

Lincroft-Holmdel Science Fiction Club  
Club Notice - 5/1/85 -- Vol. 3, No. 42

MEETINGS UPCOMING:

Unless otherwise stated, all meetings are on Wednesdays at noon.  
LZ meetings are in LZ 3A-206; HO meetings are in HO 2N-523.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>TOPIC</u>
05/15	LZ: DOOR INTO FIRE by Diane Duane
05/22	HO: WAR DAY on cassette (tentative)
06/05	LZ: TACTICS OF MISTAKE by Gordon R. Dickson

HO Chair is Mark Leeper, HO 1E-412 (834-2657). LZ Chair is Rob Mitchell, LZ 1B-306 (576-6106). LZ Librarian is Lance Larsen, LZ 3C-219 (576-2668). HO Librarian is Tim Schroeder, HO 2G-427A (949-5866). Jill-of-all-trades is Evelyn Leeper, HO 1B-500A (834-4723).

1. After the relativistic shift, we are back. On Thursday night, May 9, at 7:00 pm, at the luxurious Leeper theater where you can sit on the floor and watch the great screen classics (I like that. I should be writing copy for an ad agency.) will be two great classics of the silent film, each with a great silent film star.

Silents Please

THIEF OF BAGDAD (1924) dir. by Raoul Walsh

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA (1925) dir. by Rupert Julian

In THIEF OF BAGDAD Douglas Fairbanks, doing all his own stunts, stars as the mysterious young prince who goes on an incredible quest to win a beautiful princess. On the way he will find magic carpets, undersea monsters, an army of magical soldiers, etc., etc., etc. Arabian Nights fun and daring athletic stunts throughout.

Then we go to a classic horror film, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA. Starring is Lon Chaney (Sr!) in the horror makeup he designed himself for the role. This is the only film version of the story accurate to Gaston Leroux's novel. The catacombs beneath the Paris Opera House are ruled by a mysterious masked figure dressed in black. Chaney's skull-like makeup was considered a real thrill at the time. This version has the masked ball sequences in the original color, one of the screen's first uses of Technicolor.

Each of these films is a classic that has been remade many time, but we will show the first screen version. (And for those of you who don't want to miss your favorite TV shows, a special offer... we won't throw you out if you just sit quietly and watch the

\*\*\*\*\*Presorted\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Leeper, Evelyn C. \*  
\* 114A HO 1B-500A \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

movies.)

Mark Leeper  
HO 1E-412 834-2657  
mtgzz!leeper

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STAGECOACH  
A film review by Mark R. Leeper

Stagecoach is one of those films I hear about but somehow never have an opportunity to see. I finally saw it--complete with a muddled soundtrack--on a Beta cassette at a resort in the Bahamas. Hey, I film I haven't seen is a film I haven't seen, even on vacation.

Had I not known Stagecoach was a John Ford western, it would have been obvious that it was at least in Ford's style. Ford's westerns are usually tributes to the American dream. The musical score for Stagecoach is cobbled together from traditional American folk tunes, usually of the period. While the actors are predominantly white, Ford is careful to portray the West as having a racial and ethnic mix. The script has several humorous sequences, mostly centering Andy Devine as the stage driver or Thomas Mitchell as an alcoholic doctor. The score, the ethnic mix, and the humor all point to John Ford's western style.

The story follows a number of passengers' lives as their stage rides through hostile Indian territory. Not unlike in a Grand Hotel or an Airport movie, each character has a dramatic but totally fouled-up personal life, but in the course of the film, they will either die or solve all their problems--perhaps both.

Parts of Stagecoach today are cliché. Its 96-minute plot still manages to fit in the two greatest cliché scenes of westerns: the showdown and the last-minute charge of the cavalry. Seen from a 1980's perspective, only the style of this film really shines through; a 1939 audience might have been more impressed. Then again, a 1939 audience might have just seen Gone with the Wind and Stagecoach couldn't hope to match the spectacle of that classic.



## 1985 Hugo Award Nominations

(With thanks to Jeanne Douglas)

Following are the just announced 1985 Hugo Nominations. The awards will be given at Worldcon; this year the con is in Melbourne, Australia, the weekend of Aug. 22-26.

### BEST NOVEL

NEUROMANCER--William Gibson (Ace)  
JOB: A COMEDY OF JUSTICE--Robert A. Heinlein (Del Rey)  
THE INTEGRAL TREES--Larry Niven (Del Rey)  
EMERGENCE--David R. Palmer (Bantam)  
THE PEACE WAR--Vernor Vinge (Bluejay)

An aside: the Gibson and Palmer books are both first novels.

### BEST NOVELLA

"Cyclops"--David Brin (Asimov's 3/84)  
"Valentina"--Joseph R. Delaney & Marc Stiegler (Analog 5/84)  
"Summer Solstice"--Charles L. Harness (Analog 5/84)  
"Elementals"--Geoffrey A. Landis (Analog 12/84)  
"PRESS ENTER"--John Varley (Asimov's 5/84)

### BEST NOVELETTE

"Bloodchild"--Octavia Butler (Asimov's 6/84)  
"The Lucky Strike"--Kim Stanley Robinson (Universe 14)  
"Silicon Muse"--Hilbert Schenck (Analog 9/84)  
"The Man Who Painted the Dragon Griaule"--Lucius Shepard (F&SF 12/84)  
"The Weigher"--Eric Virdcoff & Marcia Martin (Analog 10/84)  
"Blued Moon"--Connie Willis (Asimov's 1/84)  
"Return to the Fold"--Timothy Zahn (Analog 9/84)

### BEST SHORT STORY

"The Crystal Spheres"--David Brin (Analog 1/84)  
"The Aliens Who Knew, I Mean, Everything"--George Alec Effinger (F&SF 10/84)  
"Rory"--Steven Gould (Analog 4/84)  
"Symphony for a Lost Traveler"--Lee Killough (Analog 3/84)  
"Ridge Running"--Kim Stanley Robinson (F&SF 1/84)  
"Salvador"--Lucius Shepard (F&SF 4/84)

### BEST NON-FICTION

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN THE PROCRUSTEAN BED--Harlan Ellison (Borgo)  
THE DUNE ENCYCLOPEDIA--Dr. Willis E. McNelley, ed. (Berkely/Putnam)  
THE FACES OF SCIENCE FICTION, Patti Perret (Bluejay)  
IN THE HEART OR IN THE HEAD: AN ESSAY IN TIME TRAVEL--

George Turner (Norstrilia)  
WONDER'S CHILD: MY LIFE IN SCIENCE FICTION--Jack Williamson (Bluejay)

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

DUNE  
GHOSTBUSTERS  
THE LAST STARFIGHTER  
STAR TREK 3: THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK  
2010

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Terry Carr  
Edward L. Ferman  
Shawna McCarthy  
Stanley Schmidt  
George Scithers

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

Vincent DiFate  
Tom Kidd  
Val Lakey Lindahn  
Barclay Shaw  
Michael Whelan

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

Bradley Denton  
Geoffrey Landis  
Elissa Malcohn  
Ian McDonald  
Melissa Scott  
Lucius Shepard



TOMORROW & TOMORROW & TOMORROW by M. Barnard Eldershaw  
Virago/Dial Press \$9.95

A Book Review  
by C. E. Jackson

This is an odd and troubling book which is difficult to describe. Written near the end of World War II, it is a kind of alternate history. The book is set in 24th century Australia, but much of it actually depicts the 1920s-40s. Knarf, the main character, is writer of historical fiction and his novel forms the bulk of Tomorrow and Tomorrow & Tomorrow. The historical parts of Knarf's novel are accurate until he describes the end of WWII. Instead of the frenzied return to "normalcy" that characterized the postwar era, Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow describes an anti-war workers' revolt that ends by bringing a socialist meritocracy to Australia.

The authors, Flora Eldershaw and Marjorie Barnard (M. Barnard Eldershaw was the pseudonym they used for all of their collaborations), were Australian socialists. Their account of an urban family's survival of the Depression is as compelling (and bleak) as that in The Grapes of Wrath. Their dislike of the capitalist system is obvious throughout the book, although the eco-political analysis is such an integral part of the book's theme and plot that the reader does not feel as if s/he is being force-fed socialist dogma.

Moreover, Barnard Eldershaw are not run-of-the mill socialists. The 24th century society is not portrayed as a utopia. Barnard Eldershaw see the socialist future as a safe, but excruciatingly dull place. Young people are tested--those who are of superior intelligence and sufficiently conformist are allowed to work; the rest are left to a life of leisure. The most compelling character in this society is Ren, Knarf's revolutionary son. His idealistic championing of individualism and the right to be useful serves as an interesting foil to the 20th century characters' problems, which stem from bone-wearying overwork and a failure to see themselves as part of a group.

Because it critiques both capitalism and a form of socialism, Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow is less a stirring, revolutionary tract and more the kind of novel one reads slowly, thinks about and then reads again. It is not the kind of book from which one can draw obvious conclusions. Given the book's ambivalent message, it is ironic that it was censored when it was originally published--the Virago/Dial Press edition is the novel's first uncensored publication. In 1947, the Australian government felt that those portions which talked about riots taking place in 1945 threatened national security. Surprisingly, the censors left in the portions that described how Allied countries exploited Australia, and how certain financial concerns had a vested interest in inciting Australia's participation in WWII long before the war reached the Pacific. [A more exact account of what was censored is contained in the introduction to the Virago/Dial Press edition.]

As a novel, Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow has certain flaws. The major 20th century characters are more archetypal than real, although Knarf, Ren and the minor 20th century characters are fairly three-dimensional. The book is totally unrelieved by humor, which is both a shame and a bit unrealistic. Despite these flaws, Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow presents an interesting critique of alternate economic systems and their effects on individuals.



HERLAND by Charlotte Perkins Gilman  
Pantheon Books \$2.95\*

A Book Review  
by C. E. Jackson

Faced with the prospect of yet another dinner alone, I recently bought an issue of TIME magazine to read while I ate. It contained an article on Vietnam that rather forcibly suggested that our national apathy towards history was, in part, responsible for our problems in that country. A few paragraphs later, the very same pro-history writer solemnly assured his readers that the protest over Vietnam had created the feminist movement. I decided to re-read Herland, which is accurately described by its cover as "A Lost Feminist Utopian Novel," and which (the historical omniscience of the men from TIME notwithstanding) was written in 1915.

Herland is utopian novel in the tradition of Gulliver's Travels. It centers around the journey of three American men, who fly into Africa on an archaeological expedition and stumble upon a lost civilization which is inhabited entirely by women. The excellence of the society that the men encounter (and the flaws of the one they left behind) is established by the vapidness of the cliches that the men utter in defense of their society. The narrator of the book is one of the men, and his gradual conversion to the values of Herland society forms the action of the book. One of his companions almost immediately decides that Herland is a wonderful place (and is a pretty boring fellow because of it--how interesting can a character be who always says yes to everything?); the other quakes in fear of his testosterone production ceasing in the presence of so many independent women. He provides much of the comedy in the book.

The premise behind Herland's isolation is not very plausible--the location was geographically isolated, and the male population had killed itself off 500 years before in war. Long after the last male died, a woman managed to give birth to a daughter through parthenogenesis. This birth, which meant the hope of a continuing, yet new, society, spawns the beginning of a cult of motherhood in "Herland." Theodore Sturgeon's Venus Plus-X creates a society that is formed on somewhat the same lines. Children are extremely important in Herland, and caring for them is the task of the entire society, not just individual mothers.

Herland society is primarily agricultural, although it is not presented at a pastoral triumph of anti-technology. Instead, the necessity of technology for an advanced civilization is assumed and the women's scientific and "mechanical" progress is merely alluded to. It might have been more interesting if Gilman had pondered the effects of technology upon the economy and upon society, but then, she could argue that that would have required a different book entirely.

Herland suffers from another, more major flaw. Gilman was prey to some of the worst prejudices of American society. Her attitudes towards immigrants, especially Jewish immigrants, and blacks are singularly stupid and objectionable--all the more so because Gilman clearly had the ability to think more intelligently on those subjects had she chosen to do so.

Nonetheless, the book raises issues that still confront women and men today, and for that reason is well worth reading. If we are to survive as a species, someone must have children. How are we to care for those children? Is the current model of individuals providing arbitrary and varying standards of care for children in the best interests of our society? What would happen if our economic structure, laws and work environments were set up to benefit children and those who cared for them rather than to benefit men? In a time when women are still primarily seen vis a vis their relationships to men, can we imagine what it would be like to be a woman who was not defined in terms of a man? How would a gynocentric society differ from our current androcentric society? What are the possibilities for androgyny? Herland offers a witty answer to these questions--one the men from TIME (and any other, more thoughtful and interested parties) would do well to contemplate.

\*My copy of the book is six years old; I am not sure if this is the current price.



TROUBLE WITH LICHEN by John Wyndham  
A book review by Mark R. Leeper

Last August I review Web, supposedly a John Wyndham that had not been published before. My suspicion was that it was not a John Wyndham novel--it was only published under that name. No, I'm not suggesting it was ghost-written. I am sure it was written by the same man who wrote great books like The Day of the Triffids, but I am not sure he intended Web to be written by John Wyndham. Huh? Well, John Beynon Harris was a long-time science fiction writer in Britain. His full name in print is long enough to wrap around your waist. He wrote a lot of mediocre science fiction under a number of pennames, all of which were substrings of his real name. His best material somehow always came out under the name "John Wyndham," and people began to realize that the John Wyndham novels were pretty good. Harris died in the late Sixties and Web was never published until recently, it appears. Then the publishers picked Harris's most bankable pseudonym.

In any case, as I was reading Web I was feeling pleased that here was a John Wyndham that I'd never read. Then it occurred to me that there were a handful of genuine John Wyndham novels I'd never read; most seemed like juveniles, but then there was Trouble with Lichen. Harris wrote it late in his career and it is really not too bad. In some ways it is very much like the Alec Guinness comedy The Man in the White Suit.

The plot concerns a strong-willed young woman who gets a job at a research establishment and through an accident discovers a lichen derivative that very much slows down the aging process. Users will live varying amounts depending on dosage and when usage begins, but usually about 200 years. The woman goes into business for herself developing the drug, and the head of the research establishment independently develops the drug, neither knowing that the other knows the power of the drug.

The woman, to get around the law, opens a beauty products business and secretly gives the drug treatments to wives of prominent government dignitaries. There is an interesting legal problem in that she very openly tells her customers, "Our products will keep you younger longer." Can she be blamed for telling the truth when lying hype is expected?

Antigerone cannot be made totally public because there is only enough lichen in the world to treat a few thousand people. Announcing the drug would assure that just the wrong people get it. Further, the social impact of the drug would be incredible. Well, the news does leak out eventually, and the world goes into chaos. Morticians and socialists, for different, demand that the drug be banned. So do certain church groups. If all this seems a little unlikely, think of the real life social uproar a few years after this was written when a pill to prevent pregnancy was invented.

I cannot claim that this is a particularly well-written novel, or that I believe the nature of the uproar caused, but the magnitude of the chaos is more than the reader expects, but probably less than would actually occur. Reading it, I was thinking it was really lesser Wyndham, but thinking about it afterwards, that is still pretty good.

DAMIANO by R. A. MacAvoy  
Bantam, 1983, \$2.75.  
A book review by Mark R. Leeper

Many people claim to live their religion, but few so literally as Damiano Delstrego. Damiano seems to be in constant contact with all sorts of wonders of Italian folklore. Living in the Alps in the north of Italy in the Middle Ages, Damiano takes music lessons from the Archangel Raphael. Damiano is the son of a witch and something of a witch himself, but not enough of an adept to protect his village from General Pardo's invading armies. So Damiano goes off on a quest to find some magical way to protect his village from war. Along on the travels will come Macchiata, Damiano's faithful dog who happens to talk. What happens on this quest will leave Damiano changed forever.

MacAvoy's writing style is as accomplished as that of anyone writing these fantasy these days. Her prose is clear, simple, and uncluttered. This is not a book to speed through but to savor. Like Stephen King's, for example, the plot does not advance at a rapid pace. There is time to develop characters and make them three-dimensional. I find, however, that King's long build-ups do not so well flesh out the characters as do MacAvoy's descriptions. King concentrates more on what his characters do while MacAvoy does a better job of telling her reader who her characters are. King writes like a snapshot, MacAvoy like an oil painting with every detail perfect. This book may not knock your socks off, but page-by-page it is well worth the reading.