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Shaking the Bones

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Jacqueline Taero

Remember the good old days?

True, they may not have been so good in all ways. There were times when arguments became too impassioned, when controversy incited bloodletting, when fans may have cared a little too much and lost the ability to see things in perspective. But would anyone really deny that there was a time when SW fandom was more vibrantly alive than it is today?

Yes, folks, we're here to kick the corpse.

We've heard all the tired excuses. There are no new films upon which to speculate. There's nothing to do but rehash the same old questions again and again. The Saga is complete--the circle is closed--end of story.

Maybe. And then again, maybe not. SW fandom may be a mere skeleton of its former self--so why not have some fun? Let's shake the bones.

What follows is a list of largely overlooked questions ranging from the obvious to the obscure. Or, if you prefer, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Perhaps you have a better list. Well, for the love of little green ghosts, let's see it! In the meantime, here's ours.

Grab a bone and dig in:

1. Have we vastly overestimated the abilities of the Jedi? Why didn't Darth have clairvoyance enough to find the stolen datatapes? This guy is supposed to be the biggest, baddest, blackest Jedi

of them all, isn't he? And why wasn't Ben "Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies" Kenobi able to sense that going to Alderaan might not be such a brilliant idea, since it was due to be blown out of existence only a few hours hence? So much for seeing the future, in motion or otherwise. Do we actually have any evidence to suggest that anyone except Luke Skywalker has any precognitive/telepathic abilities whatsoever? And might those abilities be the real reason he is considered so important by everyone involved--simply because he's nearly unique and therefore highly useful to have on hand? Not because he's the last Jedi, but because he's the ONLY Jedi to possess certain talents which fandom has assumed were common to all?

2. Why are droids always "he"? A synthetic voice could be as easily produced in female tones as in male tones, if Threepio is the droid in question--and, in the case of Artoo, beeps and whistles would seem to be genderless. Does the use of the masculine pronoun indicate something about SW society in general, or is it just one of those things like ships always being "she"?

3. For what purpose is the moisture farmed on Tatooine employed? Why was a virtually waterless world colonized in the first place? Does Tatooine have some value of which we have not been informed--and, if so, what is it?

4. Why was the leader of a "peaceful" world

(i.e., Alderaan) involved in the rebellion, and did the good, law-abiding citizens of Alderaan know?

5. Why was a teenage girl representing her planet in the Imperial senate? Was there no one more qualified for the position? And how did the people of Alderaan feel about being represented by a pint-sized snippy adolescent?

6. Was the Imperial senate a place of physical assembly or was it attended via holographic projection?

7. Leia seemed to be well known to those at the base on Yavin's moon; did she make frequent visits there? If so, did this not create the risk of having the connection discovered and the base located by the Empire? Or were the majority of those at the base citizens of Alderaan, and if so, what does this say about the composition of the rebel ranks?

8. Why was the base not evacuated when the Death Star was approaching? Were the rebels really that eager for martyrdom? Or was Dodonna just stupid?

9. Was Han Solo really a drug smuggler, or is "spice" no more than the equivalent of nutmeg, cloves, etc.? If the latter, why bother to smuggle it? Was Han working for someone who wanted to avoid excise taxes, import fees, and the like? And is outer space in that galaxy full of abandoned cargo dumped by Captain Solo and others of his ilk? Is Han just a galactic litterbug?

10. Han is seen loading his supposed "reward" onto his ship (and not to belabor a point, but just what did he do with it, anyway? Why the hell DIDN'T he pay off Jabba the Hutt?) in the form of heavy containers. What was in them, and why was he paid in this fashion? Didn't the Alliance maintain any numbered bank accounts from which monies could be withdrawn?

11. If the purpose of having Luke raised on Tatooine was to protect him from discovery by his father, why was his name not changed? Is "Skywalker" the SW equivalent of "Smith"? And wouldn't it have been safer to place him with a family totally without connections to Kenobi or Vader? Why not post a sign on the front door: "Only Son of Anakin Skywalker in Residence. Inquire Within."

12. Is the reason for so few females being shown in the SW universe that males vastly outnumber females? If so, what are the social and cultural implications? Or are there plenty of

females around and the reason we don't see them is due to the SW universe being a male-dominated society? If the latter, how did Mon Mothma and Leia rise to their respective positions in the Alliance?

13. If landspeeders and other mechanical devices (e.g., the Hantsicle) have anti-gravs, why are droids not similarly equipped instead of being forced to move about on wheels, or in Threepio's case, on awkward mechanical legs? The probe droid employed such technology--why aren't other droids built this way?

14. Tauntauns are presumed to be native to Hoth. Apart from the question of what they eat (wampa? and what do wampa eat? and isn't an all-meat diet supposed to be bad for your cholesterol...?) there is a small question concerning their ability to survive in such a harsh climate. "Your tauntaun will freeze before you reach the first marker." Oh, really? Tauntauns never go out in the snow under normal circumstances?

15. Since promotion in the Empire seems tantamount to a death sentence, why does anyone even try to get ahead? And, with the attainment of high rank seriously shortening one's life expectancy, why aren't Imperial officers defecting in droves? Does everyone in this universe want to die?

16. Why is security so poor in the SW universe? How is it that an astro-droid can gain access to virtually any data, open any locked door, hold highly enlightening chats with a strange central computer, override existing programs, etc.? Is Artoo-Detoo really a computer hacker?

17. Why does Bespin, an apparent space station, have a breathable atmosphere outside? Is it located in the atmosphere of a planet beneath it and, if so, how is it held in orbit? If the planet had breathable air, is it also populated?

18. Lando advises everyone to leave before more Imperial troops arrive. Where were they going to go and how were they going to get there from Bespin? Where did they store all the ships necessary for such a mass exodus?

19. What is the physical base of the lifeform known as the space slug, how does it survive, and what does it eat when there are no spaceships in the vicinity?

20. Why were the generators on Hoth in plain sight? Wasn't this just asking for trouble? Were they built by the Alliance, and if so, how long did it take to construct them?

21. How much of a threat were the rebels to the Empire? Did the Empire consider them a genuine threat or more of a petty annoyance? Did Luke Skywalker's Jedi connections cause the Empire to take the rebels more seriously than they had previously?

22. How much popular support does the rebellion actually have?

23. What do the rebels DO when there are no Death Stars to blow up? What actions, if any, do they take against the enemy? Do they employ terrorist tactics? If not, why not? If so, does this make them any better than the Empire they are fighting?

24. When the Empire is defeated, what will happen to the vast numbers of stormtroopers and other personnel it employed? How will they be absorbed back into the civilian population and will this cause massive unemployment? What effect will this have on the New Republic and how will it deal with the problem?

25. Did anyone ever flunk out of Jedi training? If so, what was done to ensure that they did not misuse what they had learned up to that point? Was Anakin/Darth the only Jedi in the history of the organization to fall to the Dark Side? If there were others, what happened to them?

26. Was Admiral Ozzel actually a rebel agent?

27. How long will non-human life forms be content to settle for second-class citizen status? Is there a Society for Alien Rights in the SW universe? A Society for Droid Rights?

28. Leia states that she has vague memories of her mother. Was the woman she remembers actually her mother? And is this woman (and/or her mother) actually dead, or was this just what the child Leia was told?

29. How does the Emperor maintain control of Darth and of Darth's ambitions? Is he aware of Darth's offer to Luke in TESB? What does the Emperor know and when did he know it?

30. How much did it cost the Empire to construct not one but two Death Stars and how were these projects funded? Were tax rates raised and did this create civil unrest? For that matter, by whose order were those thousands of probe droids sent out, and how much did that little operation cost the taxpayers?

31. Is the Emperor really dead or will he, too, reappear as a hologram at some later date?

32. What percentage of Alderaan's population was offworld at the time of the planet's destruc-

tion? How many surviving Alderaani hold Leia Organa responsible, due to the fact that her involvement with the rebellion led to the event? Is Leia a prime candidate for assassination by grief-maddened Alderaani?

33. Where are all of the clones we've heard so much about? Did they ever exist--or were the Clone Wars fought over the idea of cloning and its economic/cultural/moral implications?

34. What is the relationship, if any, between droid technology and clone technology? Which came first? Did one lead to the other? And just what IS a "human cyborg relations" anyway? Does Threepio have organic components? If so, do they require periodic replacement?

35. Did Han Solo suffer brain damage from carbon freeze? (No, really--this is a serious question.) Lando makes it quite clear that the process is not normally used on humans, with the implication that there may be side effects or other negative results. Weren't the rebels taking a big chance by making Han a general and putting him in charge of a major operation immediately after he's survived such an experience? Shouldn't he have been placed under observation for a few weeks or months?

36. What type of sporting events exist in the SW universe and why don't we ever hear anything about them?

37. What is the ratio of generals to enlisted personnel in the Alliance military? Does anyone ever get fed up with the cause and desert? If so, what does the Alliance do about it?

38. What type of currency is used in the SW universe? Han leaves a coin as compensation for the mess he leaves behind in the cantina--is this an Imperial issue or a local currency? Are different currencies in use on different worlds or is there one standard currency used throughout the Empire? Or both? Wouldn't an electronic transfer system be more efficient? The technology for it certainly exists--why is Han carrying coins in his pocket?

39. In his original (cut) incarnation, Jabba the Hutt seems to have been human. How did he become what we see in ROTJ? Was this the result of some kind of progressive, disfiguring disease combined with compulsive overeating? And where did he get the frogs--is there a tadpole pool in the back room or does he have them imported?

40. Was Yoda aware that Obi-Wan was training Anakin Skywalker and did this venture have his

approval? If not, why not? Was Anakin a poor candidate for the training or was Obi-Wan an inept teacher? And which came first, the chicken or the egg? Did Anakin follow Obi-Wan "on some damn fool crusade" and then become a Jedi, or was he a Jedi before he went off on the so-called crusade? If the latter, where was he trained as a Jedi? On Tatooine? What was Obi-Wan doing on Tatooine back then? And does this conflict with the notion that he was later "hiding out" on Tatooine?

41. When, if ever, does Obi-Wan Kenobi tell the truth about Anakin, himself, the Jedi, or anything else? Should a "light side" Jedi be telling lies?

42. Does Yoda intend for Luke to resurrect the Jedi Order when he tells him to pass on what he has learned, or merely to keep the Jedi myth alive by telling about it? Is it a good idea to attempt such a resurrection? Are the Jedi still a viable concept by the time of the trilogy, or just an anachronism? Are Yoda and Obi-Wan simply elderly beings dreaming back to an earlier time, indulging in rampant nostalgia? Do they have any moral right to place such a burden on Luke?

43. What type of class system exists among the human races in the SW universe? What is the likelihood that the Imperial elite (ruling figures, top officers, etc.) are drawn from the upper classes, while the rebels consist mainly of lower class malcontents aided by a few highly-placed bleeding heart liberals willing to lend their names and talents to the cause? Within the Empire itself, are stormtroopers ever allowed to advance to better positions, or is being a trooper a dead-end job? Some of them don't seem particularly bright--is this the result of boredom/job burnout, or are the masses of stormtroopers in the Empire there as a way of employing the otherwise unemployed? Was Obi-Wan being literal when he said the Force has a strong effect on the weak-minded?

Okay, so maybe we've tossed in a few questions that have been asked before--but then again, were they ever really answered? Why is SW fandom at death's door when there are still interesting things to talk about? Why aren't we talking about them? Is anyone out there...? Hello...?

LETTER INDEX

Tim Blaes	43
Catherine Churko	50
Sarah Cohen	41
Deborah Kittle	40
Cheryl Pryor	39
Maggie Nowakowska	45
Pat Nussman	38
Melanie Rawn	48
Marti Schuller	34
Dr. Mary Urhausen	35
Ming Wathne	53
Matthew Whitney	49

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Ethics and Etiquette

A PROPOSAL FOR THE BUYING AND SELLING OF FANZINES

Mary Urhausen

A few months ago in my letter to SOUTHERN ENCLAVE, I raised some questions about the ethics of the unauthorized xeroxing of fanzines. Since that time, I've received a small fusillade of comments, both in private correspondence and in the pages of this letterzine, regarding everything from "stolen" SASEs, to illicit copying of zines, to editors who never reply to inquiries! I'm happy to have stirred up this mini-tempest because, although, like many fans interested in zines, I have had some personal experiences with all of these problems, I never realized that there were so many other fans--especially relatively new fans--who were having the same problems. This has given me the incentive to think about these problems, and to try to come up with some practical, workable solutions to them. If nothing else, it's a chance to educate less-experienced fans on what to expect. I bring to this situation two perspectives: that of a zine publisher (THE WOOKIEE COMMODE, 1983 through present); and that of an avid buyer and collector of zines in many fandoms. The majority of my experiences have been overwhelmingly positive in both capacities; but I've also been burned a few times in both capacities.

One of the time-honored tenets of fandom has always been that "fandom runs on mutual trust." Perhaps no fannish endeavor relies more heavily on this belief than the buying and selling of fanzines. When it comes to an enterprise that involves such vast amounts of time and money, long distance communication, and legions of unpaid volunteers, goodwill has long been the grease that lubricates the gears. Unfortunately, like most time-honored tenets, the code of "mutual trust" hasn't always been an absolute. Fans, for all their sterling qualities as a group, are still just people; and in any such diverse groups there are bound to be a few individuals who deviate from the ideal. While I don't think that fandom has--

or ever will--reach the state where our motto should be "There's a sucker born every minute," I do think a wise credo for both the zine-producing and zine-buying public should be "Trust--but verify!"

What kinds of problems are we talking about here? From the side of the zine-producing fan: Buyers who fail to complete payment for zines (either by bouncing checks, or by putting down a deposit on a zine, and then leaving you hanging in limbo by never paying the remainder); fans who "steal" your zine by unauthorized xeroxing of all or part of it; and buyers who swindle you out of a second copy of a zine by claiming that they haven't received the first copy, when they actually have received it. From the standpoint of the zine-consumer: Publishers who take deposits, or even final payments, and then never send your zine; publishers who take SASEs and deposits and don't return them if the zine never gets published; publishers who gouge fans on prices; publishers who don't respond to inquiries with SASEs about a currently advertised zine; and even publishers who fail to keep you informed, either through personal correspondence or notices in letterzines, if there is going to be a long delay in publishing dates for a zine. And we won't even try to get into all of the conflicts between zine publishers and their contributors--that would be another entire article in itself!

The specific behavior that prompted the controversy that generated this article is the unauthorized xeroxing of zines, presumably zines out-of-print (henceforth known as "OOP") or otherwise unavailable zines. A zine buyer seeks a certain issue of a zine. It is no longer available for sale from the publisher, but other fans still have original copies of it. This would-be buyer wishes to have a xerox of an existing copy. So, who does the zine belong to: the person(s) who published

it, the person who bought an original copy, or the person who is willing to pay for a xerox of it? And what can a fan do if the publisher of an OOP zine doesn't respond to inquiries about the availability of reprints, or permission to xerox? What if repeated efforts to contact them fail? And what if the publisher just says no? Does a lack of response in itself constitute a "no"? Hey, what's the harm of one little xerox, just for the fan's own personal use? It's not like they're going to sell it at a profit, or that the person who xeroxed it for them is going to profit--right? Whose zine is it, anyway?

In general, the rights to the material published in a zine belong to one of two parties: the publisher or the author/artist. Check the copyright statement in the front of the zine to be sure. If there isn't a statement, or if you don't have a copy of the zine to check, you can assume that all rights reverted back to the author/artist upon publication. If you only want a xerox of a specific story or drawing, contacting the author or artist would give you the legal right to a xerox, if they consent. But what about a xerox of the whole zine? The material may belong to the individual author or artist--but the total layout belongs to the publisher. If you've spent hundreds of hours of your own time and effort, and often thousands of dollars of your own money, to create a zine, should any fan have the right to simply make themselves a xerox of it, even if they do it at their own expense? Look at it this way: Suppose you see a great piece of art--the quintessential Luke or Han or whatever--and you know you just have to have it. But maybe the price is too high; or--horrors!--someone else (not necessarily someone with more money, but maybe just someone who was there first) buys the piece of art before you can. What can you do? You ask the artist if prints are available; they're not. You ask the new owner of the piece to let you copy (photograph, perhaps) it; they decline. Then what? If a friend of the owner was willing to photograph it for you, without the owner's knowledge or consent, does that mean it's all right for you to have a copy of the piece of art? Are you entitled to a copy, just because you want one? Or are there just some things you have to do without? Think about it...

From the standpoint of the person who publishes the zine, unauthorized xeroxing, even of OOP zines, is piracy--outright theft. Whether they

are asked and decline, whether they are asked and don't respond, or whether they aren't even asked at all, it's still their zine. There are only two legitimate ways to obtain a xerox of a zine: the publisher xeroxes it for you (or directs you to someone they have authorized to xerox their publications); or the publisher gives you a personal dispensation, saying in effect that if you can find someone with an issue of the zine who is willing to lend it to you to xerox, or to xerox it for you, then they will not object to this one-time-only reproduction of their zine. Any other forms of xeroxing is stealing a zine, no matter how much you pay the xeroxer. There are all kinds of other problems that publishers have with buyers, and vice versa; but I'm not going to wade more deeply into the quagmire in this article! I would just hope that my suggested code of conduct, if followed by both publishers and buyers, would eliminate most of the problems both groups face.

So, what I would suggest to remedy all this? Simply, the following: Call it the Golden Rule of Zinedom, if you wish; or Zinedom's Bill of Rights; or just plain common courtesy. I look at it as a potential way of re-greasing those squeaking gears in zine fandom.

You are the ZINE BUYER, seeking to buy a zine.

1. The zine is PROPOSED/IN PUBLICATION. You either (a) send a SASE; or (b) send a SASE and a deposit, or prepayment in full.

Personally, I hate deposits or prepayments, and never ask for them--but I realize that to some publishers they are a necessity. Send a valid check (no bouncing wonders) or money order or cash (I know, I know--cash through the mail is a major no-no--but I've never had it get lost; and better yet, I've never had it bounce! Just don't send foreign currency!).

What you have the right to expect: That you will be notified using your SASE when the zine is available, and how much it will cost (if you haven't already paid in full); that your deposit or prepayment check will be cashed within a reasonable amount of time, and not held in limbo forever (I consider 4-6 weeks a reasonable amount of time); that if there is going to be a long delay in the publishing of the zine, that you will be notified of the delay and how long it will be--and not notified using your SASE, which is for final notification; you should be notified either

at the publisher's expense, or through a public notice in a letterzine(s). What constitutes a "long delay"? To me, if the zine was announced for "early 1989" or "winter 1989", and it wasn't out by April, I'd expect to be notified of the delay! But I realize that many publisher's definitions of "long delay" would be considerably more liberal than this...let's just say that six months would be the maximum delay that I could conscience without a notice.

2. The zine is CURRENTLY AVAILABLE. So you send your money (following the above guidelines). This should be an easy one...

What you have a right to expect: That your zine will be delivered within a reasonable amount of time, and in good condition (packaged so that the USPO can't destroy it!). "Reasonable amount of time" is a far slipperier concept than "long delay"! I try to have every zine order I receive mailed off within a week of when I receive it; most orders go out the next day. But some publishers only do "zine business" once a week, or even once a month. Four to six weeks is as long a delay as I'd conscience; any longer than that and buyers should be warned right in the ad or on the flier that delivery will take "x" amount of time. And what about zines "lost in the mail"? My own policy has always been to replace them, no questions asked, at my own expense. I only request that if the "lost" zine ever shows up, that one of the copies be returned to me. Many publishers will only replace a zine with partial or full payment on the second issue. Fortunately, "lost" zines are rare. (I've found it helps if the buyer has a P.O. box number the zine can be mailed to, rather than a street address. And needless to say, anything less than first class mail is an invitation to disaster.)

3. The zine is OOP/NO LONGER CURRENTLY ADVERTISED. If you'd still like to find a copy, I strongly suggest sending a letter of inquiry with a SASE before sending any money.

What you have the right to expect: Actually, not very much! If the publisher responds that the zine, or a xerox of the zine, is available, proceed as 2. above. If the publisher is considering reprinting the zine, proceed as 1 above. If the publisher has no plans to reprint, send another SASE and ask about the possibility of obtaining a xerox--either from the publisher, or their authorized agent. If the publisher says the xeroxes will not be authorized, forget the idea of a xerox! Place an ad for the zine in "wanted to buy" in a

letterzine, or haunt the used zine tables at con dealer rooms.

What if the publisher doesn't reply to your letter of inquiry? It happens fairly often with OOP zines, for a variety of reasons. Some of these publishers have gotten out of fandom, or at least out of that genre, or perhaps out of the publishing aspect of fandom, and so they no longer maintain an interest in cultivating the goodwill of the zine-buying public. Some have moved, so long ago that their mail is no longer forwarded. Others have simply burned out and have no desire to deal with inquiries on their OOP zines. Do publishers owe you the courtesy of a response? I realize that what I'm going to propose is controversial, but my feeling is that no, no one "owes" you a reply to any letter, even if you send them a SASE. A letter of inquiry is in effect an invasion of privacy, every bit as intrusive as a phone call (and if you really want to start alienating zine publishers, try telephoning them at random hours of the day and night, pestering them about their OOP zines...). That you choose to include a SASE in no way obligates anyone to reply to your letter. It would be a courtesy if they did--and most people will. But no one has to. Obviously, I'm talking about inquiries about OOP zines here. If a publisher has a current ad or flier out for a currently available zine, then I feel they are obligated to answer all inquiries about that zine. (I even answer all inquiries without SASEs, but not all publishers will.)

If you are beginning to understand now why you've been having trouble with some zine publishers, then I feel like I've done some good. What about publishers; what do they have the right to expect from the zine buyer? In return for keeping you informed on the status of their proposed zines when you have SASEd them, promptly filling your orders, and hopefully being polite about your inquiries on OOP zines, they have the right to expect in return that they will be paid in negotiable funds (no rubber checks or foreign currency), and that you will not steal their OOP zines with unauthorized xeroxing. They are not obligated to provide you with a source of their OOP zines, or xeroxes thereof; nor are they obligated to respond to letters of inquiry that do not concern currently advertised zines. Most zine publishers are willing to help you hunt down the zines you're seeking, especially if they published it--and if you can assure them that you will not resort to stealing the zine with an unauthorized xerox.

Most will go out of their way to be courteous and helpful to fans, even if they've been burned a few times by the dishonest and ungrateful few. Most are still involved with and in love with fandom in all its permutations, especially fanfiction. And I think that most of the current problems between zine publishers and zine buyers could be alleviated if both sides would be not just trusting, but also fair, and clear about their expectations.

I welcome any response--pro or con--to the ideas presented in this article, either by way of a letter to SOUTHERN ENCLAVE, or in personal correspondence--even anonymous correspondence (as long as it's not the exploding kind..!)

((The above opinions are those of Mary Urhausen and not necessarily those of SOUTHERN ENCLAVE. Equal space will be offered for replies.))

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SE's Second Fan Q!

Hello, and welcome to the 22nd issue of SE! I am very happy to report that the 1989 Fan Q Award for Best Star Wars Letterzine has been awarded to SOUTHERN ENCLAVE! Thanks to all who voted for SE! I can't tell you how much your support means to me. I hope to keep the zine going for a very long time and hope that, together, we'll prove that STAR WARS fandom is alive and well and getting stronger every day!

Congratulations, too, to Mary Urhausen and Samia Martz for doin' it again! WOOKIEE COMMODE walked off, one more time, with the Fan Q for Best SW Zine! But, for pete's sake, guys, I'm gettin' jealous! I know people only vote for you because of all those naked Jedi and Corellians you print in your zine. (Gee, you think if I...hmmmm...)

Seriously, I want to do a bit of editorializing on the way the Fan Qs were handled this year. I have talked to a number of people who are highly dissatisfied and think, as I do, that this year's Fan Q nominations and ballots were an absolute, unholy mess. I would like the opinions of all of you who nominated and/or voted. If you don't want to express your opinion publicly, please write to me privately.

To begin with, nominating forms should have gone out in January, as soon as the nominations opened. Did anyone out there receive one? No one that I know did. Instead, the only mention of nominating that was made came with the MediaWest Progress Report 1 in mid-April (which should also have come out in January, but that's another story), only a few days before nominations closed. In some cases, the progress report didn't even show up until the day before or the day of the deadline, thereby making it impossible for a number of people to get their nominations in.

When the ballot came, it was three full legal size pages long. The section for STAR WARS was stuck on, almost as an afterthought, on the back of the last page. It contained just two categories -- Zine and Letterzine. What happened to the categories for best writer? Best artist? Best poetry or filk? Best short story?

Half of one page was taken up by a huge and

confusing section labeled "General/Miscellaneous". This contained two SW nominees: "Reluctant Jedi" by Kristy Merrill under the "Novel/Novella" heading, and Marty Siegrist as Best Artist (pitted against Ann Larimer (multimedia) and Paulie (M.U.N.C.L.E.)). Were they hidden in this mish-mosh of a category because there were no other SW nominations? Would there have been more if nominating forms had gone out as they should have?

SW was not the only fandom to suffer. B7's portion was even worse. In its section, the only category was "zine" and only two zines were nominated, both of them Australian zines with very little circulation, if my information was correct. WHERE was there any mention at all of Annie Wortham's excellent and huge B7 zines? Annie turns out the most prodigious number of zines per year that I have ever seen. All are humongous enough to give you a hernia and all are brimming over with some of the best B7 fiction and art to be had anywhere. The only other B7 nominee on the ballot was "Out of the Night" by Annita Smith, which was half of Annie's BLAKE'S DOUBLES zine. And this too was stuck in the "General/Miscellaneous" section.

On the other hand, there is evidence of ballot stuffing in some fandom categories. The "Robin of Sherwood" category was simply huge. This section contained headings for "zine", "novel/novella", "long story", "short story", "vignette", "poet/filker" and "artist." And the same people were nominated over and over in those categories! Jeanine Hennig alone was nominated eight times--three times against herself! And she also had a nomination stuck in that ubiquitous "Gen/Misc" section--this one for a filktape! Now, I don't want this to sound like a case of sour grapes and jealousy against Jeanine. I am thrilled for her that she is turning out such an incredible amount of quality material in ROS and congratulate her on her wins, but come on, people.

Other fandoms were much the same--SIMON & SIMON's and STARMAN both had eight, and STAR TREK was split into two separate sections, one for "old" ST and one for TNG. And, again, there were

ST nominees in the "Gen/Misc" section.

The presentation of the Fan Q's at MediaWest was changed, as well. Traditionally, the awards are handed out after the Saturday night banquet and before the costume contest. This year, they were announced on Sunday night, prior to the art auction. I would like hear from the people who were there. Did this rescheduling improve the awards? Could someone who attended write up a short report for the benefit of those fans who could not make it?

There was supposed to be a Fan Q panel at MWC. Did anyone attend that? Would someone report for us?

As you can see, I am highly displeased with the whole manner in which the Q's were handled this year. And I'd also like to put before the body of fandom a radical question: Have the Fan Q's outlived their purpose? When they were first given out, and for many years thereafter, fandom was a fairly cohesive group, with only a few divisions --ST, SW, Media, and some other fandoms that flared and then faded practically away--DR. WHO, SIMON & SIMON, REMINGTON STEELE, MIAMI VICE, to name a few. The Fan Q voting was fairly uncomplicated because most voting fans were acquainted with most of the nominees and therefore the voting displayed a fairly comprehensive overview of fandom's true favorites.

This year's ballot was incredibly splintered. There were categories for ST (and ST:TNG), SW, B7, BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, STARMAN, SIMON & SIMON, THE MAN FROM UNCLE, ROBIN OF SHERWOOD, MULTIMEDIA, and even Japanese animation! The "Gen/Misc" further contained nominations from LETHAL WEAPON, THE PROFESSIONALS, STINGRAY, MIAMI VICE, SHADOW CHASERS, and ADDERLY, as well as fantasy.

How many of you are acquainted with more than two or three of these groups? If you're a SW fan, have you ever heard of Nei Mo Han or V. M. Wyman? I haven't, but they were both nominated for best artist in the Japanese animation section. If you're a B7 fan, have you ever heard of the zines nominated in the STARMAN category? I haven't. In other words, don't you feel that, if the Fan Q's are the "bright center of the universe", then you're on the "planet that it's farthest from"? I sure did!

Is it time the Fan Q's were allowed to gracefully die? Am I the only one to feel this way? Several fandoms have already split off with their own awards.

No matter what your feelings, please express them. Please write to Gordon and Lori Carlton, 200 East Thomas Street, Lansing, MI 48906-4047, and to Cindy Fairbanks, 415 Charity Circle #114, Lansing, MI 48917, and tell them how you feel. These are YOUR awards, folks. Tell the people in charge how you feel about them!

Okay, off the soapbox. For those of you who haven't wandered into a bookstore lately, Melanie Rawn's second volume of her Dragonprince trilogy, THE STAR SCROLL, is now available! Get your copy quickly, before they're all gone. Melanie tells me that DRAGONPRINCE was a best seller. I know that the copies in my local bookstore were snatched up fast. It's another thick, juicy tome and sure to be a really good read this summer!

Since last issue, I have started on my new job at Centex Corporation. It has not turned out as well as I had hoped. It was presented to me as working primarily on the computer files and as Assistant Systems Administrator. It has turned out to be Stepin Fetchit for the Secretary of the Corporation. I don't like the man and I don't believe he's very fond of me either, so there may be another change in the job market before next issue arrives.

I've also been having a bit of bad health this month. I have developed a severe case of hormone imbalance and had to have a D&C done on May 30th. I am now on progesterone and iron supplements for 6 months and have begun therapy for some personal problems connected with my physical ill health, things like depression, chronic fatigue and burn-out. I'm recovering, though it's slow. But SE will continue. You guys are the best therapy around! Thanks for your support!

I hope you all enjoy this issue. I'm absolutely thrilled by the two main articles. So, come on and get those pens/typewriters/word processors humming and let's have some feedback! We've got enough new topics to satisfy anybody!

Until next time--May the Force be With You!

IN SYMPATHY

Sincerest sympathies are extended to Ming Wathne who lost her newborn granddaughter in February, and to Melanie Gutierrez whose mother passed away suddenly June 12 from a massive stroke. Ladies, please know that I care about you and share your grief. Please let me know if there is anything I can do for you.

PICKS & PANS

SCREEN



■ INDIANA JONES
AND THE LAST
CRUSADE
Harrison Ford,
Sean Connery

Take a good look at this movie. In fact, go back four or five times and take four or five good looks. In this imperfect world, you're not likely to see many manmade objects come this close to perfection.

Director Steven Spielberg has taken all the best elements of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (with little of the mystical mumbo jumbo) and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* (without the gratuitous violence and child abuse) and combined them into an adventure film that is fast, muscular, playful, warmhearted and sheer pleasure.

Connery was an inspired bit of casting as Jones's father, a quixotic scholar who has devoted his life to trying to find the Holy Grail, the cup Christ drank from at the Last Supper. With Harrison Ford around to handle the heroics, Connery can be whimsical, clever, eccentrically resourceful and, of course, as courageous as a lion when he really has to be. Screenwriter Jeffrey (Innerspace) Boam wrote Jones the Elder into a marvelous character, and Connery gives him a bright tone and style that strike just the right contrast to the laconic, slightly sour Ford. Their scenes together are models of father-son dynamics. When Ford complains that Connery didn't pay enough attention to him as a boy, Connery just shrugs and says, "You left just when you were becoming interesting."

Desperate for a shred of criticism? Okay: The plot, in which Indiana competes with Nazis in a search for a religious artifact, is very similar to that of *Raiders*.

Suffering through that minor bit of déjà vu is a small price to pay. Spielberg uses



says to Ford, "Well, I'm as human as the next man." And Ford adds, "But I was the next man.")

Boam and Spielberg set up a clever ending involving mysterious clues and a fearsome challenge—the phrase "leap of faith" has never been more imaginatively, charmingly employed. And they set the movie up for Connery's arrival in the plot with an opening flashback in which River (Running on Empty) Phoenix, as the teenage Indiana, takes on some villains and not incidentally indulges in the whip-handling, snake-fearing, fedora-wearing behavior that will become his trademarks.

It's a flash of a beginning that all but announces, "We're about to have some serious fun, folks." This is not a movie you want to miss the first five minutes of. Come to think of it, this is not a movie you want to miss any minutes of. (PG-13)

—Ralph Novak

Presumed Castable

Harrison Ford has nabbed the choice lead in Mirage/Warner Bros' "Presumed Innocent," to film in July for director Alan Pakula. The thriller, based on Scott Turow's bestseller and adapted by Oscar-winner Frank

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade
Harrison Ford facing a hard ride
and a stubborn dad—Sean Connery

ship between serial killer Bacon (*Footloose*, *She's Having a Baby*) and yuppie lawyer Oldman (who made his mark in *Sid and Nancy*). When Oldman uses a bit of courtroom dippy-do to get Bacon out of a murder charge, Bacon thinks he has found an ally. The elliptical attraction between them is reminiscent of the psycho-straight arrow pairing of Robert Walker and Farley Granger in Alfred Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train*. The way that attraction is worked through here, however, requires outrageously dumb behavior more reminiscent of a slasher movie.

Take the appealing Karen (*Birdy*) Young. Her roommate has just been brutally murdered. But she doesn't move out of her isolated, vulnerable home or get out of town or even buy a German shepherd. She helps Oldman investigate the crime and starts prowling around creepy places by herself. Oldman is investigating in the first place because he is so guilt-ridden. "They had that animal locked up, and I let him out to kill again!" he is driven to expostulate. Oldman may have an excuse for the hammy lines, since his (of course) critically ill mentor, a law professor played by Michael Sinelnicoff as a John Houseman impersonation, is given to reeling off aphorisms at the drop of a crisis: "The law is the dark shadow of justice"; "We're put here to take action;

Pierson, concerns an investigator for the district attorney's office who is assigned to look into the murder of his former mistress.

Originally optioned by Sydney Pollack and Mark Rosenberg (as producers) for a reported \$1 million at United Artists, the project was subsequently sold to Warners last summer.

Negotiations are under way for Brian Dennehy to play Ford's boss, who—like Ford's character—figures in the unraveling mystery.

—From Leonard Klady



According to science-fiction writers, students and members of the film industry, there is far more fiction than science in films such as *Star Trek V* (top), *E.T.* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Written Out of the Script

Our leading sci-fi writers
are alien to Hollywood

By Robert F. Moss

New York Times News Service

When William Shatner pressured Paramount Pictures into letting him direct the new \$32 million production *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier* (by threatening not to appear in it otherwise), he knew its performance would be measured against the benchmark set by his shipmate Leonard Nimoy, who directed the highly suc-

FILM

cessful 1986 release *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*.

The creative work began with a story of Mr. Shatner's devising. But the responsibility of transforming the story into a full-dress screenplay went to David Loughery, a young writer with few film credits.

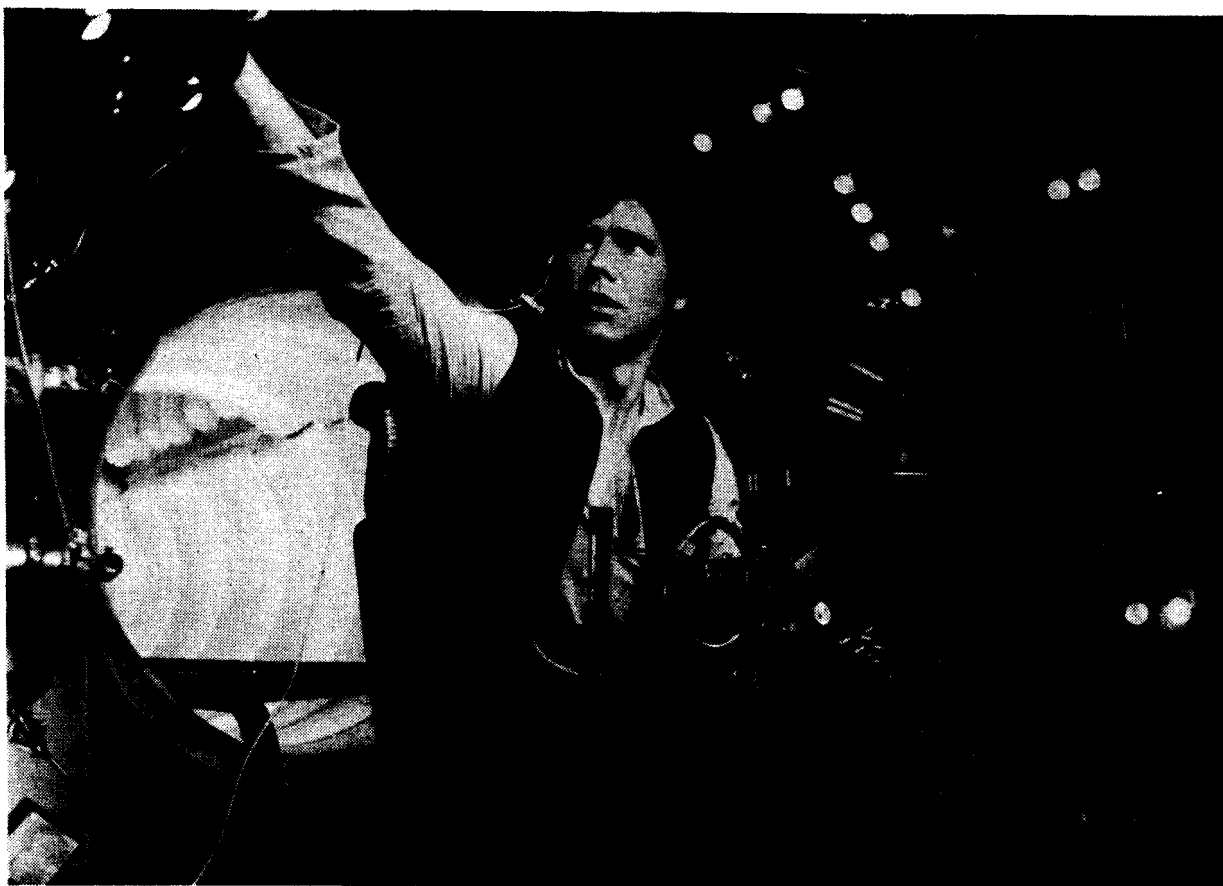
Though moviegoers might be surprised to learn that he has almost no background in science fiction, it would be a lot more surprising if he did. In Hollywood, it seems, the last person you'd want to hire to write a science-fiction movie would be a science-fiction writer.

In *The New York Times Film Directory*, which lists authors who wrote original screenplays, adapted other people's work or whose own work was adapted, there are five entries for Ray Bradbury, two for Harlan Ellison, one for Robert Heinlein and none for Isaac Asimov, A.E. Van Vogt, Poul Anderson, Frederick Pohl, Theodore Sturgeon or most of the other leading figures in the field.

The contrast to popular genres such as the detective story, the crime novel and the adventure story is stark.

Apart from a lonely, isolated adaptation of Ray Bradbury or Kurt Vonnegut, science-fiction writers — and adaptations of the genre's classics — have been skeletons at the feast of Hollywood's sci-fi blockbusters.

Among the most common reasons cited by members of the film industry, science-fiction Please see WHEN on Page 10C.



Han Solo (Harrison Ford) proved to be quite a combat pilot in *Star Wars*, but science-fiction writer Harlan Ellison told producer George Lucas such World War II-style dogfights are impossible in spacecraft.

When it comes to Hollywood, sci-fi writers are almost aliens

Continued from Page 5C.

writers and students of the genre are the financial burdens of filming high-quality science-fiction novels, the cerebral and imaginative nature of the work itself and the lack of any real familiarity with it among the small power elite who can get a movie made. The writers themselves are often looked on as only slightly less alien than the creatures they write about.

"In a book, you can blow up the world and it doesn't cost you anything but a typewriter ribbon," says Susan Allison, vice president of Berkeley Publishing Group and head of its science-fiction line. "In a film, the cost of the special effects makes it too expensive."

Bob Gale, co-writer of *Back to the Future*, sees science fiction's relative lack of crossover success with the general public as a major hindrance. Because of its "low recognition fac-

tor," such work is bound to go unnoticed by the influential movie stars whose enthusiasm for a literary property often determines whether it becomes a film or not. "Paul Newman isn't going to come to a studio and demand to play Gully Foyle in (Alfred Bester's) *The Stars My Destination*," says Mr. Gale.

And, adds Algis Budrys, a veteran science-fiction writer, "The texture

of your classic science fiction tends to be so rich, it's difficult to get into 35-millimeter frames."

The millions of moviegoers who will probably see *Star Trek V* don't know there's an alternative: it's called *real* science fiction. During the '40s and '50s, the golden age of science fiction, authors produced a literature of scientifically based, wonder-tinged speculation about technology, outer space and other life forms that fused Wellsian social

critiques with exceptional narrative skill.

Isaac Asimov wrote a sprawling, historical epic set in the future, Robert Heinlein explored the sociology of a moon colony, Alfred Bester made telepathy the basis of a psychological-suspense thriller and Theodore Sturgeon transformed Freud by creating an organism consisting of three people.

In the '60s, literary guerrillas such as Harlan Ellison, Barry Malzberg and Ursula K. Le Guin shook up the establishment with leftist political thought and radical experiments in style. Science fiction has entered college curriculums across the nation and inspired hundreds of books and scholarly articles.

But Hollywood knows almost nothing about all this. The fact is,

science-fiction movies are made by people with little or no background in the genre. When Gary Kurtz, producer of *Star Wars*, appeared at the 1977 World Science-Fiction Convention to accept an award, he earned a round of boos by announcing, "I'm glad to be here with all you other sci-fi fans." (His audience knew that SF is the preferred abbreviation and that "sci fi" is the rather simple-minded Hollywood version.)

Harlan Ellison, one of the few science-fiction writers who works regularly in Hollywood, recalls mentioning to producer George Lucas after a screening of *Star Wars* that it was scientifically impossible for spacecraft to make a whooshing sound or engage in World War II-style dog-fights.

According to Mr. Ellison, the film maker's reply, given with a shrug, was, "The people sort of want to see it." When Mr. Ellison attempts to preserve scientific accuracy and narrative logic in his own movie projects, he says he collides head first with movie makers whose response is, "Who will know?"

"Directors really believe the audience is full of idiots," Mr. Ellison says. "There is no attempt to uplift. There are improvements that can be made in a movie without their costing a dime. But they won't do it because they can't be bothered."

Hired to write a novelization of *Fantastic Voyage*, a 1966 film about a temporarily miniaturized rescue squad injected into the bloodstream of a dying scientist to destroy a brain clot, Isaac Asimov corrected as many of the scientific errors as possible.

But he couldn't do anything about the movie, in which the crew's submarine is left in the victim's brain, where it will soon resume its normal dimensions. "Won't the ship expand now and kill the man, Daddy?" asked Mr. Asimov's daughter when they saw the film.

"Yes, Robyn," he replied, "but you see that because you're smarter than the average producer. After all, you're 11."

Lucas' magic touch Final 'Jones' saga restores the luster

LOS ANGELES (AP) — The beard is tinged with gray, but George Lucas, whose trilogies of "Star Wars" and "Indiana Jones" have written film history, still conveys the boyish wonder of the movie-struck kid from Modesto.

Lucas, who just turned 44, came to town from his Northern California empire to do some interviews for "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade," which seems certain to restore the luster of his golden touch. After a series of monumental hits, Lucas productions turned sour with "Labyrinth" and "Howard the Duck."

His \$55 million "Willow" performed decently in this country and impressively abroad, but critics complained that Lucas was repeating himself. Lucas traditionally has paid little heed to critics, pursuing his own course at the Lucasfilm headquarters north of San Francisco.

Director Steven Spielberg and star Harrison Ford have indicated that "The Last Crusade" will be the last of the Indiana Jones adventures. Does producer-storywriter Lucas believe it will be?

"Probably," he said. "Unless I come up with some completely inspired idea. Three, I think, is a pretty nice number."

"We originally thought about doing three of them. We wouldn't have done the second one ('The Temple of Doom') unless we came up with a story that we all thought was fantastic and really wanted to do. We weren't really interested in making a film just to be making a film."

"The Last Crusade" comes five years after "The Temple of Doom," which followed "Raiders of the Lost Ark" by three years. The longer gap, said Lucas, was due to failure to find a script the three principals agreed on.

"I wanted to do a film about the Holy Grail; Steve thought it was too abstract an idea," Lucas said. "We developed a story on another idea which didn't turn out. Menno Meyjes came in to do another screenplay, and he didn't like that idea. We

started talking about the Grail and decided to try to sell Steven on it. (The screenplay is credited to Jeffrey Boam.)

"One of the major mythological threads (of the Grail) is inner happiness and fulfillment, which really deals with compassion and caring about other people in relationships. In that, it's a natural evolution to relationships with your parents."

That resulted in the role of the senior Jones for Sean Connery. In his early thinking about Indiana Jones, Lucas had figured the character had been raised by an attic actor about the script. The casting proved to be "brilliant beyond our wildest imaginations," said the producer.

There's nothing new to report on a resumption of the "Star Wars" saga, originally planned as a triple trilogy by Lucas.

MOVIES

"Indiana Jones" star Harrison Ford will be visiting a different kind of temple of doom this week as he observes murder trials in Detroit Recorder's Court.



Ford

to prepare for a film role as a prosecutor. Ford has been cast as Rozat (Rusty) Sabich, a chief assistant prosecutor accused of murder in "Presumed Innocent," a movie based on the Scott Turow novel of the same name. After Mirage Productions chose Detroit as a location for the film's street scenes, the Michigan Prosecutors' Assn. began mailing Ford training films. Chief Assistant Prosecutor George Ward says of Ford's visit to Detroit this week: "I feel lucky, that of all the chief assistants in the country, my job is being used as a model."

First in Line for 'The Last Crusade'

Dave Webster of Mar Vista isn't letting anything go to chance with the last outing of Indy in "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade." In line at 8 a.m. Monday, he wanted to make sure he was first at Mann's National Theater, which opened at 10:30 a.m. Wednesday.

"There are some things worth waiting for," Webster said, "and I'm a big fan of Indy's." Will he see the film again? "To see the film again and again isn't as great as being the first in line. That's why I'm here: to be the first to see the show."



Meanwhile, "teaser" trailers—some of which debuted at Christmas—are being replaced by official trailers with film scenes.

The one for "Indy" began running a few weeks ago, auspiciously attached to Paramount's surprise spring hit, "Pet Sematary." "Batman" trailers are due Memorial Day weekend. At the same time, between 5,000-6,000 trailers will surface for "The Abyss."

As for product tie-ins: There's

an "Indiana Jones"-Pepsi Cola sweepstakes and "Roadhouse" contests involving La Batt's Beer and a men's apparel line.

The high hopes are directly related to the coming attractions, which include big stars, big budgets and a slew of sequels to monster hits.

Kicking off the summer: Paramount Pictures' "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade." Opening May 24 in more than 2,000 theaters, it has already been singled out by industry analysts as one of three big potential blockbusters.

Consider: The last "Indy" installment was largely critically assailed, but still sold \$175 million in tickets and set an opening weekend record of \$33.9 million over four days. (In an interview in the June issue of *Premiere* magazine, director Steven Spielberg says one of the reasons he made "III" was "to apologize for the second one.")

What an opener: Indy's latest is third best ever

From staff and wire reports

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade enjoyed the third-best opening night in movie history, and may go on to claim the largest opening week ever when complete box-office figures are released next week.

The third, and perhaps final, chapter in the adventures of the 1930s archaeologist played by Harrison Ford collected more than \$5.62 million on 2,327

ARTS NOTES

movie screens Wednesday night — less than opening-night champions *Return of the Jedi* (\$6.2 million in 1983) and *Rocky IV* (\$5.68 million in 1985).

John Krier, president of Exhibitor Relations Inc., says *Indiana Jones* could gross more than \$50 million in its first week, topping the record \$45.7 million debut week in 1984 of *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

— Associated Press

BIG DADDY

Connery revels in a new role

By Philip Wuntch

Film Critic of The Dallas Morning News

LOS ANGELES — Sean Connery, speaking to film critics via satellite from Seville, Spain, reflected on the differences between James Bond and Indiana Jones, on his new status as the movie world's current "father figure" and on his relationship with his own father.

FILM

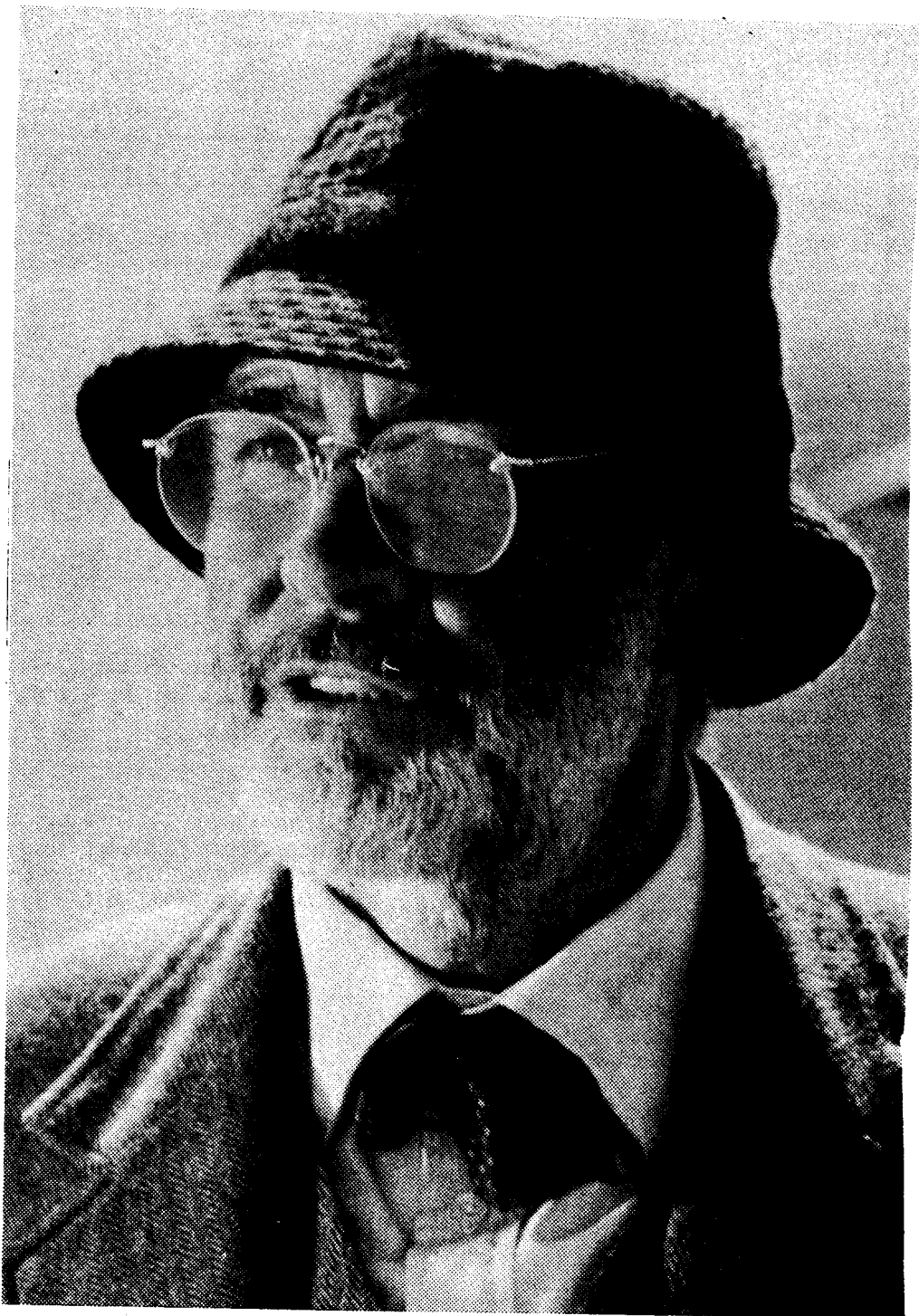
Through it all, Mr. Connery was charming, and he knew it. There's a touch of appealing arrogance about the 58-year-old actor, who lives in nearby Marbella, Spain. He good-naturedly but firmly makes it known that he's only 12 years older than Harrison Ford, although he plays the latter's father in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*.

Something behind his irrepressible twinkle indicates that, to paraphrase Chevy Chase on the old *Saturday Night Live*, he knows that he's Sean Connery and you're not.

"Aside from the fact that Indiana Jones is not as well-dressed as James Bond, the main difference between them is sexual," he says. "Indiana deals with women shyly. In the first film (*Raiders of the Lost Ark*), he's flustered when the student writes 'LOVE YOU' on her eyelids. James Bond would have had all those young coeds for breakfast."

He seems amused by the fact that, after winning screen immortality as Agent 007 in the mid-1960s, he's now cast as "fathers and teachers." He won an Oscar for portraying Kevin Costner's mentor in *The Untouchables*, played a wise, realistic priest in *The Name of the Rose* and was Meg Ryan's father in *The Presidio*; his depiction of paternal bewilderment was the last movie's redeeming quality. Later this year, he will be seen as Dustin Hoffman's father in *Family Business*, a comedy of organized crime.

And now he plays Dr. Henry S. Jones, a professor of medieval literature, described by son Indy as "Attila the Professor." Please see CONNERY on Page 8C.



Sean Connery plays Indiana Jones' dad in his latest film.

Connery is ready to play Bond's dad

Continued from Page 5C.

sor, the kind of teacher students hope they never get."

"There's a new emphasis on father-son relationships in films," Mr. Connery says. "Look at Kevin's baseball picture (*Field of Dreams*). I think right now we're all looking for a guide, for a big daddy, because life just gets more and more difficult."

He had "enormous fun," he says, working with Mr. Ford.

"I think that comes across on screen, even during our most combative scenes. Harrison and I provided our own timing. Steven (director Steven Spielberg) understood that, which is why he photographed most of our scenes as two-shots (camera work that keeps both actors in the frame, a technique that takes advantage of good interplay).

"Harrison and Dustin Hoffman are similar in their dedication to their craft but different in acting persona and in their sense of humor. Harrison's sense of humor is very sly. It sneaks up on you. Dustin is impish. Unless you take a big stick to him early on, he'll jump all over you. But I wound up enjoying both of them immensely."

A brave journalist wants to know if, having played Indiana Jones' dad, he now might consider playing the father of James Bond. "Well, why not?" Mr. Connery asks. "If the part is as well-written as this one is. But it would cost them. It would definitely cost them."

Although Mr. Connery plays the elder Jones in a broadly comic manner, he doesn't try to hide the fact that the man is an exasperating parent.

"I rather liked the idea of his being a European father with Victorian values, rather than an American dad. . . . Most fathers are contrary, difficult and lacking in understanding in every direction. Still, Dr. Jones is eccentric, self-centered and quite selfish. He does not have the *Saturday Evening Post* mentality of fatherhood. He's quite indifferent to his boy's needs, and he's so extremely confident that his arguments are always difficult to deal with."

Mr. Connery was not the first choice to play Indy's cantankerous dad. According to co-producer Frank Marshall, *Indy* creator George Lucas first wanted "someone like John Houseman." And at one point, Burt Lancaster, who vividly portrayed adventurers in *The Crimson Pirate* and *The Flame and the Arrow*, was considered for the part.

And when Mr. Connery was presented with the original script, he was not impressed with the character. Previously, the creators had toyed with the idea of having both Indiana and his father dally with the same girl, unknown to each other.

"I didn't want the father to be so much of a wimp," Mr. Connery says. "Before I came into the picture, they had been indecisive about his having the affair with the girl."

"Sean insisted that we put it back into the script," says screenwriter Jeffrey Boam.

Before turning to acting, Mr. Connery endured an impoverished childhood in Scotland. He remembers his father fondly, but, like Indiana Jones in the new movie, with a regret over missed opportunities at communications.

"When my father died, it was one of the worst times in my life. I never thought he would die. We were poor. Every single member of the family worked hard, and we were just happy to get through the day. I never had much time for Freudian input. We were too busy working to worry about whether my father loved me or if I loved him. Those feelings came out only in retrospect."

Carrie Fisher's novel and screenplay of "Postcards From the Edge," retitled "Hollywood and Vine," is shaping up as the actor's film of 1989. Joining Meryl Streep

and Shirley MacLaine in Columbia's July starter are Richard Dreyfuss, Dennis Quaid, Gene Hackman and Jennifer Grey. Mike Nichols directs for producer Neil Machlis. . . .

Sneak Peeks

After *Indy Jones* turned off many critics with his last sequel—it got damned for its violence and lack of charm—the intrepid anthropologist may be rebounding. According to exhibitor sources, "*Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*" is *hot*.

Screened recently for exhibitors across the country, Paramount's big summer entry—due May 24—got thumbs up from our sources for its "wall-to-wall action" and for being "nearly as good as the first."

And, said one exhibitor, "Everyone's raving about Sean Connery [as *Indy's* dad]. He really steals this one."

The plot has *Indy* (Harrison Ford) and his dad, Prof. Henry Jones (Connery), in search of the Holy Grail. Ditto some nasty Nazis. *Indy*, disguised as one, winds up face-to-face with Der Fuhrer himself. Chases abound, one involving a Zeppelin. There's romantic intrigue involving *Indy*, his beautiful blond girlfriend (Allison Doody) and another prominent character we wouldn't dare reveal. Also, an encounter with rats—lots of 'em—in the sewers of Venice. And flashbacks with River Phoenix as a young *Indy* explain *Indy's* revulsion for snakes.

—From Pat H. Broeske

"*Last Crusade*" doesn't come cheap: Exhibitor sources tell us that theater owners have already paid Paramount Pictures an estimated \$40 million in non-refundable guarantees for the right to show the sequel. A head film buyer for a West Coast-based chain called the figure "the highest in movie history in certain markets, with the possible exception of 'Return of the Jedi'."

The studio also has negotiated a minimum run of 12 weeks in every

theater, the source added: "Since Paramount's debuting the film Memorial Day weekend, it locks up those screens all summer—and keeps out the competition."

—From Craig Modderno



Sean Connery (left) and Harrison Ford as father and son: Things don't always go smoothly.

INDY'S BACK

Our hero returns to top form in 'The Last Crusade'

By Philip Wuntch

Film Critic of The Dallas Morning News

Just how good, you immediately want to know, is *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*?

It is infinitely better than *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and almost as good as *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

All right then, just how big a stretch is covered by the phrase "almost as good as *Raiders of the Lost Ark*"?

Suffice to say that the new film is a

FILM REVIEW

grand and glorious adventure — performed with panache, directed with style and written with considerable humor. It would be impossible for executive producer George Lucas, director Steven Spielberg and company to duplicate the unexpected magic of the first adventure. After all, the key word was "unexpected." At the time, no one knew what to expect from an Indiana

Jones movie.

The magic of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* is that it follows the diagram of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* while adding new dimensions and twists. The first 20 minutes has the same rhythm as the earlier film: A hair-raising, beautifully constructed opening scene is followed by an amusing sequence showing Indy at the university, speaking before throngs of ador-
Please see INDY'S on Page 3C.

Indy's in top form in 'Crusade'

Continued from Page 1C.
ing, distracted coeds.

The classroom sequence, incidentally, demonstrates director Spielberg's clever know-how. He makes the episode just similar enough to the *Raiders* scene to be funny, and just different enough to be unique. For example, the rows of coeds have expanded; evidently Indy's female enrollment has enlarged from 1936 (when *Raiders* took place) to 1938 (when the current film occurs).

Once Indy undertakes his new mission, which is nothing less than a search for the Holy Grail, the film develops its own pace. It has a somewhat gentler cadence than *Raiders*, with the emphasis on verbal wit.

On this escapade, Indy is accompanied by his father, a disapproving pedant whose specialty is medieval history. Father and son never have resolved their personal conflicts, but it's to the credit of the writing, directing and acting that *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* explores the generational conflict without seeming like a macho reprise of *On Golden Pond*. Indy's father never will treat him with the respect he deserves, and one imagines that Indy will eventually get used to it.

Mr. Spielberg doesn't miss a trick. Even the cliché of a clash of lightning over a forbidding Austrian castle seems fresh and clever.

There is, of course, a woman — Dr. Elsa Schneider, reminiscent in her *femme fatale* approach of the traditional James Bond women. Further ingredients include chases in

airplanes, tanks and circus trucks; a mythic prologue; a mystical conclusion, and the obligatory "queasy" episode, which this time involves rats with tails long enough to pass for tentacles.

It is all absolutely wonderful.

Sean Connery turns the irascible Dr. Henry Jones into a lovable curmudgeon. The film's success hinges on the rapport between the two actors. Mr. Connery and Mr. Ford seem to enjoy playing off one another, and their barbed banter has the right mixture of competitiveness and warmth. Some viewers may even insist that Mr. Connery steals the show, which would not be entirely fair to Mr. Ford.

River Phoenix makes an impressive appearance in the prologue, an episode that will be of prime importance to those who take their Indiana Jones mythology seriously. Alison Doody, as the extremely slick Elsa, performs with the right polish. Julian Glover, playing a sneaky American industrialist, is the perfect villain for the occasion.

And Harrison Ford, equipped with a sly half-smile and the screen's most intriguing monotone, continues to make Indiana Jones an endearingly human hero. He shows fright when attacked, he pursues women with befuddlement as well as bravado and he makes mistakes.

More than any other superhero in movie folklore, Indy seems like just plain good company.

The film opens Wednesday in a multiple run.

IT'S A TAKE: J.J. Hardy, who plays the teen-age Indiana Jones' overweight sidekick in *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, accidentally provided one of the film's biggest laughs: The then-290-pounder fell off his horse. Director Steven Spielberg thought it was so funny that he tried to have it repeated the next day to film close-ups, but stopped for fear that Mr. Hardy would be hurt. "But he (Mr. Spielberg) loved the scene so much that he kept it in, which I didn't know he was going to do until I saw the movie at the premiere," Mr. Hardy said. Mr. Hardy's weight was one reason he lost his balance and fell off the horse. Now, however, he tips the scales at a svelte 175 and intends to lose more.

SNAKES NOT INCLUDED: The hat and jacket of that world famous archaeologist, *Indiana Jones*, have become national artifacts. The Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History on Friday greeted the arrival of the brown fedora and worn leather jacket with suitable seriousness. They were presented by Harrison Ford, the actor who has played the daring archaeologist in three movies. One museum official said the character fights "high-density mythological structures" and brings the viewer "escape from the bureaucratization of American life."

MOVIES

Just in time for the opening of the new *Indiana Jones* movie, actor Harrison Ford, Paramount Pictures and Lucasfilm Ltd. will donate items Friday from the film trilogy to the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History. Memorabilia to be donated include the trademark brown fedora and well-worn leather jacket that Ford wore in all three films: "*Raiders of the Lost Ark*," "*Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*" and the latest, "*Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*." The hat and jacket, which a museum spokeswoman said have "influenced men's fashion in the 1980s," will become part of the museum's History of American Entertainment collection, but will not be on public display.

Carrie Fisher's idea of a great neighbor? Tom Hanks

"He would be fantastic: personable, bright, funny," Carrie Fisher says of Tom Hanks, her top choice for boy-next-door and her co-star in the movie comedy *The 'Burbs*. But then her dark humor surfaces: "He is the most normal man in show business and I figure someday he'll get up in a tower and shoot a lot of people because that can't last forever."

Harrison Ford, her swashbuckling *Star Wars* co-star, would not be a fabulous neighbor. "I get along with him OK, but he's not really accessible."

In *The 'Burbs*, Hanks and Fisher play complacent suburbanites Ray and Carol Peterson who suddenly have sinister new neighbors. And here's Fisher's review of the movie: "I thought I was watching *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* — and I didn't know which one I was."



By Ralph Nelson, Universal



Harrison Ford likes Indy's style.

Harrison Ford: comfortable with stardom

By Philip Wuntch

Film Critic of The Dallas Morning News

LOS ANGELES — Saying a word such as "pshaw!" wouldn't be entirely out of character for Harrison Ford. A former philosophy major at Ripon College, the star of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* freely uses such words as "finite" and "sympiotic."

Still, he doesn't exactly say "pshaw!" when told that Al Pacino goes back to the stage to regroup after making movies.

His half-smile, half-sneer says it for him.

"When I want to recharge my batteries, I get as far away from show business as I can," the 46-year-old actor says. "I spend time with my family. That's how I really get recharged."

He has an 800-acre ranch in Wyoming, where he lives with his wife, screenwriter Melissa Mathison (*E.T.*, *the Extra-Terrestrial*, *The Black Stallion*) and their 2-year-old son, Malcolm. When he talks about spending time with his family, the words sound sincere and unrehearsed, not even remotely suggesting Michael Landon on *Little House on the Prairie*.

"Last year, I think I just spent around four weeks in Los Angeles, spread out over the entire year. I lived in Los Angeles as long as my older boys were in their teens, and they were living in LA with their mother. Now they're 22 and 20, and they stay with us in Wyoming. Please see FORD on Page 3C.

Ford hates the trappings of show biz

Continued from Page 1C.

as often as they want." (Mr. Ford's older sons are the product of his first marriage.)

"I just got tired of city life. I never liked it at all. I grew up in Chicago, and even then, going into the city wasn't a huge thrill for me. You know, I pride myself on the fact that with all the movies I've made, I've never had to 'take a lunch.' That's a favorite expression in Hollywood. Someone asked me, 'Don't you have to take a lunch with Mr. Spielberg?'

"I've never had to take a lunch with Steven or anyone else. I conduct my business by phone from Wyoming and come here when I have to. When I need to meet with people, I invite them to Wyoming, and they can stay for as long as it takes. I've reached a point where I don't have to live in LA or New York."

Everyone involved with the production of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* insists that this will be the last of the Jones adventures. "I have no sense of relief at giving up Indy. He's nice to have around, and I like his style. But I'm not sentimental about him, either. I found myself having stronger emotional ties to the character in *Working Girl*. I thought he was a very conflicted person. He had tough luck in his career, and he was trying to pull himself up as honorably as possible."

He feels certain that *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* will

dispel the bad taste left by its immediate predecessor, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, a film that director Spielberg has said that he feels ashamed to have made.

"I feel the same way Steven does about it, but I haven't been as vocal. Every time I start sounding off against the violence in *Temple of Doom*, I find myself saying things that sound pompous and righteous, which is not the way I like to sound. I feel *Temple of Doom* was a reasonable attempt to make a stretch from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, but it wound up being too dark and unbalanced. We lost access to some of our audience of the younger kids, who were scared out of their wits. The whole intention of the second film was to take you for a walk on the dark side, but there wasn't enough balance in it."

In the new film, Sean Connery plays Indiana's disapproving but gruffly affectionate father. Mr. Ford relished working with the one-time James Bond, but not because he had played Agent 007.

"I never was a Bond buff. I definitely liked *From Russia With Love*, but after all the electronics started coming into the series, I lost track of the individual movies. I thought he was great in *The Man Who Would Be King*, *Robin and Marian* and *The Wind and the Lion*."

Several publications have cited Mr. Spielberg as being responsible for the father-son relationship that's at the heart of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*. Virtually

every Spielberg profile mentions that the director found support from his mother but felt his father was an aloof figure. But Mr. Ford says that the publicity-shy producer George Lucas spearheaded everything about the new film, particularly its emotional undercurrents.

"Indiana Jones is George's creation, really. He was very interested in expanding the character, and he was emphatic that the new movie should have a father-son relationship. George felt the father should be an academic who rarely left his study, that he should be a remote, formidable figure who was always critical of Indy. That's the only way it would work. If Indy's father was himself an adventurer, there would be no conflict."

"George also came up with the idea of the prologue (in which River Phoenix plays the young Indy). Steven didn't want to do it that way at first. He wasn't sold on it because he'd just done *Empire of the Sun*, which was from a child's point of view. I think it works great. It shows how Indy becomes Indy."

John Rhys-Davies, who reprises his *Raiders* role as Indy's loyal pal Sallah in *The Last Crusade*, speaks of the rise in Mr. Ford's confidence since he first played Indiana Jones more than eight years ago.

"Harrison is a very gentlemanly person," Mr. Rhys-Davies says. "But when we did *Raiders*, he got nervous sometimes. He wasn't used to carrying a picture. With *The Last Crusade*, he was much calmer,

"A film is a form of communication, and I feel that if a film of mine doesn't do well, I've missed at communicating."

— Harrison Ford

much more assured of his technique."

"I'm more comfortable in front of the camera now," Mr. Ford says. "There's an expository scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, where Denholm Elliott and I are inside my house near the university and we're talking about going after the ark. And I don't think I handled that section of explanatory dialogue terribly well. I could do it better now."

"I turned down *Terms of Endearment* because I just couldn't see myself making all those clever retorts to Shirley MacLaine at such a pace. Yet, five years later, I had very little trepidation about *Working Girl*, which had glib, sophisticated dialogue. I had always wanted to work with Mike Nichols. I came close to doing *Silkwood*, but our schedules couldn't match."

Mr. Ford says he takes his roles "one at a time" and tries to do something "unexpected."

"Right after *Star Wars* I did a supporting role in *Heroes* with Henry Winkler. I played a traumatized war veteran, and I did it to get as far away from Han Solo as possible. I thought if I did nothing more than confuse people, that would be fine. As it turned out, that was about all that film did. It confused people. But it also gave me some work to show people I could play something other than a cocky guy in a spaceship."

He next will star in the film version of the best-selling *Presumed Innocent*, to be directed by Alan Pakula (*Kluge*, *All the President's Men*, *Sophie's Choice*). Co-starring will be Treat Williams, Greta Scacchi, Bonnie Bedelia and Brian Dennehy.

"A film is a form of communication, and I feel that if a film of mine doesn't do well, I've missed at communicating," Mr. Ford says. "I was

very devoted to the idea of making a movie out of *Mosquito Coast*, and I wish it had done better. I'm very proud that *Witness* and *Working Girl* were successes. I never expected them to be blockbusters. *Frantic* was one of the hardest films I had done because my character's frustration and anxiety were unremitting. Yet I always knew calling it *Frantic* was a mistake. The script never had a frantic pace. I told (director) Roman Polanski we should call it *Moderately Disturbed*. He was not amused."

Mr. Ford says he has finally made some sense of the chaotic movie business.

"Back in the mid-1960s, Colum-

bia Pictures toyed with the idea of bringing back the studio system's contract days. They put 12 men and 12 women under contract, and I was one of the chosen. I was something of a rebel then, by which I mean I simply spoke my mind when I felt like it, and so they always cast me as a no-name hippie. If you see a hippie without a name in an old Columbia movie, look closely. It's probably me.

"But there's a logic to every process, including the insane process of film making. Once you're aware of that logic, you can either submit to it or rebel against it. And in many instances, rebellion is simply an act of ego. I've learned to submit to it, although of course in some cases, rebellion is entirely justified."

During the last part of the sentence, he gives his customary half-smile. But for the moment, the philosophy major and the movie star seem to have found a peaceful co-existence.

With pretentious pomp, Indiana Jones' 'artifacts' join others in Smithsonian

WASHINGTON (AP) — Would that world famous archeologist, Indiana Jones, ever have imagined? His own hat and jacket have become the nation's artifacts.

The Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History greeted with pretentious pomp Friday the arrival of its new objects: Indy's brown fedora and worn leather jacket.

They were presented by Harrison Ford, the actor who has played the daring archeologist in two hit movies.

"I was surprised, flattered" at the invitation, he insisted, although the whole thing was timed perfectly to

plug the third Indy movie just out.

His trademark attire isn't going on immediate display. But museum officials said it may someday take its place alongside such pop-culture treasures as Superman's cape, Dorothy's slippers and Howdy Doody himself in the History of American Entertainment Collection.

Ford and his gifts were welcomed at a news conference, with as many cameras as any at the White House. Museum director Roger Kennedy had Ford sign a "deed of gift" and did his best to find some profound significance in Indy, Ford, and what they reflect in American culture.



Harrison Ford, left, and Sean Connery are a combative, but loving son-and-father team in "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

MOVIE REVIEW

Plunging Headlong Into Indy's Last Adventure

By SHEILA BENSON,
Times Film Critic

We're told that this is our last romp with ol' Indiana, that after "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (citywide), the bullwhip will be retired. Well, even if he's considerably more battered than his nearest competitor, Indiana quits at the top of the heap. It's just that the heap isn't what it was eight years ago. It's been almost flattered to death.

You can't roll monstrous boulders straight at audiences any more and have a whole theater-full duck and gasp with fright—and pleasure. We may be plumb gasped out. And although Harrison Ford is still in top form and the movie is truly fun in patches, it's a genre on the wane.

Even the sparks that fly by combining Ford with Sean Con-

nery as his strict, scholarly father, the first Prof. Henry Jones, aren't quite enough. What used to be thrilling is beginning to feel mechanical, and it's a shock to find the usually watchful Spielberg and Co. making careless mistakes. (Keep your eye on the "X" that marks the spot and you'll discover what looks like a huge continuity glitz. Uh oh.)

In Jeffrey Boam's script, from a story by George Lucas and Menno Meyjes ("The Color Purple's" screenwriter), this last installment follows a headlong race for the Holy Grail, the life-long obsession of Indy's estranged medievalist-father. It is Papa Jones' exhaustive diary, a marvelously convincing prop, which contains all the clues save one to the location of the Grail.

The players are our heroes, on one hand, and those all-purpose villains, the Nazis, on the other. It

Please see INDIANA, Page 8

Continued from Page 1

seems they want the Grail as passionately as they wanted the Ark two movies ago. (Don't Nazis take notes? Compare notes? Learn from electrifying experience?)

But first, a prologue to show us where young Indy (River Phoenix, virtually wasted) got most of his trademarks and his aversion to snakes. It's full-tilt action in this opening quarter hour, and even with the jokey bits, like Indy and the rhinoceros horn, it's a chase that seems to go on forever.

It's just the first of many. During the enfolding story of the rediscovery of father and son, there are chases by speedboat, by motorcycle, by airplane, horseback and armored tank. The Jones boys, separately or together, are bombed, strafed, chain-choked and menaced by sheets of flame. These slice-and-dice chases begin to feel less like Indiana Jones and more like James Bond.

What the frantic action constantly breaks up are the growing moments of affection between this remote father and the son who has long felt shut out his life. Indiana's resourcefulness begins to change his father's faintly patronizing air, and his father's presence gives Indiana at last a chance to vent his feelings of rejection. It makes this quest story an inward one—or it's clearly supposed to.

But the focus is on the sensurround action. Both Ford and Connery play their I-never-told-him-I-loved-him moments full-out and unabashedly, and they alternate them with good, acerbic, air-clearing bits of accusation and grousing. But then someone strafes or pistol-whips them and the sentiment is diffused. In retrospect, "The Last Crusade" (rated PG-13 for intense action) becomes a blur of activity, not clearly defined peaks of emotion.

And even with more than two hours of running time to tell this story, Spielberg plunges into some scenes with such a perfunctory set-up that he catches his audience unprepared. The whole knight's tomb sequence in Venice is so rushed that there's no sense of real work on Indiana's part to solve this part of the puzzle. It's too easy, too headlong; we're onto a major discovery only minutes after Indy and Denholm Elliott's Marcus Brody have stepped off that gondola. Abruptness like this dazes and, almost bewilders an audience; it

certainly doesn't let them anticipate, experience and then savor a sequence as elaborate as this one.

Boam's screenplay, which has nice, whimsical moments (like the Venetian librarian's book-stamping joke), needs more of them, or more great bits of action that grow from character, such as Connery's inventiveness on the beach with his umbrella and the seagulls. "Raiders" was a plum-pudding of such indelible bits and they are sorely missed.

Back again are John Rhys-Davies' splendidly expansive Salalah and Elliott's quintessentially British Museum curator Brody. The film makers seem to have given up the job of finding a suitable woman for Indiana after they retired Karen Allen's Marion Ravenwood from "Raiders." But that's no excuse for the alliances held by Alison Doodley's icy Austrian art historian, Dr.

Elsa Schneider.

It's as though, in forging a bond between father and son, the idea of any woman became impossible, so the film makers gave Indiana a clearly impossible choice. It may be in the spirit of the hero-myth, but you can't blame audiences for wondering where the harm would be in one splendid partner to accompany the lads into the sunset, a sort of 1938 Lauren Hutton.

Best on the technical side are the far-ranging production designs of Elliot Scott and the reverberating, many-layered soundtrack by Ben Burt. Costume designers Anthony Powell and Joanna Johnston seem to have had a field day with Dr. Schneider, who grows more hilariously like something out of "The Night Porter" with every change of clothes. She finishes like someone out of Rommel's Afrika Korps, and whether or not we're supposed to giggle, it's hard not to. John Williams' music is nice, reminiscent and loud, and Douglas Slocombe's camera work is handsome without calling undue attention to itself. While the rest of the hundreds of special effects seem flawless, the blue screen in that small-plane sequence is so far below the quality we expect from this perfectionistic group that it stands out startlingly.

By the end of all this noise and confusion, what have we learned? Possibly something more serviceable than lofty: That Harrison Ford is probably better at a blend of action, soulfulness, churlishness and charisma than any actor of his generation. And that Sean Connery is now certifiably eternal. Didn't we know that going in? Ah well, I suppose there's no harm in underlining it.

Sean finally is bonded to 'Indiana'

By RICHARD B. WOODWARD
New York Times News Service

On a beach in Hawaii, long, long ago — May 30, 1977 — George Lucas and Steven Spielberg were taking a break from business, but talking, as they frequently do, about movies.

"Steve said he'd always wanted to do a James Bond film," says Lucas, who is sitting on one of the three sofas in his palatial office at Skywalker Ranch, near San Rafael.

"But only with Sean Connery. He wouldn't do it with anyone else. And I said I had a great idea for a James Bond film. 'It's not James Bond. It's set in the '30s and it's about an archaeologist. It's a modern James Bond film. You'll love it.' So Indiana Jones really evolved out of Steve's interest in doing James Bond."

It took 12 years even for this team to find a way to make the Jones-Bond connection, complete with Connery.

Alone or together, Lucas and Spielberg have directed, written or



Lucas

produced eight of the 10 most successful commercial films in history, two of them the Indiana Jones films — "Raiders of the Lost Ark" and "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom," with Harrison Ford as the daredevil archaeologist.

The third film in the trilogy, "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade," brings if not an end then at least a pause to their collaboration.

"I don't think any of us have any intention of doing any more Indiana Jones films," says Lucas, who produced and co-



Spielberg

wrote the story for "The Last Crusade."

"Of course, if I should stumble on a really brilliant idea, I'm sure I could talk to Steven and Harrison. But three is a nice number."

It is hard to imagine the idea that

might make Lucas want to leave Skywalker Ranch. Situated up high on 3,660 acres of grassy hills and valleys (Lucas also owns the 1,110 acres of Grady Ranch next door), the place has its own lake, baseball diamond, stables, library, technical facilities and dining rooms, all of which keeps 150 to 200 people employed.

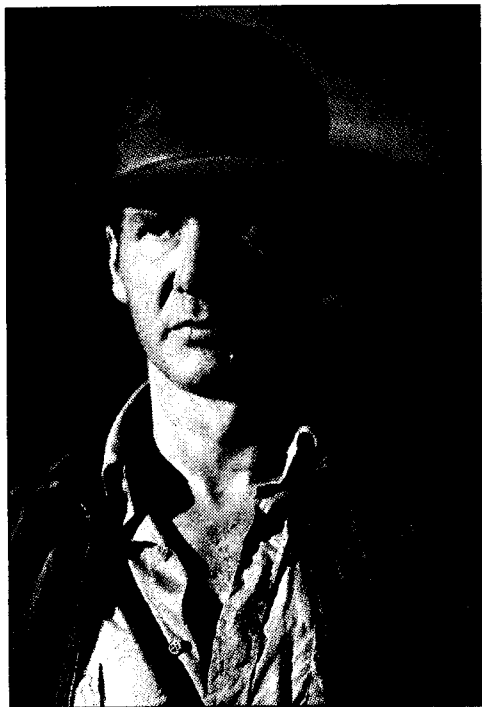
The main house at Lucas' Xanadu, finished only four years ago, has the scale of a Newport mansion.

The materials — white shiplap siding, wicker furniture on the wraparound porch, redwood paneling taken from dismantled bridges — make the house feel much older than it is.

To further the illusion that the ranch has been here for decades, Lucas has planted 2,000 fully grown trees, many of them trucked down from Oregon.

The slow, humane pace of storytelling and the acceleration of technology have always been compatible interests of Lucas. Often his films dramatize a conflict between people and machines.

While at work on "Star Wars," he
(See 'INDIANA,' Page C-4)



MURRAY CLOSE

Harrison Ford, in "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

'Indiana' . . .

(From Page C-1)

discovered the writings of the late Joseph Campbell, whose PBS series "The Power of Myth," with Bill Moyers, was shot largely at Skywalker Ranch.

Campbell's tape cassettes, on which he dispensed with the footnotes and simply described the relationships between myths from different cultures, spurred Lucas to enlarge that landmark film into a mythic trilogy. "Once I heard the tapes I really became interested," says the film maker.

The idea of a trilogy for the Indiana Jones movies was pledged by both Lucas and Spielberg from the beginning.

"George and I shook hands when the Indy films began," says Spielberg. "We agreed that, if the first one worked, we would do three."

According to Lucas, however, "We almost stopped at two because we couldn't think of a good story for the third part."

A screenplay was written for the third installment that involved ghosts and children, two themes with which Spielberg felt himself overly identified.

Except for a few elements, such as a tank chase, which were retained, this screenplay was scrapped.

"It wasn't until we maneuvered into the Grail myth, this father-son thing, that it became exciting to everybody," says Lucas.

The plot of the new movie sets the father off in pursuit of the Holy Grail and the son, who ridicules such legends, in pursuit of the father.

"The real issue in the Grail legends is finding inner happiness, eternal satisfaction," says Lucas, who has retained the Christian iconography of the myth while muffling its more cosmic repercussions.

"The film is about a father and son finding one another, rather than going after some specific thing. They find the Grail in each other."

It is apt that Connery should play the father of Indiana Jones in "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade."

An inside joke about the actor's importance in generating this series of films, it also enables the two film makers to reiterate some primal themes dramatized in their most successful movies: Oedipal struggles, absent fathers and rebellious sons, men who must prove themselves.

Lucas initially opposed the choice of Connery to play the role of a bookish professor who has devoted his scholarly research to locating the Holy Grail.

"I thought he was too formidable a figure for the character as he was written," he said.

"He was supposed to be a much older, completely out-of-his-element kind of guy, a scholar — like Joe Campbell. Seeing Sean in the part put a different twist on the character. We decided to make him a tough Victorian schoolteacher. You always turned in your papers on time to this man."

Spielberg insisted on Connery not only because of nostalgia; he also wanted to challenge Ford to work against a strong actor, something that hadn't been previously required of him in his roles as Indiana Jones.

"I think George saw the role played by an anonymous, English character actor," says Spielberg.

"I wanted another star. He thought Sean was too powerful. I said that Harrison would wipe the floor with him, or that they'd wipe the floor with each other. And I loved the idea of this character back-seat driving throughout the film."

The film opens in Monument Valley, Utah, with Indiana Jones as a child (played by River Phoenix). As he discovers looters pilaging an archaeological site, he makes off with their prize — a jeweled cross — declaring his high purpose with the cry: "That belongs in a museum."

As he is chased by looters, the film explains in the manner of a folk tale how Indiana Jones came by his attributes: the whip, scar, hat, his name and his profession.

This sequence, which Lucas calls the "teaser," pays homage to old movies, which seemed to function as mythic elements for both film makers, and it shows Indiana Jones growing up with a Teddy Roosevelt morality.

One need only compare the opening of the first film, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," in which Indiana Jones is introduced as a looter himself, to catch the ironic recycling.