

SPACE CADET

#19

(OR: THE AGING OLD FHART NOSTALGIC TIME WASTER GAZETTE)



THE PLANET COLLECTOR

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UNEXPECTED EGOBOO

First of all, I made it to the nominees finalist list for the 2012 Aurora Awards! Yahoo!

SPACE CADET is up for 'Best Fan Publication.' If you like SPACE CADET (plus my other zines), feel free to vote for SPACE CADET. I certainly won't object!

Voting is now open. Just go to:

< <http://www.prixaurorawards.ca> >

and click on "Voting, etc." listed in the upper right of the screen and follow instructions. I will print more details in the next issue of Auroran Lights.

Note that with virtually every candidate in all categories you can download a 'package' sample of the work nominated, which is very cool and will help you decide whom to vote for.

Second, the 2012 FAAN AWARDS have been announced at the recent Corflu. The winners are:

Best Website: efanazines.com, hosted by Bill Burns

Harry Warner, Jr. Memorial Award **Best Letterhack:** Robert Lichtman

Best Perzine: 'A Meara for Observers,' Mike Meara

Best Single Issue or Anthology: 'Alternative Pants,' by Randy Byers

Best Fan Artist: Steve Stiles

Best Fan Writer: Mark Plummer

Best Genzine or Collaboration: 'Banana Wings,' Mark Plummer & Claire Brialey, editors

1 Fan Face: Mark Plummer

(Above info courtesy of Lloyd Penney.)

Why does this constitute unexpected egoboo for me? Not the winners list, but the voting statistics as compiled and revealed by Andy Hooper.

Turns out, under **Best Fan Website**, my CANFANCYCLOPEDIA received a single vote!

Under **Best Perzine or Blog**, my SPACE CADET got three votes!

Under **Best Genzine**, my AURORAN LIGHTS received four votes!

And under **Best Fan Writer**, I got six votes!

Considering I wasn't anticipating any votes at all, I am astounded and amazed that I registered (I suspect for the first time ever) in the FAAN stats. This is very cool. I am thrilled.

Other Canadians are listed in the stats too:

Under **Best LockHack:** Lloyd Penney in second place with 50 votes, Taral Wayne (15), & Murray Moore (6).

Under **Best Fan Artist** Taral got 22 votes.

Under **Best Website** local fan Keith Lim got 9 votes for his Vancouver Fandom website!

Under **Best Fan Writer** Taral got 26 votes and Dale Speirs 6.

Under **Best Perzine** Garth Spencer received 6 votes for ONE SWELL FOOP, and Dale Speirs 1 for OPUNTIA.

Under **Best Genzine**, Dale Speirs 7 votes for OPUNTIA.

And finally, **#1 Fan Face**, Taral got 63 votes, & Lloyd Penney 56.

So Canadians are far from ignored or unappreciated. Corflu is one of the two annual conventions exclusively devoted to fanzine fandom (Ditto being the other), and while fairly small, the results of the FAAN Award, coming as they do from fellow fanzine editors and contributors, represent peer approval for the recipients.

It is very pleasant to be recognized by those who share the wonderful hobby of creating and publishing fanzines. Egoboo indeed!

HEALTHY I GUESS

Just saw my surgeon. He says the hernia cut-about is fully healed and ‘solid as a rock.’ And what about the four different pains I continue to experience? (Burning, cutting, aching, and soreness?) Not to mention the numbness? Ah, well, statistically I would appear to belong in the group that doesn’t stop feeling pain within two months of an operation. The pains should disappear within another month, or three, or six, maybe a year or two. If it lasts longer than that it’s probably permanent. Oh well. Luck of the draw I suppose.

Next step, consult my GP about my breathing problems while asleep. And sometimes while awake...

FANEXPO HELL FOR ME

FanExpo is a ‘professional’ for-profit comics con that draws as many as 80,000 people when it is held in Toronto. The weekend of April 21st/22nd was their first exposition in Vancouver “to test the market.” I wanted to see what FanExpo was all about since it would likely shape the public’s vision of what a convention is supposed to be. The big draw is the opportunity to get an autograph and/or be photographed with a ‘major’ media celebrity, such as Adam West and Burt Ward from the old ‘BATMAN’ TV series. And not just film and TV celebrities, but authors, comic illustrators, and artists as well. So I thought I would check it out.

I did NOT enjoy waiting in line for two hours to purchase a ticket. Granted, occasionally costumed fans wandered up and down the line posing for photographs (though the Star Wars Storm Trooper who grounded his beam weapon on his armoured groin and proceeded to thrust away was a bit raunchy for a crowd full of small children I thought), but for the most part I was bored. I noted that the majority of people leaving FanExpo had curiously neutral expressions, neither happy nor angry, just rather tired looking. Found out why when I got in.

Turns out, the organizers underestimated public interest. I’m told 20,000 people were accepted, the rest turned away shortly after I got in circa 1:00

PM. Trying to circulate down the aisles between the tables was like taking part in a living jigsaw puzzle. Often I couldn’t move because the people jammed against me couldn’t move. Not till one person shifted could the rest juggle into adjustment at an incremental pace. I’ve never been in a crowd that close to gridlock before. Frightening. The ventilation struck me as inadequate. Twice I felt close to passing out. I’m not particularly claustrophobic but I definitely toyed with a panic attack the whole time I was there.

It was impressed upon me by VCON ConCom that I should sell as many VCON memberships as possible. Then I found out the participating fan groups were not allowed to sell memberships or anything else. On the other hand, each group got a free table. So, from the fan group’s viewpoint, a huge promotional opportunity, and for FanExpo, a chance to entice costumed fans to add to the ambience of the event.

Apart from two rooms upstairs used for a limited set of programs which I did not attend, FanExpo consisted of one gymnasium-sized hall with a concrete floor, jam-packed with 100 dealers plus fan group tables, autograph tables, and a largish area devoted to lineups for ‘meet the celeb’ autographs and picture taking.

What little space to be had was in front of the free fan group photo-op sections. People were quite excited to see the ‘Ghostbuster’ guys from Calgary, or the local ‘Vader’s Fist’ Storm Troopers. We have these groups at VCON, how come the excited public never shows up in droves to see them like they were doing here? Because we can’t afford advertising and must rely on flyers, word of mouth and promotional events. Consequently the public at large doesn’t know we exist. They don’t know they can meet several ‘celebrity’ Guests of Honour plus 30 or 40 local artists, authors & media people in a relaxed setting without huge lineups. You want to talk to an author? Just walk up and start talking. Like as not the author is hanging out in the hospitality room. And we feature a lot more programming, a hell of a lot more programming.

To my way of thinking, FanExpo wasn’t a convention so much as a trade show. The emphasis was on meeting celebrities and buying stuff. If that’s all you wanted to do, then it was a wonderful

event. Certainly I saw plenty of people who seemed absolutely delighted. On the other hand, I had the impression some people made one or two circuits of the hall, shrugged, and left. If you didn't want to join the lineups for autographs, and didn't want to buy anything, and were unaware of the programming (I had to ask to get the 4 page program, the ticket seller I dealt with wasn't giving them out), then FanExpo didn't have much to offer.

I could say more, but most of my comments would dwell on the insane level of crowding. This is what made the experience so nightmarish for me. If there had been twice as much space, or half as many people, I think I would have been able to relax and enjoy it as much as I could. I know several people who went and thought it was just fantastic. They bought stuff. They collected autographs. They had a great time. But not me.

Didn't I enjoy anything? I enjoyed talking to authors Don H. DeBrandt and Alyx Dellamonica. She held up a sign reading "Don zero, Alyx 249!" It referred to the number of words written while they'd been sitting at their table. "*All I can think of today are bad puns,*" said Don.

I didn't mind waiting half an hour in a lineup to talk to Spider Robinson. I was glad to see he was in very good spirits, talking animatedly with each and every person who approached him. He told me his daughter's health problems had receded and that this had lifted his spirits tremendously.

I congratulated Spider on a teaching assignment he was going to start in Saskatchewan and asked whether it was at a university or a writer's conference.

"So now you're going to be all technical on me," he replied. *"I don't know, somebody meets me at the airport and takes me somewhere for room and board and all I have to do is blather on about writing for a few days. Great fun."*

And I enjoyed looking at the costumes, some of them were quite stunning. Overall, I think about the same percentage of people as attends VCON in costume applied here, but there were so many more people the abundance of costumes was greater. Super heroes and most movie characters I could identify, but at least half the costumes were Cosplay

characters from anime and I had no idea who they were. To sum up, I'd say the costumes worn by both the fan groups and many of the attendees added tremendously to the ambience and excitement of the show. For some camera-laden fans it was obviously the highlight of the event. I think we at VCON need to push costuming more. It goes a long way toward convincing newbies they're attending a genuine sci-fi spectacular.

And if I'd been able to find the space and time to browse comfortably at the dealer's tables, without constantly being shouldered and elbowed away from the goodies, I'm pretty sure I would have come away with some treasures to my satisfaction.

But the intense crowding killed FanExpo for me. Damn near killed ME. I emerged into the fresh air outside the convention centre vowing never to attend a FanExpo again.

And apparently about a week or two later FanExpo had similar problems in Calgary. Made the National News, my brother in Ottawa tells me.

They didn't rent the full space available at Canada Place Convention Centre. Far from it. Now that they know how huge the public interest is, perhaps next year they'll hire a suitable amount of space and relieve the congestion to the point of making the event more comfortable and less claustrophobic. If they manage that I might be tempted to give them a second chance.

Perhaps it really is a SF&F convention after all, just different from the fan-run style I'm used to. Perhaps....

DEATH OF A CONVENTION

Con*Cept is dead. This is the traditional general-interest SF con put on every year by MonSFFA, the Montreal SF club. Cathy Palmer-Lister stepped down as Chair and there was no one to replace her. Never mind trying to get enough volunteer gophers, they couldn't fill the roster of the ConCom committee.

Signs there were a'plenty. Last year they had no hospitality room because they couldn't find anyone

willing to run it. And this for a con put on by the largest and most active SF club in Canada! But apparently MonSFFA is motivated by a very few core fans who are burning out and nobody wants to take on their role. Traditional SF clubs and conventions may well be obsolete in that they have nothing to offer genre-specific fans other than a limited version of sub-genres more specialized clubs focus on intensely to the exclusion of everything else. And most fans just want to buy stuff. They prefer FanExpo type events.

Let's see, the annual Calgary convention died last year. Now Con*Cept. I believe that leaves just three surviving traditional general interest SF cons in Canada, namely: VCON in Vancouver, KeyCon in Winnipeg, and Halcon in the Maritimes. VCON is the oldest Con in Canada, and may well be the last to go. I don't know and can't guess what the near future holds. Memories, I fear, and nothing more. But that's the worst case scenario. Best case? An enthusiastic revival. Yeah! That's the ticket!

DELERIUM TIME

Fragments of dreams half-remembered upon awaking from a nap evening of March 20th:

I am an Italian soldier assigned to guard a crossroads in a wooded landscape. It's snowing, and very quiet as only a snowscape can be. Even though it's very cold, my sentry box is a burnt-out tank and I have no fire, I am reasonably content, busy sorting through a fistful of Christmas postcards looking for one suitable to send my family.

First post card: beautiful full-length portrait of Jesus facing the viewer and throwing the Fascist salute. Inscription at the bottom states: "*Jesus and el Duce salute you!*" Nope, not that one.

Second postcard: Manger scene. Baby Jesus is surrounded by his family, animals, shepherds, the Magi, and an adoring, beaming Mussolini. The inscription? You guessed it. "*Jesus and el Duce salute you!*"

Damn! Aren't there any old fashioned, traditional cards? Don't want this modern crap.

I look up, a gaggle of teenagers approaching. Always get nervous when this happens. The usual thing, guys showing off for the girls, a bit of swaggering, a lot of sniggering, frequent 'F' word, one or two illicit cigarettes being smoked, a lot of pushing and shoving... yeah the usual thing... wearing Fascist Cadet uniforms... weapons slung carelessly over their shoulders...

I'm unarmed. I smile weakly as they saunter bye.

Dodged that bullet I think, a bit prematurely as it turns out. A column of elite Bersaglieri comes jogging along. Crisp uniforms. All manner of weapons. Firm, purposeful air. One of Italy's best units.

Christ, they almost look German.

The column halts. The Commander, who is quite tall, stares down at me with contempt in his eyes. "*We're looking for a figure of authority.*" Evidently I'm not it.

I make up a story. "*Bunch of German mountain troops just went down the side road.*"

"*Great! Show us the way.*"

Damn! I start jogging through the snow, surrounded by my unwanted comrades....

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...I'm part of an anthropological expedition camped on a river bank surrounded by heavy forest. We've discovered a race of three foot high naked hominoids, four of them squatting around my feet and staring up with gleefully inane expressions while hammering rocks with rocks, in unison no less.

"*Look!*" I shout. "*They're intelligent!*"

"*Nah,*" replies one of my colleagues. "*We tested them. They're as dumb as chickens.*"

"*But look at their legs! They walk like us! They must be human.*"

"*Not at all. Dumber than chickens.*"

“If chickens had human legs, wouldn’t that make them more intelligent?”

“Nope.”

“They’ve got opposable thumbs! What if chickens had opposable thumbs?”

“They’d still be chickens.”

I’m feeling very frustrated. *“But this is the find of the century!”*

“No it isn’t.”

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....I’m sailing back (from the same expedition?) in a freighter bigger than an aircraft carrier. A herd of Diplodocia have broken loose and are rampaging through the cavernous hold looking for a way out.

I stand in the shadows nervously watching the frantic herd thundering toward me like a bunch of demented giraffes on steroids. It occurs to me I’m about to get trampled to death.

I hear a shout. *“Over here!”*

My colleagues are clustered behind the flange of one of the truly enormous steel girders forming the ribs of the hull. I rush forward and join them just in time. Rust glitters down from the girder, shaken loose by the tumultuous passage of the panicking dinosaurs.

“Not to worry,” somebody murmurs. *“They’ll calm down soon.”*

Then what? I wonder. Then what?

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My wife stares at me as I recount these visions.

“I resent the fact you don’t share your drugs.”

“But I did! I think it was the KFC.”

.....

Another half-remembered dream, sometime in April...

Beautiful summer day at Kitsilano beach in Vancouver. Lots of beach bunnies. Brisk, refreshing breeze. I wander about quite content.

Notice local author Don H. DeBrandt apparently laying out a beach blanket. Got a pile of bamboo rods with him. He looks up and sees me. *“Help me with my flying machine,”* he says.

I take a closer look at the ‘blanket.’ It’s actually a ribbon of grey cloth a yard wide and maybe four yards long. Two layers actually. No, a continuous loop.

Don struggles under the top layer and lifts it up with the bamboo rods. *“Come on, help me.”*

I fall in behind him and hold up my section of the ‘roof.’ It’s like being inside a tank tread, as if I were a human boogie wheel.

Sure enough, Don shouts *“Forward!”* and begins to march ahead, trampling down the cloth in front of him as it rises behind me, the ‘roof’ somehow smoothly sliding overhead to be trampled down in turn. I match Don’s pace.

Suddenly, somehow, the ‘floor’ angles upward as we march resolutely forward, and this results in our lifting off the ground. We’re flying! The ‘tread’ locks into place and stops moving.

“Done!” shouts Don, and promptly sits down cross-legged facing the grey cloth ‘bulkhead’ in front of him.

“How can you see to steer?” I ask.

“Don’t know.”

The ‘floor’ is quite sturdy. There’s a small table and chair. I sit, enjoying a cup of tea. We’re moving at a walking pace about seven feet off the ground. People on the beach jump up to touch the bottom of our flying machine.

“Better go higher,” comments Don, and takes us up to about one hundred feet. Now we’re

drifting over the sparkling waters of English Bay. Tremendous view on either side. Sailing serenely above yachts, sailing boats, and such.

I run out of tea just as we begin drifting in amongst the Condo towers in the West End. Someone leans out from their balcony and hands me a fresh cup. I'm thoroughly enjoying myself....

.....

The above dream was nothing exciting, but it was very pleasant.

I dream frequently, but dreams fade quickly from memory when I awaken. For example, I had a long, convoluted dream as a crew member of the original Star Trek Enterprise. I was on an alien planet, pointing a ray gun at a lizardy alien. I was wearing a gold T-shirt I recall (meaning what rank?) The alien is fidgety. "*Don't move!*" I shout, "*Or I'll fire this gun and turn you into...*" I glance about the rocky landscape. "*...into a rock!*" Wish I could remember the rest...

But here's a fully remembered dream I had during a nap on Thursday, May 3rd...

I'm sitting on a couch in the living room of an apartment, attempting to make out with Mary Tyler Moore (as she appeared on the Dick Van Dyke show more than forty years ago). I'm feeling a bit constrained. Her ninety year old grandmother and ten year old daughter are also sitting on the couch, watching TV.

Soon it's time for me to go, but I'm feeling good because Mary has promised to invite me back for another evening of sharing the couch with her family. (Not as pervy as it sounds.)

Evidently I live in an English industrial city. Brick-walled factories all around me. It's late at night and the streets are poorly lit. I notice a gaggle of thugs following me. I'm worried. I pick up the pace.

Pretty soon I'm skirting a hill on a well-lit street. To my right a vast port city, possibly Liverpool, is spread below offering a sea of twinkling lights. The thugs are gaining on me. I

begin to sprint. Just two more blocks to the pub where I live. If I can just make it...

Someone shouts. I look to my right. An enormous walking alien fortress, the lower extremities of its multiple legs beams of red light, is striding through Liverpool, and wherever the beams pass the lights go out. The city is being plunged into darkness.

Suddenly I'm sitting in some kind of pod, jammed in with many other hapless citizens. We are evidently prisoners aboard one of the Alien Fortresses, our fate uncertain...

A voice booms out, "*We're sending you back. We need to maintain the natural level of bacteria in the native ecology.*"

Somehow I am catapulted into a canal. As I surface, gasping for breath and spluttering, I notice a giant alien machine drifting toward me level with the surface of the water. If it passes over me I'll be forced under and drown. Frantically I swim for shore, managing to haul myself out of the water just in time to avoid being run down. A huge mechanical eye blinks open in the side of the machine as it drifts silently past.

I hear a loud voice. "*Report to the police!*"

Turns out I AM the police, or at least a genuine member of the constabulary. We all wear bloated grey leather suits that make us seem something other than human. Our principle task is to make sure the requisite level of garbage is maintained everywhere in the city. I remember looking out a window and watching a street cleaner vehicle lumbering down the street, only instead of spraying water it was spraying out a slurry of garbage. Bit shocked to note Manta Ray-like aliens surfing the spray, leaving glistening trails of slime behind them. So that's what our bosses look like!

Now I'm off duty, and sitting once again with Mary, her mother, and her daughter, all of us watching TV. Of course, since the aliens landed there's been no electricity. We're watching an improvised television set, a sort of metal frame holding numerous editions of newspapers predating the alien conquest. We take turns

pulling on strings, and each time an edition drops to the floor to reveal the picture on the front page of the next edition. Best we can do.

Sadly, I note that many of the front page photos are close-ups of me! Seems I used to be quite famous. Not anymore. Puts me in a mournful state of mind.

I gesture despairingly at a collection of objects forbidden to humans by decree of the aliens. Mostly dimes and pieces of string.

“What’s the point of defying them that way? Useless act of resistance if you ask me.”

Mary’s daughter turns and gives me an odd look. *“You’re so right,”* she says.

I’m back at work, and quite excited. In the house we are raiding I’ve found notes recording and analyzing the weird alien writing stamped on their machines and sometimes left by them on walls as graffiti. Just copying them merits the death penalty, yet here someone has not only copied them but attempted to interpret them.

I know I shouldn’t, but eagerly I read through the notes. Seems their author determined the alien writing to be an unusually abstract form of cursive writing in English! Quotations from the bible no less! I feel a surge of hope. Perhaps the aliens are human in origin...

“What’s this?” a fellow police officer asks. I look up with a start, but he’s not referring to what I’m reading. He’s holding what can best be described as a wriggling pole lamp. *“I think it’s some kind of robot, and it’s alive!”*

Said robot speaks with a tinny voice, *“Household security device. Prepare to be strip-searched!”*

I panic, grab the gizmo and fling it out the front door into the street, then slam the door shut. Someone says, *“You realize, of course, it’s only going to batter the door down.”*

The door crashes open. The other Constables jump out the windows. I am rooted to the spot in

fear. An active electronic machine. It can only be an alien device. I’m doomed.

The security device peeks in, then withdraws. Mary Tyler Moore’s daughter walks in. *“Don’t worry,”* she says. *“It belongs to me.”*

She gives me that odd look again. *“It’s time you met the leaders of the resistance. It’s time you met the Stooges.”*

I’m in an underground resistance lair, well lit and well stocked. Larry, Curly and Moe are standing in front of me.

Or rather, three British lads wearing Three Stooges prosthetic suits. Curly, for instance, puffs out his face and belly, his entire body swelling, with little spurts of steam hissing out here and there, to the point where he actually resembles Curly, only to collapse like a punctured balloon, then begins to puff out again. The whole cycle takes only seconds. *“We’re getting the bugs worked out,”* he says brightly in that legendary cheeky voice of Curly.

I notice that Moe’s hair is spinning like a top.

And that’s all I can remember...

Any number of media influences, most notably Spielberg’s WAR OF THE WORLDS, Bradbury’s FAHRENHEIT 451, and Milligan’s THE BED SITTING ROOM, but there are some original, not to say demented, touches...

MORE PROOF I’M AN IDIOT!

Watched the final director’s cut of BLADERUNNER again. The first time I watched the unicorn dream sequence and wondered what all the fuss was about.

This time I noticed the origami piece Decker picks up at the end of the film is a unicorn. NOW I get it. The other cop is letting Decker know the dream he’s never talked about is an implanted memory that others, having read his file, are aware of. In short, Decker IS a replicant just like the girl and their ‘honeymoon’ will be brief as they’ll both soon be dead. But knowing that, and as a reward for

services, the human cops will leave them alone. At least, that's my assumption.

No wonder Decker flashed a wry, 'oh shit' smile when he examined the origami. I would too.

And speaking of BLADERUNNER...

I'm delighted to publish the following article:

ATTACK SHIPS ON FIRE: MEMORIES OF BLADERUNNER

By Andy Hooper

I find it surreal that 2012 marks the 30th anniversary of Ridley Scott's film *Blade Runner*. It feels like a very contemporary film to me, despite being made just before the dawn of computer-generated imagery. It is also startling to realize that we are only seven years short of the film's purported setting in November, 2019. We'll have to work quickly to realize author Philip K. Dick's vision of flying cars and perfect replicas of humans and other beings.

1982 was a big year for fantastic films – in addition to *Blade Runner*, 1982 saw Nicholas Meyer's resurrection of the *Star Trek* franchise with *The Wrath of Khan*. Steven Spielberg gave Tobe Hooper (no relation) his first significant budget, which resulted in the star-crossed *Poltergeist*. And Spielberg's own *ET: The Extraterrestrial* made more money than the other three movies combined.

I turned 20 that summer – it would have been a great time to haunt the new multiplex theaters of suburbia. Fans had a mania for movies then – we would watch them in lecture halls or on the white walls of dorm rooms, if necessary. But I spent most of that summer in the wild country along the border between Minnesota and Ontario, where movie houses were not plentiful. I was employed as a camp counselor – I taught archery and canoeing – and the movies we saw on the camp's collapsible screen generally starred John Agar or Abbot and Costello. In camp, we could read books (I favored Clarke and R.E. Howard, already an arrested development case) by lantern-light, and rock out to the B-52s on our battery-powered boom boxes.

Every Friday night, we had a campfire-side variety show, which I was obliged to produce in my capacity as Special Events Director, but television, and all movies made after 1960 were non-existent.

Nor were all weeks spent in the relative comfort of camp; Counselors were also obliged to spend two, three or four weeks on trips into the Boundary Waters wilderness area, traveling rivers and lakes by canoe. The five day trips involved between 20 and 30 miles of paddling and portage along routes maintained by the Forest Service. All personal belongings had to be worn on your body or carried in a "ditty bag" roughly the size of a human head. We only carried four nights worth of food, so we were obliged to reach the pick-up point on time Friday, or there would be no Sloppy Joes and comfortable bunk beds back in camp for us....

Being anywhere without roads, electricity or virtually any sign of human civilization is a memorable experience, and the thickly-forested ridges and shorelines of the Boundary Waters are particularly beguiling. It was no wonder that many staff would have liked to have spent the entire summer on the trail if they could, It could be disorienting to return to "civilization" – we got one day off every week, and usually enjoyed a trip to the Laundromat and dinner at Sir G's Pizzeria, in downtown Ely, Minnesota. One day you were toting your canoe along the Gunflint Trail, and the next you were back at Cranberries' Bar, listening to a band play Plimsouls covers.

Three of us had Saturdays off, Sam Groff, Kerry Donners and me. Kerry was the only one with a car, so we typically did what he wanted. One Saturday in July, we drove the 40 miles south to the metropolis of Virginia, Minnesota, the nearest town with a shopping mall. We ate lousy Chinese food, shopped for paperbacks at the Little Professor Bookstore, and went to see *Blade Runner* at the Maco Theater, on Chesnut Street.

The Maco was a classic late deco movie palace, built in 1938, with lots of mirrors that made the lobby seem as big as a Las Vegas casino. The most memorable features were two large statues of Native American warriors with crossed arms, one standing above each of the emergency exits on either side of the screen. A red light shining from beneath gave them a vaguely malevolent cast. The

management had just invested in a new stereophonic sound system, and the drifting melodies of Vangelis' soundtrack seemed to press down on my chest as we watched the film.

We saw the original 116 minute version with narration by Harrison Ford, and the hopeful "flying" ending. I suppose the resolution felt slightly hollow even at that first viewing, but the visual impact of the film was so enormous that it would take months for me to ask questions about certain conveniences within the plot. And I didn't consider the possibility that Matt Deckard was himself a replicant for at least 24 hours. Mostly, I was freaked out by the fact that on Thursday night, I had to hang my food in a tree so bears could not get it, and on Saturday, watched a fully-realized vision of a future in which no one has ever seen a real owl, or snake, or even a tortoise.

I had a week in camp before I was back on the trail. For one week in each month-long session, the entire camp dispersed on 5-day canoe trips into the back country. It was always a bit of an effort to provide canoes, tents and equipment for the entire 50-60 kid population. Helping Kerry check and prepare canoes, paddles and life jackets – we carried them in the canoe, but virtually never wore them back then -- made for a very busy week. And I was perpetually distracted by the fact that my girl friend back in Madison had chosen to break up with me while I was several hundred miles away. She told me the day that Italy won its third World Cup, and I've harbored a resentment against the *Azzurri* ever since.

It was a ripe moment for the kind existential crisis that Philip K. Dick liked to provoke, and returning to the intense psychological silence of the wilderness had an even greater effect on me than usual. I asked for an easy, down stream trip, so we toured the grassy and winding Isabella River, on our way to Bald Eagle Lake and the broad Kawishawi River below. It was a trip full of spectacular views and excellent fishing, but the first day was wet, and we were obliged to stay at a muddy site on the verge of Quadga Lake, a place just as dismal as it sounds. Rain and the days' exertions subdued the five 11- to 14-year-olds in my care, leaving them content to play poker in the tent. They used spent .22 rifle casings as chips, and exchanged them for the only precious commodity available to them:

Desserts. Card sharks could be identified by the multiple bowls of chocolate pudding that were delivered to their tables by sheepish marks after dinner.

Staring out into the drizzle, I found myself seeing the rain-drowned streets of future Los Angeles, and replaying scenes and images from *Blade Runner* over and over in my mind. So much of it seemed to be about eyes. From the reflection of the cityscape in Ford's eyes in the opening sequence, to Sean Young's unnaturally glittering gaze, to Rutger Hauer's ending soliloquy on the sights which his artificial eyes have seen, it's a work obsessed with the connections between vision and identity. The replicants collect photographs to reinforce their implanted memories, and Deckard uses image-manipulation software to find clues that leads him to them. When Hauer, as replicant Roy Batty, learns that his creator Dr. Tyrell cannot do anything to extend his artificially limited lifespan, he murders Tyrell by driving his thumbs through the man's eyes, ending his life by destroying his vision. I protectively covered my own eyes with my forearm, and thought of another contemporary celebrity, the Jedi Master Yoda: "Trust not your eyes...deceive you they can."

Critics were impatient with the relatively slow pace of the movie in 1982, and found the romantic chemistry between Sean Young and Harrison Ford less than completely convincing. But how do you play a man who knowingly falls in love with a robot? Their interactions in Deckard's apartment give an impression of beings that have become completely unfamiliar with their own behavior, and desperately need someone else to recognize their humanity. One of them is, possibly, a real person, and the other assuredly not; but they are united by a mutual *need* to be real. I found that incredibly compelling, while also wondering what the future could hold for such a "mixed couple." But the key to the story for me is that they share the knowledge of Rachel's true nature, and that he knows about it long before he becomes attracted to her. He accepts and loves her in a way that Roy and his cohorts can barely imagine; but then, they have lived brief, busy lives as whores and killers, and find humanity's affections problematic at best.

Today, I wonder what effect playing such an iconic character had on Sean Young's own mind.

She appeared on “Celebrity Rehab with Dr. Drew” not too long ago, and seemed to have struggled with issues of identity and vulnerability, as well as alcohol. Her evocation of the classic noir *femme fatale* almost certainly led to habitual casting as a “bad girl,” which was not the career she would have chosen for herself. Rachel evokes equal parts of Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity* and the automaton Maria in Fritz Lang’s *Metropolis*. Her performance was a building block in the “Robot Betty Page” archetype that was embraced by contemporary artists like Patrick Nagle and Hajime Sorayama. The moment when she takes her hair down and becomes a “real girl” while Deckard sleeps in his apartment was both alluring and disturbing, because, of course, I also knew that she wasn’t real. Thinking of my own struggle with romance, it was suddenly easy to understand how Deckard could love her. Sometimes, what you need is to be needed,

Thirsty, I undid the rain fly and walked down to the shore of the lake on a long slab of gray rock, and reached my plastic cup out into the clear water a few feet from shore. Without filtering or flavor, I gulped it down, just as I and dozens of kids had done on the same lakes and rivers for decades. It was a miracle, tasting slightly of tannin and bearing a rich cargo of diatoms and other organisms, but blissfully free of lead, dioxin, pcb, mercury, or anything else found in the water where you probably live right now. Standing on the shore with the rain also flowing sweetly into the corners of my mouth, I tried to imagine a world where possession of a genuine calfskin wallet was a crime, butterflies far too precious to collect, and the sky black and full of nothing but poison. Rather than try to save such a miserable Earth, the powers of the world of *Blade Runner* had put their effort into an interplanetary diaspora, leaving only the poor and “unfit,” like the doomed J. F. Sebastian, living in the streets of 2019.

There was a ruckus behind me, and I returned to the tent to the only five people I was completely sure were still alive in the world; there were no other campsites on the lake, and no other people for miles. Sitting in that very moist wilderness, it was difficult to imagine the world becoming such a nightmare in less than 40 years, yet I think I still resolved to generally resist it. I think that’s why *Blade Runner* feels like such a contemporary film

for me, and still has the power to disturb me, I’m still just slightly worried that my memories may actually belong to some corporate vice-president’s nephew, and that I may awaken from the dream of my life to find myself hunting athletic European robots in the rain-flooded hallways of the Bradbury Building. If it happens, I promise to uphold the honor of my presumed humanity with pride.

A POCKET FULL OF HISTORIES: COIN NOTES

By Taral Wayne

(Editor’s note: though I’ve decided to make SPACE CADET much more of a perzine, I continue to include Taral’s articles on ancient coins cause I likes ancient coins.)

The coins illustrated in these short written pieces are all from my collection. I’ve scanned each one, and drawn on my own knowledge to describe the coin, the Kings, the Queens, the Emperors, and the times. Certain statements are my opinions only, even guesswork, but that’s alright. After more than 2,000 years in some cases, there’s nobody around to sue!



Some people believe Julius Caesar was the first emperor of Rome, but this isn't so. He was named dictator for life by the senate (who really didn't have any choice, what with Caesar's army at their throat), but he was not the true founder of the empire. He was assassinated and another period of civil war followed, after which the victor Octavian became the first real Emperor.

Octavian had been adopted by his uncle, who we know as Julius Caesar (his familiar name was Gaius), and took the family name Caesar after the

dictator's murder. After Octavian's victory over his chief rival Marcus Antony, the senate bestowed on him the name Augustus as well. In future, all emperors would take Caesar or Augustus as part of their official name, and over two centuries they evolved into titles.

The denarius was the \$100 bill of its day, a silver coin about the size of a dime and about a quarter heavier. It was worth 4 sestertii, 8 dupondii (a brass coin), 16 asses, or 64 quadrans (a small bronze coin). But it took 25 denarii to buy a single gold aureus, which were struck at 50 to the Roman pound at the time, I believe.

The portrait of Augustus would probably have been recognized by people who knew him. It had certainly been idealized, though. The coin can be seen to resemble conventional portraits of Alexander the Great at the time (though whether *they* were accurate at all is a moot point). Around the edge of the obverse side is the name Caesar Augustus, the flattering title "divine" (most emperors had to die before earning this), Felix (happy), Pater Patriae (father of his country). On the reverse is shown his two sons, Caius & Lucius. They were to be his heirs, but unfortunately they pre-deceased their father. In the end, Augustus was forced to adopt as his successor his son-in-law by his second wife, Tiberius.

It was under Tiberius's troubled watch that Jesus was crucified, so it was to Tiberius one was to render unto Caesar that which was Caesar's.

LETTERS OF COMMENT:

OOK, OOK, SLOBBER DROOL!

From: NEIL JAMIESON-WILLIAMS,
March 15th, 2012
Faned of SWILL.

Hi Graeme,

Well, you do seem to be on the mend and in good humour; which is great. I will await the next ish of Space Cadet for the whole story...

You know I am just dying to slap the banner "Elron Award Winner" on the cover of Swill... I was nominated for Worst Fanzine Editor in 1983, it is only appropriate that I win... 30 years later <LoL>.

You seem to be dropping hints here. Can't quite put my finger on it... hmm...

Oh, you are behind in your Swills... Issues 11 and 12 are out online and issue 13 will be coming out in time for Ad Astra. As of issue 13 I resurrect the "masthead" of the original Swill and to differentiate from previous Swills, the zine title is officially SWILL. Actually, I used that in the original 6 issues of Swill, but not consistently even in issues 1 & 2...

I do bow to his Lordship and defer to institutionalized tradition.

As is only natural...

Anyway, I have a class in 25 minutes so bye for now,
Neil

From: BRUCE GILLESPIE, March 17th, 2012
Faned of SCRATCH PAD.

Our friend Lee is still waiting for his hernia operation, in the public system in Australia. But then he's caught pneumonia, so it could get put off for months. My wife has had two hernia operations in the last ten years, and another op for something that proved not to be another hernia. She did not enjoy any of them, so sympathy from her as well.

Best wishes, Bruce Gillespie

Thank you!

From: JOHN PURCELL, March 18th, 2012
Faned of ASKANCE.

Glad you're back in the swing of things. Latest *Askance* is almost done, too.

John Purcell

Thanks! Am better except as noted earlier.

From: JEAN-PIERRE NORMAND,
November 23rd, 2011
Aurora Award-winning Artist.

It was amusing and I'm glad you are feeling better. I had a day surgery too last October, everything went well. Thank you and take care.

JP

P.S. I especially like the dreams...

Hope you find this issue's collection of interest.... and not too disturbing...

From: TARAL WAYNE, March 17th, 2012
Rotsler & Faned Awards-winning Fan Artist.

Inguinal hernias... what joy! I had a brace of them surgically corrected when I was, oh, 12 or 13 I guess. During one of the "happy" periods in my life.

Some years before that, though, my family was living in an upstairs flat. By some weird magnetism, the flat was in a house on Fermanagh Avenue, in Parkdale, not a very distant walk from where I live now. We lived one other time on Westminster Avenue, a few blocks from there. And my grandfather's barber shop had been on the corner of Roncesvalles Avenue, not very far away. Then, in the 1970s I lived by myself a brief while in an attic on Grenadier Boulevard, also not very far away. Something about Parkdale keeps me turning up in it, like a bad Penney...

No offense, Lloyd.

But I was talking about hernias, not letter hacks. When I was five or six I wanted to be a fireman, I think. I had a wonderful toy fire truck made of molded, red rubber, with the hose and other details spray painted. It came with a number of firemen in blue rubber. I haven't seen them in 55 years, but they are still vivid in my memory – the old-fashioned hats that peaked and had a sloping brim to channel water down the fireman's backs, heavy slickers, rubber boots, axes, hoses, the works.

Sounds great! I would have loved to have a set like that when I was a kid.

The kid from downstairs used to come up to play with me sometimes. Some disagreement arose between us over that fire engine, one time, and he gave it to me right in the pills – hard. He got in trouble, naturally, but I ended up with a double hernia that gave me many happy excuses not to participate in gym for years but was otherwise merely a pain in the nuts.

You seem to be keen on puns today.

Until about 1962 anyway, when it became so bad that correction was needed.

I recall the hospital and surgery somewhat, but not as well as I remember the fire engine that was the cause of my being there.

So far as I recall, I weathered my recuperation rather better than you describe. I was sore for only a few days. The scars are still to be seen, though I'm not in the habit of showing them.

By the way, you can use a pill cutter to halve or quarter regular aspirins. The manufacturers charge about twice as much for less acetylsalicylic acid when they package it with a pinch of sugar and label it "baby" aspirin.

The ones I use have a coating that prevents them from being digested in the stomach, which is where most 'bleeding' problems occur.

Let's not talk about trouble breathing while sleeping... it keeps me up nights.

I don't know who that expert was who wrote that magazine article on "hoarders," but I can tell you that she is obviously one of those people who only own a three-day's change of clothing, borrow all their reading from the library, and promptly throw away last year's calendar, no matter how awesome the stills from Lord of the Rings. I suspect they also abandon their cats when they move to a new house.

By that reckoning, all book collectors are hoarders. As are coin collectors, collectors of 78 rpm jazz records, National Football league paraphernalia, lepidopterists and people who construct model railroads in their basements.

There's always been a strain of humanity with no love for anything but bread and butter matters, or social climbing, and regard the vast majority of us who love our authentic German beer steins and Elvis Presley picture plates as "abnormal." I maintain that is *they* who are abnormal... the soulless bastards.

I agree.

Still, I concede that answering too many of the question on the author's list in the affirmative is not the sign of a well balanced mind.

I *do* have plastic containers to slide under my bed. Why not? Why is it better to leave all that space empty so that it collects dust bunnies? It's one way that I never misplace the things I collect, another question on the list. I have been known to catalog things I collect – my fanzines, for example. I have some reason to think this qualifies as some sort of "research." I also catalog my coins. The excuse for that is that I can bring the catalog to coin shows instead of the collection, and avoid making costly mistakes. The catalog is also where I make notes of what I know about the coin, in case I want to look it up later.

Finally, what collector wouldn't want the complete set? You wouldn't want the complete Arkham House collection if you were interested in that sort of thing? Why not? Would you turn down one of every type of coin struck by Julius Caesar? I wouldn't. If you enjoyed Star Trek, why not have every episode and every movie on DVD?

On the other hand, I do part with things now and then. I'm in the process of liquidating a huge number of comics, furry fanzines and Happy Meals toys. No space. No interest. No money. Selling the stuff has allowed me to begin collecting fifty dollar bills.

In conclusion, the author is full of shit and probably lives in a one room flat with a mattress on the floor, everything she owns on Ikea's smallest prefab shelf, and one toothbrush in the bathroom.

Your response to the article is a refreshing plea for sanity.

The true hoarder is easy to identify. Here's my "list" of clues to look for:

Does the person remove new purchases from the packaging, store it in the kitchen or hall closet, then carefully stack the empty cardboard box in the living room next to the TV... or *in front of the TV* if there's no space.

If you ask what the headlines were in the daily paper on this day five years and three weeks ago, can the person reach into a pile next to the couch and hand you the actual paper?

When the potential hoarder see a copy of their favourite Steven King novel in the Salvation Army, do the begin thinking they certainly have a copy already, gradually persuade themselves that they may have unaccountable overlooked the most obvious book for their collection, and ultimately convince themselves that they have been looking for "Christine" all their lives, then buy what turns out to be their 4th copy?

Is the person terrified of showing their collectibles to other collectors, lest they plot to get it away from them?

Do creationists claim that dinosaurs co-existed with the collector's oldest possessions?

If so, the person *may* be a hoarder. Or maybe just Michael Jackson.

**From: GARTH SPENCER, March 18th, 2012
Aurora, Elron, & Faned Awards-winning
Faned (no mean feat!).**

Dear Graeme,

Congratulations on your recovery!

You have the most interesting fannish dreams. Maybe there should be a panel for people to share their convention dreams, or nightmares.

I think my dreams may have something to do with a useful inability to distinguish between reality and fantasy.

Garth

**From: DAVE HAREN, March 19th, 2012
Renowned Loc Hack.**

Hi Graeme,

Excellent issue SG18.

I'm glad you are improving in health, endless pain is not what the devotees of Leopold Sacher-Masoch would have you believe.

When I was in the hospital the first few days I had a roommate with Atrial Fib. He was quite frustrated, mouthy, and busy. Since nothing they tried seemed to work. My cardiologist Min better known as the yellow peril gave him what they referred to as a zap, and instantly cured him. If you're interested contact me in email and I'll get you the contact details for your doctor. Coming from me it's just second hand heard in passing.

Well, my heart specialist tells me the only potential cure is to insert a wire into my heart and burn out certain interior nerves. They tried it on my brother and it didn't work. So I'm a trifle reluctant to try it.

I'm assuming that you have fixed on WWII for the ship gaming. That makes it easier to do scenarios by assuming a narrow focus. Still there is a wide range there, from the Med across the North Atlantic and finally into the vast reaches of the Pacific.

WW I as well. Not just actual scenarios but 'what if?' scenarios, as for example a 'Jutland' style battle between the Germans and the Russians instead of the English.

Carriers are an interesting ship, Depending on the era of build, they are all designed around certain tasks, specific ideas. In some cases this is because of what was converted into a carrier. Later ships were built around a hard earned set of experiences. Still today there are few ships that can spoil your whole day like a carrier is capable of.

One possibility you might explore is the add-ons for 3Ws game Scratch one Flat-top. Available at grognard.com. This is one of the premier wargamers sites. The add-ons are free downloads

but include various scenarios to extend the basic game through the carrier operations of early WWII.

This was viciously fought between the Allies (bow and arrow navy) and the might of an overly confident Japanese Navy. In hindsight everyone thinks this was a forgone conclusion, but there are a number of occasions where the basically conservative will of the Japanese led to their eventual defeat.

Nagumo turned yellow (intentional pun) at Pearl Harbor and that one failure made his own disaster at Midway. The shipyards were to be targeted by his third strike, but he failed to launch it. That left them intact to repair Yorktown enough to be at Midway later. The major Japanese failing was to lose sight of the original objective once they were engaged.

Usually this was because they wanted to save their forces for the grand decisive battle. But they did the same thing at Leyte, turned tail in front of an inferior enemy when the plan was to press home an attack on the invasion transports. This was the grand decisive battle they had longed for but they were still suffering from timidity in leadership. The US Navy on the other hand has always been overbold in the leadership department, but that's how you inspire future generations to action.

Yes, my reading indicates Japanese fleet commanders were surprisingly over-cautious through-out the war. Their fixation on preserving forces for 'the decisive battle' was definitely part of the problem.

Collections (Hoards) are a touchy subject when you get older, now and again the impulse rises to toss the whole mess out to get some airspace... GRIN.

Even conversions to comp material does not seem to make a dent in the giant pile. At some point the log jam of the ridiculous current copyright laws will release a giant flood of material into the public domain and the collector will once again be hard pressed to catch up with any field. That's my prediction for the future.

Warmest Regards

Dave Haren

From: ERIC MAYER, March 20th, 2012
Faned of REVENANT.

Graeme,

Oh my! I loathe hospitals. I dread the idea of surgery. Just the thought of general anesthesia makes me feel faint. I haven't been under since having teeth pulled when I was a kid. Man, I can't believe dentists used to knock kids out to pull baby teeth. Anyway, you're lucky I don't have to hand write this note because if I did you wouldn't be able to decipher a sentence, my hands are so shaky! And they haven't even got you into the operating room yet!

Okay. You're out and awake now. Well thank God I survived that!

This is all pretty personal stuff this issue. You're kind of naked but for a loin cloth. Maybe you'll get a LoC from Loin Penney.

What is it with puns in the LoC column? Is there some kind of plague spreading thru fandom?

Seriously, it was harrowing to read about and I'm glad it went okay. I'm with you. I don't do pain well. Not at all. But Tylenol with Codeine must help some. They can't sell those over the counter here in the US. Our government is very concerned about our health, you see. Except of course when it comes to actually seeing to it we can get health care....Although now you indicate that Canada is apparently heading the way of the US and refusing to give affordable access to necessary medical attention like a CPAC mask. I am sorry to hear that.

They keep cutting costs by deducting services from Medicare. Eye examinations, for instance. Used to be covered. Not anymore.

That heart fibrillation is really creepy though. It would scare me. As for the rat poison -- my dad took Coumadin for many years and it worked fine for him. When he learned it it could kill people his doctor said, "well it hasn't killed you yet." And the sleep apnea is maybe scarier still. Cripes, worrying about that would give me heart flutters.

You sure have a long to do list. I try not to think

a long way, or a lot of items ahead. When I do I tend to feel overwhelmed. I've also noticed increasingly when I try to clear chores out of the way by doing too much too fast I wear myself out, get too tired to do anything, and end up losing time. A sign of age. When I was younger I had enough nervous energy to propel me forward relentlessly until I was caught up. Now I've still got the nerves but they've got no energy left.

The most I can handle is one task at a time. Multi-tasking is utterly beyond me, it only leads to confusion.

I got over the hoarding habit a little over twenty years ago. My cure? Divorce. Well, let's be fair, I was operating under the delusion that my then wife and I owned collections of 25,000 albums and 30,000 books and was surprised when the family court discovered that she owned every last one!

As for your weening yourself off hoarding...I dunno...anyone who collects warships...! (You should publish some photos.) I spent some time when I was around twenty playing solo historical simulation board games. (Whatever they are called) Some were quite educational. It's one thing to read about why it was a bad idea for Hitler to invade Russia but playing through a scenario makes a stronger impression. Actually, the ones I was playing were meant to be played against opponents but all offered solo rules, some of which worked better than others. I'll bet I already mentioned this. A sign of age I fear.

I believe war gaming teaches young people how absurdly easy it is to get killed in battle. A lesson in reality. Not a sport. Not a game. A meat grinder. War games make that clear.

Your dreams are entertaining. Mine lately are merely disturbing. Not disturbing enough to recall much about them but only enough to disturb my sleep. I sometimes remember chaotic bits of nonsense and people who are long dead.

As I'm sure you realize, the logical flaw in your coin flipping lottery theory is that your lottery coin has about 10 million sides rather than two!

Great musings about magnifying old photos by the way.

Another terrific cover by Brad who never seems to run out of new ideas.

Very enjoyable issue. Hurry back. Hope you're totally healed soon.

Best, Eric

**From: LLOYD PENNEY, March 21st, 2012
Aurora & Faned Awards-winning Loc Hack
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2**

Dear Graeme:

Thank you for Space Cadet 18...finding the time to write locs is getting a little tougher, but here's something to assuage my guilt. Comments to follow, as soon as I think of some...

Ah! I read the article you wrote the day after your hernia operation, and I am here, having sympathy pains. Actually, it's been some years ago since I had my eye operation to reattach its retina, and my operation wasn't that much different. However, my anesthetist took the opportunity to berate me about my weight. I was on the operating table ready for my anesthetic, so I guess he realized he had a captive audience. After his rant, he put me under, and I woke up under heated flannels. I had no pain at all, but it was odd not to be able to see out of my right eye because there was no vitreous inside it. Over the next two weeks or so, it slowly filled again, and I have had no real problems since then. My ophthalmologist was the operating surgeon, and the term he used to reattach the retina was spot-welding. To this day, I still can see small areas where the repairs were made, and the odd white streak goes down the side of my vision, but at least I can see out of both eyes. I was working at the CNIB at the time, and pamphlets the CNIB had produced told me that such operations were successful only 60% of the time. I am very lucky.

Indeed. Glad tis so.

I will be going for an echocardiogram soon to see if a heart murmur from 35 years ago has cleared up. Then, I get to go see my doctor and get the checkup I wanted to get when I hit 50. I

may have Thrilling Medical Tales of my own soon.

I hope not!

Keeping that list of Things To Do is useful, especially for me. I don't have a fancy bit of electronics to keep me organized, but I do have a Word document set up so I know about the things I need to do, a calendar of the next month and a half, a planner for the upcoming weekend, a list of things we'd like to do this spring and summer, a list of conventions and other special events we'd like to go to (plus any commitments for those cons and events), and blank areas to write in any other things that come to mind. I update it and reprint it every week, and I am much more productive since I started doing it.

There are collectors and hoarders...some are just accumulators. I often watch Canadian Pickers and American Pickers...collectors and accumulators may simply be hoarders with lots of building space to properly display their stuff. Somehow, if you've got the space, it's okay; if you don't have the space, there's something wrong. We recently picked up six boxes of books from an old fannish friend of ours who needed the space...we drove down to pick up the books, and her apartment is jammed with stuff. She's had to move from a large apartment to a smaller unit to a tiny one-bedroom, and she simply moved her stuff from place to place without weeding. We've done the weeding, and she gave us so many SF books, I may not have to go and get more reading material for another year or so.

Even with this new shipment of books, Yvonne and I are discussing reducing our stuff. I even considered giving away my fanzine collection to free up a locker we really shouldn't have. Identifying myself as a fan is getting tougher, but just lately, it's not quite as important as it used to be. Am I considering gafiati? I admit I have thought about it, but I know that if I did so, and had no fannish activities at all, I'd turn into a 300-pound couch potato, and I'd rather have something to do. Perhaps I just need a change...I am considering cutting down on loccing fanzines, and I might launch my own fanzine.

I am keen on the idea of you pubbing your own ish. Something relaxing and fun, without time pressure so it doesn't interfere with your LoC life....

My loc...that gooseneck light/magnifier, where might I find something like that? Michaels might have it, but I think it would be quite expensive. I'd hope it might be available for not much at Home Depot or Rona.

Think I picked it up from a Staples store.

The new job is filling my days. I am working for a large advertising agency in Mississauga, proofing new packaging designs for a large American store chain, I am sure you can guess which one. The pay is great, there's the usual stress working in advertising, but I will pay that price for the paycheque. Besides, nothing else presented itself.

Two pages isn't bad at all, so here you are. I hope you are recuperating well, and being a PITA for Alyx. (I guess if you weren't, she'd wonder if you were all right.) Take care, and see you in another fanzine Real Soon Now.

**From: BRAD FOSTER, March 24th, 2012
Hugo & Rotsler Awards-winning Fan Artist**

Greetings Graeme

Sorry for long delay in responding to various zines you've sent and such. Trying to catch up with a -lot- of things, fannish and otherwise, today. You're next, you lucky person, you!

Your email with SPACE CADET #16 you had a note asking about more fillos or such, and with #18 you used the last large piece I have sent you for a cover. Right now my records here show you've still got two pieces that, as far as I've seen, you've not yet used. You do a lot of different titles, so I don't know if you put these into one large file to pick from, or save particular fillos for particular titles. I think I sent them to you after you did the last "Auroran Lights", so maybe you are still holding for that? But I've no problem if you use any of the fillos I send in whatever zine you publish (as long as you only use them once in total.)

I do still have both items in question, though one of them is being used right now on the cover of this issue! I'm trending toward reserving your art for SPACE CADET use to ensure a distinctive look, with other artists assigned for the covers of other zines. Trying to be consistent.

I've re-attached those two here in case they also ended up just getting misplaced. Feel free to use them in any of your upcoming pubs. And I'll send some brand new things when they are used. Or if you want to hold them for a specific title, but need something for the others, let me know and I'll pop a few more now. I finally sat down after about three months and had fun spending some time drawing up a few ideas, so do have some brand new pieces on hand.

Believe me, I will use everything you send me. Always eager for more.

Hmmm, made myself curious after writing the above on the titles you have. Let's see, I know of Space Cadet, Auroran Lights, WCFAzine, and the new Frenetic Fanac Review (very nice, by the way!). What am I missing?

I also publish The Fanactical Fanactivist, The Canadian Science Fiction Fan, Entropy Blues, and Coruscating Conundrums.

stay happy~ Brad

COLOPHON

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