *WoTan*: they are the same magazine.

foreign language fanzines

famZine #6. This issue contains a survey of different SF magazines and SF clubs throughout the world. English speaking fans will recognize such contributors as Terry Jeeves, Hank Luttrell, Norbert Spehner—all translated into Italian. If you can read Italian, you can learn about science fiction in France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Russia, Japan, and many other countries. A very informative and well-produced magazine.

Solaris #31. This used to be called *Requiem*. There's the results of an opinion poll on favorite SF authors, written up by Elizabeth Vonarburg; some book reviews, including a special section on A. E. Van Vogt. Also movie reviews and letters. In French.

X-Bilimleyen #42 (X-Unknown), and Göktaşı (Meteor) #1. The above are two Turkish SF magazines. *X-Bilimleyen* appears to be a professional or semi-pro zine, containing articles on *Superman—The Movie*, other movie reviews, science articles, and Turkish SF. The other magazine, *Göktaşı*, is an amateur magazine, publishing mostly fiction translated into Turkish. I don't trust my non-existent knowledge of Turkish well enough to attempt to give you the editors' names and addresses, or pricing information. But if you are interested, you can write to the person who sent us these magazines: Osman Dincbas; Istiklal cad.; No. 46, Izmit; Kocaeli, TURKEY.

Boonpark 3 (Nov. 1979). Ed. by Dan Steffan, 823 N. Wakefield St., Arlington, VA, 22203. 38pp, mimeo; irregular. Available for the usual, old fanzines, or \$1.

Brincandy 4 (Fall (?) 1979). Ed. by Jason Keehl, 38 Hannum Dr., #1B, Ardmore, PA, 19003. 32pp, offset; irregular. \$1.50 + 50c postage (\$1 overseas), 2 issue sub for \$3, or the usual.

Chat 31 (April 1980) Newszine of the Chattanooga SF Assoc. Ed. by Dick and Nicki Lynch, 4207 Davis Lane, Chattanooga, TN, 37416. 12 pp, mimeo; monthly. Free to CSFA members, 35c or 3/\$1 for non-members, or the usual.

Circle News, Vol. 3, No. 4 (April 1980). Ed. by Jim Allen and Selena Fox, % Circle, Box 9013, Madison, WI, 53715. 4pp, offset; monthly. Sent free to Circle supporters; write for more information and sample copy.

DMQ 28 (May, 1980). Ed. by Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ont. M2N 5B2, Canada; and Victoria Wayne, Box 156 Stn. D, Toronto, Ont., M6P 3J8, Canada. 10pp, mimeo. Every six weeks. Subs are 5/\$2 US or 4/\$2 Can. Also available for trade.

Diagonal Relationship 13 (April 1980). Ed. by Arthur Hlavaty, 250 Colling Ave., New Rochelle, NY, 10801. 14pp, offset; irregular. Available for the usual.

Digressions 4 (February 1980). Ed. by John Bartelt, 401 - 8th St. SE, #8, Minneapolis, MN, 55414. 51pp, mimeo, irregular [#4 is the final issue]. Available for trade, loc, or \$1.

Göktaşı [Meteor] 1 (Ocak 1980). % Osman Dincbas, Istiklal cad., No. 46, Izmit, Kocaeli, Turkey. 16 pp, mimeo, half-size, saddle-stapled.

Fantasy 5 (March 1980). Ed. by Kathy Hammel and Kipy Poyser, % F. A. N., Box 5157, Sherman Oaks, CA, 91413. 42pp, offset, typeset; quarterly. \$2.50/ single copy.

Fanzine Fanatique 35 (Summer 1979). Ed. by Keith and Rosemary Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs., England. 14pp, mimeo; quart-

erly.

Fast and Loose (several issues in 1980). Ed. by Alan L. Bostick, 5022 - 9th Ave. NE, Seattle WA, 98105. 4-12 pages, mimeo; irregular.

Genre Plat 4 (Winter-Spring 1980). Ed. by Allyn Cadogan, 251 Ashbury St., #4, San Francisco, CA, 94117. 40 pp, mimeo; irregular. \$1 US in Canada and the US, or \$1.50 overseas, or the usual. No poetry or fiction accepted.

famZine 6 (April 1980). Ed. by Dionisio Castello, Castello, Pino Genovese, & Roldano Romanelli, % Roldano Romanelli, Via Modigliani, 28, 52100 Arezzo, Italy. 67 pp, offset, typeset, saddle-stapled, accompanied by 6 art prints by Genovese, all in a portfolio; quarterly.

The Incominac 102 (April 1980). Ed. by Mike Zaharakis, Box 66943, Scotts Valley, CA, 95066. 16 pp, offset (?); irregular.

Lucas' Little Brother 15 (March 1980). Ed. by Maureen Palanker Leshendok and Tom Leshendok, 12802 Ardennes Ave., Rockville, MD, 20851. 26 pp, offset; approximately bi-monthly. The usual.

Minstream 5 (April 1980). Ed. by Jerry Kaufman and Suzie Tompkins, 4326 Winslow Pl. N., Seattle, WA, 98103. pp, mimeo, irregular. 75c or 3/\$2, or the usual.

The Monthly Monthly 7 (April 1980). Ed. by Christine Kulyk, % Robert Runte, 10957 - 88th Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 0Y9, Canada. 16 pp, mimeo; monthly. 75c each, or \$9/yr, or the usual.

Nonmenon 34 (January 1980). Ed. by Brian Thurogood, 40 Korora Rd., Oneroa, Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand. 29 pp, offset, typeset; 10 times/year. US subs \$12.25 airmail, \$7 surface, or the usual.

Pandora, Vol. 1, No. 4 [Fall ?] 1979. Ed. by Lois Wickstrom, % Sproing, Inc., 1150 St. Paul St., Denver, CO, 80206. 64 pp, offset, typeset, perfect bound; sort of quarterly. Subs 4/\$6.

Rune 59 (Winter 1980). Ed. by Lee Pelton and

Carol Kennedy, % Lee Pelton, 2126 Girard Ave. S., #101, Minneapolis, MN 55408. 38 pp, mimeo; quarterly. 50c each, or \$7/4 issues, or the usual.

Scottishe 78 (Winter 1979). Ed. by Ethel Lindsay, 69 Barry Rd., Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7QQ, UK. 26 pp, mimeo, A4; twice a year.

SFanzine Review 1 (Fall, 1979). Ed. by Keith and Rosemary Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd., Lancaster, Lancs., LA1 3JW, England. 4 pp, mimeo, A4; quarterly.

Solaris 31 (February 1980). Ed. by Norbert Spehner, 1085 St-Jean, Longueuil, Quebec, J4H 2Z3, Canada. 46 pp, offset, saddle-stapled; bimonthly. Single copy \$1.502 6/\$8.

Space and Time 55 (April 1980). Ed. by Gordon Linzner, 138 W. 70th St., #4B, New York, NY, 10023. 58 pp, half-sheet, saddle-stapled; quarterly. Single issue \$2, 4/\$6.

Synchronicity 1 (Spring 1980). Ed. by Frank Stodalka, % Minnesota Fiction Society, Inc., Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN, 55402. 20 pp, mimeo; irregular. Single copy \$2, 4/\$5.

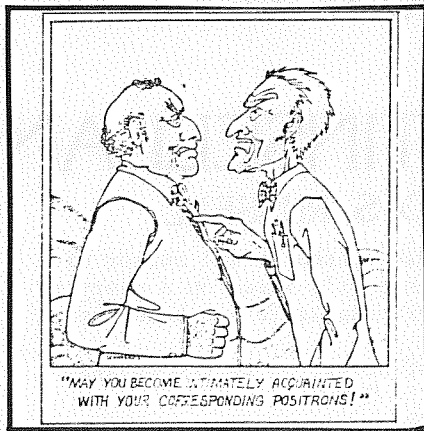
Telon 1 (February 1980). Ed. by Teresa and Patrick Nielson Hayden, 5022 - 9th Ave., NE, Seattle, WA, 98105. 27 pp, mimeo; irregular. Available for the usual, or old fannish fanzines taken in trade.

Voice of the Lobster 5/6 (March 1980). Ed. by George Flynn, % Norcascon, Box 46 MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA 02139. 100 pp, mimeo. \$1.

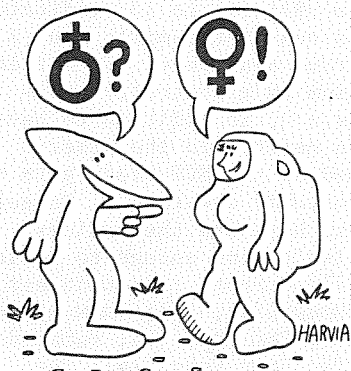
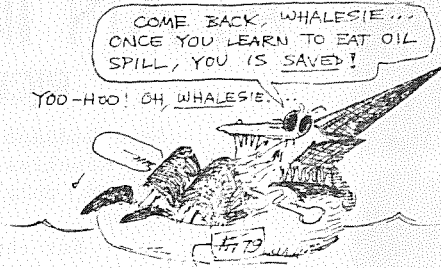
The Whole Fanzine Catalog 13 (December 1979). Ed. by Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd., #207, Detroit, MI, 48219. 20 pp, mimeo; roughly bimonthly. 50c each, or 4/\$2, or the usual.

The Wretch Taken to Writing 3 (January 1980). Ed. by Cheryl Cline, 1621 Detroit Ave., #23, Concord, CA, 94520. 22 pp, mimeo; irregular.

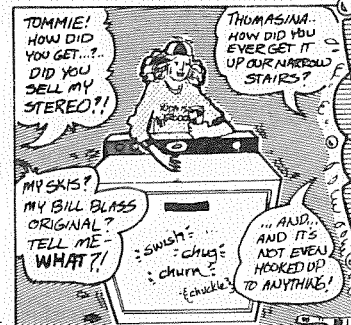
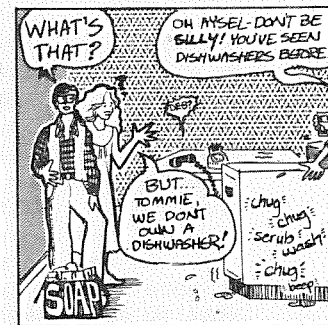
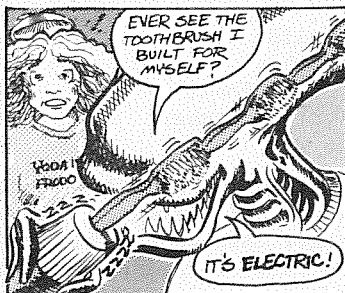
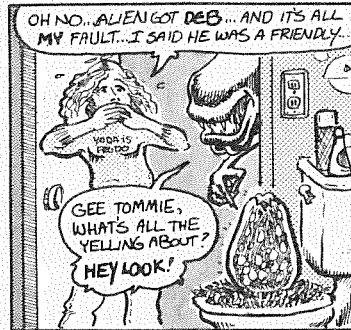
X-Bilimleyen [X-Unknown] (Aralik 1979) % Osman Dincbas, Istiklal cad., No. 46, Izmit, Kocaeli, Turkey. 32 pp, offset, typeset, saddle-stapled; monthly (?).



THE FUNNIES



BIZARRE APARTMENT LIFE • GOMOLL/BRUNING





If you publish *TV Guide* and you need a science article, you go to Isaac Asimov. If you're producing *Nova* and you want to talk about extra-terrestrial intelligence, you get Carl Sagan. And if you're a Hollywood mogul looking for a novelization of your latest SF epic, you turn to Alan Dean Foster.

You don't have to, of course. You could get Elliot S. Maggin (*Superman*) or Donald F. Glut (*The Empire Strikes Back*), but the less said about that, the better.

Foster has written the novelizations for three of the films reviewed in this issue, and without exception the novels are better than the movies. This isn't all that easy. For one thing, the novel should stick reasonably close to the plot of the movie, which can be constricting to an author. For another, there's usually a deadline involved, to insure that the book can capitalize on the publicity accompanying the release of the movie. A writer who can deliver on demand and on time is a priceless asset, and should be paid accordingly.

The sad thing for SF fans is that Foster is essentially polishing other people's stuff. If you remember "With Friends like These..." in the March 1972 *Analog* (since illustrated admirably by Michael Whelan—it's the aliens eating ice-cream cones), you know that Foster's original work is more imaginative than his novelizations. But economics prevail.

We should at least be grateful that we have movie novels worth reading in their own rights. Foster has, in every case, inserted a small plot twist in the novel which makes it more interesting than the film. In *Alien*, he describes the mummification of the crew. In *The Black Hole*, they don't emerge intact from the other side. In *Star Trek*, it was the effect of true emotion on Spock: at last he appreciated its significance. (Sure, I know that

ALAN IN TINSELLAND

RICHARD S. RUSSELL

Gene Roddenberry was listed as the author of the novelization, but it's based on a story by Foster; only the writing style has been mutilated.)

But enough of books; on to the movies.

☆☆☆

There's an addition to the reviews this time: an all-encompassing grade for each movie, on a scale from {1} to {9}: {1} to {3} indicates a loser; {4} to {6} is run-of-the-mill; and {7} to {9} is worth your time and money. If a film treats women or feminism in a generally positive way, it also gets a ♀, in addition to having that consideration built into the numeric rating; a picture aimed at the MCP trade gets a ♂, as well as being suitably downrated. To get a feel for this system, here are the ratings for the movies there isn't room enough to review in depth: *The Amityville Horror*, {2}; *Battlestar Galactica*, {7}; *The Changeling*, {4}; *Dawn of the Dead*, {6}; *Dracula*, {7}; *The Fog*, {5}; *Humanoids from the Deep*, {1♂}; *The Last Wave*, {4}; *The Legacy*, {3}; *Meteor*, {4}; *Moonraker*, {7}; *The Muppet Movie*, {5}; *Nosferatu*, {6}; *Phantasm*, {1♂}; *Prophecy*, {4}; *Ravagers*, {5}; *Saturn 3*, {2}; *The Shape of Things To Come*, {1}; *Simon*, {5}; *Star Crash*, {3♂}; *The Terror of Godzilla*, {1}; *Time after Time*, {8♀}; and *The Visitor*, {1}.

☆☆☆

T: *Alien* {8♀}

EP: Ronald Shusett

P: Gordon Carroll, David Giler, and Walter Hill

D: Ridley Scott

W: Dan O'Bannon from a story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett; novelization by Alan Dean Foster (Warner, 1979)

M: Jerry Goldsmith

S: Sigourney Weaver as Ripley

Ian Holm as Ash

Tom Skerritt as Dallas

Yaphet Kotto as Parker

Harry Dean Stanton as Brett

Veronica Cartwright as Lambert

John Hurt as Kane

Forgive me, Carl Sagan, as I try to quote you: "Other life is not only stranger than we imagine, it is stranger than we can imagine." So it proves for the crew of the space-mining cargo ship *Nostromo*.

The initial premise isn't that hard to believe. The crew is aroused from hibernation by a distress signal, which they proceed to answer. Being less cautious than he should, Kane is grabbed by an alien creature. The creature eventually kills him, then proceeds to metamorphize into a progressively more fearsome creature as it terrorizes the crew by picking them off one by one.

As long as we ignore the part about the science officer really being a company robot sent to supervise the activities of the expendable crew as they trot the little devil back to

Earth, the plot hangs together fairly well, what little there is of it.

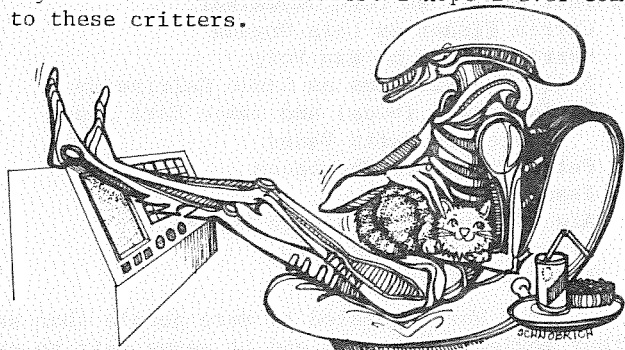
For this is the summer thriller, where you get to guess which of the limited cast of characters will survive until the film's end. Plot is secondary to suspense. Who's going to get it next? What fiendish, macabre demise is being cooked up for the next victim? Was that a shadow or...ucgk!

The primary difference between this summer thriller and disaster flicks set on ocean liners and in skyscrapers is that this one occurs on a spaceship. The danger is perhaps less familiar than tidal waves or swarms of killer bees, but the idea is the same.

Surprisingly, this film achieves what Irwin Allen only occasionally thinks about in his fuzzy fashion: real suspense. The cast plays up to an increasing tempo of terror. (And this is a good place to point out the difference between fear—which an animal knows when facing danger—and terror—which only sapient can experience, because it involves anticipation.)

The scene of the alien emerging from Kane's body was obviously too much for some of the folks in the theatre I attended, but I expect it wasn't too surprising to SF fans accustomed to the idea of symbiosis (though this was hardly symbiotic).

Human beings are survivors. They're the most successful species on this planet, having wiped out all competition for the increasingly larger ecological niche they occupy. And, even though we bemoan the loss of the passenger pigeon and its ilk, we'd still rather have the wheat for ourselves, thank you. And we're generally convinced (though it's usually sub-consciously) that we'll always have it, for we are the meanest sunzabitches in the valley. What a rude shock, then, to discover something that's got us beat seven ways from Saturn at the tender age of three days. There's something visceral about the kind of terror that engenders that defies intellectual exposition, so I'll only say that this is the nearest I hope I ever come to these critters.



T: Star Trek—The Motion Picture {6}

P: Gene Roddenberry

D: Robert Wise

W: Harold Livingston, from a story by Alan Dean Foster; novelization by Gene Roddenberry (Pocket Books, 1979)

M: Jerry Goldsmith

SE: Douglas Trumbull and John Dykstra

SC: Isaac Asimov

R: Paramount, 1979, PG, 2:10

S: William Shatner as Adm. James T. Kirk

Leonard Nimoy as Spock

DeForest Kelley as Dr. Leonard "Bones" McCoy

Stephen Collins as Capt. Willard Decker

James Doohan as Com. Montgomery Scott

George Takei as Lt. Com. Sulu
 Nichelle Nichols as Lt. Com. Uhura
 Walter Koenig as Lt. Chekov
 Persis Khambatta as Lt. JG Ilia
 Majel Barrett as Dr. Christine Chapel

ST—TMP, as it is usually abbreviated, was finally released by Paramount a decade after the TV series on which it was based was rudely jerked off the air by that same studio. In between, the syndicated series had become one of the most popular on the tube. The film did nothing to depart from the pattern set by the TV show. Indeed, the plot was cobbled together from several of the earlier episodes.

Normally, there's a major difference between episodic and one-shot forms. TV series, clearly episodic, require that the lead characters return week after week, so there's no believable danger that can be brought against them. A novel or a normal movie (not a pilot) can present a realistic chance of everyone getting killed off (e.g. the classic example, *On the Beach*). That's the sort of high-stakes possibility that builds dramatic tension and causes real concern for the characters with whom the audience most identifies.

Realistically, now, what military commander in her or his right mind would choose the three highest-ranking officers of a crew of hundreds to explore a potentially hostile situation? Only James T. Kirk. And if they beamed down to a planetary surface with some bozo you'd never seen before, you knew the poor schmuck was doomed to prove the menace was real.



This time, the new faces belong to Capt. Decker and Lt. Ilia. For a while, the audience holds out some hope for them, but in the end they are disposed of as effectively as the no-faces from the TV show. The main cast remains intact, not for next week's episode, but for next year's sequel.

A few additional comments:

•Jerry Goldsmith, whose work is usually brassy, heavy on drums, overly loud, and uninspired, surpassed himself with a remarkably good score. The 90-second overture was also a nice touch, one which I hope catches on.

•The most virtuoso performance of Trumbull and Dykstra (an awesome teaming) came in the opening shot: a front, top, and back view of a Klingon battle formation passing through space, with a 360° view of pure space. Dynamite. The scenes with the little tiny space-suited figures moving around the giant *Enterprise* were effective not only as top-notch SFX, but also as scale-setters, which is tough in space.

•The plot was designed to introduce each of the old familiar characters one at a time, even allowing time for the applause to die down. (Sulu, Uhura, and Chekov were a three-pack.)

•The movie is essentially a one-hour TV episode with less dialog and an extra 70 minutes

of snazzy special effects.

•If you expected to love it, you probably did. If you hoped to be able to love it, you were probably disappointed; I was.

T: The Black Hole {5}

P: Ron Miller

D: Gary Nelson

W: Jeb Rosebrook and Gerry Day from a story by Jeb Rosebrook, Bob Barbash, and Richard Landau; novelization by Alan Dean Foster (Del Rey, 1979)

M: John Barry

R: Buena Vista, 1979, PG(1), 1:36

S: Maximilian Schell as Dr. Hans Reinhardt
Robert Forster as Capt. Dan Holland
Joseph Bottoms as Lt. Charlie Pizer
Yvette Mimieux as Dr. Kate McCrae
Ernest Borgnine as Harry Booth
Anthony Perkins as Dr. Alex Durant

Either there was no science advisor for this film or that neglected soul had the good sense to have her/his name removed from the credits. Scientifically speaking, this is a terrible film.

•"Strap yourselves in. We'll be feeling the gravitational force," says Durant, as they near the black hole. And, sure enough, there's a lot of bumping, banging, creaking, etc. And the ship rotates, though the disgustingly cute little floating robot remains perpendicular with respect to the camera and evidently unmoved by the "gravitational force".

•The noisy spaceships of *Star Wars* put in another appearance. Must be air in space.

•In fact, that would explain the flaming meteors and the party's ability to breathe without space helmets while strolling around outside the disintegrating *Cygnus*.

•But no, when a meteor blows a hole in the roof of one room, the air (after instantly starting to snow) begins to rush out with gale force. The poor crew barely makes it to the next (pressurized) room.

•Aha, that's it! Air is just well-behaved. Because it didn't blow them back into the unpressurized room they were trying to leave.

•The spaceship *Cygnus*: "Its mission: to discover habitable life in outer space..." says Kate McCrae. Habitable life?

It was interesting to note that the film made no attempt to define or describe what a black hole really was. I wondered for awhile if that was because they assumed the concept had moved sufficiently into the public consciousness not to need explanation (a flattering thought) but concluded that it was because they didn't know themselves:

•"The most destructive force in the universe!" —Durant

•"...a rip in the very fabric of space and time." —VINCent

•"long, dark tunnel to nowhere." —McCrae

•"There long-cherished laws of nature do not apply—they vanish." —Reinhardt

I'd also like to register a protest about the absolutely stupid rendition of robots in movies. The VINCent Series is supposedly super-efficient and virtually omniscient. Why does it have to look like Thumper the Rabbit? Just to prove that Disney can out-cute R2D2? And the sentry robots! They're worse shots than Cylons.

A true sentry robot would probably look nothing at all like a human being and should be able to outdraw a warrior Motie nine times out of ten.

The acting was insipid, the dialog puerile, the directing mediocre, and the sets incredible—in the original sense of the word. Who would build a research spaceship with so much outside area, so much wasted space, and so many useless cross-braces...and then fit it out with crystal chandeliers?

Then why does this film get a {5}? Like *Star Trek*, *The Black Hole* opened with a stirring overture. It also depicted space as dark, though the stars looked suspiciously like non-point sources. It tried to show the accretion-disk effect of the black hole as a gigantic whirlpool, but that may have been simply a lucky stab on the part of the animators. And the plot really was a dandy. There was three times more plot in *The Black Hole* than there was in *ST—TMP*, despite *Star Trek* being 35% longer. Just the basic concept of trying to enter a black hole is a startling one; to actually show the attempt is admirable.

It would have been nice if the filmmakers had had the guts to go with Foster's ending, where the four survivors emerge to form a sort of group mind spanning the known universe, à la Blish's *The Triumph of Time* or Stapledon's *The Star Maker*. Nope, our heroes emerge unscathed, to find Earth just a short rocket hop away. Sheesh!

T: The Empire Strikes Back {9}

EP: George Lucas

P: Gary Kurtz

D: Irvin Kershner

W: Leigh Brackett and Lawrence Kasdan; novelization by Donald F. Glut (Del Rey, 1980), based on a story by George Lucas

M: John Williams

SE: Brian Johnson, Richard Edlund, *et alii*

R: 20th Century Fox, 1980, PG, 2:04

S: Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker

Carrie Fisher as Leia Organa

Harrison Ford as Han Solo

Billy Dee Williams as Lando Calrissian

David Prowse (body) and James Earl Jones

(voice) as Darth Vader

Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca

Frank Oz as Yoda

Alec Guinness as Obi-wan Kenobi

Anthony Daniels as C3PO

Kenny Baker as R2D2

Star Wars appealed to more people than any other movie in history, and it seems fair to say that most of them were at least a little curious to see if George Lucas could do it again. After all, there have been so many sequels which have failed or at best disappointed: *Exorcist 2* and *Omen 2* come most readily to mind, as well as the steady decline of the *Planet of the Apes* series. Well, fret no more. We gave *Star Wars* a one-word review—"supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"—and were tempted just to square it for this occasion. But the movie deserves more.

On the cover of 1979's best-selling novel, *The Thorn Birds*, was this blurb from the *Boston Globe*: "A saga, and everything, simply everything happens. It's a perfect read...beautiful...impressive...gripping.... It's the kind of

book the word blockbuster was made for. It keeps you hanging till the last paragraph." The *San Francisco Examiner* called it "an extravagant, compelling novel that encompasses love, war, death, courage and compassion...a fascinating book." Hah! These people had obviously never seen *The Empire Strikes Back*, or they wouldn't have wasted those words of praise on any lesser work. *Empire* was everything we had hoped for and more.

Breathless! You want breathless? At least half a dozen times during the film, I had to remind myself to start breathing again. At the end of the show, there was a massive sigh from the audience as they all got their respiration back in sync at the same time.

Edge of the seat! You want edge of the seat? During the scenes where the fighters are skimming just above the mountaintops, I was screaming "Pull up! Pull up!" and hauling back on a non-existent joystick. There hasn't been vertigo like that since people upchucked during *South Seas Adventure*, one of the first Cinerama films. And members of the audience were dodging oncoming asteroids even without the funny red-and-blue glasses of the 3-D era.

Pulse-pounding! You want pulse-pounding? Try getting about 17 milliseconds' warning that you're about to be batted off your tauntaun by a three-metre-tall wampa ice creature. Or try being promoted to admiral of the Imperial star-fleet.

Action! You want action? Oh my goodness, oh my goodness. Tolkien used this technique in *The Lord of the Rings*, and so did the old Flash Gordon serials: split your party into two parts, and, whenever one group is gripping cliff-edges by its fingernails, run a fuzzy wipe across the screen and find out what the others are up to. Never give the audience a moment's relaxation.

Intellectualism! You want intellectualism? Say, who let you in here?

Romance! You want romance? Princess Leia seems to be leaning toward Han Solo but wouldn't give the big lug the satisfaction of knowing it. And good ol' Luke is right there beside her while Han is out imitating a popsicle.

Villains! You want villains? Preferably wearing black? Also mysterious, sinister, lurking, and liable to pop up when least expected? Attempting to corrupt the innocent? Maybe we should also toss in a little heavy breathing? Yeah, we can arrange that.

Tragedy? Comedy? Pathos? Bathos? D'Artagnan? Yup. Got 'em. Well, maybe not D'Artagnan, but wait for the next one.

Speaking of which, there definitely will be a next one. Better, there will be seven. (Lucas is retitling the original *Star Wars* as "Episode 4: A New Hope".)

Now the question "Can he keep it up?" takes on real significance. Let's face it: a person's so-called "life's work" is almost meaningless in this fast-paced age. With the exception of a few people like Gutzon Borglum, sculptor of Mount Rushmore, there are damn few people who are willing to dedicate their entire lives to the production of a single stupendous opus. There are so many distractions, so many other challenges, not to mention the need to put food on the table. In the Middle Ages, people were willing to spend generations building cathedrals

for the greater glory of God. Maybe a lifetime doesn't seem like much in comparison, but, if it's your lifetime, it's all you've got. And let's not kid ourselves. Nine movies times three years per movie is 27 years, which chops the middle out of anyone's productive adult life. If Lucas can pull this off without repeating himself, without going stale, without going broke, and without passing the so-far invisible saturation point of his audience, he will have created an epic to rival *The Aeneid* and *The Iliad*. It will be one of the few monuments of creativity from this most creative of all centuries which is likely to last for millennia—perhaps not in its original form, but in its archetypes, in the way it works into the language.

You scoff. "Pure fluff," you say. "Mere entertainment, certainly not on a par with the Greek and Roman classics." Oh, no? Go back and take a second look at those classics. Homer and Virgil (and a later writer, Bill Shakespeare) wrote in the earthy style of the common folk, who loved a good rock-'em-sock-'em, cliffhanging, good-guys-vs.-bad-guys, blood-and-guts adventure. Alighieri and Milton and Tolkien were the more cerebral classicists, but even their works had their moments. No, the classics got that way because the common people liked them; they were, in the original sense of the word, popular.

Perhaps we should, at this point, bemusedly lament the low taste of the masses. Really, there's not much room between all of *Empire's* action scenes for any "redeeming social value" such as a political analysis of the Empire's economic policies (or vice versa). Character development, such as it is, is spread thinly over two movies, and the characters themselves—with the singular exception of Darth Vader—are almost exactly what they appear to be, nothing deeper. (Or, if there is anything deeper, we never get a chance to see it.) Supporting characters are, to be generous, transitory. Techies and other hard-science freaks would probably love to watch a light-saber being field-stripped or get a tour through the power plant of the City in the Clouds, but not a chance. We never stop to question whether the rebellion may be causing more harm than it's worth. We seldom witness even blood, let alone agony. And Imperial stormtroopers must have been taking marksmanship from the Cylons.

Okay, so much for the obligatory "but it's not literature" bit. Who cares, anyway?

Speculation time. Yoda (a gem of a character, and the most realistic alien to come down the pike since the Moties) lets it slip that Luke is not necessarily the rebellion's last hope. There is one other, he mentions. Who is this X? Well, my buddy James Andrew Cox has made a career out of appreciating heroic fantasy, and he says that every evil scientist (candidates: Darth Vader and the emperor) comes equipped with a standard-issue beautiful daughter. Personally, I think that damfool Skywalker will get his head taken off in Episode 6, and we'll watch a female hero win the rebellion in Episodes 7-9. Want to form a pool? Stay tuned for the next episode, coming in 1983.

LETTERS



[Write to Janus % SF³, Box 1624, Madison, WI, 53701. Include your name and address on the letter itself. Unless you specify otherwise, each letter (1) is assumed to be publishable, and, if published, (2) is subject to editing, (3) will be listed under your name, and (4) will be listed under your address.]

"The Dinner Party" at NoreasCon 2

Robert Frazier

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Nantucket, MA, 02554

Here is an item that may be of great interest for *Janus* readers, especially

those intending to attend NoreasCon 2. Judy Chicago's "The Dinner Party" will be at the Boston Center for the Arts until August 30. The Boston Women's Art Alliance helped get it for a two-month stay, and no further showings are solidly scheduled. If you are unfamiliar with the art event, check the cover article of the April [1980] *Art in America*. Probably the most important, and monumental, work of feminist art in this century so far; it is not to be missed. A side trip should be organized to see it. Easily the most extra-science-fictional thing happening in Boston during the convention.

★ ★ ★

Review of *Amazons!*

Janrae Frank

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Thank you for your kind criticism of my story ["Wolves of Nakesht"] in *Amazons!* [Janus 16].

I know you could have been a lot more harsh. The gaps in motive and plot were established in a story Jessica Salmonson accepted from me a few months earlier, both of which I believed were to be printed in successive issues of *Windhaven*. Under that circumstance, I did not want to backtrack and go over the same material. I do hope somebody enjoys it.

All in all, I enjoyed your in-depth review of *Amazons!*. The anthology contains stories of a kind I wish I could have found years ago. Unfortunately, they were not being written then,

and very few are being written nowadays.

★ ★ ★

C. J. Cherryh

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[Concerning the review of "The Dreamstone",] probably we disagree at

depth about philosophy, because I don't see Arafel's motivation as the music, the killing as an act of violence (Arafel is a natural force.), or Arafel's roots in the S&S tradition so much as in the actual mythic tradition. (It was a harp, by the by, and the man was Evald.) But, as with most of my short fiction, it has so many subconscious goings-on that don't make it into clear definition in the limits of space of a short story that really it would take several Arafel stories to make it clear how she is in my mind—so that really, as I see her, she's a natural force more curious about the man who tries her territory than she is an individual human. Elves in the mythic tradition were cruel (unlike Tolkien's) and yet lacking malice in the human sense—sensitive and yet lacking softness. The contrast between Evald and Fionn is important: how they react to elvish reality—one seeing the fear and one learning the other, gentler side of the elf—which does not mean easy safety, either.

Anyhow, thanks for the input. It's interesting. And once a story leaves a writer's hand it's not really hers but the reader's, so in a way whatever the reader sees is also true, out of the reader's own and different experience.

★ ★ ★

Charles R. Saunders

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Ottawa, Ont., K1P 6C4

...thanks for the kind words you had for my story ["Agbewe's Sword"] in *Amazons!*. Of all the reviews I've seen, yours is the only one that did not preface comments about "Agbewe's Sword" with the phrase, "Charles Saunders, the only male contributor to the anthology...". Obviously you did not hold that fact to be important, which is, I think, something of a relief....

★ ★ ★

Michael DuCharme

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Milbank, SD, 57252

...I like blood-and-guts S&S.... I'm referring... specifically to your discussion on the uses of

violence within the genre. I agree with your analysis of the stories, with a couple of exceptions.... However, a sword is a symbol of violence and death (I will ignore the sexual connotations.), and I don't think you can have a genre labeled "Sword and Sorcery" without those two ingredients. While S&S fans may not want to admit it, violence and death (V&D) are a large part of the attraction of the genre, especially for us Robert E. Howard fans. Part of the appeal, obviously, is that which Greg alluded to in his inset. Wouldn't it be great if we could just pick up a sword and cut away all our problems that easily? You can only be good (as in "vs. evil") in S&S if you have the might of the sword to back it up. (This is true even in *Amazons!*, as in the Lindholm and Lee stories.) It is also easier to build a dramatic situation around V&D simply because V&D are inherently more dramatic, and as an S&S

fan I like it that way, fully realizing that in my real world things don't work that way. Speaking of the real world, I must add that I don't agree that violence would be less basic to a culture that is not sexist. It's been my experience that women can be just as bloodthirsty as men. And especially if you limit the sample to a group of fen. I have the impression that that may even apply to you, Jeanne, albeit to a lesser extent. (Quit screaming.) I say this because of your comment that to you "The Rape Patrol" seemed one of the best stories in the collection. More because you can identify with the violence as a satisfying, if socially unacceptable, solution to the problem rather than because of the story line. I actually thought the solution was a little too lenient. They should have nailed the rapist to the warehouse wall by his hands, feet, and genitals: violence as a deterrent to violence. (I know this is picky, but for me the story is seriously weakened by the introduction of Judith and her silly chicken feet.) Now, having said all that, I must say how impressed I am with Jessica's collection, and this is from someone who's been an MCP since he was three years old (though somewhat tempered by my stay in Madison).... I agree with Jessica about the potential of heroic fantasy, and I eagerly look forward to it being fulfilled. *Amazons!* is a helluva step in the right direction. Now if someone can just write intelligent heroic-fantasy stories with male protagonists for all us MCPs out here....

☆☆☆

Mog Decarnin

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Re G. Rihn's
comment: Comparing
the position of
rapists in this or

any other culture to the position of blacks in racist societies, and presenting women who avenge rape as equivalent to the Ku Klux Klan, may reflect a philosophical stance, but the name of that stance is not "feminism". His mawkish "Violence begets violence begets violence....", with its unanalyzed supposition that of course somebody (Guess who!) must have begotten the violence of rape or it wouldn't have happened to them, deserves an award for being the most gallingly pious response to the rape question ever to appear in a feminist magazine. It is depressing to know that it wasn't printed as a tongue-in-cheek "no comment" feature.

Jeanne Gomoll's approach is much more logical, but, as for "self-appointed...judges/executioners" that she "would not be willing to tolerate", what does she think we have now? Law and order?

Another depressing aspect of Rihn's comment is that he writes (Shall I say it? Oh, why not?) almost as well as a woman. If he would refrain from expanding on subjects he knows nothing about...he could probably manage to avoid insulting both blacks and women in a single breath.

☆☆☆

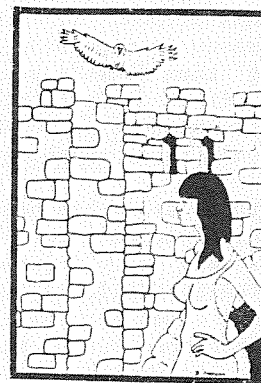
Jessica Amanda Salmonson
Box 5688 University Stn.
Seattle, WA, 98105

Greg Rihn's attack
of Michele [Bell-
ing]'s "The Rape

Patrol" tarnished Jeanne Gomoll's excellent coverage of *Amazons!*. Jeanne's objectivity touched admirably on the dangers and attractions of vigilanteism. Rihn by contrast postures with indignant, shallow accusations. He tells readers to replace "rape patrol" with "Ku Klux Klan" and "rapist" with "nigger" for a clearer understanding of the story. Rihn actually advocates rapist liberation? Freedom to rape? A better contrast is achieved by changing "Ku Klux Klan" to "rapist" and "nigger" to "bitch". When Rihn likens a group of women struggling (in this case, violently) against rapists to a white Southern Baptist hatred of an entire race, he merely confuses the actual issues of self-defense, community justice, or personal revenge. Rihn's *non sequitur* ignores the environmental reality of rape itself, and of the laws and courts which are far more likely to imprison a prostitute than a rapist. "Law in our own hands" may sound like anarchy to some, but an objective overview would probably discover numerous conditions whereby vigilanteism is no worse than any existing system of presumed justice in Amerika!

To see the falsity of Rihn's comparison to racism, try reading a Black Panther newspaper and think "rapist" wherever it says "black". You'll discover that the effect is not merely racist, but logically inapplicable. Rihn's response was obviously more emotional than coherent.

☆☆☆



Georgie Schnobrich
1343 E. Johnson St.
Madison, WI, 53703

...I know what you mean about feeling uneasy at the anthology's "validation" of violence. "The

Rape Patrol" depressed me; it was a reminder that extreme violence is the last resort of the helpless. The women of the patrol apparently had a chance of dealing death or doing nothing at all, and Salmonson's anthology theme suggests that any action is better than passivity. But I'd like to see stories about women who can master a situation superbly by moderate means. When you can afford mercy, you have arrived.

But *Amazons!* was one of the most gratifying and stimulating collections I've read in quite a while....

☆☆☆

Avedon Carol
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Kensington, MD, 20795

...One of the things I think I liked best about your interview with

[Chelsea] Quinn [Yarbro in *Janus* 16] was her very strong feminism and the way she expressed it. Of course, some of this is quite evident in her work, but frequently when female SF authors have been asked about feminism (especially those who were writing SF more than five or six years ago), they have tended to try to cop out of this subject. I've grown pretty damn tired of the "Well, I'm a writer, not a feminist." sort of answers, and even sicker of the "I never try to say anything in my stories; the stories write themselves." approach that seems to pretend that the writer somehow has nothing to do with what her stories say. It is quite refreshing, then, when Quinn frankly states that her stories express her own beliefs about the way the world is....

Since *Amazons!* is one of the few things mentioned in this issue which I have had a chance to read lately, I was interested in your impressions of it. I would say that by and large I agree with you. (It was my feeling too that Riska was raped in Fox's story, and that Morrien was well aware of what he was doing. It is interesting to me that Morrien's rationalization of what he did is no different than the one most rapists of that sort use—that someone ought to "teach these bitches a lesson". To understand this, one need only think, "OK, suppose my boss is pulling a similar type of sexploitation on me. Would I want to get 'revenge' by raping him?" I think most women would answer this question with a negative. Obviously, the whole point is not to have sex, no matter how it is done, with this person. If the idea of having sex with someone is repulsive to you, the idea of "raping" them doesn't really sound a whole lot better, if it comes to mind at all. Now, if you can get someone else to do it.... Thing is, tho, I don't think anything justifies rape.)

"The Rape Patrol" story had brought back to me something that happened a few years ago in Florida. A woman was badly injured by a rapist and was in the hospital. A few days later the man who had raped her was in the hospital himself. He had been cut up in much the same way he had left his victim. He claimed he was attacked by seven women. I must admit that when I heard the story it left me absolutely gleeful. "Police have interviewed suspects, but have no real leads...." As you say, in view of the fact that women are pretty much unprotected in a society which encourages rape, we have no real choice better than violence. Asimov was wrong when he said that "violence is the last refuge of the incompetent." It is the first choice of the incompetent; it is the last refuge of the desperate.

☆☆☆

Charles Seelig
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New York, NY, 10027

...First, your review of *Amazons!* was a delight. You went through each story in detail and in an even-handed manner.

There was some real thought in the article, about both the book and the ideas contained in the book. "The Rape Patrol" seemed to be closer to a New York reality than one in the West. Too many times this is a harsh city, and all too fre-

quently citizens will lash out in a rage, either controlled or uncontrolled, because they feel that no one is doing anything about the problems they see. I wouldn't be surprised to see something like this start happening before the end of the decade....

☆☆☆

Future Deprogession

Arlin Teeselink
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Glendale, CA,
91206



☆☆☆

Movie Reviews and "Movie" Reviews

Jeff Hecht
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...I actually did get to see one of the movies reviewed in *Janus* 15: *The China Syndrome*. It

was fascinating to watch from the viewpoint of the technical press. I was impressed by the realism in portraying the technical people, which I'd expected to be one of the weak points. I was impressed by the willingness to show a few examples of the crazier side of anti-nuclear protest. And I thought they did a nice job of portraying the plant.

What flawed the film for me, however, was the portrayal of utility management as evil incarnate. Utility companies don't go hiring goons to kill people who have damaging evidence in the real world. Even if they wanted to, they couldn't—there are too many people in the chain of management, and any one of them could leak information. If something goes wrong, the idea is to find a scapegoat—an operator who makes a mistake, a contractor who put in the wrong part, or the manufacturer of the part that failed. That's one of the things that large companies pay lawyers for. Trying to kill people may make good drama, but it just isn't realistic.

I went to see *The China Syndrome* shortly after the Three Mile Island accident, but it just didn't work for me as a propaganda piece. The technological problem definitely was realistic, but the movie showed the system working to

detect and correct it. The problem the movie pointed to was a management/organizational one, and that came across to me as phony....

☆☆☆

Scott R. Bauer ...I must make one correction to an article
128 Maureen Cir. ["Celluloid Fantasia"]
Pittsburg, CA, 94565 by Stu Shiffman which
appeared in [Janus 16]. I refer to the reference to the animation of the Max Fleischer studio in the review of *The Incomplete Enchanter*. Granted that this error is common enough, but that is all the more reason to clarify things once and for all. The Fleischer studios did do the preliminary storyboards and such but pulled out of the project when their own work on the classic adaptation of *The Wind and the Willows* became so time-consuming. What with the completion of the *Superman* feature just before this, even the influx of animators who left Disney for good during the strike was not enough. So the *Enchanter* passed into the hands of MGM's own Tex Avery. Knowing that this would be one of the most difficult jobs he had been faced with, he sought and received the help of the great team of Hugh Harman and Rudy Ising. The three of them went on to supervise the wonderful animation in *Enchanter* and *Land of Unreason*, for which they deserve full credit. It is a shame that they had a falling out after the latter and that their proposed film of *Sword in the Stone* was never gotten off the ground. The few storyboards I've seen of it were beautiful.

☆☆☆

Mike Rogers ...I was rather slow
233 Barton Av. to catch the point of
Chattanooga, TN, 37405 Shiffman's movie reviews. I was actually
telling people that we ought to get that Heinlein movie for the ChattoCon film program! I didn't catch on until I went back to the zine to write this letter. It's just too bad that these movies were never made. I find myself not liking the SF movies made today. Why O why do they keep making special-effects spectaculars with awful writing and worse acting when there are so many fine and intelligent novels and stories waiting to be translated to the screen? The movie version of *A Boy and His Dog* proves that. I'd cream my pants to see a movie version of *The Left Hand of Darkness* that stayed true to the book....

☆☆☆

Woman Writers and Their Characters

Brian Earl Brown ...In his SeaCon report
16711 Burt Rd. #207 (circulated through FAPA),
Detroit, MI, 48219 Terry Carr tells of being
in the SFWA suite listening to Janet E. Morris complain because her publisher wanted to get the artist for the Gor novels to do new covers for her books. She seemed to think it was a fate worse than death. I found this rather strange, since my impression of her books (now confirmed by Gregory Rihn's review ["Psionics and Pslaves", *Janus* 16]) was that they were female-written Gor novels. And Morris's publishers obviously knew what they were doing.
What I hadn't realized was how much like

Morris's novels are those of Jo Clayton. The *Diadem* series appears to be a better written, slightly more upbeat version of Morris's women-in-bondage stuff. This troubles me because, besides Clayton and Morris, there's Jane Gas-kell's long series about a heroine suffering repeated bondage and rape and Tanith Lee's several novels. (I found *The Birthgrave* unreadable because of its passive heroine, and *The Storm Lord* depicts a world of acute misery, especially though not exclusively for women.) Octavia Butler is a gifted storyteller, but every person in *Pattermaster* could only see to use other people, much as Morris's characters use each other. The blurbs on [Butler's] other books indicate that this attitude—of uncaring, unceasing exploitation—is a major theme in all her works. As impressed as I am by her writing skill, I don't think I could bear to read another of her grim, depressing books (or Suzy McKee Charnas's grim novels of oppressed women).

Even Vonda McIntyre's excellent *The Exile Waiting* begins with her heroine in fairly grim oppression, though she at least wins through to a degree of freedom and control.

I find this a disturbing number of women writing the same disturbing kind of fiction. The question is why? Is it a reflection of their upbringing? Did so many woman writers live the same sort of repressed and loveless life? Is this perhaps some aspect of their fantasy life? Are they wrestling with some aspect of their adolescent imagining, or what? This is something that I think ought to be explored in future interviews with woman writers. [An upcoming issue of *Janus* will be based on the theme of post-holocaust fiction by woman writers.] A goodly number of woman SF writers are writing a form of fiction that, among male SF writers, only John Norman is doing—and most of Norman's audience, I've heard, is women. Just what does all this mean? Female-written misogynistic fiction?

I enjoyed reading Diane Martin's review of the first two St. Germain novels ["Quinn Yarbro's Non-Traditional Vampire", *Janus* 16].... I've greatly enjoyed the first two books in Yarbro's series and would even pay hard cash for the third if it doesn't come out in a cheap book-club edition.... This St. Germain series is one I could see going on for years.... Diane's review stressed the similarities of the two books, but I see them as two very different efforts, reflecting a maturing of the writer. In the first book [*Hôtel Transylvania*] we have a fairly straightforward gothic novel: a woman is pursued by two suitors—one good, one evil. There's little to the characters outside of their maneuvering. Yarbro does pursue a bit of feminist polemic by emphasizing the limitations placed on women in 18th Century society, and even has a bit of overkill, since she makes all the women brave, noble, heroic figures and all the men (except St. Germain, of course) worms.

The characters in *The Palace* are much more diverse. Medicini is a virtual saint of a man, Boticelli nearly as much a one. There are many heroic women and the perverse and ultimately mad Estasia. This greater diversity makes for a more complex and rewarding story, I think. And added to that is the great love of culture evidenced throughout the book. The romance of cul-

ture overshadows the romance of love in this book. In the climax, St. Germain has two goals: to save what he could of Boticelli's condemned paintings and to rescue Demitrice. While St. Germain loves Demitrice, he undergoes greater risk to save one Boticelli painting than he does in rescuing Demitrice. In her interview, Yarbrow expressed a great love for Renaissance Italy, and it clearly shows in *The Palace*....

★ ★ ★

Lynn Responds to Reviewers

Elizabeth A. Lynn

Box 14107

San Francisco, CA, 94114

...I've been warned
never to reply to
reviews, but I find
...that there are

two comments I need to make, one about Jan Bogstad's review of *Watchtower* and another about Hank Luttrell's double review of *Doomstar* and *A Different Light* [both in *Janus* 15].

About Jan's review: there is a point in which she quotes my protagonist's words about rape—"In war you could not even call it rape."—and questions whether I believe this. Let me say, emphatically (That's my first pounding you hear.), of course not. I don't know how she could have gotten this impression. Rape is always rape, and it is never excusable. Jan also says she finds the statement "false" within the character's context. I probably shouldn't do this, but I want to point out that the character (Ryke) also finds the statement false. At this moment he has been deeply, hurtfully shocked and is casting wildly about for some rationale which will make the shock bearable. He falls back momentarily on old concepts, which he may have once believed. But he cannot believe them either; he has changed too much, and, besides, this is his sister. I freely admit I may have written the incident clumsily, but I didn't think it was so clumsy as to ever raise the question in a reader's mind that I might condone rape.

The second comment I wish to make is to express my pleasure at having my novel compared to *Doomstar* by [Edmond] Hamilton. It just so happens that *Doomstar* is one of my favorite space operas, and that I did have it in mind when I started out to write one. I don't know whether Hank's pairing of the two books is a result of serendipity or sensitivity or telepathy, but, whichever it is, I loved it....

★ ★ ★

The Project on Female SF Writers

AnneLaurie Logan

656 Abbott Rd.

East Lansing, MI, 48823

...three cheers on
your bibliographic
project. The inter-
views are nice, but

I'm particularly interested in seeing some kind of bibliography of some of the excellent and grossly underrated "older" writers on your list. Do you know how hard it is to find any information on, say, Margaret St. Clair? Perhaps some of the print-media fans who have access to early paperbacks and SF magazines might get together to produce reading lists for female/feminist authors other than LeGuin and Norton and Tiptree ...not that I don't appreciate the work of those three, but there are other women out there, as you say, and tracking them down seems worth-

while....

There are certain advantages to being set to entertain the infants. Children grow up to be adults who control the world, and it is the attitudes and taboos that they run into earliest which define what they think of as "normal" and "right". As the Jesuit said, "Give me a child until he is five, and you can have him for the rest of his life; he shall not turn from what I teach him." For instance, I am convinced that a lot of the "new" feminist SF writers of both sexes owe a real debt to Andre Norton, whose "juvenile" novels said that it was okay to be deferent; okay to be less than satisfactory to your parents and other authority figures; okay to cherish the thought of independence, community, and communication over the goals of domination and power and money—unlike the juveniles of, say, Heinlein, who explained that it was the duty of all right-thinking white male WASPs with middle-class parents and technological educations to conquer the stars, forget about them aliens and women and poor people and such trash. I consider it a real challenge to provide well written and entertaining literature for children that will teach them something other than submission and acceptance of The Way Things Are....

★ ★ ★

The Feminist Small Press

Steven P. Johnson

Botanical Garden Library

Bronx, NY, 10458

...Jessica [Amanda
Salmonson]'s review
of the feminist small
press ["View from the

Other Side", *Janus* 15 and 16] was a most valuable feature, one which I hope is continued in future issues of *Janus*. To date most of my reading in feminist magazines has been catch-as-catch-can in the periodical rooms of the university and public libraries, and I'm sure their selections are eclectic and eccentric and may miss much valuable material from presses unable to meet most libraries' requirements for billing, stable publication schedules, distribution through magazine agents, etc....

★ ★ ★

[We also heard from: Sharron Albert, John P. Alexander, Harry Andruschak, Wilfred Beaver, Mary Bohdanowicz, Richard Bruning, Octavia E. Butler, Richard Centola, Jo Clayton, Lisa Cowan, Ctein, Don D'Amassa, Liz Danforth, Charles Darby, Marion Deeds, Bev DeWeese, Lela Dowling, Roger Dutcher, Valerie Eads, Barbara Emrys, Steve Fahnstalk, Dan Farr, Danny Field, Brad W. Foster, Steven Fox, Robert Garcia, Terry A. Garey, Seth Goldberg, Eric Gomoll, Terri Gregory, H. W. Hall, Joan Hanke-Woods, David Hartwell, David Johnson, Lawrence J. Juliano, Rebecca Lesses, Eric Lindsay, Ethel Lindsay, Nicki Lynch, M. Grace Melucci, Christopher Mills, Barney Neufeld, Elaine Normandy, Joyce Corrine Peterson, D. Potter, Kipy Poyser, Sarah Prince, Greg Rihn, Eric Scalzi, Thomas W. Scott 3, Mark R. Sharpe, Stu Shiffman, Nancy Johnson Smith, Donald J. Sorenson, Kirk Stephens, Arlin Teeslink, Steve Rasnic Tem, Sara R. Tompson, Greg T. Trend, Steven M. Tymon, David M. Vereschagin, Joan D. Vinge, Garry Wilcox, and Chelsea Quinn Yarbrow.]

And He Will Love You

They came out of a dream
soft pink dream
drifting veils drawn
over white
eased from side to side—
watercress in a gentle creek.

These will make you beautiful
she said from the wardrobe
They are my best—the finest coverings
and you will show like gold
through the gauze
and he will love you.

She took tinkling bells
wisps of fine chains
setting them on ankles and wrists—
You must sway when you walk
take tiny steps like a wise child
a moonflower waiting to be plucked
He will not resist
your helplessness

From fiery crystal bottles
she sprinkled scents
distilled from nights of love
and crushed flowers
nectar stolen from bees
You will be beautiful she said
as he asked and then
he will love you

I followed her
each step a fading
My hair melted into scarves
eyes grew dark and long
breasts plump like soft white bread
guarded by a golden net
I swam in and out of the silks
feet tiny on cool marble slipping
through the chambers
a pearl
in a nautilus

Visitors passing through the hall...
my hand hid my head in blue veils' velvet frost
that slid across my eyes
She led me by the hand and they
did not know me in my silk envelope—
my face was gone.

To the King of the Palace
sitting in his chair of bone
with golden book and fierce eyes
we bent round and flowing and she whispered
that I should say nothing

I rose stood swaying tinkling
shimmering
my skin touched with air the room
blue
through the veil

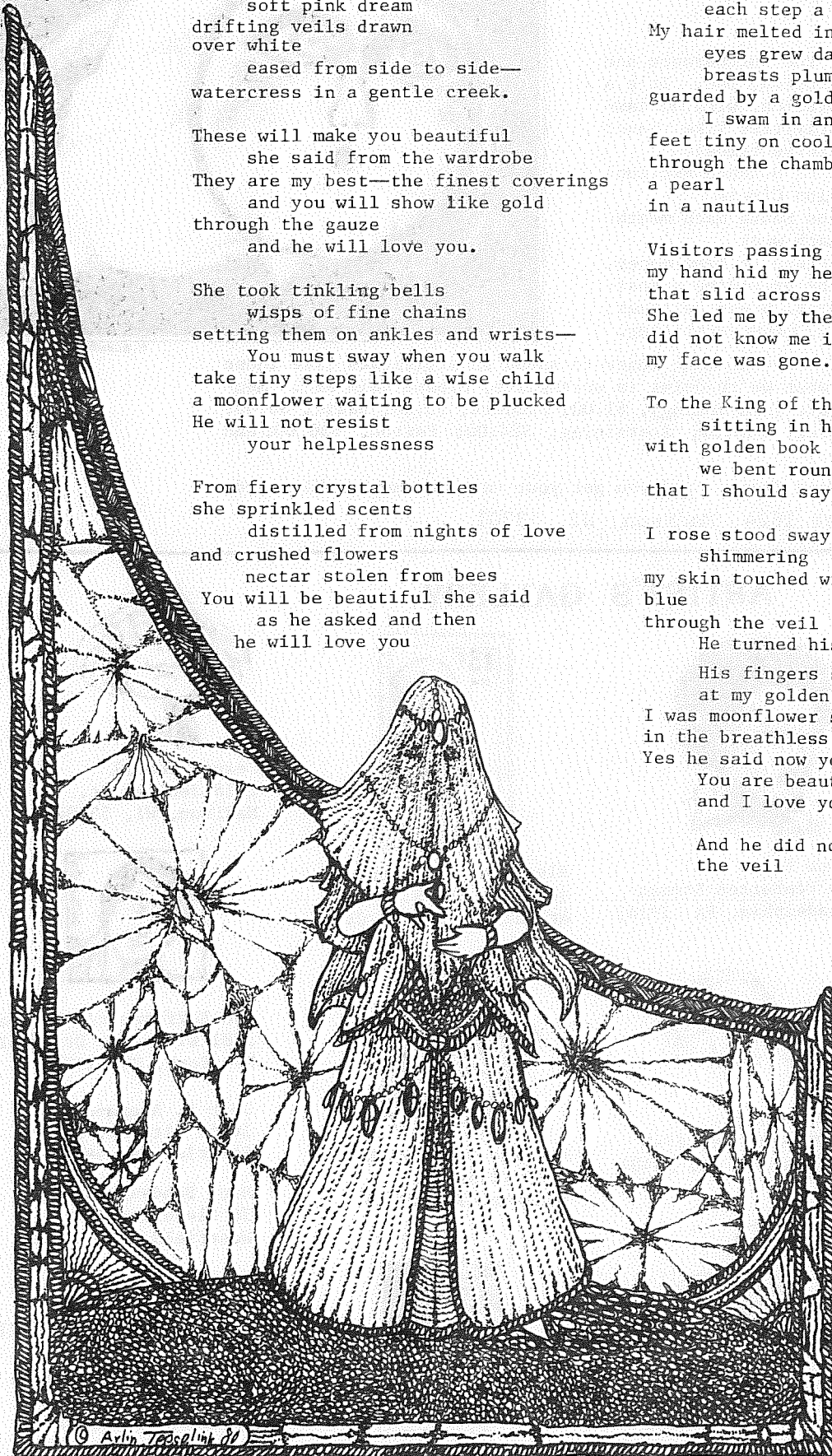
He turned his eyes towards me

His fingers smiled
at my golden chains

I was moonflower stolen nectar helpless
in the breathless hush
Yes he said now you are beautiful
You are beautiful indeed
and I love you

And he did not lift
the veil

TERRY GAREY



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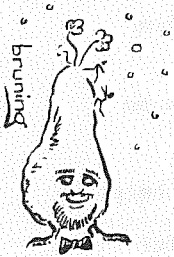
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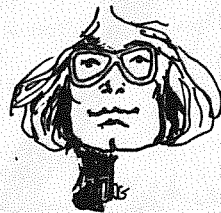
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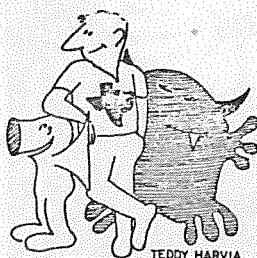
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