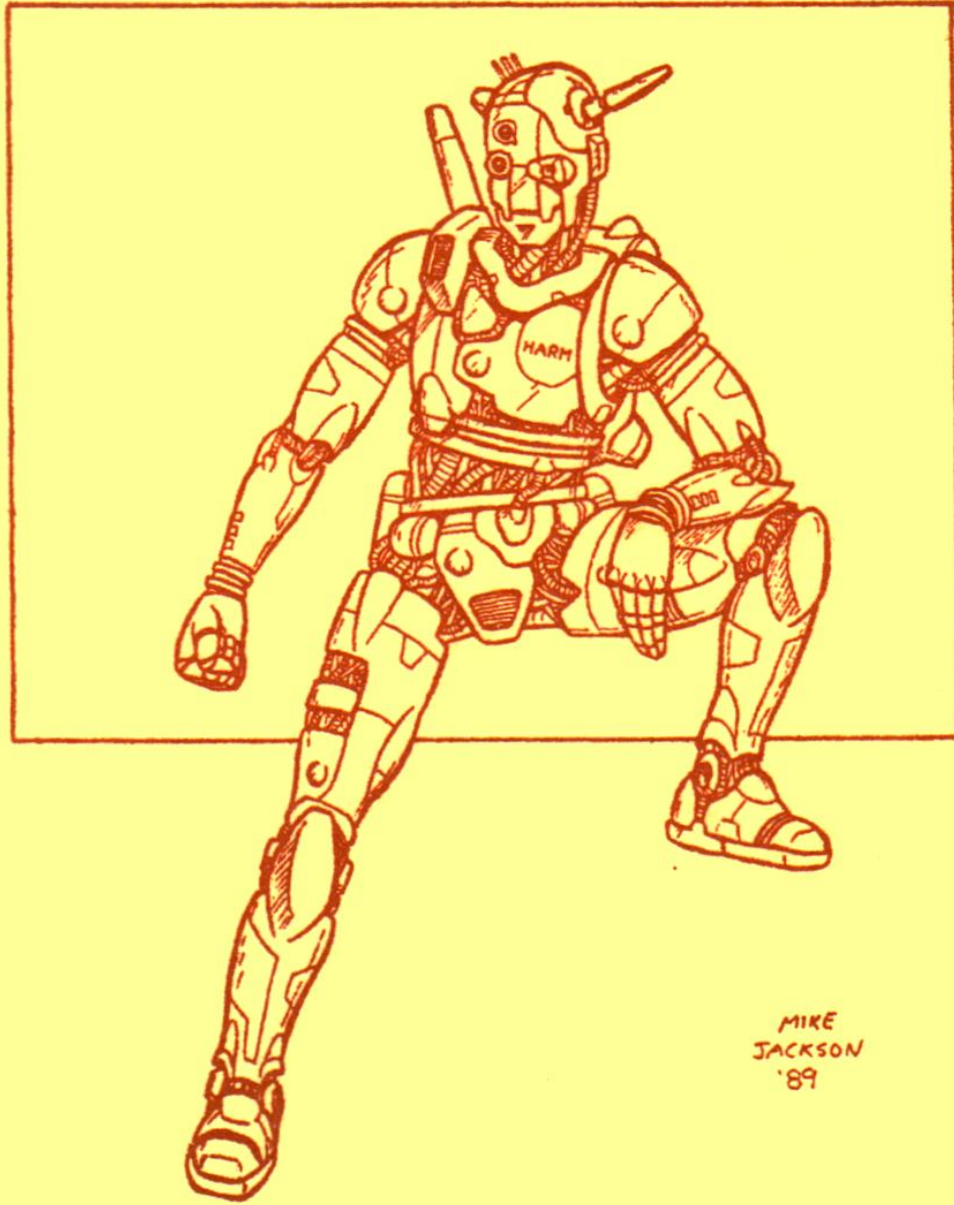


BCSFAzine



MIKE
JACKSON
'89

195

UPCOMING



Published Monthly By The
BRITISH COLUMBIA
SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 35577, Stn. E
Vancouver, B.C.
V6M 4G9

Full Membership \$15
Family (2 votes) \$18

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AUGUST 11, 18,.....P.R.E.D. EVERY FRIDAY
TIME OUT LOUNGE, Centennial Motor Hotel, 898 West Broadway, Vancouver, one block east of Oak Street, starting 8:00 PM. All fans and behemoths welcome!

AUGUST 11-13, ZERO G: A RELAXACON

Cavanaugh's Motor Inn, Moscow Idaho. GOH: John Dalmas
Fan GOH: Jon Gustafson. Membership: \$12 US to Aug 1,
then \$14. S/bed room \$32 per night. D/bed \$38. For
info write: MosCon-2, P.O. Box 8521, Moscow ID 83843

AUGUST 12, NRECK BEACH SANDCASTLE COMPETITION

Support the official BCSFA team! Team registration
9:30-10:30 AM. Judging: 1:00-1:30. Trophy & ribbons
galore! Rain or shine! Participants must get judging
form from registration. 200 foot trail from vicinity
of gate 6 on Marine road at UBC. A nude beach, but
you don't have to if you don't want to. All are
welcome, just be sure to use sun block.

AUGUST 14, (MONDAY) WRITERS' WORKSHOP

Endure the wit of Don H. DeBrandt! 7:00 PM Shadow
Gate Manor, 4336 E. Georgia St, Burnaby: 294-9092

AUGUST 19, BCSFA PICNIC

Locarno beach west of Jericho Boat club where North
West Marine Drive reaches the shore and heads west
toward Spanish Banks & UBC. (See map, page 27) BYOP,
but corn, Hibachi & cooking pots to be provided.
Beginning at noon. Look for sign & friendly people.
No dogs or open liquor. OUT OF TOWN GUESTS
ESPECIALLY WELCOME. Party afterwards at 8:00 PM (or
sooner if rained out) at Chris Bell's apt #2, 3575
west 4th ave. Info: 738-2593 (C. Bell's no)

.....
AUGUST 25TH! BCSFAZINE DEADLINE!

AUGUST 28, BCSFA WRITER'S WORKSHOP

Same location as above. Same time.

SEPTEMBER 3, BCSFAZINE COLLATION

Printing begins at noon, collation at 2:00-2:30 PM.
1129 Spruce Ave, Coquitlam, info: 936-4754.

SEPTEMBER 16, BCSFA OPEN HOUSE MINICON

Will run from 11:00 AM to 5:00 PM in the Bidwell &
Stanley rooms of the West End Community Centre at
Denman & Haro. One room for author's readings, the
other for displays re: BCSFAZINE, demonstrations,
videos of V-CONS, archives, art, etc. OPEN PUBLIC
GENERAL MEETING AT 4:30PM. FREE TO ALL. Let's
attract some new members! Loads of fun.

SEPTEMBER 24, FIRST WESTERCON MEETING

To be held at Steve Forty's house beginning 7:30 PM.
1129 Spruce Ave, Coquitlam, 936-4754.

MANY THANKS TO JULY COLLATORS

Sidney Trim, Kathleen Moore-Freeman, Doug Finnerly,
Ed Hutchings, Allan Kelly, Karen Kelly, Katie Kelly,
Steve Forty, Lisa Smedman & R. Graeme Cameron.

AUGUST 25 - Birthday Fred,
cakes by Kathleen Moore-
Freeman. Share in the fun!

AUGUST 31 - SEPTEMBER 3:
NOREASCON 3/47TH WORLD SF
CONVENTION. Sheraton Boston,
Backbay Hilton, etc. GoH: Ian
& Betty Ballantine, Andre
Norton. Write: Noreascon 3,
Box 46, MIT branch PO,
Cambridge MA, 02139 U.S.A. \$70

EDITORIAL

A MORAL LESSON FOR US ALL

- To writin thiss wight aftter freddc tu pruve thas meer ciderre hass not effecht, ho I am sim profound,like oops start agwain... Next day:
- Hmm, so much for liquid inspiration. Slightly odd BCSFAzine as I ran out of time, couldn't get certain items finished, reduced, whatever.
- My fault. Blame me, martyr that I am. Whimper.
- But, above all, Vote! All you Canadians, a Casper ballot is enclosed. Vote! Not that I want to make suggestions or anything, but please note following local talent is up for awards: William Gibson (novel), Spider Robinson (Novel & Short Story), Robert Charles Wilson (Novel), Gerry Truscott (Work in English), Fran Skene (Fan Ach Org), Steve Forty (Fan Ach) & AL Betz (Fan Ach Other). Worthy nominees all, against stiff competition. Vote for whomever, but vote! Canada's very own Hugos, as it were. Take part!
- Happy to report item in July 'LOCUS': "WA state governor Booth Gardner vetoed the provision in a state law which proposed compensating crime victims with \$ raised by an 18% sales tax on (any) books and magazines with nudity." Good. Common sense prevails.
- Meanwhile, VOTE! VOTE! VOTE! (Please?)**THE GRAEME.**



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IT'S ALL IN MY HEAD by Don H. DeGrandt

INVASION OF THE BRITISH BODY PULPERS! (Part Two)

Last month we looked at two great writers working in the horror-comic genre, Alan Moore and Neil Gaiman. this month it's Jamie Delano and Grant Morrison -- and by a strange coincidence, all four are from the U.K....not so strange when you check the editor's name on their books. Karen Berger is the editor of SWAMP THING and SANDMAN, Moore and Gaiman's titles; also HELLBLAZER and ANIMAL MAN, Delano and Morrison's comics.

DC Comics publishes all of the above, and the reason all these writers are from the U.K. is simple; DC conducts talent searches there periodically -- three to date --- and Alan Moore was one of their earlier discoveries. When you find a flawless gem of that magnitude you don't shut down the mine, you keep digging. Karen Berger has done just that, and her finds are impressive.

Jamie Delano writes HELLBLAZER, which deals with the adventures of John Constantine, a character created by Moore and originally introduced in SWAMP THING. Constantine himself is a Brit; Moore gave him a cynical, ruthless attitude, a distinctive cockney accent and a black sense of humour. Originally Constantine favoured a trenchcoat, sunglasses, spiky blonde hair -- and Sting's face, right down to the hairline. His appearance has changed since then, but Delano has kept and explored the personality Moore created, a character that manages to be very real and mysterious at the same time. Constantine's world is working-class Britain, but it's also the world of the supernatural; he's a dabbler in the occult that always gets stuck with the dirty work. The Sting reference begins to make sense after awhile; synchronicity is one of the major themes running through the book. Constantine seems doomed to forever be trapped in situations no one could maintain their sanity in -- and eventually Delano reveals that at one time Constantine was locked up in an insane asylum. He's also been a member of a Punk Rock band (Mucous Membrane), performed several exorcisms and received a blood transfusion from a demon. Sound interesting? Even though Moore created John Constantine, Delano is the one who has explored his character, and he does an incredible job of capturing the flavour of his personality: bitter, cynical, fatalistic, guilty, determined, whimsical. If you appreciate good writing, check this out.

And now we come to Grant Morrison, who is from Glasgow and is currently writing both ANIMAL MAN and THE DOOM PATROL for DC. While neither book is technically horror, both are strongly influenced by the themes and writing style Alan Moore uses. Moore turned Swamp Thing into a guardian of Earth's plant-life, an ecological superhero; Morrison's Animal Man is an animal rights activist. ANIMAL MAN is also written in a very realistic, down-to-earth way; although he has fantastic powers and deals with equally fantastic situations, Buddy (Animal Man) Baker reacts the way a real person would. He wears a jacket over his skin-tight costume so he can carry money and ID in the pockets. He has a wife who works, two kids and a house in the suburbs. When he gets in a battle with some superpowered villain who's trying to kill him, he gets scared, and when he's hurt, he bleeds.

Here's where the horror comes in. Morrison doesn't portray violence unrealistically, the way some comics do. In issue # 2, Buddy's arm gets ripped off. He goes into shock. There is a lot of blood. Now, the way he survives -- by using his animal powers to grow a new arm -- is the stuff of fantasy, but his reaction is not. "I didn't expect it to feel so weird. Bones extend with a dry, splintering sound...muscles lock into place...nerves twist into intricate tangles...I try to stand...sweating...dizzy...I want to laugh...I want to throw up...I wish it would stop. I wish it would...just...stop... The scar's gone. The one I got from my bike, when I was ten...and my fingernails...unbitten...Oh God. I just grew a new arm."

Morrison's other book, THE DOOM PATROL is a new incarnation of a comic popular in the early 60's. Morrison took over at issue #19, and proceeded to turn a standard superhero format comic into something bizarre: "I wanted to reconnect with the fundamental, radical concept of the book -- that here was a team composed of handicapped people." A man trapped in a robot body, a man and a woman fused together by a weird negative-energy being, a woman with 64 personalities, each possessing a different superpower; these are a few of the characters Morrison has to work with. As for his influences in writing the comic, he lists the films of Jan Svankmajer, Kenneth Anger's Eaux d'Artifice, Maya Deren's Meshes of the Afternoon, Douglas Hofstadter's book Godel, Escher, Bach, and When Rabbit Howls by Trudi Chase, as well as "weird little stories told to me by friends and a million other things."

This comic reads like a surrealist's nightmare. Insanity, unreality and chaos mingle freely, with the characters trying to cope with impossible situations and their own handicaps. It's wonderfully strange stuff.

So do me a favour. Go to a local comic shop, drugstore or magazine stand. Find one of the titles I've mentioned -- and buy it. Writers don't survive on egoboo alone.



Mr. Science (left, in paisley lab. coat) measures the temperature of a "hot" fusion experiment at a recent VCON committee meeting. (BCSFAZINE Staff Photo.)

MOOT; NOT ANOTHER POINTLESS AMUSEMENT by Lisa Cohen

If the first hay off the field is called the mather, what is the 2nd crop called? What land mass's name means 'opposite bear' in Greek? And if your facelift cost you an arm and a leg did you pay through the nose? (*) These questions and 1,000 more are part of a new word game called 'MOOT' that is almost on the market.

Game designer Jon Steeves, a local free-lance computer programmer is currently test-marketing (and selling) MOOT which he describes as a "hard" word game. All questions are based on the Concise Oxford Dictionary and test the player's knowledge of word etymologies, Latin & Greek roots, semantics and even cliches and proverbs.

Having played 3 games in a row at a recent FRED, I found the game to be exactly the right level of challenge for the assembled group. The questions are divided into 4 levels of difficulty but even the easiest level requires an above average knowledge of words (is not just English words). It is definitely a game for show-offs, especially the kind who read dictionaries for fun. Steeves is marketing the game mostly by word of mouth. Moot comes with 1,000 questions, score board, 12-sided dice and an attractive cigar-box carrying case. The cost is \$35.

If MOOT tickles your fancy and you'd like to try it out, you can contact Steeves at Pacific Artists Studio 683-9674, or purchase MOOT at Subtexts Books at S.F.U.

(*) Answers: 1) Aftermath 2) Antarctica 3) Yep, you bet your ass you did.

THE LIGHTHEARTED VITUPERATOR AND JOLLY REVILER

NEWSFRONT: It's the summer of **BATMAN** and can other comic book movies be far behind? (For that matter, can other Batman movies be far behind, keeping in mind that Billy Dee William's character, crusading D.A. Harvey Dent, later becomes the villainous Two-Face, thanks to a dip in an acid bath that horribly scars one side of his face?) First up, from Sam Hann, screenwriter of the **BATMAN** movie, we have an adaptation of Alan Moore's brilliant mini-series **WATCHMEN**. 21st CENTURY FILM CORPORATION (The Golan part of what used to be **GOLAN-GLOBUS** films) has begun lensing Marvel Comic's **CAPTAIN AMERICA** under director Albert Pyun, and will apparently be beginning **SPIDERMAN** in September.

While Roger Corman has been busy directing for the first time in many years (His film is the well-titled **Frankenstein** remake, **FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND**), 21st Century is hard at work challenging his reputation as the premier purveyor of Edgar Allen Poe on the screen. Besides the independently produced **THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM** mentioned last month; 21st Century has completed **BURIED ALIVE** with Robert Vaughn, Donald Pleasence, **THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER** with Oliver Reed, Donald Pleasence and Romy Windsor; and are now shooting **THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH** with Frank Stallone, Brenda Vaccaro, and Herbert Lom. (This is probably bad news for Poe fans. Among other reservations, I doubt strongly that screenwriter Michael J. Murray can top Charles Beaumont's masterpiece of decadence gone mad in **MASQUE**, which also featured photography by Nicholas Roeg and Vincent Price as the mad prince Prospero - a film which Leonard Maltin calls "the most Bergman-like of Corman's Poe films --- ultra stylish". Get it out on video if you haven't seen it.)

Also in the horror genre is the remake of **THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**, set to shoot in fall '89. Produced by a writer of the original, Jack Russo, from a script by George A. Romero, it's to be directed by Romero collaborator and special effects man, Tom Savini. (You have to ask why anyone would bother to remake this film. The original **LIVING DEAD** has already spawned three mutually exclusive sets of sequels. Romero wrote and directed two follow-ups, **DAWN OF THE DEAD** and **DAY OF THE DEAD**. **DAWN**, co-produced by Italian director Dario Argento and known in Italy as **ZOMBIE**, was followed up by the Italian **ZOMBIE II**. Finally, co-writer Jack Russo and Dan O'Bannon concocted **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**, which in turn was followed up by **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD II** ...)

Besides remakes, many new productions sport numbers. (This is quickly becoming the trend at all levels of film production.) **BASKET CASE II** proves that even directors as offbeat as Frank Renenlotter can be tempted by the lure of the long-green. **TRANCERS II** proves that someone thinks that even pictures that made no money at all the first time out can be legitimized by that all important number following the title. **ALIEN III** proves that even films that aren't sequels (Read it again, that's **ALIEN III**, not **ALIENS III**) feel more comfortable with a number, maybe it's a case of numeral envy ... my number's bigger than your number ... Even foreign films have caught this disease: Film Workshop has announced **A CHINESE GHOST STORY II**. (The original **A CHINESE GHOST STORY** borrowed heavily from **THE EVIL DEAD**. Will the sequel steal scenes from **THE EVIL DEAD II**? The mind boggles.) To round out the productions with numbers we have **BARBARIAN QUEEN II**, **CHUD II**, **GATE II**, **FUTURE FORCE II** (This one shot about the same time as **FUTURE FORCE I**, both with David Carradine), **HALLOWEEN 5**, **HOWLING 5**, **SILENT NIGHT DEADLY NIGHT III: BETTER WATCH IT** (A threat presumably.), **WIZARDS OF THE LOST KINGDOM II**, and finally **SCANNERS II: THE NEW ORDER**.

THE DECLINE OF SCIENCE FICTION III - THE FINAL CHAPTER: FAILURE OF NERVE

In his letter last issue, Joseph T. Major neatly anticipates the subject of this final column on the decline of science fiction when he states, "sometimes I feel that if it were not for Roman Numerals, modern film would be dead." He goes on to discuss novel continuations (eg: **ISAAC ASIMOV'S ROBOT CITY** by William F. Wu) and literary graverobbing (eg: **CONAN** novels). Then he ends by stating, "It is possible that this endless appetite for sequels stems from the desire to turn on the tube every week and see another adventure of whomever (the doctor, Captain Kirk, etc., etc.)."

He has a point. Sequels became popular because of the public's hunger for more stories about favorite characters, which caused writers to hop to their tune. (Conan Doyle had to find Holmes again after pushing him off

by Stan G. Hyde

Reichenbach falls; Spider Robinson had to find a way to work Callahan's into a title after nuking Callahan's Bar out of existence.)

There's nothing automatically wrong with a sequel ... but a quick glance through this month's NEWSFRONT (And yes, Virginia, I stacked the deck in my favor.) reveals movie after movie, remake and sequel, for which I perceive no howl of demand from the public. How many of us collect memorabilia from TRANCERS, or SCANNERS, or THE GATE? How many of us really want to see a remake of BURIED ALIVE (I liked Ray Milland just fine in the old one, thank you) or THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH?

These films are not being made because the public wants to see them. ISAAC ASIMOV'S ROBOT CITY is not being published because the public wants to read it. This work is being created because it is easy to sell.

What's going on here is a failure of nerve. And while some of it is the failure of nerve of the consumer, most of it is the failure of nerve of the people who distribute and merchandise these art forms -- the publishers and producers, the advertisers and creative directors, the booksellers and theatre owners.

Something else has happened too. While at one time, there were many packagers and distributors, now there are fewer. Entities that appear separate such as, for example, Berkley books and Ace books, or MGM and United Artists, are in fact part of the same conglomerate.

At one time publishing houses and movie studios were run by people who had worked their way through the business. Darryl F. Zanuck started out in the movie business writing scripts for Rin Tin Tin. Louis B. Mayer, though he was a scrap merchant, worked as a cinema distributor. These men served their apprenticeship in the movie business; they understood movies.

The production heads of the new Hollywood are graduates of Harvard Business School. They understand gimmicks ("Dolly Parton and Sylvester Stallone together -- it'll be great!"), but they do not understand stories.

(When I cornered Ben Bova a few years ago at a con to discuss his experiences in Hollywood, novelizing THX 1138, and serving as a production consultant for Woody Allen's SLEEPER, he had some bitter things to say about art by committee and Hollywood production people. While he excepted Allen, he said simply about the rest, "They can't read." If you want further confirmation about the fact that the producers in the New Hollywood are illiterate by choice, read Harlan Ellison's excellent introduction to his I, ROBOT: THE MOVIE in the November '87 ASIMOV's SF.)

There are, in fact, fewer opportunities to be original than there once were in a market which finds it easier to sell you more of the same.

Here's a good example. Stephen King recently netted close to 50 million dollars for four books, including the hardcover/paperback sale, a book-of-the-month club sale, and foreign rights. What does 50 million mean? It means that there is less money to spend on other writers, both in the form of advances and, more importantly, in the form of book promotion. Stephen King is a genre all by himself, so the deal made good sense to Viking/NAL, but it ties up a lot of money in one creative direction.

And when you walk into the bookstores over the next four years, you can expect to be greeted by a truckload of King's books fairly frequently. Just as you can expect to be greeted with SF books by people like Carl Sagan and William Shatner, not because they are writers but because they have genre identification. Just as you can expect to see BATMAN II, and FRIDAY THE 13TH 9, and NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 6.

Because they sell. Because people who don't know how to read know that they sold before, so they can sell again.

But ultimately, the thing that one loves about art is not that it sells, nor those things about it that make it a recognizable quantity that you understand immediately when you see the cover or poster.

Art leads us by the hand into a dark place where we have not been before. We may recognise the surroundings when we get there, but we know them for the first time. In fact, we learn to see again.

There are movies that do this. There is SF that does this. But if either genre is to be an art form, it must do this thing continually.

Right now, what movies do continually is FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH and what SF does continually is the GOR series.

Are movies an art form? Is SF an art form? The jury is out my friends, and the jury isn't a senior editor or a producer, a director or a writer.

The jury is us.

ONE MOVIE FOR THE PRICE OF TWO

STREET TRASH

This film is obviously sponsored by the World Temperance League. Why else would it have a plot in which 'VIPER ROTGUT' causes those who drink it to melt and/or explode? We're talking subliminal moralizing here. Mind you, STREET TRASH isn't your usual P.T.A. night-out flick.

The hero is a young tramp named Freddie (After Freddie the free-loader of Red Skelton Fame?) He possesses extremely effective communication skills, as witness his opening comments upon entering a cheap liquor store: "P_K you! Give me a bottle of booze! Here's my dollar! Suck my d_k!" Well, I tried out this snappy dialogue on the employees of a B.C. Govt. liquor store and I regret to report that the service I subsequently received was a good deal poorer than what Freddie got in the movie. I may have to revise my opinion of him as a role model.

Freddie's nemesis is Bronson, a deranged Vietnam veteran who suffers from decidedly odd flashbacks having to do with Vietcong Vampires. Bronson commands the PLATBUSH FOOT BRIGADE, a bunch of rubbies who scrape up dimes by greasing car windshields with dirty rags, but when Bronson joins in, he tends to scrape the drivers through their windshields. Normally though, he just stabs people with his 'Flesh suppressor', a huge knife whose handle is charmingly carved from a human thigh bone. Occasionally he tries to be more inventive. Eg: one day, while beating Freddie to a pulp, Bronson becomes enraged when a rubbie accidentally urinates on him from the other side of the fence. Bronson, snarling as his wont, reaches through the fence and rips out the rubbie's manroot (to use a quaint old victorian term) by the self-same roots. Needless to say, the offending rubbie is some upset and demands it back. Bronson tosses the item to a henchman and a game of catch ensues. Slow-motion closeup shots of the engorged, disembodied manroot tumbling through the air are probably the highpoint of the film. You'll be glad to know the poor rubbie succeeds in recovering his better self and promptly flags down a grade school bus to take him to the free clinic.

Possibly -- just possibly -- you think I'm making up all this with the aid of my twisted, deranged mind. Not at all. The film is directed by Jim Munro, and it's based on an earlier short film of his (done in which film school I wonder? Probably Berkley). It's always nice to discover up-and-coming talent in the industry. Always room for fresh ideas.

Anywho, the actor Vic Noto does an excellent job of portraying Bronson as the kind of psycho you want to avoid. (Come to think of it, are there any psychos you don't want to avoid?) A quick thinker, this Vic Noto. In the midst of a delicate love scene (hardly any slapping and punching) with his gal Sarah on his sofa-throne embedded in a mound of used car parts (virtually all the characters live in a junk yard), the mosquito whine of an approaching airliner intrudes. Quick like a bunny, Vic flings up a clenched fist and shouts, "Air support!" Saved the film for the can, I tell you. No need to reshoot. I'm impressed. William 'one-shot' Beaudine would be impressed too. But it's more important that I'm impressed.

Ah, the beauteous Sarah. She's a delight, not to mention anorexiac, blue of hue (where not begrimed), and clad only in fetching filthy bra and panties. She exists only to drool and be fondled. I think her best line was, "Ya Hay Nee Hee!" One disgusted (and disgusting) co-hort dares to ask Bronson, "Why do you keep her around?" The answer is simple. "She handles all my business affairs."

As for Freddie, he's no angel. A drunken bimbo mistakes him for her restaurant-owning mafia boyfriend Nicky Duran, so naturally he leads her back to his junkyard house, constructed entirely of used tires, and has his way with her while dozens of moaning rubbies peer through the interstices (Look it up. I dares yah. Dull, really) in the tire walls. Freddie finishes unseemingly quickly, leaving the bimbo begging for more. Always the gentleman, Freddie declares, "I got mine, you get yours," and leaves. The frenzied rubbies claw apart the tires and carry her off. To what fate you may ask? Better you not know. Don't even think about it. But I'll give you a hint. The first person to find her in the morning indulges in a little necrophillia (off camera). For humour's sake you understand. Remember that STREET TRASH is a comedy. Aren't you happy Jim Munro isn't in to making horror movies?

Now, Mafioso Nicky dislikes his doorman, who let Freddie take the bimbo away. The creepoid doorman is played by James Lorinz, who turns in a brilliant imitation of actor Michael Moriarty ('Q', the movie) at his

by R. Graeme Cameron

blank-faced, off-the-wall weirdo best. Some great dialogue. When the two of them are giving statements to the police, Lorinz keeps insulting Nicky. "Just because you wear white shoes you think you're in the mafia. Some Don, the Don of douche bags, that's what you are," he says, "and some restaurateur. You put car wax on duck to save on glaze." Nicky replies the doorman is going to die. Lorinz turns to a cop, "Hey, I'm not worried, I'm in your witness protection scheme right?" The cop shakes his head. "Or is that federal...?) muses Lorinz, a worried expression in his eye. Later, when captured by Nicky, he changes his tune, "Hey, I like your duck. I eat it all the time; the night your girlfriend got raped and murdered I had a piece. I said she stinks, but I meant she stinks of ... beauty. She was a nice lady when she was alive. Let me kiss your ring." Guess how effective these lines are at inspiring mercy. Delivered well though.

To sum up: Do I recommend this film? No, I don't. Well, maybe...

PUMPKINHEAD

Do I recommend this one? YES! It's a real find! Saw it a couple of months ago hoping it was going to be wonderfully bad, but it turned out to be so good I decided it wasn't worth reviewing. But heck, I want people to see this, so I've decided to push it. I know my credibility re genuinely good films may be suspect, but I tell you this one is finely crafted, intensely atmospheric and, far from being exploitive, is nothingless than a powerful essay in Homeric justice! (And the monster is pretty nifty too!)

Still not good enough? Okay, it's directed by Stan Winston, the chap responsible for the effects in THE TERMINATOR and ALIENS. And here's the clincher, to quote effects artist John Rosengrant (from Cinefantastique Jan 1989), "It wasn't a stop-motion model, but it has that HARRYHAUSEN stop-motion look to it." Aha! You're going to rent the video! Good for you.

It opens with a fine scene of mist enshrouded forest. A fleeing man pounds on a rural cabin, but the people inside won't let him in. A small boy peeks through a curtain and sees the man being mauled by (?)

Years later the man is grown up, still lives in the cabin, has a young son of his own. They run an isolated roadside store. City slicker teens come along to ruin the land with their dirt bikes. While dad is away, the son is accidentally run over by the 'BAD' teen. In a state of panic, 'Bad' (I can't remember names) insists on leaving, while his 'good' brother insists on staying. The rest leave for their rented cabin. Dad comes along and takes his dying son away. Meanwhile Bad locks his friends in a room to prevent them from going to the police. Seems he's on parole, and this incident would finish him. The others, feeling guilty, are very much eager to inform the authorities. See what I'm hinting at? Motivation! Characterization! Something different from the slasher flicks. Bad's brother arrives and begins the long process of convincing Bad to change his mind.

While this is going on, Dad pays a visit to a certain Mrs. Haggis, who lives in perhaps the finest witch's cabin ever filmed. It's genuinely creepy, eerie and other-dead-Warren-zine in nature. She agrees to help, but warns there will be a price. (Naturally.) On her instructions, he seeks out a mist-ridden pumpkin patch. Which gourd to select? The pallid one half-buried atop a pillar of earth. It turns out to be the cranium of a shrunken, mummified creature frozen in a fetal position. Arcane ritual brings it to life and sends it on it's mission of revenge. Meanwhile Good brother has convinced Bad brother that he should go with him to the authorities and tell all. This comes just a little bit too late.

Now, in a run-of-the-mill slasher, the monster would run the teens down one by one like a remorseless, characterless machine. Not here. First, the monster exhibits an impressive sense of sardonic -- not to say evil -- humour (primarily through its actions, though it does have an intriguing smile). Secondly, while similar to most horror flicks in that the innocent die as well as the guilty, in this film the immorality of that is stressed. How? By my third point, which is one of the film's many neat twists; that every time Pumpkinhead kills, Dad witness's the violence through the monster's eyes. Suddenly revenge doesn't seem quite so justified. And so dad joins forces with the teens in an effort to bring to a halt this one-monster lynch mob. Even the monster is motivated, its cynical attitude quite justified as the film's ending reveals. Great film.

You'll notice I haven't talked much about the monster's actions, the chase scenes, etc. Don't want to spoil it for you. SEE THIS FILM!!!!

AUTHORS UPDATE by Steve Forty

TERESA FLOWRIGHT: 'Dreams of an Unseen Planet' is coming out in the fall from Tesseract Books (Press Porcepic).

WILLIAM GIBSON: Will be polishing off the third draft of 'New Rose Hotel' upon returning from Context in Edmonton (he was the guest of honour and stated that the Con was a fabulous convention).

EILEEN KERNAGHAN: Has three poems coming out in 'On Spec'. She also thought that Context was fabulous.

SALLY MCBRIDE: Had a story in the April 'F&SF' (I missed that earlier when it should have been announced) called 'Dance on a Forgotten Shore' which was co-written with A.D.Foster. It was on the preliminary ballot for a Nebula. She also has a story in 'On Spec' called 'Her Eyes as Bright as Unsheathed Swords'.

MICHAEL CONEY: 'No Place For a Sealion' is in the hands of Virginia Kidd. 'A Tomcat Called Sabrina' was finished last week (both are humorous fantasies). 'Calypso Caress' has been rejected by HARLEQUIN and is in the process of revision (following Mikes attendance at a Romance Writers workshop he was named the official mousecatcher). 'King of Scepter'd Isle' is due out next month in hardcover from N.A.L. The next project is a mystery-adventure story.

*** FLASH FROM CONTEXT *** Canadian SF writers are working toward the establishment of a professional SF writers association. Thirty writers met at CONTEXT to set in motion the SPECULATIVE WRITER'S ASSOCIATION OF CANADA (SWAC). A membership committee has been set up and a bi-monthly newsletter established. More details to come. (Flash given me by Eileen Kernaghan and Michael Skeet.)

PLEASE!!! Send me the information if you have something published, are doing a reading, etc. Many of us would like to get the chance to support you. Send info to Steve Forty c/o BCSFAZine address, OR my address (1129 Spruce Ave, Coquitlam, B.C., V3J 2P3) OR phone 936-4754.

CONTEXT REVISITED by Steve Forty

I really enjoyed Context in Edmonton. They had wonderful programming (it is the first convention I have been to where the programming rooms were packed most of the time). I especially enjoyed the play that was written in Edmonton and put on by professional actors.

The program book was excellent along with the artwork handed out to the first 150 (may have been 200) to pre-register. I liked the Dillon art.

The guests were all very accessible throughout the con, and gave a lot of time and effort to make the convention work well. The real bonus was the large number of Canadian authors. I got to meet with a lot of fans and authors due to the low turnout of local Edmontonians (larger conventions mean much less time to talk to any one person).

I thought they did everything right to make this a great con. They had good publicity and produced a quality product. The only problem was that they chose a WARM Canadian long weekend. Most locals left town, hence a low membership. How many cons get 240 pre-register, yet wind up with only 315 paid memberships? The Con paid its bills, but has not been able to reimburse the Con committee the bills they covered. BCSFA will hold an auction at the October meeting to help out, with Al Betz as auctioneer. Please donate what you can, and when you attend, be sure to bid up the prices.

CONTEXT REVIEW by Garth Spencer

Context 89 -- the literate SF convention -- was a literary and social success. Membership by Sunday night was estimated at the low or mid 300's; there was some rumour that the convention had not made back its expenses. Context was a good con, the concept is a good idea, and the convention should continue.

As well as the announced Goll's and TM, Context attracted writers from around the Northwest and from Toronto the Hood. The two-track program was marked by writing workshops, a panel on the nascent Canadian SF Author's association, and the history and renaissance (or 'naissance?') in Cdn. SF.

Parties were somewhat scattered and "intimate" in the evenings; at different times, the VirusCon, SubGenius and other parties looked like they were dying when a whole raft of people would arrive. Saturday night, in a downstairs hall, the Copper Pigs held a launch party for 'ON SPEC', the new Canadian SF magazine.

As a residence and convention centre, Lister Hall offers advantages over even Gage and Totem residences at U.B.C., and is way better than the residences at Universite Du Quebec a Chicoutimi (Boreal X). One of these days I'm going to write reviews of University residences as con sites.

TAKING THINGS OUT OF CON-TEXT by Dale Speirs

To be more specific, a thick stack of free fanzines from the publishing room, thereby enlarging my library and providing a title for this Con review. CONTEXT 89 was held during the Canada Day weekend at the Lister Hall student residence on the University Of Alberta campus, Edmonton. This con was intended for them that have read books, not the passive media fan.

The peonies in front of Lister Hall were in full bloom when I arrived. I mention this because I lived for three years in Lister Hall in the middle 1970's while working for my BSc, but never saw any flowers in bloom because I was always away on summer employment. The Lister complex has changed a bit but still is much as it was in 1978. The con rooms were generally uncrowded, and the hospitality suite was the entire pub 'The Ship'. Can't get much more room than that.

As befits a literary con, the emphasis was on the written word. The aforementioned publishing room contained a large display of fanzines, most of which were giveaways. From this room was published a daily newszine called SubText, which provided panel reports and an urgent item from Lexie Packulak on the co-ed washrooms. (They weren't co-ed when I was there, darn it all.) SubText was put together using an interesting array of desktop-publishing electronics. What impressed me the most was the con program book. Professionally printed on slick paper, it had a full-colour wrap-around cover which was also supplied separately as a numbered print. All the information that should be in a program book was in there, from biographies to sercon articles and on to mundane things like where, when, and who is/are the con. This is what program books should be like everywhere.

The dealer bourse had a few more book dealers than has been the norm at Alberta cons in the past, but the fellow selling crystals was still there. The people publishing Canada's new SF magazine 'On Spec' had a table with display copies. Apparently the first issue sold out; having bought a copy a few weeks ago in Calgary, I can see why. The appeal of ON SPEC will be in the fact that it is not a clone of American magazines, and I hope they can maintain their high Canadian standards.

Art Gohs were Leo and Dianne Dillon, who did the program book cover. The art show had a few trekkrek drawings and the usual gang of barbarians, but overall was of high quality. In particular, Robert Pasternak of Winnipeg deserves mention, as his material stood out by its originality of treatment. One of his items for sale was the original artwork he did for the cover of the November 1988 issue of Amazing, titled 'The Mental Man'. Tim Hammel likewise had original cover artwork in the show, being on the cover of ON SPEC #1.

"Aliens -- Can we trust them?" was a panel with excellent audience participation. Chairman Brad Thompson mentioned in passing that CSIS has files on four million Canadians. This really had nothing to do with the topic at hand, but it makes one wonder why we are worrying about aliens instead of our own folk. J. Brian Clarke pointed out that our space probes are sent out carrying messages that basically say we are hairy and small. There was considerable discussion over the question of whether first contact will be a shooting spree or a peaceable parley. Friendly aliens can be dangerous though, as Leslie Gadallah suggested. A friendly bear may only be playing games but it still can maim or kill you by accident.

Thompson remarked that the first alien entering Earth's atmosphere would be shot down by the military, since it would likely be a blip on the radar screen that failed to respond to 'Identify Friend Or Foe' messages. Phyllis Gotlieb disputed this, saying that any alien capable of interstellar navigation would have thought about this sort of thing and planned accordingly.

The "History and Renaissance in Canadian SF" panel kept veering off into CanLitCrit and how to be a Canadian Nationalist (just be anti-Yank). Douglas Barbour said that he read 'MONA LISA OVERDRIVE' during the Free Trade election, and considered it to be an excellent argument against Free Trade. Unlike Quebec, the rest of Canada is not insulated against cultural imperialism by language. American culture is based on the lowest common denominator. Candace Jane Dorsey commented that the Canadian SF writer tends to concentrate on the theme of the outsider. Canadians have traditionally looked outside their own borders for better things. H.A. Hargreaves mentioned that ten years ago he had great difficulty in coming up with a list of Canadian SF writers, but today there are quite a number of up-and-coming authors Canadian bred and born.

Context had two streams of programming. Panels had serious subjects, which is not to say that the sound of laughter was not heard about the rooms from time to time. Refreshingly absent were the trivia quizzes and media panels along the lines of "Is Mr. Spock impotent?" Hopefully CONTEXT will become an annual tradition. Too many guests to mention all, but the SF GoH was William Gibson, and the science GoH was Dr. Brad. Thompson.

REPORT FROM THE CHAIR OF WESTERCON 44

OR

How Two Wild and Wacky Women Toured the US on a Colt for the Sake of Fandom

OR

WE WON!

by Terry Fowler

As most of you know by now, Vancouver will host the 1991 Westercon July 4-7, 1991. This will replace the usual V-Con date of the May memorial weekend and will offer people not only the Westercon traditions they have grown to know and love, but will also introduce people to our V-Con specialities. If you were a pre-supporter or voted at Westercon 42, you will receive PR 0 1/2 which will contain the details of how to convert your membership to a full attending membership at Westercon 44. If you are neither, memberships are \$24 Canadian (\$20 US) until September 30, 1989 (postmarked). Write to Westercon 44, P.O. Box 48478, Bentall Station, Vancouver B.C., Canada, V7X 1A2.

Over the next two years, I will give my local progress report from time to time here in BCSFAzine, in addition to the usual PRs done in committee.

The story of how the Westercon was won must however be told, and is intimately tied up with the trip that Fran Skene and I made. Come with us now as we embark from Vancouver at the crack of noon on June 27, 1989.

Instead of riding my Green Dragon as planned, we took Fran's Colt, since Piggeth had developed a hitch in her getalong. We overnited in Eugene Oregon in a disgusting smelling motel that put Fran off cheap motels forever. (I confess, it was my idea; I'm not just a penny pincher, I'm poor). In Weed California a fellow parked at a stop sign didn't, and backed his motor boat into our car. The right headlight casing took the brunt of the damage, and we wasted several hours by the time the police report was made. My compulsive ruminations on how I could have avoided being hit occupied a large number of miles.

On to Santa Cruz where we crashed (NO! NO! NOT THE CAR) with Bandit and his roommates, where the hospitality was warm, the beer was cold, and everything smelled county fresh and sweet. Not only that, but Bandit agreed to work with on our bid committee, and joined us by air the next night.

The car got progressively warmer and warmer the further south we travelled, and the lack of air conditioning became apparent not too far south of San Jose. But on we soldiered. The drive was scenic and I was happy... until we hit Los Angeles at rush hour, and I had to drive cross-town and through the Santa Ana Parking Lot to Anaheim. But we got there. In one piece. Even.

On checking in, we discovered that the adjoining rooms we had requested were not available. Nice. But Thursday night was not critical for the bid party, just bloody inconvenient to have to move the next day when we did get the adjoining rooms we wanted. The rooms were segregated by Fran's decree. The rooms were brilliantly labeled the Boys' room, and the Girls' room. The boys, who were Jon Gustafson from Moscow Idaho, Bandit from Santa Cruz, William Aflick-Ashe-Low from Burnaby, and John Mansfield from Calgary, were in the double double and the girls, Fran, Delores Booker from Red Deer, and myself in the king(sized bed).

Of the Vancouver people working on the bid we had Fran, William and myself. We were joined by Jon Gustafson and Bandit. John and Delores were working on the Winnipeg in '94 Worldcon bid, and gave us a hand preparing for the parties and shared room expenses. And let me tell you folks, that the five of us on the Vancouver bid committee worked non-stop, staffing two tables all day and hosting parties all night, selling Vancouver and UBC. Jon and Bandit deserve a special word of thanks, since they had no vested interest, unlike the rest of us.

Sacramento had mounted a steamroller campaign, with t-shirts and buttons and plenty of staff. They assumed that the vote was theirs. So did some of us, but my motto was: we've not lost until the counting is done. And the count was close. Sacramento 191, Vancouver 222, 17 no preference and 2 spoiled, one for Skylab, one for Hell, and one for someone's back yard. The euphoria of having won against impossible odds mingled in with the realization that for the next two years, we will live to regret it.

Everyone else went their homeward way. Fran was continuing with me and we were heading off for Colorado Springs where I had a mundane con to attend. Why were we doing it this way? Ask Fran; key retrieval word: hairbrained idea. My own reason was quite pragmatic: that was the only way I could get to two cons for the price of one, and it was the mundane one that was funded. Other wise, I was unable to go to Westercon. I asked Fran along as a travelling companion on the spur of the moment and Fran's sense of the dramatic enlivened many a boring mile. In fact, I found that in order to cope with the endless miles (especially through the desert), I had to slow my mental speed down and make a good imitation of a space cadet.

After the end of Westercon 42, Fran and I moved to a cheaper place, and went to Disneyland, heading first of all of course to Tomorrowland and the fastest rides that we could find. It was great fun. The next leg of our trip, through the Mohave Desert in a heat wave (highs of 122 F) without air-conditioning was less than fun, so we stopped at Las Vegas to find some. Fran was navigator at that point, and had carefully consulted the travel guide for possible hotels. The pick of the list was Circus Circus. After a false start we checked in on a cancellation and went to find the world's largest buffet. It was. From the prices it is obvious that it is not the food services that pays the wages there.

Hunger and thirst sated, we decided to empirically investigate the possibilities of an intermittent schedule of positive reinforcement. In other words, we checked out the casino. In order to make the experiment last longer, I dedicated \$5.00 to the cause on the nickel one armed bandits, and happily pumped away, but soon the losses caught up with my gains. Sternly resisting the Gambler's Fallacy, at 1:30 am, we jumped into the car and "cruised the strip" regretfully abandoning the air

conditioned comfort to which we had become suddenly accustomed. By 2 am, the temperature had "cooled down" to 92 degrees F. When we left early the next day it was 110 and climbing, and neither of us wanted to know to what heights it reached.

Fran and I rapidly invented coping strategies for dealing with a heat wave in the desert in a car with no air conditioning. We had a pail of ice, and an insulated bag for drinks and lots of water. Bath towels rinsed in ice water draped over our bodies toga-fashion did wonders, as well as soaking our clothes in water at several stops. We also poured water over our heads. A good thing that the car had vinyl seats.

The bath towels served two purposes: cooling through evaporation, and protection against those parts of the body that the sun could reach through the windows. We had seen some of the alien markings sported by the unwary. I prefer an all over tan, not mottling and stripes; I'll leave that for costumes I can take off. On the other hand, I could have played the alien on Wreck beach, but alas, the time is past, and I must be contented with a plain and boring all over tan.

We were doing fine and the miles were being eaten up, and then the Colt thought it was in cowboy country instead of Utah, and commenced to buckin' and heaving'. The great Desert Demon Vaporlock had struck again! Many fossils of previous victims had been littering the edges of the roadway, with tattered hoods fluttering weakly in the wind, and the hopeless sands shifting through metallic bones.

Chauvinism is alive and well in Utah, as well as at many other service stations. I said it was a vaporlock, and the mechanic insisted on a dirty fuel filter, costing a needless \$60.00. I turned out to be right, but I will not go into the agonies of diagnosis, fixing, false starts, dashed hopes that this demon caused as Fran will be dealing with it in her forthcoming personalzine in a far more intense and dramatic manner.

After an overnight at Richfield where the vaporlock fixed itself, we proceeded without further incident into the Colorado Rockies. I have never been so happy to see green in my life! We checked in my hotel in Colorado Springs at midnight, and the workers were still installing the carpeting. Every con com's nightmare had come true: the hotel had changed hands, and had begun extensive renovations just prior to the conference which had been booked for two years. The lobby was ready for registration but some of the breakout rooms left something to be desired, like finished walls.

Fran visited a friend in LaMar, and picked me up Wednesday afternoon. We boogied because Fran wanted to make the opening of the Folk Festival Friday noon. We made it.

We had been through Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and Washington, experienced the mountain high and the desert heat, the intoxication of winning and the despair of mechanical breakdown. It was the kind of trip that was much more fun in the telling than in the experiencing. But I would do it again tomorrow if it meant that we would win another bid. That proves that I am crazy enough to be the chair, doesn't it?

FAN ART CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE: Your art appears on front cover of special 200th issue of BCSFazine, plus unlimited Egoboo.

SECOND PRIZE: Your art appears on the back cover, plus more egoboo than you can imagine.

THIRD PRIZE: Your art appears on the inside front cover, plus all the egoboo you'll ever want.

FOURTH PRIZE: Your art appears on the inside back cover, plus all the egoboo you'll ever need.

- RULES:**
- Submit rough pencil sketch on white paper, as many as you want.
 - The sketch must illustrate or symbolize SF, Fantasy, Fandom or anything appropriate to the 200th issue of BCSFazine; whatever your fervid imagination can come up with.
 - All entries will be voted upon by members present at the September BCSFA general meeting October 21st.
 - Winning sketches will be returned to the artists to be completed in black ink.
 - Enclose S.A.S.E.
 - Deadline is Oct 20th, the day before the general meeting.
 - All aspiring fan artists who enter will receive a copy of the special 200th issue of BCSFazine. (Depending on number of entrants. Budget restrictions may impose a limit)
 - Mailing address for contributions to special 200th issue is:

Gerald Boyko, Editor.
PO Box 826, Stn. A,
Vancouver, B.C., V6C 2N6

Archaeo-SF-ology By Doug Girling

Sure it looks neat, but maybe they were onto something.

When Star Trek aired in 1966, it presented the world with radically new spaceship design and a host of new technological gadgets such as the medical sensor/display panel in Sick Bay. It also presented the Star Trek properties department with an interesting problem as several companies were developing real products nearly identical to some of the props [WHIT68]. Accusations of corporate espionage and patent infringement were quelled by showing that the props were developed from the same technological trends, but were designed independantly on the time-proven and true principle of "it looks neat".

While Gene Roddenberry [WHIT68a] indicates that the Enterprise itself evolved along the same principle, the Star Trek props department may have struck it lucky again. The saucer shaped *primary hull* (the forward section of the Enterprise) was justified *post facto* by claiming that in an emergency, it could separate from the rest of the ship and make planetfall; operating as a glorified lifeboat. While perhaps inspired by *Fireball Jr.* from *Fireball XL-5*, this feature could be dismissed as part of the general techo-babble used throughout the series. Archaeo-SF-ology has discovered that there was research contemporary with the birth of the show that may have influenced the design of the *Enterprise*.

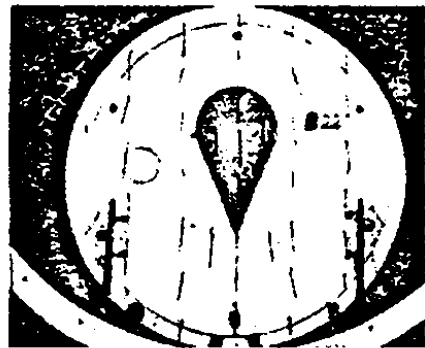


Figure 1. Lenticular Re-entry Vehicle

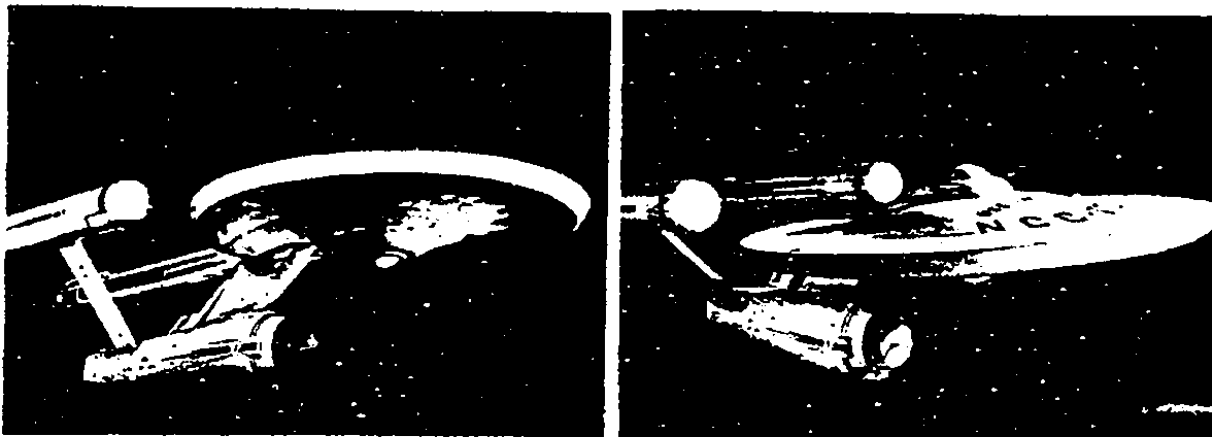


Figure 2. U.S.S. Enterprise

In the early 1960's, Fairchild Stratos [AVWK62] was designing a saucer-shaped re-entry vehicle (fig. 1) that bears a stunning resemblance to the *Enterprise* disk (fig. 2). This vehicle has a large teardrop canopy centred on the disc's top, virtually identical to the *Enterprise* bridge structure. Stabilizing fins and aerodynamic control surfaces would deploy as the saucer transitioned from hypersonic to supersonic speed. While the *Enterprise* lacks such structures, finless stability is easily possible given some power. Fins could be replaced by simply altering the direction of impulse power, like the Hawker Siddeley *Harrier*. Alternatively, the *Enterprise* disc could use its steering thrusters. A third method would be to affect the airflow around the edges of the disc as used on the Avro Canada saucer of the 1950's. (While all of this is *post-facto* rationalization, it would nonetheless, be technically feasible.

The Fairchild saucer used its broad rounded bottom as a heat shield, like the present space shuttle. It could be argued that, since the bottom of the *Enterprise* disk must withstand atmospheric entry temperatures, it would be an ideal location for the main phasers and photon torpedoes as the heat shield would also resist the inevitable "muzzle flash" from these weapons. (It also tends to justify putting the bridge in such an otherwise exposed location on top of the saucer!)

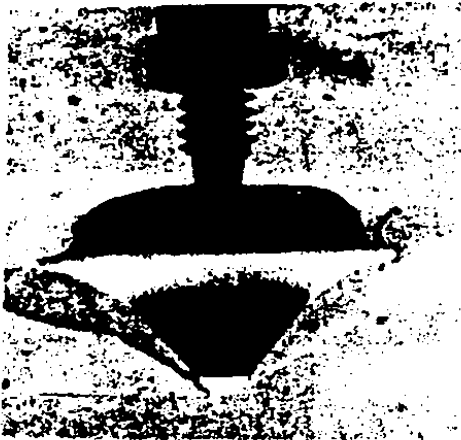


Figure 3. Tensile Aeroshell in Wind Tunnel .

The underside is, however, where the designs differ considerably. Unlike the convex underside of the Fairchild design, the *Enterprise* saucer instead is concave/conical. While the props department can't be expected to bat 100% all the time, NASA was working on a pseudo-conical re-entry vehicle (figure 3) called a *tensile aeroshell* as part of the Viking lander project [HARI66]. Such a reentry vehicle is lighter, structurally simpler, and would cost less. (We can assume "lowest bidder" contracting would still take place in the 23rd century.) While it enters an atmosphere more steeply than a convex shape like the Fairchild saucer, it is inherently stable, an advantage for a "lifeboat" where impulse power might not be functioning.

While most of the published aeroshell research is a little late for the show, Roddenberry et al had access to people in the USAF and the RAND corporation [WHIT68b], and so might have had pre-publication information on the subject. That the props department had or used this public-domain information when designing the *Enterprise* is conjectural, but is chronologically possible. Even if the *Enterprise* design is completely unrelated to the Fairchild work or the aeroshell, it is still an interesting exercise in rationalization and, after all, isn't that the basis of the world of *Star Trek*?

References:

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- WHIT68 Whitfield, Stephen E., & Roddenberry, G. *The Making of Star Trek*, Ballantine Books 1968, pp 175,176.
- WHIT68a *Ibid*, pp 79-84.
- WHIT68b *Ibid*, pp 75-77.

SPACE REPORT →

TV GUIDE: NEPTUNE EDITION

On August 25th Voyager 2 will make its closest approach to the planet Neptune, five hours later it will fly past Neptune's large moon Triton. If you're interested there's a good chance that you can see it "live". NASA runs its own satellite "super station", called NASA Select, which covers space shuttle launches, planetary flybys, and anything else to which NASA wants to draw attention.

Voyager broadcasts will start on August 21st and run through August 29th from 6:00 AM to 8:00 PM each day, with the exception of a continuous broadcast from 6:00 AM August 24th to 8:00 PM August 25th.

I sometimes think that JPL is the only part of NASA that understands public relations. They just go out and do things and invite you to look over their shoulder. Most of the broadcast will consist of pictures growing line by line on your screen as they come in. You'll see the stuff as soon as the people at JPL do. This will be interrupted each hour by five minute interviews with various scientists to explain some of the things in the pictures (if they can), and the daily 10:00 AM press conference.

The first problem in watching this show is finding it. If you have a satellite dish it's "GE F2R Satcom". It's up there, you just have to find it, good luck. If you're on cable it's a matter of chance whether your local cable system will carry it. The stuff is up there, it's free, so it's just a matter of your local cable company deciding to receive it and send it down the line to you. It's not too late to try some lobbying, your cable company may not have decided yet. As of this writing the Vancouver cable systems haven't decided whether to carry it, they're being lobbied by the planetarium and the Vancouver Astronomy club. For later information contact the planetarium. If the Vancouver cable companies don't carry the flyby you can watch it at the Southam observatory beside the planetarium.

For out-of-towners, and those who don't like to make phone calls, first try the community channels, then channels reserved for future services (in Vancouver these start at channel 40 and go up). During the Uranus flyby in 1986 Vancouver cable had no active channels above channel 30 but the flyby was shown on channel 33, so check every channel you can.

If your local cable system isn't carrying it, try universities or planetariums or astronomy clubs or anyone else whomight be interested in the flyby.

If you're taping the flyby, the one thing you'll be sure to record (or watch if you are at home) is the 10:00 AM daily press conference. This is where all the results are reported and, where possible, explained. The format is simple; first comes a report on the health of the probe, then spokesmen for the various science teams (optical science, fields and particles, etc.) give presentations. This is called "instant science" and, like instant coffee, isn't considered very good. If you're a scientist and you get a new piece of data, what you really want to do is spend six months comparing it to all other data, checking the various theories and maybe perform experiments before announcing your findings. Instead, an hour or two later you're trying to explain it on live television. This is followed by the question period which can be very interesting. The journalists in the audience will vary from people from major astronomy magazines, who know as much or more as the Voyager science team, to reporters who don't understand any of this stuff, don't care, and are annoyed with their editors for giving them this "stupid" assignment. During the Uranus flyby Sam Donaldson (yes, that Sam Donaldson) asked why there were no pictures of Uranus' s satellite Oberon being shown. Why the "news blackout" on Oberon he asked. He didn't like the answer. Voyager 2's trajectory didn't take it anywhere near Oberon, so the pictures weren't very good and there was nothing interesting on them. The next day JPL showed their best picture of Oberon "for Sam Donaldson"; it looked dull, like a small version of Earth's moon. Then they went back to the interesting stuff.

by Sidney Trim

Things to watch for. Very little is known about Neptune. In the telescope it's a small blue-green object with two moons that emits twice as much heat as it receives from the sun. Neptune is blue-green because it has a lot of methane in it's atmosphere, and methane absorbs red light leaving only blue and green light to be reflected. Clouds in recent Voyager photographs appear to be white, at least in relation to the rest of the atmosphere, indicating that they are at a high enough altitude to be above most of the methane. So, unlike Uranus, Neptune won't look like a giant ping pong ball.

Timing the cloud movements across the face of Neptune shows that the atmosphere rotates once every 17.7 hours (approx). The planet itself may rotate significantly slower or faster since winds may blow the clouds faster or slower than the planet rotates. Since Neptune's magnetic field, if any, will rotate at the same speed as the planet's core, by measuring the magnetic field Voyager will allow us to tell how fast the planet itself rotates.

One of the big questions about Neptune is does it have a system of rings? When the voyagers were launched a major question was "Why does Saturn have rings?" Now that we know both Jupiter and Uranus have rings, if Neptune doesn't the question will be "Why not?" An occultation is a planet passing between the earth and something else, like a spaceprobe or a star. When a planet passes in front of a bright star (it happens more rarely than you'd think), the brightness of the star is monitored, and by measuring how long the planet blocks the star you get a measure of its diameter. This has been done several times to Neptune and in a few cases the starlight dimmed and brightened several times before and after the planet blocked it, which is what you would expect to happen if the planet has rings. However, most of the time this didn't happen, so there is still argument over whether Neptune has rings. If it has, perhaps they are only partial rings with huge gaps in them, or perhaps the rings are in a polar orbit. The search for Neptune's rings may, or may not, be one of the most interesting events of this flyby.

Five and one half hours after it flies by Neptune, Voyager 2 will pass Neptune's large moon, Triton. This moon is bigger than the planet Mercury and orbits Neptune backwards at a weird angle! Due to its strange orbit it's believed to have been captured by Neptune. In Voyager pictures Triton appears orange. Spectroscopic analysis has detected the presence of methane ice on Triton's surface, and considering the temperature, there is probably methane in the atmosphere. An unfortunate possibility is that radiation will have caused this methane to form organic material in the atmosphere, a chemical smog which blocks views of the surface. Some studies also point to the existence of nitrogen on Triton. This could be very interesting since some theories say conditions on Triton could be at Nitrogen's "triple-point" meaning nitrogen could exist as a gas, a liquid, and a solid. So we might see Nitrogen clouds dropping nitrogen rain into nitrogen lakes which lap against shores covered with nitrogen snow. Or maybe not.

Neptune's other moon Nereid is in an eccentric orbit around the planet and Voyager won't get anywhere near it. Not much is known about Nereid, its size and shape are guesswork. It's presumed to be an asteroid captured by Neptune's gravity.

Neptune is currently the outermost planet in the solar system (Pluto's orbit has carried it inside Neptune's for the time being) so when Voyager 2 leaves it will be heading off into interstellar space where it is expected to last billions of years. Carl Sagan has suggested targeting the voyagers, and their famous records, at other solar systems. Such voyages would take millions of years, so Voyager 2's journey may merely be beginning.

PUBLISHING NOTE: WILLIAM SHATNER, alter ego of James Tiberius Kirk, has a novel coming out in October. According to FOSFAX, "TEKWAR" (Ace- Putnam \$18.95) can be described as a cyberpunk novel! Amazing.

NIBBLES by John Mullock

SHADOW GAMES: by Glen Cook, Tor Books, 1989; 311 pages, \$4.95

During the mid-80's, Glen Cook wrote "The Chronicles of the Black Company", a trilogy that detailed the adventures of a group of mercenaries. I found it pretty decent as fantasy goes (see BCSFazine #177) and recall hoping to see more in this series. Almost five years later my wish has been granted. The black company is back and in what I suspect will be another trilogy.

Shadow Games opens exactly where the previous trilogy left off. The company has split up and the remaining members, including the now powerless lady, decide to march to the south in an effort to find the semi-mythical city of their origin, Khatovar. By following the exact route the company took going north, Croaker also hopes to recover some of the lost annals and learn more of their history. Despite the hazards of the march, they had begun to regain their strength and even to recruit new members when they reached Taglios and are offered their first contract. It seems that Taglios is about to be invaded by the armies of the Shadowmasters and desperately need someone to mold their citizen army into something with a chance of surviving. It is to be a bitter lesson for the company as they are destined to find out how defeat can be snatched from the jaws of victory.

This novel really only sets the scene for the major test to come. Still, when Glen Cook puts his mind to it he can weave a pretty good story and this is no exception. Most of the main characters of the old series are back and just as crusty as ever. The plot is fairly standard stuff with a few new twists thrown in, but it is written well enough to satisfy most readers. If you liked the first series, you'll enjoy this book. There is one thing you will not enjoy, the cliffhanger ending and having the wait to the next book to see what happens.

PRINCE OF MERCENARIES: by Jerry Pournelle, Baen Books, 1989; 338 pages, \$4.95

Military science fiction frequently revolves around some form of mercenary group led by some hard-bodied, steely-eyed leader. All too often the combination has been eminently forgettable. Still a few have been able to cross that boundary where you begin to actually care about what happens to them. Two good examples of this are Dickson's Dorsai warriors and Drake's Hammer's Slammers. Years ago Jerry Pournelle wrote about John Christian Falkenberg in MERCENARY and WEST OF HONOR and managed to join that elevated rank where the stories were more than just blood and guts.

A rebellion is underway on the planet Tanith. The new Governor had begun to make changes in the social structure, including ending the practice of slavery and lifetime indentured service, when the planters, who benefited most from this system, rebelled. Their main bargaining tool was to withhold their crops of Borshite, source of the tranquillizer Borloi, and threaten to destroy it if the Governor didn't agree to their demands. The effect of this action was wider than the planters expected. Admiral Letmontov of the CoDominium fleet had a grand plan. He could see the end of Earth's CoDominium empire coming and had for years been trying to make Earth's colonies as self-sufficient as possible. This required money and most of his discretionary spending came from the sale of this drug. Now with his plan threatened, he dispatches Falkenberg's legion to end the threat with minimum bloodshed.

This book is not typical of the writing of Jerry Pournelle. The story can only be described as routine with adequate but not particularly memorable character development or plotline. The biggest failure though is the lack of an emotional focus. Previous Falkenberg stories had their moments of brutality, but there was always the hope that good might flourish from the evil done. Prince Of Mercenaries offers the grand scheme as the good, but its sheer size and scope robs it of any impact. With nothing to focus the reader's emotions on, this book fails to rise above the pack of average stories.

BOOKENDS by Dan Davidson

WHEN GRAVITY FAILS: by George Alec Efflinger, Bantam Books, 276 pages, \$4.95

You get a title like that in a book that is obviously being marketed as science fiction (and came second on the most recent Hugo balloting) and you figure you know what it must be about. It'll be what they call a 'hard' SF novel involving nuclear physics on a micro and macro level. Somehow gravity has been cancelled....NOPE! Forget it. That ain't it at all.

There's a definite clue in the source of the title. It's from Dylan's "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues": "and your gravity falls and negativity don't pull you through". Couple that with an extract from Raymond Chandler's "The Simple Art Of Murder", the essay in which the author gave the basic character sketch outline for every streetwise private eye since his own Marlowe, and you suddenly realize that your first impressions were faulty.

Meet Marid Audran, the somewhat lapsed Muslim hero of the story. He lives in Budayeen, a basically Arab community set sometime in the not too distant future when the superpowers have fallen apart and global politics have become much more complicated. Audran has no interest in the global situation. He lives in the mean streets of his city, working the scams and dodges that it takes to make a living. He is an investigator/negotiator/-knight-errant for hire. He is an introvert who makes people think he is an extrovert, and a pill popper who gets his cool from capsules while refusing to have his head wired for chips because he values his individuality. Go figure.

Audran's world is a bit like that of the Cyberpunk writers. People have implants which allow them to download information or personalities, or they have body surgery which enables them to be whatever they want. Most of the people in this novel are sexchanges, including Audran's girlfriend, Yasmin. Audran's world is full of bars, streetcorners, organized crime, murder and betrayal. The bodycount is quite high.

It is Nikki, another streetgirl, who got Audran into the business of this story. By then his Russian client had already been shot by a man whose programming modification (moddy) gave him the skills and mental profile of James Bond. Audran didn't know there was any connection between the two cases, but that would be made clear with time, after "Bond" had changed moddies to become the slasherkiller Khan, after the godfather of Budayeen had hired Audran to find out why his streets weren't safe for his people any more, after Audran was finally forced to get wired in order to match his mystery opponent's edge.

What I've been describing here is a book that should appeal to both science fiction and mystery fans. It has the down at the heels ambience of Chandler and the future shock appeal of the best SF. Small wonder it did so well at the Hugo voting last year.

WATCHERS: by Dean R. Koontz, Berkley Books, 483 pages, \$6.50

Each Koontz book that I read seems a little bit different from the one before. His work is marketed fairly uniformly as horror/thriller and someone seems to have decided that his books should have short, enigmatic titles. In the present case, this one tells us little or nothing about the book.

WATCHERS is about Einstein, a laboratory bred superdog, and his humans Travis and Nora. It is about Vince, a hired killer who believes he can absorb life force from his victims. And it is about the Outsider, the darker side of the experiment that produced Einstein. This apelike superkiller is everything that Einstein is not, including hideous. It knows its condition and it can only think of a fitting revenge in terms which include Einstein's death.

Thus Travis, who found Einstein in the wilds after his escape from the lab, and Nora, whom the dog saved from a rapist, have to run from both the government agents who want to find the dog and from the beast which is mentally linked to its lab brother. The chase takes up a year and makes an interesting story.

KILLER ZINE REVIEWS & UNASKED OPINIONS

PULSAR July 89. Box 4602, Portland, OR 97208, U.S.A. Thin little club newsletter from the home of OryCon, but servicable. They even have John Lorentz' writer's column.

DASPAX #21:6&7 June & July 89. Mary Heller Ed. 153 west Ellsworth, Denver, CO 80223, U.S.A. I first heard of DASPAX back when the former editor, Don Thompson, was trying to start a Rocky Mountain Fan Federation. DASPAX is a half-size (like BCSFAzine) typed & photocopied clubzine; some interesting contents. It could use some layout ideas. Fanzine reviews.

SGLODION 1: from Dave Langford, 94 London Rd., Reading, Berks. RG1 5AU England. Dave's new zine since ANSIBLE passed away (what?), due to a surfeit of conspiracy 87 material (speak up) and an overburden of proliferating rumour (can't understand a word). Dave still delivers a boatload of entertaining fan news, in the inimitable Langford fanwriting style (BLOODY YOUNGER GENERATION, GOT NO MANNERS), concluding as always with Hazel Langford's language lessons ("One Woman + Two Woman = Adultery/Chinese ideograms). Almost entirely free of typos. Now this is real fanpubbing.

PILE 770:80 Mike Glycer Ed., 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, U.S.A. The Hugo block voting issue (#2). The newzine and viewzine. First with the worst.

PIRATE JENNY #3 Summer 1989, Pat Mueller Ed., 618 Westridge, Duncanville, TX 75116, U.S.A. More fanzine than fannishly possible. Fan-articles, reviews, locs, an op/ed piece on manners from Edw. A. Graham Jr., & fillos; all this & desktop publishing too -- it's all here folks!

CUTE CAT STORIES #1 Another in the unending series of new titles from Harry Andrusschak, P.O. Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309, U.S.A. Harry may be the only fan still using ditto (since I stopped). Harry's slices of life, interlarded with slices of fandom. + CUTE CAT STORIES #2, and more space/fan stufh. + A CHECKLIST OF MY CURRENT COMPACT DISKS, mostly natural mood music taped in the wild outdoors. Yours for \$. Write today!

GRAND CANYON MEMORIES also from Harry Andrusschak. Harry's diary, Puddy's spaying, Grand Canyon river rafting and fanzine reviews.

AIRGLOW #7 T.L. Bohman, Box 14, East Thetford, VT 05043-0014, U.S.A. Food, weird drivers, astronomical anniversaries, locs, zine reviews, norther lights, "Did your ditto taste fresh?", an unexplained obsession with calendars of all things, and Vermont diary stufh. Like every good perzine, what makes this copy interesting is that it's written from a fannish perspective: Thurberesque, imaginative, just a bit cockeyed. Somewhere, Stephen Leacock is smiling.

ANVIL #49 c/o Charlotte Proctor, 8325 7th Ave., S. Birmingham AL 35026 U.S.A. Charlotte on ANVIL stufh, Buck coulson on fannish doubles (same names, that is), various little fanarticles, zine reviews & locs. Like every good classic genzine, what makes this copy interesting is that it's written from a fannish perspective ... wait a minute, I've heard this story before somewhere ...

THE KLONDIKE SUN (newspaper) & THE DAWSON CLAIM 4:8&9 May/June 1989, from Dan & Betty Davidson, Bag 4020, Dawson City, YukonY0B 1G0. Like AIRGLOW with photocopied clippings.

DELINEATOR #7 July 89, the last issue; from Alan White, 455 E. 7th St. #4, San Jacinto, CA 92383, U.S.A. One of the biggest, slickest, and most infrequent American perzine/genzines. Alan's approach to fanhistory is to recount all the cons he's been to and names he's partied with, plus interviewing (comprehensively) someone like Forrest J. Ackerman (this issue). Interesting approach. Lots of photos & art, Rampant Nuns & otherwise. Alan will be folding DELINEATOR due to: a) humongous cost, b) he had really intended another kind of zine altogether, but got not quite the response/contributions he wanted. (A familiar story...)

DE PROFUNDIS #209&210 June & July 1989. c/o LASPS, 11513 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood, CA 91601, U.S.A. I think we would see the value of this newsletter better if a) the layout drew the eye into the text, rather than repelled it, b) the text wasn't so photo-reduced, making it almost unreadable. When you make the effort, you discover the minutes are pretty funny.

POSPAX #140&141 June & July 1989. c/o POSFA, P.O. Box 37281 Louisville KY 40233-7281, U.S.A. What happens when clubzines become genzines, like ANVIL. Like ANVIL, something about the contents overcomes the gross photo-reduction of the contents (or else my eyes are adapted). Meaty fanarticles, reviews & lots of locs. In the June issue: Dale Speirs shows up again. Is he staking out an empire or something? (Mind you, Calgary...)

IPWA CROSSTIME JOURNAL #1:3 July 89, from the Imaginative Fiction Writer's Association, P.O. Box 46034, 1233 - 9th Ave. SE, Calgary, AB T2G 5H7. Promising writer's newsletter. I could do with more market news, if I were a member.

by Garth Spencer

THE MAD 3 PARTY #35 June 89. Noreascon 3, Box 46, M.I.T. Branch P.O. Cambridge, MA 02139, U.S.A. More organization than fannishly conceivable. Not much copy about the recent Hugo ballot affair.

MLR #12 Michael Skeet still Ed., 217 Beverley St#2, Toronto, Ont. M5T 1Z4. The Context '89 special edition, hand-delivered thereat. With cryptic Casper ballot scandal, Casper nominees, Conreports, snippets of regional Canadian fan news & a reprint of all them reviews Mike did for the Caspers this year. You paying attention to this? Also: a strange anthropology report on fandom by Hugh Spencer (??); locs; the current CSPPA constitution and a Casper ballot. You got yours in yet?

TRANSMISSIONS #283/284 "Nova Odysseus", P.O. Box 1534 Panama City, FL 32402-1534 U.S.A. A 14" sheet folded once, and they still manage to get cartoons into it. Now this is an ensmalled clubzine.

OASIS EVENT HORIZON #26 July 89, mostly OASIS reports and reviews. P.O. Box 616469, Orlando FL 32861-6469, U.S.A.

OTTAWA SP STATEMENT #144, June 89, Box 6636, Stn. J, Ottawa ON K2A 3Y7 Same as it ever was. Same as it ever was. Same as it ever was. Same as it e

PROBE #75 Feb 88 (??) from SP South Africa, P.O. Box 2538, Primrose 1416, South Africa. Tell me something: is there anything politically incorrect about getting zines from South Africa? As far as I can tell, the only differences between PROBE and, say, DATAPHILE are a) the strong leaning toward fan fiction, b) the better reproduction, c) the fact that they can't single-space on their typewriter. they send this to me under the impression that I trade and regularly contribute. Have to live up to that at some point, won't I.

ROBOTS & ROADRUNNERS IV:2 Whenever that was, c/o Ursa Major, P.O. Box 691448, San Antonio TX 78269-1448 U.S.A. Another newsletter with ambitions. The best thing in this issue is "The Iran-Contra-Illuminati-Pearlygate Scandal" satire. The next best things are the loccol and the zine reviews. Not the best things are fanfiction or fillos.

THE ROGUE RAVEN Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave. SW, Seattle WA 98166 U.S.A. Perhaps the mildest, most Thurberesque perzine in this pile.

SPINTRIAN #3, June 89, 2617 Argyle St., Regina SK S4S 0K2. Interview, fanfiction, poetry, critical article, & fanarticles. This is a hell of a lot better than the fanzines we put out when I was a Neo. The interview is with Gene Wolfe, no less. The critical article by Kevin Kohan is on language themes in SF; I didn't know any of those themes and I studied linguistics. Heck, I didn't even know anyone in Regina could spell "language". Suddenly I feel old.

MINOSA #546 Produced before & after moving by Dick & Nicki Lynch, P.O. Box 1270, Germantown, MD 20874-0998, U.S.A. Lovely mimeo'd classic genzine. tres Fannish. Even got fanhistory.

FROM SCRATCH #1 From Nigel W. Rowe, 1/4 Mawson Ave. Torbay, Auckland 10, Aotearoa/New Zealand. A half-size perzine full of diary-like New Zealandish fanac. Good start.

ZINKIEZINE #2 Lucy Zinkiewicz, 2 Tillbush Close, Hoppers Crossing, Vict. 3030, Australia. I last heard of Lucy three or four years ago, when I was editing THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARTH; this is an illustration of the principle of Karma in fannish affairs. Not a bad first or second perzine. May be going places. Personal, fannish & con stuph.

DATAPHILE #10:4 c/o the SPFC Associated Students, Western Washington University, Bellingham, WA 98225, U.S.A. Well, BCSFA got the whole issue, I just got one ripped-out page. What would happen if BCSFAzine had an identity crisis and decided it was really a fictionzine. Can DATAPHILE be cured? I hope not, it's rather fun.

CRITICAL WAVE #10 Ed address: 33 Scott road, Olton, Solihull, B92 7LQ England. Production address: 121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley, B66 4SH, England. (There are 3 different subscription addresses, in the U.K., the U.S.A., and in Australia) More copy than you can believe about British SP & SP publishing & fandom & locs & oh wow, man. They've even got my change of address, & a Harry Warner Jr. loc. Couldn't we do with something like this?

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DEBBIE DOES BIRTHDAYS by D. Miyashita

DATELINE: What with renovations & possible policy changes at the TIME OUT LOUNGE, BCSFA may seek out a larger, better ventilated home ... Our Hero Constantine offers to chair V-Con 19 (and committee drops dead from shock -- is this man a God or a practicing masochist in a damn good disguise???) ... BCSFA picnic looks for a new, exciting slant to liven up the yearly gathering. Did I hear talk of a Marathon Tiddlywinks tourney? A sand flea race? Any better ideas, send to Frances or kathleen a.s.a.p.

CONTEXT? In a word? Quiet! Well organized, literary, great barbecue Saturday evening with b-r-i-e-f speeches and funny non-presentations by Steve Fahnstak. (sp?) (He even pronounced my name right at the art auction -- no, not Debbie, you sillies, Miyashita. I should at least have the courtesy to spell his correctly. But laziness prevails and I'll take a stab at it.) Security was so well organized it was invisible. Panels were all right and were salvaged in a large part by the entertaining ways of our own Bill Gibson who clued us into the Hollywood scene including the requisite skill of 'doing lunch' in order to get ahead. Beefs? The rooms were small (smaller than Totem), hot & noisy. (U. of A. is on the municipal airport's flight path, need I say more...)

And now for the moment you've all been waiting for? (to quote Ed Sullivan). The AUGUST birthdays.....YEAH!!!!!!

- 3 - Frank Skinner
- 4 - Katie Kelly ('80)
- 12 - Shelley Gordy
- 16 - Bernie Klassen
- 17 - Vaughn Fraser
- 19 - Kit Stewart
- 22 - Bill 'Corky' Owen (Bellinghamster)
- 24 - Jackie Wilson, Dave New
- 28 - Pranita Robertson
- 30 - Howard Cherniak

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LOCS FROM BEYOND

From: CAROL HAMILL
1929 - 109th Ave, Dawson Creek,
B.C. V1G 2V8

Dear Underappreciated Editor:

Enclosed is \$12 which I hope is sufficient to pay for a year's subscription. (Need \$3 more, our rate \$15 per yr: Ed) I find myself short on links with fandom, since NEOLOGY has not been published lately, so I am turning to Vancouver to keep in touch. Could I arrange to receive the first progress report on the next V-CON? I go to cons in Alberta all the time and will try to get to Vancouver as well ... Business aside, I must comment on some things I learned at CONTEXT 89. NORTH BY 2000, by H.A.HARGREAVES, is a must read and I am appalled at my own ignorance of Cdn. authors. I also stumbled upon MICHAEL G. CONEY, who read from his work, PANG THE GNOME. This is a refreshingly funny book. The cover of the paperback edition conveys the impression of a romance novel and there is no chance that I would have purchased this book on sheer whim. Why do publishers so misrepresent the books they sell? ... WHY STAR TREK V IS SO LOUSY: 1) Shatner took his visual ideas from Dune. 2) God is not a busy MAN. 3) "Hold your horse, Captain," is not funny. 4) The security men fell asleep after the assault on Paradise city. 5) Old men look ridiculous playing Cowboys and Indians. 6) Nimoy is getting long in the ears. 7) This storyline was dreamed up around a campfire.

Yours sincerely, Carol Hamill

LOCS FROM BEYOND

From: HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,
Maryland, 21740 U.S.A.

Dear Graeme,

I'm sorry I missed the deadline for comments on your first issue. Sickness, some household problems and the dramatic return of the Greenhouse effect ganged up on me during most of this month.

Fortunately, you kept the BCSFazine mystique intact while making a few changes in the way things are done in it, so I didn't feel as if I must adapt to something completely different. I assume your editorial policy changes didn't include the duplication of pages 5, 6, 23, and 24 in every copy of this issue. So if someone else complains his or her copy lacks those pages, I can extract the extra set from my copy and make the slighted reader happy.

STAN HYDE's contribution makes me realize more clearly than ever how diligently the movie industry and the publishing industry are striving to imitate the television industry's obsession with series. Television networks have abandoned what was their bread and butter in the early years of the industry, the anthology programming, the specials, and other independent dramas in favor of series devoted to a particular set of characters. I don't believe there's anything left on network television except that sort of series, now that Amazing Stories and one or two other experiments have been discontinued, and there's next to nothing in non-continuing series on cable channels or in syndication except for a few Ray Bradbury Theatre offerings and one or two other ventures. Meanwhile, the movies seem determined to make some of their series as long-running as Bonanza was and printed SF writers don't need imagination, just the knack of rearranging the elements in series conceived by someone else.

Naturally, ED HUTCHING's recommendations of Golden Age SF make old farts like me happy. Such writings not only stir up pleasant old memories but also create the faint possibility that some youngsters may be persuaded to investigate SF written more than six months ago. I've seen elsewhere the statement that Jules Verne has been badly served by his English translators, so I hope the time eventually comes when someone will tackle the enormous task of writing new translations based on the uncut originals. I have a few Verne novels in the original French but my reading speed in that language is not dazzling, so far I haven't had the courage to tackle them.

A previous paragraph contains most of what I would have written about DON DEBRANDT's article. In theory, I suppose there are virtues in the shared universe concept. But it isn't really new to SF and previous uses of it haven't exactly resulted in masterpieces: for instance, the Shaver Mystery series, the Perry Rhodan books, and all the authors who seized upon the Cthulhu Mythos of H.P. Lovecraft as the basis for stories of their own.

Sex Life Of Godzilla deserves inclusion if anyone publishes a Panthology for 1989. Terry Carr would have loved it, I'm sure, and one of the monster movie zines would undoubtedly leap at an opportunity to reprint it.

DOUG GIRLING also stirs up the old nostalgia with his discussion of real and imaginary giant aircraft. Strangely enough, the most imposing flying vehicle I ever saw with my own eyes was the U.S. Navy dirigible 'LOS ANGELES' (Editor's note: She was 658 feet long, 90 feet in diameter and carried a crew of 54) which appeared to my eight-year-old eyes to be just above the treetops in the Catholic Church yard in central Hagerstown. As a small boy, I would have been saddened to know that I would never again see except in pictures or on TV anything occupying so much of the sky.

Fortunately, an occasional sense of wonder episode still occurs. Who would have thought a couple of years ago when thousands of Frigidaires were coming off the assembly line that just one of them, mine, would eventually create publicity on an international scale, the special attention of a celebrated scientist, merely because it was destined to end up in my home?

The information about all your club meetings, executive meetings, Cons attended, and Cons to be staged leaves me a trifle intimidated. It's just as well I live here in Hagerstown, safely separated by quite a few miles from such things. I'm sure I could never stand the strain of trying to keep up with Fanac on your level.

Of course, staying here has its drawbacks. I envy HARRY ANDRUSCHAR's ability to fill one paragraph of every Loc with an account of his latest travels in connection with his job or his vacation trips. I haven't been able to do that since I moved to Summit Avenue in the fall of 1957.

Yours, Harry Warner Jr.

LOCS FROM BEYOND

From: HARRY ANDRUSCHAK
P.O. Box 5309, Torrance, CA
90510-5309 U.S.A.

Dear Cameron:

Thank you for sending BCSFazine #194. Sorry for the slight delay in answering, but I had out-patient surgery on 19 June, and have been unable to do much Fanac, since I have spent most of the time at home in pain and fatigue. However, I am now well on the recovery road, and can do something about the two weeks worth of fanzines that have piled up. I am also resuming work on my next genzine, "Grand Canyon Memories", which got stalled on page 19 at the time of my operation. I was unable to attend WESTERCON, even tho it was held in a hotel only one hour from my house.

I don't see much to LOC about this time around, but I do note that V-CON seems to have gone well. It has been some time since I attended any con outside of the Los Angeles area, so maybe I should consider one in Vancouver some year? But probably not for the next few years, due to my schedules at the Post Office.

As far as the giant aircraft of of pulp SF go, that is not as interesting to me as the subject of the giant AIRSHIPS of pulp SF. A fan really shows their age when they can talk about and remember those world-circling airships that would dominate the skys. Nowadays the reality is the Goodyear blimp that passes over my house several times daily. It has noisy engines, and is very bothersome, and I wish it would develop some sort of permanent leak and deflate back to earth.

As for POSFAX, I get the impression that, like most clubzines, the editorial team had no idea what they were getting into. They just had the right combination of money, time, reviewers, money, time, and a sudden flood of letter writers that they printed almost unedited, which resulted in still more provocative reviews that provoked still more letter writers. And when you get letters from Piers Anthony and Poul Anderson, this tempts people to write letters in reply, as well as more reviews. The obvious question is...how long can the POSFAX team keep this up before burn-out or bankruptcy overtakes them? Frankly, I am very much in awe of their accomplishments to date. Frankly, I could not keep up with such a pace if I were part of the editorial team. In some respects POSFAX is to 1988/1989 what CRY was to 1959/1960

The June 89 issue of SPACEFLIGHT was not afraid to carry a story that has not been printed in AD ASTRA, FINAL FRONTIER, COUNTDOWN, or any other pro-space magazine. Namely, NASA has admitted to Congress that even after all the fixes, the odds of a new shuttle disaster stand at 1-in-78. This is a bit higher than the 1-in-100,000 that NASA used to claim. And even after all the fixes, the most likely cause of this 1-in-78 failure will be another solid rocket motor failure. Remember folks, when it happens, that I told you so, and you read it here first.

.....Going to take a nap now.

Andruschak

From: HARRY WARNER JR.

Dear Graeme,

You'll hear no complaints from me about the solid blocks of type in the 194th issue of BCSFazine or in any other issue. My FAPazine, HORIZONS, completes fifty years of regular publication with the issue that is supposed to go out in the August mailing (well, it missed one issue back in 1943 when I had intestinal flu but I ascribe that to the weakness of youth and plead the legal defense that every dog is entitled to one bite) and it has never yet had an interior illustration. Most issues haven't had any cover art, either. I don't even give readers the very small relief afforded by paragraphs in the pages that contain mailing comments so every line on those pages is flush left and as far to the right as possible. You and STEVE before you have always been generous about paragraphs.

STAN HYDE's information on upcoming movies makes me sad, because of the problems Hollywood is causing satirists. How in the world can even the most talented satirist invent fake movie titles that will be as wild as the ones that are actually being made?

ED HUTCHINGS feels much the same way I do about most of the old time SF writers he discusses. Well, I have never previously heard of Ignatius Donnelly, so I can't compare notes on that one. If I'd been doing the same sort of article, I would have been a bit gentler with the writers he damns with faint praises, particularly Garret Serviss and Stanton Coblenz. But it should be remembered that readers today will react so differently to the writers in that category because the subject matter and plots have been imitated so endlessly over the years. When we read stories by Ralph Milne

LOCS FROM BEYOND

Parley or Ray Cummings on first publication, they exuded a real sense of wonder because the contents of their stories were comparatively fresh and thought-provoking, not yet contaminated by all the hacks who wrote similarly in the decades that followed.

Cider's extreme decline in favor in the United States may be the result of a song. Back in the early part of this century, someone wrote a song that became very popular for a while for its novelty aspect: the singer imitated a person with a speech defect and the first lines went like this: "The prettiest girl I ever thaw / Wath thipping thider through a thaw. / Twath at the fair, the county fair, / Athitting at the counter there." People got awfully tired of this song after a while, began reacting to it as they'd done in recent years to that recording of dogs barking out Jingle Bells, and I fear cider was never the same again in the nation's affections.

I can't agree with some of your ideas in "That 'Time' Again". Nobody will dispute the fact that there has been juvenile crime down through the centuries. But to use that fact as a reason for defending the possible effects on juveniles of TV, movies and comic books is the equivalent of imagining that there's no need to worry about today's pollution sources because there has been a pollution problem for centuries. Today, pollution doesn't come so much from dumping untreated sewage into the ground or waterways and from coal-burning locomotives. Other sources are more dangerous pollution-causers. We know juvenile crime has increased stupendously in recent decades, even though some of the factors that may have caused it a century or two ago (lack of educational opportunities for everyone, lack of govt assistance to the poorest classes, for instance) have vanished. So it's time to hunt other causes and I think it's quite possible that too much violence, unrestrained sex and pornography in the stuff young people look at may be a factor. I'd like to see self-regulation in the same manner that the movies established their own production code in the 1930's rather than the strict govt regulation that is probably going to come eventually if film-makers and TV executives and porno sources don't do it voluntarily. A complete end to these possible crime factors isn't needed, just sensible limitations. I'd like to see TV stations limit their programming to a half-hour of violence-oriented animated cartoons instead of the two or three hours of consecutive cartoon programming many now offer. Cut the killings, crashes, fights and other violence in a movie to a sane number instead of popping them into the plot at three-minute intervals. Depict one co-habiting unmarried couple as miserable for every out of wedlock union who are blissfully happy.

SIDNEY TRIM's Space report is quite disquieting this time. But I think I'd better not make specific comments on it. Just this once, I might accidentally guess something that shouldn't be published in the opinion of national security authorities and then I probably wouldn't be able to write locs on the next 194 issues of BCSFAzine.

It's tempting to think DALE SPEIRS might be right in his belief that TV is causing the breakup of Communist philosophies in many parts of the world. But I sort of doubt it. TV on a worldwide basis has been around for almost four decades and it should have started to have such an effect long before this, under that theory. The great wave of revolutions and increased power of the people in the Americas and Europe came before newspapers had become regular reading matter for the bulk of the population. Dictatorships gained power in various nations during the early years of radio transmissions. The media probably make it easier for whatever clandestine forces are promoting unrest to do their thing, that's all.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner Jr.

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LOCS FROM BEYOND

From: JOSEPH T. MAJOR
4701 Taylor Boulevard #8
Louisville, Kentucky 40215-2343 USA

Dear Graeme,

Your editorial with the Nietzschean title was very flattering to us at FOSFAX. We will endeavour to maintain the same editorial style for as long as we can afford to.

BoSh has made a pointed comment in the guise of a cartoon. As long as conventions try to be all things to all people, including those overaged juveniles whose concept of a con is the opportunity to be drunk, obnoxious, antisocial, and unconstrained, then conventions will have the social problems Shaw so rightly deplores. (Caused, of course, by those overaged juveniles.) I recall reading an editorial, as I recall by Robert Silverburg in AMAZING, which described a masquerade where the M.C. asked for silence and got it. But this sort of controlled behaviour requires a certain level of maturity.

One comment to add to ED HUTCHING's ones on Ignatius Donnelly: besides his copious writings on Atlantis, he also wrote THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM, which advanced the theory that Francis St. Albans, sorry Sir Francis Bacon, Lord St. Albans, wrote all of the works attributed to William Shakespeare. Instead of taking the usual line of denigrating Shakespeare's abilities, Donnelly through some fiendishly complicated calculations created discovered secret code messages in the plays which Sir Francis had put there explaining his authorship. Problem is, others using Donnelly's method then proved that the real author of Shakespeare was William Shakespeare, Theodore Roosevelt, or Ignatius Donnelly. (See THE CODEBREAKERS by David Kahn for more on this.)

While we are on this subject, let me deliver a warning regarding CAESAR'S COLUMN. The proletarian revolt described in it is against the secret anti-republican (they have all bought foreign -- mostly Italian titles) conspirators who control all America's wealth. All of whom are Jewish. Uh-hunh.

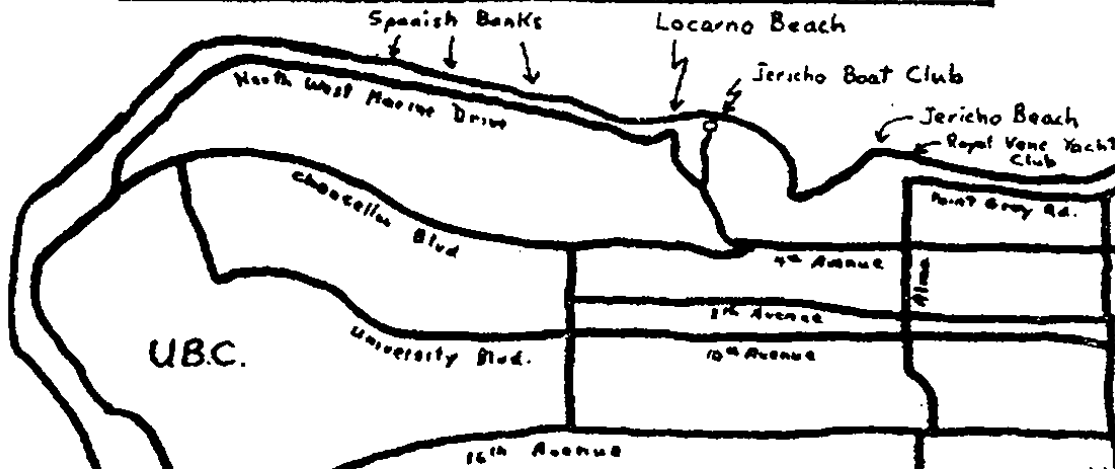
Regarding the God-Editor's article on violence -- first off, when did you ever expect TIME magazine to say something honest? Recall what they did to the NyCon lo these fifty years ago (the phrase 'Gosh-wow-oh-boy-oh-boy' is rumoured to throw Sam Moskowitz into convulsions). I might throw in some questions about which 'slasher' films the 'Mohawks' of eighteenth-century London viewed. (These were bored upper-class-twits whose recreations included such things as poking out both eyes and smashing in the nose of any hapless bystander all with one motion, or putting women in barrels and rolling them down the street) Apparently, the search for panacea's is easier than the search for real solutions. And besides, if you take nudity, sex, and violence out of movies, what point will there be in watching them?

While it seems worthwhile to hope that democracy is bursting out all over, as Dale Speirs puts it, I recall that much the same sort of action and reaction took place in East Germany in 1953 and Hungary in 1956. Sadly, all that the recent successes of Solidarity in the Polish elections may do is to make them accomplices of the Polish Workers' (ie., Communist) Party in its economic failure. Not to mention the assumption that the formal government even has any powers -- not an ordinary thing in Communist states.

Namarle, Joseph T. Major.

<u>B.C.S.F.A. INCOME STATEMENT FOR YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1989</u>	
REVENUE:	Membership fees..... 962.87
	Interest from deposit..... 88.00
	Licensing fee from V-Con name.. 1,000.00
	TOTAL REVENUE.....\$2,050.87
LESS EXPENSES:	Mailing expenses..... 1,105.17
	Envelopes..... 135.68
	Printing supplies..... 597.56
	Entertainment..... 103.23
	Post Office Box rental..... 52.40
	Bank service charges..... 13.35
	TOTAL EXPENSES.....\$2,007.39
	NET INCOME before extraordinary items..... 543.48
EXTRAORDINARY ITEM:	Grant to NON-CON 11 to help
	cover their expenses over their revenues..... \$250.00
NET INCOME (LOSS) after extraordinary items.....	(\$206.52)
A) Mailing expenses include postage and mailing labels.	
B) Entertainment expenses include corn, butter, Hot Tub rental and conference room rental.	

Location of Locarno Beach



MINUTES OF MEETINGS

EXECUTIVE MEETING (July 15, 1989)

- **OLD BUSINESS:** Financial report should be ready for August issue. Expecting in near future letter from June Osborne authorizing transfer of authority.
- **NEW BUSINESS:** (Con) re open house. Have booked the West End Community Centre from 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM. 1 hour set-up & 1 hour breakdown. Programs will run from 11:00 to 5:00 PM. Chairs & tables provided.
- Depending on status granted to club (local or out of district) we will pay \$90 or \$130 for one room, or \$135 or \$210 for two rooms.
- Steve Forty will assist with open house.
- Rhea Rose & other 'Lonely Cry Of The Wolf' authors try to get for readings, also Spider Robinson & William Gibson if possible.
- Petty cash: agree to set up for minor expenses.

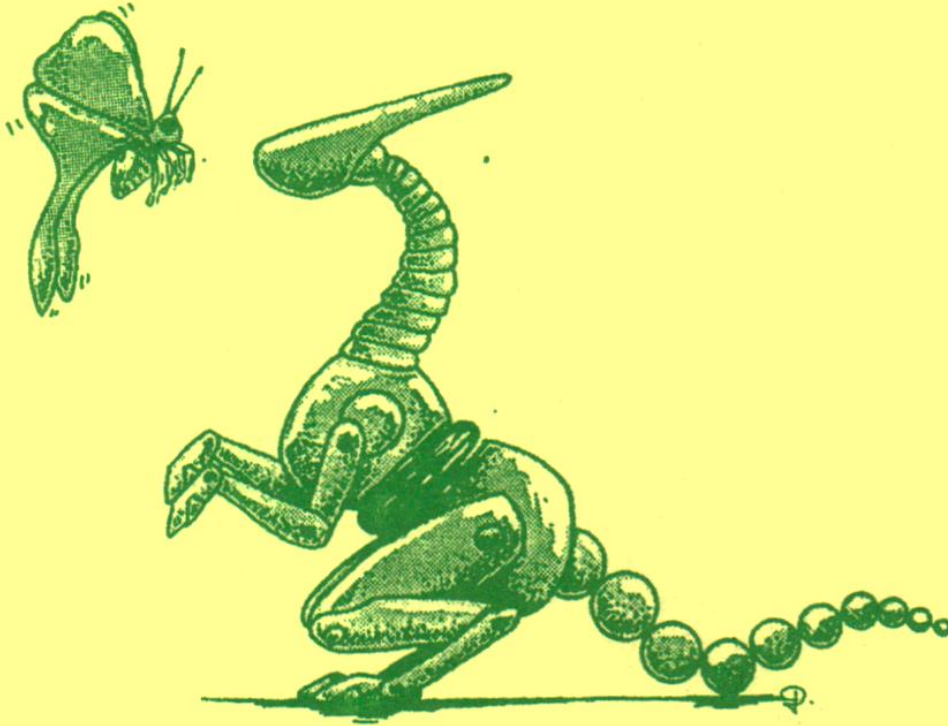
GENERAL MEETING (July 15, 1989)

- (Con) Open house in West End Community centre, Sept 16th. Combination of readings & activities. Show how club works. 6 hours of 1/2 hour programs in 2 rooms = 24 events. Including general meeting. Cost \$135.
- (Al Betz) Need at least 1 months notice to find/prepare videos.
- (Con) Will get booking confirmation July 25th.
- **NEW BUSINESS:** Aug 12th sandcastle competition Wreck Beach. Get BCSPA team together. Vicki as artistic director. William as assistant architect. Practice next Sunday. Shovels & other equip needed.
- (Steve 40) Context '89 lost \$. Do a fund-raiser for them? Aug is beach picnic. Sept minicon. How about October? Al will arrange. Remind him mid August. All must contribute goods worth auctioning, eg: virgins.
- (Terry) Westercon bid won. Voting as follows: 221 Vancouver, 191 Sacramento, 14 no preference, 2 void, 1 for skylab, 1 for Hell. First Westercon meeting will be at Steve's Sept 24th.
- (This is abridged version of BCC's voluminous but illegible notes)

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