



Rumors concerning the demise of *Janus* have been, as they say, greatly exaggerated. We have been plagued all year by printing difficulties along with the usual bunch of delays stemming from unmet deadlines and such. And to be truthful, I confess that we are not rehabilitated in this area of fannish procrastination either, and printing problems still loom as potential future obstacles, so I can't make any promises concerning a new regime, dependable schedules, or four issues a year. But it is the end of the year and of the decade after all, and resolutions are in order. Thus, you will notice how precisely we have kept to our 40-page limit this time, and those of you who have contributed or will be contributing written submissions to *Janus* may notice that replies have become more prompt. In general, Jan and I both intend to work on organizing this enterprise in a more efficient manner than it has been in the past. We've both recently acquired professional positions with the State of Wisconsin—Jan as a research analyst for the Department of Health and Social Services, and myself as a graphic artist with the Department of Natural Resources in the Bureau of Park Planning (and both of us credit our *Janus* work as being responsible to a major degree with our appointments). So, besides being delighted with our work and the attendant benefits, we find that enforcing deadlines is becoming an even more vital necessity for this new year. We do intend to keep on doing *Janus* and are reasonably sure we can do better than the two issues of *Janus* and one WisCon program book that we produced in 1979.

In order to limit this issue to 40 pages, we had to hold ourselves to an earlier decision not to publish letters of comment (not to mention other sorts of material that has come to us in recent months). Though we now have more than enough mail to fill out a hefty LoC column, *Janus* 16 was originally intended to follow immediately upon the heels of number 15, and so we did not anticipate having enough of them during our planning session. The space that would have been reserved for letters was promised to article writers and so you will unfortunately have to wait for the catch-up LoC column in *Janus* 17.

Starting with this issue, there will be several other changes as well which are planned to help us deal with our frequent financial and temporal crises. To make sure that we have less difficulty taming the wild beast (when we have letters to deal with again), we've made the following format changes: Ctein's "Future Insulation" will alternate with science articles by other writers when these are available, and Jessica Amanda Salmonson's column on the feminist small press will alternate with a fannish small-press review column (better known as fanzine reviews), which will be written by various contributors from within the MadSTF group. Several other regular feature writers have been asked to reduce their average article length, and we will be trying to give priority space in the book-review column to persons not otherwise represented in the issue, especially to out-of-town contributors. All this cutting back does not affect at all my ever-growing need for good artwork, however, so artists please write if you are interested in contributing your work to *Janus*! Right now, I'm collecting portfolio art for the WisCon program book which will feature images inspired by works of Joan D. Vinge and Octavia E. Butler, WisCon 4's Guests of Honor. If you are interested in participating on this, contact me immediately. You have almost no time left.

In this issue of *Janus*, we're especially pleased to be able to present a pre-release review of the anthology, *Amazons!*, edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson. *Amazons!* is a collection of fiction featuring strong women in tales of heroic fantasy and is, I hope, the first of many such anthologies edited by Salmonson. You should, by now, be able to find it

in the bookstores as it is scheduled for a December release. For personal reasons that will be obvious if you check the table of contents, I am very interested in receiving feedback on that article as well as the comic strip presented here for the first of its installments, "Bizarre Apartment Life". Richard Bruning and I have been doing a lot of collaboration together recently and are surprised and intrigued by the results of the combination of our styles. The pattern of our collaboration has not been at all simple (certainly not the traditional division of labor in which one artist pencils and the other inks), and even now, neither of us could say for sure which lines, ideas, or characterizations were ours. The

JEANNE

strip promises to be a goldmine of humorous situations and plot lines and we are going to continue doing them for as long as the idea interests us.

We've already received a letter from an Austin, Texas fan who says that the SF group there has found Richard Russell's column, "Blue Sky and Red Tape" incentive for incorporating themselves. But we would like to hear more from you about this. We're all impressed with and interested in the process that gives us the ability to do all the neat things that our group has been involved with through these past years (See "The Making of *Janus*", p. 4, and "Vulgar Advertisement", p. 40), but we need to know your reaction to this series. Eventually SF³ plans to publish these articles in a salable pamphlet form.

Interviews with Chelsea Quinn Yarbro and Jo Clayton (conducted by Jan Bogstad) comprise this issue's highlights, and we've accompanied them with several book reviews of these authors' works. Jan's interviews with women SF/F writers, in fact, have been and will continue to be regular features in *Janus* since they are conducted in connection with "The Project" which Jan described in her editorial in #14. You may be interested in an update on that enterprise: Check out the list of names readers have sent to us to supplement Jan's original list of 49 women, which added 131 names to that basic catalog. (See page 24.) It certainly is a wonderful thing, only I hate to think of all the research that list will get us into, not to mention the typing of all the interview transcripts to be done! If you think of any more names we've missed, please let us know.

Lastly, film-freaks don't despair! Diane Martin's and Dick Russell's "Show and Tell" is merely on vacation. Stu Shiffman substitutes...sort of...with "Celuloïd Fantasia" and Diane and Dick will be back next time with movie reviews and maybe even some movie fanzine reviews. I've got the feeling, however, that the extraordinary season we've had lately for SF/F films may make it difficult for them to catch up.

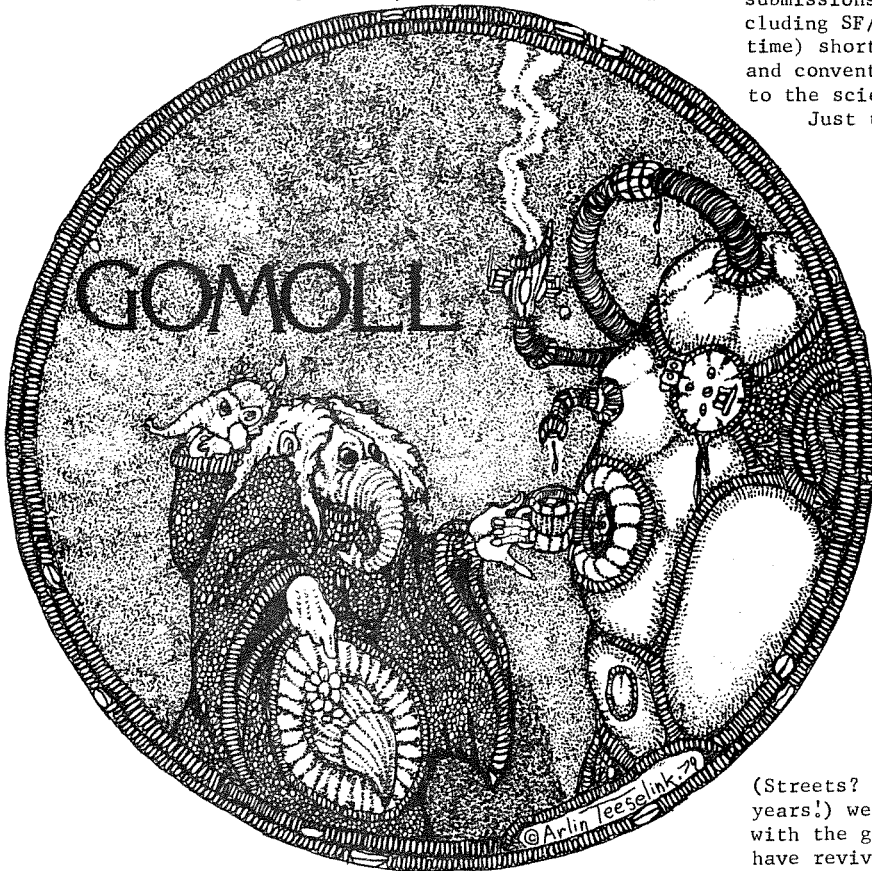
So that's *Janus* 16. Hope you enjoy it. Write to us and tell us what you think. Now for some news about Madcity SF Group activities.

Since issue number 15, there have been several cons attended by group members. Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, Archon fan guests of honor, were escorted to St. Louis by Jan Bogstad, Phil Kaveny, and Jim Cox. All went well and is reported on in depth by a multiple-perspective review by Jan, Phil and Hank. Jim is also represented in the con report section. A large contingent of us went to Milwaukee in early June for X-Con, where Doug Price, a former Madison resident and group member, was honored as fan guest of honor. At the con, Madison members participated in two panels and Greg Rihn walked off with first prize in the masquerade. (Greg is an accomplished actor and skilled at make-up and costume, and so easily

won the prize at MadSTF's October program Halloween costume contest.) Steven V. Johnson and Kim Nash received second prizes for two different sorts of competitions, the art show and the trivia contest, respectively. Had AutoClave not been cancelled for attendance and hotel problems, it would have been a

fiction and fantasy program over WORT-FM (the local listener-sponsored radio station) for over a year now. The show is sort of a broadcast fanzine. Most of the members of MadSTF have been on the show several times. Jim mentions that he'd be interested in any submissions of material for the hourly broadcast, including SF/F poetry, short (20-25 minutes read-out time) short stories, convention information, fanzine and convention reports, or anything else of interest to the science fiction community.

Just to keep ourselves busy and off the streets



NEWS NURDS

triple-header month for MadSTF members. I had been asked to be guest of honor with Dan Steffan at that convention. Oh well. It turns out that I'll only have to wait till July 1980, though, since AutoClave has been rescheduled and Dan and I have again been asked to be GoH's.

Two members of the group attended different sorts of conventions. For instance, Gregory Rihn, sometime fan writer and dungeonmaster (not to mention the infamous author of the beanie features in *Janus* and this issue's *Alien* comics), was invited to take part in the Second Invitational Advanced Dungeons and Dragons Masters Tournament, sponsored by TSR Hobbies, Inc., at GenCon 12, UW-Parkside, Kenosha, WI, August 16-19, 1979. Greg is seen infrequently in Madison lately. He's working in Lancaster, WI (about 80 km. away from Madison) as a grown-up (Assistant District Attorney).

Not quite a fannish convention, but a convention connected to fannish activities nonetheless, the Association of American University Presses invited Jim Cox to Salt Lake City, June 24-27, primarily as a result of his activities with the Madison Review of Books on WORT-FM radio and MCAC, Cable Channel 4 television. He spoke appropriately on the subject of "Reviewing Books for Radio and Television". Judging from the landslide of letters and books that MRB has been receiving lately as a result of the good will and interest Jim inspired in Utah, his participation was very successful indeed. MRB gets in lots of DAW, Del Rey/Ballantine, and Ace science fiction books every month; if you're interested in getting involved in reviewing these books, or if you have some information or other material to submit for use on the radio or TV show, write to James A. Cox, c/o WORT-FM, Box 3219, Madison, WI 53704.

Jim has also been hosting a weekly science

(Streets? Streets? I haven't seen the streets in years!) we've got another "activity group" associated with the group. Phil Kaveny and Jim Cox and others have revived the Madison Literary Tea and Crumpet Society. The first order of business was to change the name of the group to "The Cirocco Phoenix Literary Guild". The group meets once a month and functions as a support group for writers, poets, and artists in the Madison area. Members bring work to be critiqued by others, and so far the sessions have been both entertaining and useful to all those who have attended. Phil has been reading his novel-in-progress; we have also had poetry readings, children's stories, astronomy lessons, reviews and political statements and will soon be including art among the work discussed. Every once in a while (at these literary affairs, for instance, or even just writing this column), I find myself amazed at all the talent and energy that is concentrated in our group. But then Jan nudges me in the ribs suggesting that I stop day-dreaming and start typing again.

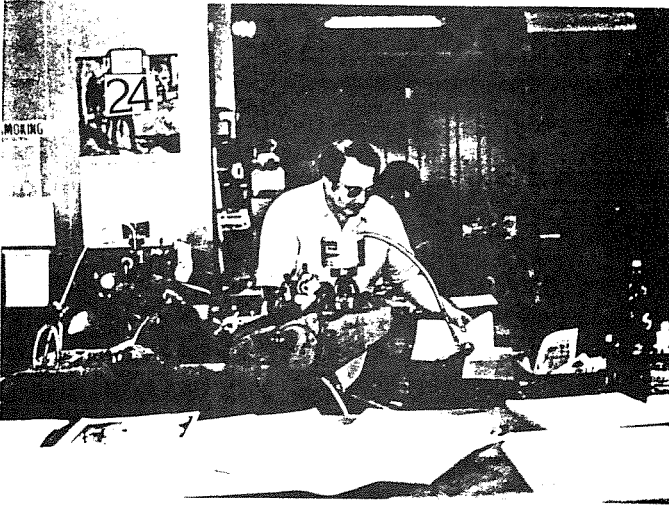
Other than that, the summer was filled with merely the same old hum-drum frantiness. I helped to paint a basketball backboard for Dick Russell's backyard court (with a rainbow and equal opportunity cupids dressed in basketball trunks), and 26 of us went off to see the Madison premiere of *Alien*. Observing the summer hiatus, no monthly special programs were presented at Union South on the University campus as is usual during the rest of the year, but Randy Everts (*Janus*'s printer) did treat us to a mid-summer mini-convention called MadCon, at his house.

Another future convention that will see some Madison folk is something called "AquaCon", in Anaheim, CA. Jan and I have been asked to be fan GoH's there February 12-15, 1981, which really blows our WisConned minds, since our con just manages to ask guests of honor about 10 months in advance of the con. We're curious about the incredible organizing plan that might control this convention.

Unbelievable...we're just now getting things together for WisCon 4 (March 7-9, 1980). Up-date bro-

...continued on Page 33...

It's Christmas eve and the snow lies dirty about the streets. Most normal folks are home with their families or at parties to celebrate the occasion, but in an east side Madison print-shop a man, a kitten and a small dog share a lonely vigil, bending over a printing press as the pages roll off into a collecting bin. Their vigil is only interrupted by the visits of friends bearing gifts of food, or others who come to share the task as the night progresses. Still, Randy Everts of The Strange Company works into Christmas morning.



Six months later, the same print shop is once again alight in the wee hours of the morning and bustling with the rowdy noises of the four people and a now full-grown cat of the male persuasion. "Ready," calls the largest one as he slowly lifts a huge paper knife over a skid of uncut cream-colored bond. He jumps up with the free end in his hands and then falls, forcing the knife half-way through the skid, where a tall slender fellow takes over for him. This process is repeated four times for each skid of paper, plus whatever number of times is needed to trim the results more exactly. As they work, Randy, Phil Kaveny, Paul Norton, and G.M. Norton amuse themselves by imitating other close acquaintances, gesticulating and holding their noses to produce the desired effects.

It's a sunny June afternoon and a sumptuous picnic has just been completed in the back lawn of Jeanne Gomoll's apartment house. Twelve people—Jeanne Gomoll, Phil Kaveny, Richard S. Russell, Diane Martin, Janice Bogstad, Hank Luttrell, Jim Cox, Susan Balliette, Dennis Hackbart, Perri Corrick West, Paul Wells, and Paul Matzke are earnestly talking about their feelings of alienation and frustration concerning the process by which decisions are made about the publication on which they all so freely expend so much of their spare time. Monetary, content, and length problems, as well as basic production problems are discussed. Jan asks Richard if he has anything to add and he points out that this sort of meeting was needed for a long time and he's satisfied that we're finally having it.

The inside of the staid, fashionable duplex in Oregon, Wisconsin, is anything but staid. It's scattered with carbon-ribbon typewriters, two of them fairly new IBMs. Dictaphone-attendant (draft) Jeanne Gomoll sits in front of an Olivetti turning out pages which Jan Bogstad scoops up to re-edit on the somewhat-warmer front porch, escaping the air-conditioned interior on this late June afternoon.

JAN BOGSTAD EDITORIAL:

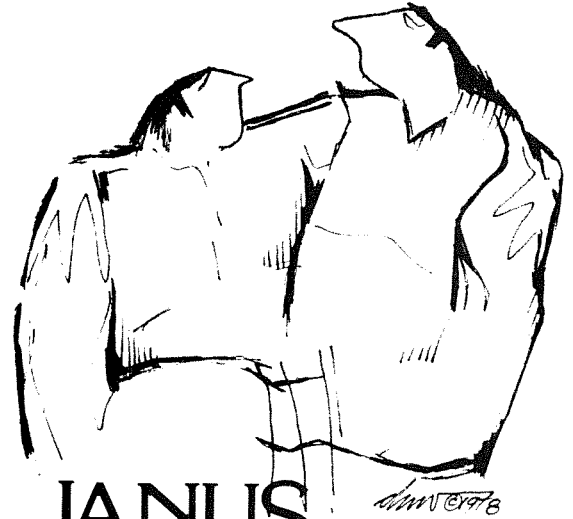
Later that evening, Michael DuCharme and Jim Cox spell each other retyping the final product. Richard Russell types away at the second installment of "Blue Sky, Red Tape," while Hank Luttrell and Paul Wells work on the mailing list. Diane Martin is upstairs with another new IBM, banging away at book reviews and wondering when they'll get the movie column done (maybe never, she sighs).

Through the weeks which separate these week-end work sessions, there are other more solitary scenes with Jan typing alone in her office and Jeanne drawing furiously or laying out meticulously lined pages. With Richard and his famous red pen, marking copy and Diane typing and proofing final copy or arguing about the contents of the movie-review column. With Phil marshalling his typing and editing companion, Norton, to finish an article, a short story or a poem, and with Hank running between printer and editors, working on the mailing lists with Richard and distributing the final product to Madison bookstores, distributors, and, most important, through his familiar huckster table at Southern, Mid-Western and World SF conventions.

I've often been asked if *Janus* is a club zine, and I really don't know how to answer that question. You see, all of the scenes described above are part of the regular production processes that turn *Janus* from manuscript to finished product. They are mostly group activities and are involved with production as well as with content. In that sense, *Janus* is a clubzine. Yet the editorial policy is not precisely a matter of club(SF³) decision.

When we decided that it was alright for the magazine to become a part of SF³ for mailing purposes, I retained the editorial rights as far as print content and Jeanne did the same as far as artistic and layout concerns. We get together regularly to decide what the next issue should look like and what the production schedule should be. Of course, each issue varies from our ideal, but the basic outline is there before we even start the production for another issue. This is why *Janus* retains a feminist and political orientation even though it is created by so many different people.

Just as Jeanne tries to be responsible both to the appearance and to the contributors of artwork, I try to be responsible to the authors, editing and discussing their work as well as trying to see the individual issues of the magazine in an issue-wide perspective. Yet our search for excellence does not end there. Richard approaches another end of the production process by being the first to urge us to go to an offset format and by insisting, often



THE MAKING OF JANUS

over protests from more pragmatically-oriented individuals, that there be a uniformity of type appearance throughout each issue and throughout the several issues. Without this kind of passion, such things would not happen—just as without Jeanne's schedules, Phil's insistence on work sessions, and Diane's constant attention to length versus cost considerations and careful tending of the SF³ and *Janus* books, the magazine would flounder.


Also, I am only now beginning to fully appreciate the press job that Hank Luttrell has been doing—not an unusual occurrence, as he has always quietly done his thing for *Janus* from urging me to put out the first issue to taking us through our first offset to advising on production matters every since. Then there is the army of workers who can't spare constant contributions of time but show up at crucial moments to help with typing and copy editing, like Lucy and Kim Nash, Perri Corrick-West; and collators like Richard West, Toni Petnunius, Paul Matzke, Rex Nelson, Mary Kean, Lynn Morse and Doug Price.

I can't tell you if *Janus* is a clubzine because it is and it isn't. We struggle with the terms of this productive but uneasy dichotomy at the basis of the magazine on an almost weekly basis, as we define and redefine and often change the contents and production processes, and as people come and go in the process. This structure of production has developed from the earliest issues, when Jeanne and I had more of the steps in our hands, to the diverse involvement that now exists. The magazine itself is an example of creative tension at work. It's not that the finished product is the result of compromises so much as the result of interacting passions.

What has always amazed me, however, is that all of these people, sometimes as many as twenty-five, but usually a core group—Jan, Jeanne, Phil, Hank, Dick, Diane, Jim and Randy—are willing to work with such passion to realize their part in the production process. It's amazing, first because we are a feminist oriented magazine with as many men working on the staff as women, second, because it remains much Jeanne's and my magazine, editorially speaking (Though we must and do take the other members' wishes into consideration, as well as the needs of the fan community and, to a lesser extent the strictures of economic concerns.) and third, because all of these people are so passionate in their attention to various parts of the production process, a passion which often erupts into disputes and changes in the magazine's content or organization and yet the magazine continues. Without this passion, the one which I believe arises from the same place as all creative impulses and has a potentially revolu-

tionary aspect, the magazine would not be worth doing. I get the sense that, when we are not feeling alienated from the process, a feeling which we dissipate through frequent meetings and discussions, we all do these things for similar reasons.

We live in a culture that is based upon the division of labor. Most of us are not lucky enough to have jobs where we can get the satisfaction of seeing the end product of our efforts. Or we are involved in service jobs where our efforts are maintenance rather than creation. I don't know if there will ever be any help for this sort of situation in the industrialized world. Chances are that most of us will spend the rest of our lives working at things that we are alienated from to a certain extent by virtue of not controlling the outcome of our efforts. In such a world, it is hard to stave off ambivalence towards the often unknown fruit of one's labors. How do we know the final relationship between a computer program and the creation of another dictatorship, for example? At least with *Janus*, we all see the process from start to finish, from the arrival or creation of copy, through the editing, copy-editing, typing, proofing, printing, collating and distributing, we all know what happens to our magazine. We all know where it comes from and where it's going, though we've only such things as the Hugo and FAAN awards, and the comments of LoC writers and fans at conventions to know what the effects of the contents are. Still, that two way communication process is as much a part of the surprising lack of alienation that surrounds the multiple and multifarious involvement in the magazine as the actual production process itself. We know where it's going and we know that we will get certain very specific responses. Even the ones that we don't agree with individually or collectively increase our contact with the outside world. That's what it's all about folks, a process from which we don't have to be alienated, a process which we can control and which we know will elicit some response, not fall off the end of the world or end up in our supervisors' circular files. *Janus* is not a clubzine, it's a collective. It has editors who need arbitrators as much as they are arbitrators, and most important of all, it works.

You'll all be hearing from me again in 17/18, along with the rest of the *Janus* staff, either in the more obvious form of articles and stories, book reviews, editorials and poetry or through their various production influences. Maybe now that you know how this works, you can pick out some of these less obvious processes at work. 



Jan: What books do you have in print right now?

Quinn: *Time of the Fourth Horseman* is available in paperback from Ace; the hardcover was Doubleday. I didn't like the cover. The paperback cover is tolerable. *False Dawn* is the second thing out from Doubleday. It's also in the Science Fiction Book Club, and Warner has bought the paperback rights. Then there's the historical horror novel. I've also got one inbetween that will be out in January of 1980. *Hôtel Transylvania* came out last January. It's in Literary Guild, and Doubleday Book Club, and Crime Club, and the Science Fiction Book Club.

Jan: Are all these books published under the same name?

Quinn: I haven't used a pseudonym yet. I don't know if I ever will. I might, since I like to do a lot of things. I find if I try to do the same thing continuously, it becomes very negative. I have to spread myself into other areas, then each of them helps to renew the others. I'm now hoping to sell a straight historical novel.

CHELSEA QUINN YARBROW

Jan: Is this something you're working on now?

Quinn: I have a proposal out. Whether I'm working on it will depend on what my agent can achieve for me. I've got a good agent, which is an encouraging indication.

Jan: Do you write SF because that's the genre where you can explore the areas and issues that interest you?

Quinn: When I write science fiction, it's because it's appropriate to that story. When I write historical fiction or anything else, it's because it's appropriate to that story.

Jan: So the story comes first?

Quinn: Absolutely.

Jan: Do you build your stories around your characters?

Quinn: The characters make the stories. They are in situations where that's how they act. It's not a verbal process. It becomes verbal by the time I get around to writing it, but the alchemy of the story has little to do with the verbal processes. That's the end product, not the beginning. I'll get an idea from wherever ideas come (and I don't know where that is, either), and I'll kick it around, and if it seems viable, it goes into the back of my brain, and burbles, and percolates, and ferments. If it gets to the outline stage, it's probably viable. One in ten gets that far.

Jan: That sounds like a very exhausting process.

Quinn: It can be. I only go to bed when I'm absolutely exhausted, because the words can't come out anymore. You know that expression of Thurber's, "My fingers have developed a past tense and have become fungers"? Well, my fingers become fungers and that's when I know that I have to go to bed. But my brain doesn't believe it, so I lie there and my body goes to sleep, but my mind is still going, "But, but, but..." and I'm saying "Everybody shut up in there—all you guys shut up. I really need sleep."

Usually the first two weeks on the book are very difficult. I don't answer the telephone and I tend not to eat meals. Sleeping is difficult. My need for input absolutely soars. I have to have music on all the time. I'm apt to stop writing to go to a movie, anything, to feed more stuff onto my head, because writing uses up energy at a phenomenal rate.

Jan: This other sensory data seem to be replacing lost energy.

Quinn: Yes. Whatever the need is, this seems to be a very good way of handling the energy loss. When I finish a book, I'm usually exhausted for a week. That's always fun. That's when I write short stories and do a lot of needlepoint. That's my only domestic accomplishment, aside from cooking.

After I wind down and the people in my head shut up, I can go and meet some new people and they can start talking. I like the whole process. I like having these people in my mind; they're very alive and very separate from me. It's a great thrill.

Jan: I've heard authors say that their characters write their books for them.

Quinn: Oh, mine do.

Jan: How do you control them?

Quinn: With novels, I do fairly comprehensive outlines. Usually I can't even write until the book is jelled or finished in my mind. Then it comes out very fast. Once I begin, I never really stop.

Jan: Do you work in long periods?

Quinn: Yes, but not so fast as some of those speed demons. I just finished the third in my historical horror series. It's close to 650 pages of manuscript. I told Kirby we ought to auction it off by the pound. It took four and a half months to write.

...about the historical horror series: I'm at work on #4 right now, and did the galleys on #3 a couple weeks ago. The third novel is called *Blood Games* and St. Martin's will do it in January 1980. It takes place in Imperial Rome and is about the Count and Olivia, among other things. The fourth has the working title of *Path of the Eclipse*, and takes place in China, Tibet, and India during the rise of Jenghiz Kahn. I'm about one third done with it. Earlier this year I did a good-sized double fantasy for Dave Hartwell at Pocketbooks. The working title is *Ariosto Furioso*, which I am reasonable sure they will change.

Jan: Do you do a lot of research for your writing? You talked about going hiking to prepare for *False Dawn*.

Quinn: Yes, I do a lot of research on the historical stuff and on the contemporary stuff—science fiction, anything. I want to know what's going on. Also, I like research. I like having information.

One of the things that's fascinated me about these historical horror novels is that the kind of thing you want to find out is often very hard to discover. It's very easy to find out what they did for show. It's easy to find out who the big mucky-mucks were socially. What's hard to find out is who were running the unions. Whatever they called them, they still had unions.

Jan: What period are these books set in?

Quinn: The first book published is set in Paris in 1743. That's *Hôtel Transylvania*, which is a real building—you can do see it today. Then we go backward; I write prequels, not sequels. The second book in set in Renaissance Italy. I love that period. Not only were they literate in every sense of the word, but thank god they wrote letters and they gossiped like mad. They made my work much, much easier. The publishers are calling this book *The Palace*. I didn't call it that. It came out from St. Martin's Press in January 1979. There's also an SF Book Club edition.

I get along well with the people at St. Martin's. I enjoy the idea that the publisher is the publisher. They're not answerable to one of those big conglomerates, for example.

In fact, the Author's Guild, which is the big writers' organization, has presented a brief to the Supreme Court on the subject of conglomerate takeovers invading a marketplace that perhaps shouldn't be invaded.

Jan: Are monopoly laws applicable to these takeovers?

Quinn: That's a difficult question, because the conglomerates can argue that it is related interest.

I worry when I see anything controlled by people who don't understand it. But that doesn't mean that independent publishing companies are free from people who don't understand the business. We see evidence of that all the time.

Jan: Like someone who says, "You've got to have a rocket ship on the third page."

Quinn: Right. No rocket ships, no science fiction.

Part of me is very much tied into the idea that in any field, you have to be willing to know what that occupation is really about. The trouble is that accountants for these megolithic companies don't seem to understand how publishing works, which is that you don't make all your money in the first six months, though you do make a lot of it during that time. Unfortunately, they start going for these blockbusters. Well, that's all well and good for a year or two, but you're doing it at the expense of the backlist. And the backlist is, of course, what the publishing house is all about. The backlist is the stuff that's

INTERVIEWED BY JAN BOGSTAD

already published and is sitting in a warehouse somewhere. Publishing has traditionally survived on its backlist.

Jan: What about this phenomenon in publishing where they'll want one book to sell 500,000 copies?

Quinn: That's the blockbuster problem. They do the big hype. My god, the money they spend in advertising!

Jan: That's a shame, because it seems to me most of the books they choose to hype are so pre-digested.

Quinn: Of course, that's the whole idea! They know they can do a book that will sell a certain amount—especially if they make it within these limits—that's the whole blockbuster philosophy. I feel that 20 years from now the theory of blockbusters will be studied by certain sorts of Lit majors who are trying to figure out why? Not to say these books are without merit. I don't begrudge anybody's success. I don't care what they're rewriting, if they can succeed in this crazy business, my hat's off to them.

My feeling is, that instead of spending \$50,000 or \$100,000 or a million dollars on publicity for one book, if you took that same amount of money and gave half of it to that one book and portioned out the rest of it to whatever's in your catalog for that six month period so that every book got some publicity rather than this all or nothing philosophy, you would find that sales would go up accordingly. People do not buy books that they don't know about.

Jan: Someone has called your work cautionary.* Do you consider it so?

Quinn: Yes, I consider my science fiction cautionary.

Jan: Do you think your readers might have that sort of reaction?

Quinn: They might. Most of my stuff is pretty grim. And when it's funny (I do like writing humorously, in fact.) it tends to be ironic. I think part of it is that people don't consider the ramifications of what they're doing. The other part is that I happen to like very strong stories. For example, something I like most about grand opera is the more basic the conflict, and the stronger the passions and the closer to the bone you go, the better work you have. This works for fiction, too.

Jan: So you accept that grim things are going to happen?

Quinn: Oh, sure. They certainly have happened before. I don't know what makes anyone think the future is going to be any different. Most of the time, if you look at history, and I study history a great deal, the human condition is pretty damn miserable. That doesn't mean I think we should all sit back and beat our breasts and cry O agony, O woe, O terror, or anything. I think, in fact, it's even more necessary that we act in some way. But I don't think anyone should kid themselves about an overnight revolution. There aren't any. There never have been.

Jan: Do you think your writing has changed people's minds, is starting to influence them to act?

Quinn: No. I've learned not to predict what a reader will do with a piece. I've had too many people come up to me and tell me what I really meant when I wrote something. "What story did you read? Was it one of mine?" The only thing I hope (and it's pretty unlikely) is that people may care as much as I do about the characters. If it causes them to be more aware or more compassionate, or even just for a moment not to reject a strong emotion, I suppose I've done my job.

Also, I like entertainment. I see nothing wrong with entertainment. If you're not entertained, you're not going to read the book anyway.

*See her collection of short stories, *Cautionary Tales* (Doubleday, 1978).

Jan: Do you consider yourself a feminist writer?

Quinn: Well, in some senses. I'm not writing polemics, I'm writing stories.

Jan: A man would say that also.

Quinn: Right. And it's true. But yes, I am a feminist. I have been a feminist since I was eight years old. I'll tell you the incident that made me a feminist.

I'd been a private school for the first and second grades, which was very permissive and therefore marvelous. I had a wonderful time. But then I went back to public school in the third grade and had what you'd call a shock. We were doing math problems and one of them began with the following situation:

Three boys are building a raft so they can go out on the river in the afternoon. They need to make the raft of X size, with so many boards and nails. How long will it take to build the raft? Well, it turns out that it's going to take them too long. So they let, and that was the word, "let", these two girls carry nails for them. Of course, poor, incompetent little ladies cannot carry as many nails as the men, but they can indeed carry nails. And while the guys are out on the raft, the girls make cookies for them. And at so many cookies per so much time, how many cookies will they have when the guys get back?

I read that thing, and I was incoherent with rage.

Jan: Did you express this at the time to your teacher?

Quinn: I was so mad I stammered, which is a pretty good indication that I'm very angry. Of course, they thought I was objecting to the math. I wasn't objecting to the math; my god, arithmetic is arithmetic. There's nothing to object to. It's so orderly. I'm not saying work and motion and all those things are wrong. What I was trying to say was, if these little lubbers are going to have me help them make a raft, I am damn well going to ride in it. And I'm certainly not going to make these selfish little pigs any miserable cookies.

They sent me to the principal, and the principal, of course, never understood. In 1950, people didn't do this.

I was very distraught. I'd realized before that women didn't occupy the same strata as men. But exactly how it works didn't come home to me until that arithmetic problem. That was the beginning of my being a feminist. Of course, being a feminist in the fifties was not a particularly fashionable thing to do, and it made for some real difficulties, but I've never stopped being one. But I must admit that I don't expect to see any real change in terms of cultural conditioning in my lifetime.

Jan: Really? Because it seems to me that, since I was born, in 1950, there has been a change.

Quinn: No. There's been a social change. Cultural change is something else again.

Jan: Could you elaborate?

Quinn: Well, we live in a Judeo-Christian culture. St. Paul and several others of those stupid patriarchs decided that the position of womankind is essentially supine. I am not religious. I'm an atheist. But I've done a lot of study of religion because it has so affected all our lives. I think anybody who is going to profess a belief owes it to themselves to know what they're talking about. And if they choose to reject a belief, they should reject it out of knowledge, not out of inconvenience. I know several people who consider themselves to be atheists, but don't even know the basic tenets of Christian and Mohammedan philosophy, never mind the theology. It makes about as much sense as people who rejected chemistry in the Middle Ages because they thought it was ungodly. Until we get to the

point where St. Paul cannot be held up as an expert on the behavior of women, we're still going to have a lot of covert, as well as overt, pressure to go back to the "natural" way of doing things.

Jan: Something that amazed me when I read Freud, to speak of another possible "natural" way of doing things, was the difference between what he wrote about women—who had to be made to accept their social/cultural position—and what he wrote about the human psyche in general. The difference was so profound that it made me wonder immediately about what other things our culture is changing to fit into its ideological pattern.

Quinn: Most people use psychology as a way of enforcing desired behavior. One of the problems with things like transactional analysis is that it assumes that if you're going to make changes that you desire, you will be supported in those changes. Now any woman who has ever made that fight for herself on any level knows that is not necessarily the case. It's going to be uphill all the way and it's never going to end.

After a while this becomes extremely discouraging. I find that it becomes difficult to keep from feeling—oh, I suppose despair comes closest. The trouble is that most people, men and women, when they think that they've learned the social pressures that make feminists feel the way they do, actually only have a new rhetoric. They use these words, but their behavior does not alter one iota. This is a problem. On the other hand, I would much rather deal with a man who calls himself a male chauvinist pig and admits his chauvinism than one who has adopted the jargon and won't admit he's being just as repressive a chump as ever.

A lot of men will say, "I'm on your side" and "Let me help you" and "Look how good I've been" You take a good look at them, and all they're really doing is trying to find another way of getting you to do what they want. Or they convince themselves that because they are being liberal and they've learned the jargon that they've fulfilled their obligation and can do anything they damn well please. If you call them on it, they say "Yeah, but I'm a feminist".

Jan: Sometimes I think we're all expected to be Wonder Woman.

Quinn: Yes, and if we're not Wonder Woman, we have obviously failed. Or, we've cheated and therefore don't deserve to have what we ask for. Of course, I can understand why many men are threatened by women bucking the system. They have so much more to lose.

Jan: Some men seem to think that women need to be protected from themselves.

Quinn: It's much easier to think that they're being protective than to think that something else is going on. Tough people don't want to think of

themselves as oppressive and mean and demanding and selfish. They want to think of themselves as protective and generous and caring. They want to be the heroes. Who could blame them? You can't expect most men to look at their motives and say, "Obviously these motives are reprehensible. What I'm really doing is insuring my stay on top" because that isn't very nice to one's self.

Jan: What do you think about the possibility of people interacting in an alternative way?

Quinn: I think that would be nice if it could be done.

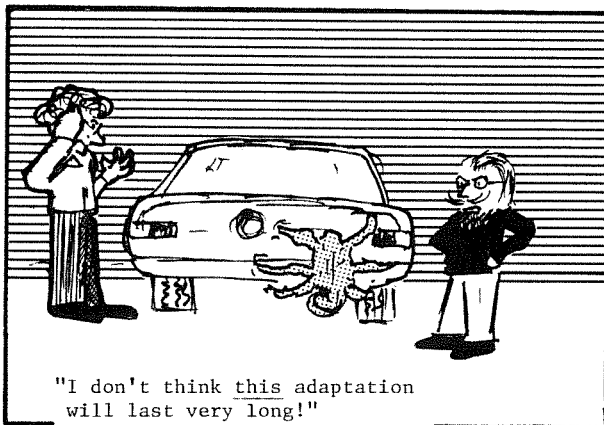
Jan: Do you think that human nature precludes that?

Quinn: No, I think that human nature is definitely maleable, but you'd better mold it before a child is six months old. That's one thing you find over and over again in psychology (I'm not saying that psychologists always know what is going on, because it's obvious that in many instances they don't.) Your social and cultural patterns are based on observations and impressions that you get 'way before you can even speak.

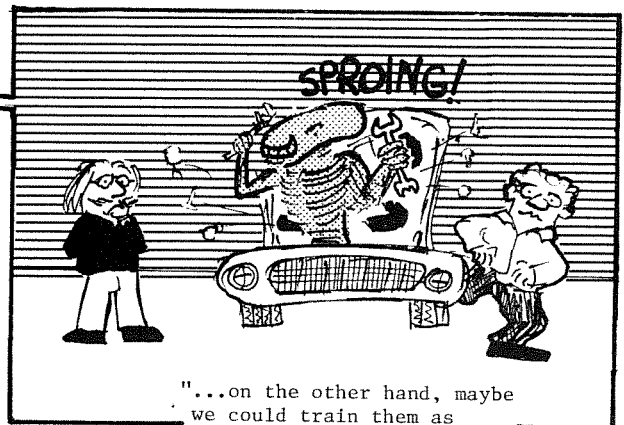
The important thing in the women's movement is that it gives women a place to find out they're not by themselves. Women tend to feel they exist in a vacuum. And there is a dangerous cultural belief that women are supposed to tear each other down. I belonged to a women's group for a while, when my husband and I were living on less than \$4,000 a year between us. I don't want to do that again. I found I got a lot of support at first. They were very helpful and encouraging. But when I started making money, all of a sudden I didn't have any support. Then I was betraying the movement. Success was politically incorrect. It's made me very reserved about groups, because as long as we were sisters in misery, it was OK, but the instant one went, as it were, beyond the expectations, one became a target.

Jan: It seems to me that seeing a woman succeed over all these obstacles is one of the things that makes it possible for me to keep fighting.

Quinn: That's true for certain people. I know it's made a difference for me. But I think that other people think it's unseemly or otherwise inappropriate, or that you're doing it to spite them. I have much better things to do with my time than to spite anybody. I don't write for spite. When you come right down to it, I write for money. By damn, I'm going to be paid because I work like hell. The other thing is that support and praise payeth no bills. I like the idea that what I do is sufficiently valued that I can get something in the bank for it. The real reason beyond money, since there is not enough money in the world to pay me or anyone else in the arts for what we do, is that—I know it sounds corny—I do it for love. I love what I do. ⊕



"I don't think this adaptation will last very long!"



"...on the other hand, maybe we could train them as auto mechanics!"



JO: *Diadem From the Stars* was my first published novel.

Jan: How long ago did DAW buy that one?

JO: It came out in '77. They bought it the previous summer. I came to school walking on air! Betsy Wollheim called up from New York in the middle of a Saturday afternoon during the summer. I heard this little voice coming through the telephone: "Hello, Jo, we love your novel. We're going to buy it." It was about two weeks before I touched ground.

Jan: Do you have any control over what the covers will be like?

JO: Not really. I suppose I could, though, if I objected. But they've done really nice covers for me, so I don't have much problem with that.

Jan: Do you have an agent?

JO: No.

Jan: Do you just sell directly to DAW?

JO: Right. I figure 10% of nothing is nothing, and agents wouldn't want to bother with that. You've got to start making sales. One I get into this thing, then will be the time to look up an agent. Donald Wollheim and Elsie have been very helpful. They've written me long letters, helped me rewrite things. And they were very supportive with the first book. I've enjoyed working with them.

Jan: Did they encourage you to continue the series, or did you plan that yourself?

JO: I planned it myself, because one of the problems I have with books is that they end too soon.

JO CLAYTON

I get very involved with characters and with what they're doing. With a good series, you know there's always something going to come eventually. You don't have to say goodbye to people who are becoming friends or you're getting involved with. From the viewpoint of writing it's the same thing. I'm trying to make Aletys, the main character, grow a little bit, and to understand a little more about herself in each of the books. I'll continue this as long as I'm interested in her. Until she's complete.

Jan: You said something about planning or working on a fifth book. Is this one part of your series too?

Jo: Yes. It's falling apart at the present time. I've re-written the first 100 pages three times so far. I think I've learned enough about presentation of characters and the building of worlds (which, by the way, I love doing). I love to make these worlds. I usually have a whole notebook full of names, maps, seasons, characters in works not complete (I work them out completely—then they change utterly during the book.

Jan: That sounds like a lot of fun.

Jo: It is! It's a great deal of fun. Again, this is one of the great joys of writing. When you're into it and these characters are moving along and, to a large extent, leading their own lives. It's hard work sometimes, especially when you get stuck and you don't know where the hell to go.

When this happens, I do something like paint a picture, or go out, or, if I'm teaching school at the time, I have to grade a few hundred tests. By the time I've finished that, I'm so delighted to get back to the book that somehow it starts flowing. Also, I take long walks. And I just think. I'm thinking over and over those scenes while I walk to the grocery store, for example.

Jan: Do you outline your books before you write them?

Jo: Yes. I work out a plot line in terms of scenes, because I think in terms of scenes. I outline it thoroughly, from the start of the first chapter, and then junk the whole outline after I've done about three or four chapters. You see, when I write, these things develop. They come out of...I don't know where. Ideas will pop up and that will demand that something in the beginning be changed, because it tightens up the book, increasing the strength of characterization. I'm going back and forth constantly, trying to get the final draft in. Even when I'm putting it through the typewriter for the last time I am still editing. It goes through a minimum of three times. That's a necessity. I've tried, believe me, working out a first draft on the typewriter, but I have to write it longhand first. Also, with the old couple that lives below me, I can't type after ten o'clock at night.

Jan: That must be difficult to deal with.

Jo: In a way it is, and in a way it isn't. It imposes a certain rhythm on my writing. I'll type until ten, and then put the typewriter away so the old folks can go to sleep. They're a sweet couple anyway. Then I lie on my stomach on the bed with a pot of tea by my side and write the next few chapters, which, the next day, I'll put through the typewriter.

Jan: So you don't forget your story line?

Jo: Right. Then about half-way through, I get an "in" on where I'm going, so I usually outline it again, or at least the last few chapters. The outline tightens up as I go along, until I reach what I hope is the final one.

Each book I write, I hope, is a little better than the one before, because I'm gaining greater control over my material, over the language, leaving

out the excess adjectives and adverbs (I put them all in my first draft and then I go back and take them out).

Jan: Have you been advised, by editors, to leave out the purple prose, as it's sometimes called?

Jo: No. What I usually have problems with, is not the characters or the sensory data or descriptions. They usually work. It's my plots. I have trouble getting the plots moving. Editors have been very helpful in that area, showing me where I'm just maundering on.

Jan: Do you have a vision for the end of the whole series?

Jo: I did. I've had three so far. But each of the book develops something in Aletys that I haven't seen before, and that necessitates altering the ending.

Jan: Where do you think you draw your image for her from?

Jo: From everything that I've thought, learned, read, known, and experienced. All the little things I've stored up. People talk to me a lot. I love to listen to people talk. I get into conversations on busses and trains. Anywhere I sit down, usually there's someone who will come up and we'll just get to talking. My school children tell me the most disheartening horrendous things about what happens in the halls. Sometimes they'll just drop by and we'll talk for a little while.

Jan: Where do you teach?

Jo: I teach in New Orleans, at an inner-city school. I teach seventh grade English to basically non-interested non-readers. I can't say that completely, though, because there are some delightful children who really want to learn. They get swamped in the mix, though. And in the whole system. The school system is there for the purpose of holding children in school, not to educate them. Band, the team, the candy drive, you name it, come at the top of the list. Education seems to come somewhere down near number 100.

Jan: Do you find this frustrating?

Jo: Extraordinarily frustrating. They are beginning to change things. At least they have the intention of improving conditions in the school, where learning is concerned. Thank god for parents. They're the ones who are beginning to demand that we don't have all these fancy little frilly things. Now they pay more attention to the fact that the children can't read.

Jan: You've been teaching school for 15 years. Was that always seventh grade?

Jo: No. I graduated from the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, and began teaching in a little city called Bell. It's one of the suburbs of Los Angeles. I taught at Bell school for six years. That was an interesting experience. I had a mix of just about every race and interest group in that school. Then I went to New Orleans. I'm now teaching in Andrew J. Bell's Junior High. When I heard the name of the school that they were going to assign me to, I just had to giggle.

Jan: You mentioned something about writing being a sort of belief.

Jo: Some days get to be so horrendous that it is a joy and a delight to go home and go into a world where the problems are things that do have a solution. In these books, the problems that come up are eventually resolved, at least to a certain degree. Some of my children and sometimes the school system itself, have problems that I do not see any way of resolving. This is terribly depressing, so it's nice to go and deal with a much saner world.

Jan: Your books have a strong female main char-

INTERVIEWED BY JAN BOGSTAD

acter, Aleytys, which makes these books different from a lot of mainstream science fiction of, say, the 60s. Are you conscious of working with an individual character for some reason?

Jo: Very much so. All the books that I've enjoyed most are those with the strongest and the most vivid characters. I've enjoyed little satires and so on—they're fun to read. But the books that reach deep into me are the books that have complex people (not all good, not all bad), three dimensional human beings. This is what I'm trying to work toward. Trying to get a person who is neither all good nor all bad. Trying to get a person with weaknesses and strengths. A person who is sometimes defeated by her own weaknesses, sometimes by the world around her. Sometimes I find the world rather defeating myself. And I cope by retreating from it. But I don't give my main character a chance to retreat. She's forced out of that. I know how I would react to something, but I try to think how she would react. I'm concerned about how people feel inside about things that happen to them outside. I'm a people-watcher, too. Like I said, I sit around and people tell me things. I watch them. I see how they react and sometimes I get very surprised. And when I am surprised, I can't wait to try to figure out why this person acted this way. Now, my guesses might be wrong, and even what people tell me might be wrong. It's something that led me to a lot of reading on anthropology and cultural development and mythology and the new mythology and animal behavior studies (which I find fascinating, by the way). All of that background from general reading goes into what I'm trying to write, too.

Jan: One of the things I was curious about when I read *Diadem from the Stars* was why you started narrating the tale from her late adolescence. Do you find that to be the most interesting time in a person's life?

Jo: It's a transition point. A point where they're beginning to break away from home. Late adolescence essentially is where you're beginning to develop as a person and many traumatic things happen then. Leaving home, having to begin depending on yourself. Also, I tell stories chronologically. To me that was the beginning of what started her off on her little problems.

Jo: Yes, or in any setting without the crippling, self-defeating problems I have within myself. I feel very strongly that with both women and men, it isn't a matter of sex, or physiology, or whatever. They have within themselves the ability to overcome almost any circumstances, if they find it worthwhile to invest the necessary energy.

Jan: Are you conscious of constructing Aleytys as, say, a positive role model? Do you see your writing as influencing the way women and men think about each other?

Jo: I'd like to say that. Basically, Aleytys is, in a way, the kind of character I would like to be.

Jan: If you were in a different setting?

Jo: In a way, I am writing to say to all of those male heroes that I've enjoyed them tremendously. They're great. But you don't have to be male to go out and face up to difficult problems. And you don't have to go out and hack them down with a sword. You do have to have the ability to enforce your autonomy. It's no good saying "I'm a person" without the ability, and, to a certain degree, the power—though I don't believe in using power plays—the strength to make others acknowledge your personhood, your individuality. To retain your freedom to be what you are in spite of what they would like you to be, you have to have a certain amount of force of will, stubbornness, and strength.

I think women nowadays are getting strength from the support of other women who think like this. I find this very heartening in the development of the women's movement, and in the development of male-female relationships, especially in the creative fields. I've found, with friends who are artists, or writers, or even teachers, most of them do not have this problem of male-female dominance. They can relate to you as equals, not as a man or a woman, but as a fellow worker, a colleague. I think that more women coming into the work field is playing a great role in the development of the recognition of women as people. Relating on the level of work has enabled women to extend it beyond work into other portions of their lives.

Jan: You're writing novels right now. Do you also write or want to write short stories?

Jo: Yes. I've got one coming out soon in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. I have this lovely analogy I use whenever this subject comes up: Do you know the difference between a water color and an oil painting? With a watercolor, you have to know where you're going and every single stroke of the brush is vital. It has to go just right the first time. You can't change anything in water color. That's the short story.

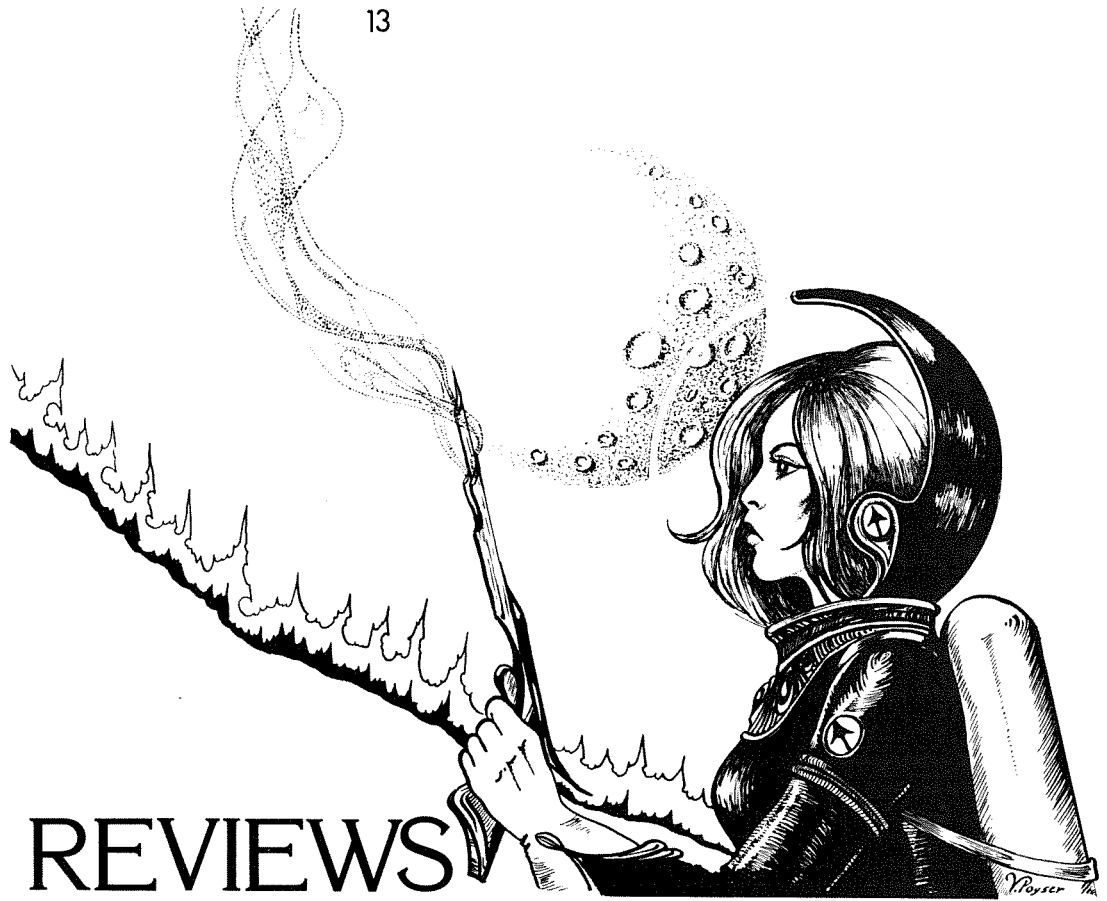
Oil painting is like the novel. In both you have a lot more room for mistakes. You can paint out and make changes. Novels can succeed in spite of a number of small mistakes. There's room for them to fit into the main pattern, even if they aren't totally necessary.

Update...

I've just had a fifth book in the Aleytys series accepted and scheduled for publication in 1980. And I've just completed and sold a third story about Gleia to *IASF*. I'm in the middle of a "sort-of" sword and sorcery novel with a female lead who is small but quick and resourceful, and in the middle of a sixth novel in the Aleytys series. I also have quit my job, and with much trepidation and excitement, am attempting to support myself by writing full time. ☹



JANUS BOOK REVIEWS



Psionics & Pslaves

*The Novels of the Diadem, by Jo Clayton, published by DAW: *Diadem from the Stars*, *Lamarchos*, *Irsud*, and *Maeve*.

*The Silistra Series, by Janet E. Morris, published by Bantam: *High Couch of Silistra*, *The Golden Sword*, *Wind from the Abyss*, and *The Carmelian Throne*.

What initially struck me about the two first books by these authors was the similarity of the covers: both portray young women standing beside a large, lion-like creature. The woman on the cover of *Diadem from the Stars* (drawn by Michael Whelan) wears a soft, flowing garment; the woman portrayed on *High Couch of Silistra* (rendered by Boris Vallejo) is attired in a somewhat more conventional (and engineeringly improbable, as well as uncomfortable) set of gold-plated hardware and leather boots. Now, I am not about to launch into a comparison of these works based upon similarity of cover design alone, but the covers hint strongly at the similarities, and at the crucial differences, between the two authors' works.

A very condensed synopsis of both initial novels might read like this: A young woman, who has grown to maturity on a backward planet, finds she is gifted with extremely strong psi powers. She further finds that one of her parents was a member of an extremely powerful and nearly mythical alien race. She sets out to discover more about her heritage and parent, who, for reasons not wholly clear, has abandoned her on the afore-mentioned backward planet.

That is where the similarity ends. Clayton and Morris have entirely different styles and ideas, and it is a fascinating study to see how far the two stories have diverged from such a similar basis.

I will discuss Morris's novels first, since, frankly, the bad points that are contained therein

will give me an easier starting point to discuss the good points of Clayton.

If it could be considered possible, Janet E. Morris writes like a female John Norman, though not so unspeakable badly as when Norman is trying to write from a female viewpoint. That is, on Silistra most of the assumptions about males and females are the same as those of Gor, though Silistra is not quite so perverse and stupid. Atomic (or similar) wars have seriously depleted Silistran population and made breeding difficult. Therefore, in the "civilized" portions of Silistra the best female breeding stock is organized into plush bordellos (called "wells" on arid Silistra) where men come to pay to have sexual congress with the women, whose fees are graduated according to genetic desirability. The fees are set aside as dower, and, if a man is lucky enough to get a woman with child, he "wins" her as his "wife". Theoretically, these wells are the nuclei of Silistran cities—the centers of culture and civilization—and the most intelligent and desirable women, the "well keepresses", run things matriarchally. In fact, however, men rule the countryside, all the wealth not in well trust funds, and the women in bed and elsewhere.

Our heroine is the chief of the eldest well, most beautiful of all Silistran women, most gifted of those Silistrans who exhibit psi powers, and paradoxically, most unlikely to conceive a child. (Allegedly the "pure" genes are getting rare, but it seems odd to rate the least fertile women most desirable.)

In exploring the mysteries of Silistra, Estri is transported to the world of her father, one of a godlike race of world-creators. However, this race has been unable to master the problem that their

children cannot create. In an attempt to remedy this situation, the parents have begun to attempt interbreeding with their created offspring, rather than the begotten offspring. Estri, being the most promising result of these experiments, naturally arouses the jealousy of the passed-over children, who yet retain great powers.

In the second volume, *The Golden Sword*, Estri, who has been trained in the use of her powers (and also "branded" by her half-brother with a mark which she perversely refuses to efface), is dumped back onto a remote part of Silistra, where she is captured and enslaved by desert nomads. (After all, all desert nomads take slaves, don't they?) The chief of the nomads turns out to be of creator blood also. Eventually, Estri rises to a position of power from which she aids in subjugating the wells to male rule and stimulates a broad upsurge of psionic awareness in the people of Silistra. However, at the end of the book she is again captured, enslaved, and mindwiped by a third Shaper-blooded power, Khys, who intends to rule all Silistra and to beget a child upon Estri's body.

In *Wind from the Abyss*, Chayin, *cahdor* of the nomads, aids Estri to circumvent the power of a psi-damping collar permanently affixed about her neck by Khys. Meanwhile, Khys is slain by Estri's old lover, Sereth, who though not of Shaper blood is the epitome of Silistran selective genetics and, as a result of Estri's psi storm, has powers the equal of any of the other males. He assumes the title of *dharen*, or leader of all Silistra, and he and Chayin divide the known world between them. Estri, collared and branded, with her powers restored but under a vow to use them only with the permission of the men, consents to become the victors' mutual possession as the *menage a trois*, sets out to subdue the rest of Silistra. The fourth novel, *The Carnelian Throne* is an adventure story wherein the outside three combat a group mind that cuts across species lines and threatens normal humankind with extinction.

These books are frustrating. They are slow-moving in the extreme, and the writing is awkward and pompous sounding. Estri continually permits herself to become the passive prize in power struggles between less gifted males, and, in good old Sabine-woman fashion, usually achieves a romantic attachment for her new owners. Although she often knows better, she allows much needless bloodshed and suffering to occur rather than challenge the willfulness and barbarity and "honor" of the men. Sexual relations are always referred to in terms of "use", as, "he used me brutally." etc. "Use" is the operative word in Morris's writing, as the characters callously use one another continuously. Even the psychic gifts are used abusively, being seen as an extension of one's power over others rather than as a tool for enlightenment. All in all, the series is depressing and goes nowhere.

Fortunately, Jo Clayton's works are another matter. If there is a writer with whom I would compare Clayton, although not entirely accurately, it would be Andre Norton. Specifically, the Diadem books, in their treatment of psi powers, remind me of *The Zero Stone*, and its sequel.

Although *Diadem from the Stars* is a shorter book than *High Couch*, its plot is more complex because it is fast-moving, whereas the Silistra novels are slow and turgid. Aleytys is the daughter of a prosperous landowner and an alien woman who crashlanded. The churlish landowner takes the woman as his own and impregnates her, though he soon learns to fear her as she recovers her senses and powers. Being delivered of her unwanted child, she leaves to continue her mission, cursing her former captor and prophesying that their daughter will be his ruin. The man laughs, but as Aleytys grows to maturity his fear of her grows until he attempts to have her killed as a witch. She is

forced to flee, leaving behind her own child. In her flight, she falls into the hands of a man whom, as a boy, she had unintentionally humiliated by the use of her power. Her mind touch stimulates a latent anti-power in him, fueled by his pathological hatred of her, and he takes her captive. This captivity is slavery as it ought to be portrayed -- in a thoroughly chilling manner. The filth, the wretchedness, the misery all come through, as does the dark destructive passion of her captor, who holds her slave because he hates her rather than loves her, and who would rather see her dead than happy or free. He repeatedly rapes Aleytys, even though she is in a state of near-catatonic withdrawal, and rages because he can do nothing worse to her without the danger of killing her, because he will not release her even to death. He achieves no pleasure or release from his rapes -- they are not for lust but for revenge, violating Aleytys's body as he perceives she once violated his mind. She escapes when he has partially given up on her, and is taken in by a matriarchal band ruled by seers, who have envisioned that she should be crowned with the Diadem, an ancient alien artifact they have taken from a captured offworlder, who himself stole the item from its most recent owners. The Diadem once put on cannot be removed until its wearer's death and proves to have strange powers aimed at preserving the wearer's life. Further, at the wearer's death, his or her personality is absorbed into the Diadem to live on as a part of the psionic device. With the assistance of Stavver, the thief, and the Diadem, she eludes her pursuers, reclaims her child, learns more about her parentage, and escapes offworld, this time one step ahead of the Diadem's "owners", who, as it turns out, would not kill Aleytys but are perfectly willing to consign her to a living death as a permanent museum exhibit!

Lamarchos, *Irsud*, and *Maeve* continue Aleytys's adventures in eluding the R'mohal and attempting to locate the race of her mother. Enslavement continually pops up in Clayton's books, each time in a more loathsome guise than the last. On Lamarchos, it involves being caught up in a hive-mind bent on lemming-like self-destruction. On Irsud, it means being psi-damped and sold as food for the larva of a race that breeds in the manner of parasitic wasps. Nothing "romantic" about this!

Clayton's books are strong everywhere Morris's books are weak. Characterization is strong and motivated, in contrast to the senseless activities of the ubermenschen that populate Silistra. People react in a normal manner. Though Stavver becomes her lover for a brief time, she drives him away from her by placing an involuntary compulsion on him to locate her son, who was separated from her on Irsud, abducted by Maissa, a spiteful psychopath whose condition is at least in part due to being forced to prostitution at the age of four.

Lest I overwhelm you with the grim aspects of Clayton, let me say that her work is still, on the whole, upbeat, and seems to be improving in tenor. In *Maeve*, Aleytys succeeds in lifting the yoke of an oppressive exploitation company without, as she puts it, causing a major disaster. When the inevitable psi-damper is brought out, she zaps the baddies before before they can get near her with it. (Yay!) She stymies the R'mohal by wits rather than force, and puts herself in a favorable position to continue her quest. She also regains, and reloses, her son, in a bit of semi-predictable pathos.

I like Aleytys. She has a good attitude toward her power, contrasting with the abusive Silistrans, and in line with the generally constructive and useful (though often dangerous) psionics described by Andre Norton in *Witch World*, *The Beast Master*, and *Zero Stone*, among others. I also find her sexual attitude amusing. Despite some bad experiences, she still thinks sex is fun, and has it with anyone who appeals to her (though

she does not prostitute herself), including a hairy anthropoid on Maeve and an insectoid drone on Irsud!

In both these series I detect an unfortunate tendency to strive toward seriesdom. By this I mean that the framing quest becomes peripheral to yet another adventure story. This is true of *The Carmelian Throne* and *Irsud*, though Clayton picks up the thread of things a bit better in *Maeve*. One wonders to what extent this may be attributed either to market pressure or to editorial prompting, encouraging young writers to continue the adventures of successful characters rather than to wind things up and proceed to new themes, as did C. J. Cherryh, who followed a successful first fantasy, *Gate of Ivrel*, with *Hunter of Worlds*, a totally different piece of science fiction. This may be especially suspected of DAW, which thrives on long series, including the tedious "Gor" books (13+); the

"Scorpio" books, which as 15+ volumes have surpassed John Carter of Mars as the longest running sword-and-planet series; and Dumarest of Terra, wherein Earl Dumarest gets asymptotically closer to long-lost Earth with each adventure. In all honesty, though, E. C. Tubb is, and the pseudonymous Alan Burt Akers/Dray Prescott is alleged to be, an experienced and successful writer of other material.

Whatever the future brings, it can be fairly certain that it will bring another book from each of these series, as both are as yet open-ended. In Morris's case, it will probably be a waste, a good idea perverted in the bud. In Clayton's case, it will probably be good entertainment, with a touch of class. Let us hope it does not become stale. ⊕

--Gregory G. H. Rihn

An Apocalyptic Dystopia

Time of the Fourth Horseman by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (Ace, 1976).

The title, *Time of the Fourth Horseman*, comes from the "Book of Revelations" (as you probably recognize). The fourth horseman of the apocalypse is the rider on the pale horse, Death—personified since the Middle Ages by plague. The other three are, working backward, Famine, on a black horse; War, on a red horse; and a disputed entity on a white horse. This first horseman, referred to in "Revelations" as a conquerer, is conventionally thought to be Christ. But another interpretation names it Slavery. This latter interpretation is the one Yarbro mentions.

The year is 1991. Natalie Lebbreau, a physician, discovers that her husband, also a physician at the same hospital, is in charge of a clandestine government project to reduce the population. Voluntary birth control has not worked. If anything, people have become even more prolific. I find this the weakest part of the book. Maybe I'm unnecessarily optimistic, but I have higher hopes for voluntary birth control. I don't expect negative population growth (although that would be most desirable), but I do feel that ZPG is a definite possibility. I find it hard to accept the premise of this novel, which is that people have flagrantly, selfishly continued to breed. Lebbreau's husband, Mark Howland, defends the program he's in charge of by explaining why voluntary birth control hasn't worked.

"When you talk about limiting families, they mean someone else's family.... How many women come in here on their fourth or fifth and tell us that they're special, their case is different, they should have more children because they are brighter or more capable or richer than other people."

I don't exactly buy this. People who are brighter, more capable, or richer, are not having more children now, precisely because they are brighter, more capable, or richer. Altruism and elitism aside, you can't stay rich when you have a passle of kids to support. The people having "excess" offspring today are the less bright, the less capable, the downright poor. At worst, I expect this trend to continue. At best, social conditions will improve so that people will not find they can get more public assistance if they have many children. Pregnant teenagers won't be convinced to place their babies up for adoption (by the same people who opposed their getting birth control information in the first place). And people won't have children to "help" their marriages, or to make something "all their own" that will love them.

The secret government plan for population control is devastatingly simple. Perhaps simple-minded is a better word. The unnamed large city where

Lebbreau and Howland live has been chosen as a test area for the Project. Howland is a pathologist whose lab manufactures vaccines against communicable diseases. Humanely, randomly, scientifically, by computer, one-third of all the vaccines are rendered useless. There is an obvious, and fatal flaw in this plan, something the government planners forgot to take into account. Lebbreau points this out to Howland;

"If you'd just wiped out one third of all smallpox vaccines, or any of the others.... That would have made the job fairly simple. But no, you had to be greedy.... So you put every major disease back in business. Which means that, statistically, each of us is probably going to catch two different fatal diseases."

The enormity of this lack of forethought is mind-boggling, but somehow, considering it's a government project, not surprising.



Even though I disagree with her premise, I must admit that Yarbro's future is plausible. Her descriptions of advanced medical technology (such as cancer vaccines) combined with descriptions of cramped living conditions (even the relatively well-off Drs. Lebbreau and Howland live in a very small apartment) create a believable society.

The characters are treated with sympathy: A sense of justice is tempered by realism. One particular bad guy gets his just desserts in a particularly appropriate way, and takes it with surprisingly good grace. Another remains unrepentant to his dying breath. Lebbreau and her band of good guys aren't entirely good. Not all of them survive just because they're on the "right" side. And certainly, not all

of them are guys. Yarbro has created a nice mixed bag of characters, ordinary yet uncommon people used to working together, who suddenly find they have to take sides.

Time of the Fourth Horseman isn't exactly suspenseful—I don't feel I've blown the point of the story by revealing as much of the plot as I have.

The Non-Science Fiction of Chelsea Quinn Yarbro

Mystery readers traditionally are fascinated by a tightly knitted, intricate, logical plot. But, at the same time, many mystery series have fans simply because the readers like the heroes/heroines. For example, I like Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's mysteries (*Ogilvie, Tallant, and Moon* and *Music When Sweet Voices Die*) primarily because I like her characters.

In 1976, Yarbro introduced an intriguing pair of detectives—Morgan Sturdevant and Charlie Spotted Moon—in a relatively unpublicized book, *Ogilvie, Tallant, and Moon*. Ogilvie, Tallant, and Moon is a rich law firm in California which has hired a token Indian lawyer, Charlie Spotted Moon, and a token female law clerk, Morgan Sturdevant. When a friend of Charlie's, Dr. Miranda Trobridge, is accused of malpractice in the treatment of a young boy with Parkinson's disease, Charlie naturally takes on the case. During the investigation of the malpractice suit, Charlie discovers another body (a drug salesman) near the clinic where Miranda works. The causes of death for both the boy and the salesman are mysterious. In fact, much of the suspense in the book is created by the search for the murder method rather than by the search for the "killer"—if a killer exists.

Though *Ogilvie, Tallant, and Moon* is relatively well plotted, with two divergent plot lines neatly tied together at the end, the real interest in Yarbro's book is in the interaction of her characters. When Morgan Sturdevant is first hired by the law firm, she is attracted to Charlie, even though she normally views most male lawyers as enemies. Her favorable impression of Charlie, of course, is created when she overhears that he is defending a female doctor in a malpractice suit, a case the other lawyers try to avoid. She is also favorably impressed when she learns that Charlie is trying to get more money for the secretaries in the office. However, Morgan has some misgivings about Charlie, too. First, he is an Indian lawyer who apparently is not active in any Indian rights organizations. In fact, she accuses him of forgetting his heritage. And, at another point in the book, he does ask her to "take notes". Noting her chagrin, he explains he will be glad to take notes if she will cook—something Morgan abhors more than notetaking. Overall, Morgan is an intelligent, courageous woman with a chip on her shoulder and a tendency to preach. This feistiness is ameliorated somewhat as she realizes Charlie is not a male chauvinist pig. The self-righteousness remains a character flaw.

Charlie Moon is the more complex of the two characters. Though he was not born among his own people, the Ojibways, he is a practicing medicine man for his council—a fact no one, not even Morgan, knows. To solve the salesman's murder, he uses his powers to relive the last moments of the murdered man; however, he does this secretly and alone. Though Charlie obviously believes and knows he has a "power", he apparently does not believe the white world can understand it. Charlie has been married to and divorced from a white woman, but he considers himself an Indian loyal to his heritage. Though he occasionally relishes long walks in the wilderness, he had not been happy when he lived among the Canadian Ojibways. He doesn't offer free legal advice to his tribesmen, but he does have a great sensitivity to those who are mistreated by society—female secretaries and lawyers, and terrorized wives. Though Charlie apparently works amicably with his law partners, who excel at charming and politiking,

The subject matter is far from appealing—except to certain ghouls and misanthropes. Why, then, do I recommend this book? Because Chelsea Quinn Yarbro is such a damn fine story-teller, that's why. She's going to write more books, too—and you're going to read them. And like it. I promise. ⊙

--Diane Martin

Charlie has plans to open up his own law office. He often shows his Indian-bred courtesy and respect for others, but most of his acquaintances and clients are unaware, if not contemptuous, of this consideration. Charlie is a quiet, reserved, strong man who disdains the "noble savage" image, but he also finds himself "out of sync" with the modern world.



Yarbro's second book, *Music When Sweet Voices Die*, does deepen our understanding of Charlie and Morgan, though not as much as I would have wished. Again, in this book, two cases occupy Charlie and Morgan. In one, a wife is terrorized by her husband—who who refuses to leave his wife and children alone, even after the courts have ordered him to do so. Unfortunately, this case has little suspense or interest, though the moral sense is correct. In the other case, an opera singer, a tenor, is murdered on stage. The book is filled with operatic lore and the eccentricities of opera singers. Again, however, the suspense is created by the method of murder, not by the chase for the killer. And the two cases in the book do not compliment one another as did the two investigations in the first book. The total effect is that the second book is less well plotted.

However, Charlie Moon and Morgan Sturdevant continue to be developed as sensible, likeable characters we care about. Morgan retains her prickly identity and her concern about women, though she cares deeply about Charlie Moon and, in fact, is contemplating living with him. Charlie is equally attracted to her and even lets her know about his "magic". Finally, perhaps the most contradictory aspect of Charlie's character is revealed in the second book. Though Charlie has decided the law is the instrument of justice, he retains a very Indian sense of personal honor, integrity, and justice. When he realizes who the murder of the opera singer is, he also acknowledges sadly his belief that the murderer had strong reason to kill the victim. When he reluctantly informs the murderer of his knowledge, he offers legal help.

In these two books, Yarbro has introduced two relevant characters who reflect the changes of our time. Though her plots sometimes lack suspense and excitement, and though her female character sometimes moralizes too much, I like Morgan Sturdevant and Charlie Moon. I would like to read more about them. ⊙

--Beverly DeWeese

Quinn Yarbro's Non-traditional Vampire (Sort of Like Doc Savage with Culture)

The Palace and *Hotel Transylvania*, by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (St. Martin's Press, 1978).

Hôtel Transylvania was published in early 1978. *The Palace* must have come out very late that same year. (The copies I have are both Doubleday Book Club editions.) It's difficult for me to decide which of these books to talk about first. I read *Hôtel Transylvania* first, and picked up *The Palace* with the expectation that it was a sequel. Turns out it's really a prequel. Without seeming to say that the stories are interchangeable—because they most definitely are not—I would like to point out certain similarities of structure and characterization that I found interesting. And then there are some discrepancies and changes between the two novels that piqued my curiosity.

The Palace takes place in Medician Florence, Italy, 1490-1498. Its name comes from the palazzo the hero, Francesco Ragoczy da San Germano, builds there while a temporary resident. *Hôtel Transylvania* moves to Paris, France, during the time of Louis the 15th, the Sun King (1743). A mysterious stranger, known in some circles as Comte de Saint-Germain, and in others as Prinz Ragoczy of Transylvania, engages a group of local alchemists to purchase for him (in return for certain favors), a gambling establishment called Hôtel Transylvania. This building had been built some 100 years before, during the reign of Louis the 13th, in a section of Paris called Faubourg Saint-Germain. When one of the alchemists asks if the Hôtel was named for one of his ancestors, Ragoczy (as he is known to this group) evades the question, saying, "But there was a Ragoczy at that Hôtel thirty years ago." "Your father?" one of them asks. "If you like," is his reply.

If you're beginning to get the impression that maybe Francesco Ragoczy da San Germano, and Comte Saint-Germain, and Prinz Ragoczy of Transylvania are all the same person, you are correct. Appearing to be in his mid-40s in both novels, Ragoczy/Saint-Germain is a lot older than the spry 230-year-old (minimum) you'd calculate him to be—a lot older. About 3,000 years older. Ragoczy/Saint-Germain is a vampire.

But he is not your traditional vampire. He walks about in the daytime. He crosses water. He stands on holy ground. And he is devastatingly, determinedly, persistently on the side of right. (With a vengeance.) True, he does have a penchant for wearing black. (But so do other people I know.) And he does drink the blood of living people, mainly women. Like the traditional SF vampires, his taking nourishment is a very sensual act. (So is breast-feeding, I'm told.) However, he claims to need the affection, the intimacy of his partners (I just can't bring myself to call them "victims".) as much as he needs their blood. His love affairs are by no means one-sided. He loves his partners, both emotionally and sexually. While his peculiar physical state doesn't allow him to have erections (I don't know why—this is not explained in the books.), his lovers learn that his expertise as a gentleman and scholar of foreign tongues extends to more than mere language.

Not surprisingly, the Ragoczy/Saint-Germain character dominates both novels. Purists may object to a vampire hero, saying the two are mutually exclusive (like military intelligence). But I repeat: he is not your traditional vampire. And if one can suspend one's preconceptions about how a vampire should behave, these books are ripping good adventure stories. Ragoczy/Saint-Germain transforms vampirism from a curse to a positive virtue. If anything, he is better

than ordinary mortals. In fact, he shares many traits with pulp-magazine and comic-book superheros. Not only does he live longer, but he is smarter, wealthier, physically stronger, more perceptive (It almost seems as if he can read people's minds.) and all-around superior. Kind of a romantic Doc Savage, with culture.

Structurally, these novels are very similar, starting with the dedications. *The Palace* is dedicated to Robert Bloch, *Hôtel Transylvania* to Christopher Lee. Both are men known more for the type of character they created than for their own personalities. Both novels are divided into three major sections. In *Hôtel Transylvania*, these three sections are concerned with, and titled for, the three main characters: Saint-Germain, the hero; Madelaine de Montalia, the heroine; and Saint Sebastien, the villain. In *The Palace* the division is a little different. Part 2 is about the hero, San Germano. But Parts 1 and 3 are not precisely about the heroine and the villain. Part 1 is about Lorenzo de' Medici, who, for lack of a better term, I will call the Number 2 heroine (even though Medici was male) or love interest. Lorenzo de' Medici plays an important role in the novel. The Medici's are the ruling family in Florence. His untimely death from an incurable blood disease¹ allows room for the major villain to wreak havoc with the city. San Germano has developed a very strong friendship with Lorenzo while living in Florence and is truly saddened to watch helplessly as his friend slowly dies. Part 3, likewise, is not about the main villain, Savanarola, but about what I'll call the Number 2 villain, Estasia di Arrigo. A beautiful young widow, stifled and driven slightly mad by the constraints her society placed on her, she is temporarily satisfied when San Germano takes her as a lover. When she begins making demands of him (ranging from conventional intercourse, of which he is incapable, to bondage and S&M, which he somewhat moralistically refuses to have anything to do with), he breaks off with her. His rejection eventually drives her completely insane. She is placed in the care of nuns, possessed by demons, and finally cured, whereupon she takes holy vows. She becomes an aide to Savanarola, adding her holy visions to his. She denounces San Germano, calling him a Satanist (who, among other things, defiled her in church), and he leaves the city because he is no longer safe there.

San Germano returns to Florence (in disguise) when he learns that his housekeeper/student Demitrice Valandri (mistress of the late Lorenzo de' Medici) has been imprisoned by the religious fanatic, Savanarola and is scheduled to be Put to the Question (i.e. tortured) and burned at the stake with other so-called heretics, because of her association with San Germano. He is also in love with Demitrice, and she with him, although their love has been so far unconsummated. (There is a problem here, in that the vampire cannot make love to/drink the blood of a person more than five or six times before the lover becomes a vampire, too. Either he has to break off the relationship and flit from flower to flower or risk leaving a trail of vampires behind him. And he does not make anyone unwillingly into a vampire.)

Demitrice shares much with Madelaine de Montalia, the heroine of *Hôtel Transylvania*. Both of them chafe under the constrictions their societies put on women. Demitrice loves books and science. When she was living with Lorenzo de' Medici, she

¹The disease is so incurable that San Germano is not even able to have him by turning him into a vampire.

had opportunity to study because Lorenzo allowed her to take care of his library. Most men would not have indulged her. Before he died, Lorenzo set her up as San Germano's "housekeeper", because he knew that San Germano would also allow her to pursue learning, and let her study with him. Men who admitted that women might have the same seeking intelligence and abilities as men were very hard to come by in the 15th Century.

Madelaine is a young country girl. But she is well read and very intelligent. She sees through the finery of life in Parisian high society to the shallow lives both men and women lead. She too longs to study, and to travel. She is attracted to Saint-Germain because he speaks many languages and can tell of his travels to other countries. She longs bitterly to do the same but realizes she cannot, partly because she is a woman and partly because life is too short for all the things she wants to do.

The villains in both of these novels are real dillies. Of course they'd have to be, to make a vampire look virtuous by comparison. Saint Sebastien, the villain in *Hôtel Transylvania*, is the leader of a cult of Satanists. His circle wants to sacrifice the heroine to the devil. They commit quite a number of lesser atrocities on various personages, as a warm-up for the 40-day marathon they have planned for Madelaine. The end of this book, a classic "Will he make it in time?" rescue, is one of the most frightening scenes I've ever read. The graphic descriptions of the horror, the evil, the torture, were sometimes so much that I had to stop reading. Whew!

Savanarola, the villain of *The Palace*, is the leader of another religious cult—Florentine Catholics. Savanarola claimed to have visions from God himself, wherein he was advised that the people of Florence were all too worldly, too caught up in vanity, drifting away from God. Savanarola advocated fasting and self-torture. (He gave Sister Estasia, the mad nymphomania-turned-nun, a scourge as a gift.) He had his own private churchly militia go around to people's homes and break up things he considered vanities—painting, sculpture, fine decorations, clothing that was anything more than strictly plain and functional. He was a very powerful speaker. He spoke and people wept. Very persuasive. Even after being excommunicated by the pope, he continued his rule of humility and terror. A less active villain, he has his henchmen do almost all of his dirtywork for him, as opposed to Saint Sebastien, who picked the choicest bits for himself and only gave the leavings to his cronies. They were both pretty terrible, though.

Some of the names I've mentioned as characters in these two books may sound familiar to you: Savanarola, Laurenza de' Medici, and even Saint-Germain. I found myself driven to encyclopedias and history books to find out what was "really" true about these people. There's a section in the back of *Hôtel Transylvania* that gives a little background on the Saint-Germain mythos. There really was such a man; he did claim to be thousands of years old and indeed did seem to be remarkable well-preserved; he appeared out of nowhere, in mid-18th Century Paris, made a great splash in society, and apparently died in the 1780s or 90s—or maybe even the early 1800s. Evidence varies.

Yarbro uses historical facts in other ways to add to verisimilitude. In particular, she spends a

great deal of time describing the clothing worn by the main characters. She makes it seem as necessary as their dialog. Another nice touch is the use of excerpts from fictional letters and documents to or from the characters or their contemporaries to introduce each chapter. She gets even more historical information to the reader (without unduly cluttering up the narrative) by this device.

In spite of the similarities outlined above, each of these two novels has its own unique qualities. There is, for example, a real difference in tone. *Hotel Transylvania* is much more frightening. Somehow, Yarbro makes a Satanist strike more terror in the reader's heart than does a mere religious fanatic, maybe because she felt she had to stick close to the actual facts for Savanarola. But inventing Saint Sebastien² out of whole cloth, she was able to pull out all the stops. The villainies committed by the villains in *Hôtel Transylvania* are much more horrific and violent than those in *The Palace*. (Not that *The Palace* is exactly tame.) Maybe it's the idea that atrocities committed in the name of the devil are somehow worse than those committed in the name of God. Personally, I don't make that kind of distinction.

Not all the differences between *Hôtel Transylvania* and *The Palace* are the result of differences in plot or tone. There are some differences in the character of Ragoczy/Saint-Germain.

In *The Palace*, Ragoczy/Saint-Germain is an atheist. By the time *Hôtel Transylvania* takes place, 250 years later, he believes in something he calls "the Power", an ever-present force which people can draw upon, and which can be used for good or evil.

In *The Palace*, while trying to break into Demitrice's cell, he regrets that he doesn't have the ability to change his shape. In *Hôtel Transylvania* he helps Madelaine avoid capture by turning into a wolf. (Maybe he's been able to tap "the Power".)

In *The Palace* he remembers how he used to have a violent streak, but thankfully has out-grown in these many hundreds of years. Then, years later, in *Hôtel Transylvania*, he regrets a tendency toward violent action when angered—though to his credit he only loses his temper a few times.

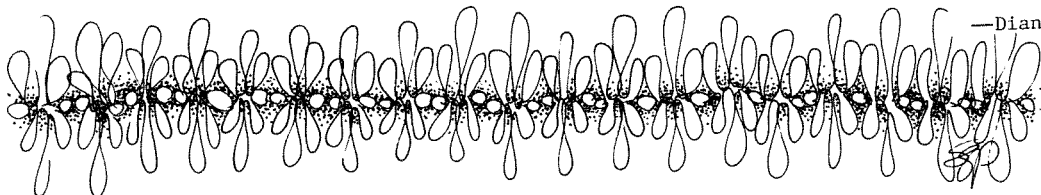
I'm not sure these differences are as much discrepancies as they are changes in character. Character development over such a long period of time is to be expected.

The one little thing that bothered me the most concerns a minor character. San Germano's faithful servant Ruggerio—who is also a vampire—turns up again in *Hôtel Transylvania* as Saint-Germain's faithful servant, Roger. Presumably Ruggerio/Roger also needs to drink living blood to stay alive, but this is never discussed in either novel.

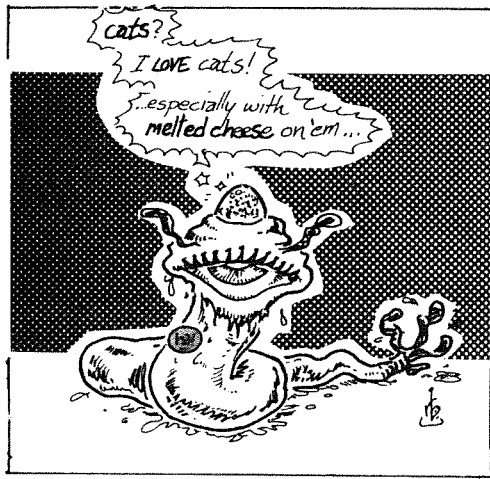
I'm not usually a big fan of "series" novels. But I find myself waiting impatiently for another Ragoczy/Saint-Germain story. They are habit-forming. I wonder what happens after you've read five or six? ⊕

²The irony of the name "Saint Sebastien" bestowed on such a monster is but one of many name games Yarbro plays in these stories. If, like me, you're not very well-versed in French or Italian, ask a French or Italian-speaking friend to translate the names of some of the other characters. You'll be amazed.

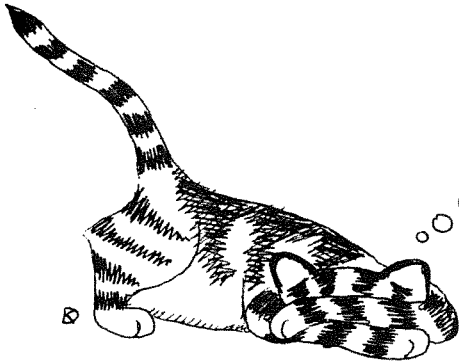
—Diane Martin



FUNNIES!

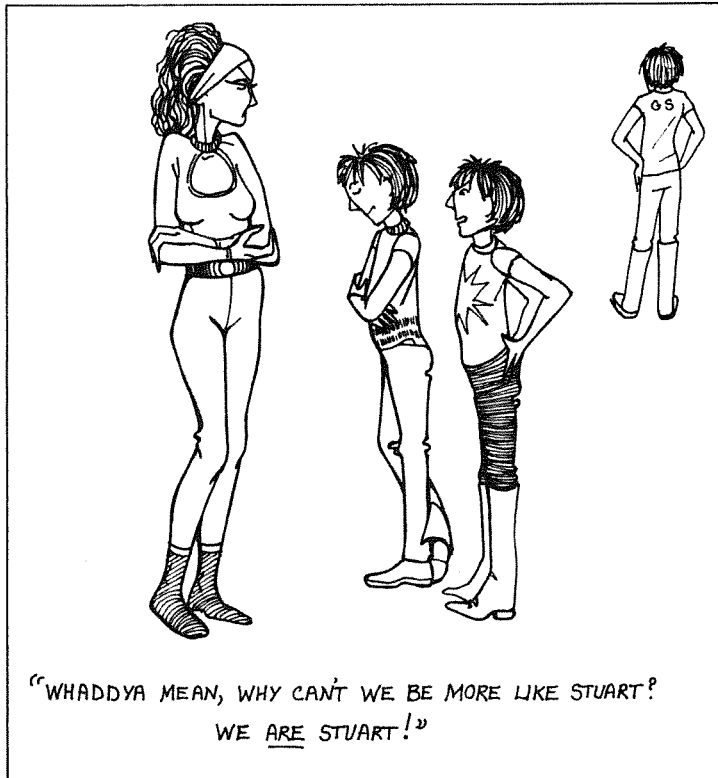


IT'S HARD ENOUGH EXPLAINING FEMINISM TO A TRADITIONAL SHRINK... BUT EXPLAINING FANDOM TOO!?

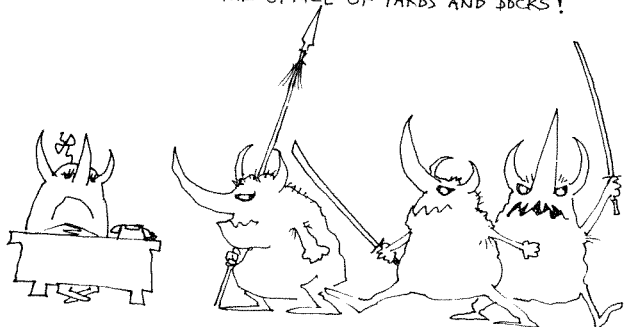


ALL These ANTI-CAT Jokes ARE making me WANT to go Catatonic!

I always thought MCP was the secret ingredient in Hog's Breath brand toothpaste.



THE WARRIOR-BUREAUCRATS OF NORTH JUPITER STORM THE RECEPTION DESK AT THE OFFICE OF YARBS AND DOCKS!



AMAZONS!

EDITED BY JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

Reviewed by Jeanne Gomoll

Though no voracious reader of heroic fantasy, I thoroughly enjoyed the collection of tales in *Amazons!*, which is edited by Jessica Amanda Salmonson and published by DAW. *Amazons!* has not yet been released but will be available in December of this year.

In the past I have found no dearth of qualities to complain about when explaining my unenthusiastic attitude toward much of what is written under the label of heroic fantasy. Foremost among those complaints are those which involve sexism of plot and characterization. In her very excellent introduction to the anthology, Salmonson sums up some of the traditional stereotypes that repel many readers, especially women, from the genre:

Women have not played many interesting or important roles in heroic fantasy as defined by its authors of the few decades past.... Writers... have commonly relegated women to a series of contradictory images of demonic rage and angelic passivity.... This, of course, applies only to stories which feature women in any context at all. A truly "good ol' boys" adventure preferably contains no bothersome wenches at all—merely a lewd reference or two in order to confirm the protagonist's and his friend's fundamental normalcy.*

Salmonson's introduction provides an informative collage of historical and mythical amazon figures. The intriguing glimpses of amazons in all cultures and times tempt one to race to the history books for more details. Unfortunately, I suspect that any substantial further information would be difficult to track down, not for a lack of basis in actuality, but for its perceived unimportance in men's history. In her comments concerning the mythological evidence of amazons, Salmonson makes the incisive remark that, although it is always dangerous to interpret myths as history, our myths do reflect reality in a way different from but no less important than written history. In discussing her ideas of how mythology reflects and affects our lives, she suggests the intended purpose of her collection.

Fiction is part of the mythological fabric of culture-history which shapes and defines our perceptions of "reality".... Fantasy as literature, more than any other form of storytelling, is mythological in scope—and if we are the product of our myths, the ways we change our myths will change the kinds of people we become tomorrow.

Thus, stories chosen for the anthology *Amazons!* were screened for depictions of powerful women. Salmonson rejected purely "message" stories, believing that "the depiction of strong women in heroic fantasy (or any other art) is, in and of itself, so innately political to our male-dominant society that any additional polemic is redundant—and not nearly as effective." Indeed, her choices presented in the anthology nearly all stand as compelling challenges to the traditions of both heroic fantasy and the habitual comforts of our assumptions.

For its potential to actually effect change in expectations and assumptions, I have been drawn back to science fiction in the last several years, where formerly I had found myself increasingly repelled by the field's predominant chauvinism and sexism. Salmonson claims the same virtue for heroic fantasy, i.e., that many are "fond of heroic fantasy not 'in spite' of its lacking merit, but because the unrestrained magic and adventure provide a limitless potential that has yet to be sufficiently plumbed." I must state that I was sceptical of this claim (and I will explain why later), but I nevertheless eagerly began the collection. I tend to read the stories of any theme anthology in the same manner that Yos-

*No page references will be made since my copy of *Amazons!* is a photocopied manuscript.

sarian searches out and compares the various strategies of survival that the major characters of *Catch-22* employed on their WW2 air base. Thus, given Salmonson's stated ideas and purposes which directed the collection of the fiction included in *Amazons!*, I'll be discussing the stories in the way I read them: as if the authors were involved in a sometimes conversation, sometimes argument concerning the role of powerful women in heroic fantasy.

Salmonson points out that "the histories of every nation, culture and society reveal, however reluctantly, countless amazon figures." Reflecting that variety, the 13 stories of *Amazons!* take place in settings nearly as diverse as their non-fictional counterparts. Tanith Lee's "Northern Chess" is influenced by mediaeval and Carolingian France ("with a touch of Shakespeare and Agincourt irrepressibly chucked in"): quests and great deeds *de rigueur*. Megan Lindholm's "Bones for Dulath" and Janrae Frank's "The Wolves of Nakesht" are both adventures set in sparsely populated plains countries, much like North American cowboys-and-Indians territory, though they deviate from that model with certain crucially exotic elements. Southeast Asian and African cultures are represented by Elizabeth A. Lynn's "The Woman Who Loved the Moon" and Charles Saunders's "Agbewe's Sword", respectively. "The Rape Patrol" (by Michele Belling) could take place in any American city tomorrow, and its familiarity lends horror rather than comfort to its telling. Two stories are set in that timeless elfland place where magic works, but where heroes and beautiful women have assumed the forms of quite unfamiliar tenants. These "new elfland" tales are C. J. Cherryh's "The Dreamstone" and Josephine Saxton's "Jane Saint's Travails (Part One)". The rest of the stories' settings have been newly created by their authors, for the fictional worlds have no obvious or direct earthly parallel. T. J. Morgan's snowy winter landscape ("Woman of the White Waste"), Margaret St.



Claire's Kingdom of Enbatana ("The Sorrow of Witch-es"), and Jane Fox's catacombic countryside ("Morri-en's Bitch") may have some analogs in reality, but I do not recognize them. Others of the authors clearly designed their worlds from "scratch", inventing continents, races and cultures. The lands of the Falconers and Sulcarfolk in "Falcon Blood" by Andre Norton, and Emily Bronte's Gondal in "The Death of Augusta" (as edited by Joanna Russ) have geographies thus inspired by imaginary reconnaissance.

There are five stories in *Amazons!* which deal intimately with the very idea of the collection. That is, the stories are themselves based on the protagonist's need to recall and understand an ancient mythology in order to save herself and her community. The two most straightforward examples of this theme are T. J. Morgan's "Woman of the White Waste" and Charles Saunders's "Agbewe's Sword". Morgan's protagonist, Ellide, is one of the survivors of a Yarl attack on her village. Always the "ugly" one, she is given to the soldiers instead of being picked by an officer for the night. Afterward, she flees into the snow and is saved by an almost forgotten goddess of the village, who appears dramatically in the form of a great white bear. Similarly, the protagonist of "Agbewe's Sword", Dossouye, has a vision (in a *bokono*-dream) of her community's goddess, Agbewe—goddess of the brown spider clan. Dossouye's encounter with the goddess comes at a dangerous and crucial time in Abomey history. Both Ellide and Dossouye are presented with swords by their goddess/protectors and, because the swords have supernatural powers, the women are able to vanquish the invaders and save themselves. The stories have in common the idea that women's memories/myths of ancient power are swords in their hands with which to revenge themselves and rescue their communities.

Tanith Lee's "Northern Chess" plays with the same theme of forgotten/misunderstood myth. However, the legend in need of clarification by the protagonist Jaisel is not one based on amazon history but on a prophecy of less exotic, quite patriarchal origin. Like the classic questing-knight stories, this one features the problem of a barren land. To blame is the dead necromancer, Maudras, whose last castle ("a haunted castle in a blighted country") is defended by invisible guards and has repelled all attempts by the prince of Towers and his troops to destroy it and restore life to the country. Into this unhealthy land, where only men fight, Jaisel rides—a definite anomaly.

She had fallen into the casual habit of the wandering adventurer. Destination was an excuse, never a goal. And when she saw the women at their looms or in their greasy kitchens, or tangled with babies, or broken with field-work, or leering out of painted masks from shadowy town doorways, Jaisel's urge to travel, to ride, to fly, to run away, increased.

We learn that throughout her travels she has again and again been invalidated by those she has encountered, by disbelief, by inability to accept, by contempt, and by countless dismissals, by men who could not forget that she was "only a woman". She is often mistaken for a boy, but that joke "had passed now. She had twelve years to get bored with it."

Her entire life had been a succession of persons, things, fate itself, trying to vanquish her and her aims.... And she had systematically overcome each of them. Because she did not, would not, accept that destiny was unchangeable.

And indeed, just as it proves to be an often fatal mistake for individual men to underestimate Jaisel's ability to defend herself, it is the fatal undoing of Maudras's curse to dismiss the powers of women. It is of course, the undoing of any culture's mythology and institutions to leave out women...or men.

And men are left out of the ancient curse that

is discovered in the story "Falcon Blood" by Andre Norton, and they are left out to the same potentially dreadful result as in Lee's story. Ironically, the dreadful result in both "Falcon Blood" and "Northern Chess" is a society that offers no choices to women and all power to men. In the Falconers' land, "women were born for only one purpose: to bear children. They were made to live in villages apart, visited once a year by men selected by their officers." In the story, a wounded Falconer and a Sulcar woman survive a shipwreck and are stranded on a narrow beach beneath a great cliff. Tanree (the Sulcar woman) is a member of a race whose people "lived aboard their ships and both sexes were trained alike to that service." This *Swept Away* tableau quickly develops into a much more meaningful scenario than one simply pitting two persons of such different cultural backgrounds against one another, though that interaction is well developed and engrossing in itself. After Tanree helps the Falconer up the cliff face, they discover an ancient temple that holds the key to the strange curse that has caused the Falconers to so hate and fear their women. The goddess of the temple is Johkara, Opener of Gates, Commander of Shadows; she is imprisoned in stone and needs a woman to fight, to slay men, in order to free her. Tanree refuses to do it, ending the curse and freeing the Falconer, who with admirable facility, however unbelievable, adjusts to his new egalitarian relationship with Tanree and all women. "It is time for curses to slink back into the shadows, allowing us to walk in the light, to see what lies ahead." Thus, "Falcon Blood" tells of the need to understand an ancient curse and, like the curse of Maudras's castle, to destroy it in order to encourage an equitable society's growth. The idea is an interesting one, but I was not quite able to accept the image of vengeful Johkara-like goddesses as motiveless man-haters, themselves the cause of women's oppression.

Much more to my taste was Josephine Saxton's wonderfully funny "Jane Saint's Travails (Part One)". Though ostensibly set in the surrealistic landscape of Jane's subconscious during her execution as a traitor, the country is also unmistakably the elsewhere of C. J. Cherryh's "The Dreamstone" and the elfland of countless traditional heroic fantasies. As Jane loses consciousness in the real world, her journey begins with the sighting of a tower on a landscape reminiscent of a Dali painting.

The sight of the tower did not fill her with joy, it looked hostile. It stood on raised ground, with steps cut from the rock leading up to it, spiraling around the mound, and the whole resembled an immense phallus, although she knew that there were days when everything looked like that.

Understated, dry humor like this sparkles throughout the narrative of Jane's travels. All she can remember from her waking life is that she must find a "kodebook" and must rescue her children. As in any journey through the subconscious, fantasies are populated by figures that all symbolize parts of the dreamer. Thus, Jane's "children" turn out not to need any rescue; they are part of Jane herself and (according to a demon cooked up in the oven in the tower, who is yet another shade of Jane) "have been tested and found strong enough to be women. They are on their way home." Her quest for the kodebook exposed as meaningless, her children/self in no need of rescue, Jane is presented as a confused though more self-aware questing knight than usually goes off, uncurious, after some useless chalice. Someone suggests she cook supper, and she storms out of the tower.

Going down the tower, she wrestled with guilt.

After all, a woman's place is in the tower. At the bottom of the steps was a desert—no wonder so many turned back. It was a temptation.

Reversing the usual schedule of knights who must climb the Chapel Perilous in quest of the truth, Jane

is tested outside the tower as she escapes from it. But like those knights, she too must resist the sex appeal of gorgeous embodied stereotypes of the opposite sex. Jane falls in love "at first sight" with all five transmutations of a shape-changing man—an Elizabethan romantic noble; a hardworking, brawny farmer; a vulnerable, absent-minded professor; a lean, tight-jeaned, hip young man; a fascist, hard-boiled espionage agent. All snub her, however, when the demon shows her how to change her shape and project a less attractive image.

"But I shall have no friends, nobody will love me any more," she said, beginning to cry. "Yes you will, people will love you. Those weren't friends, they were only vampires."

As the last of the stories in *Amazons!* which consciously works with the necessity of dealing with our cultural unconscious (i.e., our mythology), Josephine Saxton's tale is a marvelous one. "Jane Saint's Travails (Part One)" made an especially deep impression on me the second time I read the collection because I'd been mulling over the elements of heroic fantasy (minus the usually obscuring sexist characteristics) and looking at what patterns remained and which ones changed as a result of the strong woman-oriented bias of the collection. As promised, all the stories did have in common a powerful female protagonist. This factor alone made the reading of the tales an exhilarating experience. However, the common theme of violence was the link that most intrigued me.

I've always been bothered by a simplistic sort of plot pattern that seems to appear repeatedly in the sword-and-sorcery genre, much like the boy-meets-girl pattern of silly romances. The S&S pattern, when the story is very bad, can be reduced to this: There is a problem; the hero must find the person or thing at fault for the problem; the hero kills the person or thing; everything gets better. I object to the use of violent resolution of problem and plot when it seems to be the only resolution ever thought of by hero or author. It is too limited a reflection of the need to act or to change. I am tempted to point out that very few of our everyday problems are such that require violent responses, but you in turn would be correct in pointing out that fantasy at its best does not deal with everyday problems. As Ursula K. Le Guin has written in her essay "The Child and the Shadow", "...fantasy is the natural, the appropriate, language for the recounting of the spiritual journey and the struggle of good and evil in the soul", (from *Language of the Night*, edited by Susan Wood, Berkeley, 1979). However, even from this perspective, the frequent use of violent plot resolutions are not archetypal versions of problem solving so much as they are reflections of a warped patriarchal mindset that, due to its domination of our culture, has extended itself into mythic representations. I prefer not to extend that mindset into my own thinking or to accept it comfortably when I encounter it in fantasy. And my discomfort directly conflicts with Salmonson's biases as stated in *Amazons!* introduction, and it was this conflict that engendered scepticism in me. She declares:

The very act of women taking up sword and shield, to a society like our own which is ruled predominantly by men, is an act of revolution, whether performed in fact or in art.

Violence should not be considered just a means. Its existence is something basic to our institutions, but perhaps it will be less basic to a culture that is not sexist. If that is true, I fear we risk failure in our attempts to get to that culture by accepting violence as a means.

Things get sticky, though, when I try to separate the stories which rely overmuch on the S&S kill-the-problem approach from those which have more going for them. Megan Lindholm's exciting story "Bones for

Greg Rihn on AMAZONS!

Dulath", for instance, certainly does follow that pattern, but there is also much more involved. In a sparsely settled plains area reminiscent of a movie Western, partners Ki and Vandian run into trouble when they take a short-cut to save time. Vandian and his horse fall into a pit dug by a local monster called Dulath, and he is wounded by the poisoned spikes in the spawning lair. There is no known cure for the poison other than the blood of the monster itself. Ki kills the monster and saves Vandian with the blood she collects from it. Enriching the adventure story is, however, a delightful representation of the comradely, caring partnership between Ki and Vandian, a relationship that is only secondarily sexual. Both Ki and Vandian object to being referred to as each other's husband and wife. They correct the speaker, saying "'Not wife. Friend.'" There is also the macabre situation in the village, which has grown so accustomed to the beast that its townspeople bring all their dead to Dulath and worship it for caring for their dead.

Whereas two stories ("Falcon Blood" and "Jane Saint's Travails") quite definitely eschew a violent resolution, most of the others contain some element of violence. My feeling that this is a basic part of heroic fantasy—and my uneasiness—remain. C. J. Cherryh's high fantasy, "The Dreamstone", for instance, is a lovely story of Arafel and Fionn. Arafel is Eld-born, the last of her folk living in Eldwood.

There was no more music in her hands, none since the last had gone and she had willed to stay, loving this place too well in spite of men. Arafel saves Earth-born Fionn's life, then trades his life and flute for an amulet (that contains her dreams) to evil Lord Ebal, in order to hear Fionn's music for a while. It is a beautiful story and, with the depiction of Arafel's honor and age in ways usually reserved for male heroes, a remarkable tale as well.

Michele Belling's "The Rape Patrol", finally clarified for me my uneasiness with the recurrent violent resolution of plot problems. More than any other story in this collection, Belling's typifies the kill-the-problem tactic. Yet, on first reading, it seemed one of the best stories in the anthology. First of all, I was eager to read this story that Joanna Russ had remembered from one of her creative-writing-class students as superbly written but probably unpublishable for its radical nature. Then, its extraordinarily contemporary conception of an amazon—combined with a personal concern with the problem of rape—convinced me of the validity of Belling's vision/solution. The narrative is the deadpan sort of style that the TV program "The FBI", used; the story is a straightforward account of how the rape patrol tracks down and kills a rapist: "We are seven women known as the Rape Patrol. We handle crimes against women: rape, beatings, muggings, and murder." They take turns acting out the roles of judge, jury, and executioner.

"The penalty for rape is death," said Agnes watching him and holding the knife. "I do this in the name of your victims and in the name of all women," she said and slit his throat from ear to ear.

My own feelings about justified violence turned out to be not as clear-cut as I had thought. On second reading, I had to admit that all my objections to violence in other stories also had to apply to this story and also have to agree with Greg Rihn's criticisms. (See inset.) I would not be willing to tolerate a self-appointed band of judges/executioners in society no matter what the unpunished crime. However due to society's tendency to tolerate and even encourage the rape of women, the necessity for women to protect themselves is a reality. The contemporary truth that there is often no recourse for women but violence in a rape situation makes the story a

Jeanne, who's doing the main review of *Amazons*, mentioned to me that she felt somewhat unusual reviewing this book because it was largely sword-and-sorcery-type tales. She could appreciate the philosophical basis of the stories (which is actually timeless, as in any good fiction) but less so the technics of the genre. To wit, are these stories good sword-and-sorcery?

Now, while my grasp of feminist literature is weak, I drool at the thought of a new and different S&S anthology, so I cadged it out of Jeanne's clutches for a precious week.

I am here to tell you that these stories are good fantasy. They have the beautiful imagery and wonderful extra touch of imagination that makes good heroic fantasy a genre to inspire dreams like nothing else does.

A brief word about "The Rape Patrol". I hope the controversy this brief fantasy may inspire will not overshadow the other pieces. It is a common little fantasy, chillingly presented, on the theme of "If only I could get even...." It is the most basic presentation of what thud and blunder fantasy is all about: think about how good it would feel if only you could pick up your sword and go trash those you hate and fear once and for all. Yeah! Get the bastards! Give 'em hell!

The trouble is, too many people are acting out the story, today, right now. Read "The Rape Patrol". Then re-read it, only this time instead of "rape patrol" insert "Ku Klux Klan", and instead of rapist" write "nigger". You won't need many other changes to make the story make complete sense. Violence begets violence begets violence....

chilling, powerful, and strengthening one for me. Women must defend themselves; and before they can do that, they must believe that defense is possible. Though a contemporary fantasy, "The Rape Patrol" still works like a fantasy of more unfamiliar setting: we are reminded that dream is the first and best part of action. "And failing that...invent."

Mythological invention in the best sense takes place in Elizabeth A. Lynn's "The Woman Who Loved the Moon". It is the only story in the collection to deal with the love between two women and it is a beautiful change of pace from the usual heroic fantasies for that aspect alone.

Margaret St. Clair's "The Sorrows of Witches" is an odd, rather macabre tale of necromantic Queen Enbatana, gorgeous, powerful, and doomed. She makes a pact with a devil in order to rekindle life in a dead man who only loves her after his death, and stores him, thereafter, in a trance in a chest beside her bed while she conducts the kingdom's business. St. Clair's story, like Janet Fox's "Morrien's Bitch", features powerful women protagonists who are not particularly sympathetic characters. In the latter story, the protagonist, Riska, survives in the maze-like underground passageways around the city of Ultebre by looting villages in the area and using the passages as quick-escape routes. She is caught by Morrien's men and eventually seduces Morrien himself, showing him how to use the secret routes and helping him to conquer the city of Ultebre (a conquest they both have personal reasons for wanting accomplished). Riska's attempts to control Morrien sexually is not, however, very admirable, no matter how refreshing the reversal of positions. And though Riska begins by bartering her knowledge of the passages for Morrien's sexual attentions and power, the matter ends with her rape and her having nothing to show for her early advantage. Riska barely avoids her own assassination and in the end must flee back into the passages where there is less security now than there had been. The "power" of some of *Amazons!*'s powerful women is fleeting.

There are two stories still not covered by this review and those are Emily Bronte's "The Death of Augusta" (as edited by Joanna Russ) and Janrae Frank's "Wolves of Nakesht". Russ's reconstruction of this episode in Bronte's epic, *Gondal's Queen*, is indeed tinged with the "shadowy glory" that Russ assures us is contained in the fragments remaining from the Bronte letters, journals, and poetry. Certainly, as Salmonson notes, Emily Bronte's character Augusta does deserve to be placed among the lists of amazons in our fictional heritage. However, the excerpts and plot summary do not seem comfortably placed in this anthology. One is always interested in reading anything of Russ's—I am anyway—and was interested in this as well. But another story would have been better chosen over these loose fragments of an epic poem.

Janrae Frank's "Wolves of Nakesht" is a fast-moving adventure story, in line with Salmonson's intentions to collect stories with powerful fictional women's role models. However, it is a poorly written story. Frank is working on a series of stories concerning the Sharone amazon empire, and this may explain the gaps in motive and plot. But the unknown explanations for the protagonist Chimquar's decision to go renegade from the amazon nation, the reason she was now being searched out by the Sharone, the nature of the crisis that causes their need for her, and her feud with the villain Bakran intruded too often on my enjoyment of the story. The generally slim motivation for action tempted me to conclude that the motivations were not important, the actions only excuses for a good fight. There were several interesting elements in "Wolves of Nakesht", including Chimquar's relationship with her protegee Makajia and the weird man-wolves of Nakesht, which were literally

men charmed within wolves' clothing. But in all it was a poor story.

This story, however, was the only real disappointment for me in the anthology *Amazons!* It is exciting and intriguing if you are simply interested in stories with strong women protagonists. If you have an appetite for heroic fantasy, I would wager you will have a banquet of rare delicacies before you when this book is released by DAW at the end of the year. ⊖

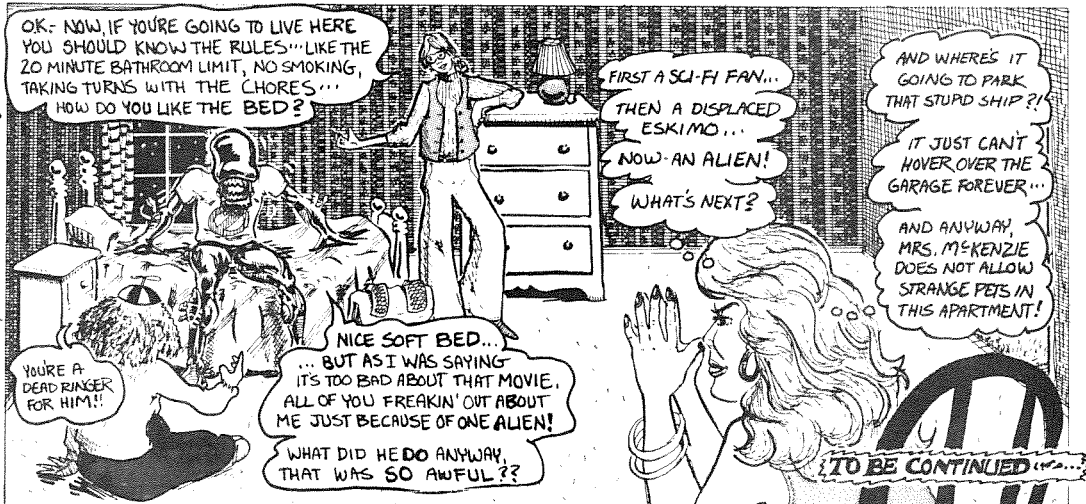
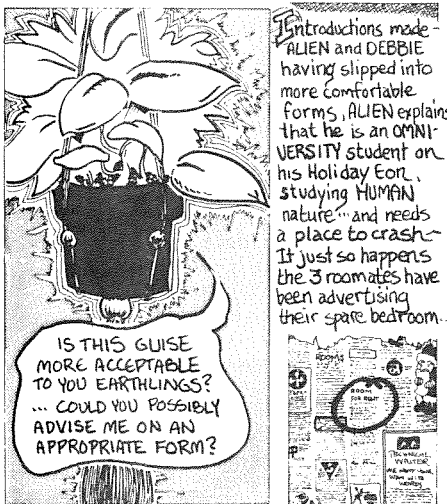
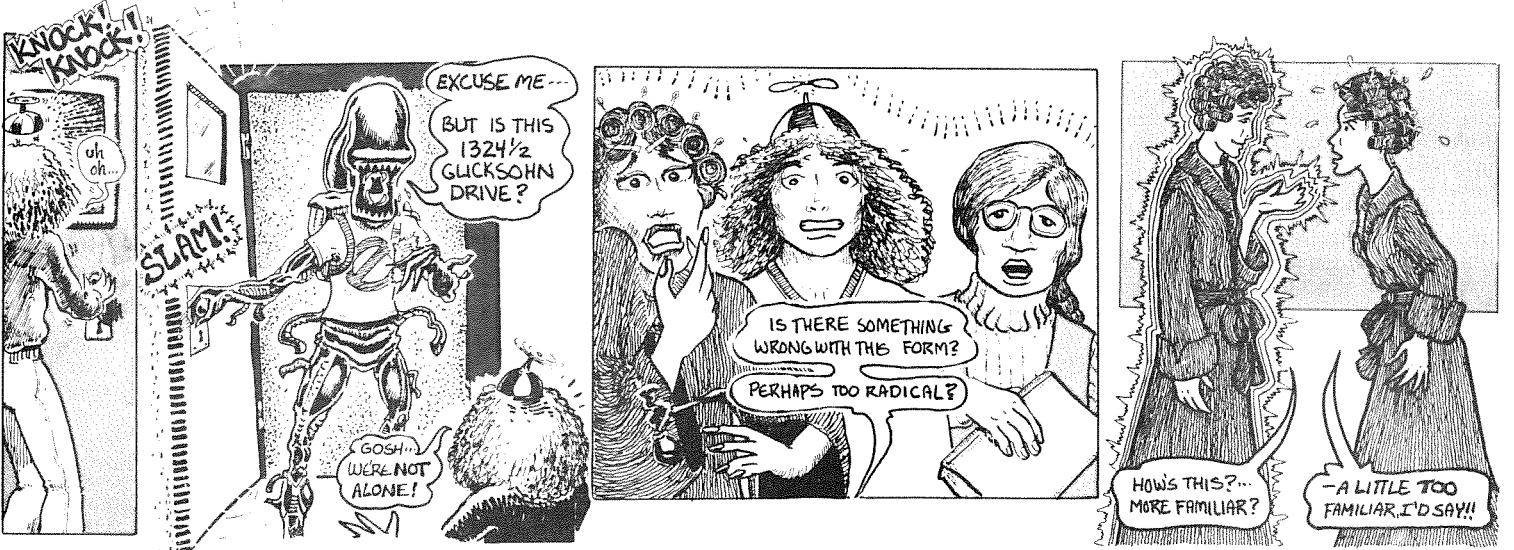
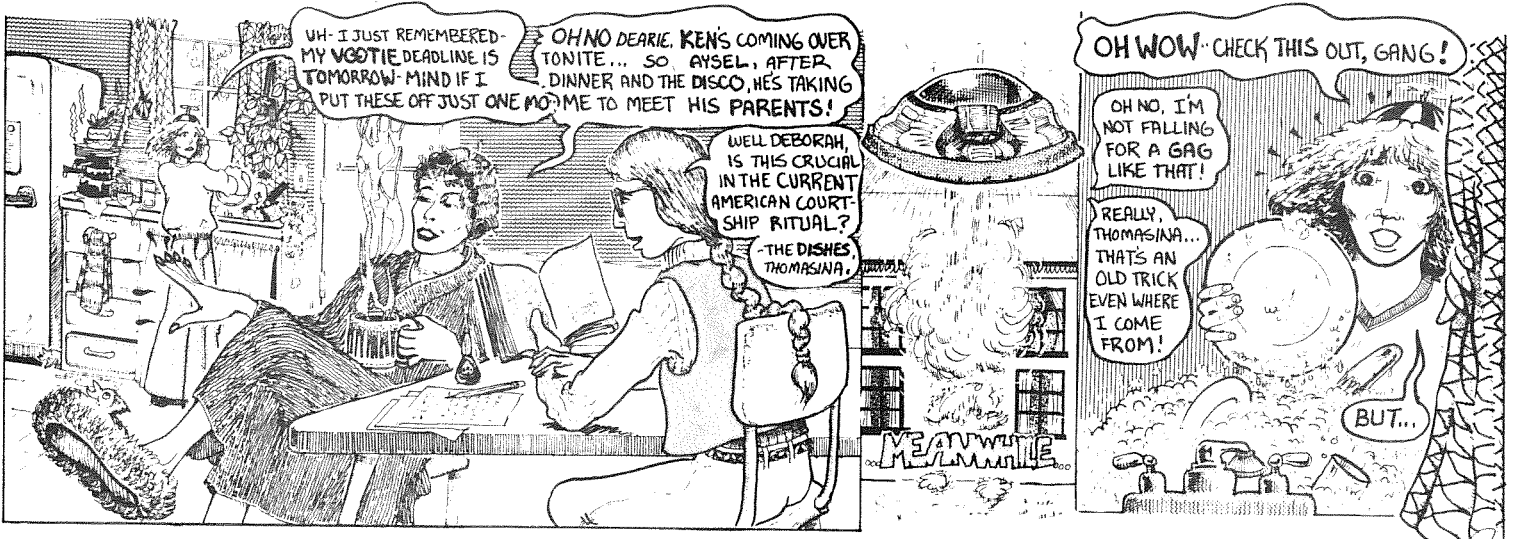
[Jessica Amanda Salmonson said of this review that it "gave me deeper insight into a couple of the stories (Saxton's and Norton's), and I felt you cut to the heart of most of the stories with complete understanding. The exception might be "Morrien the Bitch".... I don't think Riska was raped in that story, or lost power in the end; she pursued her own sexual need with perverse vengeance and manipulated Morrien even into a violent act. The real negative criticism of the story might be in regard to the sadomasochistic reality it perpetuates rather than questions; but, given Riska's rather peculiar desires, I think she maintained control of the situation without exception.... In many ways a vicious story, but not one of fleeting power.

"I agree that, by literary standards, Janrae Frank's 'Wolves of Nakesht' is the most flawed. I included it because it adhered the most closely to 'standard' sword-and-sorcery tenets and values (which are anything but literary); in terms of sheer adventure, I consider it one of the best in the collection, the least pretentious, presenting some of the raw Conan-esque simplicity that for whatever bizarre reason appeals. What Conan does for boys, Chimquar the Lionhawk does for women—I think."

■■■ COMPENDIUM ■■■ 13 people have contributed names to our list of women SF/fantasy writers—adding 131 names to Jan Bogstad's original list of 49 women which appeared in Janus 14. Those names marked with a "(?)" are people we are not sure are women, but were suspected by our sources. Verification work needs to be done—not to mention the massive bibliographic work we have ahead of us to finish the project. ■■■ COMPENDIUM ■■■

Adams, Georgia F	Aiken, Joan	Allingham, Margery	Anderson, Karen	Anderson, Susan Janice
Arneson, Eleanor	Ashe, Tamsin	Barker, Lynn	Belling, Michele	Berman, Ruth
Brackett, Leigh	Bradley, Marion Zimmer	Brown, Rosel George	Broxon, Mildred Downey	Buck, Doris Pitken
Bunn, Cynthia	Busby, Elinor	Bushyager, Linda	Butler, Octavia	(?) Cadigan, Pat
Caldwell, Taylor	Cameron, Eleanor	Carr, Carol	Carrington, Leonora	Carter, Angela
Chain, Julian (pseud (see Dikty, Judith)	Chant, Joy	(?) Chapman, D. D.	Chapman, Vera	Charnas, Suzy McKee
Clow, Martha deMay	Cherryh, C. J.	Christie, Agatha	Clayton, Jo	Clingerman, Mildred
Davis, Grania	Cooper, Susan	Coulson, Juanita	Cristabel	Daniels, Max (pseud)
Dorman, Sonya	DeFord, Miriam Allen	Dibell, Ansen	Dikty, Judy	see Gellis, Roberta)
Elgin, Suzette Haden	Duane, Diane	Dubois, Theodora	Duke, Madeleine	Eisenstein, Phyllis
Felice, Cynthia	Emshwiller, Carol	Engdahl, Sylvia Louise	Ensley, Evangeline	Farber, Sharon N.
Fox, Janet	Fleischer, Leonora	Fleming, Joan	Walton	Fontana, Dorothy C.
Gellis, Roberta	Frank, Janrae	Freedman, Nancy	Friedberg, Gertrude	Gaskell, Jane
Gunn, Eileen	Gillon, Diane	Goudge, Elizabeth	Gottlieb, Phyllis	Grant, Joan
Harris, Kathleen	Haggard, Janet S.	Haldeman, Vol	Harris, Barbara	Harris, Clare Winger
Holland, Cecelia	Harris, Rosemary	Henderson, Zenna	Hodgell, Pat	Hoffman, Lee
Hunter, Mollie	Holly, Joan C.	Holly, Joan Hunter	Hoover, H. M.	Hull, E. Mayne
Karr, Phyllis Ann	Hutton, Amy	Jackson, Shirley	Jeppson, J. O.	Jollie, Karen G.
Kimberly, Gail	Kavan, Anna	Kennedy, Leigh	Kidd, Virginia	Killough, Lee
Laubenthal, Sanders Anne	Krueger, Marj	Kurtz, Katherine	Lagerlöf, Selma	(?) Lang, Simon
Lynn, Elizabeth	Laurence, Alice	L'Engle, Madeleine	Lee, Tanith	LeGuin, Ursula K.
Martin, Marcia	Lichtenberg, Jacqueline	Lief, Evelyn	Lindholm, Megan	Lottman, Eileen
McIntyre, Vonda	Maxwell, Ann	Mackenroth, Nancy	MacLean, Katherine	Marshak, Sondra
Mitchenson, Noami	McKillip, Patricia	McCaffrey, Anne	McClintoc, Winona	McIntosh, Pat
Nadler, Maggie,	Moore, C. L.	Merril, Judith	Metzger, Lois	Mirrlees, Hope
(?) O'Brien, Robert	Neeper, Cary	Moore, Raylyn	Morgan, T. J.	Morris, Janet E.
Paxson, Diana	Pangborn, Mary C.	Nesbit, E.	(?) Nicholson, Sam	Norton, Andre (Pseud. for Alice Mary Norton)
Randall, Florence	Pierce, Brenda	Panshin, Cory	Paul, Barbara	Pollock, Rachel
Roberts, Wilo Davis	Randall, Marta	Piercy, Marge	Pisercia, Doris	Richmond, Leigh
Scott, Jody	Randall, Alice	Reed, Kit	Rice, Jane	Saxton, Josephene
Shore, Wilma	Robinson, Jeanne	Russ, Joanna	Sargent, Pamela	Shiras, Wilmar
Smith, Evelyn E.	Sheldon, Alice	Shelly, Mary	Shinkle, Dorothy	Sky, Kathleen
Stevenson, Lynnda	Sidney, Kathleen M.	Wollenstoncraft	Silas, A. E.	Stearns, Stephanie
Thompson, Joyce	Springer, Nancy	St. Clair, Margaret	Staten, Mary	Tarzan, Deloris
Walton, Evangeline	Stewart, Mary	Susann, Jacqueline	Tannehill, Jayne	Vinge, Joan D.
Wilhelm, Kate	Trimble, Jacquelin	Tuttle, Lisa	Van Scyoc, Sydney J.	Wilder, Cherry
	Warner, Sylvia	Webb, Sharon	White, Jane	
	Townsend	Yarbro, Chelsea Quinn	Yolen, Jane	

bizarre APARTMENT LIFE



The number 13 has come to connote bad luck. I write this, gleefully, on Friday the 13th, April, 1979. As with many "bad luck" symbols, 13 once was goddess-related and positive. It refers to the 13 moon and menstrual cycles of a woman's calendar. 13th Moon is "a literary magazine publishing women," and a fine one.

Ellen Marie Bissert writes in her brief editorial that the magazine has never been "overtly feminist" although "the source of my energy...came directly from my commitment to feminism." This, the fifth anniversary issue, touches on a wide range of women's feelings, needs, creative spirit. To me, that resounds with a firmer feminist base than any journal that insists on a single party line or politic.

Unlike many literary magazines, *13th Moon* is as committed to visual arts as word-arts. Sandra McKee, whose work I praised in the first installment of this column (review of *Calyx*) has four pieces reproduced here: two for her goddess-and-myth series, two more from her whimsically lovely self-portrait series (artist as James Dean, and as Bob Dylan being St. Hildegard). Diane Davies' photos of black women are fine portraits of strength and individuality. The monoprint called *Theresa's Daughter* by Ginger Legato is haunting, penetrating. One special feature is Mirella Bentivoglio's large mosaic egg-sculpture which stands in an ancient Italian village. It is pictured and discussed in detail. A marvelous work; I am excited to have learned about it.

The fiction is somewhat claustrophobic, every story containing either minor or primary references like sitting on a "large lumpy bed" (in "All the Way Home"), seeing only grey sky "from her bed" ("The Death of Mothers"), or "Alex lies...in a hospital bed" ("Growth Spurt"). The stories are uniformly revelatory and wellwritten, but far too introverted to find adventurous or exciting. "Growth Spurt", for instance, is a tale of willing defeat and very discouraging. It was reprinted in Barbara Wilson's small-press collection *Talk and Contact*, which contains much modern fantasy and borderline science-fiction which would interest feminist SF readers.

Poetry is clearly important to the editor. There is a lot of it here, including a fine piece by Adrienne Rich. Again, claustrophobic images abound: a dark room in Natale S. Polly's piece, images of sitting or laying down in various poets' work. I won't value-judge this repeated theme, except to say my personal preferences are for outward-reaching, searching and finding sorts of stories and poems. The only thing in the anniversary issue that met that need in me was the essay "Mythology for Women" by Marcella Thieboux. It shows that, in an outward quest, one does enrich the interior self, but in a non-isolating fashion.

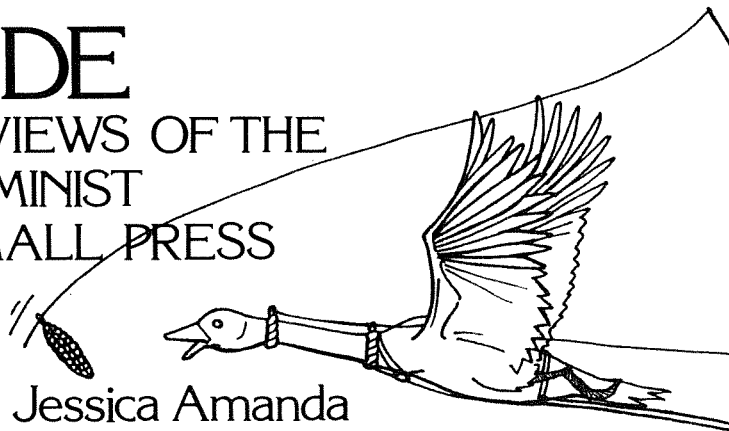
Thieboux's long, intensive study is of Monique Wittig's superlative *Les Guerilleres*. It's an impressive essay. I recommend that Wittig fans read this analysis. It brings new depth and many insights to a classic modern mythwork.

Received with *13th Moon* was Ellen Marie Bissert's perfect-bound book of poetry *The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Dyke*. Bissert is not yet a poet of the claibre of Rich, Griffin, Kaye, or Broumas, but she's good, and growing. Her poem to Zelda Fitzgerald struck me deeply, and I think everyone would find something in this collection that would strike a personal note somewhere.

Totally unexpected in my mailbox was Chettas, "a collection of women's writing." Fantasy and mythological images dominate the poetry. The short story "Child Rites" by Helen Prescott is my favorite inclusion, an eerie and attractive fantasy yarn. *Chettis* is one of the most pleasant collections I've received lately.

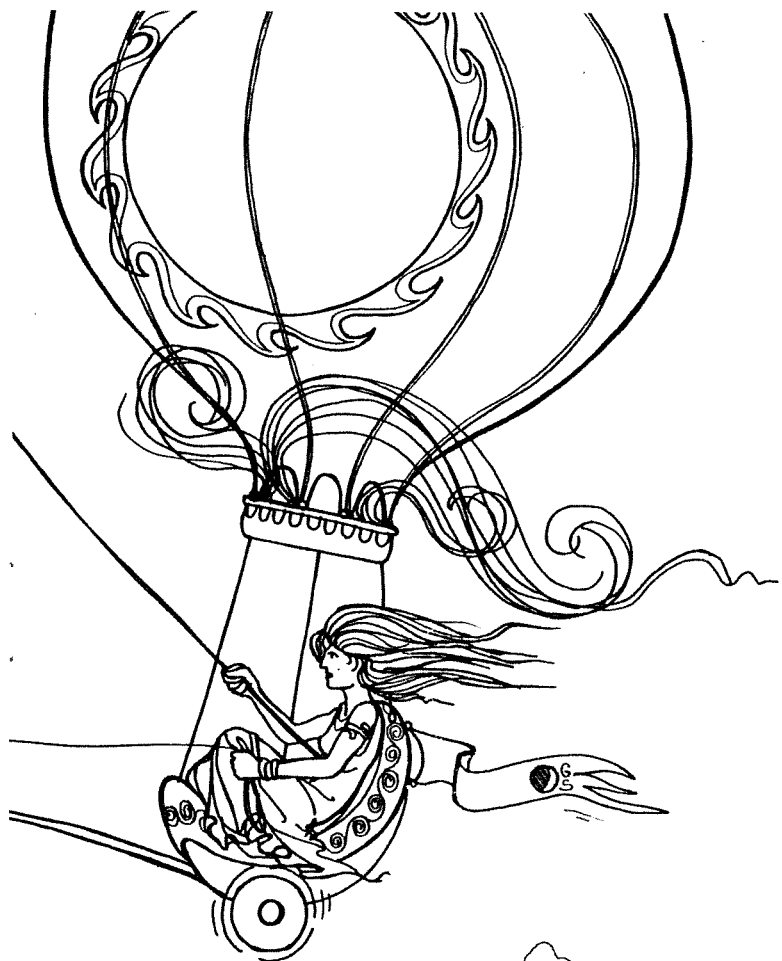
VIEW FROM THE OTHER SIDE REVIEWS OF THE FEMINIST SMALL PRESS

Jessica Amanda
Salmonson



Mythology is the unifying theme of this set of reviews, and nothing is more appropriately discussed than Lady-Unique-Inclination-of-the-Night. The graphics and word-images often depict weaving: Basket weaving, spider webs, spinning wheels, looms. One acquires a feeling of depth and spirit of a specifically feminine nature -- that we are each, like the Three Fates, the shapers of some secret, wondrous whole.

There is a tendency to heroize domesticity, it is true; and an occasionally dangerous quality that is all too common in women's spirituality: the "faith" that "women's circularity" is inherent. I'm reminded of a classic study that "proved" boy children build towers and girl children build enclosures, because of some instinctive recognition of phallic destinies. More recent and careful experiments have revealed that the linear nature of masculine thought (and tower building in boys) and the circular nature of feminine thought (and enclosure building in girls) are indeed learned, cultural traits and not natural at all. Yet, it cannot be denied that as a generality, in context with our society, women's art, sexuality, self-image, and philosophy are more circular and confined than that of men, who are driven to endless roads of destruction rather than to personal wholeness. Journals like *Lady-Unique* are useful to us, though I confess confusion as to whether this usefulness is long-ranging or only a product of the here-and-now. On the one hand, women's mythic rediscovery lends a feeling of ancient heritage and far-reaching tomorrows. On the other hand, the many ways that



this spirituality reinforces passivity/non-violence, nurturing, domestic arts, and childbearing-as-magical-positive-destiny seems to play us very much into the good auspices of those in power today.

Lady-Unique is definitely valuable for its approaches to mythological studies. With fine academic precision, highly readable essays are presented on topics of spider goddess Ariadne, goddesses of pre-Hellenic, Aztec, and Hebrew myth, and more. Merlin Stone's retelling of a Celtic legend; Olga Broumas's poetry; Ruby Charisma, Rocky Trout, and Fdiddt Geevers's wondrous drawings of goddesses; and material instructing methods of actualizing goddess myth in our lives are all very pleasing. *Lady-Unique's* "fourth cycle" issue is art and unity; it is a sense of strength and roots; it is an empowering, lovingly made journal which I consider deeply meaningful on every level. As a feminist fantasy author, I find the well-researched material of extreme importance to my own growth as a questing and questioning individual.

I daren't be so bold as to review my own work, but I would like to mention the chapbook *Tragedy of The Moisty Morning*, a satiric space opera about a starship called *The Moisty Morning*, a Scottish woman who keeps its engines running, and the fruity men who are frustrated by her unresponsiveness to their charms. I enjoyed writing it and want to thank Tom and Kathy Carlisle for wanting to publish it through

Not all of us are to the point of imagining new and better worlds and myths. Many women are still trying to sort out their lives in this often crippling world. *FOCUS*, "a journal for lesbians," strikes me as being largely the work of women at the beginning of their awarenesses. It's been a while since I've received a journal with so large a percentage of women wishing to remain anonymous. The staff sets the principle by listing themselves as "Anne B." or simply "L. G." This was once traditional; the pioneering lesbian magazine *The Ladder* was produced almost entirely under pseudonyms. Fear was very great, and it is tempting to think, momentarily, that the Daughters of Bilitis, as the oldest lesbian organization and the publisher of *Focus*, is still living in past fears. Sadly, the reasons for paranoia are as strong as ever. Lesbians in establishment jobs, who are working with children, and so on, are at constant risk of losing their jobs, without legal recourse or protection from prejudice and ignorance.

Those generally young and radical women who most often write for feminist publications live, in largest proportion, at a meager level, with poor-paying jobs. There is little to lose by being published specifically as a lesbian. *Focus* has a different tone than this: a little less polemically feminist, a little more personally feminist/searching. Largely poetry, fiction, and reviews, this is recommended especially to lesbians and possible-lesbians who are still, themselves, questing

While on that topic, I must mention that the Lesbian Herstory Archives is having a national lesbian photograph drive. The Archives keeps a large library of professional and amateur publications by and about lesbians and lesbianism. Their new project "to end the legacy of lost faces" asks that "lesbians all across the country send a photograph of themselves, friends, children, homes, pets, activities" to "help make sure our future sisters will be able to see us."

The Lesbian Herstory Archives is so important it just fills me with solace.

The *Wild Iris* is a simple, cleanly made literary magazine of feminist poetry and fiction. Outstanding in its issues is the autobiographical writing of Ruth Reid, which has appeared in sections. Ruth is an older lesbian, reflecting on experiences in the decades before my birth. I am drawn to her honesty, inspired by her changes. I've read Issues 3, 4, and 5 of *The Wild Iris* and found them of uniformly good quality.

In the first installment of this column, I looked at *Heresies'* Great Goddess issue. Since then, a new issue has arrived, on a topic that could not take us further from myth. *Heresies 6* is a "Women and Violence" issue, touching on topics all too real. In 128 large-size pages of essays, photographs, and poetry, we learn about subtle violence, as in "Wolf Whistles and Warnings; overt and often murderous violence, as in the "Dialogue with a Rapist"; anthropological ramifications, as in the material on African and Moslem clitorectomies, or Paula Webster's "The Politics of Rape in Primitive Society"; women living with violence or being violent, as in "The Vicki Tapes"; and much, much more.

Of special note is Andrea Dworkin's careful, personal, moving article on "Biological Supremacy: The World's Most Dangerous and Deadly Idea." She offers clear warnings regarding some of the rabid

elements of our own movement: the nazistic and ultimately anti-woman/anti-human "feminists" who damage all of us with their hatred and objectification of others' sexuality, gender, or physiology. My forebears changed their name from Solomon in order to pass as gentiles and come to Amerika (which had a quota system to keep Jews out) one generation before Hitler. Dworkin makes frightful parallels between her own Hebrew experience and what she has experienced from a few horrifyingly hateful women who've manipulated feminist concepts to strengthen their own fears, weaknesses, and prejudices. It was difficult to hear these warnings -- it was a little angering to see them in black-and-white print. But we need to criticize ourselves or fall prey to the superficial, ignorant proclamations of paranoid woman-fearers like Damon Knight who delivered a frightful lecture against feminist extrapolation and against Alice Sheldon in particular at an SF convention last year. His raving, paranoid attack on Sheldon was entirely without warrant -- but it was perhaps fed by warranted fears in other areas of our important, necessary, but not flawless movement.

Heresies, as a theme-oriented publication, is always a different magazine. For an on-going discussion of violence and how it influences our lives, recommended is Aegis: Magazine on Ending Violence Against Women. It features articles on establishing shelters for battered women; grass-roots politics/feminism/activism; updates on women incarcerated for daring to defend themselves against rape; self-defense information; and information on and protective advice against sexual harrasment on the job, from the medical profession, and more.

Aegis is sometimes nearly academic in a negative sense. Many of the articles are aimed at a "specialized" group of women providing aid to women, and falls occasionally into a jargon and rhetoric inaccessible to anyone outside their specialty. The special vocabulary that has become a part of the anti-violence movement sounds, too often, more cliquish than educational. In some ways, the magazine seems indispensable to any and all women -- who ought to be aware of issues that may, at any moment, affect us individually. It is unfortunate that a magazine which is so necessary cannot reach the women who need to be made aware, and who need the support. I suspect that mainly "professionals," volunteers and advocates specializing in women's aid see it. Too bad.

Pandora is "an original anthology of role-expanding science fiction and fantasy". Its current issue has a lovely wrap-around cover in full color. The magazine seems disconnected from the larger community of feminist small presses and is really more a fanzine, with many fan contributors. However, editor Lois Wickstrom has definite feminist intentions for the magazine, and her editorial office is in the Rocky Mountain Women's Institute. So it could be considered another "bridging" journal, half fanzine, half feminist small press. I will bow out reviewing the fiction; it's definitely not above average yet. Pandora is not to be confused with a feminist newspaper of the same name, published here in Seattle over the last four or five years.

Womanspirit 17 includes a very interesting essay on witch's wand lore, which proved useful to me as a reference in researching a short fantasy

story I'd been working on. The magazine often spurs fantasy story ideas, and I'd recommend it to feminist F&SF authors and aspiring authors for that value alone. Women's spirituality and mythology is investigated on many different levels, more informally than in *Lady-Unique-Inclination-of-the-Night*. In its large-size format, *Womanspirit* can cover a lot of ground.

Dianna River's article "Woodwoman" is about living under very austere conditions in the wilds. It is perhaps the finest, most evocative piece of writing I've encountered in the small press or anywhere else all year.

This issue is -- even more than usual -- dominated by Demming/Gandhi type philosophy of non-violent resistance to patriarchy. Even if many of us disagree with the tenets, they are worth knowing, and extremely provoking. I am myself torn constantly between the amazon warrior and the militant pacifist, and suspect both are necessary -- as the black movement needed both Malcolm X and Martin Luther King (and the patriarchy dispatched each by similar mechanisms). On the one hand I agree we'll not build a "better" world by matching violence with violence. On the other, I disagree with the example given in *Womanspirit*, that you can stop any rapist by convincing him of his actual humanity and yours. That might work dandy if women first learn they can tear off his balls if the humanity business gets you laughed at and raped. I'd suggest reading *Aegis* alongside *Womanspirit*, and weigh philosophies and goals against our individual needs and potentials.

I would like to mention briefly that *Sinister Wisdom*, one of the leaders of the feminist small-press community, has a new address. And another magazine reviewed in the first of these columns, *Quest: A Feminist Quarterly*, has been looking for someone to work as a fund-raiser on a percentage basis. Pass the word. ⊕

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- Chettas*, Cat-Anna Press, Box 301, Dexter, MI, 48130. \$2.50 each.
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- Heresies*, Box 766 Canal St. Stn., New York, NY, 10013. \$3.00 each or \$11.00/4.
- The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Dyke*, 13th Moon, Inc., Box 3 Inwood Stn., New York, NY, 10034. \$2.50 each or \$6.00/3.
- Lady-Unique-Inclination-of-the-Night*, Box 803, New Brunswick, NY, 08903. \$3.50 each; write for subscription rate or back issues.
- Lesbian Herstory Archives*, Box 1258, New York, NY, 10001. Send any contribution to receive the newsletter.
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- Talk and Contact*, The Seal Press, 533 11th St. E., Seattle, WA, 98102. \$3.00 each. Also publishes poetry chapbooks.
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- Tragedy of the Moisty Morning*, Angst World Library, 2307 22nd Av. E., Seattle, WA, 98112. \$2.00 each.
- The Wild Iris*, Marty Moatz-Austin, 1732 Cedar St., Berkeley, CA, 94703. \$5.00/2.
- Womanspirit*, Box 263, Wolf Creek, OR, 97497. \$2.50 each or \$7.00 subscription.

Phil

At science-fiction conventions, we are all participants and observers. We are all producers and consumers. "What is it", you ask, "that we are consuming and producing?" This is not a simple question, but I think that the answer lies in the way we interact, both formally and spontaneously, at conventions. This article deals with the more formal interactions that took place in two workshops that were given at X-Con in Milwaukee, WI, and Archon, at St. Louis, MO.

The workshop members in Milwaukee were professional writer Gene DeWeese; fan editor and graduate student/literary critic Jan Bogstad; Hank Luttrell, editor of *Starling* for the last 15 years; James Andrew Cox, local Madison radio and TV personality; and of course, me. With the exception of Gene DeWeese, a Milwaukee native, all of the workshop members are MadSTF members, and, in addition to our fannish activities, we are all unpaid editors of both the radio and TV versions of the Madison Review of Books. We are all interested in popular culture as an alternative to mass culture.

The Milwaukee audience/participants numbered between 50 and 75. The workshop title which I had chosen, "Science Fiction: Images and Objects in the Popular Consciousness", developed into a lively, though not always directed, discussion that helped us to prepare for our next popular-culture workshop.

Archon was the site for a somewhat more formal workshop, conducted by Hank, Jan, and me. Hank was the original instigator for this workshop and also the Other fan guest of honor for Archon. As we moved through the discussion portion of the workshop, we found it necessary to explain at length why we could not offer any checklist of simple definitions of exactly what the interaction was that is taking place between the various cultural spheres, sometimes called high, mass, and popular culture. Jan has some definitions which may confuse as much as they clarify. We don't claim to have the answers, only the framework for some pretty interesting questions.

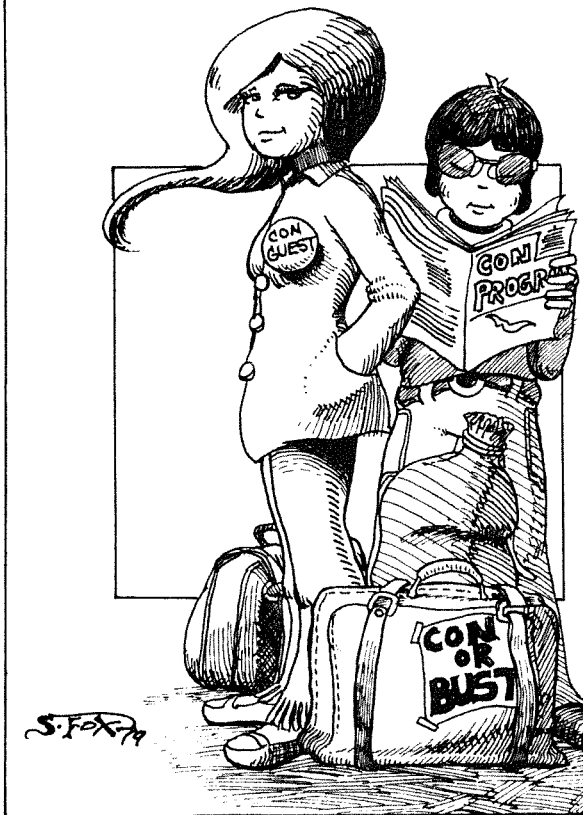
Jan

Mass media and the academy would, it seems, have us believe that there are two kinds of culture: mass culture, which the media own and validate under the strictures of the almighty dollar, and high culture, which some members of the academy claim to own. They also claim, as a part of their ownership, the right to legislate—and all too often—fetishize—taste. This assures that activities prompted by the esthetic impulse in every human being must be validated in one of two ways in order to be worthy of attention and thus of being pursued. These activities must either succeed in the marketplace or appeal to the academy if they are to be valuable experiences. These two "poles" are not poles at all but two different ways of ignoring popular culture, an intrinsically self-validating, esthetically prompted activity. They also seek to cut esthetic activity off from other forms of cultural interaction, despite the fact that high— and mass— culture activities such as opera and movies are also obviously social as well as esthetic events.

As a result of the two popular-culture panels Phil has described, I sense the desire for strict definitions of high, mass and popular culture, definitions which I will only approach as parts of a process. I'll define these terms by using them. If you want more definitions, check out the writings of the Frankfurt School, Walter Benjamin, Theodor Adorno, or Stanley Aronowitz. They won't lay everything out clearly because the distinctions aren't really clear, but they do it better than I can.

Of the three rough classifications for esthetically prompted cultural activity, I see popular culture as the most genuine form, a form upon which both mass— and high-culture phenomena act as always and sometime parasites, respectively, Mass-culture entertainment,

CON REPORTS



X-CON ARCHON

PHIL KAVENY
JAN BOGSTAD
HANK LUTTRELL
JIM COX

network TV, and Barbie and Darth Vader dolls are versions of such things as corn-husk dolls and science-fiction literature which were wrested from their original creators and from the contexts in which they had some meaning in relation to lived experience, homogenized beyond all recognition for a mass audience (They alienate the least number of people, which also means they entertain any one group in the most shallow fashion.), and sold back to us, their original creators. High culture is often the popular culture of a previous era, appropriated by the academy as some incomprehensible "quality" which by its very nature is assumed to be inaccessible to the uninitiated.

There is a specific place where I position science-fiction fandom in this cultural process. Fandom is what we do with a potentially and often actually mass-culture literary form. SF books are sold to us through more or less regular market procedures complete with blurbs that we never read and covers that don't really correspond to the contents of the books, even though these marketing practices don't fool SF readers. What cannot be sold, hyped, appropriated, or destroyed by the mass-culture industry is the esthetic and socially prompted activity that is fandom, though various firms have tried to "produce" SF happenings. They don't seem to understand that SF fandom is valuable to us because we do it ourselves. As Phil says, we do it because we are all producers and consumers. We close the circle between labor and the fruits of labor that is splintered by mass culture and ignored by high culture. We can't escape the operation of the profit motive in our everyday lives, but we can force it into a secondary position in our own creative use of the existence of science-fiction fandom as a model for the kind of esthetic and social experience to which we are all entitled and of which we are all capable.

What is popular culture? It is not the books or comics that are published, the old or new movies, toys of past eras. Rather it is activity and human interaction—the activity of fandom for example. Primarily, it is the ability to create one's own satisfaction for basic esthetic needs outside of the mass-culture industry or the academy. That is the only way of defining popular culture that has meaning to me.

Hank

There are several interesting topics which we talked about during our presentations on popular culture. It is always interesting to share examples of the types of stories and ideas that we find exciting. It is important to me that science fiction has traditionally been a field in which it is possible to criticize our culture and to investigate alternatives. For example, the science-fiction films of the 50s', compared to the written science fiction of the same era, tend to be primitive and unsophisticated. Compared to the other movies of the era, they look cheap and makeshift, obviously because they were for the most part cheaply made by small independent producers. In retrospect, it is easy to interpret them as straightforward warnings against all of the dangers of waste, pollution, and ecological disaster caused by inappropriate technology which has become a public concern of the 70s.

As science-fiction fans, I think we need to develop a suspicious attitude toward the giant multinational corporations who have been providing the resources to produce multi-million-dollar, glossy-finish movies which use old-hat ideas carefully homogenized and decontaminated for general consumption.

As we talked about these ideas and others, the other participants in our workshops—all the people in the audience—joined in with additional comments, ideas, and examples. Some friends mentioned that they thought the presentation at St. Louis, (Archon) would have been more interesting if it had been less about *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* and all the rest, but I was pleased that people were able to join in our dis-

cussion with examples that they understand, and I'm confident that they will continue to think about what was said. During some of my nocturnal hall-wandering at Archon, I even ran across some of the people still talking about the panel and complaining that Jan hadn't adequately defined her terms. (Great, next we'll work on defining "science fiction".)

Another bit of programming that we had brought down for Archon was a group of video tapes that the science-fiction group here has produced in co-operation with the Madison Review of Books and the Cable-TV access center. These tapes contained highlights from WisCon 3, including interviews by Jan Bogstad with John Varley, Suzy McKee Charnas, and Lizzy Lynn, produced by Philip Kaveny, edited by Paul Wells, and directed by me, Hank Luttrell. Archon had obtained some video equipment: to play our tapes and had also lined up Betamax equipment and hundreds of hours of taped movies and television shows. A room full of people took a look at a few minutes of a few of our tapes on Friday afternoon, considered the vast list of professionally produced shows, and decided that our programs were not of enough interest to fit in the schedule, not when so many people wanted to see another episode of "Wagon Train in Space". When I found out about this decision on Saturday afternoon, I spent several hours getting the necessary machines to another small room, with considerable help from several convention-committee members. The end result was, however, that few of the people who might have been interested in the tapes got to see them, or even knew about them. I guess the lesson here is that more planning and organization in advance is necessary for this sort of alternative programming to have any impact.

Phil

I want to add a concluding note on the potential of extending the science fiction convention experience. Technology has recently developed in such a way that, through public-access media, community radio and public-access television, it is possible for us to become producers and consumers in a context which is an expansion of popular-culture events such as SF fandom. Hank has suggested the possibility of what he called electronic-video fanzines. At St. Louis, of course, our video-tapes had a much smaller audience than "Wagon Train in Space", but as the great Russian general said at Bordina, "time and patience, patience and time". (He was right, and so are we.) I think that it is possible for fans to use electronic media to increase their two-way communication process. For example, we have a once-a-month Cable-TV Dungeons and Dragons game which includes a call-in character and is accessible to any home with cable TV in Madison. If we can sense the potential of making telecommunications media a two-way rather than a one-way facility, we may be able to produce our own more appropriate entertainment for, at the very least, more than the three or five days of an SF convention. I will leave the political possibilities of this realization for a later article.

Jim X-Con

For me, X-Con began with my arriving just in time to be drafted for a panel. I sat on the dais with Phil Kaveny, Jan Bogstad, Hank Luttrell, and Gene DeWeese, who addressed themselves on the learned subject of "Symbols and Images and the Origins of Science Fiction Fandom". What I talked about was rocket ships and ray guns and girls in brass brassiers. Those good old days of pulp magazines, menacing BEMs, and square-jawed heroes in fish bowl helmets that automatically meant science fiction, whether in the movies, magazines, or comic books.

X-Con programming was chiefly represented by Kelly Freas's excellent slides of his work. I didn't see him around very much (although I'm sure he was) largely because I spent most of my time renewing old, not-so-old, and brand-new acquaintances. Cons are good for hugging and getting hugged.

Service at the Holiday Inn's restaurant was abysmal for breakfast. The single most enjoyable meal was a hole-in-the-wall Chinese joint called The Four Seas, down on 2nd Street. I did enjoy having breakfast at the local I-Hop with a contingent of Jehovah's Witnesses while wearing my "Fuck the Church" T-Shirt. I had planned on organizing a "streakies for Jesus rally", but when the JW's cancelled out of the Holiday Inn (Did they know something about that restaurant on the first floor?) I hung out on the terrace instead, watching the folks cavort around the swimming pool.

Archon

Getting to and from Archon was definitely half the fun. I rose at 5:00am on Friday the 13th, stumbled into my clothes and my car, drove to pick up Phil Kaveny and Jan Bogstad, and then 70 miles to the Amtrack terminal to board the train for St. Louis and Archon by way of Chicago. I hadn't been on a train since my army days some 20 years ago. I was delighted with the ride and the experience of "riding the rails" in considerable comfort.

I met Diane Kast and talked steadily from Chicago to her stop in Springfield, Illinois. Diane is a guard for the Chicago Museum of Art. I gave her a list of science fiction to read (she having had little exposure to the field) and the time passed in a most pleasant manner as I converted yet another to the cult/religion of SF FIAWOL. When I got to WindyCon there was one more person to meet and greet.

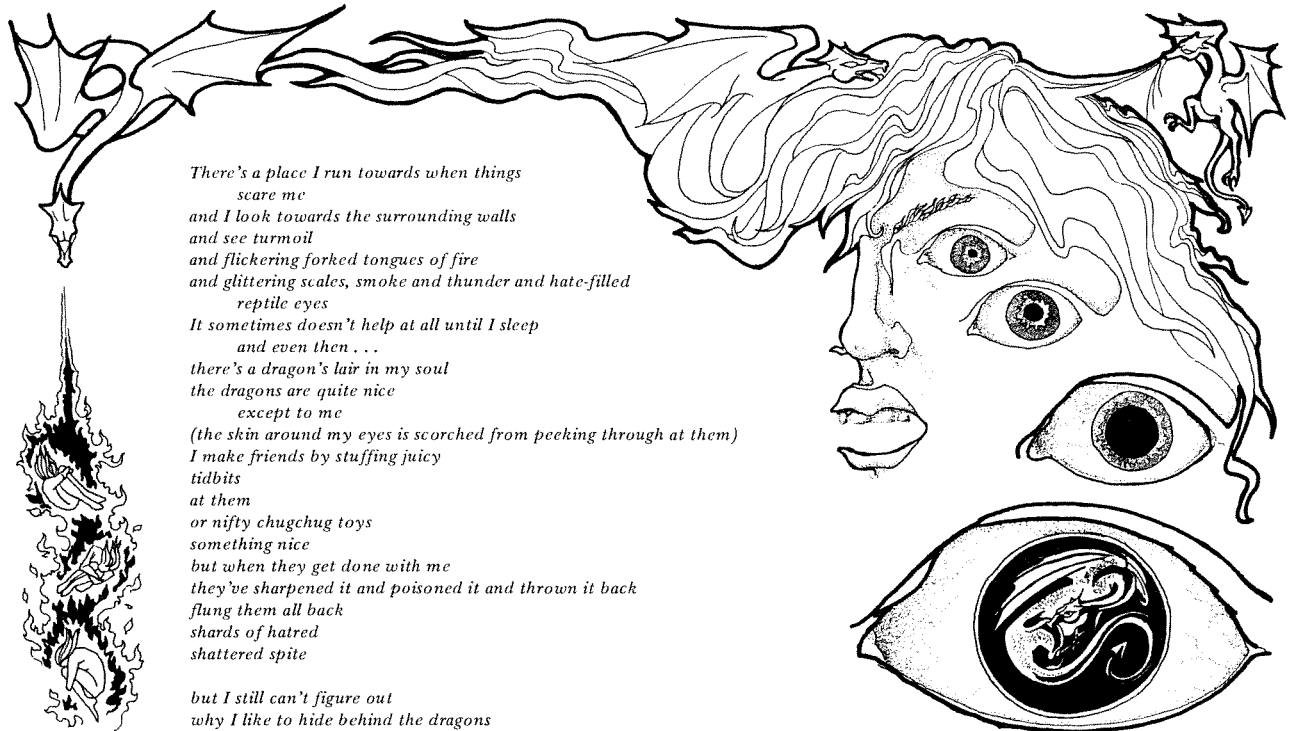
Having met Diane, I knew this was an omen

(and a very pleasant one) of things to come. Some Archon programming was memorable. Alex Eisenstein reading his poetry; Phyllis Eisenstein with Balrog in hand and a smile to light up the hallway; the spouses panel with Gay Haldeman, Pat Killough (who is of the male persuasion, Lee Killough being his writer/wife), and the Eisenstein's (who each are, of course, the spouse of a published author—each other!; Bob Tucker and the rest of us fans chugging down good whiskey in celebration of that arcane rite known as "Guide to a Smoooooth Con"; Judy King Rjeniets (a superb artist whose work has graced the art shows and huckster rooms of many, many cons, including our own WisCons); Sue, Becky, Rex, Mike, Randy, Mary, Joan, the lady from the planet Ziglutz, and a veritable hoard of fellow fans.

The Popular Culture Workshop" by Hank Luttrell, Phil Kaveny, and Jan Bogstad, was an unabashed success, with some folks still talking about mass culture/popular culture/high culture far into the night. I spent considerable time manning Hank's table in the huckster's room, and enjoying that special *esprit de corp* of folks buying and selling SF/fantasy in the form of books, magazines, T-shirts, art, and excitement.

All too soon it was Sunday afternoon and time to leave. With about 30 minutes to train time, Hank, Phil, Jan, and I piled into the car Hank was using (a very flashy white convertible) only to find ourselves the proud owners of a very flat tire. We all piled out and changed the flat with a speed rivalled only by the pit-stop crews at the Indianapolis 500. We made our train with two minutes to spare.

On our way back, Phil, Jan, and I enjoyed an eight hour non-stop conversation. Finally, dropping them off at their apartment, I rolled into my drive way at 3:00am Monday morning, tired, happy, and revelling in the glorious affirmation that Fandom IS A Way Of Life. ⊕

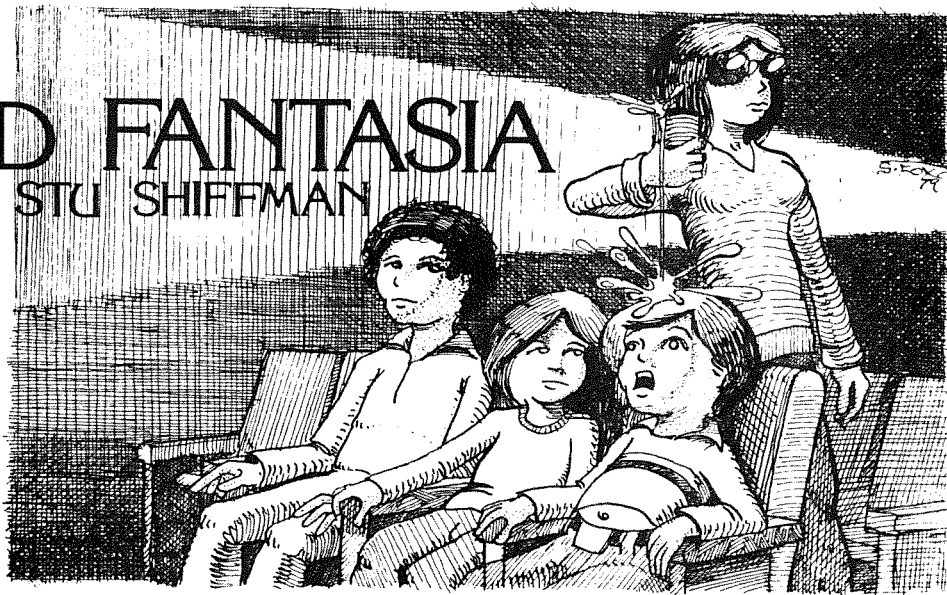


*There's a place I run towards when things
scare me
and I look towards the surrounding walls
and see turmoil
and flickering forked tongues of fire
and glittering scales, smoke and thunder and hate-filled
reptile eyes
It sometimes doesn't help at all until I sleep
and even then . . .
there's a dragon's lair in my soul
the dragons are quite nice
except to me
(the skin around my eyes is scorched from peeking through at them)
I make friends by stuffing juicy
tidbits
at them
or nifty chugchug toys
something nice
but when they get done with me
they've sharpened it and poisoned it and thrown it back
flung them all back
shards of hatred
shattered spite*

*but I still can't figure out
why I like to hide behind the dragons*

CELLULOID FANTASIA

STU SHIFFMAN



The hullabaloo following the exceptional success of 20th Century Fox's *Star Wars* seemed to herald a flood of expensively bankrolled science-fiction films. Readers who have been following my column here since R2-D2's first squeak know my grave dissatisfaction with these over-produced and under-written pictures. With plots the equivalent of 1930s space opera (or the *Planet Stories* of the 40s and 50s), the cause of science fiction in the cinema is (to tip the hat to Firesign Theater) marching "forward into the past" and "back in the shadows again". *Battlestar Galactica* (or *Cattlecar Von Daniken*) is merely the latest example of the media's misdirection.

This is why the Fantastic Film program in this year's New York Film Festival was such a delight. Its schedule of one dozen classic films (from *Alpha-ville* to *Zardoz*) satisfied a hunger unsated by *Close Encounters* or *Laser Blast*. A few of the films deserve some special attention.

Galactic Patrol (Universal, 1940) gave Errol Flynn his most bizarre role as Kimball Kinnison, the sterling example of Civilization's best, the Lensman. Perhaps it was the very difference in its pseudo-scientific milieu than brought out Flynn's best. His almost-Shakespearean soliloquy in the scene where he meets the draconian Worsel is a masterwork in what is Flynn's least-remembered film. Directed by William Cameron Menzies, director of *Things to Come*, *Galactic Patrol* mixes the epic feel of that earlier film with that of Flynn's swashbucklers. It is surprisingly successful. For special effects, Menzies tapped the resources of Willis O'Brian (*The Lost World* and *King Kong*) and Walt Disney Studios. O'Brian's stop-action model animation is most effective for the figures of Worsel and Trigonsee, but none is truly disappointing. The Disney Studio's work for Menzies is superb, with a good feeling for the superhuman scale of the story. It makes one wonder (as Italian animator Vincenzo di Fate did in a recent issue of *Funnyworld*) what the aborted project *Fantasia* (in which classical music was to have been matched with creative animation) would have been like.

In his casting, Menzies was fortunate. Raymond Massey's voice work for the characters of Helmut and Mentor is spectacular in its ability to create two beings of such awe-inspiring and alien nature. The director reluctantly cast Flynn's cinematic cohort Alan Hale Sr. as that bull-like Dutch-Valerian, Sergeant vanBuskirk of the Space Marines. He was pleasantly surprised. The studio was not. *Galactic Patrol* was a financial failure. Its box office bombing turned Universal away from SF, the closest until *Silent Running* would be bad monster films and worse saucer flicks. They even recycled parts of the film to use

in *Abbott and Costello Conquer the Universe*.

The Incomplete Enchanter was originally conceived as a vehicle for Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, some sort of *Road to Fantasy*. Fortunately, Hope was soon put aside by Sam Goldwyn in favor of casting Danny Kaye and Crosby as DeCamp and Pratt's magical psychologists, Harold Shea and Dr. Reed Chalmers. It was, well, a magical combination, and Goldwyn later teamed them as elf-witched Fred Barber and King Oberon in DeCamp and Pratt's *Land of Unreason*. Virginia Mayo as a bouncy and blonde Belphebe of the Forest was typical miscasting to make use of a contract star. Miss Mayo was, however, effective in her role. Sylvia Fine's songs are joys unbounded. My particular favorites are Mayo's jazz ballad, "Maid of the Forest," Kaye's "Grand New Game/Spacetime Frame", and Crosby and Kay's "A Fine Old Convention/The Magician's Wonderful Fair". I should give a complimentary mention to Basil Rathbone (The Greatest Swordsman of all Hollywood) and Walter Slezak as those delightfully evil sorcerers, Dolon and Busyrane.

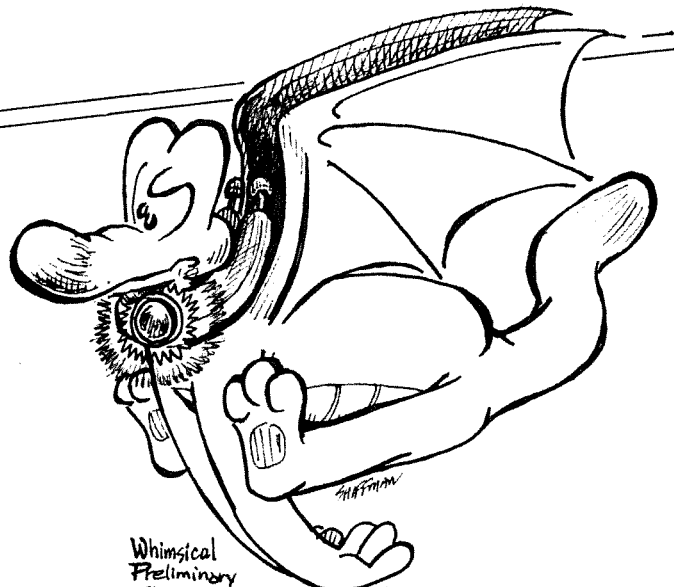
The Incomplete Enchanter is a fantasy of word and song, image and concept. It opens in mundania, yet a psychological institute is the wizard's lair to many film-goers...it forshadowers wonders as does the very presence of Kaye and Crosby. They exude the anticipation of something miraculous to come. And the transition from bachelor's pad to Enchanted Forest is as clear as the symbolic logic (wizard's incantations) used to make the trip. The medieval set in MGM's backlot is up to the job, as is the animation magic of the Max Fleischer Studio. The story rattles along at a brisk pace, with the two seeking adventure and finding it. Like the original fiction, it makes one wish it wouldn't end. *The Incomplete Enchanter* was the penultimate gasp of the film fantasies of the 1940s, but it is worthy of its heritage. Sometimes, when the time is late, it will cast its ghostly images upon the glowing screen. It is worth the quest.

The Moon Is a Harsh Mistress (MGM, 1968) couldn't fail with its starting team. Stanley Kubrick (with the doomsday experience of *Dr. Strange-Love* behind him) and Robert A. Heinlein (Dean of science fiction) come together in a synthesis that transformed Heinlein's novel of a computer-led rebellion of a Moon penal colony into a film that fell into synch with the "revolutionary" fervor of the time. Kubrick has emphasized the movements of mass concepts, while scaling the struggle down to a few people that the viewer can empathize with. Paul Newman is Manuel, Heinlein's Capable Man, the archetypal *Astounding* engineer character. Newman plunges into his role with fervor, giving life to

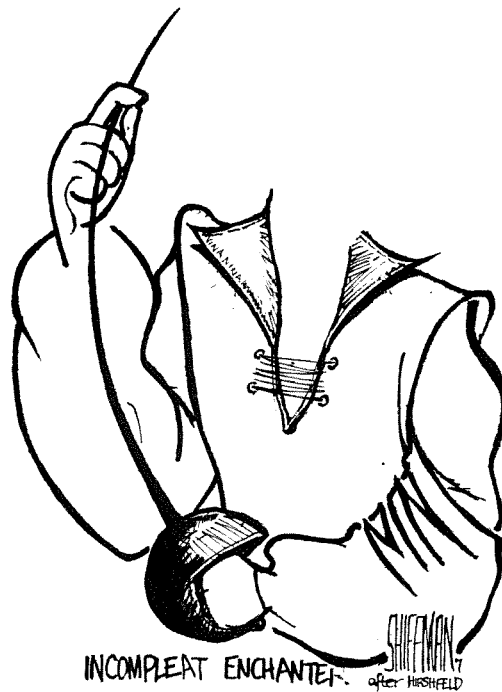
the words on the page. The Holmes 9000 computer, "Mycroft/Mike" is evoked to an amazing extent. The voice of Hal Holbrook gives a character to the machine as "he" develops in complexity and depth of personality. Holbrook's Mike and Newman's computer programmer have wonderful interplay, humorous yet character-revealing. As the supporting characters, Kubrick picked the vivacious Dianna Rigg (of *The Avengers* fame) to play the revolutionary Wyoming Knott, and the talented Peter Ustinov as Professor Bernardo La Paz. The mixture is dynamic—talented actors, thoughtful script and direction, and well-executed sets and special effects combined to make this adaptation of Heinlein's novel one of the greatest films in the genre. And one of the most successful—until *Star Wars*. Arthur C. Clark has said, "Robert Heinlein stands as a giant among the writers of science fiction, and *The Moon in a Harsh Mistress* is as great a monolith above the anthills of Hollywood."

You the movie-goer must be the final arbiter of what is made. The corporations are guided by the box office. If *Galactic Patrol* had been successful, Universal might have gone further in other adaptations from the magazines, perhaps Campbell's *Who Goes There?* or some Heinlein Future History tale. The success of *The Incomplete Enchanter* led to *Land of Unreason* rather than restricting Kaye and Crosby to more mundane plots. If Kubrick had made some mystically overtone work, like Stapledon, or *Voyage to Areturus*, or Clarke's "The Star" or "The Sentinel", there would have followed films with overkill of the mysterious, and pandering to drug-bemused hippies. Boorman's *Zardoz* might have been such, rather than the good honest post-holocaust tale it is, misusing Sean Connery in pseudo-myth rather than adventure in that Vancian tale. I lament the backsliding of *Star Wars*, with its neo-trekkies posing as Jedi or Rebel Fighter.

For the sake of the Great Klono, let the Wookiee whine... ⊕



Whimsical
Preliminary
Sketch ~ LENSMAN WORSEL
by Walt Kelly (creator of BOMBAZINE)
of DISNEY STUDIOS for GALACTIC PATROL



INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER. after HESHELD

... continued from Page 3...

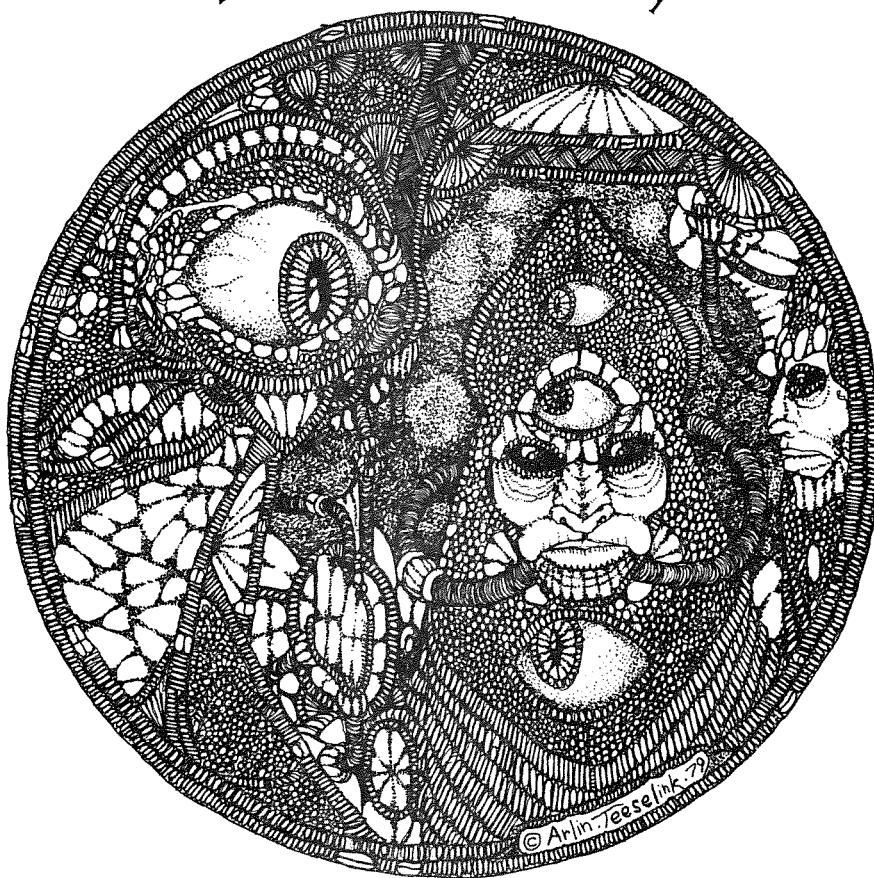
chures will be arriving in your mailbox soon. Things have been moving along amazingly smoothly, actually: our work meetings have been short, argument-free, and very productive. We anticipate a good con and hopefully, warmer weather than has been usual for WisCons. Write us for information if you're interested in attending or especially if you would like to be involved in its production.

The group has put on several monthly programs (which are advertised to the community in hopes that we will attract some new recruits) since classes began again. One was held on Halloween (a Lovecraft special) and the other was held in September and we talked about the Hugo winners and losers. We're coming up to our annual Christmas Gala now, and Diane Martin (who is hosting the event) instructed me to inform you that it will be a smashing success and a highpoint of Madison's Social Season.

Other than these scheduled meetings, parties and the frequent movie expeditions, several members have been involved in still other sorts of fancish like activities. Hank Luttrell's new bookstore, "20th Century Books" opened Saturday, September 22, and features "new, used and rare popular culture." Sort of a 3-D *Starling* on book shelves. Stop in anytime: 2619 Monroe St., Madison, WI 53711. Or write and ask Hank for his free catalog. This has been a free plug. Honorary MadSTF members, Vickie and Lee Carson of Chicago, IL have been occupying themselves in another manner, that is, with their new baby, Sarah. Sarah arrived the same month as Hank's bookstore, and is being attended to in place of their fanzine (and Kathy Bobel's) *HWA*. Sarah is known, thus, as a "Hwa-baby." Of course.

I hope you had an enjoyable holiday season, and that we see many of you at WisCon. Remember: March 7-9, 1980. ⊕

FUTURE INSULATION CTEIN



Well, I lied again. This isn't the promised behavioral-biochemistry column. I don't yet have Judie's notes; even if I did, I haven't had the time to turn them into prose. The August *Petersen's Photographic* will have an article by yours truly on print framing. Shortly thereafter, they will run a four-part series on how to do dye-transfer printing. This has not left me with much time to research other articles. Still, it beats working.

Instead, this is a grab-bag of tidbits which don't merit a full column each. The common link is that (so far as I know) all the ideas—fact, opinion, and utter fantasy—are original with me. I hope their publication will inspire constructive thought. If not, they should at least amuse. By the by, if anyone has run across similar ideas printed elsewhere, please send me the references. Thanks.

Catseye

Why do cats' eyes have vertical slits for pupils? Most know that cats have slit-pupils because a slit can be opened much wider than a circle with the same-sized iris muscles. This produces superior dark vision.

But why is the slit vertical? Chance? I think it's functional. When a camera lens is opened very wide, it has a very small range of

distances over which objects are in sharp focus. You

can focus the lens to any distance, but there is no way to get everything sharp at once. When the lens's diaphragm (iris) is closed down to make a small aperture (pupil), the sharp-focus range increases. A pinhole camera, the extreme case, provides equal sharpness at all distances at once.

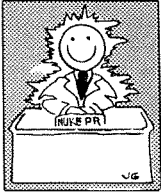
When you get an eye test, the doctor dilates your pupils for the same reason. It provides a more accurate measure of how well you focus.

A cat's pupil forms a thin slit, not a tiny circle, in bright light. This has a peculiar optical effect; there is a much smaller sharpness range for details aligned vertically, because the pupil is very large in that direction. Horizontal-detail sharpness-range is almost as good as a pinhole camera. If a cat were to look (out-of-focus) at a crosshatch pattern, it could not see the horizontal lines, but the vertical ones (a horizontal pattern of detail) would be very sharp.

A hunting cat can only focus on one thing at a time. Suppose a potential prey moves vertically at some other distance. The cat will not see it. Horizontal motion, though, will be clearly visible at any distance. I would suggest that a cat is more likely to catch food moving on the ground that taking off into the air. While cats love to chase flying things, if they had to rely on them for nourishment there would be a lot fewer cats. And that's why cat's eyes have vertical, rather than horizontal, slits.



Hell, No, We Won't Glow



Do you remember the promo job that was done for fission power in the '50s and '60s? Fission was the perfect power source—cheap, inexhaustible, safe, and clean, according to innumerable popular articles.

Of course, those claims couldn't be met by any realistic power source. Even before Three Mile Island, the anti-nuke protests were quite understandable. We were all lied to for 20 years; the credibility backlash is more than sufficient to explain and justify the protests. One sociological fact, at least, is well known: if people's expectations are substantially higher than what they actually have or get, there will be unrest, regardless of what they actually have. Is it any wonder that people are angry at and distrustful of those who sold them a bill of goods?

In 30-40 years, fission won't matter; we'll have fusion. The popular press describes fusion as inexhaustible, cheap, safe, and clean. Wanna make any bets on whether it is really that perfect? Fusion may be good, but it won't be that good, and the newly shattered expectations will produce a new round of protest. The powermongers can be amazingly slow to learn. I wonder if they will figure out why something as "safe" as fusion will produce such dissatisfaction.

Brains in Their Genes



Suppose for the sake of argument, that intelligence is primarily determined genetically, so (sex-related) mental characteristics can be traced to genetic makeup. (Yes, I know this is utterly false. But I want to make an interesting argument; please bear with me.) Let's get really extreme—any sex-related mental differences represent fundamental genetic differences between the sexes, 100%. Where would that leave women and feminism?

We know that there is no quality of mentation that is not present in both sexes; all characteristics have geniuses and morons of both sexes. Given our supposition, that means that alleles (gene groups) for all the mental traits exist in both sexes' populations. All that can differ is the percentage representation of a given allele in a population (i.e., the number of individuals carrying that allele).

Most people do not understand how evolution works. At any time, a population of a species contains alleles for a variety of related and competing characteristics, such as red *vs* blonde or straight *vs* curly hair. A species "adapts" to an environmental change by a change in the percentage of the population carrying each of the relevant alleles. A warm-climate group might have 20% long-hair alleles and 80% short-hair alleles in its population. After 100 years of ice age, the percentages would have shifted in favor of long-hair alleles--the long-haired members would survive better and produce more children, and the more long-haired children (genes) would be more likely to survive.

The adaptability of a species is pretty well defined by the rate and degree to which those percentages can shift to accommodate a change in the environment. A very modest pressure (1-2% preference) can produce very substantial allele population shifts in a dozen generations.

What if, in 1776, men and women thought exactly alike? We know that for the past 200 years, women have been systematically and strongly discouraged from developing and using the intellectual skills which the culture values, the so-called analytic and quantitative skills. Women with the drive and talent

to overcome the barriers found that society forced them to choose between a successful career and a family. At the same time, the culture rewarded men having the same traits with status, power, and progeny.

Over the past 10 generations, the species would adapt to this "environmental" pressure. Women would become worse at the valued skills, while men became better. Please note! This does not require a 100% bias; not even a 10% bias. Over that period of time a "sociologically insignificant" bias of a few percentage points per generation would produce a substantial change in the male *vs* female capabilities!

Voila! Destiny becomes biology, and the culture defines both, readjusting the gene populations to reflect the initial assumptions about role and status. If individual skills are genetically based, the culture can decide which traits are desirable and then see that over several generations the dominant group carries those traits. I won't belabor the obvious—that the skills this culture values are the ones that men excel in.

What society can do, it can undo. All the alleles still exist in both sex-populations. If some evolutionist-MCP really does believe that it would be nice if men and women were equally endowed (but of course it's too bad they're not) all he needs to do is change society so that it stops punishing "bright" women and rewarding "bright" men. The biology-is-destiny types have no excuse for tolerating the present society; the solutions are far more clearcut than for any sociological analysis of sexism. Anyone who hides behind "B = D" is a hypocrite—if B really were D we could change the destiny of a sexist culture in a few generations with absolute certainty. (The analogous anti-Shockley argument about race and IQ is obvious.)

I repeat, I do not believe genes play a major role in determining mental qualities! If I'm wrong, though, we ought to know. We believe that men are better in the skills the culture values because men make the cultural preferences. Hence, if we all embraced "non-masculine" values, women's positions would improve. But, if traits were genetically determined, and we made the value shift while still treating women as outsiders and breeders, in another 10 generations women would demonstrate poor "feminine" skills, while men would excel. A very vicious self-fulfilling prophecy. So let us tolerate biological reactionaries no longer. Even if their facts are right, their arguments are fallacious.

Math is All in the Mind



Recent research on how we sense the world has turned up some surprises. There is good evidence that none of our external senses—hearing, touch, sight—provide the brain with descriptions of outside objects and events. Instead, the nerve network "encodes" this information in a form which emphasizes patterns.

I'll try to make it clear how a "pattern" description is related to an "object" one. Suppose you test a loudspeaker by feeding in a music signal and looking at what comes out. There are two ways to do that looking. The first is to make a graph of the loudness of the sound, each of the squiggles representing a change in intensity as time passes. You'll get big squiggles at loud parts, closely spaced squiggles at shrill parts, and so on; you can compare this graph with one of the original sound to check out the speaker.

The second way is to make a graph that shows how the speaker responds at each frequency in the audio spectrum. That is the kind of representation one usually finds in a hi-fi magazine. The height of the curve does not tell how the loudness changes with time, but how it changes with frequency.

These two methods contain the same information

about the speaker, but in very different forms. Some things are easier to figure out in one form than the other. You would never use an amplitude (time-varying) graph to figure out bass response; it would be much easier to look at the low-frequency part of the spectrum analysis (frequency-varying) graph. On the other hand, you could get a much better idea of how the speaker handled a cymbal crash from the amplitude (time) graph.

The amplitude/time-dependent graph is our "object" form. The audio spectrum/frequency-dependent graph is our "pattern" form. Each has its advantages; it just depends on what you want to learn. Because the two forms contain the same information, it is possible to convert one form to another mathematically. The math tool that does that is called a



Fourier transform You don't need to know anything more about the FT than that it takes the object form and converts that information into a pattern form. (There is, of course, an Inverse Fourier Transform, IFT, that converts it back again.)

While we think of the world as being made up of events (objects), our senses don't necessarily work that way. Hearing, of course, is all done with FT. The inner ear is lined with little nerve fibers that respond to frequency patterns directly, so what the brain gets directly is not an event description, but a frequency description. One of the results of this is that you can play music twice as fast and it still sounds like the same tune—the internal pattern hasn't changed much, only the individual events. Or you can change the key; this would be difficult to interpret if it was represented by loudness squiggles on a graph, but in the frequency domain, it only produces a uniform shift in the frequency pattern.

Touch, of course, is also very pattern-sensitive, but that's another story.

The interesting one is vision. Sight can be treated like sound, if you think of the "objects" being replaced by visual images. The "patterns" are no longer frequencies in time (pitch), but instead are frequencies in space. This is not an obvious concept for many (to put it mildly), but all visual images can be converted to a spacial-frequency (pattern) form with the FT.

A picket fence, with it's equally spaced slats, would be analagous to a single note played on a musical instrument. This printed page is composed of a jumble of frequencies—two major ones are the vertical spacing of lines and the horizontal spacing of letters. Most FT's, of course, look nothing like the original picture, but they contain the same information, and you could get back the original picture, if you wanted, with the IFT.

The FT doesn't make it easy to recognize discrete objects, but, once you do, moving the object or changing the size or viewing angle doesn't have much effect. In the real world, this is a lot handier than memorizing thousands of different views.

This much is science—now for some speculation. FT forms are not very good for describing a changing world. It isn't very convenient to analyze individual events or motions that way. How do we know

*where to put our hands to catch a ball?

*how hard to apply the brakes to bring a car to a stop?

*how much to duck in a snowball fight?

I suppose it could be calculation, but computing such motions takes a lot of arithmetic and a lot of circuitry. I don't believe the brain wastes that much effort just to allow us to survive.

Most "natural" motions are really very simple; college physics for freshmen describes them pretty well (and that is simple, compared to the real world). The equations of motion are predominantly second-order differential equations in all cases. Unfortunately, those are not easy to solve, in general. Animals are a bit different. Their muscle systems are best described by third-order equations. This makes sense: a third-order system can always solve a second-order problem in real time. This is rather important if you are trying to avoid a falling tree ...or just falling over while walking!

So we obviously have got built-in devices which let us deal with the world. Is there any simple way to tell those devices how to solve a problem, quickly? Laborious calculation is out.

Yes, as a matter of fact. There is another math tool called Laplace Transform (LT). The LT takes differential equations and turns them into algebraic equations, which can be solved much more easily. If the brain could do LTs, all those mysteriously complex computations would be a lot more understandable. It would also explain how we so easily classify motions as "unnatural" or natural. Anything which doesn't look like a smooth* motion gives an instant impression of being artificial or alive. How often have you been startled by a leaf skittering along? The jerky motion in the corner of your eye isn't "natural". The primary order of a motion is easily analyzed with LTs; considering that most animals eat or are eaten, it would be awfully useful to be able to instantly tell second-from third-order motion.

Most predators try to imitate second-order motion. They either move very smoothly (like a snake), or they start very quickly and stop the same way (like a cat) while moving smoothly in between, in the hopes the prey won't catch the transition. Think about how "stalking" differs from "walking" in general. Yes, a built-in LT would be really handy.

Well, it turns out that the LT is a first-cousin of the FT—although they do very different things, the mathematical descriptions are almost the same. It doesn't strike me as at all impossible that the brain might indeed be "wired" to automatically perform LTs on sensory data. Someone should look into it.

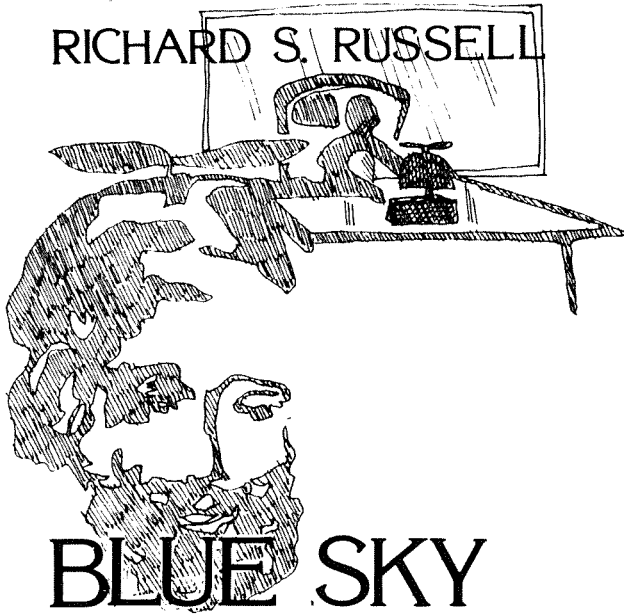
I wish to add one large caution, though. Ever since the telegraph was invented, people have "assumed" the brain worked like a _____. First it was "telegraph"; then it was "telephone switchboard"; then "computer"; and now "hologram". (That's how an FT is usually applied.) There is a technical chauvinism that assumes we know the "best" answers, but everytime we come up with a better one, it turns out that the brain seems more like it than the old one. Keep that in mind before you get too carried away with these ideas. They really sound good—but that may just be our ignorance showing.

That's All, Folks

Next time may be the biochem column. Or maybe time travel? Who knows? I'll probably fool us all again. ⊖

*Think of the value judgement implied by that word.

RICHARD S. RUSSELL



BLUE SKY & RED TAPE

PART 2

2: CORPUS DELICATUS

2.1: Why Incorporate?

In the eyes of the law, a corporation is a fictitious person. It can own property, do business, and sue and be sued just as a real person would be. In fact, whenever you read accounts of voting practices, you may see references to "natural persons" (i.e., all persons except corporations); voting is one of the few areas of the law where corporations are not considered to be artificial people.

The primary reason why real people would form a corporation is to protect themselves from legal liability. Suppose that you decided to open a lemonade stand, and that you put up \$100 to invest in wooden boxes, lemons, pitchers, etc. Suppose further that one of your first customers chokes to death on a lemon seed and you are sued for negligence by the heirs. You stand to lose not just the \$100 you invested in your lemonade stand but also all the money in your savings account and any other non-personal assets you may have. The definition of "personal" items varies from state to state but will at a minimum include your clothes, home, and car. However, depending on the state you live in, your cherished Gestetner or Selectric may be subject to public auction to pay off the negligence judgment against you for that damn lemon seed.

As a variation, suppose that you and a friend each put up \$50 for the lemonade stand, and suppose it is your friend who mixes and serves the fatal glass of lemonade. Does that mean you're off the hook? No, indeed. You have a partnership agreement, whether written or unwritten, and you are partners for good or ill. What this means is that anyone who sues you and your partner can probably collect twice as much as from suing you alone.

Now suppose that you and your partner each kick in \$50 as before, but this time you use part of your start-up money to incorporate your lemonade stand. Under these circumstances, the heirs of the ill-fated customer can sue Lemonade Associates, Ltd., for its entire assets (\$100 plus income less expenses) but cannot touch your personal savings account or that of your partner. In other words, your legal and financial liability is limited to the amount you have invested in the corporation. (This is where the "Ltd." in the name comes from.)

The foregoing explanation is simplistic. As in most legal matters, the lawyers who pass the laws and the lawyers who judge the laws have made things complicated enough that you have to hire other lawyers to understand the laws. Nonetheless, the basic principle remains that a corporation's existence will serve to shield its members, stockholders, officers, and agents from personal financial catastrophe in the event that something goes wrong. And you don't have to be a lawyer to incorporate your group.

2.2: Types of Corporation

There are two basic types of corporation: those organized for profit and those organized not for profit; for short, we will call these "business corporations" and "non-profit corporations".

The latter term is somewhat misleading, so let's clear up one common misconception about non-profit corporations. There is absolutely nothing in law or common practice which prevents the corporation itself from turning a profit. The term "non-profit" refers to the corporation's investors, not to the corporation. If you sink your money into a non-profit corporation, you don't expect to get an annual dividend¹ or to be able to sell your shares on the New York Stock Exchange to make a fast buck.

A business corporation, on the other hand, is almost invariably organized for the specific purpose of making money for its investors.

Naturally, there are business corporations which lose money and non-profit corporations which haul it in by the cubic metre, if you look at income compared to outgo at any given time. Every corporation has income; the distinguishing feature of non-profit corporations is what they do with it. Since they can't return it to their investors, there are three things they can do with it: pay people for services, buy stuff for the corporation, and give it away.

Parenthetically, there are several types of organization which resemble corporations in many aspects but which are not required by the law to formally incorporate. Churches, veterans' organizations, and fraternal societies are examples of such groups; science-fiction clubs are not.

2.3: Know the Law at Least Once

To start getting incorporated, you should write to the secretary of state of the state in which you live.² Ask for forms on which to apply for incorporation as a non-profit organization and a copy of the appropriate laws. In Wisconsin, the latter will appear in the form of a reprint of Chapter 181 of the *Wisconsin Statutes*.

When you get your copy of the laws, sit down and read them twice. Not once—twice. You'd be surprised how much more you understand of the first part of the laws after you've already read some of the later parts. Reading the statutes is a thankless pain in the ass, but someone in your organization should know the law at least once. The reason for this is that you will always be subject to the laws of the land but you won't always have a copy of them handy; thus it's a good idea to write certain portions of them into your bylaws—specifically requirements pertaining to the annual meeting which all corporations are required to have. Obviously, someone will have to make a judgment as to what's appropriate, so that person should be fairly well read.

Clearly, it is to your advantage to do this research before drawing up your bylaws if possible. But, if it's not possible, you can always amend your bylaws prior to incorporating.

¹In fact, the law of Wisconsin refers to corporations organized "without stock and not for profit", so you couldn't collect a dividend if you tried.

²Typical address: Secretary of State, Corporations Office, State Capitol, Madison, WI, 53702.

2.4: Articles of Incorporation

This section will deal with filling out the articles of incorporation as they exist in Wisconsin. Other states will have variations on these provisions, but they won't vary by much.

Article 1: Name. The name is whatever you've picked out earlier with the addition of the words "Incorporated", "Corporation", or "Limited" or the abbreviations "Inc.", "Corp.", or "Ltd.". The Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction, Incorporated, tried to list SF³ as an alternative name; the secretary of state's office whited it out. Only one legal name to a customer, apparently.

Article 2: Period of Existence. You will probably want to specify "perpetual" for this; it doesn't mean you're committed for eternity, just that you don't have a specific termination date in mind. On the other hand, if you're organizing solely for a specific event, like a convention, you will want to name a date, but one well after the convention is over, to allow the cleaning up of loose ends.

Article 3: Purpose. This is where we get to the part of the proceedings which inspired the title of this installment: "Corpus Delicatus". This is a delicate point which may facilitate your highest hopes or leave them lying in shambles. If you follow the model of the SF³ Articles of Incorporation, you'll probably be OK:

The purposes shall be to foster interest in, appreciation for, and criticism of fantasy and science fiction in literature, art, film, drama, and other forms of communication. SF³ may not: (1) have or issue shares of stock; (2) pay any dividend or distribute any part of its income to its members or officers, except that the board may pay compensation in a reasonable amount to members or officers for services rendered without having such payment construed as a dividend or distribution of income; (3) participate or intervene in any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office; (4) attempt to influence legislation; (5) engage in activities not permitted to be carried on by a corporation exempt from federal income tax under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 (or the corresponding provision of any future United States Internal Revenue Law); or (6) engage in activities not permitted to be carried on by a corporation to which contributions are deductible under Section 170(c)(2) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954 (or the corresponding provision of any future United States Internal Revenue Law).

The introductory sentence is our own; of the itemized prohibitions, Items 1 and 2 came from *Wisconsin Statutes* and Items 3 through 6 were inserted on the advice of the Internal Revenue Service.

Articles 4, 5, and 6. These deal with the name and address of the initial registered agent of the corporation and the address of the corporate office. If your corporate office is a post-office box, you can't use it; you'll have to repeat the address of the agent. The agent must be a natural person, someone whom the secretary of state's office can reach if there's any need. Anyone—not just a member—can be a registered agent for the corporation, and many corporations designate an attorney. For your purposes, it's best to find a member of the group who is likely to be at the same address for a long time. There are virtually no responsibilities connected with being an agent, and ours has never been contacted. Nonetheless, it's recommended that you keep a current name and address on file with the secretary of state, just in case.

Article 7: Amendment. This article is pre-written on Wisconsin's forms: "These articles may be amended in the manner authorized by law at the time of amendment." Basically, that means that you can

amend them at your annual meeting by majority vote after proper notice.

Article 8: Directors. Wisconsin gives you two choices: (1) "The number of directors shall be ____." (where you get to enter a number not less than three) or (2) "The number of directors shall be fixed by by-law but shall be not less than three." We made the mistake of choosing the first one and then later wanted to go to five rather than four directors, requiring an amendment to the articles of incorporation. Choose the second one (as we subsequently did) and you won't have to do more than amend your bylaws. Bylaws can be amended without filing forms with the state; articles of incorporation cannot.

Article 9: Initial Board of Directors. Names and addresses are what's required. We listed our officers. This is the easy way to get a board of directors.

Article 10: Membership. We just said, "Membership in SF³ shall be as specified in the bylaws." We know we could do this because we read the law. We know we wanted to do this for the reasons mentioned under Article 8. (So why didn't we do it there? Um, uh, let's see, now....)

Article 11: Other Provisions. We started out by crossing out this article as unnecessary. But the IRS wanted a provision dealing with dissolution,³ so we sent them this:

If the Society should be dissolved, its assets shall be distributed as follows: (1) All liabilities and obligations of the Society shall be paid, satisfied, and discharged, or adequate provision shall be made therefor. (2) Assets held by the Society requiring return, transfer, or conveyance, which condition occurs by reason of the dissolution, shall be returned, transferred, or conveyed in accordance with such requirements. (3) All remaining assets shall be transferred to the University of Wisconsin (Madison) Memorial Library, or any other charitable, educational, or scientific organization exempt under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code of 1954, to be used in the furtherance and study of fantasy and science fiction.

The IRS wasn't sure the UW library would outlast SF³ (pretty complimentary, if you think about it) and made us add the part about "any other charitable... 1954". We did, then added the revised wording to our articles of incorporation and also to our bylaws, where it would be available for easy reference in the future.

Article 12: Incorporator. This is another request for names and addresses. Anybody—or any group of people—can be listed here, regardless of any association they may or may not have with your group. All you need is their permission. Some people think there's a certain honor connected with being an incorporator; if you can find such people, squeeze them for all the money you can get in return for the snob appeal. However, if you prefer to be utilitarian, you can just list the name of your registered agent, as SF³ did.

That's it. Two pages of paperwork, and you're essentially done. Now the incorporator has to truck on down to a notary public and sign the articles in her or his presence. (That's another reason why we used only one incorporator.) Legal documents as a rule need to be notarized, so you should line up a notary who will be reliably available. Many banks will provide a free notary service, at least for their customers, but commercial firms (like lawyers and accountants) will usually charge. Don't be

³The idea here is that you shouldn't use a non-profit corporation to pile up huge amounts of money, then go out of business and leave everything to a profit-making enterprise that didn't have the advantage of the tax breaks, good will, prestige, etc. associated with a non-profit organization.

afraid to call in advance and ask. There's little enough that's free these days, and we should all take advantage of them to have stories to tell our grandchildren.

2.5: Followup

You will have to send two original⁴ copies of the articles of incorporation to the secretary of state's office along with a filing fee—\$25 in Wisconsin. The articles must be reviewed by the necessary legal eagle eyes to find out if you plan to overthrow the government or sell children into slavery or do other naughty things. Depending on how backlogged they are, this process may involve anywhere from a week to a couple of months. If you haven't heard anything after three or four weeks, fire off an inquiry. It may not speed them up, but at least you can find out if they got your application. And they can trot out your letter as evidence that they need more people. Help support the growth of the bureaucracy!⁵

The secretary of state's office may come up with some changes needed to make your articles conform to state law or other requirements. In theory, they should inform you about this before making the changes official, but they might not bother. Thus you should keep a copy of what you sent away, to make sure it's the same when it comes back. If it isn't, sit down and figure out what you want to do about it. Chances are that any changes will be technical items that you won't care about, but, if not, you should be prepared to contact the secretary of state's office for an explanation. If you're not satisfied by the explanation, you might try to work out some kind of deal. If so, let me know how it turns out.

If you get your problems resolved to your satisfaction (or if, as is really much more likely, there are no problems to begin with), you can file your articles of incorporation with the county register of deeds. Since Madison is the state capitol of Wisconsin and the seat of Dane County, we hand-carried everything. We know the secretary of state is geared up for receiving things through the mail, but we aren't sure about the register of deeds, and it may vary from place to place anyway. Call the county courthouse and ask for the register's office; they'll tell you if you have to show up in person to file your articles of incorporation. The filing fee (at least here) is \$1 for doing anything at all and an additional \$1 per page. If you want a copy of the material as filed (a good idea), it will cost you an additional \$1 per page.

Your corporate existence begins on the day after you file your articles with the register of deeds. A couple of weeks after that, you will get a nice-looking certificate of incorporation (suitable for framing) from the secretary of state, saying officially that you are indeed and at last incorporated.

If you should for any reason wish to amend your articles of incorporation, you should follow essentially the same procedure as outlined above, except asking for forms for amendments to (rather than original) articles of incorporation. Also, you will need a vote of either the board of directors or the membership, depending on the law in your state, to enact

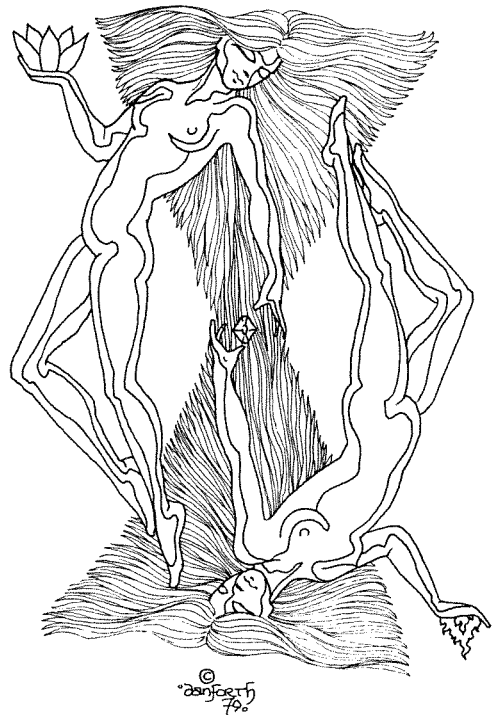
⁴That is, neither of them can be a carbon copy or a photocopy. But they do have to be identical. Get your best typist for this.

⁵The editors wish to remind you that opinions (especially those expressed by self-seeking petty bureaucrats concerning our support of the expansionist tendencies of the state apparatus bureaucracy) expressed in articles by individuals associated with *Janus* do not necessarily represent the official position of *Janus* or its editors, jointly or severally. (This means you, Richard.) —JAN BOGSTAD

the amendment. Thus it can be a more restrictive and cumbersome procedure than the original articles were. It's best, therefore, to think things through as much as possible in advance.

You will notice that many of the aspects of incorporation that were mentioned above were based on the recommendations of the IRS, with an eye toward getting a tax exemption. Even if you don't intend to take such a step at this time, it doesn't hurt to include these considerations now. You may want to go for a tax exemption later, and you'll be ready then.

More about tax exemptions in the next installment. ⊙



COMPASS ME ROUND WITH SILENCE

*now we are still
motionless members of two different clonings
woman and woman
like islands
we are boundaried on the same teaming ocean
of individual humanity
our bodies were the only language
the only tongue we share
not just the sex and the touching
not just the flesh
but the curvatures and placements of bones
the irregularities in counterpoint
the differences*

*we are still
spine towards spine we bend
into each others shoulders
your hair roots into my scalp
our skulls like sieves
the minds meld for a measureless instant
encompassing the topography of our feelings
mapping the territory of our crossed shadows*

*we are still
and endlessly the space falls into us
we are still*

—Robert Frazier

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ARTISTS' SELF-PORTRAIT GALLERY

Those who are interested in obtaining artwork from the artists in this issue should contact the artists directly. Their self-portraits and addresses are arrayed on this page. Artists submitting work to *Janus* should include a self-portrait for our gallery. Cover art should be titled.

VULGAR ADVERTISEMENT

Buy!  Sell!

FANZINES

§*Corp* (Perri Corrick-West) Multi-colored eclecticism; published at fannish intervals.

§*Digressions* (John Bartelt) Long-lost Madison fan holds fifth from darkest Minneapolis.

§*Janus* (Janice Bogstad and Jeanne Gomoll) You're looking at it: twice Hugo-nominated, feminist-oriented genzine.

§*Overist* (Richard C. West) Scholarly journal covering J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, *et alii*.

§*Starling* (Hank Luttrell) Hugo-nominated personal journal of popular culture: music, STF, comix, movies, comics, etc. Now offset. Sample copy: \$1.50.

§*HWA!* (Vicki Carson and Kathy Bobel) *RHPS*, "Shrieks from the Void", and other irreverencies. Sample copy: \$1.00.

CONVENTION

The Wisconsin Convention of Science Fiction (WisCon) is co-sponsored with the University of Wisconsin Extension. WisCon 4 will be held 1980 March 7-9 with Guests of Honor Joan D. Vinge, David Hartwell, Beverly DeWeese, and Octavia E. Butler. Memberships: \$8.00 to Feb. 29, \$500.00 March 1-6, \$10.00 March 7-9.

GROUP ACTIVITIES

§Madison Science Fiction Group, our social arm. Meets in Madison every Wednesday at 7:30 PM. First Wednesdays at 20th Century Books, 2619 Monroe St., for pot luck. Last Wednesdays at Union South, 227 N. Randall Av. for audio-visual presentations. Other Wednesdays at Nick's Restaurant and Bar, 226 State St. for conviviality. New faces welcome.

§Book of the Month Circle. Discusses a different novel, author, or theme on the third Thursday of each month. Meets informally in people's homes and apartments. Pretzels featured.

§Dungeons and Dragons. A corps of dungeon masters holds at least one adventure a week.

MEDIA

§"The Science Fiction and Fantasy Hour" is hosted by James Andrew Cox at 3:30 PM every Saturday on WORT-FM, 89.7 MHz in Madison.

§Book reviews are contributed to "The Madison Review of Books", heard over WORT-FM and seen on Cable Channel 4 Tuesday evenings at 9:00 PM.

§Speakers' Bureau. Presentations (some with slides) on any SF-related topic, including cats and the metric system.

§Library. Group collection of fanzines, paperbacks, magazines, etc. Contributions welcome.

UMBRELLA ORGANIZATION

All of the foregoing activities are coordinated by the Society for the Furtherance and Study of Fantasy and Science Fiction (SF³), a non-profit, non-stock Wisconsin corporation. For information on how you can become an active or supporting member of SF³ (contributions being tax exempt), write to:

SF³, Box 1624, Madison, WI, 53701



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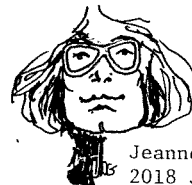
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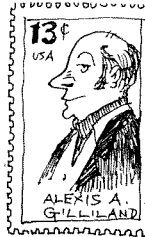


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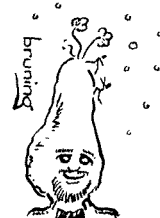
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