

LINES OF OCCURRENCE 8



S. FOX⁸²

LINE OF OCCURRENCE 8
 is a science-fiction fanzine written, edited, and published by Arthur D. Hlavaty, 819 W. Markham Ave., Durham, NC 27701, 919-NUTS'LAB. It is available for \$1 (\$2 outside the US), trade, letter of comment, art, or anything else the editor feels like accepting. It is copyright © 1984 by Arthur D. Hlavaty. All rights returned to contributors.

The International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts, in Boca Raton, Florida, is also unofficially known as Swanncon (because it is supported by a memorial fund for fantasy writer Thomas Burnett Swann). This pair of names represents its dual nature, as a serious literary conference and as a most pleasant gathering of like-minded people.

This was the third year Bernadette Bosky and I attended one of these, and the second time she presented a paper. Once again, we were greatly helped by Boca Raton residents Judy Bemis and Tony Parker, who offered hospitality and transportation.

"The fantastic" is an ambiguous term. It can be defined narrowly as that which fits the publishing categories or critical genres of "fantasy" and "science fiction." It can be defined so broadly that it would be impossible to specify a work of fiction it did not include. The main use of "the fantastic" as a critical term was by the Russian critic Tzvetan Todorov, who defined it as work that "hesitates between the uncanny [strange, but covered by our current paradigms of what the world is really like] and the marvelous [beyond those paradigms]." Perhaps oversimplifying a bit, I would call Todorov's "uncanny" a subset of mimetic fiction, identify his "marvelous" as speculative fiction, and say that books which do not resolve the hesitation, or do so ambiguously, are on the borderline. I would then suggest that any work which is speculative fiction, or can be mistaken for such at any time during its reading, is appropriate for the Conference.

The first panel we attended dealt with just such questions. The first in a series of panels under the umbrella title of "The Fantastic in Contemporary Fiction," it was chaired by Vernon Hyles, a stocky man whose fiercely mustachioed appearance was contrasted by a soft, Southern voice and self-deprecating humor. Hyles enjoys passing himself off as an ignorant bumpkin, an imposture which rarely survives more than a few minutes of talk.

The three speakers covered the fantastic and the area around it. First Michael J. Larsen spoke on the *Doppelgänger* theme in three unquestionably mimetic works: Bellow's *The Victim*, Malamud's *The Assistant*, and Leslie Fiedler's unjustly forgotten (this paper reminded me), but brilliantly satirical *The Second Stone*. Then Don Elgin discussed "Ecological Perspectives on the Fantasy Novel." In what is apparently the last chapter of a book, Elgin contrasted the tragic hero who dies for what he believes in, partially because he is too rigid to accept compromise, with the comic hero who adapts and lives to a ripe old age. The latter, he pointed out, is

ecologically better in dealing with nature, and he surprised me somewhat (but finally convinced me) by finding his comic hero in the fantasies of Lewis and Tolkien.

If Larsen discussed the strictly uncanny, and Elgin the marvelous, Elisa Kay Sparks' paper was the *tertium quid*, in the narrow area Todorov defines as the fantastic. She dealt with three works--Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*, Doris Lessing's *Briefing for a Descent into Hell*, and Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time*--which could be seen as either mimetic or speculative, partly depending on whether one saw the protagonists as schizophrenics or people attuned to realities not perceived by those around them, a question not conclusively settled in any of the books.

Sparks said that the scales in *Slaughterhouse Five* are tipped towards the interpretation that Billy Pilgrim is simply hallucinating the extraterrestrial elements, a reading I would question. Perhaps it's a matter of reader expectations. Someone like me, who is used to reading sf, may be more likely to suspend disbelief in Billy's vision, and thus more likely to see it as true within the book's paradigm, than someone more used to mimetic fiction.

On the other hand, Sparks pointed out, the richness of the vision in *Woman on the Edge of Time*, with its ecological and anti-sexist virtues, and its contrast with the mechanical coldness of the institutions in consensus reality that oppress the protagonist, make us more willing to accept it as genuine. Afterwards, Sparks said that Marge Piercy had told her, "Even if she's hallucinating the whole thing, she isn't crazy." Bernadette added, "And even if Billy Pilgrim isn't hallucinating, he is crazy." All in all, it was an excellent and thought-provoking paper.

DISCORDIAN DIGRESSION 1: I imagine an anti-*Woman on the Edge of Time*. It is set in an Amerind-like culture where they live in harmony with nature, and there is no sexism or racism. But one woman has visions of other possibilities: a world where there are machines to spare people mindless, repetitive physical work; where ideas are shaped and transmitted by wondrous things called *word processors* and *telephones*; where there are *video games* to amuse and instruct. The medicine man beats her and scares the shit out of her to try to cure her of this madness, and he is not an entirely unsympathetic character. After all, in a world like hers there would be alienation from nature, ecological danger, perhaps even weapons that could destroy the whole Earth.

Bernadette's panel was opposite the reading by GOH Stephen King. Last year it was opposite the reading by GOH Harlan Ellison. Is the conference trying to keep her from being heard?

Bernadette's panel was chaired by Forrest Byrd, who is a colleague of Hyles' at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, an institution hitherto known to me only as a source of NFL quarterbacks. A tall man with the full-beard, no-mustache combination associated with Abraham Lincoln and the Amish, Byrd shares his colleague's good nature, wit, and broad literary knowledge. (Having chosen Bernadette's paper for his section, he had been most gracious and helpful before the conference.)

Ronald E. Salomone's introductory paper on Williams' fiction, with special emphasis on *Descent into Hell*, was followed by Bernadette's discussion of magick in *All Hallows' Eve*. The two dovetailed nicely, both dealing with Williams' idea of substitution: the belief that one can bear the mental and emotional burdens of another as easily and completely as one can carry a package for another. I have the same reaction to this that I have to the "Martian" psychic powers in *Stranger in a Strange Land*: Wouldn't it be wonderful if people could do that! Williams, however, was convinced that this sort of thing goes on all the time. In fact, one theme that came up here and elsewhere is the way "the Inklings" can be a misleading term, with people expecting them to share more qualities. If there is overt Christianity in the fantasies of Williams and Lewis, shouldn't it also be in *Lord of the Rings*? And while Tolkien and Lewis stressed "secondary creation" in their work, Williams was concerned with the extent to which the marvelous is present in our world.

In any event, Bernadette showed the contrast in Williams' book between true substitution and the magician's effort to force others to do his will, the latter being inferior and doomed to failure. Then Jeanette Hume Lutton, a slender, dark-haired, soft-spoken woman, discussed the concept of *hnau* [rational creature] in *Out of the Silent Planet*, drawing some interesting parallels with *Gulliver's Travels*.

Other highlights of the day included a paper by George Aichele, treating the Christian Gospels as "the fantastic" in precisely Todorov's sense; dinner with Elisa Sparks and Paul Brians, who is working on a book that requires him to read every story in which the Big Nuke goes off; and a panel featuring Stephen King, James Gunn, Fritz Leiber, Brian Aldiss, and Theodore Sturgeon.

DISCORDIAN DIGRESSION 2: It occurred to me that we might better use our time if they added extremely short papers, on topics that could be discussed exhaustively in a minute or less, such as:

The Heroic Protagonist in the Writings of Barry Malzberg.

Tolerance Motifs in H. P. Lovecraft.

The Eloquence of Darko Suvin.

Samuel R. Delany's Plotting Skill.

Positive Treatments of Religion in the Work of John Brunner.

The Fannishness of Thomas M. Disch.

An In-Depth Study of the Characters in E. E. Smith.

Friday began with another panel in the Fantastic in Contemporary Fiction series, numbered IV, though it preceded III. We got there a bit late, missing most of a discussion of John Fowles. There followed one of the Conference's few poetry papers, Patrick Murphy's discussion of Buddhist and Amerind imagery in Gary Snyder's *Mountains and Rivers without End*. Interesting, insofar as my ignorance of Snyder's work allowed me to follow it. Then Ralph Yarrow, the gaunt, balding Englishman who leads the panels on "Higher States of Consciousness," gave a magnificent paper on Borges' "Garden of Forking Paths," pointing out how its very structure can open the mind and alter the consciousness of its readers.

Last year the Consciousness panels were a high point of the Conference for me. This year there was only one such, perhaps not up to the level of its predecessor, but quite good by less rigorous standards. Peter Malekin, a repeater from last year, discussed Gene Wolfe's *New Sun* books as images of heightened consciousness. I have not read the books, but found the discussion enlightening, though any professed certainty about what this most elliptical writer is "really" saying is open to question. Carmine Sarracino likewise returned from last year's panel. He spoke of the alienation that any attempt to deal "objectively" with our environment is bound to produce, saying that this alienation is artistically represented by the science-created monsters of *Frankenstein* and its successors. He suggested that the Vedic Science of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi offered a way of healing that split. Another follower of the Maharishi, John Flodstrom, discussed Colin Wilson's *The Mind Parasites* as another image of our alienation. He suggested that even a few people doing Transcendental Meditation improved the psychic environment for



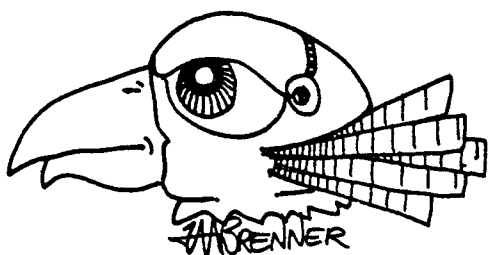
everyone. That too is something I'd like to believe. (Bernadette informs me that Flodstrom made no mention of the Maharishi in his paper last year. Could Vedic Science be spreading through the Conference? After all, there's a 100% increase. Tune in next year.)

There followed Session III of The Fantastic in Contemporary Fiction. Forrest Byrd spoke on Larry McMurry, giving a hilarious description of the one fantastic chapter in his *All My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers*. Sondra Arkin's paper on John Barth's *Sabbatical* was insightful and well-written, thus contrasting with the other Barth paper, on "Rejection of Parenting," a theme the speaker found evil and nasty and, perhaps worst of all, humanistic.

That evening Leslie Fiedler gave the Academic Guest of Honor speech. I've been a Fiedler fan for as long as I can remember, perhaps first snickering over his idea of what Huck and Jim were **hoo boy** really up to, and then realizing the serious and valid point he was making; most recently, enjoying and learning from *What Was Literature?*, his look back at American lit, "high" and "low," and his own work with both. Today Fiedler is a patriarch, both literally (after Roger Schlobin's introduction, he added to the list of his achievements his multiplicity of children and grandchildren) and intellectually. He is a stout, florid-faced man, with longish white hair and beard. There is a kind of wheeze in his voice which may merely be years of nicotine, but seems also to include a not-entirely-suppressed chuckle at the verbal outrages he is perpetrating.

Oh yes, he still aims to shock. Perhaps his most notable effort in that direction was an aside that Michael Jackson's "Thriller" is as allusive as *The Waste Land*. But he does not only shock. I'm sure that, had he been challenged, he could have cited chapter and verse from both. (He knows, for instance that Forry Ackerman appears in "Thriller.")

His theme was the science fiction and horror genres. He traced the history of both as originally outcast categories (with horror now less respectable than sf) and pointed to the success of fiction that takes place at the meeting point of the two, where our rational belief in science meets our irrational fear of it.



Good fortune followed this speech, as a discussion Bernadette and I were having with writer Susan Schwartz was joined by Theodore and Jayne Sturgeon. One literary category I devised a while ago is Like That and Not Like That, depending on whether the writer resembles the image of him one gets from his fiction. For instance, Philip K. Dick, *nebech*, was Like That. He really did spend much of his time in a world of paranoia, bad drugs, and treacherously shifting realities. Philip Jose Farmer, on the other hand, is apparently Not Like That. As someone said, if he'd done even a small fraction of the things he's written about, he'd be in a jar at the Harvard Medical School.

Theodore Sturgeon is Like That. He is precisely the sort of wise, caring, intellectually probing person his fiction leads one to expect. Jayne is a dynamic, insightful expert on human communication and relationships. We talked about writing, reading, learning, changing, and accepting for several hours, and all of us enjoyed it.

DISCORDIAN DIGRESSION 3: Stephen Donaldson wants your help. You've probably noticed that he's bogged down. After his famous trilogy about leper Thomas Covenant, he's done another trilogy with the same protagonist, and now a collection of short stories, many with the same background. So now it's up to you. What disease should his next hero have? Do you vote for (1) herpes; (2) AIDS; (3) amebiasis; (4) terminal halitosis; (5) [your choice]? Send your answer, and 25 words or less on why you chose it, to Del Rey Books. Help Stephen Donaldson write another trilogy.

The following morning's most interesting paper was by Vernon Hyles, pointing out how the "nameless things" and "thingless names" in Lovecraft and other such writers offer a world of semiotic horror, where signifier and signified are separated to the point where meaning itself is called into question.

That afternoon there was a panel on Fiedler. It looked quite promising. Byrd and Hyles were on it. Their residence in the Louisiana bayous (one of them had said that human beings can't live in an environment like that) had inspired us to refer to them as the Teachers from the Black Lagoon. Along with them was C. W. Spinks, whose paper in the Heightened Consciousness Section was one of the high points of last year's Conference.

We were a bit disappointed. It was a panel, with impromptu remarks, rather than a series of papers, and while it was highly interesting people talking about their lives and work, and Fiedler's influence on them, we would have craved a bit more content. (Perhaps we were just spoiled.)

Fiedler himself attended, asking whether "the corpse might say a few words at his own wake." He spoke a bit about his work, saying that one important theme of his the panel hadn't mentioned was "the rise of the Jew in

America": a theme he found interesting, among other reasons, because he was part of it. When someone asked his definition of Jew, he replied, "I define Jew in the broadest manner possible, as anyone who calls himself a Jew and anyone Hitler would call a Jew." He paused a moment, then added, "Anyone Jesse Jackson would call a Hymie."

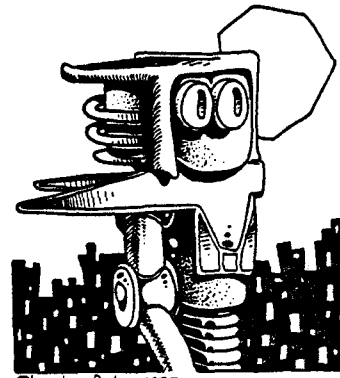
The final session we attended was on "Ecstasy, Speculative Theology, and the Fantastic." It discussed all of those. What it had very little about was fiction. There was a paper on Ecstatic States by Richard Badessa, contrasting the Amerind vision quest (as reported by Lane Deer), in which the seeker is prepared for his experience by a web of social expectation and tribal connections, to the experience of an anthropologist doing field research in New York, being introduced to marijuana by a group of people who spend much of the time arguing over precisely what she should be experiencing. Badessa concludes that there are three preconditions to the ecstatic state: a social environment favorable to it; a set of directions covering what to do, what to expect, and how to react; and a means of transportation (drugs, sensory deprivation, running, etc.). Of these, the least important is the third.

Donald Driscoll's paper on Kant's critique of Swedenborg (specifically the latter's claim of mediumistic experiences) was interesting, but had little or nothing to do with literature.

The final paper was William W. Mountcastle's attempt to construct, from science-fictional sources, a plausible speculation about a scientific means of insuring an afterlife. I'm afraid that sounds a bit crackpottish, and it won't help at all to add that he led off each section with a Bible quote. Nevertheless, Bernadette and I found it a charming, intelligent, good-natured effort in the sort of speculative thinking that makes science-fiction readers. His one flaw was ignorance of specific sf texts; he had in essence reinvented Farmer's Riverworld.

There was no banquet this year, and the GOM speech this year, unlike last year's, was not considered enough of a show to warrant selling separate tickets to it. It was, nevertheless, enjoyable and informative. Stephen King cracked a few jokes, but informed us that he would forego his usual snappy answers to that stupid question, "Where do you get your ideas from?" Instead he spoke of childhood influences on his writing, specifically his current neighbor on the best-seller list, Dr. Seuss. He spoke of *McGillicut's Pool*, with its message that Wonder may await where you least expect it, and of *The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins*, which taught him that bad things befall people who've done nothing to deserve them (surely a valuable lesson for a horror writer).

There was a wine-and-cheese feast after the speech. Bernadette and I wandered about; ate; talked with Patrick Murphy, the Teachers from the Black Lagoon, and others; and decided this was another great Conference.



BOOK REVIEW

Starboard Mines: More Notes on the Language of Science Fiction, by Samuel R. Delany, Dragon Press hc (1984), \$29.95

Going back at least to Socrates, and his belief that poets write in a state of divine madness and can't remember afterwards what they've done, there has been a widespread belief that the skills of artist and critic are incompatible. But sf's greatest counter-example, Samuel R. Delany, has a new book of criticism.

Delany's best fiction (*Babel-17*, *Nova*, *Triton*) has tended to show both literary and distinctively science-fictional excellences. Perhaps the controversies over *Dhalgren* (a book I enjoyed immensely, but not as sf) have obscured the extent to which Delany can surprise and delight in the purely science-fictional way of inventing a new idea and finding its unobvious consequences. In his criticism, too, Delany insists on this sort of merit, as well as purely literary worth, for a book to be sf at its best.

There are many wonders in this book, such as a not unsympathetic study of Heinlein, including (appropriately enough) the most precise statement I have seen of just what is objectionable about *Farnham's Freehold*. There are fascinating little details, like the Major (mainstream) Critic who had done a study of contemporary sf, and did not even know that he *should* know Alfred Bester's work. In a study of Joanna Russ's *And Chaos Died*, often as resistant to the reader as its subject (but for different reasons), Delany offers a stunning interpretation of the dominant contemporary view of sexuality. And more.

There is, alas, the price (probably inevitable for a small-press work). There are minor annoyances. Delany insists upon using the spiteful and small-minded term, "mundane fiction." The book was proofread, so the fabled Delany orthography is reduced to a few obscure terms ("Sorub and Rustem" for "Sohrab and Rustum"), but there are the occasional infelicities of grammar, style, and punctuation that have always dogged his work. So much for judiciousness and restraint. This is a bloody good book, and you ought to buy it.

ZINE REVIEWS

I don't know if I'd go so far as to say that we are in a Golden Age of Fanzines, but there is a lot of good stuff, with a lot of different approaches, being published, and I thought I'd talk about some of it.

I should state my prejudices first. I don't read fan fiction, and I am far too ignorant to discuss mediazines. I imprinted on the great "sercon" zines of the mid-70s, like *Mythologies*, *Khatru*, and *Knights*, and that's still the sort of thing I like best. I am not fond of writing that deals with tedious, day-to-day, literally mundane matters. I admire those who can find interest and humor in anything, but as for me, if doing it bores me, reading about it probably bores me just as much. Oh, yeah, and something I've gotten in trouble for saying elsewhere: I don't think *The New Yorker* is funny.

Mythologies 13. Available for \$3 or substantial letter of comment from Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge St., East Providence, RI 02914.

A few years ago, this was the best fanzine around, a forum for intelligent discussion of topics from Lesbianism to the SCA. It reached a peak with the massive 14th issue, in 1978, and then vanished. Now Don is starting it up again, beginning discussions of friendship, office sexism, and video games, among other things, and running a strange, fragmented letter column made up mostly of one-liners excerpted from the replies to the 14th issue. I'd say this zine is on its way back to past glories, and I urge you to get on board.

Holier than Thou 18. Available for \$2 or the usual from Marty & Robbie Cantor, 11565 Archwood St., North Hollywood, CA 91606.

The massive magazine of putridity. This issue's loathesome and offensive cover is a genuine poster warning of the dangers of letting flies get at your food, though I suspect Marty and Robbie ran it as a complex allegory of what happens when certain critics get their hands on a new book or zine. *H77* always features a wide range of quality. There are delightful articles (like the ones by Terry Frost and Skel this time around) and boring ones. The artwork ranges in quality from Fox and Hanke-Woods down to Darrell Schweitzer, who (if you can't say something nice, don't say anything) draws better than I do. (Come to think of it, there's one of my illos in this issue.) The lettercol discussions range from fascinating to interminable (and now with two editors, there is sometimes an excess of editorial interruption). But there's always enough good stuff in *H77* to make it worthwhile.

Izzard 8. Available for \$2, arranged trades, or editorial whim from Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, c/o Shiffman, 19 Broadway Terrace #1D, New York, NY 10040. (Address about to change.)

This may be the best fannish zine. The writing, as in R. A. MacAvoy's report of a trip to Ireland, is light, skillful, and

amusing, nothing earth-shakingly important, but extremely well done of its kind. There are letters scattered throughout, and a bit of feuding. A pleasant zine.

Rune 72. Available for \$1 or the usual from M. K. Digre, 4629 Columbus Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55407.

This new issue of the Minn-Stf clubzine is the Most Improved Zine of the Year, but then the previous editors, with their punk commitment to ugliness for its own sake, made that fairly easy to accomplish. Still, this is enjoyable. It's a sports issue, featuring M. K. Digre on golf, Harry Warner, Jr. on baseball, and Erik Biever on buying ceramic fish.

Q36K. Available for the usual or "a naughty in the bushes" [which may or may not be usual in Australia] from Marc Ortlieb, PO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Vic. 3001 Australia.

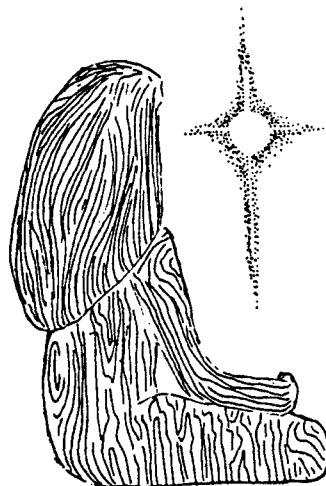
Curiously enough, this too is a sports issue. I consider Marc one of the best fan writers around, and thisish he's joined by the delightfully smartassed Tom Cardy. There's an amusing and perplexed look at Australian Rules Football, by Mike Rodgers. All in all, a delightful issue.

Egoscan 3. Available for the usual or donations of 20¢ stamps from Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046.

This, like Ted & Dan Steffan's recent *Pong*, is a short, frequent zine, largely devoted to fandom itself. Ted's knowledge of fan history comes in particularly handy as he discusses Constellation's financial fiasco, and points out that there are historical precedents for a con losing money. Some good stuff here, though some of it may be mystifying to those who don't know the people involved.

The World According to Garth. Available for the usual from Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, BC V8V 3E1 CANADA

A perzine, in which Garth takes a jaundiced view of all around him. Enjoyable.



Boonfark 8. Available for \$2.50 or the usual from Dan Steffan, 1010 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046.

A large zine with some lovely multicolor mimeography, *Boonfark* may tell you more than you wish to know about fan history. But I found some of the reminiscences, notably the one by Steve Stiles, fascinating. There is a lively lettercol.

Intergalactic Animal Husbandry 13. Available for \$1.50 or the usual from Ed Zdrojewski, 1891 Union St. #1D, Benton Harbor, MI 49022.

Editor Ed Zed is one of the best writers in fandom, and Nina Bogin is one of the best artists in fandom, but little of their work is available outside the apas. This remedies the problem. This issue is Ed's compelling discussion of how he came to believe that the world is coming to an end, and how he got over it, copiously illustrated by Nina. Highly recommended.

WeberWoman's Mrevenge 16. Available for US\$1.50, A\$1.00, or the usual from Jean Weber, PO Box 42, Lyneham, ACT 2602, Australia.

When fans say they don't like "sercon" zines, I think this is the sort of thing they are likely to have in mind. Jean is a feminist, and she devotes much of the zine to serious (perhaps at times even earnest) discussion of issues like power, rape, and PMS. To some people, this is precisely the sort of real-world politics that they hang out in fandom to get away from, and I am not unsympathetic. On the other hand, I find these subjects worth discussing, and I think Jean and many of her correspondents write well, and so I enjoy it. I'd say that, like *Izzard*, it's good at what it does, and I recommend it to you if you're interested in what it does.

Inscape 2. Available for the usual from Donald G. Keller, 4708 Aurora Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103.

This is another sort of "sercon" zine: a literary one. Most of this issue's 64 pages are devoted to Samuel R. Delany. There's an essay of his, a couple of interviews with him, a panel discussion, and excellent reviews of his work by the editor, Camilla Decarnin, and Doug Barbour, among others. Highly recommended.

Starship 44. Available for \$3 from Starship, PO Box 4175, New York, NY 10163.

This is the last issue of Andy Porter's slick semiprozine. It's one of the first zines I ever saw (under its old name of *Algo!*); it's published much interesting material; and I will miss it. This issue includes Frederik Pohl's claim that Orwell's 1984 is overrated, Arthur Byron Cover's claim that Vonda McIntyre is overrated, an interview with the always interesting Terry Carr, and an episode of Robert Silverberg's continuing memoirs.

Factsheet Five. Available for \$1 or trade from Mike Gunderloy, 41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155.

This is a zine which reviews other zines, covering not only sf fanzines, but pagan, libertarian/anarchist, punk, and assorted countercultural. Mike writes well, and this publication offers access to some very interesting things that you might not find out about through ordinary fannish channels.

Higgansnatch 6. Available for \$1 or the usual from Laughing Otter, 701 31st Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98144.

A paganzine, but one that has been somewhat inspired by sf fanzines, particularly the excellent writings of Linda Blanchard. Otter has a weird sense of humor, and there are lively discussions in the lettercol.

Radio Free Thulcandra. Available for \$4/4 issues or the usual from Ernest Heramia, 167 Central Ave., East Providence, RI 02914.

This is the zine of Christian Fandom, and it's sercon in its own way. This issue includes M. David Johnson's look at the theology of *A Case of Conscience* and Marty Helgesen's essay on the doctrine of the Trinity, as well as a continuing discussion of Christian Fandom's outreach to the rest of us.

ART INDEX

Steven Fox--cover
Julie Scott--2
Wayne Brenner--3
Brad W. Foster--4
Caro Hedge--5
Bernadette Bosky--6

This is a publication of 23d fandom.

