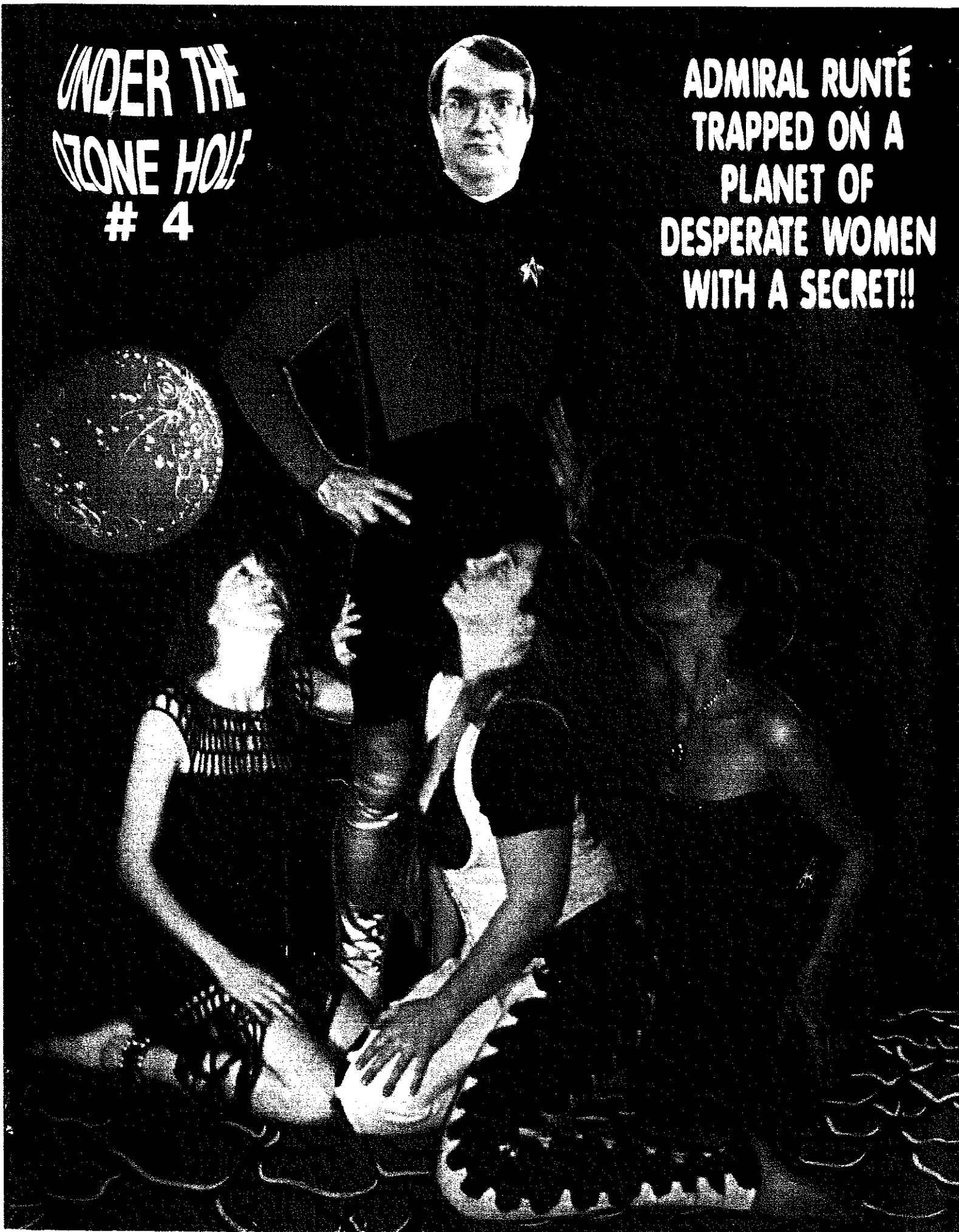


**UNDER THE  
STONE HOLE  
# 4**

**ADMIRAL RUNTÉ  
TRAPPED ON A  
PLANET OF  
DESPERATE WOMEN  
WITH A SECRET!!**



# UNDER THE OZONE HOLE

Number Four - May 1993

Edited By John Willcox Herbert & Karl Johanson

Published by The Spuzzum Press and Nuclear Cheese Wuncler Press

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Send us your club news and info, fan news, convention news & reports, reviews, cartoons, fillos, addresses etc.

If we publish something you send us, we can't pay you, but you'll get something better than money: mega egoboo.

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## Why You Got This

- \_\_\_ If you didn't, someone else would.
- \_\_\_ Editorial whim. (You are way cool.)
- \_\_\_ You sent us something. (yeah, right..)
- \_\_\_ You *should* send us something.
- \_\_\_ You bribed us.
- \_\_\_ We bribed you.
- \_\_\_ Here comes the bribe.
- \_\_\_ You know who the 24 guys are who impersonated the Boston Bruins.
- \_\_\_ You thought Stephen Lewis should be P.M.
- \_\_\_ The lawsuit is pending.
- \_\_\_ Skiff skiff wabbo nepno waboo. (?)
- \_\_\_ Moose!
- \_\_\_ Here fishie fishie fishie fishie.
- \_\_\_ We spelled your name wrong. Sorry.
- \_\_\_ Boo!
- \_\_\_ If you don't Send Something Soon....

## WARNING:

THERE ARE LLAMAS.

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## Contributors

Laura Atkins, David Gordon-MacDonald, John Willcox Herbert, Karl Johanson, Paula Johanson, Stephanie Ann Johanson, F.F. "Bones" Norman and Robert Runté.

## Art

All art by Stephanie Ann Johanson, except Tricia Evans, page 17

## The Cover

Dwight Lockhart depicts Admiral Runté, trapped on a planet of desperate women with a secret.

# The Editor's Opinion

by John Willcox Herbert

Well, thanks a bunch, and we promise not to forget the little people we squashed on our way to the top. Karl, what's that stuff on the sole of your shoe?

But seriously....

If you haven't heard already, Under The Ozone Hole won the 1993 Prix Aurora Award for Fan Achievement - Fanzine. Since we weren't there in person to receive the award, I hope no one objects if we take a few paragraphs here for a thank-you speech of sorts.

First, congratulations to the other nominees. To share the nomination with the likes of BCSFAzine, Alouette, Communiqué, Temps Tôt, and ConTRACT was award enough (this doesn't mean we're declining, though!).

Second, thanks go to our many contributors, especially Laura Atkins, David Gordon-MacDonald and Paula Johanson who have given us great stories, reviews and articles. (And more in the future, right?)

More thanks go to Lloyd Penney and Robert Runté, who have given us lots of encouragement and advice (some of which we took, some we declined, but all we appreciated!).

Important thanks go to Monica and Stephanie: Monica for her excellent proof-reading, despite the fact that I never give her enough time to do the job, and Stephanie for magically turning the blank spaces I can't fit words into into art.

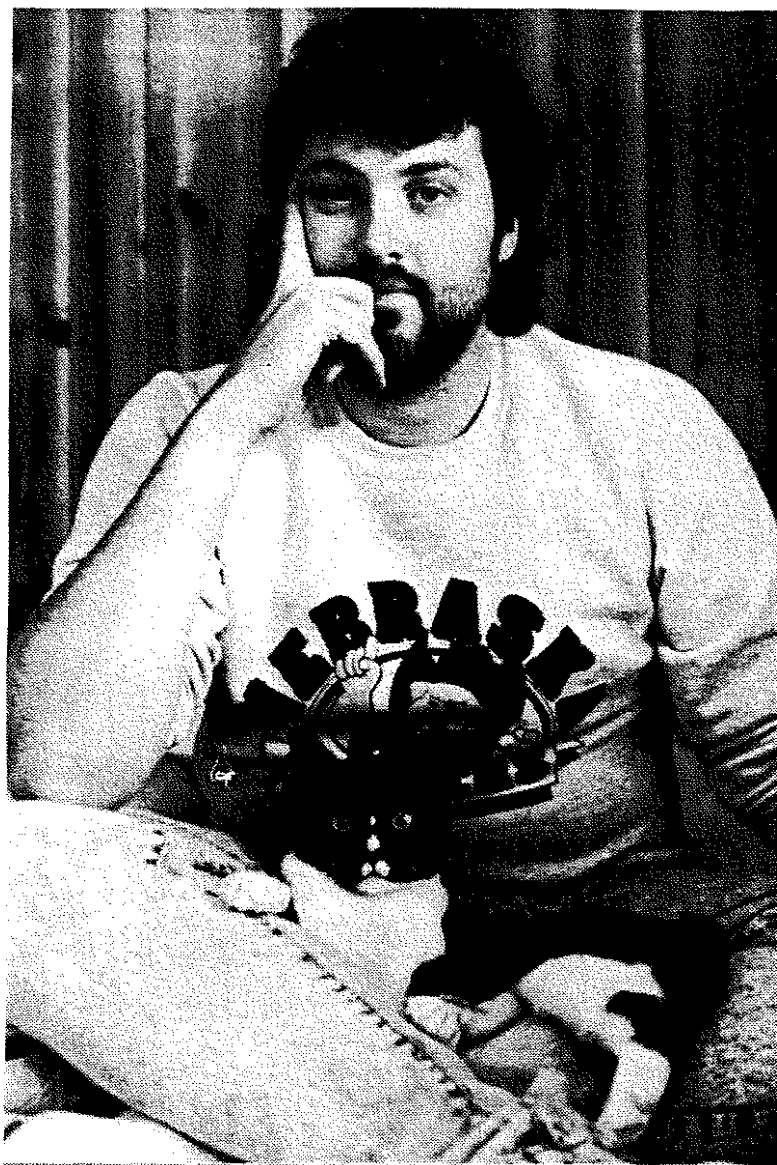
And lastly, thanks to our readers for their support.

Ya know, for a zine title Under The Ozone Hole, we haven't featured much about the environment. Monica's horse, Red, has a badly sunburned nose this year for the first time, and other horses in the area are suffering as well. So Red is looking very chic in zinc. I was going to comment on the environmental record of British Columbia's current New Democratic Party government: adding transit levies to gasoline (good!), increasing tax on luxury cars (good!), increasing the

scope of provincial sales tax to include solar panel cells (bad!), and the decision to allow logging in Clayoquot Sound (harmful, bad, foolish, half-witted, asinine, daft, stupid, inexcusable, horrific, piss-poor, and just plain old dumb dumb dumb dumb dumb!!!!). I was going to touch on this, but I guess I'd better not now. You see, Kim Campbell, she who would be Prime Minister, says that I'm a condescending s.o.b. In her eyes, criticizing government without being a member of a political party is a no-no.

She said in an interview in Vancouver magazine: "I don't believe that democratic institutions run on autopilot. The thing that infuriates me is apathy. People who boast about how they've never been involved in a political party. Who do they think is working to keep this society intact so they can have the luxury of sitting back and being such condescending s.o.b.'s? To hell with them."

Gee, and I always thought that it was taxpaying citizens who worked to keep this society together by paying their taxes



to provide funds so that their representatives in Parliament, elected by citizens, could pass laws and implement programs as decreed by the will of the citizens. And I always thought one the principles of a democratic society was that a person could be politically active (and effective!) without being a Party Member. Golly, first Ms.

Campbell brands citizens who oppose the current government's programs "enemies," now one has to be a Party Member in order to speak out politically. Those are pretty radical views, even for a Tory. Didn't we get rid of those ideas 48 years ago?

But maybe I am too condescending. I guess it must be from listening for too

many years to condescending politicians who waste and overspend *our* money and then tell *us* we have to cut back. And maybe the reason that I haven't joined a political party is that so far none of them have earned the privilege of my political allegiance.

To hell with you, Kim.

# The Editor's Other Opinon

by Karl Johanson

I'm a typically great looking guy with a 9 inch penis. I never really believed any of the letters in your "forum" section until my neighbours Candy, Buffy and Yolanda came over one day with a large bowl of 4(8000000 .> .> .> .> READ ERROR < . < . < > % ^ & \* \$ .....000 001 010 011 100 101 110 111h j g k ; s d g 0 I Y U { D F S 4 N J &



we can get (especially from fans west of Vancouver Island).

This issue is designed for release at V-Con 20 (this will be 12 V-Cons in a row for me). Setting up release dates to correspond with conventions really seems to help deprocrastinate me, though probably not enough, I fear. I strongly suspect that this issue will be collated the night before we leave while I should be packing. At any rate I'm looking forward to V-Con and expect that, with Steve Forty as con chair, it will be

gggggggggggggggggggggg!! OSVL DELCOM.>>>>>> can see the new computer is working out fine. The only problem I've had so far was with text files (a few of my letters to other zines got mixed in with some Under The Ozone Hole files) but I've managed to straighten the whole thing out.

I believe the Auroras managed to perform what I think is their most important function. They helped make fans aware of some of what is being produced by Canadians in the realm of speculative fiction.

Seeing who was chosen to win is also

an important aspect, but I think a secondary one. In our category I was honoured just to see our title listed next to other worthy zines (and now we have the addresses of 3 zines we didn't have before). Many thanks to Peter Jarvis and Dennis Mullin as well as to all the others on the Aurora and Wolfcon committees. Also thanks to Adam Charlesworth and Lloyd Penney for phoning us to let us know UTOH had won. Robert Runté's suggestion (see lettercol) that fanzines should provide more reviews or reports of eligible nominees and their works is an excellent one. John and I can only ask for all the help

at worst a wonderful time.

One additional bit about the Kennedy assassination. Some people have argued that the photos of Oswald holding firearms were faked. I've thought a great deal about it and decided that it just isn't possible for someone to do that sort of thing to a photograph.

# THE ROBERT RUNTE GUIDE TO FANDOM

## PART I: WHEN TO QUIT

*{{What hasn't Robert done in Canadian Fandom? Well, to our knowledge he hasn't danced naked on a Dealers Table at a Toronto Trek. But he's done just about everything else. He'll be FanGoH at Conadian. Robert advises us that an earlier version of this article appeared in Novoid, edited by Colin Flinz. }}*

As a long time fan I have contributed my share of articles to the extensive body of "how to" literature on organizing fan clubs, attending and running SF conventions, and fanzine publishing. Most of these articles are for the edification of new fans; indeed, the recruitment of neos is often the real point behind writing a guide to fandom. I have long believed that the continued vitality of our subculture is dependent upon a steady supply of new members and the new ideas they bring with them.

What I have been slow to realize, however, is that the logical corollary of the need for a constant influx of new blood may be the corresponding need for the eventual departure of the older generation. While there are a great many articles instructing neos on the finer points of joining fandom, there is relatively little available on when and how one should call it quits. In my experience, inertia often carries long time fans to continue their habit of con and club attendance long after they have lost any real interest. Others remain interested and active, but are fixated on the events of the golden age (i.e., whenever they were neos) and have failed to keep up with recent trends and events. Others have in fact long since gafiated, but have failed to make the necessary adjustments to their self-image. I therefore offer senior fans the following list of tell tale signs that they may have reached the point at which retirement from fandom is now imminent.

### YOU KNOW IT'S TIME TO GAFIATE WHEN...

...you mail out the latest issue of your fanzine, and all but three copies come back labeled, "not known at this address"

...you try explaining to the club executive why something won't work on the grounds that "You remember the last time we tried that!", only they don't

...you show up at the convention you helped to found and the registrar tries to recruit you to fandom

...you work a lot of great in-jokes into your ToastMaster speech, only none of the people they're about show up at the con

...you find the current issue of your fanzine in the huckster room marked, "Rare Fanzines from the Yesteryear of Fandom"

...the office manager announces a new "open access" policy for the office photocopiers, and all you can think of is, "Now I'll be able to get my office reports done faster!"

...The TAFF ballot arrives and you stack it with your junk mail

...you notice that the fanzine produced by that promising neo is issue #148

...your boss asks you if you have plans for the Labour Day weekend next year, and you can't remember off hand

...the editor of the local clubzine phones you up and asks if he can interview you about the old days

...you win a fan award, but it's for "Lifetime Achievements"

...you visit your co-editors to pick up this issue's submissions and they tell you how nostalgic that makes them feel, but what did you want really?

...you notice that the Chair of this year's convention has the same name as that kid who won the Costume Contest in the "under five" category a while ago

...you get really angry at an article by some jerk, and then realize it's a reprint of something you wrote ten years ago

...you have to ask "Which rap group was that again?" when the neo you're talking to keeps referring to "APA and the BNFs"

...you decide to drop into the weekly meeting of the local club and the janitor tells you they haven't met in this building for over three years

...the only names you recognize in fanzines these days are in the "in memorium" column

...you send an article to a fanzine edited by a couple of neos to encourage them, and they send it back

...you threaten to quit SF and nobody tries to talk you out of it.

# V-CON 20 PROGRAMMING UPDATE

## LAST MINUTE SCHEDULE CHANGES

### FRIDAY

9:30 Black Holes: Are They Real, or Just a Leftist Conspiracy -- with Oliver North, Marlon Brando, and Jerry Pournelle.

10:00 Laser Tag and Beating People Up With Sticks (There is actually no panel on this topic, it's just a convenient way of getting rid of all the jerks for a while and give the rest of the con a break. Maximum IQ limit = 68.)

10:30 Artificial Intelligence -- When the real thing just won't do.

11:00 Goats -- A passing fad or a new permanent part of fandom? Myles Bos, Biff Hollis, Monika Bandersnatch and Robert Gunderson speak of their personal experiences.

11:30 Elfquest Fan deprogramming session -- 19 years and over only (unless you're American, then it's 21). This isn't prettt

12:00 D & D Players Against Fundamentalism -- Does religious fundamentalism lead to unusual worship patterns, violence, and suicide?

12:30 My @#%\$ing Computer is Better Than Yours!!! -- Anyone who owns a computer can come and participate in this panel/screaming match. Be prepared to listen to all the standard computer user arguments, like: "Oh, yeah? Well, my Fenwick 282 has a 41 meg hamsterstat, 11 self-cleaning micro-wave math processors, 2 spare Donkey Kong cartridges, a French, and a Russian and a Swahili grubbeldethrew, a solar-powered back-up gitzensnorker, not to mention a 728 baud rate hummamaginger that's compatible with any blue or orange computers made since 1985!! So there, nyah!"

13:30 How To Win at "Smurf Rescue in Gargamel's Castle" -- Is it true that you can make Smurfette's dress disappear?

14:00 Clam Shooting! -- The hot, new California rifle sport that's attracting girls, money, and gun nuts. In the Sly Stallone Room.

### 14:30 Movie Previews

JKF II: THE SLAUGHTER CONTINUES -- Wes Craven takes over from where Oliver Stone left off. Featuring William Shatner, who utters that immortal line: "What have you done with Kennedy's brain?!"

TERMINATOR 3: ELECTION DAY -- Brian Mulroney stars as a man sent from the future to destroy modern-day Canada. Only winning the next federal election stands in his way.

SLAVE GIRL OF GOR! -- The movie they said shouldn't be made! Starring Dolph Lundgren and Madonna.

TOTAL RECALL II -- Americans suddenly forget the terrible horrors of the Reagan/Bush Administrations: amnesia or rose-coloured glasses? The Democrats race against time to find out why.

2000: A SPACE ILLIAD -- Stanley Kubrick's little seen prequel.

THE LAWNMOWER MAN II: WEED-EATER -- Naw.

15:00 101 Great Blowfish Jokes -- Last year, some people thought this panel was so funny that they had to leave before it ended!

16:00 Cheese Whiz Coupons -- How to collect them, and where to trade them.

### SATURDAY

10:00 Rewriting Other People's Stories And Getting Them Published -- CANCELLED (Someone stole our idea.)

11:00 The Secret Life of Robert Runté -- University student gone mad, or fandom's greatest secret? Our panel of experts (Bob Johnson, Marsha Chondrite, Sally Mander, Robert Ludlum, and Steve 42) take you behind the scenes and explore the life of one of Alberta's known fans.

12:00 Star Trek Author Readings Leonard Nimoy reads from *I Am Not Spock Most Of The Time (Only When Someone Pays Me)*;

DeForrest Kelley reads from *I Am Not Dead*;

James Doohan reads from *I Am Not Scott*; William Shatner reads from *I Am Not A Director*.

12:30 Meech Lake and Convention -- Should Quebec fandom have a "notwithstanding clause"? With Keith Spicer, Joe Clark, Robert Bourassa, Jacques Parizeau and Dave Panchyk.

13:00 Raoul Mitgong: Could He Have Helped? Our panel: John Willcox Herbert, Karl Johanson, and Harlan Ellison. Bring your own jellybeans.

14:30 Book Preview: *Foundation and Gor* -- John Norman reads from his new bestseller. In the Piers Anthony Room.

15:00 Are Panel Discussions Dead? -- Join Robert A. Heinlein, L. Ron Hubbard, Terry Carr, Isaac Asimov, Frank Herbert, Stanley G. Weinbaum, Cyril Kornbluth, and James Blish for a lively discussion.

15:30 Are Trekkies Gullible? -- Bring \$25 to this panel and find out.

16:00 Star Trek News -- The latest news from local fans with "...lots of buddies at Paramount." Our panel: Robert Knight, S.T.Lar, and Bill Hickey.

16:30 Mr.Science -- Exposed!

16:42 Mr.Science -- Arrested!

17:00 Rubber Chickens In SF -- Dan O'Bannon discusses the deep psychological urges that make him put a rubber chicken in all his films.

18:00 Achoo! -- Gesundheit.

20:01 A Space Odyssey

THIS COUPON ENTITLES  
YOU  
TO RECEIVE **FREE** AND WITH **NO CHARGE**  
**PAGE SEVEN**  
OF: UNDER THE OZONE HOLE  
ISSUE FOUR \*



\* NOT VALID IF USED

Andrew C. Murdoch  
2563 Heron Street  
Victoria, B.C.  
V8R 5Z9

I have two reasons for writing this LoC. First, I wanted to beat Robert Runté at writing to you. Second, I wanted to give egoboo where egoboo was due and express my appreciation to you for spelling my name correctly on all six occasions it appeared in issue #3 of UTOH. Congrats on the Aurora and keep up the terrific job!

P.S. Is it possible to receive an 8x10 glossy of Laura wearing her costume which shows off the expanses of skin while she's licking her keyboard in contemplation? Thank you.

*{{Laura responds:*

*Hey! That article was called "Serendipity and Reader Abuse," not "Serendipity and Whacking Material!" Besides, you're going to ruin my carefully built-up reputation as a fat slob if you continue to imply that I am worth looking at in all my many bare expanses.*

*Now, about that picture. Do you mean the expanses exposed by my purely fictitious and highly satirical "spandex and handkerchief" costume, the expanses exposed by my bodice and skirt, or the expanses exposed by my Impossible Battle Bikini (the one which, as revealed elsewhere, I test-drove at Norwescon 16 and thereby caused many instances of whiplash)? Let me know, and then we can settle the minor details like copyright, many thousands of dollars, and the condo in Fiji.}}*

The Right Honourable Brian Mulroney,  
P.C., M.P., Prime Minister of Canada  
Ottawa, Ontario

One of the finest Cabinet Ministers ever from Western Canada, the Honourable Don Mazankowski has nominated you, Carl Johanson [sic] for membership in The 500.

Today, it is my privilege to extend to you my personal invitation to join The 500.

Since being elected Leader of the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada in June of 1983, the members of The 500

have been in the forefront of our Party and have provided critically important support for economic policy initiatives.

Now, our party faces a 1993 general election. An election which I believe will determine the direction of Canada for many years to come.

Other major party leaders would drive us back to the wild spending of the past... a period none of us want to see (or can afford) again.

Our Government's new economic policy initiatives will give Canada a strong foundation upon which to return to the full economic growth that provides opportunity for all Canadians.

I need to have the help of members of The 500 in order to secure these economic policies and to avoid falling back into the high spending, high inflationary practices of past governments. I know the tragedy of those practices... because for eight years I've been dealing with the chaos they left behind.

The upcoming election means I must rely on 500 members more than ever before. They will be key to moving our economic renewal agenda forward and to winning the next election.

That is why I am so pleased my colleague, the Honourable Don Mazankowski, has recommended you for membership in The 500.

I hope you will accept my invitation to join our special team of men and women who care deeply about Canada, who are working with us for better government and leading the campaign for a stronger nation.

In spite of the cynicism and criticism of the opposition, our government has a good record on reducing the rate of growth of the annual deficit, on sound management of the country's business and making Canada more competitive.

Our opponents? They offer no new ideas. No innovative alternatives.

It is the Progressive Conservative Party -- strengthened by the dedication of the men and women of The 500 -- that must continue to forge ahead and chart a bold course for Canada's future.

Membership in The 500 is a rare opportunity for you to help make a direct impact on the future of our nation by helping us to win the next election and to achieve our agenda for economic renewal

in the rest of the decade.

Your personal contribution of \$1,000 or more, working with those of other members of The 500, will give our organizers the political tools they need now to build a winning campaign. That task cannot be put off any longer.

Please review The 500 brochure I've enclosed for you which highlights the benefits of your association with this most vital membership group of the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada.

Then, I encourage you to give my personal invitation your full consideration and decide to serve as a new member of The 500 today. By joining now for 1993, you may receive a tax credit of \$450 against your 1992 taxes.

We need your leadership and commitment so that we may continue to lead, to inspire and to win.

I will be very grateful to know I can rely upon you for help at this critical time.

*{{I wonder if it is called "The 500" because it has 1,500 members or because it costs \$1,000.00 to join?*

*Your government has reduced the rate of growth of the deficit? That means you've decreased the rate of acceleration by which the nation's net debt is increasing. Awestraking!*

*-- K.J.}}*

*{{Gee Brian, for a "personal invitation," your signature looks rather machine-stamped. I also don't understand the phrase "reducing the rate of growth of the annual deficit." Is this another way of saying that after nine years in power, your government still spends upwards of \$34,000,000,000 a year more than it takes in? And how come the national debt was only \$142 billion when you took power, but after nine years it's now something like \$450 billion? And isn't asking for money to help re-elect you, when you know you aren't going to be running, a tad unethical? Isn't that sort of like taking money under false pretenses?*

*Enjoy your retirement, Brian. It's the end of an error.*

*--J.W.H.}}*



Dale Speirs  
Box 6830  
Calgary, Alberta  
T2P 2E7

Greetings from the Speirs and Runté Spell Checkers Co. Ltd. ("Specializing in the Letter 'e'. No Job Too Big or Small. Whether In Front Of An 'i' Or Under a 'm').

UTOH #3 arrived today. David Gordon-MacDonald's angst over the death of Superman reminds me of why I stick to real books instead of comics. For all the faults of ten-volume trilogies and endless series, at least novelists are not yet riddled by corporate lunacy.

The comment on how con flyers should explain to neos what a con is was of interest because right now the philatelic hobby is going through a similar debate. One stamp show, called SEPAD for fifty years, is now the Philadelphia National Stamp Exhibition, and others are rushing to change their names to something more understandable by neos. The Elvis stamp shook up the hobby because of the sudden publicity, sort of like all three *Star Trek* series rolled up in one and hitting the 1939 Worldcon. And traditionally stamp exhibitors have had up to ten frames to show their exhibits (16 album pages is a frame), but the hottest fashion now is the one-frame show where exhibitors must tell a story in 16 pages, not 160. A lot harder to do, much like trying to create a world in a short story and still have a good plot instead of loafing along in a padded novel. Bringing in neos is a lot harder because of competition from trading cards and computers: people get more excited about Manon Rheaume's rookie card than a stamp honouring 100 years of accounting in Canada.

*{I've given up on collecting comics; there's just too much out there to keep track of. I just read what I like and don't care if it's going to make me rich in the future or not. I made a small fortune on Frank Miller's Dark Knight and lost a small fortune on John Byrne's Superman. Win some, lose some....}*

*You say novelists are not yet riddled by corporate lunacy. What about the "brand name" writers, the most obvious being the late Dr. Asimov? His name gets plastered*

*on so many book covers that he had little, if anything, to do with. Not blaming Isaac, mind you, but isn't that corporate lunacy at its height?*

*Manon Rheaume had a rookie card: And I missed it? Gads! But never mind that, personally I can't wait to watch The Mighty Ducks on The Pond. Spare me. (Shoot me now! I love the smell of gunpowder and burnt feathers! And cordite!)*  
-- J.W.H.}}

Lloyd Penney  
412 - 4 Lisa Street  
Brampton, Ontario  
L6T 4B6

HEY, YOUSE GUYS!

("Youse" is the plural of "you." At least, it should be.)

Thanks for hurling another UTOH my way. Up to three issues, and you're over the hump. This is a fanzine that will survive and may it (and your chequing accounts) live long and prosper.

John's editorial reminds me that I am in deep doodoo with Tim Lane, the editor of Fosfax. I expressed my pissed-offedness with the gullible American response to Kuwaiti lies about what was happening in Kuwait, courtesy of Iraqi soldiers, to drag it into what became the Gulf War. I'm not defending Saddam to any extent, but it was proven that Kuwaitis lied about Iraqi atrocities. Then, I am accused of being anti-American, presumably because I don't agree with American foreign policy 110%, or wasn't 110% behind the war. Perhaps the best answer to the accusation came to me directly from Joseph Nicholas, who said that of course I was anti-American because I didn't think they were as wonderful as they thought they were. Think you might send a copy of this fanzine to Tim Lane? Just asking... once again, I'm just throwing a fox into a henhouse...

I haven't seen chocolate used as a medium in a con's art show, but I have seen it in a dealers' room. This dealer was selling chocolate suckers in the shape of various characters, like E.T., Darth Vader, and Marvin the Martian, or with familiar sf symbols, like a Federation arrowhead, or *Star Wars* logo. Unfortunately, they didn't sell at all... we couldn't explain that one; perhaps no one liked the idea of

edibles in the dealers' room or something. Anyway, this dealer left early because the smell of slightly rancid chocolate was wafting through the air and turning a few stomachs.

I wonder if D.C. comics was waiting for a long pause in the sequence of Superman movies to kill off the big guy. I've never been a comic reader, but you're right. ... Superman is a cultural icon that you wouldn't think they could screw around with, but any screwing around suddenly becomes part of the legend, and that simply makes ol' Supe more three-dimensional than ever. Something like this has also happened with *Star Trek*. ... its status as a cultural icon allows for fanfic, movies, and even new series, with the result being a three-dimensional history of the Federation. The four-cloning of Superman is another gimmick to reinforce Superman comics sales, and introduce four new titles that will ride along with the crest of Superman's popularity. Nifty marketing gimmick on DC's part.

Since my last letter, Toronto's been hit by two storms, and what they're calling the biggest storm of the century is right now threatening to blow in my living room windows. Hey, you (or youse, whichever you prefer) guys, you forget I used to live in Victoria, too! I have lived on both sides of the virtual brick wall called the Manitoba-Ontario border, and there's foolish snobbishness on both sides. There must be more communication between the two halves of this country to tear down that brick wall. In past newszines that have come out of western cities, western news has dominated so much as to make former western fans now living here say that eastern fandom was dying. It wasn't, but they knew so little about what was happening, they figured that was the truth. Only now is Maritimes fandom resurfacing by staging this year's Convention.

One of the newest activities Yvonne and I are involved in is convention consultancy. We are working with a group in Hamilton involved in staging a fan-run Trekcon in Niagara Falls, as well as the International Space Development Conference '95 to be held in Toronto. We might also be working with the local mystery/detective fans who might want to hold an annual mystery convention in Toronto.

The local convention season is nearly upon us here, with FILKONtario 3 in May, Ad Astra 13 in June, Toronto Trek VII in July, and a trip to the Funny Farm in August... by the way, add Marina Sirtis to the list of guests at Toronto Trek VII, and possibly more to follow. I've enclosed an Ad Astra progress report as well.

Joseph Major's LoC hints at what we've done with Ad Astra the past couple of years. . . we've added a gaming room, a model and display room, an animé room and we might have a display of some of Gerry Anderson's SuperMarionation puppers. We must diversify to keep fans coming back, to give them something new to do and look at, and to attract new people in to the con. There are cons in the U.S. that are solely-literature oriented, and they succeed because of the high-density fannish population that will attend. Where we are, though, we must keep the appeal of the con diversified because of lower populations and slightly higher costs. Besides, the varied interests of gaming, models, sf books, and animé, among others, are very intertwined. I've been looking for a copy of Damon Knight's *The Futurians*, given my current predilection for reading fan histories. Besides the other books listed [in issue three of UTOH], I would recommend *Years of Light* by John Robert Columbo, which outlines early years of Canadian Fandom, *The Immortal Storm* by Sam Moskowitz (a dry read, but informative and the companion book to *All Our Yesterdays*), and *A Wealth of Fables*, now re-edited and re-issued. FYI, *Space Rangers* has been canceled, and *Babylon 5* and *Time Trax* seem to have faded already. The only new show that appears to be succeeding is *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, riding on the coattails of *The Next Generation*. The Paramount execs don't get paid for being dumb.

As I said earlier, fan histories are one of my newer interests, and I have been trying to find as many fan histories and antiquities of the fannish past as I can afford. One of the fan histories I really don't know about is Toronto's (my, how Canadian). If Garth Spencer wants a fairly complete fan history up to 1980, he can contact Taral. After then, my own generation of fans walks in, and he loses all objectivity. I might be able to piece things

together after that, but there's no guarantee. My memory is notorious for having enormous gaps in it, as well as rewriting itself from time to time, so I may have to consult Yvonne about facts.

Karl, you might like to know that at least Ad Astra has taken your caveat about con flyers to heart. For the past few years, we have put the line "Toronto's Regional Science Fiction Convention" at the top of the flyer to eliminate some of the mystery. This year, to add to the list of additional guests on the flyer, we have added a list of activities, such as dance, masquerade, panels, dealers' room, art show and auction, wearable art display (giving a little mystery in to attract them further), animé room, gaming room, model display and contest, etc., which, honestly, will attract new people more than a list of names. This year, we'll see if it works.

*{{Don't worry, Lloyd, you're not alone. I wasn't 110% for the war either, although at some point, you have to call Saddam's bluff; you can't let him run amok and attack sovereign nations. (You CAN let him attack Kurds in his own country with gas, apparently. But I digress). The real crime is how Saddam got to be the neighbourhood bully in the first place. The basic hypocrisy of American foreign policy is that the meaning of all their high and mighty words ends at the borders. Maybe I'm just overly naïve, but I take the phrase "...all men are created equal..." to mean that all men (and women), not just the lucky few who live in the U.S.A., are equal: all Canadians, all Russians, all Ethiopians, all Japanese, all Iranians -- everybody! If the fact that all men are created equal is a "self-evident truth," if all men are "endowed with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness," if freedom and democracy are ideals worth striving for, than why would the U.S. ever support tin-pot crackpots like the Shah, Noriega, Marcos, and Hussein to whom freedom means nothing and democracy is a minor annoyance? Why? How can the U.S. ever justify actions against the Sandinistas, as an example, when it supported other regimes that were just as, if not more, morally bankrupt? Too often, the American military must fix the mistakes of American foreign policy.*

*The United States often casts itself in the role of having a "higher morality" than other nations, or as the world's peace-keeper. This is an odd notion, if you consider that during the Iran-Iraq war, the U.S. government was illegally selling arms to one side and strategic information from spy satellites to the other. Where's the morality in that? That's murder to make a buck.*

*A few years ago at Norwescon, the topic at a panel turned to irradiating food. An American writer named Grant Fjermedal made his case against, citing his fears of radiation, but someone in the audience shot down Fjermedal with technical arguments of his own, and went on to say that food irradiation could help save the Third World from starvation. Fjermedal's reply: "Well, it's good enough for the Third World, but not for Americans." This is the attitude the world sees.*

*The United States' foreign policy (and that of all countries, of course) should be to do what is morally right in a situation, not what is necessarily in its immediate best interest. I think the States would find that very quickly the two would become one and the same. Isn't it interesting that the U.S. and the coalition, during a time of recession, could come up with \$61,000,000,000 to fight the Gulf War, but can't come up with \$9,000,000,000 to feed and immunize all the children in Africa?*

*And yes, we trade with Fosfax. And as far as throwing foxes into henhouses, what you do with consenting animals is most certainly your own business.*

*Re The Dead Superman sketch: You forgot to mention that coming back from the dead enhances your legend even more. Look what it's done for Jesus, Sherlock Holmes, Spock and Joe Clark!*

*Yes, the country still has problems with that virtual brick wall. And it goes both ways, Lloyd. Personally, I think the Globe and Mail should change its byline from "Canada's National Newspaper" to "Toronto's National Newspaper."*

*I've been watching the reruns of *Thunderbirds* on YTV and can't believe how cheesy it is! Of course, it was really neat when I first watched them twenty-odd years ago (oh ghod!). I've noticed, however, that Gerry Anderson seemed to lift the music right off *Thunderbirds* and*

drop it into *Space: 1999*. Every now and then, as the camera pans across a cliff or mountain range and the music comes up, I'm half-expecting an *Eagle* to come crashing across the terrain!

Re *Space Rangers*. At Norwescon this year, someone got hold of a "lost episode" of *Space Rangers*. It was a rough cut of an unaired episode; work on it was halted when the show was cancelled. (There's supposed to be another episode around in even rougher shape than this one. This had temporary effects shots e.g. spaceships from other movies (*Star Wars* for one) cut in where effects had yet to be filmed.) Buddy Hackett was the guest star. The episode was, dare I say, almost watchable, and there was the occasional funny line. But the best part was the opening line. Hackett played a comedian who, in the opening scene, was on the subspace radio to his agent who has just informed him that his latest gig, and his contract, have been terminated: "Cancelled?! Whatta mean the show is cancelled?"

-- J.W.H.}}

Robert Runté  
#208 - 175 Algonquin Road  
Lethbridge, Alberta  
T1K 5L6

Let me be the first to congratulate you on your Aurora win. Well done, and well deserved gentlemen!

Nevertheless, I must register one minor complaint: You guys cut off the punchline of my loc last issue. My ridiculously picky comments were intended as a satire of the sort of whining with which fanzine editors are habitually confronted, and was intended as the introduction to an article on why one should not respond to such rubbish in one's letter columns. Since you chose not to run the "how to" article which followed, however, quoting the initial paragraphs out of context might leave some readers believing I actually was that pompous. Furthermore, instead of publishing what I thought of as the real point of the letter -- which was how to pull the substantive bits out of a loc without wasting space on the picky complaints one inevitably receives -- you ignored the substantive bits of my letter and focused on

the picky complaints. (Obviously it wasn't as effective an article as I had hoped.) Of course, the real irony is that this has now forced me to write a further letter of complaint, which if you publish means that you still have not understood my argument that one should ignore all such complaints since they inevitably lead to further complaints and a preoccupation with negativity; whereas if you finally "get it" and so skip over this bit of my letter for the more interesting bits later on, it means that my complaint will go unacknowledged and my reputation will be ruined. So I am keen to see in which way you are going to disappoint me: by revealing me to be an ineffectual writer or by making me out to be a pompous idiot.

I found the Aurora ballot a bit confusing because Jean-Louis Trudel was listed under the Fanzine category when, as the newsletter of the professional writers association, *Communiqué* should clearly have been under the "Best Other Work" professional category. Listing *Communiqué* under the fanzine category may not only be a slight to the professionalism of both Trudel and SF Canada, but it is also unfair to Trudel's chances of winning. Even though *Communiqué* is now accepting subscriptions from non-members, relatively few fans have ever seen it. Yet Jean-Louis Trudel clearly deserves some recognition of his work over the past decade in both fandom and prodom. His work within SF Canada and on several recent Aurora Award committees is particularly deserving of an award, though he has long been instrumental in establishing and keeping open the lines of communication between the anglophone and francophone SF communities. Unfortunately, most of Trudel's work has been off the behind the scenes variety so that while his role has in many cases proved absolutely pivotal in the success of various major projects, his contribution has often gone unrecognized.

I therefore propose that we mount a campaign to nominate him next year under the professional "Best Other Work" in both English and French for his work on *Communiqué*. Indeed, come to that, I would like to see fanzines paying more attention to the Auroras than simply distributing the ballot. Where are the reviews of nominated books? Where are the dis-

cussions of who should win in the fan categories? I know next to nothing of Louise Hyper or Annette Ing and I dare say few Eastern fans had heard of Adam Charlesworth before this year's win, but given regular convention reviews and club write ups, voters might then be able to make a more informed choice.

{{Okay, Robert, we've decided to never edit anything you send us ever again. Therefore, if you end up sounding like a "pompous idiot," it will be through no editing of our own. By the way, I let it go last issue, but I must point out that "Willcox" has two T's in it, and not one as you keep implying. I think the solution to the name-spelling crisis that has plagued this zine is to simply change the name of every fan in the country to 'Bubba.' Of course, this will lead to more confusion, but should clear some obstacles for the spelling-challenged.

Thank you for the congratulations, Bubba.

-- J.W.H.}}

Joseph T. Major  
4701 Taylor Blvd. #8  
Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.  
40215-4308

There is a problem of mailing addresses. Does the hopeful LoC'er mail to this issue's Editor, this issue's Other Editor (the presumptive Editor of the next issue), or to one selected Editor? It could save a lot of trouble, that is unless you guys really need reasons to see each other frequently.

What I thought of on reading David Gordon-MacDonald's article was that the new Superman was created to fit the ~~whims~~ needs of John Byrne, who was slated to become The Superman Artist, so the old Superman comic became *Adventures of Superman* and a new Superman book with new numbering was started to feature and highlight the art of The Superman Artist. (Then Byrne quit...) However, the problem of the field seems to be more basic than that, as I observed while reading a *Wall Street Journal* article on baseball card collecting.

The article pointed out that the baseball cards which have kept their value are

the ones produced before 1988. That year was when the mania began, and baseball card distributors started producing baseball cards specifically for collectors. The mania, in turn, seems to have come from a shifting-over from the stamp and coin fields. (Ask Dale Speirs about that.)

In his fanzine *Paperback Parade*, Gary Lovisi deplored the invasion of the investors, as he had seen in comics, where investors drove the prices of comics to astronomical heights and forced out the original collectors. In fact, he might well echo Gordon-MacDonald's comment that "things like Comic Price Guides, which give us those exaggerated claims of value, exist purely to allow dealers to charge insane prices for bits of colourful paper." Come to think of it, that was his reason for opposing the idea of a Paperback Price Guide.

And going to [Gordon-MacDonald's] letter, of course no one looked into the motives of people like Mark Lane, who might have got the idea of vast conspiracies based on half-vast pieces of evidence from the Stalinists of the National Lawyers' Guild. Or Jim Garrison, who when people started noticing that he called New Orleans Mafia capo Carlos Marcello "a fine businessman" and he lived next door to one of Marcello's lieutenants, realized that he had to start some big, showy, attention-getting prosecution? Or Oliver Stone's source L. Fletcher Prouty, who is so odd that he used the Report From Iron Mountain as proof of a conspiracy and did not realize that it was a satire of think tanks? Incidentally, the chief counsel for the 1979 House Assassinations committee was interested in pushing his own conspiracy book, and the single piece of evidence on which it bases its conspiracy has at least three impossible things involved to be real.

The Other Editor is no doubt pleased by the abrupt cancellation of *Space Rangers*. It sounded too bad to be real. This is what you get from the Hollywood production method of "high concept." This is being able to describe a story (movie, series, book and so on) idea in no more than three sentences with no words of over three syllables. Hollywood executives do not have the mental capacity to comprehend anything longer.

The Editor's prime number thesis

sounds interesting. At least he can shut off the printer before it prints out five pages with hundreds of lines of "3 is not a prime number." What about the big debate over whether or not 1 is a prime number? Who says that science fiction fanzines have to ignore science? (Besides all the fantasy types.)

*{{I thought Comic Price Guides were created to sell Comic Price Guides.*

*Space Rangers* was pretty bad, but the acting was no worse than the first season of *ST: TNG*. *ST: TNG*, however, was pretty much guaranteed an audience of suckers like me who'd watch the first few seasons while the cast learned to act. *Space Rangers* had no such luxury.

*I is a prime number if the person paying your research grant says it is.*

*-- K.J.}}*

*{{We already have reasons to see each other frequently: I live in the country (sort of) and Karl has a hot tub. If the truth must be known, we mainly use Karl's address as the return address because the Post Office here in Sooke insists that addresses be exactly, precisely, strictly correct. For instance, if you put just UTOH and not my name or you forgot to put my Rural Route number (RR #2) on the envelope, chances are the local Post Office would return it to sender (I've heard that Sooke is the worst rural post office in the country for this). The crazy thing is that Sooke has only two Rural Route numbers!!! Is it that hard for the Post Mortem to figure out?*

*Gen. Joseph, you could have mentioned what the three impossible things involved are. Or even what the piece of evidence you refer to is (although I assume you mean the acoustical evidence.) Interestingly, Mark Lane wrote a book in 1966 called Rush To Judgment wherein he severely criticized the Warren Commission and its report. He claims (through documents obtained under The Freedom of Information Act) the C.I.A. got a copy of the book from the publisher before the book was released and the C.I.A. determined that the book was dangerous and that steps be taken to discredit Lane and his book. The interesting point is that in this book, Lane offers no conclusions on the assassination, except that the Warren Commission is wrong, and points no fin-*

*gers of guilt. Why, then, would the C.I.A. be afraid of this book? And while there's little doubt that the late Jim Garrison will always remain a controversial figure in assassination lore, no one I've heard about has impugned Stone's other source Jim Marrs, and his excellent work Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy.*

*-- J.W.H.}}*

Dave Panchyk  
9022 - 92 St.,  
Edmonton, Alberta.  
T6C 3R2

I'm sorry I haven't got in touch with you for the last while. Thank you very much for UTOH #3; congratulations on winning the Aurora!

I got a comment from Runté once, too. I was doing my usual venting when he was in Regina, and at one point he turned to me and said, "You have a bad attitude."

Harry Andruschak  
P.O. Box 5309  
Torrance, CA. 90510-5309  
U.S.A.

Thank you for Under The Ozone Hole #3. Were you at Norwescon? I saw your flyer in the rack, and looked about for the two of you. But Norwescon had no fanzine room, fan lounge or much in the way of fanzine programming, so I was unable to locate you. Indeed, I was barely able to find Jerry and Suzle (Mainstream).

So if you were at Norwescon, sorry I missed you. But that is the way things are at these big conventions. To be honest about it, Norwescon had some dull times for me, given the amount of media oriented programming, and I think I will not be bothering about a return visit for several years. As noted, I do not see much chance of getting to any other out-of-town conventions in 1993, and maybe not even 1994. I am hoping to get to Glasgow for the 1995 Worldcon if I can get the time off from the Post Office. On with the LoC.

Chocolate, page 4. Pass. I am a type II diabetic.

I don't pay any attention to comics, so cannot comment on Superduperman.

By the "tone of typer," I assume you will not be joining that group. The 500. I wonder how they got your name, though, and what criteria they were using. Maybe they thought you were a publishing giant, like Randolph Hearst.

De Profundus is still monthly, with Tim Merrigan as the new editor and the weight still limited to one ounce. In the meantime I have come under heavy criticism for not letting sleeping dogs lie, rocking the boat, and generally making a fuss over the fact that last November saw Robbie Cantor, who is on the LASFS Board of Directors, entered the APA-L room at the LASFS clubhouse and proceeded to throw out several hundred dollars worth of fanzine producing equipment.

This equipment belonged to APA-L, not LASFS or Robbie Cantor. It included a working mimeograph and a working spirit-duplicator. All the stuff is now in some LA landfill. I have yet to get any kind of explanation I can understand from Robbie.

However, last Thursday's LASFS meeting was supposed to be devoted to the question of compensation to APA-L from LASFS for vandalism. Ed Green, the LASFS President, scheduled it for a Thursday he knew I would not be able to attend, being at Norwescon in Seattle. Cute. I'll find out what the result of all this was. But really, have you ever heard of a fan throwing out somebody else's mimeo and ditto machine? Damn, but I could use an extra ditto machine myself, since my own machine is on its last legs, and nobody makes ditto/spirit-duplicators anymore.

As for the book reviews, you brought back some interesting memories with the review of *Six Science Fiction Plays*. Not of Ellison or Roddenberry, but of Roger Elwood, whom you barely mentioned. *Six Plays* was one of his really good collections. Most of his "original anthologies" have long been out of print with good cause. I have often wondered what happened to him after he left the sf field littered with original anthologies, the Laser line of books, and that magazine of which I forgot the title.

{{You didn't see us? We were the folks with the red & white checked gingham hats and the penguins. Now that we

know the fannish pennance for misspelling a zine title, what's the penalty for throwing out other fans' mimeos?

--K.J.}}

{{We really did have the hats and the penguins. Would we lie to you?

Sorry we missed you too, Harry. I saw your note on the bulletin board, but in a crowd of three thousand, it is hard enough to keep track of the people you came with, let alone someone you've never met. Ah, well. . . .

What would fandom be without scandal and stupidity? Upon his resignation, the former president of a local club up here did not hand over any records or files to the new president; instead, he threw out all the records!! The new prez didn't even get a membership list. And so it goes. . . .

I seem to recall hearing that Roger Elwood moved into Christian Books after leaving sf. No rest for the wicked.

--J.W.H.}}

Bob Johnson  
Address Unknown

Between you two and me, and you can quote me on this, few if any fans are going to truly grasp the underlying nature of past, if not concurrent, events as presented. Canadian (if not West Coast)

fandom shouldn't only be done, but should be seen to be done. Nowhere is this more important than in such things as hospital-ity rooms, con reports, bids, fan feuds, milk shake parties, car pooling, back rubs, historical retrospectives or hot tubs. Without, and doubtless including, such integral aspects, fandom could acutely be described as a several thousand person pissing contest.

It has been said that reviewing zines is to fandom as killing the unbelievers is to religion. If this were so, would all but a few recognize the parallel beyond the overt? Could zines such as yours survive scrutiny at the atomic level as nanotechnology may allow? Questions like this are a waste of time.

Ms. Atkin's "Tale of the the Young and Slothful" raises some important points. In 1968, however, such value systems are not questioned now, can be all we know, defined and rightly so.

{{Well, Bob, I think you hit the nail right on the side of the head.

--J.W.H.}}

We also heard from:

Leah and Dick Smith (congrats on the DUFF), Paula Johanson and Garth Spencer.



# Zines Received

## ALOUETTE

No. 7, March 1993

7601 Bathurst - Suite 617, Thornhill, Ontario, L4J 4H5

Published by Who's That Coeur? Press

Edited by Robert J. Sawyer

This issue's contents of the newsletter of the Canadian Region of SFWA included the Prix Aurora Award winners; news; a large and informative section on computer nets, e-mail, Compuserve, GEnie, etc; a SFWA member profile (J. Brian Clarke); market reports; and a report on the federal government's plan to cut back on Public Lending Right payments (basically, a program that provides compensation to authors for royalties lost because of free library circulation of their books). I particularly enjoyed Andrew Weiner's article on Orson Scott Card's "*Lost Boys*" and Bruce Sterling's "*Dori Bangs*."

While reading this zine, however, I get the same sense that Robert Runté mentions in his letter this issue with regards to *Communiqué* and the Auroras (see page 11): this is not a *fanzine* -- this is an informative, very well-produced *prozine*. Its contents are written for and about the problems of pros. If the Best Work - Other is the "pro" category as Robert says, then *Alouette* should be nominated in that category. So Robert can campaign for *Communiqué*, I'll campaign for *Alouette*, and we'll hope for a tie.

-- J.W.H.

## BCSFazine

#237, #239

P.O. Box 48478 Bentall Centre, Vancouver B.C., V7X 1A2

Published by the British Columbia Science Fiction Association

Edited by R. Graeme Cameron

Available for \$20.00 / year

As always, BCSFazine managed to brighten my mailbox.

In BCSFazine 237, the editor mentions that his computer packed it in. He didn't say if it happened while there was 5 hours of unbacked-up data on it.

This issue contains part three of an interview with Spider Robinson, and Mr.

Science is in good form, once again taking advantage of co-marketing. This time he's selling the Mr. Science Kitchen Gamma Ray Sterilizer Kit.

Sidney Trim's "Space Report" is an interesting article about the proposed X-30 SCRAMjet.

Steve Forty's "Authors Update" is an excellent listing of news about local authors.

In issue 239, Mr. Science answers five difficult questions. He is also requesting contributions so he can test the hypothesis that money can't buy happiness.

In the first part of an interview, Sean Stuart answers questions and talks about life, writing and everything.

"Hot Gossip Stop" contains local fan news, stories from Norwescon 16 and a list of Alberta fans who've moved to the west coast. There is also a mention that Lisa Cohen has a story in the April '93 *Fantasy & Science Fiction Magazine*.

"Wierds Did It" is a continuation of the editor's historical review of BCSFA. It consists of excerpts from past BCSFazines, as well as Graeme's comments on events. Interesting for those involved or those who enjoy fan histories. The retrospective ends at 1973 and is to be continued in future issues.

The February 20th On Spec fundraising dance and "Over The Edge" issue release is reviewed by Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk.

-- K.J.

## ConTRACT

Vol. 5 #2, March-April 1993

321 Portage Avenue,

Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 2B9

Fax: (204) 944-1998

Edited by John Mansfield

Available for \$7/six issues or free to Canadian Concoms

ConTRACT continues to publish its extensive lists of (mostly) Canadian cons. A good source of information and an excellent place for cons to get some advertising.

After the con listings is the section "Thoughts & Reviews." Con\*Cept 92 is

reported to have been a success, with positive reviews, enlarged attendance and a profitable bottom line (gee, I write one editorial about how cons can avoid losing money and it's happening already). Maplecon 13 is listed as having lost money due to lack of accounting for GST & PST (Concoms take note).

-- K.J.

## DIMENSION

Vol. 1, No. 4

Box A-13, 1720 Douglas St., Victoria, B.C., VSW 2G7

Published quarterly by Falcon Entertainment

Available for The Usual (?)

The third issue of this local newszine sees a marked improvement in layout and typesetting quality. Grammar and spelling still need work, but the issue has lots of interesting Hollywood gossip and rumours, and a picture of William Shatner with an afro (p.14). This zine improves with every issue.

-- J.W.H.

## INNOVATIONS

Vol. 4, No. 1

Box 3700, Markham, Ontario, L3R 6G9

Published by Lego Canada

Available for \$9.99/2 year membership

The vast majority of toys seem to fit into three categories: ultra cute, ultra violent and ultra disgusting. Lego manages to avoid all three of these categories. It can also help to develop the imagination while remaining fun long after other toys become buried forever in toy boxes.

Looked at objectively, *Innovations* is little more than a flyer used to promote the sales of a product. It is an interesting read, though. Photos of the winning entries in each issue's contests show that creativity is not dead among young Canadians. The contest constructions shown this week are speedboats. The contest for the next issue is beaver building. The "Wall of Fame" section is more pictures of Lego constructs and constructors, this time in no particular category. Lego holi-

days are mentioned this issue with the Lego creative play centre at Ontario Place and the Lego Imagination centre at the Mall of America in Bloomington, Minnesota mentioned as possible destinations. (No mentions of Legocoons though.)

Each issue ends, of course, with ads for Lego.

-- K.J.

#### OSFS STATEMENT

#188, February 1993

Box 6636, Ottawa, Ontario, K2A 3Y7  
Published by the Ottawa Science Fiction Society

Edited by Lionel Wagner

Available for \$18/year or The Usual

This issue has the usual assortment of club news/minutes/calendars etc. plus movie news, reviews of Space Rangers and Time Trax, book reviews, letters and zine reviews. Worth checking out.

-- J.W.H.

#### SERCON POPCULT LITCRIT FANMAG 2

Box 15335 V.M.P.O., Vancouver, B.C., V6B 5B1

Published and Edited by Garth Spencer  
Available for The Usual (?)

Yes, the rumors are true: Garth is back zining. Most of this issue is filled with letters, and Garth's responses, about various issues concerning fandom. Garth

also writes a little about life in Vancouver, and there's an article on whether the State of Idaho really exists or not. (It does! I've been there - four times!) A modest but welcome effort from one of Canada's most famous zinners.

-- J.W.H.

#### THE OFFICIAL STAR TREK FAN CLUB OF CANADA

Vol. 1, No. 1, Winter 1993

77 Mowat Avenue, Suite 621, Toronto, Ontario, M6K 3E3

Published quarterly by Marquee Publications

Edited by Rob Stern

Available for \$22.99/one year, or \$40.99/two years

Okay, so this one isn't really a fanzine either, but they sent me two free copies of the first issue, so what the hell. The big difference between this and its counterpart from the States (Star Trek: The Official Fan Club), is the ads to pages ratio. The Yankee version has 14 pages of magazine and a 20 page ad insert, while the Canadian version has 40 pages of magazine and only an 8 page ad insert. This premiere issue concentrates on Deep Space Nine and includes an interview with Canadian director Paul Lynch, who has already helmed quite a few DS9 episodes. If you think you'd like your "official, Paramount approved Trek" with a twist of Canuck, then this is for you.

-- J.W.H.

#### XENOFIL

Vol. 10, No. 0

223 - 12 Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alberta.

T2R 0G9

Published by Con-Version Publications

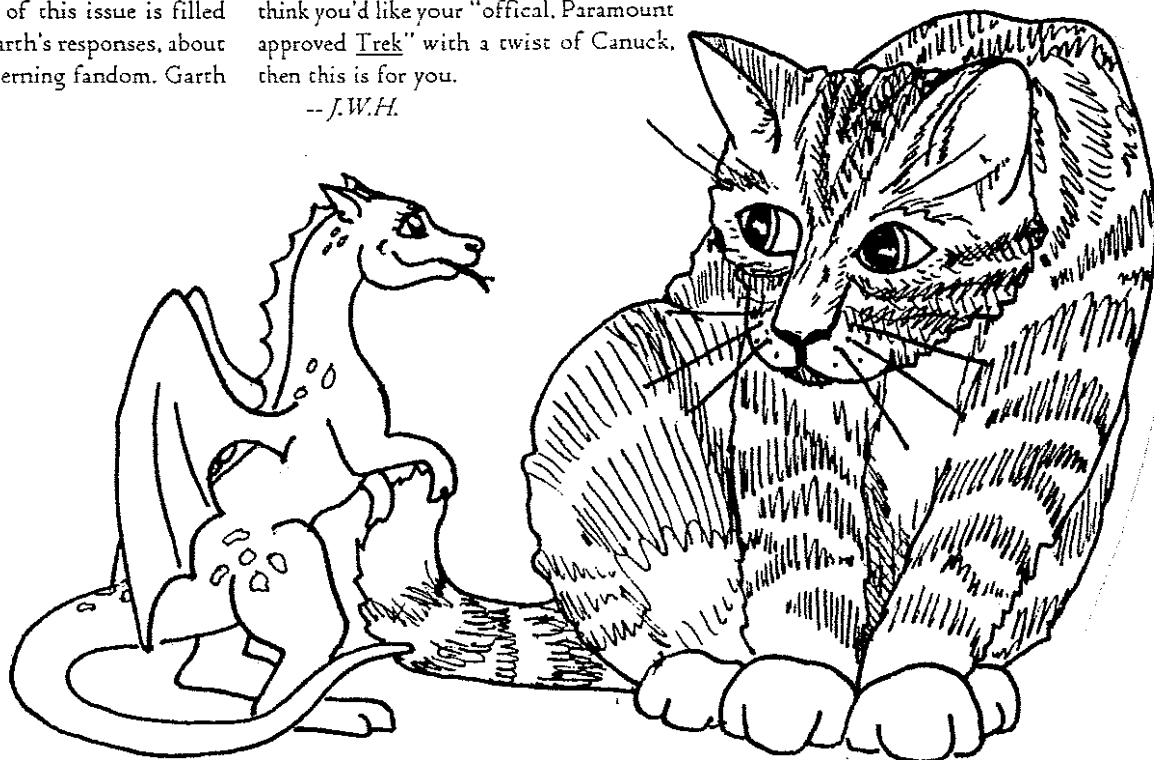
Edited by Sheldon A. Weibe

Available for \$6.00/four issues (free to NonCon and CalCon members)

Sheldon's editorial starts with the comment, "we're back," and from there the intended editorial direction is explained. XenoFile will publish the progress reports of all three of Calgary's ongoing conventions (CalCon, Con-Version, and NonCon). It is their intent to eventually include conventions across Western Canada and the Pacific Northwest. Should be interesting.

In addition to con reports and ads, there are commentaries on fandom, science fiction as modern myth-making, Babylon 5, and Star Trek: Deep Space Nine. (Mucho amusing was the observation that station DS9 is a scale model miniature, while B5 is a full size model in cyberspace.) Art for this issue includes an armored jousting robot on a unicycle, a muscle-bound man with a sword, a muscle-bound woman with a sword and a muscle-bound bipedal tiger with a sword.

-- K.J.



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Edited by Robert J. Sawyer

This issue's contents of the newsletter of the Canadian Region of SFWA included the Prix Aurora Award winners; news; a large and informative section on computernets, e-mail, Compuserve, GENie, etc; a SFWA member profile (J. Brian Clarke); market reports; and a report on the federal government's plan to cut back on Public Lending Right payments (basically, a program that provides compensation to authors for royalties lost because of free library circulation of their books). I particularly enjoyed Andrew Weiner's article on Orson Scott Card's "Lost Boys" and Bruce Sterling's "Dori Bangs."

While reading this zine, however, I get the same sense that Robert Runté mentions in his letter this issue with regards to Communiqué and the Auroras (see page 11): this is not a *fanzine* -- this is an informative, very well-produced *prozine*. Its contents are written for and about the problems of pros. If the Best Work - Other is the "pro" category as Robert says, then Alouette should be nominated in that category. So Robert can campaign for Communiqué, I'll campaign for Alouette, and we'll hope for a tie.

-- J.W.H.

## BCSFazine

#237, #239

P.O. Box 48478 Bentall Centre,  
Vancouver B.C., V7X 1A2

Published by the British Columbia Science Fiction Association

Edited by R. Graeme Cameron

Available for \$20.00 / year

As always, BCSFazine managed to brighten my mailbox.

In BCSFazine 237, the editor mentions that his computer packed it in. He didn't say if it happened while there was 5 hours of unbacked-up data on it.

This issue contains part three of an interview with Spider Robinson, and Mr.

Science is in good form, once again taking advantage of co-marketing. This time he's selling the Mr. Science Kitchen Gamma Ray Sterilizer Kit.

Sidney Trim's "Space Report" is an interesting article about the proposed X-30 SCRAMjet.

Steve Forty's "Authors Update" is an excellent listing of news about local authors.

In issue 239, Mr. Science answers five difficult questions. He is also requesting contributions so he can test the hypothesis that money can't buy happiness.

In the first part of an interview, Sean Stuart answers questions and talks about life, writing and everything.

"Hot Gossip Stop" contains local fan news, stories from Norwescon 16 and a list of Alberta fans who've moved to the west coast. There is also a mention that Lisa Cohen has a story in the April '93 Fantasy & Science Fiction Magazine.

"Wierds Did It" is a continuation of the editor's historical review of BCSFA. It consists of excerpts from past BCSFazines, as well as Graeme's comments on events. Interesting for those involved or those who enjoy fan histories. The retrospective ends at 1973 and is to be continued in future issues.

The February 20th On Spec fundraising dance and "Over The Edge" issue release is reviewed by Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk.

-- K.J.

## ConTRACT

Vol. 5 #2, March-April 1993

321 Portage Avenue,

Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 2B9

Fax: (204) 944-1998

Edited by John Mansfield

Available for \$7/six issues or free to Canadian Concoms

ConTRACT continues to publish its extensive lists of (mostly) Canadian cons. A good source of information and an excellent place for cons to get some advertising.

After the con listings is the section "Thoughts & Reviews." Con\*Cept 92 is

reported to have been a success, with positive reviews, enlarged attendance and a profitable bottom line (gee, I write one editorial about how cons can avoid losing money and it's happening already). Maplecon 13 is listed as having lost money due to lack of accounting for GST & PST (Concoms take note).

-- K.J.

## DIMENSION

Vol. 1, No. 4

Box A-13, 1720 Douglas St., Victoria, B.C., V8W 2G7

Published quarterly by Falcon Entertainment

Available for The Usual (?)

The third issue of this local newszine sees a marked improvement in layout and typesetting quality. Grammar and spelling still need work, but the issue has lots of interesting Hollywood gossip and rumours, and a picture of William Shatner with an afro (p.14). This zine improves with every issue.

-- J.W.H.

## INNOVATIONS

Vol. 4, No. 1

Box 3700, Markham, Ontario, L3R 6G9

Published by Lego Canada

Available for \$9.99/2 year membership

The vast majority of toys seem to fit into three categories: ultra cute, ultra violent and ultra disgusting. Lego manages to avoid all three of these categories. It can also help to develop the imagination while remaining fun long after other toys become buried forever in toy boxes.

Looked at objectively, Innovations is little more than a flyer used to promote the sales of a product. It is an interesting read, though. Photos of the winning entries in each issue's contests show that creativity is not dead among young Canadians. The contest constructions shown this week are speedboats. The contest for the next issue is beaver building. The "Wall of Fame" section is more pictures of Lego constructs and constructors, this time in no particular category. Lego holi-



In Back To The Future Part II there is a scene of an alleyway in the 21st century. Next to some garbage cans, there is a number of bundles of discarded (and compacted) laser discs. On the bundles are the health warning, "Caution: Silicon." The subtlety of this joke was obviously lost on some. The *Wall Street Journal* (3/22/93) mentions that sandblasters working 8 hour shifts without masks can get silicosis. The government of California, referencing a single controversial study, claims a weak link between silicosis and cancer. So yes, California now classifies sand as a carcinogen and requires it to be provided with the warning label "known to cause cancer."

Congrats to Harry Warner, Jr. on his Hugo nomination in the nonfiction category for his book, *A Wealth of Fables - An Informal History of Science Fiction Fandom in the 1950s*. (Send \$25 U.S. to SCIFI Press, P.O. Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA, 91409, USA) Good luck, Harry!

### The Top Ten Films of 1992

- 1) Batman Returns - \$162,800,000
- 2) Home Alone 2 - \$146,000,000
- 3) Lethal Weapon 3 - \$144,700,000
- 4) Sister Act - \$139,500,000
- 5) Wayne's World - \$121,000,000
- 6) Basic Instinct - \$117,700,000
- 7) Aladdin - \$115,300,000
- 8) A League of Their Own - \$107,000,000
- 9) The Bodyguard - \$88,500,000
- 10) The Hand That Rocks The Cradle - \$88,000,000

### The Top Ten Genre Films of 1992

- 1) Batman Returns - \$162,800,000
- 2) Aladdin\* - \$115,300,000
- 3) Bram Stoker's Dracula\* - \$81,600,000
- 4) Beauty and the Beast - \$73,582,000  
(1991 total - \$73,667,000)
- 5) Honey, I Blew Up the Kid - \$58,554,000
- 6) Death Becomes Her - \$58,423,000
- 7) Alien 3 - \$54,297,000
- 8) Hook - \$48,296,000  
(1991 total - \$70,595,000)
- 9) Encino Man - \$40,057,000
- 10) Universal Soldier - \$36,193,000  
\*still in release in early 1993

Some Others (for comparison's sake)

Toys - \$18,200,000  
Freejack - \$17,033,000  
Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me - \$4,161,000  
Love Potion No. 9 - \$717,000

(And what are the top-grossing films in history, you ask? 1) E.T., 2) Star Wars, 3) Return of the Jedi, 4) Batman, 5) The Empire Strikes Back, 6) Home Alone, 7) Ghostbusters, 8) Jaws, 9) Raiders of the Lost Ark, 10) Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade, 11) Terminator 2: Judgement Day, 12) Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, 13) Beverly Hills Cop, 14) Back to the Future, 15) Home Alone 2, 16) Batman Returns, 17) Ghost, 18) Grease, 19) Tootsie, and 20) The Exorcist. Trends: sixteen of the Top 20 are sf/fantasy/horror films, seven were sequels, six starred Harrison Ford, six had George Lucas' involvement, five were directed by Steven Spielberg (he exec-produced a sixth), and three have one-word titles that start with the letter 'g.' Also, Aladdin will be somewhere on this list by the time it closes.)

## STAR TREK SPINOFFS

With a new Star Trek series, Star Trek: Deep Space Nine, on the air, here are some other Star Trek spinoffs that didn't quite make it.

**DATA'S PLAYHOUSE** -- Data quits Starfleet and becomes host of a children's show. Featuring The King of Tri-V Toons and the secret word. (Today's secret word is "Fully-functional.")

**FEDERATION'S MOST WANTED** -- Romulans, Borgs, good scriptwriters -- who is the Federation hunting for this week?

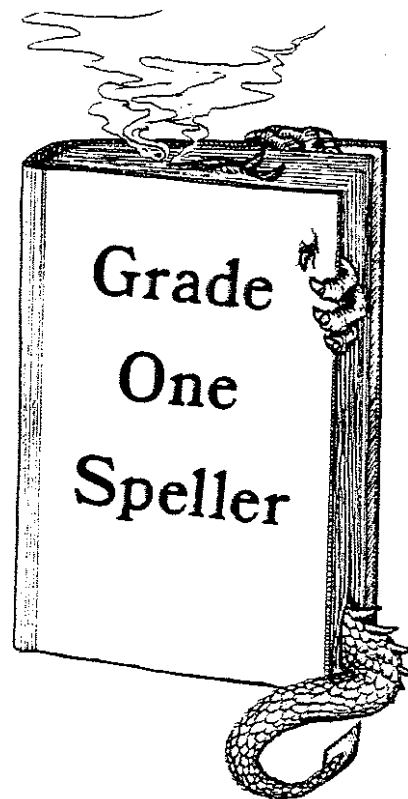
**STARBASE 90210** -- The angst-ridden, heart-rending, over-acted story of the teens in the hippest Starbase in the Federation. Patrick Stewart as Jean-Luke.

**JAMES T. KIRK CAN'T LOSE** -- A look back to Kirk's Academy days. In the first episode, he faces the Kobayashi Maru scenario.

**TREKKIE TOONS** -- A cartoon crossover. With Patrick Stewart as Buster, and Jonathon Frakes as Babs. Guest starring John de Lancie as Pepé le Q.

**MARRIED... WITH KLINGONS** -- A "what if" series: what if Beverly had married Picard instead of Jack Crusher? "Well, ah, y'know, Bev, an intergalactic shoe salesman just can't support a redhead and two lower lifeforms that vaguely resemble children with funny bumps on their heads! I know the food processor's a little rusty, but couldn't you program it for tea? It doesn't even have to be Earl Gray, and lukewarm would be sufficient!" "Now, Jean-Luc..." With Wil Wheaton as Bud.

Plus: Who's the Captain; The Streets of Nimbus III; Wesley Crusher, M.D.; This Borg's For You; Federation's Funniest People (All Vulcan Special); and Welcome Back, Tasha.



SMJ

# Canadian News

## 1993 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Passion Play*, Sean Stuart;  
 Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "The Toy Mill," David Nickle & Karl Schroeder;  
 Best Other Work in English - Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *Tesseract 4*, ed. by Lorna Toolis & Michael Skeet;  
 Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Chroniques du Pays des Mères*, Élisabeth Vonarburg;  
 Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «Base de négociation», Jean Dion;  
 Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Joël Champetier, réd.;  
 Artistic Achievement - Accomplissement artistique: Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk;  
 Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *Under The Ozone Hole*, ed. by John Willcox Herbert & Karl Johanson;  
 Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): Adam Charlesworth, Noncon 15.

The Canadian Region of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America (SFWA) has been granted equal status with the other four regions of SFWA. Robert J. Sawyer is the current Canadian Regional Director. (Alouette No. 7)

Terence M. Green, Robert J. Sawyer and Edo Van Belkom gave readings during an evening of Canadian sf and horror in Toronto on February 28.

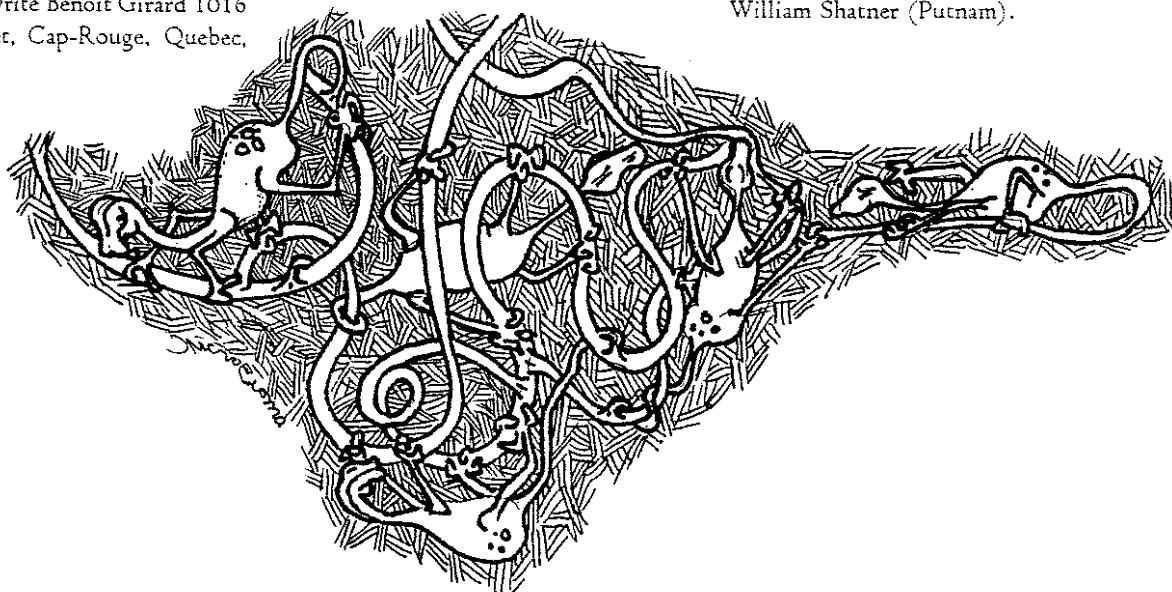
Benoit Girard has started "The Frozen Frog's Fanartists Collectable Card Project." He wants portraits of fanartists on one side and a bio (including at least one bit of shameless bragging) on the back. For info, write Benoit Girard 1016 Gillaume-Boisser, Cap-Rouge, Quebec, G1Y 1Y9.

Élisabeth Vonarburg was runner-up for the Philip K. Dick award with her novel, *In the Mother's Land*.

Hugh Spencer and Allan Weiss are working on a Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy exhibition for the National Library of Canada. Dr. Weiss is also compiling a bibliography of all Canadian sf and fantasy novels and short stories. For info, write Allan Weiss, 3865 Bathurst St., Apt. 1, Toronto, Ontario, M3H 3N4. (Alouette No. 7)

## Canucks Writing Books Dep't

*Dreams Underfoot* by Charles de Lint (Tor), *Into the Green* by Charles de Lint (Tor), *The General #3: The Anvil* by David Drake and S.M. Stirling (Baen), *The General #4: The Steel* by David Drake and S.M. Stirling (Baen), *A Handful of Men #2: Upland Outlaws* by Dave Duncan (Del Rey), *A Handful of Men #3: The Stricken Field* by Dave Duncan (Del Rey), *Virtual Light* by William Gibson (Bantam Spectra), *Blood Pact* by Tanya Huff (DAW), *The Callahan Touch* by Spider Robinson, *Lady of Mercy* by Michelle Sagara (Del Rey), *Fossil Hunter* by Robert J. Sawyer (Ace), *Passion Play* by Sean Stewart (Ace) and *TekSecret* by William Shatner (Putnam).



# REVIEWS

## ***Between The Covers* By David Gordon- MacDonald**

*The Stress of Her Regard*

Tim Powers

1989

Ace Books

*The Empire of Fear*

Brian Stableford

1988

Simon and Schuster

*The Hollow Earth: The Narrative of Mason  
Algiers Reynolds of Virginia*

Rudy Rucker

1990

William Morrow and Co. Inc

*Lest Darkness Fall*

L. Sprague de Camp

1939/1967

Del Rey Books

*Sherlock Holmes and The Case of The  
Raleigh Legacy*

*Sherlock Holmes and the Case of Sabina  
Hall*

*Sherlock Holmes and The Thistle of Scot-  
land*

L.B. Greenwood

1990

Pocket Books

Remember when SF was sometimes called "Future Fiction?" Alright, maybe not in your lifetime or mine, but that old appellation from the days when Gernsback coined the term "Scientifiction" was brought to mind by this month's review set. Without exception they are set in the past, and three are technically not even SF at all.

*The Stress of Her Regard* by Tim Powers is both the most lyrical and the most involving novel I have encountered in quite some time. This novel, by the author of *Dinner at Deviants Palace* and *The Anubis Gates* is set in the early 19th Century and involves the romantic poets Byron, Keats and Shelley, plus Percy

Shelley's well known spouse, Mary. In one aspect, *Stress* is a vampire novel, but not of a type that has been done before. Powers combines a profound knowledge of the Old Testament, Romantic literature, classical mythology, folklore and European history and geography into a quite astonishingly seamless whole. Seldom have vampires seemed so natural, or so primal. As Powers depicts them, they are a strange inorganic species that has shared the Earth with man, but whose time is gone. Once upon a time they were the Fates, the Muses, the Lamia, and The Giants in the Earth, but their time on the planet would have been over save for the treachery of a man who betrayed his species in return for eternal life. The Lamia need the blood and soul of a human being in order to survive, but it must be a particular type of human -- a creator, a writer or artist. The poets of the time, particularly Byron's group of friends, are enslaved to their vampiric muses rendering their lives dreadfully short (these are Romantic poets, after all) and not at all happy.

The protagonist is a London acoucheur (primeval obstetrician) who accidentally becomes attached to a vampire/lamia and is forced to spend a dozen years of his life ridding humanity of these parasitic creatures. In his quest he travels from rural England to the beauty of Switzerland's Lake Leman and Venice, encountering Byron, Keats and the Shelleys on the way. The poets and their work have never seemed so alive as in Powers' portrayal, and 19th Century Europe never so atmospherically depicted. If you've been getting the idea that I liked this book, you're right. Highly recommended.

*The Empire of Fear* is one of two works in this issue's group that is not set in the 19th Century; instead it is set in the time of Shakespeare, the late 16th to early 17th Century. The Empire of the title is the vampire oligarchy of Europe. Vampirism came to Europe with Atilla, who converted Charlemagne and instituted rule by the new nobility: vampires. At the time of the novel, Atilla is still alive and ruling the Eastern half of Europe, as

is Charlemagne, ruling the west. Further, Richard Coeur de Leon still rules England, while vampire warlord Vlad Tepys, called Drakulya, holds the east against the armies of Islam. This is Vampirism of a completely non-mystical nature, completely based on biology, though the nobles try to swell the public fear of them with superstition. One man, Noel Cordery, must carry the torch of natural science and keep the nobles from snuffing it out in order to protect their secret. His search for the answer takes him to Africa and deep into the mosaic of African religion. Stableford depicts these religions, for once, not as superstition and folklore, but as faiths with all the beauty and majesty of the major western and eastern religions. *Empire* is a wonderfully complete depiction of a plausible alternate history, whose detail, flavour and texture contribute as much to making it a hard-to-put-down volume as do the moving characterizations. This is an excellent first novel from Stableford. Watch for his second book, *The Werewolves of London*.

*The Hollow Earth*, by mathematician Rudy Rucker, is a delightful romp which emulates the style of both SF and travelogues of the 19th Century and early 20th Century. It borrows, to great effect, the "found manuscript" device used by Burroughs and others. The story moves from a real and rather grimy ante-bellum south to the interior of the Hollow Earth, or should I say Earths. (I'm not going to try to explain that one. You'll just have to read it and see.) Wound up in the plot is Edgar Allen Poe in not one, but two incarnations. Rucker displays an admirable knowledge of Poe, his life and work and shares it quite painlessly. Topping off this tale of the fantastic is a more or less accurate picture of how a Hollow Earth might exist and still conform to the laws of physics as we know them, plus a few wild ideas from the outer fringes of theoretical mathematics. Overall it's an incredible mixture, but the recipe works, and it never stops entertaining. I'm definitely looking forward to Rucker's next book.

*Lest Darkness Fall* might be called an SF classic, ironically. Why ironically? Be-

cause this seminal tale of a historian (Martin Padway) misplaced in time concerns his efforts to circumvent the dark ages and progress directly from the fall of classical civilization to a more modern, peaceful world. Many have gone over this ground since de Camp published the first version of this story in *Unknown Magazine* in 1939. *Lest* was the story that made de Camp's reputation, and no matter how many times it has been emulated, he was still the first. Sprague de Camp may be familiar to you as the co-editor/co-writer, with Lin Carter, of the completed Robert E. Howard *Conan* saga. The immense knowledge of history and archaeology that de Camp displays in *Lest Darkness Fall* was also what lent verisimilitude to the completion of the Howard saga. By the time de Camp and Carter had organized the *Conan* saga and filled in the missing pieces, Howard's work was more than stirring, it was unforgettable. Thank them for the *Conan*-craze of the 1980s. Also, if you ever find any of de Camp's non-fiction volumes on the engineering, architecture and urban geography of the ancient world, grab them; they are superb. I seem to have rambled; this started out as a review of *Lest Darkness Fall*. Where was I? Ah, yes. When the 20th Century historian lands in Rome under the OstroGoth regime, he realizes that he is in for a dirty, violent, uncomfortable life unless he acts quickly. By various methods, Padway introduces such modern innovations as distillation, the daily newspaper, Arabic numerals, double entry bookkeeping and the cross-bow. He publishes volumes introducing modern astronomy, mathematics and natural science more than a millennium before their time. By the time he has finished, he has replaced the OstroGoth king with a better tactician and helped him retain control of Italy.

Remember that Padway's main objective is to guarantee some kind of comfortable, decent life for himself and, as a spin-off, the other residents of Italy at the time. In order to do this, he must stop the Emperor Justinian from reclaiming Rome as the seat of his Holy Roman Empire, something that this would-be successor to the noble Romans did not deserve. His "legions," actually various tribes of mercenaries, were led by Belisarius, a Thracian Slav, and Justinian himself was a Dalma-

tian which is to say, his claim to the imperacy was spotty. (Sorry, it just slipped out, as the Bishop said to the Duchess.) In our history, Belisarius led Justinian's forces to victory but only after the war had ranged up and down Italy, laying waste to the entire peninsula. This is what Padway sought to avoid, and he eventually succeeded in doing so. It is tremendous fun to see a historian applying his knowledge to create his own branch timeline and play merry hell with the history he learned in school. Best of all, Padway successfully enlists one Germanic tribe to protect Italy, and especially Rome, from all the other Germanic and Slavic tribal groups, which if you think about it, could be thought of as preventing vandalism. (Okay, no more puns, but read the book.)

Apart from SF, my favourite vice has to be tales of Sherlock Holmes. Many have edited the reminiscences of Dr. Watson since the death of his original literary agent, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, but few have succeeded in preserving Watson's authorial voice. Some insist on replacing Watson's narrative with an omniscient narrator as if he and Holmes were characters in a novel; others, like Frank Thomas, can claim little authenticity for their manuscripts. Thomas, who once starred as Tom Corbet, Space Cadet, has released volumes with such dubious titles as *Sherlock Holmes, Bridge Detective*. Thomas' stories are unquestionably self-authored satires of the Rathbone/Bruce films, themselves satirical; yet Thomas appears completely unaware of what he has produced, and takes them rather seriously. Many lost Watson manuscripts have turned up from the good Doctor's safety deposit box in Cox's Bank, from packets entrusted to his solicitors, or left with friends in his final years. Generally, Watson instructed that these delicate and controversial cases not be revealed until at least 50 years after his death.

Among such authentic unpublished memoirs are those edited by L.B. Greenwood, of Kelowna, British Columbia. In these tales, the literary voice of John Hamish Watson rings true. In *The Raleigh Legacy*, an Elizabethan mystery with ties to Watson's student days challenges the two detectives. The two remaining books edited by Ms. Greenwood, *The Case of Sabina Hall* and *The Thistle of Scotland*,

reflect very much on the role and life of women in the late 19th Century. The English landscape plays a great part in both *Raleigh Legacy* and *Sabina Hall*; dark and brooding country houses, desolate moors and land ruined by the industrial revolution set the mood immediately. *Sabina Hall* is a sorrowful story of women with few financial resources desperately trying to maintain control of their own bodies in a society which won't let them. *The Thistle of Scotland*, on the other hand, is a tightly woven, fun and satisfying mystery set mainly in the city. There are enough clues that the reader doesn't feel like a complete twit, but Watson and Greenwood keep back an ingenious final piece of the puzzle so that you are tantalized until the final chapter.

As an editor, Greenwood is absolutely faithful to the Holmes canon and displays a thorough knowledge of Victorian era London and its society, something essential to any presenter of Dr. Watson's works. Best of all, Greenwood is an editor sympathetic to the nature of the tale. For instance, nestled in among the story of the mysterious disappearance of Lady Carolyn Mobray's amethyst (i.e. the gem called the Thistle of Scotland) is a poignant but non-didactic subtext concerning the sorry treatment of Victorian era women, even those in the highest social circles. It's good to see that Greenwood does not trouble us with ridiculous theories of questionable origin as have other editors of Watson's reminiscences, such as that odd one which proposed Dr. Moriarty was a creation of Holmes' drug fevered brain. Why, that's almost as preposterous as the suggestion that Conan Doyle was more than just a literary agent, or that Holmes and Watson are merely fictional characters. Rubbish, I tell you! Such suggestions are nothing more than horsefeathers and balderdash. Ask any true Holmesian.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Babylon 5

Space station *Babylon 5* is the last resort of peace in the galaxy. Established as a free port serving the five main galactic empires (The Earth Alliance, The Narn Confederacy (vaguely reptilian humanoids), The Minbari (more humanoid al-

iens), The Centauri (once kings of the galactic hill, and now an empire in decline) and the mysterious Vorlons (whom no one has ever seen because they live inside environmental suits). *Babylon 5* replaces four previous stations on the same spot; the first three were sabotaged and *Babylon 4* disappeared twenty-four hours after opening. No one knows how or why.

Jeffrey Sinclair, commander of *Babylon 5*, has his own personal mysteries to deal with. Ten years earlier, he was part of the Earth Alliance's last-gasp effort to save Earth from a fatal blow by overwhelming Minbari forces. Sinclair blacked out for 24 hours during the battle; when he came to, the Minbari surrendered to him. He doesn't know why.

Let's start with those much-ballyhooed computer graphics. All the special effects were computer generated and they were stunning. There's no question *Babylon 5* represents the next step in special effects. Indeed, the look of the show was wonderful, especially when one considers that *Babylon 5*'s budget was about one-sixth that of *Deep Space Nine*'s opening episode. The alien makeup effects were also outstanding.

What was not outstanding, and was in fact disappointing, was the acting. Unfortunately, the two leads, Michael O'Hare (Commander Sinclair) and Tamilyn Tomita (Lieutenant Commander Laurel Takishima, second in command of *Babylon 5*) displayed all the emotive ability of bark mulch. Jerry Doyle, a Bruce Willis clone who plays Security Chief Michael Garibaldi, is, at least, an interesting presence, and Johnny Sekka as Dr. Kyle was also of note. Most of the "human actors" were sub-par, however, and a failure. The aliens were far more interesting: Andreas Katsulas (Tomalak from *ST: TNG*) takes a star turn under three hours of make-up as Narn Ambassador G'Kar. His coming on to Lyta, a human psi cop, is the highlight of the show. Also noteworthy was Peter Jurassic as Londo, the Centauri Ambassador.

The plot was average: the Vorlon Ambassador Kosh is set to arrive at *Babylon 5*; however, someone is plotting to assassinate him. It's the ol' "would-be assassin is really a shape-changer who disguises himself as the show's star, thus implicating him in the crime" trick!! Ho hum.

What is interesting is all the unanswered questions of the backstory has that certainly pointed the way for the future of *Babylon 5*:

What happened to *Babylon 4*?

What happened to Commander Sinclair?

What do Vorlons really look like?

And, more importantly, will *Babylon 5* get picked up for the fall? Let's hope so: despite its problems, this has the potential to give *Star Trek* (in its various forms) a run for its money. A quick trip back to the shop for some retooling could make a world of difference. Besides, you have to like a show whose producers' motto is: "No cure kids or robots - ever!"

-- J.W.H.

### *Our Angry Earth*

by Isaac Asimov and Frederik Pohl  
Tor; April 1993; \$6.99

*"People sometimes have the attitude that 'Gaia will look after us.' But that's wrong. If the concept means anything at all, Gaia will look after herself. And the best way for her to do that might well be to get rid of us."*

--James Lovelock, originator of the Gaia hypothesis.

Isaac Asimov and Frederik Pohl spend a great deal of time in this book compiling a tragic litany of how humanity is destroying this planet. It's a terrible list of completely moronic behaviour by our species (and a stinging indictment of environmental inaction during the Reagan/Bush years). Example: A country in Europe has had unusually small snowfalls the past few years, which is threatening the country's ski/tourist industry. So they've taken to salting down their glaciers so they can be more easily skied on! Now, of course, all their once beautiful mountain streams and rivers are now contaminated with salt, not to mention all the land down river. Chapters deal with the pollution of the air, the land, the ocean, space, CFCs and, of course, ozone holes. There is also a section on the economics of pollution, and how the real environmental costs are not always what they seem. (A digression: My boss recently complained about the cost of garbage tickets, which run something like \$50 for twenty tickets. "Imagine," she said, "it's costing \$2.50 for a guy

to throw a can of garbage into a truck!" I replied, "No, it's costing \$2.50 to encourage you to recycle as much of the garbage as you can, for a guy to throw a can of what's left into a truck, and for the municipality to figure out what the hell to do with all that stuff.")

This is a depressing read: there is not a lot of good news here. But there is some: the authors feel that the damage is not irreversible, although it will be a long struggle and conditions will get worse before they get better. The end of the book is a section on political action that can be taken, and the paperback edition contains an update, including comments on the Earth Summit.

A vital and important book, *Our Angry Earth* is a fitting capstone to Asimov's career (although I think Pohl did most of the work). Please read it.

-- J.W.H.

### *Red Dwarf* (Series Five)

*"Holoship," "The Inquisitor," "Terrorform," "Quarantine," "Demons and Angels," "Back to Reality"*

For those of you unlucky enough to be unfamiliar with this sf Brit-com, a brief description follows: it's wacky. Dave Lister was put into stasis as a penalty for insubordination on the mining ship *Red Dwarf* as it began another eighteen month mining expedition in the outer planets of the solar system. It turns out that Lister's bunkie, a by-the-book but totally inept tech named Arnold J. (for Judas) Rimmer, accidentally released radiation into the ship, killing all the crew. Holly, the ship's A.I. computer, kept Lister in stasis until the radiation was gone and it was safe to release him. Unfortunately, it took three million years. Holly realizes that the newly released Lister needs some human companionship and creates a hologram of Rimmer to keep Lister company. During those three million years, Lister's pregnant cat became the progenitor of a race of felinoids that evolved in the ship's hold, and Lister and Rimmer discovers the last of the felinoids in a memorable scene. Later on, the characters meet up with Kryten, an android that has survived a couple of space accidents of his own (and is played with what the actor claims is a Canadian accent).

In past adventures, Rimmer made a double of himself, an alien polymorph attacked them, Rimmer and Lister traded bodies and Lister got himself pregnant - with twins. Red Dwarf takes basic sf concepts and twists them in on themselves with uncontrollable silliness. (The writers don't follow their continuity on purpose because they know that many sf viewers worry about such things.)

The first episode of the new batch, "Holoship," is a typical example of this approach. The crew encounters a Holoship,

a hologramatic ship manned by a crew of holograms that was sent out to explore black holes, worm holes etc. What a great concept: what other kind of crew would you send out on a voyage through the stars besides a crew of nearly invulnerable immortals? Rimmer decides that this is where he belongs, but in order to join the Holoship crew, he must win a battle of wits with a Holoship crewmember (whose I.Q.s are in the 200s while Rimmer's is, as he puts it, unknown). Add to this Rimmer having sex for only the third time in his life

and it all becomes very silly. And very funny.

"The Inquisitor" is about a renegade android who's made it its life's work to hold judgement on every intelligent being as to whether they've made a worthwhile contribution. Lister and Kryten are judged to have failed (Rimmer and the Cat, being so useless to begin with, did manage to be deemed worthwhile. Just barely). The "immortal judging all living things" is a throwaway joke from one of Douglas Adams' Hitchhiker's book (#4, I believe),

### Laser Disc Corner

#### The Abyss

Produced by Gale Anne Hurd

Written and Directed by James Cameron

Did you get the feeling when you first saw The Abyss that something was missing? That suddenly in the last act the film made an abrupt turn that really didn't make any sense?

Writer/ Director James Cameron (who is Canadian, by the way - born in Kapuskasing, Ontario) has restored 28 minutes of footage and changed The Abyss from a darn good film into an utter masterpiece.

The nuclear sub U.S.S. Montana, armed with 192 nuclear warheads, has gone down in the Atlantic. The Navy has commandeered a submersible oil drilling rig, Deepcore, to facilitate a rescue. The Deepcore crew, led by Bud Brigman (Ed Harris), is joined by a Navy SEAL team, under the command of Lieutenant Coffey (Michael Biehn). Also on board is Bud's soon-to-be ex-wife Lindsey (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio) who designed Deepcore and isn't pleased that the Navy has borrowed it. To make matters worse, Soviet subs are thought to be in the area, world tensions are mounting, a hurricane is raging on the surface, and Coffey is slowly being driven nuts by pressure sickness. The sub lies near the top of an abyssal trench ("...two and a half miles straight down..." as one character puts it), which holds other surprises, namely alien creatures with whom humans have been unknowingly sharing the earth. These aliens have decided to make their presence known, and to give us a very spectacular warning. (Yes, the famed "wave sequence" has been restored to the film!)

The Abyss is now a stunning motion picture, running the gamut from a tight action thriller to a thought-provoking understanding of humanity as others would see us. In the new version, the themes of death and rebirth are played out on a global scale as the aliens threaten humanity's destruction, and on a personal level as Bud and Lindsey rediscover their love for each other (and in Lindsey's case, a very literal rebirth). The restored scenes not only make the aliens' involvement more integral to the story, they buttress Bud and Lindsey's story, the heart of the film.

This is the first laser disc transferred using the THX system (Yes, George Lucas strikes again) and the results are mesmerizing. The sound and picture quality are quite literally stunning. In fact, Gene Siskel (of Siskel & Ebert fame) declared this the best laser disc in terms of sound and picture performance that he had ever seen. The disc is spectacular. (Now, if only George would use THX on a certain trilogy he finished making a decade ago.)

But wait! There's more!

In addition, you also get the original treatment, the draft script, and the final script. You get hundreds of storyboards and production illustrations, hundreds of behind the scenes photos, behind the scenes and sfx test footage, and three different theatrical trailers (plus two for Aliens (!)). There's also a one hour documentary on the making of The Abyss especially put together for this set that features new interviews with Cameron, Harris and other cast members as they recall "the toughest shoot in history." (One cast member, Leo Burmester, after recounting the time his dive helmet blew off 40 feet under water, says, "Every other film is cake. You always hear actors whining and bitching. I say to 'em, 'Fuck you, I did The Abyss.'" ) One only appreciates the end result more after watching the "making of" segment as one realizes the tremendous hardships the cast and crew put up with. Ed Harris, for the scenes involving the "fluid-breathing dive suit," had to be 40 feet down with a helmet full of water and no air supply of his own. (As a side note, the fluid-breathing demonstration performed on Beany the rat was not a special effect, it was real.)

This restored special edition of The Abyss truly is something special.

-- J.W.H.

P.S. The Fox network just ran the World Television Premiere of The Abyss. They showed the "in flight" cut, which begins with the superimposed message, "Edited for television. 23 minutes have been cut from the original theatrical version." Sacrilege!

and this episode also suffers from a somewhat confusing ending. Plenty of laughs, but only an average episode.

"*Terrorform*" opens with a great pun for a title. Kryten's and Rimmer's *Starbug* (a *Red Dwarf* shuttlecraft) has crashed on a planet. There is a marvelous sequence as Kryten, who's badly damaged and unable to move, cuts off his hand, sticks one of his eyeballs on a finger, and sends it off to find help. The hand returns to the ship, but Holly mistakes the hand for a giant space tarantula (or "taranshula" as Lister, who's deathly afraid of spiders, spells it), and Lister sits frozen in fear as the hand slowly crawls up his leg into his boxers. Lister can only communicate by typing on a computer. Cat, being Cat, decides to talk back by typing also until finally the hand joins the fun. It turns out that the planet is a psi-moon that terraforms itself according to the psyche of whoever's around, in this case, Rimmer. Need we say more.

"*Quarantine*" postulates the existence of viruses which can affect holograms. Rimmer falls victim to one such "holo-virus" which affects his mind and enables him to fire laser beams from his eyes. Dressed in a red and white checked nightdress (with matching hat) and sporting a penguin puppet known as Mr. Flibble ("Mr. Flibble is getting very cross"), he stalks the others, growing more insane by the minute. Very twisted, and very funny.

"*Demons and Angels*" I can barely remember, so it obviously left little impression. (But Monica says it had some good bits.) "*Back to Reality*" takes the time honoured "it was all a dream/hallucination/video game" cliché and gives it an extra twist. The *Red Dwarf* characters crash a *Starbug* and are killed, except that it turns out they've been playing a Total Immersion Video game called "Red Dwarf," and playing it quite badly. In reality, Kryten is a cop named Jake Bullit, Cat is a buck-toothed nerd in a Beatle-cut named Duane Dibbly, and Rimmer and Lister are... brothers. Is this reality the real thing, or is it something else? Watch and find out. Be prepared to laugh out loud.

-- J.W.H.

*Tesseract 4*  
edited by Lorna Toolis and Michael Skeet

Beach Holme Publishers  
(4252 Commerce Circle, Victoria, BC,  
VSZ 4M2)

\$8.95

*Ark of Ice*

edited by Lesley Choyce

Pottersfield Press

(Lawrencetown Beach, RR2, Porters Lake,  
NS, B0J 2S0)

\$14.95

Two new Canadian science fiction anthologies on the market are *Ark Of Ice*, from Pottersfield Press in Nova Scotia, and the fourth in the *Tesseracts* series from Beach Holme (formerly Porcupine Books). New and emerging writers are showcased, some to good effect, and some of Canada's literary writers have tried the sf genre, not always with success.

*Ark of Ice* moves from an introductory essay by editor Lesley Choyce to an afterward by Judith Merrill, one of the great voices in sf writing and editing, but the collection moves by fits and starts through an uneven selection of stories.

Eleven of these thirty-three stories have previously appeared in books and periodicals, but this is no indicator of whether the stories are the authors' best work, or whether they will appeal to most readers.

Choyce has divided the anthology into four parts, with stories on the theme of Macroethics, The Art of Escape, Eco/Logical and Political Alienation. These themes are well developed in the stories which have particularly strong voices, such as Phyllis Gotlieb's "*The Newest Profession*," Monica Hughes' "*The Price of the Land*" (eerily reminiscent of the classic "*The Lottery*"), H.A. Hargreaves' "*In His Moccasins*," and Garfield Reeves-Stevens' "*Outport*."

At the centre of the book are "*The Immaculate Conception Photography Gallery*," in which Katherine Govier describes the subtractions and additions of an immigrant photographer, and Candis Jane Dorsey's "*Living in Cities*." Dorsey writes: "This city where I live now, I know deeply; knowing it this way is not easy nor does it lend itself to analysis. So when Aaron asked me if I could show my city to a stranger, one particular stranger, I wasn't sure I wanted to do it. . . The stranger was different than I expected. Small, a woman, with a heavy braid of black thick hair

almost to her waist. Instantly, unexpectedly, I wanted to undo that braid, comb that wild hair with my hands: her pale face was serene and I wanted to take that serenity apart with passion." These two stories are the strongest in the collection, and more than compensate for any disappointment when the reader finds that Margaret Atwood's story is only a brief excerpt from *The Handmaid's Tale*, and W.P. Kinsella's story was clearly written when he was nineteen and had not yet found his writer's voice nor anyone else's.

The twenty-nine stories and poems in *Tesseracts 4* are, by contrast, a more consistent selection of good modern style. Generally hard-hitting, with well-developed plots and themes, these stories are more representative of the best these writers can achieve, in the stories "*Remember, the Dead Say*" by Jean-Louis Trudel, "*The Best of Both Worlds*" by Lesley Choyce, and "*Eternity, Baby*" by Andrew Weiner, than in these authors' stories in *Ark of Ice*. There are a number of "established" writers who are giving Canada a strong, unique voice, and their names appear in some or all of the *Tesseracts* series.

Among this year's nominees for the Aurora, the Canadian national sf award, were "*Ants*" by Allan Weiss, "*Couples*" by Eileen Kernaghan and "*The Toy Mill*" by David Nickle & Karl Schroeder, all of which appeared in *Tesseracts 4*. Neither Dave Duncan's poem "*The Others*" ("They come no more a-begging / in good times or in bad. / They haunt the woods no more, / only our dreams.") nor Candis Jane Dorsey's "*Death of a Dream*" were nominated this year, but both show a fine touch at taking new discoveries and memories of the past, to show people in new situations.

Both of these anthologies were nominated in the Best Other Work in English category of the Auroras, and are up against the prize winning *On Spec* magazine, *Prisoners of Gravity* (an sf/comics tv series from TVOntario), and *Northern Frights*, an anthology from Mosaic Press. It will be interesting to see whether the award goes to the crackerjack editing team of Toolis and Skeet, to Choyce's future fiction selection, or to another worthy candidate in this close competition.

-- Paula Johanson

{For the 1993 Prix Aurora Award winners list, see *Canadian News*. -- Eds.}



*The True Life Adventures of Sparrow Drinkwater*

by Trevor Ferguson  
HarperCollins; \$24.95

There is a trend among Canadian writers to include elements of fantasy and imagination in their mainstream fiction novels, some of which are highly successful, speculative elements and all. Certainly, a book opening with the hero's conception in a Georgian swamp, sired by a great black bird, cannot be seen as mundane. When the hero's friends and family include his schizophrenic mother, an agoraphobic witch and a mad tunnel digger, it is no wonder the pages keep turning in Trevor Ferguson's newest book, *The True Life Adventures of Sparrow Drinkwater*.

Will Sparrow grow wings like his father? His mother expects it. "Mother believed I had been sired by a bird. She remembers the night it happened. She had been peeing in the woods behind the school when a huge raven drifted out of the sky, blotting the moon... She knew it was a raven because it was all black with an impressive wing-span. (I suspect a priest in his robes. Or a travelling monk. An ecclesiastic. I suspect a man.)" A man whom Sparrow expects has drifted in and out of his mother's life forever.

When his mother Sheilagh dances off a train bridge into the Wataminga River, the child Sparrow is adopted by a family from working-class Montreal. "My mother has stepped again into her native realm of spooks and wraiths and demons and spirits, a place where I could not easily follow. She has forgotten, or neglected, to take me along." And when he finds her again as a young man, what will be the business of his life? "Who could have guessed that the danger in discovering Sheilagh Drinkwater, in comprehending her dilemma and supporting her recovery, lay in losing myself?"

Ferguson's latest book, promoted as being based on the true story of Canadian business man Norman LeBlanc, is a blend of fantastic visions and down-to-earth imagery -- literally under the earth as the hero explodes subterranean tunnels during his boyhood in Montreal. The descriptions of Sparrow's life are current enough that he seems realistic and contemporary, and his mother's visions seem uncon-

nected in time, unlike some of Sparrow's neighbours, who are locked in their grim memories of the past or straitjacketed into memories of the present.

Ferguson has captured perfectly in Sparrow's mother some aspects of the schizophrenic: Sheilagh's strong love for her son even though she cannot look out for him, her bewildered emotions even when calm, her disjointed visions and words when she is off medication. "Streetcats buffalo sidewalk bridge. A defiant chant for our time."

With accuracy, and not without affection, Ferguson depicts how the bewildered can move in the wide world. "I don't want your fucking spare change," hollers a panhandling drunk who has honed his pitch to world-class caliber and volume. "I want your money!"

While Sparrow never hears angels or sees demons as his mother does, as a growing boy and man he moves among people who see the world differently from our consensus reality. This affects him deeply through love, work, and what home life he can find or make among eccentrics and mundane business people. "It's her courage," Sparrow tells the reader, "her sovereignty in those mysterious quarters, that I will endeavour to emulate when passing through the unknown backrooms and boardrooms and corridors privy to my deceivers."

Consistently throughout the book, the narrative is almost choked with profuse restatements and grand language. Looking back, it is easy to picture the novel as the life's story of an embittered exile, told over margaritas and piña coladas on the deck of a Bahamian mansion. There are certainly enough internal references; and it seems the only time Sparrow is not centered on himself is when he is caring for his mother.

Whatever parallels this novel has with Norman LeBlanc's life, I wonder if he too moved among other people's visions, and searched this hard for mother and father before retreating to the Caribbean, like Sparrow still searching for peace.

-- Paula Johanson

Twice Upon A Time

Being the founder and president unelect for life of the Victoria Dark Star

Appreciation Society, I greatly enjoyed meeting Brian Narelle (Lt. Doolittle) at Norwescon 6 (wouldn't you know, it I didn't have my rubber chicken with me). He was at the con with a behind the scenes look at the upcoming animated movie Twice Upon A Time.

This movie, which intersperses live action and animation, features paper cut-out animation as opposed to drawn or painted animation. Several thousand small paper eyes, heads, hands, bodies and such were meticulously placed on the background for each frame. Mr. Narelle managed to convey how much of an exercise in patience this was with a brief story. He slowly opened the door to one of the animation rooms (you had to open them slowly or all of the paper cutout bits flew everywhere) and walked over to the animator working there. The animator, a large Viet Nam vet, was hunched over his light table grabbing eyes and hands and such with his fine tweezers. Mr. Narelle asked him how things were going, and the animator slowly looked up at him and said, "This is worse than Nam." Mr. Narelle just backed up slowly and closed the door.

Twice Upon A Time didn't reach many movie theaters. For several years I asked video rental stores if they could get a copy of it in, to no avail. John (co-editor John) finally spotted a copy in his video club and snagged it for me.

The story takes place in the part of the universe where dreams are created. While some places create pleasant dreams, nightmares are created at the Murkeworks by Synonymous Botch. Botch has plans to have his nightmare-delivering vultures capture all of the pleasant dream-delivering figmen, thus ensuring that humans (or Rushers, as they're called) will only have nightmares. The protagonists, Ralph the multipurpose animal and the mute Mumford, enlist the aid of Ron Rescue Person and a fairy godmother, to stop Botch and free the figmen.

Unfortunately the story seems to be a little too "childish" for most adult audience members, and a trifle "inappropriate" for younger viewers. However, fans of animation should keep their eyes open for this.

-- K.J.



# Convention Listings

## 1993

### CAN-CON '93

May 14 - 16  
Delta Hotel  
Ottawa, Ontario.  
GoHs: Karen Wehrstein, Shirley Meier,  
Robert J. Sawyer, Greg Ioannou and Bink.  
Can-Con, Box 105, 220 Woodridge Crs.,  
Nepean, Ontario, K2B 8G1

### KEYCON '93

May 21 - 23  
Marlborough Hotel  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
GoHs: Roger Zelazny, Fred Saberhagen,  
Bob Eglington, Linda Ross-Mansfield.  
Keycon 10, Box 3178,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 4E6

### V-CON 20

May 29 - 30  
Totem Residence, U.B.C.  
Vancouver, BC.  
GoH: Charles de Lint; Toastmaster:  
Michael Coney; Art GoH: Rob Alexander.  
V-Con 20, P.O. Box 48478 Bentall Cen-  
tre, Vancouver, BC, V5V 1W4

### AD ASTRA 13

June 4 - 6  
Sheraton Toronto East  
Toronto, Ontario.  
GoH: Frederik Pohl; Special GoH: Dave  
Duncan; ArtGoH: Robin Wood.  
Ad Astra 13, Box 7276, Station A,  
Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1X9

### WESTERCON 46

July 1 - 5  
Red Lion Inn  
Bellevue, Washington.  
GoH: Greg Bear; ArtGoH: George Barr;  
FanGoHs: F.M. & Elinor Busby and Wally  
Weber; Toastmaster: George Alec Effinger.  
Westercon 46, Box 24292, Seattle, WA,  
98124 USA

### MONTRÉAL SCIENCE FICTION FESTIVAL

July 3 - 4  
Pointe-Claire Holiday Inn  
Pointe-Claire, Québec.

GoH: Robin Curtis; MC: Larry Stewart;  
FanGoH: Scott Aldred.  
P.O. Box 311, Station B, Montréal, PQ,  
H3B 3J7

### CONVERSION 10

July 16 - 18  
Marlborough Inn  
Calgary, Alberta.  
GoHs: L. Sprague and  
Catherine Crook de Camp.  
Conversion 10, Box 1088, Stn. M, Calgary,  
AB, T2P 2K9

### TORONTO TREK 7

July 23 - 25  
Regal Constellation Hotel  
Toronto, Ontario.  
GoHs: George Takei, Marina Sirtis; Au-  
thor GoH: Barbara Hambley.  
Toronto Trek 7, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65  
Front Street West, Toronto, ON,  
M5J 1E6

### WILFCON IX

August 14 - 15  
Wilfred Laurier University  
Kitchener, Ontario.  
Writer GoH: TBA;  
Artist GoH: David Okum.  
69 Donald Street, Unit 6, Kitchener, ON,  
N2B 3G6

### CONFRANCISCO

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

### CON\*CEPT 93

October 15 - 17  
Montréal, Québec.  
P.O. Box 405  
Station H, Montréal, PQ, H3G 2L1

### MAPLECON 14

October 22 - 24  
Chimo Hotel  
Ottawa, Ontario.  
P.O. Box 20235, 390 Rideau Street E,  
Ottawa, ON, K1N 9P4

## 1994

### KEYCLONE '94

May 21 - 22  
Travellodge East  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
GoH: Ben Bova; FanGoH: Dave Clement  
Keyclone, P.O. Box 3178, Winnipeg, MB,  
R3C 4E6

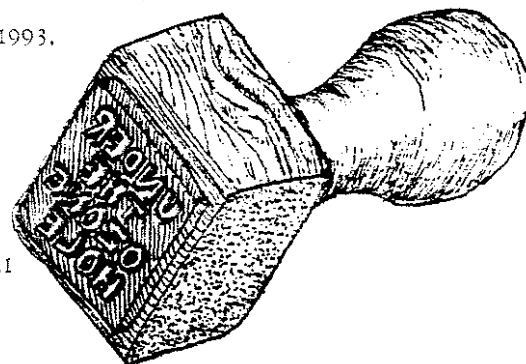
### CONADIAN

52nd WORLD SF CONVENTION  
September 1 - 5  
Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
GoH: Anne McCaffery; Artist GoH:  
George Barr; Fan GoH: Robert Runté.  
Non-presupporting Attending Member-  
ships: \$95  
Conadian, Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB,  
R3C 4A7

## 1995

### INTERSECTION

53rd WORLD SF CONVENTION  
August 24 - 28  
Scottish Exhibition and  
Conference Centre  
Glasgow, Scotland.  
GoHs: Samuel R. Delaney, and  
Gerry Anderson.  
U.S. Address: Theresa Renner, Box 15430,  
Washington, DC, USA, 20003  
U.K. Address: Bernie Evans, 121 Cape  
Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands,  
B66 4SH



# TECHNICOLOR HATE: ANIMATED DOCTRINE BY DAVID GORDON-MACDONALD

Like many good ideas before it, political correctness has fallen into the hands of those wishing to make political hay and has gone wildly out of control. I like Gary (Doonsbury) Trudeau's take on the whole subject -- satirical of course! The following is the salutation from a speech Trudeau gave at Yale University's Class Day, May, 1991.

*Dean Kagan, distinguished faculty, parents, friends, graduating seniors, Secret Service agents, class agents, people of class, people of colour, colourful people, people of height, the vertically constrained, people of hair, the differently coifed, the optically challenged, the temporarily sighted, the insightful, the out of sight, the out-of-townners, the Eurocentrics, the Afrocentrics, the Afrocentrics with Eurail passes, the eccentrically inclined, the sexually disinclined, people of sex, sexy people, sexist pigs, animal companions, friends of the earth, friends of the boss, the temporarily employed, the differently employed, the differently optioned, people with options, people with stock options, the divestiturists, the deconstructionists, the home constructionists, the homeboys, the homeless, the temporarily housed at home, and, God save us, the permanently housed at home.*

But let's not forget those of thinning and missing hair, the follicularly challenged...

Unfortunately, the humorous excesses of our P.C. world have a much darker flip side that is not at all consistent with the usual standards of reasonable society. This behaviour, strange for these politically correct times, is the telling of racist jokes about Arabs and those of Arab extraction. People who would not dream of offending any other ethnic group often have no hesitation about insulting Arabs. This seems to be especially true in the U.S.A., and especially since the Gulf War. Arabs have been subjected to the kind of shockingly racist humour, both jokes and caricatures, that rather shamefully characterized the depictions of the Japanese during WW II. Late night talk show hosts on continent-wide TV have shamelessly painted Arabs as fools and simpletons in their opening monologues, but the worst

example is in an otherwise quite entertaining film: Aladdin.

Disney seems to have regained the knack of making the entertaining animated features I remember from my childhood, and indeed Robin William's performance as the genie is quite memorable. Unfortunately, the villains of the piece are all Arabs drawn as outrageous and insulting caricatures. The Arabs are portrayed as sneaky, untrustworthy, liars who will stab you in the back (often quite literally) at the earliest opportunity. Moreover, before performing each act of villainy, they are shown to invariably say, "In Allah's name!" or "Praise Allah!" -- both quite unnecessarily offensive portrayals of Islam. I don't think Christians would be particularly thrilled if a motion picture depicted the villain as crying, "In Jesus' name!" as he slid the knife into someone's back.

Keep in mind that this film is intended primarily for children and families. What has been the effect on younger, more impressionable children? One of the most disturbing effects reported by educators has been the ostracism of children of Arab extraction by their classmates. When asked why, the children told their teachers that Arabs were liars and untrustworthy, and that they didn't want them in their play groups any more. This horrifying outcome of seeing Disney's Aladdin has been reported all over both the U.S.A. and even in Canada. Fortunately, Canada's multicultural educational system should manage to cure this juvenile prejudice before too long. I don't know if schools in the U.S.A. are doing the same. Somehow, I don't think many of them would try.

It appears that Aladdin is destined to be an artifact of its time (production was started during Desert Shield) rather like the original Fantasia, which shows in one scene a blond, Caucasian female centaur being tended by her maids -- tiny, bare-breasted Negro centaurettes. The blond female centaur was clothed, by the way. Disney has replaced this scene in the recent releases, the video version and the remade version of Fantasia with a close shot of the blond centaur, no attendants visible. Fine. Now, what the hell can they do about Aladdin?

# The Question of Art

by Stephanie Ann Johanson

About seven years ago I was coerced into taking a print making course. There were only seven people enrolled, so we got a great deal of personal attention from an excellent art teacher, Miriam Thorton. I started out with block prints. Towards the end of the course I had progressed to intaglio prints. Due to the love of intaglio and a need for a press to do them, I decided to take the course over, next term.

Upon my arrival next term, I was greeted at the door by Miriam: "You're going to illustrate a book!" This was even before 'hello'. I couldn't see how she could know. (I had been asked to illustrate a children's book by a writer who had seen a couple of my prints at Dragon Space Art Gallery.) What I was soon to find out, after staring blankly at her, was that a writer friend of Miriam's, Stanley Freiberg, had seen some of my work. Miriam handed me almost a ream of typed paper titled *The Hidden City: a Poem Of Peru*. I skimmed the pages Stanley had marked as good illo material.

After class Stanley told me about his story and asked me to do some roughs. Next class I had the roughs for him. He liked them. I was given the job, the specs, and a deadline. Panic set in.

I read the whole story, made notes and small drawings. The subject was Incan mythology. After talking to Stanley I was of the opinion that the book was well researched.

A great deal of the story revolves around the ruins of Machu Picchu. I found some photos of this area in my own collection of books. My first full page illo was soon under way, at least three times bigger than it needed to be, and ten times more detailed. Stanley loved it.

Now I was stuck; the other drawings had to be of the same calibre. Next illo, a goddess changes from a woman into a macaw. I had to search for a picture of a macaw: the dictionary didn't do it.

After completion of the forth full page illo, I did some calculations: average

time per piece, amount of time till deadline. I wasn't going to make it. So I drafted my sister Karen. This proved a stroke of genius on my part, for Karen suggested we go to the UVic library for reference material. Three days of library research, drawing in cubicles and not eating until the library closed, and we were ahead of schedule.

My favourite illo in the book is one of Karen's. It depicts an Incan god in the shape of a panther spreading seeds over the land after the great deluge.

The Incan people believed that man and animals came down from the stars. Stanley writes of an Incan astronomer who, towards the end of the Incan Empire, believes that the stars are multiplying. For this illo I did a background of stars. It took days.

Illustrating *The Hidden City* with Karen's help was a wonderful experience. I learned about Peru, the Incan way of life and how to prethink an art job before starting.



SAJ



KEK

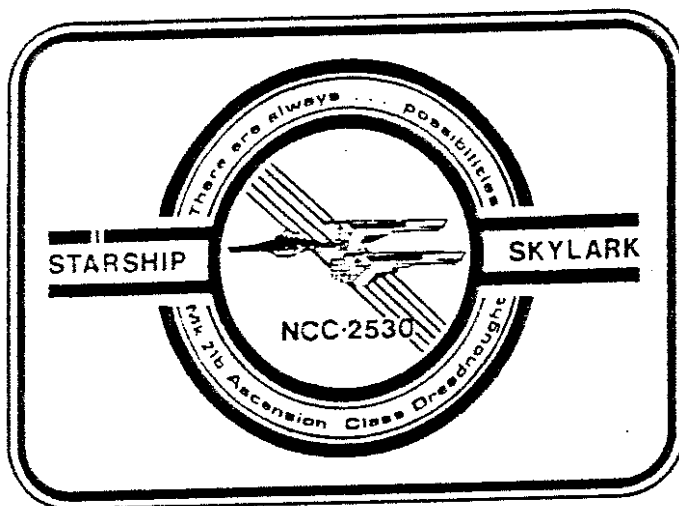


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# THE IMPOSSIBLE BATTLE BIKINI: WHY IT LIVES ON BY LAURA ATKINS

*{{Laura Atkins not only refuses to say where she works, she won't even put her real name on her badge anymore.}}*

In my first-ever fanzine article, "*How I Lost My Convirginity*," I mentioned those stalwart defenders of life, liberty, and svelte figures, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Spandex. A very glib (and borrowed) phrase on my part, along with my own invention of the term "spherical aliens."

More recent thinking on my part has led me to believe that I have an error in the consistency of my logic in this respect, so naturally, being the brilliant creature I am, I am immediately moving to correct this error not only on my part, but on yours as well. If being a member of the Right-Thinking People's Association doesn't interest you, you may, of course, stop reading at once. In fact, I'd prefer you did, since We Don't Need Your Kind Round Here.

See, I think people should be able to wear what they want, including an Impossible Battle Bikini (I recommend Elmer's White Glue for this purpose), no matter what their body weight is. If you want to believe that you're a fur-clad barbarian for a few days, hey, there's no better place than a Con for it, though I must admit I fail to understand why you would use fur if you needed to wear a bikini to stay cool.

Well. As it happens, I've been thinking about this article for quite some time, and in the interests of scientific experi-

ment, I decided to try and create an Impossible Battle Bikini. And the first thing I discovered about the IBB is that gravity wreaks havoc on the chassis. Alas for the pencil tests of yesteryear...

However, with assorted pieces of cord and such, I was able to create an IBB that I could wear as long as I didn't bend over. The next step, obviously, was to actually test-drive it at a Con just to see how

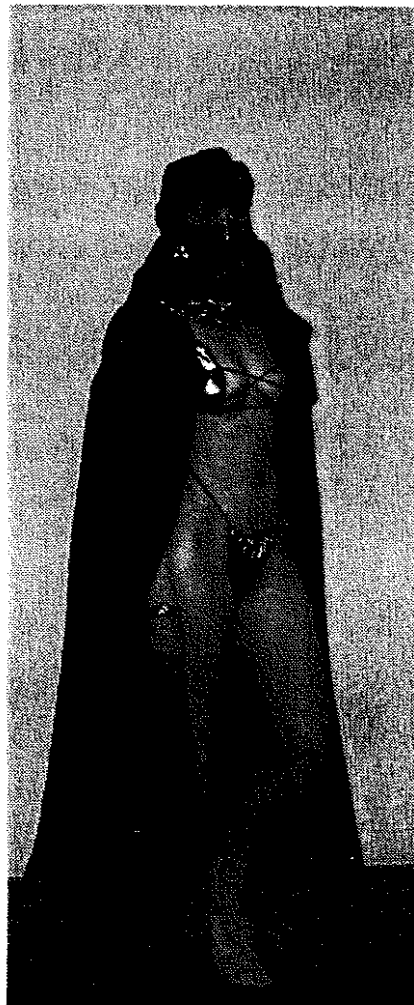
tolerant Congoers are of skimpy attire. Norwescon was coming up, so I packed the IBB neatly in a thimble and took it, along with a black cape in case of emergency (such as me needing to pick something up off the carpet).

Results: six cases of whiplash, one Polaroid photo, several baffled but entranced businessmen, assorted glaring women, sundry smiling men, a million goosebumps, numerous compliments and one proposal of co-creation of sprogs. My bodyguards took to walking

behind me so they could watch the jaws drop from a better vantage point, while I concentrated ferociously on walking in a very upright position indeed.

There is no moral to this story. There is barely even a point. What most of this is is filler, since I deleted my original editorial rampage to fit the constraints of available space.

Pardon me, I see some barbarians topping the rise. Thank you and good night.



# SPACEHOUND SKYLARK OF THE STARS AND BEYOND

## PART THREE -- THE SYNDROME FACTOR

FICTION BY FR "BONES" NORMAN

Captain Dwayne "Spunky" Spongester of the late space freighter *Mulroney* was adamant. It didn't matter that his spaceship had just crashed into an uncharted planet, it didn't matter that he was stranded on said planet with only two companions (Princess Mavis Octavia of the Royal Court of Crunchiebar and Arnold the Android), it didn't matter that right now Kling Davar's henchmen were quite probably closing in, and it didn't matter that his hair was mussed and he'd lost his comb in the crash. No, what mattered now was that there was no fornicating way that he was going to accompany Arnold the Android.

"I won't do it," insisted Spongester. "No fornicating way."

"It won't do any harm," pleaded Mavis. "In fact, it might be fun. I want to watch!"

"You're sick. I won't do it."

"Please," Mavis pouted. "Would you do it for me?"

"For you? I doubt it. I don't know anything about you, except you're supposed to be leading me to your bank machine to pay off your gambling debt to me. I know those things are supposed to be everywhere, but there's just never one around when you need one. --Fornication, quit pouting! Oh, copulation, I'll do it!"

He stopped pacing, and sat beside Arnold. "Sir," said the android, "you do not have to do this. No one is forcing you. While I would like someone to join me, you do not have to. Of course, it is a lot more fun when more people are involved. Still, if you're embarrassed...."

"No, I've done this before. Surprised, Mavis? I guess you don't know much about me either."

"Sir, I did serve for a time as an entertainment unit on Vegass III. Perhaps I should lead? I think you'll feel more comfortable. Jump in when you're ready."

"Yeah, okay. I am a little nervous. It's been a while. You start."

"Very good, sir. Ahem."

*Row row row your boat*

*Gently down the stream*

*Merrily merrily merrily merrily*

*Life is but a--*

"Arrgh!" shouted Spongester as he jumped up from the Android. "I can't do it! I just can't, I'm not ready--"

"Not ready for what?" asked the voice of the man coming over the hill.

"Look!" cried Arnold. "It's Admiral Runté!"

"Good thing I hit the emergency locator button just before we crashed last chapter."

"Sir, I read the last chapter and I don't recall you doing any such thing."

"Ssssh!"

"Sir, we don't even have an emergency locator button. If you recall, you disconnected it to supply power to your lava lamp."

"Ssssssssh!"

"Well, Spongester," said the Admiral, "what brings you here?"

"I could ask you the same thing, Admiral. When I last saw you on the cover, you were trapped on a planet of desperate women with a secret. How did you get away?"

"It's a secret."

Mavis could stand it no longer. "Spongester, you know this man? He's responsible for the deaths of millions of Crunchiebarians!"

"He is? How? Do you realize what you are you saying? Spit it out! Can this be? Is it possible? What am I saying?"

*Why is Spongester unwilling to sing?*

*How did the Admiral kill millions of beings?*

*Did the writer actually stop at this point because he was too lazy to think of a way out?*

*To be continued....*