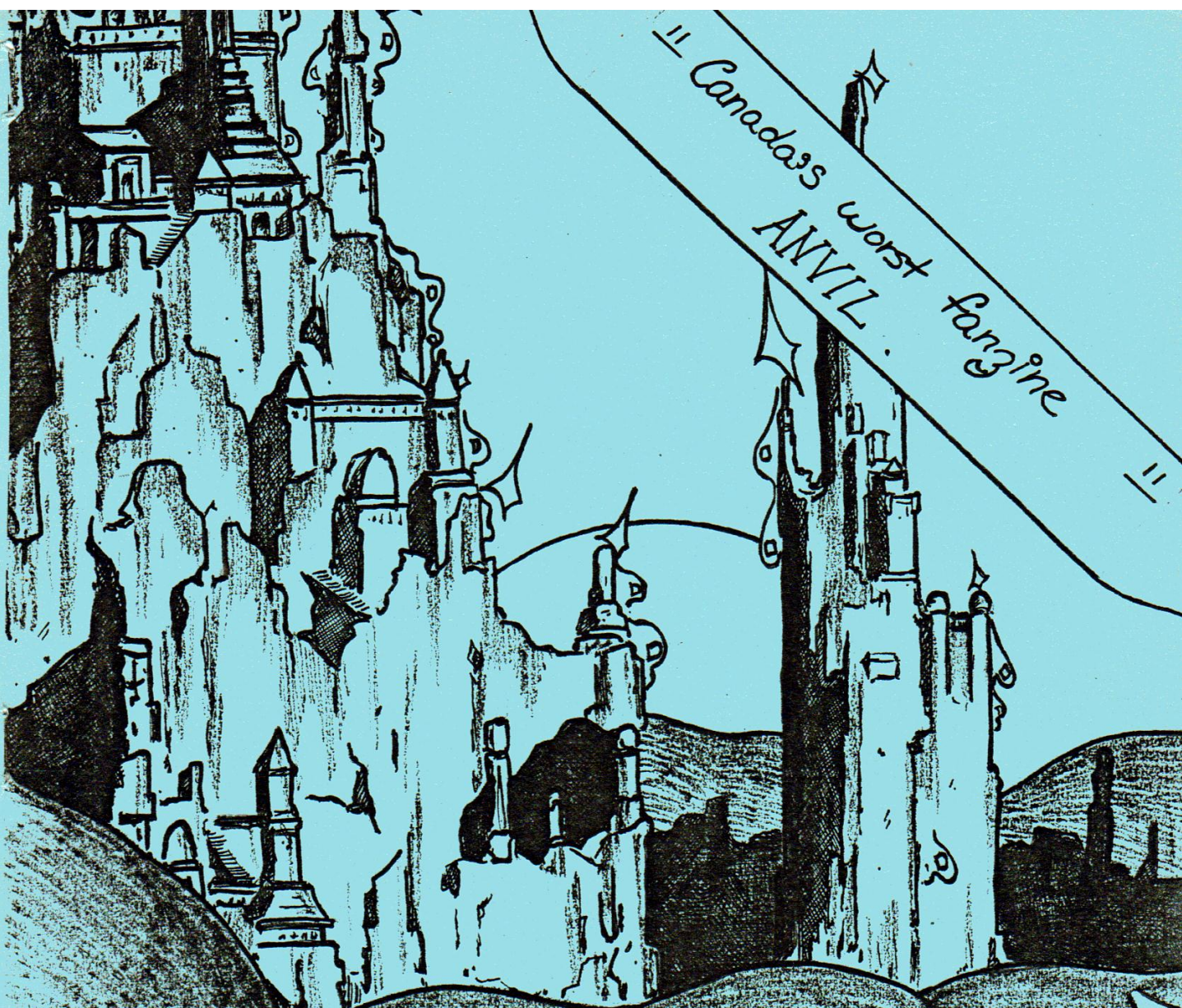


|| Canada's worst fangine  
ANVIL ||



DAN CRUSEY '82'

# Callisto Risina

VOLUME 1.  
NUMBER 2.

CALLISTO RISING  
Volume 1 number 2 whole no. 2  
ISSN 0714-8011

CALLISTO RISING is a fanzine of commentary and criticism on almost every aspect of speculative fiction and its resultant fandom. CR is to be published irregularly, hopefully four times a year. Contents are copyright © 1982 by Callisto Rising and copyright is hereby returned to the individual contributors.

CR is available for the usual (articles, art, LoCs, whim...although whim seems to be getting the best of me).

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Submissions ALWAYS welcome! Try me.....

\*\*\*all other last-second art and fillos are  
by Dan Cawsey

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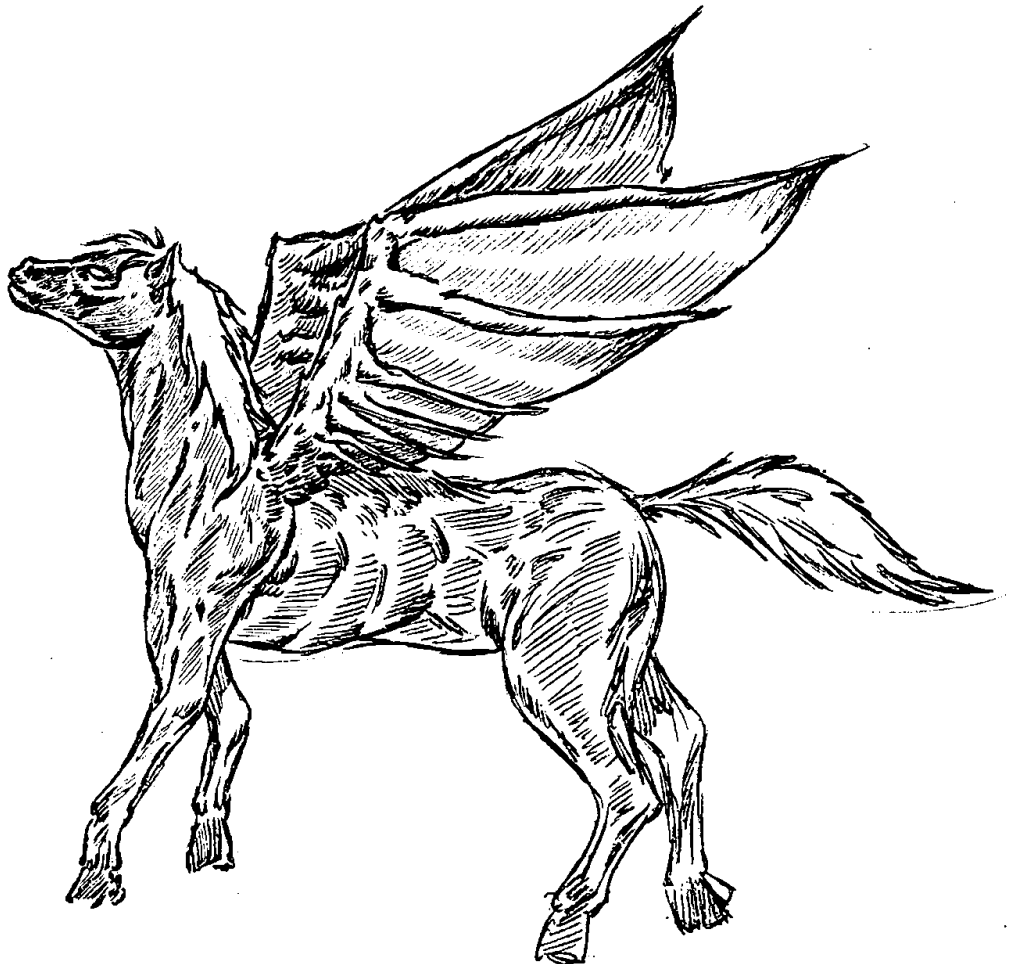
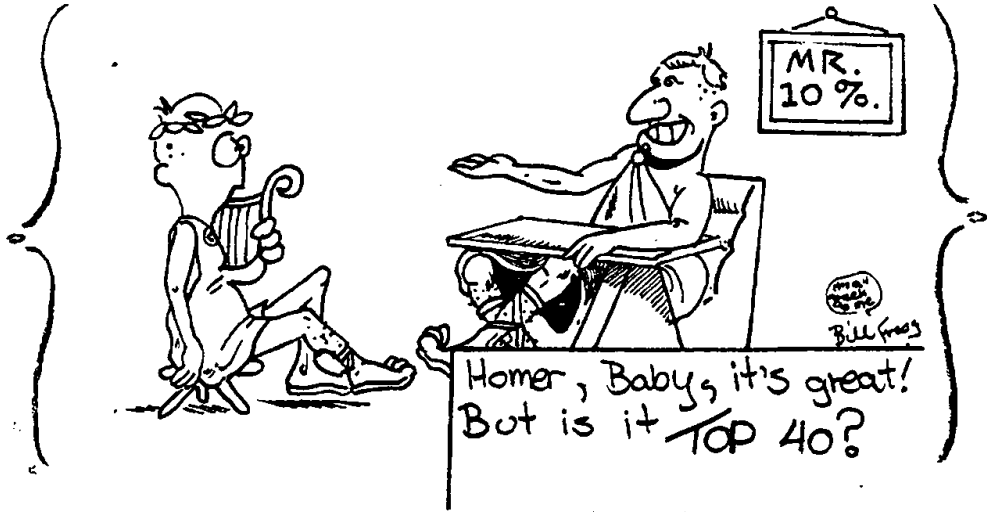
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No fun at all, let me tell you. Trying to get this out, small as it is, has been nothing but a hassle. Since the last ish of CR, I've managed to get married, go to V-Con (on the same weekend), get involved in Victoria's first (to my knowledge) major fan feud (messy), honeymoon in a very boring resort town (where my wife and I immediately checked out the facilities for hosting conventions and unpacked our typewriter--yup, on our honeymoon), get fed up with Victoria fandom, start another zine (the Central Ganglion, now having temporarily suspended publication), watch Victoria fandom dissolve from an active group to a bunch of do-nothings, find a job, send my wife back to University, bitch about not being able to return to University myself, start forming a liason with the library system, do 5 pre-Halloween costume workshops for kids with Paula (and some help from Batman and Robin), nurse Paula through a two-month long migraine (brought on by the blasted feud), and write a very long sentence. So what did you do on your summer vacation?

All in all, I've let myself get behind on several things. One of which you are holding in your hands. And after all that, the two articles I thought for sure would be here, aren't. But (he said, with a hint of desperation in his voice) 90% of the next ish is practically in the bag.....only having to be typed onto stencil.....(aarrgghh, he said very quietly). Don't worry, it can only get better. Write and tell me what I'm doing wrong (or right) in here, okay? Except for some of the headings--they were clawed into the stencils by the landlady's cat. Maybe if I cut back on my coffee drinking.....

- Bernie -

"Quick! Fill up a page," he said.



DAD CAWSEY © '82

# THE LOVERS :

## a critical review

- bev cooke .

In order for a piece of fiction, be it short story or novel, to succeed, it is necessary for that piece of fiction to persuade the reader to suspend his or her disbelief. The story must be presented in such a way that the reader does not suddenly exclaim "But that can't happen!", and thereby lose the "magic" of the tale.

Most novels and short stories I've read, no matter how bad, usually are able to convince me to suspend my disbelief. Unfortunately, Phillip Jose Farmer's The Lovers is not one of them. Reading this novel was a very frustrating experience. There was a lot of potential to this book that was never exploited; and the potential that was used, was inconsistent and strained.

The Lovers claim to fame is a simple one. It is the first SF novel to deal, in a direct way, with a sexual relationship. In reading the novel, I get the distinct impression that this is precisely why it was written. Which wouldn't have been so bad if the rest of the novel hadn't been sacrificed to that end.

The Lovers takes place in the not-so-far future, after W.W. III. The world has been divided into three basic empires; the Hijac Union, the Malay Federation, and the Israeli Empire. The novel's protagonist is Hal Yarrow, a citizen of the Hijac Union--a repressive religious state founded by "Sigmen" the Forerunner. Hal Yarrow is a "joat" linguist--that is, a jack of all trades -- and as such has access to a greater amount of information and forbidden material than does the average member of the Union. He is involved in a miserable marriage to Mary, a woman his "gapt", or confessor, chose for him to marry several years ago. The marriage consists of either yelling or tears, and/or threats to report each other to their gapt, Pornsen.

While Yarrow is on his way to the Philippine Islands to research a new slang expression, he is picked up by the local 'police', the Uzzites. Six months later, Hal finds himself on board a spaceship bound for Ozagen. It is on Ozagen that Hal Yarrow meets Jeanette, the woman for whom he abandons 21 years of intensive conditioning. Hal

discovers, through Jeanette, the forbidden delights of sex and alcohol. He

lies, cheats, steals, and in general makes a complete 180 degree turnaround from the person he was on Earth. When the "wogs", or natives of the planet Ozagen, finally kill all the humans on the planet, they spare Yarrow and invite him to live with them.

The major problem with this novel is the inconsistency of the central character, Hal Yarrow. Hal has been exposed, for thirty-one years, to a culture that insists upon repressing all natural functions of the human body. The bathroom, for example, is called simply "the unmentionable"; "sweat" is an obscene word, and you do not eat in the presence of others without a mask. Sex occurs between married persons in the dark, and while both are fully clothed. A woman is lauded for her frigidity.

Each person has a gapt, or confessor, who counsels them, and keeps a "morality rating" on them. The morality rating (or MR) is directly linked to raises and promotions in one's profession. Farmer takes care to point out that Yarrow is desperately unhappy, and while on Earth constantly finds himself thinking "unreal" thoughts, for which he immediately feels guilty and tries to do better.

Hal Yarrow is portrayed as a slightly above average professional who is trapped in both an unhappy marriage, and a repressive society, and whose only outlet is work. A very consistent characterization, and very easy to identify with. The believability begins to fail when he is picked up by the Uzzites, and is informed by a high-ranking priest

You will see where metaphors go wrong, that the door is most tight-shut when it seems most open, that we are condemned to dying more than to death

-- Anthony Burgess  
from  
Nothing Like The Sun

that he, of the whole Hijac Union, is the only qualified linguist, and is to travel to the world of Ozagen, and learn their language.

Farmer presents this last scene in such a way as to leave the reader with the distinct impression that Yarrow knew nothing of this until he was in MacNeff's office. Yet further on it is revealed that Yarrow actually applied for the mission, in order to obtain a legal divorce.

One can sympathize with Yarrow, and agree with his motives, but the manner in which this information is presented leaves the reader feeling cheated. One can't help but think that Farmer is either trying to alienate his audience, or else simply forgot what he'd written earlier.

The same sort of inconsistency occurs once Yarrow has reached the planet, and is living amongst the "wogs." At one point, Farmer describes one of the wog's homes as being "castle-like," and yet further on in the story, Yarrow is living in an "apartment house" just down the hall from the wog whose place was described earlier. A minor point, perhaps, but irritating, nonetheless.

The second major inconsistency is Hal Yarrow's sudden promotion to the status of "lankedh." The hierarchy of the Hijac Union is not made understandable, and the only thing that clearly emerges from this portion of the novel is that Hal is no longer under the direct supervision of his gapt. He may, therefore, take an apartment in the wog city and hence hide Jeanette, his new-found love. In order for Yarrow to pass into the status of lankedh, he must first undergo a religious test involving the use of "hypno-lipno," a truth drug. In order to pass this test, Yarrow takes another drug, which nullifies the effect of the hypno-lipno. We are told that Hal first learned about, and tried, this drug while he was still on Earth. And then he smuggled this drug to Ozagen. Farmer never gives us any idea of clue as to

why, first of all, Yarrow tried the drug, or why he brought it with him from Earth. Farmer makes reference as to how dangerous possession of this drug is, but there is never any justification as to why Hal Yarrow would bring it with him. Was he planning to take the test before he left Earth? According to Farmer, the only reason Hal took the test was to obtain the privacy and freedom necessary to smuggle Jeanette into his quarters. Therefore, there appears to be no reason to believe that Hal was planning, before he left Earth, to make the jump in status to lankedh.

All in all, The Lovers was a disappointment. The inconsistency of the various plot turns, the lack of explanations for otherwise inexplicable behavior, and the over-all lack of care taken in the writing, make this novel read like a poor amateur attempt at SF, rather than the professional quality novel it is purported to be. I don't recommend it.

--Bev Cooke

The skin and shell of things,  
Though fair,  
Are not  
Thy wish or prayer,  
But got  
By mere despair  
Of wings.

--Henry Vaughan





literary thoroughbreds - Ernest Hemingway, James Reston, Ring Lardner - all were hopelessly mesmerised by sports. They were entranced by children's playground games acted out by grown men.

Whether a hero is sports-, cartoon-, or movie-oriented, Martin points out that "It's important to distinguish between heroes and celebrities." What is a hero? It is someone who does something worthy. A celebrity only achieves fame. Heroes are not a new phenomenon. Look at Homer's ODYSSEY and BEOWULF. Various cultures have had all kinds of heroes that they use to explain their creation. Celebrity status is a societal invention. Celebrities are mythical creatures created to compensate for some lack, and they don't last very long because society becomes bored with its inventions. Isn't it ironic that celebrities achieve even greater celebrity status if they die young, mysteriously, or shockingly?

So heroes are different. A creature from outer space who one time would have said menacingly, "Take me to your leader," now says "take me home." Idols are more like real people, a fact that lends credence to the poet Santayana's words: "One's best friends are that part of the race with which one can be human."

...  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have,  
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very  
 Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.  
 All this the world well knows; yet none  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to  
 this hell.

Wm. Shakespeare from  
 Sonnet 129.

## the peak

-E.I.

Right, I know that I'm late with this, and that that is one of the reasons that CR is late in getting to you. But I will stoutly maintain that it is not the only reason. Let E.B. make the excuses for those to you. Not me. As it is, I have a stack of books about 16 inches high to talk about -- re-issues, new, and ones that I've finally got 'round to reading.

In this last category is Harry Harrison's The Stainless Steel Rat Wants You! Fairly short, about 150 pp., this tale of Slippery Jim diGriz is a fast read, spoofing damn near every convention of adventure fiction. Slippery Jim out-gadgets Bond by about a thousand to one, being armed with an exo-skeleton about as ugly as can be made. Fashioned as an alien (ie: ugly'n sin and as bug-eyed as all get out), the exo-skeleton drops grenades out from under its tail disguised as what we called 'meadow muffins' back where I grew up. TSSRWY! is fast, fairly funny, and competently written. Its worth borrowing from a friend, though, before buying a copy. It'll never be mistaken as serious literature, that's for damn sure.

Murray Leinster's The Brain-Stealers might, at first glance, be expected to be a novel that Harrison would spoof.

The magazine version appeared in 1947, and has many similarities to Heinlein's The Puppet Masters. Aliens descend, and have the nasty ability of being able to take over the minds of those they come in contact with. Which of course they use. But The Brain-Stealers doesn't stop with that story. As well, Leinster puts a lot of work into the background of this future American society. Leinster could see the cold war of the '50's very clearly, and in the United States of this novel we find a bureaucracy-gone-mad in control. Everything that might possibly be harmful to the people of a country is immediately suppressed by the government (distinct overtones of 1984 here!). Leinster takes a certain amount of care with this novel; it may be a bit loose at times, showing the signs of re-writing which failed to remove all the padding (remember, in the magazines, word-count is /was everything!), but the whole novel is designed to be internally



self supporting. Not only about the dreadful nasties coming to Earth and taking over, Leinster also looks at the question of freedom of scientific inquiry, and at the need for inalienable rights of the individual. As in the last Leinster novel I read, The Greks Bring Gifts, Leinster is writing about one man who is forced to accept that he is right and that the rest of the world is mad (Maslow's self-actualized man? Heinlein's competent man?) and proceeds to follow his own course, come what may. But unlike Heinlein, Leinster's heroes seem to be people who truly question whether or not they are right, and whether working outside of the system is wrong. Work outside of the system they do, forced into the position by circumstance, but they would much rather be allowed to work within that system to achieve the same results. I suppose that what I'm saying is that Leinster's characters recognize the ambiguities inherent in working outside of a system in order to save that system, where in Heinlein's novels, for instance, there is no recognition of that ambiguity.

I don't know why I glossed over Ursula K. LeGuin's The Word For World is Forest in Again, Dangerous Visions, but I recently picked the novel up in paperback, that lack was remedied. This is a Hugo award-winner (1973), and is one of those novels that LeGuin is so good at writing.

There are two central narrative streams in the novel ; one] the story of the colonization and subsequent revolution on the planet Athshe, and two] a more non-narrative discussion of the concept of "dream-time", a place from whence all archetypes flow. Dream-time in this novel is something more than that dream-time known by the Australian natives. There is a more complete fusion between the dream-time and the real-time--dream-time influences, in a very real way, real-time, and vice versa.

Of the two narrative streams, the one concerning the dream-time is the more interesting of the two. While the story of the attempted colonization of Athshe is another re-hash of Man's

The only thing we have to fear  
on the planet is man

--C.G. Jung

stupidity and arrogance, the dream-time introduces ideas such as god-hood, questions of reality and ritual, and other such rich conceptual veins.

It is where the two narrative streams overlap that I think the novel displays its problems. When the two meet, it seems that LeGuin herself is more interested in the concept of "dream-time" than in the problems of the planet builders. Fair enough, I find myself more interested in the dream-time as well, but that doesn't mean that the two streams could not flow together in a more fluid manner. When treading the line between the dream- and real-times, the novel allows the two to jar, rather than complement one another. Naythelass, a novel definitely worth reading.

Horace Walpole is best remembered as being the man who gave birth to the gothic novel in English. His The Castle Of Otranto first appeared in 1764, and is filled with superstitious twaddle, omens, mystic visions, strange appearances, mistaken identities, and a bleeding statue. There is a family curse that comes from the fact that Manfred's grandfather poisoned the rightful ruler (Alphonso) and usurped the throne. Legend hath it that the usurper's line shall rule until the castle is no longer big enough to hold the rightful ruler. After the twists and turns of the attempted marriage of Manfred's son (Manfred being the present ruler of Otranto) to the daughter of a Marquis (the son is killed when a giant plumed helmet falls out of the sky on about page 3), the daughter is forced to flee from the advances of Manfred (he wishes the girl to bear him a male heir -- what his wife has to say about all this doesn't dissuade him in the least), the daughter of the Marquis is saved by Theodore, a peasant lad, when the Marquis rides up with a large force of men, and lays claim to Otranto. Got it so far? Good. Now, true to the prophecy (although no one could have predicted the way in which it would be fulfilled), Alphonso (the original ruler of Otranto), or at least his spirit, grows too large for the castle to contain, and smashes it to rubble. This forces Manfred to admit that he is not in fact the rightful ruler of the Kingdom. Alphonso rises out of the rubble of the castle and declares that Theodore, the peasant lad, is in fact

the heir and rightful ruler of Otranto. As the sun sinks happily in the west, all but Manfred are left to smile at the way fate has worked all things out for the best.

It may sound trite from my description, but the novel is definitely worth a read. Although it may seem highly amusing to our "modern sensibilities", the novel is filled with intimations of dread which are still somehow strangely gripping.

The language is overblown and highly extraordinary (for example: "That lady, whose resolution had given way to terror the moment she had quitted Manfred, continued her flight to the bottom of the principal stair-case." or: "--"Young man, thou art too unadvised," said Fredric: --"Dost thou think we are to listen to thy fond transports in this hour of fate?" ), and oft-times this language slows the pace of the novel. But the correctness (how else to call it?) of the language draws one in, down the spiral staircase, and into the center of this castle of horror.

The best place to lay your hands on this novel is probably a University bookstore, thus proving the value of English departments in keeping literature of value alive. Get it and read it. I promise you that it will be difficult to forget it.

Now for a quick change of pace. I picked up, second-hand, a copy of Ann McCaffery's Cooking Out Of This World. I didn't know quite what to expect-- an anthology of stories about food?, a discussion of food in SF novels?, or just what. What I did find is a marvellous book of the favorite recipes of several SF authors. From Murray Leinster's "Clams Cassino" to Walter M. Miller Jr.'s "Gopher Stew," this is a wild excursion into the culinary delights our favorite people have distilled over the years into superlative experiences. But of course one or two gags have been thrown in for leavening (sorry).

Poul Anderson lists a recipe called "All My Own Invention" which is, to quote, "2 oz. dark rum, 2 oz. dry vermouth, 1 oz. fresh lemon juice, stirred over ice. Sneaky." Damn right. John Brunner inserts his recipe for "Eggy Mess," and Harlan Ellison offers up a guaranteed aphrodisiac called "Cafe Ellison Diabolique" which is wonderful (and works).

A partial list of contributing authors would read as follows; Brian Aldiss, Alfred Bester, Ed Bryant, Ted Cogswell, Avram Davidson, Sonya Dorman, Frank Herbert, Alan E. Nourse, Joanna Russ, Mike Moorcock, Bob Shaw, John Sladek, E.C. Tubb, and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. A wonderful little book, and if anyone out there has an extra copy, please let me know as mine is getting worn out.

Although this has by no means been all the books that I want to talk about, I think it's about time to close down. "Cause if you ain't bored with me yet, you soon will be, right? Happy words, people.

-- Edward Torr

That is a real danger when you write science fiction. There is so little real criticism, that despite the very delightful and heartening feedback from and connection with the fans, the writer is almost his only critic. If he produces second-rate stuff, it will be bought just as fast, maybe faster sometimes, by the publishers, and the fans will buy it because it is science fiction. Only his own conscience remains to insist that he try not to be second-rate. Nobody else seems to care.

Ursula K. LeGuin  
from  
The Language of the Night

MISSING FROM LAST ISN (because I forgot to put it in) is...

A Brief Checklist of Religious Speculative Fiction

Miller, Walter M. Jr. A Canticle For Liebowitz. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1968. Spec. Ed.

Hugo Award winner, 1961. This edition contains a preface, introductory note, the novel, a brief gloss, and a map of territories referred to in Fiat Lux. A school edition, highly recommended.

Moorcock, Michael. Behold The Man. New York: Avon, 1970.

This edition recommended if for no other reason than the superlative cover art.

Niven, Larry, and Pournelle, Jerry. Inferno. New York: Pocket Books, 1976.

del Rey, Lester. The Eleventh Commandment. New York: Random House, 1976. Revised edition.

Aldiss, Brian. The Dark Light Years. New York: NAL, 1964.

Herbert, Frank, and Ransom, Bill. The Jesus Incident. New York, Berkeley, 1980.

A continuation of Destination: Void by Frank Herbert.

SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS

Pangborn, Edgar. Still I Persist In Wondering. New York: Dell, 1978.

Not all the stories in this collection concern themselves with the topic of religion, although many do.

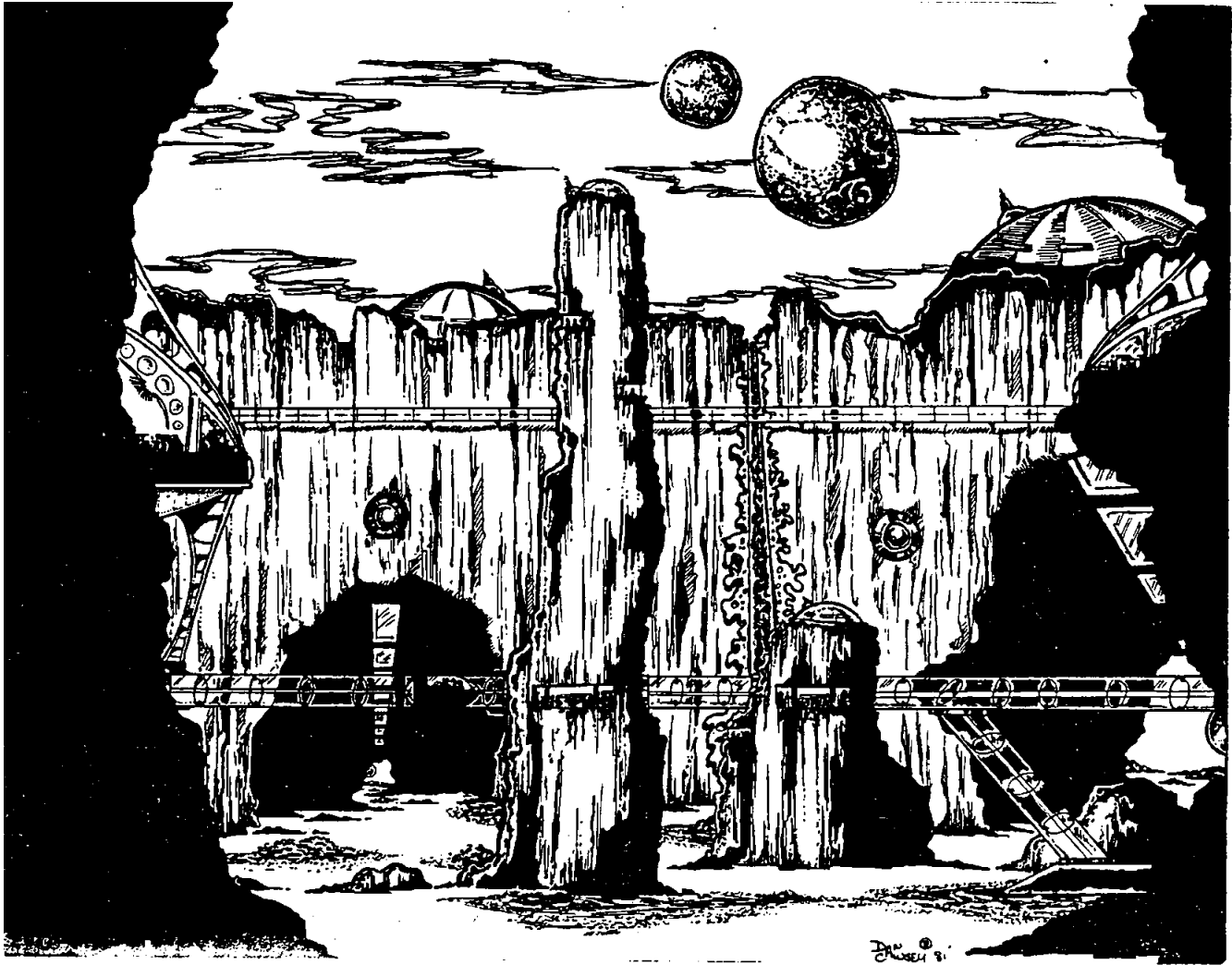
Elwood, Roger, ed. Strange Gods. Markham, Ont.: Pocket Books, 1974.

Elwood, Roger, ed. Flame Tree Planet. St. Louis: Concordia, 1973.

Mohs, Mayo, ed. Other Worlds, Other Gods. New York: Avon, 1971.

Asimov, I., Waugh, C.G., and Greenberg, M.H. The Seven Cardinal Virtues of Science Fiction. New York: Fawcett Crest, 1981.

Also a companion volume (which I as yet do not have) titled The Seven Cardinal Sins of Science Fiction (hopefully including that of long and pretentious titles). I believe the editors are the same.



Science fiction has mostly settled for a pseudo-objective listing of marvels and wonders and horrors which illuminate nothing beyond themselves and are without real moral resonance: daydreams, wishful thinking, and nightmares. The invention is superb, but self-enclosed and sterile. And the more eccentric and childish side of science fiction fandom, the defensive, fanatic in-groups, both feed upon and nourish this kind of triviality, which is harmless in itself, but which degrades taste, by keeping publishers' standards, and readers' and critics' expectations, very low.

Ursula K. LeGuin  
from

The Language of the Night  
pp. 108 - 9

# REPEATING DREAMS

--Garth Spencer

SF is the form of writing which highlights setting, or background, and makes it a dynamic part of a story. SF consists in stories whose backgrounds are glaringly different from the world as we know it. With respect to any other component, SF has to perform and be judged by normal literary criteria.

Let us call the background the senario. The senario can be described with a list of minimal propositions, or logical premises. In and of themselves they may suggest plot lines and characters. With short lists, a wide range of SF stories can be compared. The following is a comparison of two stories without an easy classification.

What does it mean when different authors happen to write with similar ideas but different plots? And are fewer creative ideas being generated by writers as time goes on?

Increasingly, SF divides itself into broad catagories, such as space stories, time travel stories, future stories, alien stories, ect. A browse through a fairly comprehensive SF section in a bookstore should convince the reader that space, time, aliens, ect. preoccupy the majority of new works. Old favorites, novels that we reread--and which get reissued--for years, tend to turn on the same visions.

I have until recently been compiling a card catalog which

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John Brunner  
The Dreaming Earth

Time: the foreseeable future

- A. X is an addictive drug on the black market. ("happy dreams")
- B. X induces people to dream of an alternate world, into which they disappear.
- C. Only cranks believe that people actually disappear.
- D. The U.N. is empowered as a world government, and the Narcotics Dept. is trying to control the "happy dreams" trade.

Paul H. Cook  
Tintagel

Time: the foreseeable future

- A. X is an artificial bacterium, produced in China, which has reacted with air pollutants and mutated. ("Liu Shan's Syndrome")
- B. X induces people to dream up ... (see B under Brunner)
- C. It is known that the alternate worlds are as real as ours, and they trap people.
- D. Local enviromental pollution has created some immune people --Stalkers-- who retrieve Syndrome sufferers.

E. The Human race/civilization can no longer continue in the world as we know it.

F. Tension is relieved by colonizing at least one alternate world.

#####

A representative sample of stories, described this way, could answer some questions of mine: what is creative speculation?

shows the emergence of planetology as another basis for SF stories. Much of Poul Anderson's work turns on the problems involved in creating planets, or

settling them. "Courtship Rite," a recent serial by Donald Kingsbury in Analog, is set on a world where, because the only edible species are a few imported Earth plants, dietary protein must be supplied by cannibalism. This fact of life becomes crucial in the story.

If the by-now classic visions of SF remain meaningful, well and good. If their possibilities are exhausted for storytelling, then spaceflight, time travel, and aliens will become synonymous with schlock. Any future for SF depends on the continuous generation of new ideas.

The 1930s, 40s, and 50s saw an explosive diversity of SF ideas. The 1980s see a decrease in fresh ideas. Spider Robinson's review column in Analog of Aug. 17, 1981, seems to point this out most explicitly.

There was a rule--invented, I think, by H.G. Wells--that a speculative story should turn on one, and only one, idea. Today it is normal to combine two or three at least. This, and the apparent paucity of modern visions, make it seem likely that the possibilities for SF are drying up.

I refuse to believe that. We must be going through a phase where our imaginations are failing us. It might be said that technological innovations have gone beyond the level that laymen can appreciate, feel the effects of, be exhilarated by. But human lives--and life stories--are still being affected by technological innovations. It might be said that the pace of change, the arrival of the future, has accelerated so that futurist writing is outdated almost before it can be reviewed. But the futurist writings of 40 years ago--even Wells' The Shape Of Things To Come--can still be read for fun and profit.

Three additional points.

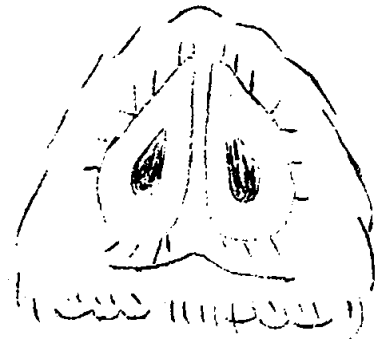
Firstly, some of the most interesting writers write stories based on widely divergent ideas. John Brunner is a case in point. Brunner has written gloomy futurist novels (Stand on Zanzibar and The Sheep Look Up), three novellas about the unexpected deliverance of the race (e.g. The Dreaming Earth), and two short paperbacks involving space travel. In one (Total Eclipse), an archeological team discovers why an alien race died, just as they lose contact with the dying Earth. In the other (Bedlam Planet), a colony learns how to survive only by destroying most of their technological equipment, and apparently giving themselves hallucinogenic native foods.

Secondly, some of the most interesting ideas are fairly obscure. The Dreaming Earth and Tintagel are based on the notion of literally dreaming up a fresh new world to inhabit. The Stars My Destination (Alfred Bester) and The Stardroppers (Brunner again) presume that humans might, without equipment, teleport even over interstellar distances.

Thirdly, Tom Easton (Spider Robinson's successor as Analog book reviewer) has noted that many stories depend on a flaw in the reasoning supporting their scenarios. It would be a good idea to look at stories with a view to their strengths and flaws as speculative scenarios. I believe that this is one area--perhaps the only area--of evaluation uniquely proper to SF.



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# ON LIVING WITH LUCASFILM

--EBK

When one is firstlured by the siren call of Lucasfilm, one is over-awed (in most cases) by the superficiality of it all -- the lights, the flash, the dazzle.

But if one backs off from the surface, takes metaphoric breath, and dives beneath the surface, one finds an appalling lack of class on the part of what has to be the biggest SF-oriented film company in existence.

I noticed recently a contest in the official Star Wars club magazine, Bantha Tracks, that said "please send us your SW material--be it a model you have created, a story you've written, a game you've invented, poem, whatever, so long as it is yours and original" --send this SW material to the club to enter in the biggest, most diverse contest that they'd ever held. This marvellous contest offered several prizes which, for a wart (sorry, they like to be called warriors, don't they) were not too shabby -- 100 to 150 dollars worth of SW collectibles, some available no place else, a year's sub to the magazine, and similar. All well and good, right? Well, there was a catch (you knew that already, did you?). In this case the catch rested in the fact that all rights to the submitted item belonged to Lucasfilm alone --not just the winning item(s). Oh no!! Every single item submitted, whether it won a prize or not, was entirely owned by Lucasfilm the minute you signed the entry form. Class act, huh? No time wasted with paying royalties or securing rights. Nope, it was Lucasfilm's property to do with as they pleased and you had no worries about your name being spelled incorrectly, as it would never appear on anything, anywhere.

Now, some time later (say three months), I'm shown an issue of Forum, a letterzine coming out of Star Trek fandom that has since branched into many kinds of media fandom, including surprise! surprise! Star Wars. Now what to my wondering eyes should appear but a letter (not too suprising, since the letter was why I was being shown the zine). Now this letter was from one of the officers (president, or possibly the secretary) of the official SW fan

club (the same group that pubs Bantha Tracks) and concerned the phenomena of media fanfic. For those of you innocent of the experience, there is a great deal of fanfic in Star Trek fandom, and some of this fanfic explores the, umm, possibility of intriguing relationships between characters. And in some cases this gets a little risqué (upfront? overdeveloped?). Also, some of the writing is very good (as is the case with Leslie Fish's "That Deadly Innocence").

Now Roddenberry, the actors, and even the clots at Paramount, have dealt with ST fanfic in a eminently sensible manner -- for the most part, they ignore it. And when they don't ignore it, they state that they're not quite certain why people write it, but they are not bothered by it. And as a sort of gesture, zine eds print a little statement at the beginning that what they are doing is not meant to infringe upon any copyrights held by Paramount, and everybody pretty much gets along.

Now up steps Lucasfilm, faced with the same fanac. Well, first reports filter out of the 1981 Worldcon that Lucasfilm would prefer not to see any serious sex in SW-related fanfic. A bit strange, perhaps, but hey! this is Lucasfilm that we're dealing with, right? But now the fun starts (and we get back to the letter I mentioned earlier). To begin with, the letter is printed on Lucasfilm stationary. Well gosh, maybe the fan club can't afford their own. So one reads on. Now we see that this fanac has been noted! Well goodness! I mean, no one has been trying to hide it, now have they? But not only has the activity been noted, but it seems that someone disapproves! Fine. So? So it seems that all this fanfic dealing with sex must now meet certain guidelines as outlined in this letter. Violence is cool, so long as it is not too graphic, but anything more than a torn blouse in the sex department, and one had better be on the lookout. Mention was made that if you were to be selling a zine that didn't meet these guidelines, say at a con, you could expect all the copies to be confiscated, and you could find yourself slapped with a lawsuit, or some-damn-such.

Right. I can see it now. Lucasfilm and a battery of lawyers in court, and on the other side some poor bastard of a zine ed with a \$3.95 copy of Defending Yourself in a Court of Law and other Vegetarian Cookie Recipes.

It was beautiful to see that in the next issue of Forum, Leslie Fish took the matter on in her own inimitable style. After pointing out that such threats were not only stupid and unconstitutional (and in the U.S. they take their constitution a lot more seriously than in Canada, eh?), but to actually sieze zines at a con is illegal; and under U.S. law, amateur publications do not breach copyright (and their definition of amateur includes being able to have a circulation of up to ten thousand).

Just to finish things off in a classic manner, there followed immediately after Ms. Fish's letter another open letter from the SW fan club. This letter said that no, you didn't have to send a copy of your zine to the club for approval, but you should send them two copies for their files (at your own expense, of course). You could send them individual stories, however, and they would tell you if they met or exceeded their guidelines. So it seems obvious that some poor suckers fell for their line.

And herewith follows a LOC from Peter Wood in Edmonton:

In thinking about this article ((explaining god to man - ebk)), I have had to make certain assumptions as to meanings of terminology -- for instance, what is the difference in para 1 between 'man' and 'Man'? I assume 'man' = 'individual' and 'Man' = 'mankind' (let us not be sexist!!!)

Considering the question of 'service'. Uncualified though I am theologically, I would argue that if humankind is a creation of God- and, given 'God', we cannot well assume otherwise- then all man's acts are in service of God, though man may never understand in this life in what that service consists. This is to be expected; no part of the loom knows the weaver's mind, though each part is essential to the fabric's being.

This is exemplified in Blish's words on the false antithesis of 'science'

So we have two instances where Lucasfilm, the pride of SF and the self-appointed saviors of SF film (though not without some aiding and abetting by fandom...mea culpa), have let their image tarnish just a little about the edges. It is my personal belief that these two items are only symptomatic of a far deeper malaise running through George Lucas' empire. Lucas seems to have imbued his company with a vision of corporate fascism that has been adopted by persons who are not even a part of the corporation. "If George does it, it must be right," is a refrain I hear over and over from truewarts and from people who are not strictly SW fans. There is a conspiracy of unquestioningness surrounding the empire, and it is this lack of accountability that has been fostered by the empire and fans alike that allows Lucasfilm to try (and succeed!) in getting away with this type of shit. People still remain party to their own destruction.

(see! in the interests of good taste, I never did draw the obvious parallels between the Nixon administration, the moral majority, and Lucasfilm. Aren't I a good boy?)

-- EBK

and 'prayer'. However, ther is an underlying assumption; only God can create (again, vide Blish)(the consequences of denying this postulate are so far-reaching that the Church defines such as 'heresy', and thereby stifles the need to consider it -- 'crimestop' (1984)) ((loaded; loaded! remember, Satan is creative -- insofar as the Adversary always seeks to do evil, and always ends up doing good (vide Blish) and sometimes getting from the evil to the good gets to be an awful creative trip--ebk))

Given that we cannot avoid service, how best then, may we serve? From the authors cited, it would appear that for Moorcock, we should be 'religious' thus satisfying our psyche's demand for myth (BUT; why does our psyche demand 'myth'--an undefined term). Pangborn feels we should ignore religion and live in the 'here-now', because human love is 'real' (here-now) and Divine



love is future-oriented, and therefore inferior to human love (to denigrate something for being 'future-oriented' is an interesting attitude in an SF writer).

James Blish says that we should refuse to be deceived by the Adversary, and should accept in faith what we cannot prove by reason: this is orthodox Christian dogma, and thus wholly acceptable to Christians. I would ask "But who is to say in what we shall have faith?"

Lastly, Niven and Pounelle argue that we should use God's gift of intellect in the service of others. Alan Carpentier demonstrates that the Harrowing of Hell need not be performed by Christ alone, but is a task we may all attempt with hope of success.

Of the four authors, (three plus a partnership) two are doctrinally sound, and two (Pangborn and Moorcock) heretical, in that self-service is not by any stretch of terminology, service of Man/humankind, or of God.

(This last item is dealt with in Heinlein's "Stranger" by the use of "thou art God" which sidesteps neatly around that particular problem. I fear Michael Valentine Smith will be found in the appropriate bolgia in the Inferno for those who wilfully deceived others...so, probably, will his creator)

Oh yes. What about Walter M. Miller and 'Canticle'? I left them out. Man saves humankind by keeping it alive and continuing; for without humankind, there can be no Second Coming., and the plan will go unfulfilled. ie: part of the loom must act as a guardian to loom and fabric, lest the weaving suddenly cease, never to recommence. Doctrinally sound, once again.

There are, of course, many more SF authors who treat religious themes explicitly -- LeGuin, Harrison, Bradbury, for three. I wonder if a case could be argued, using my initial contention, that most or even all SF (other than utter trivia) is religious in theme, in that it deals with man's actions, which are all in God's service ....ah, what cannot one do with a well-chosen axiom? ((I'm not sure, Peter. It seems that a disproportionately high number of the major SF works do have a serious religious theme running

through them (particularly if you stretch the definition of religious to simply mean philosophic belief systems). Ellison's "Deathbird" plays with the imagery, LeGuin's "Left Hand" is Taoist, Leiber's "Gonna Roll the Bones", and others. And I think it can be argued that the reason that Varley's The Ophiuchi Hotline failed because deus ex alienus, like deus ex machina, is no substitute for simple Deus. One must confront transcendence, rather than trying to sneak 'round back of it. And that confrontation tends to make memorable literature--(ebk))

Even I, a practising agnostic<sup>1</sup>, find it fatally easy to think in this way. There is, in the traditional phrase, "room for further research in this field".

If you should write further, pray do not include C.S. Lewis' 'Perelandra' trio. Weak satire never strengthened a good cause.

-- Peter Wood

<sup>1</sup> practising what? you may ask. Practising running from the Hound of Heaven, probably, I reply.

#####

((and now Garth Spencer takes Edward Torr to task over Heinlein...to which Ed replies....))

Callisto Rising #1 may be a good example of a Victoria-type fanzine. Where else but in Victoria would a fanzine feature in its first edition an essay about religion in SF? I ask you. The treatment was good. It wasn't the same as what I would do, which demonstrates why we don't entrust fanwriting to one person, or to a Central Committee.

In witness thereof, may I offer an alternative view to Ed Torr's review of The Day After Tomorrow?

We learn from the publishing history that Street & Smith published Heinlein's Sixth Column (the original title) in 1941. Up till then, the 20-year cycle of war had been unbroken; there must have been veterans in still-neutral America who had volunteered to fight in the Spanish Civil War: there was certainly news all the

time of the war in Europe and Japan's war in Asia. Isolationism was still a strong political cause in the country, and yet many Americans must have felt America was at risk. That was Heinlein's audience, and maybe Heinlein himself had some views to express about his country's stake in the foreign troubles.

Thus, I am not suprised to see that this novel is based on the idea that America -- even the idea of democracy-- is threatened. What is at issue now, though, is where does Heinlein get off saying this in 1982? Well, he isn't; the publisher is reissuing the book in 1970, and some copies are still on the shelves. And some people still pick them up. Ergo, to some people the basic idea still seems valid. May I suggest that Ed Torr is simply one of those who can't take it seriously?

Writing in 1941 has to place some quaintness on a novel of the period. Gold currency is one. The suggestion of racism is another. But I can't honestly agree that no questions are asked, or that bloodthirstiness is glorified. Violence is depicted, not prescribed. Questions make up the story; how do six men, so many scientists plus a PR man (none of them Regular Army types!), make like an army when the whole country is occupied? How do we use a superior technology without factory facilities or a large, disciplined organization? What makes the difference between Asian - Americans and the invaders? How long before the authorities notice the new cult's anomalies, and it will be forced into action before its prepared?

All of which is boiling a lot of chowder from one clam. The most useful way I can end this letter is to note that even a short, early novel can look different to different people. Evidently fandom comprises different, distinct audiences. Let them each receive the tales they will.

--Garth Spencer

((and Ed's reply...))

Garth, the questions which you mention in your letter are not questions -- they are elements of plot. Without them, the novel could build no dramatic tension. The questions that are missing are those such as "how moral is this action?" and "how can I leg-

itimize the taking of a life?" And most important of all, "Is the 'American way of life' valuable enough to warrant saving?"

When Heinlein attempt to legitimize the taking of a sp~~ee~~'s life, he does it in the most shallow way possible-- by saying "ther's a war on?" and holding the view that that fact justifies everything. The Geneva Convention of 1864 established that no, war does not justify everything--a statement of which Heinlein is/was aware. It is Heinlein's inability to honestly confront philosophic questions in this novel that I decry.

In addition, I feel that the novel is plain and simply poorly written. Logical elements in the plot are completely ignored--contributing much to the novel's unbelievability. In other words, not only did Heinlein fail to create Art (or art), but he even failed to do a craftsman-like job of writing.

-- Edward Torr

~~~~~

A nice effort for a first issue. Don't try TOO hard for art. I know some faneds who so insist that each page have some artwork on it that they will accept for print ANYTHING, no matter how irrelevant or bad (and soon he'll be getting around to using MY art contribution, just showing how low he will stoop). Also, in this day and age of rip-off postage rates for those seriously interested in communicating (vs. the outrageously cheap rates for junk mail), it's always important to watch weight. So while "ooopps" could be interpreted as an amusing attempt at providing a "fill in this space with something that you'll think is great contents", that and the blank back page probably added 17¢ to your postage cost on each issue mailed. In fact, the only real reason I'm going to try OFFSET on DOPPLEGANGERS! #7 will be to try to soueze over 25 pages of material into as few sheets as possible (after the l-sided ditto extravagance of DG#6). ((Neil! And I thought it was because offset looked so neat and was so classy! ebk))

Anyway, enjoyed CR. "Explaining God To Man" was thought provoking,

although I doubt every author in any way wishes to attach the subject of theology, even in SF.

--Neil Kaden

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ebk))

Well, that's about it for locs. We Also Heard From:

Donald Kimberly (who didn't say much on his poc)

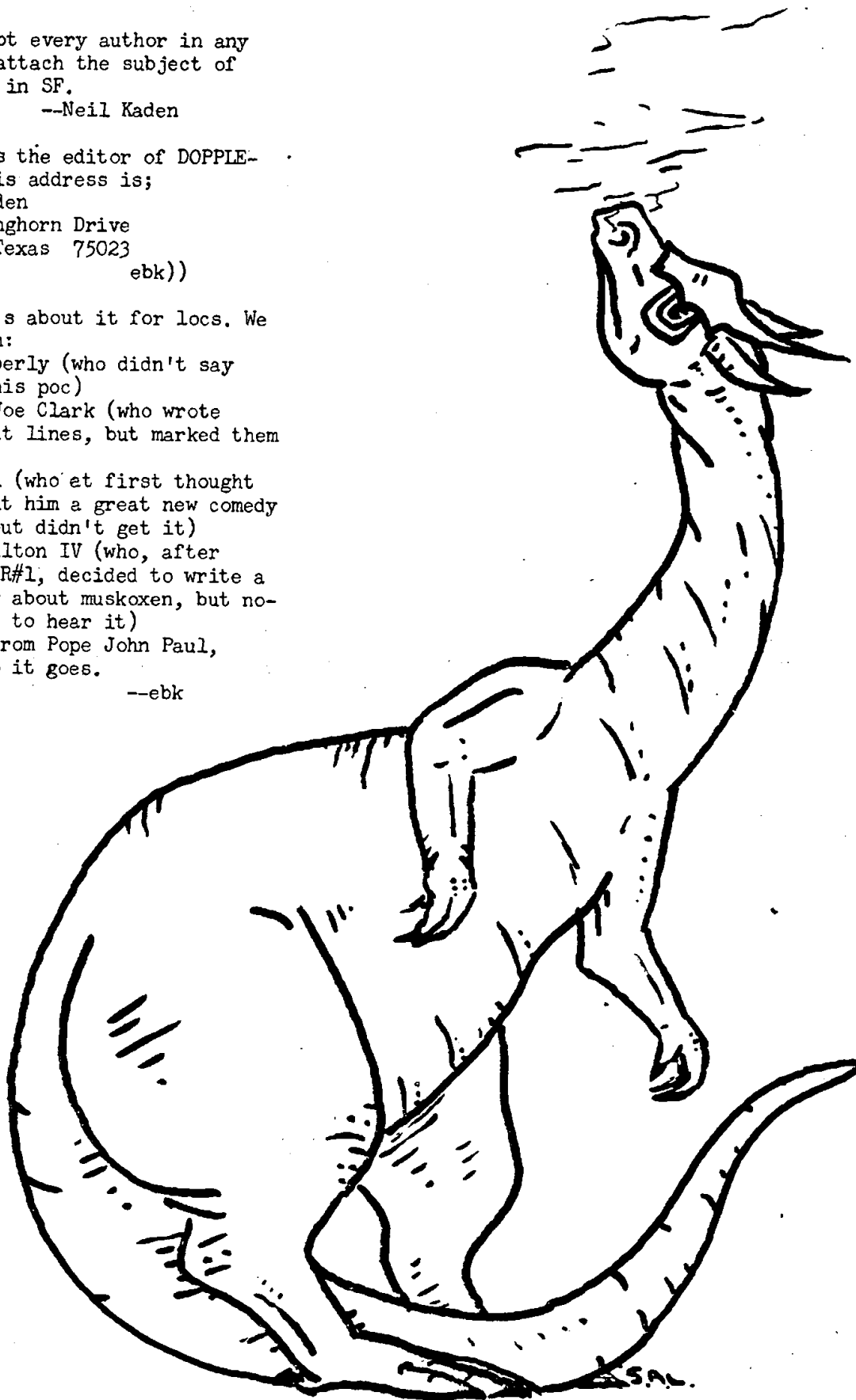
PC leader Joe Clark (who wrote some great lines, but marked them DNQ)

Martin Mull (who at first thought I had sent him a great new comedy sketch, but didn't get it)

and George Hamilton IV (who, after reading CR#1, decided to write a neat song about muskoxen, but no-one wants to hear it)

Still no word from Pope John Paul, however. So it goes.

--ebk



**A**nd part of a letter from SAM MOSKOWITZ;

....The older stories have far more than simplicity to commend them. They are better stories than the new ones. Their superiority lies in a word: Sincerity. The modern story is written cynically, with tongue-in-cheek. It may be more adroit, more sophisticated but it is not convincing. The prime requisite of any fantasy is that you invest in the reader the willing suspension of disbelief. The old stories, written sincerely, carefully, give the impression first that the writer believes in what he is writing and secondly that the fantasies expressed might conceivably happen. The huge majority of modern writers don't possess this quality, and where they write a remembered story it is, because they have come up with a too-too clever gimmick. There is no ground-roots substance to them, they have taken the "wonder" out of Thrilling Wonder Stories and have as much depth as a coat of nail polish. ....\*

((And once again we have the line about the willing suspension of disbelief. But how much of what Moskowitz says has any value? Do most of the modern writers rely on gimmick? How much different is any Miven, Pournelle, or Miven/Pournelle from any other?))

#####

So, good day and welcome to the out of town topic for the zine, eh? Like, R.K. Hinton has asked me to like introduce this topic into the zine, and like he's from the states, eh? So what happens is, he tells me that if the language is kinda like "too American" that I can change it around if I wants to. But I figure that like even with the CBC, we still see enough mercan tv that we could like translate this in our sleep, right? So like I figure that I'll just run it, and if you have any problems, then you can just write him, and let him translate, eh? Like, it's got to be easier than translating from French to metric, right? Okay, so that's like

\* The letter from Mr. Moskowitz has been excerpted from the letters column of the Spring 1952 issue of Fantastic Story Magazine. Done for fun. EBK

my introduction to the out of town topic. (I think it went pretty good, eh?)

\*\*\*\*\*

Each and every day we read in our newspapers of changes in the world around us. If it isn't some new political alignment, it is the announcement of some new weaponry or scientific feat with weaponry potential. Then, too, are the "discoveries" of man's older past (eg: the exceptionally old village located in Peru recently).

How many of us take the time to think about the present...what is happening here and now around us? One need not resort to second- and third-hand reports in newspapers to observe the dynamics of change in our world.

Specifically, I am referring to the dynamics of social change. To this end, I pose the following question(s) for which I would appreciate any response.

- IS - the value of inter-personal relationships declining?
- the currency of intimacy devalued?
- marriage trending to a matter of contractual convenience?
- friendship phasing out of our social order?

There are any number of eminent psychologists evaluating these kinds of questions. What do they know? WE are the ones outside an ivory tower living in the social order that is undergoing change. Perhaps you disagree that change is rampant. If so, please answer with your negatives. However, if you think the dynamics of these changes are evident and increasing in scope/power, please write about it.

Within a reasonable period of time, when I have received sufficient responses to represent a tolerable cross-section of the readership, I will attempt a coherent analysis to be presented for our editor's consideration.

Everyone...express yourselves... venture an opinion...it counts!

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# ON THE DISPOSSESSED

The RCMP probably have a file somewhere on one Spencer, Garth, for no other reason than that I once subscribed to an anarchist periodical in Vancouver. My interest in anarchism was sparked by The Dispossessed, one of the several books which had an impact on me.

## I.

There are a number of things to say about The Dispossessed. It fits into LeGuin's cycle of Hainish stories, in which Earth and many other planets turn out to have been colonized half a million years ago by humans from the planet Hain. In LeGuin's scenario, FTL travel is not possible except at the cost of life. But a League of planets becomes possible once the instantaneous interstellar communicator, the ansible, has been invented. To make the necessary advance in physical theory requires a cross-fertilization of ideas, not just from different societies, but from different planets. The cross-fertilization takes place between Terran physics and the physics, or Noble Science, of the Cetian planets. On one level The Dispossessed shows this advance being made by a unique physicist, Shevek.

The Dispossessed tells another story at a deeper level. The Tau Ceti system has a habitable planet, Urras, to all intents and purposes the same as Earth in the 20th or 21st century. But instead of being a moon like Luna, Urras' satellite, Anarres, is a sister planet. Anarres is a little smaller, drier and colder than Urras; there are extensive deserts. It is mined, but scarcely settled, until the world anarchist movement on Urras threatens the whole principle of government. The World Council of Governments buys off the anarchists with settlement rights on Anarres. A million settlers go there, and then seal off their planet. The two worlds remain in uneasy peace for over two centuries.

The Settlers of Anarres are Odonian anarchists. Iaiia Asieo Odo, the Iotic woman who produced their ideology, argued that society is an organic whole, that the State is a myth, and that the society which would be healthiest and function best would be a communitarian anarchism, or "nonauthoritarian communism." There is no private ownership on Anarres, no money, no reason for work or the exchange

of goods except solidarity, and the "cellular function" of the individual; "the analogic term for the individual's individuality, the work he can do best, therefore his best contribution to society" (p. 267).

A third story told in this book is the life of Shevek, the Anarresti physicist. Shevek is an intensely individual person in a society that insists on sharing everything, and naturally independent in a world that has grown to expect conformity. But he is not a rebel; he is an ardent Odonian, very much the product of his society. He goes to Urras to complete his work, and hopes also to put the two societies back in contact. Like the careers of Urras and Anarres, Shevek's career concludes ambiguously, perhaps ironically.

I find that honest and realistic.

The great irony of The Dispossessed -- "An Ambiguous Utopia" -- is that Anarres, a world that has given up walls and fences and private property, has a rock wall surrounding its spaceport:

There was a wall. It did not look important. It was built of uncut rocks roughly mortared. An adult could look right over it, and even a child could climb it. Where it crossed the roadway, instead of having a gate it degenerated into mere geometry, a line, an idea of boundary. ... For seven generations there had been nothing in the world more important than that wall. (p. 1)

A second irony is that the two worlds depend to a significant extent on mutual trade. Segregated though they are, the Anarresti need certain items from Urras, such as petroleum products and fine circuitry, while Urras needs Anarresti metals. So the anarchists and the proprietarians depend on each other, though they cannot resolve their differences.

A third irony is that the anarchist society is coming more and more to be as oppressive as an Eastern European satellite state. Yet it is not any government which oppresses people, but the people themselves. After several years' apart, Shevek encounters an old friend, Bedap. Shevek is working under a strange, possessive, jealous physicist at the Institute of the Noble Science, and Bedap jumps on his miseries as evidence that Anarres has developed an oppressive power structure.

Sabul uses you where he can, and where he can't, he prevents you from publishing, from teaching, even from working. Right? In other words, he has power over you. Where does he get it from? Not from vested authority, there isn't any. Not from intellectual excellence, he hasn't any. He gets it from the innate cowardice of the average human mind. Public opinion! That's the power structure he's part of, and knows how to use. The unadmitted, inadmissible government that rules the Odonian society by stifle the individual mind. (p. 134)

Yet another irony is that life on Anarres, where everything is shared, is very austere. There is nothing to spare and nothing to waste. On Urras, especially in the powerful nation of A-Io, there is incredible richness; but it is owned, controlled and enjoyed by the few, instead of all.

Shevek succeeds in doing his work, in finishing his General Temporal Theory after coming to Urras and reading a work of Terran physics by "Ainsetain." But he fails to bring the twin planets into closer contact. Not only that, he concludes that the attempt was wrong to begin with (but not because he nearly gets killed by the authorities at a mass demonstration!).

I came for the idea. ... Here is what I need -- the talk, the sharing, an experiment ... a book of Relativity Theory ... the stimulus I need. And so I finished the work, at last. ... But the ideas in my head aren't the only ones important to me. My society is also an idea. I was made by it. An idea of freedom, of change, of human solidarity, an important idea. And though I was very stupid I saw at last that by pursuing the one, the physics, I am betraying the other. I am letting the proprietarians buy the truth from me. (p. 277)

This is how a real person speaks, with simple conviction, of the lessons of his experience.

## II.

I identify with Shevek. Perhaps above all, The Dispossessed is the biography

of this solitary character. LeGuin wrote about his emergence in 1976:

(The book) began with a person ... seen ... with a certain vividness: ... a scientist, a physicist in fact: I saw the face more clearly than usual, a thin face, large clear eyes, and large ears -- these, I think, may have come from a childhood memory of Robert Oppenheimer as a young man. ...

All right. ... What is your name, by the way? Shevek, he told me promptly. All right, Shevek. So who are you? His answer was less certain this time. I think, he said, that I am a citizen of Utopia. (p. 101, The Language of The Night)

LeGuin notes that the heart of her novel is this person, regardless of the occasional axe-grinding. Some critics have missed this point.

Walter S. Meyers criticizes The Dispossessed on a minor feature, the language of Anarres, for the good reason that language in science fiction is the subject of his book: Aliens and Linguists. The settlers of Anarres undertook not only a new life on a new planet, but they took up a new language, conceived with the aid of computers. Meyers claims that "From the time of the settling of the moon, the language policy of the Odonians officially embraced the Whorf hypothesis. Pravic was designed to foster and protect their ideology" (p. 204). The Whorf hypothesis states that one's picture of the universe is influenced more by one's language than by physical evidence. Meyers is claiming that the language was invented by an Odonian to reinforce an Odonian worldview. However, the evidence in The Dispossessed is that the Anarrestis employ words and phrases in Pravic to that end; the effect is rendered just as easily in the English text. Pravic could have been an independent invention, turned to Odonian purposes.

Meyers makes a stronger claim; he argues that the Anarrestis practice thought control through their language. Firstly, contact with foreigners is prevented, so loanwords do not filter into Pravic. Secondly, works like Fomar's Definitions, a politicized analogue to Ambrose Bierce's Devil's Dictionary,

tend to freeze political attitudes to Urras and fix meanings which would otherwise change over time. And throughout the educational process -- in fact, throughout the society -- misuse of language is frowned upon. Anti-possessiveness is reinforced not only by pressures against family life and toward day-care centers, but also by discouragement of the possessive pronouns ("the mother" and not "my mother"; "the hand hurts me" and not "my hand hurts"). Our family terms are replaced by Pravic mamme and tadde, indicating any adult man or woman who behaves like a parent or relative. Meyers sees this as a manipulation of words for family relationships, so that the meaning is extended and no special relationship can be expressed.

The third part of thought control -- discouragement of new words -- is the weakest leg of Meyer's analysis. He claims that "the government" (!) controls the language by coordinating long-range communications, and controls publishing through voluntary syndicates. He cites the custom of sending letters unsealed. He ignores an instance of neologism:

"What are you doing -- indulging guilt feelings? Wallowing?" The word he used was not "wallowing," there being no animals on Anarres to make wallows; it was a compound, meaning literally "coating continually and thickly with excrement." The flexibility and precision of Pravic lent itself to the creation of vivid metaphors quite unseen by its inventors. (p. 266)

Meyers does not quite seem to grasp that Anarres is an anarchist society, with as enthusiastic and unanimous a belief in itself as America used to have.

In The Jewel-Hinged Jaw, Samuel Delany points out that many of LeGuin's images are "astonishing and powerful." He also picks nits about the meaningfulness of the sentences in LeGuin's first paragraph (already quoted). Throughout The Dispossessed, LeGuin uses simple natural and man-made objects as images and themes -- the stone, the arrow, the river, the wall. Throughout "To Read The Dispossessed", Delany points out weaknesses that would not occur to many other people.

Some of them are cogent. These include the issues of "contraception on Anarres, Shevek's first encounter with money on Urras, Shevek's and Takver's

reaction to the mutilation of the Principles of Simultaneity (Shevek's first work), and the change in amatory status among Bedap, Shevek, and Takver" (p. 249, The Jewel-Hinged Jaw). None of these ring true to life for Delany. In particular, he objects to the picture of Anarresti sexuality, in which LeGuin incorporates common behavior patterns of our culture, with the implication that they are biologically programmed. Also, he objects to the didactic use of Bedap, the deepest insight into whose character is given at the end of the book, Shevek has joined Bedap in pointing out the increasing rigidity of Odonian society, and for challenging the conventional view he and his children are ostracized. Bedap leaves Shevek comforting his daughter Sadiki:

There was nothing for Bedap to do but leave them there, the man and the child, in that one intimacy of pain. It gave him no sense of relief or escape to go; rather he felt useless, diminished. "I am thirty-nine years old," he thought as he walked on towards his domicile, ... where he lived in perfect independence. "Forty in a few decads. What have I done? ... Nothing. Meddling. Meddling in other people's lives because I don't have one. I never took the time. And the time's going to run out on me, all at once, and I will never have had ... that." ... And what he meant by "that" he could not have said ... yet he felt ... that if he would be saved he must change his life. (p. 297 - 298)

Delany jumps to the conclusion that LeGuin is suggesting Bedap should get "partnered" and raise a family, and give up being a homosexual. This sort of pat answer offends him, partly because it is so implicit it is unchallengeable, ungetatable. But from the context it seems clear that the problem with Bedap's life is not particularly his homosexuality, but his independence. A constant theme in Odonianism, and therefore in The Dispossessed, is the value of human solidarity. By solidarity a society stands or falls, and likewise so does the human soul. Bedap is not in relation to others, not in the way and not in the degree that Shevek the loner is.

Conclusion. It seems pretty clear that The Dispossessed is a) a novel that

works, for me and for many people; b) not perfect. Samuel Delany has pointed out some of its flaws in terms of character, background, sociology and psychology. Walter Meyers has pointed out a perfectly amazing correspondence between Anarresti and totalitarian behavior -- amazing, because these are anarchists we're talking about. And yet the strengths of the novel outweigh its flaws, sufficiently that the latter remain unsuspected until someone like Delany comes along.

One of the central points in The Dispossessed is the scene in which Shevek reaches a decision on which he can construct the General Temporal Theory. According to Delany, this degenerates into gobbledygook; I beg to differ. The gist of this passage, although it is far from specific about understandable problems in physics, is that Shevek needs a premise to work from but he has been unable to reason his way to it. Having read "Ainsetain," he realizes that the Theories of Relativity "were as beautiful, as valid, and as useful as ever ... and yet both depended upon a hypothesis that could not be proved true and that could be and had been proved, in certain circumstances, false" (p. 225) -- the velocity of light as a limiting factor. Therefore Shevek realizes that, for the General Temporal Theory, he can simply assume the hypothesis of "real coexistence," which is also unprovable, and get results. Delany thinks this is the fallacy of assuming what you are trying to prove -- a classic error in logic. I think it's a principle concerning axioms.

This leads us back to the issue of anarchism. Political theories also rest on provable premises and unprovable axioms. Anarchism rests on the notion that the State is not a socially vital institution, that the ideal society is organized without it. The ambiguity of Shevek's Utopia is that the Cetians can organize such a society (which may be the difference between Cetians and Terrans), but it won't necessarily be ideal.

Like many readers, I was turned onto anarchism by The Dispossessed. That RCMP file may show that I gave up my subscription after a while. In Shevek's words, "You cannot buy the Revolution. ... You can only be the Revolution."

#### REFERENCES

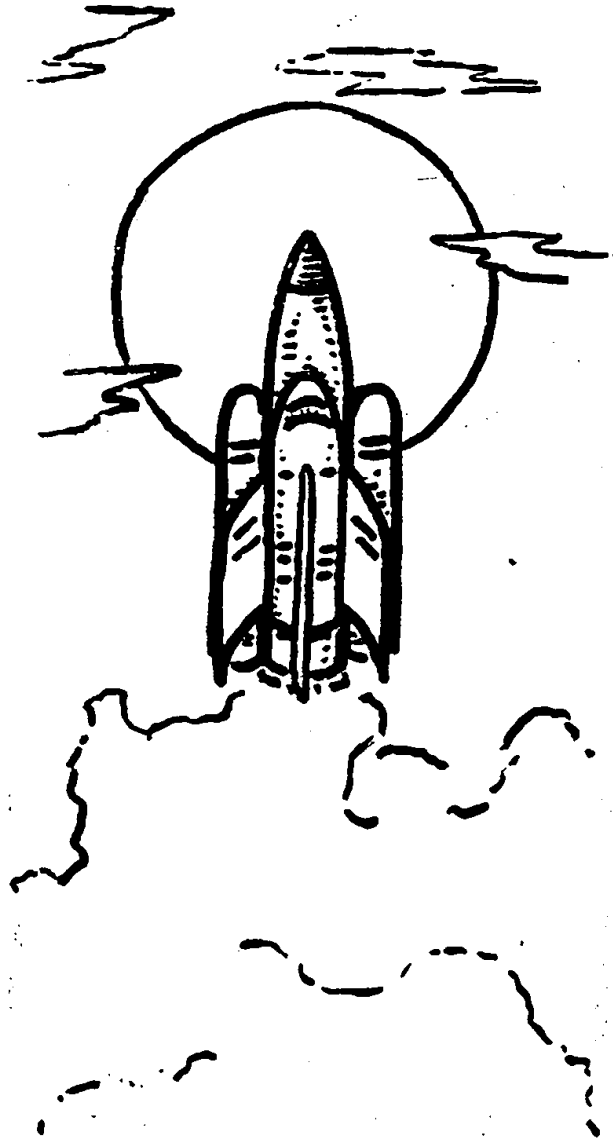
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--GARTH  
SPENCER





You do not revise dogmas, you smash them.

--Randolph Bourne

Famous neo-Canadian Spider Robinson recently published an article titled "What Is A Canadian Science Fiction Writer" in the newsletter of the Ottawa Science Fiction Society. In this article, Mr. Robinson discusses the recent changes made in the eligibility rules for the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award (the CSFFA). The change discussed involves a change in wording from "... by Canadian natives (regardless of period of residence) and current residents (regardless of place of birth)," to "... by a Canadian citizen resident in Canada at the time of publication." What this in effect does is to make works by people like Mr. Robinson (and the recipient of the first award, A.E. Van Vogt) ineligible to receive the CSFFA.

Mr. Robinson claims that the originators of the CSFFA, that is, John Bell, Bob Atkinson, George Allanson, and Sheldon Goldman, meant for the award to be given to anyone "substantially connected with Canada." But with the above change in wording, this is no longer the case. Mr. Robinson then lists Gordon R. Dickson, Judith Merrill, William Gibson, and Michael Coney, as people now ineligible to win the CSFFA. Mr. Robinson believes that "anyone who points at himself and says "Canadian" [and] any one whom the voters think of as Canadian" should be allowed to win the CSFFA. My question is "Why?"

Why should anyone be eligible for a Canadian award when they are not Canadian? If the purpose of the award is to foster an awareness of Canadian practitioners of the craft of SF writing (just as the CRTC Canadian content guidelines were meant to foster an awareness of Canadian music), why should we adopt a John Robert Columbo approach to the question of Canadianism? Much of the work done by J.R. Columbo has been quite interesting, but one has to admit that much of it has had only the most tenuous of Canadian connections.

Just so with many of the writers most closely associated with Canada (to use Mr. Robinson's words). Gordon R. Dickson left the country almost before he became a thinking being, and most certainly before he could have come to even the most elementary understanding

of his birthplace. Upon looking into the works of Michael Coney, one could never for a moment believe that one was reading a piece by anything other than a British writer. I am certain that if one asked Judith Merrill whether or not she was a Canadian writer, that she would answer in the negative. And quite rightly so...she is an American in thought, word, and deed. A writer of some importance in the world of SF she most certainly is, but she is not a Canadian. The association that these writers have with the country is tenuous indeed. It is doubtful that any one of them has read Margret Atwood's Survival, never mind having come to an understanding of that theme.

But Mr. Robinson raises other questions. Questions such as "residents are eligible to vote for the award, why not to win it?" Well, I for one would most certainly allow T.S. Eliot (were he still alive) to comment on the state of modern Canadian poetry, but I would not call any poem he wrote while here a Canadian poem (except to say, perhaps, from a writer's Canadian period). The art of a culture is certainly for international scrutiny as Art, but it still takes a member of a culture to create a work of that culture. Poles do not create Australian art, they create distinctly Polish art; but a Polish artist might certainly be able to comment intelligently on Australian art:

Mr Robinson then goes on to list his qualifications for being considered a Canadian; he lists the radio and tv programs he has appeared on, the Canadian periodicals in which he has been written up, the fact that he is married to a Canadian, that he is the chairman of the Executive Council of the Writer's Fed. of Nova Scotia, and that to anyone who has read the about-the-author section of his books, he is "widely known as a Canadian." Oh, and Mr. Robinson also notes that he has used Canadian settings and characters in two of his novels, and at least six of his short stories. To all of which, I am afraid, my strongest and most powerful reaction is a bemused "So?"

Well, I have read the about-the-author section in Mr. Robinson's books, and think that he will find that he is more widely known as an author who resides in Canada, than as a Canadian author.

What Mr. Robinson fails to see, is that, for instance, Canadian television also runs American programs, and that they are recognized as being not-Canadian (although they are recognized as being damaging to the Canadian cultural identity). Marlan Ellison has appeared on Canada AM as well as Mr. Robinson, and none feel he is a Canadian after that experience. In short, qualifying as Canadian content to the CRTC does not qualify one as an artist in the Canadian cultural tradition. Qualification as Canadian content only signifies that one has some tenuous connection with the country -- not with its soul.

No, Mr. Robinson, A.E. Van Vogt should not be asked to return his award. But neither should a person such as yourself be eligible to receive it. Rather, it should be given to people such as H.A. Hargreaves for his book North by 2000, or failing that, to people such as Doug Barbour or Stephen Scobie for their critical work in the field. And if all else fails, Mr. Robinson, the CSFFA should not be awarded at all, rather than be given to shams and imitations.

-- e.b. Klassen

Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges, or the most important battles.

--Plutarch  
[translation by  
Boswell]

Few people think more than two or three times a year. I have made an international reputation for myself by thinking once or twice a week.

-- G.B. Shaw

Let us begin by committing ourselves to the truth--to see it like it is, and tell it like it is--to find the truth, to speak the truth, and to live the truth.

--Richard Milhouse Nixon  
(accepting the GOP nomination in '68)

###CONVENTIONS; Taking another look ####

Recently, here in Victoria, a fan feud has erupted (hmm. To strong. Try: "is festering." Yes, that's better). This has lead me to various musings as to mine own feelings about the role of conventions both in Victoria and elsewhere. Whilst I am mulling my thoughts over, what should appear in front of me but a copy of Supernova #3 --more specifically, a letter in said zine from Harry J.N. Andrushak on the topic of conventions. And then I receive a piece of highly-opinionated writing from a friend, Edgard Rice, which babbles madly about, amongst other things, cons.

So what am I supposed to do? It seems quite obvious. Talk about cons, right? First, I'll run Edgard's letter (or at least a portion thereof).

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Firstly, leave us talk about cons. What is the role of these orgies of ego-boo, these gatherings of gratuitous masochism? From all appearances, the only reason to hold a con is to indulge in a great deal of mutual stroking between members of the sponsoring fans and those from out-of-town --all supported by monies from john q. public's purse. Not that I feel that the sponsoring fans are honestly cheating the attending non-fan public! Far from it! An honest cheat I could admire, but the business going on at a con is nothing but people lying to themselves while they cheat someone else out of increasingly hard-to-come-by dollars.

What does a member of the reading public get when s/he attends a con? Shut out by an increasingly exclusionist attitude is what. Hell, half (or better) of the attending "fans" don't really know why they're there (except for the recurring "I'm drunker'n you are"), so why should they be bothered with trying to talk with non-fans? The accepted role of the non-fan at a con, is to cough up the hard cash needed to support the con-suite and (indirectly) the room-parties, etc. Without joe public, how the hell would a convention come off? No how, no way. Cons cannot pay for themselves on pure fan support (excepting relaxacons, which usually have another con in the same town supporting them)--without inviting the public to attend (and spend money). It's a despicable, underhanded, dirty business,

embezzling from the masses to support one's own desires (much like ripping-off the corner grocer to score some smack from your best friend). Filthy and uncountenanceable.

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\*Whew\* Now I don't necessarily agree with everything that Edgard has said (though I'll probably be lynched for having printed such heretical doctrine). Cons do have a certain amount of value; Art shows, costume shows, even the occasional panel has something to say. But, at the same time, there are problems in convention-city (and that starts with 'c' and that rhymes with 't' and that stands for 'trouble.'). The costume fans (both war and wier robes) seem to be out of control, trivialization abounds, dreck (nay, let us be honest here) pure, unadulterated shit is lauded as the appearance of the millenium. All of these problems become public and visible in their most concentrated form at a convention.

Harry Andrushak, in a letter in Supernova #3, points to many of these problems;

"Those of you who subscribe to Locus may have noticed that a lot of cons are being cancelled at the last minute. Some of you may wonder why. Others may look at room rates and wonder what is going on. It is chickens coming home to roost.

"Media fans. Fans who have no interest in written SF. [emphasis his] Trekkies. Star Wars. Dr. Who... and all the other media films. People running up and down hotel corridors: "Logan Runs" and knocking people down as they pass. People loaded with weapons, real and fantasy, and brandishing them. Vandalism.

[....]

"More and more hotels are cancelling Sci-Fi cons, more will not handle them in the first place. That is how they see it...Sci-Fi. Vandels going around wearing weapons, from guns to swords, intimidating non-convention hotel users. More and more hotel problems.

"[....] Meanwhile, the hotels continue to refuse to hold Sci-Fi cons. Here in LA we have lost at least 5 major hotels. None want to handle Sci-Fi cons...too many weapons being brandished around...too much intimidation...and eventually a killing may happen."

Mr. Andrushak concentrates heavily on the weapons problems facing US cons. Many conventions have responded to this difficulty by enforcing either a ban, or strict peacebonding requirements, on all weapon carriers. This is a fine and worthy thing, but perhaps does not truly come to grips with the basis of the problem. Are weapons a part of --or do they have a part in-- an SF con? Should there be a place for Trekfen, War-ts, filmfen, the SCA, fringe-fen, fake-fen, and pseudo-fen of any sort at a con? If all types of people do have their roles and rights, perhaps conventions are trying to cover a little too much ground by appealing to every and all type of vaguely-related-to-SF person. Are Smurfs a part of fandom? What about the Indians!?!?

I think that the point which I am trying to make here is that perhaps the time has come to split large cons into a larger number of much smaller gatherings designed only to appeal to a very limited group of people. Comic-cons are a distinct entity apart from SF cons, so wherein lies the impossibility in holding, in one center, only at different times, a video-con, film-con, a con for fans of the Lucas/Spielberg canon, a convention dedicated only to the trivial or inconsequential (BG, Dr. Who, Bladorunner, Logan's Run, E.T.), a weapon freak con, et bloody cetera. Victoria, I am quite certain, could support three or four conventions of this nature in a year. And if this cultural backwater can do it, I see no reason why larger centers would find it impossible to follow suit (or better, lead the way).

I know that this may seem to be heretical, but is bigger necessarily better when it comes to cons? It would seem smart to me to let the length and size of an event be dictated by the type and focus of that event. A critical seminar would not have to be as large, or extend over as many days, as an ST con. But three one-day events might be easier to organize, would probably be easier to sell to a hotel convention manager, and may well be better for hucksters, who could target their buying public more effectively.

I do not necessarily want to see this particular idea adopted as a solution (though it would be nice), as much as I want to see the question of "just what constitutes fandom" debated.

ZINE RECIPIES\*\*\*\*\*  
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- Northern Lights #8 : Linda Ross-Mansfield, P.O. Box 165, Westwin P.O., Winnipeg Manitoba, R2R 0T0.

Well, Linda has been pubbing this chatty and informative zine for about a year now, and although there haven't been any changes, there have been improvements (and, no, I don't think that there should be changes.) A pretty good deal at \$2.50 for six issues. Also available for the usual.

- WEBER/OMAN'S WREVENGE V.1, n.6, and V.2, n.1. Jean Weber, 13 Myall St., O'Connor ACT 2601, Australia.

\*WOW\* This is a feminist zine from down under. It also occasionally talks about SF. And it seems that there is always something to agree/disagree with in it. Ms. Weber runs everything from sercon articles to poetry and stories. But it is in the local that this zine really shines. There are so many interesting concepts bandied about that one is continually alternating between "how can someone think this?" to "Someone else thinks this!" [this is a pretty bad piece on a zine I highly recommend. I'll do a proper job at a later date]. The usual or US \$0.75.

- nekRCMONIKON #7 [formerly Dopplogangers!] Neil E. Kaden, 1104 Longhorn Drive, Plano, Texas, 75023.

An interesting agglomeration of fiction articles and art, nekRCMONIKON is, perhaps, a little hard to read in places, but enjoyable nonetheless. Of note are; Sandra Miesel's Faanish Exorcism, Steve Carey's Con Recprts, Dear Mr. Mundane, and "the Discount Dungeon" by Bob McLain. Available for the usual, but NEK definitely prefers trades. Worthit.

- ANVIL #'s 21, 22, 23. Ed. Charlotte Procter. Clubzine of the Birmingham SF Club. P.O. Box 57031, Birmingham, AL., 35259-7031 The usual or 6 for US \$5.

- BCSFAZINE #107 Ed. Con Hiebner Clubzine of the British Columbia SF Association. P.O. Box 35577, Station 'E', Vancouver, B.C., V6M 4G9 With membership or the usual.

Irreverent. Also funny at times.

- PORSFIS PULSAR #'s 43 - 48 Clubzine of the Portland SF Society. P.O. Box 14727, Portland, Oregon, 97214. With membership or the usual.

Conreps and book reviews. More and more humor in the later numbers. The change to half-size is/was a definite improvement. Looks good, people.

- New Canadian Fandom #5. Ed. Mike Hall and Robert Runte. P.O. Box 4655, P.S.S.E. Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 5G5. One free on request. 5 for \$4, or the usual.

Canada's national fanzine. This contains Taral Wayne's remarkable historic overview of Canadian fan artists (and incidental fanzine history as well). Also shows off the most remarkable piece of cover art that I have ever seen. All in all, an excellent number from a fine zine. Gitit.

- PESFAZINE #7, & #8. "the quasi-official magazine of the Palouse Empire SF Assn." Box 2003 C.S., Pullman, WA 99163. 6 for US\$3 (or, I assume, the usual).

I know nothing more than "get these two numbers!" George Barr on 'Evolution and Creation', Nick Gier's "Humanism as an American Heritage", and its second half. Interesting, well-written essays. Very highly recommended.