



JANUS



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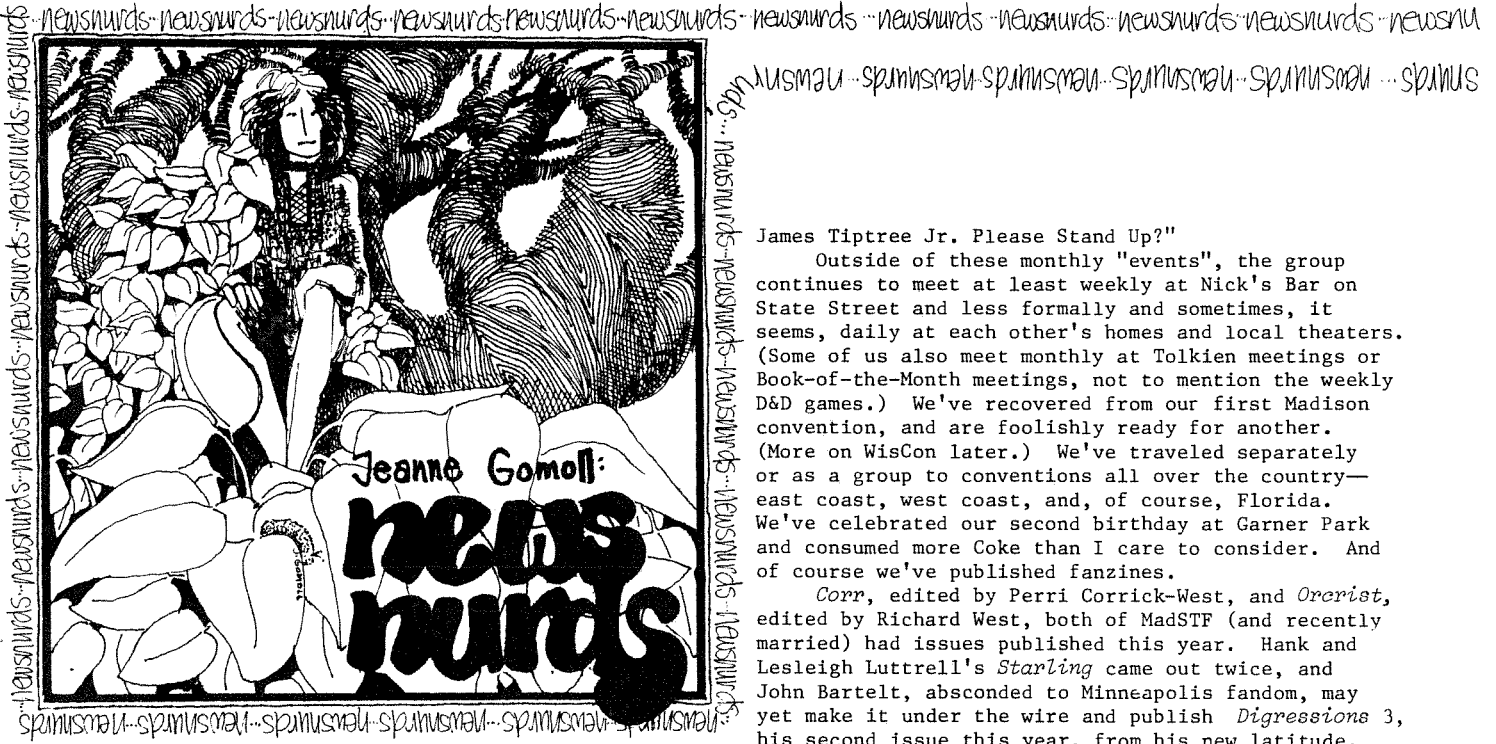
Page 25 Column 2 Line 3: "interesting" should be "uninteresting". Page 45 Column 2 Line 4: *Science Future—Science Past* should be *Science Past—Science Future*. Page 45 Column 2 Line 12: "things unknown" should be "things known".

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IT'S been a strange year: the summer extraordinarily hot, the winter too soon. And things have been strange in more ways than mere weather conditions. Lots of changes have ruptured the lives of my friends, as well as my own, in sometimes marvelous, sometimes painfully awful ways this year. I couldn't begin to catalog the episodes of melodrama I've participated in as minor character and sometimes co-protagonist. It's been exhilarating, to say the least. At times I may have wished for none of it to have happened; mostly, though, I'd have chosen to live it through again.

Corresponding and sometimes overlapping with chaotic private lives, the activities of the group of us (MadSTF, that is) seems to have endured, even grown more complex in its aspirations and claims upon our individual time and energies. With the tools of the club, the corporation (SF³), the fanzines, radio access, and the convention, we've committed ourselves to projects which seem to function as feedback mechanisms, refueling our energy, refining our friendships. That, in somewhat lighter terms, is what I've usually written about in this column. It is the sense that I was groping for in a junked portion of the last issue's "News Nurds" that dealt with fannish families. It will continue to be the resource underlying the content of future columns of "News Nurds".

Throughout this past year, MadSTF has grown in numbers, especially after our fall semester recruitment meeting. I expect that soon the club will be more obviously characterized by what older groups than ours seem to all experience eventually, that is, the appearance of distinct sub-groups within the group. Still, however, we are mostly functioning as a unit.

Except for an interruption during the summer months, we've produced monthly "special events" every month this year. In January, it was "FIAWOL!"; in February, "Your First Time"; March, "Visit the Past"; April, "From Here to There in a Thousand Years"; September, WorldCon and Hugo winners (and losers) report; in October MadSTF cat-lovers produced "Alien Minds and Science Fiction, Part 1: Cats". And in November we did an Alice Sheldon/James Tiptree Jr. special, based on *To Tell the Truth*: "Will the Real

James Tiptree Jr. Please Stand Up?"

Outside of these monthly "events", the group continues to meet at least weekly at Nick's Bar on State Street and less formally and sometimes, it seems, daily at each other's homes and local theaters. (Some of us also meet monthly at Tolkien meetings or Book-of-the-Month meetings, not to mention the weekly D&D games.) We've recovered from our first Madison convention, and are foolishly ready for another. (More on WisCon later.) We've traveled separately or as a group to conventions all over the country—east coast, west coast, and, of course, Florida. We've celebrated our second birthday at Garner Park and consumed more Coke than I care to consider. And of course we've published fanzines.

Corr, edited by Perri Corrick-West, and *Orcrist*, edited by Richard West, both of MadSTF (and recently married) had issues published this year. Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell's *Starling* came out twice, and John Bartelt, absconded to Minneapolis fandom, may yet make it under the wire and publish *Digressions* 3, his second issue this year, from his new latitude. With this issue, *Janus* publishes its fourth 1977 issue (astounding even though we have claimed to be a quarterly), and its 10th issue in a 2½-year-long lifetime.

This issue of *Janus*, you might possibly have already noticed, is short. Don't ask us why, just breathe a sigh of relief. You've earned it. More importantly, we've earned it! Instead, conserve your strength for the next issue (heh heh heh). The letter column should, by this issue, have attained a comparatively sane appearance. I mean, that is, that you should be able to read it this time. Hank Luttrell, who is responsible for the well-edited lettercol in *Starling*, has agreed to edit *Janus* letters; hopefully, we will never again be forced to reduce the whole column to the degree we did last time in order to make it an acceptable length. Otherwise, there aren't any major differences this time. Since *Janus* is a relatively "young" fanzine, it is perhaps ironic that we are this issue presenting a fannish "comeback" in the form of Angus Taylor, who was a regular contributor to *Starling* for many years, the author of "Sergeant Pepper's Starship", and who also wrote a book about Philip K. Dick, which was published by T. K. Graphics. And then of course there are our regulars (Diane and Dick this time reviewing movies that they like), some fiction, some reviews, etc.

The word for this issue, however, is short. (I keep saying this to myself, to Jan, to anyone who will listen, hoping it comes true.) And the reason that it is short is the next issue, Number 11, the WisCon issue. We started working on that last October (and the convention even earlier than that). We're rather excited about both—the WisCon issue of *Janus* and the convention itself—and so in conjunction with the WisCon brochure tucked somewhere in these pages, I'll tell you a little about the event here.

To celebrate Vonda McIntyre's and Susan Wood's appearances at WisCon as Guests of Honor, there will be large chunks of the con issue of *Janus* devoted to them. There will be biographic and bibliographic material, a portfolio of artwork by different artists inspired by images drawn from McIntyre's work, and reviews of Vonda's short stories and novels, including another *Janus* special pre-publication book review

of her latest novel, *Dreamsnake*! In corresponding with Vonda's editor at Houghton-Mifflin Press about the reviews and the MS, I was told that they may attempt to move up the publication date a bit so that copies can be sold at WisCon. The WisCon issue of *Janus* (functioning as quasi-program book and included in a WisCon membership) will include an article by Susan Wood on feminism and fandom, several articles about programming written by the panel's coordinators, and reviews of WisCon films. Adding our regular columns to that list, *Janus* 11 is already a full issue. We're looking forward to putting it together.

These, then, are excellent reasons for you all to make plans to come to WisCon this February. If you need more...

As for the convention itself, we've got a lot planned already. Check the brochure for details on the programming. If you notice, there is quite a lot of feminist programming planned. Some of the highlights will be a reading and discussion by Vonda of excerpts from her novel, *Dreamsnake*, a reading and dramatic presentation of *Life of Anne Bonney* (dyke pirate) by Jessica Amanda Salmonson, and a reading by Ann Weiser of her newly written play. There might also be a re-run of MadSTF's presentation of *To Tell the Truth*, featuring three pretenders to the name of James Tiptree Jr. Lesleigh Luttrell will be organizing a panel on feminism and fandom, and considering the number of people who've already expressed an interest in participating in some sort of feminist-oriented panel or activity at the convention, we will probably have arranged a few more events on this theme. Again, check that WisCon brochure for details.

As with last year's WisCon, our group's many and varied interests will be reflected in a convention that will offer many attractions other than those concerning feminism. For instance, the education presentation/panel to be delivered by Ken Zahorski, Bob Boyer, and Martin Greenberg promises to be excellent. The former two individuals team-teach a reportedly fantastic science-fiction course in the English Department of St. Norbert's College in De Pere, Wisconsin. Martin Greenberg is a professor at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay, and is the editor of several critical books on SF published by Taplinger. As described in the brochure, there will also be panels on *The Silmarillion*, multi-media presentations on H. G. Wells and Jules Verne, a children's literature panel (with Susan Wood and Thomas Moylan), a political SF panel, and fan-art programming. There is a good possibility of a marathon Dungeons and Dragons adventure. There will even be a "Madison Parade of Cats". I am not kidding you. Be prepared for a weekend of varied entertainment.

Between the writing of this article and the printing of the brochure (and perhaps after that too) there will no doubt have been several additions and changes in WisCon programming. Thus the brochure should be read as the most up-to-date and accurate source of information.

Ironically for a campus so characterized by intense activity and interest in films, we've encountered difficulties about our film program at WisCon with our university liaisons. These are the helpful people who are giving us the use of the Wisconsin Center, an excellent convention facility. They don't consider our film program of all-night films to be "worthwhile". Well, regardless of that attitude, we

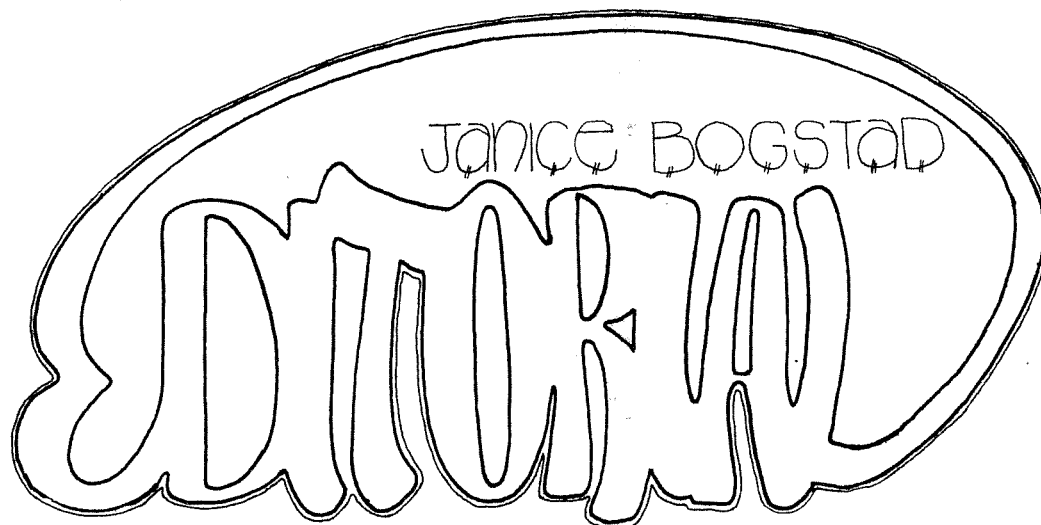
will be showing all-night movies, probably in the hotel across the street from the Wisconsin Center (the Madison Inn), where most of you will probably be staying if you attend WisCon.* Our film program will be comprised of a series of animated films, films concerned with women, and 1920s and 30s fantasy/horror films, plus short subjects. Since finding feminist-oriented SF films would have been impossible, we decided what the heck, and went to the opposite extreme. It should be fun. The film program can be blamed upon Perri West, Rick White, Hank Luttrell, and Diane Martin.

And of course there will be a huckster's room and an art show and auction. You can write Hank and myself, respectively, in care of SF³, Box 1624, Madison, WI, 53701; the same address will enable you to communicate with us about any event/interest/problem involving WisCon.

Thus the year has gone: beginning the year with a recuperation period from our first convention, ending it with plans for our second. During the interim we've published and socialized, painted two basement walls together, and entertained a number of fans traveling through our part of the country (i.e., the middle): Dan Steffan, Jerry Kaufman, Cy Chauvin, Ann and Createe Thorne have all visited; Fred Haskell is due in December. A number of people in the group (Lesleigh and Hank Luttrell, Philip Kaveny, Jan Bogstad, and Jim Cox) have gotten increasingly involved in the "Madison Review of Books", heard over WORT-FM radio. Jim recently programmed a spin-off program, the WORT "Science Fiction and Fantasy Hour", and has had shows on Tolkien, *Star Wars*, SF art, Conan, Samuel R. Delany, and an Ursula K. LeGuin special the Saturday before Christmas. The "Madison Review of Books" does more radio reviews than any other radio station in the country. In its always entertaining live one-hour shows on Saturday (usually on a theme, rather than simply a conglomeration of reviews), and in its carted 3-minute reviews played through the week, WORT reviews over 2 dozen books a week. Most recently the MadSTF subset of the "Madison Review of Books" program put on a Halloween special at midnight on Halloween's Eve which involved an eerie (and wonderfully funny) presentation (reviews, dramatizations, seance, howls) on August Derleth and H. P. Lovecraft. Next year some of the rest of us (the, um, more visually oriented) will be able to report to you on another MadSTF project, the animated film based on Fred Haskell's version of "Mediocre Fred".

It's been a full year for us. Through the experience of involving ourselves in these projects, we've discovered a lot of resources we hadn't been aware of—in ourselves, in each other, and in the community. We invite you to come to WisCon and see for yourself this budding community of science-fiction activists. Come out "middle" this February (as opposed to going out east, west, etc...) Come to WisCon!

*You could also stay at the slightly cheaper Lowell Hall, another University facility which we scheduled as last year's con hotel. But, as you may recall, there was some difficulty in having parties at that facility and we've been assured by the management of the Madison Inn that there will be no such problems at their establishment. Check the brochure for hotel information, but remember, Lowell Hall for sleep, the Madison Inn for good times.



THE SCIENCE FICTION CONNECTION: READERS AND WRITERS IN THE SF COMMUNITY

[I think that by now most SF fans are aware of the ever-increasing academic interest in science fiction as literature as it has developed in recent years. Being a member of both the fan and the academic communities, I was recently called upon to perform a communicative function. The assistant director of the Center for Twentieth Century Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Teresa de Lauretis, asked me to participate, along with Samuel R. Delany (who needs no introduction); Teresa Ebert, another graduate student (English-Minnesota); the well-known SF critic and professor of English from McGill University, Darko Suvin; and herself, in a workshop on science fiction during the three-day Symposium on Post-Industrial Culture held at UWM November 17-19. It seems that she and Chip Delany, who was teaching at UWM that semester, had decided they needed someone to introduce fandom to the predominantly academic audience that they anticipated at their workshop. This was to be my task. The results were not unpleasing to me. I set out to provide a little background to the phenomenon called fandom, discussed the current state of the art, and then went on to the part that I liked the best, a description of fandom as a potential (and often actual) counterculture. Well, since I spent so much time on this paper, and since it was favorably received, and since I don't have time to write another editorial if we are to get this Janus off in time, I decided to print the paper here, hoping that I might get some reader response to the way I represented the world of fandom to the Academy. Go to it, reader. —JMB]

This weekend, as with almost every other weekend of the year, there is a good chance that some group of science-fiction enthusiasts is gathering somewhere in the United States to spend a brief 2 1/2 days together talking with, educating, and entertaining each other. This is a manifestation of the science-fiction connection, a phenomenon which I would like to introduce you to by way of my own personal experience of it.

Although I began reading science fiction at an early age, my active entry into the community of science-fiction fans began at the atypically late age of 25. As a child of seven, I became addicted to books such as *Janice in Tomorrowland*, *The Spaceship Under the Apple Tree*, *Spacecat on Mars*, and the juvenile fiction of Robert Heinlein and Andre Norton. As I grew up, I looked for more of this kind of literature before I knew that it had a special name, science fiction, an insight passed on to me by my junior-high librarian. This made my quest a lot easier, as I discovered that more than four or five people wrote about spaceships and far-off places. I still didn't know that such a thing as an active organization of people interested in this type of fiction existed. I

wasn't even aware of the existence of professional magazines devoted to the subject, where such organizations advertised their events, until late in my high-school years. Like many other readers of science fiction, I had not yet made the SF connection. Had I known the nature of these gatherings, that readers and writers of this peculiar kind of fiction regularly collected to actively pursue their favorite subject, I know I would have wanted to get involved as did many adolescents who grew up in the larger American cities such as Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, and, closer to home, Minneapolis and Milwaukee.

The science-fiction connection was first forged during the 1930s as a new type of fiction, scientific fiction, began appearing in cheap magazines printed on pulp paper. Hence the early era of science fiction flourished on the pages of "the pulps", which also printed letters from their readers, the first true science-fiction fans. Magazines such as Hugo Gernsback's *Amazing Stories*, which began publishing in 1926, proved to be a rallying point in the '30s, when fandom as a continuous organization began. As one fan historian, Harry Warner Jr., puts it: "Too many persons with

intense interest in science fiction simply did not realize the existence of others with similar devotions."¹

Fandom began with this vital information service. According to Warner, active fans comprised less than 1% of the people who read science fiction, even through the '40s.² No one knows why this is the case as all one has to do to be called a fan is be someone who "does something more about his [*sic*] interest in science fiction than the simple process of reading stories of this type."³

The "something more" is where active fandom comes into the picture, for science-fiction enthusiasts have not one but two avenues through which they can expand their appreciation of this form of literature. Through these two major activities, the holding of weekend conventions and the publishing of amateur magazines (called fanzines) on the subjects of fantasy and science fiction, there exists, even to the present day, a special relationship between readers, or the SF public, and writers in the genre. This sort of relationship is, to my knowledge, unprecedented with any other kind of specialized fiction. As early as 1940, there were over 200 separate amateur publications circulating among and being written by and for science-fiction fans, and 1939 saw the first World Science Fiction Convention, NyCon, held in New York. Active fandom had begun with letter columns and grown to encompass its own publications and create its own gatherings.

Where did science-fiction fan organizations start and what function did they serve among the readership of this specialized literature? It seems that the earliest SF conventions were as much meetings of professional writers as they were of readers. Warner mentions: "No worldcon during the forties attracted more than perhaps a hundred persons who were not prominent fans or professionals."⁴ Even in its earliest stages, fandom was not a spectator sport. Spontaneous gatherings of the '20s became fan organizations of the '30s, and conventions took on some of the characteristics that they possess to this day. NyCon in 1939 and ChiCon (Chicago in 1940) had professional writers and amateur SF enthusiasts alike involved in convention programming.

There were also masquerade contests. These were originally costume dances at which prizes were awarded for the best costume. However, as costumes became increasingly more elaborate and potentially dangerous for their wearers, this aspect of conventions became a pageant of science fiction and fantasy in the flesh. One should expect to see at least one 10-foot creature, one being of an odd skin color, and one harem woman (or lad, as at this year's WorldCon, which was held in Miami, Florida) at most SF conventions.

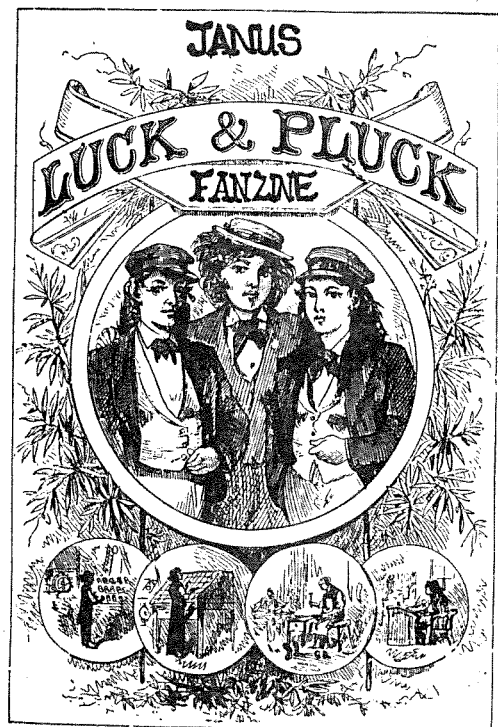
The main feature of weekend conventions was, and still is, a series of panels, speeches, or workshops, though the distinctions between the three are not rigidly maintained as fan audiences tend to participate in the programming to a greater extent than any other type of audience in my experience. Program items also range in formality, from speeches by well known writers and editors to humorous panels whose main function is to entertain with inanity or clever wordplay. One such event at the 1977 Miami world convention consisted of a draw-off between artists who were known for their contributions to fan magazines. The best among them was chosen according to popular consensus, and we all have a different idea of who won.

In the years since the first WorldCon, a fairly firm convention structure has evolved, though each particular convention is as free-floating as its

organizers will allow. There are conventions at the local level, like the ones held last February in Madison and last June in Milwaukee. These attract 200 to 400 members. Regionals such as the autumn Chicago convention and the spring Minneapolis convention have begun attracting the 500 to 800 people that used to comprise WorldCon attendance in the late '50s and early '60s. The major fannish event is still the yearly world convention, which is held alternately in a western, central, or eastern North American city, except when the site-selection balloting is won by an overseas fan contingent, which has happened about every five years. Thus, the 1979 WorldCon will be held in Brighton, England, and a few years ago it was held in Melbourne, Australia. And this yearly event now attracts between 2000 and 4000 attendees/participants.

Although the above-mentioned figures are unprecedentedly high for science-fiction fandom, they must seem low in comparison to the numbers of people who flock to *Star Trek* conventions. This is because SF conventions are of interest only to the sort of reader who is both interested in the literature and in socializing with people who have the same interest. As Warner's statistics show, this is only a small percentage of the avid readers of science fiction, much less the population at large. Thus, there is a great deal of "in-group" behavior exhibited at weekend gatherings. Initiates to fandom must break into what at first seems like a very exclusive club with a specialized vocabulary. By the time one knows what a "neofan" is, one probably no longer deserves the name. By then the vocabulary of shortened words, acronyms, and specialized meanings for otherwise innocuous phrases has become intelligible. It is a particularized vocabulary that science-fiction fans use only at conventions and when communicating with each other through the second favorite activity of fans, fanzine writing.

The other important aspect of SF fan organizations is the publishing of amateur magazines. When SF began to gain a large audience in the late '20s and early '30s, those interested in this specialized literature wrote letters, airing their views on science and science fiction, which filled



the letter columns of professional magazines. This extensive practice was gradually replaced by fan writing until, by 1941, a well known professional editor could bemoan his loss of fan letters with these words: "The real fans are too busy writing letters for fanzines and articles for same, or putting out their own fanzines, to spare criticism for such unimportant things as the pros."⁵ Fans had begun to develop their own forums for intercommunication, forums which are stronger than ever in contemporary fan circles. Anyone who has opinions to express on the subjects of science fiction, fantasy, or even fan activities could create a magazine of their own. There were many prominent fanzines with continuous publication of issues in the hundreds by the end of 1940 and there are several thousand in print at the present time. You might well ask where these publications come from, considering that the attendance at conventions is never more than a few thousand. The reason for this volume of publication is the potential range of material that the magazines include. There are fanzines that deal with everything from the personal lives of their editors, to general magazines (such as *Janus*) which mix fan communication and critical articles, to specialized publications which focus only on book reviews (*SF Review*) or fantasy (*Orcrist*) or feminist issues in science fiction (*The Witch and the Chameleon* or *Windhaven*, a relatively new publication). There is even a fanzine which chronicles and criticizes other fanzines.

As long as the magazines do not pay their contributors, they fall under the classification of fanzines and are eligible for the once-a-year Hugo award for best fanzine given out at the World Convention. Fanzines support themselves through selling subscriptions, through the ingenuity of their editors and through contributions of money and labor (a great deal of the latter). In fact, most of the subscription money goes towards postage unless one happens to be lucky enough to qualify as an educational rather than a hobby publication. So one doesn't put out a fanzine with the expectation of making money from it. One publishes a fanzine for the same reason that one creates science-fiction conventions. That is, because there is something that needs saying or doing that is not potentially of interest to the profit-oriented world of professional publishing.

In contemporary American culture, it is truly unusual to find such a widespread phenomenon as science-fiction fandom, which doesn't make money for anyone. This aspect of fan activity, activity engaged in purely for its own sake, is what leads me to see fandom as a sub-cultural phenomenon.

Why do fan organizations exist? Both participants and non-participants have speculated about this question. One often-voiced view is that science-fiction organizations are a surrogate for real-life situations and that, if the people involved in fandom were able to exert real power in society and in shaping their own lives, they would not bother with the unproductive and trivial pursuits I have mentioned above. This statement implies that being monetarily unproductive is a negative quality. To understand why that may not necessarily be the case, let's look for a moment at the alternative to fan cultural activity, the profit-based artistic productions of mass-market culture in America. There has been increasing comment made upon the negative aspects of mass culture in late-20th Century America, as it strips individuals of their identities by immersing them in "one-book-fits-all" mass culture and subjugating their individual needs and wants to the laws of the marketplace. Literature has not escaped this nemesis, as one can quickly ascertain by reading from the best-seller lists for a few months. For the majority of

Americans, esthetic enjoyment is limited to the passive reception of what is produced to sell to the largest number of people for the greatest amount of money possible. Many of us grew up with the impression that contemporary art and literature attained its value only in terms of how much it was worth monetarily. Fan organizations and activities do not operate with this assumption at all. Not only do science-fiction enthusiasts engage in an alternative to mass culture with their own specialized interests, but they also refuse to be exploited by sure-fire extravaganzas like the New York SF Expo that didn't happen in the spring of 1976. Such attempts at exploiting fan culture do not take into account the fact that its value lies in our creating it ourselves.

Fandom may be one of the last refuges of amateur entertainment in America. Like civic theater and scout troops for children, fandom is the place where people engage in artistic creation in their spare time, but unlike these local manifestations, it includes a world-wide communication network which is in opposition to the idea that cultural activity has to cost a lot of money or that only the products of professionals need be of interest to us.

Who runs culture in America? There is no one person or group dictating what will and will not be created. Artistic promoters are only interested in what will sell. There is only the great leveller, the marketplace, which increasingly dictates an esthetic which demands not that the artistic product appeal to anyone but that it not actively alienate any one group of potential consumers.

Science-fiction writers, on the other hand, know their audiences, and their audiences know them, because of the fairly direct communication link forged between the two groups. Fandom may be a sub-cultural phenomenon in that its members depend on the American socio-economic system for their survival, but it is a very active subculture which has an effect on the larger culture through the publishing industry. It seems almost fantastic to think that fan interest can have an effect on what science fiction is published, in that there is such a well developed book-marketing industry in America. Yet this is



the case, largely due to the many avenues of communication between reader, writer, and publisher that exist in and through fan organizations. Let me give you a few examples from the brief (three-year) history of my own involvement with the fan community and with publishing the magazine *Janus*. At my first convention, I met an SF writer turned paperback editor and discussed the problems of pronoun gender with him. An extended discussion about the work of and with Harlan Ellison developed through the pages of *Janus*. *Janus* has also been able to print conversations with new women writers and has had the

chance to do pre-publication reviews of two novels by two new, but already well respected, women writers. And this chronicles only my individual experience with the effectiveness of the SF connection.

I do not claim that any one pole of this reader-writer-publisher triumvirate holds ultimate power over the others. I cannot force a publisher to bring out a book or an author to write in a certain way any more than they can force me to read something I find distasteful. But each of us can exercise a certain amount of influence over the others in a fairly direct manner. A case in point is Bantam's recent publication of a book, which had been rejected when it was originally submitted, because it grew so popular among members of the SF community. Ernest Callenbach's *Ecotopia*, which he published first on his own, has become the basis for a cult.

The SF community offers many rewards other than the possibility of influencing what we are presented with as readers. It offers participants the chance to develop communication skills and examine problems or questions which might not see the light of day otherwise. Many times my appreciation for an author's work or my criticism of it has been sharpened and focused by what I read in fanzines or through conversations with fans at conventions. I also find that fandom provides an outlet for developing ideas that I could not express in any other forum. As my co-editor, Jeanne Gomoll, so aptly put it when we were criticized for militant feminism and political stances in some editorials, at this point we are not so much trying to change other people's minds with our writing as we are trying to develop our own consciousness. The kind of amateur writing and publishing that exists in fandom offers us a vital opportunity to explore such issues as feminist consciousness and language, prose style, and even the possible effects of scientific developments on women, as well as vital issues in a larger political sense. Developing one's ideas on these subjects is the first step towards a solution and SF writing helps with that first step. One must formulate ideas and one must deal with almost immediate feedback and criticism.

Increasingly as time goes by, feminist issues have become easier to explore in the context of fandom, partially because SF novels themselves explore such issues. Many writers, both male and female, seem conscious of the gender problem and the basic issues surrounding alternative social and political systems. Works such as those of Ursula LeGuin, Joanna Russ, and Samuel Delany are already well known for their contributions to the exploration of this area, but there are also many newcomers to the field, like Ian Watson, Ian Wallace, Suzy McKee Charnas, and Vonda McIntyre, who are constructing their fiction around the exploration of social systems rather than the more traditional hard-science speculation. They are also communicating with fan organizations and publications about their ideas in the process of developing them.

Why do I say that the link outlined above is only beginning to form in the fan community? Well, like American culture in general, fandom has been long dominated by men. It still retains some of the atmosphere of an all-male club. I just read an excellent, if angry, article which expresses the kind of male indifference to feminist issues still prevalent in fan interactions. The article, called "The Attitude", which appeared in *Seldon's Plan*, a Detroit fan publication, quotes one prominent (male) fan as pointing out that he was not oppressed personally by, and thus saw no reason the change, the present social order. He is, of course, wrong about its effect on him and about its importance in fan circles. Fandom may have once been predominantly male and adolescent, but no more. As more feminist-oriented books are published and more fans are female,

and as more fans became politically aware during the '60s, these social questions are becoming an increasingly important part of convention programming and fan writing. There was a professional and a fan-run panel which addressed feminist issues at both the 1976 and 1977 world conventions. WisCon, held in Madison in 1977 and planned for 1978, concentrates on feminist programming. Some SF fan publications, like the ones I named earlier, discuss, overturn, and generally explore contemporary feminist and political perspectives and future goals. The science-fiction connection is a mechanism which contributes to the personal development of one's consciousness of social issues.

One negative aspect of fandom which has attracted a great deal of comment is the in-fighting among local and national fan groups. The name-calling, denigration of individuals or other groups, and criticism of personal lives have existed from the earliest days of fandom. At present some of the same sorts of silly feuds and petty grievances exist, but more often disagreements and heated arguments between individuals and groups center on the more important issues of a larger social significance, such as those mentioned above. There are discussions of such problems as linguistic alternatives to male-oriented aspects of the English language, a subject which dominated the 1977 WorldCon feminist panel. I have even read a Quebec fanzine (in French) in which a French-speaking female fan discusses the increased problems in de-masculinizing her native language. This is hardly a trivial discussion even in the context of science-fiction literature. I have also been able to read, write, and publish articles which focus on political and social implications of such theories as evolution, sociobiology, parthenogenesis, Marxism, and Communism, all of which have few alternative forums where non-academics can be heard.

It seems to me that science-fiction fandom has grown from the humble gathering of readers of often trivial and uninspiring literature in the '20s to a viable and creative subculture which allows its participants, more than anything else, an alternative to the watered-down, mass-marketed American mainstream. The science-fiction connection is alive and living in the interchanges between readers, writers, critics, and publishers which go on at conventions and in the pages of fan publications. And it reaches to all corners of America, to England, Australia, France, Canada, and Japan, and, according to some rumors, as far as Czechoslovakia.

[The Nov. 16-19 symposium at the UW-Milwaukee Center for Twentieth Century Studies promised to be of special interest to me because its intention was to interrelate cultural with technological elements in contemporary society. The science-fiction workshop, in my opinion, underplayed these relationships, emphasizing instead papers which sought to define science fiction as a literary genre. The proposed limits of these genres were, for example: to confine SF to the most experimental and scientific; to restrict SF to a taxonomic classification of precise interest reflecting individual preferences and interests; and to exclude space opera and science fantasy.]

[Teresa de Lauretis said, "I propose that SF is not just a genre of contemporary literature (popular or academic) but, on the contrary, the only fiction that can be creative in the present historical context...." Her comment emphasized the possible importance of SF and its tremendous potential for bringing to bear influence on mainstream literature and life.]

[Samuel Delany proposed a different method for dealing with SF as a genre. He stated that, once a

genre is defined, it is no longer possible to apply arbitrary limits. Delany's view is that, once given a protocol for reading SF (One understands that one is reading SF, poetry, humor; one understands that one is talking to a cop.), then the individual makes her or his own interpretations. This is clearly a freer and more creative approach than that of rigid explication.

[Joanna Russ was unable to appear at the symposium. Delany read her paper and excerpts from two of her stories. Russ's paper criticized symposia in general for the inbred tendency to revel in technology for its own sake, which circles back on itself and can

UFO Sighting: July 1960

Thin silver disk
gliding across flat blue
reflection

turning
right
there and gone

Mottled biped
nose up on limp raft
flinches when a ball
bearing passes
through blue glass.

Speculating on bright nickel species
is bad business, like gambling
that a one-eyed jack
is the front man
for invisible kings and queens.
It's more profitable
to secure a murky plot,
grounds on which the red-eyed monster
can be seen
between ten and four -
unclearly
the Objective Solution
in a vat
designed to contain a creature
who can traverse the universe.

Leslie Dock

lead to no productive end. She made a medical model: just as the hypoglycemic is caught in a rhythm of sugar rush and fatigue, so do these symposia exhaust themselves on a cycle of fascination with new gimmickery which leaves the participant overstimulated and hungry for solid nourishment. The antidote, Russ believes, is "to eat a little economics". The point being that economics is like protein. A study of economics enables one to sustain a longer and more arduous investigation of cultural development.

[Philip and I noticed that we reacted differently to Delany's reading of Russ's paper. We also noticed that we would have reacted in an entirely different way if she had read her own paper. Phil later wrote, "Samuel Delany's reading of Joanna Russ's paper affected me in a very complex manner. His reading of the essay broke down several of my defenses; he reached me. He reached me with the compelling logic with which she had written. No matter what Russ had achieved, she could never be recognized for it. She would always be changed to others' conceptions of her sex role. The world had been constructed in such a way as to make this true. By whom?, I thought; not by me. It's tough for everyone, and it's tough for me too. One is not neutral in the face of compelling ideas. I suspect that if this essay was read to me in a different context, I could have gotten around it. I could have said, 'I'm sorry; you're right, but you write about something I have nothing to do with.' Yet Chip's compelling presentation does not allow me the self-indulgent luxury of disinterested neutrality. It forces me to look at myself and reach inward. Yes, I am part of the problem which she described; that Chip carried these ideas to me when a woman could not show me that I am part of the problem. I hope to God that I will be part of the solution."

[I found myself reacting in a manner very different from Phil. I felt joyous to hear her words, to hear someone effectively describe in the power terms that men understand what it is like to be female in this culture. Russ did this by transposing the male-female roles. Secondly, I felt uncomfortable because I did not really feel that this was something that could be changed in a Western-capitalist context. My feminism is very much a part of my politics. My politics say it is the culture itself, based on the equation money = power = right. It is a necessity for this well-oiled machine of capitalism that sexism and racism exist. These will not be eradicated by feminist movements. They will be eradicated by nothing less than a total restructuring of the economic basis upon which our culture rests, i.e., "eat a little economics." —JANICE BOGSTAD¹

NOTES

¹ Harry Warner Jr., *All Our Yesterdays: An Informal History of Science Fiction Fandom in the Forties* (Chicago: Advent Publishers, 1969) P. 22.

² *Ibid.*, P. 29.

³ *Ibid.*, P. 25.

⁴ *Ibid.*, P. 24.

⁵ *Ibid.*, P. 87.

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The Finnies

melodrama Ole Kvern

While Annie and Hillage languished in the hold of the pirate's battleship; Jeannine sabotaged the hyper-space gearning **over**

Grant Canfield

NO SEXISM
HERE TO
COVER

SAN FRANCISCO
CHRONICLE

graffito

Alexis Gilliland

DANN AIRBAG WENT OFF FOR NO REASON AT ALL!

THE ADVENTURES OF **MARVIN and HARRIET**

Jeanne Gomoll

HARRIET WHERE'S THE DEAD CAT?

IT'S IN THE SOAP DISH, MARVIN!

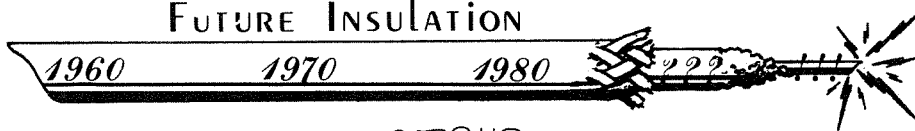
THERE'S NOTHING BUT SOAP IN THE SOAP DISH...

THAT'S RIGHT MARVIN! THERE'S A WHOLE DEAD CAT IN EVERY BAR OF DEAD CAT SOAP!

graffito

My mother made me a homosexual
oh meat! if I buy the yarn, will she make me one too?

FUTURE INSULATION



C.T.C. IN

Q: What's vanilla, vanilla, vanilla, and vanilla?
A: An ice cream clone.

Hello once again, out there in fanzine land. This is my second "Future Insulation" column, and the first to really live up to the theme. In case you haven't read #1, "Malthus Shrugged", in *Janus* 9, the idea of this series was to consider the everyday impact of our super-duper, state-of-the-art, post-whatever technology before it impacted us. I'm trying to walk the line between gee-whiz technofreakery and glum eco-catastrophizing, without sliding either way. (Well, not too often.... What's the fun of having a column if I can't be opinionated, occasionally.) Hopefully, this will constitute a bit of preventive medicine for future shock; hence the title.

Last time, I took the coward's way out, I must admit. I was setting up ground rules for futuristics, so I made it easy on myself and predicted the present from the past. This does not take much foresight. This time, I am going to stick my neck way out—I am going to try to predict some real cultural changes in the area of sex and sexuality. (Sex??? All of a sudden ears prick up—if you'll pardon the phrase.) It is hard to find a less predictable area, or one which is more likely to jar the sensibilities of an audience. And I am sure my guesses will be wrong. But they ought to start you thinking, and I expect there will be some delightful letters of less than total agreement. Great! As I said in *Janus* 9, I eagerly solicit feedback, criticism, and suggestions. Get a copy for the details. The fun of this is not being right so much as giving it a try, and, besides, I'll be able to get at least one more column done before the lynch mobs come a-knocking. (Lead times are such that I am writing this before seeing my first column in print.)

This column is going to be about cloning. It is not a science fictional column, by my judgement; I'll get back to that later. We're going to need some definitions. "Cloning" is a simple one. A "clone" is a genetic duplicate of a parent organism, grown

from one of its cells. Which cell, and how, don't matter; all that counts is the end point, which is a child that is a genetic carbon copy. The process of getting that child is cloning. Another handy term is "parthenogenesis", the process of bearing children without needing a father. Usually, it presumes no changes in the childbearing process except the ability to get a fetus from only an egg. It produces only female children, of course, and has been a favorite of amazon-planet stories for longer than I have lived.

There is "extra-uterine gestation", which I am henceforth going to refer to as EUG, 'cause I'm lazy. That simply means raising a fetus outside of a uterus, presumably in some sort of artificial womb in a medical laboratory. What comes out in nine months is (one hopes) no different from the results of a conventional pregnancy. Finally we have "recombinant DNA research" or "gene splicing", which is more or less what it sounds like. Take two genes and splice the ends (or middles if you wish) together to produce a new gene carrying the characteristics of both.

These last two technologies obviously are related to cloning. Gene splicing is not quite a commercial technology, but it is getting there fast, as any newspaper headline will tell you. I suppose that, strictly speaking, any organism that is the result of gene splicing can't possibly be considered a clone, but, as you will see, these children will have a big impact on cloning. At present, you can't go into a genes store (I couldn't resist.) and pick out the style you want, but it's coming. You will certainly be able to do a gross shuffling of two sets of genes, and that may be far more important. All of you remember what the purpose of sex is? No, not that one, the evolutionary one; it's Mother Nature's way of splicing genes.

You may not realize that EUG is not an SF gimmick. In fact, it is rather old technology, as these things are measured. Ten to fifteen years ago, human fetuses were being produced from test tubes of sperm and ova and grown in artificial placentas. They were

If all men were

Mothers

(Part 1)



know is how to apply just the right stimulus to an ovum so that it starts to develop. Knowing the way doctors are, I wouldn't be surprised if it ended up costing a grand. But then prenatal care itself isn't exactly cheap, so I would have to call this an affordable technology for a large percentage of the population—the female population; this is strictly woman-directed technology. It doesn't use men, it isn't used on men, and it only produces girls. And it works for every fertile woman who wants it.

Who would want it? Any gay woman who wants a child might consider it very carefully. Any woman who is single, can't see getting married just to have a kid, and/or doesn't want to find a one-night-stand father for a multitude of reasons. These categories don't include a large percentage of the population. Most women are heterosexual, and most women end up married or with a steady male partner at one time or another. But most is hardly all, and when you look at the numbers of women who don't like that role structure (and here we may be talking relatively small percentages and still mean 10-20 million people) it should be apparent that a large number of parthenogenetic girls could appear, without assuming major social changes.

The changes would start to occur after partheno kids were evident. All of a sudden, childbearing would become truly a woman's domain. Not merely in the historical sense that women get stuck with bearing the kids (but still need men), but in the sense that men need not be involved at all. This is autonomy, of a sort that has never existed. It can swing both ways—helping and hurting women—and probably will. There are men who will be threatened, of course. A small percentage, again, but a large number. There will certainly be attempts to consolidate the social forces involved, with pressure on women to either not use partheno techniques, or (if that fails) pressure on all women to have kids. After all, if childbearing is really the woman's role, and it no longer requires a man to keep them barefoot and pregnant, I can imagine a variant on the "Whatsamatter, can't hold a man?" which goes, "Whatsamata, ain't you woman enough to at least have a kid?"

Thankfully, that won't be the only effect. I suspect it won't be the dominant one either. Because there is really autonomy in this position. Any woman going the partheno route doesn't need men, and that's a pretty impregnable (I'm sorry, I couldn't help myself.) psychological position. That one message—"You really don't need men for anything if you don't want them" makes a lot of difference. All the male arguments about separatism being nonviable are clearly obsolete, and the knowledge that a woman can live her own life, without question, goes a long way toward eliminating the need to reassure oneself of that fact. All the energy that is devoted to proving to oneself that one can be independent can now be applied to other constructive tasks. Parthenogenesis is truly a liberating technology.

Parthenogenesis has another good effect—if only produces women. Already, there are several technologies which are likely to give us a choice of sex in our babies. Unfortunately, the most promising ones are based on the fact that the male sperm are sturdier or faster swimming or of slightly different weight than female sperm. And the sorting techniques, which are only capable of pulling a small fraction of the sperm out, are much easier to apply to get male children. This may not be obvious. Envision a sorting method based on male sperm swimming slightly faster. An obstacle course, if you will, is set up, so that the first sperm to reach the other end will be the hardiest. Almost all those sperm will be male. 99.9% of the sperm will remain in a jumbled mass, which is only slightly enriched in female sperm, but that other 0.1% is what will be used to decide the

sex. Yes, you could let the migration continue until almost all the sperm had moved, and collect the stragglers. But this would still include a lot of male sperm, and would have the added disadvantage of being mostly defective or damaged sperm.

So far all the sex-selection techniques are either neutral or favor men. Combined with the existing cultural biases, there is an unpleasantly large possibility that women would become a true minority as well as a disadvantaged group. It has been pointed out that as women become rarer, men will become more protective, meaning a further erosion of women's rights. Partheno births provide the only sex-selection method which favors women, and the development of this capability could have a major effect on the male-female ratio in future years. This is small potatoes compared to the impact of honest-to-goodness cloning, combined with the existing EUG methods.

Maybe you don't think cloning is likely to be a big deal. After all, how many people would really take advantage of it, considering the cost, when the old-fashioned ways are still available? Consider this: do you want a kid? If so, are you gay? Or infertile? Or a single male? Or just solitary by nature? Check one or all of the above. You have reason to consider cloning. If you are female, there is artificial insemination, or finding a convenient lay. Assuming you want the personal hassles and screenings and whatever else society wants to heap on your head. Assuming you aren't holding down a job or involved in a project which won't let you feel comfortable taking maternity leave. And assuming you want to be pregnant. If you are male, there is always adoption, or you can hire a mother. Both of which involve a lot of hassles. Also, we can't forget that a lot of people are hung up on having their own kid—the passing-on-the-genes or vicarious-immortality attitude.

Face it, there are a lot of people (20%? 30%? I dunno.) of both sexes who would be happier having kids in this "unnatural" way. Despite the reports, the family isn't dead, but the conventional nuclear heterosexual one is in the distinct minority. The trend is toward new familial forms, not quite so tangled up with the procreational unit. Cloning hitches a ride on that trend at the same time it helps it along. I won't say that cloning will become the predominant reproduction method in the near future. But it will unquestionably be important.

Don't forget gene-splicing. Are you a gay or infertile couple who want a kid of your (collective) own? Just shuffle some genes in the lab, and clone a kid who belongs to both (or all three or four!) of you. Boy O boy! Think of what that will do to Anita Bryant! Will she ever have a fit when gays can reproduce!

There will be interesting economic repercussions. This is a technology which requires large amounts of money and for which there is a strong consumer demand. How will cloning be financed? How will it be merchandised? And most important of all, who, if anyone, will control the new business?

We are still talking about small potatoes. Look back at my title for this column and think about it for a moment. If you thought I was using "men" as the generic for "human", you were wrong. I meant men as in those folks with Y-chromosomes and/or cocks. The ones who don't have children today. But tomorrow will be another story. Folks, we have just made sex obsolete, in the evolutionary sense. The term is vestigial to be precise. *Viva la difference?* What difference? Everybody can now have kids. Singly, in couples, or in groups of 13 if that is their desire. I am not saying bisexuality won't be fun. Just that it won't be necessary nor relevant to the survival of the species.

Once sex's importance becomes so radically altered, what will happen to its manifestation, sexual-

ity? There will be only one difference between men and women, namely that women can grow children in their bodies. But any one can be a parent, and that demolishes 90% of the physical reality of sexuality. Today sex-differentiation (good or bad, physical or imagined-cultural) has at least some link with reality; only half the race can actually produce a kid. Tomorrow, that link will be almost severed except for the one very specific fact mentioned above. Unquestionably sexuality will change. How?

I've tantalized you with questions for the past half-dozen paragraphs. There isn't room in this column to go into the possible answers that I see. I'll do that in Part 2, which will take up a whole 'nother column. I do not intend to run Part 2 next issue; instead it will appear in the issue after that. Why? Because I want to see some feedback, first. This column should have you thinking and arguing. I want to see those comments. I want to see your predictions and your reasons for them. Send LoCs to *Janus*, but if you want me to incorporate your ideas in Part 2, or to argue with mine, send me a copy as well. Let's hear that dissent! Or agreement, if you think I'm on the right track. But most of all, let me hear your predictions. My address is 372 Shotwell St., San Francisco, CA, 94110. All letters will be read enthusiastically. All comments will be considered before I write Part 2. Some of you (I can't promise.) will receive replies. All of us will have fun.

Next time around, I will talk about how the computer revolution will kill the Gestetner and alter fanzines for all time. Within 10 years too. Don't believe me! Tune in and see.

a PREMATURE LOC
GEORGE FERGIS

You asked if I had any comments on Ctein's appraisal of the current state of reproductive technology that would be worth appending to his article [*Janus* 9]. These follow:

Extra-uterine gestation or ectogenesis is not "old" technology. There is no such thing as a fully functional artificial placenta. Tissue from individual organs can sometimes be cultured, but no mammalian embryos have yet been brought to maturity without being implanted in a uterus. And even after the first success in mammals, it would still be a long time before the technique was used successfully on humans. A related but simpler technology, embryo transplantation from one mother to another, was first performed in mammals (rabbits) in 1890, but has only in the last few years become a routine procedure in livestock breeding, and was not accomplished with primates until just last year.

The complex requirements for proper embryonic development vary even among closely related species: mouse embryos transplanted into rats, or sheep embryos into goats, become malformed and do not survive. All of the experiments on humans of which I am aware have produced only grossly deformed embryos. Although Soviet scientists have reported being able to keep these "alive" for several months, most of them die within 8 weeks of conception, i.e. before they could be called fetuses.

Altogether, the problems are so formidable that I would not be surprised to see all of the other new technologies discussed by Ctein become realities before this one. When such a technology does become available, however, it might solve the moral problem of abortion by allowing an aborted fetus to be brought to term and put up for adoption.

Laws prohibiting experimentation simply call for the withholding of federal research funds from groups engaging in certain types of experimentation on aborted human fetuses that are reminiscent of vivisection. There is actually considerable encouragement for artificial-womb research because of its potential for saving more premature babies.

Some confusion was generated during the 1973-1975 period when a moratorium was placed on federal funding on all types of research on human fetuses or embryos while the present guidelines were being formulated by the National Institutes of Health. However, even during the US moratorium, work continued in Europe, where in 1974 the first successful test-tube fertilizations were accomplished for women with blockage of the fallopian tubes but otherwise functional reproductive systems. In England, some of these women appeared on TV to appeal for contributions from the public to support this research.

Collectively generated kids, who incorporate genes from several different "parents", are probably already within the range of existing techniques. Cell fusion (with the assistance of an inactivated virus) has already produced such "chimeras" in laboratory animals.

Parthenogenesis is not particularly difficult in non-mammals. In insects, fish, and reptiles it can even be part of the normal reproductive process. With bees, for example, females develop in the usual way from fertilized eggs but males develop parthenogenetically from unfertilized eggs. As Jessica [Amanda Salmonson] noted [also in *Janus* 9], there are species of lizards such as *Cnemidophorus uniparens* which, as one might guess from the name, have only one parent—they reproduce solely by parthenogenesis.

In other species, where parthenogenesis is normally not part of reproduction, innumerable methods have been developed for inducing unfertilized eggs to start developing normally. This was first accomplished in the 1890s. In 1910 it was extended to amphibians (frogs), where it can produce members of both sexes. Parthenogenesis has since been observed in birds also (turkeys and Cornish fowl), where it produces only males.

However, despite numerous attempts over the years, no one has ever been able to reproduce mammals in this way. It does not appear to be too tough to initiate parthenogenetic development in unfertilized mammalian eggs. (Indeed, there is some evidence that ovarian cysts in humans are caused by eggs spontaneously starting to develop into embryos.) Such embryos may appear to be developing normally at first, but they always die eventually, with the possible exception of isolated cases that have not been confirmed.

Human parthenogenesis, even if it were possible, would not be very desirable, because it would allow the expression of every recessive gene carried by the individual. It has been estimated that each normal human being carries approximately four recessive genes that would be lethal if they were not each paired with a normal gene. The number of defective genes producing lesser effects is difficult to estimate but is probably even greater. This means that approximately 75% of all parthenogenetically produced human embryos that have not spontaneously aborted would be stillborn or would die in childhood, and the great remainder would exhibit congenital defects of varying degrees of severity. (This does not appear, however, to be the basic reason why parthenogenesis has not been successful in mammals. Attempts have been made with highly inbred strains of mice, where most of the deleterious genes have already been culled out, but the resulting embryos do not appear any more likely to survive.) On the other hand, if an individual produced by parthenogenesis is lucky enough to have no genetic defects, then subsequent generations would also be OK, since they would be identical copies of their mothers, just as if they were produced by cloning.

For a single woman who wants a child without a one-night-stand father, artificial insemination is already available, and it is far less likely to produce defective offspring. Nor is parthenogenesis the only way of producing exclusively female offspring that might become available in the future. A selective spermicide which preferentially attacks Y-bearing sperm has achieved mild success in changing the sex ratio of offspring in mice and may become a workable technique (in conjunction with artificial insemination) long before methods of achieving viable parthenogenesis in humans are developed. (There is apparently at least one naturally occurring biochemical condition that favors female offspring, since there is a French family on record in which, over three successive generations involving a total of 72 births, there has never been a male child.)

Cloning from an adult cell has not been accomplished in any mammal yet, so I am rather doubtful about Ctein's suggestion that someone has probably already cloned a human being. I view cloning as more difficult than parthenogenesis because we can at least start a mammalian egg developing parthenogenetically, whereas the technology necessary for cloning hasn't got to that point yet.

True cloning, as it occurs in plants, would mean taking one of the specialized cells from an adult organism and inducing it to reactivate all of its dormant genes so as to develop into a duplicate of the original organism. So far this has not been accomplished in even the most primitive animals. What has been accomplished is to take an egg cell, remove or incapacitate its nucleus, and transplant into it a cell nucleus from the adult one wishes to duplicate. However, this does not produce a completely identical individual because the non-chromosomal DNA already residing in the cell cytoplasm remains that of the egg cell rather than that of the donor cell. In mammals there is the additional complication that the uterine environment is different. In mice this has been shown to affect the number of vertebrae in transplanted embryos, but too little is known of these matters to enable one to guess what it would mean as far as significant differences between a human prototype and the resulting clones.

This nuclear transplantation method has so far been successful at producing clones only in frogs. This is partly because amphibian egg cells are comparatively large, their nuclei are clearly visible just under the cell surface, and they are remarkably resistant to microsurgery. However, since the first report of cloned frogs in 1958, technology has advanced to the point where mammalian eggs can also be provided with transplanted nuclei. Yet there is still a singular lack of success in getting the resulting eggs to develop into embryos.

It may be that mammalian cell nuclei have simply lost the ability to return to a completely undifferentiated state that is possessed by lower organisms, just as we have lost the ability to regrow damaged sections of our bodies that is possessed by invertebrates like the starfish and sea urchin. This regeneration process, which involves the reactivation of genes that have long been dormant, still occurs in amphibians. Not only can a tadpole metamorphose into a frog, but a salamander (which is rather like a tadpole that didn't grow up all the way) can regenerate a leg, tail, or almost any part of its body.

It may be significant that the frog-cloning experiments became progressively less successful as donor nuclei were taken from an embryo, a tadpole, and an adult frog. Also, after almost 20 years of cloning experiments, the success rate for donor nuclei from adult frogs is still less than 1%. Thus it appears to be only a marginally workable procedure

even in amphibians.

In view of the above, I expect that cloning of humans will not be achieved until after we have unraveled the processes controlling cellular growth and differentiation. When scientists announce a cure for cancer, then you can worry about being overrun by clones.

CTEIN REPLIES

Good lord—a letter of comment before the column is even published—I'm impressed. I'm also pleading ignorance—namely I didn't read *Janus* 8 before writing the clone column. If I had, I probably would have used some of your remarks as jumping-off points. Jessica's and mine are purely coincidental, of course, since I didn't get 9 until after the column was sent. It's not important really—just thought I'd mention it.

I find that I agree with you on several points, disagree on others, and feel ho-hum on some. A mixed bag. I think I'll just take things in order.

EUG: This is one where we have some real disagreements. I agree with your saying there is no such thing as a fully functional EUG. But I know I read of some successful experiments back in the 60s, in either this country or Britain, with fetuses running several weeks old. Unfortunately, I can't remember the publications or the dates to better than ± 4 years! Agreed that "to the best of my knowledge" none has been cultured to maturity.

I do not think embryonic transplant would necessarily be a simpler technology. All it does is provide you with a convenient physical structure (another animal's uterus) but increases the chemical-balance problems incredibly. I don't consider ET and EUG to be at all equivalent, beyond the rather minor ability to either fertilize an egg in a petri dish or remove a young embryo from a womb without killing it.

Laws: That part of the article was badly put. You are correct; the laws have been changed. Nonetheless there would still be a hell of a lot of adverse social (hence political) pressure not to experiment on fetuses. From the anti-abortion types among many. I am sure there is such pressure.

I question how much encouragement there would be for artificial-womb development among the anti-choice factions when they were told it would mean killing a goodly number of fetuses to develop it! No doubt they would be delighted to have one handed to them by an angel; we all would! But the process of developing it (the real experiments) are not likely to get too favorable a public response. I don't see any short-term way of getting an AW without such experiments. I still feel that perfecting the AW is a hell of a lot easier than trying to screw up one real womb's biochemistry enough to make it compatible with a fetus transplant. That gets everything from antibodies to enzymatic levels (A to E?) into the act. At least with an AW setup, you can tailor your environment without all those nasty biological homeostatic mechanisms to screw you up.

Parthenogenesis: Regarding sex-choice, I was not aware that an X-selective spermicide had been developed. Thanks for the news flash. It does change some things. So far as I know, all other techniques still work better with getting males than females.

The problem with assuming that it won't be done because it's too much trouble, or people's ability to choose won't matter, is that such things are far too subject to faddishness. One year it's pet rocks, the next year it's choosing the sex of your baby. I think it would be used, but probably not predictably (unless you also can predict the next hula-hoop craze)!

I blush! I completely forgot about the neces-

sive problem! I can't even plead ignorance.... I just plain didn't take it into account. I tend to agree, now that you've brought it up—almost all results of simple "chromosome-doubling" tricks in an egg are likely to be genetically screwed up.

My suspicion, based on the low (to put it mildly) survival rate, even after development is successfully initiated, has been that either parthenogenesis isn't very difficult, and we are simply ignorant of one or two critical factors (rather like trying transfusions without having figured out the existence of A, B, etc.) which would make it relatively reliable, or else it is terribly, terribly difficult, and we'll probably never get it.

Cloning: Well I'm hardly certain it's been done, but I'm willing to bet a buck with you on it, if we can get the ground rules settled! I do not see cloning as more difficult than partheno, especially with EUG. Cytoplasmic DNA, I have come to suspect, is one of the big unknown factors involved. I am not so certain that the minor changes in genetic composition would matter to anyone in practice. Rather, I suspect that the difference in cytoplasmic composition ties too much into the genetic differences. I can't tell whether this is one of those "critical factor" problems or one of immense complexity...or merely a matter of sloppy technique.

Well, it looks to me like we are writing from two different places. I am going out of my way to think non-conservatively about these things. My purpose, after all, is not to write a column about what isn't possible, but about what might happen if/when

something is.

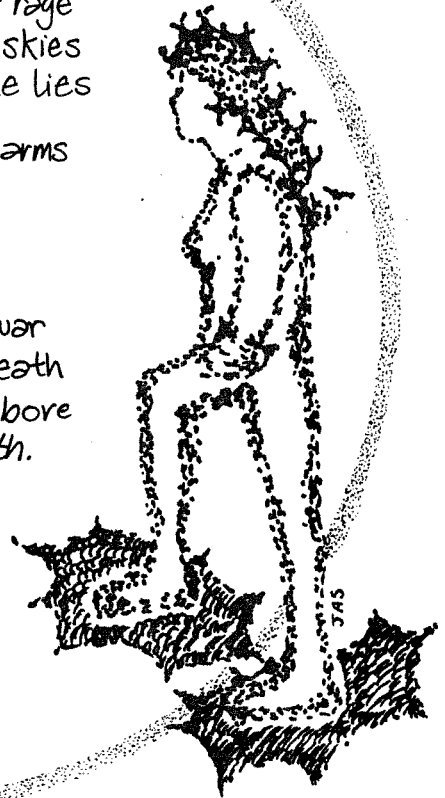
As an aside... In the past year, I have been engaged in two multilogos on matters of physics and communications (an area where I should show some expertise). I have been able to prove, along with other participants far more knowledgeable than I, that a laser is not a practical way to launch a payload into orbit, and that neutrino beams weren't going to be much good for anything for a long time. We had lots of good reasons for these opinions. In fact our list was as extensive as (and read rather like) your letter to me. Unfortunately for our expertise, the August *Physics Today* goes into the practicality of launch lasers at great length, neatly dispersing all our objections. And about two weeks ago, the local paper had a front-page article on NAL's plans to demonstrate neutrino-beam communication links in about a year (environmentally safe, unjammable, and highly directional, in case you wondered why). That one gave me a bad jolt of future shock. It reinforces my feelings that my purpose should not be to prove something can happen or can't, except for fun. The serious work is trying to make plans in case it does, so you won't get caught with your fingers in that temporal light socket. I would be very interested in seeing some comments from you about what you expect cloning/partheno to be like, assuming that they will happen. And what you think the consequences will be.

In any case, thanks for the letter. If they all turn out to be this thoughtful, not to mention enlightening, I'm gonna get a lot of good mail out of this.

MADWOMAN

Eyes gleaming, star-dreaming, locked in a cage
 For screaming in seeming berserker rage
 Mad woman, Wisewoman, darken the skies
 Turn back the centuries, turn back the lies
 Madwoman, Wisewoman, raise up Your arms
 Sing incantations, weave magic charms
 Free us from evil, free us from harm
 Release the unebbing painful alarm
 Good woman, bad woman, woman at war
 Glad woman, sad woman, woman of death
 Woman of peace, of the lives that you bore
 All of creation: candle to your breath.

Jessica Amanda Salmonson



THE *Iron Heel* by Jack London was first published in 1907. My paperback copy is a 1970s edition from The Journeyman Press in London, and bears a cover picture of a soldier's boots trampling on a placard of Salvador Allende, the murdered president of Chile. The publishers obviously believe this novel still has something to say to us today.

The Iron Heel is a political science-fiction story. It takes the form of a manuscript written by a woman revolutionary in the 20th Century, but not discovered until seven centuries later. Thus the story is accompanied by copious footnotes inserted by its future editor, explaining and commenting upon many points in the original manuscript. This device permits London to comment upon events from two perspectives: that of a socialist future, and that of a 20th Century person who is becoming politically radicalized. Avis Cunningham, daughter of a brilliant physicist at Berkeley, meets Ernest Everhard (Note the name.) and not only falls in love with (and eventually marries) the young proletarian leader but also becomes a revolutionary herself.

The Iron Heel is not exactly what one would call a literary work. To call it didactic is putting things mildly. The story is filled with Ernest's political lectures to all and sundry, and London makes little attempt to hide the fact that the book's reader is the real object of these lectures. It is only fair, then, to point out to anyone considering reading this novel that they may find this didacticism quite tedious. What makes the book interesting to me is London's political foresight, which is manifested in the curious tension between the text's two parts: the manuscript of Avis Everhard and the notes

appended by its future editor.

When London wrote *The Iron Heel*, World War I still lay several years in the future. Lenin was an obscure

politician and philosopher, bouncing from one European city to another. The great split in the international socialist movement had not yet occurred. Most socialists harbored a rather naive evolutionist belief in the automatic, and likely peaceful, transition from capitalism to a better future. Though the roots of fascism were all around, few dreamed of the plant that was soon to bloom. Jack London obviously had a nightmare, and this novel was the result.

In line with turn-of-the-century thought, Ernest Everhard's exposition of Marxist theory emphasizes that the coming of socialism is in line with evolution. "You can no more cause the tide of economic evolution to flow back in its channel along the way it came than you can make water run uphill.... This is the fiat of evolution. It is the word of God. Combination is stronger than competition." And he tells an audience of wealthy capitalists, "If you will read your biology and your sociology as clearly as you do your history, you will see that this end I have described is inevitable." (Ernest's insistence that true knowledge can only be obtained from "the facts" and inductive reasoning suggests a positivist/empiricist outlook.) Even the manuscript's future editor sees political development in terms of natural evolution: "We must accept the capitalist stage in social evolution as about on a par with the earlier monkey age. The human had to pass through those stages in its rise from the mire and slime of low organic life. It was inevitable that much of the mire and slime should cling and be not easily shaken off."

Yet Ernest, in contrast to his fellow socialists, comes to believe that the road ahead will not be a peaceful one: "Ernest could not get them seriously to fear the coming of the Oligarchy. They were stirred by him, but they were too sure of their own strength. There was no room in their theoretical social evolution for an oligarchy, therefore the Oligarchy could not be." A couple of decades before the advent of fascism, London here pinpoints a weakness in the vision of many socialists. This is made more explicit in the editor's foreword, where it is said that the *Iron Heel* (as the brutal Oligarchy came to be known) "should serve as a warning to those rash political theorists of to-day who speak

BY ANGUS M. TAYLOR

THE IRON HEEL

with certitude of social processes."

Following upon Capitalism, it was held, even by such intellectual and antagonistic giants as Herbert Spencer, that Socialism would come. Out of the decay of self-seeking capitalism, it was held, would arise that flower of the ages, the Brotherhood of Man. Instead of which, appalling alike to us who look back and to those that lived at the time, capitalism, rotten-ripe, sent forth that monstrous offshoot, the Oligarchy. Too late did the socialist movement of the early twentieth century divine the coming of the Oligarchy. Even as it was divined, the Oligarchy was there—a fact established in blood, a stupendous and awful reality.

It is not claimed that fascism—for that is what the Iron Heel represents—is an inevitable stage in social development, in the same way that feudalism or capitalism itself can be said to be inevitable. Rather, London is warning that the path of social development cannot be foreseen according to a concept of predetermined evolution. Evolution there is, but only human struggle pushes it forward. Almost none of the characters in the novel—not even Avis Everhard once she becomes a committed revolutionary—grasps how long and difficult the struggle will be. The book's reader learns that the Iron Heel is to rule in blood for 300 years before being overthrown.

London pictures war, fostered by imperialist rivalry, breaking out between Germany and the US in 1912, but being nipped in the bud by international working-class solidarity, in the form of general strikes. At this point an ominous development occurs: the ruling classes unite against the proletariat, and in the US the oligarchy buys off the key labor unions by giving them a stake in the economic system—thus splitting the labor movement while essentially preserving the status quo.

On the first development here, London was too optimistic: in 1914, in our world, when imperialist competition ignited World War I, socialist solidarity failed, and the socialist movement split between the revolutionaries (communists) and the reformists (social democrats). But London's forecast regarding the emergence of a pliant labor aristocracy in the US proved correct; today in the developed capitalist countries the more privileged sections of the working class participate indirectly in the exploitation of the less privileged at home and abroad. London also makes a couple of noteworthy forecasts about international developments: he imagines the breakup of the British Empire in the face of revolutionary pressure, and the dominance of the US in the New World, where the Iron Heel helps crush revolutions in Canada, Mexico, and Cuba. And he says: "Most savage of all was the Japanese Oligarchy that arose. Japan dominated the East, and took to herself the whole Asiatic portion of the world-market, with the exception of India."

While London's use of a female narrator for his tale is probably largely dictated by the didactic structure of his novel—i.e., his wish to describe a process of personal radicalization (Avis) while simultaneously allowing plenty of opportunity for lecturing the reader via an already radicalized character (Ernest)—he nevertheless assigns a considerable role to women in his picture of the revolutionary movement. Here Avis describes her escape from the authorities, disguised as an upper-class lady:

The three maids who accompanied me were revolutionists. Two were members of the Fighting Groups, and the third, Grace Holbrook, entered a group the following year, and six months later was executed by the Iron Heel.... Of the other two, Bertha Stole disappeared twelve years later, while Anna Royston still lives and plays an increasingly important part in the Revolution.

To which an editor's footnote adds:

Despite continual and almost inconceivable hazards, Anna Royston lived to the royal age of ninety-one.... She bore a charmed life, and prospered amid dangers and alarms. She herself was an executioner for the Fighting Groups, and, known as the Red Virgin, she became one of the inspired figures of the Revolution. When she was an old woman of sixty-nine she shot "Bloody" Halcliffe down in the midst of his armed escort and got away unscathed. In the end she died peaceably of old age in a secret refuge of the revolutionists in the Ozark mountains.

(It is interesting to note that women played a large part in the Russian revolutionary movements. The role of women in the Bolshevik movement, for example, comes out in *Memories of Lenin* by Nadezhda Krupskaya, Lenin's wife and herself an important revolutionary figure.)

The narrative becomes less strictly didactic in its last chapters, which describe Avis's involvement in the uprising of the proletariat in Chicago—an uprising deliberately provoked by the Oligarchy to catch the revolutionary movement unprepared and savagely repress it. Jack London's holocaust leaves the reader without any happy ending—other than the implied promise of the triumph of the revolution in the far future, and after many intervening calamities. A footnote near the end of the manuscript hints at whole histories of struggle and terror in the immediate wake of the Chicago disaster:

Revenge was the ruling motive, and the members of the terroristic organizations were careless of their own lives and hopeless about the future. The Danites, taking their name from the avenging angels of the Mormon mythology, sprang up in the mountains of the Great West and spread over the Pacific Coast from Panama to Alaska. The Valkyries were women. They were the most terrible of all. No woman was eligible for membership who had not lost near relatives at the hands of the Oligarchy. They were guilty of torturing their prisoners to death. Another famous organization of women was the Widows of War. A companion organization to the Valkyries was the Berserkers. These men placed no value whatever upon their own lives, and it was they who totally destroyed the great Mercenary city of Bellona along with its population of over a hundred thousand souls. The Bedlamites and the Helldamites were twin slave organizations, while a new religious sect that did not flourish long was called the Wrath of God.

London's warnings about the folly of a passive view of social evolution, his emphasis on the need for struggle—perhaps violent—coupled with his apparent endorsement of a "scientific" reading of human history as an aspect of natural evolution, points to an interesting conflict that has enlivened (or plagued) Marxist theory. On the one hand we have what we might call the perspective of "naturalism", which views humans and human societies as part of nature and subject to natural laws of development. On the other hand, there is the perspective of "humanism", in which the world is interpreted primarily in terms of human experience and values. The split between the two perspectives can be traced right back to Marx and Engels. In his writings, Engels emphasized the naturalist perspective and attempted to integrate the discoveries of the natural sciences (physics, biology, etc.) with Marxist social science. In this he was very influential, and "dialectical materialism" as it was developed in the Soviet Union is basically a naturalist perspective on social development. Marx himself assumed a basically humanist position in his early writings; what his "mature" position was is the subject of a great and continuing international debate. Western Marxists, in reaction against the

abuses of Marxist philosophy in the Soviet Union, have mostly (but not unanimously) emphasized the humanist perspective. Against a "dialectic of nature" they have asserted a "dialectic of practice"—that is, they have asserted the ability of humans to shape the world to their own ends rather than being shaped by the world. In France this debate is represented by Jean-Paul Sartre at one pole, attempting to make notions of individual freedom and experience basic to an understanding of social development, and Louis Althusser at the other pole, arguing that human individuals are not the makers but the channels or supports of the socio-historical process, and defining Marxism as a "theoretical anti-humanism".

It is somewhat paradoxical that the Soviet Union is the bastion of the naturalist perspective, in view of the fact that Lenin and the Bolsheviks rejected the idea of passive determinism in history and based their movement on the efficacy of human action. The potential ideological abuse of the naturalist perspective has led certain humanist Marxists, such as those of the Frankfurt School, to display a rather hostile attitude to the natural sciences, seeing the scientific mentality as incompatible with proper human values.

This, however, is not London's attitude in *The Iron Heel*. Ernest's reverence for what he regards as the scientific method makes this clear. In addition, while Ernest speculates (correctly, it turns out) that the vast economic surplus squeezed out of the working class by the Oligarchy will be consumed in science and technology that does not benefit the workers of the present, he does not reject these prospective achievements as such. And we learn that all will be appropriated and usefully employed by the general population after the coming of socialism. London even grants the worth of the art that is likely to be created at the people's expense, as were the pyramids of ancient Egypt.

Magnificent roads will be built. There will be great achievements in science, and especially in art. When the oligarchs have completely mastered the people, they will have time to spare for other things.... It will be great art, I tell you, and wonder cities will arise that will make tawdry and cheap the cities of old time. And in these cities will the oligarchs dwell and worship beauty.... Under the oligarchs will flourish, not a priest class, but an artist class.

In other words, London recognizes that real scientific and artistic achievement can accompany oppressive social conditions and also that these achievements do not justify the continued existence of such social conditions. Similarly, today we should see that the real and valuable scientific and artistic achievements of contemporary Western societies do not lessen the need to change social relations. Along this line, it should be noted that there are various Marxist humanists who do not reject science.*

Has all this got anything to do with women's liberation? The feminist movement has obviously emphasized humanism over naturalism. It has also tended to display some hostility to the sciences—some of this hostility justified, some perhaps not. While, from a progressive viewpoint, it is clearly better to assume that particular human roles and behavior can be explained on a cultural rather than a biological basis until proven otherwise, it is

*Among the most prominent is the Yugoslav philosopher Mihailo Marković. See his book, *From Affluence to Praxis* (Ann Arbor Paperbacks, 1974). Another book worth looking at is Svetozar Stojanović's *Between Ideas and Reality*, subtitled "A Critique of Socialism and Its Future", published in 1973 by Oxford University Press.

hardly scientific to reject *a priori* all the ways in which biology may shape consciousness. In *On Materialism* (London: NLB, 1975) Italian philosopher Sebastiano Timpanaro has written a cogent defense of the naturalist perspective within Marxism. He makes the point that, just because the conditioning which nature exercises on humanity does not conspicuously differentiate the epochs of human history (i.e., society changes while the physical nature of people remains basically the same), this is no reason to deny the dependence of human beings on nature. If one wants to argue that cultural aspects of our existence depend to some considerable degree on our place in nature. Timpanaro illustrates his argument with this amusing analogy:

The position of the contemporary Marxist seems at times like that of a person living on the [second] floor of a house, who turns to the tenant of the [third] floor and says: "You think you're independent, that you support yourself by yourself? You're wrong! Your apartment stands only because it is supported on mine, and if mine collapses, yours will too"; and on the other hand to the ground-floor tenant: "What are you saying? That you support and condition me? What a wretched illusion! The ground floor exists only in so far as it is the ground floor to the [second] floor. Or rather, strictly speaking, the real ground floor is the [second] floor, and your apartment is only a sort of cellar, to which no real existence can be assigned."

Any claim that the only innate difference between women and men is one of reproductive function is at least debatable on these grounds. Granted, any naturalistic perspective is open to abuse (its reactionary use by those who would make biology everything); this doesn't mean it should be rejected out of hand. The whole "ecological" trend in thinking is an example of naturalism. The challenging problem is to reconcile naturalism with humanism.

PLANETS OF THE REPAST CLUSTER

INTRODUCTION

As reported by fan Lee Carson in *Breakthrough in Grey Room*, astronomers at world-famous Jerkes Observatory have discovered a nearby clump of space debris which nevertheless seems to be inhabited. Although the eccentric orbits of these bodies have so far made photography impossible, we are able to present artists' conceptions of these unique bodies.



PLANETS OF THE REPAST CLUSTER #1

Note that this planet, "Breakfast", is quite egg-shaped. Planetologists differ on whether the core of the planet is still molten (soft) or whether the planet's near proximity to the sun has caused it to become hardboiled.



SHOW & TELL: PLAYING GOD

BY DIANE MARTIN & RICHARD S. RUSSELL

Eve and Adam wanted to taste the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Nimrod wanted to build a tower to heaven. Faust wanted knowledge and power over other people. Milton's Lucifer wanted to democratize the authority of heaven. Frankenstein wanted to create life. All of these famous characters of literature sought after power—power which has traditionally been reserved for God alone—and all met the untimely fate which literary tradition has reserved for those who attempt to "play God".



This recurring morality play has led to some interesting counterparts in real life as well. Adolf Hitler, for one, thought that he had the ability to decide who was or was not fit to live. Slave-owners held the power to torture and kill as well as to grant freedom to their chattel humans. There was a deadly serious debate in this country at one time over whether the Indians had any rights to the land at all, since it could be argued that they were not really human! Today, there is less concern over bestowing the title and privileges of humanity than there is in the quest for "God-like" knowledge and power. Superstitions concerning nuclear power and genetic research have given truth to the old SF cliché of the "forbidden experiment".

What all this history and tradition lead up to is the popular concept that power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely, and the mere search for "God-like" power destroys.

This issue's movies all deal with—or at least have elements of—playing God. The first two films,

which tend more toward SF in that they present themselves as realistic, follow the traditional theme. The last three, however, are more fantasy-oriented (hence not to be taken seriously?), and adopt a rather different attitude.

T: The Island of Dr. Moreau
 P: John Temple-Smith and Skip Steloff
 D: Don Taylor
 W: John Herman Shaner and Al Ramrus from the 1896 novel by H. G. Wells
 R: American International, 1977, PG
 S: Burt Lancaster as Dr. Moreau
 Michael York as Andrew Braddock
 Barbara Carrera as Maria
 Nigel Davenport as Montgomery
 Richard Basehart as the Sayer of the Law
 Make-up: John Cherber, Dan Tsriepke, and Tom Burman

Last issue we reviewed *Empire of the Ants*, a pretty awful movie nominally based on an H. G. Wells short story. This time around it's *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, which is a short novel by Wells. Moreau has suffered less at the hands of the film-makers than did the *Empire of the Ants*, as the movie remained somewhat faithful to the novel. Not completely, however, and therein lies most of our complaint with the film.

In case you aren't aware of what the doctor is up to on his island, let's go through it quickly. He is a brilliant physiologist who was driven out of civilized society because of his experiments in vivisection. He pursues those experiments in isolation on a small island in the Pacific, working toward his ultimate goal—to turn animals into human beings. The story is told through the eyes of a shipwreck victim, Edward Braddock,* who is washed ashore on the island.

Braddock wanders around the island, fearful of the strange shapes he sees lurking just out of clear sight but intrigued by them, too. He eventually discovers Moreau's creatures, which he at first believes are human beings who have been turned into part-animal creatures. He eventually discovers that the reverse is true, and that the creatures have been turned loose to fend for themselves and are gradually reverting back to their animal form. They have evolved a culture based on Moreau's dictates to them, which they incant as The Law.

Wells's novel demonstrates clearly that the

*In the book, it was Edward Prendick, an English gentleman. The movie's Braddock is a ship's officer. The movie-makers evidently felt the viewers couldn't relate to an English gentleman named Prendick.

neo-humans obey Moreau's Law in large part because they remember what Moreau did to them in what they call the House of Pain, where he operates without

Not to go on all fours; that is the law.
Are we not men?

Not to suck up drink; that is the law.
Are we not men?

Not to eat flesh nor fish; that is the law.
Are we not men?

Not to claw the bark of trees; that is the law.
Are we not men?

Not to chase other men; that is the law.
Are we not men?

-H.G. Wells

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU

anesthetic, accompanied by their hideous screams. But, in part, they obey Moreau because he has taught them to venerate him:

His is the House of Pain.
His is the Hand that makes.
His is the Hand that wounds.
His is the Hand that heals.
His is the lightning flash.
His is the deep salt sea.
His are the stars in the sky.

The movie glosses over these areas, barely mentioning the reverence the neo-humans hold for Moreau. His power over them is depicted as being based on whip and gun. Furthermore, the movie Moreau does use anesthetic, which causes some puzzlement at the use of the term "House of Pain".

Braddock's search for the meaning of the island takes up a good chunk of the movie, probably as an attempt to build suspense. However, since the advertising (if nothing else) gave away the basic idea, the effect achieved is boredom rather than suspense. There is also a completely gratuitous chase scene between a bull-man and a tiger-man. Another gratuitous innovation is the character of Maria, whom Moreau introduces as his ward. Of course, the audience suspects that she is really another animal, simply one who has not yet reverted.[†] When she and Braddock finally escape the island in a lifeboat, the viewer

Clearly there are some cosmic ironies about God, nature, man, and beast lurking in all this. But it is probably best to follow the film's example and not think about them.

- Christopher Porterfield
TIME

[†]This was actually the case in the 1933 movie version of the novel, *The Island of Lost Souls*, which starred Charles Laughton as Moreau, Richard Arlen as the castaway hero, and Kathleen Burke as the panther-woman who falls in love with him. Her unrequited passion is much more poignant, tragic, and in keeping with the mood of the film than Braddock and Maria's conventional coupling.

keeps expecting the Shangri-la trick, but it never materializes.

The movie shows Moreau experimenting on Braddock, so that Braddock can describe what it feels like to revert. (The animals, of course, are incapable of speech after their reversion has progressed far enough.) Thereby Moreau hopes to determine how to prevent the reversion. The movie attempts to raise the level of horror by introducing the concept of human experimentation, which Wells's Moreau found appalling. In this, the film still falls short of the book, in which the experiments on the animals are far more horrible than the movie's experiments on Braddock.

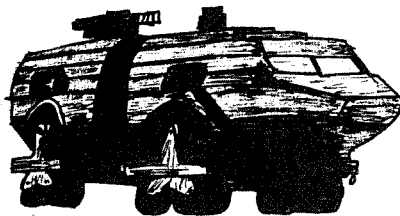
There was nothing exceptional about any of the actors. The scenery (no sound stage, at least) from Saint Croix Island was pleasant enough, though limited. All in all, a mediocre film.

Read the book instead.

T: Damnation Alley
P: Jerome Zeitman and Paul Maslansky
D: Jack Smight
W: Alan Sharp and Lukas Heller from the 1969 novel by Roger Zelazny

R: 20th Century Fox, 1977, PG

S: George Peppard as Major Eugene Denton
Jan Michael Vincent as Tanner
Paul Winfield as Keegan
Dominique Sanda as Janice
Jackie Earle Haley as Billy
Kip Niven as Perry



Roger Zelazny's books are like some photographs: good focus on the foreground, but pretty fuzzy in the background. Think of a work of literature as falling within the bounds of an equilateral triangle whose vertices are "character", "plot", and "setting". Zelazny stays fairly far away from the "setting" vertex in almost all his works; for example, Prince Corwin travels through the shadow worlds in Amber as if they really were shadows. In *Damnation Alley*, Zelazny also drifts away from the "plot" vertex. What we end up with is the story of Hell Tanner, last of the Hell's Angels in a land devastated by atomic warfare. The nation of California contracts with him to drive through Damnation Alley, the radioactive wasteland that is most of America, to deliver a load of anti-plague serum to the nation of Boston. Hell on wheels really is: the character is mainly despicable but fairly memorable.

Not so the movie. Tanner is transformed into a lieutenant in the 123rd Ballistic Missile Wing. Denton, a minor character in the novel, becomes his commanding officer and assumes an importance equal to Tanner's. It continues to irritate us how movie-makers tend to sterilize literary characters for public consumption. Why are all the protagonists socially acceptable and handsome young men or beautiful young women? Why not a few paunchy, irritable, middle-aged types with wrinkles and/or receding hairlines? Anyway, this film tries to compensate by inserting a token black, a token woman, and a token kid.

Both book and movie are episodic. However, the movie has the best episode, which comes right at the beginning when the nuclear war begins and we watch the world being destroyed by missile strikes on a big board in the control room of the 123rd BMW's concrete basement. Gut-wrenching. Of course, when the high point of the film comes at the beginning, there's only one way left to go. The film left us with an impression of failure made peculiarly by its

comparison to its initial promise.

In the movie, the motive for making the overland trek is to discover the source of the radio signals coming from Albany, NY. The trip is made in a big armored vehicle called a Landmaster, which in some ways was the star of the show. Every time the Landmaster stopped somewhere, yuh jist knew there wuz agonna be Trouble. In the desert, it was a bunch of ulcerated dirty old men starved for the sight of a purty gal. In Salt Lake City, it was swarms of 5-cm-long Killer Cockroaches. (They had eaten everything in sight, including the tires on the cars, and how the millions remaining managed to find enough food to keep themselves alive was never explained.) There were the obligatory giant critters—scorpions, Gila monsters, etc. And there were some nasty tornados, which came in 8-paks. The residents of Salt Lake City in the novel were not cockroaches but friendly humans, and there were giant bats in Kansas City, giant snakes in the desert, and murderous motorcycle gangs in upstate New York. The only hazard the book and the movie had in common was the tornados, but general intent and effect were the same.

The science in both book and movie is preposterous. The book contends that the world is being swept by low-slung jet streams loaded with rocks and dirt and water sucked up by the nuclear explosions over a hundred years before and still circling, to rain sludge and crud at unpredictable intervals. The movie shows some strange sights in the sky, but attributes them to the tilting of the Earth on its axis as a result of the war. The great hope is that the Earth will spontaneously right itself, and lo! it does so near the end of the movie, at which the sky miraculously turns blue, the grass becomes green, and little birdies come out and sing.

Special effects—including a few shots of the Earth from inside the Moon's orbit—are mediocre at best and transparent at worst.

This one is a sure bet for the late movie.

T: Allegro Non Troppo	T: Fantasia
D: Bruno Bozzetto	P: Walt Disney
W: Bruno Bozzetto, Guido Manuli, and Maurizio Nechetti	R: Buena Vista, 1940, G Specialty Films, 1976
R: Specialty Films, 1976	(?), PG

"It's never been done before," says Bruno Bozzetto, in the black-and-white introduction to this film. Then the phone rings. "What?" he says. "Who is this Prisney?"

The black-and-white farcical sketches appear before, after, and between the segments of color animation in *Allegro Non Troppo* (a musical term, taken from Italian, which means "fast but not too fast"). The animation is, in the manner of Disney's *Fantasia*, set to classical music. Here are the various selections in the two films:

Allegro Non Troppo

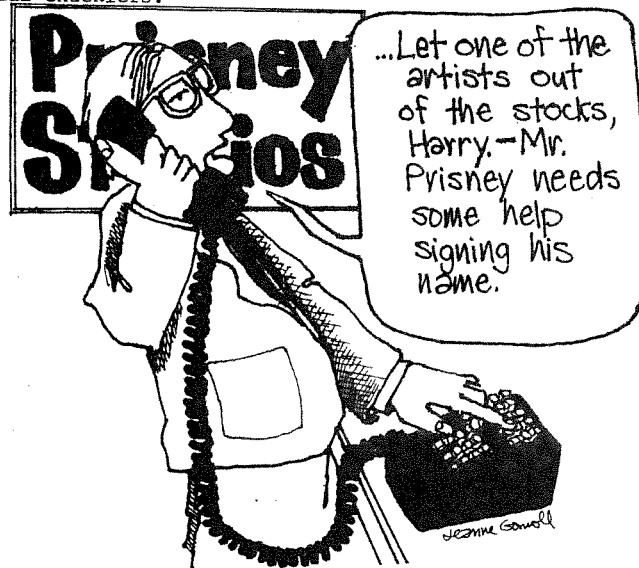
- (1) "Prelude to Afternoon of a Faun" by Claude Debussy
- (2) "Slavonic Dance #7" by Antonín Dvořák
- (3) "Bolero" by Maurice Ravel
- (4) "The Sad Waltz" by Jean Sibelius
- (5) "Concerto in C Minor" by Antonio Vivaldi
- (6) "Firebird" by Igor Stravinsky

Who is this Prisney?
-Bruno Bozzetto
ALLEGRO NON TROPPO

Fantasia

- (1) "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" by Johann Sebastian Bach
- (2) "The Nutcracker Suite" by Pyotr Tchaikovsky
- (3) "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Paul Dukas
- (4) "The Rite of Spring" by Igor Stravinsky
- (5) "Symphony #6" by Ludwig van Beethoven
- (6) "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda* by Amilcare Ponchielli
- (7) "Night on Bare Mountain" by Modeste Mussorgsky and "Ave Maria" by Franz Schubert

Not long after *Allegro Non Troppo* hit town, *Fantasia* put in its septennial appearance, allowing us to look at them side by side. *Allegro* is an obvious send-up of *Fantasia* in the "filler" between the animated segments, with a motley orchestra of little old ladies conducted by a bozo** contrasted with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowsky. The conductor in *Allegro Non Troppo* conspires with the producer of the movie to feature the works of their captive-genius† illustrator as he is inspired by the music. Some people (including Diane) thought these fillers were kind of dumb and ineffective. Others (including Richard) thought they were real chucklers.



Uniqueness is claimed early on for each of these two films—seriously and accurately (at the time) in the case of *Fantasia*'s narrator, Deems Taylor; whimsically in the case of Bozzetto. They're both right: there are no other films like these two. And the uniqueness of one is in no way diminished by the existence of the other. Rather they complement each other, much as a well-written sequel will draw upon the basis established by its predecessor, while at the same time fulfilling the promise of that predecessor. The result is that we have two fine works, each of which seems better than before for having had the feedback from the other.

There are some similarities between *Allegro* and *Fantasia*. For example, Items #1 and #5, respectively, are set in the world of mythology, with fauns and nubile maidens. *Allegro*'s elderly faun is humorously (and a little sadly) unsuccessful in his pursuit of the frolicking young women. *Fantasia*'s myth world is also inhabited by parti-colored pegasi and centaurs, with the centaurs pair-matched in color-coordinated boy-girl couples; there is also the littlest pegasus—a black rascal. The Disney approach to this seems somewhat trite after nearly 30 years, but not enough so to destroy the ultimate charm of the fantasy.

There are stories with morals in both as well, in Items #6 and #3, respectively. The protagonist in *Allegro* is the snake who offers Eve the apple in the Garden of Eden. In this version, the apple is refused, so the snake eats it himself and is plunged into a headlong whirl which ends up with him in shirt and tie in a world of rampant advertising, before

**There is a disclaimer, in Italian, at the end of the film. Using our faultless "read it as if it were English" technique, we got: "Please don't confuse the orchestra depicted here with the people who really played the music."

†Literally. The hapless figure is imprisoned in chains when the conductor picks him up (again, literally) for the performance.

finally disgorging the apple and ending up where he started. *Fantasia's* protagonist is Disney's all-time favorite creation, Mickey Mouse, here in the title role of the sorcerer's apprentice. In this well-known folk tale, the apprentice uses the sorcerer's power to animate a broom to perform the distasteful chore of carrying water. But Mickey can't make the broom stop, and finally the wizard returns to part the waters, de-animate the broom, and chasten his apprentice.

Both of the foregoing have elements of "playing God" in them, but not so notably as the two evolutionary sequences, Items #3 and #4, respectively. Evolution, of course, was long thought by religious leaders to be an insult to God—to contend that all nature, and most especially human beings, were a result not of divine will but of blind chance was a horrendous affront to the Almighty. Indeed, there are still people who feel this way; they call themselves "creationists". (Of course, there's still a Flat Earth Society, too. They take themselves seriously, even if nobody else does.) The movies, though, show the progress of evolution. *Fantasia* takes a more straightforward approach, with realistic-looking dinosaurs being trapped in the tar pits. Survival of the fittest is epitomized by a titanic struggle between a stegosaurus and a tyrannosaurus rex. *Fantasia* also spends a considerable time showing geological upheavals most appropriately accompanied by the surges and dissonances of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring". *Allegro's* approach is more symbolic. A Coke bottle hurled by a live participant blends smoothly into animation. A rocket rises in the distance as we notice a small slurp of Coke fizzing and moving in the bottom of the bottle. Amorphous, it crawls out of the bottle and begins a fascinating metamorphosis through many forms of weird life, dividing and multiplying and sliding/crawling/walking/swimming/flying as it goes. About halfway

But germs can't live in Coca-Cola®.
- Richard S. Russell
innumerable occasions

through this sequence a big hairy ape with a club bounds across the screen in pursuit of some random creature. He raises the club and runs off-screen; there is a thump; the picture jiggles. The ape keeps popping up again here and there, always with his club and a sardonic grin. Finally, in the last few seconds of the long crescendo that is "Bolero", pyramids, crosses, and skyscrapers spring up from the plain; the last figure is a towering representation of a man, but the head cracks and splits open, and who should pop out but our old buddy, the ape with the club, who winks at us to end the sequence.

Allegro's other sequences involve the tribulations of the artist who originates ideas, only to have them copied by thousands (#2); a cat which inhabits the one standing wall of a devastated home and projects its memories of the people who used to live there into the empty space where they used to live (#4); and a prim little bee who keeps trying to set up a tidy little picnic lunch on a flower blossom only to be continually interrupted by a gigantic man and woman who have come to the meadow to roll around in each others' arms (#5).

Fantasia is completed by abstract animated music and instruments (#1); fairies responsible for dew, frost, and colored leaves, along with a group of mushrooms doing the "Flower Dance" (#2); the now-

famous ballet of the ostriches, elephants, hippos, and alligators (#6); and the stirring "Night on Bare Mountain", with the satanic mountaintop summoning hordes of undead, who return to the grave at the tolling of a church bell and the arrival of day to the restful melody of "Ave Maria" (#7). There is even an animated soundtrack between #4 and #5.

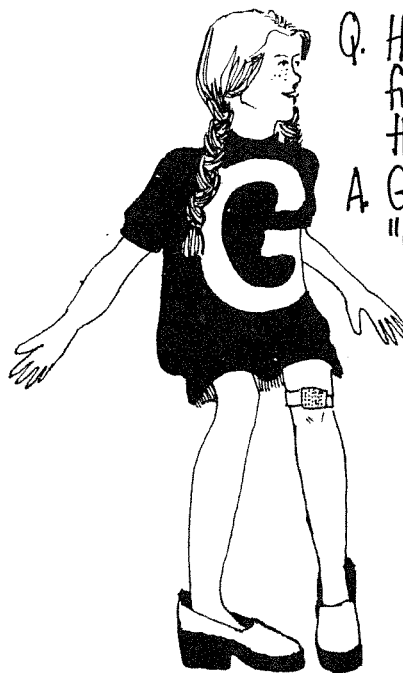
A few things are apparent by way of contrast. Disney never dwells on the individual, only the group. Personal idiosyncrasy, on the other hand, contributes to the wry gestalt of *Allegro*. *Fantasia* is uniformly upbeat; its humor is of the cute variety. Bozzetto is not afraid of the downbeat—his sad cat is touching and haunting; his humor is more grin than smile. *Fantasia's* Stokowsky shook hands with Mickey Mouse, but the filler scenes still had an aura of formality and stuffiness about them. The fillers in *Allegro Non Troppo* were the purest of slapstick.

Both movies are beautifully animated and generally a pleasure to watch and listen to. *Salut!*

T: Oh, God!
P: Jerry Weintraub
D: Carl Reiner
W: Larry Gelbart from
the 1971 novel by Avery
Corman

R: Warner Bros., 1977, PG
S: George Burns as God
John Denver as Jerry Landers
Teri Garr as Bobbie Landers

There's this young assistant manager at the Food World Supermarket, name of Jerry Landers. One night he finds a letter by his bedside inviting him to an interview (That's the way it's spelled.) with God. Haha. He throws the note away, but it keeps turning up persistently. When it finally shows up between the leaves of a head of lettuce, he goes to the scheduled interview, which is held on the 27th floor of a 15-story building. Turns out it is God, and he wants Jerry to carry his message to the world: the place is going to hell in a handbasket, but if people work together, all our problems can be overcome. "But I'm not even religious," Jerry exclaims. No matter, replies God, you're it.



Q. How can you tell God from all the rest of the angels in heaven?
A. God's got a great big "G" on her T-Shirt!

Jerry sallies forth, dubious but sincere, and tries to convey God's message. Naturally, he's written off as a nut by most people, admonished by Food World, and besieged by people who really are nuts. Things don't work as well as they might, but God keeps popping in (dressed in yachting clothes) to help out, and eventually things settle to a comfortable conclusion.

It's just like the millionth person to cross the Golden Gate Bridge gets to shake hands with the governor.

- George Burns as God.
OH, GOD!

Does that sound pretty insipid? Cloying, perhaps? You'd be amazed at how well it comes off. This film walks a very thin line between potential heavy-handedness and impossible cutesy-poorness and crosses the 90-minute path without falling into

either chasm. God seems like really a nice guy, someone you'd like to have as a next-door neighbor, and so are Jerry and Bobbie Landers. The "villains", such as they are, are the representatives of organized religion who don't really believe very much in God and are just the teensiest bit afraid that young Landers may be on to something. But they are mainly bombast, and it's hard to take them seriously. The movie pokes a little gentle fun at them, along with other foibles of modern society.

Oh, God! is a rarity among films: it doesn't make you laugh, and it doesn't make you cry, but it makes you smile. Will you be a better person for having seen it? Who knows? Maybe...

* * *

Well, that's it for this round. We found it refreshing to see the topic of playing God treated in a new light in a few of the films. While the thought of God as blind chance (as in the evolutionary sequences of the two animated films) or as a little old man in a captain's cap may lack the world-shaking dramatic impact of *Paradise Lost* or *Frankenstein*, there's room for a different approach. And from now on it's going to be tough to think of God without picturing George Burns, so it must have worked.

PLANETS OF THE
REPAST CLUSTER
#2

"Lunch". One often sees planets without rings, but seldom a ring without planets. Or rather a planet that is its own ring. Whether the shape is mystically symbolic of a doughnut or bagel is a matter of major religious debate. Non-conformists say the whole theory is baloney.

PLANETS
OF THE
REPAST
CLUSTER
#3

The largest inhabited planet, "Dinner", shows most distinctly the influence of "square-meal" philosophy as applied to planforming.

FEMINISTS IN SPACE

Perils in Space
Derring-do escapes
From creepy-crawly
BEM's
Fems
No longer need a hero
In gravity zero
And make their own way
'Long the nebulae
Of science fiction fantasy

James A. Cox
12/77

Jacqueline Grunell/77

MAJORITY RULE



THE sun had no doubt risen—it was 8:00—although in an evenly blue-grey sky it went undetected ...but the sun has always risen by 8:00, and to indicate even the merest hope of its having failed to do so on this day is to add needless moment to the event.

The sky was overcast, the air was cool and damp. A mild breeze, caressing the observer, seemed to compel the thin woman who had put her head out the window to join the day outdoors. A silvery pink tone to the eastern clouds soon utterly belied the notion that the luminous body could be missing. A small, precisely arranged flock of sparrows flew over, heavy with portent and barely indecipherable.

The door opened and shut behind the librarian, who pulled in her head and closed the window in obedience to the worldly summons. A 12-year-old boy tossed his notebook on the counter and said in disgust, "I gotta do a report on Creotone."

"Creotone?"

The boy pulled a candy wrapper from his pocket, unfolded it with grimy hands, and flattened it out on the counter. "'Added as a preservative and flavoring'," he read. "Miss MacQuilken caught me eating a Zeus bar, and she said I had to do a report on an ingredient. To make it educational." He sneered. The librarian frowned. She disliked this boy.

"This is not a large library, young man, and I would be very surprised if you found anything on that topic here." He reached for his notebook, but she put out her hand to restrain him. "As it happens, however, I have some information about Creotone, and I'll let you look at it. But you can't take it out of the library."

She went into her office. Her fingers trembled slightly as she reached for her scrapbook—Zeus bars made her ill. No, that's not it, she thought, this is.

Here it is. She handed the scrapbook to the boy, opening it as she did so to a picture of an old woman, labelled "Grandmother North".

"The next three or four pages might interest you."

He took it and went to a desk. The boy disliked this librarian's condescending manner and aloof, defensive stance. She, he reflected, is exactly the kind of jerkoff who would have a picture of her grandmother in her office.

Outside, the wind rose, and the librarian was again drawn to it. The wind moved everything, not gusting but strong and even, blowing the tree as it blew the twig, as it lifted the newspaper, as it rolled the garbage can, as it hurried the pedestrian, as it embraced the window-gazer, as it froze the half-drowned kitten. It was as powerful and elemental a force as the simple and inescapably far-reaching ideas in the revolutionary texts. Carrying torn

pages from a discarded book down an alleyway to hurl them at helpless laundrymen, it became those pages, expressed their idea, defined their central triviality. "Existence is justified," it stated flatly, flinging down the high and debasing the powerful, feeding the hungry with the blood of the fortunate.

She watched the boy. He was young and inarticulate, but not stupid. She wondered if he could see the warning there, if the last sentence of his report would explain, in capitals. No one is safe, membership in the oppressing group is no guarantee. Did he know about dominant and recessive traits yet? No matter.

The student hunched over the scrapbook, pen in hand, clearly intending to copy. "Is all this stuff on Creotone?" he asked.

"Three pages of it," she told him. It is a lot for a kid, she admitted inwardly, but my God. It was also the most important bit of history in the library. Does he realize that his paper will be a landmark to my people?

The others are too important to us, her mother had said. A hair falls from their heads and we are all killed without warning. "Try reading each article and saying the main point in your own words," she suggested.

The boy looked at her as though he were about to say "Forget it!" and give back the book, to do something like flour, but he did not speak.

Back to the window. A little child will not lead them, although, come to think of it, breast-fed children were the last to go. A breast-fed child of ours, she thought. One of these others is too secure. Such a child might easily be deterred by a discussion of the genetic factors involved in human taste, might well be lost in the hundreds of chemicals that must combine—and must combine in exact proportions—to give the reactions that make a child eating a Zeus bar (for example) find the taste pleasing.

At the desk, the boy sighed. "Are you sure this isn't in the *World Book*?" Disheartened already, he was only up to the newspaper accounts of the "near-miraculous growth" of the American Additive Company (called, in the distant past and in the helpless revenge fantasies of the librarian's ethnic subgroup, Ameradco). With the more scientific passages, he would fail utterly.

"First read the headline, then find out what the headline means. Then write it down." She tried to look sympathetic.

"I get these." He indicated two articles. "They just tell about the company. But this one's all about experiments and latter-day something or others."

"What were the experiments?"

"Well...they tried out the food on people in other countries. With Creotone in it." Not bad, the



librarian thought.

"What countries?" she asked.

"It doesn't say." He scrutinized the text.

"Poor ones, I guess."

"Very good."

He looked uneasy. "Well, what does 'painful re-adjustment' mean?"

This was a catechism of her childhood. "They were feeding people for their experiment. People were living on that food, because they were poor countries."

"Yeah."

"And when they finished the experiments, what do you think happened?" The boy looked at the article. Think, the librarian commanded. He looked at her.

"They died, huh?" He looked down. "Well, there's no place in the report to put that."

The wind had eased—she could not imagine such a wind dying—and the sun shone through a small hole in the blue-grey clouds, making the streets glisten. The light strengthened colors and emphasized arrangements: a bit of paper caught on a bush, three stones around a soda bottle, a car parked between a sycamore tree and a group of five trash cans, one with its lid hanging off.

I'm going to stay here by the window for the rest of my life, the librarian thought. To hell with my duty to the past. I'm sick of catching squirrels to eat.

Cowardice is contagious: when the boy turned the page, the sight of the science-magazine article on the "Chemical Basis of Food Preference" took him greatly aback.

"What's this got to do with it?" he asked.

"It tells how flavorings work."

He looked up appealingly. "Do you think I have to know that?"

This close to the end, she relented. The agents of history need not be unconscious. Besides, she had risked a great deal by letting him read this far—she was the first of her group to live as normal in society, and, although it was troublesome to hide, she feared exposure. If he must know, he must know all.

"The important point is that taste depends on enzymes. Do you know about those?"

"Sure. They're on TV." Television. Trivialities and poison, and also misleading.

She spoke slowly. "Good. You know that enzymes help in the breakdown of food, and they prepare substances for chemical reactions. Substances like Creotone. Reactions like those that make you taste things the way you do. And you know that some people have some enzymes missing."

The boy frowned. This was not on TV, according to the half-definition trivialities. "I guess they

might."

"And they get this deficiency from their parents and give it to their children."

He began to write quickly.

The clouds were dissipating. Now the streets were blue, drying, the water that still remained reflecting the sky. The wind came again and stirred the trees. The librarian thought of her childhood. The day was uncertain. God, it's stupid, she thought. Science, the endless frontier, encroaches.

She heard what she had expected, a page turning and silence. There was no article on the last page, but a headline—"Allergy to Major Additive Found"—and a photograph. The picture showed the dark interior of a supermarket, with rows of vegetables as far as the eye could see. An old woman, Grandmother North, with sparse white hair and long, long, fleshless limbs, was turning away from the food. The photographer had taken her by surprise.

Two bony claws were rising to protect a hollowed face, her eyes and mouth had opened suddenly, the look of revulsion and betrayal in the eyes was turning to fear.

The boy scratched his head. "The people that had the...wrong enzymes.... They died, too, huh?"

"Yes," she said dryly. "Most of them died before they found out what was wrong. By that time Creotone was in everything, as my grandmother is there pictured discovering."

"Why didn't they just stop the company?"

"We don't know. Creotone may be addicting—that is, once you start eating it, you can't give it up. Or it might just be that there were too few of them. After all, the company hadn't ever done anything illegal, although they killed people."

"Oh." He gathered his things together slowly. Then he looked at the librarian. "You said most of them died. What happened to the rest of them?"

"They went off by themselves."

"You mean out in the woods like Indians?" This idea obviously appealed to him. "Did you go, too?"

"They formed groups isolated from society," she said sternly. "I was raised in one of them. It's about 20 miles from here."

He was impressed. "And nobody knows you're there?"

She turned back to the window. "You do, obviously."

"Oh, that's OK. I won't tell anybody." He got up to leave.

That's life, she thought, taking the book back to her office. It'll probably be about 10 more years before they allow themselves to remember. We're probably better off without the addicts, anyway.

The wind was moving the clouds quickly, but there were many of them, and the sun did not appear.

letters

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So—you want a LoC, do you?

Thank you very much for sending me *Janus* [9]. It is a remarkably beautiful fanzine. I particularly enjoyed the book reviews by Karen Axness and Doug Harbour. I wish you hadn't neglected to send along the magnifying glass with which to read the letter column. However, I borrowed one.

I have a comment (more like a scream-of-consciousness) sparked by Seth McEvoy's letter. More precisely, it is about Seth's comment on Jessica [Amanda Salmonson]'s criticism in *Janus* [8] of Kate Wilhelm's treatment of lesbians, specifically the stereotypical portrait of Deena, a very in-the-closet lesbian. Seth suggests that Kate doesn't know any lesbians. When I came out to my mother, she said, among other things, hesitantly, "But we don't know any people like that." The response I didn't make then, but will make now in a different context, is that of course Kate knows people like that. "People like that" are me and the mailwoman and the grocery checker and her next-door neighbor and the nurse in the ER at the local hospital and the local fourth-grade teacher, and so on. It is a patriarchal fallacy that lesbians are sick, different, instantly recognizable by the lustful way they look at other women, man-haters, frustrated, over-sexed, and alcoholic, and tend to molest children. I don't know if Kate Wilhelm believes this fallacy. But "We don't know any people like that." is not an acceptable excuse. I wouldn't accept it from Kate. (I don't know if she would give it.) I certainly don't think it ought to be proffered by Seth McEvoy.

On the other hand, it is very easy to fall into writing about stereotypes. It's exhausting to be conscious all the time. And absolutely necessary. It's a difficult choice we make as writers. We do a balancing act, a juggling performance. (Ho!) We balance our own changing, growing consciousness, the needs (as we perceive them) of our audience, our editors' prejudices, and the demands of our characters, who make their own choices and have their own lives. We all do it differently, as the controversy in *Janus* [8], centering around *The Shattered Chain*, points out. Writers change, writers grow (often through the medium of their own books). We are not consistent all the time. (Nor are the demands of the reading public.) It would be just, I think, if that public when it wears its critical hat remembers these facts and attempts to be kind.

That isn't meant to sound poor-mouthed. I am not asking anybody to be kind to *Taxman of Gor*. Nor am I requesting anyone to refrain from criticism. It's just that—oh, hell, we're all in this together, Joanna and Suzy and Marion and Kate and Jessica and Alice Sheldon and even I suppose Seth McEvoy, and, as Mary Renault points out in quite another context, we have a very small island to defend. (It isn't, of course: it's a huge unmapped territory, a planet, a universe. But from where we are it feels like a small island.) So we ought to link arms and try to keep from pushing each other off....

Cy Chauvin
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...My favorite item [in *Janus* 8] was Lesleigh Luttrell's "Twiltone" section, perhaps because it was more personal than anything else in the fanzine. (I'd argue that it was more an essay than a review.) I agree with Lesleigh that the division

between fanzine and con fans is mostly artificial, and I notice that more and more of the local fans in Detroit have become interested in fanzines (especially APAs) as time goes on, as well as in cons. And I think this is good, because it makes fandom an artistic group as well as a social one. Lesleigh did miss the two other ways fans meet other fans: at local clubs and through personal visits....



Loren MacGregor
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...I've just finished reading, but haven't finished digesting, [Suzy McKee Charnas's] *Walk to the End of the World*.... Being who I am, a prisoner of the masks I choose to wear, I can't completely agree with the concept of goddesses being raped and murdered by male gods; as a male it would be difficult and possibly destructive for me to do so. Yet I agree with the necessity for this—historical myth? (In working these things around in my mind, I developed an idea of a male God and the Adam and Eve mythos: what Eve basically does is prove that man is weak and easily led, and that therefore women are superior. This of course enrages God, who proceeds to punish Eve and all women for being uppity. This is, of course, still a male view....

While I agree [with Philip Kaveny in *Janus* 8] that Wells is underrated and deserves a closer look, I'd have to say that a lot of Wells's material was crap, and that at least part of the time while he was discussing how the novel should be more than an upper-class amusement he was amusing and supporting himself by writing upper-class, amusing novels. As an example see *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, a witty, upper-class novel.

Yes, Wells could be incisive, profound, brilliant; but he could also be polemical, racist. And, in the long run, I suspect that Bloom might be right to consign a great deal (though not necessarily all) of Wells's political writing to the scrap heap; much of *The Outline of History* was inadequate and out of date at the time Wells wrote it, and I wonder very much how much of his political material will, eventually, survive....

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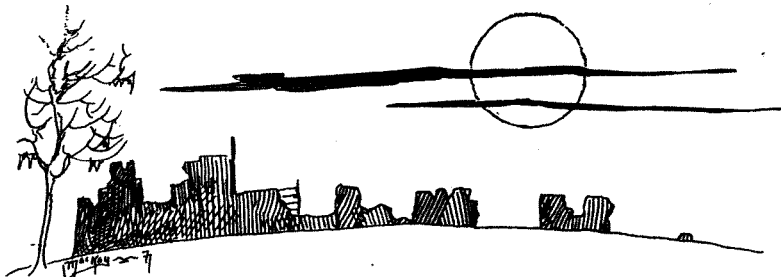
Presuming a third-grade science education for a noticeable percentage of *Janus*'s readership, some may have been jarred by the redundant reference to "lower invertebrates" in the title of my essay, which was originally titled "Parthenogenesis in Lower Vertebrates and in Woman". Invertebrates are given token attention in the first paragraph only; the bulk of the material cites vertebrate species. I dunno if the word transposition is my own poor proofing or an editor's error—but I'd like to state for the record that I really can tell a nematode from a lizard! (Did love Sarah's artistry, I must say.) I'll be interested in seeing if this essay garners any response (aside from the usual foolery of frightened piggies, I mean).

I really don't see that an article in praise of [Robert] Ardrey's androcentric pseudo-science ["The Cosmic Hunting People", a book review by Thomas Murn in *Janus* 9] is suited to a fanzine purporting to be "feminist oriented". Is it possible the goals of *Janus* are hindered by its faint clubzine leanings? Some articles (and almost anything by Murn or Russell would be prime examples) seem to see print because the authors are club members and/or friends whose feelings would be damaged if ye editors pointed out that their style and perspective is more suited to all-boy fanzines (of which there are plenty).... It is actually insulting to be confronted by extreme sexist writing in a fanzine I expect to steer away from that. Is that too critical to see print? If it sees print, will I be spared these boys' interruptions and footnotes? (I am mean and rotten for it, no doubt, but it does annoy me to write a letter to feminist women editors of a primarily feminist fanzine and get lettercol interruptions from primarily sexist boys. Note, for example, the 800-word reply by a boy to a three-word question to the editors from Ann Weiser, P. 8. The whole lettercol gives the impression that boys edited it, and not even anti-sexist boys at that.)...

[We will be continuing to open the lettercol to various members of MadSTF and to *Janus* contributors, and not inserting responses only from the editors. Hopefully the distribution of these responses will be less biased than they seemed in *Janus* 9, but, too, Jan and I are eager for this experiment to reflect the wide-ranging input *Janus* receives and not restrict published reactions to our own.
—JEANNE GOMOLL]

Robert Kellough...brings an element of character to his women figures that most male fanartists cannot achieve (being too often hung up on exaggerated contours and vacuous, pseudo-sensual expressions). I find myself wishing I could meet the women Kellough has drawn. I would also like to see more of Sarah Prince's art. Jeanne, Sarah, and Robert have beautiful, compatible styles that give *Janus* an astonishing visual continuity....

Though I find it thought-provoking in a very real manner, Janice's editorial was, for me, a tad bit inaccessible. I'm not certain I understand what she's asking for of an SF story. The thought most provoked was: there must be a kind of science



fiction that is at once the most difficult and the most real; it shows that a different psychological or philosophical starting point would expand into a totally new concept of society. LeGuin and Piercy have approached this, but perfection would be an impossible exercise; we can never fully purge ourselves of our own psychology, rooted in very familiar concepts of social reality. Is that as inaccessible as I find Janice this time?

I have found few reviews of *The Ophiuchi Hotline* that I agree with, but Karen Anness provides one. This is a rich, complex novel unsuited to simple "sci-fi" lovers. I have this bigoted stereotype of what a Texan should be capable of writing, which Varley has completely crumbled. Of course, he's now a Northwesterner; maybe that's what saved him....



Karen Pearlshstein 132 Hove St. Downsview, Ont., M3H 4Z7 ...Jessica's letter [in *Janus* 9] reminded me of something. In last night's paper there was a page of reports on the Houston Women's Conference. It had delightful little quotes like this: "Georgia delegate Doris Home knew where she stood on the [lesbian rights] issue and braved heckling and boos when she told the convention that lesbianism is 'the albatross around the neck of the women's movement.'" Delightful, eh? How about this one (from an Atlanta housewife): "Nobody is saying lesbians shouldn't have the right to love each other if that's what they want. It's just that it makes me uncomfortable. We're not ready for this issue. It's not a feminist issue; it's a civil-rights issue. And I don't think it should have been part of the platform at the conference. Men have always wrongly assumed that the women's movement was lesbian-oriented. They're going to think so all the more now. And it's just not true. I know that every group has to have its radicals and extremists, but it's hard for some of us to understand that."

I just couldn't believe this load of bullshit. Lesbians are far from being "the albatross around the neck of the women's movement", and the women's movement is most definitely lesbian-oriented. It's the lesbian feminists who have kept the women's movement in Toronto going for the past several years. And now, with the resurgence of feminism since the beginning of November, it's the lesbian feminists who are doing most of the work, getting the meetings together, organizing demonstrations, leafletting, and talking to other women. The attitude of those women makes me just sick.

I suppose I should explain "the resurgence of feminism since the beginning of November". It all started on the 5th, which was a national day of protest against rape. There was a rally and a demonstration and then a spontaneous action against *Snuff*. (Snuff movies are a genre the sole purpose of which is to show the rape, torture, mutilation, and murder of women.) And it's gone on from there. Without getting into too much detail, I'll just say that the energy is high and WAVAW (Women Against Violence Against Women) is growing. It's really terrific!

I agree very much with Adrienne Fein about being tired of men who are willing to grant us equality in return for rewards. That's what happened to the feminism of the 19th Century. They were bought off with the vote, and in return men got a labour pool (see WW1 and WW2) to be taken out when needed and forced back when they were through with us. They also got a "sexual revolution" which gave them the opportunity to fuck (and fuck over) even more women. (Abbie Hoffman saying, "The only place for women in the movement is in bed.")

I'm also sick of tolerance. Those who tolerate feminists, who tolerate lesbians and gay men, who tolerate blacks or East Indians aren't one whit better than those who out-and-out hate. In fact, I think they're a lot worse. It's much easier to identify and fight against an obvious enemy. They're buying us off with "tolerance."

To Gina: I think it's fine to dream about "a wonderful dreamworld where all the men have gone away and dropped dead and we have it all to ourselves." Or, in my case, anyway, about Mattapoissett. The dreaming can very well lead us to action, if we get sick enough of the way things are now in contrast to the dreams. But it's potentially dangerous, too. As one of the local women said after the last WAVAW meeting, "They'd love it if we [lesbians/feminists/separatists] would spend the rest of our lives just talking to each other. And that's what we cannot do." ...



Andrew Porter
Algot
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New York, NY, 10017

...A short comment on something at the very bottom of Page 50 [of *Janus* 9]: feminist SF publishing. There's a market for it within SF, and I think feminist publishing should try to remain inside SF as far as marketing and the like goes. The biggest hassle of any small press, once you get some money to publish, is distribution, and SF has the world of little magazines beat all to hell on that ground.

A small press publishes a book of women poets, then has to deal with getting it out to bookstores and people who might want to buy it. In most small press this is the ultimate hassle, but within SF there are so many ways to do this—at conventions, through newszines and fanzines, through ads in prozines and reviews in the same places, through people who distribute to SF retailers like Bud Plant and Dick Witter—that there isn't any problem, as long as the whatever is worthwhile. (If it's crap, the word'll get around much faster in the SF world, and sales will be less than in the outside world, which says lots about communications, too.)...

Don D'Amassa
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I'm afraid Jan's letter-column remarks on politics are unconvincing and difficult to follow on this issue [#9], particularly her remarks to Arthur Hlavaty. I suspect that Jan understands the relevance of her short squibs

to Arthur's argument, but it seems like a pair of *non sequiturs* to me. I've never liked breaking into letters in that fashion in any case. Disrupting someone else's argument with snappy remarks strikes me as churlish and unfair. The editor has a lot of power inherent in that position, and it behooves us to exercise some restraint in its application. But I lecture....

Jeanne Gomoll queries about Tiptree/Sheldon's early fiction. Well, somewhere a couple of years back, I wrote an article on Tiptree's fiction, the title of which (not a very good title, actually) was "The Troubled Mr. Tiptree". Yes, there is a great deal of anguish about the human condition, despite a frequent use in the earliest stories of farcical humor. It is particularly obvious, for example, in "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain", a story I've always considered a failure. Or take this quote from "Beam Us Home": "They had been talking about the state of the world, which was then quite prosperous and peaceful. That is to say, about seventy million people were starving to death, a number of advanced nations were maintaining themselves on police terror tactics, four or five borders were being fought over." There's a particularly dismal line in "Amberjack": "I wish I didn't resent you kid but it's better to be honest, the damn diaphragm slipped and your father tore up the cruise tickets."

"Painwise" is perhaps the best written, most evocative treatment in this tone. "The amount of agony in this universe, it's horrible." Or from "On the Last Afternoon", one of my favorites, "Man is an animal whose dreams come true and kill him." I could go on in that vein for quite some time. When Sheldon is in control of her bitterness and disillusion, as in "Painwise", she is producing some of the best fiction the field has to offer. When she is not, as in "Dr. Ain" and a couple others ("The Screwfly Solution", for example), she produces stories that tell us a great deal about the author's moods, but which aren't particularly memorable in themselves....

[Since those earlier tentative remarks made about Tiptree/Sheldon in the last issue, I've done my homework and read the rest of her stories. I agree with you in regard to the bitterness and disillusionment with our world that shows through in Sheldon's stories; and I see the "control" that she exercises in the creation of stories around these ideas—especially in her humor—the technique of a truly great writer in a distinctly American literary tradition. I disagree with you about "The Screwfly Solution", however: I consider it to be an extremely successful and powerful story. —JEANNE GOMOLL]

Jane Hawkins
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Seattle, WA, 98111

...Jeanne mentioned in "News Nurds" [*Janus* 8] that we're going to be seeing more of the actual people involved in *Janus*. Will this include contributors as well? I'm quite curious about all the people who make *Janus*. I hope to attend WisCon next year and meet them, but it'd be nice to get information through *Janus* also. Gut-tearing exposure isn't necessary—*Janus* is not a perzine or an APA—but even simple blurb-type things would round out my vision of the *Jani*....

Jan's editorial on science fiction and politics made some interesting points. My political consciousness is low, but I know that what views I have are strongly influenced by science fiction. Science fiction offers two important things: a sense that the world is changing and a variety of answers to "What if..." questions. Both of these are important to the development of political views. However, there is a major difficulty with foreseeing widespread impact on politics by science fiction—the visions of SF can be dismissed as unreal. This viewpoint is to some extent correct. Authors cannot avoid coloring their futures with personal hopes and fears.

Histories are colored in this fashion, but one knows that the basic events actually happened and the impact may be increased. A personal example of this stems from the time I developed an interest in pre-WW2 Germany. I'd read some horrifying stories of totalitarian futures without full, gut-level, This Can Happen Here impact. The books I read on Germany had a tearing effect. Waking and sleeping nightmares dogged me for months. All of that could happen here. My fear was not helped by the fact that this reading binge overlapped the initial Watergate discoveries and the Nixon landslide! I remember the sickening shock I felt when the election results came in. McGovern hadn't impressed me much, but I thought Nixon's tricks were well known! How could he get such a victory? Well, his cruddy history was well known—within my student subculture, not outside.

Which brings me to a final point about possible impacts of SF on politics: we are members of a subculture, the SF subculture. When we speak of the relationship between SF and politics, we must remember that even our shared ideas may not be obvious to the "mundane" world. The feeling that SF has something to offer politically may even (horrors!) be wrong.

Will there be another such panel like the one Jan wrote about [politics and science fiction] at the next WisCon? [Yes: "Fascism and Science Fiction". —JMB] Despite my skepticism, I would enjoy hearing more discussions of this type. Or



maybe a panel on utopias; Jan mentions some in her editorial. I think it'd be fun and interesting to fully examine the practicality of some good utopias. Economics, sociology, interactions with differing cultures, how we can get there from here, etc. Yum....

Lesleigh: "Twiltone" was an extremely lucid, well written, and warm article. I admire how you tied your ideas into the zine reviews. The concept of reviewing con reviews has a humorous aspect, but moved into an important point: "We are people trying to make contact with others any way we can." Right arm! Con fen and zine fen may differ in means, but the desired goal is just as you state it. I speak as a con fan rapidly turning rabid zine fan!

The letter column is a pleasure in many different ways. That letter from Gene Simmons! Thanks for printing it. I roared with laughter when I read it. Such abysmal ignorance is serious, but I can't help finding it funny as well. Doesn't he read newspapers? Or watch TV? Or listen to the radio? Laws and law-suits, Barbara Walters and Billy Jean King—where has he been hiding?...

I went back and read "Lunch and Talk", then re-read "Round 2". Joanna Russ says everything I might want to, and better. (Gad, that woman is incredible.) I tend to think Marion Zimmer Bradley over-reacted, but I'm not a published author, so I have no idea what kind of pain discussions such as "Lunch and Talk" might arouse.. *Sigh* It's an interesting controversy; but it makes me sad. I don't think anyone meant to hurt MZB. It's unfortunate that that was the result.

That review of *Motherlines* aroused a mean-spirited envy in me. I want to read it now, and I'm jealous that Jeanne and Jan already have. *Grrr* After meeting Suzy McKee Charnas at WesterCon (Wow! I love her.), I immediately talked my local bookstore into buying a batch of *Walk to the End of the World*. (They have a tendency to stock only the tried and true names.) Now I'm so anxious to read her next book that I'll probably cough up for a hard-cover. Could you tell me where other things by her have been published?...

I like movie reviews, especially ones that ignoramuses (like me) can understand, but I felt cheated by the initial segment of ["Show and Tell":] "Is It Or Isn't It?". The first three movies mentioned are dismissed as not SF. OK, fine, but did you like them? Please don't bring up a movie, wave it around, and offer no opinions on enjoyability or quality! I felt quite disgruntled as I read the rest of the article—which was very cogent and informative.

Reaction to Philip Kaveny's book review: say more! For example, what did Wells's "last and very important political writings" say? Maybe I'm especially ignorant, but I felt tantalized by a well written review that presumed more knowledge than I have. You have some ideas I want to hear....

"Thesis, Antithesis, Sweden" presented an interesting idea and did it fairly well, but I have a severe problem with the lack of female characters. A rough count tells me that of eight people mentioned by name, six were men, one's sex was not mentioned, and one woman made a very brief appearance. Further, this count does not include the "transplanted" babies, who appear to have been all males. This is annoying. Most of the story centers around Earth happenings. Where are all the women? Where do babies come from? A story that excludes women must have a plausible reason for doing so. Maybe the reason is that Russell can't portray women! Excuse me, that's a snide remark, but please don't do that. It plays havoc with the story's credibility to virtually forget half the human race....

[Actually, I wanted to use Jeannette Rankin instead of Dag Hammarskjold, but that would have meant the US would have been chosen as the "best" society, and I definitely didn't want that. In retrospect, I should have turned Carnovis into a Golda Meir-like character. Dammit! Wish I had it to do over again. Well, the feedback helps, and perhaps others can learn from my mistakes, too. That's one of the advantages of the more personal format of fanzines. —RICHARD S. RUSSELL]

On to the art!... First, Jeanne, as a representative of Ma Bell in fandom, I feel obliged to warn you that unless you send me a circuit diagram and test results from the tiny phone proving that its interconnection with the Bell System network does not degrade service, you will be forced to remove said phone from the PO box. I Have Spoken. Back cover was good, too. Not only is Dan Steffan a great guy, but I never grow tired of his weird drawings. How could I? They are so full of energy, variety, and quirky touches.... Kellough's illo of Alistra was perfect for the woman in Jessica's story.... The title piece for "Gillan Is Not All" on Page 61 was equally fine.... Does Kellough bring art to conventions for sale? I covet his art....

Demmie McGinley This began as a letter of comment to *Janus*, or at least that was my intention.... What follows, though, is less a letter of comment than a story—and stranger than fiction at that....

Needing to occasionally get away from this Mad City, I took off last weekend and ventured forth towards Oshkosh, hoping to find some peace and relaxation. As fate would have it, though, the ride I'd hitched was only going as far as Pine Lake—Smokey's Bar and Grill, to be exact.

"That's where me and my buddies have our monthly CBers meeting," my driver informed me. "We're planning our first big meeting and I wouldn't miss it for the world. You can bet your bottom benny on that!" I told him I didn't have any bennies, but thanks for the ride anyway, and hopped out of the truck. It was just around sundown; three inches of newly fallen snow lay on the ground; it was cold,



but a good campfire would take the chill out of the air, and the pine trees beckoned. Oshkosh, I decided, would have to wait. I adjusted my pack and started off into the wilderness.

After walking a mile or so a small lake came into view. It was starting to get colder, and I looked around for a suitable campsite. An old birch tree sat firmly planted on a sandbar, unprotected as campsites go, but for some reason I was drawn towards it. By this time the sun had almost disappeared behind the tops of the pines visible on the far horizon, so I set to and made camp. Soon the warm light of my campfire illuminated the wilderness, and as I put on some water to boil for tea, far from the hustle and bustle of State Street, I felt secure in the thought that any wild animals I encountered would be nature's own (and not from The Pub).

I settled down, with my cup of tea, on a comfortable bough of soft pine needles, and looked through my pack for the latest issue of *Janus*. How I had looked forward to this moment—to sit here as a babe in the womb, surrounded as I was on all sides by the great primeval Wisconsin wilderness, and by the light of my campfire to read through the latest issue of *Janus* (#9). My eyes lingered for some time on the beautiful cover before I moved on to the inner contents. Under "Fiction" (Only later was I to discover the true misnomer of that heading.) something caught my eye: "The Pine Lake Triangle" by John Bartelt. Interesting. The lake I was on was, no doubt, Pine Lake. Could this Pine Lake and the Pine Lake mentioned in the article be one and the same? Surely there must be some connection.

With some curiosity I turned to the proper page and began to read, enjoying this seeming coincidence. But soon my joy was turned to surprise, then anxiety, and finally, as I read through paragraph after paragraph, word after chilling word, as the truth began to dawn, a cold feeling quite unconnected to the temperature crept up my spine, and I was fully in the grips of a fear so terrifying words alone could never convey it. My fear was not based entirely on the article alone. (After all, hadn't it been listed under "Fiction"? No, the fear came from something I had with some unconcern noticed earlier when I was first preparing camp. I looked back now to make sure my initial observation had been correct.

Yes, there it was. Precisely in the center of what I now knew to be the Pine Lake Triangle, at the cold frozen lake, lay what I had first discerned to be a hole cut out of the ice by the local fishermen. A common enough sight for the season—deceptively common. I now knew the true purpose of that gaping hole, so innocently reflecting the clear full moon. That opening was none other than the entrance to the Black Hole of the Pine Lake Triangle, carved out of the ice by alien Jovians to insure that, even through the long winter months, they could continue to carry on their strange, piscatorial activities.

Perhaps already some hapless fisherman had been drawn to the Hole, thrown in his line, and—whoosh!—been sucked down to the depths of that dark, black hole, never to be seen or heard from again. Something must be done, but what? At that late hour, not knowing my way around the area, I had small hopes of contacting the proper authorities. Determined to do what I could, though, I decided to keep watch through the night, alerting any late-night fisherman who might be drawn to the Hole.

Extinguishing my campfire with much loud stomping, punctuated with my shouted announcements of "Brr, it's too cold to camp here all night. I'm moving on," etc., I edged toward the birch tree. Confident that my little charade had fooled the Jovians, I crawled behind the birch tree and began my all-night vigil.

The hours passed slowly. Without the campfire, the cold grew oppressive. My blood seemed to congeal into an ice floe of numbness, spreading outward in, and my joints were icicles that cracked with even the slightest movement I dared make. I cursed myself for not bringing a pocket knife. I felt in my pocket and found the fork and spoon I had tossed there in a rushed packing—my only weapons, but should one of the Abominable Jovians attack, at least I'd go down fighting. An owl fluttered through the treetops, his occasional song the only calming influence throughout the night, and my anxious mind was thankful for what little peace he unknowingly offered.

I had no watch, but it seemed it must be close to dawn. The hours had taken their toll; my eyelids wavered. The blanket of soft snow looked so inviting.... So inv...

I awoke with a start. The first rays of dawn were just appearing. With a shock I realized I had fallen asleep. Had any fishermen been... No, looking around I saw only my own footprints etched in the snow, and I breathed a sigh of relief. But wait, no, there were footprints! But these were not the footprints of any ordinary humans—or were they human at all?

I rubbed my eyes and looked again. There, directly below me, not five inches from where I stood, was a score of footprints, and no wonder they had first escaped my eyes. For these were the smallest footprints I had ever seen, small even in comparison to those a child would make. I took out my camping magnifying glass and took a closer look. No, they definitely were not the tracks of some small animal: the form was distinctly human. But what was this! I counted the toes—there were six! Completely absorbed, I continued my investigation and followed the footprints. First they led to my pack, then around it, then back to the tree.

Something caught my eye. Right at the foot of the tree, held firmly in place with a small pebble, lay a single piece of birch bark. With trembling fingers I picked it up. And then my eyes beheld the most beautiful script eyes have ever



J. Smith

seen. In fine, golden letters that seemed to dance and sparkle in that first early light of dawn, was written:

"Peace on Earth, Goodwill to all Earthlings"

The birch bark fluttered in my hand now and then when the wind picked up as I looked over the lake. It was the only movement, the only sound.

A little later sounds drifted by from the houses across the lake—early morning sounds, off to work. I gathered up my things and started towards the road.

A STATEMENT OF ETHICAL POSITION BY THE WORLDCON GUEST OF HONOR

Harlan Ellison
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It is not enough to talk the talk; in this life we must walk the walk, as well. Otherwise we are lip-service hypocrites.

That is the basic position. What it refers to is not quite so simplistic. In point of fact, the situation to which that position speaks puts me—as they say—between a rock and a very hard place, indeed.

I am very much in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment.

Arizona is one of the states that has not ratified the ERA.

I think this is a bad thing.

I think the reasons behind the non-ratification in Arizona are even more dangerous than that they contribute to the failure of the ERA. They are shadowy reasons that go directly to the heart of the separation of church and state in America. Arizonians will understand what I'm saying, though non-residents may find that an obscure reference. Please forgive the awful obscurantism; I do it purposefully to avoid lawsuits.

But, as I boycotted the Miami WorldCon in large part because of the Anita Bryant influence in Dade County and Florida's position on the ERA, so should I now refuse to appear in Phoenix for the same reason. By turning down the accolade of being the 1978 WorldCon's guest of honor—something that caps my 25 years as fan and professional in the field—I would cause myself great unhappiness...but I'd be able to look in the mirror without flinching, and would be able to continue to think of myself as an honorable person. That was to have been my course of action.

But there are considerations that make such a decision extremely difficult. First, I accepted the guest of honorship several years before NOW and the pro-ERA forces began their economic boycotts of states where ratification had been withheld. I accepted in good faith, and to weasel out today would be unethical in that respect. Second, though this is something in which I passionately believe, I don't think I have the right to morally blackmail the IguanaCon committee that may not feel as I do, though I've been advised many of the members are in accord.

If I were to vacate the guest of honor slot, I would also have to take advertisements in *Locus*, *Galaxy*, *F&SF*, *Analog*, *UnEarth*, *Galileo*, *Science Fiction Review*, and any other platforms of mass communication available to me, such as the NBC "Tomorrow" show, etc., where my position could be explicated. I would have to urge those who might be coming to Phoenix in part because I would be there to stay away...not to bring money into Arizona...to show the state legislature that there is an economic club that would be used against any state that fails to offer women equal rights.

I would do that, at my own expense. It would be the logical extension of my decision.

But there is no way of ignoring the ugly reality that such actions would very likely damage the WorldCon, as well as the good and decent fans who have worked so long and hard to put the IguanaCon together. It would certainly cost them financially. They cannot get out of the contract with the convention hotel, they cannot move the convention to another state, and I would thus be bludgeoning innocent people with my ethical imperatives.

I would be playing with their lives.

Which would be unconscionably immoral.

Rock. Very hard place.

When I thought all this out, I went to wiser heads for guidance. They have given it freely. Ursula LeGuin, Joanna Russ, Greg Brown who is the head of the IguanaCon committee, Vonda McIntyre, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and Susan Wood have suggested alternatives to the extreme position. One of these alternatives seems both salutary and directly in service of the commonweal. It is this:

I will come to the convention as guest of honor, but I will do it in the spirit of making the convention a platform for heightening the awareness of fans and Arizona as a whole to the situation. I will do this because I feel I must, but in a way that will minimize any crippling of the convention.

I will coordinate with the National Organization for Women (NOW), the pro-ERA elements in Arizona, and the convention committee itself, of course. I will take every possible public-relations and promotional opportunity to publicize the situation. I have been assured that there will be time for publicity and discussion of this most urgent problem, that there will be no sexist entertainment at the convention, and that Phoenix and the state will be apprised of the economic imperatives that obtain.



In this way, I will attempt to make the best of an untenable moral situation. I urge others to assist me in this. I suppose in some ways I'm trying to have my cake of conscience and eat it, too; but, dammit, I can't think of any other way out of this bind in which my beliefs have put me without hurting innocent people.

As for those who will begin the barrage of flak, and I expect no less for assuming such a position, may I just remind them that there is recent precedent for utilizing a worldcon for moral ends: Bob Heinlein believes passionately in the drive to obtain blood, and the conventions have been used as platforms to publicize that drive. What Bob has done is use himself as a loss-leader; I am doing the same. I'm uncomfortable leading anybody's parade, but I find myself in the barrel and not to do it would be cowardly. I can stand the flak, and the more the better, because it only serves to raise into higher profile the basic problem.

As for those who share my belief that the ERA is a vitally important issue which must not be allowed to be killed by intransigence or by reactionary religious elements in the Arizona state legislature, I suggest fans coming to the convention figure out ways to withhold money from the state as much as possible. The convention committee should assemble a list of acceptable campsites for those fans who prefer to stay elsewhere than in the convention hotel. I will be one of those people. You are invited to stop by my tent, wherever it might be. But more: bring your own food. Set up feeding arrangements with local fans. Don't shop in the stores. Spend your money with the out-of-state dealers in the huckster rooms, but stay away from the tourist facilities. None of this is easy, but who ever said that taking a moral stand was going to be pleasurable?

In short, let's just for once, in the world of SF, walk the walk and not just talk the talk. For decades SF has trumpeted about Brave New Worlds and what slant-like futuristic thinkers we are, how humanistic SF is, how socially conscious we are, how SF stories can deal with delicate social issues that mimetic fiction is afraid to talk about. And yet, on the whole, SF fans and pros live in Never-Never Land when it comes to taking part in the pragmatic world around them; they would rather escape into a realm of creative anachronisms than go to the battlements to fight the real wars; to be precise, SF fans and professionals tend to be terribly provincial about the pressing issues of our times, to turn their heads and say it is none of their affair.

Dealing with far-flung galactic civilizations is great fun, but we're supposed to be concerned people. And so...at what point do we put our bodies on the line for the things SF says are important: freedom, equality, living at one with our planet, free speech, intellectual awareness, courage, the best possible condition of life for people?

Can we continue to deal with SF as merely escapist fiction, pointless, mindless entertainment, no nobler than trash novels or TV sitcoms, when we howl in outrage at reviewers and critics who accuse the genre of being no more than that? Can we permit the gap between what we say we are and what we really are to exist? Or is this, perhaps, a moment when we can make a brave statement with our fiction, our literary love, our bodies, and our annual world gathering?

Arizona, the WorldCon and I offer you this opportunity.



[We also heard from Richard Bruning, Lee Carson, Alexis A. Gilliland, Doll Gilliland, Wayne Hooks, Gary S. Mattingly, Randy Mohr, Marc Ortlieb, Joyce Scrivner, Erwin S. Strauss, and David M. Verschagin.]

a demon waits in the corner
waits till you close the door behind you
and are safely on your way
he always strikes unexpectedly
though his assaults occur
with situational predictability

LONELY ACHE

(after a short story by Harlan Ellison)

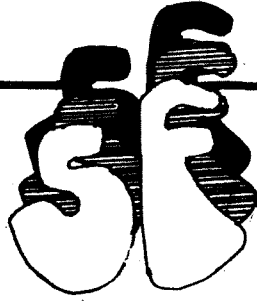
i never expect loneliness
to smite me across the shoulders
hit me in the gut
to rise in my throat, a stifled sob
petulant child, i scream at the fates

it is no fair!!!

that pleasure should leave
such an aftermath
of pain

terri gregory
11 / 27 / 77





VULGAR ADVERTISEMENT

[Once again we've gotten another issue out just under the wire. This time the "wire" belongs to the US Postal Service, from which we rent a bulk-mailing permit. We're closer to our 40-page "standard" this time because we're resting up for Janus 11, the WisCon issue. See you all there.]

TESTIMONIALS

Here's what some satisfied (and some not-so-satisfied) readers of *Janus* have said about it:

• "[*Janus* is] worth the entire shitload of lesser fanzines clotting the mainstream of amateur SF publishing." —Harlan Ellison

• "a...personable, interesting genzine... [*Janus* is] relaxed, perceptive, humorous." —Susan Wood

• "*Janus* no longer resembles a warty toad on speed. Now it has the fascinating if somewhat asymmetric appearance of a web spun by a spider on acid." —Mike Glicksohn

FANZINES

Corr (Perri Corrick-West, ed.) Multi-colored eclecticism.

Digressions (John Bartelt, ed.) Long-lost Madison fan holds forth from far Minneapolis.

Janus (Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll, eds.) Feminist-oriented genzine. \$1 each or \$4 for 4 issues (1 year).

Overlist (Richard C. West, ed.) Scholarly journal devoted to works of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, *et alii*.

Starling (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, eds.) Hugo-nominated personal journal of popular culture: music, STF, comix, movies, mysteries, comics, etc. 50¢ each or \$2 for 5 issues.

CONVENTION

WisCon 1978: the Wisconsin Convention of Science Fiction. Co-sponsored by the University of

Wisconsin Extension. Scheduled for February 17-19 of 1978. Featuring Vonda McIntyre and Susan Wood as guests of honor. Good times.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Madison Science Fiction Group. Meets Wednesdays at Nick's Bar and Grill, 226 State St. in Madison, except last Wednesday of each month is the "event" night, usually discussion of an SF author or theme and held at Union South on the UW campus.

Madison Review of Books. Heard on WORT-FM; hour-long show on Saturday plus 2- to 3-minute reviews interspersed throughout each day.

Book of the Month Circle. Discusses a different novel each month. Meets informally in people's dames and apartments. Pretzels featured.

Dungeons and Dragons. A corps of dungeon masters manage to hold at least one adventure a week between them.

Animated film. Based on Fred Haskell's rendition of "Mediocre Fred".

Education. Science-fiction short course at Madison's City High School taught by guest speakers. Speakers' Bureau. Presentations (some with slides) on any SF-related subject. Also on metric system.

Library. Group collection looking for a home.

UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION

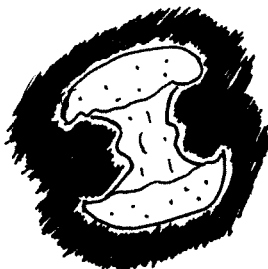
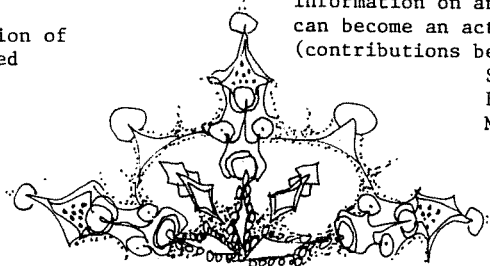
All of the foregoing activities are coordinated by:

SF³

the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction

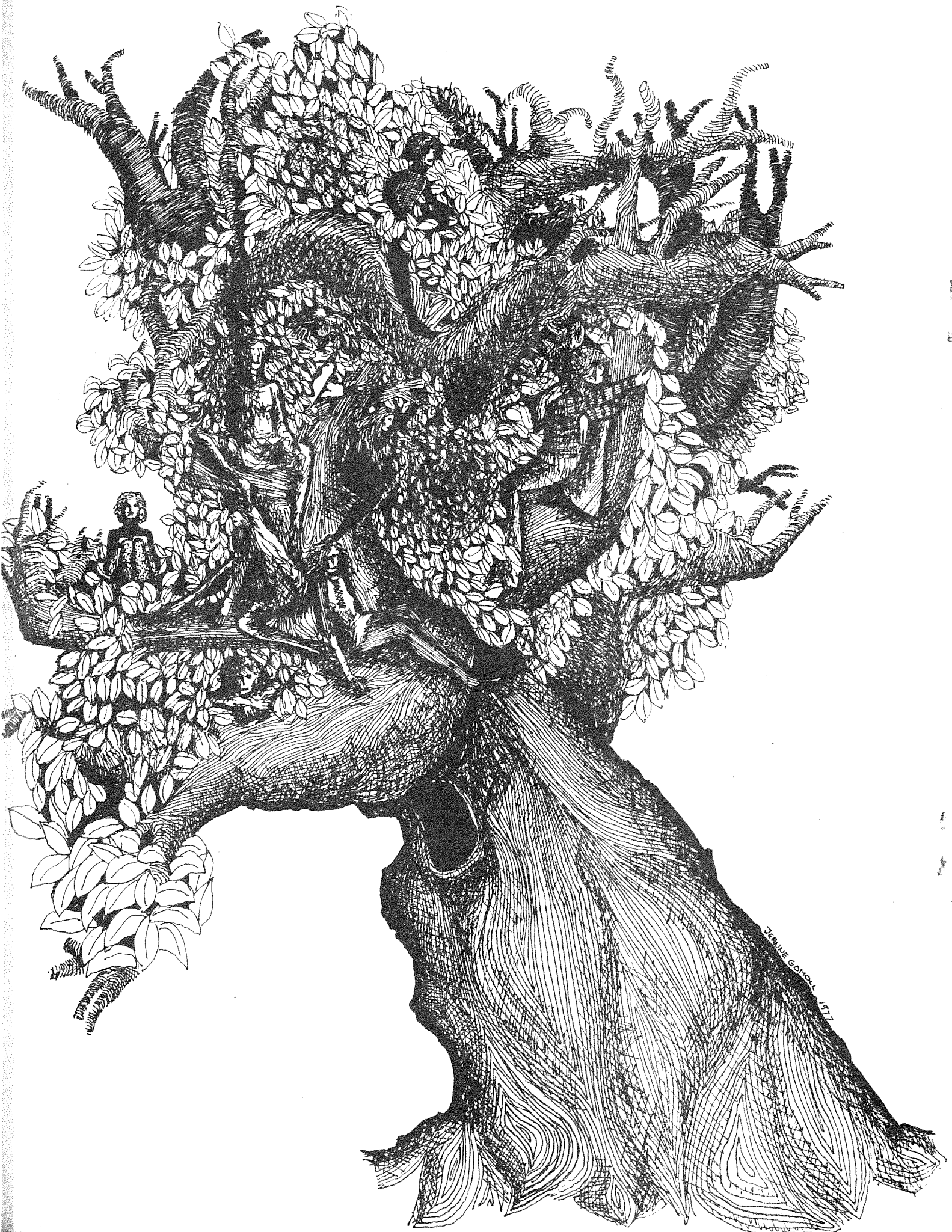
a non-profit, non-stock Wisconsin corporation. For information on any of the activities, or on how you can become an active or supporting member of SF³ (contributions being tax exempt), write to:

SF³
Box 1624
Madison, WI, 53701



PLANETS OF THE REPAST CLUSTER #4

The outermost inhabited planet has a surface like semisolid tapioca. It is readily usable in the inner worlds' planofforming projects, and evidence of strip-mining can be clearly seen, even through the telescope.



JEROME GOMOL 1972