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Stalking the Elusive Film Crew or A Day in Intercourse With Harrison Ford (Pennsylvania, that is!)

by Judi Grove

"That's the boonies!" exclaimed a pro dealer at my first con two years ago.

Well, I knew York, Pennsylvania, wasn't the biggest city around--but "boonies"? "Anything smaller than Philadelphia or Baltimore is the boonies in fandom," he explained.

The boonies of Pennsylvania was the best place to be, though, in late spring 1984 for Harrison Ford fans. I didn't have to travel to California; he came here. Okay, about twenty or thirty miles away, but that's much closer than Hollywood--or Jackson Hole. Lancaster became "here" rather than "there" for May and June.

As I fed my four cats on a cold Friday morning in February, the local news on television provided background noise. My ears heard, "Hollywood star Harrison Ford is coming to the Susquehanna Valley this summer." My brain said, "Grove, now you are crazy. Hearing his name! Come on!" And went calmly on feeding the cats.

My ears were right! Harrison was coming to Philadelphia and Lancaster. Two very excited Ford fans started planning. Marci Erwin and I could not pass up this once in a lifetime chance. Anticipation became a way of life as May approached. Even my fourth grade students were excited.

May 8th was a rainy Tuesday morning. A traffic watch on the car radio warned drivers to avoid the Penn Square area in Lancaster because Paramount Pictures trucks were blocking a traffic lane. Filming was to start that day on CALLED HOME. And I was on my way to school! Rats! How could I be expected to teach when Harrison was here at last! Sigh! At least I was able to watch the noon news, and there they were--those beautiful white trucks with blue logo--but no Harrison on camera.

Harrison finally was shown on the news the next evening, walking alone across the square. Somehow, seeing him wearing his glasses, plaid shirt, jeans, and carrying a brief case made the whole thing REAL.

Marci and I decided immediately not to waste time. Tomorrow we would be among the watchers on the square.

Did we feel guilty about our absence from work while standing outside in the brisk wind on an abnormally cold May day? Maybe a teeny bit but we certainly weren't going to have the

thrill of being there spoiled.

Of course, Harrison neither arrived nor walked across the plaza as he had both other days. We were disappointed but made the most of the time by talking with others waiting there. Most people were there because of curiosity. Several were movie fans. A few had no idea what was going on.

A social worker named Doreen told us how she and a friend had met Harrison the evening before as he left the old post office building where elevator scenes had been filmed. Harrison was smoking a cigarette and Doreen's friend said, "You know, that's a dirty habit."

Harrison replied, "Yes, I know. I've tried to quit," and put out the cigarette. He then signed some autographs, got on a bicycle, and pedalled down the street!

About 11 a.m. producer Ed Feldman came outside for a news interview for a Philadelphia television station. He took the occasion to announce publicly that CALLED HOME would be titled WITNESS. I was thrilled to be among the first to know of the movie's title change.

While the interview was taking place, Harrison took the opportunity to slip unnoticed into the Lancaster Federal Building. We were foiled again!



Judi Grove

Our luck had to change! It did! At last we saw HIM going between his trailer dressing room and the back entrance to the Lancaster Federal Building. The newspapers were right about the best place to catch a glimpse. Maybe he was only in view for a few minutes but what a heart-stopping few minutes. He moved fast and it was difficult to take a good picture, but I honestly didn't care. As he entered the door, he stopped, smiled and waved at us. Suddenly, the whole wait was forgotten.

He was looking good! I will never see a picture of him in a plaid shirt without thinking of seeing him in person for the first time. We saw him about six times that day, but although he stopped to smile and wave again, he was never in sight for too long. He was always on the move and--sigh--my photos show that. All but one is either side or rear view. Unfortunately, the one time I was in a fantastic position for a good photo, I completely forgot about my camera. As another on-looker told Marci, "Your friend lost it." I couldn't have been that obvious; I only took in a breath rather loudly.

Two tired but extremely happy Ford fans went home that night after Harrison left the Fed at 7:00 p.m. We both had some marvelous pictures in our minds and plans to return on Saturday.

Since we knew the exact street location, we figured there could be no problem. Wrong. We searched the street from one end to the other. No film crew. Terrific. A casual glance down a side street gave us hope. Either it was the Paramount trucks or someone had a gigantic amount of furniture to move. It was Paramount.

We arrived at the Berger residence about 11:00 a.m. on May 12. There was this beautiful home with black draping covering the front porch from view and all windows which gave light to the entrance because a night scene was being filmed. (THE TODAY SHOW used film from this day on May 16th during an interview with Harrison concerning the opening of TEMPLE OF DOOM.)

I was beginning to learn who certain people were on the crew. One person I talked to on Saturday was Don, Harrison's driver. Don had on the most colorful high top tennis shoes I've ever seen. Because at least five other crew members had on the same style, I had to ask about them. Don related that a crew member bought a pair and everyone else wanted a pair, too, so many of them went to Shenks that day. Harrison and Don didn't want the white laces that came with them. Don wanted one orange and one purple so he would have had to buy two pairs of laces. Harrison liked the idea so they each bought one and exchanged a lace with each other. The hightops were green on one side, purple on the other, with a red tongue and orange stripe down the back!

There were many fans taking pictures of David Goerlitz (Harrison's stand-in) whom they thought was Harrison. When I told a group that the person they were photographing was not Harrison, no one believed me. About ten minutes later, Harrison came out of the house. One person muttered that David was the Winston man so the pictures weren't a total loss. But

at least I was vindicated.

This time I was able to watch Harrison for more than a few minutes and finally took a few photos that show his face--from a distance, but it was progress.

Later that evening, a cookout on the patio was to be filmed, but we had prior commitments and after several hours we left. This time we took with us some wonderful stories and hints on where Harrison was staying--Gorky Apartments.

One comment which I heard a police guard say to another onlooker shows the impression Harrison made on people in Lancaster: "He's real people, a very nice guy. You'd never know he makes those megabucks."

Then there was a mother who asked Harrison to pose with her three-year-old STAR WARS fan son. "Sure," Harrison answered and put his arm around the boy. The child went away repeating, "Mommy, HE put his arm around ME!"

Through a connection at work, Marci found out about the aftermath of the Berger residence shooting. Remember, these people are not Ford fans or even movie fans in particular.

When Mr. and Mrs. Berger returned that night after being away all day, Mrs. Berger was told which bathroom Harrison, Peter Weir, the director, and Ed Feldman had used. She proceeded to remove the toilet seat immediately. No one else was to ever use it! She had a medicine cabinet made from it.

The Bergrers' son and several guests decided to have a cookout a week or so later. To make sure they ate food cooked at the same spot Harrison's steak was broiled, these young adults covered every square inch of the grill with food.

According to our newspaper sources, the next location was on Green Street in the city. We decided to case this area on Sunday. Marci and I both had bad feelings about this location which was in a very "bad" section of Lancaster. Green Street did not seem very welcoming. We decided to skip this location and began our hunt for the Gorky Apartments which no one we asked knew about, and the phone book had no listing. We also began our search for the "widow's farm." Our searches were futile even with our book of Lancaster County street maps.

May 16. We couldn't STAND it. Off we went after work to Green Street. We could see the crowds on the news. We'd be safe. After all, wasn't Indiana Jones within yelling distance?

How neat to see familiar faces! Doreen, Mario (head of security for the filming), and the girl in pink (never found out her name). Doreen laughed at our Gorky Apartments rumor. He was staying at Corky Hartman's farm near Strasburg! Oh!

Next to us was a group waiting excitedly with cameras for Harrison to come out. The man said that the one young woman had come a long distance just for this. "She's a BIG FAN of Harrison Ford." As few minutes later, this BIG FAN asked very seriously, "What part did he play in Star Wars?" ...groan...

At last I saw something actually being filmed--an exterior shot of the house (John Book's [HF's character] sister Elaine's home in Philadelphia). Harrison came out of the

house wearing a trench coat over the beige suit that is one of his costumes in the film, then returned inside. Out came David, and then he went back in. The two men repeated this "game" about five times. Frustrating to take photos.

One time Harrison came down the porch steps before returning to the door and horrible "blood" stains from the waist to the hem of the coat grabbed my attention. It wasn't pretty!

When the blue Cadillac arrived, Doreen and I calmly--HA--stepped across the rope barricade someone was standing on and walked across the street to the car. I was positive a policeman would grab us at any moment, but no one said or did a thing to us. I took a picture as Harrison got in the car and somehow returned to the sidewalk. I was shaking. Marci couldn't believe it. The school teacher and the social worker who should both know better... Heck, I was as surprised as she was! I couldn't believe how close I had been to Harrison!

During the next few weeks only little bits of information came my way. I found out that Harrison had come to an antique show in York on Saturday, May 26 (while I was enjoying myself at MediaWest*Con in Lansing, Michigan). He had introduced himself to the ticket seller and stayed a long while.

The filming had gone to the farm locations. We found both the "widow's farm" and Corky Hartman's place but obeyed the signs posted so we didn't see a thing. We felt it would be an intrusion to enter the property--and rumors of some arrests for trespassing had surfaced. A few weeks later on a subsequent drive, we saw strongly worded signs at the end of the lane to Hartman's. Apparently other people had not felt the same as we had.

Tuesday evening, June 24, suddenly the filming was out of hiding. They had filmed several scenes in Intercourse on Monday and Tuesday. I could have watched. It wasn't fair! There was one more chance to see him. June 29th was supposed to be the last day of filming.

Much as I disliked location hunting by myself, I felt compelled to go for it. So, with my diet soda, sunscreen, camera and HARRISON FORD FILMOGRAPHY, off I went to search at 7:30 a.m. The search was fun, especially since I had left the map book at home for Marci to use after work. I found nothing! Maybe they were going to film a chase scene near Intercourse that day, but I couldn't find any roadblocks or other preparations anywhere.

I finally decided to go home and forget the whole thing. After all, I had seen Harrison... (I'm good at convincing myself.)

I had not gone more than a mile toward Lancaster when a very familiar group of vehicles passed me going the opposite direction!

It's amazing how quickly one can change plans when properly motivated.

After one minor wrong turn--I turned; they went straight--I found the road block! and a family from Michigan I had met Thursday! and a Guard!

I stopped and the guard looked at my one-of-two-of-a-kind WITNESS t-shirt.

"Oh, you must be part of the crew." (oh, I wish!) Darn my honesty but I said, "No, I'm not" and drove to an Amish schoolhouse where I was able to park and walked back to the barricade. A short time later another group of fans arrived and the Seven hiked to the parked dressing room trailers and equipment trucks parked on Scenic Road. The wait began.

At last! Between 12:15 and 12:30 that special car arrived. There he was in the front seat beside Don. I believe Harrison changed his mind about getting out of the car at his trailer because most of us were waiting at that spot. Instead, Don drove on about 150 feet, Harrison got out, Don backed the car to where we were standing, and Harrison walked toward us.

There was Harrison Ford, wearing his black "Indiana Stoltzfus" t-shirt, jeans, Nikes (dirty and one lace untied), glasses, tousled hair, and carrying his two or three newspapers. Yes, this was real.

He put the papers on the trunk of the car and graciously signed autographs for us. Everyone but me had either Han Solo or Indiana Jones photos; I wanted something that was Harrison Ford to be signed--the FILMOGRAPHY was perfect. And is very precious to me now.

Although he smiled only a few times as he talked to us, I did not feel he was annoyed by us either. I think he was willing to spend a bit of time talking because all of us reacted to him in a mature, sensible way.

I had often thought about what I would say to him if/when I ever met him. When the event actually happens, somehow those planned questions and remarks are gone. Suddenly I just had to personally find out his reaction to that antique show in York. His reaction: "I LOVED it. It was great!" and a gorgeous smile. I admit remembering very little of what else was said. Overreaction perhaps, but I don't expect to be on the receiving end of a Harrison smile too often! That smile could melt the hardest heart. I did manage to take a few photos until I ran out of film.

Harrison's courtesy to us impressed me. He asked permission to use one fan's pen to sign all the autographs then thanked her. Perhaps a small thing but still, great to see in a person of his status. He did not rush through the autographing and made each of us feel at ease. The man was charming.

There is no way I can possibly place some events of June 29 in proper sequence. That evening I couldn't remember the order of some things, but hopefully temporal order won't be too important.

Before Harrison changed into his Amish costume, he walked to an area over a rise where the chase scenes were to be filmed. We had been told that area could be visited by us when filming wasn't actually going on so... The couple from Michigan and I decided to walk toward that area. Shortly after we reached the new area (where there really wasn't much to see except the camera truck and more farmland), the couple's son and Harrison walked to us. They were discussing snakes and Harrison's non-existent fear of them. As we started toward the trucks, the boy told of his trials in learning to use a bullwhip. Harrison gave his

own tips on bullwhipping, showing how to move the wrist and arm so as not to injure yourself.

For some reason the family lagged behind-- Harrison has a LONG stride and MOVES! I couldn't resist. I had seen the Body by Jake book only a week before and I commented on the "interesting photos" of Harrison in the book. He looked at me rather strangely and I thought "uh oh, big mistake".

"Pictures? I haven't seen it yet," he said and walked on a stride or so. Then he stopped, turned to me and said, "Oh, you mean those..." and did the most wonderful muscleman pose. FOR ME! Those arms are fantastic!

Somehow I managed to say a "yes", as my legs turned to jelly.

He turned and walked on. I stood in the middle of Scenic Road and just watched him move. A Moment to Remember! Someone remarked to me that I probably wish I had a photo of that. Sure. Even if I had had film, at that moment, picture-taking was the last thing on my mind.

Of course, there are other memories of the day. Some little, some humorous, some serious. I remember Harrison gazing at the countryside as though he needed to keep the sight in his mind forever. Also he walked between the rows of the tobacco field beside his trailer, studying the plants.

I have to laugh at myself a bit when I think how several of us reacted to Harrison's lifting his shirt to scratch his back. Of course, we volunteered to scratch it for him--to each other.

When Harrison ate a burrito-style sandwich for lunch as he walked back to his trailer, again all eyes were on him. I think we all enjoyed immensely the raised eyebrow he gave us when he felt our stares.

My attention was captured by a crew member who shouted, "Chewie, where's Han?" "In his trailer." Throughout the day, I heard Mario referred to as Chewie by many.

David Goerlitz (no longer stand-in because of a serious illness that required hospitalization) returned for a visit that afternoon. The feeling of the crew for him was apparent as they came to greet him. It was a heart-warming sight. Harrison was in the middle of changing into his Amish costume but, with his shirt tale hanging out, he came to talk with David for a long time. Harrison's pleasure at

seeing him was evident.

About 3 p.m., I knew I would have to find a quick snack and call Marci to give directions. A fast phone call from the phone booth at Zimmerman's in Intercourse (only recently did I learn that phone was used by Harrison in WITNESS), an unbelievable meeting with Marci (she'd been told to leave the office and go to Lancaster by her boss), and food, then we were back on Scenic Road.

The cast and crew were dining on the lawn of the only non-Amish house on the road. Harrison was very easy to pick out with his black Amish outfit and a yellow IJATTOD cap.

Although a few people had noticed my WITNESS t-shirt, only one or two had said anything. Now that two of us had them on and people were on a break, the tees gained the attention of two people I'm sure would not have spoken to us. Happy, but tired mentally and physically, I chatted with Peter Weir for five minutes without realizing who he was until told. Groan. A few minutes later, Marci and I were noticed by Ed Feldman. He insisted on photographing us because he was impressed by the tees. Great, but four times--by ourselves, with a man whose position on the crew I'm unsure about, and with Mrs. Feldman. I think Mr. Feldman pointed us out to everyone he could. We got the feeling he liked our logo better than the one on the crew shirts.

Unfortunately the time had come to leave. Harrison was going to be doing a dusk scene and we wouldn't be allowed to watch. Luck still was with us because as we walked to our cars, we saw Harrison walking between the trailers. We waved, thanked him and wished him an early happy birthday. He waved and smiled.

That weekend, Paramount packed and left Lancaster, but they didn't take everything. They left set dressings and certain props which found their way into many homes, including mine. We non-smokers bought a dirty ashtray which a person in the know says was definitely used by Harrison. We also came away with the impressions and memories of seeing and talking with Harrison.

Boonies? Perhaps, but even in the boonies, fans may be surprised once in a while. For this fan, there could not have been a more wonderful surprise than Harrison Ford.

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Raiders of the Temple of Doom or Dr. Fantasy Strikes Back

Ann Wortham

The lights go down and the Paramount logo springs onto the screen; the crowd of con goers hold their breath in anticipation as the music gets eerie and the opening credits of RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK appear. Suddenly, Harrison Ford's back is visible climbing up a hill and, then, he sprawls face first as he trips and falls to the ground! The crowd goes crazy, laughing and cheering as they realize the gift that Frank Marshall has given them for the 42nd WorldCon in Los Angeles. A masterpiece, a film for all time, a film in which Indiana Jones' true colors are finally revealed!

Hysteria reigns supreme among the crowd as Indiana Jones, the intrepid archaeologist, knocks on Willie Scott's door, his hands laden with a tray of fruit. He doesn't blink an eye as the door is opened by Steven Spielberg, but calmly says his lines. "I've got something for you," the suave archaeologist says, raising his eyebrows suggestively. "You couldn't possibly have anything I'd want," Steven replies, switching his hips seductively. It's too much for poor Indy. The plate of fruit goes flying and he tackles Spielberg, trying desperately to kiss him. Spielberg falls to the floor where Indy continues his vicious rape of the poor director. Production people run to Spielberg's aid and finally manage to pull the ravenous star off him. Indy grins sheepishly as Steven struggles to a sitting position, his glasses hanging sideways off his face, his eyes crossed and...

Indy walks into the Indian village proudly and offers the old man the sacred Sankara stone. The shaman stares at the stone in confusion. "What's this?" he asks. "You brought back the wrong rock! Go back and get the right one!" and...

Indy kneels next to the ancient Egyptian who is studying the headpiece to the Staff of Ra. "What does it say?" he asks breathlessly. "Can you read it?" Sallah stands to one side, looking vaguely interested. The old man points to the medallion and nods his head. "It says 'good dope here'," he tells the hovering archaeologist. Indy smiles broadly. "What about the other side?" The old man obediently flips the medallion over, his brow furrowed in concentration. "'More dope to come'," he says smugly, and...

Indy sits next to a flickering campfire while Willie dries herself off. "Willie," he says. "Is that short for something?" Willie starts to reply but suddenly shrieks and runs screaming into the night as the elephant behind her raises its tail and... Indy remains seated, taken with a sudden fit of laughter, and...

Indy grabs the vine, his muscles bulging manfully, no trace of fear on his handsome face. He leaps into the air and swings across the deadly chasm, slamming loudly into the wall on the opposite side, and...

The doors to Willie Scott's apartment are flung open by a wild-eyed, perspiring Indiana Jones. He slams the doors behind him and runs into the room. Suddenly, the doors are again flung open by a wild-eyed, perspiring Steven Spielberg. He, too, slams the doors and runs into the room. The doors are once again flung open by a wild-eyed, perspiring crewmember who is soon followed by more wild-eyed, perspiring people flinging and slamming doors, and...

A woman dressed in a black leather jacket and a yentl cap walks briskly down a corridor, slapping a whip against her leg. She stops behind Indiana Jones, who is tied to an idol. She brings up the whip and viciously lays it across Indy's back, berating him with each stroke. "That's for HANOVER STREET!" she yells. "And that's for FRISCO KID and that's for FORCE TEN and--" Suddenly, a Thuggee guard rushes in and throws himself between Indy's back and the blows of the whip. "You can't do that to him!" the Thuggee screeches. Indy strains his neck trying to see who his rescuer is. "Who are you?" he asks in confusion. The Thuggee pulls off his headgear to reveal the beautiful face of Princess Leia. "Someone who loves you," she tells him, grabbing his chin and giving him a sloppy kiss. "Cut!" the director yells and Irvin Kershner rushes in, disgust on his face. "You call that acting? You call that pain? This man can't act. Let's do it again." Carrie Fisher shrugges and exits the picture while Harrison Ford tries to scream around his laughter as Barbra Steisand (the lady in black leather) begins to whip him again. He fails miserably, and...

The crowd is on its knees, exhausted from the pain of laughing non-stop...Shorty's laughing at the Maharajah, Spielberg's imitating Groucho Marx and, believe me, Indiana Jones will never be the same again. And Frank Marshall? Well, Dr. Fantasy got a standing ovation. Frank--WE LOVE YOU!!!



The Author

A Teleology of Torture

Liz Sharpe

The sequence in Jabba the Hutt's desert fortress on Tatooine during which droids are shown being "tortured" struck a false note with many viewers, provoking reactions of "that's stupid", "that's senseless", and "that's impossible." Any scene which is so widely and automatically rejected can be labelled a failure, in terms of the storyteller's craft, on the grounds that the tale (or the teller) has not kept the audience's attention engaged; we (the audience) do not remain in that state of unquestioning willingness to suspend our disbelief which is the hallmark of a first-rate fantasy. However, in this case, the failure is not entirely the storyteller's fault. The tale was intended to be directed toward small children, not the adults who have raised these objections. But regardless of the detractor's degree of sophistication, a careful examination of the subject matter reveals that the objections themselves are questionable: the story's internal conditions are actually quite consistent, though they do not fully coincide with our own daily experience of reality. In the course of the three movies of the saga, George Lucas establishes certain facts which make the torture of droids a viable possibility in the STAR WARS universe. If droid torture is possible, then the offending sequence in Jabba's dungeon does make sense, both in the context of the characters' experience (their individual points of view within the story framework), and from the storyteller's perspective (in which the scenes in any story are viewed as a means to an end, and selected and shaped accordingly).

Whether this scene is literally possible (setting aside for the moment the question of its dramatic success) depends on whether there is evidence in the saga to support the premise that Lucas' droids possess attributes which render them vulnerable to torture. In order to identify what characteristics (presumably absent from the machines of our own everyday world) droids must have in order to be "torture-able", we must tackle a messy and disagreeable topic: the purpose of torture. All right, on with the rubber gloves, and we'll have at it.

Torture is pain deliberately inflicted for a purpose not necessarily connected with the subject's immediate personal well-being. In the simplest sense of the word, it's easy to qualify to be a victim; all you have to be able to do is hurt. Theoretically, the torturer (as opposed to the victim) can have two purposes for inflicting pain. One reason for torture is extremely simple: torment can be a source of satisfaction to the torturer, whether the pain is inflicted in the name of revenge, or purely for the fun of the thing. The more socially acceptable reason for torture is punishment: the pain inflicted is supposed to

function as a deterrent to other prospective candidates for the same treatment. Baldly stated, the theory is that if you stretch one dirtyneck peasant for filching potatoes, his dirtyneck comrades will think twice before raiding the spud field themselves. This kind of torture, unlike plain sadism, is based on the assumption that in addition to the ability to feel pain, the victim possesses some sort of independent will, which the suffering the torturer inflicts is supposed to affect. These characteristics (the ability to feel pain, and a degree of autonomous volition) are what makes Lucas' droids different from "our" machines; and it is from the careless confusion of droids with our machines that the error inherent in criticism of the scene under discussion arises.

Can Lucas' droids feel pain? This cannot be determined absolutely objectively, since pain is a subjective experience; but it seems clear that the STAR WARS technology is capable of accurate simulation of physical pain as we humans know it. The best example of this occurs at the end of TESB: when the medical droid is testing Luke's prosthetic hand, Luke exclaims "ouch!" when poked. Pain is one end of the spectrum of response of a precise sensory system. It seems likely that a device designed to grasp and manipulate objects in a manner like an animal or human would of necessity require some sort of extremely fine-tuned sensory network in order to accomplish its tasks without damaging itself or its surroundings. When such a network alerts its owner of potential or actual damage, the basic effect on the droid's behavior would be the same as that of "real" pain, regardless of the metaphysics involved.

Of course, Lucas' droids are not organic entities: if the droids do feel pain, they don't necessarily react to it, on an emotional level, exactly the way we organics do. Droids have certain advantages in dealing with their version of pain which human-type people lack: they seem able to shut off pain; and they have an enviable faith in their own reconstructability. Both of the droids with whom we are best acquainted (Threepio and Artoo) are comprehensively discombobulated at various times during the saga. In ANH, Artoo takes a direct hit during the battle over the Death Star; in TESB, Threepio is violently rendered into his constituent components by stormtroopers. Yet neither droid seems unduly traumatized by these events when repaired/reactivated once more. This "cutoff" seems to apply to organic/mechanical hookups, as well as purely technological awareness. Luke gets shot in his artificial hand in ROTJ, but continues to function without apparent distress, after an initial doubletake (though the film isn't concentrating on this particular issue; this might just be an example of a Jedi's special ability to compen-

sate in a crisis). At any rate, even if Lucas' droids can shut off pain beyond some point, the fact remains that up to that point, they are eligible for the dubious privilege of being tortured.

The simple sadist will be gratified if he merely succeeds in causing his victim(s) to suffer; but on the whole, torturers seem to like to view their actions as punishment, of a sort. In other words, their actions are nominally intended to influence their victims' wills. Jabba the Hutt seems to belong to this category of torturer; he generally has some excuse (however feeble or contrived) for his unpleasant deeds. He doesn't just feed the dancer Oola to the Rancor. First he torments her into defying/disobeying him by refusing to approach when he pulls on her chain. Then he turns her into monster chow, making an example of the rashness of defying him at the same time he's getting his sadistic jollies. Likewise, Jabba's dungeon hobbyshop has a specious purpose: the intimidation of would-be transgressors.

This implies that Jabba, at least, believes that droids possess some measure of independent volition, because in order to incur "punishment", the offender must first (willfully) misbehave; and in order for the punishment to have the desired effect (either on the malfessor, or on the malfessor's peers), the offender (or peers) must be able to change its (intended) behavior in order to avoid incurring the same penalty.

What evidence is there in the STAR WARS movies that droids have independent volition? One of the strongest indications that Lucas' droids are not necessarily unquestioningly obedient to their owners/masters is the existence of restraining bolts, as seen in ANH. If droids as a group tended to be completely responsive to their owners' commands, restraining bolts might not even exist; at least, they would probably not be as common as they appear to be in ANH. Certainly, we have direct evidence that Lucas' droids are capable of disobeying direct orders, even from masters they regard as "lawful." One excellent example occurs in TESB. Luke plainly tells Artoo to stay on the floating X-wing, on Dagobah, yet Artoo persists in extracting himself from his niche in the fighter, and subsequently tumbles into the yukky. Furthermore, the droids display other traits indicative of independent volition: curiosity and creativity. Both Artoo and Threepio exhibit a tendency to investigate things that attract their interest without invitation. In TESB, for example, Threepio wanders off by himself on Bespin, with unfortunate results. Later, in the same movie, Artoo providentially reveals that he has been "talking to the city central computer" on his own initiative. In addition to curiosity, the droids demonstrate considerable ingenuity in extracting themselves from undesirable situations. In ANH the two droids come up with a smooth line of patter which gets them out of the stormtrooper occupied surveillance chamber (where they had been told to wait!) in good order. In TESB, Artoo comes up with a concealing smokescreen, covering Our Heroes' escape, without instruction. In ROTJ,

Threepio tells the rebels' story to the Ewoks with impressive flair (despite his claim in ANH that he's not very good at telling stories).

One final example of droid independent volitional capabilities is the droid bounty hunter ("IG-88") glimpsed briefly in TESB. This "character" is never directly treated in the movie, so this example can be properly disputed by purists. Still, secondary sources (such as the novelization of the movie, and sundry events in the professional comic books) seem to indicate that IG-88 leads an entirely autonomous, "masterless" existence. If one accepts IG-88's authenticity, this droid is not only an argument for, but proof of, the ability of Lucas' droids to guide their own "lives."

In short, there is considerable evidence in the STAR WARS movies to support the premise that droids can feel pain, can anticipate the experience of pain, and can alter their behavior accordingly; all of which makes them appropriate targets for the torturer's attention.

Given that the STAR WARS universe has been constructed in such a manner that droid torture is possible, the question still remains, why did George Lucas choose to use droids in this scene, when he could have shown "real people" instead, and thus avoided the issue of whether this scene is believable altogether. Conceivably, there are two reasons for the use of droids here. One has to do with the internal structure of the story: this sequence reveals important things about Jabba the Hutt's character. The other has to do with the process of storytelling: the selection of a particular means of getting a particular idea across to a particular audience.

What does the droid torture sequence in ROTJ show about the characters and situations in the movie? In a general way, this scene provides the audience with additional proof that Jabba's palace is an unhealthy place; the atmosphere is so far gone that droids are tormenting other droids. More specifically, the scene reveals things about Jabba's character, which in turn emphasizes the seriousness of Our Heroes' plight. The depiction of Jabba as a droid-torturer shows him to be a capricious sadist, one who is entirely willing to implement his vicious whims whether they make sense or not. If Jabba is capable of treating mere machinery this savagely, then Our Heroes are definitely in danger. But Jabba is also shown to be not quite sane; he seems to have chosen to ignore certain aspects of reality, such as the fact that torturing droids is, in the final analysis, an unproductive activity. As pointed out elsewhere in this article, there is a distinct limit to the degree of suffering droids can experience; yet Jabba's dungeon appears to be doing steady business. Jabba persists in inflicting damage on his own assets for no useful purpose. Though it is doubtful whether it matters any longer to Jabba whether the droids in his dungeon are genuinely suffering; as long as he believes that torture is occurring, he seems content. This ability to selectively ignore certain aspects of reality which don't please him ultimately causes Jabba's downfall. Jabba chooses to ignore the

evidence that Luke may be able to back up his warnings (even though Luke manages to evade and then slay the Rancor, Jabba refuses to take the young Jedi seriously), and as a result, invites his own destruction. Jabba's insistence on torturing droids is a symptom of his irrational and eventually fatal refusal to face facts.

How does the use of droids in the torture scene serve Lucas' purpose as a storyteller? Keeping in mind that the STAR WARS stories are intended to be directed toward juvenile audiences, droid torture is actually a rather clever device to demonstrate Jabba the Hutt's cruel, vicious, stupid, and quite possibly, insane, nature without frightening young spectators and their frequently overprotective adult escorts unduly. This sequence shows that Jabba is capable of having those in his power dismembered (for instance) without revolting us by demonstrating the process on "real live" people. The sequence establishes Jabba's stubborn wrong-headedness without the

need to resort to tiresome exposition. And this scene convinces the audience that Jabba is truly nasty enough to deserve his fate when he finally Gets His.

It is unfortunate that our (fannish) commonsense tends to automatically rebel at the sight of "mere machines" being "tortured," because careful consideration reveals that, within STAR WARS reality, the scene showing droids being tortured is not as ridiculous as it would be in our mundane reality. Most children, who have not yet acquired the useful and necessary, but distracting, sophistication which adults bring to their dealings with the world around them, do not have the same difficulty accepting this scene. Whether the reader ultimately decides this piece of the STAR WARS story works or not depends on whether the reader believes the story's "success" should be measured in terms of what it was aimed at (a juvenile audience), or in terms of what it actually hit (us grown-up kids).

Reviewing the Fleet

Sandra Necchi

ADDENDUM TO MY REVIEW OF DECEPTIVE JOURNEY FROM LAST ISSUE:

One of the authors of this zine rightly pointed out that I should have paid a little more attention to the actual adventure of this novel. The adventure itself offers some fine ideas: mysterious deaths of ships and crews have occurred around a particular decontamination station. Han and Mirage stop there and run into quite a few problems. The pacing of the action combined with the periods of rest in between make for a fine, flowing read. The problem is that the main theme--the budding relationship between the two main characters--is handled in such a one-sided way that it keeps intruding onto the enjoyment of the adventure. The art offered in this zine is also badly reproduced.

END OF ADDENDUM

THE WOOKIEE COMMODORE - Double D Press, c/o Mary Urhausen, 42 Three Mile Road, Racine, WI 53402; 128pp, \$12.50 fc.

First issues are never easy, particularly if you're putting out a SW zine. SW fandom is dominated by fat, super-expensive, annual zines that look almost professional. The editors of TWC must therefore be lauded for daring to put out a zine under 200 pages, and with less than perfect repro. The biggest problem with the graphics in the zine is that pages show thru on

piece) and "Once" by the same author (a very affecting and poignant summary of one Jedi Knight's struggles). Sharon Saye has a "Future Options for Fannish Writers", which posits some excellent ideas for SW fanfic. The point seems to be to get us all out of the noncreative doldrums that fanfic appears to be stuck in (tho certainly not all of it).

Probably the most interesting thing in the zine is Betsy Peed's "HorrorScope", an astrological analysis of Lord Vader's personality written by an astrologer to the Emperor. Creative, well-written, and engrossing, it shows a strong understanding of the complexities of the creature known as Darth Vader. A couple of Han pieces by Laura Thomas which delve into Han's life as Leia's husband are a bit unsatisfying and depthless. Elizabeth Cisco's "Shadows of Change" has an excellent idea, about Vader's seeking the advice of a Jedi spirit in an ancient ritual to try to understand why he was unable to convince Luke to join him (in TESB). The answers he gets don't make the Dark Lord very happy. Betsy Peed's "Nothing But the Truth" is an all too short piece that has Vader visiting the Organa household and encountering the fiery teenage Leia. Kare Ripley's "Celebrate the Night" offers a refreshing and welcomed view of the "Han-the-galactic-stud/Leia-the-royal-virgin" caricature. I admit I loved this story just because

were killed by the Empire, whose father was a Jedi, loved as a younger sister by Han, loved by Chewie, saves the day, etc., etc. Even her name--Jeni Petersen--bears the mark of the MS cliché. (Oh, Ben talks to her, too.) The story simply doesn't succeed. It is oversentimental, gushy, repetitive, overdone in almost all respects. Everyone speaks in slangy dialogue ("somethin'," "nothin'," "an'") and the scenes with Han and Jeni are forced and unconvincing. With tighter editing, it could have succeeded at least as a good adventure story, but the overwhelming attempts to make the reader care and feel fall flat. Ultimately, you just don't feel like continuing.

Were this zine priced under \$10, I would say take a look at it if your pocket feels generous, and if you feel like supporting two obviously sincere editors, but at \$12.50, I hesitate. There are some nice moments herein, but I have to balance out the contents' worth against the reader's pocket. Here, the latter must win out.

KESSEL RUN #4 - ed. Michelle Malkin, 6649 Castor Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19149; 336 pp, \$18.00 fc.

How can you review coherently, and thoroughly, a 336 page zine with 15 vignettes, 9 long stories, 7 short ones, 4 articles, 18 poems, other assorted items of humor and filk, plus 116 pages of art excluding the covers? You can't, period.

Past issues of KR have been dominated by Han, or Han and Leia, and while they are certainly well represented in this last issue, there is greater variety of canon and fan characters. The level of quality among the longer stories is remarkably high with only one being comparably clumsy and lacking in coherence and characters ("The Dark Path" by Pat Molitar). And, this issue has a story by Martie Benedict where I FINALLY see Han Solo swear a real, live, human curse word (not some fan-invented Corellian curse)! On to the major pieces.

"Born to the Breed" by Deborahs Laymon and Goldstein is yet another installment in their "Black Sabre" series, set before ANH. The focus is Leia's education in interrogation endurance. Her teacher is a former Imperial interrogator named Rennie. There are other overlapping storylines running thru the piece which concentrates on the series' main character, a "Sanestrii" gypsy woman and former operative of Vader's called Perja. The story starts slowly, is definitely not self-contained (a common feature in SW fan series) and virtually plotless. Never mind. It's well worth the effort of staying on. The story is mainly about powerful, distinctive, intricate, beautiful relationships. There is the budding and poignant relationship between Perja and her underworld errant father, the sisterly love between Perja and Leia (who is 16 here, and sensitively portrayed), the powerful teacher-pupil experience between Rennie and Leia, the free, buoying intimacy between Perja and her Corellian co-pilot Jesren, and the rediscovered, unrestraining, equal love between Perja and Rennie. Plus there's the fact that Rennie is based on the wonderful and entrancing actor, Michael Rennie. MRO Ludwig's illos to this

blend in strongly with the story and the scenes are well-chosen, if sparsely.

"Novitiate" by Jeanine Hennig is very refreshing, in that it is purely a Luke story, and a damned good one. Set a month before ROTJ, and written in remarkably convincing first person, it takes place on Tatooine with Luke taking a soul-searching desert retreat before he rescues Han, knowing that his emotionally and mentally crippled self needs to learn a few things before facing Jabba as a Jedi. He is taken by Tusken Raiders and befriended by their female leader, a strong if undeveloped character. Later, he departs to live for a few weeks in Ben's abandoned stone hut ("Kenobi's adobe" as Luke calls it) where he learns to cope with his parentage, his mentor's deceit, and his love for Leia. Hennig confronts the latter very movingly, and Luke's pain comes fully alive in her memorable words. She doesn't cop-out by describing his love for Leia as "sisterly." The only complaint I have is the portrayal of Leia. While I feel that both she and Han were insensitive to Luke in TESB, Leia's reaction to Luke as he returns to the Falcon--chiding him for "wasting time" out on the desert--is too extreme and too cruel, and not at all a fair depiction of a character who has often shown deep understanding towards others in times of pain and stress (the predominating prejudices about her notwithstanding). Jenni's illos capture the story's brooding, solitary mood. Her illo of Luke and Leia on p. 206 is painful for any Luke fan to look at.

"Sword of Darkness, Sword of Light" by Patricia D'Orazio is set just after ROTJ, with the rebels still celebrating on Endor and the Emperor still very much alive. D'Orazio's Corellian "starswords" (Force-talented protectors of the Jedi) are probably one of the most fascinating fannish creations, and is the one presentation of Han-as-powerful-Force-wielder I can believe in. He is a Force protector of Luke, possessing a powerful bond with the young Jedi, and works with Luke. He is not a Jedi himself, weaker in Force-talent, yet extremely crucial to his Jedi's well-being. The bond between them is even stronger than brother-to-brother, and this compelling link is borne out by D'Orazio's hearkening to instances in the canon when Han risked his neck to save Luke. A rather contrived and hurried wedding between Han and Leia takes place on Endor, followed by a surprise Imperial attack. But the main action centers on the battle between the Emperor and Luke, with their respective starswords at their side. The scenes of this battle are richly described, particularly the animal and sword manifestations which the two starswords transform into. Nancy Stasulis' illos could have been chosen better. The Force battle noted above is not illoed. But what Stasulis does illo is strong, bold, and highly expressive. And her Ewoks are charming.

"Life-Line" by Anne E. Zeek is a reprint from the first issue of T'Kuhtian Press' DRACULA zine, presenting us with a Langella-esque vampire character called Alain Durlac who forms a strong bond of friendship with Han. "Blood-Line" is a short sequel to this and immediately follows. Finely written and engrossing, the

two pieces are, however, unfair to Leia. She is an obsessed, devourer of lives for her "lover Revolution". She doesn't do anything except gripe, and Han only bosses her around, refusing to take her on a mission because she might get raped. And Leia agrees! A trained woman rebel can't function if she backs away from every mission that might incur that risk. Han, however, is portrayed without the common gushiness found in so much of Hanfic. Martynn's illos to this are rich in expressions and attitude, though I wish they had more background.

"Old Friends and Acquaintances" by Carol Hines-Stroede offers an unlikely yet engrossing tale about a temporary truce between Lando and Vader at a neutral space station which has been captured by a group of "terrorists." Lando and Vader work together to destroy them and regain the station. It's unlikely that the Empire would ever tolerate a "neutral zone" since they have the power to just take it over. And the use of the popular cliché "terrorists" as glassy-eyed, frothing-at-the-mouth lunatics, along with Vader's line about "both sides frown upon the killing of innocent civilians" makes the story politically naive. I don't think Vader would ever say this. Still, the scenes with Lando and Vader make for excellent reading, although Lando is too wimpy in his attitude toward Vader. The writing is enviable on all counts.

"Best Laid Plans" by Janice Bratton is yet another story where Han is right about everything and Leia gets put in her place. Her very sensitive line in ANH about Han having to find his own way in life is reduced to a mere diplomatic ploy to get Luke to battle the Death Star with a clear mind and purpose. Immediately following this is Janet MacLellan's "Resolutions of a STAR WARS Mary Sue" which should be framed and put on every SW fan writer's wall. After the preceding story, I especially appreciated her "I will refrain from describing Princess Leia as being 'jealous,' 'cold,' or 'hiding her feelings.'"

Four very complex articles are included, all finely written. "Aspects of Evil in the STAR WARS Saga" by Liz Sharpe is a thoughtful, comprehensive analysis of the various characters and their place in the good-vs.-evil conflict. "Climbing the Tree of Life From a STAR WARS Point of View" by Rebecca Kaplowitz makes some fine observations, but generally fails because the author doesn't define her terms and concepts. Nor does she provide enough background information. If you know zilch about Kabbalistic mysticism, you'll be lost. "Evolution of a Jedi" by Angela M. Varesano is a wonderful, all too short analysis of Luke's complex development, his emotional dilemma, and Anakin's own Force conflicts. Bev Lorensen's "Buddhism in STAR WARS" weaves historical background and application to SW quite

convincingly. It presents an intelligent, sensitive, and probable view of the Force, which is strongly borne out in ROTJ with Anakin/Vader's conflict. The Force is a balance between the Dark and the Light, and the cause of the galaxy's evil is an imbalance of those two impulses. Yet Lorensen makes a slight contradiction when she suggests that the Dark and the Light are two separate practices. I prefer to view them as two sides of the same coin.

"Scenes We'd Like to Have Seen in the STAR WARS Saga" is a stunning and desperately needed portfolio that could have taken up the entire zine! Fourteen of fandom's best have presented us with a truly memorable and lovely compilation of well chosen scenes that GL was too short-sighted to dramatize. Someone should compile one thick zine with more of these, including prose/poetry interpretations. The most complete and most striking are Martynn's Han and Leia embracing on the sail barge; Yvonne Zan's Boba Fett in front of his ship, ready to do battle; Wanda Lybarger's Han and Leia embracing with the Ewoks watching; Leia's Force sense aboard the rebel ship in ANH by Stephanie Hawks; Cathye Faraci's insane view of Vader, the Emperor and Luke aboard the Death Star; and June Edwards' triad view of Anakin/Vader.

Among the vignettes, the most memorable are Jane Sibley's "There Have Always Been Leias in the House of Organa" written in the point of view of Leia's foster mother, Bail's wife (with an incredibly life-like illo by Judith Low); Ann Huizenga's "The Ultimate Alternate" which uses an old science fiction cliché quite successfully; "Mea Culpa" by Lisa Adolf and Jacqueline Taero where the elder Luke counsels the daughter of Han and Leia in a dilemma that is painfully like his own at her age; and "The Many Worlds Interpretation of Quantum Physics, or Heeeeere's Biggs!" by Susan Matthews, Bev Clark and Pam Kowalski, a bizarre but very likely view of ROTJ's last scene.

A wonderful inclusion herein is a group of LoCs collectively titled "And Now Luke's Side" that replies to the virulent attacks against Luke and, finally, Leah Rosenthal's cartoon on p. 301 is a delicious jibe on Han fanfic.

Typos abound here. The articles, particularly, have a plethora of confusing parentheses. As for the covers, I nominate Debora Drake's front cover as the year's best in capturing the essence of the SW characters: quadrangle of love.

I do wish the editor had found a cheaper printer because \$18 for any zine, no matter how good, is just too much for many fans. It's a zine that everyone will want in their collection and deservedly so. I leave it to the (potential) buyer.



notices

Carolyn E. Cooper
PO Box 66244
Houston, TX 77266

Gentlebeings:

Some months back I got a vague idea for a zine for editors, writers and artists entitled "The Blue Pencil" (BP for short). I put out feelers on the idea which have somehow, like the Green Slime, grown into a full-scale creature with a life of its own. However, I received some strange responses to the idea. The editors, writers and artists I spoke with all like the idea. They are eager to submit to the project. But, alas, the vast majority sent me dire warnings. I've been told to expect hate mail from disagreeing fen, near ostracism at many conventions, the demand of censorship on zine economics and marketing techniques, and a short life span for the publication because fen don't want suggestions, advice, or help. Being a mild-mannered (albeit friendly) soul who loathes fighting of all sorts, these predictions have, needless to say, led to some trepidation on my part. So I come seeking comments and caveats on the proposal.

At present, thanks to suggestions from Bev Clark, Maggie Nowakowska, Cheree Cargill and others, I've nebulously settled on a periodical format. I hope to produce the zine quarterly. Each issue will contain a brief (very brief), regular section on basic zine pubbing information, then would come an editorial or point/counterpoint editorial, next a feature topic with short suggestions, anecdotes, helpful hints culled from submissions by various editors, writers and artists (you folks, in other words), and last, but far from least, letters of comment on previous topics and editorials. I'll probably also include an occasional section on new products, publications, or services that would be useful to us. The zine will probably be 12-20 pp. digest-size (folded 8-1/2 x 11 sheets) with a 77% reduction and priced from \$1-2 per issue.

I suppose it's only fair to point out that should I go through with the project, there will be discussions of breakeven, profit margins, at-risk pre-payment, and other hot, but necessary, publishing topics. I believe communication is essential to achieving solutions to problems, personal, professional and fannish, and that censorship is a sin. However, I will re-

fuse to publish attacks or slurs on individuals, races, creeds, fandoms, etc. Discussion and views will be limited to topics, information, concepts and other inanimates. Saying "I disagree with Carolyn" is fine; saying "Carolyn is an asshole" is not. (And you may feel free to write that you disagree with my policy.)

I've already sent a Media Fan Survey to Dr. Susan Bridges which should be included in the January issue of UNIVERSAL TRANSLATER and if the first issue of BP comes out as tentatively scheduled, it will contain the results of that survey of zine buyers' habits and preferences. Here is a list of other information and topics under consideration:

Getting Submissions; Ms Preparation for Authors; Estimating Deadlines; Promoting Your Zine or Work; Selecting Subject, Theme & Style; The Care & Stroking of Writers & Artists; Determining Zine Breakeven & Price; Soliciting Printing Bids; Selecting & Working with Your Printer; Covers & Bindings: Styles, Price, Problems; Relative Merits of Print Methods; Handling Art Reproduction; Record Keeping--Records That Need to be Kept and Various Ways to Do It; Postal Regulations & Costs; Preparing Zines for Mailing; Layout: A Necessity and Art; True Editor Stories on Selecting Story & Art Order; Paper & Ink: Surface, Texture & Weights & Their Affects on the Zine; Black & Other Colors; Figuring Reductions & Enlargements; Tips & Tricks for Giving Your Work a Professional Look; Things You Never Think of Until 30 Minutes Before It Goes to Print (title page, dedications, acknowledgements, copyrights, Table of Contents); Related Publishing Ventures (calendars, buttons, posters, etc.); Dealing With Delays

Currently Proposed Point/Counterpoint Editorials include:

At-risk Pre-payment: Who's On First?; Responsibilities of Editor to Contributor and Vice Versa; What Is a Profit & Is It Evil?; The Invasion of the Consumer Fan or Have Fen Become Jaded?; The Fannish Institute for the Support of Arts and Zines: Where's the Encouragement and Support for Neos?

Feel free to write if you have any suggestions, advice, helpful hints, anecdotes (especially humorous) or observations.

IN SYMPATHY

We at SOUTHERN ENCLAVE extend our sincerest sympathies to Danaline Bryant, who lost her father in September. I'm sure Danaline would appreciate your thoughts and prayers during this time of sorrow.

EDITORIAL

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THIS ISSUE

As you've probably all noticed by now, this issue of SE is a little later getting into your hands than normal and therein--as they say--lies the tale.

One Friday night in October, having nothing better to do with my time, I decided to visit my local hospital emergency room, where I calmly mulled over the question of whether or not I actually was in the process of having a heart attack. One EKG, two heart x-rays and about two hours later, I was sent home, the pains having subsided and the ER doctor having determined from the heart tracings that, except for an indicated accelerated heart rate, I had nothing to worry about. This made me feel considerably better but it was a long weekend until Monday morning when I was able to see my doctor.

Well, he determined that I was not having heart problems but that I was suffering from reflux esophagitis (which was probably causing the chest pains), clinical anxiety, depression and exhaustion. He put me on Tagamet for my stomach and Xanax for my nerves and sent me home for a week's rest, declaring me totally disabled.

I needed it. I didn't realize how absolutely bone-weary I was until I found myself sleeping for 12 to 18 hours a day. A week later, I was feeling a bit more alert, but still tired, so he extended the disability leave. He also poked and prodded my insides and announced that he was pretty sure I had the beginnings of a peptic ulcer, and that I should report to the hospital tomorrow morning for an upper GI and gallbladder tests. In the meantime, don't eat anything but clear soup and water and take these ten huge pills before going to bed. (...*gag*...)

Instructions followed, I presented myself to the radiology department at 7:30 a.m. sharp (a time that I'm normally standing under the shower trying to get my heart started) and was led back into the inner recesses of the hospital where I changed into one of those legendary hospital gowns and then prostrated myself on a large cold table underneath a massive array of x-ray equipment.

Well, I won't go into detail at what follows except to say that everyone should try barium for breakfast sometime. For those who've never had it, try to imagine a Pepto-Bismol milkshake with a healthy dose of chalk dust to give it body. Yum! I liked it so much, I had three cups full!

Anyway, the tests showed that I didn't have an ulcer, but that I do have a hiatal hernia, a fairly common condition in which the upper part of the stomach protrudes into the chest cavity through the diaphragm.

No need to operate but I'm still on Tagamet before meals and Maalox afterwards and still recovering from it all.

Meanwhile, the nearly-three-weeks that I was home meant that I was also three weeks behind schedule in typing up SE, since I do it on my word processor at work! And deadline came and went with its usual blizzard of LoCs, with no way to do them or, truthfully, even the energy to try.

I've been back at work for about a week now (as I write this) and, although they had another girl in working for me, there were myriad things to be done that she didn't do, so I'm three-plus weeks behind in that, too. And, naturally, the work load didn't let up any while I was away...etc., etc., etc. Anyway, that's why SE#6 is tardy this time.

This is a much more up-beat issue than last time and I want to publicly thank everyone who wrote--whether for publication or not--with encouragement and understanding and caring. You'll never know what your kind words and expressions of love meant to me. And thank you, too, to all who wrote LoCs this issue. You've made SE a joyful experience again and it will continue as long as I'm able to do it! However, I would like to request some sort of limit on the length of letters. Some of the letters that come in are real killers to type and that also means that the cost of producing SE goes up, too. I'd like to hold the page count at between 50-60 pages. So, please, try to keep your letters to about 3 single-spaced typed pages or 6-7 hand-written pages. I know you've got a lot to say about things, but again, if you want to get into LONG discussions about things, please do so in private correspondence. Also, if your typer has a Courier 10 or Carroll-Pica element or something very similar, I can run a clean copy (i.e., no last minute markups) through my OCR at work and save retyping it, thereby saving Ye Ed's fingers and speeding up getting SE done and ready for you! Thanks!

And now I want to say something serious. In this holiday season, please, while you're enjoying your Thanksgiving and Hanukkah and Christmas and New Years' feasts and festivities--stop for a moment and think about the people in the world who are not so fortunate. Then do something about it--write a check to CARE to help feed the people in Ethiopia who are literally starving to death, pay a visit to a nursing home and cheer an elderly person whose family has abandoned him or her, give blood, donate toys or books to the children's ward of your local hospital, visit a shut-in, do volunteer work some-

where--just do something that will really make a difference. Even if you only save one child from starving to death, isn't that a start? Please help someone who needs it and--despite your religious beliefs or the holiday you celebrate--help bring the true meaning of Christmas back to the world.

Happy holidays to all and God bless.

Profile

Carolyn Golledge, I'm 31, single, a part-time primary schoolteacher, live in Ettalong, New South Wales, Australia, with my large and (in my opinion) equally crazy family, own what resembles very closely a smaller version of a Wookiee (a 50 lb. part-Cocker Spaniel) who is named Bonnie and who delights in leaving me bruised after her overly enthusiastic (to say the least!) Chewbacca-like hugs. Enjoy reading just about anything but especially sf/fantasy/mythology. Am interested in herbal medicine, study the piano (no, I don't mean stand and look at it!), love getting dirty in the garden and am insane enough to enjoy playing cricket, though I seldom make a score unless you count more bruises and several bad cases of sunburn. All the sane people, of course, are at the beach!

Laura R. Virgil, 30, single, native Texan and Dallasite. Was introduced to fandom in '72 by Cheree (I'll get her for that); collect Gene Kelly memorabilia (fan of MGM musicals and old movies); love art nouveau; have several degrees in art, including graphic illustration and advertising design, and minors in photography and history; also have degree in animation/filmmaking, though I opted not to get the actual diploma (I was told I was overqualified for everything already); have two honest-to-gosh Special Oscar nominations from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences (1981) for two animated cartoons I wrote, produced, directed and animated; all of which got me where I am today--word processing at the same law firm where Cheree works, Thompson & Knight (and that's Cheree's fault too); have aspirations to become a comic strip artist; with the continued supportive backing and training of Dick Ruhl (one of Disney's original animators), hopefully I'll make it someday.

Beverly Jean Evans, more popularly called B.J., age 33, living twelve years with Harvey Greenwood, in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. No children but six cats, one dog and four thoroughbred racehorses. I have only high school education but am a pari-mutual clerk at Exhibition Park, our local racetrack. My hobbies are reading, writing, movies. Fandom interests are mainly SW, fanzines and Harrison Ford.

ART CREDITS:

Danaline Bryant -- 18, 23, 29, 51

Carol Peters -- 31, 62

Cheree Cargill -- all other art

Hey, people! We still need filler art for every issue! How about it???

fresh vs. canned

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From a Certain Point of View

Sharon R. Saye
124 Davis St., Apt. A
Bridgeport, WV 26330

July 29, 1984

((Ed's note: this letter came after I'd finished the layout on SE#5, so I am including here, in #6.))

SOUTHERN ENCLAVE is terrific; every issue gets better and better, and thicker and thicker. The day it arrived everything came to a halt.

I loved your editorial comments. Especially about the zine publishing situation. I just returned from MediaWest with a duffel bag full of zines, just about broke my arm. Except for the letterzines and Mary Jean Holmes' SHADOWSTAR, it's been a barren year. Now a deluge. I can understand why publishers focus on MediaWest, but I think it is not fair to readers or zine editors either. Think of all the competition for writers and artists and buyers. If they were spread out over a year there would be a steady source of inspiration to writers and readers alike. Besides if this situation doesn't change soon, I'm going to have to take up weight lifting to get all these zines homes. I'm glad to hear A TREMOR IN THE FORCE #2 is going to try for December; just keep up those good intentions.

You are also right about the rising level of acrimony. I'm bored to tears with the Luke/Han arguments. Luke's evil/Han's a prince; Luke's a saint/Han's a nerd. Who cares anymore? They are arguing the matter into the ground. Let's move on. That's why I loved Sandra Necchi's article. I really hadn't thought about the Alliance's internal situation after the victory, but considering historical precedent, it is fraught with possibilities. Especially for Luke and Leia who have a major liability against them. In the fairy tale world everything may work out nappily, but in the real world I doubt the Alliance is going to be very happy with

the Vader connection. (Hm, I like that! Sounds like the name of a zine. Oh, my gods, is this a contagious disease?)

Here we have a hero and heroine of the Rebellion related to the Emperor's Dark Lord. In Luke's case, the situation is doubly dangerous; his relationship with Vader is a constant reminder of the dangers a Force-user can pose to the galaxy. The Alliance could easily find Luke and Leia a liability they can not afford. With the Emperor's demise, does the Alliance need the Jedi? They might once have been guardians of peace and justice in the galaxy, but they were destroyed by one of their own who used his Force powers to support the Emperor and subjugate the galaxy. Now the son of that same traitor wants to re-build the Jedi. A secret, independent religious group with mysterious powers led by Darth Vader's son. Can you imagine a group of politicians helping to establish a rival power group? They would tie Luke up with so much red tape he'd flee to Dagobah and never return.

I've been reading zines like crazy since MediaWest and I've found a trend that mystifies me. At the end of TESB, Luke is shaky; his mentor discredited, his hand severed, Leia in love with his best friend whose fate is unknown, his dream of his father shattered. A perfect candidate for Vader and the Dark Side. At the end of ROTJ, Luke is serene; his faith in his father fulfilled, his relationships with his sister and his best friend solidified, the Emperor destroyed, his confidence in himself proven correct. A perfect example of a Jedi Knight.

What I don't understand is why, after TESB, there were slews of stories about Luke agonizing over whether Vader is or is not his father, but few (very few) about Luke succumbing to the Dark Side. Now, after ROTJ, there are stories in every zine about Luke the Dark Lord. I'm really enjoying these stor-

ies, but I'm puzzled why there are all being written now a not three years ago. I'd appreciate some suggestions.

I've noticed some comparisons between the duels on Bespin and the second Death Star. Bespin, Vader controlled the duel; on the Death Star, Luke did. On Bespin at the end of the duel, Vader is out of control; he no longer holds his saber contemptuously with one hand, he bashes away at Luke all power and anger. No technique. I've always wondered why Vader would be out of control at this point in the duel he's had things pretty much in his own way up until then. A little patience and he could have captured Luke, who was outclassed. Instead he attacks full out and cuts off Luke's hand, hardly an action to endear oneself to one's son. In the duel on the Death Star, Luke stays in command of the duel until the end when he finally loses control and pushes Vader ever backward bashing left and right. Does the Dark Side master its use or is fear a stimulus? Luke is afraid for Leia on the Death Star. Was Vader afraid for Luke on Bespin, afraid he might kill Luke during the duel afraid of the full power of the Dark Side which might require Luke's death? I'd like to see more discussion of the Dark Side. The movies provide precious little information; the master of the Dark Side may be very powerful, but he is also very dumb. And Vader makes a number of tactical errors. The Dark Side seems to equal an arrogance so towering it is stupid. Why would anyone let Rebel patrol and Luke Skywalker onto Endor when he could easily have captured them? Especially when Vader was not in on the Emperor's plan at this point. Later, there is Luke ready to kill Vader with the Dark Side and the Emperor taunts him bringing him back to reality.

I have one more suggestion before I shut up. (I know you can hardly wait.) Both SCOUT DREL and SOUTHERN ENCLAVE a

now on the same publishing schedule. I love letterzines, they get me through the wastes between MediaWests, but could you two editors get together and slightly adjust your schedules? I'm sure coming out within a few weeks of each other is going to cut into the number of letters you receive and put you into competition for articles. It is obvious fans can support several letterzines; it would be really nice if a different one arrived every month. ((Ed's note: Joan and I have discussed this in the past but didn't come to any conclusions. Guess we need to talk again. And let's not forget the other letterzines--JUNDLAND, TOO, COMLINK, UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR and Kerri Smithline's new one, PERSPECTIVES.))



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August 22, 1984

Can I make a suggestion? Why don't you use part of a column to put in a table of contents of sorts, i.e., where the various letters are located. It would make it much easier for those wanting to reference someone else's letter. I realized that in this one. I had to keep thumbing back and forth through it to find specific letters. You could list them alphabetically by last name like this:

Martie Benedict10
Marcia Brin34
Barbara Izzo10
Sandra Necchi32

It wouldn't take that much room and would help tremendously. All the articles and editorials are generally at the front so there is no need to put those in, just

put a contents marker at the beginning of "FROM A CERTAIN POINT OF VIEW", in a box after the lead article or at the end of the zine. What do you think? ((Ed's note: Sounds practical to me.))

Okay, on to SOUTHERN ENCLAVE. I re-read Cheree's SE#4 editorial and I failed to find any statement on leaving Luke out of the discussion in future issues altogether. She voiced her desire to go on to other topics, which undoubtedly will concern Luke, unless no one writes anything about him. To be specific, I KNOW she wanted people to refrain from using expletives about other contributors. She was trying to make a point that there ARE countless other topics left in the SW universe to discuss. I think the majority of the letters in this last issue reflect agreement with her request, that her suggestions were not irrelevant and that most of us are tired of the Luke/Han debate anyway. This is very obviously no longer a discussion of mores and values, it has degenerated into a war among a small group of individuals and anyone else not holding their opinion.

Leaving fiction to the fanzines and having the letterzines stick to the facts is self-defeating for SE. Demanding this severely limits the scope of what can be discussed. Using this guideline, any single word not used in the films is NOT factual. This means that SE can't print anything EXCEPT the script of the movie. Not only that, it means that since every single letter has a bit of extrapolation from the saga, it makes every letter mutually exclusive to the demand and, therefore, irrelevant to SE.

A person doesn't have to read the discussions of "story ideas" if it offends. Skip over them; go on to something else. But, where else can you speculate, discuss theories and story ideas with a lot of people and not have to wait the interminable length of time between issues of zines? Of course, no one has to write a 50 page dissertation, but it should be possible to put in a few 'what if's?' without someone raising the roof.

I don't agree that Han is a "Force-user". Han's not-so-phenomenal use of his blaster at the Sarlacc pit, I think, meant

he was a damned good marksman and, if we'll all remember, he had the help of Lando who told him where to shoot. Not only that, but shortly before, Han commented to Luke that his eyesight was getting better.

An expert at firearms knows that you don't necessarily have to see a target to hit it, although it does help tremendously. Speaking from experience, I know that it takes a lot of talent, practice and intuition (which isn't necessarily the same as the Force) to shoot a weapon with any degree of accuracy. Anyone who has ever handled a weapon of any kind knows that you don't have to hit a target dead center to do damage and anyone who's ever known a blind person knows that they naturally adapt their other senses more acutely, particularly their hearing. Although Han apparently wasn't blind for that long after carbon freeze (we don't know the length of time he was in that cell with Chewie before taken to the pit), I tend to believe he was using his returning eyesight coupled with the direction of the sound of Lando's voice. Han was obviously a man in a desperate situation who, despite what he'd been told, probably had no real idea that Luke was a true Jedi (his last memory of Luke was still pretty much that of a kid) and, considering that he still couldn't see well, he probably was taking a gamble shooting at the Sarlacc. But, what did he really have to lose? As far as he knew, they were all going to die anyway.

I can see both sides of this, though, because I do see a plausible side of Han (if he were still blind) using the Force to shoot the Sarlacc--IF he is a Force-user (which was not firmly established, only speculated). I also see continued blindness as a good explanation of his clumsiness at things he would otherwise adeptly know. I would imagine that anything as drastic as carbon freeze would have some long-lasting after-effects on him other than eyesight. If it's anything akin to hypothermia, it affects the nerve endings which would have a lot to do with his clumsiness. Perhaps it also screwed up his nervous system and his motor functions, and he had no time, in the midst of the impending crisis, for any

real treatment that might be available.

I also do not think Luke had a disregard for the people on the barge. Like ambulance chasers, most of those people were probably there voluntarily to watch the gore, to see Luke and his friends thrown to their deaths. I think he acted in the only manner open to him--self-defense and protection.

I enjoyed Marcia Brin's theory on Leia as the Other; it also sounds very well-analyzed. On the other hand, hasn't anyone ever heard of "hiding in plain sight"? The obvious way to effectively hide Leia, if she were the Other, would be to put her out in the open and keep her Force-talents dormant until needed and unrecognizable from Force-users such as Vader and the Emperor.

Luke knew of the Force, but not how to use it and didn't even know he was a Jedi (or that his father was, for that matter) or that he had the talent until Ben told him. (Which brings up several questions: [1] Why was Luke hidden and untrained unless he, too, was a wild-card last hope; [2] Why was Obi-Wan, one of the last Jedi masters, hidden on Tatooine coincidentally without spitting distance of the last Jedi, if not, in fact, to be there when it came time to train him, and [3] what's the point of having a Jedi master anyway if it comes naturally?)

Luke had to be trained in order to use the Force effectively. Otherwise, it would be like giving a loaded pistol to a ten-year-old and saying, "Here; go play." Perhaps they were simply waiting to see what Luke could accomplish. If he failed, then they'd pull their final ace out of the hole. Why put both on the line when they could be used separately to the Rebellion's advantage? Divide and conquer. I wonder how much Force-talent, if any, Vader would have picked up from Luke if they'd run into each other BEFORE Obi-Wan got his hands on Luke. I also wonder how Vader could've picked up from Luke that he was Vader's son if Luke didn't know it himself until told. There is the possibility that Vader had no idea he'd sired a set of twins and found out from someone else who might have known (Palpatine for instance?) and intended to use Luke for his own gains when he

was ready. If Vader could pick up on this, why did he simply utter, "The Force is strong in this one"? Why didn't he recognize Luke (or Leia) as his own in SW? Since the Force is supposed to be very strong, and Ben exerted mind control (on the guards in SW), Vader used apparent autonomic control on various members of his crew and even Luke used it in ROTJ at Jabba's, perhaps Luke and Leia, if she was the Other--which I think she was--were mind blocked (forced amnesia of sorts) early in childhood to help keep them safe until they came of age and were needed.

Maggie Nowakowska: Thank you for the most unheated, clear-headed letter in the last issue. If everyone would read it and try to understand what you said, things would not get quite so heated again.

Martie Benedict: Re: your comment to Ann Wortham in SE#4--Casper sends his regards.

Marcia Brin: I mean you absolutely no offense by this, but I think you attacked too quickly. Terri Black did not attach your name to her comment concerning your religion; I don't think she meant it as a personal attack or as anti-semitic. Unless she knew you personally, she had no way of knowing your religious preferences (I certainly didn't). Besides, I think her viewpoint was one of historical perspective, not religious critical commentary. Even if she were making a religious criticism, it should be of no real consequence. I have my own religion; however, Christianity is not mine and mine alone and I cannot and will not tell people they cannot criticize it. I know nothing of the lady, but perhaps Terri Black's religious preferences are the same as yours. If so, then I would say she certainly does have the right to criticize her own religion.

Terri Black: I think you have missed the point on the Jani Hicks/M.J. Barrowman-Harper and Ronni Sacksteder pronouncements. These ladies apparently took the money of trusting individuals with a promise to deliver goods, and not only didn't deliver, but excused themselves of ripping off funds by saying that the money was used on pre-production expenses. (Personally, I've never known any zine to cost that kind of money in the

planning and layout stages; the real costs are incurred when you pay the printer.) That's a heck of a lot of border tape, typewriter ribbons and press-type, if you ask me. If you consider that I know of 4 or 5 complaints concerning only one of these persons, that figures to \$120 to \$150 that has been stolen from only 4 or 5 persons (and that's only in the realm of MY knowledge of the situation). How many others were ripped off in this manner? And how much ripped-off money are we talking about that would force someone to change their name and allege suicide because of the pressures of fandom? One can only assume that we are talking in rather large proportions. Someone has to be running scared to take such measures, and certainly has a lot of gall to stick around in fandom afterward. It has to stop somewhere; the consumer complaint columns are the first place (if you'll notice, most of the complaints are from various people concerning the SAME people over and over), the post office authorities are the next. It is a felony called mail fraud to take someone's money through the mail and then not deliver what was promised. I don't know of a zine ed anywhere who hasn't inadvertently misplaced at least one check, or cashed one and forgotten to log it, but those can usually be straightened out very quickly and usually no one holds a grudge against you for an innocent mistake. All it takes to stay on top of it is a little organization, such as a recipe card box and a pencil to keep records. But we are talking rip-off on a grand scale, and this is not the first time it has happened in fandom in the twelve years I've been involved; it certainly won't be the last. You don't have to consult business lawyers, just sit down and figure up what you want to do, contact various printers and find out prices. If you, as editor, can't handle the initial investment--and be prepared to take the loss in its entirety, if it doesn't sell well--then you shouldn't involve yourself in the business. YOU are offering the product, hoping that you will sell enough to make up your deficit of funds, and the customer is trusting you to deliver on your promise. If you take down-payments and use the money and then cannot put the thing

together, you should make your customers aware of this, promise to return their funds within a reasonable time period and follow up by doing just that as soon as you can. It is a procedure known as honesty. If you do this, then you will likely have a loyal following later because of your initial honesty should you be able to print at a later date. It's not easy to take a loss but that's the responsibility you take when you produce a zine. I know this because I have been having a problem for nearly 3 years with a woman who claims I cashed her check for a zine I did nearly 3 years ago and did not deliver. It is possible that I somehow cashed it without making a record, even though I didn't handle the money end of the zine; however, she cannot produce the cancelled check (offering any number of excuses why she can't) and I can't help but feel she is trying to get a free copy. If she will ever produce the check copy, I will not only send her the zine, I will return her money as well for the amount of time she went without it. I'm not being noble; I just think it's fair. The best way to safeguard yourself, as an editor, is to keep records of every transaction, including the date of the check, and the date it was sent out. If you're a zine buyer, keep copies of your cashed checks, or the stubs or xeroxes of money orders or cashier's checks. If you have the serial number of the money order or cashier's check, you CAN call the bank it was issued from and they can tell you whether or not it was cashed. They can also provide xerox copies, for a fee of course. Considering the extremely high prices of a lot of zines these days, a xerox copy, even at 20¢, is really a cheap security investment. Frankly, if I were publishing a new zine, I'm not sure I wouldn't add another charge to the zine to cover the price of a 'return receipt requested' with the post office to protect myself. There is no disputing a signed receipt for anything sent through the mail.



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August 21, 1984

Being a newcomer to organized fandom, I greatly appreciate letterzines like SOUTHERN ENCLAVE. I enjoy the articles, which are always informative and the letters invariably point out something I had not thought of before.

I see that the debate over whether or not Han Solo should have been Lucas' Other is still raging, and probably will for years to come. Although I am a Han fan myself, I say, so what? So he's not the Other. That doesn't change him or make him different in any way from the Solo we've come to know and love.

I do think that he is a Force-sensitive and that might be one reason why he's such an extraordinary pilot. It could also explain his phenomenal luck at escaping danger.

From various fanzines I have managed to acquire it seems that Han has as many backgrounds as he does fans who write about him. He is the Other in any number of alternate universes, but I think it's unfair to expect George Lucas to change his established universe when he's given fans such a wealth of material to use free of charge. And it is Luke's story, after all.

I'd like to join the S.P.P. H.S.I.S myself. As talented as Solo is, I think that aspect has been overworked. After all, he's a Corellian, not Superman.

I still don't like that Luke-and-Leia-as-twins bit. It seems like a cop-out to me. I just can't see how Vader would know about Luke and not Leia. Besides, I thought Luke at least deserved a chance at the princess, although I'm not really disappointed that she chose Han. A girl'd have to be crazy to turn him down.

I really like Tim Blaes' two lists of Ten Things from SE#3 and #4. Some of them sound really intriguing and it will be interesting to see if any fans try their hand at turning any of them into stories.

Sally A. Syrjala
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August 23, 1984

One thing a letterzine forces you to do is to put your rambling thoughts into some sort of order. If only this purpose were served by them, they would be a welcome addition to my wandering mind.

It would be nice if people would read their own words and follow their own admonitions about what they put into their letters. The first thing to realize is that we are dealing with people and people can be hurt very easily.

Too, it is easy to be vehement about the defense of a character because we are speaking about more than just fictional characters. What has been woven into those creations are nothing less than the way we have chosen to look at life. What we view as right and wrong, good and evil are all there. I think we also look for certain traits in characters with which we identify that speak of our outlook on life and how we see, or wish we would see, ourselves.

The people I tend to identify with are the rebels--those who refuse to bow down to authority merely because it is in power and society says we should do so. In the "real" world Bill Lee is one of the people I see in this mode. He is a baseball pitcher who is now in semi-pro ball in a small town in Canada. He has pitched for both the Boston Red Sox and the Montreal Expos. In each city, he developed a fan following, but never did get along well with the top brass because he felt the most important thing in this life was being true to yourself and your ideals.

This is one of the reasons I find Han Solo to be such a fascinating character. He has these same attributes which I see in William Francis Lee. Both have strong ideas of who they are and how their lives should be lived. Both believe, not just in the espousal of freedom, but in the every day living of those ideals.

To me Han is someone who has passed through his phase of innocent idealism and come out with his values still intact, just submerged under a protective shell. Slavery seems to



be his character's great fear. This is something which he will avoid at all costs.

Slavery is not being only bound by chains, but by organizations who do not allow independent thought and action. You can be bound just as tightly by a group of whose membership you become a part as by any prison colony. To me, this is why Han is so reluctant to become a formal member of the Rebellion. He knows that groups joined too freely can take that freedom and leave you with naught but chains to bind.

To the contrary of the Solo School of Non-Thinking type of thought, I happen to think Han thinks very carefully over what he is doing and what those actions will mean in the future. He has passed that point in life when he will join all that happens to come in front of his life path just because it looks as if it is a right and honorable thing to do. He wants to KNOW it is that in actuality before making a commitment to the cause. For one thing he has learned is that things do not always seem to be the way they really are. Surface images can be deceiving and are not to be trusted.

This is in keeping with the way Luke is taught about actual sight. The eyes can trick you. You have to learn to pick the true reality from the illusion which surrounds you. This is what I see as making Han cynical. He knows that most of that which aounds before him is merely illusion. In the past he has been taken in by the Trickster and believed Fool's Gold to be the real thing. Now he looks closely and tries to see below the surface as to what the roots of a particular situation represent. It is only when he has seen that the bubble will not burst and that the lovely lady will not take on the appearance of a tiger that he is willing to set forth into the waters.

I see James T. Kirk and Han Solo as having some basic likenesses of character traits. Both are men who hold that which is within themselves as their primary governing agent. In ST3/TSPS, Kirk showed that what he would serve would be the underlying ideal for the laws, not necessarily the blind letter of the law which often belies that which it is supposed to repre-

sent. Han, too, does not blindly follow commands, but questions their content and where they have come from and where they will lead. Both men are their own masters and have come to know themselves as their first duty in life. For it is only when you know yourself that you can be of any service to others.

It would be interesting to see the make-up of the Jedi discussed. If they can control intangible elements, would not this make actual fighting something which could be dispensed with--a la what the Organians did to the forces of the Federation and the Klingons? Could not the Jedi use the power of their mind to make weapons too hot to handle so that they could not be used in warfare? If something like the Death Star existed, why did it have to be destroyed in the normal manner? Why could not someone have gone into a trance and worked on the chamber with their mind and caused certain reactions to happen to either make an explosion happen or better yet to render the device ineffective?

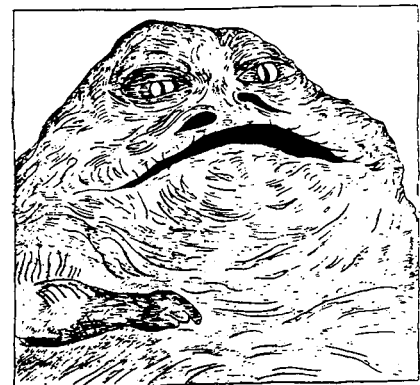
If the Jedi are, or were, so powerful and believed in peaceful ways of solving problems, could not these avenues have been travelled? Actual killing and wounding could have been avoided.

However, this would indicate the Jedi possessed an enormous power and it has been the case with humans that absolute power corrupts absolutely. It may have happened that such immense power tempted some of the League to the Dark Side. This may have then led to these insurgents trying to enslave those who did not do their bidding as they wished. It could also have been that this created a conflict with those who were still following the original dictates of their Order. This internal conflict might have been what brought the house crumbling to the ground.

It could also be that once the Force was divided in this manner, it was easy for those not of the Order to invade those who had been weakened by their own number. A house divided against itself will not stand long; and, if the inner disputes between the Jedi themselves could not be settled, it might have been a beginning of their end.

On to TOD--I have seen a lot of criticism on this film saying it is racist and sexist. However, have the roots of this production been examined? This film is set in the 1930's. Those times were not a haven of justice and equality for those not of the male gender of the Great White Race. It is difficult to change history. You can wish it were so, but everyone not of the "superior" race was not considered to be able to determine their own destinies with reason and accuracy.

Too, I see the Indiana Jones films as being a pictorial rendition of H. Rider Haggard's romances which were written around the turn of the century. At this time, such stories inevitably had the "hero" be a white male who was out to make all things right for all others. If this series of films is to be a homage to the serials of the 30's, it would follow that it should follow their image. The flavor of those serials exist in both ROTJ and JATOT. These films are there for pure entertainment and escapism. I try to think too much on the is to lose their value. They are not as the SW saga which has questions to keep letter zines in print for decades. I enjoyed the Indiana Jones film on the level of pure surface entertainment, as a roller coaster ride which is to be experienced. On that level they are quite fun.



Mary Kever
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August 25, 1984

Hello! Just finished SE#1. Again, very interesting and very thought-provoking.

I read Marcia Brin's article with interest. First, I must say I firmly believe Darth and Anakin are one and the same. Idea #2 would be my choice, split personas. Maybe he was schitzo? I am, however, open to reading anything, the "solutions" put forth were thought rendering.

As to the editorial: I agree you're between a rock and a hard place. Damned if you do, damned if you don't! But by no means is SE irrelevant! It's interesting, an airing of ideas. Please don't fold! I really enjoy it!!

I like the profile column, too.

Martie Benedict: I agree with your statement "Perhaps Darth did see, at the last moment, 'the purpose of (his own) existence and the meaning of it all.'" I had always thought Darth had the potential to see "the light." People can change. Perhaps when he heard his son, his own flesh and blood, crying out to him, he snapped. I think he realized all that he stood for was now wrong.

Barbara Izzo: An interesting concept, that Han is permanently blind. However, I can't agree. I think we would have been let on to it in ROTJ. I do agree that it was strange not to have him regain his sight onscreen. I guess it was just a scene Lucas did not want in or that possibly was left on the cutting room floor. However, your idea is an interesting theory and I would be interested in hearing more about it.

To all: I received the exact same letter from Shelley Swan in the beginning of the summer. I wrote her; no answer. Anyone else receive the same letter? Strange...

Bev Clark: Appreciated the info on FALL OF THE REPUBLIC. I bought a copy for \$7.00 mail order. I was a bit surprised by some of the story. Also, thanks for the info about at least one more SW movie! Yeah!

Carole Regine: I agree "this guy's been crucified enough times..." I also agree with you on the point of Kenobi asking Luke to kill Vader. Vader as Luke knew him at that point was evil. He had killed, would have probably gone on killing. He was an enemy of freedom and justice. Also agree about Luke tossing aside his saber. At

that point, he would have killed Darth out of hatred, not self-defense or defense of the galaxy. He would have then been Dark, but he knew and chose the Light.

Tim Blaes: I agree with you about C3PO and R2D2. And thanks for the info on Bloom County--I'm a big fan. Opus & Bill in '84!

Debbie Gilbert: Again I agree with your ideas about C3PO and R2D2. It goes along with what Tim said. I think Luke told R2D2 the plan but not C3PO for obvious reasons. And as usual R2 decided not to tell C3PO. The incident had to be carried out to rescue Han. Luke didn't sell them into slavery--they were a gift!! (But again for a purpose.)

Jeanine Hennig: Hello! How are things on Alfalfa? Hee! I loved your letter and I agree with you on just about everything. I too saw Luke's loneliness in ROTJ. I agree--I don't think he's over Leia. At one time he really felt something for her other than sisterly love. It must be tough trying to overcome that. Also good luck on profic!!

Sandra Necchi: I agree with most of your letter, except the racism part. Again I love reading all the letters and opposing viewpoints but I do not want people forcing me to believe their opinions, and that their theories are law. I think we fen should be open to everything and then decide for ourselves what we want to believe and not be condemned for it.

Marcia Brin: To your comment "Vader stands next to Leia a number of times and can't even see she is a Force-user, much less related to him." When is Leia a Force-user? The only time I can see is maybe when Luke called out to her at the end of TESB. But at that time she did not know she had the Force, so it seems to me it should have been hidden, not known to her. I believe that episode was just deep feelings between two close people. Like when my sister is upset sometimes I can feel it. As for your "Han is a Force-user" comment: What is your proof, your basis? I don't recall Han ever using the Force, in fact he is usually scoffing at it. As to Han seeing Ben, Anakin and Yoda at the end of ROTJ, I just can't accept that. How do you know

he sees them? He may, like most people, just be looking to see what Luke is looking at. Sort of like the joke where a few people start pointing and looking up, soon everyone that comes by is straining to see what everyone is pointing and looking at. Human nature. It is indicated that Luke sees the "ghosts" but never to my knowledge that Han does.

Danaline Bryant: I liked your statement about the Good Side of the Force being defensive and passive.

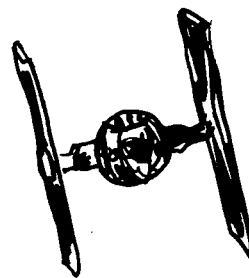
Sally Smith: Loved your letter. I agree with most all you said.

Maggie Nowakowska: You were talking about the merchandising: "loved such toys when a child." I still do love them. My SW toy collection is still growing. My husband finds it very embarrassing to have me opening SW toys on my birthday, in front of the family or being dragged into a toy store to squander hard earned bucks for a Max Rebo band set. I LOVE IT!!! What's wrong with the movie being for kids? Nothing! I'll still be a kid for SW twenty plus years down the line!

A topic I'd like to see discussed: Non-fen reaction to SW or to you liking SW. I was at work the other day and there was a lady just running SW into the ground. Being the nature of my job and its limitations (I work at a city library and we are not permitted to hotly oppose anything a patron says), I couldn't say much to defend SW without a very heated argument. It was very frustrating. Usually people just shake their head and think "poor, misguided child."

Cheree: I really enjoyed SE#5 and hope it continues for many issues to come. Also, through this zine, I've come to know many people that I'd never get to meet. It's a neat feeling.

May the Force be with us all!



Carol Peters
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August 25, 1984

I am probably older than your usual reader. Pardon while I brush back my gray hair. I have taken a lot of flack from family and friends over SW. Most of them think that I am a prime candidate for the funny farm. I think that all the funny looks and sly glances have been worth it. I can't think of any other --I was going to say "movie" but I think "event" is a better word --that has such an effect on so many people the world over. One of your readers asked the question if SW could survive without another movie coming out. As long as there are zines like SE and fans to keep the spirit alive, I think it can go on as long as the fans want to, especially with TESB being released on video and, I am sure, ROTJ to be released in the future. ((Ed's note: Seems like I heard someone say ROTJ was slated for Christmas 1986.))

I do have a few questions for some of your readers. What has the age of the actor who played Anakin have to do with the character? I am watching JEDI as I write this to try and pick out how some of the ideas came to be. As for Anakin and Darth being two different persons and no one saying that Skywalker is Luke's father, Yoda concurs that Vader is his father. Then Obi-Wan tells Luke that Anakin became Darth Vader when he turned to the Dark Side and Anakin Skywalker ceased to exist. As to why Luke had Darth's "body" to put on the pyre, maybe there wasn't a body but that was just the shell of his protective suit. Obi-Wan said he was more machine than man. As to Han not flying in ROTJ, he most certainly did do some flying. He was the pilot of the shuttle to the Endor Moon. Also, why would Luke have to tell Han he was leaving. Han is only a general and Luke is a commander.

When Luke is taken to Vader on Endor he calls him Father and Vader says to Luke, "I see you have accepted the truth." Luke replies, "I've accepted the truth that you were once Anakin Skywalker, my father." Vader tells Luke that the name no longer has any meaning for

him. Luke tells Vader that it is the name of his true self and he has only forgotten. I am taking this right off the film as I watch it. Also, I have read the script that is in THE ART OF RETURN OF THE JEDI. In the script when Vader tells Luke to go, to leave him, it states Darth Vader, Anakin Skywalker...Luke's father dies.

When Luke throws down his lightsaber, I think it is because he sees how much like his father he has become and to take his father's life would be the final step to the Dark Side. Maybe when Luke is begging his father to save him, he thought that there was enough good left in Vader and maybe he was counting on his father's love to save them both.

Yes, maybe it was self-gratification to go to see JEDI just to have a good time and I did. I think that it is much better than tearing the movie apart before the end credits have finished. I did have a few criticisms with JEDI but I waited till after I had seen it a couple of times and let what I had seen sink in. I think one of the things was knowing that this was the last time we would be seeing our heroes together and knowing it was the last in the trilogy. But all in all, it was a rousing good film.

There is only one other thing that bothers me and I have seen others comment on this too. Some seem to dislike JEDI because it didn't end the way they wanted it to. They forget that it is GL's film to end how he thought it should end. As for the Ewoks, what is wrong with being cute?

I also would like to say how much I have enjoyed the artwork that has been appearing in SE since I do a little drawing myself and really like seeing other people's work. ((Ed's note: I'd like to publicly thank Carol for her excellent contributions to the art department! I really appreciate it!))

I too agree with the editor about keeping the comments to the subject and not getting into personal attacks because this would do nothing to further the goodwill of SW and its fans. Everyone is entitled to their own opinions and beliefs but not to the right to belittle someone who doesn't share your point of view. It would be a

shame to lose even one SE reader because of this. If you read opinion or statement that real gets you fired, read it again and think about what this person is trying to say before you shut down and dash off a letter attacking their views. Just thought.

There is one thing that do get me fired up, though, and that is the statement that SW is a nothing movie and there aren't any messages there. I think there are a few things that come through. One is friendship and what the love of a friend and the love for a friend means. How you might have to make a sacrifice for that friendship. All that there is good and evil and that the choice is yours as which you choose. I liked the idea that good doesn't always win the first time and maybe you believe and try again that goodness can triumph over evil but it won't always be easy.

There has been a lot of talk about the next episode of STAR WARS or if there is even going to be another episode. I have ordered all my SW items for years from TKRP and received a letter from Tom Kennedy, the owner, saying that they were going to change the business to trading STAR WARS items until the next episode is released. He said, "Rumors that Episode 1 (ENTER THE DARK LORD) will begin production in 1985." He is licensed by Lucasfilm so maybe he has an inside ear to what is going on.

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