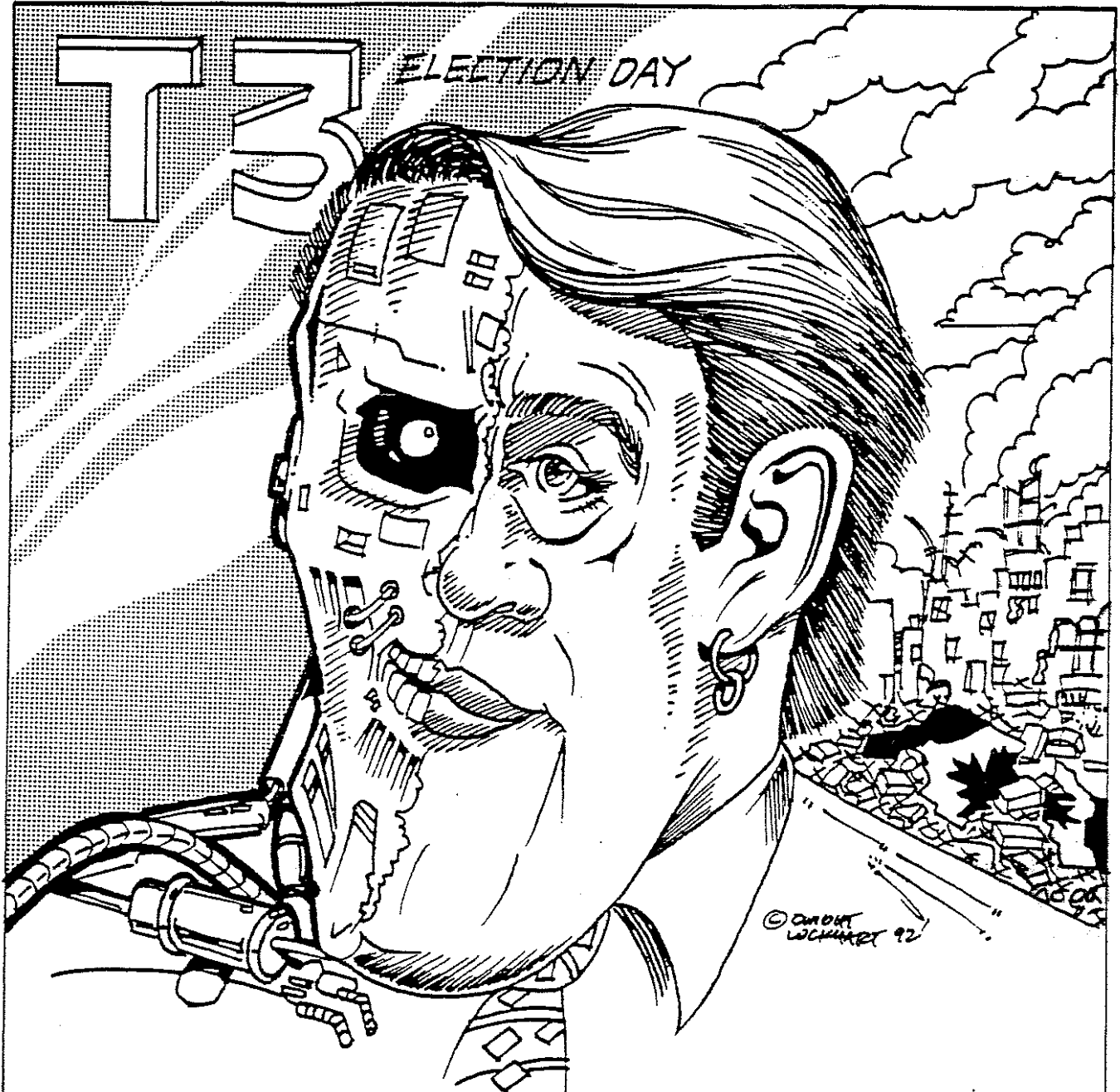


Under The Ozone Hole

Number One - August 1992



SENT FROM THE FUTURE...
TO DESTROY CANADA!

Under The Ozone Hole

Number One - August 1992

Edited By John Willcox Herbert & Karl Johanson

Published by The Spuzzum Press and Nuclear Cheese Wuncler Press

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Send us your club news and info, fan news, convention news
& reports, reviews, cartoons, fillos, address etc.
If we publish something you send us, we can't pay you, but
you'll get something better than money: egoboo.

Write us:

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We Also Heard From

We didn't hear from anyone, because this is just the first issue.
But we if had, we would've put their name here.

Why You Got This

- ☐ Why the heck not.
- ☐ Editorial whim.
- ☐ You sent us something. (yeah, right.)
- ☐ God speaks to you through the pink flamingo in your front yard.
- ☐ Y.A.J. (You're a jerk).
- ☐ If you don't send us something, you won't get any more.
- ☐ Robert Runte said to send you one.
- ☐ You grok Spock.
- ☐ The lawsuit is pending.
- ☐ The jumpsuit is rending. (Sorry.)
- ☐ Make it sew. (Sorry again.)
- ☐ Our mistake. It won't happen again.
- ☐ Here fishie fishie fishie fishie.
- ☐ You're not Joe Clark.
- ☐ Boo!

WARNING:

This product warps space and time in its vicinity.

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Art

Stephanie Ann Johanson, pages 4, 13, 18, 21, 22
Tricia Evans, page 16

The Cover

Dwight Lockhart depicts a possible publicity poster for the new film Terminator 3: Election Day. Brian Mulroney plays an evil android from the future who plans to destroy Canada by winning three general elections in a row. Who can stop him?

Thought For The Day

Being a real Canadian means you hate Toronto. That's important. And if you live in Toronto, nothing else matters. That's why everyone hates the place. Know what I mean?

— Tom McElroy, *Torontonian*, 1991

The Editor's Opinion

by Karl Johanson

So there I was at the fanzine panel at BanffCon in 1989. It was your typical fanzine panel; six or so panelists, and six or so audience members. The discussion revolved around mostly around the questions, "Are fanzines dead?" and "Are BBS's taking over fanzines?" As I recall, nothing was resolved, but it was interesting anyway.

At some point during the panel, Michael Skeet announced that he would no longer be producing MLR. He expressed his wish that some other CanFan would take up the Canadian SF newszine torch. As this point, Robert Runte elbowed me in the left side of my ribs. With encouragement and infectious enthusiasm, he quietly suggested that I be the new torchbearer. Having nothing other than a full time job, a wife, a new

puppy, a new house, a car abandoned enroute to BanffCon that needed at minimum a new engine, and sixty or seventy other hobbies taking up my time, I decided against the idea.

Fortunately, Ron Currie took up the torch with *Xenofile*. Canada had its national newszine again, and the phrase "Canadian Fandom is dead" stayed mostly in the closet for a few more years.

A few months back, I caught word that *Xenofile* was going out of print. Amongst the sadness that another zine was gone, and the regrets of a few half finished LoC's buried in my disks, was a small voice: "Hey...why don't you...."

Well, I clamped down on that line of thought in a hurry. Too much other stuff to finish.

"Yeah, but you know how your mind

works more efficiently when you do too many things at once and only a few of them get done..." continued the small voice in my head.

I was unswayed. I know my subconscious is an even bigger smartass than I am, and that it was trying to get me in over my head again.

Things took a desperate turn when John also found out that *Xenofile* had folded.

"We can edit a zine together," said John's all-too-real voice.

I thought about it. "Maybe we should think this over for a week or so," I suggested. John agreed.

By the end of the week we hadn't wised up any, and the results are here before you.

The Other Editor's Opinion

by John Willcox Herbert

This is all Karl's fault. Really.

He got me into all this sf/fandom stuff, and I hold him completely and utterly responsible. I blame him totally.

I was always a fan, but when I was in Grade 6, I shared an advanced English class with Karl who was in Grade 7 (not by ourselves, though; there were other students too). He lent me a copy of *Star Trek 8* by James Blish. I had seen *Star Trek* a few times and liked it a bunch, but we didn't have cablevision so we could only get channel 12 which seemed to only ever run *The Merv Griffin Show*. But I read that Blish book, then *Star Trek 3*, *Star Trek 1*, and *Star Trek 11*. Then I tried the *Star Trek Log* books. Then I had to experiment with harder stuff: Arthur C. Clarke, then Asimov, then Haldeman, then Ellison, and now Card and Simmons.

I lost track of Karl as schoolmates are wont to do. He turned up half a dozen years later as the fiance of my fellow

workmate, Stephanie. They both insisted on pulling me out of the closet and acknowledging my fannishness once and for all. So they dragged me down to Norwescon 8, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing: 3000 crazies like me locked in the same hotel. And David Brin, Norman Spinrad, Robert Silverberg, and others onstage arguing about Reaganomics, and Brian Aldiss in the audience, calling them "fucking American imperialists."

Needless to say, I was in heaven.

So I became a Fan.

This meant all the obligatory neo phases: joining clubs, going to all the meetings, making costumes, being first to see any new sf movie, learning every piece of esoteric sf trivia, etc. I decided to skip all that. (Bernie Klassen made the comment that I was the first person he'd seen who went straight from neo to cynic over a weekend.) My first fannish activity was to help launch a Worldcon bid, the ever-

popular "Worldcon '89 at Myles' House."

If there's one thing that "Mylescon" taught me, it is that people will send money for the strangest causes. You'd think that a convention bid whose main attributes were the dealer (singular) tent, the goats, the pocket-size Donkey Kong, the goats, the nearby elementary school, and the goats, that was supposedly run by a whip-cracking leather goddess from hell and a young man who died in a mysterious canoe accident on the Rideau Canal, and named after a shy University student who was reluctant to be associated with the whole thing wouldn't have a Socred's chance in hell of succeeding, right?

We got eight votes. We got letters from all over the world. We have no idea how some of these people ever heard of us. And they sent money. Not once did we ask for money, but if we had persued this, we all could have been retired by now. (Incidentally, "Mylescon '89" was opened

to the world at large and took place from January 1, 1989 to December 31, 1989. We thank you all for attending.)

After all this tomfoolery, I thought I'd better experience club life. So I joined the U.S.S. *Resolution*, at the time Canada's largest *Star Trek* fan club.

The *Resolution*. You know, they're mostly all great people, but ... you know how it is. I edited their clubzine, the *Atavachron*, for seven issues and I tell you. Sometimes I couldn't get anything right. One executive member objected when I put some obituaries in the zine because "...it was too serious." Then he objected whenever I put something offbeat or silly

in the zine: "...this is a serious *Star Trek* zine!" This led to my growing dissatisfaction with editing the zine and some untimely censorship undertaken by the president was the last straw. I resigned. But I must be born to zineificate; I couldn't stay away long.

Why Under the Ozone Hole? When we were doing the "Mylescon" stuff, we put a throw-away line in the first flyer that the site of "Mylescon" would be a nuclear free zone. Can you believe that some people objected to that? That just blew me away! There is a large chunk of fandom that truly believe that fandom and reality must never mix. Sorry, guys, for as much as

I like to play in the fannish world, the real world is always lurking around the corner. And the desperate problems the real world faces can and should impact fandom as they do all parts of our lives. So, naturally in Myles Update #1, we spent a whole page extolling the non-fissionable aspects of "Mylescon."

Under The Ozone Hole: we're here to have fun, to celebrate the nuttiness that is fandom, and invite others to join in the merriment. But we won't ignore the real world; we've tried and it just won't go away.

The Question of Art

by Stephanie Ann Johanson

AM I AN ART SLAVE?

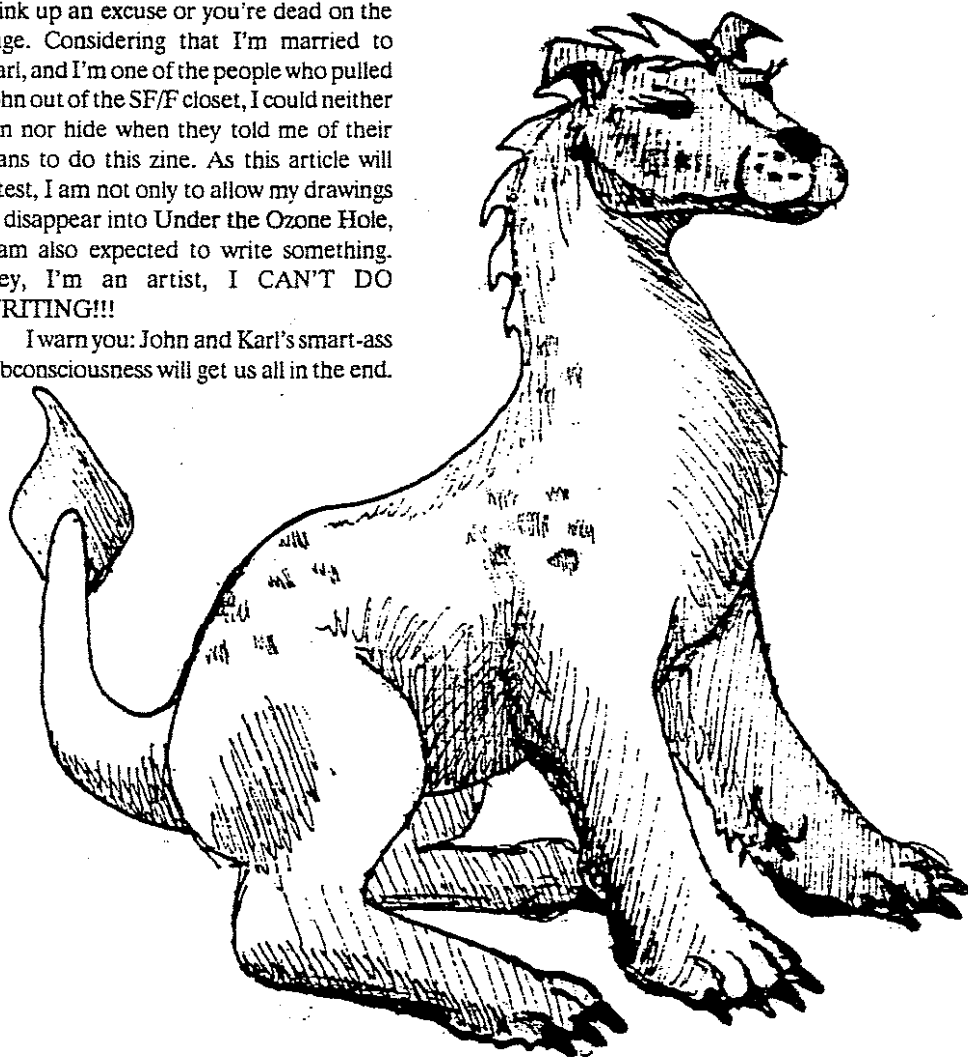
I have been doing art ever since I could hold a crayon. Just ask my Mom. Ask any mother of a young child, and they'll claim their child is an artist (e.g. "He's going to be another Michelangelo; just look at the walls.") Sometime after my impressionist scribble stage, a friend introduced me to the infamous line, "I CAN'T DO ART." It was a shock to me that anyone would say such a thing. It was several years later that I learned that this line has other meanings: 1. You are an artist, you do it ("it" being anything from making a sign to painting a house); 2. The world is unfair because you can do Art and I can't, therefore you should do this for me free; 3. Your art is better than anything than anything I could ever dream of doing. May I have it?; 4. Art comes so easy for you that this won't take very much of your time at all; 5. I need some illos. Etcetera.

In self-defense from this ambiguous statement, I say: "ANYONE CAN DO ART." One ambiguity for another. ART: the disposition or modification of things by human skill, to answer the purpose intended. Art is too broad a statement to say you can't do art. Most people who claim they can't do art have never tried. They may not be skilled enough to do the style of art they wish, but they can do some form of art.

Unfortunately, the ANYONE CAN DO ART retort, or subsequent argument, will only stun a zine editor, not disable him.

At this point The Artist must run, hide, or think up an excuse or you're dead on the page. Considering that I'm married to Karl, and I'm one of the people who pulled John out of the SF/F closet, I could neither run nor hide when they told me of their plans to do this zine. As this article will attest, I am not only to allow my drawings to disappear into Under the Ozone Hole, I am also expected to write something. Hey, I'm an artist, I CAN'T DO WRITING!!!

I warn you: John and Karl's smart-ass subconsciousness will get us all in the end.



How I Lost My Con-Virginity (Unexpurgated)

by Laura
Atkins

{{Laura Atkins, a sometime sf/fantasy reader, was dragged unknowingly to her first Con, I-Con 1 (Victoria, Aug. 3-5, 1990), by some of her conniving yet well-intentioned fan-friends. As a result of this experience, Laura reads even less sf/fantasy than before, but goes to all the conventions she can. Go figure. Laura is the Communications Coordinator for the Education Technology Centre of British Columbia.}}

Rest assured, fellow fans, that this is only one article. I have no intention of writing the "Con-Virgin" series. But I did want to share with you the events of that fateful weekend when I lost my Con-Virginity.

As with everyone on their first time, I was somewhat apprehensive -- I mean taking two days to do it, and with so many people, most of whom were not the sort I would invite back for a cup of coffee afterwards. Furthermore, I had to pay \$30 for this dubious privilege. But Nichelle Nichols was to attend I-Con 1, and my friends were there to give me immoral support, so off I went, elegantly clad in jeans, T-shirt, and matching belt and socks (a most demure shade of purple).

Upon arrival, I filled out a form (which I do quite nicely, thanks) and paid out \$30, in exchange for which I received my registration number and an I-Con badge with my name on it, that I promptly pinned to my chest. Seemed like an awfully small prick to me, but then, being a Con-Virgin, I had no way to judge.

As I was leaving the registration table, a gentleman who claimed to have been christened Ogre (by loving but misguided parents) leaned over the table and said that he knew what colour my socks were, and if I didn't behave he'd have the security men down on top of me in a flash. Monica very kindly explained that I would enjoy that, but then dragged me away before I had a chance to ask how many.

We wandered into the dealer's room, an area which reminded me of the bar in Star Wars. Monica assured me that most of the people in the room were in fact humanoid, but seeing them grunting and scratching, and excavating in various orifices as they haggled over the shimmering goods on the tables left me doubtful as to their true origins. However, throughout my time at the con, I only encountered English-speaking aliens, which made them almost as good as Terrans in my case. I found the spherical aliens to be particularly intriguing; I never got a chance to watch one negotiating its way through a door, but as they were present at the various panels and the dance, I assumed that they had collapsible girdles, or perhaps they lost form and oozed through door-openings, reforming on the other side with a grand, alienesque flourish.

I attended TWO panels at which Nichelle Nichols presided. She has a very good sense of humour. In fact, she was better at making jokes than telling a story

smoothly, but she did give us the inside scoop on anything allowed by her agent, including the tale of how she met Whoopi Goldberg, and told us some stories about winning or losing parts and how the filthy pieces of distended rectum at the studio didn't allow her to sing during her fan-dance in Star Trek V. She also sang for us at the end of each panel, and charmed us all with her wit and vulnerability. I concede that she appeared to be less than grunted at the autograph session, but after the sort of day she must have had, I would have been feeling somewhat less than angelic myself.

Afterwards, me and Nichelle went for a beer in the bar. She told me she could get me a starring role in Star Trek VI with her if I felt like coming out to Hollywood. I thanked her very much, but told her I had to be at work on Tuesday to clean the telephones. (Does that cover the name-dropping clause of the "Loss of Con-Virginity contract"? I wasn't sure.)

During the first day of the Con, I saw one gentleman whose costume I found to be particularly effective, and I almost went up and congratulated him on mimicking Tolkien so effectively. I'm sure glad I didn't, though -- imagine my chagrin when my friends told that he always smoked a pipe and was just naturally masterful! Still, I am quite sure he was someone important, because every time he told a joke his audience listened in round-eyed, awestruck silence.

Later on, Ogre came up to me, looked me in the eyes and said earnestly, "I love you. Will you run away with me?" It was awfully sweet of him, but I thought I should finish losing my Con-Virginity first, so I told him to ask me on Sunday. He was crushed, but bore his sorrow most bravely.

After supper came the Costume Contest. It was fun despite the entertainment, and there was very little spandex abuse. But I guess they've had to tighten up the rules on this sort of thing since the SPCS (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Spandex) created an uproar and threatened to close the Cons down entirely if they didn't shape up. (AR AR AR!)

After the contest was the dance. The aliens seemed particularly fond of such garments as gold stretch lace and fur loincloths, but then, I guess that's what makes them unlike humans. They all seemed to enjoy dancing to "Rasputin," too. I must say that having alien armpit sweat smeared all over my shoulder was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, and I

got to do it twice because they played it later on in the evening for those aliens who missed it the first time.

I worried about the bodily integrity of some of the aliens, though. I don't know what their melting point is, but whenever there was a slow dance, they seemed to sort of osmose into each other, and to have great difficulty extricating themselves from each other's embrace afterwards. I think the people who put the Con on should find a hotel with better air-conditioning next time, to prevent further tragedies like this from occurring.

I met one most interesting alien whose name I shall change to Willie and who came from the planet Saltspring Island. His friend Peter was also a Con-Virgin, and gratefully accepted his ritual hickey from an American alien called Tracey. Willie wasn't a Con-Virgin, but took a hickey anyhow, as these sorts of shared rituals help to cement the bonds between interplanetary species. She offered to give me one but I declined on the grounds that she wasn't my type.

I had fun dancing with Willie, and we engaged in ritual conversation. I feel that I made a most sympathetic listener, and held up my end of the conversation by asking such leading questions as "So why is your brother a prick?" He was actually just

like a human, except drunk, and we got along swimmingly. At the end of the dance, we danced a slow dance. I became alarmed for his bodily integrity, but he became quite firm at the end, so I breathed a sigh of relief.

I said I was going home, whereupon Peter and Willie informed me that I couldn't really be said to have lost my Con-Virginity unless I stayed up all night watching B-movies, presumably on the theory that losing one's Con-Cherry should be a painful process. I appreciated their concern, but felt that I really should go, as I had been drinking ice water all night and was in no shape to keep partying. Before I left, Willie gave me a warm fuzzy in traditional fashion, but I was still apprehensive about his bodily integrity so didn't allow tradition to overtake common sense and immoral integrity.

Next day, I woke up feeling like exhilarated excrement, and made my way back to I-Con in time to miss any events of importance, except for the second panel with Nichelle Nichols. I thought this was extremely clever timing on my part, as I noted that many of the aliens were suffering from the heat and looked rather pale and tired. Obviously, I would best serve the Con's needs by remaining out in the cool lobby, where I could assist with

any alien medical emergencies. So I went up to the Hospitality suite and had coffee and a cigarette. Ogre asked me where I'd found a blue cow to kill to make today's belt. I didn't tell him, as blue cows are an endangered species, but did add that it was a small cow and didn't supply more than a belt's worth of hide anyhow.

All good things must come to an end, much like Cons, and so four o'clock found me in a denuded dealer's room, which had only humans and one elf left in it (a well-dressed one, named Ebon Lupus, who according to the Con scuttlebutt was planning to return the following year as Burgundy Coyote). The aliens were gone, and the entire stock of U.S.S. *Resolution* fridge maggots had been sold. A young man had given Nichelle Nichols the shirt off his back (he offered his pants and socks too, but she regretfully refused, saying she had to wash her hair), and Veronica had kept many of the panels running smoothly. Plus many poor suckers...ah, noble volunteers...had presided over the *Resolution's* table. I commended the of all these people most highly, but felt that I should leave the specialized positions until next time.

And that's how I lost my Con-Virginity!

Unreported Release

by Karl Johanson

At 8:30 AM on May 18, 1980, a major release of radioactive material took place in Washington State. This explosive event which killed 61 people, was covered extensively by the news media; however, the release of radioactives was never mentioned. While the accident at the Chernobyl power plant released an estimated 7,000 kg of radioactives (the vast majority of which were U 235 and U 238), estimates of the amounts of radioactives released in the Washington event include the following:

Rubidium 87	337,000,000 kg
Potassium 40	300,000,000 kg
Thorium 232	170,000,000 kg
Uranium 238	59,580,000 kg
Uranium 235	420,000 kg

Uranium 234	32,000 kg
Thorium 230	1,050 kg
Radium 226	22 kg
Protactinium 231	20 kg
Lead 210	.3 kg
Radium 228	.06 kg
Thorium 238	.018 kg
Actinium 227	.013 kg

In addition to the above, the following radioactives were released in trace amounts:

Asatine 215, 216, 218 & 219
Bismuth 210, 211, 212, 214 & 215
Francium 223
Lead 211, 212 & 214
Polonium 210, 211, 212, 214, 215, 216 & 218
Radium 223 & 224
Radon 219, 220 & 222
Thallium 206, 207, 208 & 210
Thorium 227

The event which expelled the radioactive material involved a release of energy 500 times that of the bomb used on Hiroshima (500 hectares of land were devastated and shock waves shook houses

over twenty miles away).

Twenty-five per cent of the material was emitted directly into the atmosphere, and the remainder was spread over the nearby countryside. The material expelled into the atmosphere was deposited on areas of Washington, Idaho, and Montana. Most the remainder of the airborne material landed on a large part of the United States and Canada.

While many of the radioactive elements have short half-lives (and thus high specific levels of radiation), the amounts of these short-lived elements will remain at approximately their current levels for some time. The high-level radioactives will decay, but they are daughter elements and will be produced as the Th 232, U 235 and U 238 break down over their half-lives (Th 232's half-life is 14 billion years, U 235's is 704 million years, and U 238's is 4.47 billion years).

One can expect to find roughly the above amount of radioactives in any 4 cubic kilometres of the earth's crust.

If anyone is curious, the event which caused all this havoc was, of course, the eruption of Mount St. Helens.

SPACEHOUND SKYLARK OF THE STARS AND BEYOND

FICTION BY F.F. "BONES" NORMAN

Professor Crane Quackinbush sat in his lab, royally pissed off. He had just figured out a principle of quantum physics which might allow the controlled total conversion of matter to energy. Well, it didn't work.

"Fornication," Crane said, leaning his arm on the table in the spilled root beer.

"Hi! Whatcha doin', Quacky?" asked the professor's huge-breasted red-haired girlfriend.

"Oh, Muffy," said Crane, "my secret formula didn't work. I added the eleven herbs and spices but I can't crack the secret recipe."

"Don't sweat it, Bigdaddykins," said Muffy, her solidly packed chest heaving as she chewed her gum. "Everything will come out fine."

Suddenly, 23 armed men crashed into the lab. "Must be some of Bob Camshafter's men!" Crane shouted. "Hit the floor, Toots!" She did, landing on her more than ample mammaries.

"Quick, Muffy! Give me your guns!" Crain said. She pulled a pair of 45s from her shirt and handed them over. With a gun in each hand, firing from the hip, he let out a steady stream of fire power toward the attacking bad guys. He realized just as he ran out of bullets that firing two-handed without lining up the gun sights first is a bloody waste of time. And bullets.

"All right, Professor," said a bad guy through the noise of battle, "give us the klysteron!"

"The what?"

"The fornicating klysteron!"

"I don't have one!"

"Aren't you Dr. Wolfgang Saganhoffer?"

"No."

"Fornication!"

"Wolfgang lives next door."

"Oh, sorry."

After the bad guys left, Muffy said, "Gee, I sure hope they don't hurt Wolfie. I sure like him."

"He'll be okay," said Krane, staring at Muffy's magnificent mounds. "He's a big boy."

"I know."

"Hi, Doc. Hi, Muffy," said the paperboy, tossing Craine's newspaper into some large beakers full of Kool Aid and dry ice. "Hey, Doc, guess what? I just invented a cheap method of controlled total conversion of matter to energy."

"Fornication," said the Professor. "Ah, but I bet an untrained dolt like you couldn't possibly put that discovery to any practical use."

"Yeah, I guess. Except I made this conversion drive starcraft out of this abandoned oil tanker I found. I was thinking of going to Tau Ceti. Wanna go?"

"No!" shouted Krain. "I don't want to go for a ride in your stupid oil tanker!!"

The paperboy went on to become Overlord of the galaxy and he locked Cwaine and Muffy in a prison on the planet McGibble IV. He forced the Professor to work endlessly on projects to benefit mankind, and forced Muffy to wear low-cut, slinky dresses in the daytime. Soon, the pressure became too much for Kraine to bear.

"That's enough!" he screamed at his former paperboy. "I can't take it anymore!!"

"Oh, all right," said the former paperboy. "Muffy, take off your dress."

"That's not what I really meant," said Crainne.

"What did you mean?"

"I'm pissed off! I've spent the entire story so far being pissed off! This isn't any good at all. I quit! I'm going to get a job in a Heinlein juvenile novel."

"Oh," cried Muffy, attempting to refasten her dress which kept popping open at the slightest provocation. "I didn't expect that to happen. Oh, well."

Quain went on to his career in Heinlein novels and was still pissed off all the time. The paperboy remained Galactic Overlord until he was 42 when he and Muffy retired to a small star cluster orbiting the Lesser Magellanic Cloud. Professor Saganhoffer survived the attack, thanks to his collection of trained attack skinks. Bob Camshafter never got the klysteron, nor did he ever find out just what a klysteron was.

"Fornication," said Bob.

"Bearing babies out of wedlock is wrong. Failing to support children one had fathered is wrong. It doesn't help matters when primetime TV has Murphy Brown - a character who supposedly epitomizes today's intelligent, highly paid professional woman - mocking the importance of fathers by bearing a child alone and then calling it just another 'lifestyle choice.'"

- Dan Quayle

"If [Dan Quayle] believes that a woman cannot adequately raise a child without a father, then he'd better make sure abortion remains safe and legal."

-- Diane English, Murphy Brown producer

Science Fiction News

Isaac Asimov Dies at 72

SF Grandmaster Isaac Asimov died in New York of heart and kidney failure on April 6, 1992. He was 72.

Born in Petrovichi in the Soviet Union on January 2, 1920, he emigrated with his family to the U.S. when he was three years old. His parents ran a candy store in Brooklyn and, as a young nine year-old, he began reading science fiction pulp magazines while helping out in the store. He majored in Chemistry at Columbia University but tried his hand at writing, eventually selling his first short story, "Marooned off Vesta," which ran in the October, 1938 issue of *Amazing Stories*. The legendary editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*, John W. Campbell, would say years later that the young Asimov "...couldn't write, but he could tell a story. You can teach a guy how to write, but not how to tell a story."

He became a biochemistry teacher at Boston University after serving in the Army during the war (for a time doing research with Robert Heinlein and L. Sprague de Camp), and there in 1949 co-wrote a textbook on human metabolism. He began writing science books for lay readers. What was involved, he said, was "...to read what other scientists write and translate it into English." He guested on numerous tv and radio shows (and was for a time a regular feature on CBC Radio's *Quirks and Quarks*, and was a technical advisor on *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*. Asimov was also the first writer to coin the term "positronic brain".) He continued writing fiction, and his first novel, *Pebble in the Sky*, was published in 1950.

His literary output was nothing short of astounding (no pun intended). He wrote nearly 500 books (that's almost a book a month for fifty years!) on any topic imaginable: from science, physics, history, and Bible guides to dirty limericks, autobiographical memoirs and science fiction. The range of material he wrote about can be demonstrated by the titles of three of his 1972 nonfiction books: *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man*, *Asimov's Annotated Don Juan*, and *The Shaping of France*. In 1977, a slow year because Asimov had suffered a heart attack, he produced *Familiar Poems Annotated*, *Asimov's Sherlockian Limericks*, *The*

Collapsing Universe, *The Key Word and Other Mysteries*, *Asimov on Numbers*, *The Golden Door*, *How Did We Find Out About Outer Space?*, *Mars*, *The Red Planet*, *The Hugo Winners Vol. II*, *The Beginning and the End*, and *Still More Lecherous Limericks*.

"I'd type faster."

-- Isaac Asimov, when asked what he'd do if a doctor said he had six months to live.

He wrote countless short stories, including "*The Bicentennial Man*" (Hugo and Nebula winner), and his most famous, "*Nightfall*," widely regarded as the best sf short story of all time. His novels and collections include: *Robot Visions*; *The Naked Sun*; *Azazel*; *The Martian Way*; *The End of Eternity*; *The Stars, Like Dust*; *The Gods Themselves* (Hugo and Nebula winner); *I, Robot*; *The Caves of Steel*; *The Robots of Dawn*; *Robots and Empire*; *Fantastic Voyage*; *Fantastic Voyage II: Destination Brain*; *Nemesis*; *Nightfall* (the first of three novel-length versions of Asimov short stories written with Robert Silverberg (the other two are: *Child of Time*, based on "*The Ugly Little Boy*," to be published by Doubleday Foundation this fall, and *The Positronic Man*, still unpublished, based on "*The Bicentennial Man*"); and his most famous work, the "Foundation" series: *Prelude to Foundation*, *Foundation*, *Foundation and Empire*, *Second Foundation*, *Foundation's Edge* (Hugo winner), and *Foundation and Earth*. He was finishing work on the final "Foundation" book, *Forward the Foundation*, when he took ill last year. That book will be published next year by Bantam Spectra.

In his 1950 collection *I, Robot*, he introduced what became known as The Three Laws of Robotics: (1) A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm; (2) A robot must obey the orders given to it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First law; (3) A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second law. Asimov's laws have been acknowledged by

other writers and have helped to change the image of fictional robots from the malicious to the solicitous.

The original "Foundation" trilogy, *Foundation*, *Foundation and Empire*, and *Second Foundation*, was honoured in 1966 with a special Hugo Award as the best science fiction series ever. His "Robot," "Empire," and "Foundation" series would eventually be intertwined into a 14 volume future history.

Carl Sagan called Asimov "...one of the great explainers of the age.... I think millions of people owe their knowledge of science, their familiarity with some scientific fact, to reading either the fact or fiction of Isaac Asimov."

Ben Bova said, "There is an oft-told tale about the first time Harlan Ellison met Isaac. Harlan says that after reading so many Asimov stories in his youth, he expected their author to be a mighty-hewed superhero with a positronic brain. He was, sort of. All of that and more. There will never be another like him."

Arthur C. Clarke said, "Many years ago, when introducing Isaac Asimov to a Mensa Society meeting in London, I said, 'Ladies and gentlemen -- there is only one Isaac Asimov.' Now there is no Isaac Asimov and the world is a much poorer place."

Frederik Pohl recalls "...huddling with him over a tv set in a Boston hotel room when the first pictures from Mars were coming in, and the way he looked up at me indignantly and said, 'Craters? How come neither of us ever thought of craters on Mars?' I remember a Caribbean cruise to watch the launch of *Apollo 17*, when I turned around just after liftoff and saw Isaac illuminated in that giant sunburst Saturn-5 rocket flare with Robert Heinlein and Ted Sturgeon standing beside him; I wished I had the intelligence to take along a camera so I could photograph those faces shining in that wonderful light."

Asimov said writing was a pleasure for him, and said he could rarely stop writing "...for as much as three or four days at a time without ever feeling guilty or restless."

SFWA Troubles

The Science Fiction Writers of America (SFWA) is having problems. First, they changed their name to The Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (still SFWA, but the letters now stand for Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America) and have officially voted that fantasy and horror fiction are qualifications for membership. A vocal minority that includes many well-known authors has threatened to leave SFWA and form the Professional Science Fiction Writers Organization.

Retiring SFWA President Ben Bova empowered a small committee of 5 screenwriters to award the first ever "Bradbury Award for Best Script." The award was not voted on by SFWA members, and has aroused some controversy as SFWA has already scrapped its dramatic work Nebula and many members didn't want to see it introduced again, even if in a different form.

Also at the Nebula Awards banquet, author John Kessel and others handed out leaflets decrying SFWA President Ben Bova's unilateral choice of Congressman Newt Gingrich as a speaker at the Banquet. According to Kessel, Gingrich is against free speech, opposes the National Endowment for the Arts, and wishes to see the space program militarized. Among those signing the leaflet were Kessel, Lucius Shepard, Lisa Goldstein, Kim Stanley Robinson, Pat Murphy, and 21 others. A small group walked out when Gingrich began speaking, including two of the evening's Nebula winners.

Star Trek: Deep Space Nine

Production will begin this August on the two-hour premiere episode of Star Trek: Deep Space Nine (a tentative title) which will premiere in January, 1993. Creators and Executive Producers are Rick Berman and Michael Piller, both currently ST: TNG's exec producers. Twenty episodes will be made in the first season followed by twenty-six more for its first full season, starting in the fall of '93.

Paramount was working with three ideas: a TNG prequel (rumours suggested that the show may have focused on Captain Sulu of the Excelsior), a TNG contemporary (Deep Space Nine), and a fascinating entry called The Klingon Empire.

They went with Deep Space Nine. Quoting from the press release: "Set in the

24th century, the same time as Star Trek: The Next Generation, the new series, Star Trek: Deep Space Nine follows the adventures of a team of Starfleet officers who take command of a remote alien space station situated near a newly discovered worm-hole -- a shortcut through space that has become one of the most strategic locations in the galaxy." The new Trek will be somewhat darker in tone than the two previous series. Sets already under consideration include a Starfleet casino and a holographic brothel. "If, as Gene Roddenberry often said, Star Trek is a wagon train in space, then Deep Space Nine can be compared to a wild west town on the edge of the frontier with all the excitement and adventure that kind of locale can generate," says Piller. According to Berman, the Cardassians and the Bajora (Ensign Ro's race) will figure prominently in the new series. There will also be character and story cross-overs between the two Treks.

The lead character will be a "man of action" (*a la* James Kirk) named Benjamin Sisko who is raising Jake, his 12-year old son, alone. His wife was killed while aboard one of the ships that was attacked by the Borg ship led by Picard (when he was "Borgified"). This is his first posting since the attack. Needless to say, he will encounter Picard in the opening episode.

Another character will be Odo, an alien shape-shifter who is the station's security officer. He arrived through the wormhole many years before in a spacecraft, but he's not sure where he came from. In order to assimilate within the society in which he's found himself, he approximates a human shape. He will be the "fish out of water, mirror on humanity" that Spock and Data have provided in the past. The "morphing" technique used in Terminator 2 and Star Trek VI will be used for this character's transformations.

The chief medical officer will be Julian A m o r o s . Described as a cocky but lovable sort, he's wants to see frontier before it's all gone, much like Kevin Costner's character

from Dances With Wolves.

A friendly adversary for the base staff will be the Ferengi barkeeper, Quark. Think of Harry Mudd with ears.

It seems the Bajoran homeworld will be created as a very spiritual and mystical place so that these people will be challenging the logical, humanists assumptions of the 24th century. One of the main characters from Bajora will be a kind of Dalai Lama named Kai Opaka, and she believes that the wormhole was created by divine intervention.

Another major character will be the science officer, a young woman named Jadzia Dax. She is a Trill, the host/symbiot race introduced in TNG's fourth season.

Berman and Piller envision a seven or eight member ensemble cast *a la TNG*. They're also hoping to bring a couple of TNG's minor characters into Deep Space Nine. Although casting has not been done, names rumored as possible stars include Suzie Plakson (who played K'Ehleyr) and Wil Wheaton as Wesley Crusher after graduating the Academy, Miles O'Brien (Colm Meany) and his family, Ro Laren (Michelle Forbes), and yes, even Lwaxana Troi (Majel Barrett) has been mentioned. It would seem that with the Bajoran connection, Ro Laren's involvement would be a pretty safe bet. Berman and Piller also deny the rumour that Richard Dean Anderson (MacGyver) is up for the role of Ben Sisko.

Shooting starts August 18.

Movies and TV

Where's Star Wars IV? The much-rumoured next Star Wars movie has been put on indefinite hold. Lucasfilm was in early preproduction on a new trilogy of Star Wars films (possible titles for the first part included The Clone Wars and Battle for the Republic). Director Joe Johnston (Honey, I Shrunk the Kids, The Rocketeer) was approached by George

18th Annual Academy of SF, Fantasy & Horror Films Saturn Awards

Best SF Film: Terminator 2: Judgement Day
 Best Fantasy Film: Edward Scissorhands
 Best Horror Film: Silence of the Lambs
 Best Actor: Anthony Hopkins (Silence of the Lambs)
 Best Actress: Linda Hamilton (Terminator 2: Judgement Day)
 Life Career Award: Arnold Schwarzenegger
 George Pal Memorial Award: Gene Roddenberry
 Special Lifetime Achievement Award: Ray Harryhausen

Lucas about making the new film. Johnston and Lucasfilm even investigated the possibilities of making all three films back-to-back(-to-back?) over fifteen months. But in February of this year, Lucas told the *New York Times*, "I ran out of energy to do [Star Wars]. Once you have done it a couple of times, the thrill wears off and you really want to get into different territory." There it is, straight from the Force's mouth.

Ridley Scott is working on a version of his early eighties masterwork, *Blade Runner*. Assuming he can find all the missing scenes he wants, the film will be rereleased on 70mm; otherwise 35mm prints will go out. This version will be slightly different from the version that played last year in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

It's official: James Cameron will write, produce, and direct *Spider-Man*. The computer graphic techniques used to create the T-1000 in *Terminator 2* will be used to make Spidey's webs. Casting rumours include Arnold Schwarzenegger as Dr. Octopuss and Michael Biehn as the web-slinger.

NBC is shooting a pilot for an "Americanized" version of *Red Dwarf*. And *Red Dwarf* creators/writers Rob Grant and Doug Naylor are working on a sixth season of the original for the BBC.

Christopher Reeve will star in *Superman: The New Movie*. Arnold Schwarzenegger is considering co-starring (as Brainiac?)

The budget on *Batman Returns* topped \$75,000,000.

Highlander III: The Magician is in preproduction, and so is a *Highlander* tv pilot for Fox.

Warner television is in preproduction on its new series, *Babylon 5*, which, like *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, takes place on a space station out on the fringe, located at a major transport point for travellers. Of course, *Babylon 5* is not bound by *Trek* rules: this allows for internal conflict among the very disparate crew and travellers. All special effects will be computer generated: no models will be used. The series was created by J. Michael Straczynski, former story editor on the new version of *The Twilight Zone*. Look for a November premiere. (If this series sounds very much like *Star Trek DS9*, Warner agrees with you and is currently suing Paramount Pictures.)

Flipper - The Movie. You've been warned.

G.I.Joe, starring Sylvester Stallone. Now you're in trouble.

Try these titles on: *Nudist Colony of the Dead*, *Vegetarian Zombies from Outer Space* ("They're here, they're hungry, and they don't eat quiche!"), *Invasion of the Space Preachers*, *A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell*, *Yo! Alice* (a rap version of Alice in Wonderland), a tv series pilot called *Conan the Librarian*, *Scream Queen Hot Tub Party*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, and this final mouthful: *Frogtown II: Meaner and Greener vs. the Flying Texas Rocket Rangers*. Would I lie to you?

And Happy Belated Birthday to HAL-9000, who in the film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, was first activated on January 12, 1992.

Books

Douglas Adams has turned in the fifth book in his "Hitchhikers" trilogy. Look for *Mostly Harmless* this Christmas.

Piers Anthony has sold four "Xanth" novels to Tor for a \$1,000,000 advance. They are: *Demons Don't Dream*, *Harpy Thyme*, *Geis of the Gargoyle*, and *Roc and a Hard Place*. His final "Xanth" novel for Avonova, *The Color Of Her Panties*, will be out in September.

David Eddings sold a new trilogy, "The Tamuli," to Del Rey for lots and lots and lots of money. ("...mid-seven-figure-sum..." counts as lots, doesn't it?)

After 30 years, Walter M. Miller, Jr., has written his second novel. The long awaited sequel to *A Canticle for Leibowitz* is called *Leibowitz and the Wild Horse Woman*. From Bantam Spectra in 1993 (we hope!)

Speaking of long awaited sequels, Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle have finally delivered their long-long-overdue sequel to *The Mote in God's Eye*. Look for *The Gripping Hand* in February, 1993 from Simon and Schuster.

Simon and Schuster also recently published Sharyn McCrumb's sequel to

Bimbos of the Death Sun. Look for *Zombies of the Gene Pool* under mystery...or science fiction...or mysterious science fiction.... Maybe you'd better ask for it.

Bantam has signed with Lucasfilm to do another 12 *Star Wars* novels after Timothy Zahn's current trilogy is finished. Kevin J. Anderson will do the next *Star Wars* hardcover trilogy for Bantam Spectra. (He'll also do an illustrated coffee-table *Star Wars* book with artist Ralph McQuarrie.) The other nine books will be paperbacks, starting with *Heart of the Jedi* by Kenneth C. Flint, to be published in September 1993, followed three months later by Kathy Tyers' *Truce at Bakura*.

Frederik Pohl has plotted a sequel to *Man Plus* for Baen Books. *Mars Plus* will be written by Thomas T. Thomas. (Incidentally, the film option on *Man Plus* has been picked up again.)

William Gibson has sold a virtual reality novel, *Virtual Light*, to Bantam. And his buddy Bruce Sterling's nonfiction book on the illegal FBI raids on Steve Jackson Games, *The Hacker Crackdown*, will be out from Bantam in the fall. Sterling also has sold a Bantam new novel, *Heavy Weather*, about global warming in the 21st century. (Gibson and Sterling's recent collaboration, *The Difference Engine*, was up for a Nebula, by the way.)

Dan Simmons had signed to deliver two more novels to Putnam, who is publishing his *Children of the Night* in July. His collection *Prayers to Broken Stones* is just out, and his other new novel, *The Hollow Man*, will be out in August. Both are from Bantam Spectra.

Stephen King, with axe in hand, took the stage with about a dozen other writers earlier this year at American Booksellers Association Convention. They formed an ad hoc band called the Rockbottom Reminders and stuck mainly to three-chord classics like "Gloria" and "Sea of Love" (which King sung.) Humourist Dave Barry, who like King played guitar, said, "This band plays music about as well as Metallica writes novels."

Larry Niven and Steve Barnes have already turned in their next "Dream Park" novel. Look for *The Beehive Game* from Del Rey in 1993.

David Brin has finished a 220,000 word novel, tentatively titled *Game of Life*.

Former moonwalker Buzz Aldrin is looking for a collaborator

1991 Nebula Awards

Best Novel: *Stations of the Tide*, Michael Swanwick;
Best Novella: "Beggars in Spain," Nancy Kress;
Best Novelette: "Guide Dog," Mike Conner;
Best Short Story: "Ma Qui," Alan Brennert.
Bradbury Award for Best Script: James Cameron and Bill Wisher, *Terminator 2: Judgement Day*.

1991 Philip K. Dick Award

The 1991 Philip K. Dick Award for best original paperback was won by Ian MacDonald for *King of Morning, Queen of Day. Bone Dance* by Emma Bull was the runner-up. The award was presented at Norwescon 15 in Tacoma, Washington.

on an SF novel. Hugo winners only, please.

Arthur C. Clarke's latest book project is called *The Snows of Mount Olympus: A Garden on Mars*. His nonfic history of communications satellites, *When The World Was One*, is out this summer from Bantam.

Orson Scott Card is having a busy year. His recent hardcover short story collection is being published as four paperbacks! The first, *The Changed Man*, is already out; look for *Flux* and *Cruel Miracles* later this year. (And not all the stories in the hardcover will be printed in the paperbacks! You have been warned.) The third "Ender" book, *Xenocide*, gets published in paperback in September, his new novel *The Lost Boys* is out in October and the second "Homecoming" book, *The Call of Earth*, will be published in early 1993. (The first, *The Memory of Earth*, was out in March.) And he's sold the gaming rights to his "Alvin Maker" series to Steve Jackson Games, and will write his own book of gaming rules (GURPS). Take a break, Scott! (but not a long one, please.)

David Gerrold has sold two more "Star Wolf" books, plus an untitled sequel to his upcoming *Covenant of Justice* to Bantam Spectra. He also turned in the fourth book in "The War Against the Chtorr" series, *A Season for Slaughter*.

The George Alec Effinger Medical Fund has been established to help pay for the medical expenses of the SF author. He has suffered from a chronic, serious medical disorder most of his life, and as a result has been denied medical insurance. (Ah, the joys of living in America!) For info, write the fund c/o Niagra Falls SF Assn., P.O. Box 500 Bridge Stn., Niagra Falls, N.Y., 14305, U.S.A.

Obituaries

Irwin Allen

Originally a magazine editor, Irwin Allen turned to film directing in the early fifties and won an Oscar for directing the critically acclaimed documentary *The Sea Around Us*. In the sixties, he turned to

television, creating such series as *Swiss Family Robinson*, *The Time Tunnel*, *Land of the Giants*, and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (based on his motion picture of the same name). In the early seventies, he invented the "disaster film" genre with

the high-grossing hits *The Poseidon Adventure* and *The Towering Inferno*. Later films, including *The Swarm*, *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure* and *When Time Ran Out* would not be successful. "The Master of Disaster" died of a heart attack November 2, 1991. He was 75.

Jack Arnold

Jack Arnold directed many early science fiction movies, including *It Came From Outer Space*, *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*, *Revenge of the Creature*, and *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. On tv, he directed episodes of *Wonder Woman*, *Buck Rogers*, and *Gilligan's Island*. He died of arteriosclerosis on March 17, 1992. He was 75.

Anton Furst

British special effects designer Anton Furst won an Academy Award for Art Direction for his work on *Batman*. He designed special effects for such films as *Outland*, *Superman*, *Moonraker* and *Star Wars*. He was also production designer for *The Company of Wolves* and *Full Metal Jacket*, and designed Planet Hollywood, the New York city restaurant filled with movie memorabilia. While under treatment for alcohol and drug abuse, Furst leaped to his death in Los Angeles on November 24, 1991. He was 47.

Richard Hunt

Puppeteer Richard Hunt worked for Jim Henson Productions for 20 years. Among his *The Muppet Show* characters were Forgetful Jones, Janice, and Kermit's earnest, hard-working stage manager, Scooter. Hunt died on January 7, 1992, of complications resulting from AIDS. He was 40.

Gerard K. O'Neill

Gerard O'Neill joined the U.S. Navy on his 17th birthday and served as a radar technician during the Second World War. He graduated Swarthmore College in 1950 after studying physics and mathematics and earned a doctorate at Cornell in 1954. Two years later, and three

years before becoming a full professor at Princeton, O'Neill invented the storage ring principles for colliding particle beams which is now standard in most high-energy physics research. With his wife, Tasha Steffen, he founded the Space Studies Institute, a non-profit organization supporting educational and research programs in space development. He also set up the Geostar Corporation, developer of the first private satellite navigational system for travel on Earth. At the time of his death, O'Neill was working on a form of "mag-lev" transportation for a rapid ground-level train system. O'Neill was a leading advocate of space colonization and the humanization of space in the late '60s. His physics classes would draft practical blueprints for solar powered space colonies, and his original 1969 designs, although now updated, are still one of the few practical plans we have for space colonization. His book, *The High Frontier*, was a pioneering work in the field. He called them "Island One," "Island Two," etc., but SF writers called them "O'Neill colonies" and it's rare for any near-future sf novel not to have O'Neill colonies at the stable LaGrangian points. O'Neill died April 27, 1992, of complications from leukemia. He was 69.

Gracie Lantz

On Gracie's honeymoon, she reportedly remarked to her husband that a woodpecker kept her awake all night. From this, her husband, cartoon producer Walter Lantz, was inspired to create Woody Woodpecker, star of over 200 cartoon shorts. When Woody's original voice, Mel Blanc, moved over to Warner Brothers, Walter listened to audition tapes for Woody's new voice. Gracie slipped in a tape of her own -- and got the job. She was Woody's voice for over forty years. She died March 17, 1992, of spinal cancer. She was 88.

Freddie Mercury

Born Frederick Bulsara in Zanzibar, Freddie Mercury shot to international fame in the mid-seventies as the flamboyant and outrageous lead singer for the rock group Queen. Known for a string of monster hits, among them "Killer Queen," "Bohemian Rhapsody," "We Will Rock You," "We Are The Champions," "Fat Bottomed Girls," "A Crazy Little Thing Called Love," "Another One Bites the Dust" and "Under Pressure," Queen's studio and live career was highlighted by the band's manic energy and Mercury's

bravura, over-the-top performances. Although Queen's North American popularity waned in the eighties, the group was still an international favorite, playing to crowds of 250,000 a night in South America and behind the Iron Curtain in 1986. Many of Queen's early songs used fantasy imagery -- "*Ogre Battle*," "*Father to Son*" -- but they also delved into science fiction. "'39," from the *A Night At The Opera* album, is one of the best science fiction rock songs done by anyone. Queen did the soundtrack to *Flash Gordon* in 1980, contributed six songs to *Highlander* in 1986 (including the hit "*A Kind of Magic*"), and contributed the hit song "*One Vision*" to the film *Iron Eagle*. "*Bohemian Rhapsody*" also figured prominently in the recent comedy *Wayne's World*, and, rereleased in early 1992, it once again topped the charts in England. Mercury also contributed a song for Giorgio Moroder's restoration of *Metropolis*. Queen used clips from *Metropolis* for their video of "*Radio Ga Ga*." Queen's latest studio album, *Innuendo*, was released in early 1991. Mercury died November 24, 1991, of pneumonia brought on by AIDS. He was 45.

Angelique Pettyjohn

Angelique Pettyjohn appeared in many films, including *The Mad Doctor of Blood Island*, *The Lost Empire*, *The Curious Female*, *Biohazard* and *Repo Man*. She was also a frequent guest at sf and media conventions. *Star Trek* fans will remember her as Shahna, the beautiful alien warrior in the episode "*Gamesters of Triskelion*." She died on February 14, 1992, of cancer. She was 48.

Gene Roddenberry

Gene Roddenberry was born on August 19, 1921 in El Paso, Texas. His family moved to Los Angeles where he attended Los Angeles City College, then UCLA. Fascinated with flying, he became a cadet in the U.S. Army Air Corps just as the U.S. entered World War II. He flew 89 missions. After the war, he became an air crash investigator, then a pilot for Pan Am. One of his flights crashed in Syria; only Roddenberry and seven passengers survived. In 1949, he returned to Los Angeles and joined the police force, all the while practising a new craft: writing.

In 1951, he sold his first script. In 1954, he quit the police department and turned to full-time writing, selling scripts to *Dragnet*, *Dr. Kildare*, *Highway Patrol*

and others, eventually becoming head writer of *Have Gun, Will Travel*. In 1960, while producing his first tv series, *The Lieutenant*, he first conceived the idea for *Star Trek*. In 1964, the first pilot was filmed, and on September 8, 1966, the first episode aired.

Although cancelled after only three seasons, the original *Star Trek* series grew in syndication from a poorly rated network show to the most successful science fiction property in history. It has spawned (so far) three other tv shows, six movies, over 100 novels, hundreds of other books and comics, and literally thousands of other products. *Star Trek* rarely was cutting edge science fiction; what *Star Trek* did was wear its hope and optimism on its sleeve for all to see. It was unabashedly corny that way.

While the *Star Trek* legend grew in the seventies to near-mythic proportions, Roddenberry continued to try his hand at other shows. He made five pilots during those years: *Genesis II*, *Planet Earth*, *Strange New World*, *The Questor Tapes* and *Spectre*. None made it to series. Eventually, Roddenberry returned to *Star Trek*, producing *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* in 1979, and acting as Executive Consultant on *Star Trek II* through *Star Trek V*. In 1987, he created *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, the most successful syndicated drama in tv history, and served as executive producer until his death.

Ed Bradley of CBS said it best: "The real appeal of the series, and Roddenberry's legacy, is a simple idea -- that humankind has a future and that it will be good."

Roddenberry's health had been failing in recent years, and he died of a heart attack on October 24, 1991. He was 70.

Angelo Salvatore Rossitto

Angelo Rossitto was discovered by actor John Barrymore as he worked his Hollywood Boulevard newsstand. The diminutive actor was bit player in countless sf movies and television shows starting in the silent era and continuing to the mid-eighties. His appearances include *The Mysterious Island*, *Freaks*, *Babes in Toyland*, *The Story of Mankind*, *Invasion of the Saucer Men*, *Doctor Doolittle*, Ralph Bakshi's *Lord of the Rings*, *Galaxina*, *Jason of Star Command*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Amazing Stories*, and *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. His most famous role was that of Master in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*.

Rossitto died on September 21, 1991, from complications following surgery. He was 83.

Arkady Strugatsky

Arkady Strugatsky was born on August 28, 1925 in the Black Sea port of Batumi. During World War II, he worked at the front as a translator. After the war, he studied at the Military Institute of Foreign Languages in Moscow, graduating in 1949 and working as a military translator until the death of Stalin in 1953. He became a technical editor/translator of English and Japanese, eventually working for the state publishing house. Despite already being under scrutiny because he was Jewish, he and his younger brother Boris began writing science fiction. Their first novel was published in 1959. Their satirical stories ridiculed the Soviet bureaucracy and constantly kept them in trouble with the authorities. Many of their works were never published in the Soviet Union at all. Their 1972 novel *Piknik na obochine* (*Roadside Picnic*), which depicted the Soviet Union as a vast concentration camp, resulted in their unofficial banning for almost a decade. (Needless to say, their books did a roaring business on the black market.) Eventually, the Strugatskys were reinstated, and attended the 1987 Worldcon in London as guests of honor. Arkady died in mid-October, 1991. He was 66.

Dick York

Dick York began his acting career as a child, doing radio work. He appeared in many films, including *Inherit the Wind*, *My Sister Eileen*, and *Going My Way*. He best remembered role is that of Darren Stevens, long-suffering and stressed-out mortal husband of witch Samatha, on the tv series *Bewitched*. He left the show after five seasons because of recurring back problems, including an overdependence on painkillers, and was replaced by Dick Sargent for the show's final three seasons. Despite health problems, York was involved in raising funds for the homeless, forced often to work by phone while confined to his home. "I'm ready to fight city hall and scream and yell and everything," he said in 1988. "It seems to me, when somebody's hungry, you feed them. If they don't have a place to live, you find them a place to live." He died February 20, 1992, after suffering for many years from lung disease and a degenerative spinal condition. He was 63.

Convention Listings

1992

COMMUNICATION 2

August 14 - 16
Acadia University
Wolfsville, Nova Scotia
GoH: Stephen R. Donaldson
Communication, c/o Comstaar East
Society, 188A Oakdene Avenue
Kentville, Nova Scotia, B4N 2C1

MAGICON

50th WORLD SF CONVENTION

September 3 - 7
Orange County Civic & Convention
Centre
Peabody & Clarion Plaza Hotels
Orlando, Florida
GoHs: Jack Vance, Vincent Di Fate, Fan
GoH: Walter A. Willis, TM: Spider
Robinson
Magicon, Box 621992, Orlando, FL,
32862-1992, USA

I-CON 3

October 2 - 4
Harbour Towers Hotel
Victoria, B.C.

POSTPONED UNTIL 1993!

I-Con, P.O. Box 30004, 104-3995 Quadra
Street, Victoria, B.C., V8X 5E1

BOUCHERCON XXIII

October 8 - 11
World Mystery Convention
Royal York Hotel, Toronto, Ontario
GoH: Margaret Miller
Bouchercon XXIII, Box 23, Station S,
Toronto, Ontario, M5M 4L6

CONCEPT '92

October 17 - 18
Ramada Renaissance du Parc
Montreal, Quebec
GoHs: Roger Zelazny, Gregory Benford
ConCept, P.O. Box 405, Station H,
Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2L1

1993

UNCON

Feb. 29 - 29
Castle Hotel
GoHs: Jules Verne, Mary Shelley, Hugo
Gernsback; Sci-GoH: Marie Curie
UnCon, P.O. Box 48478 Bentall Centre,
Vancouver, B.C., V8V 1W4

V-CON 20

May 28 - 30
Totem Residence, U.B.C.
GoH: TBA, Toastmaster: Michael Coney,
Art GoH: Rob Alexander
V-Con 20, P.O. Box 48478 Bentall Centre,
Vancouver, B.C., V8V 1W4

WESTERCON 46

July 1 - 5
Red Lion Inn, Bellevue, Washington
GoH: Greg Bear
Westercon 46, Box 24292, Seattle, WA,
98124 USA

CONFRANCISCO

51st WORLD SF CONVENTION
September 2 - 6
Parc 55, ANA Hotels, Moscone
Convention Centre
San Francisco, California
GoHs: Larry Niven, Tom Digby, Alicia
Austin, Jan Howard Finder & Mark
Twain (dead GoH)
ConFrancisco, 712 Bancroft Rd #1993,
Walnut Creek, CA, 94958, USA

1994

CONADIAN

52nd WORLD SF CONVENTION
September 1 - 5
Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba
GoH: Anne McCaffrey, Artist GoH:
George Barr, Fan GoH: Robert Runte
Attending Memberships: \$85
Conadian, Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB, R3C
4A7

Stalking the American Dream

by John Willcox
Herbert

Interstate 90 winds eastward from
Seattle like a snake through scrub grass. It
winds, it twists, it turns, and it never seems
to get anywhere.

Through Montana, I-90 passes
through some of the most unpopulated
land in the Excited States. It seems that
you can go for hours without seeing
anything denoting "civilization," save for
the road ahead of you and the cars of your
fellow travellers.

It was a hot, dry day in the Montana
desert, and my wife, Monica, and I were
both very thirsty. We pulled into a
roadside Rest Area. (Always pull into the
Rest Areas in Montana; you may die of
thirst before the next one.) We hoped for
nothing more than a water fountain;
instead we discovered Nirvana: two pop
machines, each filled with ice-cold pop.

As I got out of the car and fished in my
pocket for change, I noticed a crowd
formed around one of the machines. One
fellow at the machine already had a dozen

cans or so, and seemed intent on adding to
his total. Then I noticed something a mite
peculiar; he wasn't putting any money in
the machine. All he did was press his
selection; his pop would come out, and the
machine would spit some coins for change,
too.

I dutifully awaited my turn and the
machine gave me two cans and forty-five
cents. Meanwhile, someone was shouting
to all the weary travellers in the Rest Area,
"FREE SODAS!"

I returned to Monica, gave her a pop,
and explained the situation. "They sure
know how to treat visitors down here," she
said, "free pop and free money."

"Sure do," I said, raising my free can
of Coke for a toast, as the change jingled in
my pocket. "God, I love America."

This space for official use only.

The Curvature of the Earth

by Karl
Johanson

"It's the highest waterfall in North America," my mother-in-law told me.

"What is?" I asked, using the tone of voice reserved for replying to people who make a life-long habit of starting conversations in the middle.

"Della Falls, near Great Central Lake. It's the tallest waterfall in North America." She used that 'we all have to hike up there this summer and kill ourselves' tone of voice.

A few months later, after a too small amount of research into just how far a journey we were undertaking, my wife, her mother, one of my wife's sisters, a friend, Gaby the dog and I drove up to Great Central Lake with three tonnes of canoes and camping gear. Camping is something people do so they don't feel like complete morons for having spent several hundred dollars on camping gear.

Great Central Lake is really nice. I mean Really Nice. Clear water that's actually drinkable. Free spots to camp. Lots of trails. You get the idea. If we'd had four nanograms of sense between us, we would have stayed at the camping spot the whole week and been lazy.

The Sierra Club book said it was a three or four hour canoe trip to the trail to Della falls. I had my doubts, noting that a significant factor in my inability to see the other end of the lake was the curvature of the Earth. This was when it occurred to me just how @\$%ing big our planet is. I mean, you look at a world map and you barely see Vancouver Island on it. Great Central Lake is really tiny on every map I've ever looked at. However, when you take a canoe, loaded with far too much stuff and a 25 kg doberman who decided five after you left that she really would actually preferred to stay ashore after all, and try to paddle across several kilometres of water you'd rather be swimming in, you get an idea of how big the planet is in a way you just can't get from looking at a picture of the Earth from Apollo 10.

The canoe trip took six and a half hours instead of the three hours the %\$#@ing Sierra Club book said it would. A helicopter flew overhead several times, spraying algae into the lake in an apparent attempt to feed the trout and kill every other living thing in the lake. We lost count of how many belly-up sticklebacks we passed. A few power boats drove past us at Mach .5, playing bad music at somewhere around 142 decibels. I made a personal note to myself to study audio circuitry and precision-guided munitions so I could invent the surface-to-ghetto blaster

missile.

The hike to Della Falls along a trail that was solid prickly plants in places, took six hours each way, instead of the three the book promised. (The book got my vote to be delegated "fire starter.") After the first six hours of what could only be described as interesting (in the Chinese sense) hiking, we made it to Della Falls. Pretty darn spectacular waterfall, let me tell you. Was it worth the hike? No. But it was rather nice. A whole bunch of water pouring out of a lake over a bunch of rocks. Hoo haw.

Just as soon as we started back, a plane flew overhead and circled around the falls a few times in a pattern that seemed specifically designed to mock the heat cramps in my legs. Four or five of my brain cells enthusiastically mentioned, "Hey, we could have seen the falls that way!" The remaining 106,756,023,042 brain cells threatened to sever all axionic connections to the smartassed cells if they didn't shut up until we were all back in an area with warm beds, proper toilets, chicken strips, root beer floats, clean socks, and no prickly plants.

When we got back to our campsite, the dog was so worn out she lay down on her side and flopped her face sideways into her bowl so she could eat. I found the remainder of my home-made beef jerky crushed to powder in my web belt. I added it to my soup and ate it standing waist deep in glacially cold river water, which managed to stop the cramping that I wouldn't have got if I'd been smart enough to get in better shape before going on such an absurdly long hike.

Sleeping in our tent before canoeing back, I dreamed I was at an sf con. I could almost hear my subconscious mind saying, "This is what you should do on vacation. It's safer. You don't have to carry all your food around with you everywhere. It rarely causes heat cramps." I had to agree although I had great bunches of fun and it was nice to see Great Central Lake before the area gets clear cut.



Zines Recieved

{{We actually haven't received any zines yet, this being the first issue and all, so here are some zines seen in passing.

-- The Eds.}}

ATAVACHRON

P.O. Box 6501, Depot C, Victoria, B.C., V8P 5M4

Published by the U.S.S. Resolution
Available for \$15/year, or The Usual.

The U.S.S. Resolution, once Canada's largest Star Trek club, has gone through some hard times in recent years. In fact, the Atavachron recently went a year between issues as the club found itself without an editor. But former editor John Willcox Herbert did return to produce an issue this spring, and while the club might be struggling, the zine is still one of the best Star Trek clubzines around. The latest issue (Vol. 7 #1) featured reviews of Star Trek VI, Star Trek: The Next Generation, and latest issue of Star Trek Collector Trading Cards (with a sample card glued into every copy), lots of Star Trek news, a Gene Roddenberry tribute, and the final chapter of "The Cutting Edge" by Carol and Colin Scheidl. David Gordon-MacDonald has taken over the editing chores and assures us that the Atavachron is back on track.

And lo and behold, Vol. 7 #2 has arrived and checked in at a whopping 104 pages!! Editor Alistair Craig (a.k.a. David Gordon-MacDonald) certainly pulled out all the stops on this one: 16 pages of reviews, 7 pages on Star Trek news, 5 fiction pieces including three parts of a Star Trek round-robin story, and loads of funny illos. Admittedly, the layout is a little rough, but as Alistair said, he was learning the program as he went along. Still, Canada's premiere Trekzine's adventure continues....

--Cordwainer "Raoul" Wilbert

BCSFazine

Box 35577 Stn E. Vancouver, B.C., V6M 4G9

Published by the British Columbia Science Fiction Society

Available for \$15/year, or The Usual.

"The God Editor," R.Greame Cameron, has kept BCSFazine looking great for the last three years. In addition to

writing editorials, zine reviews and comments in BCSFazine exponentially-growing letter column, Greame reviews every sf and monster "B movie" he can cram into his VCR. If there was an Aurora Award for Best Movie Reviewer, I'm sure Greame's review of The Wild Women of Wonga would have given him the 1991 award in a landslide.

BCSFazine, in addition to Greame's writings, contains a wide range of regular and irregular columns.

"Ask Mr. Science" won Al Betz a well-deserved Aurora. I'm proud to have supplied him with two questions (okay, John helped with one). Mr. Science's column is constantly funny, as are his convention demonstrations. We haven't seen much of his answers to science questions lately, but I keep hoping.

Doug Girling digs up fascinating bits of techno-history in "Archeo-SF-ology." I found his reports on the Soviet lunar lander most intriguing.

In "The Light-Hearted Virtperator and Jolly Reviewer," Stan Hyde talks primarily and movies and model kits. I've always found his column very readable. Recently, some of his comments on AIDS were a catalyst for an interesting, sometimes pigheaded, letter col. debate/mini-feud.

Kathleen Moore-Freeman, with the help of a portable AI unit, keeps BCSFazine readers informed about BCSFAn's birthdays and birthday FREDs. One hopes that as her recent non-artificial project becomes more self-sufficient, we'll see more of this former Neology's editor's writings.

The "Leather Goddess" of Phobos Advice" section lampoons the "Dear Abbys" and "Ann Landers" of the world. For some reason, reading this column reminds me of Miles Teg's analysis of the Honoured Matres.

BSCFazine carries regular reports on what's happening at the H.R. MacMillan Planetarium (making me extremely jealous that Victoria doesn't have one.)

Rounding out BCSFazine are WCSFCCA meeting minutes, we(s)t coast convention listings, and book reviews from a variety of people.

--K.J.

ENLIGHTENMENT

P.O. Box 912, Station F., Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2N9

published bi-monthly by the Doctor Who Information Network

Available for \$13/six issues.

The latest issue of this strictly Doctor Who zine (Vol. 9 #3, also the 50th issue, May/ June presumably 1992) contains letters, news, fiction, reports from half a dozen Canadian Who clubs, and special Anniversary Issue surprises. Good production values and informative, if you your into Who.

--J.W.H.

NEOLOGY

Box 4071 Stn. S, Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 4S8

Published irregularly by the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society
Available for \$2.50 (plus postage: \$.78 Canada, \$1 U.S.A, \$2 overseas) or The Usual.

How I can say anything bad about a zine which has published almost everything I have submitted? The last issue I recieved, edited by Katherine Girczyk, came out just in time for Context '91, in June, 1991.

The most significant trait I can mention about Neology is that from time to time I peruse through my collection. Some zines, even many good ones, don't have much of interest when read years later. Neology is an exception.

According to rumour, ESFACAS is currently going through the "not enough members" thing right now. Hopefully, 50 or 60 people will join ESFACAS any day now, and I'll go back to finding four Neology's a year in my mailbox.

--K.J.

{{The latest issue of Neology is out -- see Canadian News.

--The Eds.}}

OPITUNIA

Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, T2P 2E7

Published irregularly by Dale Speirs
Available for \$1.00/issue, or for a LoC or trade.

This perzine comes complete with Dale's comments on SF, fandom, conventions, politics, work, as well as fish and stamp collecting. Dale's analysis of

some of the parallels between fandom and other human organizations sometimes allow us to see fandom more clearly. They can also allow us to realize many of fandom's stupider mistakes are not a result of fannish traits but rather a result of human traits.

Opitunia 5 and Opitunia 6 also contained an indepth historical account of Edmonton fandom by Garth Spencer.

-K.J.

OSFS STATEMENT

Box 6636, Stn. J, Ottawa, Ontario, K2A 3Y7

Published by the Ottawa SF Society
Available for The Usual?

I haven't seen one of these for a few years so I'm lacking on details such as cost, trade policy, publishing schedule, etc. We hope to have more info next issue.

-K.J.

SPINTRAIN

14 Culliton Cres., Regina, Sask., S4S 4J6

Published by the Speculative Fiction Society

Available for The Usual?

Like the latest Neology, I picked up a copy of Spintrain 3 at Context '91. In this issue, editor Dave Panchyk announced he was stepping down as editor. Andrew Quick, the new editor, wrote about the directions he hoped to take Spintrain (and how he hopes for more submissions from fandom at large. Don't we all!)

Issue 3 features two workes of fiction. "Lone Shark" is a script-format piece of speculative fiction by Catherine Girczyc. "The Hibukausha" is a post-apocalypse story by Cliff Burns.

In addition to the fiction and editorials, we find an unusual cartoon by pukka press, and an interview with Charles de Lint and an article about he changes such things as computers and lead type have had on publishing.

-K.J.

TMOVzine

#38011 - 968 West King Edward,
Vancouver, B.C., V5Z 4L9

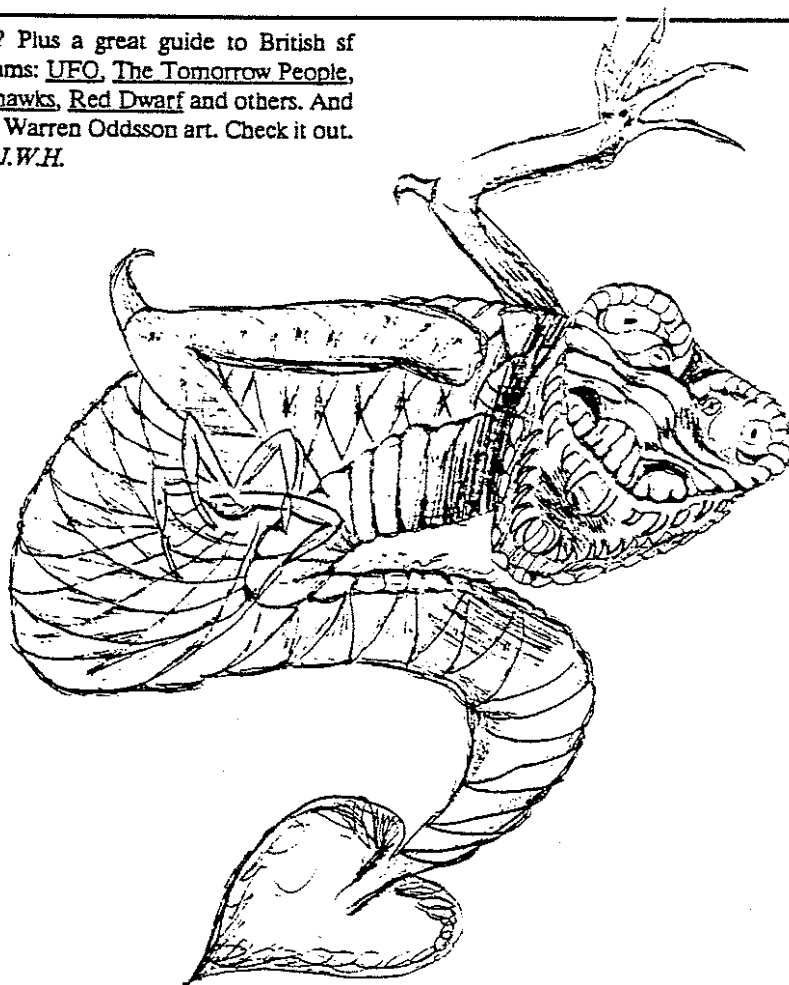
Published by quarterly The Time Meddlers of Vancouver

Available for \$17.50/four issues

Another Doctor Who zine, this issue contains an part of an interview with Nicola Bryant (a Who actress), more news and reviews, and an article called Who Says a Man Can't Watch Beauty and the

Beast? Plus a great guide to British sf programs: UFO, The Tomorrow People, Terrahawks, Red Dwarf and others. And lots of Warren Oddsson art. Check it out.

-J.W.H.



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Reviews

Between The Covers by David Gordon-MacDonald

HOWLING MAD

By Peter David. 1989; Ace Books.

GRYPHON

By Crawford Kilian. 1989; Del Rey/Ballantine.

THE SONGS OF DISTANT EARTH

By Arthur C. Clarke. 1986; Del Rey/Ballantine.

BIMBOS OF THE DEATH SUN

By Sharyn McCrumb. 1987; Windwalker Books.

CARMEN MIRANDA'S GHOST IS HAUNTING SPACE STATION THREE
Don Sakers, ed. 1989; Baen Books.

Here it is, the most revolutionary, brand spanking new item since vitamin E deodorant; as shiny and alluring as the knees on the pants of my old communion suit. Yes, it's the regular book review column. We'll try and review something by a local author in each edition of *Between The Covers*, as well as review some weird and off-the-wall publications. (Which, considering the nature of the reviewer, not to mention the editors, can't be entirely unexpected.)

First for the firing squad we have *Howling Mad*, by Peter David, an author not unfamiliar to readers of *Trek* novels or the DC Classic *Trek* comic over the last couple of years. David has also managed a minor miracle for Marvel Comics by re-establishing a tired concept -- *The Incredible Hulk* -- as an interesting character and sales leader.

First and foremost, David is a humorous writer with a talent for sketching in complex characters with a minimum of fuss and rhubarb. This was evident in his Arthurian comedy, *Knight Life*, in which King Arthur returns, shortens his name to Arthur Penn, and becomes mayor of New York city. Did I also mention he can be a strange -- exceedingly strange -- writer? This is patently obvious in *Howling Mad*, another novel, (apparently also set in Mayor Penn's New York) which explores the consequences of a timber wolf pack leader being bitten by a werewolf and ending up in Central Park Zoo. To be succinct, once a month for three days, this friendly neighbourhood *Canis lupus* turns into

Arnold Schwarzenegger, or a reasonable facsimile thereof. This poses quite a variety of unusual problems for David's eccentric characters -- although, to be honest, there is not one character who couldn't be considered eccentric. Among the novel's cast of characters are such common B.C. and Victoria-area types as the animal rights activist who has lousy luck with men (her friend suggests she join the nuns of Our Lady of Perpetual Kvetch) so she naturally (?) falls for a man who is actually a wolf, except during the full moon. Then, of course, there is Duncan the vagrant vampire.... (And, no, I'm not going to explain that one!)

Altogether, *Howling Mad* is an immensely funny and readable novel, a good, light read that doesn't insult the intellect. Your deeply held spiritual beliefs might not be so lucky, however; for all you religious types, David has devised an immortal man, who rises again for three days a month... and is named Joshua.

Crawford Kilian is an author from Vancouver. Kilian's day job is teaching writing at Capilano College in West Vancouver, and you may have seen his weekly columns on the state of education in B.C., in the weekend editions of *The Province*. However, for the last dozen or so years, he has also been a published SF author, principally a novelist. His SF is quite a change from his other works which include books on education policy, social studies texts, and a history of the black pioneers of B.C.

Kilian's 1989 novel, *Gryphon*, is a superb, groundbreaking novel which explores the concept of nanotechnology -- molecule sized machines that can function within larger organisms, both animal and plant, as well as in the external environment. In essence, they are mechanical viruses, capable of being programmed to perform many functions similar to, or in defense against, those annoying microbes. This is the same concept that Melinda Snodgrass used less effectively on *ST: TNG* when she scripted the episode concerning Wesley's nanites. ("*Evolution*.")

Gryphon presents a fascinating look at an Earth that has become a member of the interstellar community essentially by long distance telephone. To be precise, a light-speed form of communication which does not attenuate, no matter how great

the distance, is introduced to Earth by aliens, who follow up with access to the Database, an immense store of mixed alien information which yields bits and pieces of technology to 21st Century Earth. Within a few centuries subsequent to this, the human species has been reduced to a few million selfish, high-tech dilettantes, and is on its way to dying out from sheer ennui. On the face of it, not an optimistic view of humanity's future. Nevertheless, *Gryphon* is a hopeful, upbeat novel despite the milieu described above and the catastrophic events that unfold within. Best of all, though, Kilian presents more than just one side of the concept of nanotechnology and its attendant social/environmental issues; we see the ethical, the unethical, the good, the bad, and the very, very ugly. This novel is one of those "hard to put down" books with plenty of action, plus plenty of questions that will bother you for a good long time after you finish reading it.

The Songs of Distant Earth is Arthur C. Clarke's "Anti-Warp Drive" novel -- it deals with the nasty and occasionally depressing realities of interstellar travel and communication based on physics as it is currently understood. Essentially, the plot is a parable of the effect of European culture on such indigenous civilizations as those of the Pacific Island nations. Simply substitute a ship bearing the last surviving humans from Earth, the Sun having gone kablooe (gee, don't you just love those technical terms) and a water world seeded centuries before in the millenium-long effort to preserve the species. Result: culture clash. The water world has a very Polynesian ambience, and contains what must be Clarke's concept of a perfect, idyllic society -- one which is completely without religion of any sort whatsoever. In fact, this is touted as the reason for the society's near-utopian state. (Sorry if you find this offensive, but don't shoot me; I'm only your faithful but dreadfully underpaid reviewer.)

To be quite honest, this is not Clarke at his best. It definitely isn't on a par with *2010*, or *Rendezvous With Rama*. On the favourable side, rather average work from Clarke still beats 95% of what you'll find in the SF section of any bookstore. In summary, *The Songs of Distant Earth* is rather a light read, but it definitely holds your attention from start to finish, and the

characters are engaging, interesting, and likeable.

Now, let us consider a book which should be required reading for every SF and Fantasy fan, especially if they are convention fans: *Bimbos of the Death Sun*. In this novel by Sharyn McCrumb, this is also the awful title given a hard science fiction novel by Dr. James Owen Mega, an engineering professor. Receiving no promotional assistance from his publisher, Dr. Mega follows the advice of a colleague and turns up at a con to promote his embarrassingly titled book. There he is plunged into the weird world (can you say "understatement," kids?) of SF fandom. *Bimbos* is sort of a murder mystery set in the somewhat surreal environment that Mega encounters at the con. I say "sort of a murder mystery," because there is little question who the murderer is - the problem is simply getting him to confess.

The best part of the novel, though, is the frighteningly accurate analysis of SF fandom (or a significant part of it, at least), fan types, and even of certain genre authors. Reading this book you will probably recognize quite a number of people you know and, if you are really unlucky - yourself. There is some exaggeration for fun, but surprisingly little. Here you will find the all too familiar heroic fantasy junkie, the distaff version of the late, great, (slightly blown-up) Hindenberg testing the elastic limit of lycra in the costume contest, the particularly gamey gamer, and the professional fan who seems to have nothing more productive to do with his life than attend cons.

Even the characters of the authors in this novel have echos of the familiar. James Owen Mega could be Robert Forward, or even G. Harry Stine (Lee Corey), and Appin Dungannon, the recipient of a high velocity heavy metal infusion (i.e. the murderess) is like the product of an obscene mating of Michael Moorcock and Harlan Ellison. (And don't even think it! I reserve all filthy thoughts in this column unto myself, thank you very much.)

Bimbos of the Death Sun will give you a highly entertaining look at yourself, and fandom, in a not too distorted mirror. Strangely, author Sharon McCrumb also includes a great deal of accurate information concerning Scottish history, culture, mythology and legend. I must admit that occasionally, reading some of that gave this expatriate haggis-eater quite a twinge of homesickness, despite the fact

that he is now an (intensely, if intermittently, nationalistic) Canadian citizen.

Bimbos of the Death Sun used to be hard to find, but now has been re-issued, so it shouldn't be too difficult if you look hard enough.

Lastly, and probably most unusually, we have *Carmen Miranda's Ghost is Haunting Space Station Three*, an entire anthology of short fiction edited by Don Sakers, and based on a folk song of the same title, by Leslie Fish. The term "folk" came from a misprint of "folk" in a con program book. It has become the permanent name of several varieties of song created by and for science fiction fans. "Carmen Miranda" is not the type of folk that is reworked from another source, but original music and lyrics - a true SF folk song. In this crazy conglomeration, everyone from first time story writers to C.J. Cherryh and Anne McCaffrey contribute stories based on the song -- and, the editors claim, not one submission treads the same ground as any of the others. I can believe it. The only common elements are Space Station Three, of course, and the ghost of a certain Brazilian musical film star of the 'forties and 'fifties.

Altogether, this anthology is an amazing collection of funny, beautiful, skillful and horrific tales, each one unique despite their common root. Of particular note are, "If Madam Likes You," by Anne McCaffrey, and my personal favourite:

Carmen Miranda and The Maracas of Death, by Julia Ecklar (author of the ST novel, *The Kobayashi Maru*). Included in the collection are an amusing explanation of how the song came to be written, how the Cedar Grove Writers' Movement became fixated with this project, and also the complete words and music for the song itself. This is a fun, varied collection, well edited by Don Sakers.

For those who are interested, Leslie Fish's tapes are available from Firebird Arts and Music. For a catalogue, send an SASE or SAE and IRC to:

Firebird Arts and Music
c/o P.O. Box 14785,
Portland, OR
97214
U.S.A.

Next time, I'll have a look at some more local SF and fantasy. Plus, I'll review some Canadian Sherlock Holmes stories -- including the one and only Holmes adventure actually set totally in the Great White North. And lastly, let me whet your appetite with a title: *Zombies of the Gene Pool*. If you guess which of the above books this is the sequel to, you could win a putrid iguana! No home should be without one!

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Achilles' Choice

by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes
April, 1992; Tor; \$5.99

"Niven and Barnes seem to bring out the best in each other," declares Mike Resnick's back cover blurb, and such is the case with their latest collaboration. In this cautionary tale, future athletes, instead of using steroids, turn to a performance-enhancing medical procedure called "boosting" in their efforts to win gold at the Olympics. The problem is that after a few years, the boosting procedure will kill the athlete, and only gold medal winners get to have the procedure reversed. An intriguing mix of politics, sports, courage and desire.

--J.W.H.

Alien 3

Alien set itself apart from most other SF/horror/monster movies in a number of ways. For one thing, the alien itself was genuinely scary. Not "giant gorilla scary," or "huge blob with one eye scary," but *really* scary. This alien helped the film to win a well-deserved (although not according to irate *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* fans) special effects Academy Award.

In addition, the sets, the derelict space ship, the egg chamber, the hostile planet were unusual and bizarre but terrifyingly believable. The *Nostromo* felt real. It looked as though people had lived and worked in it for decades.

The final point which set *Alien* apart from other films of the genre was that the progression of the plot didn't rely solely on the stupidity of the characters. We were spared the "Oh, no, thank you. I don't need to stay here with you kind people. I'll just go on alone and stay in the cold, dark, abandoned house that belonged to my presumed dead mass-murdering uncle, who legend has it lives in the attic that I will enter weaponless the first time I hear a noise up there..." bullshit that seems to be the mainstay of hack horror. When they did something they shouldn't, or failed to do something they should, there was a reason (mostly that their science officer, Ash, was an android programmed to keep the alien alive).

Alien 3, however, has the entire cast acting as if stupidity were next to godliness. The movie rides on the premise that Ripley would have gone into hypersleep without checking the *Sulaco* for any traces of aliens, especially eggs! We are also meant to believe that a squad of double-Y chromosome violent psychopaths couldn't

conjure up weapons more effective than scissors and fire axes. These people, some of them murders, had bottles and flammable liquids but couldn't make something as simple as a molotov cocktail. They had access to explosives and pipes but couldn't fashion a simple cannon.

The plot of *Alien 3* made little sense to me until a thought occurred. An over-used, cop-out thought, but a thought nonetheless. It's possible that the entire movie is meant to be Ripley's hypersleep dream on the *Sulaco*. I recognize that the argument that "this is exactly the sort of nightmare one could expect Ripley to have" is, alone, unconvincing. There are, however, many other indications that this may be the case:

- the director of *Alien 3*, David Fincher, was apparently chosen for his ability to film "dream-like sequences" for music videos;
- the second scene of Ripley in the movie shows her in hypersleep in R.E.M. state;
- a full torso autopsy is done on Newt when the scanner in the escape pod could have shown her insides far more effectively, and in a far less "nightmarish" way;
- a single, lone facehugger somehow impregnated both Ripley and a dog;
- for no readily apparent reason, the alien hatched from the dog is different than any seen before;
- Ripley carries an embryonic alien inside her for days, instead of a single day;
- Ripley sees a CAT scan of the alien inside her and somehow knows it is a queen (keep in mind that she has never seen an alien embryo before);
- we see Ripley smack an alien head with a metal pole, but the head turns out to be a pipe which looks nothing like an alien head;
- the Company sends people to get the adult and embryo aliens from Fury 361, instead of grabbing all the eggs they could possibly want from the hive under the alien ship on LV426;
- the Company rep who comes to Fury 361 looks exactly like Bishop (In spite of Bishop having saved Ripley, she might still be suspicious of him because of her earlier experiences with Ash. A psychological conflict of this sort could easily be resolved with a dream featuring a human who looks like Bishop but turns out to be a scumbag);
- Ripley experiences an alien breaking out of her chest without screaming, saying "ouch," or even changing her

expression.

To me, the above points add up to the story being either a dream or a good example of bad writing. For me, though, the clinching argument for *Alien 3* being a dream can be found at the end of *Aliens*, with the following lines:

NEWT: Are we really going to sleep all the way home?"

RIPLEY: All the way home."

NEWT: Can I dream?

RIPLEY: Yes, honey, I think we both can.

As well, Ripley's final line in *Aliens* is "Sleep tight," a line which could easily start your average human mind thinking about "bedbugs."

We are told, even shown, in *Aliens* that Ripley has recurring nightmares about aliens. In the novelization, we are told that she was "sleeping under sedation necessary to mute the effects of recurring nightmares." At the end of *Aliens* when she decides she could dream, she likely would not have taken these sedatives.

Dreams are mentioned several times in the novelizations of both *Alien* and *Aliens* (I have yet to read the novelization of *Alien 3*). The first book mentions that some people are "prodreamers" who have their dreams recorded for others to experience. About Ripley, it is said "...a little more effort, a greater intensity of self-recognition and she would have made a pretty good prodreamer. Or so she told herself."

At the end of the novelization of *Aliens* we read, "She could only hope not to dream."

Does all this mean we can expect *Alien 4: Ripley Wakes Up* to premiere in 1994? Maybe not. Perhaps the filmmakers purposely left ambiguous the idea that it was a dream. However, if there's money in it, they'll probably film it.

--K.J.

The Changed Man

by Orson Scott Card
April, 1992; Tor; \$5.99

The first of four paperbacks reprinting stories found in *Maps in a Mirror: The Short Fiction of Orson Scott Card*, *The Changed Man* offers up eleven tales of dread and suspense. "*Eumenides in the Fourth Floor Lavatory*" opens the book with a gruesome story about a man who discovers a terribly malformed infant who just won't leave him alone, after he's killed it...several times. Other highlights include: "*Deep Breathing Exercises*," about a man who discovers he can sense

when people are about to die; "*Fat Farm*," a twist on the old "rich man replaces his tired, old, fat body with healthy, young body" routine. Haven't you ever wondered what happened to all the old bodies?; "*Freeway Games*," a case of "highway follow the leader" taken too far; and the award-winning "*The Lost Boys*." Card is flexing his literary muscles here; there are no villains, no evil monsters skulking beneath the floorboards -- just ourselves, trying to live from day to day. Recommended.

--J.W.H.

Prayers To Broken Stones

by Dan Simmons

May, 1992; Bantam; \$6.99

Another author flexing muscles with a collection is Dan Simmons, author of *Hyperion* and the most acclaimed new writer in decades. Highlights include: "*The River Styx Runs Upstream*," his first sale, an elegant and poignant horror tale; "*Eyes I Dare Not Meet In Dreams*," the basis of his new book, *The Hollow Man*; "*Vanni Fucci is Alive and Well and Living in Hell*," Simmons does satire, a dead-on jab at televangelists; "*Remembering Siri*," set in the *Hyperion* universe (the introduction is better than the story, however); "*E-Ticket to Namland*," Disney does the Ho Chi Minh Trail; and "*Two Minutes and Forty-Five Seconds*," a "high-tech horror" story about the *Challenger* explosion. Recommended.

--J.W.H.

The Hollow Man

by Dan Simmons

September, 1992; Bantam Spectra; \$24.00 (review taken from uncorrected proof)

Jeremy Bremen's life has become a disaster; his wife has died, he's quit his job, he is suicidal. What is driving him over the edge is the fact that his telepathic powers are out of control. When she died, the telepathic link he shared with his wife was severed, and now Jeremy can no longer control the influx of "psychobabble": the thoughts, the fantasies, the pain, the suffering of everyone around him. It's driving him crazy.

The Hollow Man is a deft twist on Robert Silverberg's *Dying Inside*: instead of the telepath's power slowly fading away, in Jeremy's case it's increasing to the point of madness. Jeremy is driven to the point where he runs away and finds himself in cross-country flight pursued by killers. Simmons has combined all three of his

genre fortes here: horror, fantasy, and science fiction. His novel ranges from the story of love and loss, to an exploration of chaos theory. You can be your own judge as to whether he succeeds, but you've got to give him credit for trying. Recommended.

--J.W.H.

Star Trek: The Next Generation

"*Unification I*" and "*Unification II*"

It sounded too good to be true: Leonard Nimoy guest starring as Spock in a two-part ING episode wherein Spock attempts to reunite the Vulcans and the Romulans. But alas....

The first episode sets up the play: Ambassador Spock has mysteriously travelled to the Romulan homeworld, Romulus. Has he defected? Picard and the *Enterprise* are ordered to find out. After a brief visit to Spock's father, the dying Sarek, Picard and Data borrow a Klingon ship and crew in order to approach Romulus under the protection of the Klingon ship's cloaking field. Then, in the guise of Romulans, they beam down in an attempt to find Pardek, a Romulan politician whom they feel Spock may try to contact. They are correct; Pardek leads them to Spock. Meanwhile, Riker has his own mystery to solve: someone has stolen a Vulcan ship from a Starfleet junkyard.

All in all, the first half does a fairly good job of setting things up. Unfortunately, everyone takes a large dose of 'stupid pills' for the second part and it all falls apart.

It turns out that Pardek helping Spock with his unification plans has been part of a bigger plan by Commander Sela, the blonde Romulan with the uncanny resemblance to the late Tasha Yar, to use Spock in an unwitting attempt to take over Vulcan. By making the Federation believe that Spock's negotiations have been successful, she plans to use stolen Vulcan ships to carry an attack force to Vulcan. The attack force, a mere two thousand troops, will dig themselves in (and do what? That's never made clear). Two thousand troops doesn't seem like enough to hold a key planet presumably deep in the heart of the Federation. (Apart from the fact that Starfleet weapons are accurate to within a city block and could stun all the enemy troops from orbit, Starfleet could blockade the planet and starve them out. Sure, it's bad news for Vulcan in the short term, but there's no military advantage for the Romulans to be gained here; they're just being bad guys for

the sake of being bad guys. And why aren't any Romulan citizens suspicious about this Vulcan that's running around?)

Later, Picard, Data, and Spock are betrayed by Pardek and brought to Sela, who, after spilling the beans about her plan, leaves the three of them, three of the most resourceful people in the galaxy, alone in a room which just happens to contain some computer consoles and a holographic projector. Dumb and Stupid! She leaves Spock and Data alone with computers!!! She knows who they are and what they are capable of. Dumber and Stupid! At the end of the episode, the members of the underground help our heroes escape. Yet Pardek knows them all; why weren't they all "disappeared"? This is not a very good way to run a totalitarian government. (And how come Romulans have forehead ridges and Vulcans don't? Seems like a useless (and quickly developed) evolutionary trait for the Romulans, as a Vulcan offshot, to have developed. Or maybe Vulcans always had ridges and after the Romulans split off, Vulcans lost theirs by continually slapping their foreheads and shouting, "No, dammit, I've got to use logic!")

Our heroes fare no better. When Sela returns to Picard & co., they knock out her guards with the help of a surprise they've cooked up with the aforementioned computers and holographic equipment, and Data explains to her how they plan to escape! Then they knock her out (with Data deftly applying a Vulcan neck pinch; what should have been a highlight of the episode comes off instead as limp and unsurprising), and our intrepid heroes leave Sela and her cohorts unbound, ungagged, and unsecured. More Dumb and Stupid!

Now back to the *Enterprise*. Riker has followed the trail of the missing Vulcan ships (despite the fact that he blew up his only clue, a mysterious ship, in the first part, and no explanation is provided as to how he got back on the trail) to the Neutral Zone. Just as the Vulcan ships cross the Neutral Zone (at Warp One), Dr. Crusher receives a communique requesting medical assistance at some colony or something. (The call was received in the Sick Bay only, not on the bridge!) It's the old fake distress call routine -- how original -- and once again, the *Enterprise* is the closest ship that can respond. By now, the Vulcan ships have entered Federation space (still at Warp One -- these guys aren't in much of a hurry), and Spock manages to send the message that the

Vulcan ships are manned by a Romulan invasion force. *Enterprise* is fourteen minutes away from the invasion force. As they come within visual range, Worf reports that the invasion force is retreating to the Neutral Zone and that the Vulcan Defense Fleet has been dispatched.

A brief digression. According to the *Star Trek: The Next Generation Technical Manual*, written by Mike Okuda and Rick Sternbach, production people on *TNG*, Warp One = the speed of light, or *c*. In interstellar terms, that's real slow. (Warp Seven, for instance, is calculated to be 656 *c*.) So, if the invasion force was moving at Warp One for only fourteen minutes, then the farthest they could penetrate Federation space is fourteen light-minutes which isn't far at all (roughly the distance from the sun to Mars). And yet they were close enough to Vulcan (which I always assumed was deep in Federation space) that the Vulcan defense Fleet responds to these slow-moving craft. Obviously then, Vulcan must be very near the Neutral

Zone, otherwise it might take the invasion force years to get there (thus robbing them of the element of surprise). Why then is the *Enterprise*, cruising the Neutral Zone very close to Vulcan, the only starship in the area able to respond to that distress call? One would think that Starfleet would constantly have ships cruising along the Zone and you'd think there'd be a ship or two near Vulcan. (I know the Borg decimated the Fleet, but really....)

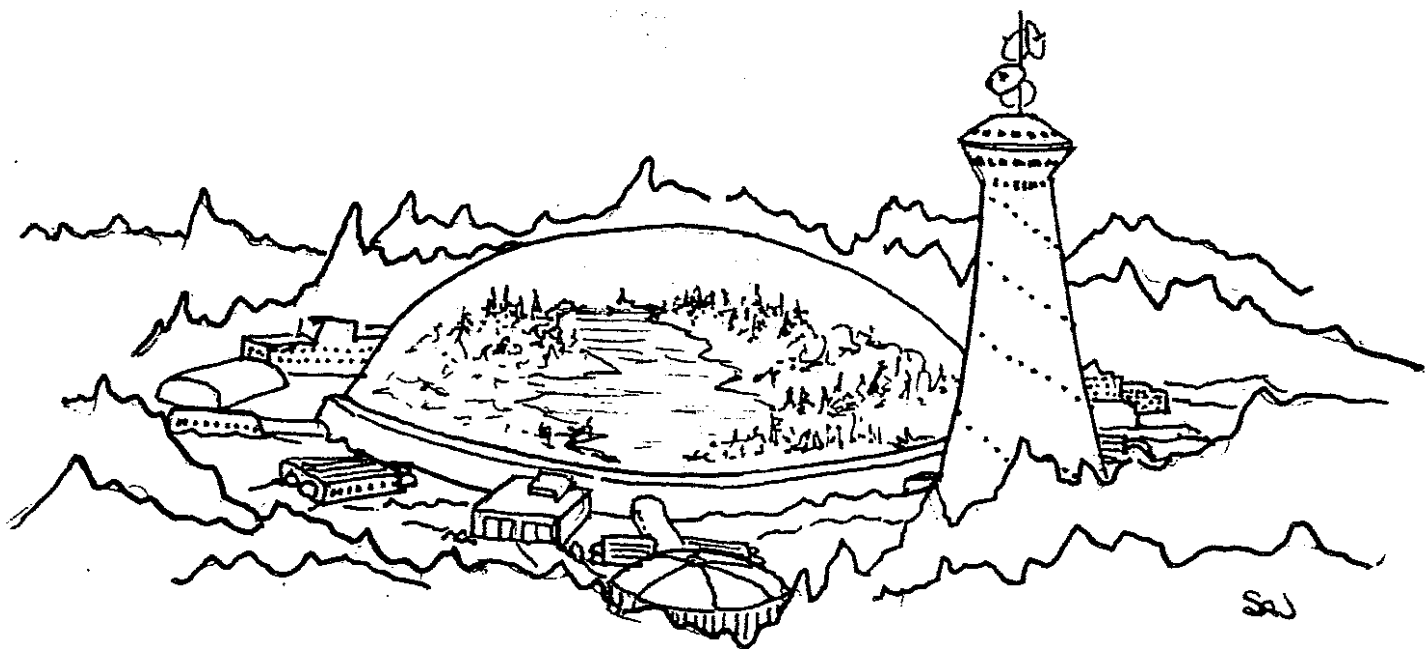
So the *Enterprise* is closing on those Vulcan ships when a Romulan *Warbird* de-cloaks. Riker orders shields up, phasers armed, etc., but before he can act, the *Warbird* blows up the three ships and quickly cloaks. In response, Riker (get this) orders the *Enterprise* to stand down from Red Alert. A Romulan *Warbird*, in Federation space, blows up three Vulcan ships, and Riker orders the ship off Red Alert and doesn't even try to pursue it!! He doesn't even maintain the *Enterprise*'s defense posture!! A cloaked and hostile Romulan *Warbird* is in his immediate

vicinity and he orders the ship to stand down!!! Arrgh! The man should be court-martialed, not allowed on a Starfleet ship again except to scrub toilets.

Nor will we let the Klingons off easily (we're an equal opportunity criticizer). Since this episode clearly establishes that the Klingons can use a cloaked ship to penetrate Romulan space right to Romulus, the Romulan homeland, and even beam down to the planet undetected, why didn't they ever beam an anti-matter bomb or something down to the planet and blow up them pesky Romulans a long time ago? And why haven't the Romulans used their cloaking technology to sail deep into Klingon space and blast a few Klingon planets? Or some Federation planets? Maybe even Earth? (Why not Vulcan? It seems to be as close as the corner store, and there are never any starships around when you need one!)

"Unification" resulted in nothing but disharmony.

--J.W.H.



CONTEST!!

Tell us, in 100 words or less, what you think the Republican Dirty Tricks People/ CIA had on Ross Perot. Send your entries to c/o Under the Ozone Hole. All published winners will receive One Free Neat Thing.

Canadian News

I-Con 3, scheduled to be held in Victoria this October, has been postponed until next year. As of mid-June, the con had sold less than 70 memberships, and only about 25 since last year's I-Con. Con organizers stress that I-Con is postponed and not cancelled, and they hope to see it take place in late 1993.

Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society (ESFACAS) President Cath Jackel said in *Neology* #74 that ESFACAS is "dormant." She said, "we don't have critical mass, we have terminal apathy. And I can't see things changing anytime soon." She refuses to declare the club dead, however, hoping instead that new blood will be infused and ESFACAS will revive. *Neology* editor Catherine Girczyc announced in the same issue that she stepping down as editor and that *Neology*, too, is now dormant.

Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk has replaced Tim Hammell as art director for On Spec. Hammell resigned to concentrate on his own work.

Much of last year's Vancouver Westercon debt has been settled as U.B.C. accepted an offer of about fifty cents on the dollar. However, \$2,500 is still owing to various individuals. BCSFA has been holding auctions and held V-Con 19.5, a small relaxacon, to help pay it off. If wish to donate money or material, write BCSFA, Box 35577, Station E, Vancouver, B.C., V6M 4G9.

BCSFA's own Don Hildebrandt's first novel, *The Quicksilver Screen*, has just been published as part of Del Rey's Discovery program.

Long-time Toronto fan "Captain" George Henderson died February 10, 1992, at age 62. Henderson ran the Memory Lane book store, which specialized in comics, pulps, and movie memorabilia. He was also a founding member of OSFiC.

Harlan Ellison, during a recent speech in Vancouver, remarked on an apparent boycott of his appearance by BCSFA. No such boycott had occurred, and the matter seems to have been the result of non-communication between the group sponsoring Ellison's visit

and BCSFA.

Robert Runte was the Secret GoH at NonCon 15. See how well we kept the secret? -Oops!

Congrats to two long-time Victoria fans Paul VanderHeiden and Veronica Hipsey, who were married on May 23, 1992. Both are members, and Veronica a past President, of the U.S.S. Resolution, a Victoria Star Trek club.

Beach Holme/Portcep's anthology series of Canadian sf continues with the October publication of *Tesseract 4*, edited by Lorna Toolis and Michael Skeet. November sees the publication *Tesseract 5*, an anthology of Quebecois fiction edited by Elisabeth Vonarburg and Jane Brierley.

Prisoners of Gravity has announced the winners of its viewers's choice awards: SF Novel - *Barragar*, by Lois McMaster Bujold; Fantasy Novel - *Good Omens*, by Terry Pratchett and Neil Gaiman; Horror Novel (tie) - *The Witching Hour*, by Anne Rice, *Blood Price* by Tanya Huff, and *Dark Matter*, by Garfield Reeves-Stevens; Short Fiction - "Daughter Earth," by James Morrow; Favorite *Prisoners of Gravity* Guest: Neil Gaiman. *Prisoners* itself recently won an award: a Certificate of Creative Excellence at the U.S. Industrial Film and Video Festival.

Worldcon Update

Canadian - 52nd World SF Convention
Winnipeg Convention Centre
September 1 - 5, 1994.

GoH: Anne McCaffery. Artist GoH: George Barr. Toastmaster: Barry B. Longyear. Fan GoH: Robert Runte.

Winnipeg won the bid to host the 1994 World Science Fiction Convention. The bidding was: Winnipeg - 1012; Louisville, Kentucky - 957; None of the Above - 10; Rottneest Island, WA. - 2; Hawaii - 2; Denver, CO. - 1; Pern - 1; Spuzzum B.C. - 1; Perth WA. - 1. As of Jan. 1, 1992, they had over 2300 memberships.

Tim Hammell is the ASA Liason and Art Soliciter for Canadian, and he needs lots of fillos and cartoons for progress reports. Send two copies of each illo, and include your name and address on the back of each. Payment in egoboo.

Memberships prices vary: suffice to say, if you didn't vote at Worldcon '91, and you didn't pre-support, it will cost you \$85. Write and find out for sure.

Canadian, Box 2430, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4A7.



EARLY HOT TUBS

Canucks Writing Books, Dep't

All due soon at a bookstore near you:

The Quicksilver Screen by Don Hildebrandt (Del Rey); *Spirit Walk* by Charles de Lint (Tor); *The Cutting Edge* by Dave Duncan (Del Rey); *The Reaver Road* by Dave Duncan (Del Rey); *Upland Outlaws* by Dave Duncan (Del Rey); *Virtual Light* by William Gibson (Bantam Spectra); *Lady Slings the Booze* by Spider Robinson (Ace); *The Sword and the Chain* by Joel Rosenberg (Roc); *Children of the Blood* by Michelle Sagara (Del Rey); *Far-Seer* (and two sequels) by Robert J. Sawyer (Ace); *TekVengeance* by William Shatner; *Believe* by William Shatner and Michael Tobias (Berkley); *Saber and Shadow* by S.M. Stirling and Shirley Maier; *The Silent City* by Elizabeth Vonarburg (Bantam Spectra - U.S. only); and *The Harvest* by Robert Charles Wilson (Bantam Spectra).