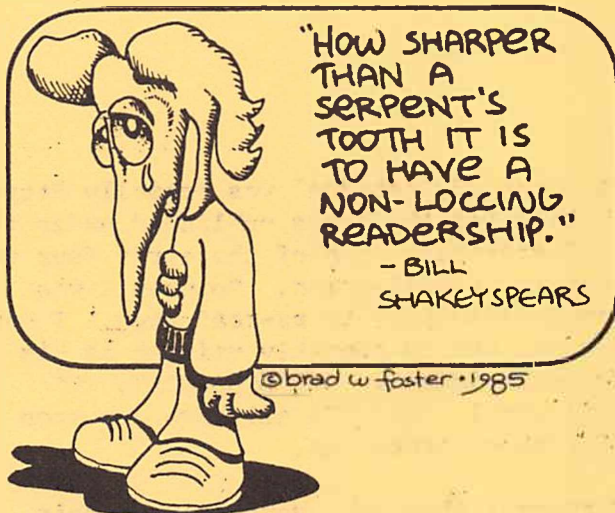


# MYTHOLOGIES 18





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"Let us compare mythologies;

I have learned my elaborate lie."

--- Leonard Cohen

# MYTH

A couple of months ago, the news broke that "Richard Bachmann" was actually Stephen King. Naturally there was a flurry of searching for the books published under the pseudonym, which promptly jumped in value. Fortunately, two of the early four were science fiction novels, so I already had them in my collection. So when I was asked to write an article about them, it was an easy task to re-read them. I was rather surprised to find that, although they are not as smoothly written as his later work, they are considerably more serious in intent. *THE LONG WALK*, *THE RUNNING MAN*, and the more recent supernatural novel, *THINNER*, all have a common theme -- the responsibility of each of us for those around us.

Working on that article set off a chain of thought that led eventually to this essay. Each of us spends our life caught in a web of inter-related responsibilities, to our families, to our country, to our employer, to our employees, to our friends and neighbors, to ourselves, to the general public. "Am I my brother's keeper?" said Cain, and most of our social institutions take it for granted that the answer is "Yes", even though in practice many of us may privately disagree. Many see no responsibility even to themselves.

There is an acquaintance of mine who, several years ago, divorced his wife and four children after several years of marriage. He didn't contest the alimony settlement, never attempted to gain custody of the children despite his very deep and real attachment to them, and was not involved with another woman. It appears that there was not a lot of hostility in the marriage, his ex-wife is an attractive woman, and she and John had seemed a good match. So what happened?

Several months after the separation, John began to pay us a series of visits, during one of which we heard his version of the divorce. After graduating from high school, John found that all of his friends were marrying rapidly, and suddenly he was the odd man out in social situations. He had always experienced trouble in school, both academic and disciplinary, through disinterest and rebelliousness rather than rivalry with his peers. Eventually he fell in love with his current girlfriend or, as he puts it, convinced himself that he was in love with her. A few months later they were married and starting a family.

Their first few years together were pretty typical, although they ended up with four kids with astonishing rapidity. But during the seventh year of their marriage, when Johnny was in his mid-twenties, something strange happened. He discovered reading, decided to return to school and earn a college degree, and lost interest in a lot of the things that he and his wife had found mutually interesting. His personality started to undergo a significant change, and it was increasingly apparent that he was no longer the same person as the one who had contracted the marriage. Ultimately he decided that staying together would probably be more



destructive in the long run to the family than would a divorce. So one day he told his wife that he was leaving her, that she would get all the property and savings, that he would help support the kids and not contest the divorce in any fashion. She was stunned, but eventually acquiesced. Since he moved out, it would be difficult for her not to.

That's John's version, and there is probably some truth to it, although even without hearing an alternate view I noted a few crucial inconsistencies. His pursuit of academic knowledge lasted only so long as his government service benefits paid him an allowance to indulge in them, although he did in fact earn a degree of sorts and did begin to read fiction for entertainment. Although he didn't have a girlfriend at the time of the separation, there were several waiting in the wings, and he has since remarried. Possibly a divorce was the best solution, but a great deal of my sympathy has to lie with his ex-wife and the children. The children see their father only on weekends, and she is faced with the problem of rebuilding a social life that excludes their former circle of friends (his friends of course) despite the handicap of having four young children to care for.

I know less intimately of another case in which a woman decided that a professional career was more important than her marriage, and subsequently walked out on her husband and two pre-teenage children. Her husband eventually divorced her for desertion, but she insisted that her career was more important, that she had to be true to herself because she could not be honest with her family if she was false as an individual.

Both of these are flawed cases: each of us is a flawed character. But in each case, there is some validity to the position that responsibility to self should not be totally subordinated to responsibility to others. One or the other of a married couple may discover that neither of them are the same people they were as teenagers, and that they are not the ideal couple they may once have been. That's probably one of the reasons for the high divorce rate. For the sake of argument, however, let us assume that in each of these two cases the version presented is the truth. At what point and to what degree does one's responsibility to others take precedence over what the individual may think is best for him or her self?

Jean-Paul Sartre adds an even further complication. He believes that our interactions in social situations also impinge on our responsibility to our culture: "If I want to marry, to have children; even if this marriage depends solely upon my own circumstances or passion or wish, I am involving all humanity in monogamy and not merely myself. Therefore, I am responsible for myself and everyone else. I am creating a certain image of man of my own choosing." I doubt that many of us think in terms of the image of mankind we are generating by marrying or divorcing, but Sartre's point that we cannot perform acts in a vacuum is certainly a valid one.

I work with another woman, Karen, approximately my age, who was divorced a few years ago. She and her husband were both working, and as she progressed through a series of job changes and promotions, an increasing amount of her time was spent on the job and less and less was available for her family. Eventually she was working long hours, six days a week, and he ended up doing most of the housework. The tensions were such that the marriage soon ended.

This case raises even more complex questions. By accepting a job in middle management, Karen undertook an obligation to devote more of her time to her job. How does one define the point at which you have to sacrifice the requirements of your family to the requirements of your job. Forget the practical question of whether or not you will be able to hold your job if you don't spend enough time at it; under what circumstances are we obligated to make that sacrifice voluntarily?



One more example, another acquaintance named Dan. Dan had been married for over twenty years and his children were grown and gone. One day he struck up a relationship with a young woman. The relationship was not intimate, but it threatened to become so. Dan finally decided that, while he still loved his wife, he was in love with the younger woman as well. He had no intention of getting divorced, but he felt compelled to indicate his ardor for the younger woman. As you might expect, his wife demanded that he move out. . . . A short intense affair followed, but there were enough strains in the arrangement that it didn't last long. Dan may well be a textbook illustration of the male mid-life crisis, and his prattling about being in love with both women sounds like the rationalization of an over-active libido, but it could have been a more perplexing problem.

Once again, for the sake of argument, let us assume that Dan was telling the truth, rather than just fooling himself into believing what he wanted himself and everyone else to believe. Assume that he did still love his wife (he's back with her I believe) but was suffering from inner turmoil because another aspect of his capacity for love was unexpressed. Just where did Dan's responsibilities lie, to himself, to his wife, to the other woman?

An easy way out is to say that people are weak and cannot always be held responsible for their actions. But is this an excuse? "As long as a person has a sense of duty or a sense of responsibility, he can use self-control and willpower to overcome the personality traits that steer him in the wrong direction. . . . He cannot cite his personality tendencies as an excuse for failing to do what he himself admits he ought to do." (Paul W. Taylor) Unfortunately, while most of us make a large point of insisting on our freedoms, we don't always acknowledge that the existence of a right often implies a responsibility.

A number of psychologists have noted our unwillingness to accept responsibility but none of adequately explained why this should be so. Erich Fromm refers to our "craving to be freed from the risks of responsibility, of freedom, of awareness". George Bernard Shaw said that "liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it." Martin Buber theorized that it might be because we rose above the animal world by banding together, and therefore we want all of our problems to be solved collectively. Man, says Buber, is "all too willing to let himself be deprived of personal responsibility: he only wants to obey." It's not an explanation I can put much credence in.

In *FREEDOM AND CULTURE*, Dorothy Lee demonstrated that this reluctance to accept personal responsibility is not to be found universally among human civilizations. Navaho children, for example, are taught from early childhood to make their own decisions. She points out that even though the Navaho culture seemed stable and even conservative, it was based on conscious decision. The Navaho was more likely to say "I followed the advice of my parents" than "I did what my parents told me to do." Each member of the community is not only expected to contribute to his family and his community, but also to himself. "The entire group and the entire universe is vulnerable, exposed to the fallibility of the individual. Even a child, allowing himself to have anxious thoughts, can bring ill to the pueblo. This means a great responsibility, and can be seen as a frightening and overwhelming burden. Yet instead of blocking the individual with its immensity, this responsibility seems to function as a motivating factor, affording a channel for spontaneity." Lee compares the Navaho to other civilizations and notes that even among Europeans, the relative importance of different levels of responsibility varies greatly. In Greece, for example, the responsibility to one's family and friends is assumed to transcend responsibility to obey the law. For a government official to hire friends and family for the public payroll is seen as a sign of maturity rather than nepotism.



But we can't shirk the matter off by blaming society either. Society does not originate the ethical behavior patterns that shape our own personalities. The behaviors originate with the people who make up the society. Ultimately we are all individually responsible not only for our own acts, but for those of our society as we contribute to it. Rollo May points out that "authoritarianism (the neurotic form of authority) grows in direct proportion to the degree in which the individual is trying to avoid responsibility for meeting his problems himself." If we relate that to, say, the rise of Nazi Germany, we can interpret the success of Hitler as the expression by the German people of an inability to accept that the social and economic problems of their society were largely their own fault and that they must individually do the work necessary to change matters. Instead, they surrendered their responsibility to a group of men who claimed to be able to correct things for them, and the results are self evident.

That doesn't mean that we are completely independent of our society either. The environment in which we live obviously affects our own development, whether it be physically, emotionally, or morally. "In any case, a person cannot carry the burden of responsibility for his own moral salvation without a corresponding depth of culture to give him a structure. Otherwise, he will end up feeling isolated, lonely, and separated from others." (Rollo May) We're caught on the horns of a paradox. We are at one time a product of our culture, and the producers of that culture.

You can pick out indications of the tendency to pass the buck all the time. The people who don't vote because "it can't possibly make any difference", or the people who put up with whatever decisions are made by authority figures, on the job or in the community in general. I think the aspect that bothers me the most is that people don't seem content just to let others make the decisions for them, they want those decisions to be binding even on those of us who are perfectly willing to make important decisions about our lives. One of the reasons I am so uneasy with recent conservative - feminist alliances against pornography is not even mentioned in the press coverage. If we assume that the presence of pornography (however we ultimately define the term) is injurious to people because it creates a climate or feeds on a predilection of some men to act out those power fantasies against women, then we are to some degree absolving them for the responsibility for having been sexually aggressive. I don't buy it. Accept in the case of the genuinely mentally disturbed, it takes a hell of a lot more than a suggestive book or movie to radically alter one's personality.

Martin Euber concludes that "True community among men cannot come into being until each individual accepts full responsibility for the other; particularly, that a crisis in the community...can only become if the individual charges himself with a share in the situation, and discharges it as a personal responsibility." But I'd add to that that the individual must also accept full responsibility for self.

. . . . .

#### How to Tell Democrats from Republicans:

Democrats buy most of the books that have been banned somewhere. Republicans form censorship committees and read them as a group.

Republicans sleep in twin beds -- some even in separate rooms. That is why there are more Democrats.

Republicans raise dahlias, Dalmations, and eyebrows. Democrats raise Airedales, kids, and taxes.



# BIZ ARE EVENTS



PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB THE BOOKS (originally appeared in GRAMFALLOON 14, 1971)

Shortly after our arrival in Lawton, Sheila and I decided to visit the local library to discover how we might acquire a library card. This seemed a reasonable request, so forthwith we zipped over to the Carnegie Public Library and raced up to the desk.

A young woman with a big smile came over. "May I help you?"

"Yes," I drawled the word to show my Okie sophistication and team spirit, simultaneously inflecting the word to sound as literate as possible. If you think this is easy, try it some time. "I'd like to take out a library card, I said. Then added with a grin, "I presume it's due back in two weeks or I pay a fine." The grin faded a bit. I hadn't been here long enough to realize that there is no such thing as a conventional sense of humor in Lawton. For fun they shoot dogs.



Sheila smoothed things over and we were moving along swimmingly when she asked: "Do you own land here in Lawton?"

"I think there's some of it on the bottom of my shoe," I remarked. No grin. Sigh.

"No, we're just here temporarily." Without Sheila, I would have accomplished nothing.

"Well, is there a landowner in town who will vouch for you?"

I glanced up at the sign that read: CARNEGIE PUBLIC LIBRARY. BOOKS FOR ALL. I looked back at her. She paled. "Well, I'm not supposed to do this, but I'll give you a card anyway."

Suitably encarded, we examined the stacks. "My God," said Sheila. "We have more books than they do." But I'd already spotted a rack entitled SCIENCE FICTION and hastened thither. It was SF all right. Practically a complete collection of Avalon's trash, plus a sprinkling of "real" novels with titles that sounded like SF: STARS FELL ON ALABAMA, THE BIG SKY, and HAUNTED PASS. But all was not lost. There was a rack of paperbacks. I hastened over. Sure enough, PAINGOD by Harlan Ellison, which Sheila wanted to read. ORBIT 3. I didn't even know that was out in paperback. I gathered an armful and walked to the desk.

An elderly matron had taken over the desk. I stacked up the books and grabbed my wallet as she started removing the due cards from their pockets. Finally I found the little troublemaker and thrust it forward.

"Oh," she said indignantly. "You have a card."

"Yes," I said. "I'm a card carrying reader."

She glanced down her nose. "If you have a card, you cannot take out these books." And the little cards promptly began to go back in.

"Whoa," I said appropriately. "I don't get it. I have a card. I'm entitled to take out books."

"You don't understand, sir," she explained. "Those books are for people who do not have cards. Our motto is: Books for all. Not just for members."

She was right about one thing. I don't understand.

#### EXPLANATION OF PART IV

Everyone has seen some version of the following listing, but the Army seems to spawn parodies and ridicule at every turn, and this particularly takeoff of their officer efficiency rating report amuses me even upon rereading it from my very old files of things to someday use in MYTHOLOGIES.

OFFICER EFFICIENCY EVALUATION REPORT PART IV. Due to continued misunderstanding of the proper criteria to be used in filling out Part IV - Personal Qualities -- on DA Form 67-6 (Officer Efficiency Report), the following explanation of ratings for the specified categories is provided. Officers should be rated by the numerical designation that comes closest to reflecting their demonstrated performance while serving as a member of your command. Every attempt should be made to ensure that this section is filled out with the utmost possible accuracy.



A. Adaptability:

1. Takes any change in stride
2. Takes almost any change in stride
3. Accepts change reluctantly
4. Resists change
5. Fails to change his underwear

B. Ambition

1. Wants to be God
2. Wants to be President
3. Wants to be Army Chief of Staff
4. Wants to stay where he is
5. Wants to be left alone

C. Appearance

1. Looks like Cary Grant
2. Looks like Cary Grant hung over
3. Doesn't stand out in a crowd
4. Is avoided by crowds
5. Looks like Richard Nixon

D. Cooperation

1. Cooperates wherever possible
2. Often cooperates
3. Cooperates when convenient
4. Does not cooperate
5. Interferes

E. Decisiveness

1. Makes split second decisions unaided
2. Makes split second decisions with help
3. Takes a full second to decide
4. Takes several seconds to decide
5. Splits rather than make a decision

F. Dependability

1. Can always be depended upon
2. Can sometimes be depended upon
3. Flows hot and cold
4. Is not dependable
5. Can be depended upon to screw everything up

G. Enthusiasm

1. Motivates others
2. Motivates himself
3. Is not overtly harmful to morale
4. Tends to depress those who serve under him
5. A genuine wet blanket

H. Force

1. Is extremely forceful
2. Is somewhat forceful
3. Holds his own
4. Gives ground easily
5. Retreats often



I. Ingenuity

1. Solves any problem presented to him
2. Can solve some problems
3. Needs help solving problems
4. Needs help
5. Doesn't even recognize a problem when he runs into it

J. Initiative

1. Initiates new programs
2. Re-initiates old programs
3. Does not allow old programs to lapse
4. Defends old programs to his dying breath
5. Has to be told to come in out of the rain

K. Integrity

1. His price is \$1,000,000
2. His price is \$10,000
3. His price is \$100
4. Can be had for practically nothing
5. Can't say no

I. Intelligence

1. Is another Albert Einstein
2. Is another John Wayne
3. Is another William Westmoreland
4. Is another Spiro Agnew
5. Is another hockey fan

M. Judgment

1. Makes logical deductions
2. Usually thinks logically
3. Thinks
4. Is thoughtless
5. Brain dead

N. Loyalty

1. America: Love it or Leave it
2. I'm Proud to be an American
3. Why Not Both?
4. America: Change it or Lose it
5. Yankee, Go Home

O. Moral Courage

1. Stands up for his rights and beliefs
2. Sits up for his rights and beliefs
3. Takes things lying down
4. Doesn't know his rights from his lefts
5. Doesn't deserve any rights

P. Non-Duty Conduct

1. Is a lay preacher
2. Is a Boy Scout leader
3. Is happily married
4. Is unhappily married
5. Goes both ways



Q. Self Discipline

1. Conducts himself in accordance with the highest standards
2. Conducts himself in accord with standards
3. Conducts himself
4. Conducts an orchestra
5. Screws around

R. Self Improvement

1. Takes courses in personnel management
2. Takes courses in unrelated fields
3. Never finished high school
4. Never made it into high school
5. Gets worse every year

S. Selflessness

1. Places the Army above personal considerations
2. Places his unit above personal considerations
3. Gives high priority to military matters
4. Takes time off from work for errand running
5. Takes time off from errand running for work

T. Tenacity

1. Strives to overcome all obstacles
2. Strives to overcome some obstacles
3. Bypasses obstacles
4. Stops when confronted by an obstacle
5. Is an obstacle

MY LIFE WITH DRUGS

I was one of those rarities of the late 1960's, an upper middle class radical college student who never did drugs. We had plenty of opportunities out at MSU, and the people I spent most of my early months with were quite modishly alienated from middle class values, but somehow I just never made the connection.

My roommate was, for a time, one David Heal, a fanzine fan from New Jersey who has subsequently vanished from the fannish purview and is probably selling real estate in Hoboken by now. Dave was very much involved in the drug subculture, and it was he in fact who introduced me to the SDS, Bernardine Dohrn, and a couple of visiting Black Panthers whose names I don't recall, but whom I would like to think might have been Bobby Seale or Eldridge Cleaver. Dohrn had not yet gone underground but had already attracted some national attention. I picketed and sat in and did all of those cute anti-establishment things that we thought were important at the time, but I never smoked so much as a single joint.

It got to me an obsession with Dave. He'd tell me I was missing a major life experience, that I would undergo an enormous personality transformation, that I would find God, that sex would be better, food would have more taste, I'd gain a proper perspective on the world, I'd experience the universe at first hand. He told me that it would help me to develop deeper friendships, that I would be better able to understand others, that it was a social act, a political act, an act of protest or solidarity. I would make our mutual friends suspicious of my loyalties if I didn't. I was chicken. I was weird. I was stubborn. In the last, he was right. Even when it really didn't matter to me much, I resisted simply because I disliked all the pressure to conform.



The funny thing was that on one occasion, Dave almost succeeded. I'd been very depressed for a couple of weeks, the cause of which I don't recall, and my resistance was low. Dave had been after me incessantly to at least smoke pot with him. As a matter of fact, he smoked so much of it so often in our small room that I probably was slightly high much of the time without even knowing it. In any case, one evening I finally relented. "Okay, I give up. Give me a joint and I'll smoke the damned thing."

Dave's eyes lit with glee as he scuttled over to the cigar box he kept his makings in, but lo and behold, he had just consumed the last of his supply. "No sweat," he told me. "Let's go for a work. There's always a couple of guys holding at the Student Union." So off we went to the Student Union. This was where the narcs hung out. We knew that, because their pictures were posted on the bulletin board with a warning not to sell any illegal substance to people with the faces shown above. The narcs were regulars; we knew them by name; they never busted anyone. But tonight none of them were there; they'd been rotated to another location because their cover was blown. That meant there were probably new narcs among us, and no one knew (yet) who they were. So no one was holding at the Student Union.

"That's a pisser," said Dave, but it was still no sweat. We'd go over to Bill Coll's house. Bill had the biggest stash in the city; he was the major supplier. But there was no one home at Bill's house. "I don't believe this," Dave muttered under his breath as we went over to see his contact at the Akers-Fee dorm complex. "I finally get you to turn on and I can't find one fucking joint." The Akers-Fee contact didn't even have any for himself, but could get us some amphetamines. "No," quoth I. "I agreed to pot, and it's that or nothing." "I can't believe this," said Dave. "There's 45,000 people on this campus and at least half of them turn on, but I can't find you one joint." Suffice it to say that two hours and several stops later we were no better off, and my depression was lifted by the humor of the situation. And so it was that I never smoked pot in college.

A couple of months later, Dave took me to a big party at Bill Coll's house. Everything seemed to be going all right until about 9:00, when several of the guests began rolling up their shirt sleeves and Bill brought out a tray of syringes. "Dave, I think it's time for us to go." He frowned at me. "Don't be a party pooper; no one's going to make you shoot up if you don't want to."

"Fine," I said, "but I don't want to be here anyway. Stay if you want to and I'll see you later back at the room." Luck was with me that time, not only because I chose that moment to exit, but also because I was so nervous about crossing the main room (where everything had fallen very silent) that I exited via a catwalk from the second story that led down into an adjacent garden. The police came in the front way, busted about forty people, let the others go a few hours later -- including Dave. Bill Coll was sent to prison.

For this and other reasons, I changed roommates and so Dave infrequently from then on. The last time I visited his room, he was extolling the virtues of LSD. He had a strobe light set up at the foot of his bed, kaleidoscopes and mobiles all around the room, and a paper cup with the sugar cube in it by the side of his bed. As he began to trip, he described his hallucinations and feelings to me in detail. I listened for almost fifteen minutes before pointing out that he'd forgotten to take the sugar cube.

.....  
Republican boys date Democratic girls. They plan to marry Republican girls, but feel they're entitled to a little fun first.



# GHASTLY TALES

TO KILL A SHADOW by D.E. Drumm (John Shirley) Dell Books, 1985

"The cen-cars were not men crossed with cars -- they were men who had been altered genetically to use wheels and internal combustion engines instead of legs and a human metabolism."

"Jesus Christ, Traveller said. They want to make it with my van."

"Sometimes it happens that way between people -- like an instantaneous chemical reaction. Put two particular chemicals together and they begin to fizz."

From "Zenith Rand, Planet Vigilante" by Edmond Hamilton

"Zenith Rand wheezed the words through the lingering, acrid fumes of a pyradine blast-gun as he concluded, shaking a smoke-smudged fist, 'You may get me, you dog faced gorgons, but I'll teach you to respect the male species from good old terra.'"

"...a mere husk of a man who languished in a psychopathic hospital..."

"Liquid gas, exploding on contact with matter, stabbed from the nozzle of the deadly gun."

"Too well they had known the all-annihilating results of a patrol ship's lithosphere bombing to dare a battle with such an unconquerable engine of a distant world's star conquest."

From "Test-Tube Frankenstein" by Wayne Robbins

"Well, so I began thinking about instincts and what causes them. I began seeking whatever glandular secretions it must be."

"Horror had killed her, the unthinkable horror of being encircled and lapped at, digested by oozing tides of hungering filth...it would have dribbled into her mouth, poked into her eyes, alien digestive juices functioning frightfully. It would have been scintillating all over, glittering and shimmering in the pleasure of gratifying its cosmic instincts."

.....  
Democrats make up plans and then do something else. Republicans follow the plans their grandfathers made.

## SOURCES

A few weeks ago, I bought a VCR and have been happily taping things from the various movie channels ever since. Naturally, given my interests, a lot of these have been simpleminded SF films, some of which have been taken from real novels. I have for example DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT, and THE TERRORNAUTS. It occurred to me to wonder how many science fiction and fantasy novels had been made into films. I also thought of a number of short stories, such as "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell, "A Boy and His Dog" by Harlan Ellison, "Dune Roller" by Julian May, "The Birds" by Shirley Jackson, "Killdozer" by Theodore Sturgeon, and various bits by Lovecraft, Poe, and others. The following is a list of books which I thought of. I'd be interested to know if there are any additions anyone can make.

The titles in parentheses are film titles when they differ from the book title.

HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY - Douglas Adams  
 WATERSHIP DOWN - Richard Adams  
 SEVEN DAYS IN MAY - Knebel & Pailey  
 WIZARD OF OZ - L. Frank Baum  
 THE LAST UNICORN - Peter Peagle  
 A SCENT OF NEW MOWN HAY - John Blackburn  
 THE EXORCIST - William Blatty  
 PLANET OF THE APES - Pierre Boulle  
 FAHRENHEIT 451 - Ray Bradbury  
 SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES - Ray Bradbury  
 THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES - Ray Bradbury  
 THE ILLUSTRATED MAN - Ray Bradbury  
 THE LIZARD'S TAIL - Marc Brandel (THE HAND)  
 THE HOWLING - Gary Brandner  
 RED ALERT - Peter George (DR STRANGELOVE)  
 THE PYX - John Buell  
 FAIL SAFE - Burdick & Wheeler  
 A CLOCKWORK ORANGE - Anthony Burgess  
 THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT - Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 THE PEOPLE THAT TIME FORGOT - Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 AT THE EARTH'S CORE - Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 The Tarzan series  
 MAROONED - Martin Caidin  
 CYBORG - Martin Caidin (THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN)  
 THE LOST ONES - Ian Cameron (ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD)  
 ALICE IN WONDERLAND - Lewis Carroll  
 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY - Arthur Clarke  
 2010 - Arthur Clarke  
 THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN - Michael Crichton  
 THE TERMINAL MAN - Michael Crichton  
 RAISE THE TITANIC - Clive Cussler  
 THE ALIEN - L.P. Davies (THE GROUNDSTAR CONSPIRACY)  
 THE PAPER DOLLS - L.P. Davies (I don't know the film title)  
 AUDREY ROSE - Frank DeFellita  
 DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? - Philip Dick (BLADERUNNER)  
 THE LOST WORLD - Arthur Conan Doyle  
 ADVISE AND CONSENT - Allen Drury  
 THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD - Max Ehrlich  
 SECONDS - David Fly



THE CIRCUS OF DR LEO - Charles Finney  
 INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS - Jack Finney  
 CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG - Ian Fleming  
 Various James Bond films  
 ALAS BABYLON - Pat Frank  
 BATMAN'S NOTEBOOKS - Stephen Gilbert (WILLARD)  
 FIRST ON MARS - Rex Gordon (ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS)  
 CAMILLE 2000 - Sebastian Grant  
 SHE - H. Rider Haggard  
 KING SOLOMON'S MINES - H. Rider Haggard  
 MAKE ROOM MAKE ROOM - Harry Harrison (SOYLENT GREEN)  
 THE PUPPET MASTERS - Robert Heinlein (I don't recall film title)  
 DUNE  
 RATS - James Herbert (THE DEADLY EYES)  
 SWARM - Arthur Herzog  
 LOST HORIZON - James Hilton  
 BRAVE NEW WORLD - Aldous Huxley  
 THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE - Shirley Jackson  
 EXCALIBUR - John Jakes & Gil Kane  
 THE MIND BENDERS - James Kennaway  
 ESCAPE FROM WHITE MOUNTAIN - Alexander Key  
 CARRIE - Stephen King  
 SALEM'S LOT - Stephen King  
 THE SHINING - Stephen King  
 THE DEAD ZONE - Stephen King  
 FIRESTARTER - Stephen King  
 CUJO - Stephen King  
 CHRISTINE - Stephen King  
 DEMON SEED - Dean Koontz  
 THE SENTINEL - Jeffrey Konvitz  
 LATHES OF DREAMS - Ursula K. LeGuin  
 CONJURE WIFE - Fritz Leiber  
 THE WAILING ASTEROID - Murray Leinster (THE TERRORNAUTS)  
 THE MONSTER FROM EARTH'S END - Murray Leinster (NAVY VS THE NIGHT MONSTERS)  
 something by Lem (FIRST SPACESHIP ON VENUS)  
 SOLARIS - Stanislaw Lem  
 ROSEMARY'S BABY - Ira Levin  
 STEPPFORD WIVES - Ira Levin  
 BOYS FROM BRAZIL - Ira Levin  
 Various Lovecraft short stories  
 NIGHT OF THE BIG HEAT - John Lyndington  
 THE UNINVITED - Dorothy MacArdle  
 THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH, AND EVERYTHING - John D. MacDonald  
 THE SATAN BUG - Alistair MacLean  
 THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SLEEP - Charles Eric Maine (THE ATOMIC MAN)  
 BURNT OFFERINGS - Robert Marasco  
 THE MANITOU - Graham Masterton  
 I AM LEGEND - Richard Matheson  
 THE SHRINKING MAN - Richard Matheson  
 BID TIME RETURN - Richard Matheson (SOMEWHERE IN TIME)  
 HELL HOUSE - Richard Matheson (LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE)  
 I am told that A STIR OF ECHOES was also filmed  
 DAY OF THE DOLPHIN - Robert Merle  
 BURN WITCH BURN - A. Merritt (THE DEVIL DOLLS)  
 THE GODS HATE KANSAS - Joseph Millard (Just saw this the other day but forgot  
 what the title was)  
 THIS ISLAND EARTH - Raymond Jones

COLOSSUS - D.F. Jones (THE FOREIGN PROJECT)  
 PEABODY'S MERMAID - Guy & Constance Jones  
 THE FINAL PROGRAMME - Michael Moorcock (THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH)  
 LOGAN'S RUN - William Nolan & George Clayton Johnson  
 ARMAGEDDON 2419 - Philip Nowland -- the Buck Rogers series  
 1984 - George Orwell  
 ANIMAL FARM - George Orwell  
 THE POWER - Frank Robinson  
 THE HEPHAESTUS PLAGUE - Thomas Page (FUG)  
 The Doc Savage series - Kenneth Robeson  
 The Fu Manchu series - Sax Rohmer  
 THE DISORIENTATED MAN - Peter Saxon (SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN)  
 THE PROPHECY - David Seltzer  
 FRANKENSTEIN - Mary Shelley  
 THE PURPLE CLOUD - MP Shiel (THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL)  
 ON THE BEACH - Nevil Shute  
 THE GNOMOBILE - Upton Sinclair  
 DONOVAN'S BRAIN - Curt Siodmak  
 TO WALK THE NIGHT - William Sloane  
 NIGHTWINGS - Martin Cruz Smith  
 TOPPER - Thorne Smith  
 NIGHT SLAVES - Jerry Sohl  
 DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE - Robert Louis Stevenson  
 DRACULA - Bram Stoker  
 JEWEL OF THE SEVEN STARS - Bram Stoker (Don't know film title)  
 THE LADY OF THE SHROUD - Bram Stoker (don't know film title)  
 THE HUNGER - Whitley Strabler  
 THE WOLFEIN - Whitley Strabler  
 GHOST STORY - Peter Straub  
 GULLIVER'S TRAVELS - Jonathan Swift  
 THE FOURTH SIDE OF THE TRIANGLE -- William Temple  
 THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH - Walter Tevis  
 LORD OF THE RINGS - Tolkien  
 THE HOBBIT - Tolkien  
 THE OTHER - Thomas Tryon  
 HARVEST HOME - Thomas Tryon  
 A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT - Mark Twain  
 THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER - Mark Twain  
 FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON - Jules Verne  
 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA - Jules Verne  
 MASTER OF THE WORLD - Jules Verne  
 JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH - Jules Verne  
 MYSTERIOUS ISLAND - Jules Verne  
 OFF ON A COMET - Jules Verne  
 MYRON - Gore Vidal  
 METROPOLIS - Thea Von Harbou  
 SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE - Kurt Vonnegut  
 THE INVISIBLE MAN - Wells  
 WAR OF THE WORLDS - Wells  
 THE TIME MACHINE - Wells  
 FOOD OF THE GODS - Wells  
 ISLAND OF DR MOREAU - Wells  
 FIRST MEN IN THE MOON - Wells  
 THINGS TO COME - Wells  
 SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN - Morris West  
 TO THE DEVIL A DAUGHTER - Dennis Wheatley  
 UNCHARTED SEAS - Dennis Wheatley (THE LOST CONTINENT)



THE YEAR THE YANKIES LOST THE PERMANENT - Douglass Wallop (DARK YANKIES)  
 THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING - T.H. WHITE (CAMELOT)  
 MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE - T.H. White  
 MOON OF THE WOLF - Leslie Whitten  
 THE MOUSE THAT ROARED - Leonard Wibberly  
 THE PORTRAIT OF DORIAN GREY - Oscar Wilde  
 SPACE VAMPIRES - Colin Wilson (LIFEFORCE)  
 THE KEEP - F. Paul Wilson  
 THE NIGHT HAS 1000 EYES - Cornell Woolrich  
 WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE - Wylie & Balmer  
 THE DISAPPEARANCE - Wylie  
 TOMORROW - Wylie  
 THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS - John Wyndham  
 THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS - John Wyndham (VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED)  
 DAMNATION ALLEY - Roger Zelazny  
 THE GREAT HOROKEN CHICKEN EMERGENCY - D. Manus Pinkwater

There are also some that are rather borderline. Did Sheckley's novel THE TENTH VICTIM precede the movie? What about Jeff Rice's unpublished but sold novel, THE NIGHT STALKER, that spawned a movie and television series? The Conan movies are based on the character but none of the stories. What amazed me was that there were so few. Or maybe that shouldn't amaze me.

. . . . .

## MEDICARE

by David Driscoll

A man feeling the need of medical care went to the Medical Building for that purpose. Upon entering the front door, he found himself faced with an array of doors, each marked with the name of an ailment, such as STOMACH, HEART, CANCER, BONES.

He felt sure that his ailment would be diagnosed as stomach, hence he entered the door so marked. Upon entering, he found himself faced with two more doors, one marked MALE and the other marked FEMALE. Of course he entered the door marked MALE and found himself in another corridor where there were several more doors, marked WHITE, BLACK, HISPANIC, ORIENTAL, etc.

He entered the door marked WHITE and again was faced with two more doors marked TAXPAYER and NON-TAXPAYER. He still owned equity in his house, so he went through the door marked TAXPAYER, and faced still more doors, this time marked SINGLE and MARRIED. He had a wife at home, so he entered the proper door and once again was confronted with a choice -- REPUBLICAN and DEMOCRAT.

He was a Republican so he entered the proper door, and fell nine floors to the alley!

. . . . .

Democrats give their worn out clothes to those less fortunate. Republicans wear theirs.

Republicans enjoy exterminators. Democrats step on the bugs



Several people remarked last time about my comment that most fans seemed to know next to nothing about how businesses were really run. A number also mentioned that discussions of businesses and their management were also non-existent for the most part in fanzine fandom. So this is an experiment of sorts. I'm going to present a summary of some aspects of the running of a manufacturing concern and see if it elicits any interest. Those of you who are familiar with this will note that much of this is an oversimplification, but I don't think anyone here is likely to be interested in the specifics of FOC formulas, exponential smoothing of intermittent demand, and that sort of thing.

First of all, there are two major types of manufacturing systems, depending upon the nature of your company. There are make-to-order shops and make-to-stock shops. A make to order shop builds products specifically to customer demands, such as jet engines, personalized items, etc. Most of these companies sell to other manufacturers. Make to stock companies generally sell to retailers, and make items that are common to a number of customers, such as clothing, appliances, stationery supplies, etc. My company makes silverplated and goldplated giftware, and most of our customers are retailers so we're obviously a make to **stock** shop.

The materials department generally consists of two major functions: production control decides how much of what product to make when, and inventory control, which is responsible for assuring that the proper materials are available at the right time, but that excess materials are not purchased. Depending upon the company set-up, this department might also include any of the following: shipping, receiving, warehousing, quality control, purchasing, material movement. In my case, all but quality control and material movement are within my department.

So how does production control decide what to make and when? First of all, the sales department is generally required to do a sales forecast. The exact nature of the forecast depends upon the company, the distribution of responsibility, how predictable the demand is, and how many different products are in the line. They may project each month for each item, or each month for the whole line. They might forecast each individual item or groups of items. In whatever form the forecast arrives, production control must first turn this into some form of usable prediction of demand for each item, generally through use of a computer. In our case, the sales department predicts the next twelve months usage for each item, and the computer distributes demand by month proportionate to the average sales for that month over the preceding three years. As a backup, I have set up the minicomputer to do an item by item analysis based on even demand over the year, with a ten percent safety factor. We also have to make adjustments for a few items that are clearly seasonal.

OK, so now we have a pretty good idea of how many of what items we will need when. Sales forecasts are typically wrong, and most production control departments use them with some reservations, but at least it gives us a base from which to work. We'll be back to forecast error a bit later.



We have to take a short side trip here. Inventory is all of the materials you physically own that are involved in the product such as metal, silver, packaging materials, etc. It does not include the tools, or maintenance supplies. All inventory falls into three major categories. Raw materials are the things you buy to use in the product which you have not yet touched. Work in Process is all of those parts which you are working on, but which are not yet ready to go to the customer. Finished Goods are all of the finished parts that can be shipped as soon as an order is released to do so. Some companies also subdivide work in process to include something called Semi-Finished Stores, which is usually completed subassemblies, but it's still work in process and it's a distinction that often really doesn't mean anything.

Next there's something called inventory turns. If we sell 1000 widgetts a year, it might be nice to have 1000 widgetts in finished goods, but it costs money to carry all that inventory. Practically speaking, we only want enough in finished goods that we won't run out of them before the next batch come out of work in process. But we don't want work in process to get too high either, so we don't want to start a new batch through the factory until it is necessary in order to avoid running out in finished goods. On the third hand, we don't want to hold everything in raw material either. Although we are investing the least amount at this point, it's still wasted money. We want the raw materials to be delivered only when it is likely that we will be starting a new production run (batch).

One more side trip. Typically, when an annual sales forecast is made, it is run through a process called capacity planning. For every item we manufacture, there is going to be a certain amount of time consumed on various items of equipment in our factory. It is a simple process for the computer to multiply the total requirements for each item times the amount of time per piece of equipment needed to make them. A comparison of these totals to the actual machine time available allows us to project shortages and overages of machine time, schedule extra shifts, purchase equipment, change processes, or even tell the sales department they cannot sell as much as they want to.

So where were we? Oh yes, we now know when we are going to need each item. We compare that to our finished goods inventory to find out what we have, and to our work in process inventory to find out what we have already started to make. But do we start making more? And when? And how many? This leads us to the concept of lead time.

There is usually a process sheet for every item, generally tied in with the cost department's bill of materials. This is created most often by engineering and is a listing of all the parts required, with their costs, and all the operations which must be performed during the manufacturing process, with average production times for each operation. If it takes thirty days to manufacture something, then we would start it thirty days before we expect to run out. (Actually, we would generally start it even earlier. Most companies have some system of safety stock, to compensate for forecast and production variations. We use an APC system, which means that our most important items, the A's, have thirty days safety stock, while the other two have twenty and ten respectively.)

But the production time for a run of 1000 pieces is not the same as a production run of 500 pieces, so we must have a standard run size for each item. This can be determined by a number of methods. The Economic Order Quantity formula was at one time in very widespread use. It attempts to balance the cost of carrying inventory against the time required to change machines over for more frequent runs. Unfortunately, it is only applicable in certain situations, and with

reservations even then. Remember I mentioned inventory turn ratio? Well, if your company is looking for a four time turn, you might well bin your run size to 25% of the annual forecast. If you sell 4000 per year, you make 1000 each time. There are many catches to this. Some items are impractical to run this often, so we try to average the right number. Some items might only run once per year, while others run almost every month. This is generally a decision of the production control department. The actual turn ratio depends on the nature of your product. In my industry, a four time turn is about right.

So now the production control department knows when they will be issuing runs to the factory, how many pieces in each run, and knows presumably that there is enough equipment time to produce the work. But do they have the raw materials necessary? The materials department must use the production schedule to decide when and how many of what materials to order from their suppliers.

This is all complicated by a number of things, such as scrap lost from runs in process, overruns, repair operations that slow things down, bad process sheets indicating the wrong operations, and such, but essentially we know that we have a certain mix of items in process. In general, the older a production run, the higher the priority it should have, and many companies have scheduled dates printed right on the paperwork that authorizes production (in our case called a production issue).

Although it sounds complex, once set up most of the foregoing is calculated automatically. But now we get back to forecast error. Even the best forecasters get surprises. The economy might change, new items are often unpredictable, a competitor might introduce a comparable item at a lower price, contrarily he might raise the price on his comparable item or have production problems that makes your demand go up. The forecast might be right but distributed wrong among the months. Retail customers might decide to run a sale on some of your items. Some production runs might get behind, or too far ahead. Raw materials might be delayed.

To adjust to this, we have what are known as "hot lists". Hot lists are also in bad repute, as they almost inevitably lead to inefficiencies in manufacturing, extra set-ups of equipment, confusion, etc. Unfortunately, unless you make a product for which the customer has no choice but to wait (such as repair parts), it is inevitable that you are going to have to do a certain amount of expediting of wanted items through the manufacturing process. This is also generally a production control function.

Believe it or not, much of this was done manually before computers made it all much faster. Some of the more sophisticated systems even schedule each machine by the hour and do most of the expediting for you. But in order to have the computer work correctly, it has become crucial that operation lists, time estimates, and such be as accurate as possible.

The preceding is a very simplified version of a production and inventory control system. Next time I may explain more about how the different types of inventory work.

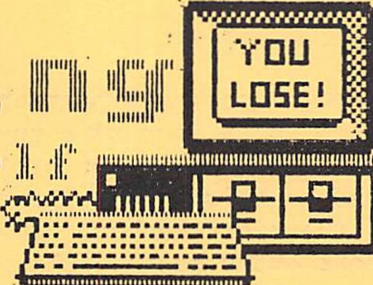
. . . . .

Republicans tend to keep their shades drawn, although there is seldom any reason why they should. Democrats ought to, but don't.

Republicans study the financial pages of the newspaper. Democrats put them in the bottom of the bird cage.



# Playing with yourself



This might be the last installment of this particular column. It isn't that I have lost interest in video games, because I haven't, although I admit that it has waned somewhat in the presence of other interests, including the reappearance of this magazine. But games are a lot more fun to play than to talk about, perhaps video games in particular. So this is going to be a catchall installment, designed to cover a bunch of little topics and tie up loose ends.

1. New games. I have bought some new games, particularly now that they are down as low as 99 cents each. One store sold cartridges for \$4.99 with a \$5.00 mail in rebate. But the better games are generally still higher priced, and the newer games almost always are. But I did splurge a bit in the past several months, primarily because of the sales.

Colecovision is, like the other systems, on rocky ground. Competition from the battalions of computer games, the discontinuance of the Adam computer system, and internal problems at Coleco all contributed. 2010, the movie, spawned a cartridge of the same name. It has exceptionally good graphic qualities, even for Coleco, and the game is pretty interesting. You have to make your way through a schematic of the Jupiter probe, identifying circuits that are malfunctioning. At each malfunction, you default to another screen where you must trace a path through the circuitry without crossing your own path in order to fix that circuit. And there's a time limit, because your orbit is decaying, and you must repair the engines in time to avoid crashing.

ILLUSIONS is straight out of M.C Escher. A number of creatures travel through a bizarre landscape, and you must join them into a single entity, avoiding a variety of natural hazards. Unfortunately, this game apparently involves a knack I have yet to learn, and I have only made it to the advanced level once. DAM BUSTERS is a flying and bombing game that is so complex, you need a pilot's license to do it well, but it is very well designed, and when I've had time to learn to play it well, I think it will be one of my favorites. TARZAN is a variation of PITFALL, with Tarzan travelling through various jungle scenes avoiding gorillas, snakes, and other hazards. Better than average, but nothing really original.

PITSTOP is the best of the racing games. When your car hits the edge of the road, your tires begin to deteriorate. You also run out of fuel. Players must watch the map track and decide on which lap to stop at the pitstop for repairs. A crash on the track itself removes you from the game. The usual fine graphics and excellent sound effects.

Atari: I picked up a couple of real cheapos that aren't even worth mentioning, but almost interesting and certainly fun was COSMIC COMMUTER, a DEFENDER variant, with amusing graphics. You have to pick up commuters while avoiding space debris.

Intellivision is, of course, out of business, but I did locate FROG BOG for \$2, which is about what it is worth. You cause your frog to jump from one lily pad to another, while snaffling insects out of the air by timing the jump, the tongue, and the quarry's flight. Fun for about thirty minutes.

2. That brings me up to date on videogame purchases. I did get David a copy of the text game, ZORK 1, for the Radio Shack computer system, along with a printer. We've only played it a few times, discovered only a handful of its features, but it seems like fun. So far we've been limited to only a handful of rooms, can't break through anywhere into the rest of the house, but it's only a matter of time. I wish the treasures were randomly distributed rather than following the same pattern every time, but you can't have everything.

3. Why am I so interested in games? In addition to the video and computer games, I have a reasonable collection of board games, war games, strategy games, etc. Admittedly I haven't played much but TRIVIAL PURSUIT and SCRABBLE in recent months, but it's only for lack of time amidst competing interests. I used to design games when I was younger. During high school I invented a form of war game -- not based on the near universal hex space system of today - that involved thousands of pieces to be moved on each side during each turn. It took me nearly a year to complete my first and only game (playing by myself, of course). And I designed some more playable group games in college, and since. There have been several versions of SPACE MONOPOLY, an old favorite of the local SF group, which uses the basic monopoly rules along with scores of new ones, on a board that has cross tracks and complications galore.

Obviously I have a strong competitive drive. It is almost impossible for me to throw a game or even play lackadaisically, although contradictorily, I don't mind losing so long as I have played well. The fact that I play so many solo games seems to indicate it is not just a drive to succeed over my fellows either. Maybe it's because games are mini-universes where the rules are for the most part clear cut and absolutely enforceable? I don't know. It's one of those mysteries about myself to which I haven't a clue.

When I was attending college, attendance at lecture sessions was almost always mandatory. Some of the lectures were incredibly boring. The professor I had for Shakespeare was the world's foremost authority on the physical staging of the plays, and he would either tell us in excruciating detail how people entered and exited, or would just read his favorite passages to us.

In self defense, I invented games that could be played in the margins of my note pads. These games became gradually more complex. Some involved warfare among as many as twenty different countries, with shifting alliances based on a semi-random occurrence of key words in the lecture (this also enabled me to keep part of my mind on what he was saying, just in case). There was a football game with the various offensive and defensive plays, and their outcomes, keyed to other semi-random symbols. Oddly enough, I was not at that time fond of any sports. Except for badminton, I played very little as a youth, followed no professional team, was only mildly interested during college. Even today, while I actively like football and occasionally watch basketball, all other sports bore me to distraction. So my interest in games might be compensation for sports deprivation as a child? Doesn't sound likely.



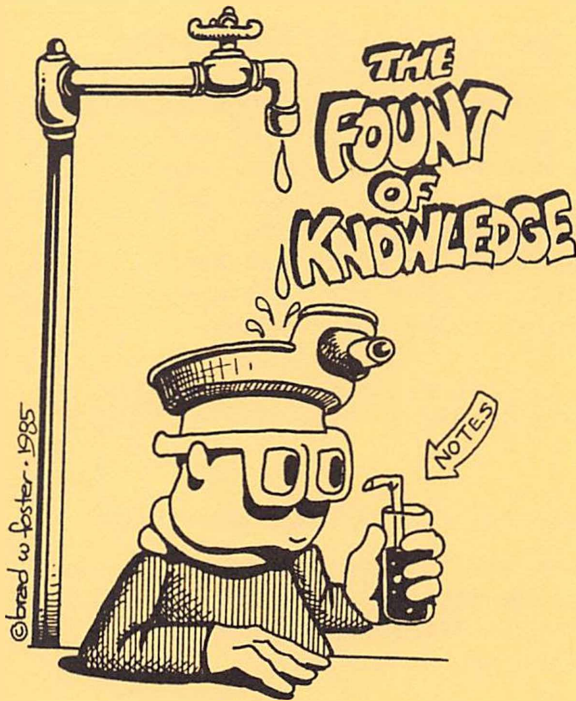
4. Banning videogames. I had planned an entire installment on the subject, but the furor seems to have largely died down. Video game arcades were banned in a number of places for a variety of reasons, or at least the stated reasons were various. They included the fact that videogames were a waste of time, that they were a solitary activity and didn't give young people the opportunity to meet one another, that they attracted the wrong element, that they were addictive, that some people committed crimes in order to get the money to play them, and so on. Quite frankly, I believe the real reason was that people saw that video games fans were enjoying themselves, which is suspect on the face of it, and enjoying themselves at something that most adults do not understand, which is even worse. The recent attacks on Dungeons and Dragons, a game I have never played, as an instrument of the devil, along with many of the same justifications for banning videogames, is an example of the same thing.

I am reminded of a news story of some years ago set, I believe, in Wyoming. It seems that the local college students were wandering up into the mountain meadows and smoking (or eating, or somehow ingesting) a common wildflower that filled the meadows. The students insisted they were getting high. The flower was not on the list of controlled substances, so the local chief of police took samples to various laboratories to find out what its properties were. The findings were all the same -- no narcotic or hallucinatory effects whatsoever. The students were either pulling a gag or eliciting spontaneous hallucinations. There was an interview with the chief of police, stripped of all legal recourse. His comment: "I don't know how they're doing it, but they're getting high somehow and I'm going to find a way to bring it to a stop." No follow up story, so I can't tell you what ensued.

I don't understand why fun can be so suspect. Oh, I know all about our Puritannical heritage and how pure pleasure has always been viewed with some suspicion by the various churches. But so many other aspects of our society are now geared toward fun (amusement) for adults, one would think that attitudes are changing. Apparently not.

5. I mentioned that I've had less time for videogames lately. I should mention my own new amusement. A month ago I purchased a VCR recorder, because I noticed that WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? was on, and it's one of my favorite pictures of all times and I wanted a copy. In the next four weeks, I taped almost seventy films, and I plan another few dozen during the next month. With all three pay TV movie services, plus one free movie channel and two others that show predominantly films, I have a lot to choose from. So I'm slowly building a library of classic SF films (have THINGS TO COME, THIS ISLAND EARTH, both versions of THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, THX 1138, and many others already), comedies, which I unabashedly love -- Gene Wilder, Terri Garr, Jack Lemmon, etc. All I needed was another time consuming hobby, right?

But the observation I made was that electronics have changed our lifestyles an enormous amount in just the past few years. I rarely pay to go to theatres now that I can rent or tape movies at home (rentals are as low as \$1 per night here). Video games, home computers, satellite dishes, tape recorders, microwave ovens, have all become standard parts of most households. I can't help wondering what the home of ten years from now is going to look like. For the first time in my life (even more than when we walked on the moon -- since I was in Vietnam at the time) I feel as though I am living in a science fiction story, that I am seeing the future of our civilization unfold in front of me. At least in its more physical terms. It's too bad that other aspects of our society aren't progressing as rapidly. It might make this a really nice time to be alive.



## W A N D E R I N G

I had just left a party sponsored by my close friends, Justin Thyme and Lauren Ordur, and decided to walk back rather than take a cab. After all, one never knew what knowledge one might discover by walking through the right neighborhoods.

Almost immediately I found myself passing a major construction project. A skyscraper was being erected, and its spiderweb skeleton was slowly being welded in place. As I passed, I could hear one of the foremen complaining that the work had fallen seriously behind their schedule. He was haranguing a group of workers, who looked at each other sullenly. Obviously he had little respect for his welders.

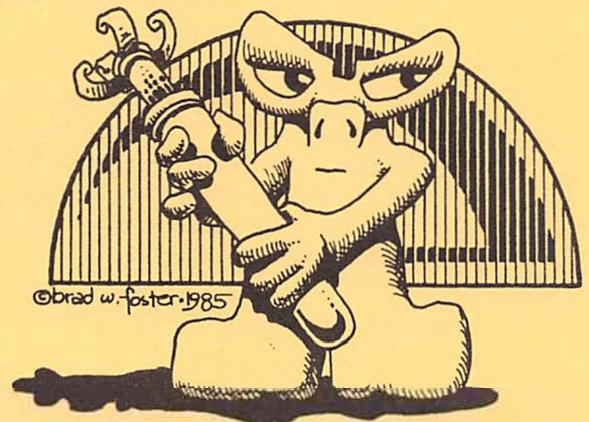
Shortly thereafter I found that I was passing near a tanning salon, one of those fascinating new businesses that spring up around a fad. This particular place was known as Tanfastic, a name I abhorred as I abhor all puns. An altercation was going on here as well, and I paused long enough to discover that two of the attendants were quarrelling about a tip that had been left by a departing client. Since both attendants had waited upon the individual, each felt that he had at least a partial claim to the tip. The moral of this story obviously is that one should always tip the right tanfastic.

Adjacent to this building was a toy shop, one window of which was filled with Cabbage Patch dolls, in accordance with Cole's Law. One shop further down was a fast food joint, Chicken Out, which had been closed a few weeks previously because of strange phenomena which had plagued the management. Deep fat fried chicken parts had inexplicably zoomed around the restaurant at unpredictable intervals, frightening the clientele. It appeared that they had fallen victim to a poultry geist.

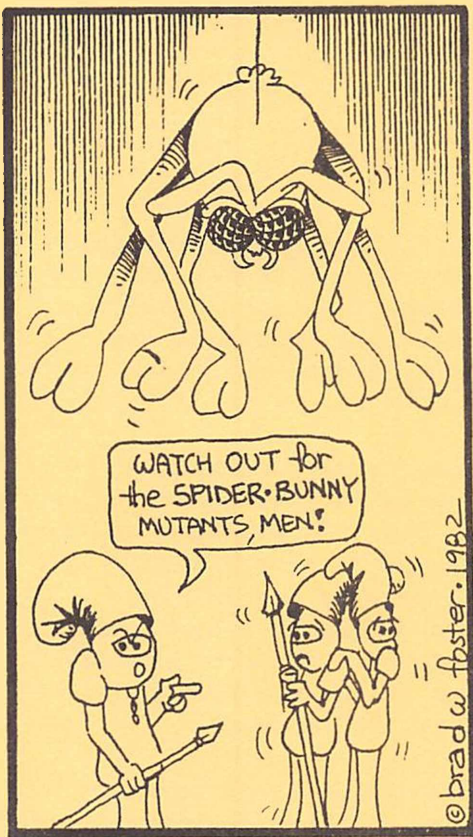
I crossed the street and found myself facing a television repair shop. A single twelve inch television set stood in the window, switched on to a comedy show of uncertain origin. The color was atrocious, and skin tones appeared a rich purple. Even worse, the picture was all squashed down so that the figures seemed foreshortened. The squat, purple comedian who was regaling us with his routine was probably named Eddy Smurfy.

I took a shortcut down an alley and walked parallel to a stretch of abandoned railroad tracks. This was usually one of the most littered areas in the city, but a troop of Boy Scouts had recently spent a Saturday walking along the tracks, collecting the detritus of years. A block further down, I left the wasteless tracks and cut through another alley back into the commercial district.

I reached the record shop in record time. -23-







Around the block from the record store is, believe it or not, one of the first churches to be built in the city, now entirely surrounded by business establishments. As I approached, I noticed the deterioration of the building. There were holes in the concrete steps, holes in the facade, and holes in some of the stained glass windows. Sections of the brickwork of the walls had been eroded away, and it appeared that the roof was in need of repair. Wholly holey holy indeed.

The next building was a bookstore **that was actually** the front for a bookie operation. Seemed appropriate somehow.

After that was the used car lot. A Fiat looks good.

I crossed another street and stopped at the local magazine store. For a few minutes, I thumbed through the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, just to see if there was anything new in mutations. There wasn't.

There was a rack of paperbacks as well, which

included such recent new releases as Frank Herbert's *PROFITS OF DUNE*, in which an interstellar banking cartel purchases Arrakis for its own purposes, *ONE GOOD PERN DESERVES ANOTHER* by Anne McCaffrey, the beginning of a new sub-series of novels for young readers, *MYASIS DRAGON* by Piers Anthony, the most recent novel of Xanth, *FEMINISTS OF GOR*, a startling collaboration between Joanna Russ and John Norman, *THE ROBOTS OF EMPIRE*, *LIKE DUST*, *FIND THE CURRENTS OF SPACE UNDER A NAKED SKY AT THE END OF ETERNITY* by Isaac Asimov, which should need no explanation, *TOMMY DORSAI* by Gordon Dickson, which tells of the scandal when a firstborn son of that warrior race decides to give up the military life for a career in music, and *HAIRY KRISHNA* by L. Sprague de Camp, the last of the *Viagens Interplanetarias* series, because the entire planet Krishna is overgrown by mutant follicles in the final chapter.

Next I passed a theatre marquis advertising a martial arts film set in the old west. Marshall Arts returns to exact vengeance on a gang of outlaws after he is disarmed and defeated. I don't know what he could manage to do without arms or feet, but at least he didn't lose his head over the matter.

A hat shop was next and I thought about **buying** one, but I didn't think Sheila would like it. If I thought Sheila felt as I felt when I felt it, for of all the felt hats I ever felt I never felt a felt hat that felt as that felt hat felt. So I didn't.

I passed a print shop, and saw the customers inside putting their fingers on ink pads. Didn't sound like much fun. The record shop was full of filing cabinets, keeping records of everything imaginable. I avoided looking through the window of the body shop; cadavers have always made me uneasy. There was no one in the auto shop; it ran itself. But I needed to use the phone, so I entered the sewing shop.

Sew it goes...

# Elaborate Lies

## PSEUDOSCIENCE

SUE ANDERSON

The most mind-boggling assertion you cited was Jaynes' statement that the existence of cruelty among the Assyrians PROVES that they were "conscious". Is this just because the hallucination-producing half of the brain is by definition sweet, gentle, and an all-around Good Person? Or is Jaynes relying on self-introspection? "I have no cruel impulses. If I want to be cruel -- nyahhahhah! -- I have to be fully aware of it, and so cruelty must be a fully conscious process... etc. Nah, that sounds weird. What then? Does he explain his reasoning?

I saw THE ORIGIN OF CONSCIOUSNESS in a bookstore when it first came out, picked it up, read a couple of passages, showed it to Mark, said, "Hey, another loonie," and put it down, and have no intention of going into it any further. One advantage of turning first to the middle of the argument is that it's easier to resist being led into the maze by the opening sensible remarks.

((Jaynes seems to feel that cruelty is done for self gratification, and could not be done on an instinctual level. Therefore, cruelty equals self awareness.)))

CHRIS SHERMAN

Your essay provoked a variety of thoughts: some scattered across various fields of human endeavour; some focused particularly on the area of computer science known as machine or "artificial" intelligence.

I really believe in the power of the media to influence human thought and life -- media is almost as powerful as the natural forces of gravity and entropy. Media is usually the substrate in which thoughts or ideas are embedded, and is often reduced to second-class status as a simple vehicle of information. Contrast this modern attitude to that of ancient times, when the messenger was often put to death when bringing bad tidings... I like to imagine this ancient set of principles being revived when thinking about the "Fairness in Media" attempt to silence CRS's "liberal tendencies"... Tonight a group of righteous citizens flayed and quartered newscaster Dan Rather for reporting that the world as a whole was neglecting the problem of starvation in northern Africa...



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Your comment on an alien culture approaching the Earth with a different set of reality principles struck home. Given the power of the media to influence ideas here on Earth, and of people to change reality paradigms based on the evidence of powerful "authorities" (ie manipulators of the media), I think a novel founded on the clash in reality perception resulting from inter-species contact would be realistic and extremely interesting. I hope you don't mind if I write it, Real Soon Now.

Another idea that occurred to me was sparked not only by the essay in general but by your first line -- the tendency of humans to distance themselves from nature." You mention Snow's two cultures briefly. I venture to suggest that the two cultures are blending rapidly, via the machinations of the digital computer. "Science" thanks to specialization is now as much of an arcane art as popular or "cultural" art is a science. Both exhibit "secular" (the current buzzword of economics and politics -- substitute "ordinary") survival tendencies that draw on marketing techniques and calculated efforts to understand the consumer populace.

Let me comment on your essay point by point. First, you mention that Berman is a historian of science. Yet Berman claims it was the scientific method that distanced us from the "real world", using Bacon and Newton as the primary instigators of our fall from grace. If he had any sense, he would have set his sights a bit further down the historical panorama, and blamed Descartes, for giving credence to the dualism of mind and body, and in fact setting the stage for describing nature in mechanical terms. It's not the scientific method that causes humans to be distanced from nature -- in fact the final credo of the scientific method (to describe in parsimonious terms) seems to encourage exactly the opposite. It's the continual urge/necessity to quantify, or create external order out of the "reality" that "removes" the human from his environment. Berman also suffers from the typical "scientist" view of reality -- that all people operate according to a researchable and quantifiable set of methodological principles -- in other words, all people are scientists. Try to tell my great uncle in Wisconsin who owns and operates a farm that he is alienated from the natural world just because he watches DALLAS each week.

The other remark I would like to make is that humans tend to reinvent enchantment and the magical in terms of their society and the reality paradigms it will support.

BRAD FOSTER

Your MYTH was particularly fascinating this time out. I've already noted down the titles and authors of all three books to look around for, these sound like fascinating reading. Are these recent books or older? I've noticed more and more in the past few years that my reading is moving toward this type of "scientific" material which is often much more fascinating than the majority of science fiction.

A question on the Berman book though. In your third paragraph, the idea of asking "why" switching to asking "how". That sounds okay, as I see the question of why as one of a more religious nature, i.e. why is this happening, what lesson/message am I to learn from this? But at the end of the paragraph you evidently meant to restate this idea, but seemed to take a different tact. Saying that "caring whether a particular property of existence was beneficial or harmful to the world" does not to me mean the same as asking why it occurs.

((For Berman, they are the same thing. There was a purpose in everything that happened in nature.)))

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

Berman contends that 99 percent of human history was in an enchanted world. Really? I get the impression that it was more like what Poul Anderson described in the introduction to his book *HROLF KRAKI'S SAGA*... "Slaughter, slavery, robbery, rape, torture, heathen rites bloody or obscene, were parts of everyday life. Love, loyalty, honesty beyond the most niggling technicalities were only for one's kindred, chieftain, and closest friends. The rest of mankind were foemen or prey. And often anger or treachery broke what bonds there had been."

Likewise I cannot understand why Berman regards Newton as such a major breakthrough in the way we look at the universe. A better candidate for that title would be Kepler, would it not? It was Kepler who used mathematics to describe the orbits of the planets and made the sun-centered solar system a possibility. And by removing the Earth from the center of the universe, he made it more possible to think of ourselves as nothing very special in the scheme of things.

As for the rest of Berman you quote, I can agree with your adjective of "flaky". Likewise for the other two. I wonder if any of these writers has ever had a loved one die from smallpox, the plague, typhoid, cholera, etc., or if they regard these things as part of the wonderful good old days that we should all look back to.

ROY TACKETT

I read Julian Jaynes' book a few years back. Rather an amusing theory but hardly one with any credibility to it. Jaynes exhibits a remarkable lack of knowledge of ancient history and apparently has no grasp of the time scale involved. Haven't read Morris Berman and now that you have mentioned the book will be sure not to. Ferguson seems to be another of those who think that salvation lies in development of a hive society. My only comment on that is a raspberry.

JIM MANN

I disagree with Morris Berman that, before the scientific revolution, man was somehow more in touch with nature. Rather than being in touch with nature, man was often intimidated by nature. Yes, nature was enchanted -- populated with gods, demons, and supernatural nasties. It is actually the scientific revolution that is putting us more in touch with the real universe (those of us who want to be anyway).

Berman's statement that Newton got us into the pattern of asking how instead of why is meaningless. Why on one level is how on another. A scientist may ask "Why does a prism separate light?" The explanation would involve the wave nature of light, the interaction of these waves with the material of the prism, and so forth. But this is also a how. We can play similar semantic games and reverse his position on the ancients. The Greek philosophers did not ask why man should be good, but how he can be good.

((The "Why?" Berman is referring to might be better stated "For what purpose?" In his worldview, the prism did not break up light for any of the reasons you mentioned. It was just its nature to break up light. The physical phenomena which we observe were invented by men and imposed upon the prism, they were not inherent to its nature. I can however sympathize to some extent with Berman. You should read George Martin's "With Morning Comes Mistfall" to see what I mean.)))



JOHN LELAND

It sounds as if the writers you are discussing (whom I have not read, though I skimmed *THE AQUARIAN CONSPIRACY*) are advancing on a more popular level the argument put forward by Owen Barfield in *SAVING THE APPEARANCES* (which in turn owed a great deal to Bishop Berkeley). In one sense, I think the ultimate criticism is true: all physical observation is necessarily imperfect, and is also interpreted in terms of mindview. But I tend to agree with you that there is an objective reality out there, even though we can only know it imperfectly. When Galileo looked through his telescope and saw mountains on the moon, his discovery was unaffected by the fact that everyone (including up to that point Galileo) had believed the moon was a perfect sphere. It should be noted, however, that there is actually a difference between this argument and the argument that all things are in some sense animate. It would be quite possible for all the physical observations of science to be correct and still not invalidate the possibility that the physical objects involved had "souls" which would not be physical by nature. (A point made in C.S. Lewis' *VOYAGE OF THE DAWNTREADER* when a boy from our world, Eustace, is told that an old man he met was formerly a star -- he objects that a star is just a ball of flaming gas and is told "That is what a star is made of -- not what it is.") The real objection to this theory lies not in the fact that physical rules can explain our physical observations, but that the invocations based on the assumption of animate nature are so seldom demonstrably successful. It is simply not true (as I can state having read a good many medieval and renaissance magical texts) that these beings were assumed to have the option of cooperating or not -- provided the spell was done correctly, the results were alleged to be certain. The actual reason that science replaced magic was quite simply, that science (even in its primitive form) did provide results which were, on the whole, more reliable than those of magic. As Asimov remarks in *FOUNDATION*, the miracles of science really work. I have known a fair number of magicians and made a few cautious invocations myself, and my observations lead me to conclude that if magic works at all, it does so on a basis so erratic that it is of no practical use. Elish's magician Ware in *BLACK EASTER* makes the point correctly when he describes this rite needed to kill a man by magic and notes that all the elaborate preparations could be avoided by simply buying a gun and shooting the intended victim instead.

Regarding Jaynes' book, it seems to me (again from your account of it and other reviews) that his theory simply does not fit the historical events he is trying to explain; it is simply untrue, for example, that cruelty was unknown before the Assyrian Empire -- and it was often directly associated with the kind of divinely-directed approach he assumes preceded the "cruel" world. For instance, Joshua and Samuel, both Jewish leaders prior to the rise of Assyria (at least as a major power) believed their god had commanded them to massacre entire communities.

Regarding Jaynes' theory of language developing because people were living in dark caves and could not rely on visual signals, I would note 1) that if I understand Richard Leakey et al correctly, there is evidence of cooperation among humans in the days when they were living on the open savannah before they moved into caves -- cooperation which is usually taken to presuppose language as a means of organization 2) the "cave-dwellers" normally lived near the entrances of the caves (so that, for instance, smoke from campfires could escape naturally) and hence during the day they would be illuminated by sunlight most of the time. I share Mark Keller's view that the absence of the word "will" proves nothing about the self-awareness of the characters in Homer; certainly Achilles gives plenty of evidence, I should think, of a well-developed ego in both the popular and technical sense.

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DAVE SZUREK

Any of the three theorist authors you discuss could be right on about the esoteric nature of reality. It's not likely but I try not to dismiss anything as "impossible", just not likely or just not relevant to a given individual's personal reality. More likely, as is the case with "all" doctrines, they've caught (and communicated) a glimpse of the truth, along with several glimpses of sheer balderdash. Perman is (by my standards) the most laugh provoking of the trio, and Ferguson the most interesting. As far as her theory of accelerated evolution, though, fifteen or even ten years ago it might have, in my book, held water, but I seriously doubt that Reagan would be President in a highly evolved society. De-evolution is more like it.

## MANAGING

MIKE ROGERS

My blood tends to boil when reading of each new wave of corporate takeovers. There seem to be more of them these days, or perhaps the press merely takes more note of them. The depressing part of the whole spectacle is that these feudal jousts rarely benefit the economy as a whole. It's at least possible that the massive amounts of capital and loan money being poured into takeover bids could be affecting interest rates which are still well above the "real" level of 4 to 5 percent plus inflation.

The hot business story in Atlanta right now is Ted Turner vs CBS. At first I thought he was simply playing the story for maximum publicity, but now he looks like he's serious about a takeover bid. The above comments hold here as well. CBS is big enough to wear Turner out with lawsuit after lawsuit and FCC inquiries out the wazoo. Ted Turner never could resist a challenge, though, and this time he's betting everything. I'd hate to see Turner hustled back to nothing, because TBS programming is sometimes more interesting than the networks. Turner was the one who bought American rights to "Threads", not one of the Big Three. He's not a saint -- seven hours of wrestling a week should be grounds for civil action if not criminal -- but he provides an alternative that many people would miss if he loses his ass.

My politics are quite conservative in business and financial matters, leaning toward as little government as realistically possible (as reference, I think the Libertarian idea of how little government is needed is a fantasy). But it may be time to put a lid on takeovers, and especially put severe limits on just how far management may go in protecting their own asses as opposed to representing the shareholders' interests. All too many managements care nothing for the people they are supposed to be working for.

((We recently went through an unfriendly takeover, Brown Forman distillery bought Lenox China, of which we were then a division. We are now privately owned. Both companies will show unfavorable profit figures for years to come. A number of business researchers have pointed out that there is too much emphasis in this country on making money through manipulation of figures, rather than on increased productivity or production efficiencies. There has to be a blend of both. We should certainly look to improve our companies by mixing product lines for self protection, but I agree with you completely that things are out of hand and only the corporate legal staffs are the invariable winners. But how do you fairly legislate against it?)))



SUE ANDERSON

I just realized that I've worked for an extremely great variety of management systems: civil service, entrepreneurial, large manufacturing corporation with many departments, small family retailer -- to cite only the long term jobs. From employee's viewpoint, civil service was the most satisfactory: eliminated (largely) management by a) whim, b) power. My entrepreneur employer was a devotee of a book called THE WILL TO MANAGE -- from what little I read of it, it takes a very hard-line, right-wing approach to employee relations... "Triumph of the Will to Manage", you know. "YOU have the power to make decisions. MAKE the decisions, then TELL your employees what WILL be done or ELSE..." Or else don't tell them, just do it. I left that operation abruptly one afternoon when I found that they had locked up my file cabinets without telling me they intended to do so, and that to refer to my own work I had to be under the scrutiny of my "supervisor", a twerp who couldn't add and frequently proclaimed that a woman's place was in the kitchen making english muffins from scratch, like his wife. They're still in business, so far as I know, but without me.

By the way -- are you sure that the promotions are going to women named Ethel and Myrtle because of their names, or could it be that Jennifer, Dawn, Cheryl, and Michelle are just a little bit young to be vice-president? Those are all recently trendy names?

((One would assume that the study took into consideration the age of the contenders, although that might be a bad assumption. I recently took a test in PSYCHOLOGY TODAY that said I was mildly to moderately hostile to women. But then I took the women's test and found that I was moderately to significantly hostile to men. Very poor test design. THE WILL TO MANAGE and its ilk are obviously the result of the authoritarian psyche. There are some contexts in which you have to be authoritarian, but they are limited. When I differ with a subordinate about a procedure, I'll go along with them in minor matters. But in a significant situation, they have to convince me, not vice versa. I'll happily explain my reasons, but since I'm ultimately responsible and will take the blame, I have to agree with the decision. Naturally that means that if I'm wrong, (or even if I'm right and my subordinate screws up), I accept the blame. And my subordinates certainly don't appear to be shy about telling me when I'm wrong; they certainly do it often enough. One of the penalties of having talented people working for you is that quite frequently they know more about their aspects of your department than you do.)))

BEN INDICK

As for business, well, I own my own pharmacy but no one has ever accused me of being a businessman. I have one clerk, whom I allow to come late each day, nor really press him to do more than he knows to do. You see, he speaks Spanish, and in the Bronx, this is more important than other utilizations. I invest a minimum of capital, no longer trying to keep all medications. I keep what I can sell and since my store is 90% dependent on physicians, in general I know what I need. Also, to keep too much here invites break-ins. Accordingly, I do little front merchandising, keeping it as a prescription store.

((There are times -- frequently in fact -- when I envy anyone who owns his own business for the freedom from bosses. On the other hand, the work involved in your own business and the worry about continued solvency is probably annoying too.)))

STEVEN BIELER

In MYTHOLOGIES 17 you note the lack of overlap between business and fandom, and the indifference the latter generally holds toward the former. Fans do perceive business, in your word, as "alien". Is this perception characteristic of American society? I think so.

In almost every office, someone in some department will have a sign attached to a wall or desk saying, "You don't have to be crazy to work here, but it helps." Or "After the rush is over, I'm going to have a nervous breakdown," with commentary. Or that bootlegged cartoon of Snoopy struggling through the work week. It's always the secretaries, file clerks, and data input operators -- the clerical staff -- who puts that sign up. Because they know that the office they work in is "crazy".

I became an office temp in 1977. In the next five years, in Boston and Seattle, I handled approximately one hundred assignments in hospitals, banks, insurance agencies, advertising firms, you name it. Since 1982 I've worked full time as a secretary and administrative assistant. I cite this experience to prove that a) I've been around, and b) EVERY job is crazy, if you're a secretary, file clerk, data input operator, or even administrative assistant. Management, IN GENERAL, hands down its decisions like gods from Olympia; the Greeks had no warning of divine decrees, and neither do secretaries. If you are typing memos for two supervisors who don't coordinate workloads with each other and who spring projects on you with impossibly close deadlines that, when you woke up this morning, you had no indication even existed, then of course your office is crazy. You never know what to expect, except executive lunacy.

I have found that offices differ, not in whether A is crazy and B is not, but in the degree of craziness A manifests in contrast to B.

(I HAVE had good managers; but for the most part, people who ascend to managerial rank do not strive for good lines of communication with the lower-downs. Nor do they understand the parameters and difficulties of those positions they must supervise. Your statement that you not only understand but willingly perform all of the jobs that fall under your jurisdiction impressed me most of all.)

Since fans are most often found in the clerical sector, they partake of this attitude that business is (of course) incomprehensible.

((Actually I've been accused of explaining too much. Every time I start toward the whiteboard to illustrate my point I get a nasty glare from one of my supervisors. This is because I once mentioned that one of my superiors was so dumb that I had to draw him a picture of everything. People who don't keep in touch with their subordinates jobs, problems, etc. cannot do a good job. I type almost all of my own memos and do most of my computations myself.

You illustrate another problem. You should never report to two different people, for exactly the reason you cite. There has to be a single authority assigning priorities in matters like this or you will find yourself the battlefield in an interoffice war. It is not fair to put subordinates in this position; they rarely have the wherewithal to defend themselves. For anything of a non-trivial nature, I always go through the supervisors who work for me and let them decide how and when to have it done.)))



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HARRY WARNER

"Unfunny Business" gave me a great deal of mental conflict. I agree that women are unfairly treated in the working world as a general thing; I think they should be paid and hnaldded like men in all jobs not requiring brute physical strength, and yet I was grinding my few remaining teeth while reading the article because of a specialized form of prejudice against women workers I developed over the years. Whatever their abilities and their deserves in general, I found female journalists who worked at the Hagerstown newspapers to be dreadful as a class. There were some exceptions, but perhaps three out of four of those I tried to work with down thru the years were terrible workers compared with the male journalists in Hagerstown. Their absenteeism rate must have been three or four times higher than that of the men, they couldn't sit down and write a story or collect information when time was short but kept interrupting themselves to run to another desk and share gossip or spend ten minutes getting a soft drink out of the machine or make three telephone calls per page of copy turned out. Some of them would start to bawl if criticized by an editor, they engaged in nasty feuds and vendettas among themselves, and they were particularly vicious at blowing smoke into non-smokers' faces. I don't know if this was a situation peculiar to Hagerstown or if it reflects daily newspaper circumstances on a national basis, if firmer control of female journalists by management would have solved the problem, if these women improved their performance after they quit their local jobs and moved on to work somewhere else.

(( Well, I don't know how big or typical your sample was, but one out of four good people on the job strikes me as a high percentage. There were probably just as many bad habits among the male journalists, but you were used to them and didn't notice any more. And many women have been taught from birth that whatever they do is unimportant compared to what a man does, so why should they suddenly decide that deadlines are important for them? The males where I work feud every bit as much or more than the females. They generally do it in different ways, but that doesn't make it any less vicious.)))

JOHN LELAND

I appreciate your discussion of business life -- economics is a field in which my expertise is extremely limited, and I welcome any comprehensible additions to it. I agree with you that most fen are very ignorant about economics, which in my view helps explain the enthusiasm for the more drastic forms of libertarianism among them--capitalism is easier to glorify when it is an "unknown ideal" than a mundane reality. While, as I said above, I know little of economics, it does seem clear to me that the heroic entrepreneur, "The Man Who Sold the Moon" type, has, as you say, been largely replaced by the professional manager--and that the managers work best if they involve their employees in decisions. I tend to favor a form of free market syndicalism myself, but there is little point in elaborating details given my fuzziness on the whole subject. I might remark that one point that struck me about E.E. Smith as a writer was that although his space battles might be scientifically ludicrous in his own day, to say nothing of ours, he really did know something about office politics and his sequences where his heroes were disguised as factory workers or managers always seemed relatively credible and interesting, though of course even in that environment his heroes were still heroic, always performing brilliantly--on occasion with amusing results. I recall one case where the hero was working for a zwilnik outfit smuggling drugs, with a cover job managing a factory, and did so well as a manager that he got promoted and saw the drug smuggling assigned to someone else.

## RAPF

DOUG BARBOUR

The rape symposium was also enlightening, and does, in its way, speak for the darker world of lacklove. But I feel you're correct to point to power as opposed to sexual feeling as the driving force behind rape. And I hate to admit it, but I suspect that in a way "all men" do somehow benefit from the power-tripping rape signals. We still live in a world where we (men) benefit from privilege over women, and though I speak against it and wish for its end, I am not sure that I am really doing anything positive to make it end sooner. One thing I will say, though, and that is that personally I have never been able to buy the "a penis has no morals or mind" theory of sexual attraction. The person has, or doesn't have, morals and a mind and can, if he wills, act upon them. As well, it seems to me with my limited experience, that pleasure in the act comes only when the other (here I am arguing heterosexually) is also experiencing pleasure, and is therefore willing to give herself to you. But I speak as someone with no interest in pain whatsoever. I would also agree that images in supposedly non-pornographic media are as responsible for the continuing IDEA that women really LIKE to be taken by superior strength (I note an article in the most recent MADEMOISELLE: "Let Us Now Praise Macho Men" in which the author argues that such "hunks" are more interesting than those nice but not really attractive guys who try to see the woman's side and don't come on too strong.

((Given the range of human personality, I'm sure there are some women that would enjoy being taken by force, and probably a lot more than would like to fantasize about it but avoid the real thing. But then a large number of men have some pretty strange aberrations too. "Golden Showers"?)))

STEVE SWARTZ

I've read two different kinds of books about rape, the analytic and the emotive. Analytic efforts (into which class I'd put your essay) stick close to the facts, maybe turn up some new insights, but finish off in the unsatisfactory position of concluding that yeah, rape's a bad thing and, no, there doesn't seem to be much of anything to do about it. Emotive efforts, on the other hand, offer biased viewpoints and unrealistic solutions (cut off the genitals of every man convicted of rape) that are somehow more satisfying even as they ring untrue. I'd rather read the former kind of book, but I'd rather write the latter -- I bet I'm not alone, feeling that way. I also bet that if you went to a feminist bookstore you'd find more of the latter kind of book.

Suppose I know someone doesn't want to have sex with me. If I get them drunk and then use psychological (but not physical) force, is that rape? If I lie to them, making myself out to be someone I'm not, and thus "fool" them into having sex with me, is that rape? The world is filled with influences, mental and emotional as well as physical, that can make us do something today that we'd regret tomorrow. Influences that have more strength in some ways than we do. Clearly if we were super strong and super-wise and super-sane then we'd never be "forced" to do something we'd rather not do. Since we aren't super-anything, sometimes our will is overcome by circumstances. I think it's the shatteringness of being overcome sexually, our vulnerability and insecurity along that line, that sets rape apart from other acts of violence, and that shatteringness can be just as strong when it results from emotional pressure as when it comes from physical attack. So I'd suggest a widening



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of your definition of rape. Many attacks are not physical, and some attackers are not male.

Did you ever encounter THE MINDS OF BILLY MILLIGAN by Daniel Keyes, author of "Flowers for Algernon"? Billy Milligan was a rapist in Columbus, Ohio, back in the late 1970's. Turns out he was afflicted with a shattered personality -- 10 or 15 people live in his head. There's some evidence that his step-father took him out to a rural Ohio farm and buried him to the knees and elbows in a barn for a weekend at a time, amusing himself by firing at a target placed above Billy on the barn wall and repeatedly sodomizing him while he was buried there. A well written book. Very slanted, not so much towards Billy as against the system that considers punishing him for what he did more important than trying to help him.

Women's groups, especially, were unable to admit the possibility that Billy had raped because of a severe confusion of means and ends (that is, a severe mental illness). You go that way too -- all rape, you say by way of following the feminist line, is about aggression and property rights. Feminists hoe that line because it paints rape as a willful act of violence done in a reasoned (or at least coherent) manner by an aware being. Hardly something one is moved to be understanding towards. Many rapes are best interpreted that way, but many others are better interpreted as the act of a sick mind looking for sex and the things it represents, frustrated by healthy channels, and reverting to force in a doomed effort to attempt to fill an overwhelming need. Just as wrong, just as reprehensible, but more a confused than a motivated behavior.

The best way to capture what I miss in your essay is to complain that you focus too much on the facts behind rape and not enough on the myths around it. What people believe rape to be, what they react to as rape, is determined by their myths of sex and violation. How they react to it is determined not by their thoughts but by the strength of their myth of self. What leads people to rape is not always will, but often the fulfillment of mythical imperatives. It's those myths, and not particular individuals, that Brownmiller is describing when she talks about every-man and every-woman. It's those myths, and their insusceptibility to reasoned analysis and fixes, that leave you depressed about ever getting beyond rape. Or beyond sexism or racism or whatever. So myth is left to literature and art, and science remains baffled by the lack of rational solutions to social and personal problems. Status quo.

((OK, so write me the article yourself and I'll print it. I'm against widening the definition or meaning of "rape" because I'm a splitter and not a lumper. The other situations you refer to are clearly analogous, but "fraud" is probably a closer description than rape.

I never meant to imply that there was a single reason for rape. There are probably countless reasons, including mental illness. What I was trying to say was that I don't believe sex as an act is the primary motivating factor in the majority of rapes, but the exercise of power over another individual. Homosexual rape is almost certainly the same situation.)))

MARTY KLUG

A few years ago a close friend of mine was raped. Ever since then I've found it hard to sit through all the mickey mouse causation theories by the talkshow feminists and fundamentalists. For some people I suppose it's comforting to think

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rapists are basically decent guys and the only reason they attack women is because they saw a PLAYBOY centerfold or sat through one too many Brian DePalma movies. The reason the shows never interview the rapists is because everyone would see the rapist for what he actually is -- an insensitive, sadistic jerk.

I agree with you that rape is primarily a power fantasy. By getting his jollies by physically dominating and humiliating the victim, isn't the rapist also satisfying sadistic, abnormal sexual desires?

People need an awareness that there are serial rapists and insensitive boyfriends, but I don't think it's being handled effectively. I was talking to the manager's five-year-old daughter a few months ago and she whispered that she was SCARED because there were some BAD PEOPLE who would do BAD THINGS to her so she didn't talk to STRANGERS. Trick or treaters now have their parents watching nervously from the end of the driveway.

When discussing the Big Dan case, Adrienne Fein claimed "people who do stupid and/or risky things are entitled to the same legal protection as anyone else", referring to Robinson v Pioche about a person who dug a hole and was found liable to a drunk who fell in it. Both cases involved drunks, but frankly I can't see how Robinson, a 19th Century negligence case, has the slightest thing to do with gang rape on a pool table.

The problem with Fein's position is that granting equal protection to stupid people provides no incentive to correct their behavior. A deterrence signal should be sent to aspiring rapists as well as women who frequent seedy bars without precautions. Here are three proposals for handling rapists.

1. SHORTER SENTENCES: Very few rapists ever go to jail. A local paper reported a woman in St Louis could be raped every night for two months by a different assailant, and only one of her attackers would ever spend time behind bars. The public attitude is that rape is not that serious a crime. Auburn University ran a study a while ago where half the men interviewed said they'd rape a woman if they wouldn't be caught. A jury which feels rape is not a serious crime may be more inclined to return a conviction for a shorter sentence without parole than one for many years.

2. IN CAMERA HEARINGS: Instead of raping a victim again on the witness stand in a public courtroom (or on CNN!), cross-examine the plaintiff in the judge's chambers and admit videotaped testimony to the jury.

3. CIVIL LIABILITY: Encourage victims who may be reluctant to take criminal action to sue assailants for tort damages. A rapist who knows 59 out of 60 times the courts won't imprison him might think twice if the victim grabs his assets. Tort law provides that a person who by extreme and outrageous conduct intentionally or recklessly causes severe emotional distress is liable for subsequent emotional and physical harm. You can't get very more outrageous behavior than rape. Limiting awards to cover only actual damages would discourage fake rape allegations by vindictive ex-wives or get-rich-quick schemers. With a civil suit a woman may be provided at least some restitution.

It may not be fair that women should have to take extra precautions in seedy bars. But it's not fair that people get mugged in the subway or get maimed by drunk teens on the interstate. No one ever said that life was fair.



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((I think you missed a distinction. Certainly people should be expected to take reasonable precautions in their life. The victim in the Big Dan case acted quite stupidly. But the defense tried to use that stupidity to the benefit of the defendants, and that point is where I get enraged. A rape in a seedy bar that the victim "should" have known better than to frequent might be less surprising than a rape in a fancy restaurant, but the guilt of the rapists is not in any way ameliorated by the locale of the rape, or the stupidity of their victim.

Adrienne Fein was, I think, trying to make this same point when she referred to the drunk. The negligence was no less reprehensible because the victim was drunk than if he'd been sober.)))

JOEL ROSENBERG

Mark Keller's right, of course, that prosecutors have a great deal of latitude as to which cases they prosecute. That's a two-edged sword. I've heard of a Florida case where a twelve year old boy and ten year old girl were being prosecuted for molesting each other. (I don't know what the upshot was.)

I'm not relegating women to a second-class status by suggesting that the victim in the Big Dan's case would have been wiser not to go into a sleazy bar; pointing out the way the world works is not oppression. I'm not saying that anyone SHOULD be in danger while engaged in innocent activities, but SHOULD isn't the issue.

Nobody is free from the realities of his or her situation, after all. Mas Oyama, so the story goes, used to take late night walks through Central Park, hoping someone would try to mug him. (It's said that many people did try to mug him, often several at once. Most of them survived. I once met him, but didn't think to ask if any of this is true.) While that worked for him, I would suggest that almost everyone else stay out of Central Park at night. Which isn't to say that because someone was mugged in Central Park it excuses the muggers.

I'm surprised that you haven't taken up the Goetz case, by the way; there's so many neat twists and turns to it that it illuminates almost all of the problems of present handgun and self-defense laws. Hell, it's one of the first non-rape cases that I've heard of where the previous behavior of the \*ahem\* victims is going to be the key issue, and actually in dispute.

William Kuntsler, attorney for one of the four, has been claiming that the lads were involved in an innocent bit of panhandling when Goetz opened fire, which I guess would sound reasonable if innocent panhandlers actually worked in packs and if sharpened screwdrivers were required equipment for panhandling

Actually, the racism involved in Kuntsler's argument bothers me. To believe that Goetz just opened fire on four black kids and that all four randomly-selected victims just happened to have extensive criminal records is more than a little odd, and makes a derogatory and unfair assumption about the behavior of blacks, as though extensive records for violent crime is normal and acceptable in the black community.

((It's impossible for us to know exactly what happened in the Goetz case, and I've been in similar ones and sympathize up to a point. But Goetz more recently admitted that he fired into one boy/man after he had already fallen, and after taunting him. I'd say that Goetz over-reacted and resorted to unreasonable violence. My inclina-

tion in cases such as this is to find the man guilty and give him a token sentence if the situation indicates significant provocation. I've been roused by hooligans and, if I were armed, I might have used the threat of violence to remove the pressure, but I don't think it would have been necessary to actually fire in the Goetz case.)))

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

It's intriguing that your correspondents can generate only half as much wordage on friendship as they can on rape. It's intriguing that the issue of rape attracts the most commentary from men. It's intriguing that when men discuss rape they are talking about THEM the rapists and THEM the women raped, but never about THEMSELVES.

If, when men begin blathering about rape, they would address THEIR OWN DESIRES, fantasies, flaws, weaknesses, it would be more valuable to everyone. One of your commentators is smugly delighted to point out that women do have rape fantasies and even feminists read bodice-rippers. What he doesn't reflect upon is why he is so happy to believe women might like to be raped. This point of view comes from his own desire, very likely, and THAT is a topic he could have more profoundly pondered.

Most of your male commentators absolutely refuse to ask themselves "how does the existence of rape apply to me". They've decided instead to discuss THEM and THEM as though they themselves played no part in the maintenance of a society that rapes. Why is it so rare for men to address the one aspect of rape they would be most qualified to address? The question men should ask themselves is, "Why do men -- why do we -- rape?"

((If I understand what you're saying, I pretty much agree. The mix varies with the individual, but there are a number of factors that contribute to male power fantasies -- and I really do think power is more significant in most rapes than sex. Strangely enough, the fantasies I had (particularly in adolescence) about women never once in my recollection involved rape, although they did involve having either a number of attractive women willingly at my disposal or dependent by necessity upon my good will. I have (like virtually everyone) periods of active dislike for other people - male and female alike. During adolescence, I disliked most of the males I knew because they were more talented/successful/attractive than I was, and disliked most women because they were more talented or were attracted to people other than myself. I can only once recall ever wanting to do a female physical violence, but there were many times when I fantasized force against males. Most of my fantasies about females were more of the "they'll regret how they treated me when I'm gone" school. Maybe I was a more passive than active personality, and that's why I have trouble understanding rape. Maybe I still am.)))

JOHN LELAND

I am surprised you found nothing but Brownmiller, though I grant material is thin and scattered. I recall finding two books on the subject in the Yale Law Library (both under restricted access as they contained some fairly graphic case histories) and I've seen one book at Bowling Green as well. There are also a lot of scattered reports; a book called DIARY OF A D.A. for instance, the reminiscences of a New York prosecutor, has a chapter on a mass rapist and occasional murderer named George Cvek. None of these books is sympathetic to rape, but none of them has Brownmiller's feminist bias. Most of the material I've seen confirms most of your

Salmonson writes



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sixteen facts about rape; the only one I have seen alternatives to that impressed me was your #10, that resistance had no effect on whether a woman was beaten: I have seen statements by presumed experts to the effect that, on the one hand, it did increase the chance that he would turn vicious instead -- thus overall, the gain was doubtful. I cannot say whether this is in fact based on better data than your statement, but it sounds plausible to me.

I have always wondered what the basis was for the statistic that 90% of all rapes went unreported. If they went unreported, how do we know they happened? I suppose this may be based on surveying women and asking them a) whether they had been raped and b) whether they had reported it, but I've not seen such a survey. Mind you, I'm not saying I find the statistic unbelievable. I have known at least half a dozen women who had been raped, and as far as I know none of them reported it. All of them, incidentally, were "date rape", or at least cases where there was some kind of social contact with the rapist before the incident. The only case of which I have personal knowledge in which a stranger attempted rape was also the only unsuccessful rape -- a woman was approached in a stairwell by a rapist -- she knew karate and put herself in a defensive position, and he saw she looked dangerous and withdrew. Regarding your #15, that 1/3 of men who commit rape feel they have done nothing wrong, I am bound to say that judging by the cases I am aware of personally, I suspect there are cases of genuinely mixed social signals, resulting in a quantity of cases where women feel honestly that they were raped while the men involved would say the women consented.

There was a case of a young woman who invited a man to her apartment "for coffee" after a date, apparently unaware that in many circles this is an established euphemism for a sexual invitation (a fact so well known that Edgar Box (Gore Vidal) commented cynically upon it in DEATH IN THE FIFTH POSITION about the time the lady in the case was born). I don't doubt she was honestly shocked that the man she had invited in made sexual advances, and I certainly feel that he should have been sensitive enough to realize his attentions were unwelcome and not press them, instead of angrily saying she had invited him in and it was "too late now" -- but at the same time, I can see that it began at least as a genuine misunderstanding. Similarly there was a case where a young woman stayed overnight at a male friend's apartment, on what she thought was the understanding that there would be no sex, and then gave him a lingering goodnight kiss. Again, I can see that she felt betrayed when he insisted upon having sex. But I can understand how the misunderstanding did happen. And I should note that these are both cases where my information is entirely derived from the women involved -- I have not heard whatever defenses the man might offer. Much of the problem is due, I think, to the fact that sex is a kind of competition in our society, in which a man feels he has "lost" unless he succeeds in having sex -- consequently it is very hard to persuade a man that he has really been rejected, and that a woman really does not want sex with him. He wants to believe that her protests are only a pretense, and if she decides (often out of fear) to submit after all, he assumes she "really wanted it all the time".

Regarding your caveats about Brownmiller, I should note that the violent aspect is not confined to heterosexual sex; male homosexual sex is often notoriously violent, and several of the recent spectacular mass murders have been homosexual. These cases often involve either a strong adult male raping and murdering boys, or else a strong young man murdering an elderly male lover; sex seems to be an exploitation of the weak by the strong, whatever the sex of the victims.

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On your reservation #1, regarding gang rape as a form of bonding, if you accept that "primitive" tribes offer insight into the ways of early man (which is widely assumed though debatable) I recall reading articles in NATURE about the primitive Yanomano Indians of South America, who captured women of neighboring tribes and gang-raped them. Gang rape of enemy women shows up often in history -- it seems to be a "normal" accompaniment of war in all ages.

On your reservation #2, I find several recent cases had male homosexual aspects rather than heterosexual ones. I do think that cases with some kind of sex angle are apt to hold more attention than those without, but this is a commonplace of almost all types of story, not just murder. I once tried to draw up the characteristics of the classic "modern American murder", parallel to George Orwell's "English murder", and found mass killing, sex, and occultism or religion were major ingredients -- Manson and Jonestown being prime examples.

On your reservation #3, it does seem to me that in Burgess' version of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE it is the point that the "hero", nasty as he is, really is not as awful as the methods used to "rehabilitate" him. Whether the movie maintains this I cannot say, as I've seen only scraps of it. I don't think this means Burgess defends rape; as far as I can see, his point was that Alex was just about as vile as a human being could get, but even so, he did not deserve the treatment he got. Bertrand Russell made the same argument (in NIGHTMARES OF EMINENT PERSONS) in his tale of the Quaker who captured Stalin and tried to rehabilitate him. I'm not sure I agree with the argument in either case, but I think that was the point intended.

Regarding the Big Dan case, one point that interested me was that the defense maintained--and I believe the woman involved conceded, though I am less sure on that point--that she had made a similar charge on a previous occasion and then withdrawn it. You mention in your general remarks that such evidence would have a genuine bearing on the reliability of a victim's testimony, and I am surprised that you do not mention it in regard to this particular case -- an omission in which you follow a great many of the other stories about the case. I do not say that the men were innocent -- as you say, on their own admission their conduct was probably criminal -- but I think the case was less clear-cut than your version makes it appear. Given that you were right there and knew many of the defenders of the men involved, you must have been exposed to this alleged evidence, and I wonder why you omitted it. Did you disbelieve it? If so, why?

One last literary comment. I find it very interesting that in many crime stories from the 1930's through the 1960's the basic assumption is that any woman who cries rape will be instantly believed, and many cases turn on the sympathetic figure of a man falsely accused (often by a girl under legal age) of rape, who is hastily condemned by his community at the first suggestion of such a crime, and finally cleared by the detective-hero.

((The previous claim was not dismissed as a false accusation but as one which she withdrew rather than pursue. Since the vast majority of rape cases are not pursued, this is understandable. I still don't think she was a particularly nice person, but I don't think her having failed to see the earlier case through is necessarily germane. In your two misunderstandings, particularly the first, I think the male was clearly at fault. "No" is pretty clear. When in doubt, you don't. Horniness and machismo are no excuse for a lapse of (at least) good manners. I can accept the possibility of a borderline case, but yours don't fill the bill.)))



RICHARD BRANDT

I must say I don't have much sympathy for the point of view that the defendants in the Big Dan case had some grounds for keeping their native traditions. We have a tradition of laws over here, and if they hadn't learned that already, they needed to be taught that lesson. I just shudder to think what lesson they might have learned if they'd been let walk!

JOY HIBBERT

It's interesting to find that there are now states which recognize rape within marriage. In England this is not a crime (attempts to change the law are opposed by those who say it is anti-family - a husband might be so upset at being taken to court that he might not want to stay married to his victim) in Scotland it is, because Scotland tends to have common law that builds up over a long period of time. Have there been any successful prosecutions in the states with laws acknowledging this crime? In rape cases, if the defense can show that the couple have previously had sex then it is generally considered that there is no case - if a woman gives consent once, she can't get it back. There has never been a proven case of wife-rape in Scotland, and British feminists have gotten the idea that if wife-rape is a crime, and if there have been a few convictions, this idea that consent once is consent always should go out the window where other forms of rape are concerned. If there have been proven cases in places like Rhode Island, and this hasn't changed the idea, then this looks like an invalid theory.

I'd be interested to know the age and experience of those women who think rape is ok under some circumstances. I know that many women believe it only happens to those who "deserve" it, by wearing the wrong sort of clothes, having the wrong sort of reputation. Perhaps this 42% have never been raped, never been in a position similar to rape and never had to look after a friend who'd been raped. You can't empathize with something that you and yours have never experienced something similar to.

Why do men beat up men and rape women? Why not beat up women too? Rape is, after all, on the surface a form of sex, which I would have thought would be far too close for an expression of the same form of hate as men feel for each other. Reminds me of a book I read recently which had the theory that rape and other obvious forms of sexism happen because we are brought up by women. A woman is the person who subjects us to various forms of deprivation, such as weaning, when we're young and don't accept the need for it, or even to consciously know what's going on. Since women are brought up by a woman too, this explains why so many women accept or condone even the extremes of sexism, as a form of revenge on the mother, though not consciously.

Most groups that hate each other hardly ever have to come into close contact. They live in separate groups, often work in separate groups, and have different social behavior that encourages bigotry (such as different cuisines). This applies to racism, heterosexism, and what could loosely be called culturalism. But not sexism. Afterall, the unit of our society is made up of one member of the class "potential rape victim" and one member of the class "potential rapist". Men and women live together in extreme intimacy. The "fear of strangers" idea should not apply.

Perhaps the basic reason why rape trials tend in acquittal is simply that it is a woman's word against a man's, and "everyone knows" that women are untrustworthy liars and also perverts who enjoy violent sex, but feel guilty about it afterwards. It was only about four years ago over here that there was some controversy after a judge ended his summing up in a rape case by warning the jury that women have a tendency to lie. No one wants to send an innocent man to prison; everyone prefers to sentence women to a life of terror.

But some of the acquittals are simply ridiculous, and some of the excuses used not to bring rape cases to trial are downright insulting. About two years ago, in Scotland, three men raped a woman and cut her up, leading to her needing a couple of hundred stitches and mental treatment. The Scottish prosecutor decided the case should not come to trial because it would upset the victim too much. She was not consulted. When she realized what had happened and started a private prosecution, she had a good case because before the case had been dropped, one of the men had confessed. Eventually that man was found guilty and given about five years; the other two were acquitted.

Which raises the corollary to sex crimes -- not only is the sexual side of the crime difficult to prove, but the non-sexual side is also trivialized. I often think that rape victims would be better off reporting the non-sexual violence and keeping quiet about the rape itself. If the woman in the case mentioned above had just reported being knifed, leaving permanent scarring on face and body, would two of the men have been acquitted? I doubt it.

I don't like this first reservation of yours, on a personal level, an emotional level. I believe that men have the potential to be decent human beings. I have met enough men who are decent human beings to believe this. If the idea that gang rape was common among our earliest ancestors was true, then it seems likely that the decent men I know are freaks, repressing their "natural" hate for reasons of their own, and are likely to revert to type at any time. If this is the case, my "working Utopia" of a mixed feminist society is impossible, either now or in the future, and the only thing to do is to go out and kill as many men as possible, as you would kill any other dangerous wild animal who somehow got into society.

((Well, except that I think women are still just as savage an animal as are men, so you'd have to get both sexes. Women can't express that violence physically as often, because men are, as a class, physically stronger, but in an all female society, I'm sure you would eventually have the same patterns of violence and repression.

I believe there have been several convictions of rape in marriage, although the only one I recall coming up in Rhode Island was a couple that was separated pending divorce, and the man was in fact convicted. The women who thought rape was acceptable under some circumstances were college undergraduates, but that also says something interesting about their socio-economic background, doesn't it? I can't prove it, but I suspect that there are comparatively few rape acquittals, because everything I read indicates that the only ones ever brought to trial in the first place on the open-shut cases. One point I think you're over-emoting about: sure, some people on juries distrust the woman's testimony, but in general, if it is one person's unsupported word against another's, without regard to sex, acquittal is inevitable. I sat on half a dozen juries, and lacking any supporting evidence, I always found for the defense, even when I was impressed with the probity of the plaintive. What alternative do you have? Convict everyone? Convict every male?)))



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SUE ANDERSON

The discussion of rape ought to be livened up some by the current case in which the convicted rapist's original accuser has now retracted her story. The judge refused to believe her recantation, saying that there was sufficient physical evidence to uphold the "guilty" verdict. Since the trial, she has joined a conservative religious organization of some sort. Could she have been brainwashed? Probably the governor will announce that there is now a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and so grounds for a pardon, and give him one and let it go at that. Leaving it just a bit more difficult to prosecute rapists in the future.

((Since there was physical evidence, she probably was raped, in which case she fingered an innocent man and justice is now done, or she fingered the right man, decided that he had been punished, and recanted, or she's just nuts in general. Or probably some even stranger explanation. But I really don't see any way that they could morally keep the man in prison under the circumstances. I hope he really was innocent.)))

HARRY WARNER JR

I've never raped anyone or been accused of rape, I have no close friends who have been involved in rape, and most of my contact with the crime has taken the form of covering court trials. They convinced me that what's source for the goose is sauce for the gander: if the woman who brings charges gets anonymity in the media, the individual charged with the crime should receive the same courtesy until and unless convicted. I'm sure there are many rapes which go unreported to authorities but this isn't unique to that particular crime. I failed to notify police of three recent crimes which victimized me, the smashing of several cellar windows by someone apparently trying to break in, the rear ending of my car while I was halted at a yield sign, and the destruction of the antenna of my car. There was no serious damage to either vehicle in the second episode and there was no possible way the police could solve the other two crimes.

And I wonder how many of those unreported rapes are similar to some of the rapes that get reported to the police around here: basically the woman has been drinking at a tavern, someone she doesn't know well takes her for a ride at 2 or 3 in the morning, they start smooching and the man allows nature to take its course. It's technically rape, but it's terribly close to entrapment if the woman is of sound mind and old enough to know in advance what may happen.

((I would have reported the first and third crimes. If police locally see a pattern of crime building in a particular neighborhood, they take steps to increase surveillance. I once spotted someone siphoning gas out of a neighbor's car, and within five minutes of my call had three prowl cars and the mobile police lab on the site.

I can't agree with you entirely about the "entrapment". Certainly there are some situations where the woman acted poorly as well, but it's an easy out for a man to say he was led on and couldn't stop himself because "nature" was taking its course. You can always stop. When in doubt, you should stop. And blaming the woman, or alcohol, or whatever is a copout. We are ultimately responsible ourselves, and solely ourselves, for whatever we do. None of us are perfect; we all succumb to weakness at times, but that doesn't excuse us for it, or exempt us from punishment when our weakness harms others. Even reprehensible others.)))

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JOHN, LELAND

On Ed Rom's letter, I should note that according to Barbara Hanawalt's studies rape was common (and laws against it virtually unenforced) in 14th Century England, which lacked our mass media, so I doubt the media attitude is the major factor. The general view that men are admirably macho if they succeed in making love to a woman yet women are loose if they permit it is, however, in my view a genuine part of the problem -- as I said in my last letter. I think many men want to believe they are irresistible and hence tune out any female protests.

I'm mildly surprised by Al Sirois' statement that he didn't know any women who had been raped, as we share at least one mutual acquaintance who has been, but then he didn't qualify it by saying "as far as he knew". Thinking of Al in the context of this discussion reminds me of a situation I find in some ways analogous to the problem of women finding their lives restricted by fear of rape. Al at one point lived in a section of New Haven that was widely regarded as dangerous, but I felt it was wrong to permit myself to be limited by fear and hence walked through the area at night for meetings of the local SF group at Al's place. Nothing happened, but I may have been lucky. I know some Yale students (male and female) did get attacked; one male moved to another school because he did not want to give in to the paranoid atmosphere.

((The perfect tagline to that story should have been that one night you walked through and were attacked and killed, but that's my morbid sense of humor.)))

#### SCIENCE FICTION

BRAD FOSTER

Loved your recap of the various Death Merchant tales in THE NEW PULPS. I've never read any of those myself, but they certainly do sound like slam-bang action. Read a couple of the Blade tales and got bored, but one of those series I did get hooked on for about forty titles was The Destroyer. Don't really know what got me to pick up the first one, and now after probably a decade since last reading one, can barely recall much about the plots. What I do recall was that the hero had a mentor/sidekick, an aged Korean guy who always lugged around video recording equipment because he was hooked on some soap opera.

((Coincidentally, I am currently partway into The Destroyer #61, LORDS OF THE EARTH. I've read almost all the adventures of Remo and Chiun, and they are sometimes funny, although they tend to repeat a lot. Warren Murphy and Richard Sapir broke up for a while, and some of the books were written by others.)))

DAVID STEVER

While my reading time has shrunk over the years, I guess I shouldn't be amazed that your reading time has not. I have been unable to keep up with the field like I want to, but fortunately when I find time short for reading, the "threshold of quality" of what I pick up goes up, so I tend not to have a lot of stuff left to read. I have been as disappointed that COURTHSHIP RITE didn't win a Hugo as I was when T.J. Bass got screwed out of one for THE GODWHALE.

What did you think of THE BIRTH OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF ANTARCTICA? It was



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strange and moody, and I got a very well realized mind's image of the book's action in Sweden and the Antarctic. I had always wanted to get hold of a copy of his earlier THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF HALLEY'S COMET, but didn't realize he was the author until I looked at the liner notes of the second novel.

((As a matter of fact, I have read neither.)))

PATRICK McGUIRE

I recently re-read a book that I would have placed pretty high for the year it came out, STILL FORMS ON FOXFIELD by Joan Slonczewski. As I recall, this got mildly favorable reviews when it first came out, but since seems to have sunken without a trace. Nor have I seen anything more by the author. I hope this just reflects the fact that she has been busy with her real world career (she wrote STILL FORMS in grad school), because re-reading confirmed the fact that this is an exceptionally good first novel. So far as I know it's the only Quaker SF novel. It takes place on a colony of Friends that have fled impending nuclear war on Earth, and are then rediscovered by the terrestrial society that has been rebuilt after the war. It reminds me of Anderson's Rustum series (for a colony in a similar position), Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE (for various features including a lot of bioscience and a culture without "night thoughts"), Walter Miller's fiction (for a concern with WWII and for a story viewpoint that is based in religion without - save arguably at the end of CANTICLE - hitting you over the head with it), and maybe even Tony Boucher (for treatment of religious doubt by a believer). But besides the religious aspect, the novel has harder-than-average science, imaginative social extrapolation, very good balance and pacing (especially by first novel standards), interesting and sympathetic characters.

((It appeared in 1980, and I haven't seen her byline anywhere since. I wasn't quite as impressed by it as you seem to have been, but it was quite good and it would be nice to see her do something else.)))

ROY TACKETT

Is Nancy Kress hung up on reincarnation, do you think? And isn't it remarkable that we were all famous personages in previous lives? Ten thousand people wandering around these days who were formerly Joan of Arc. Poor girl really had a split personality.

Tellure's "Lord of All It Surveys" would seem to present some problems she may not have thought about. Given a being which reproduces by fission, like an amoeba, how can anyone, including the being itself, know which is the original?

Is it any wonder that I read so little of the stuff by newer, particularly women, writers? I prefer to let you read these stories. I'll see if I can get Rog to provide some blackout eyeshades.

I'll have to look for some of the Camellion books. They sound terrible enough to be fun. Which reminds me that I haven't been inside a used book store in ages. Bought a button at Leprecon which reads: I am a bookaholic. If you are a decent person you will not sell me another book.

((But Nancy Kress, among other female writers, is really quite good. But the field as a whole HAS changed, in style, theme, and almost every other aspect.)))

DOUG BARBOUR

I do have to respond to your rather casual dismissal of William Gibson's NEUROMANCER, a first novel of rather awesome style and energy, which creates one of the more fully realized futures I've come across recently. If this book is a sign of what the new Ace Specials can give us, then I, for one, am shouting hallelujah for their return. And I do have to say I cannot see how anyone would put any one of the Covenant books on a Best of the Year list and leave out the far superior Riddlemaster ones. But there we are, arguing as fans should, and ain't that fun.

((They're my favorites, not necessarily the best of the year. I thought the first Covenant trilogy was excellent, although I also enjoyed the Riddlemaster books. And I did enjoy NEUROMANCER, but I don't think it is as good as all the attention it seems to be receiving.)))

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

I can appreciate people liking types of writing that aren't any good. I'm obviously fond of heroic fantasy. In my own writing I may try to transcend the sort of JUNK heroic fantasy usually happens to be, but I also read the junk and occasionally like it. I'm even more fond of horror stories, good ones and bad ones, though I like good ones much better. I don't happen to understand weird hero pulp fiction but when someone does like something obviously dreadful and worthless, I remind myself that I like dreadful worthless things as well, the most dreadful and worthless being low-budget horror movies (not meathackers, but just about any other kind).

I've sold my first major short story collection, A SILVER THREAD OF MADNESS, to Ace books. It won't appear for some while. Half of it will be high fantasy of one kind or another as the publisher wants to be able to package it with a Kinuko Craft oriental fantasy cover in keeping with the way they've packaged the four novels (the fourth not released yet). The other half will be the sort of thing I like most to do but find the least salable; urban horrors and urban strangeness, people who can explode cigarettes from a mile away, who torture people in public places, who collect dirty rocks and corpses of small dead animals, who get bad directions and never find their way back, who fuck ghosts, who refuse to go away though their bodies stop working...peculiar stories. I had to make a tough decision to leave out some symbolist writings and some incomprehensible things that are too artsy fartsy for a paperback buyer to forgive. So this selection will be my strangest comprehensible writings. If it's a dud commercially and/or critically, too bad, but it really is good work -- it's just not recognizable as anything people have generally seen already (influences are Papini and Pirandello for instance, and no one will guess the connection; they'll just think it's nuts).

((Congratulations anyway. I'm quite fond of horror fiction myself. For some reason, the worst of horror fiction is not nearly as bad as the worst of science fiction. I think this is because the horror fiction writer, generally using a contemporary or historic setting, can at least impart a reasonable amount of verisimilitude to their work. A bad writer who can't figure science or project the future or create a credible society will turn out a far worse effort. It sounds as though you are in danger of being typecast by Ace as an oriental fantasist. Maybe you should try your hand at a straight horror novel. There certainly seems to be plenty of market for them.)))



JOY HIBBERT

I haven't seen A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, but the book seemed to glorify Alex, certainly. Everything was told from his viewpoint, with his viewpoint being portrayed as right and natural. His personality after treatment was shown as ridiculous ( I particularly remember a scene where he's being very obsequious to a woman, which struck me as particularly excessive -- there's a difference between politeness and his behavior), and it was clearly suggested that death is preferable to life of treating other people decently - that's why he tries to kill himself. It ends with the treatment cancelled by the suicide attempt, and a glorification of his life of violence.

((I'm sorry, Joy, but you have totally misread the book. Just because Alex is the protagonist doesn't mean he is a "hero". Burgess is notably anti-fascist, and until this discussion started in MYTHOLOGIES, I never knew anyone thought Alex was supposed to be a sympathetic character. I recall John Curlovitch, several years back, wrote an article attacking Michael Bishop as a young Heinlein because he wrote a novelet ("On the Street of the Serpents") in which the main character, named Michael Bishop, was rather reprehensible.)))

SUE ANDERSON

For all the people who didn't believe in THE SNARKOUT BOYS AND THE AVOCADO OF DEATH -- how much less would they believe it if we tell them about the real Snark Theatre which really did show all night double features? And north a few blocks along Snark Street, the row of bookstores which feature so prominently in ALAN MENDELSON, THE KID FROM MARS? And Lower Wacko Drive, of LIZARD MUSIC? Pinkwater, to a kid who hung around the Loop in the early '60s, is like going home for a visit, only the way it should have been.

((Just finished reading THE SNARKOUT BOYS AND THE BACONBURG HORROR, which isn't as good as the first, but is still pretty damned good. When Pinkwater is hot, he's very very good.)))

## FRIENDSHIP

MIKE BRACKEN

I often wonder how much a person NEEDS friendship to consider their lives whole. My wife seems to have dozens of friends and I have, at most, only two or three. If that. (Excluding from this discussion our relationship with each other which isn't the same kin- of friendship.) We've had many conversations about this and she often wants to know why I don't care if I have friends or not, while she seems to place some definition of her own value on the number of friends she has. It may be egotistical to say, but I view myself as being a complete unit--everything I need I can find within myself; I don't NEED other people in the same way that Karin does.

SARAH PRINCE

In high school German I learned that "freund" means the very few, maybe just one or two in a lifetime, closest friends. All others are merely "bekannten" -- those one knows; which sounds like more than acquaintanceship. I've always felt that calling anyone my best friend is a jinx; in first grade she moved away, in high school she

let me down in terms of our common interests; in college she denied having borrowed an item and had the gall to tell me where to find a cheap one after I bought a new (expensive) one at need in a hurry. (This concerned flotation vests for the sailing team, a club sport at Ohio State, a level of support that rather required one's own gear.) A while after that and some other minor stuff had come between us and returned to civility, she came bicycling up the road one day as I was finishing a letter on top of a mailbox, and I thought we exchanged greetings ordinarily enough -- but I was flustered enough that I dropped the letter in the box with no address of any sort on it (just a stamp). Fortunately, this was at the university branch and during a class period, not the rush between, so a clerk was willing to come up and unlock the box to retrieve the blank envelope on top. Thus I got to see the inside of a mailbox. I think it illustrates the kind of grudge I hold against the imperfectibilities of life, and part of why I don't get close to people much. This isn't as terribly controlling in the more recent era of my life,, which at 1 AM I shan't try to analyze.

DAVE SZUREK

I'm going to jump in feet first on the subject of friendship and probably end up misrepresenting myself a tad. I found it a trifle amusing so many people attempted to concoct a universal formula on what is essentially an "x factor" issue, varying from individual to individual, trying to intellectualize about emotional matters. And a good part of what makes it amusing is the "human comedy" angle which makes me suspect that most of these people aren't as label oriented as they sounded trying to articulate what is often extremely difficult or even impossible to put into words.

I've got to start somewhere, so let me begin at the middle by saying I'd like to have seen in what context Al Sirois called himself his own best friend. If it was in a "me generation" and the hell with everyone else sense, I have my reservations about which I won't elaborate. If, as I suspect, it was something else, I think the approach is an extremely healthy one. In a weird, convoluted way, even empathy and compassion are extensions of autonomy. The "me generation" movement doesn't seem in most cases to stress self awareness and empathy, but just very superficial forms of hedonism and seel gratification. To hear most adherent descriptions, it seems a shallow, primitive thing. Although usually practiced by educated people with lagging emotional development.

The true form of "rational selfishness" entails seeing others as well as a self, and isn't just a justification for not giving a damn about anything but one's own little corner of the world. Autonomy and sociopathy are different things. Pigeonholing and putting a precise definition on the word "friendship" and pretending that it's something which can be taught by a how-to book is futile. Indeed, being too conscious of the matter, actually being uptight about it, is probably self-defeating, as it obstructs the genuine internal openness. So I'm suspicious of people who smile too much.

MIKE ROGERS

Here's another side of the friendship discussion. I have many close female friends, women who will tell me practically anything. Yet these friendships never become relationships. Could it be that if a man and a woman become too close as friends, the possibility of a relationship declines? I could be inferring general truth



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from a specific situation, but what do readers think about the general question?

((This reader at least thinks that everything depends upon the two people involved. I would think that lovers would have to be friends, the better friends the better. I assume that you are using "relationship" to mean a sexual encounter. But there are also some people who say that any interaction between the two sexes is by necessity at least partially sexual. I think that's an extreme position, but I also think that all men, almost without exception, size up females in sexual terms, consciously or unconsciously. For all I know, women typecast men the same way. Nor am I convinced there is anything wrong with that. It is one method of evaluating another person, but not an exclusive one. I have female friends to whom I am not attracted, and I have female non-friends to whom I am attracted, and all the other combinations. I have friends who are untrustworthy, friends who are sometimes dishonest, friends who display various traits I don't care for. I'm sure I display traits they don't care for. You evaluate people on a broad variety of fronts, and I don't see why it is any more or less offensive to consider someone's physical attributes than to consider any other. You just don't let any one attribute dominate all the others. People would probably be surprised whom I find attractive and whom I don't. My own opinion sometimes changes. If a person I find attractive physically consistently acts in a way I find offensive, I no longer find them physically attractive either. This is all inside my head, I realize, but that's where it all is. But to answer your question: no, I don't see where a close friendship should have any tendency to stifle any other kind of relationship; if anything, the opposite.)))

JOHN LELAND

I find C.S. Lewis' FOUR LOVES and Dorothy Tennov's LOVE AND LIMERENCE the most useful works on the subject. I found it interesting that most reviews of the latter reported she was saying that romantic love (what she calls "limerence") was a pathological condition, when in fact she was arguing it was a very ordinary condition, though not a particularly desirable one. To me "love" implies the possibility of sexual desire, though of course I know historically the term was widely used with other connotations. For me it seems to be true that almost any close friendship with an even mildly attractive woman will at some point involve desire, though it is often not consummated and may be a mere idle impulse. Regarding men this rarely if ever arises for me, though it is also notable that I have far fewer male friends in any case--at least friends I take pains to cultivate. I have many male colleagues with whom I am on good terms, but only a few I bother to keep up with if my job or other circumstances divide us, whereas I make more of an effort with women. How many friends do I have? Well, I sent out about 40 Christmas cards--I would say all of those people were or had at one time been my friends, though for some now that is my only contact. On the other hand, I should say there are no more than half a dozen people I regard as really close friends at any given time, and there are only a few people who loudly protest their friendship for me, and write to me regularly, whom I find wearisome.

((Romantic love probably is a pathological condition in some cases. I have known people who were waiting for their knight in shining armor/fair maiden to appear in their lives, after which everything would be beautiful. How can one be surprised at the high divorce rate when so many people enter marriage with unrealistic expectations? Unfortunately, there is so much social pressure to be married, from family, from friends, from the media, from a yearning for security and closeness, that few people can resist.)))

HARRY WARNER JR

One thing that struck me in your essay on friends and the response in the next issue: apparently nobody disputed your belief that "friend" has undergone a cheapening of connotation in recent years. I'm not sure that it has. Remember "Friends, Romans, countrymen, Lend me your ears"? Shakespeare apparently meant the first three nouns to be synonymous with one another. There's the Society of Friends which dates back at least a couple of centuries, perhaps longer. Wagner wrote the book for Die Meistersinger more than a century ago, and in it Hans Sachs starts calling Walter "mein Freund" after only a few hours' acquaintance; the German noun is a very close equivalent to the English word in meaning. Franklin Delano Roosevelt started his fireside chats with "My friends" and presumably meant all the millions of listeners during the 1930s and 1940s.

But I found some solace in the comments on friendship, because a respectable number of fans thought they had few genuine friends, and as a result I felt somewhat less freakish for being in the same situation. I'm old enough now to fall into the category of those who have outlived many of the individuals they used to consider friends, and who have failed to make new friends to replace those they lost to death. My particular problem is worsened by the fact that most people in my age group in Hagerstown bore me because their interests aren't mine. I can't possibly get close to a person who spends all his or her time talking about how things used to be fifty years ago and grumbling about that awful government and the tax burden and lamenting that the younger generation is going to the dogs. My books about fan history prove I have some interest in the past, I think there's too much and too expensive government, and I agree about the general direction in which most young people are headed, but I get tired of listening to repetitions of those topics. And after all those years in which I was publicized as a hermit in fandom, I've been behaving more and more like a hermit since retiring from my job two years ago, behavior which isn't conducive to making or keeping genuine friends.

JOHN LELAND

I agree with Cox that propinquity and actual interests are the two main causes of friendship, though I tend to see them as working together rather than as an either/or situation. I also agree with him (against you, apparently, but perhaps there is a misunderstanding here) that many people find friendship and love to be alternatives. Granted, people generally find that if the friendship between persons is of appropriate sexes, the question of romance will arise, but there is, it seems to me, a kind of style involved. Most of my "best friends" are women with whom I have many shared interests, and sometimes a bit of mild flirtation, but no more, at least on a lasting basis. On the other hand, actual lovers tend to be a matter of fairly brief attachments in which the major interest is physical. There are exceptions, but in my observation (not only of myself but of others) couples usually become lovers very rapidly on the basis of a sudden intense attraction, or they simply remain friends. Every so often, one sees a case where the sudden romance blossoms between two people who have known each other in a friendly context for a long time, but that is not, I think, the usual pattern. I am afraid that, at least for me, and perhaps other males, this distinction arises in part out of the old "double standard" -- a "nice" woman is treated with respect (and hence is likely to remain a lasting friend), while a woman who gives herself physically to a man is then rated, more or less unconsciously, as worth less, and the attachment is not sustained.



On Hibbert's comments about the differences of male and female friendship, I would comment that my friendships with men usually seem to follow the "male" pattern she describes (concentration on exterior interests not interior feelings) but I become involved with much more personal sharing with females -- including those I am not romantically attached to. I now know an incredible amount about the private lives of a whole circle of ladies in Lincoln, Nebraska (some of whom I've not even met) simply because my female friends here discuss such things. They also know a lot (probably more than they desire) about my feelings and my friends.

Lindsay's ethic seems to differ from mine when he says "a friend is someone whom, if they were in trouble for breaking the law, you would protect", at least if this is the way he thinks friendship should be; if he is simply making the sociological observation that, in fact, many people do try to protect friends from the law I cannot argue the fact, but if he thinks that friends should do this I would disagree.

Richard Brandt is undoubtedly right about the confessional quality of such fan writing; I know I write on very personal matters myself and I see a lot of such writing; he is probably correct in seeing this as a matter of the relative anonymity and hence "safety" of such contact.

On Joel Rosenberg, I don't entirely agree with the editor's comment that those games weren't friendships --I think genuine friendships based on real mutual interests do get bogged down on sexual issues, and that he is right that some kind of understanding on that issue is usually necessary to make a friendship work nowadays, at least in circles where sex is a fairly common occurrence between friends.

((I accept that friendship and love can be alternatives, at least in that you can be friends and not lovers, though I don't know how you can really love someone and not be their friend, except in the most physical sense. But I also feel that friendships between the sexes are very difficult to maintain because of outside pressures that assume such a relationship must be at least partly sexual in nature, even when they are not.)))

DOUG BARBOUR

I found the responses on friendship to be most interesting. What they reveal, in the aggregate, to be sure, is that the term IS incredibly ambiguous in usage, or to refer to Jacques Derrida's concepts, we would like to believe that there is an originary example of "friendship" upon which all other senses of the term could depend, but in fact it is always being re-inscribed on our consciousness in terms of what it means in this context, right now, as "I" speak in and of friendship to "you". So we can never find an ideal meaning because no matter how far back in the usage of the term we go we will only find another situation in which the term (the "concept" I should say, perhaps) is being defined RIGHT NOW in the context of its apparent meaning as "we" apply it to our situation "now".

I found Debbie Notkin's letter one of the most interesting, not least because it reiterated arguments she has made elsewhere and which I sympathize with intellectually but find very few people can live by. Would that we could make friends in bed without wrecking the friendships (the marriages or love-relationships) we already have. In an ideal world where acculturation leads to such a social viewpoint, it might be possible, although I suspect jealousy would still have a great, if anachronistic, power over many people's behavior. As some of your correspondents

pointed out, while for some people it seems only reasonable to suppose that lovers (spouses) would have separate interests and friends as well as shared ones, for others that seems almost as awful as "adultery" (to give it its harshest and most morally judgmental name). So I would agree with Debbie that "love is not exclusive" but I might be moved to say that it is not so mostly theoretically, rather than, as I agree would be a much better case, practically, in most people's lives. It is, in fact, interesting to note that the hidden metaphor behind "love is exclusive" is an economic and probably a capitalist one at that. In such an economy, to "give" love to another is to "take" it from the person who already "owns" it (so to speak). This, as various commentators, including Theodore Sturgeon in a number of places, have pointed out, assumes love is a commodity in very short supply. I prefer the vision of love as something which continually grows, and which expands with use, which makes the possibility of loving something to be sought, as is "grace" in the mystic philosophies I find most satisfying.

JOY HIBBERT

Can you really be friends with someone who differs strongly on a subject you feel strongly about? Perhaps, for example, you could be friends with an anti-abortionist, because it doesn't affect you? I could not like someone who puts the life, health and happiness of a bundle of cells that may one day be a child, and who, perhaps, years later, may be an adult, before my life health and happiness. How can you be friends with someone who sees you as a walking uterus?

((Well, I know two young women who are very close friends, and one is violently pro-life (I use this as a non-judgmental tag) while the other is pro-choice (ditto). They both happen to be friends of mine as well. They just stay off the subject. I don't feel entitled to judge people on issues like that. Every one of my friends has at least one belief that I find offensive, and I'm sure that every one of them finds at least one of my beliefs offensive. If you limit your friends to carbon copies of your own belief system, you might as well talk to the mirror.)))

#### MISCELLANEOUS

CHRIS SHERMAN

I want to ask a question that I hope will either prompt a lively discussion or at very least encourage you to write an autobiographical expose. Why do you feel so compelled to do so many things? Quote: "playing video games does not stop me from working more than a full time job, reading virtually all of the SF that comes out, publishing MYTHOLOGIES, writing and selling articles and book reviews, collecting records and making hundreds of hours of tapes, watching movies, having parties, etc." I ask because I am driven in much the same way, "managing my time" to absorb as much as possible in the varied fields I am interested in.

I feel slightly uneasy -- cheated -- if I haven't spent a day to its fullest -- whether in working as hard as possible at whatever, or in relaxing as hard as possible, by reading/drinking/sunning/bicycling/body surfing/etc., activities usually categorized in the domain of anesthesia, as a counterbalance to excessive "work". I've realized I'm addicted to stimulation, pure and simple, and it's only my drive to be successful (meaning achievement of a social/political status that allows unlimited resources and accessibility to the tools necessary to carry out my most elaborate and sculpted dreams) that prevents me from sinking into complete mental oblivion, due to the ease, power, and compelling qualities of the devices



of physical stimulation. In other words, although I really like to sit at the beach soaking sun and reading Heinlein, smoking cigars and drinking beer, my unseen compulsion drives me to spend equal-plus time in the comp-sci library or in front of my computer manipulating Turbo Pascal or Common Lisp into a dance of elegant storage or speedy recollection.

I would enjoy seeing you write something about your reasons for reading so much so quickly, and your obvious drive to squeeze as much as possible out of your interests and time.

((My reasons are quite simple. Fear of death. I know that my time on Earth is finite, and I plan to accomplish as much as possible in my range of interests in the time available to me. I have sacrificed entire hobbies because I know I can't spend enough time on them - such as my stamp collection, my coin collection, my comic book collection, etc. Maybe I also figure unconsciously that if I have enough things to do that I can't stop for breath, I won't have time to die. I am also a "Type A" personality, which means that I am physically uncomfortable if I am not doing something at all times. I have typed most of this issue of MYTHOLOGIES in front of the TV set so I could review movies I have been taping with my new VCR while typing it. Symptomatically, I have had the VCR only four weeks and have over 60 movies that I plan to keep; I've wiped a number of others. I already have a respectable collection of old SF movies and recent comedies, as well as a number of odds and ends that I find interesting. By the end of the year I expect to have about 300. I am also very time conscious, and I have lists and schedules of things to do, both at home and at work. If I don't have a map of things ahead, I fall prey to free floating anxiety and cannot relax, work effectively, or do anything else. I MUST make a list at that point with target dates, priorities, etc. That's why it is very rare for me to miss a deadline. And I always have a list of projects that I really don't need to do, but which I work on at slack points in my schedule. This all obviously marks me as a compulsive personality, and I', sure most people would find my structuring of my time repulsive. On the other hand, unless there are externally dictated deadlines (such as when I have agreed to write an article for someone else), I rarely worry if I have to adjust my schedule just because something has come up. As long as I still have a map to my intermediate destination, I'm satisfied.)))

DAVID D'AMMASSA

On BIZARRE EVENTS: I don't know. I didn't interpret things that strangely that I can remember. I do recall being terrified of clowns, for some reason. I had picture books full of clowns...I'd never look at them. Too scared.

Yes, I started to read DELIVERANCE, and I was just starting to enjoy it when it vanished: the very first victim of my backpack. Do you know of a horror movie apa that is still in existence?

((You need a backpack that zips shut rather than ties shut. Paperbacks can fall out the sides. I don't know of any horror movie apas at all. There was/is a film apa called Capra, but I don't even know if that is still around. Probably is. The special interest and club apas seem to have taken up the enthusiasm that used to go into the general interest apas. I know EOD is still around, and I recall there being a western apa, of all things. CHAPS, I think. I'll have to look up my apa directory (SOUTH OF THE MOON) and see if there is any such thing. I suppose such a club could swap videotapes now. -52-

STEVEN BIELER

How much magazine and newspaper reading do you do? In studying "The Dons" I find I've only read 30. Like you, I keep lists, in my case lists of all the books I've read since high school. Not only does this show me how my reading tastes have changed, it also proves what a slow reader I am. I usually shoot for 26 books per year, one every two weeks.

((I read the local newspaper and a number of trade journals, NEWSWEEK, a few newsletters and professional publications, but in each of these cases I read only selected items. There is a limit to even my time. I do read quite a bit of non-fiction, but in spurts as I become interested in a subject. We have probably 4000 non-fiction books in our library, of which I've read through about one third and sampled parts of another third.)))

STEVE SWARTZ

I am the blond guy who showed up at your session on fanzine fandom at Boskone, insisting that the reason paper fandom is receding from the mainstream is because it is not nearly as accessible to neos such as myself as is film fandom or fantasy gaming or whatever. Certainly at Boskone the people who wanted to do whatever it was they were doing were easier to find than the people who wanted to sit around and talk about what everyone else was doing (which I take to be the business of a fanzine fan). At any rate, you gave me a copy of MYTHOLOGIES after the session; I've read it several times and enjoyed it a lot. I'm writing to thank you, to ask how I might become more involved with fanzine fandom, and to respond to issues raised both at your Boskone session and in MYTHOLOGIES.

I take it your panel is a going concern, and is developing some sort of consensus on the place of oldstyle fandom in our newstyle world. Do you all want fanzine fandom to be representative of the scene at Boskone? Most of the people I met at the con were experiential consumers. Sitting around and bullshitting about SF, film, life, society, or whatever, on paper or in person, was NOT what they were about -- they wanted to do, not talk. Their involvement with the con was focused on some activity for which they begrudgingly (democratically?) put up with the rest of the people there. At best, I could imagine them someday writing up a fantasy adventure or a bad original episode of their favorite TV show; I cannot imagine many of them having the interests or abilities to put out a zine like yours. Maybe ten or fifteen years ago fandom was mostly people who liked to write and opine and share. Consider yourselves to be metal on a string, and the 1980s to be cooling sugar water -- you've not changed, but the thing forming around you doesn't look much like its seed.

I shouldn't think you'd mind being nuts instead of hard sugar; the question that I'd think would occupy your panel is how to get through the candy coating and attract kindred souls from the big outside world. Your model of the world shouldn't be that "kids these days don't like to read and write like we used to" but rather "kids that like to read and write can't find us anymore", what with the high profile costumes and weapons bans and the low profile fanzine publishers at the cons and in the professional magazines. On your panel of involved fanzine folks, none had been at it for less than ten years. In the apa that brought me to all of this, the average member was 20 in 1960 and is over 40 today. Believing that the times are a-changing is too easy -- maybe fanzine fandom is just you all and all of your friends, and what you're seeing is no more than the fact that it's easier to make friends at 20 than at 40.



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Can you point me in the direction of more fanzines of the ilk of yours? I'd be particularly interested in the one put out by the fellow in your group at Boskone, focusing on the history of fandom. You mentioned something out of IA about the history of paper fandom. Do you have any old copies of your stuff? After Boskone I realize how very hard this scene is to break into when one has no local friends already in the scene. I impose on you in the hopes that you will be a bit charitable with my neoscity.

((Firstly, there is a considerable difference of opinion even among the members of the panel you saw -- which included Linda Bushyager, Moshe Feder, and Joe Siclari. Joe is at 4599 NW 5th Ave, Boca Raton, FL 33431. You might want to send a buck to Marty & Robbie Cantor for HOLIER THAN THOU, 11565 Archwood St, N. Hollywood, CA 91606, or subscribe to FILE 770 from Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401. If you write letters, other people will send you their zines gratis.

I agree with your points about fanzine fandom being hard to find. It is also expensive to get into if you want to publish a title of your own, and that means that most younger people are priced out of the market and never pick up the habit. I don't think anyone on the panel was really trying to say that conventions should revolve around us, but only that fanzines used to be as important a part of cons as these other areas. I frankly doubt that was ever true, but it does seem as though fanzines have become almost an anachronism. I don't come to cons because of fanzines; I plan to party like anyone else and see old friends. What I do lament is the lack of good, regular fanzines to keep me interested when I'm not at a convention.)))

DAVID STEVER

Lightning, eh? I was hit when I was a kid, about twelve. I was in the backyard and was picking up two lawn chairs that my mom wanted brought in. I was standing under the clothes line pole that my dad had installed. It was made out of two inch steel pipes, an inverted U shape in the ground, lines running to another, similar inverted U. My hair rose on my head: it was pretty short then, and then I heard a buzzing in my ears. I noted the smell of ozone, which I have always loved. My mother tells me that she was looking out the window above the sink, and that she saw the pole hit by a bolt, and that I, beneath it, was hit by smaller bolts that came at me from three sides, one from above, one from one side, and two from the other. When I got to the back door, she grabbed me by the arms, and she was more than likely yelling at me, but all that I heard for a few minutes was that buzzing sound.

((Did you gain any supernatural powers as a result? Do you have a costume in your closet?)))

KEITH JUSTICE

Lots has happened since we were last in touch. I guess it's been six/seven years or so. The time does fly. I went on to finish my BA degree, then landed an assistantship at Mississippi State teaching freshman comp half time while I worked on my Masters. After finishing a two year stint in the English department and passing the written exam (all that was left was to write a thesis), I moved over to the education department and did another year of hard time, finally earning a master's in teaching (MAT). Of course, about six months before I had my degree in hand, the

bottom fell out of the teaching market: there are now more English teachers than a presidential candidate could shake a stick at, but they are begging for science and math teachers. In the 2½ years since graduation, I have had a steady job less than half the time, and I have been unemployed for the rest. Out of sheer desperation I made a last attempt to write professionally, and though it will be many years yet before I have a steady income at it, I have actually sold four books (all non-fiction, though I do have a novel currently under consideration at one house). Though I am always negotiating with larger companies over something or another and sending out proposals, all four of my first books were contracted by a small company called McFarland's that specializes in direct mail sales to libraries.

((Congratulatory on your sales. I actually did have a non-fiction book accepted by an editor at Ungar, but he got a better offer elsewhere and his replacement killed the project. So it goes.)))

PAUL DIFILIPPO

Many thanks for the copy of the revived MYTHOLOGIES. (I had visions of you in a Dr Frankenstein-type lab applying electrodes which led to a lightning rod on the roof to your mimeo machine.) I am chagrined that I never dropped you a loc saying I enjoyed it, but time kept passing as I procrastinated, and eventually it was so late I was mortified.

I am afraid that in the last few years I have grown more and more singleminded in my pursuit of a writing career. Consequently, I am very jealous of my time (a feeling I know you must get, what with the incredible number of things you have to do). It seems after too many years at last to be paying off. I have two stories forthcoming in TWILIGHT ZONE, "Rescuing Andy" and "Yellowing Bowers", and one upcoming in F&SF, "Stone Lives". So, SF witnesses another one of its "instant" seven-years-of-work (my UNEARTH story appeared in 1977) successes.

((Congratulatory to you as well. Although I have sold enough articles and reviews to choke a horse by now, my only fiction sale was just recently to the semi-pro magazine HAUNTS, a ghost story. But one of these days.)))

ROY TACKETT

"But you already saw that" is an excellent and amusing example of the way that minor bureaucrats used to operate. I can recall a number of similar incidents. Fortunately someone somewhere saw a flash of light and things have improved somewhat. To register a car on base here requires only the completion of a 5x7 card on which one puts his name, address, make, model, and year of vehicle, license number and state of registration, and attests that one has the proper amount of insurance. Give to clerk, show ID card, pick up decal. Takes five minutes. Nevertheless there are still a number of pompous paper pushers who exhibit their ignorance by trying to complicate the procedure. When such cases arise I immediately tell the corporal to go get his officer. Never argue with clerks, simply get hold of the highest functionary available.

((When I was in the army, my experience was that the officers were the sticklers for protocol. To shortcut things, you routinely went through the clerks. I was an army clerk for three years, and particularly in the last couple, I was THE person to see if you wanted to simplify paperwork. I had a number of battalion commanders in my debt; they made me a lamp from a howitzer shell as a memento.)))



JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON

I'd like to see something in MYTHOLOGIES slightly more entertaining as regards the letter column, that most everyone could share in if they wanted to, something less tedious than men's opinions of rapists or sexism or any of those very boring topics. For instance, who has seen a ghost? Jane Tannahill at the last NorWesCon told me that a friend she and Ted Sturgeon had just missed seeing several times appeared one day in their house and walked across the room. They both saw him quite plainly. Later they found out he had died; and they believe he was trying to make that connection they kept missing, the connection that can never again be made. Wendy Wees, whom I live with, has also experienced a ghost of a classic kind, that struck terror and all that. As for myself, I've never seen one. I would love to. Mary Whelan and Jody Scott have promised to arrange for me to stay in a notoriously haunted house. Maybe they were teasing me. If they arrange it, I'll do it. I collect supernatural literature but I hate "true account" stories, as they are deadly dull -- but fictional ghost stories are wonderful, I love 'em, great sense of wonder and all that, just like some folks get from rockets-to-Jupiter and such trash. Despite that people whom I don't think are liars have experienced ghosts, I find it impossible to believe in them myself. If I ever do experience one, I will be quite happy to join the privileged few who know first-hand that such things are possible. But I won't expect anyone to really believe me unless they see something uncanny too. Despite that I can't believe in the suckers, I'm fascinated by the universality of the beliefs and by the literature.

((I'm with you. I believe in the limitless power of the human mind to convince itself that there are impossible things happening. I'll accept that over returns from the dead by disincorporate spirits any time. But I also would be tickled by the romance of discovering that the rules of our existence are not just what we think they are.)))

SUE ANDERSON

Re: Jeanne Mealy's comment on teaching the neofans a few social skills: At Boskone, I think year before last, there was a showing of a long series of humorous films-- blooper compilations, that sort of thing -- all on one huge reel. About 15 minutes into it, the -- what to call them? -- ~~assembly~~ "unrestrained" members of the audience started hollering, shouting for Jittlov instead, that sort of thing. The fellow sitting next to us -- college age, clean cut, etc. -- was joining in with enthusiasm. Finally Mark -- my uninhibited hero -- said something like, "Hey, shut up, some of us are trying to hear the movie." Well, the kid looked sincerely sorry and said "Gee, I thought we were SUPPOSED to be hollering." And he shut up. You don't need a full-fléged social skills seminar. Just a big person with a sledge hammer, to nail the thin veneer of civilization back on again.

((Good manners are in short supply outside of fandom as well.)))

MIKE ROGERS

I wish to advance an idea which some may find heretical. Fans who have problems dealing with people need to look outside fandom for help. Meeting people with similar interests can help in some cases, but it always seems like the fans who couldn't get along well in the "real" world have the same problems in fandom. Therapy isn't always the answer. One must figure out what the real problem is and do whatever is necessary to deal with it. I decided that one of my problems was

that outside fandom I was extremely shy. I needed to know how to deal with people, just to talk to them. I joined a local Toastmasters Club. I'm enjoying it quite a bit even if Toastmasters tend not to have that certain fannish craziness I enjoy so much. I'm interacting with the people in my club in ways I never practiced before. I can see myself becoming a slightly more social creature, just from watching what other people do and imitating them. Another consideration is that people with multiple interests tend to be more interesting to more people than single-minded persons. Fans who are totally into fandom to the exclusion of all else tend to be b-o-r-i-n-g.

((I second that. We interact with several circles of people, including people from each of our jobs, a recent family who emigrated from Israel, an itinerant poet, and a refugee from Argentina. The more varied one's circle of friends and acquaintances is, the more interesting you are likely to be yourself.)))

JOHN LELAND

Since your other contributors gave reports on their lives for the last six years, I should perhaps briefly describe mine. Six years ago I was a graduate student in medieval studies in New Haven. In 1979 I got my PH.D. from Yale, and in 1980 I took a temporary teaching job in Kentucky; this has been followed by stints in Ohio and Pennsylvania and is about to be followed by one in Nebraska. Like many young history Ph.D.'s I find it very difficult to gain a permanent tenured position--so far I haven't even had a "tenure-track" position. All this moving, and various other factors, have restricted my social life. From 1979 through fall of 1983 I had very little contact with fandom and even a low level of activity in the SCA, chiefly because I was geographically isolated from active groups. In 1983, being in Millersville, PA, near Lancaster, which had an active SCA group, I became much more involved again, and I also got to Darkovercon. This year I was back in Ohio, but I found there was now an SCA group near me (in Toledo) and I was able to revive a local one. I also made a point of going east to Darkovercon again, as I had enjoyed the last one so much. I also took part in reviving the apa, ELANOR. Hence your revived MYTHOLOGIES arrived when I was in the midst of a revival of fannish activity myself, and I was happy to respond.

HARRY WARNER JR

Your success in dislodging so many fans from the oblivion into which they had fallen was remarkable. But I should warn you that the individual who is now writing Mike Glicksohn locs may be an entity from some unquessably distant area of the Milky Way. It has not been seen at several conventions in the past couple of years, an unthinkable circumstance for the original Mike Glicksohn, and now it slips by telling you it can't remember having ever written locs to you.

SARAH PRINCE

I'm getting a course in business appreciation, from one side, by setting the type for human resources management texts -- a little lighter than geriatric nephrology, for for one other staple -- I'd be glad to read your comparatively multi-dimensional discourse on management after these gung-ho trainers. I showed the head proofreader MYTHOLOGIES 15 as an example of personal magazines that I'm trying to catch up on; besides being intrigued generally, he took it off and made a copy of the Back to Basics reading list. I've avoided explaining how I come to be here because of this thing Fandom, but now that I've known these people a while it's going to start



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coming out. The guy next to me has read DUNE 30 times (not just recently either) and is hot to see the movie; the fellow I trade tapes with frequently, who runs a coffeehouse in Fitchburg, reads a lot of SF too.  
.....

This is the time to thank everyone who contributed to this issue in whatever fashion, particularly Sheila who runs the mimeograph.

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And my apologies to anyone I might have inadvertently missed. We Also Heard From: Taral twice, Caer Ananda, Tony Alsobrook-Renner, Keith Justice again, Ira Thornhill, Moshe Feder, Brad Foster, Arthur Hlavaty, Al Sirois, and Jerry Kaufman. Last minute letters arrived from Brian Earl Brown and Joe Reynolds and Daniel Farr.

I hope everything is well with all of you and I'll see you again in a few months in these same pages.

DD

