

SPACE CADET

#23

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

How dare you say I must be a real Space Cadet just because the Space Academy held me back from graduating for 20 years.

It's all they can do to hold me back.



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THE COVER

By Teddy Harvia.

No way could I resist using a Space Cadet themed illo. I LOVE Space Cadet themed illos!

For a variety of reasons Teddy has been away from the drawing board for a while. Don't want to sound maudlin or overly-sentimental or whatever, but I'm awfully glad he's back in action.

I look forward to many more neat and nifty pieces to come, in this zine, my other zines, and other faneds' zines. Teddy does classic stuff!

NASTY RUMOURS, OR, HOW NEGATIVE CAN WE GET?

First off, I am writing while wearing my faned propeller beanie.

I love fanzine fandom, the last refuge of Trufandom / Old Fandom / Traditional Fandom / whatever-the-Ghu-you-want-to-call-it Fandom which originated in the 1930s.

I think it is wonderful.

There's nothing more exhilarating than pubbing your own ish. Why? Because zines are entirely a personal thing. Not a mass market piece of commercialism, but an individual expression reflecting our fannish sense of wonder. Great fun.

But no hobby is perfect. There is a major flaw and failing in 'our' fandom.

It has recently come to my attention that some Canadian fen feel betrayed by the results of the recent Aurora Awards, claiming that the Auroras have abandoned fandom and been taken over by 'neopros,' a term I am unfamiliar with.

Actually, no. The results were determined by Canadian SF fans voting on fan-nominated candidates in the various pro and fan categories. Simple as that.

What is a neopro? In the most narrow definition apparently a self-published pro-wannabee masquerading as a fan to promote their work. This

concept opens a huge can of worms insulting to any number of people, not least to those pros who feel entitled to maintain their fannish roots. A fan is not necessarily a pro, but a pro can still be a fan. Some fen deny this, others support it. As do I.

I think the underlying core problem is the common trufan assumption (among trufen world-wide and not just in Canada) that fans of SF&F are not 'genuine' fans, in some cases precisely because they ARE fans of SF. 'Real' fans are not fans of SF. 'Real' fans are fans of fandom. Only 'real' fen deserve to win Aurora fan awards (or Hugos). I dispute this.

Since I am on the Board of CSFFA as Archivist and help administer the damn thing, I will later in this article put on my Aurora Beanie and address the complaints directed at the Board.

But first I will give my propeller a twirl and speak to my fellow trufen...

Trufandom has long been described as "*the least welcoming fandom.*"

In all my years of promoting trufandom and seeking converts I have been repeatedly rebuffed by SF fen who adamantly refuse to listen to my pitch; some because their previous experience and contact with trufen have soured them on traditional fandom forever, but in most cases because the one thing they know about us is our reputation, and that alone condemns us.

Collectively we have the reputation of being the biggest assholes on the planet. It is a reputation sparked by a very few incidents, but which is nevertheless surprisingly widespread.

Some trufen question why we are not revered as the elder statesmen of fandom, why we don't get the respect we are due.

Here's why:

All too often our message comes across as:

"Hi there! I see you are into costuming / gaming / comics / filking / model making / convention running / SF movies / SF TV shows / SF novels / SF art / SF whatever... What a dumb piece of shit you are. So

passive. So shallow. So stupid. So mundane masquerading as a fan. Why don't you stop being a shithead and become a REAL fan? We're the ONLY fans in the Solar System. THE ONLY LEGITIMATE FANS. Join us. Or be condemned to Hell forever."

Not normally (thank God) in so many words, but close enough.

That's our reputation. I sometimes get the impression some of us are proud of it.

We come across as a bunch of closed-shop elitists manning the battlements hurling brickbats at all who come near. Not an inviting picture.

Personally, I'm getting pretty damn tired of enthusiastically talking up trufandom at VCON and meeting the response "*I don't want anything to do with that crap.*"

I think I can be forgiven for suspecting that we are piss poor at promoting ourselves. It is as if trufen have forgotten how wonderful 'our' fandom is and instead devote all our effort to berating and insulting non-fans, who are no such thing by the way. Yet we insist they are. And we're wrong.

Trufandom used to be the only game in town back in the thirties and early forties. Big Frogs in a big ocean. Fair enough. (Though only a dewdrop to the general public.)

Beginning with the advent of mass market pocket books in the late 1940s SF began to go mainstream. The 1950s added more and more conventions, early SF TV shows, and a (brief) explosion of SF B movies, and suddenly there was a great deal of money to be made from SF, albeit from fans of SF who knew nothing about organized fandom.

The later media explosion initiated by Star Trek and Star Wars was inevitable, given a backlog of SF fans that had been building since the 1950s. They were desperately waiting for something to latch on to.

Today SF has gone mainstream, is more mainstream than, say, Westerns. It's huge. It's a multi-billion dollar industry. There are now literally millions of SF fans roaming the streets.

But not according to some trufen. Seems they think only a couple of hundred genuine fans exist world-wide and all those millions who appreciate SF films, TV shows, read the books, etc., are a bunch of inferior mundane shitheads who don't know how to think, who are mere product consumers, who are beneath contempt.

Yeah, right, and I am the Queen of Sheba. That's how nutty it sounds. Not only do we come across as arrogant, condescending, elitist assholes, we come across as INSANE, arrogant, condescending, elitist assholes.

My belief is trufandom has been in a state of denial for more than half a century. We refuse to admit the ocean has expanded, to admit that modern SF fandom is multi-faceted, to admit there are hordes of SF fans who know nothing about 'our' facet but who are nevertheless *genuine* fans.

We persist in saying we are the ONLY fans and all the other fans are non-fans.

Bullshit.

The reality is, we are but one of innumerable niche fandoms, no better or worse than any of the others, though certainly smaller than most, with our claim to fame, such as it is, being that we are the oldest niche fandom in modern multi-faceted SF fandom.

We need to wake up and smell the Crottled Greeps.

The solution is simplicity itself. Three simple steps.

First step, admit what we actually are, a niche fandom.

Second, stop calling fans non-fans. Call them fans. Who take part in fandom. Cause that's what they do and what they are.

Third step, when communicating with fans outside our niche, just call ourselves 'traditional' fans.

Thus we differentiate ourselves, while yet being part of the whole.

This leaves us free to celebrate 'our' fandom without constantly dumping shit over everybody else.

That would rid us of the aura of negativity surrounding our hobby and reveal us to be the band of dedicated enthusiasts we truly are, and maybe, just maybe, present such an enticing image that curious newcomers would seek to join our ranks.

And now I'll put on my CSFFA Board member helmet... err... hat.

Two points I will make.

First: The purpose and function of the CSFFA Aurora Awards **TODAY** is to celebrate and promote Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy activity by both pros and fans.

Notice I said 'fans', not 'faans.'

I did NOT say faans are excluded. Trufen have NOT been abandoned.

Trufen are INCLUDED as one of the many niche fandoms that make up contemporary Canadian SF fandom. All are legit.

I was nominated for my SPACE CADET. Lloyd Penney was up for his loc writing. Did we deserve to win? I like to think so. Certainly Lloyd deserved to win.

But the result was determined by democratic vote. Majority rules. Period.

You want trufen to win in the fan categories? Fine.

- A) get out the trufen vote (and how many of you voted?)
- B) push the candidates like crazy among the other niche fandoms. Or to put it another way, compete.

You say the solution is to tell the majority of Canadian SF fans to go to hell and restrict the fan categories to trufen?

CSFFA is NOT going to cut out the vast majority of SF fandom to cater to a couple of dozen old-timers.

If we did that so few votes would come in the logical consequence would be to drop the fan categories.

Not going to happen. Every year the members of the Board look at how fandom is evolving and propose changes in the categories appropriate to what is actually going on in fandom. These proposals are voted on at the annual general meetings. Want to get involved? Attend Convention. Attend the meetings. Get directly involved.

Truth is, whether you like it or not, the CSFFA Board is dedicated to celebrating and promoting ALL Canadian fanac, excluding no one, and that's the way it is, damn it. Get over it.

I promote traditional fanac whenever and wherever I can in the proceedings of the Board, since I regard that area of fandom as my personal responsibility. I am not alone. We each have our own area of expertise, so that collectively the Board can be said to be truly representative of pretty much ALL the niche fandoms.

We meet online once a month, plus indulge in frequent email communication. Believe me, I am not shy in forwarding your concerns. I am absolutely determined, and have been as long as I have been a member of the Board, not to allow trufandom to slip out of sight or be ignored. Consequently, any perception that trufandom has no voice on the CSFFA Board is dead wrong.

But perhaps I have been amiss in never stating the above clearly before.

So let me be absolutely clear and precise. If you are in any way pissed off at the CSFFA Board, TELL ME. Tell me why. Give details. You're a trufan. You know how to express yourself. TELL ME.

And I'll pass on your concerns to the Board.

And now to my second point:

Some of you perceive a conflict of interest in a member of the Board winning an Aurora. In my opinion, Ron deserved it. But that's beside the point.

Isn't it a conflict of interest? As it would be, say, for me to win for SPACE CADET?

I don't think so, and I'll tell you why. Despite rumours to the contrary, we're not a couple of guys sitting on a couch in their parent's basement suite knocking back beers and flipping coins to see who wins. (Mind you, that sounds like a fun way of doing it. Lot easier at least.)

The members of the Board are divided up into a number of sub-committees.

The Aurora Awards sub-committee is air tight, hermetically sealed even. They're the ones who count the votes and do whatever arcane, eldritch rituals are needed to process and compile the results. I'm as much in the dark as you are. Likewise the rest of the Board outside that particular sub-committee.

I knew bugger all till the Closing Ceremonies of VCON 38 when Past President Clint Budd began reading out the results as announced at Convention a couple hours earlier.

I got a tad excited when he said "*And for Best Fan Publication...*"

He paused, and looked out over the audience knowing I was there somewhere "...*Sorry Graeme. It wasn't you.*" Some people groaned. Either because they were sorry to hear I'd lost, or were sorry to hear my name, I'm not sure which... and then he went on to announce the winner.

Oh well, just being nominated is an honour in itself. I genuinely believe that.

To get back on topic, while the Aurora Award subcommittee members are not eligible to be nominated, much less win awards, all other CSFFA Board members, being totally out of the loop with no influence on the outcome whatsoever, ARE eligible. Consequently, they (read 'me') can be nominated. I don't see anything wrong with that.

However, and this may surprise you, I have already told the Board that if a general perception grows and persists that a Board member being nominated IS a conflict of interest, and as such is potentially harmful to the reputation and credibility of the Auroras, then I am willing to be declared ineligible. Caesar's wife must be above suspicion, etc, (tho I suspect the analogy is not exact).

Mind you, I'll be somewhat put out by this, as it has been a life-time dream of mine to win an Aurora for SPACE CADET, but... what the heck. The credibility of the Auroras is more important than my fanac ambitions. (See? My ego isn't quite as big as it is made out to be. Planet-sized, yes, but a small planet, like Mercury maybe.)

I will now take off my CSFFA Board member hat and put my propeller beanie back on.

Now you know why I started up the Canadian Fanzine Fanac (or Faned) Awards.

I figured, now that CSFFA is growing year after year with greater and greater numbers of fans voting, whereas Canadian trufandom remains moribund and static, it's time to start up an awards system exclusive to Canadian trufandom ('traditional fandom').

Only trufen need apply.

Some of whom have already expressed concern that the Faneds will inevitably follow the Auroras, Hugos, and even the Faan Award in adapting to changing times and incorporating more and more modern thingies like podcasts and blogs and such.

Not as long as I administer the Faneds.

Consider the blog columns I am currently doing for Amazing Stories Magazine online for instance. They are not eligible to be nominated because blog posts are not included in the definition of what is eligible. See how strict I am?

The categories are:

BEST FANZINE – Hard copy or equivalent posted and/or distributed online.

BEST FAN ARTIST – Best covers, illos & fillos.

BEST LOC WRITER – Best letters of comment.

BEST FAN WRITER – Editorials, essays, articles.

HALL OF FAME – Past any of the above.

That's it. About as traditional as you can get. Not going to change.

The Canadian Fanzine Fanac Awards exist to serve and celebrate and promote traditional Canadian Fanzine Fanac. They exist for ‘our’ niche fandom and no other.

Thus active Canadian trufen are eligible for both the Aurora Fan Awards AND the Faned Awards. Heck of a deal.

Meanwhile, an important point. When I advocate stop dumping shit on the other niche fandoms, I don’t mean to imply you have to embrace them and love them and call them George.

You are perfectly free to ignore them and continue to enjoy your trufen fanac. All I ask is that you don’t berate other fen for being interested in aspects of SF fandom you happen not to like. Be content with what you DO like. Accent the positive.

Live and let live. That’s the key to our survival.

[This explosive rant brought to you by a dedicated trufan boiling over with years of accumulated frustration at the self-defeating negativity rampant in the hobby I love. I intend it as a cathartic outburst, one that will free me to enjoy my hobby. Call it self-therapy. Call it whatever you want. I welcome your comments.]

So You Want to be Canaj’an, eh?

By Taral Wayne

If you’re Canadian and have ever been abroad, I’m sure that you’ve been asked how to appear to *be* Canadian ... usually by American tourists who are tired of being cursed at as Imperialists. Unfortunately, there are no easy answers. Being Canadian isn’t just a matter of speaking a different language, growing odd facial hair or admiring women with unibrows, as it is in many foreign lands. In fact, demographically we are not very different from Americans. We are a little more Scottish and perhaps a little less Irish, and we have a lot of touchy French Canadians in our midst instead of Hispanics. Canada is not as black as America, either, but we are probably more Jamaican and African. There really isn’t a great deal any of us can do about demographics.

Yet, there is a lot more to passing as Canadian than wearing a toque and having actually been in the presence of the Holy Stanley Cup. To assist my American friends, I decided to compile a handy list of common Canadian touchstones.

Since I have mentioned it, let me start with the toque. To begin with, it is not pronounced “tock,” but “toock” and has nothing to do with a fashionable, semi-literate beach bum in Southern California. It is better to call what Canadians wear a “watch cap” if it is tight fitting, and a “knit cap” if it is loose and floppy ... “eyesore” is an acceptable alternative, but is more accurately the person wearing it. The Canadian toque was worn in French Canada during the uprisings of 1837. It was red for revolution, and based loosely on the Phrygian “liberty” cap of antiquity. Unlike the liberty cap worn by freed Roman slaves, however, the toque was quite unsuccessful in freeing Quebec from the British Empire. Its red colour was a political statement, of which British authorities were unlikely to take a kindly view after the rebellion failed. Henceforth, it became common to knit elaborate patterns in the wool, such as maple leaves, codfish, hockey players, maple leaves, geometric shapes, sailboats, muskellunge (a sort of fresh-water cod), maple leaves, fishermen, polar bears, ski-dos and maple leaves. It is not that Canadians wear the toque from a lack of fashion sense. In fact, we are barely conscious of the act of reaching for one and pulling it down over our ears in winter months. The toque is simply for warmth. Frostbitten ears are for the more fashion-conscious, who rarely cope with sub-zero temperatures – surfers, for example, and hip-hop performers. Toques are mass-produced today, and can be bought in a store. The Real Thing, however, is knit at home by a batty old aunt or grandmother.

A hint toward whether or not you should wear a toque. Are your ears turning blue and feel like they’re about to fall off? Wear the toque. Is sweat pouring down your face and getting in your eyes? Take off the toque and smear on suntan lotion – it’s summer.

I have been told that, on occasion, Canadian Tire Money has been successfully exchanged for the local currency on some small Caribbean islands. This is quite possibly true, as Canadian Tire Money is quite convincing. Canadian Tire stores got their

start in the 1920s and quickly spread across the entire country. Strangely, the company has several times tried to spread into the US, but never with any real success. There is something about the company formula that works so successfully in Canada that just *doesn't* seem to resonate with American shoppers. For we versatile people, though, the combination of auto parts, sporting equipment, garden tools, lawn furniture, hardware, plumbing, paint, electrical products and toys seems perfectly natural. Canadians and Americans are evidently deeply divided over this matter, betraying some ancient evolutionary sundering of character in the remote and poorly understood past.

Or perhaps we are simply dazzled by any money in different colours.



Canadian Tire money was begun in 1958 as a simple loyalty program. For every dollar you spent at a Canadian Tire Store, you were given a certain amount back in the form of their own proprietary banknotes. You could only spend them on merchandise at a Canadian Tire Store, giving the customer an incentive to return. Resisting the temptation would only lead to a drawer stuffed full of unredeemed 5¢, 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 bills. Inevitably, the suspicion would rise that your stash had accumulated to a significant amount, and then you would count out the bills into piles. It would only add up to about \$4, but since you had gone to that much trouble, there was no sense not taking the loot down to the nearest Canadian Tire outlet. There, you would most likely end up spending another \$31 on something you really didn't need in order to use up the \$4 worth of Canadian Tire Money. To start the cycle over again, the cashier then gave you 85¢ in fresh new Canadian Tire bills with your receipt!



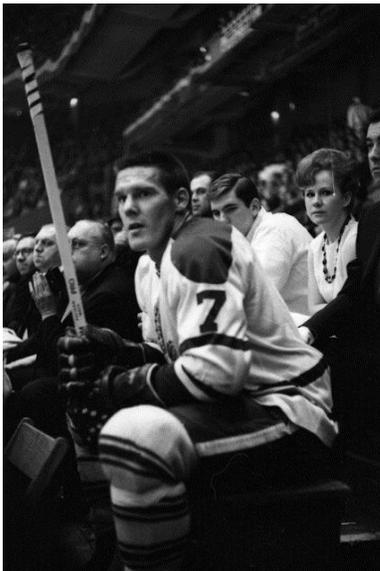
The money was printed by a private banknote company that specialized in minting for small countries like the Barbados or Hong Kong. It imitated the look of genuine Canadian money, and copied the different colours for each denomination. The key to distinguishing between Canadian Tire Money and the real article is the portrait on the front. On real money it was the Queen, or one of a small number of distinguished Prime Ministers. On Canadian Tire Money, it was the quintessential Scots stereotype, Sandy McTyre. The two portraits are sometimes known as the “Two Sovereignties.”

One of the more recent Canadian business success stories to emerge – and now a hollowed tradition – is Tim Hortons. On the surface, Timmie's is a donut franchise with passable coffee. In reality, it's a way of life. When you've been on the road four hours and desperately need a stop to relieve your bladder and strong coffee to fortify yourself for another two hours of driving, you pull into a Tim Hortons. Are you on the fly between Fedex and the office on your lunch break? Slip into a Tim Hortons on the sly, and grab yourself a healthy egg and lettuce sandwich ... with a cream-filled, double-maple, white chocolate sprinkle donut on the side. Do you need to meet with your girl friend, but haven't the money for a classy French café with baguettes and French pressed coffee? Then suggest Tim Hortons... if she really loves you, maybe she won't toss you over.

“Tim Horton's Doughnuts” first opened its doors in 1964, in Hamilton, the steel town that is an hour-or-so's drive from Toronto. It rapidly grew to dwarf McDonald's as Canada's most popular fast-food server, with more than 4200 outlets – about twice as many as there are under the shadow of the Golden Arches. More than 800 Timmies are in the US, bringing Canadian cultural imperialism in their wake. Timmie's share of the coffee market in this country is a mighty 62% compared to Starbuck's puny 7%.

It seems only appropriate that such an important Canadian institution should be founded by a hockey player. Yes, the defenceman Tim Horton was a legend in his own time, one in the power-house Toronto Maple Leafs' star line-up for many years, including those tremendous 1965, 1966 and 1967 seasons when the blue and white jerseys won *three consecutive* Stanley Cups – alas, their last wins ever.

Unfortunately, Tim Horton died in 1974, before his franchise had really taken off. Like many hockey players, he had anger issues, and also a minor police record. He hung up the blue number-7 jersey for the last time after crashing his car in a police chase. Horton was only 44 when he died. One store franchise operator was said to have built a shrine at the back of the store, with autographed photos and mementoes.



If Tim Horton's passing was somehow typical of a Canadian hero, it is equally as Canadian that the name of the chain would be forced by Quebec's language laws to remove the apostrophe ... because it wasn't proper French. From then on, *nous allons chez Tim Hortons. Eh, bien.*

Mounties. The first thing you need to know about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is that they have nothing to do with either Dudley Do-Right or Nelson Eddy. In fact, they don't even have much to do with the original *Mounties*. The stalwart, mounted officers that brought law and order to the Canadian West were actually the *North West Mounted Police*: a tougher, more dedicated body of men you will never find. After massacring

Custer at Little Big Horn, Sitting Bull and his people retreated into Canada, where he was met by a *single* NWMP officer. The officer welcomed the warlike horde to British territory and instructed them to respect the Queen's laws ... which Sitting Bull soberly promised to do. He *kept* his promise too! During the 1898 gold rush, thousands of gold-struck prospectors climbed up the Chilkoot Pass to dig in the frozen soil of Canada's Yukon and, *hopefully*, make their fortune. All of them were met at the border at the top of the pass, by the magnificently named Sgt. Sam Steele, and told they could not enter Canada unless they carried with them everything necessary to their survival and safety once in the country. Many were turned back merely because they carried forbidden firearms.

None of that has the least thing to do with *today's* Mounties, unfortunately. The modern *Royal Canadian Mounted Police* were formed years later, and have been desperate to pretend they were the rightful heirs of the glory that was the *North West Mounted Police*. The only thing they have in common, however, is the hat. The original Mounties wore khaki uniforms, not red. They also never tasered anyone to death in plain sight of the public in a BC airport waiting room ... In Canada, strange to say, the Mounties are *not* actually well liked anywhere they are likely to contribute anything to the community, beyond a performance in Musical Parades. So do not stop and gawk at the colourful Mountie. It will give you away.

No guide to becoming Canadian could possibly overlook the CBC. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is that distinctly Canadian institution, the *crown corporation*. It is neither a branch of the government nor a privately owned company, but something awkwardly both. Some say that the crown corporation is the worst of both worlds ... but I wonder? On the whole, it serves the country's interests very well, and that is the most likely reason why it is hated almost universally. The people who hate the CBC fall into several camps. There are those who believe that any government interference in the sacred right to make a profit is proof that Communists control Ottawa. They demand the CBC be immediately abolished, or at least sold dirt cheap to some private interest ... the owners of competing private stations, say. Another group who hate the CBC are members of the government. Feeling that the CBC ought to be the mouthpiece of

government, they feel betrayed whenever the CBC reports the truth about the latest government screw-up ... or behaves independently in any way at all. A third segment of the public who hate the CBC are compulsive television viewers who have been entirely sucked into the violent bread and circuses of American network TV. They cannot understand why the CBC cannot broadcast the same game shows, reality programs, violent fantasies and mass opiates that NBC, CBS and ABC carry. Many also have difficulty following Canadian news programs and prefer the dumbed-down format of Fox. Finally, there are those who simply hate paying taxes and complain incessantly about high salaries paid to CBC executives. Strangely, though all those minority groups do add up, they are still a minority. Most Canadians gripe about the CBC, but wouldn't sit quietly while it was abolished, either.

In actual fact, the CBC was perhaps the most significant factor holding the American Way of Life at bay. Without its competing vision of ordinary folks and common virtues, the solid wall of television transmitters just across the border would undoubtedly have long since overwhelmed the remotest corner of Canada with the American vision.

The particular genius of the CBC was *not* to compete with stations over the border in Detroit, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston, New York and Seattle. After all, the big American networks had plenty of money, and could far better produce the sort of television programs that Americans wanted to watch than the tiny, cash-strapped Canadian network could ever hope. So it was early decided to let those Canadian viewers who also wanted to watch *Leave it to Beaver*, *Dragnet* or *I Love Lucy* to watch it on NBC, CBS or ABC. Instead, the CBC produced inexpensive little shows about Canada that *nobody else* would ever have put on the air. There were comedy shows from small fishing villages on the BC coast, soap operas from the Jewish part of Montreal, kid's shows made in Northern Ontario, dramas about truckers driving the Trans-Canada Highway and even one sitcom about a tugboat captain named Annie, which was shot in Toronto harbour. I went to school with a kid whose father acted as a deck hand on the show. None of this was great art. Partisans of American TV would hoot at the shoddiness and parochial content. But it was *our* shoddiness and parochial content, and it was endearing *because* it was ours.

There were two other main reasons why the CBC was vital to our national identity. First, there were no better public affairs programs or newscasts in the world. At its best, the CBC was a match for the BBC, and stood heads and shoulders above even Walter Cronkite and Dick Cavett. Without our own broadcast news we, as Canadians, would have languished without current affairs, under the misapprehension that nothing of interest ever happened in this country, and that a two-alarm fire in Buffalo was a disaster of World shaking importance. Our Canadian victories and follies would be unknown, because they would be overlooked by our giant neighbor's media. The other reason the CBC made it possible for Canada to exist as an independent nation is because it had a monopoly on airing the hockey game twice a week.

Not all Canadians follow NHL hockey religiously, but all Canadians have grown up with it blaring over the TV or radio, and cannot escape having a conditioned response to the game. It has been scientifically demonstrated that even Canadians who *insist* they *detest* ice hockey will salivate upon hearing as few as two complete bars of the Hockey Night in Canada theme music –or the cry “He shoots, He scores!” Casually dropping an expression such as “hat trick,” “donnybrook,” “goal crease” or “charges of assault with a deadly weapon,” however, will no longer fool everyone into believing you follow the game, and are therefore Canadian. Nor has NHL hockey *ever been exclusively* a Canadian sport – the Detroit Red Wings, Chicago Blackhawks, Boston Bruins and New York Rangers have always been among the “original” six clubs during hockey's glory days of the 1940s through the 1960s. *Despite* the sad betrayal of faith that sold our birthright to the sunbelt, most Canadians remain loyal to the sport they grew up with, and even those who never watch the game are still willing to lay down their lives for *just one more* Stanley Cup. Fans of the Toronto Maple Leafs have been paying for their season tickets loyally for 45 years, and have not yet come even close to another Cup since their last in 1967. But does it make a difference if the Leafs are losers? If you are Canadian, you know it doesn't. An American hockey fan would have his doubts, though. He has divided loyalties, and can as easily watch baseball or basketball if his home team is doing better in that sport.

If NHL hockey isn't altogether foolproof evidence of your Canadian identity, CFL football is 100% proof of it. In fact, 105% proof ... many Canadians themselves have no idea what the Canadian Football League is, and could not name the home team if their lives depended on it. Master the short list of colourful names like Winnipeg Bluebombers, Toronto Argonauts, Calgary Stampeders and Montreal Alouettes, and no one will ever doubt which side of the 49th parallel you call home. Unfortunately, even many of your "fellow" Canadians will look at you oddly.

To bring this guide to an end, I want to finish with the Canadian National Exhibition. While it isn't a truly national institution – in the way that Victoria Day or the day that Revenue Canada's tax returns are due are – the CNE (or "Ex") is typical of the sort of seasonal events that all Canadians enjoy. In my case, the CNE grounds are only a short bike ride away ... or just the right distance for a pleasant summer afternoon walk. The Ex was established in 1879 as a regional, Fall agricultural fair, and grew over the next century to include military displays, an auto show, exhibitions of lumberjack skills, technological innovations, consumer goods, novelty foods, hobbies, music, a flea market, sporting events, parades, fireworks and of course a midway. There was even a classic freak show that didn't close until the 1970s. Among my many treasured memories are watching the Ford Skyliner's retractable hard-top go up, go down, go up, go down, over and over. I also remember peering into the cockpit of an F101 Voodoo fighter jet, watching a log-rolling contest, staring in wonder at a life-size sculpture of Red Skelton laughing at himself as Freddie the Freeloader, *both entirely made of butter*. One memory I value less was on the occasion I rode "The Caterpillar." The Cat was a fairly routine tracked ride with a canvas cover that rises over the occupants as they roll 'round and 'round in a circle, cutting off their view of outside. As we got well underway, the seat restraint failed, and I held the belt together with my hands to prevent myself, and a couple of younger children, from being tossed out.

One of the principal attractions of the Ex was the Food Building. It wasn't a fancy name, and it wasn't a fancy venue. The floor space was divided up into about a hundred stalls and rented to various food vendors. Every year, an impossible number of people crushed into it the 1950s-Modern building to

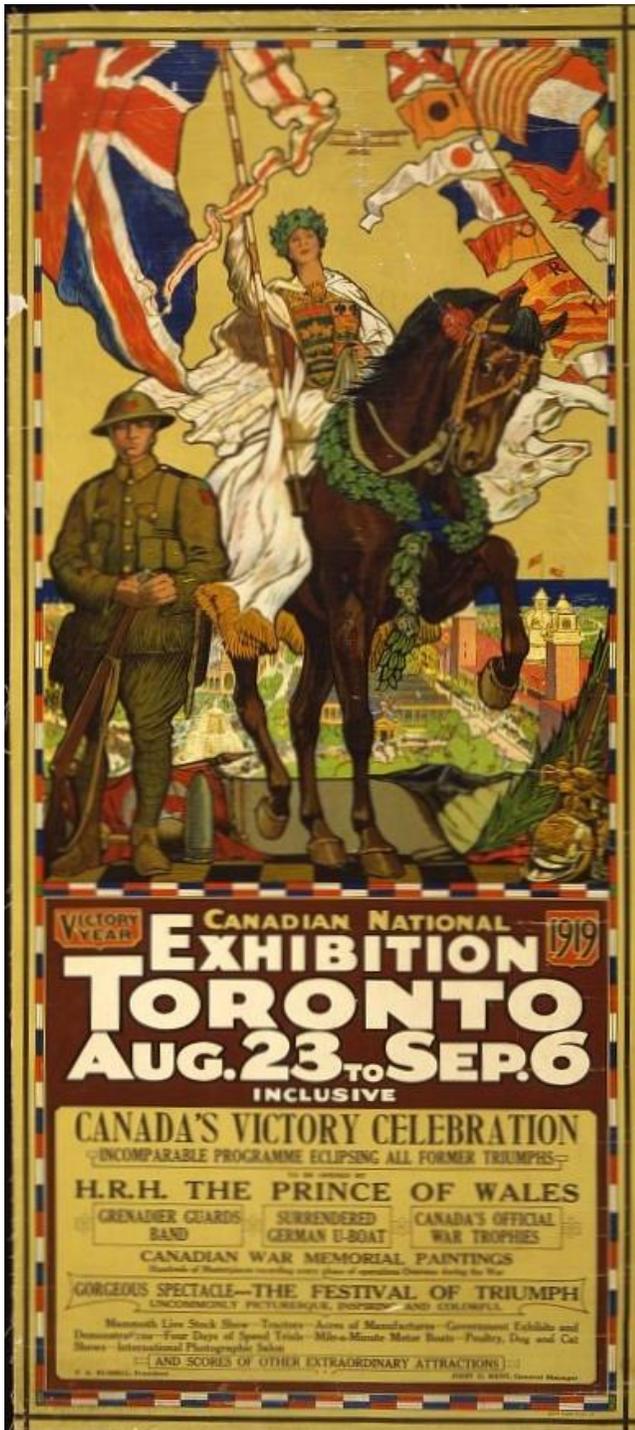
buy freshly baked doughnuts, cheap spaghetti meals, special deals of 6 chocolate bars for a dollar, or trying out that year's novelty attractions. Over time, the idea of what qualified as a novelty changed considerably. I remember when German sausages like Bratwurst were on the cultural cutting edge. Then came bean sprouts and chicken balls. Then Beefalo burgers and deep-fried Mars bars. This year, it appears that the Food Building overreached itself this Fall, by offering to the public the Cronut Burger. The Cronut Burger is a beef patty between two doughnut-croissant pastries, topped with maple-bacon jam. The possibilities for a riot of bacterial growth were incalculable, and about two hundred people eventually came down with food poisoning. The source was eventually traced to the maple-bacon jam, but it might have been almost any of the over-rich ingredients, or even the paper napkin. The Cronut Burger booth was closed ... and, despite the adverse publicity, hordes of disappointed people who were still willing to try their luck were turned away.

Of course, novelty isn't the only draw. For me, the Food Building at the Ex was the only place to savour that most quintessential of Canadian foods – back bacon on a bun. It was Bob & Doug McKenzie's favourite meal, and always on their grill during air time. For some reason, Americans refer to back bacon as Canadian bacon ... because we eat it, I suppose. By that line of reasoning, I suppose a hormone-grown beef patty on a preservative-laced, genetically-modified wheat bun would be American hamburger. Back bacon is pork loin sliced very thin, and is much less fatty than regular bacon. The meat may be smoked or soaked in brine – if soaked in brine, it is rolled in ground yellow dried peas before slicing and called *peameal* bacon. Think of it as a small, slim pork chop with the flavour of fried ham. On a bun, it's just the thing for those frigid winter days when a little nosh is the perfect excuse not to go out...

Another personal tradition at the Food Building was fudge. True, I can buy fudge *anytime*. Cheap, third-rate fudge, that is, that tastes like chemicals, wax and palm oil. That's mainly what such clabber is made of – the price of chocolate and real butter being what it is. But the CNE attracts small-scale candy makers from all over the province. *They* make the best fudge in the world, using fresh creamery butter, real chocolate, vanilla and other

flavours, blending it all together with tender, loving care. It costs \$7 a pound, but who cares! I usually buy a quarter-pound of this and a quarter pound of that – Amaretto, mandarin-orange chocolate, maple sugar, cherry cheesecake and double chocolate are among my favourites – and promise myself that I'll not gobble it all up immediately. Sadly, I rarely make it out through the Princes' Gates, let alone all the way home, before the last trace is scraped from its wax paper wrapping and savoured.

Of course, the CNE is not the only source of distinctively Canadian food. There is poutine, for instance – carb-rich French fries smothered in fatty gravy, and even more fatty cheese curds, usually much too salty. It was once described to me as every self-destructive food group in a single serving. Nor should we forget Canada's distinctive way of serving French toast – not with icing sugar or syrup, as seems to be the standard south of the border, but with tomato ketchup. I was incredulous when I discovered there was another way, and had to be persuaded to even *try* French toast sweetened as though it were a stack of buckwheat pancakes. I should point out, though, that French toast with ketchup seems to be an import from the English. This seems logical ... even if the dish *is* named for the French. Created in modern times, there is also the Nanaimo bar. Although some New Yorkers claim they were first served in a deli on the East side, this cannot be confirmed, so historians are skeptical. I've eaten a Nanaimo bar on several occasions, and, like many indigenous Canadian foods, they are *insanely* sweet. Nanaimo bars are, in effect, layers of chocolate biscuit, icing made from butter and custard, and melted chocolate on the very top.



You could always be sure of finding a booth in the Food Building serving any of these treats, or other, more modest traditional favourites such as hot dogs, onion rings and pizza slices. Now and again, even healthy foods have been sold in the Food Building ... although, I cannot think of any off hand.

Over the years, though, most of the attractions migrated away from the Ex to their own venues. The car show was one of the first to go. The Canadian Armed Forces stopped spending taxpayer money to impress the taxpayers for some reason, and I no longer got to peer down the hatches of antiquated Sherman tanks or wonder how to get my own .50 caliber Browning machine gun to play with. The Ontario pavilion became the Carlsbad Beer pavilion – which is not as bad as it sounds. There was a beer garden and various minor attractions, a few caged examples of Canadian wildlife, and sometimes something special, such as an entire Clydesdale team with a humongous wagon-load of beer kegs ... oh, and one year the Batmobile. The hobby palace was turned into a Medieval theme restaurant about 15 years ago, and the hobbyists moved into another, smaller building. It was still good enough – I bought some of my first Roman coins at the Ex – but the trend was unmistakable.



Not too long ago, the CNE Stadium was demolished. Richard Petty made his first race start in that stadium. Bob Hope, Victor Borge, Benny Goodman, Bill Cosby, the Beach Boys, Duke Ellington, and The Monkees all preformed there. Even the Three Stooges performed there. I marched in the CNE stadium in my one year as part of the Navy's Summer Student Program (and stepped in a huge pile of horse shit, too). But they tore it down. Our current nitwit of a mayor only this year proposed that a substantial swath of the CNE grounds be appropriated for a casino and hotels. Fortunately, like almost everything else Hizzoner has proposed, the city council shot it down. But I wonder how many more years the Ex will survive in a world that seems increasingly less interested.

While the Canadian National Exhibition is not unique, it is characteristic of a country that has not

yet altogether shaken the pig shit off its boot heels and entered the dot.com age. Vancouver has its Pacific National Exhibition, almost as old as the CNE. Quebec City has its Winter Carnival. Calgary has a Round-Up. And Nanaimo has a bathtub race. Obviously, they are all anachronisms and appeal to the spirit of lagging-behind-the-times. Toronto is no longer a market town for farmers and animal husbandry, Calgary no longer survives on selling whiskey to cowboys at the end of roundup, and Quebeckers no longer trap small, furry critters all winter ... so why do we still need these celebrations? Because we're Canadian, that's why. Just like the Stanley Cup, Stompin' Tom Connors and Expo 67, our glory is *always* in the past. Someday, no doubt, Canadians of the late 21st century will remember Blackberries, Don Cherry and the copper penny with pride.

To be Canadian is to revel in our provincialism ... but not mistake it for The One True Way.

But, *whatever* else you do, you must never give an American the satisfaction of ever saying, "eh." It does no good to point out to the lout that he and his kind are constantly grunting, "huh." It does even less good to suggest that the two explicatives likely derive from different Algonquian dialects of the word meaning something like "do say," "I s'pose so" or "what of it?" that was picked up by White colonists from the Natives. It is better to simply look daggers at him and smile, just as millions of other yellow, red, brown and off-white peoples around the world have learned to do in the past when Americans insist on their odd misconceptions.

There is, however, one linguistic parochialism that must be corrected whenever encountered. I speak of "about," of course. If you are an American reading this, the little voice in your head has pronounced the word one way, and a moment later broke into a crude mimicry of a Canadian in lumberjack shirt and a hockey stick in one hand, babbling "a-boot, a-boot, Mon!" like some mad Scotsman jumped up on crack. But before you congratulate yourself on your linguistic purity, stop and think about it *as a Canadian*. Here we use a perfectly ordinary variation of a common word from the English language that seems to excite the indigenes from south of the border to a level of

hilarity usually associated with gas cylinders and a balloon. Once he finishes laughing, the average American patronizingly attempts to teach us the proper way to pronounce “about,” and what comes out of his mouth?

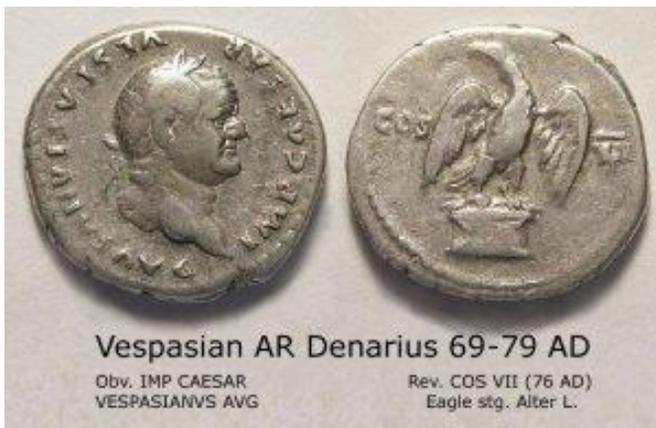
“A-boat,” laddy! “A-boat!” Now *that’s* funny.

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!



My favourite emperor is Vespasian, and my favourite period in Roman history the Flavian dynasty. Vespasian was no aristocrat. He started as a career soldier, and after the murder of Nero seized control of the empire. It was a tumultuous year, with four contenders proclaiming themselves the new emperor. Galba, Otho, and Vitellius lasted only months before proving themselves inept. Vespasian, though, was a canny old bastard, and perhaps as important as his own practical statecraft was the convenient fact that he had two sons to carry on

after him. Unlike the Julio-Claudians, who had been an aristocratic family used to imperial privileges for several generations, Vespasian was the sort of guy you could probably have played cards with, drank whiskey, and talked shop. He understood the need for dignity in his office, but was never pretentious. He would not surround himself with guards and commonly interviewed people while sitting in his modest garden. Vespasian's portrait on this coin show him for a crusty, vigorous, and relatively easy-going sort of ruler.

Rome under the Flavians was fairly peaceful, certainly prosperous, and had not yet become the military machine it became under the later Antonines and Severans. Once he was emperor Vespasian wore the toga, and put aside military armour. Christianity was still a tiny minority of religious cranks, viewed as a splinter group of Judaism by most Romans. The senate had not yet been relegated entirely to insignificance, nor had Rome become a distant capital the emperor could spend little time in so that he could be near the frontier.

Vespasian died after about ten years of rule, and passed the Curule chair peacefully to his elder son Titus. Titus took very much after his old man. As his father's chief military general, he had sacked Jerusalem and destroyed the temple of Solomon once and for all. This was seen as a necessity rather than a gratuitous cruelty by the Romans, who were sick of repeated Judean uprisings. In the same vein, Titus also ran Vespasian's "secret police". As emperor himself he quickly put the rough stuff behind him... delegating it to subordinates. It was during Titus's watch that Mt. Vesuvius erupted, and the new emperor proved his worth by quickly organizing relief for the refugees. Unfortunately, Titus fell ill after about two years of rule, and died in the same modest rural retreat as his father.

The new emperor was Vespasian's younger son Domitian. His rule began well enough, but unfortunately he had none of his father's or brother's discretion, and quickly grew autocratic. The empire seems to have been administered efficiently enough for all that. It took 12 years for a number of senators, officers, and courtiers to decide enough was enough, and plot Domitian's murder. To add insult to injury, the Senate refused to deify him in death as they had his father and brother.

The next emperor was Nerva, an old man and trusted member of the senate who ensured his safety by nominating a military strong man as his heir. Nerva died of natural causes a couple of years later and left the empire to Trajan, the start of the greatly successful Antonine line of emperors.

Successful, yes, but the empire took a sharp turn toward militarization. From that point, emperors were more at home in armour than in togas.

The coin is a denarius, a silver coin about the same size but a little bit heavier than an old silver dime. The inscription on the face means "Emperor Caesar Vespasian Augustus" (His full official name as emperor.) The reverse means that he was consul for the 7th. time (the supreme office of the old Republic). The eagle is perched above a sacrificial altar. As these things go, this type of denarius is common and only set me back about \$45.

LETTERS OF COMMENT:

OOK, OOK, SLOBBER DROOL!

From: DAVE HAREN, May 22nd, 2013
Renowned Letterhack

Hi Graeme,

My memory must be slipping, I don't seem to recall the refreshing optimism of the 1960's. I do recall a series of escalating clashes between the newly adult and the elders who were nutty as a three pound fruitcake. Their insanity had led them into educating the same youth after Sputnik. Of course this created a monster in their minds of people who wanted them to live up to their stated ideals. This is anathema to political types, they want to feed you all the answers and you are to nod agreement and regurgitate them as gospel.

[Actually I was focused on the enthusiastic optimism flooding Canada on the nation's 100th birthday in 1967.

I assume you are referring to the intense controversy in the States re the Vietnam war which

was not OUR war (except for several thousand volunteers who served in the American Armed Forces) in part because it was obvious to us it was a no win situation (unless you conquered North Vietnam, but that would trigger Chinese intervention just like the earlier Korean War, so again, a no win situation), and mainly because we didn't belong to S.E.A.T.O. (South East Asian Treaty Organization) unlike, for instance, Australia, which did send troops. N.A.T.O., N.O.R.A.D., and the U.N. Peace Keeping Forces were all we were willing to commit to. (We did fight in the Korean War, but that was a U.N. show, so of course we were involved.) Consequently anti-Vietnam War protests in Canada in the 1960s were not directed at the Canadian Government, but at the American Government.

Meanwhile, in Canada, we were running around doing foolish things like quoting a former Prime Minister's comment "The Twentieth Century belongs to Canada." Only in the sense we lived through it, as it turns out. But circa 1967 we were positively maudlin about our glorious future, brim full of good cheer and naive optimism. Not so much nowadays I admit.]

The sage hypocrisy of the so-called leaders then and the current crop hasn't changed. Today example is the characterization of extra judicial murder as "just". This is the same method used by the so-called enemy to justify their engaging in the same activity. The only difference between us and Orwell's 1984 is that we dress better than the movie versions.

[One thing George almost got right. Big Brother doesn't watch us through our TV screens, but through our computer cams which can be accessed and activated without our knowing it. One reason I don't have one.]

The Canadian cryptofascists in charge have identified the real enemy and launched a series of attacks on science. I'm waiting to see how that works out. I seem to recall a Chinese proverb about disturbing a scholar amongst his books and having your empire fall down as a result.

[Our 'President' Harper (he ignores parliament) is one reason why Canadians are less optimistic currently. Slipping backwards big time.]

In the meantime a research group has made a new kind of laser never known before. The same kind of thing happens every day while the media focuses on spreading darkness at the speed of light.

[Well, the universe IS dominated by Dark Matter. Guess we're just trying to conform.]

On a historical irony note, the sight of a Cameron condemning the death of a British soldier is quite bemusing to those who know the history of the family. Times must be changing again.

[You mean English methinks. 'British' refers to the inhabitants of Britain, which includes Wales and Scotland. Be that as it may, yes, the Cameron Clan fought the English till Culloden. Then we wound up fighting for the British Empire, often being used as shock troops. The times be always a changing.]

Harryhausen is a hard act to follow sometimes we're lucky enough to be around when the innovators are alive. Few films have the impact of those that he worked on.

[I have the horrible suspicion some kids watch a Harryhausen film today and think "The CGI sucks." But back in the day, as little kid, I was stunned by the documentary-like realism of his early B&W films when I saw them for the first time on TV. "First Men in the Moon" was the first Harryhausen film I saw in theatre release. Still one of my favourites.]

Earl Kemp is at it again with fascinating insights and a couple of book reviews on the Amazing saga of Shaver, Palmer and others in the early constellation of starry-eyed purveyors of awesome BS.

[I assume you are talking about his weekly column "The Clubhouse" appearing on "Fannish Fridays" in the online Amazing Stories Magazine. I never miss it. Likewise Steve Fanhestalk's articles, and my own. Yep. Editor Steve Davidson invited me to contribute. Have done nine articles to date.

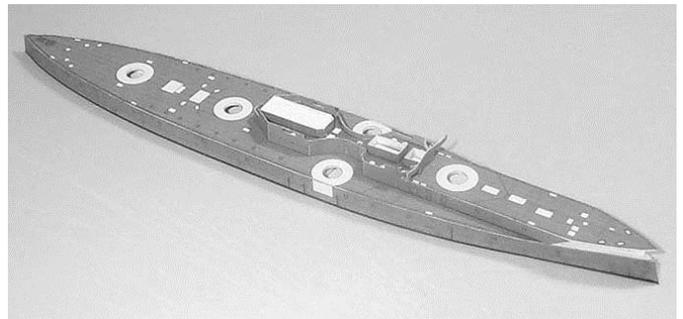
My purpose in writing for Amazing is simply to entertain albeit with the mild hidden agenda of promoting traditional fandom. No negativity or

controversy allowed. That I reserve for occasional display in Space Cadet, FAPA & eAPA.

Check out the myriad fascinating columns (or 'blog posts', but I refuse to use such terms) appearing in Amazing Stories daily, and especially the articles on "Fannish Fridays," at:

< <http://amazingstoriesmag.com/> >]

I'm building paper ship models off and on, ran into a treasure trove at Digital Navy on line. Someday I may actually capture a few pictures of my own efforts. Attached are a couple of the Dreadnoughts.



When somebody pointed out that this had obsoleted the rest of the British Navy, Fisher was stunned. Up until that moment he had been thrilled with it, now he had to scrap his whole fleet.



[I doubt I would have the patience to carefully cut out the individual pieces from the templates provided. Nor the skill to ensure accurate cuts. Partly because of my eyes. Partly because of my less than perfect coordination. The finished product properly done does look nifty though.

When it comes to GHQ miniatures, be they ships or tanks, I often throw away the more fiddly bits since I'm not physically capable of assembling them. Doesn't diminish my delight in the completed

miniatures. For what I CAN do, the finished product is pleasing enough to my eyes.

Speaking of paper models, at the recent IPMS annual model contest in Burnaby I noticed a paper model of the 'Kubus,' a homemade armoured car constructed from a 3-ton Chevrolet model 157 truck featuring a double-layer of armour plate, a Soviet 7.62 machine gun and a flamethrower in a revolving turret. It was built and deployed by the Polish Resistance during the Warsaw uprising. Amazingly enough it still exists and is on display in Warsaw. A more obscure subject for a paper model can scarcely be imagined.]

My miniature fleet is all spacecraft, some of them are as difficult to paint as naval ships but most are a lot more streamlined. I have also been known to make my own from odd parts from the bits box. I ran into a Brit internet site that does miniature wars inside space ships using various mini troops. There are templates from printing up your own ship interiors for squabbling in. A search for Starship Marine should find it.

[Sounds like fun, but my GHQ miniatures, Airfix toy soldiers and a few box games mostly involving Cthulhu will fill my retirement years quite nicely as far as gaming goes. All solitary play too. That way I can play for an hour or two then put it aside for a few days till I feel like playing again. The trick is to convince my cats to stay off my desk while the games are set up. No easy task.]

I also found Godwin two volume set "an enquiry concerning Political Justice". As I recall he had revised his first version as it was far too inflammatory to get any positive attention...
GRIN

[My concern for 'political justice' has aged into *"Everything is going to hell in a hand basket. Screw it. I'm just going to enjoy whatever time remains to me."* And to think I used to be a news junkie!

Actually, come to think of it, I still am, but of past events. Am about to start reading the book "There Once Was A Country" by Chinua Achebe about the short-lived (1967-1970) nation of Biafra. Does everyone remember Biafra? I do. Still can't get some of the horrific newsreel footage out of my mind.

Mind you, I AM reading a book about the current civil war in Syria, but mainly because I want to understand the background which led up to it. As usual with this kind of civil war, it is portrayed in the Western Press as democratic rebellion against a dictatorship, part of the 'Arab Spring.' Well, sort of. In fact it is a particularly vicious form of tribalism. The number of people killed and driven into exile probably suits the ruling Alawi minority sect just fine, makes them less of a minority you see.

Hmmm... Hard to tell from the above I have successfully weaned myself from a diet of current affairs, but I have... pretty much... almost.]

Project Gutenberg is putting up various Dumas tales of the Revolution in the last few weeks. I always liked his books and he was prolific though most only know his popular titles that were movified.

[Never actually read any of Dumas. Project Gutenberg is a good thing, but I can't stand reading lengthy fiction off a computer screen. Hurts my eyes. Someday I might try reading something by Dumas out of the new library a block away, assuming they carry him. Don't know if they do.]

I just finished Touring Burroughs by Rucker. You'll have to decide for yourself about this one. It will help if you know what a Venusian Happy Cloak is.

[Hmmm, if memory serves... Ahh, well, it doesn't. I have five of Burroughs' Venus series (complete set?) but haven't read them since the sixties. I vaguely remember jungle, lots and lots of jungle. And monsters. Pirates. Scantly clad Princesses. Flying machines. Swordplay. Basically Barsoom with a rain forest climate. Don't remember Venusian Happy Cloaks, but knowing Burroughs, probably a much sought after elite item motivating the plot for at least a chapter or two. I'm guessing.

Burroughs may not have been a great writer, but he was one of the greatest day dreamers of all time and in his day immensely popular, for he caught the imagination of the public like few authors before or since. I'm pretty sure he didn't just write, he fantasized, imagining himself to be the hero, which made it easy for his readers to do the same. The secret of his success methinks.]

If you want in on the Soylent Corporation it is being KickStartered right now. From the looks you'll have to buy your own green food colouring.

[I take it you refer to the cloned or vat-grown hamburgers recently unveiled. They taste bloody awful apparently, and the texture is all wrong. Nothing a little added chemistry can't fix.

Cloned human meat won't be called Soylent Green though. Bad marketing. Here in Canada it will probably be described as "Homegrown All Canadian Meat, easily digestible, low fat, and darned good for you." When pressed the food industry will probably claim "Imported Kangaroo meat. Pure meat. No insect byproducts."

The latter claim will be particularly important in light of the bread made from fly maggots the Chinese Government developed a while ago. So far not been marketed. Consumer resistance hard to overcome. Offhand, I suspect cloned human muscle will be more popular. But then, once fly maggot bread does appear, it will probably be described as "made from the finest Canadian wheat."

Point is, future foods, no matter how tasty, will be rendered palatable only by outrageous propaganda and misinformation hiding their true nature. And that's probably a good thing.]

Warm Regards Dave Haren

From: LLOYD PENNEY, May 23rd, 2013
Aurora & Faned Awards-winning Loc Hack
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2

Dear Graeme:

Space Cadet 22 is up next; I've had a busy day of writing, and I am ploughing forward into the evening to get caught up on the usual mountain of zines that come my way. Liberals on the front cover? Must be their fund-raising division...

[Even though I am intensely conservative in some ways, I am still proud to call myself a Liberal. I believe in progress, damn it.]

A Trudeau in charge of the national Liberal Party is a real time-trip, and I think, a good thing. I

think Justin is optimistic, certainly more positive than the Tories, and after our eroding human right, courtesy of our current government, I'd like to at least give Justin the chance to see what he can do. I think we need positive administration.

[Justin strikes me as a decent, humane, fun kind of guy, and liable to steer clear of the oldtime Liberal Party multi-purpose manipulators. Methinks he has enough guts to be his own man. I firmly believe, even if he turns out to be a mediocre Prime Minister, that he will turn this country around in terms of positive popular mood, something we sorely need.

Whereas Harper continues to be a cold, calculating, control freak pursuing a big business agenda. Trouble is, I'm beginning to think he's the wave of the future. Given the demographics of an inevitable worldwide population decline (Japan and Russia especially they predict), fewer and fewer vital resources available, not to mention the consequences of climate change, within fifty years the only sort of nation state liable to survive at all will be highly centralized, aggressive nations where consumerism and individual liberty will be subordinated to the greater need of the state. Fortunately I will be dead by the time this becomes the norm, or so I like to think.]

The passing of Ray Harryhausen is just another indicator of how the familiar faces of our youth are going away, and directly, how we are aging. As much as I like Ansible and File 770, the obituary lists they print are pretty depressing, but time will march on.

[All the popular film and TV stars of my childhood are dead, or nearly all. My situational awareness of popular culture has been completely eradicated. I possess only fragments and glimpses of what is current, much of which does not appeal to me. All the warm familiarity with the likes of, say, Jack Benny, is lacking. Modern 'stars' too hyped, too brash, to appeal to me. Besides, all too often people mention 'celebrities' I know absolutely nothing about. But no problem. I love reading old books, watching old movies. I am content to remain in the twentieth century. I don't feel the need to follow the latest trends, to keep track of the latest buzz, to know what's vital to be hip and cool. Relieved of a burden I am. Grateful I am.]

I'm on the Aurora ballot, too, and I am not confident of my chances of winning. I will not be going to Ottawa for the Convention this year, so I must find someone to accept for me should I win.

[Well, neither of us won Auroras, but we both won Faneds! I think that's cool.]

The FAAn Awards were given out, and I finished a distant second to Robert Lichtman. I'd need to look it up, but he's won best letterhack, I think, three or four years running now. If I recall, I got about 41 or 42 nominations for Best Letterhack, but Robert got close to three times that number.

[I maintain it is always an honour to be nominated for any award. Actually winning is just icing on the cake.]

Alyx grew up in Cumberland? My family lived there for a short time, and I think my father built a house there. My time in BC was spent in Victoria and Qualicum Beach, but the family moved from Qualicum to Cumberland while I was back in classes in Toronto.

[As a child Alyx grew up in Newfoundland (and comes up with a formidable 'newfie' accent when she's had a bit too much to drink, as she cheerfully admits and is actually rather proud of), but spent most of her teenage years in Cumberland. Her family lived in what was formerly a Royal Canadian Mounted Police station. To this day she believes the basement in that building is haunted. Even her dad didn't like going down there.]

The Star Trek Ferengis have a lot of basis in history. When the French had colonial ties in the Middle East, the Persians tried to call them Frenchies, but what they said was what they could say, Ferenghi. This word became the Farsi word for stranger. They were the comic relief in some ways, and the financial bad guys showcased against the Starfleet cash-free society. No one likes their attitudes towards women, which ensures that even though some may like them, the viewers are meant to consider them irredeemable.

[Actually, given their penchant for greed, they are repellantly human, one might say excessively

human almost to a Lovecraftian degree. Part of what makes them so entertaining.]

Re CUFF: If I recall from my own conrunning days, the hotel would usually give the convention corporation a certain number of room-nights for the convention to use in emergency or for additional use, like gopher crash-space. I am certain that when it comes to the CUFF winners, the convention could easily give the winners a couple of room-nights.

[I don't recall that ever happening at VCON the several times we hosted Convention.]

My own health right now... I am now up to two prescriptions, and I measure my blood pressure almost every day. The medication is keeping my BP down. Also, the appointments keep piling up, but my cataract surgery should now happen on June 11.

[It went well readers will be glad to know.]

It's late, and I've been writing locs all day. Tomorrow will be a busy day outside, so getting ready for it is my next task. Hugs to Alyx, and thanks to you for another issue. See you soon.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

COLOPHON

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