

# Ish

Volume 1, Number 5  
October 2008



**Indishia** [Masthead]

*Ish*, Volume 1, Number 5  
October 2008

For comments, trades, suggestions,  
and/or submissions, write to: *Ish*, c/o  
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**Art Credits**

Cover; pages 3, 5, 7, 8, 10,  
11, 12, 13, 14...Felicity Walker

Page 15...Vince

**Call Me 'Ish' Mail** [LOC]

[*Editor's remarks in square brackets*]

*Lloyd Penney,  
1706-24 Eva Road,  
Etobicoke, ON  
M9C 2B2  
9 May 2008*

Dear Felicity and guest editor Garth:

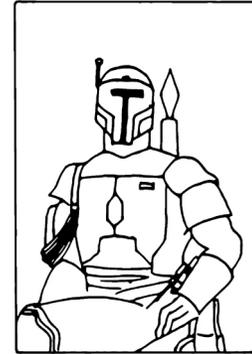
Comments will now approach  
you at sub-light speed via the miracle of  
the Palm Tungsten E2 and keyboard, and  
eventually the Internet. I am sitting in  
the atrium lobby of the CBC building in  
downtown Toronto, cooling my heels  
and working ahead on fanzines at my  
leisure. How often does that happen  
these days? Those comments will be  
about *Ish* 4.

Garth, by your words, has *Ish* become another newsletter for BCSFA? Just wondering. I thought *BCSFAzine* was doing the job just fine. To be honest, I thought *Ish* was Felicity's personal zine.

*[Originally, Ish was going to be a secondary, unofficial club zine with no deadline or minimum activity requirement; it would be to BCSFAzine what C-Space was to Horizons in the University of British Columbia Science Fiction Society in the early 1990s. However, I was shy about actively soliciting submissions from BCSFA members, which may be why you thought it was my personal zine. Fortunately there have been some non-me contributors, like Julian Castle,*

*Michael Bertrand, and last issue's guest editor, Garth Spencer.]*

I remember the clubs in Los Angeles and Boston (LASFS, NESFA) had not only their club newsletters, but also fat club fanzines that would serve as not only club perqs, but also as a great club project that everyone could contribute to. I remember the last few issues of *Proper Boskonian* from NESFA. I used to get a lot of publications from Boston, and I am sure they were sick to death of hearing from me. The definition of



fannish seems to vary from city to city, from era to era, and even from fan to fan. We may be operating on definitions that are turning yellow with age. Fandom can be as serious and constructive as you like, or as navel-gazing and fun and silly and weird as you like. Some fans you and I know use the term *insurgent*. The variety in fannish experiences and approaches keeps your numbers relatively high.

I don't have issue 3 with me... from what I read about furry fandom, the term *yiff* stands for *young, incredibly f\*ckable furry/fan/feline*. Being or feeling yiffy...well, you can take it from there. Yes, all knowledge is found in fanzines, but some of that knowledge should come with disclaimers.

It's confession time...I'm an *Atomic Betty* fan. I've seen every episode. It's Canadian as all get out (takes place in the fictional town of Moose Jaw Heights), and it is animated in Vancouver. It's also SFnal and silly and fun, with green aliens, little girls with secret identities, and a cat who looks suspiciously like Ming the Merciless. A third season is on the way, and *AB* fans say *Halleluiah*.

I am going to pack it up, go to work, and fire this off to you when I get home this evening. For such a busy network as the CBC, this atrium is pretty quiet. And, it's Friday night, too. Take care, and if memory (the Palm's, not necessarily my own) serves, I have to respond to issue 420 of *BCSFazine*.

Perhaps I can get onto that when I get to work. Take care, and see you next *Ish*.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney

**Twenty Fun Things to  
Do on an Exam You Know  
You're Going to Fail Anyhow**

*Michael Bertrand*

1. Instead of the actual answers, answer each question in the form of a highly penetrating and acerbic analysis of the professor's character flaws and psychological maladjustment, as illustrated by this question even being on the exam.

2. Write a letter to your mother in the blanks. Praise the professor's wisdom, erudition, personality, and refined good looks. Suggest a date. Remind your mother how much she likes men who give her child good grades.

3. Learn obscene origami. 'Nuff said.

4. In the middle of the exam, stand up and exclaim "Ha ha, foolish professor! You cannot fail what you cannot *see!*" Then strip naked while cackling like a madman. For extra effect, begin



picking up small objects and moving them around while making spooky “oooweeooo” sounds.

5. Read the exam as though it was a deeply personal letter from the professor. Laugh, sigh, blush, and giggle. When you’re done, draw a big heart on it, hand it back, and say to the professor “Right back atcha, you stud.” Then leave.

6. Hum droningly. When asked to stop, sudden fall silent and look at your professor with hushed awe, then in a small voice whisper “You mean...you can hear it too?” Then resume.

7. Refute the entire existence of the subject of the exam. This is especially fun with physics or human biology.

8. Number the pages of your answer book in a widely spaced progressive series (like 1, 7, 15, 22). Make sure each page after the first starts with something that implies the previous, “missing” page contained something really interesting and salacious, like “...which could only be explained by the size of his phallus.” Page endings should be likewise.

9. Read out each question as though it was a poem. Use a highly ornate Shakespearean declamatory style. Or, alternately, rap.

10. Act all smug and conspiratorial. Talk about how you now have to take this “exam” (*wink*) so you can pass the “course” (*nudge nudge*) because you

really need the “marks.” Then pass in your answer book in with \$2 really obviously taped to it. Wink at the prof one more time, then stage-whisper “Worth every penny!”

11. Complete nearly all of the exam, then stand up and exclaim “Wait, this isn’t History of the Male Orgasm!” (or some other fun course to imagine) and leave. See if anyone follows.

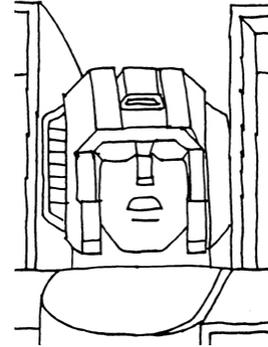
12. Treat the exam as though it was an opinion poll. Answer “some of the above” for at least half of the questions.

13. Show up in your underwear. Complain about how much you hate this dream. Pinch yourself repeatedly, then

progress to slapping your own face. Then go to sleep.

14. Write a heart-wrenchingly poignant plea for mercy. Cite family tragedies, illnesses, and nobility. Beg piteously to be allowed to re-take the exam. Then, write the “outline” for this letter on the back page of the exam booklet. Include such sections as “Lie about relatives” and “Beg idiot to allow a re-take.” End with “If the moron falls for it...ski vacation!”

15. Bring your significant other. Discuss each answer with him



or her, out loud. When the professor complains, say “What? They’re my better half. You wouldn’t want half a student to take your test, would you?”

16. Bring a pocket tape recorder. Narrate your life in minute detail into it. “The poor, starving student entered the cruel confines of the exam, trembling in anticipation of a another brutally unfair exam at the hands of a man who took out his frustrations with his lack of academic credibility and his latent homosexuality on his innocent students.”

17. Make up a highly intricate diagrammed answer for each question. Include map symbols, flowchart arrows, Greek letters, and a lot of schwas and ergo symbols.

18. After having filled out half of the exam in English already, suddenly start speaking a made-up foreign language. (If you’re stumped, just talk like the Swedish Chef.) Claim, in gibberish, that you don’t speak English, and demand a copy of the exam in your native tongue. The only two words of English you know are “No English!”

19. Pretend the exam is really, really turning you on. Moan things like “Yeah...test my knowledge! Make it hard! I’ve been a bad, bad student!” (How far



you take this is up to you, but don't sue me if you get arrested.)

20. Answer each and every question with "It puts the lotion on its skin, or else it gets the hose again" or "*I am the Lizard King.*"

*Read Michael Bertrand's blog, "The Comedy Geek," at <http://www.thecomedygeek.com/>. Watch his show, Show, at <http://www.youtube.com/user/Fruvous>. And learn more about his sketch comedy troupe, "The Fancy Pants Club," at *Pants Central*: <http://www.fancypantsclub.com>. *The Fancy Pants Club* will also have a screening in the Fan Film panel, Saturday at 6:00 p.m. in the Board Room, #417.*

## **B-Movie Reviews**

*Felicity Walker*

*Eternity* (1989)

Written by: Dorothy Koster Paul,  
Steven Paul, Jon Voight

Directed by: Steven Paul

Starring: Jon Voight,  
Armand Assante,  
Wilford Brimley,  
Eileen Davidson,  
Kaye Ballard,  
Lainie Kazan,  
Eugene Roche,  
Frankie Valli

Produced by: Steven Paul

Box premise description: “Academy Award winner Jon Voight stars with Armand Assante, Wilford Brimley, and Eileen Davidson in this bold, original story of power, romance, and extraordinary forces that affect our lives.

“James Harris (Voight) awakes one morning from a startling dream. In it he is a Prince battling his evil brother for the good of the kingdom and the love of a poor girl. Now, in his ‘current’ life he finds amazing parallels as he battles media mogul Shawn Wallace (Assante) for the good of the public and the love of a woman (Davidson).

“ETERNITY is an inspired story that reaches beyond common boundaries to explore timeless conflicts of love, greed, good and evil.”

Tag-line: “Locked in a Timeless Battle of Power and Passion...”

These days Jon Voight is known as a Republican. He meets with other Hollywood Republicans such as Kelsey Grammer and Dennis Hopper once a month at a restaurant in the Valley to commiserate about the stigma of being Republican in a liberal industry. He’s out there campaigning for John McCain right now. And last weekend, *The Washington Times* ran his editorial, “My Concerns for



America: Obama Sowing Socialist Seeds in Young People.”

So it’s surprising that *Eternity*—which, judging from the credits, was Voight’s personal project—has such a flower-child quality, so anti-military and anti-capitalist.

Here are some examples of things said by Voight, either as his character’s medieval past self (Prince Edward) or present-day reincarnation (TV producer/journalist James Harris).

“There are so many things we can do in a loving way. There’s no need for armies if we don’t provoke aggression.”

“We must find ways to draw together in peace and harmony.”

[Surrendering one’s nation to its enemies is] “sweet surrender to our true

selves, which really says ‘Let’s love. Let’s unite. Let’s live in peace and harmony.’ ”

“There must be something more to life than being here for a short time, making as much money as we can at any cost, and then dying.”

“It is so much more rewarding to give hope, to give love, to help.”

“Am I insane for wanting to have programs that teach us all that we can become perfect and we can stop hatred and wars; teach us that if we can help a fellow human being, and there isn’t any money in it for us, that there is a much higher reward in that feeling?”

This 122-minute peace-love-and-granola lecture is not only at odds with Voight’s present beliefs, it’s also shown—in *the movie itself*—to be

impractical, concerned more with ideology than real consequences, and incompetently deployed. James doesn't seem to realize that if his only hope of survival is to appeal to the emotions and ideals of large groups of normal people, he needs to speak to them clearly and concisely, and to downplay the things that sound crazy. And usually, James turns out to be wrong. Only an anti-climactic *deus ex machina* saves him in the end.

In the past, Edward's evil, warlike brother, Romi (Assante in a sexy long wig), urged their father, the King (Brimley, also in a long wig), to build a wall around the city to keep out the Turks. Edward was vehemently against the idea, and insisted that the kingdom be run "with wisdom, with

understanding, with love." Then the Turks came and conquered the city and killed Edward's wife.

Meanwhile, in the present, James' studio's debt is spiraling. His accountant, Eric (Brimley), suggests he start taking more work where he can find it, instead of exclusively from clients with products—or causes—in which he believes. Similarly, Eric advises James to let Shawn (Assante) invest in the company, so it doesn't go out of business and leave its employees destitute. James refuses, and says he'll find some other way to pay



them. As it turns out, that way is to constantly ask his banker to lend him more money despite no sign that he'll ever be able to pay it back.

Finally, James—furious that Shawn has stolen his girlfriend, bribed the governor to allow a toxic waste pipeline to be built through Indian lands, and indoctrinated youths in militarism with his show *Duel for Glory*—shouts at Shawn in front of witnesses and TV cameras that Shawn is his brother from a past life, that Shawn is a warmonger, and—with no hard evidence, and heedless of the potential lawsuit that would result—that Shawn is causing the poisoning and disappearance of the Indians. And Shawn sues him.

Furthermore, over Eric's protests, James foolishly agrees to settle

the suit on a wacky courtroom show on Shawn's TV network, with a judge in conflict of interest, an insanely over-the-top prosecutor, and a well-trained studio audience laughing on cue at everything James says. James' strategy is, of course, to regale them with more talk of his beliefs. He loses the case.

The ostensible values of this movie are so badly presented that I almost wonder if Voight actually was a conservative even back then, and this was his attempt to make the other side look bad.

On the other hand, I do



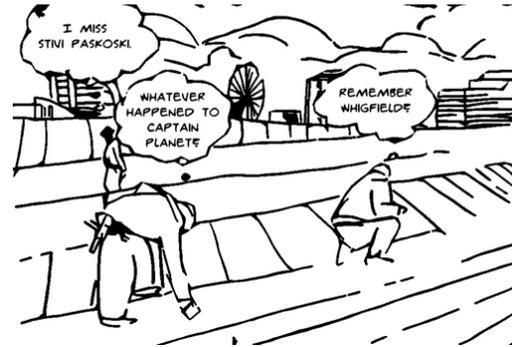
recommend this movie. It's enjoyably bad, and even treats you to Wilford Brimley cursing, as in this speech: "Who do you think you are? You know you got people working here that live from payday to payday, and you put their fucking lives in jeopardy for your pipe dream? What the fuck is that? It's about time you grew up. It's about time you took a look at the real world, pal. You got people around here that would follow you to Hell, and you know what? You're taking them there. You know, I'm not going to watch that."

### Zines Received

*Peregrine Nations*. From J.G. Stinson, P.O. Box 248, Eastlake, MI, USA, 49626-0248, [tropicsf@earthlink.net](mailto:tropicsf@earthlink.net).

*BCSFazine*. From Garth Spencer/British Columbia Science Fiction Association, Box 15335, VMPO, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6B 5B1, [garthspencer@shaw.ca](mailto:garthspencer@shaw.ca).

*Royal Swiss Navy Gazette*. From Garth Spencer/Royal Swiss Navy, Box 74122, Hillcrest Park, 4101 Main St., Vancouver, BC, Canada V5V 3P0, [garthspencer@shaw.ca](mailto:garthspencer@shaw.ca).



## ‘Cinema Sewer’

*Cinema Sewer: The Adults Only Guide to History’s Sickest and Sexiest Movies* is a trade paperback compilation of great articles and art from author Robin Bougie’s zine *Cinema Sewer*. It’s a treat for long-time *CS* readers and a good introduction for newcomers. Check out <http://www.cinemasewer.com> for more info.

### **Fancy Pants Club VCon 33 Film Compilation**

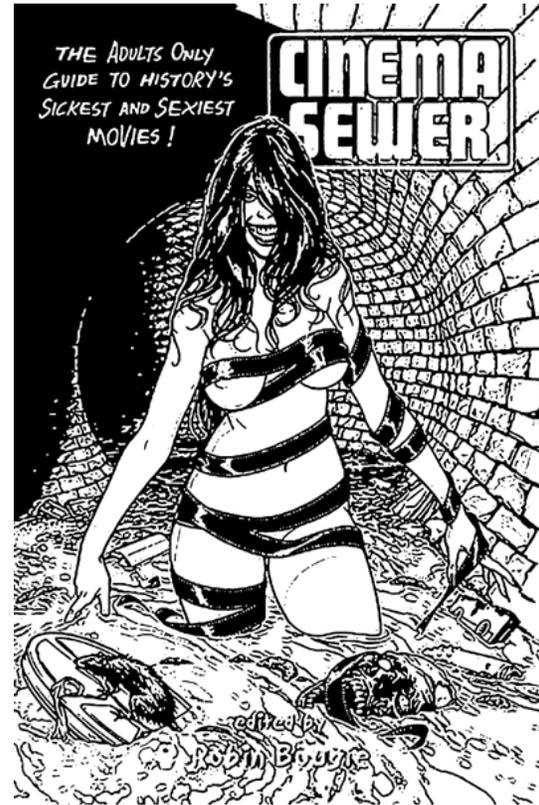
Panel: Fan Films

Room: Board Room, #417

Date: Saturday 4 October 2008

Time: 6:00 p.m.

<http://www.fancypantsclub.com/>



## **Shash**

*Felicity Walker*

I spent most of VCon 31 holed up in my hotel room, shivering, looking out the window at the Richmond skyline, trying to calm down and feel safe after a disturbing incident a few weeks earlier that had shaken me badly.

I spent most of VCon 32 driving back and forth between home, the hotel, and various stores, helping to get the Mobeus video ready in time for its screening.

This year I want to go to more of the convention. First, of course, I have to finish *Ish* #5. Here are some odds and ends to discuss.

On Tuesday 14 October 2008—the same day as our federal election here in Canada—extraterrestrial spacecraft

will appear in the skies over Alabama and stay there for at least 72 hours. This is according to Blossom Goodchild, an Australian actress, author, and channeler, who received the information from the Federation of Light. Even if she's wrong, it's exciting to have a specific, definite prediction like this that we can easily test.

I recently read the book *The Speed of Dark* by Elizabeth Moon. It was a hard-to-put-down page-turner and a perceptive, sympathetic portrayal of people with autism. It should be read by anyone who interacts with, and especially makes decisions affecting, people with autism.

I'm enjoying the new TV series *Fringe*. I'm hooked on "the pattern."

See you next year!

—*Felicity*