



ConAdian -- The Quest For Food

UNDER THE OZONE HOLE NUMBER TEN



CONVENTION
DEREGISTRATION

NUMBER

TEN

DECEMBER 1994

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Karl Johanson
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(So there, nyah.)*

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

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The Americans want to control everything in Bosnia and they are willing to fight to the last Canadian and Frenchman.
-- *The Right Honourable Jean Chrétien, Prime Minister of Canada*

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Art

Barb McLean: page 6; Tricia Evans: page 7.
All other art by Stephanie Ann Johanson.

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All photos are courtesy of John Willcox Herbert, Monica Herbert or Stephanie Ann Johanson, except the Aurora winners photo on page 11 which is courtesy of Benoit Girard, (Merci, Benoit!) and the I.B.B.B. photo on page 18 which is courtesy of Carol Scheidl.

About The Cover

A montage of convention goers from ConAdian, the 52nd World SF Convention, held in Winnipeg, September 1-5, 1994.

Don't trust anyone over thirty.
-- Jerry Rubin

Don't trust anyone under fifty.
-- Jerry Rubin

The Other Editor's Opinion

by John Willcox Herbert



One advantage (possibly the only one) I have as an Aurora Award winning zine editor as opposed to, let's say, an Aurora Award winning novelist, is that I get a second chance to publicly thank people, while the novelist has but one. So when Joe Shlobotnik makes his acceptance speech for his epic work, *Foundation 90210*, he'd better get all the names right. I, on the other hand, get to thank everyone again here, because I know my brain went to mush when I stepped up to the microphone and the only thing I can definitely remember saying is, "Who invited the wasps?"

So, let me thank our "staff": Monica Herbert, who has dazzlingly proofread and grammar-checked every issue (the thousands of words spelled correctly each issue are hers, the dozen or so botch-ups each issue are mine); Stephanie Johanson, who has the unenviable task of filling up white spaces with her drawings, usually when we're ten minutes away from photocopying the page she's about to draw on ("Be an artistic genius, and be one right now!"); Barb McLean, who gives us lots 'n' lots of great drawings to also fill those accursed white spaces; and Paula Johanson, who has given us the proverbial ton of great reviews and articles this last couple of years. Without these guys, the zine would be a lot shorter. And not nearly as good. Thanks, eh. And thanks to all who have contributed: Laura Houghton, Brian D. Clarke, David Gordon-MacDonald, E.B. Klassen, Dale Sproule, Chuck Bell, Dave Panchyk, Phillip Freeman, Willie Rimshot, The Unknown Fan, Lloyd Penney, Tricia Evans, our letter writers, and, of course, F.F. "Bones" Norman.

Other people need some acknowledging, too: frequent contributor Robert Runté always says wonderful things about us, despite his uncontrollable insistence that we continually embarrass him on our covers. (We really don't want to put him on the cover, but he insists so we keep humouring him.); Cath Jackel said some nice words about us in *On Spec* and even loaned us the Canadian Publishing Suite at ConAdian for an hour to unleash *UTOH* Number Nine on an unsuspecting public. Both gestures were thoughtful and appreciated. (Cath insisted we put her on a cover, too — is this some kind of trend?); and Dwight Lockhart's artistic genius on our colour covers has left our readers, and us, in hysterics (there's that cover thing again).

We must also acknowledge the "competitors" in our category: God-Editor R. Graeme Cameron (BCSFazine), Jean-Louis Trudel, Aaron Humphrey and Dale Sproule (Communiqué), Dale Speirs (Opuntia) and Andrew Murdoch (ZX). Give these folks a round of applause for their service in the cause of Canadian Fandom.

ConAdian was probably the largest gathering ever of Canadian fandom. If it accomplished nothing else, it enabled a lot of people to finally put faces to names. (Benoit Girard, editor of *The Frozen Frog*, recognized Karl and I from our various pictures in *UTOH* — he just didn't realize we were so tall.)

One of my favourite moments at ConAdian was at the end of the Aurora Awards ceremony when we were all having our pictures taken. (It's a little unnerving to have a pack of people aiming cameras at you continually. No wonder most politicians go insane.) As we were all in line being shutterbugged, I noticed David Brin standing in front and applauding. Now, I have no idea why he was there — maybe he got lost while trying to find a sushi place and stumbled upon us by accident — but I was impressed that he would take the time to come to our little ceremony. It was damn nice of him.

Another favourite moment, or moments I guess, was embarrassing Adam Charlesworth by shouting, "Send her hate mail!" at inopportune times. (For those who don't know, Adam has a particular fondness for that expression.) Still, he was the only one who took advantage of our "Buy John and Karl Dinner" coupon, so I guess I shouldn't be so hard on him.

Speaking of embarrassment, I embarrassed our friend Laura. You have to understand that Laura doesn't *do* embarrassment; her skin is a permanent shade of white. She doesn't go pink, let alone red. I mean, she used to work for the provincial government and a sex toy shop (not at the same time, although I bet there wasn't much difference), so there's *nothing* she hasn't seen or heard. Robert started by saying something that got her blushing a deep shade of crimson, a rare feat. Monica said, "Robert, you've blushed Laura," and I delivered the *coup de grace* with, "Not many men can do that." I'm still pulling pillow feathers out from between my teeth.

ConAdian was a dam good time. I wanna go back next year.

Recently, I just realized how pathetic my life *really* is when the highlight of a recent day was scooping rec.arts.startrek.current with the name of the new new captain of *Star Trek: Voyager*. Oh, god.... :)

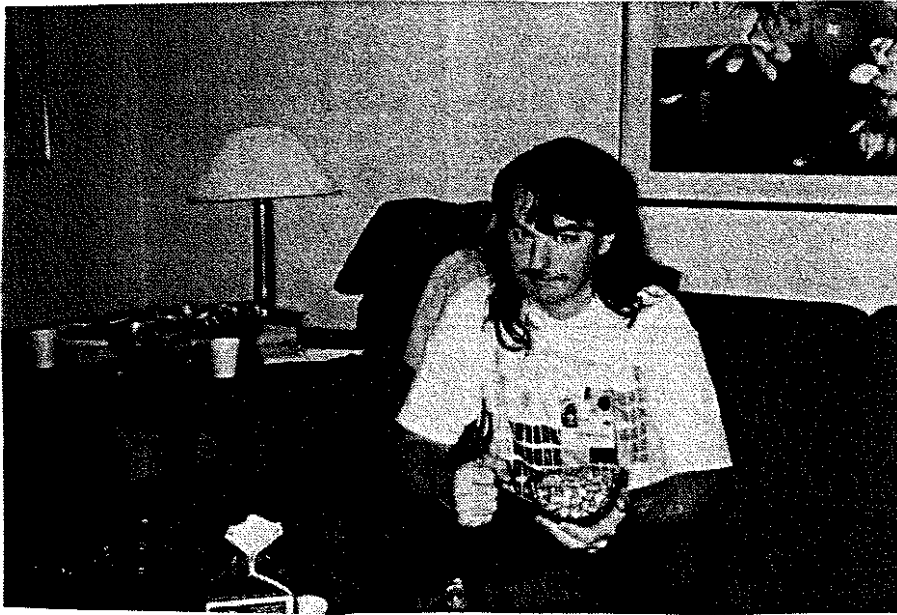
Finally, Season's Greetings to all our readers. All the best in 1995. Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

Cover Contest

We're bored with putting Robert on the cover. We want to put someone else on the cover. But who? We're going to let *you* decide! Tell us who you think we should put on it, what they should be doing and why they are deserving of this rare honour. The winning entrant will get a framed copy of the final cover! So get your fevered imaginations working and send us ~~some~~ filter your entries right away!

The Editor's Opinion

by Karl Johanson



Compliments regarding UTOH Number Nine's colour cover have been passed on to the artist, Dwight Lockhart, who appreciated them greatly. In addition to Dwight, we at UTOH would like to thank Victoria fan Jim Young. Jim is the owner of RBG Electronic Press. It was Jim and his company that did the incredible last minute high quality colour copying of the cover. Thanks, guys.

Well, it's been a whole issue since I talked about signs, so here I go again, with a bit of data I spied in *Signals* magazine. In 1990, during the Gulf war, Margaret Gilleo put a war protest sign in her window. The city of Ladue, Missouri, took it upon themselves to ban the sign from her property. On June 13, 1994, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled 9-0 in favour of Ms. Gilleo. The court indicated that cities cannot dictate to citizens how they can verbalize themselves on their personal property. Justice John Paul Stevens wrote in his opinion that signs are an inexpensive and beneficial form of communication, "especially for persons of modest means or limited mobility."

I found the U.S. Supreme Court's stand for freedom of expression most re-

freshing. I can dream of a time when we in Canada have a federal government willing to stop pandering to bigots and take a similar stand against Bill 178.

Anyway, I brought up the preceding point because I'm about to make fun of some Americans and I want it clearly understood that this is not an attack on all Americans. I am not "anti-American," as demonstrated by my above example of one way in which the U.S. is better than Canada. Well, here's the story...

"How do you get to Stanley Park?" my wife Stephanie was asked by a couple of American tourists.

"Well, you drive up Hillside Avenue to Blanshard Street, follow it till you get to the Swartz Bay ferry terminal, then once you're on the mainland you—"

"No, we don't want to take the ferry," interrupted the tourists, "we want to drive there."

"You don't mean *Beacon Hill* Park, do you?" Stephanie asked.

"No, *Stanley* Park; with the whales and the polar bears."

"Well, *Stanley* Park is on the mainland

and we're on an island, so you'll have to take the ferry if you want to take your car," Stephanie explained.

"But we drove here," insisted the couple. "We want to go back on the bridge."

Stephanie isn't the only person to be told about The Bridge. I've met tourists myself who insisted they came over on it. As well, I know six other people who've met Americans who swore upside-down and sideways that they drove to Vancouver Island on The Bridge.

Some tourists not only deny having brought their car over on a ferry, but steadfastly maintain that they are not on an island at all. I've never been right the way around Vancouver Island by boat, but I know people who have and they all confirm that what we call Vancouver Island is not attached to the rest of North America. And, in case you haven't realized it by now, there's no bridge.

Now, I've given some thought about what's happening here and have narrowed it down to the three most likely possibilities:

- 1) The military made a sinking bridge during WWII and it floats up to the surface every now and then just long enough for someone to drive over here;
- 2) A Vancouver Island in some parallel reality actually *has* a bridge to the mainland which shifts over to our reality every full moon or so. (I wonder what happens to cars halfway across when the bridge shifts); or
- 3) These people are stupid. Not just a little stupid, but *really* stupid. I mean, it's pretty hard to load your car on a ferry, go upstairs, have a buffet dinner, play a few games of Pacman vs. Super Mario VII, buy a couple of magazines, use the washroom, listen to the guy on the PA system say "Welcome to the BC Ferries *Queen of Whichever*," then wander back to your car, drive off the ferry and think, "Goodness, that was quite some bridge."

By Golly, I Am A Westerner

or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Hyphen

by Adam John Kaye Charlesworth

I was genuinely excited when it happened. I was about to attend my very first panel at the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention, which I had paid \$200 to attend. It was going to be worth every penny for without realizing it I was about to have (big brass sound) bam buhm bahhhh (gesture wildly) a genuine Western Canadian Experience.

When I arrived at the Babylon 5 preview panel, a few minutes early as I was very excited, there was already a man waiting outside the door.

"I can't wait for this panel to start," I said enthusiastically. "I don't get a chance to see Babylon 5 any more since I moved away from a large urban centre," I continued with appropriate hand gestures to indicate a great journey. I have discovered that hand gestures allow oneself to really get across a bigger message than just the mundane one your mouth is saying, like, for example, do not feed the insane gesturing person. I was also about to get a message from my fellow conversationee about just how he felt about everything.

"*Dhurr*, so it is where that you are living now?" said my fellow Babylon 5 addict with a very pronounced French-Canadian accent. His arms were dangling at his sides but there was a certain tension in their non-activity.

"Northern British Columbia," said I, foolishly adding, "it's a province on the west coast of Canada. Where is it you are from?" There was no extra movement from his digits but I had the feeling tension was about to erupt. I, of course, knew where he was from the instant he started his sentence with "*dhurr*," but this was an SF con and he might have been some American fan affecting an accent just to be weird.

"I am frommm Montrall." As he spoke he brought up his hands to punctuate his words by indicating a completed field goal.

"Do you get to see Babylon 5 in Montréal?" I asked inquisitively, playing with my hair and secretly preparing to ward off blows.

Now I should clarify at this point that I am not anti-French in any way. I lived in France for over a year and a half of my life and love the culture, the food and the people. I always believed that I was not an anti-Québec bigot because I loved the motherland and the daughter should therefore follow as a matter of course. I have discovered that I am, however, a western Canadian.

"Yes, I get to see Babylon 5 in Montrall," hands crossed in front, voiced raised and sharpened to a point, "but I am forced to watch it on an Ontario station!!!"

I swallow, stepping into the abyss of a debate I thought I would never take part in. My brain reels and speaks to me. "*Forced*"? says my brain, my hands firmly placed on either side of my temples. "*Forced*"? it says again.

"*Forced*"? I mean... do no... Québec stations play—" I am hesitating with every word, trying to comprehend what has happened here "Babylon 5?"

"You know that not every station in Québec is in French. In fact, maybe derr is only twelve stations in Montrall that are Québécois. We get the American cable and stations from Ontario, you know!!!" Anger is now out in the open. He is actually mad at me for not knowing the obvious. I foolishly try to placate him.

"We have three French stations in Smithers, only seven Canadian English stations and maybe ten American stations. That seems fair representation for a town with less than one per cent Francophones." *OH MY GOD!!!!* I didn't just say that! WHAT AM I DOING—Quick! Get back to some safe topic like abortion or native fisheries—

"So?!" says my fellow Babylon 5 addict, mercifully not arguing my idiotic point any further.

"So, is Babylon 5 available in French?" say I not being able to help myself and lacking a staple gun for my lips.

"No... it is not!" He's still mad at me say his voice and hands that have clenched into fists at his side.

"Do... French stations... ever show programs in English?" I ask, again stepping into the huge gap of logic between us that I am compelled to hurl into over and over and over.

"What?!" Anger is now temporarily replaced by a cool rage. "Of course, no French station would show a program in English, as if we have not enough English programs on the rest of our channels, showing all the time English, English, Ontarian shows inside Québec."

"So," I say as he opens the door to the panel room filled with people and exciting audio-visual equipment, "how is it that you are forced to watch Babylon 5?" It is too late. He has stomped off into the room to find an empty seat. I finish my sentence realizing that my arms are spread wide and my voice has raised up to follow his departure into the still on-going panel previous to the Babylon 5 preview.

I turned and began to follow him into the room to continue our conversation when the saner parts of my brain staged a revolution and took control of my motor functions to direct me away from my verbal combatant. I sat down and waited fifteen minutes before some dweeb told us that although they have the tape of the preview, the presenter had been told that the panel had been cancelled. So they cancelled the panel.

I was happy because I had gained far more than any selection of clips could have offered. I had had a bonding experience with my fellow Western-Canadians. (I have never before used the hyphen when referring to myself.) I had met and had been completely bewildered by someone from Québec.

There was another Babylon 5 panel scheduled in two hours, in a room without any A/V equipment, but that is another story.

Northwest Passage

by Paula Johanson

a non-fiction essay for *Modern Ritual*

The day felt heavy — not August's usual dry heat, but a heaviness in damp air that felt familiar even as it weighed on me. Since moving to this farm north of Edmonton three years ago, I felt the weather changing in big sweeps — usually big dry sweeps of wind that felt light and empty even as it carried topsoil from the field or drifted snow across the driveways.

This heavy dampness was different from the dry stillness I had come to expect in August. Summer on the farm was one timeless moment for me — one day like another, all hot and dry under a baking blue sky. Rain in August was not to be expected, nor this heavy chill that settled in as the sun rose. The ground did not warm as the day grew as bright as it could through a ceiling of cloud.

It looked almost like the sky I had grown up under. On the West Coast it rains more often than not, and instead of a stark blue sky there are clouds giving shape and distance to the mountains, and a filter for the sun instead of God's hot, attentive eye burning down out of a featureless sky.

This grey sky reduced the wide prairie to a scale I could understand, and made the mile to the neighbour's house seem a walk I could take before the rain came. I could walk there and let my neighbour brew me Indian tea. She could tell me again how on hot afternoons they would sprinkle water on the patio outside their kitchen door in New Delhi, and I could tell her how the rain in the trees was like the rain in my hometown on the Island.

There was going to be rain — I could smell it, that and something else.

I went out to see what the weather felt like before walking, and the grey light surprised me. My eyes dilated, relaxed from the squint they had assumed under the Prairie sun and a ball cap. With no hat, I could look up and see a sky that didn't tower over me, a layer of clouds with ridges that spoke of a travelling wind.

It looked like a weather front coming in off the ocean, and I told my husband so.

He was breathing deeply, smelling something on the air. It wasn't smoke, like we had noticed last year from the forest fires in the foothills. It wasn't dust from a neighbour tilling his quarter-section. Though it was cold, it wasn't the scent of snow, which I knew from three winters here, with the coldest spot in Canada one ridge north of us the first winter. There might be frost in that wind later, even in mid August, but it was now a heavy, damp chill like the winters I had known near the ocean for twenty-eight years before coming here.

"It's sea air," I said suddenly. "I smell salt." I knew that smell.

My husband knew it, too. For five years we had lived together in a house a hundred yards from the working harbour in Victoria. "But that wind's not coming from the west, from the Pacific. It's almost from the north. Could it have come round?" Bernie wondered.

The air was cold, with a bite in it we couldn't place till the answer soaked into me with the cold. "It's sea ice. We're smelling sea ice. We're smelling a wind that's come clear off the Beaufort Sea, eight hundred miles from the glaciers and the ice pack." We stood, awed by the Arctic chill in high summer, and the smell of an ocean we had never seen.

Later, I walked around the windbreak trees, to feel the wind unbroken at ground level. How had travellers known there was another ocean, instead of endless earth? The prairie looks like it goes on forever, and travellers could go in great arcs and come back round the earth where they came from. But the weather changes here like the light can change, and a cold front can blow south from the Beaufort Sea at 20,000 feet, uninterrupted by mountains, and sink to ground where I stood surrounded by the dry prairie in all directions, smelling the blue glacier ice in an offshore wind such as I had never known from the cool waters near the Island.

The wind stung tears out of my eyes, for home so far away, for home here so cold and stark, and for the wish I had never known before to travel on foot if I had to, to see and taste the waters I had smelled.

Over and over I sang all I knew of Stan Rogers' "Northwest Passage" as a hymn.

*Oh, for just one time I would take the Northwest Passage
To find the hand of Franklin reaching for the Beaufort Sea
Tracing one more line through a land so wide and savage,
And make a Northwest Passage to the sea.*

Next morning a killing frost froze our garden solid. End of season, end of harvest in one night.



Tale of the Young and Slothful: The Final Chapter

(Since I Forget What Number I Was Up To)

by Laura Houghton

(formerly Laura Atkins)

I was so elegant. I was immaculate, I was tasteful, I was sartorially splendid—and it was all part of my plot to get Lorne out of my life forever. I smiled evilly to myself, a smile I had been practicing in front of the mirror for just such an occasion. Lorne...was going to die. I patted a stray hair into place, then walked out of my bedroom and into the kitchen, where Lorne was chowing down on a multitude of forms of grease. His hair was rancid, and his clothing was so far beyond unkempt as to be rejected by dumpsters. He was a one-person definition of "squalid". Perfect.

I walked up to Lorne, doing my best to convey intelligence, decisiveness, leadership, calmness and vibrant, throbbing sensuality with every step. I deepened my tone of voice and cooed, "Hello, Lorne. Let's have a little...chat, shall we?"

Lorne looked blearily up at me. Already he looked more pathetic and drab than he had before, and he pushed his partially eaten burger away with a pasty, languid hand. "What do you want to talk about?," he whined.

I stood a little taller and thrust out my chest. "Well, I've been feeling so healthy lately, so full of vigour and charisma and exuberance, that I just wanted to thank you for taking all of those other unimportant opposites upon yourself. It's the useless menial dumb labourers like you who make me feel so superior and full of energy."

I watched in glee as his ego collapsed into a small pile of dust. But I wasn't done yet, oh no. I smiled, a smile so sweet yet so utterly evil that anyone seeing it must immediately know that the smile alone was a force to be reckoned with, let alone its owner. Lorne himself seemed to perceive this, for he instantly shrank down on his chair and whimpered, "I don't feel good."

"Gee, Lorne," I radiated, "that's too bad. Kinda throws a hitch into my plans, because I feel so HAPPY," I gushed as Lorne began to cry, "and QUICK-WITTED and FULL OF EVERY POSSIBLE IMAGINABLE DESIRABLE TRAIT," I continued as Lorne collapsed onto the floor while holding up his crippled hands in a gesture of abject submission, "that I just wanted to tell you that I feel FULL—OF—LIIIIIIIIIFE!!!" And I finished my dramatic oratory by throwing my arms upward in exultation and catching them again on the way down.

Then I looked down. And looked again, into every corner of the room. No Lorne, not a sign of Lorne anywhere in the entire apartment. And damn, didn't I just feel vibrantly terrific all through?!

* * * * *

And the moral of the story is, you should never trust an author not to kill off one of his or her characters during a plot difficulty.

{{Readers wishing to lynch Laura for her ending will certainly never find her in Phoenix, Arizona, where she is establishing life as a newlywed and refusing to have children.}}



SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

Kate Mulgrew heads the cast of *Star Trek: Voyager*, set to premiere in January, 1995. She'll play Captain Kathryn Janeway of the U.S.S. *Voyager*. Other cast members include Robert Beltran as Chakotay (the first officer and of Native American descent); Robert Duncan MacNeil as Lieutenant Tom Paris (conn); Tim Russ as Tuvok (the Vulcan security officer); Garrett Wang as Harry Kim (ops); Roxann Biggs-Dawson as B'Elanna Torres (half-human half-Klingon engineer); Ethan Phillips as Neelix (an alien cook); Jennifer Lien as Kes (an alien with only an eight-year life span); and Robert Picardo as Doc Zimmerman (a holographic medical program). Canadian actress Genevieve Bujold was originally cast as Captain Janeway, but left the show after less than a week of filming.... Less than two months before opening, *Star Trek: Generations* went back before the cameras for a major reshooting of the ending.... Colm Meany, Chief O'Brien of *ST: DS9* will be leaving the show early this season.... The future of *Red Dwarf* is up in the air after series star Craig Charles (Lister) was arrested and charged with rape after he and two companions allegedly held a woman for several hours.... Meanwhile, reports are circulating that Ted Danson and Eddie Murphy are interested in a big screen version of *Red Dwarf*. Sorry, I just don't see Danson as the Cat.... It seems that Steven Spielberg's Amblin Productions has reached an agreement with Fox and the BBC and a new two-hour *Doctor Who* pilot will be filmed for telecast next spring, followed, if ratings are good, by a series next fall. Eric Idle is one of the names being mentioned as the new Doctor, and another name being attached to the project is none other than Leonard Nimoy, who will apparently direct the pilot, which will include appearances by Davros, the Daleks and The Master.... An animated musical version of *King Kong* is under development (!!!).... Mel Gibson wants to be in the new version of *Fahrenheit 451*.... Steven Spielberg will be producing *Deep Impact*, based on Arthur C. Clarke's latest, *The Hammer of God*.... Tom Cruise will play — (wait for it) — *Zorro*! Ah, the magic of Hollywood casting.... James Cameron is considering *Alien 4*.... *Waterworld*, starring Kevin Costner and Dennis Hopper, could turn into the biggest bomb since *Heaven's Gate*. The film's budget has already topped \$135 million, and they're still filming....

1994 Hugo Awards

Best Novel: *Green Mars*, by Kim Stanley Robinson;
 Best Novella: "Down in the Bottomlands," by Harry Turtledove;
 Best Novelette: "Georgia on My Mind," by Charles Sheffield;
 Best Short Story: "Death on the Nile," by Connie Willis;
 Best Non-Fiction Book: *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* by John Clute and Peter Nicholls;
 Best Dramatic Presentation: *Jurassic Park*;
 Best Professional Editor: Kristine Kathryn Rusch;
 Best Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton;
 Best Original Artwork: *Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamps Booklet* by Stephen Kickman;
 Best Semiprozine: *Science Fiction Chronicle*, ed. by Andrew Porter;
 Best Fanzine: *Mimosa*, ed. By Dick and Nicki Lynch;
 Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford;
 Best Fan Artist: Brad W. Foster;
 John W. Campbell Award: Amy Thomson.

1993 Theodore Sturgeon Award For Best Short Story

"Fox Magic," by Kij Johnson.

1993 John W. Campbell Memorial Award For Best Novel

No Award.

1994 Locus Awards

Best Novel: *Green Mars*, by Kim Stanley Robinson;
 Best Fantasy Novel: *The Innkeeper's Daughter*, by Peter S. Beagle;
 Best Horror Novel: *The Golden*, by Lucius Shepard;
 Best First Novel: *Cold Allies*, by Patricia Anthony;
 Best Novella: "Mefisto in Onyx," by Harlan Ellison;
 Best Novelette: "Death in Bangkok," by Dan Simmons;
 Best Short Story: "Close Encounter," by Connie Willis;
 Best Non-Fiction Book: *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* by John Clute and Peter Nicholls;
 Best Art Book: *The Art of Michael Whelan*, by Michael Whelan;
 Best Professional Editor: Kristine Kathryn Rusch;
 Best Collection: *Impossible Things*, by Connie Willis;
 Best Anthology: *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Tenth Annual Collection* ed. by Gardner Dozois;
 Best Artist: Michael Whelan;
 Best Editor: Gardner Dozois;
 Best Book Publisher: Tor/ St. Martin's;
 Best Magazine: *Asimov's*.



Terry Bisson is doing the novelization of *Johnny Mnemonic* for Pocket Books.... Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle and Steve Barnes have turned in *Beowulf's Children*, a sequel to *The Legacy of Heorot*, to Tor.... Robert Silverberg returns to Majipoor with *Mountains of Majipoor* in early 1995 from Bantam and *Sorcerers of Majipoor* from HarperPrism.... Connie Willis sold her new novel, *To Say Nothing of the Dog*, to Bantam.... Larry Niven sold *Flatliner*, a collection of "Gil Hamilton" stories, to Del Rey.... Julian May has sold a new trilogy, "The Rampart Worlds," to Del Rey.... Arthur C. Clarke was considered for this year's Nobel Peace Prize, for his part in inventing the communications satellite....

Due to an administrative screw-up, Harlan Ellison was belatedly awarded a Bram Stoker Award for his novella, "Mefisto in Onyx." After a reexamination of the rules, Ellison's story was declared tied with the previously announced winner, "The Night They Buried Road Dog," by Jack Cady.

Obituaries

Robert Bloch

Psycho, Robert Bloch often joked to his friends, would be the lead item in his obituary. He was born in Chicago in 1917, and sold his first story, "Lillies," at the age of 17. He wrote mostly horror, fantasy and thrillers such as "The Secret of the Tomb," "The Black Kiss," many "Lefty Freep" stories, and his two most famous short stories: "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper," and "That Hell-Bound Train," which won a Hugo in 1959. His most famous work was, of course, 1959's *Psycho*, about the murderous goings on at the Bates Motel, made into the famous film by Alfred Hitchcock a year later. Other novels included *Psycho II* (1982, and no relation to the movie of the same name), and *Night of the Ripper* (1984). He also wrote for movies and TV, writing three scripts for *Star Trek*: "Catspaw," "Wolf in the Fold," and "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" His latest book was a memoir, *Once Around the Bloch*. Harlan Ellison said Bloch "was surely on a level with Poe. He set the tone for the modern dark fantasy." He died on September 23, 1994, of cancer. He was 77.

Peter Cushing

Peter Cushing was born in Kenley, Surrey, England in 1913. His first role was in *The Man in the Iron Mask* (1939), but he soon gained fame starring in many of the horror films from Hammer Studios: *Curse of Frankenstein*, *Horror of Dracula*, *The Mummy*, *The Gorgon*, *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* and *The House That Dripped*

13th Annual Science Fiction Chronicle Awards

Best Novel: *Moving Mars*, by Greg Bear;
Best Novella: "The Night We Buried Road Dog," by Jack Cady;
Best Novellette: "The Battle of Long Island," by Nancy Kress;
Best Short Story: "Death on the Nile," by Connie Willis;
Best Dramatic Presentation: *Jurassic Park*;
Best Pro Artist: Michael Whelan;
Best Pro Editor - Magazines: Gardner Dozois (Asimov's);
Best Pro Editor - Books: Beth Meacham (Tor);
Best Semiprozine: *Science Fiction Chronicle*, ed. by Andrew Porter;
Best Fanzine: *Mimosa*, ed. By Dick and Nicki Lynch;
Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford;
Best Fan Artist: Linda Michaels.

Blood are but a few examples. He sometimes tired of the typecasting and said, "If I played Hamlet, they'd call it a horror film." In addition to the Hammer films, Cushing was featured in the 1959 film version of *The Hounds of the Baskervilles* (as Sherlock Holmes), as Winston Smith in a TV version of 1984, the zany spy-spoof *Top Secret!* (1984) and Olivier's *Hamlet* (1948). Genre fans will recall his portrayal of The Doctor in the two *Doctor Who* films from the 1960s, *Dr. Who and the Daleks* and *Daleks - Invasion Earth 2150 AD*, and his scene-stealing work as The Grand Moff Tarkin, Darth Vader's boss, in *Star Wars*. He received the Order of the British Empire in 1989. He died August 11, 1994, after a long battle with cancer. He was 81.

Robert Lansing

Genre fans will remember him best for his role of Gary Seven in the *Star Trek* episode, "Assignment: Earth." He died on October 24, 1994. He was 67.

Raul Julia

Raul Julia was born March 9, 1940, in San Juan, Puerto Rico. After moving to New York in the 1960s, Julia had a memorable career on both the stage and screen. On stage, he played the title roles in *Man of La Mancha*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, and was nominated for four Tony awards for *Nine*, *Threepenny Opera*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Where's Charley?* He also starred in such films as *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, *Romero*, *Presumed Innocent* and *Havana* and as martyred Amazon environmentalist Chico Mendes in *The Burning Season*. Genre fans will recall his delightful portrayal of family patriarch Gomez Addams in *The Addams Family* and *Addams Family Values*. He died on October 24, 1994, a week after falling into a coma following a stroke. He was 54.

Harry Saltzman

Harry Saltzman was born October 27, 1915, in Saint John, New Brunswick, and immigrated to the United States as a child. He

entered the film business in the 1940s, but after moving to Britain, he teamed up with fellow producer Albert Broccoli and together they brought James Bond to the screen. They produced nine Bond films (*Dr. No*, *From Russia With Love*, *Goldfinger*, *You Only Live Twice*, *Thunderball*, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, *Diamonds Are Forever*, *Live and Let Die* and *The Man With the Golden Gun*) before their partnership dissolved. He died on September 30, 1994. He was 78.

Jessica Tandy

Jessica Tandy was born June 7, 1909, in London. She trained at the Ben Greet Academy of Acting in London, and first gained notice as an impetuous schoolgirl in the play *Children in Uniform* in 1932. She immigrated to the United States in 1940, and toiled at minor parts until she originated the role of Blanche DuBois in the original production of Tennessee Williams's *A Streetcar Named Desire*, opposite Marlon Brando, in 1947, winning a Tony award for her performance. She would win two more Tonys during her career: *Gin Game* (1978) and *Foxfire* (1983). She also appeared in numerous films, including *The Birds* (1963), *The World According to Garp* (1982), *Fried Green Tomatoes* (1991) and *Driving Miss Daisy* (1989) for which she won an Academy Award. Genre fans will recall her work in *Cocoon* (1985), *Cocoon: The Return* (1988) and **batteries not included* (1987), all co-starring her husband, Canadian actor Hume Cronyn. She died September 11, 1994, of cancer. She was 85.

Terence Young

Terence Young was born in Shanghai, China on June 20, 1915. He began his career as a screenwriter in the 1930s, but soon moved to directing, making his first feature, *One Night With You*, in 1948. While he made a number of films, he will be best remembered for directing some of the first James Bond films (*Dr. No*, *From Russia With Love* and *Thunderball*.) He died on September 8, 1994. He was 79.

CONVENTION LISTINGS

1995

ONOCON

February 16 - 19
Stampeder Inn
Calgary, AB
GoH: Cath Jackel; Ghost of Honour: H.P.
Lovecraft; Toastmaster: Eric Tilbrook;
ArtGoH: Richard Bartop; FanGoH:
Robert Runté.
OnoCon, 5300 - 40 Ave. NW,
Calgary, AB, T3A 0X4

WCSFA MINICON:

"THE SCIENCE OF SURVIVAL"

March 18
Biltmore Hotel
Vancouver, BC
c/o 1855 West 2nd, Apt. #110, Vancou-
ver, BC, V6J1J1
god-ed@aroga.wimsey.com

CON-CEPT '95

March 31 - April 2
Holiday Inn Crown Plaza Metro Centre
Ottawa, ON
GoHs: Philip José Farmer, Spider and
Jeanne Robinson; ArtGoH: Vincent
DiFate; Guests: Donald Kingsbury,,David
Hartwell.
Con-Cept, PO Box 405, Station H,
Montréal, PQ, H3G 2L1

S.T. CON '95

March 31 - April 2
Marlborough Inn
Calgary, AB
GoH: Mark Lenard.
S.T. Con '95, P.O.Box 22188, Banker's
Hall, Calgary, AB, T2P 4J5

CAN-CON 95

May 12 - 14
Talisman Hotel
Ottawa, ON
GoHs: Dave Duncan; Guest: Donald
Kingsbury.
Can-Con, PO Box 5752, Merivale Dept.,
Nepean, ON, K2C 3M1
can-con@diana.ocunix.on.ca

KEYCON 95

May 19 - 21
Winnipeg, MB
Hotel & Guests TBA
Keycon, PO Box 3178, Winnipeg, MB,
R3C 4E6

CLAM SHOOT '95

May 26 - 28
Long Beach
GoHs: Corey Newlander, Gurn
Blanstunn, astronaut Bob Groden, and Jim
Nabors (tentative).

AD ASTRA 15

June 16 - 18
Holiday Inn, Yorkdale
Toronto, ON
GoHs: Roger Zelazny, A.C. Crispin;
Ed.GoH: Shawna McCarthy; ArtGoH:
Wayne Barlow.
Ad Astra, PO Box 7276, Station A,
Toronto, ON, M5W 1X9

CONVERSION XII

July 21 - 23
Glenmore Inn,
Calgary, AB
GoH: Lois McMaster Bujold; Toastmas-
ter: Greg Bear.
Conversion, Box 1088, Stn. M, Calgary,
AB, T2P 2K9.

INTERSECTION

53rd WORLD SF CONVENTION
August 24 - 28
Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre
Glasgow, Scotland
GoHs: Samuel R. Delaney, Gerry
Anderson
Canadian Agents: Lloyd and Yvonne
Penney, 412 - 4 Lisa Street, Brampton,
ON, L6T 4B6
U.S. Address: Box 15430, Washington,
DC, USA, 20003-0430
U.K. Address: Admail 336, Glasgow, G2
1BR, Scotland,
intersection@smof.demon.co.uk

PACIFICON '95

September 1 - 3
Holiday Inn
Victoria, BC
GoH: John de Lancie ("Q")
PacifiCon, #2 1325 Stanley Street,
Victoria, BC, V8S 3S4
ue437@freenet.victoria.bc.ca

BANFFCON '95

October 6 - 8
Banff Park Lodge
Banff, AB
GoH: Terry Pratchett; FanGoH: Diane
Walton; Toastmaster: Rick LeBlanc.
Banffcon '95, PO Box 20001, Bow Valley
Postal Outlet, Calgary, AB, T2P 4H3
banffcon95@copenhagen.cuug.ab.ca

1996

WOLFCON 7

May 17 - 20
Old Orchard Inn
Wolfville, NS
Wolfcon, PO Box 796,
Wolfville, NS, B0P 1X0

L.A. CON III

54th WORLD SF CONVENTION

August 29 - September 2
Convention Center, Hilton Hotel &
Towers, Marriott Hotel, Anaheim,
California
GoH: James White; Media GoH: Roger
Corman; Fan GoHs: Takumi and Sachiko
Shibano; Special Guest: Elsie Wollheim;
Toastmaster: Connie Willis.
L.A.Con III, c/o SCIFI, Box 8442, Van
Nuys, CA, USA, 91409.

1997

LONESTARCON 2

55th WORLD SF CONVENTION

Henry B. Gonzales Convention Center
Marriott Rivercenter and Marriott Riverwalk
San Antonio, Texas
GoHs: Algis Budrys and Michael Moorcock;
Fan GoH: Roy Tackett; Toastmaster: Neal
Barrett, Jr.
LoneStarCon 2, P.O. Box 27277, Austin,
TX, U.S.A., 78755-2277

1994 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Nobody's Son*, Sean Stewart;
 Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "Just Like Old Times," Robert J. Sawyer;
 Best Other Work in English - Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *Prisoners of Gravity*, TVOntario;
 Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Chronoreg*, Daniel Semine;
 Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «*La Merveilleuse machine de Johann Havel*», Yves Meynard;
 Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Les 42,210 univers de la science-fiction*, Guy Bouchard;
 Artistic Achievement - Accomplissement artistique: Robert Pasternak;
 Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *Under The Ozone Hole*, ed. by John Willcox Herbert & Karl Johanson;
 Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): Lloyd Penney, Ad Astra 14;
 Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (Autre): Jean-Louis Trudel, promotion of Canadian SF.



Winners all (l-r): Lloyd Penney, Yves Meynard, Jean-Louis Trudel, Robert J. Sawyer, Karl Johanson and John Willcox Herbert. Not pictured: Robert Pasternak, Sean Stewart, Guy Bouchard and Daniel Semine.

Robert J. Sawyer reported at ConAdian that the Canadian Discovery Channel, starting service on January 1, 1995, has picked up all 140-odd episodes of the award-winning (and now defunct) *Prisoners of Gravity*. In addition, the Discovery Channel is considering developing a sequel, *Escape Velocity*. Stay tuned.

Meanwhile, Robert J. Sawyer's latest, *End of an Era*, is out now from Ace. And *Hobson's Choice* is due in May from HarperPrism.

Edo van Belkam's first novel, *Worm Wolf*, will be published in February by HarperPrism.

The new-look Tesseract Books was launched at ConAdian with the release of a discbook by Candace Jane Dorsey (words) and Roger Deegan (music) called *Dark Earth Dreams*. Copies of the CD are available from Tesseract Books, 214-21 10405 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, AB, T5J 3S2.

Dave Duncan sold a trilogy, *The Great Game*, to Avonova.

Paula Johanson is editing a new book review magazine focusing on Western Canadian publications, called *Books on Tab*. The first issue featured an interview with Sean Stewart. For info, write Paula at c/o 1594 Mortimer Street, Victoria, BC, V8P 3A6, or E-mail at ul604@freenet.victoria.bc.ca.

Cath Jackel is getting a new refrigerator. No word yet on whether it's the type that dispenses ice cubes out of the door. We'll keep you posted. She also reports that "Noncon was a success. 50 warm bodies showed up, drank an incredible amount of

Big Rock Beer, played in the waterpark, and generally had fun. Much to my relief, we even ended up about \$100 in the black. Michelle did a last-minute phone blitz and managed to get us lots of free neat stuff — movie passes and pizza and movie posters and more!”

On Spec sold 50 new subscriptions at ConAdian, as well as some t-shirts, calendars, mousepads and blindfolds (see photo below). They also had a draw and gave away some subscriptions.



BCSFazine has changed its address to: 1855 West 2nd Ave, Apt. #110, Vancouver, BC, V6J 1J1. Also, BCSFazine's E-mail address has changed to: god-ed@aroga.wimsey.com.

On September 24, Alan Barclay signed *Schrödinger's Mousetrap* at Neville Books in Vancouver.

Sean Stewart's Aurora-winning novel *Nobody's Son* will get an American edition

from Ace in April. *Resurrection Man*, originally scheduled for December, will now appear in June as a hardcover. Sean also sold two more books to Ace, *Clouds End* and *The Night Watch*. *Nobody's Son* also won the Canadian Library Association's Young Adult Novel of the Year Award.

Guy Gavriel Kay has turned in his latest, *The Lions of Al-Rassan*, to Viking.

Adam "The Fugitive" Charlesworth has relocated to Victoria. (Frankly, we're amazed that Adam shows his head in public at all considering the massive bounty that Julian May has placed on it. That full-page ad in *Locus* must've cost her a bundle. Wonder where she got the picture?)

Garth Spencer has put together a database of sf/fantasy/horror markets, available in ASCII on 3½ or 5¼ disks. He's also put together a 1995 Northwest Fannish Calendar (available at White Dwarf Books in Vancouver). And he's working on a history of Canadian sf magazines. Write Garth at: PO Box 15335, V.M.P.O., Vancouver, BC, V6B 5B1.

Robocop, the most expensive TV series ever produced in Canada, has been cancelled after one season.

Speaking of BCSFazine, R. Graeme

Cameron has decided to stay on as editor for one final year. Fans of The Graeme's work need not be completely downhearted, though, as he intends to start up his own perzine, *Space Cadet*. The zine will be quarterly, available for \$4.00 for 4 issues or *The Usual* from the same address as that for BCSFazine (see above).

The cancelled *Science Of Survival* Minicon in Vancouver has been uncanceled. A small, one-day con will feature 4-5 lectures/seminars on the theme of survival in hostile environments, plus dinner, a dance, and the Elrons! See Con Listings for info.

The *Last Dangerous Neology* is all set to be published. Nearly.

William Shatner has signed to write (and we use that word loosely) two *Star Trek* novels for Pocket. Weee doggies.

Glen and Lisa Ford have a new son, Dafydd Raymond Alexander. Yay! Jim and Jenny Young have a new daughter, Aja. Yay!

The "Big Bang Burger Bar" BBS in Vancouver is now known as "Aroga". If you intend to e-mail anyone with "burger" in their e-ddress, just change "burger" to "aroga." Substituting "throatwobblermangrove" instead probably won't get you anywhere.

John Willcox Herbert, co-editor of the fanzine *Under The Ozone Hole*, has a big nose. A spokesperson for Pepsi Cola had this to say, "Aw, @\$%\$ off." {{Karl, why did you put this in here? — J.W.H.}} {{Well, you do so have a big nose. — K.J.}} {{No, I don't. — J.W.H.}}



LoCs

Lloyd Penney
412 - 4 Lisa St.
Brampton, ON
L6T 4B6

It's been a while since you sent **UTOH Seven** ... mea culpa. However, running **Ad Astra**, finding suitable employment and getting geared up for [the **ConAdian**] fanzine lounge has eaten up my time. The Big Catch-Up is on ...

True, fans are largely unaware of the Aurora Awards. Is it because they don't care, or is it because they have never been told about them? At **Ad Astra** this year, I spent the money to put a nomination ballot in every registration package. That's eight hundred ballots right there. The leftovers went on the flyer table at **Toronto Trek**. Perhaps we assume that most of the people who are attending are voracious readers of Canadian SF, or active workers in Canadian fandom. They're not. Many of them are casual con attendees who haven't heard of most, if not all, of the nominees, and they don't feel qualified to choose who to vote for. This is the attitude that has to be overcome with a positive, "Sure you can, and here's how!" attitude, instead of the usual moan and groan about the state of fandom. By the way, did you guys know about the **CUFF** offer of membership and accommodations by applying to **John Mansfield**? Seems no one out here (Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa) heard about it.

I must write to **Jenny Glover** with programming ideas for **Intersection** ... sigh. I need 48 hours a day and 14 days a week just to think about catching up. Thanks to this issue of **UTOH** **Joanne** and I have at least resumed corresponding. Looks like the Post Office ate at least one letter. The new job is working on a magazine in Toronto, so no more of that telemarketing nonsense.

Harry Andruschak mentions in his letter that he thought a stubby might be a condom that fit only over the head of yer willie. Well, such an item does exist. The last time I saw reference to it, it was called *ahem*, an American. That was its name. How do I know? Ask no questions, I'll tell you no lies ...

Unfortunately, **SPACE** was not selected as a new cable service. **ChumCITY** sank a lot of time and effort into this one, with little response from the public at large. (They got lots of response from me ... six phone calls asking for more info and when I should send in my résumé.)

C'est tout for now.

*{{Congrats on your Aurora win!
Yes, it was a disappointment that **SPACE** was not picked up. And I would've had a résumé in the mail the day it was chosen. Ah, well....*

*Frankly, I don't know what to do about publicizing the Auroras. You sent out a truckload of ballots, **On Spec** sent out a bunch, we sent out some more (and many others did, too)... and yet the vote tally was somewhere around 125 or so. But the Hugo voting was well down from last year, with only 408 votes for Best Novel, and only 92 first place votes for the eventual winner! So on one hand, I think we have nothing to be ashamed about regarding the Auroras; yet it would be great if we could increase the number of voters participating.*

—J.W.H.}}

Lloyd Penney
(again)

First of all, congrats on your second Aurora win. Well deserved. It's the best publicity **Robert Runté's** had, outside of guesting at **ConAdian**.

I have to ask **Robert** if he still has a pumpkin on the radiator....

Anyway, thanks to you producing two issues of **UTOH** real close together, I can now send you a letter on them both, and save myself 43¢. That was the main reason for hand-delivering so many letters in the fanzine lounge....

U T O H
Number Eight: I've got a few moon books on the shelves, and they are still fascinating reading. I guess we get complacent about the *Apollo* voyages because they're not going anymore. Also, fans realize that the computers that produce special effects for television shows today are superior to the computers used to get those astronauts to the moon.

If we were to go again, imagine how relatively dull it might be to actually go to the moon. By the time we actually achieve the technology to travel to the stars, it will be so dull, we'd wonder why we'd ever made a fuss about it. I hope we never get that jaded, but....

I have heard of or read many treatises on **Star Trek** and SF fans, and the conclusions are usually the same... these people are just like anyone else; in fact, they are a little smarter, a little more creative and a little more diverse than the usual person off the street. These conclusions are all very well and fine, but millions of these people won't stop the public from calling us Trekkies, dweebs, geeks and computer nerds. That's why I avoid the press when it comes to science fiction (unless I'm absolutely certain that I'll get a fair hearing, and not be put on display as the Geek of the Week to increase circulation or ratings), and why I also avoid students who are doing a treatise to get their doctorate.

Just today, I was at the **TVOntario** Open House, held each September at their offices at **Younge** and **Eglinton** in uptown Toronto. Just for the occasion, I wore my **Prisoners of Gravity** t-shirt to hopefully embarrass some of the suits who work there. I don't know what the effect was, but many of the **TVO** staffers who worked there were a little apologetic when they saw the shirt. They admit they don't know why **PoG** was cancelled. It seems to be a maxim of the television industry to kill off shows at the nadir or zenith of their popularity. **PoG** fans won't soon forgive **TVO** for this. {{See *Canadian News* for more information on the



Lloyd receives a special, limited edition signed **Star Trek** Collectors Paper Plate from the artist, **Karl Johanson**, at **ConAdian**. The plate was authenticated by **John Willcox Herbert** as being the first in a series of one.

status of *Prisoners of Gravity*. — Eds.}}

My name is Lloyd, and I'm out of it, too. Meaning, I don't have a modem. It's not high on the priority list, either. It's not that I don't want to be part of the computer age; I used to be on a lot of BBSs. This was when you could cut it with a 300 baud modem. Not today, and the money to upgrade isn't there. So, I will stay off the nets until they become affordable. The electronic money funnel, as some friends have called it.

The two biographies of Roddenberry provide us with the usual comparison of how people feel about one person. The Alexander book praises him to the skies, and the Engel book damns him to hell. And as usual, the true story will fall right in the middle. However, with Shatner's book *Star Trek Memories*, his impending *Star Trek Movie Memories*, the Takei autobio and the soon-to-be released Nichols autobio, it looks like the middle is closer to the Engel book. Now that all the bad blood is boiling to the surface, I'd think the main reason Paramount ended *TNG* at seven seasons was to rush this new crew to the big screen, knowing that the original crew would never work together again. Most of them, even calm-tempered George Takei, have declared that they'll never appear on a stage of any kind with Shatner again.

UTOH Number Nine: One of the biggest laughs I had in Winnipeg was seeing the cover of this issue. If you were looking to make an impact in the fanzine lounge, you more than succeeded. Most of the assembled thought that this was just another of the assorted Trekzines on the sales table until they noticed just who the entire crew looked like. Myself, I think Counsellor Deanna Runté is an improvement over the original....

You would have done a far superior job of doing the daily newsletter than whoever actually did it. I found the newsletter boring and lacking important stuff and information. Those issues I could find, anyway. Usually I can get all the issues. This time, I couldn't, and even the newsletter office didn't have back issues. Live and learn, I guess....

Well, I'm not quite a Con-Twit, but I came mighty close, and I will not elaborate further. However, it is disconcerting to know that I am probably surrounded by Grade A Twits at any given fannish gathering.

At ConAdian, I was pleasantly surprised to find some American fans who not only knew a few things about Canada, but also about Canadian fandom. A few recognized the Aurora without having to read the little plate on it, and some actually said that after learning the history of the Hugo (originally, the rocket ship was a hood ornament from a car slightly altered so it could stand on a base), they'd rather have an Aurora. Nifty to win the trophy in front of friends, not only

from Canada, but also from the U.S. One interesting attendee at the Aurora ceremony was David Brin.

Ghod, if anyone retouches photos so they look like *me*, the negatives will never come back from the drugstore. What have I done with Garth Spencer? Hmmm... yeah, the chili I made last night was a little bland... I'll have to fix that recipe before I send out the final galleys to the printers. My book's called *To Serve Man*, 2nd. Ed....

Anyway, it's wind up time. Again, congrats on getting another of those pointy little trophies. (Don't run down the hallway with an Aurora in your hands, Billy, or you could really hurt yourself!)

{{A reviewer in Locus described Alexander's book on Roddenberry as a "six hundred page press release." Sounds about right.

Lloyd, if you think Counsellor Deanna Runté is an improvement over Marina Sirtis, you really are a sick puppy. Mind you, Counsellor Runté's five-o'clock shadow doesn't help....

"...if anyone retouches photos so they look like me...." Don't tempt us like that!

— J.W.H.}}

Dale Speirs
Box 6830
Calgary, AB
T2P 2E7

UTOH Eight received today. Interesting cover; I wonder if the University of Lethbridge knows about the secret life of one of their professors?

That SF fans are no longer the stereotyped geeks of yore is something I've long suspected. I see little difference in the demographics of SFers and mundanes re: overweight, skinny, predominantly male (no different than the aquarium clubs), etcetera. Even that bit about the beards might be challenged; I work with outside workers where beards and long hair are necessary protection against the blazing sun or winter cold. It is the clean-shaven ones who are in the minority there.

You mentioned you got a copy of *Opuntia* with an uncanceled stamp. Quite often as manuscripts shuttled back and forth between Garth Spencer and *Opuntia* Central, the postage was uncanceled, so we just changed the addresses around and reused the envelope. Canada Post still made a profit, which makes one think a bit. I took a tour of the Calgary Mail Processing Plant recently and among other things learned that mail is weighed in pallet loads. The weight is then compared against postage sales in Calgary

and must be within a certain percentage error. The inside posties are seldom bothered to check postage and couldn't anyway; CMPP alone handles 1.5 million letters a day. I'm sure the Vancouver MPP must offer group tours; take one if you get a chance and you'll have a lot more respect for the postal system. These places are huge, in the multiple-football-field size, filled with incredible machinery that makes SF movie sets look weak. Also filled with sullen posties who make us appreciate gun control laws.

Laura Houghton suggests that if we didn't work we would need something to occupy our time. This is where fringe economists leap in to talk about the Economy of Abundance, unnecessary surplus production, and other stuff that is normally treated by orthodox economists as being just short of Elvis-shot-JFK conspiracy theories. Which can all be summed up as: Do you work to live, or live to work?

So Runté *et al* now own the Tesseract SF line? The possibilities are endless. You'd better be careful what covers you do in the future if you ever expect your exposed on Lethbridge fandom to be published.

{{Well, I knew JFK would have to work its way into this issue somewhere.

Actually, it's Robert who keeps insisting that we put him on the cover. Really. It's true. Honest. Would we lie to you?

And congrats on your Aurora nomination, Dale!

— J.W.H.}}

Derryl Murphy
Edmonton, AB

Enjoyed reading your rags, and even showed them around to people just to prove to them that they (the people) really have no connection to fandom, and perhaps shouldn't even try. Sadly, it seems to have misfired, as everyone found UTOH funny, readable, and (in at least one case), confusingly intriguing. Man, did she have a lot of questions. Of course, she looks at me differently now. Not in a positive sense.

{{Always glad to help, Derryl. Any time you need someone to vouch for your sanity, just give us a call—we're your guys! We're the sanest people we know.

Congrats on your Aurora nomination!

— J.W.H.}}

Dave Panchyk
2617 Argyle St.
Regina, SK
S4S 0K2

Got the latest UTOH; thanks very much. I hadn't seen Steph's skill at realistic rendering of people before: the cover of Runté on the moon looked exactly like his photo of his lunar landing that circulated at a con a couple of years ago.

Overall, a cool and interesting issue. Congratulations to John & Mon, and to Red of course, on the birth of Amadeus.

I have to complain, however, that you chose to deface Robert Gunderson's obituary on the back page. Yes, the Tesseract sale could be the most important SF news in Canada of this decade. But couldn't you have put it over Peppard's obit, or shortened E.B. Klassen's second triad about Nixon?

Gunderson is one of those unsung outlaw heroes of SF and of modern culture. I mean, he spent his childhood at the knee of the ageing "Great Beast", Aleister Crowley, then went on to move in the same literary circles as William S. Burroughs at the end of the fifties, while he was still barely more than a teenager. It is at this point he wrote *The Space Inside* and *Mymidon*, two seminal classics now out of print. *Golgotha on Mars*, his stunning third novel, appeared several years too early for him to become a hero of the New Wave. Had he not been more proud than Philip K. Dick, who kept himself alive with pot-boilers, he would have eclipsed that man's talent.

He was a degenerate, certainly. And yes, he killed. But this only deepened the psychological verity of his groundbreaking

novels. Certainly he deserves more than one obscure paragraph in UTOH.

See you at Worldcon.

{{You're right, of course, in your assessment of Gunderson's unsung place in the annals of SF. Who can forget the metaphorical brilliance of Doomland, or his epic strident battle cry against tyranny, The Rise and Fall of Emperor Klein? And while such important works of his as Detering the Tide, Gigamorra and Songs of Swine no doubt influenced many, I can't help but be drawn to his later less known works, Chekov Must Scream!, Ghost in the Answering Machine, The Syndrome Factor and his spurious biography of Barney Rubble, Speaker for the Fred. But the Tesseract news came just as we were going to photocopy and the only other place it could have gone, Dave, was over the "We Also Heard From" section of the lettercol, and it would have obliterated the only mention of you in that issue. — J.W.H.}}

Dave Panchyk
(again)

I seem to recall sitting down eight days ago and writing you a LoC for UTOH — if another issue comes out next week, that's bloody it; you won't hear from me again. Well, some interesting and fun stuff in this issue; more than just a hilarious cover. Paula is getting a lot of practice in writing, that's for sure. I haven't been working at sharpening my skills at all. Except writing letters to you guys.

Paula's words with Sean Stewart made me think back to *[Passion Play]* and wonder if I can't work out something academic-ish to say about its relation to passion plays. I have to get something in about a month or I won't get money to go to the ICFA in Florida next March. Can we work to make Sean the darling of scholarly critics as well as readers and publishers? It doesn't seem to affect sales a lot, but some authors dislike the attention. *{{Dave then provides an excellent example of an author who doesn't like this kind of attention, but he wouldn't let us print it. —Eds.}}*

Best of luck young Andrew, at the next Norwescon. Gives new meaning to somebody coming away with warm fuzzies.

{{The only thing we at UTOH can do to make Sean the darling of scholarly critics is to put his picture on the cover. Somehow, I don't think that will help much. — J.W.H.}}

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Well, I've got a backlog of Ozone Holes to LoC, so here goes.

First off, Brian Clarke's columns of late have had me fascinated. I don't know if he'd want to throw a sci-fi angle on his columns (well, he's already done one on *Ranma 1/2*) but if he wants to compare another Japanese film with its American counterpart, how about the Kurosawa film *The Hidden Fortress*, the basic plot of which was appropriated for *Star Wars*.

The map to Winnipeg feels decidedly like the route the Greyhound driver took when driving between Victoria and Worldcon. For those of you thinking about bussing to the next North American Worldcon (and especially those who, like me, have difficulty sleeping on moving vehicles), I tell you that flying may be more expensive, but is very much worth it.

Okay, I'll bite. I got the cover on UTOH Number 8 with Robert Runté as an Apollo-era astronaut on the moon. What were the other seven covers?

Well, I guess now that Sean Stewart won his second Aurora, I should go and read his stuff. I certainly found his interview interesting, along with all the other author profiles in UTOH Eight and UTOH Nine. Nicely done, Paula.

And speaking of Auroras, congratulations on your second, eh? Well deserved, I must say (but next year it's mine!). Another great couple of issues.

Hail, Centurion.

{{Hey, wait a minute. You can't get from Victoria to Winnipeg by bus. Georgia Strait is in the way. — J.W.H.}}

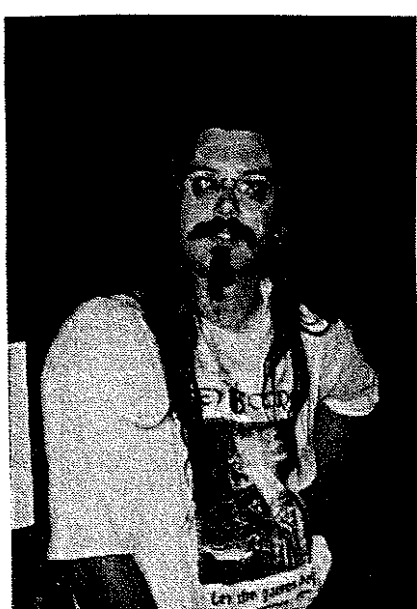
Faces on the astronaut on the cover of Number Eight included me, John, Monica, Laura Houghton, Cath Jackel and Catherine Girczyc. The cover with Catherine also featured her cairn terrier Kami next to her in a space suit. Stephanie didn't do one of herself.

Thanks for the congratulations and best of luck next year.

— K.J.}}

E.B. Klassen
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If I haven't congratulated you on the second Aurora yet, way to fucking go! I'm suffering a mild case of one of the seven deadly sins about it....



Dave in disguise as himself.

By the way how's Wolfgang? No wait, that's wrong. Mozart! no, no.... Amadeus! Yeah, that's it! And say hi to Monica too, eh? Like we should all get together for dinner at Karl & Steph's place, once their table dries again (yeah, I got a spray gun from Paula for my birthday, and I had a compressor to paint my father-in-law's house, so I went over and ruthlessly sprayed another coat on Karl and Steph's dining room table).

So, have any Aurora groupies come on to you yet?

Keep your feet warm.

{{Aurora groupies?!? I had no idea there was such a thing. So I guess that answers your question.

— J.W.H.}}

Adam Charlesworth
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I have always promised to send something to UTOH and now I have. Thank you for continuing to send me issues even though I have never until now sent you anything in return. It continues to be the best fanzine produced in this country and I am very glad

that you guys were selected to win this year's Aurora.

The trip back [from ConAdian] for Tim, Paula and myself was a bit hellish. I was very, very tired indeed and could not actually stay awake the whole time on the journey home. Luckily Paula can drive a standard and did so enough for me to catch a crucial thirty minutes of down time. This enabled me to only fall asleep once on the highway on the way home. No damage done but next time I am going to fly.

I wouldn't have had any fun at this Worldcon if it hadn't been for you guys letting me hang out with you. I still have nightmares of Julian May chasing me around the con saying "Send ME hate mail!?" thanks to John. I never want to go to another convention where I do not know anybody as I have turned into an old guard fogey. I spent more time talking to people I knew than meeting new people. I did, however, meet several new people like Barry Hammond, Laura, John, Monica, Paula, Kern and that crazy Québec fan. I suppose I am not heading towards backroom Smofdom too quickly but I did spend a lot of time talking to Robert.

Speaking of fandom, I am really in trouble with this Aurora stuff. I mean, I want to be on the short list again next year. This means I am going to have to start writing book reviews and stories and stuff to submit to

fanzines and On Spec. I can't believe that's my motivation but there it is in white on blue (my preset WordPerfect colours). I am vain and shallow. My entire literary output is linked to my desire to complete my bookend collection of Auroras. Boy, I am a sad thing indeed. It's probably too late to accomplish anything bookend worthy this year, but, damn it, I'm going to try. Wahhhhhh!!!! I am a complete dolt but I am not going to do anything that is going to interfere with writing a page a day since the return from Worldcon.

Anyway, sorry about the dull letter but I have accidentally remembered to write you on Sunday, which is my letter writing day. I have written six other letters today and they have become progressively less funny as the hours have passed.

{{That's okay, Adam. Your copy of this ish was the last to be photocopied and isn't nearly as funny as the first ones we copied.

I wanted to drive out to ConAdian, but I am now damn glad we flew. We would have been wiped out during the con and declared legally exhausted by the time we got home. I like road trips and can do a 14-hour drive with usually no problem. But after a couple of days of it, my brain turns into oatmeal and raisin crisps.

You made the convention a lot more fun for us, too. It just wouldn't have been the same without you camped at our door every morning! ☺

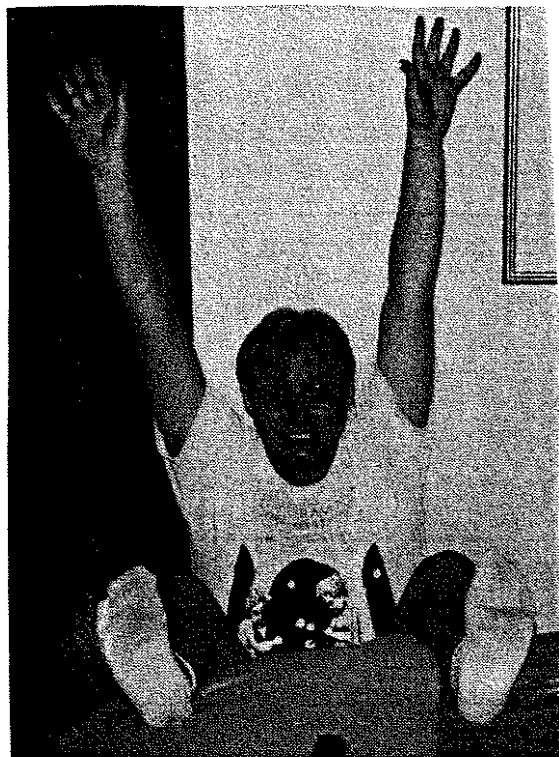
Feel free to send all the book reviews you like! One thing, though: our lawyer has advised us that you must fill out a disclaimer absolving Karl and I from any knowledge of what you actually say in your reviews.

And congrats on your Aurora nomination this year, and good luck for a bookend!
— J.W.H.}}

Alexis A. Gilliland
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I am blessed with UTOH Number Eight and UTOH Number Nine, your nicely produced fanzine from British Columbia. Comment hooks: Number Eight has Brian D. Clarke's extensive comparison of The Magnificent Seven and the film that inspired it, Kurosawa's Seven Samurai, both of which are old favorites of mine. At the '78 Disclave, we ran them back to back, and the consuite was empty until Seven Samurai had ended; the whole convention was watching them. More recently—like last summer—I had the pleasure of introducing them to my 16 year old stepson on the VCR, so they are fresh in memory.

The Magnificent Seven, alas, seems dated and a bit clichéd, but Seven Samurai remains strong and timeless. In the opening of The Magnificent Seven, for instance, Chris drives the hearse while Vin rides shotgun. Why? To keep Boot Hill integrated; how 1960s trendy, how very . . . Liberal. The climactic confrontation at the gravesite has Chris shooting guns out of people's hands rather than killing them. In Seven Samurai, by contrast, the corresponding scene is a hostage situation in its second day. We meet Shimada as he borrows a priest's robe, shaves his head, and goes in to rescue the child with two rice cakes. After a moment of silence, the thief staggers out, and drops dead, fatally cut by his own weapon. While both movies



Adam finally meets Julian May.

remain good entertainment, Seven Samurai is real and The Magnificent Seven is not serious.

A couple of factual errors in the review do not detract from its interest. The first is that Heihachi is not killed by a stray gunshot. The peasant who guides them on the raid against the bandits' hideout had previously consented (or so one may infer from the dialogue) to having his wife taken by the bandits, and when she comes out of the burning building, she sees him and walks back into the fire. The husband is distraught, and tries to go after her, but retreats before the unendurable heat and smoke. It is then, when Heihachi tries to restrain the guide and bring him home from the successful raid, that he is mortally wounded by the sword which the peasant is hysterically waving around.

The second is the climax of The Magnificent Seven, which really does end with Calveras asking: "Why did you come back? Why?" A question to which there is no good answer, though the screenwriter gets points for asking it. Red and Bernardo were both shot before that happens, although the bit with Red's knife is afterwards.

In The Magnificent Seven, of course, the "happy" is explicit and underlined so you won't miss it. Clarke's conclusion about the "doomed romance" at the end of Seven Samurai appears to be a misreading of the film. The love interest in Seven Samurai was presented with a certain degree of ambiguity, because it was across class boundaries. It also was not explicitly resolved, being left to the viewer's imagination.

What happens? At the end, Shino's father—who cut her hair and made her dress as a boy—is dead. He didn't want his daughter to be dishonored by sleeping with a samurai, but she has inherited his land, and has the love of young Katsushiro. It is possible that he could marry her, yes. But possible at a price; he must renounce his samurai status—which is potential, rather than real at that point, because he is not oathbound to any master—and become a farmer if he does so. We have already seen Kikuchiyo (admirably played by Toshiro Mifune) seeking to move upwards. By contrast, Katsushiro looks to be moving down in the world.

Still, if you ask the question: "Is Katsushiro samurai material?" the answer is very likely no. Not at heart, and not really, because at the end of the fighting, when our boy asks about the bandits and is told they are all dead, he bursts into hysterical weeping. And at the end of the movie, he is NOT shown walking off with the other two. Thus, Shimada's remark: "Again, we couldn't win," may be taken as referring to the loss of his young protégé to the farmers, as well as to the

loss of their four comrades.

What else? That final shot, with the four graves marked by the four swords, is a memorable piece of cinematography. Alas, in the video the outer two swords get cropped to fit the picture on the little screen.

And the cover of UTOH Number Nine confirms my belief that ST: TNG was getting a little inbred towards the end.

{{Thanks for your letter, Alexis. That's the funniest line I've heard yet about the cover! ☺

— J.W.H.}}

Harry Warner, Jr.
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U.S.A.

Undoubtedly, I'm the only fan in the uncivilized world who isn't sure which faces on the cover of UTOH Number Nine are native to Star Trek and which are stowaways from fandom. That's because I don't watch the ST spinoffs and I know that's the basis of this spectacular cover only because of the gentleman in the front row who looks like he's wearing a rather large wristwatch as a blindfold with the face at the back of his head. I've seen his picture in TV Guide. Whatever the secret significance of the adaptation, it's brilliantly rendered and probably cost you as much to create as I spent on all 30 issues of my genzine, Spaceways, from 1938 through 1942.

By now I have received published and spoken evidence that most people had a good time at the Worldcon which you enlivened with your special issue. I'm sure you're even happier about that fact than I am. And I hope those who received this issue at that event took the time to read the con-directed humor pages while they were still in Winnipeg and could thus come closer to retaining their sanity amid all those environmental stimuli.

The listing of Canadian fan and pro awards should be very useful to researchers and anyone with ambitions to write about Canadian fan history at some future day. There really should be some sort of common symbol to all fanzines to remind readers: on the pages with this symbol is material that might come in handy someday, so you'd better take this issue to a copier at once and make duplicates of those pages, which will be less trouble than spending hours and hours searching for the particular fanzine a dozen years in the future when you need the information.

I'd already read "Double Helix" in

some other fanzine not long ago but it was so well done that I squandered the time required to read it again. I think I commented on its first appearance about the fact that I am angry at my much younger self for having sat a few feet from Ted Sturgeon at a con for an hour or more and not having gone up to him and told him how much I loved his stories. That was the closest I ever came to meeting him.

I hope pop and soda, which you define as synonyms in Canada, stay way up there. 'Way down heah in sithurn Maryland, we're right on the borderline between the North, where if you ask for a soda in a lunchroom you get a large glass containing a mixture of milk and ice cream, and the South, where a soda means a glass of Coca-Cola. Waitresses must be alert to decide in an instant which an unfamiliar customer wants.

You Canadians are unduly modest. That list of people whose Candian origin may not be generally known could have been extended to include Guy Lombardo and his brothers and the Royal Canadians, and Teresa Stratas, the opera star. They're better known than some of the names you include.

The combined essays by Laura Houghton and Andrew Murdoch, not to mention your *trompe l'oeil* diagonal headline, have particular significance for me at this time. The laundry has been losing my clothing at such a prodigious rate that I am in imminent danger of going around in approximately the same state of semi-dress. So I found some useful tips on this page.

And I suppose you already know that Clam Shoot '95 will probably not occur because of the clam shooters' strike.

I haven't read Shane in its original novel form, but I could follow Brian D. Clarke's article very well. However, the movie made from the book always caused me to suspect that the story really isn't about the struggle between Shane and Wilson but rather between Shane and his conscience. Couldn't the emphasis on guns, pop bottles, and the little boy's love for both Shane and his father symbolize Shane's desire for the wife/mother? Maybe Shane goes away and won't come back at the end of both the book and the film because that's the only way he can satisfy his better nature and live with himself instead of living with another man's wife.

Jenny Glover's letter was written, I assume, before the O.J. Simpson coverage on television made President Kennedy's assassination seem in contrast to have been a half-hearted and sketchy effort of the news departments. I've been wondering how people in foreign nations like England are reacting to what they learn about the Simpson mania in

the United States. I assume O.J. wasn't known to any great extent outside North America because American football is not that popular or widely exposed elsewhere in the world. My main reaction to all the hullabaloo is that the advantage of a free press over an unfree press has become perceptibly slimmer.

{{All the faces on the cover are actually Robert Runté, ConAdian FanGoH and all-around good guy. You can see Robert's reaction to it on the bottom left corner of this issue's cover. Your estimation of the cost is probably not far off (and it would have been a lot more expensive if not for the generosity of Dwight Lockhart (artist) and Jim Young (photocopier). Thanks!}}

Up here, if you put ice cream in a drink, it's called a "float." Go figure.

It wasn't just due to modesty that some Canadians were left off the list. The list was a last minute addition to the zine and, of course, as soon as the ish was printed a million more names came to mind. And Guy Lombardo and the Royal Canadians should have been an obvious entry on the list. D'oh!

— J.W.H.}}

Paul Stockton
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It was nice meeting you in Winnipeg. We'll have to get together again the next time the Worldcon is in Winnipeg.

Anyways, after reading the latest UTOH, I find I must subscribe. It's too bad I didn't know about UTOH earlier. It could have been instrumental in my campaign to get Runté's title changed to FabGoH at the Worldcon.

P.S. My shoe size is 7. And let me tell you, it's a bitch to find shoes I like that fit.

{{Thank you for your money kind words. If we'd had enough lead time, not only could we have made Robert the FabGoH, but we could have invited the Gang of Four and made them the FabFourGoH.}}

My shoe size is 12, and I know what you mean.

— J.W.H.}}

Barry Hammond
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See — I told you I was going to send you money. Please keep your scandalous rag coming to my house for the next year.

It was good meeting you at ConAdian. Keep up the good work and, no doubt, we'll see you again.

{{Thanks, eh. By the way, did you get the picture of Robert Runté we sent you for the cover of On Spec?}}

-- K.J.}}

We Also Heard From: Murray Moore, Michelle Wilson, Cath Jackel, Randy Reichart, Chuck Bell, Karl's Mom, and some guy but we forgot his name.

The Impossible Baby Battle Bikini

by Carol and Colin Scheidl

You've seen it on men, you've barely seen it on women. Now from the same people behind the call to have a maximum PSI limit placed on spandex, we present the IMPOSSIBLE BABY BATTLE BIKINI™.

The I.B.B.B. deals with all the problems that Laura Houghton and Andrew (Big Bubba) Murdoch encountered with their own Impossible Battle Bikinis.

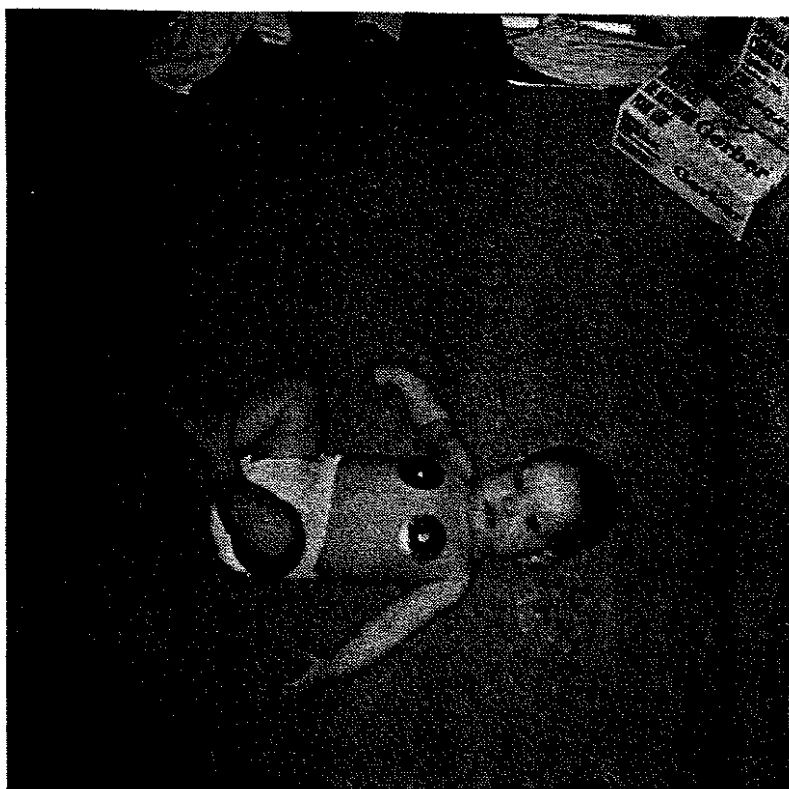
First, it can be worn with or without a cape, since it is a well-known fact that any amount of skin a baby shows is cute. ("Cute" is a big selling point of the I.B.B.B.)

Second, the diaper covers the necessary amount of baby bits that some folks might find offensive. (We believe that this was one of the main problems that Laura encountered with her I.B.B.B.)

Third, in a real battle situation and under the right conditions, the diaper itself becomes a lethal weapon.

Fourth, you don't have to have a beefy bod to wear this costume. (This was Big Bubba's concern.) Baby Fat Is Where It's At.

So remember to look for it at a con near you.



REVIEWS

Bears Discover Fire

by Terry Bisson

Tor Books; 254 pp.; \$27.95 (hardcover)

Bears Discover Fire is Terry Bisson's first short story collection, after several Hugo and Nebula award-winning novels. These stories appeared first in the top magazines in the SF field: *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, Isaac Asimov's, *Omni*, *Pulphouse*, *Playboy*, *Interzone*, and *Science Fiction Age*.

Looking for stories told in plain language and good humour? Tired of foul language and adolescent story lines? Bisson is a storyteller with a knack for picking up an intriguing idea—say, bears learning about fire, or partial people hanging around as independent limbs or organs—and turning it into a story that reads lightly and easily until the ending closes like a steel trap.

"*The Toxic Doughnut*" ought to be a text for SF writing classes. Imagine a single doughnut containing all the wastes our whole society creates, all the toxic materials that have been filtered out of a year's worth of smokestacks, chemical factories and nuclear power plants. Imagine a lottery, and a winner who is given the doughnut on international television. And then—

But that would be telling. Bisson tells it better himself.

—Paula Johanson

Better Than Sex—Confessions of a Political Junkie, or Trapped Like a Rat in Mr. Bill's Neighborhood: The Gonzo Papers, Vol. 4 by Hunter S. Thompson
Random House; 1994; \$32.00

The sad fact is that Hunter S. Thompson, the wizard of weird, the Doctor of Gonzo, the model for Uncle Duke in *Doonesbury*, has become fat, old and boring. Well, okay, he's not fat. And it's not his fault he's older. But he's become boring. So he calls George Bush an evil Nazi crime lord who'd serve up his wife Barbara on a platter if it would get him re-elected. But *what else* would we expect Thompson to say about Bush? Thompson's latest, *Better Than Sex*, leads me to question the stories of his proclivities from previous missives. In a world that is completely gonzo, Thompson is being out-classed by daily newspaper headlines, *A Current Affair* and *O.J. Simpson*. His book is padded fleshed out with faxes to and from big American politicians (even from Mr. Bill, himself) where a spark of Thompson's gonzo genius is present, and the concluding Richard

Nixon obituary is one of Thompson's finest pieces: "...[W]eep, for we have lost our satan. Richard Nixon has gone home to hell." Unfortunately, the main body of the book is dull and uninspired. There is the occasional witty moment, as when Thompson considers driving across the states in a Cadillac licensed to a vicious felon. The car also has personalized plates: DIE U PK. "But what happens when you run a red light in Amarillo and get pulled over by a Texas Ranger? Would he be offended by your DIE U PK plate? It was possible." It's a shame that Thompson plays it safe here, and doesn't run those red lights.

—J.W.H.

Ed Wood

The late Edward D. Wood, Jr. is (in)famous as one of the worst directors in film history. His repertoire includes *Glen or Glenda*, his paean for understanding of transvestites; *Bride of the Monster*, in which a mad scientist attempts to create a race of supermen to take over the world; and his magnum opus, *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, wherein effete grave robbers from space invade Earth. Ed Wood was the Eddie the Eagle of Hollywood—he loved making movies, but didn't have an ounce of talent in his body. Tim Burton directs this loving portrait of the ups (such as they were) and downs of the career of Ed Wood.

I loved this movie. I loved every frame of this movie. Photographed in glorious black and white, the movie looks absolutely exquisite. (Do not let Ted Turner in the same room as this film!) The cast is marvellous. Johnny Depp brings out Wood's eternal optimism without playing him for a moronic simpleton who likes wearing his wife's clothes ("You think it's the worst film ever made? Well, my next one will be even better!" — "Yes, I like sex with girls. Wearing their clothes just makes me feel closer to them."), and Martin Landau is spellbinding as the tragic Bela Lugosi, the nearly forgotten star who befriends Wood and acts (if one can use that word) in Wood's movies, while his drug abused body is quickly failing him. Landau is a sure contender for an Oscar. The supporting cast is stellar, too, particularly Bill Murray as Bunny Breckinridge, Wood's friend and occasional co-star.

It would have been very easy for Burton and company to play Wood as a no-talent idiot. Wood was not an idiot. Indeed, one gets the impression that Wood would

have excelled at the "deal-making" aspect of Hollywood (just don't let him near the camera). Burton gives us a touching, hilarious romp through the weirdness of Hollywood film-making, delivering a loving homage to 50s B-movies and an uplifting tribute to the human spirit.

The final irony of all this is that the movie's moral is to not compromise your artistic vision, which, to his credit, is one thing Ed Wood did not do. He fought hard to bring to the screen what he thought were glorious masterpieces, and his vision, as faulty as it was, must have some enduring, and endearing, quality to it, because here we are, forty years later, still discussing, dissecting, and, yes, even enjoying the films of Ed Wood.

—J.W.H.

End of an Era

by Robert J. Sawyer

November, 1994; Ace; \$6.50

Robert J. Sawyer's latest again focuses on dinosaurs, but this time Sawyer treats us to some "real" dinosaurs as a Canadian time-travel project sends two men back to the Cretaceous to discover what really killed the dinosaurs. Our heroes are in for more than they bargained for as Earth is being visited by... well, why spoil the surprise?

End of an Era zips along quickly and is a fast, furious read. And great fun. Sawyer keeps throwing ideas at the reader and most of them stick. (There was an alternate history subplot that I felt didn't quite work, but this is a minor quibble.) Saying much more really would spoil the surprises this book has in store for the reader. Go buy it, already.

—J.W.H.

The God Particle — If The Universe Is The Answer, What Is The Question?

by Leon Lederman with Dick Teresi

Delta; 1994; \$16.95

My knowledge of theoretical physics is more or less limited to gravity—I know that if I carry too much stuff, I'm going to drop it all. (The more fragile the stuff is, the more likely it is that I will drop it, but now that's entering the realm of mathematics.) I don't think I'm alone in the world when I say that I bought *A Brief History of Time* and couldn't understand anything past the copyright page. (Personally, I think *A Brief History of Time* is the most popular unread book in history.) Now along comes *The God Par-*

icle, by Nobel prize-winning physicist Leon Lederman, wherein he attempts to make particle physics accessible to simpletons like me. You have to admire a science book that starts off with "I should explain that I really don't know what I'm talking about." Lederman infuses his history of physics with much humour and a sense of fun: "In the curious world of the atom, the radius of the electron is generally taken to be zero. This gives rise to some obvious problems:

- If the radius is zero, what spins?
- How can it have a mass?
- Where is the charge?
- How do we know the radius is zero in the first place?
- Can I get my money back?"

This is a fine book that helped me understand the universe a little bit better than I did before.

Finally, let me close with a secret message to all you physicists out there: 137.
— J.W.H.

Hard Candy
by Linda Rogers
Sono Nis Press
80 pp., \$9.95

Linda Rogers plays hardball in *Hard Candy*. Readers looking for more of her popular children's poems will be pleasantly surprised at the intensity and the mature nature of these poems. Rogers has written a variety of books since *Woman at Mile Zero*, and the children's musical entertaining she does with her husband Rick Van Krugel is only one element of her many talents.

Hard Candy isn't kid stuff. It's the hard stuff — poems focusing on the inner selves, so hard to put into words. These are the imaginary sisters/alter egos that follow us through life, taking on the roles we can't fulfil.

"One day my mother
walked into her closet
holding her sinister left-hand scissors,
cut off her buttons and hair,
her right sister, her limp right arm
and walked out dressed like a man."

Rogers has a sense of humour even when she is not shying away from topics that used to be unmentionable. When she writes "A neighbourhood boy/ tied my mother's naked/ sister to a tree/ and took her picture" Rogers is careful to add: "Later, the tree was cut down/ and the boy became a B/ movie director." There is humour also in the lists she itemizes in a series called "*The Glass Harmonica*", fixing her poems in memories and among real people and places.

Her intensity shows in sensuality, as well. In "*The Viscosity of Chocolate*", she

writes of "the chocolate maker's wife/ who runs down the road to meet/ the smell of him all night long./ the last chocolate safe in his hand/ who opens her mouth right there on the road/ where anyone with a window can see/ and swallows him whole." There are poems which detail the bonds of family love as well as marriage and desire; and she carefully describes how "the chocolate maker/ his hands strong from stirring, / leans on the cool marble, feels the coolness enter his hands/ before he shapes it."

The sensuality in Roger's poetry is without prurience or pornography. In poems on abused children, Rogers makes the children alive and sensitive even when battered. "I am a pinwheel, the baby thought."

This collection features the poem for which Rogers was just awarded the Stephen Leacock Award for Poetry, "*Wrinkled Coloratura*." Rogers describes a photograph by the artist Man Ray, noting that by now the model would be old. "I close my eyes and imagine/ naked women all over the world/ revealing strings and frets/ flared and resonant thighs/ the low-pitched shape of female love," she writes, among other images. This is a poem well worth honouring with the \$5,000 award.

Linda Rogers shows by her choices of topics and her clear, story-telling style that she is not isolated from the rest of the world or from other artists. She regularly attends readings by other poets and writers in Victoria, BC where she lives. "Write your absolute best," Rogers advised this writer after attending a reading at the Victoria Public Library. "Once it's in print it's carved in stone." That's an appropriate quote to recall when looking at the cover of *Hard Candy*, where Rogers' first grandchild is photographed next to a large stone, and the curious carving of a snake.

— Paula Johanson

Hot Sky at Midnight
by Robert Silverberg
Bantam Books
327 pp., \$28.95 (hardcover)

Richard A. Geis, who wrote a fanzine called *The Alien Critic*, is credited with saying that when writing erotica, one can write about absolutely anything in between the encounters: space opera, bug-eyed monsters or any sort of science fiction themes. Robert Silverberg seems to believe this also, judging from his latest book, *Hot Sky at Midnight*.

Instead of bug-eyed monsters, there is an eyeless man. Instead of space opera, there is corporate and political juggling among countries and Lagrange-5 satellites. And for

science fiction themes, there are a few: climactic shifts, ozone layer depletion, iceberg harvesting, gene-changed humans and even a few cyberpunks guiding tourists through the brave new world of an L-5 station. There are also many intimate encounters bracketing and punctuating the science fiction elements of the story.

These encounters aren't exactly imaginative, unless making love to someone hyped up on stimulants — just so she'll stop talking — is imaginative. On the plus side, the women in these (strictly heterosexual) encounters are various and different: one cold and controlling, one flirtatious but unresponsive, and one full of energy and appetite. To give Silverberg credit, the energetic woman is full-bodied, and her fleshy charms are repeatedly described in enthusiastic ways by her partners. She is not the old cliché of the slim, plucky girl.

Excerpts from *Hot Sky at Midnight* appeared in *Playboy* magazine between 1986 and 1990. Readers looking for Silverberg's best writing would do better to look up an old copy of *Dying Inside* or the recently released *The Ugly Little Boy*, in which Silverberg adapted Isaac Asimov's classic short story into a novel.

— Paula Johanson

seaQuest DSV

I've mentioned before that the first season of *seaQuest DSV* was a guilty pleasure of mine. There's no denying that the show wavered between insipid and lacklustre, with occasional meanderings into the territory of the unintentionally hysterical. To be fair, though, there were sporadic signs of intelligent life, and even the occasional reasonable episode. Still, it was hard to imagine that the show could get any worse than it already was. Boy, was I wrong!

This is a classic example of "network meddling." *seaQuest*'s ratings last year were not good (and deservedly so), and the only reason *seaQuest* is back this year is that NBC has made a fair investment in tie-ins (books, toys, etc.). They need *seaQuest* to be a hit in order to recoup that investment and so they made demands that they think will make the show a hit. The show needed to be sexier, so all cast members over age 35 that hadn't already jumped ship (with the exception of star Roy Scheider) were tossed, and replaced with a new, younger crew. Now most of the crew is barely out of puberty. Among the new members are an empathic ship's doctor/counsellor (really!) who dresses in revealing tank-tops and a crewman with gills. Also, whiz-kid teenage heart-throb Wesley Lucas and his talking plastic dolphin will be more

prominent this season. Gee, I can hardly wait.

The two-hour second season premiere concerned some Genetically Engineered Life Forms (GELFs), basically test-tube humans designed to be soldiers. Ostracized and imprisoned on an island, they escape and demand their freedom. (Certainly not the most original of ideas, but something you should be able to work with, right?) The GELFs are not supposed to be able to reproduce, but one turns out to be pregnant and gives birth to a child, which the new *seaQuest*'s doctor declares to be human. (Yes, even though they walk like it, talk like it and basically look like it, we are told that because of some genetic differences the GELFs are not human.) How did the GELF give birth to a human baby (which, by the way, looks just like a GELF)? Our good doctor has an easy answer for that one: "Spontaneous evolution!" (Karl phoned us to see if his tv was broken. Monica started sputtering about Mendelian genetics. I spent the next day telling people to keep away from me. "Stand back! I'm spontaneously evolving! No telling what I might become!" Stephanie was just speechless.)

From here, what was a tired old plot degenerates into a third-grade theology class as everyone searches for an explanation for this unanticipated outbreak of "spontaneous evolution." When The Force becomes part of the discussion (well, not really, but close enough), the sphincter quotient is raised considerably, and the viewer begins questioning his sanity ("I'm two hours closer to my death and for what? 'Spontaneous evolution'!"). All but lost are a couple of nice moments tucked away in this murky drivel (Peter DeLouise does some good work as the GELF janitor of the *seaQuest*; and a there's a good bit with the empath playing a poker game), but it was lost under oceans of mediocrity. This was even worse than the giant squid poo episode.

Despite this, I think *seaQuest* will remain for me a guilty pleasure. But what a crime it is. The horror, the horror....

—J.W.H.

Star Trek: Generations

Kirk, Scotty and Chekov are on board attending the launch of the *Enterprise B* when the ship is forced to respond to a distress call. A couple of ships have been caught by a strange ribbon of electromagnetic energy (the nexus). For the fourth time in seven movies, the *Enterprise* is the only ship in position to respond to this distress call. (For the third time in seven movies, the *Enterprise* is still in Earth's solar system when the call comes in. Doesn't Starfleet keep any other ships in

the neighbourhood?) The *Enterprise* responds and saves some of the people (including Guinan and Dr. Soran) on board the ships caught in the nexus, but an energy bolt from the nexus vaporizes a portion of the *Enterprise* and, presumably, Kirk along with it.

Flash forward 78 years. The *Enterprise D* receives a distress call from a solar research station, while Captain Picard receives some distressing personal news. His brother and nephew have been killed in a fire. Meanwhile, Data has decided it's time to install the emotion chip that will allow him to experience emotions for the first time. The *Enterprise* discovers that the Romulans have wrecked the station, leaving Soran among the few survivors. But after further investigation on the station, LaForge and Data discover that Soran has built a weapon that will destroy stars. Soran returns to the station and fires his weapon at the local star, and escapes thanks to some Klingons (Lursa and B'Etor) he has been working with.

Guinan explains to Picard about the nexus, and how she and Soran were in the nexus but plucked out just in time by the *Enterprise B*. The nexus is a place of joy and harmony, she says, and everything you could want is there. Picard and Data realize that Soran is blowing up stars to alter the course of the nexus so that it will hit a certain planet, where Soran will once again enter the nexus, this time permanently. Unfortunately, the next star he needs to blow up will kill hundreds of millions of people.

Picard beams down to stop Soran, while the Klingons duke it out with the *Enterprise*. This time, the Klingons manage to fatally injure the *Enterprise* before they themselves get blown up. The *Enterprise* crashes on the planet. Picard cannot stop Soran, who launches a rocket that blows up the sun and alters the course of the nexus. It moves through the planet and absorbs Picard along with Soran.

Picard finds himself having Christmas dinner with his wife and kids. But he has never had a wife and kids. He realizes this is some sort of illusion. Guinan appears, and explains that she is but a shadow of the real Guinan left behind when the *Enterprise B* transported her away. She tells Picard that he can leave and return to any time he wishes. He wants to go back and stop Soran, and Guinan suggests there might be someone in the nexus who can help him: Kirk. Picard convinces Kirk that all in the nexus is an illusion, and together they return and defeat Soran, but at the cost of Kirk's life. Picard returns to his all but destroyed *Enterprise*, gathers a few effects, and leaves. The End.

This film has serious problems. The opening prologue on the *Enterprise B* is great;

brisk, fast-paced and exciting. The first scenes in Picard's timeline, involving a promotion ceremony for Worf, are also well done, but after that, with the exception of the spectacular crash sequence, the film's pacing somehow goes off-kilter and it drags terribly in some places. The movie plays like a tv episode (I was waiting for a preview for next week's movie at the end), and the constant alternating between an emotive scene, then a bit of action, then a bit more emotion, then some action, kills the momentum this film desperately needs. It seems to take a lot of time to get nowhere, and many things are tossed in for no apparent reason other than to kill time. The Klingons, for one, could have been cut and no one would have missed them.

Another major problem here is that most of the important plot points have all been done in previous *Star Trek* movies:

- the death of a major character;
- a madman on a deranged/spiritual quest;
- the old "give the unemotional character emotions and play him for laughs" routine;
- the old "blow up the *Enterprise*" routine;
- the old "kill off part of the captain's family" routine, or, more specifically, kill off the younger generation of the captain's family so the captain can emotive and wax philosophically on the nature of life, death, blah, blah, blah;
- a strange unexplainable interstellar phenomenon causing havoc and destruction;
- and Klingons running amuck.

Data even rescues his cat, *à la Alien*. In addition, we're treated to two hackneyed *TNG* clichés: the "alternate universe/timeline," much overused in the last season of *TNG*; and Geordi shouting that's there a warp core breach as the *Enterprise* begins her death throes. (Geordi saying, "Coolant leak! We have a warp core breach!" should be added to the *TNG* drinking game.) In fact, the *Enterprise* crew's memory is slipping: Geordi doesn't order the warp core ejected, a trick he's done numerous times in the past; and when the Klingons discover the *Enterprise*'s shield frequency and blast a photon torpedo through them, no one thinks to change the shield frequency, another trick they've done numerous times in the past. (Of course, the Klingons are no better — when the *Enterprise* finally gets off a good shot, they just sit and watch it come towards them.)

Another major disappointment is the long-awaited meeting between Kirk and Picard. During their initial meeting in the nexus, the film picks up considerably, but

upon their return to reality, the climactic fight scene is poorly staged, sloppily edited and, quite frankly, an embarrassment. Ultimately, their encounter is given short shrift and the very thing that should have made this a very special movie instead marks another disappointment. In fact, most of the supporting cast is barely seen after the opening scene: Worf and Crusher seem to have disappeared completely, Troi has very little to do, and Riker spends most of his time stoically barking orders. Data, at least, gets to steal some scenes with the emotion chip subplot, but even that started to wear thin. Malcolm McDowell makes the most of the thankless role of Soran, but even he as the villain has surprisingly little to do (except fiddle with his pocket watch, seemingly waiting for the movie to end). All of this adds to the disappointment, because all the cast turn in solid performances, particularly Patrick Stewart as Picard, Brent Spiner as Data, and even William Shatner, who somehow remembered how to act, as Kirk. (Shatner plays Kirk's death particularly well.)

This week's episode movie's plot hinges on the mysterious nexus, and it is here that the movie's plot opens holes big enough to fly a Klingon Assault Group through. If "part" of Guinan has been left behind, is part of Picard left behind? Or Soran? Or Kirk, for that matter, to be revived for the next movie?

In the nexus, how come Guinan is able to find Picard? Why couldn't Soran find him? (A neat scene would have been Picard fighting an intellectual battle with Soran in the nexus, and Kirk fighting the physical battle with Soran outside the nexus. Oh, well....) If Picard and Kirk can exit the nexus at any time, why do they choose to do so at a time when Soran still has all the advantages? Why not earlier on in the proceedings when they have the advantage over Soran? Or why, when it was obvious that Kirk was fatally injured, didn't Picard just let Soran win again and re-enter the nexus, meet Kirk again and take another go at Soran? The could've tried any number of times until they got the result they wanted. (Why wouldn't Kirk go back and try to save Edith Keeler? Or even back to his own time? Or go back to his own time and just leave Soran in the nexus? Why wouldn't Picard go back and make sure the Borg never take him over?) The nexus is implied as the cause of Guinan's strange "sixth sense." Will Picard, having undergone the same experience as Guinan, now have this same strange awareness? Don't hold my breath. Soran is blowing up stars to force the nexus to arrive at a certain planet because, we are told, ships get blown up if they get too close to the nexus; yet earlier in the film we've already seen Kirk, Guinan and Soran enter the nexus from ships! The nexus passes through the planet and

leaves it unharmed. (It blows up ships, but leaves planets intact!) Soran is using a chemically powered rocket to deliver his technobabble payload to the sun. It takes only *eleven seconds* for this rocket to go from the planet to the star! (He's created a faster than light chemical rocket!) And the sun blows up instantly, none of this waiting around a few minutes for the light of the explosion to travel back to the planet (physics is so damn annoying, anyway).

So in the end, we are left with a typical **ST: TNG** episode. Looks great, good acting, but the story is stupid and inane and so infuriatingly slipshod that I'm starting to look like Patrick Stewart 'cause I keep pulling my hair out.

Star Trek: The Quest for Bucks continues. The once mighty franchise is now in the hands of people who only care about delivering product, not satisfying entertainment. They believe that gullible Trekkies will watch any mindless pap that appears before them. Trouble is, they may be right.

— J.W.H.

The One Size Fits All Story

fiction by T. Laur

Captain, we have now entered the Clerkian System, near the planet of K'Marrt. I am detecting a blue light emanating from the planet's surface."

The Captain sighed deeply, her full bosom heaving with the tumult of her emotions. "Oh, how exciting! Tell me, have you been detecting blue lights for long?" she asked, tossing her long blonde hair as her hand rested for one tantalizing second on the crewman's throbbing member, her full red lips pouting provocatively.

"Aw, shucks, ma'am, detectin' blue lights ain't nuthin' compared to some of the lights we used to get one time back on the ranch. Why, I recollect as how Billy-Bob and me—"

Suddenly he stopped, and bowed his head, choked with emotion. "What is it?", she asked him gently, afraid to bruise the delicate soul that lay bared before her. They had known each for such a short space of time, and yet—something tremulous and sweet moved between them, as though they had known each other through all eternity.

He raised his head from the empty whiskey bottle he had been staring into. "Dames," he snarled while stubbing his cigarette out in the overflowing ashtray. "I never yet saw a dame that wouldn't trade love for diamonds."

"That's not true!", she said, keeping her hand near her gun as she clutched the collar of her trenchcoat. "I didn't betray you. You knew all along that the microfilm was vital to national security."

He looked out the window at the dull gray sky. Beyond the chainlink fence he could see the freight rockets being loaded. "Even so, I don't understand why you object to my taking the Luna-Jupiter run again. It's not as though I'll be gone long. With these new FTL drives, I'll practically be home in time to catch the end of the holo-news."

All at once the dragon was upon them, belching flame. He raised his sword and plunged it deep into the heart of the bellowing beast, then leaped clear as it struggled in its death throes. "My hero!" cried the princess as he crushed her to his chest, while all the elves, trolls, and dwarves cheered. They kissed.

And they all lived happily ever after.

THE END

"Canada is a Country of Readers"

An Interview with Robert J. Sawyer

by Paula Johanson

What hot new adventure novel could be set in such dynamic locations as Drumheller and Simon Fraser University? Only a story focusing on dinosaurs and time travel, the subjects of Robert Sawyer's latest novel *End of an Era*, from Ace Books. At the 52nd World SF Convention in Winnipeg this September, Sawyer was energetically promoting the latest of his popular science fiction novels.

"I'm a Canadian, published in the United States, and a lot of my colleagues said: 'You're crazy, you should have set *End of an Era* in New York.'" Sawyer shakes his head. "I've always believed that Canada is easily as interesting as the U.S. I grew up in the Sixties watching Canadian television masqueraded as American, seeing the Royal Ontario Museum with US flags out front in TV shows." This early experience shaped one of his convictions as a writer. "Whenever I have a choice between a perfectly good Canadian locale or reference and an American one, I use the Canadian one. I live in an interesting country," he insists.

Even so, his books are published in the United States, for five figure advances, which he admits are "an order of magnitude greater than the Canadian markets." His Canadian settings and references are seen as slightly exotic in the American market, he feels. "I've never once heard a negative word about the Canadian references from an American editor, writer or reader."

The three novels in his recent *Quintaglio* series were not set on Earth at all, but on a fictional moon of a gas giant planet circling another star. "I think the *Quintaglio* novels are stories about science in an adventure context," says Sawyer. "The science is very important in those stories, because science is very important in people's lives. Everything that's significant in people's lives is affected by science. To be willfully ignorant of how science works is crazy. You just can't function in today's world."

Sawyer is confident that he has focused his writing skills on the greatest influence of our world. "Everything that happens to us revolves around science — we're in a science-driven society, as James Burke says in *Connections* and *The Day the World Changed*." This doesn't give him license to write only about amazing technology, though. Sawyer tries to develop his characters strongly as people with honest feelings and goals.

"People say SF has to be believable (ie: closely mirror what happens on Earth)," he says with a shrug. As he wrote the first novel of this trilogy, Sawyer found that he was "telescoping 300 years of human history into a very short space and a few characters, to highlight important discoveries that changed our world." The result is, as Sawyer puts it, "a story with an agenda: to make the Age of Enlightenment a character-driven story."

Working with characters who are not human, Sawyer still tries to make them mirror what happens on earth. "The *Quintaglios* are more intelligent than humans. The fact that Afsan is a genius from a race of gifted people means they cover ground more quickly." He uses the *Quintaglio* territorial reflex to comment on human super-macho acts which are counter-productive. By contrast, all the dinosaurs in his newest novel *End of an Era* are there for paleontological purposes.

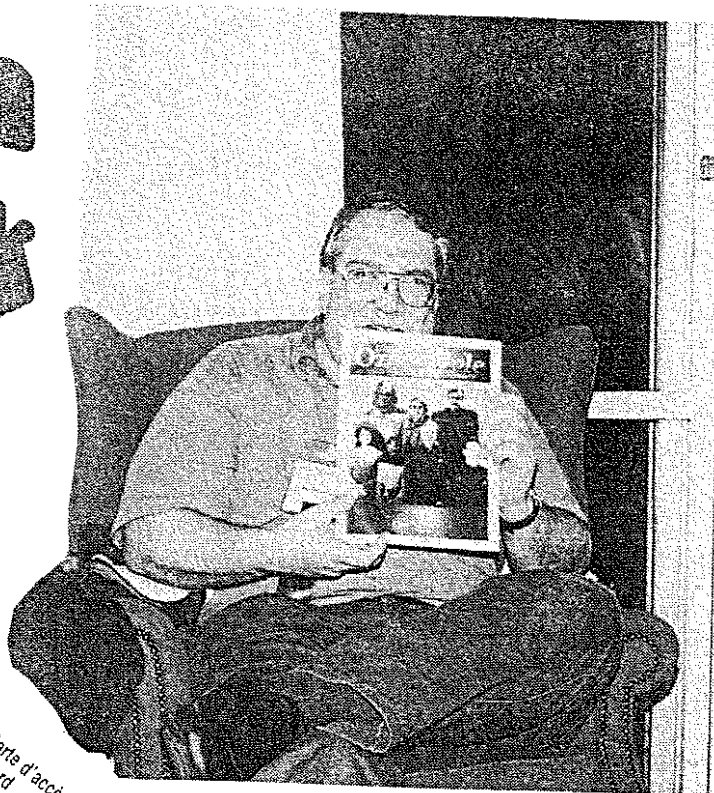
Other recent work by Sawyer includes *Hobson's Choice*, which will be serialized in four parts in *Analog*, starting in the December 1994 issue. Sawyer has strong feelings about being published in an American magazine, as well as Canada's *On Spec*. "I like being an SF writer in Canada."

"I'm Canadian by birth," he adds, "and have dual citizenship with the U.S. A lot of my friends in the arts sign up for the green card lottery to work in the States. There's absolutely nothing keeping me in Canada but my passionate love for this country. Canada is a country of readers."

He doesn't feel ghettoized in the least as a writer of science fiction. "In the U.S I wouldn't have respect as a genre author. My books say SF on the spine, but in Canada a lot of people read my books who aren't SF readers." With real gratitude, Sawyer says proudly: "The Ontario Arts Council has been very good to me. It's wonderful to be in a country that considers a book writer to be a cherished and valuable thing. This is the place to be," he finishes, full of his characteristic energy and confidence.



comAdrian Scrapbook



Robert Runté: speechless.

Canadian Boarding Pass Carte d'accès à bord

Airline/Cie aérienne: CANADIAN

Flight-Date/Vol-Date: CP662/01SEP

Class/Classe: CANADIAN

To/A: WINNIPEG

Seat/Siège: 16B

J. HERBERT

Canadian Boarding Pass Carte d'accès à bord

Airline/Cie aérienne: CANADIAN

Class/Classe: CANADIAN

To/A: VANCOUVER

Seat/Siège: 04A

Canadian Boarding Pass Carte d'accès à bord

Airline/Cie aérienne: CANADIAN

Class/Classe: ECON

To/A: VICTORIA

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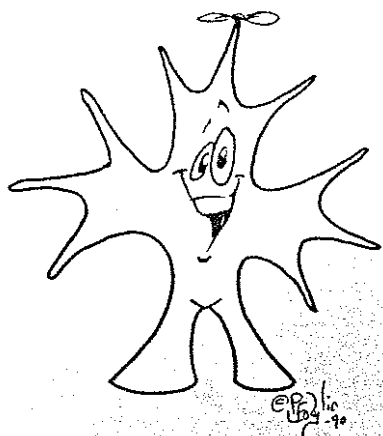
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Karl, Robert J. Sawyer and Jean-Louis Trudel help Cath Jackel of On Spec pick some winners.

PASSPORT TO THE



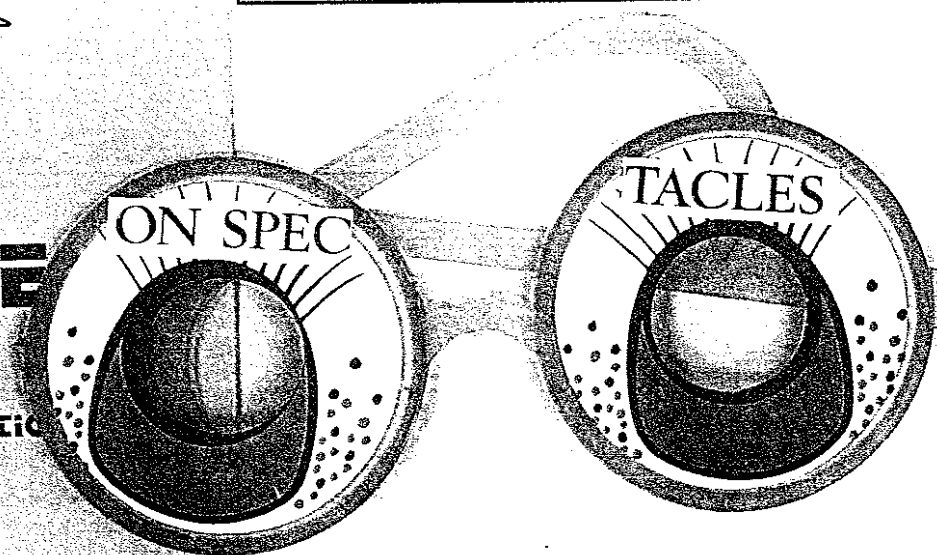
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52ND WORLD SCIENCE FICTION
CONVENTION

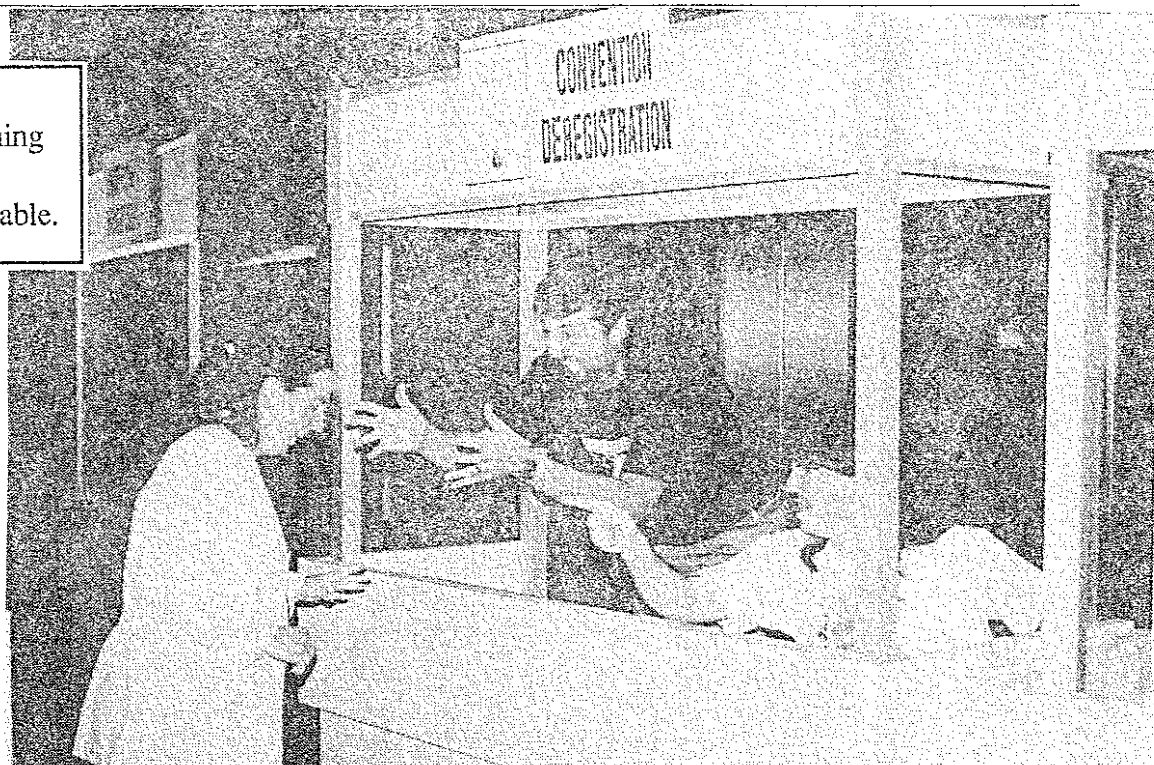
SEPTEMBER 1-5, 1994
WINNIPEG, CANADA



The On Spec Crew: Barry Hammond, Cath Jackel, Michelle Wilson and Diane Walton.



John and Karl offer deprgramming at the Deregistration Table.



Bryan Quinn mans the SF Canada table.



Award winners

Winners of the Hugo (international) and Aurora (Canadian) awards for science fiction presented at the annual world science fiction convention in Winnipeg:

HUGOS

Novel: Green Mars, by Kim Stanley Robinson.

Novella: Down in the Bottomlands, by Harry Turtledove.

Novellette: Georgia on my Mind, by Charles Sheffield.

Short story: Death on the Nile, by Connie Willis.

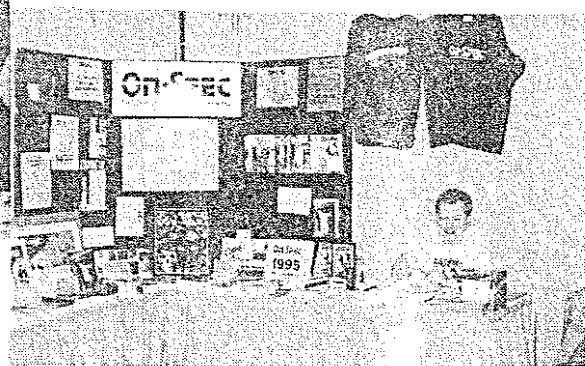
Non-fiction book: The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, by John Clute and Peter Nicholls.

Dramatic presentation: Jurassic Park, directed by Steven Spielberg.

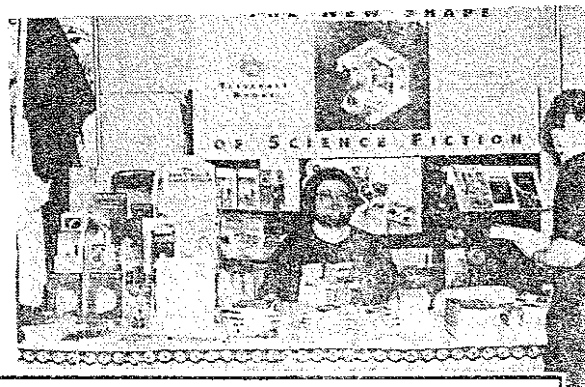
AURORAS

English fiction: Nobody's Son, by Sean Stewart.

French fiction: Chronoreg, by Daniel Sernine.



Barry Hammond is on the case at the On Spec table.



Michael Skeet on guard at the Tesseract's table.

"Robert's head isn't going to end up on my body, is it?"

Sci-fi fans turn out in force at Winnipeg convention

The Canadian Press
Winnipeg

A California English professor's book about Mars won the prestigious Hugo Award for best science fiction novel.

Kim Stanley Robinson won the award for *Green Mars*, the second book in an epic sequence concerning the colonization of that planet.

In a ceremony held at the annual world science fiction convention, a Hugo was also presented to the film *Jurassic Park* for its special effects presentation of dinosaurs.

Canada's top sci-fi award, the Aurora, was given out at the same time and went to Vancouver writer Sean Stewart for *Nobody's Son* in the English category and Daniel Sernine of Quebec for *Chronoreg* in the French category.

Stewart said the Canadian science fiction community — authors and readers — has grown significantly in the last decade.

"Right now there's a real crop of top flight world class S-F authors coming out of Canada," Stewart said.

Nobody's Son is about a young man who wins the hand of a princess and goes on to live "happily ever after."

"The rest of the book is about what happily ever after is really all about, with real relationships and real situations," said Stewart.

The convention attracted about 5,300 participants.

5,300 crowd for Hugos shows sci-fi likely to live long and prosper

The Canadian Press
Winnipeg

Not too many gala literary award ceremonies feature guests dressed like Klingons — but these are the Hugos.

Saturday's awards at the world science fiction convention recognized the top people in the field with trophies made from the titanium of actual rockets.

It's an award that one of its writers, Charles Sheffield, once described as "the gold medal in the special Olympics of literature."

That's because sci-fi and fantasy, with its garish covers and sometimes shlocky writing, has been sniffed at for not being "serious" enough.

But one of Canada's best sci-fi writers sees no need for the genre to justify itself.

"Doris Lessing is writing it, that's good enough for me," says Sean Stewart. The Vancouver writer was presented with the Aurora, Canada's top sci-fi award, which was given out at the same time.

"If you stand around saying 'no, we're not all geeks,' it's not gonna happen for you," says Stewart. "You have to walk into the ivory tower as if you own it."

There is no questioning sci-fi's popularity. The convention has attracted about 5,300 people, the largest gathering Winnipeg has played host to this year. More than 3,000 were from the United States, with others coming from as far as Australia and Japan.

Some roamed the halls dressed as characters from Star Trek, others as medieval fantasy figures and some as ordinary geeks with propeller beanies on their heads. They attended panels on topics like how to design credible aliens.

Within Canada, there are now two national writers' associations and a growing body of literary criticism devoted to sci-fi. Writers like William Gibson and Guy Gavriel Kay are recognized internationally as tops in their field.

There is also a thriving commu-

nity of fans — typically professionals, average age, 35 — who gab on the Internet and network through amateur newsletters known as fanzines.

Stewart believes the genre is growing in popularity because it fills a gap.

"Fantasy literature in particular addresses cosmological questions about who we are and what it all means, that used to be more completely handled by religion and has sort of dropped through the mesh of popular culture."

"I mean, people do not consider the problem of evil very often on Friday night video clips."

The winner of the Hugo Award for best novel went to Kim Stanley Robinson of California for *Green Mars*, the second book in an epic sequence concerning the colonization of that planet.

The Aurora for the best work in French went to Daniel Sernine of Quebec for his novel *Chronoreg*.



■ McCaffrey: crowd standout

Dragon Lady's Pern series has catapulted her into an exalted position among sci-fi authors 68-year-old grandmother conference guest of honor

Canadian Press

Anne McCaffrey, science fiction novelist, is guest of honor at the 52nd world science fiction conference, which runs in Winnipeg until Monday.

Here is a sketch of one of today's most successful sci-fi writers:

EARLY YEARS: Born 68 years

ago in New Jersey, she started working as an actress and director with a local theatre company in Lambertville, New Jersey, when she was 16. Later, while raising three children, she began writing short stories and launched a successful career.

WRITING CAREER: Published her first novel, *Restorée*, in 1958. Since then, has published 52

books, including 35 sci-fi novels. Was the first woman to win the Hugo and Nebula awards and first woman sci-fi writer to appear on the *New York Times* bestseller lists.

BEST KNOWN FOR: Her series about Pern, a planet populated by human colonists who have forgotten their technological past and are protected by fire-breathing

dragons.

RESIDENCE: County Wicklow, Ireland, at an estate known as Dragonhold.

QUOTE: "If you were nuts about science fiction, you wanted more. I finally decided that the only way to get more science fiction was to write it myself."

UNDER THE OZONE HOLE

Two-Time Winner of the Prix Aurora Award for Best Fanzine

Number One

Features "*How I Lost My Convirginity*" by Laura Atkins, news, reviews, and fiction by F.F. "Bones" Norman. Cover features Brian Mulroney as The Terminator. (But no LoCs 'cause it was the first issue, eh?)

Number Two

Quickie Interviews with Dave Panchyk, Cath Jackel and Robert Charles Wilson. LoCs, news, and Karl's Cartoon! Plus "*Touch Tone Tune Time*" and more fiction by F.F. "Bones" Norman.

Number Three

Another Karl's Cartoon! The first chapter of "*Tale of the Young and Slothful*" by Laura Atkins. John destroys Space Rangers.

Number Four

The first infamous all-colour Robert Runté cover! "*The Impossible Battle Bikini*" by Laura Atkins (with pictures! Only one). More fiction by "Bones" Norman, and a preface that John didn't like. He never used it again, ever! The Robert Runté Guide to Fandom Part One! Plus, an honest-to-God real LoC from Brian Mulroney! (Really! We're not making this up! Honest!)

Number Five

Special All-Pets Issue! The Robert Runté Guide to Fandom Part Two! More "*Young and Slothful*"! News, reviews and pictures of our pets! Wow! Plus "Trying Times," by Paula Johanson.

Number Six

Special Conspiracy Issue! The Robert Runté Guide to Fandom Part Three! Still more "*Young and Slothful*"! Chuck Bell's "*Ode to the Stubby*." Proof that Brian Mulroney is related to a hamster (it says so on the cover)! (A note to collectors: there are at least a dozen different variations of this issue. Check yours carefully. Do you have the rare extended DNQ issue?)

Number Seven

A gazillion reviews! The Under The Ozone Hole Quiz! Plus reviews, reviews and reviews. And still more reviews. Boy, we had a lot of reviews in this issue, eh? The cover features the cast of Star Trek: Voyager (but not Robert. Unless you were Catherine Girczyc and lucky enough to get the special version we printed up with the dummy cover that had Robert on it ... it's a long story).

Number Eight

Special *Apollo 11* Anniversary Issue! News, reviews and funny stuff. What more could you want? (A note to collectors: there are eight different covers for this issue. Ain't photocopiers wonderful?)

Number Nine

We get ready to go to Worldcon in Winnipeg! Map! Programming Changes! The Robert Runté Guide to Fandom! Canadian Facts! Sean Stewart Interview! Profiles of Catherine Girczyc and Don H. DeBrandt! "*The Impossible Battle Bikini...Revisited*"! Plus Clam Shoot news! Twice the usual quota of silly bits and spelling mistakes! And Robert... *all over* the cover in his second colour cover appearance!

Number Ten

Worldcon in Winnipeg Wrap-Up issue! Pictures, reviews, notes, comments, and silly stuff. "*Northwest Passage*" by Paula Johanson, The Final "*Tale of the Young and Slothful*," and Adam Charlesworth on his new-found belief in Western-Canadianism. Plus the usual stuff.

What Others Have Said About UTOH:

"I like it."

-- John Willcox Herbert, co-editor UTOH.

"John likes it."

-- Karl Johanson, co-editor UTOH.

"I read it. I laughed. I fell asleep."

-- Cath Jackel

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