

Chapter 1 : 'Chinks in the world machine' – on the casting of the 13th Doctor Who - EconoTimes

In the Chinks of the World Machine has 38 ratings and 4 reviews. Zach said: An early () examination of the usefulness of sf to feminist writers, this.

She would sit on the floor in the library, cross-legged on the carpet before a big shelf of books and read about a machine that could travel in time and space. She wanted to be on the Enterprise, and the Liberator and the Millennium Falcon – and she imagined great adventures, in which she saved the world, the galaxy, and why not the universe. They became private stories, told to myself at odd moments, just before falling asleep – but not to be shared. After all, what kind of girl likes Doctor Who? What kind of girl wants to jaunt around time and space? I enjoyed the whole media build up immensely. I was greatly entertained watching good friends rapidly bring themselves up to speed on the rules of tennis in order to predict how long a Wimbledon final might be – so that they could make sure they were on hand when the announcement was made. I watched the trailer with refreshed wonder and a whoop of glee at the reveal. I remembered how happy friends had been when Christopher Eccleston was cast as the ninth Doctor back in , how glad they were that now there was a Doctor who seemed like them. I hoped that they would glad now that there was a Doctor who was like me. Remaking the world For me, science fiction – speculative fiction – is a genre that asks us to think about possibility. All good fiction, of course, asks us to expand our horizons by sympathetically imagining the experience of others. Its best writers, such as Ursula Le Guin , seem to have the power to remake the world. Science fiction grows up Science fiction has not, historically, been generous to women. Mothered by Mary Shelley in Frankenstein and The Last Man , the genre, throughout the first half of the 20th century, becomes predominantly a form of heroic literature, steeped in fantasies of mastery and conquest. Women were rarely present in this literature, except as trophies or temptations. A surge of feminist Utopian writing in the s marks the beginning of a shake-up of the genre, which can now delight and surprise in many ways. Casting a woman as the Doctor seems like something that should have happened years ago. Television is expensive, success is not assured, and risks with a flagship property can be difficult to justify. The incoming production team should be commended for this decision, choosing in Whittaker an actor of great talent whose presence will surely revitalise this ever-changing, fascinating, British institution. Having a woman as the Doctor will not solve the conditions of vast and cruel inequality under which millions of women live today. This little girl had a wonderful reaction to the news that the next DoctorWho will be played by a woman pic. What I have enjoyed most about this casting news is thinking about how this Doctor – a woman Doctor – was going to be the one that my little girl would grow up seeing. She will be her Doctor. The hero, the adventurer, the person to whom the text turns for moral and intellectual authority – that is a woman now. A little more of the glass ceiling has cracked. A spanner has been thrown into the workings of the world machine. We are reminded that something different is possible. This article was originally published on The Conversation. Read the original article.

Chapter 2 : In the Chinks of the World Machine: Feminism and Science Fiction by Sarah Lefanu

Una McCormack is a New York Times bestselling author of Star Trek and Doctor Who novels, and, in , is a judge for the Arthur C. Clarke Award, given yearly to the best science fiction novel.

Games In the Chinks of the World Machine: Tiptree had a habit of writing stories that sneak up on the unsuspecting reader, springing intellectual traps that linger in the mind. Lefanu is upfront about her thesis -- science fiction is a kind of natural home for feminist writers, despite the male-dominated history of the genre -- but she understands very well how writers like Tiptree and Russ operate. Lefanu herself is a good writer, and she knows the territory of which she speaks. Her discussion is erudite and wide-ranging, and it is essential to comprehension of her arguments that you know the books under discussion. She makes a convincing argument that science fiction is the place to be for feminist writers, but there are a few strange stops along the way. The first half of the book is made up of ten chapters, some quite brief, that discuss feminism and science fiction generally. The last four chapters examine four writers -- Tiptree, Le Guin, Charnas, and Russ -- in greater detail. Here is a brief overview of the book: Representation and Natural Woman Lefanu introduces the problem of essentialism each gender has "natural" attributes and every man or woman has those masculine or feminine attributes respectively and talks about Women of Wonder and its sequels, which were edited by Pamela Sargent. Science Fiction Narratives This is a very short chapter, in which Lefanu mentions some sf criticism. She finishes up the chapter with Josephine Saxton. Feminist Heroines or Men in Disguise? Another extremely brief chapter, Joanna Russ and Tanith Lee mentioned. She goes on to praise The New Gulliver by Dodderidge and some books by Gwyneth Jones for taking a more nuanced approach. The Dream of Elsewhere: Feminist Utopias A busy chapter. Lefanu begins with two classics: The Reduction of Women: The Vicissitudes of Love Are the narratives of romance as promulgated by mass culture a simple opiate? A way of encouraging consumerism? Can there be resistance within this framework? Lefanu tries to wrap up a few strands of argument; Golden Witchbreed, Dreamsnake. Feminism and SF Lefanu ends up wrestling with essentialism. Brief mentions of Lerman and Wittig. Who is Tiptree, What is She?: Inner Space and the Outer Lands: Le Guin Chapter Suzy McKee Charnas Chapter The Reader as Subject: Some of the rhetoric of feminism relies on categories of gender that help rally the troops. Lefanu tries to navigate a tricky course between these two impulses, and sometimes she appears a little defensive, as in this passage from Chapter There is not necessarily a contradiction here: She does need to outline the contradictory impulses more clearly and put more faith in us to understand the situation. No need to be defensive about that. Lefanu is not above a few cheap shots along the way. She denigrates Lessing in passing on page 92, taking a point of view with which I happen to agree, but nonetheless it feels a bit unprofessional. She also tears a strip out of Donaldson, parenthetically: She seems to disapprove of Le Guin although I think she has misunderstood a key point about the use of pronouns in The Left Hand of Darkness , and so, at one point, she writes: In the Chinks of the World Machine is an excellent book, which profits from the same meticulous attention that Lefanu has paid to the primary works. Her optimism is refreshing, and if she were writing this book now, twelve years later, she would have a plenitude of new examples to consider. She has a high opinion of science fiction and its possibilities -- for example: Buy back issues of Challenging Destiny online from:

Chapter 3 : Chinks in the world machine

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Messenger Once upon a time, there was a little girl who dreamed of going into space. She would sit on the floor in the library, cross-legged on the carpet before a big shelf of books and read about a machine that could travel in time and space. She wanted to be on the Enterprise, and the Liberator and the Millennium Falcon – and she imagined great adventures, in which she saved the world, the galaxy, and why not the universe. They became private stories, told to myself at odd moments, just before falling asleep – but not to be shared. After all, what kind of girl likes Doctor Who? What kind of girl wants to jaunt around time and space? I enjoyed the whole media build up immensely. I was greatly entertained watching good friends rapidly bring themselves up to speed on the rules of tennis in order to predict how long a Wimbledon final might be – so that they could make sure they were on hand when the announcement was made. I watched the trailer with refreshed wonder and a whoop of glee at the reveal. I remembered how happy friends had been when Christopher Eccleston was cast as the ninth Doctor back in , how glad they were that now there was a Doctor who seemed like them. I hoped that they would glad now that there was a Doctor who was like me. Remaking the world For me, science fiction – speculative fiction – is a genre that asks us to think about possibility. All good fiction, of course, asks us to expand our horizons by sympathetically imagining the experience of others. Alien life, yes; but also the kinds of human life and organisation that might be brought about by technological or scientific advance – or the radical re-imagining of how power, authority and resources might be e distributed among us. Its best writers, such as Ursula Le Guin , seem to have the power to remake the world. Science fiction grows up Science fiction has not, historically, been generous to women. Mothered by Mary Shelley in Frankenstein and The Last Man , the genre, throughout the first half of the 20th century, becomes predominantly a form of heroic literature, steeped in fantasies of mastery and conquest. Women were rarely present in this literature, except as trophies or temptations. A surge of feminist Utopian writing in the s marks the beginning of a shake-up of the genre, which can now delight and surprise in many ways. Casting a woman as the Doctor seems like something that should have happened years ago. Television is expensive, success is not assured, and risks with a flagship property can be difficult to justify. The incoming production team should be commended for this decision, choosing in Whittaker an actor of great talent whose presence will surely revitalise this ever-changing, fascinating, British institution. Having a woman as the Doctor will not solve the conditions of vast and cruel inequality under which millions of women live today. But representation and visibility do matter. What I have enjoyed most about this casting news is thinking about how this Doctor – a woman Doctor – was going to be the one that my little girl would grow up seeing. She will be her Doctor. The hero, the adventurer, the person to whom the text turns for moral and intellectual authority – that is a woman now. A little more of the glass ceiling has cracked. A spanner has been thrown into the workings of the world machine. We are reminded that something different is possible.

In the Chinks of the World Machine Feminism and Science Fiction Sarah LeFanu eBook. eBook publication of the book which was awarded the prestigious MLA Emily Toth Award ().

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Chapter 5 : 'Chinks in the world machine' – on the casting of the 13th Doctor Who

Another scholarly investigation into the world of science fiction, female characters, and the women who write both. Once more you may not agree with all of Lefanu's conclusions but it will make you stop and think as you pick up that next new book by Bulter or Tepper.

The Whovian Life via Twitter Once upon a time, there was a little girl who dreamed of going into space. She would sit on the floor in the library, cross-legged on the carpet before a big shelf of books and read about a machine that could travel in time and space. She wanted to be on the Enterprise, and the Liberator and the Millennium Falcon – and she imagined great adventures, in which she saved the world, the galaxy, and why not the universe. They became private stories, told to myself at odd moments, just before falling asleep – but not to be shared. After all, what kind of girl likes Doctor Who? What kind of girl wants to jaunt around time and space? I enjoyed the whole media build up immensely. I was greatly entertained watching good friends rapidly bring themselves up to speed on the rules of tennis in order to predict how long a Wimbledon final might be – so that they could make sure they were on hand when the announcement was made. I watched the trailer with refreshed wonder and a whoop of glee at the reveal. I remembered how happy friends had been when Christopher Eccleston was cast as the ninth Doctor back in , how glad they were that now there was a Doctor who seemed like them. I hoped that they would glad now that there was a Doctor who was like me. Remaking the world For me, science fiction – speculative fiction – is a genre that asks us to think about possibility. All good fiction, of course, asks us to expand our horizons by sympathetically imagining the experience of others. Alien life, yes; but also the kinds of human life and organisation that might be brought about by technological or scientific advance – or the radical re-imagining of how power, authority and resources might be e distributed among us. Its best writers, such as Ursula Le Guin , seem to have the power to remake the world. Science fiction grows up Science fiction has not, historically, been generous to women. Mothered by Mary Shelley in Frankenstein and The Last Man , the genre, throughout the first half of the 20th century, becomes predominantly a form of heroic literature, steeped in fantasies of mastery and conquest. Women were rarely present in this literature, except as trophies or temptations. A surge of feminist Utopian writing in the s marks the beginning of a shake-up of the genre, which can now delight and surprise in many ways. Casting a woman as the Doctor seems like something that should have happened years ago. Television is expensive, success is not assured, and risks with a flagship property can be difficult to justify. The incoming production team should be commended for this decision, choosing in Whittaker an actor of great talent whose presence will surely revitalise this ever-changing, fascinating, British institution. Having a woman as the Doctor will not solve the conditions of vast and cruel inequality under which millions of women live today. But representation and visibility do matter. What I have enjoyed most about this casting news is thinking about how this Doctor – a woman Doctor – was going to be the one that my little girl would grow up seeing. She will be her Doctor. The hero, the adventurer, the person to whom the text turns for moral and intellectual authority – that is a woman now. A little more of the glass ceiling has cracked. A spanner has been thrown into the workings of the world machine. We are reminded that something different is possible. Clarke Award, given yearly to the best science fiction novel published in the UK.

Chapter 6 : Review of Sarah Lefanu's In the Chinks of the World Machine: Feminism and Science Fiction

We survived, in the arresting phrase coined by the great science fiction writer James Tiptree Jr (aka Alice Bradley Sheldon and Raccoona Sheldon): "by ones and two, in the chinks of the world-machine".

Chinks in the world machine Casting the 13th Doctor Once upon a time, there was a little girl who dreamed of going into space. She would sit on the floor in the library, cross-legged on the carpet before a big shelf of books and read about a machine that could travel in time and space. She wanted to be on the Enterprise, and the Liberator and the Millennium Falcon – and she imagined great adventures, in which she saved the world, the galaxy, and why not the universe. They became private stories, told to myself at odd moments, just before falling asleep – but not to be shared. After all, what kind of girl likes Doctor Who? What kind of girl wants to jaunt around time and space? To say that I was delighted at the news that Jodie Whittaker had been chosen to play the 13th Doctor is a huge understatement. I enjoyed the whole media build up immensely. I was greatly entertained watching good friends rapidly bring themselves up to speed on the rules of tennis in order to predict how long a Wimbledon final might be – so that they could make sure they were on hand when the announcement was made. I watched the trailer with refreshed wonder and a whoop of glee at the reveal. I remembered how happy friends had been when Christopher Eccleston was cast as the ninth Doctor back in , how glad they were that now there was a Doctor who seemed like them. I hoped that they would glad now that there was a Doctor who was like me. Remaking the world For me, science fiction – speculative fiction – is a genre that asks us to think about possibility. All good fiction, of course, asks us to expand our horizons by sympathetically imagining the experience of others. Its best writers, such as Ursula Le Guin , seem to have the power to remake the world. Science fiction grows up Science fiction has not, historically, been generous to women. Mothered by Mary Shelley in Frankenstein and The Last Man , the genre, throughout the first half of the 20th century, becomes predominantly a form of heroic literature, steeped in fantasies of mastery and conquest. Women were rarely present in this literature, except as trophies or temptations. A surge of feminist Utopian writing in the s marks the beginning of a shake-up of the genre, which can now delight and surprise in many ways. Casting a woman as the Doctor seems like something that should have happened years ago. Television is expensive, success is not assured, and risks with a flagship property can be difficult to justify. The incoming production team should be commended for this decision, choosing in Whittaker an actor of great talent whose presence will surely revitalise this ever-changing, fascinating, British institution. Having a woman as the Doctor will not solve the conditions of vast and cruel inequality under which millions of women live today. But representation and visibility do matter. What I enjoyed most about this casting news was thinking about how this Doctor – a woman Doctor – was going to be the one that my little girl would grow up seeing. She will be her Doctor. The hero, the adventurer, the person to whom the text turns for moral and intellectual authority – that is a woman now. A little more of the glass ceiling has cracked. A spanner has been thrown into the workings of the world machine. We are reminded that something different is possible. A version of this article was originally published on The Conversation. Read the original article. The opinions expressed in this article are those of the author s and do not necessarily reflect the views of Anglia Ruskin University.

Chapter 7 : 'Chinks in the world machine' – on the casting of the 13th Doctor Who | Catch News

In the Chinks of the World Machine provides a committed but very readable picture of the achievements of serious science fiction by women at the time of its publication in

Chapter 8 : –Chinks in the world machine–™ – on the casting of the 13th Doctor Who | The Eye Mag

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who dreamed of going into space. She would sit on the floor in the library, cross-legged on the carpet before a big shelf of books and read about a.

Chinks in the world machine Casting the 13th Doctor. Once upon a time, there was a little girl who dreamed of going into space. She would sit on the floor in the.