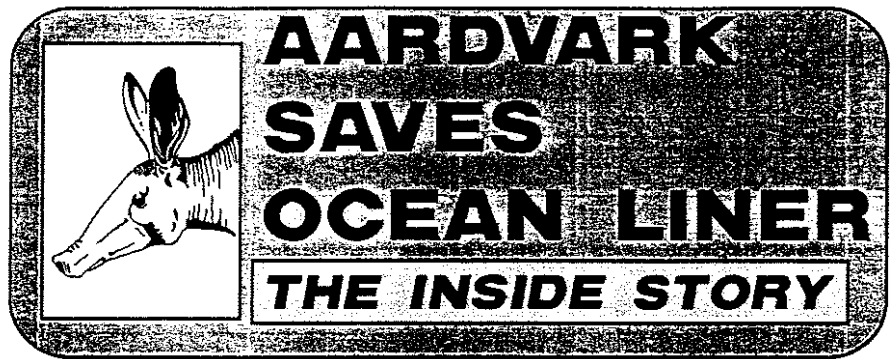


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*-- EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS*



# **UNDER THE OZONE HOLE**

Number 6 -- November, 1993

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY FANZINE PUBLISHED IN SOOKE

# **JFK IS ALIVE!!**

**MEETS ELVIS AT A 7-11 -- OSWALD VOWS REVENGE**

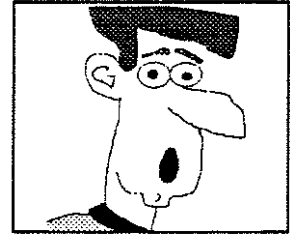
**RADIOACTIVE BRONTOSAURUS**  
**FOUND UNDER THE WHITE HOUSE!!**  
*-- PREZ ORDERS EXTRA-LARGE BARBEQUE INSTALLED IMMEDIATELY!*

**THE TRUTH BEHIND**  
**MYLES CON:**  
**ANGST PHIL BEN**  
**SPEAKS OUT!**

**HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?**  
**HE COULD BE IN**  
**YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD--**  
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**TELLS ALL**  
*IN ITS SHOCKING NEW BOOK*



*-- The Parties at Carl Reiner's Place  
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-- Attempted Suicide When Bill Got Hair Implants*

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**TURN TO**  
**PAGE 42!!**

**HOLLYWOOD SHOCKER!!**  
**OPRAH GIVES BIRTH TO**  
**GERALDO -- ON THE AIR!**

# UNDER THE

NUMBER SIX - NOVEMBER 1993

*Edited By John Willcox Herbert &  
Karl Johanson*

*Published by The Spuzzum Press and  
Nuclear Cheese Wuncle Press*

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*(So there, nyah.)*

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

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

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## Contributors

Chuck Bell, John Willcox Herbert, Laura Houghton, Karl Johanson, Paula Johanson, Dave Panchyk, and Robert Runté.

## Art

All art by Stephanie Ann Johanson, except:

Tricia Evans: 17.

Dwight Lockhart: 26.

Barb McLean: 3, 4, 20, 21, 24 and 25.

## About The Cover

All right, who let John near the computer again? Enquiring minds want to know!!!

The aardvark was drawn by Barb McLean; the rest is all John's fault. Blame him.

# This Editor's Opinion

## by Karl Johanson

**W**ho was it who said that **Under The Ozone Hole** wouldn't last 6 issues? Actually, as far as we know, no one did, which in a small way is annoying because now we can't gloat.

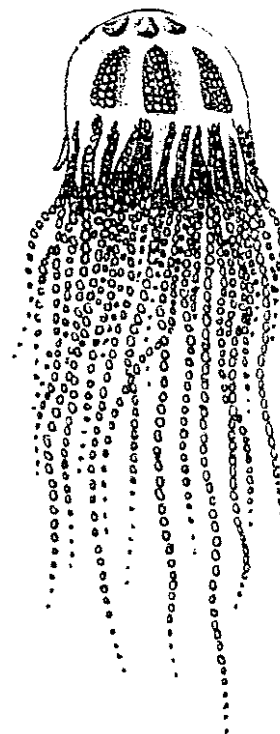
Discussions of conspiracies frequently find their way into our zine; perhaps devoting an issue to the topic will work some of it out of our systems (or perhaps not). Webster's New Twentieth Century Dictionary, unabridged, second edition, lists these definitions: "...to breathe together, conspire, agree; from con-, together and spirare, to breathe. 1. a planning and acting together secretly, especially for an unlawful or harmful purpose, such as murder or treason. 2. the plan agreed on; plot. 3. the group taking part in such a plan. 4. a combining or working together; as, the conspiracy of events." What can I say?

And on the topic of scary things, you know what scares me? According to a librarian from LA I met recently, the city of LA is closing 50 libraries. *Fifty* libraries! At the same time, the city is managing to come up with a \$60 million grant to Disneyland to help it expand its parking lot.

I should let you know a little bit about where this editorial was written. What writer hasn't dreamed about escaping to some island in the middle of the Pacific to do nothing but sit back and write? Well, the island I'm on is in the Pacific (Georgia Strait, actually). A couple of hours' driving and two short ferry trips got us here to Hornby Island. And interestingly

enough, it just happens to be a dark and stormy night. The cabin we're staying in deserves some description. When our friend Jo-Ann first invited our dogs here and said we could come with them if we wanted, we envisioned a small cabin. You know, a room and that's about it. So Stephanie and I packed our usual too much of everything and prepared to rough it. As it turned out, the running water, hydro power, five bedrooms, two living rooms, two kitchens, two bathrooms, microwave oven and fire stove with a wood pile which should last at least until the invention of warp drive, were rather overwhelming. Hell, we held a Worldcon with less facilities than this.

Unfortunately/fortunately there are far too many neat things to do on Hornby Island so this editorial is all I wrote there.



# That Editor's Opinion

## by John Willcox Herbert

It's November 22 as I write this, the 30th anniversary of JFK's assassination, and the media is again filled with stories and features on that fateful day in Dallas. But why, after 30 years, does this event still take on almost epic proportions, and why does it still drive people to heated discussions? (Like Joseph Major and myself—the latest chapter is in this issue's lettercol.) I, for one, was barely six months old at the time. I sure don't remember where I was when I heard Kennedy was dead (although if I were to guess I was in my crib, I doubt I'd be far wrong), yet that day haunts me.

November 22, 1963, is a pivotal day in world history, but not because Kennedy was killed (one can argue until blue in the face about how things might have been if he had lived). No, it's a pivotal day because it was the day that the United States, indeed the world, lost its innocence. Americans got screwed that day, and they've been getting screwed ever since. It was the day they found out that governments lie. And not just any government, but the *American* government lies.... and it lies to its own people.

Investigations into some newly released material have concluded what many have suspected for years, that the Warren Commission's publicly stated purpose (to find the truth of the assassination) was different from its intended purpose, which was to find Oswald guilty. In order to do this, the FBI and CIA had to cover their tracks (and their respective asses) by destroying or altering evidence and leading the Commission, knowingly or unknowingly, astray. The Government, however noble or ignoble its reasons, betrayed the trust of its citizens, and misled them, and lied to them.

Of course, all governments lie, and probably have since the very first cabinet meeting, but this time it wasn't a very good lie, and they got caught. Even if Oswald is as guilty as sin, even if the conclusions of the Warren Commission report are the absolute truth, they did not *seek* the truth. They sought to find a man guilty. They lied.

I know someone who was ten, and living here in Canada when Kennedy died.

He said America was the place everyone wanted to be in the early 60s. Everyone wanted to go there, everyone wanted to be an American. And then November 22, 1963 happened and something changed.

The U.S. was probably near its zenith on the day Kennedy died, and it's been all downhill since. Americans discovered that their government lies to them, and not just on the big issues (JFK, Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, Watergate, Iran-gate, SDI, Panama, Gulf War...), but every day, as a matter of course.

American citizens, in whose hands the power of the country supposedly resides, have been repeatedly judged not capable of possessing the honest truth by the leaders they elect.

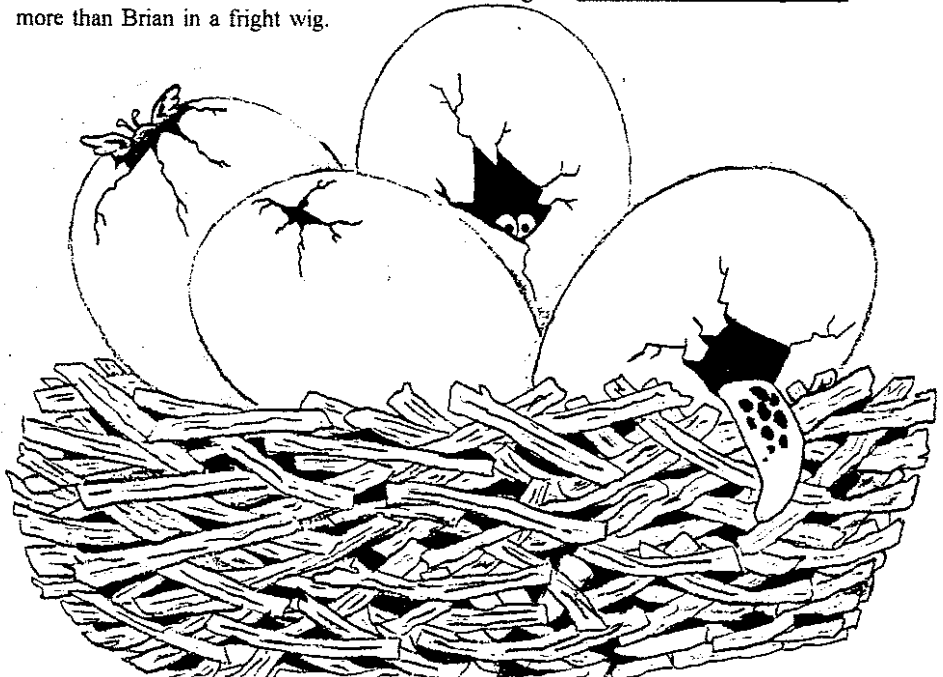
America lost its soul that day. And is still searching. And still the wound festers...

Governmental lying is not a strictly American phenomena, of course. Witness our own former P.M., Kim Who?, and her glorious election campaign into obscurity. Many people will tell you that televised debates don't decide elections in people's minds. Well, my two favourite moments occurred during the English language debate when Kim Who? revealed herself to be no more than Brian in a fright wig.

Let's recall how in her opening remarks she stated calmly that she hoped that the debate would free of name-calling, insults, and other examples of "old-style" politics. Let us also remember how she attacked Jean Chrétien mere moments later, calling him a "laughing stock." A wonderful example of.... well, I don't know what, but it's a wonderful example of it.

And call Lucien Bouchard what you will, but he made the debate for me when he asked Kim Who? what this year's deficit was. And she refused to answer. So he asked again. And she ignored him and attacked Chrétien again. And he asked again... you get the idea. Kim Who? was campaigning on the strength of the Tory's alleged responsible fiscal policy (and we all know what it's responsible for), and either: a) Kim didn't know the answer, which is (pick one) unbelievable, incredible or unimaginable; or b) Kim knew the answer (about \$8 billion over estimates for this year) and knew she'd be shipped out of town on the last freight train to Baie Comeau if she spoke the truth (if trains still run there—thanks, Brian), which isn't exactly lying, but it isn't exactly kosher, either.

And finally, those crazy rumours aren't true at all. Rowan Atkinson will *not* be starring in The Preston Manning Story.



# TALE OF THE YOUNG AND SLOTHFUL:

## PART THREE

### BY LAURA HOUGHTON

I scratched my shoulder frenetically for the third time in as many minutes. "Why's this stuff so *itchy*?", I demanded of Lorne.

"Because it's *clean*," he replied. I looked at him crossly. He was wearing one of my least grubby sweatshirts, which still looked distinctly incongruous with his neatly pressed cotton trousers and gleaming leather shoes. Well, I had ways to get revenge for this petty torture of his.

"Gee, Lorne," I said sweetly, "guess it's time for lunch. How about some hot dogs on white bread, with extra mayonnaise?"

He blanched while I grinned evilly. But he was a fighter, that boy. "Certainly," he replied while trying not to gag. "I've left your sprout salad in the refrigerator for you."

A low blow. But I had to prove that I was tougher than he was. No way was I letting The Man From Glad beat me in a battle of wills.

"Gee, thanks! Listen, I'm going to go easy on you this afternoon," I said from between clenched teeth. "I'm going to make you practice throwing the newspaper on the ground for only *half* an hour today, and you don't have to lie on the couch watching television for more than two hours because it'll take me some time to get your dinner ready."

"That's very nice of you," he said in his best attempt yet at a snarl, "and in thanks I'm going to let you off an hour of scrubbing the tiles around the bathtub—as long as you still clean the tops of all your cupboards and polish your taps."

I began to believe that Lorne had some unexpected depths to him. The boy was playing a pretty decent game—not only had he matched me, but he had raised me one. I was *far* from beaten, of course, but he was more of a challenge than I had expected. Time to bluff.

"Say, Lorne, what's that crawling out of the arm of the sweatshirt?" I gasped.

Lorne batted at his sleeve in horror, while I quickly planned my next demoralizing move. By the time he realized that I had used some sleight-of-word to gain a momentary advantage, it was too late. I had him right where I wanted him.

"By the way, Lorne, I've planned the most delicious supper for you tonight," I gushed. "Blue-rare steak, sautéed mushrooms, a bit of potato to go with your butter and sour cream, and for dessert—brandy snaps filled with whipped topping!"

He wilted visibly, but didn't drop. However, I had one final blow to deliver for the *coup de grâce*:

"And after dinner," I fluted with glee, "we're going to put scratches on all the furniture!"

That did it. You never saw a man look so sick in all your life. "No," he said feebly. "No, I can't do it. That's not even being messy, that's just plain vandalism."

"Oh, no," I cooed. "Think of it as *art*."

He doubled over, then fell to the carpet, out cold. I looked at his prone form, so pale and helpless, and smiled at him tenderly. What the heck, he'd given me a pretty good run for it, considering his handicaps. I tucked a blanket around his comatose body, then sauntered out into the kitchen to make myself some hot dogs for lunch. On white bread. With extra mayonnaise.

## PART TWO OF PART THREE

### YUP, STILL MOI

I yawned blissfully. Saturday morning, and I was all set to slob around the apartment. Lorne shouldn't give me any more trouble, not after that bout last night. Ahhh, heaven.

I reached down to the foot of the bed, lazily groping for my clothes while I contemplated whether I should drink a pot of coffee before or after partaking of the flat beer and cold pizza I had left in the fridge last night. It took me a minute or two to realize that the clothes were not there. Not crawled away, not stored on a different section of floor. Simply gone.

I tapped my fingers in annoyance on the bedspread, nearly getting them stuck. Lorne, I said to myself, you are in Sheep Dip.

Well, no point in lying here fuming. Maybe he had missed some moderately grungy garments that I had stored in the closet against just such an emergency. I got up and flung open the closet door, only to hastily sit on the bed again, taking deep breaths. My god—the whole thing was full of dresses. Ironed, hung-up, cotton, flowered dresses, their skirts only inches above numerous pairs of neatly polished pumps. The man was a fiend, no doubt about it. No, fiend wasn't nasty enough as a description, but figuring one out could wait because I was going to kill him.

I marched out into the apartment, clad only in many square inches of rapidly freezing skin. Where was he? Where was the man who had perpetrated this act of howling indecency upon me while I slept?!

"*Lorne!*" I screamed to the apparently empty apartment. "What the BEEP did you do to my *clooothes*?!!!!"

I gradually became aware of a very peculiar smell around me. Sort of . . . rancid, and vaguely reminiscent of the layer of sludge I used to keep at the bottom of my vegetable drawer. In fact, it smelled a lot like . . . I turned around slowly. Yes, there they were. My

cherished slobbering-around clothes, with Lorne's body inside them, and presumably Lorne's mind as well, though at this point I wasn't sure he had one.

In fact, the more I thought about this last, the more dubious I became. Because as I regarded Lorne, I began to see a few other little details I had missed in my first horrorstruck glance. Like the fact that he was holding a triple cheeseburger—with bites taken out of it. Like the fact that he had apparently not washed his hair yet. Not to mention that he had just dropped his crumpled cheeseburger wrapper on the floor.

Hm. Looked like I might have a problem. *Well, everything looks better after a hearty breakfast*, I thought to myself as I brisked off to the kitchen to make myself some carrot juice. No, wait, better get dressed first. I returned to my bedroom, and was actually pulling one of those chintz monstrosities off its padded hanger before it dawned on me. I had just been alter-ego-ed.

*Oh no*, I thought to myself in polite utter appallment while reaching for a pair of nylons and a slip. *I may be in an even worse situation than I thought. What if he has deprived me of all my sneaky tricks too—not that those were very nice to use in the first place? And where have all my swear words suddenly gone? Jeepers, I can't even think till I have a glass of skim milk and some tofu!*

And I knew my doom was upon me.

*Will Laura survive Lorne's machinations? Will she ever eat grease again? Will she actually wear that pearl necklace she was about to pick up from the dresser? Well, yours truly doesn't know yet, but I'm rooting for myself. Find out these and other important details in the next issue of UTOH!*



# THE ROBERT RUNTE GUIDE TO FANDOM

## PART III: FANNISH CONSPIRACIES AND HOAXES

As all thinking people today are aware, things are not always as they appear. This is nowhere truer than in fandom, where most fans know each other only through what they read in fanzines. Well, I'm here to tell you that you shouldn't believe everything you read! To illustrate just how easy it is to bamboozle people, even within the confines of our tiny community (which should make such conspiracies easier to discover than in the larger society), I will recount several examples of successful fannish hoaxes. I will restrict myself to those incidents which have been well documented or in which I was personally involved. Thus, I can guarantee all of the following to be absolutely true, but these examples are only the tip of the iceberg. There have been so many hoaxes perpetrated in and on fandom, that at one time there was an entire apa (**Apa-H**) devoted to the topic.

### HOAX PUBLICATIONS

The easiest and most common fannish hoax is the fake publication. Bob Tucker recounts two famous examples in the *NeoFan's Guide*:

"One such hoax was a complete fanzine describing an imaginary convention, filled with the names of real people who were said to have attended by invitation only, and several others bit, expressing dismay for having been left out. Another successful hoax was the photograph of the cover of a new prozine said to be coming on sale soon. Four story titles were printed on the cover and the initials spelled out HOAX."

Another variation on this theme is to put out an issue of someone else's fanzine before they do. For example, back when the main fannish newsletter (**DNQ**) was published out of Toronto by Taral Wayne and Victoria Vayne, a group of Edmonton fans produced and distributed a fake issue. Even though their satirical version displayed the word "HOAX" in two places, had ludicrous news items, the wrong issue number, an Edmonton postal mark, and a three colour logo featuring the title of the perpetrators' fanzine (the infamous *Laid*), a number of careless readers were apparently taken in. When some years later two of the guilty parties finally settled down to publish a serious newsletter of their own, Taral took his revenge by putting out a satirical version of their fanzine.

Similarly, when on another occasion I was Central Mailer of an apa, I took it upon myself to write the apazines of those mem-

bers who failed to submit their own. Since, as CM, it was easy for me to doctor the table of contents and delete the phony submissions from the mailings going to those whom I had thus usurped, no one ever caught on until I 'fessed up. Considering that an apa consists primarily of comments on the previous issues, I was constantly amazed that the victims never seemed to notice all the feedback they were getting on mailings to which they hadn't actually contributed.

### HOAX FANS

Almost as common as the hoax zine is the hoax fan. The most infamous of these was Carl Brandon, a hoax so convincing that many fans actually claimed to have met him before his nonexistence was revealed. To again quote Tucker:

"Brandon wrote and published witty pieces, joined apas, published fanzines, and was so 'real' that his unmasking at a convention caused a shock in fandom. He was the brain-child of five fans who took turns providing his fanac."

Unlike the Brandon case, most hoax fans start out as simple pseudonyms which then get out of hand. Teddy Harvia, one of the greatest fan cartoonists of all time, and Miranda Thompson, a prominent letter writer, were both subsequently revealed to be pen names of editor David Thayer. "I started it because I wanted my fanzine, *NebulosFan*, to seem like the effort of more than one person." Both were such big hits, however, that they quickly took on lives of their own, with editors from all over demanding to know where they could get Harvia art or contact Miranda.

Similarly, as President of the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Art Society one year, I could find no one to edit the club newsletter, and therefore had to invent a newly "recruited" John Wellington. Wellington not only edited the newsletter (with a host of hoax contributors), but through it "documented" ESFCAS's sudden revival. In actuality, club membership and activity was at its lowest ebb in over a decade, but Wellington's glowing accounts convinced readers that ESFCAS was once again on a roll. So many members of the old club turned up to see what was going on following the appearance of these fraudulent accounts of nonexistent club parties and projects, that ESFCAS really did undergo a major revival. (This is called a "self-fulfilling prophecy", and is one of the first lessons one learns as a sociologist.) Most returning members enjoyed themselves so much that they didn't even seem to mind that they had been conned.



Of course, pseudonyms have uses other than just padding fanzine letter columns and club memberships. Many editors use pen names when they want to write a negative review of a book or fanzine written by one of their friends, and don't want the review to ruin their friendship. Some writers use pen names to protect their mundane reputations, as in the case of Allan Brockman who was concerned his employers not find out he was gay. (Unfortunately, Neology editor Georges Giguere got confused and printed Allan's other name on one of his articles. We were all quite chagrined at this *faux pas* until we remembered that that wasn't his real name either. Allan's other name was a pseudonym he used so his employers wouldn't find out he was in fandom.) Or, as in the following case, people sometimes create hoax fans to try out different personas.

While Wellington was largely a local phenomenon, I also ran another hoax fan for international consumption. As one of the members of the Gang of Four, I had found myself embroiled in a number of unwanted fan feuds with various Americans. Convinced that I had somehow gotten off on the wrong foot, I wanted to live my (fannish) life over again, only this time without making the same mistakes. Reincarnation as a hoax fan seemed a practical answer. With this alternate identity I was not only able to disassociate myself from the Gang of Four and my own more provocative statements, but had the freedom to publish a number of self-revealing essays to which I would never have had the nerve to sign my real name. I still consider some of these articles to be among my best work ever. In the end, however, I found keeping up the fanac for the two of us too much, and had to drop my alter-ego. (I also discovered that, contrary to my expectations and best efforts, my neo-fan persona was just as likely to be savaged as was the real me, because some people out there just love to feud, with or without provocation.)

Only one fan ever penetrated my secret identity, and then only because he walked in on me as I was collecting the mail from my pseudonym's mailbox, and so caught me red-handed. About a week later it suddenly occurred to me to wonder what he had been doing in that obscure post office in a suburb kilometers from where either of us lived. I therefore correctly deduced that the only reason he had stumbled across me was that he had been on his way to his pseudonym's mailbox! Consequently, our mutual blackmail continues to preserve our secret identities to this day.

The strangest hoax-fan incidents, how-

ever, are when real people are thought to be clever fakes. When a number of letters appeared in the ESFCAS newsletter by the never-seen Sean Stewart, for example, a number of people assumed this was just another of my pen names, my protestations of innocence notwithstanding. Now that Sean is a critically acclaimed author, I might be tempted to try to pass myself off as him, but at the time, this wasn't a hoax either of us was trying to perpetrate — it just created itself.

#### IMPOSTORS

Even meeting someone in person at a convention can prove wildly misleading, however, as illustrated by the time Derek McCulloch attended V-Con pretending to be me. Derek extorted free drinks from the gullible by threatening to slag them off in *New Canadian Fandom* if they didn't come across, even though it is widely known that the real me is allergic to alcohol. (And just for the record, that wasn't me who relieved himself off the 12th floor balcony of Gage Towers.)

Derek, it must be conceded, did ask my permission to represent himself as "Bob Runt" for the V-Con weekend in question. (Well, I was young and naive. I thought he just wanted to cash in on my prepaid membership when I couldn't attend.) Impostors are more likely to be criminals than jokesters, however, as in the recent case where a woman claiming to be SF author Diane Duane bounced checks off everyone in sight. While it is considered acceptably fannish to organize some silliness such as handing out "Steve" name tags to all the attendees at a convention, passing yourself off as someone specific is usually a no-no.

Another variation on this theme is the fannish frame-up. The obvious example here is the cover photo of me in *Star Trek* regalia on *Under the Ozone Hole #4*. (At least I hope it was obvious to everyone that that wasn't really me on the cover. See *Under the Ozone Hole #5* for the retraction.) Similarly, the various biographies in circulation claiming that I fought in the Vietnam war are entirely false. And I would recommend that readers give the Gunderson biography in *Under the Ozone Hole #5* a second and closer look: there is no such person as Monika Bandersnatch.

#### CURRENT CONSPIRACIES

As I said at the beginning of this article, hoaxes are endemic in fandom. I myself am currently involved in two separate conspiracies which, considering I gaffed three years ago, is saying a lot. One is still in its early stages, so you're not going

to hear about it for at least another year. (Other than encountering it as a victim, I mean.) The other conspiracy, and the one I am most proud of, is the invention of Canadian SF.

When Christine Kulyk and other members of the Gang of Four started writing about Canadian SF in *The Monthly Monthly*, there wasn't any. When I wrote about the renaissance in Canadian SF in the *NCF Guide To Canadian Science Fiction* I was still hoping for one. (Hey, I figured if it had worked for Wellington in revitalizing ESFCAS, it was worth a shot!) By *ConText '89* many of our speculations had become so familiar and widespread that most panelists were confidently stating them as fact. People actually started believing that there was such a thing as Canadian SF, and that it was pretty good. Readers started to seek it out, so publishers started to provide it. This is not to suggest that these developments were all part of the same conspiracy, but I like to think we helped to nudge things along a bit by announcing them before they actually happened.

Similarly, in the *ConText '89* mail-out I announced that since there would be so many Canadian pros attending the convention, the proposed national association of SF authors would be holding its organizational meeting there. 33 authors believed us, showed up, and joined. (I tell you, this self-fulfilling prophecy stuff really works!)

Today we have a vital SF community in Canada, and the only remaining step is for us to achieve greater dominance in the American market mass market. Consequently, I wrote an article for *WorldCon '94 Progress Report #4* in which I confidently stated that Americans are now buying more Canadian SF than ever before. I, and all your favorite Canadian authors, would greatly appreciate your repeating this to your American friends at every opportunity.

*{{Robert Runté is a committee of fans from Red Deer who've been pulling the wool over our eyes for years.}}*



Jenny Glover  
16 Aviary Place  
Leeds, LS12 2NP  
United Kingdom

I was very interested to read the review of **Under The Ozone Hole** in Steve George's **Last Resort** and would be most grateful if you would send me a copy.

I should apologize, by the way, for sending you a handwritten letter. If I were at home in urbanized Leeds, it would be spell-checked and laser printed, but this is about as high-tech as I can get in Iona. It's very disconcerting to realize that if I change my mind in mid-sentence or make a spelling error, the only honourable thing to do (apart from pretending not to notice) is to crumple up this flimsy paper with a sigh and start all over again. Already the muscles of my hand are complaining about having to grasp a pen (they word process for hours without complaint). They are sending petulant messages to my brain demanding to know why it permits such a primitive activity. However... life on Iona is very weird. Most of the year is as high-tech as it comes: computers, electronic bulletin boards, even — damn it! — television. All are lacking here. Time is measured by hunger pangs and when the postman arrives rather than by the actual time, though I make sure there's plenty of spare time when I go for the early morning ferry. The days lack individuality: with no television, there's no incentive to watch out for a particular day and although the newspapers arrive, the news is dominated by the tragic affairs in Sarajevo. At least I'm on Iona by choice and enjoying the complete contrast to my electricity-dominated life — in Sarajevo there appears to be no gas, no water, no electricity and far too many guns.

There is one thing I'd like to ask you, though. How do you find it with both you and Karl editing **Under The Ozone Hole**? Do you ever have a conflict of interest over wanting to include or exclude some particular piece? Do you ever disagree about reviews which may be construed as controversial, like the one of **Aladdin** in **UTOH** #4? I'm not very good at Canadian geography, so I merely see that you and Karl are in the same province; I don't know how close Victoria is to Sooke and how convenient it is for editorial submissions and decisions. This subject interests me a lot, since as well as editing **Matrix** together — that's the newsletter of the British

Science Fiction Society — my husband Steve and I are planning the fan programme for **Intersection** in 1995. I've heard very little about **Conadian** and — sorry, I am asking a lot of things — I would really be interested in knowing who is doing the fan programme for **Conadian**. I've only seen the first progress report, though I've only got myself to blame, not being a member yet.

Anyway, I'm running out of space, I'm feeling hungry and the hens are gossiping outside, wondering if I'm going to collect their eggs or if there will be chickens running around, so I really look forward to hearing from you.

*{The closest I've been to Leeds (which is quite close, I realize as I look in an atlas) is Hull, where much of my mother's family lived for quite a time. Mind you, this was the late 60s and I was five, so I don't recall much of it. My parents were both born in Wales, although my father's family emigrated to Canada when he was just a couple of years old. My parents met during the War when dad went over as a radar tech with the RCAF. My mother was working as a radar operator and I guess they set each others cathode ray tubes a-humming.*

*UTOH has ruined our friendship and Karl and I rarely speak to each other anymore. Just kidding. First, a quick Canadian geography lesson: if you look at a map, at the bottom left hand corner of Canada is an island. Karl and I live there — Victoria is at the very bottom of the island, and Sooke is a village about a forty minute drive up the west coast. My wife and I both work in Victoria and drive to town every day, so for all intents and purposes, we might as well be "Victorians".*

*Karl and I both wanted to do a zine and we were able to complement each other on the production end: I have the computer, the software, and the laser printer, and Karl is president of the sign company where we get free photo-copying. (All we need now is a third editor who works for Canada Post.) And this shaped our editorial process: whatever I don't like, I don't type in, and whatever Karl doesn't like, he doesn't print. Easy, huh?*

*But seriously, we promised never to take the zine too seriously. Our editorial discussions consist mainly of: "Hey, we got a letter from so-and-so." "Yeah? Another so-and-so sent us an article on such-and-such." "Cool. Should we run 'em?"*

*"Okay." Karl and I see eye-to-eye on most things, so we've not had any disagreements about the zine. If we hadn't already known before hand how the other felt and thought, we'd probably never have started it. And we have no problem with being controversial — for one thing, it gives people something to write letters about.*

*Conadian Progress Report #3 lists Bruce Farr as being in charge of programming. The Conadian address is PO Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB, Canada, R3C 4A7. I'm looking forward to Conadian if for no other reason than that every fan in Canada will be gathered together under one roof. What a thought!*

*Thanks for writing, and I hope this reply helps answer your questions. And please keep us up to date on Intersection. We'd love to go. (Of course, loving to go and affording to go are two separate things. — J.W.H.}}*

Dave Panchyk  
#401 - 11007-83 Ave.,  
Edmonton, AB  
T6G 0T9

I just got your letter from May last week. Cath unearthed it and left it on the bed for me when I got back from Regina. (Cath is in Banff right now, taking a two-week magazine publishing course that is like serious boot camp. She's exhausted, but is having fun and learning lots.) I'm sorry I never get my act together in time to send stuff out to you guys; I place the blame on your regular publishing schedule (man, you guys never act like traditional fanzine editors).

*{You have redeemed yourself in our eyes, Dave, by the volumes of stuff that came with your letter (most of which found its way into this issue). We did find that piece describing your theory that Ren and Stimpy are modeled after Bush and Quayle simply wonderful. However, you neglected to mention who was modeled after whom. Cath described the course to us at NonCon and it sounded great. (Poor Cath having to go on course in beautiful Banff — what a shame!) We're sorry that our regular publishing schedule causes you concern. We'll mail your issues late from now on.*

*—J.W.H.}}*

Laura Houghton  
1760 E. Windsong Drive  
Phoenix, Arizona  
U.S.A.  
85048

Greetings, Almighty Editors!

So here I am, married and awash in a sea of Murricans — I'll be able to gloat over the heat all winter, but is that truly sufficient compensation for living amidst people who regularly drink light beer and who seem to be only half a step away from establishing capitalism as their national religion?

Well, never mind. I'm happily married and managing to survive without a computer, though I'm not sure when I'll get to the final installment of Lorne vs. Laura written.

Handy tip for those of you planning a lengthy road trip — don't get married and emigrate in the space of six weeks before your trip, because it will render the universe into a dark and chaotic hell on the drive.

Speaking of Utah, she said dryly, I note that there are fields of requisite yellow wildflowers skirting the freeway, and I am quite convinced that they are there to enhance the agonizing contrast to Salt Lake City itself. For a fifty-mile radius around that — well, I suppose I can't say "godforsaken" — industrialized tedious self-righteous place, the drivers are fools and lunatics, and I only describe them so because I'm being polite.

But enough of this airy banter. So where's the next issue of **UTOH**, hmmm? The last one I saw was the one where Admiral Runté's true self was revealed on the cover, and I'm desperate for a fix, guys, languishing as I am in the wilds of Murrice and fending off scorpions on a daily basis. ...Well, okay, not *daily*... er, rarely, in fact. But I'm serious about needing a fix!

Best fishes to all.

*{{By now you should have the issue where Admiral Runté's true self was again revealed on page 19. And is Phoenix anywhere near Benson, made famous in the song "Benson, Arizona?"*

— J.W.H.}}

E.B.Klassen  
c/o 1594 Mortimer Street  
Victoria, B.C.  
V8P 3A6

What the hell is this? **UTOH**? There isn't a damn thing on hand planes or finishing techniques or fifteen ways to fuck up dovetails anywhere in this!

Wait a minute, wait a minute. I recognize some of these names— Garth

Spencer, Lloyd Penney, Robert Runté. And stuff on conventions, the Auroras, and pubbing your ish. This is fannish, isn't it!! You're trying to drag me back into this whole fannish subculture thing! Well, it won't work. I've got a life now! I worry about things like Woodworkers' Guild politics, articles for the newsletter, and conventions. I have adult concerns now, like trying to find a way to make a living from doing what I love. You can't make me do this again!

Cool ish, though. Great layout, massive effort going into one of these. Good writers. Well-deserved Aurora. Maybe I should pull that mimeo out of the back room and.....

Ghod no, not again.

*{{We'll be polite and won't tempt you by mentioning that Steve 40 is selling his mimeos and e-stencillers.*

—K.J.}}

*{{As I recall, Bernie, you still owe us your lengthy article on the history of the European hand plane. And a Wild Palms review (interesting combination).*

—J.W.H.}}

Chuck Bell  
771 Richmond Ave.  
Victoria, B.C.

Greetings! 'Tis I, Chuck, long-suffering (and ever-balding) chum of Jono Moore who dares to disturb your post-prandial slumber.

Jono had lent me a few **UTOHs**, and suggested that you might be interested in a submission or two. Thus with trepidation do I humbly proffer this, my article. I can't believe I submitted this article to both **The Globe and Mail** and **Monday**, when it is **Under The Ozone Hole** that will be studied in CanLit classes centuries from now.

Fortunately, those earlier submissions were rejected. Dare to be different, Karl! Publish this piece. You've got nothing to lose but your reputation as an up-and-coming fanzine editor.

I also have a question I've been dying to ask since I first laid eyes on **UTOH** #3; what colour *should* my urine be?

A stamped, self-addressed envelope is not enclosed for convenience in replying.

*{{Regarding the urine question, I can't reply for two reasons. One: I'm colour blind/colour challenged. I perceive electromagnetic radiation in a way which differs from consensus reality. Two: We blew our colour photocopying budget on the Admiral Runté cover.*

*Chuck's article is found on page 17.*  
—K.J.}}

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

Thanks for sending **Under The Ozone Hole** #5. Rather strange to come across this zine after reading Michael Hailstone's **Busswarbble**, a fanzine devoted to the Great International Scientific Conspiracy of the Ozone Layer and Global Warming. Run by Jews as well as scientists, of course. In case you think I am joking, try sending a copy of your zine in trade to... Michael Hailstone, 14 Bolden Street, Heildelberg, Victoria, 3084, Australia.

Getting on to the important things in your fanzine, like my LoC, I should note that after dropping all contact with LASFS last April, I have now dropped the weekly **APA-L**, the tri-weekly **Minneapa**, and the monthly **LASFAPA**. This leaves me in three Apas: the two bi-weeklies **Elanor** and **N'APA**, and good old **FAPA**: the **Fantasy Amateur Press Association**, the **Legendary Elephant's Graveyard of Fandom Where The Old and Tired Fans Go To Gafiate and Die**. I plan to drop the 2 bi-weeklies soon, leaving **FAPA** as my only apa committment.

And now to your question: "Who designed your electoral process?" Well, it is sort of like the question of who designed the Universe. You first have to show that the election process, or the Universe, exhibits any trace of being designed, rather than just being. Of course, if you are a Christian, you *know* the Universe is designed, thus proving God exists. But I am not sure if even Jesus Christ himself, if he were actually real, could explain the alleged *designs* in our election processes. Like Topsy, it just sort of grew. Like bacteria.

Pets. I have not had that much contact in adult life with pets. As a kid our family dog was a Shetland Collie, which my father bought and trained to sheep-dog his three kids...me, my brother and my sister. So while in some respects she was a pet, in others she was my father's dog *first*, with the job of keeping us under watch. We were never molested, even though as the children of a policeman we might have had problems. But not with our friendly doggie around. Our friendly doggie to us... and a nasty critter with bark and teeth to others.

So at age 19 I joined the U.S. Navy. Nearest thing we had to pets on ship was the **Legendary Sea Bat**. After I left to work at

JPL, I lived in an apartment with a strict rule about no pets. Having lost my JPL job I now work for the Post Office, and my current landlady has a no pet rule in place, mostly because her last pet, a cat, kept getting fleas.

On the other hand, I have something better than pets: nieces. Three of them, ages 8, 6 and 4, over at my brother's house. I visit my brother Tuesday and Saturday, I play with my nieces, I use his home computer system to access a BBS, and use the word processor in his computer system to work on my next fanzine, **Intermediate Vector Bosons #38** which, by the way, is to be my long-awaited, long postponed report of my 1990 vacation in Africa, the five-week truck trip across the desert. Trans-Sahara, coast to coast. I still have the notes and am putting them together. The BBS is something called The Great Escape, but I am active only in the "recovernet" series of conferences. "Recovernet" is carried on many BBS networks, and is for those of us working various 12-step programs.

As for the three nieces, they are much better than pets. You have to feed and care for pets all the time, no matter how much of a bother they can become. But with nieces, all I have to do is say, "Ok, brother, I am leaving now, so here are *your* kids back!"

On the gripping hand, it is strange that Robert Runté doesn't mention horses as pets. Not too many fans have horses as pets, but they sort of make up in size what they lack in numbers. And after all, how many other pets can you *ride*? This is not to be confused with the concept of fans riding riding hobby horses, which they are also rather good at.

I sent Alexander Vasilkovsky a package of books that included the first printing of *The Mote in God's Eye*. If you print this LoC... Alexander, did you get that package? And did you get the package of Barry Malzberg books we sent? If you did get the books, and have no room to publish a review of *The Mote in God's Eye*, send it to me for publication.

*{I've heard the conjecture that Dow Chemical started the CFC/Ozone Layer scare because their patents on CFCs have run out and they would rather people buy the substitutes they produce.*

*British Columbia's election process has had its unique moments. During the Social Credit reign, several thousand dead people managed to vote on election day.*

—K.J.}}

*{I have a niece named Kai. She just turned twelve, but when she was very little, I taught her her first word. Happy Days was*

*still fresh in people's minds, so I taught her to stick out her little thumb and go "Aaayyy!" like the Fonz. My sister stopped inviting me over.*

—J.W.H.}}

Paula Johanson  
1594 Mortimer Street  
Victoria, B.C.  
V8P 3A6

Dear John and Karl, and Mon and Steph, plus dogs, cats, turtles, horse, etc.:

Glad to see the new issue. Far as Steph's art goes, Garth doesn't give you half enough praise. I particularly liked the blackberry silhouette on page 27. Any chance you can work up a page border in similar style? I'd use it for personal stationery, if nothing else. (Some years ago, Stephanie drew some dragons and gryphons, and graciously allowed me to make some postcards and do bead embroidery on a shirt with her design. Karl still wears a jean jacket with a beaded dragon she put on the back. Wow.)

Re: John's editorial — did you know that so much of the old growth portion of our "sustainable resource" is contracted for sale that Japan's contracts alone will use up the last of the old growth in less than fourteen years? And the contract does not allow tree farm wood to be substituted. The Japanese know the difference between old growth wood and tree farm wood — one makes good lumber for fine furniture, the other makes good wood pulp. Not only B.C. is selling off trees at fire sale rates: Alberta recently contracted to sell all the trees in an area the size of New Brunswick to Daishowa. This is old growth aspen taiga, not as impressive as rain forest hemlock, fir and red cedar, but stumps are even less impressive.

Re: Lloyd Penney's letter and the ongoing theme of collective American morality: It was Ann-Del O'Brian, herself born an American citizen and who has lived in many places around the world, who gave the benefit of her opinion one day seven years ago. To paraphrase: "There are, what, 25 million Canadians?" she said. "Some of them are creeps, some you wouldn't care about, and about half — say, 12 million — are really nice people you wouldn't mind having for neighbours, or working with or marrying. And in the States, it's about the same. There are about 250 million people, and about 12 million of them are nice people..."

Re: zine reviews — is anybody else going to nominate and vote for **Opuntia** for

the Aurora next year? Damn that's good writing, regular publishing and varied content.

Re: John's primer on 2001: A Space Odyssey — I figure it tells all of human history not only in 2½ hours, but in the frame between the bone being hurled up and the shuttle flying to the station. Talk about cutting to the chase.

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Ave  
Hagerstown, Maryland  
U.S.A.  
21740

Take out of storage and dust off all the old maxims about the serpent's tooth, the ungrateful child, and other exemplifications of ingratitude. You send me a splendid fanzine made even finer by your generosity in supplying a large type edition. I return evil for good by writing a LoC on a diminished typeface and a ribbon which, like me, has seen better days. All I can do is apologize and explain that it isn't intentional. My electric typewriter broke down for the second time in little more than a year. So I took a shovel and pick to an upstairs closet and a few hours later had penetrated to a low level of its contents where I managed to find this ancient, tiny Royal portable powered by my gnarled fingers, rather than ecologically unsound electricity. It belonged to an aunt, hadn't been used in one-third of a century, and should have suffered serious effects from non-use but it has worked to perfection while I try to decide if I should spend a couple months' social security checks on repairs to the electric machine or consider its breakdown a sign from heaven that I should gaffiate.

You editors are to be envied for having pets who sit somewhat precariously on your shoulders. All I have in that area when I'm engaged in fanac is a pain in the neck, a momento left over from an ill-advised campaign this past summer to pack away loose fanzines. The other legacies of this adventure are a sore left foot and a pulled muscle in my right hip. I couldn't find a video exercise tape to condition me for the special types of exertion involved in boxing up stacks and stacks of fanzines, and this is the result. In fact, I've not even owned a pet since my boyhood cats. I've wished from time to time in recent decades I had the companionship that a cat or dog could provide. But I've lost so many human relatives and friends that I just can't bear to think of the danger that I might outlive a pet

I'd grown fond of.

I believe this issue of *Under the Ozone Hole* is the first place I've seen the word about the death of Fred Gwynne, or if I read about it previously, I didn't connect him with Muldoon. I loved *Car 54? Where Are You?*, videotaped a few episodes, and wish desperately that Nickelodeon would restore it to its nighttime lineup of old sitcoms.

Robert Runte (this typewriter doesn't have accent marks)'s article in this issue is almost sure to show up in a best-of-the-year fanzine writing anthology someday. Of course, I cause his chain of logic to break down somewhere near the end when he speaks of fans with no pets in terms of opportunities to attend cons. But I do write LoCs.

The photograph of Alexander's letter proves one thing: Ender isn't as hard on items sent through the mail as the U.S. Postal Service is. One Christmas card I received last year had a bite taken out of one edge. It could have been caused by nothing except a human mouth chomping down on one side. I have received as little as six square inches of one page of a fanzine in a body bag accompanied by a note expressing regret that the remainder couldn't be delivered.

Perversely after I wrote the LoC published in [UTOH #5], I read the two sequels to *Rendezvous With Rama*. The first of them wasn't too bad, but I would put *The Garden of Rama* in any list of the ten worst science fiction novels of all time that I might compile. I can't believe Arthur C. Clarke had much to do with it except for giving permission to put his name on it.

I suspect the media play a big part in the length of presidential elections. Eighteen months or so before the nominating conventions, they are already running feature stories and taking polls and interviewing politicians and possible candidates for nomination by the two principal parties. Often something in these premature broadcasts and articles angers politicians enough to respond with a rebuttal, and one or two individuals listed as possible candidates deny that they have any such intention, and this touches off another round of publicity for the far-off campaign. Before you know it, a few people who weren't mentioned among prospects begin to announce that their hats are in the ring, and after the news and manufactured news becomes self-sustaining and major candidates and their supporters decide it's time to start sending press releases and making speeches to avoid being left behind, and there you are. A gentleman's agreement among politicians to avoid mentioning the

campaign or issuing propaganda until perhaps six months before the conventions would be very beneficial to the man in the street who becomes sick and tired of presidential politics many months before it's time to go to the polls.

Your how-we-did-it explanation of the cover was welcome, not only for the information it contained but also for the chance to look again at the female models. It also gave me a feeling that I really should get back into photography again. I intended to begin using my camera again when I retired and eleven years later, I still haven't gotten around to it. I did a good bit of newspaper photography years ago and resorted to your sort of manipulation: once I put Santa in his sleigh soaring over the annual Christmas parade, and sometimes borrowed someone's head from one photograph to use on another take of the same scene when neither negative had the right exposure on all the faces. The only time I got into trouble was the day I took a picture of a memorial service for President Kennedy at a local church. I laboured a couple of hours before I managed to produce a print that showed good detail for both the dim interior of the nave and the badly overexposed stained glass windows along the wall. It looked good in the newspaper, but everyone in the congregation wanted to buy a print and it would have taken too much toll on my time and nerves to repeat my dodging of the negative in order to create a large print that could be copied and duplicated.

The photo of the unborn horse is another fanzine first for UTOH, to the best of my knowledge. Not long ago I read about a fan who had his dog's vision problem cured with laser treatment. I tell you, science fiction is coming true before the arrival of the 21st century when marvels were supposed to begin.

The 2001 index is useful to me. I've been trying to acquire used copies of all the books spawned by the movie and I'd begun to fear I would never be sure if I have them all. Now I can educate myself on this matter, as soon as I can manage to retrieve all the copies I've stashed away in different stacks.

*{{Congrats on the Hugo, Harry!*

*I was explaining to Cath Jackel at NonCon about a plan Karl and I are hatching for a future UTOH cover involving a soon-to-be-born baby horse and a picture of Robert Runté, when she suggested that we publish a picture of the horse draped over my shoulders! Not in this lifetime!*

*I have to agree with you on the Rama books. The second one was okay, but Garden stank big time. But I'll still buy Rama*

*Revealed (though I'll wait for paperback).*

*You've redeemed my faith in human nature; I thought it was just Canadians who were sick of politics!*

*My 2001 list is not quite complete; there was at least one "production sketch book" for 2010, maybe even two. I didn't think they were worth getting at the time. And now, many years later, I still believe that.*

*— J.W.H.}}*

Joseph T. Major  
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U.S.A.  
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That well-known progressive concerned activist magazine *National Review*, edited by that well-known progressive concerned activist William F. "Envy That Rhetoric!" Buckley, Jr., also denounced the unseemly going-away gifts of the Mulroney administration. So you're not alone. (Do you want to be now?)

Of course if you want fannish pet stories there is always the time the kitten chose to crawl up James Blish's leg *inside* his trousers (pretty baggy there) until Blish hastily let it out through his fly. Then he looked through the window and saw an amazed neighbour who evidently had been seeing selected sections of the incident. Later on, or so he said, he encountered this neighbour on the stairs only to have her leave precipitately with the comment, "My God, ears!" See what you miss when you ignore the rich history of fandom? (See *The Futurians* by Damon Knight [p.118] for this thrilling wonder story.)

Reports from the Nielsen ratings indicate that *seaQuest* DSV came in second for its premiere, and while it did not keep that audience for the second week it still remained high in the ratings (tenth). Also from the September 24, 1993 issue is an announcement of the forthcoming *Star Wars 1-3*, apparently this time for sure due out between 1995 and 2000. Not to mention a glowing review of the *Star Wars Trilogy: The Definitive Collection* laserdisk for US\$250. With, of course, CAV, THX, behind the scenes stuff, and no new footage. \*SIGH\*

As Harry Warner must have LoCced those fanzines on soapstone, one can take his word as authoritative. Going on to another point, inferior sequels are an old problem, going all the way back to the *Illiad* and the *Odyssey*. (There were inferior sequels to them and that is why they were not

preserved.) As someone asked, what happens when the fans who liked AsimovClarkeHeinlein change reading material and even die out, and there are no new writers to step forward in popularity since any new writers only found popularity themselves writing sharecropped continuations of AsimovClarkeHeinlein?

"Is Gentry Lee a sharecropper? Or for that matter, Robert Silverberg?" asks the Other Editor. Well, given that Gentry Lee wrote sequels to *Rendezvous With Rama* by Arthur C. Clarke, and Robert Silverberg expanded "*Nightfall*" by Isaac Asimov into a novel, with minimal participation by the original authors, I would say so.

**Penguin Dip** is a fanzine combining play-by-mail play of the smashingly successful game of international politics *Diplomacy*™. The fanzine is produced by noteworthy but (I fear) getting burned-out fanned Stephen Dorneman and is available for its brief remaining life from him for The Usual at 53 Hill Road #705, Belmont, Mass., U.S.A., 02178.

The Other Editor asks Harry Andruschak, and presumably, others "[Who] designed your election process?" Well, nobody designed it, it just grewed. The original idea was that the voting public would elect persons of known probity and wisdom to the office of Presidential Elector, or the state legislatures would choose distinguished statesmen for that office. Then the electors would meet on some day decided by Congress and cast their votes for two persons; the person coming in first would be President, the one coming in second would become Vice-President. In cases of ties, the House of Representatives would break the tie; if no one received a majority, the House would pick from the top five (Article II Section 1 of the U.S. Constitution).

Well, the idea was also that there would be no factions, that the new nation would be spared the Tory vs. Whig party struggle of the decadent homeland. No such luck. The third presidential election in 1796 produced gridlock (does this sound familiar?) with President John Adams, a Federalist (a party formed by supporters of the Constitution), issuing imprecations against that godless Jacobin anarchist terrorist Vice-President Thomas Jefferson, a Democratic-Republican (a party formed from opponents of the Constitution), who was meanwhile issuing imprecations against that royalist tyrant oppressor President Adams.

In 1800 Jefferson won. Sort of. The Democratic-Republican electors voted for Jefferson and for Aaron Burr. All of them. Since one fellow was supposed to vote for

someone else so that Jefferson would come in ahead and become President that was sort of a slipup.

Worse yet, Burr began getting presidential ambitions. As mentioned above, the election went to the House which finally settled on Jefferson.

Shell-shocked, Jefferson sponsored the Twelfth Amendment, which separated voting for the two offices. (See Eric Lurio's *A Cartoon Guide to the Constitution* —if you can as it seems to be a dreadfully rare book—for an entertaining and informative recounting of all this and in more detail.)

However, one other Other Editorial comment seems a trifle naïve, namely that: "A year-long election campaign seems completely inefficient and distracting." Many would be immensely overjoyed if the campaign were to be as brief as one year. There are people already running for the 1996 election.

By the way, what assassination is the Other Editor referring to? Lee Harvey Oswald was not a "so-so marksman;" in U.S. Marine training he earned a rating of "sharpshooter," the second highest (between "marksman" and "expert") [John K. Lattimer, *Kennedy and Lincoln*, pp.127-8 and 292-4; Gerald Posner, *Case Closed*, pp.20-1]. And "in less time than the rifle is able to fire them" —nope. Dr. Lattimer test fired the assassination weapon itself and proved it capable of performing as advertised [Lattimer, p.394-305].

"[Causing] nine wounds in three people" — this is the first time I ever heard of anyone else having been wounded. The three wounds in Governor Connally and one (neck) wound in the President were caused by one bullet, the President's fatal head wound by another [Lattimer, pp.142-291, Posner, particularly pp. 273-83; see also Michael Baden and Judith Alder Hennessee, *Unnatural Death: Confessions of a Medical Examiner*, pp.5 - 91]. Similarly "four bullets accounted for," is another new one, since only two bullets (one and fragments of another) were ever found. [Posner, pp.323. 325-6 and 339-42]. And "shooting through a tree at a receding target" made it easier [Lattimer, pp.301-5 and Posner, pp.317-35 and 473-9].

Incidentally, Posner also reveals the final secret of the motorcyclist's dictabelt tape. Officer H. B. McClain, the officer identified by Blakey as having been riding the motorcycle with the microphone, has definitely stated that the sounds recorded could not have come from his microphone. Dallas sheriff Jim Bowles was at the Dallas Trade Center — the presidential party's planned destination [Posner, pp. 239-41].

Not too surprisingly, investigators have not looked kindly on this attempt to deprive them of their livelihood. Posner has received harassing calls and has been threatened with lawsuits [Newsweek, Sept. 20, 1993, p.4].

By the way, modern photo analysis techniques, investigating such features as film grain, can easily reveal whether a picture is a composite (**UTOH #5**, p. 19) or not [Posner, pp.107-9]. Just thought you'd like to know.

*{{No way! It's a real picture! I took it! Karl really was surrounded by women! It's true!*

*seaQuest DSV may have started big, but it's fading fast, down to around 40th or so. It's one of my guilty pleasures: it's dopey, silly, and corny... and I like it! Go figure.*

*I've been wanting to read Posner's book, and now I'll have to get it just to find out how shooting through a tree makes it easier to hit a receding target. I saw him and Dr. Cyril Wecht go at each other on Crossfire (no pun intended) on CNN, and frankly thought neither of them came off very well (of course, it is hard to get a word in edgewise on that show). I was particularly disappointed that Posner's new computer simulation/analysis was either unavailable or not desired for the program. (Incidentally, Posner is not infallible. On Frontline the other night, he claimed there was no evidence anywhere that proved Oswald and David Ferrie knew each other in the Civil Air Patrol, and further claimed they were not in the CAP at the same time. Frontline found a picture with both of them in it from the CAP.)*

*Now let me address some of your points.*

① Oswald And His Rifle

*You say Dr. Lattimer test fired the weapon and it performed as advertised. Was this before or after the F.B.I. adjusted the scope so that a target could be tracked properly? The Mannlicher-Carcano was called "a cheap old weapon...common, real flimsy looking..." by rifle experts testifying before the Warren Commission. Is this the type of advertising to which you are referring?*

*Also, a parafin test was performed on Oswald on November 22, 1963, the results of which indicate that while he may well have fired a handgun that day, he most probably did not fire a rifle.*

*Yes, in 1956 Oswald qualified (barely) as a "sharpshooter," but in 1959 on another range he scored just one point over the minimum required for a "marksman" rating, which is the lowest shooting grade*

in the Corps [Warren et. al., A Concise Compendium of The Warren Commission Report on the Assassination of John F. Kennedy, p.260]. Fellow Marine Nelson Delgado told the Warren Commission: "It was a pretty big joke because he got a lot of Maggie's drawers, you know a lot of misses." [Warren Commission Hearings, Volume 8, p.133; see also Sylvia Meager, Accessories After The Fact, pp.131-3] If nothing else, it proves that Oswald was an inconsistent marksman.

The Warren Commission could find no evidence that he had practiced shooting with his new rifle, so the conclusion must be that he pulled off the assassination "cold," so to speak, with a "cheap" rifle whose sight was badly misaligned. (Speaking of advertising, the Warren Commission published a "duplicate" of the ad that Oswald supposedly used to order the rifle from the February 1963 issue of *American Rifleman*. Why a duplicate ad and not the original? Because the original ad offered a "36" overall" rifle, whereas the duplicate ad offers a "40" overall" rifle, the same length as Oswald's supposed weapon.)

#### ② Nine Wounds in Three People

(To clear some of your confusion, first let me say that I refer to entrance and exit wounds as two separate wounds, even if caused by the same bullet. So while you refer to Connally as having three wounds, I would refer to him as having five.)

I'm surprised that someone as well-versed in Kennedy assassination lore as yourself hasn't heard of James Tague. He was standing by the triple underpass where he was struck in the cheek and very slightly injured by an object during the assassination. He and Deputy Sheriff Eddy R. Walthers found a place on the south Main Street curb where a bullet impacted [Warren et. al., A Concise Compendium of The Warren Commission Report on the Assassination of John F. Kennedy, pp. 165-166], and concluded he was struck either by a bullet fragment or concrete fragment caused by the bullet's impact with the curb. This is what created the need for Arlen Specter's "single bullet theory": If one shot was responsible for Tague's injury and another for the fatal head wound, then the third has to be responsible for Kennedy's back and neck wounds and all of Connally's many injuries (and have had the presence of mind to emerge nearly unscathed on a hospital stretcher).

One shot hit Kennedy in the back. The autopsy revealed that this wound was very shallow, two to three inches deep at most. Thus another shot is required to make Kennedy's throat wound. Governor

Connally was struck at least once. And James Tague was caught by the impact of yet another bullet. So now we have at least five shots, and the most Oswald could be responsible for is two.

#### ③ Only Two Shells

The Mannlicher-Carcano found at the scene can hold a clip capable of holding six cartridges, but it was found with only one live cartridge left in the clip and three spent shells on the floor. (No fingerprints were found.) Two shells showed marks indicating that they had been loaded into a rifle (not necessarily Oswald's) at least twice. One "had a set of marks identified as having been produced by the magazine follower" [Warren Commission, Volume 26, pp. 449-450]. (The magazine follower is the spring-lever that presses up the last cartridge in the clip.) This same cartridge also had a dent in its lip that would have prevented it being fired in that condition. While it had marks produced by the magazine follower, it didn't have the customary chambering marks that the other two shells, the live bullet, and all other bullets test fired from Oswald's rifle did [Josiah Thompson, Six Seconds in Dallas, pp. 188-195; Jim Maars, Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy, p.438-9]. Since one would presume that only the last bullet in the clip (in this case, the unfired live bullet) would be marked by the magazine follower, the only mark on the third cartridge that ties it to the rifle was probably not made on the day of the shooting. So we have a bullet shell that couldn't fire (and probably wasn't in the rifle on that day) at the scene of the crime. The highest number of shots that Oswald or anyone else in the sixth window of the schoolbook depository could have fired from that rifle is two.

#### ④ Four Bullets

A bullet was recovered at Parkland Hospital. (The Warren Commission claimed that this was the so-called "magic" bullet that supposedly went through Kennedy's back and neck and slammed through Connally, vaporizing four inches of rib bone and shattering his wrist, and wounding his thigh with a fragment. The autopsy surgeons originally believed that this bullet came from Kennedy and worked its way out of his shallow back wound during treatment in Dallas. (Of course, they had to change their minds the day after the autopsy when they found out they'd missed the front neck wound and had to account for it. Oops.) This bullet is nearly intact, in fact nearly pristine. No blood or bone tissue could be found on it, which is very unusual considering the amount of carnage it is supposed to have caused.)

The bullet that hit Kennedy in the head probably fragmented (bullet fragments were found in the limo).

Another bullet impact was found near where Tague was hit. So far, this agrees with the Warren Commission view; however, the Warren Commission either didn't know about or chose to disregard an apparent fourth bullet recovered at Kennedy's autopsy and turned over to the FBI.

FBI agents Sibert and O'Neill, witnesses at the autopsy, signed a receipt that stated, "We hereby acknowledge receipt of a missile removed by Commander James J. Humes, MC, USN, on this date." [Jim Maars, Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy, p.375; also David S. Lifton, Best Evidence, p. 558, p.590, pp. 648-9] (Humes did the autopsy, and the receipt was dated Nov. 22, 1963. Another receipt from the Protective Research Section of the Treasury Department, dated Nov. 26, 1963, acknowledges the original receipt dated Nov. 22. Also, on Nov. 27, 1963, two different New York papers carried reports that the bullet which hit Kennedy in the front of the neck was recovered during the autopsy [Jim Maars, Crossfire: The Plot That Killed Kennedy, p.375; also David S. Lifton, Best Evidence, p. 558, p.590, pp. 648-9].) Where did this bullet come from? It didn't come from the head wound, since that bullet fragmented, something that the other bullets didn't do (a different kind of ammunition?). Most probably, it came from the wound in Kennedy's neck. This, of course blows apart the Oswald/one-gun scenario, because we have four bullets officially accounted for: the missed shot (which impacted concrete and slightly injured bystander James Tague), the bullet which hit Kennedy in the back, the bullet that hit Connally, and the fatal head shot. (Of course, we haven't accounted for Kennedy's front neck wound, which must have come from the front.) Since only two shots likely came from the sixth floor window of the TSD (and even if three did come from there), four would be impossible. Ergo, there were at least five shots, and at least three shooters, two in the rear, one in front.

— J.W.H.}}

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

Greetings, Kohn and Jarl. Got another issue of UTOH, and finally got the time to write a letter. I've found work, a lousy job and lousier pay, but it's lasting longer than



UI. St. Peter, don'tcha call me 'cause I can't go, I owe my soul to the company store....

Pop-Tarts, Froot Loops and Cap'n Crunch. A balanced breakfast, no doubt. Always trust brand-names, except for President's Choice Decadent Chocolate Chip Cookies. They're the best. And, I don't have a pet. However, at the last con I was at (Con\*Cept in Montréal last weekend) I ran into three fans with dogs before I found a fannish cat. ("Wuff" to Cyber, Yakima and Boomer, and "miao" to Thea the Siamese. All this may blow Robert Runté out of the water. Time will tell. Then again, I have no pets. Ahem....)

Once again, Paramount is milking the Star Trek cash cow for all it's worth, which is yet to be ascertained. I gather a fourth series will focus on Starfleet Academy. I can see a movie marquee ... Starfleet Academy 2 - Planet Under Siege! Sorry, it's the fatigue.

I guess I'm harping on east-west too much... remember, guys, I used to live in Victoria, too. And Qualicum Beach, as well. I encourage eastern fanzines to print up western news, too, and that's one of the reasons the Ottawa and Montréal clubs want your zine and BCSFazine. I want fannish news to cross the country because the attitudes that caused the old saying "Let the eastern bastards freeze in the dark" are just under the surface these days and I want some sort of national unity in even this snail interest. I want Calgary to know about Ottawa, Montréal to know about Vancouver, and I also want Toronto to publish, and I want a national zine to publish national news. Sorry to grate with my concerns, but I feel they are real. Perhaps I just miss Maple Leaf Rag and New Canadian Fandom.

That's it for now. Time just doesn't allow for anything else. Go Blue Jays!, and I'll sign off. Take care.

*{{Pop-Tarts are the essential Convention Food. I never go to a convention without them.*

The "Starfleet Academy" rumour is once again just that — a rumour. Then again, why shouldn't Paramount milk Star Trek for all it's worth? And a figure has been ascertained. I forget the source, but as of 1991 Star Trek has generated merchandise sales of over \$2,000,000,000!!!! And at least the next movie will be a TNG movie. Much as I like the "old guard," I was fearing another movie from them could end up being Star Trek VII - From Beyond the Grave, or Star Trek VII - We're Dead, Jim, or Star Trek VII - The Search for Geritol, or Star Trek VII -

Toupées, Corsets and Depends or Star Trek VII - The Dentures Slip or Star Trek VII - The Nursing Home....

*Perhaps those attitudes you mention are no longer beneath the surface. Witness the showing of the Reform Party in the election. Preston Manning may call it a national party but western voters sure see it as a "screw the east" party.*

*We miss Maple Leaf Rag and New Canadian Fandom, too!*

*Your points are quite valid, Lloyd. I think that in previous letters you seemed to imply that the absence of (for example) eastern news in a western zine was almost a deliberate slight (at least to this editor). It all goes back to that age-old theme of fannish communication, which, of course, was one of Garth's favorite topics in Maple Leaf Rag, which only goes to show how the more things change, the more they stay the same. Or to mangle a Bob Seger song, we still don't know now what we didn't know then.*

— J.W.H.}}

Bob Johnson  
Address Unknown

Time was you could write a letter to a zine and before you knew it unexpected things happened. Surely Canadian fandom can survive what some refer to as "feuds" in the sense of what others take to be more or less trivial. Seen from another perspective this problem can propagate itself into a juxtaposition much like that encountered by those who would attempt to use IQ tests to measure intelligence.

Serious retrospection has thus far revealed a truly astonishing wealth of ideas from fans. Unless we can integrate these thoughts to a point where relevance and motivation can find a common ground then the exercise is pointless. Troublesome as it is, issues such as this can formulate the basis of intensive analysis into that which fandom could be better off for. Unless a concerted effort is not only started but maintained, the presence of external contrary influences could decrease the value of what we're trying to accomplish here.

It has been said that "organization without enthusiasm is like fanzines without fans." When this is realized there is no returning to points before this. Could we now pretend say that a tree farm is the same as an old growth forest? Of course not, and that annologistly shows my point. Retrospection doesn't let you go back, only to learn from it if you know what to look for. Shows featuring time travel don't help,

even those who know it's nonsense still have parts of their brain working as if it weren't. Look around you if you don't believe me.

*{{Normally, I'd tend not to agree with the general thrust of what I interpret you were most probably not trying to say. In this case, however, I must beg to differ, or beg for scraps of food; that is, conversation is only communication, for the sake of this discussion. If not, why not? If so, how so? Do you have all the answers? I can say so perhaps with near-certainty. Or can I?}}*

—J.W.H.}}

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

So Bubba Johanson's got himself a modem, has he? Well, Bubba, it was nice knowing you. I expect I'll never see you face-to-face again so have a nice life (such as one can when planted in front of a computer all day).

Interesting to note Bubba Runté's mention about cats being substitutes for children to female fans. Indeed, I know someone similar to that. Anyway, what I'd like to know is if anyone has come up with an effective substitute for spouses? If not... but I digress.

For the record, despite allergies I am a cat person (although I have owned hamsters in the past). Currently I have no pets of my own, although my sister owns a dog, a rabbit and some fish. (Whaddya say about rabbits, Bubba?)

Well, I think a lot of hearts broke into a thousand pieces when Canada's first fanzine pinup, Bubba Atkins, got married (which kinda makes me wonder if the pinup shot had anything to do with it). Anyway, congratulations, Bubba, and have a nice life.

Yes, Bubba Johanson (the *other* Bubba Johanson, the editor's sister — this is getting confusing!), these are trying times, but you seem to be coping with them better than some. Keep trying.

Is this the same Bubba D. Clarke that I know? I could've sworn Bubba was guitarist for Def Leppard, not Boston. Oh, well... Hi, Bubba, and nice article!

As I mail this, it's election day. Can't wait to see what you guys have to say about tonight's results.

Anyway, nice zine once again. Talk to ya later.



*{{Sorry to correct you, but Bubba Atkins was not Canada's first fanzine pinup. That honour goes to Bubba Bandersnatch, poster girl for Worldcon '89 at Myles' House (a copy of which is enclosed if we remembered). FYI, Bubba Bandersnatch left fandom and is now auditioning dancers for Bubba Madonna.*

*Yes, Bubba, he's the same Bubba Clarke you know. Gosh, small world, isn't it?*

*And with regards to your DNQ query: Unless the police actually caught you in the act, they can't prove anything. Just to be safe, though, I'd burn the film, the videos, the transcripts and the billiard table immediately. And I'd move the cow out of the garage.*

— Bubba W.H.}}

Laura Houghton  
1760 E. Windsong Drive  
Phoenix, Arizona  
U.S.A.  
85048

Dear EDITORS,

Small furry animals of no known antecedents are taking over our nation, nibble by squeaking nibble. I feel this is a catastrophe of proportions, one which employs the golden mean to ascertain the correct angle of attack.

But you, EDITORS, can stop this appalling infestation from achieving its full bottom-line implementation! Yes, EDITORS, act now to keep the furry hordes from overrunning our homes and eloping with our children.

Send no money now, EDITORS. Simply drop this letter in the garbage to begin receiving issues of **Rodents: The Toothed Peril** and we'll bill you later. And if you decide to cancel at anytime, EDITORS, the \$99.95 for a twenty-year subscription is fully refundable on a pro-rated basis excluding postage and handling and rodent food.

Act now, EDITORS — you won't regret it!

P.S. Great zine — mentioned me a lot. Great zine!

*{{Oh, rodents!! For a minute I thought you were refering to the Young SoCredits!!*

*Are you sure you aren't related to Bob Johnson? Maybe there are some married cousins you mutually know.*

— J.W.H.}}

Alexander V. Vasilkovsky  
Poste Restante, General P.O.  
252001, Kiev-1  
Ukraine

Here at last is **Chernobylization #6**, out after a lot of delays and troubles.

Please notice **UTOH** ad on page 29. This issue is sent to 24 or 25 countries, so you will be able to get your subscribers in as many countries as possible.

Unfortunately, neither Boris nor I have time to LOC **UTOH**. Economic situation urges us to work more to make ends meet, so no time for fanacs. I wonder what miracle helped us to prepare **Chernobylization #6** at last and to get a sponsor for printing.

So, publishing a fanzine in this country is such an adventurous thing that you never know what will come out of it all.

I hope you'll enjoy this issue and a lot of new subscribers will rush their \$12.50 cheques into your mailbox. Need I say that I've earned my Neat Thing? Can it be a book of my own choice? Okay, here is a short list of hardcovers, one of which is this Neat Thing: *Hatrack River*, Orson Scott Card; *Maps in a Mirror*, Orson Scott Card; *The Hound and the Falcon*, Judith Tarr; *Avaryan Rising*, Judith Tarr; *The King of Ys, Vols. 1 & 2*, Poul and Karen Anderson; *The Summer Queen*, Joan D. Vinge; *The Chronicles of Marvin Manyshaped*, Sheri S. Tepper. They may even be used but in very good condition. Lifetime subscription is available for a copy of *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* by John Clute and Peter Nicholls!! That's it for this time. I hope to hear from you soon.

Best witches.

*{{Thanks for the zine and the letter. As it happens, I needed some more bookshelf space and was planning to send you a book or two with this issue of UTOH, so Hatrack River should be in the same package as your copy of the zine. Perhaps some of our readers can fill the rest of your Christmas list.*

— J.W.H.}}

**We Also Heard From:** Ben Schilling (COA - 2615 Madrid, Apt. 1, Madison, WI, 53713, USA).

#### ERRATA:

Because Monica took a trip to the Excited States, she wasn't able to finish her usual bang-up job of proofreading last issue. A few examples bear correction here: ❶ *The Lost Worlds of 2001* by Arthur C. Clarke was, of course, first published in 1972, not 1992; ❷ The equation in the last

line of Philip Freeman's proof of the Johanson Twin Prime Conjecture should read  $2 \times 3 = 6$ , not  $2 + 3 = 6$ ; and ❸ Monica took me to task about a line in my editorial about the Senate which read "The Tory Senate leader...[claimed] that more than half the Senators which voted for the package were Liberal." She said that I should've used "who" instead of "which" because in this case "who" refers to people and "which" refers to animals and inanimate objects. I said I was taking about the *Senate*, for Ghod's sake, and she conceded the point.

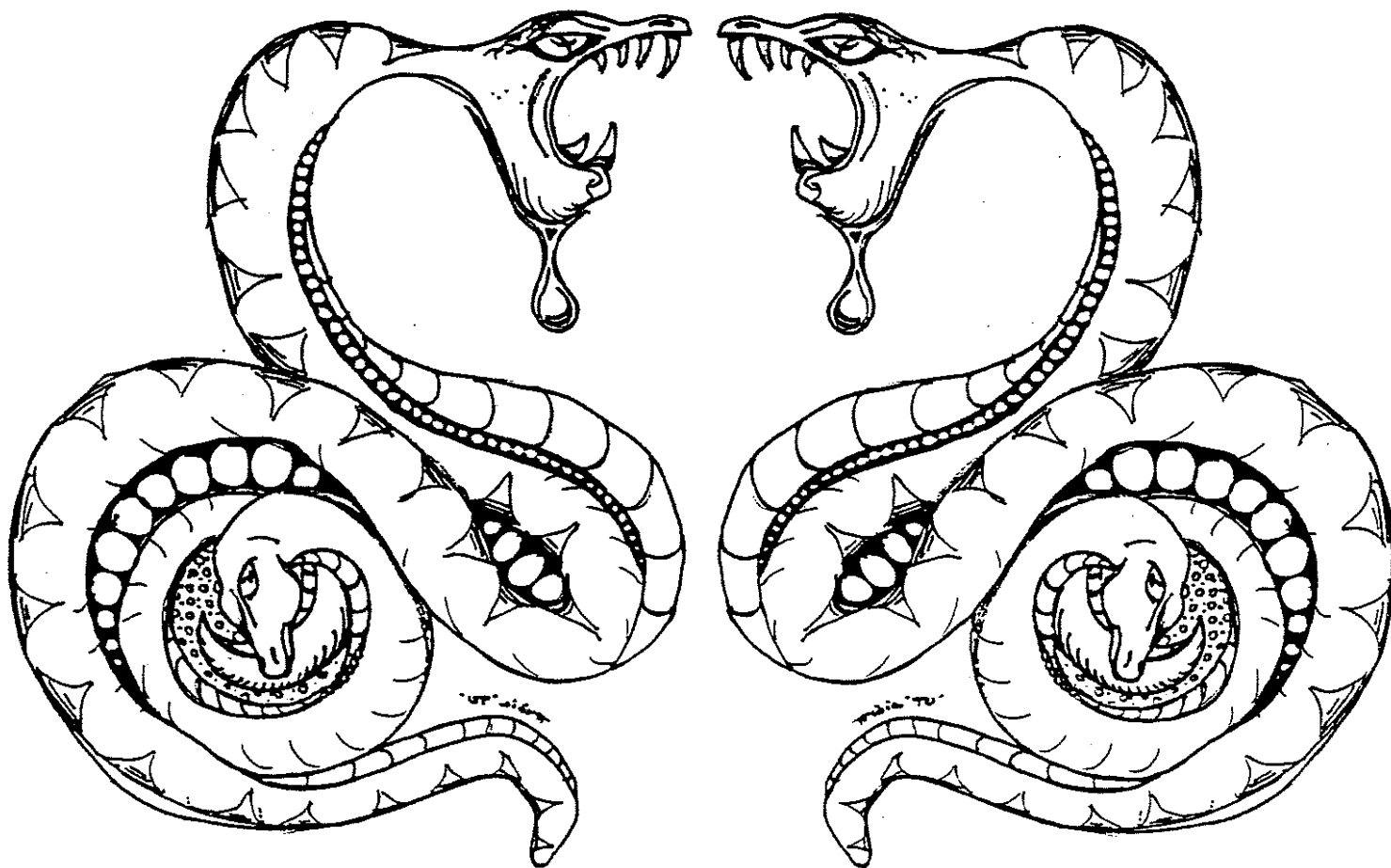
— J.W.H.

#### NEAT THING:

Hundreds of people... actually more like dozens... well, a couple of folks... um, we nearly got asked by someone, "Exactly what free neat thing will I get with my subscription to **Under The Ozone Hole**?" Well, we can't tell you that (it would ruin the surprise); however, we can tell you some of the things your free neat thing won't be:

Spork, tinsel, duck feathers, Lucky Charms, rap music, gum, designer golf tees, pudding of any sort, cheese wrappers. Mr. T's cereal, Smurfagetti, those things you stick oars through on row boats. Expo '86 commemorative sand blasted mirrors, nose plugs, a John Turner House of Commons Seat Warmer™ (hardly used), coaxial cable, figs, pigs, a pack of cigs, cottage cheese containers, pictures of Richard Nixon, belts with smarmy designs and huge buckles with trucking firms' names on them, dickfirs, lard, used flash cubes, kitty litter, empty pump action toothpaste containers, Lego that I left on the floor and Ender chewed on, Commonwealth Games '94 official condoms, axle grease, a henway, bear-shaped cheese whiz jars, piecosts, Village People 8-track tapes, Luke Skywalker fridge magnets, a Senate seat, twist ties, greekurns, an "Elvis Lives" T-shirt, pomegranates, shoe shine rags, a rook, Liquid Weiners™, napkin rings, ET soap, Boba Fett posters, jello jigglers, red wigglers, or a copy of the new Kim Campbell home workout video ([How To Lose Your Seat in Four Months](#)).

— K.J.



## ODE TO THE STUBBY BY CHUCK BELL

I saw a most depressing sight in the liquor store a few years ago, and since it bothers me to this day I have decided to go public with it. A sign proclaimed that effective January 1, 1991, the venerable "stubby" beer bottle would no longer be valid with returns.

The news stunned me, and I spent some time staring at the sign. So much time in fact, that an old man with a strange gleam in his eye (and even stranger drool on his chin) seized the opportunity to claim my empties as his own and ensure himself another liquid lunch.

That didn't upset me too much, though, as I knew where he lived, having spent many an inebriated afternoon debating the finer points of Aristotle with him in the

dumpster. I was too concerned with the demise of the stubby to voice much protest.

Now, granted, the stubby had been discontinued by the larger breweries for some time by now, but I still harboured some secret hope that out there somewhere was a micro brewery determined to preserve a piece of Canadiana. For that is precisely what the stubby is: a part of Canada — as much so as the *Hockey Night in Canada* theme music, or sticking your tongue to a frozen door knob.

Who doesn't identify with the Roman empire the rows upon rows of *amphorae* dredged up in the shipwrecks so often featured in the pages of *National Geographic*? It is my firm belief that centuries from now, the Canada of the twentieth century will come to be symbolized by the noble stubby.

Even the Yanks, the people we love to whine about (our second favourite national pastime — after electing incompetents to office) thought we were wise to keep one standard shape in an effort to improve recycling efforts. Certainly in this age of environmental awareness, it seems prudent.

And there is another reason I mourn the passing of my little brown friend: can there be a better symbol for a country that so

prides itself on its non-aggressive nature than a beer bottle that is of absolutely no use in a bar fight? (Pasttime #3, by the way.)

An artistic analysis will further reveal the subtle strengths of the noble stubby. There are no asymmetrical "twist-off" ridges to disfigure the lip of the bottle, and the curvaceous slope is almost Rubenesque in its lush roundness. Sadly, the current (and aberrant, in my view) taste for slim "wimmen" has flooded over into another area I hold dear, and John Barleycorn now comes packaged in a container unworthy of him and his followers.

I like to think of myself as an average Canadian, which means that I have seen so much happen to this country in the last few years that nothing surprises me anymore. Additional "Bloops 'n' Blunders" on the part of our politicians only add to the sinking sensation already in my stomach or the wet feeling in my trousers. There comes a time, however, when individuals have to stand up for the things they believe in. My time is now. It's time to stand up and be counted. Time to be a man, a myth, a legume!!

Bring back the stubby.

{{Chuck Bell is a friend of Jono Moore's who misses the stubby.}}

# SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

## Steve Jackson Wins Suit Against Secret Service

Steve Jackson Games and its co-plaintiffs—Steve Jackson himself and three users of the Illuminati Bulletin Board—have won their lawsuit against the U.S. Secret Service. The decision was announced late Friday, March 12.

Federal Judge Sam Sparks ruled for S.J. Games under the Privacy Protection Act (PPA), saying that the publisher's work product was unlawfully seized and held. Under the Electronic Communications Privacy Act (ECPA), he ruled that the Secret Service had unlawfully read, disclosed and erased messages—despite their repeated denials that they had done such a thing. On a separate ECPA count, he ruled for the defendants, saying that taking a computer out the door was not an "interception" of the messages on it within the meaning of the law.

The judge awarded damages of \$1,000 per plaintiff under the ECPA, for a total of \$5,000. Under the PPA, he awarded S.J. Games \$42,259 for lost profits in 1990, and out-of-pocket costs of \$8,781. The plaintiffs are also entitled to legal costs, an amount which may well be in excess of \$200,000. Sparks' opinion was critical of the Secret Service's behaviour before, during and after the raid, calling the affidavit and warrant preparation "simply sloppy and not carefully done."

Steve Jackson commented, "I'm more grateful than I can say to the Electronic Frontier Foundation for making the suit possible. And since the government will have to pay our legal costs, the EFF will get their money back, to fight the next case!"

From an interview between Dave Panchyk and Steve Jackson at CalCon in Calgary in March:

DP: I was hearing last night that there's been a conclusion [to the Secret Service affair].

SJ: We did get a verdict in the case; the judge ruled in our favour. Which is great, but the government can appeal the decision and they probably will.

DP: I'd heard that the amount of the judgement was extremely small, considering that this is an American case.

SJ: The recovery was a little disappointing; we will get our court costs, and that's important. After costs we'll probably have a little over \$50,000. Which is better than a poke in the eye, but not nearly what we were damaged for.

DP: So there's been no official apology made?

SJ: Don't hold your breath.

DP: What's the most important thing you want people to know about this situation?

SJ: That law-enforcement agencies don't yet have it settled in their own minds what rules they have to follow when they suspect that there's something on a computer that they want to look at. Because they don't have it settled in their own minds, they're going to push it as far as they can and they're going to push it farther than the average person thinks is reasonable. So you have to watch that, and you mustn't let them panic you by saying, "Oh, we're hunting hackers, hackers are dangerous." Well, lots of criminals are dangerous, and that doesn't mean that people in either Canada or the U.S. lose their rights.

DP: I heard that your legal fees were underwritten by a software rights support group.

SJ: The Electronic Frontier Foundation.

DP: Obviously, they consider this an important kind of landmark case.

SJ: Very much so.

DP: The whole situation is a bit frightening, especially in the way in which they put your company out of business for however long it was.

SJ: The scariest thing of all this is that the Secret Service now admits we were never suspected of anything. But they thought they had the right, or at least the power, to go in and take our stuff, just in case it might have had some information that they wanted.

DP: So has this changed your perception of government at all?

SJ: It hasn't helped my attitude any. It's one thing to intellectually know that the government is a huge, mindless, dangerous beast. But it's another thing to have the beast step on you personally. Just remember, every time you hear of something like this, that's your tax dollars at work. You're paying for it.

—Dave Panchyk

While watching the recent (and excellent) movie version of *The Fugitive* we started wondering what ever became of Barry Morse, who played Lieutenant Gerard in the original series (as well as Victor Bergman on *Space: 1999*). He used to live here in the Victoria area about fifteen years ago when he was trying to start up a "Shakespearian village." That project died and we haven't heard of him since... until now. The former fugitive hunter and moonbase inhabitant will be in William

## 1993 Hugo Awards

Best Novel: (tie) *A Fire Upon The Deep*, Vernor Vinge, and *Doomsday Book*, Connie Willis;  
 Best Novella: *"Barnacle Bill the Spacer,"* Lucius Shepard;  
 Best Novelette: *"The Nutcracker Coup,"* Janet Kagan;  
 Best Short Story: *"Even The Queen,"* Connie Willis;  
 Best Non-Fiction Book: *A Wealth of Fables*, Harry Warner, Jr.;  
 Best Dramatic Presentation: *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, "The Inner Light";  
 Best Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois;  
 Best Professional Artist: Don Maitz;  
 Best Original Artwork: *Dinotopia*, James Gurney;  
 Best Semi-Prozine: *Science Fiction Chronicle*, ed. by Andrew Porter;  
 Best Fanzine: *Mimosa*, ed. by Dick and Nicki Lynch;  
 Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford;  
 Best Fan Artist: Peggy Ranson.

Shatner's TekWar tv-movie (airing in January).

Work is proceeding on Total Recall II, based on Philip K. Dick's "Minority Report.".... Tim Burton will not be directing Batman III. That job has gone to Joel Schumacher (The Lost Boys, Flatliners). Burton will exec produce. (They want Jack back....).... Stanley Kubrick is working on a new science fiction film that takes place in a post-greenhouse effect world. He starts filming next spring.... The Invaders is returning to tv on Fox.... So is The Outer Limits.... And The Man from U.N.C.L.E. is moving to the big screen.... And a re-make of Planet of the Apes is in the works.... Sony/Columbia will produce a weekly tv series called Rama Tapestry, based on the "sequelogy" to Arthur C. Clarke's Rendezvous with Rama by Clarke and Gentry Lee. Lee will write the pilot and co-produce; Clarke will be an advisor and technical consultant. Look for this in the fall of '95.

Larry Niven is working on the third Ringworld book. Late '94 or early '95 from Del Rey.

Star Trek: Voyager will premiere in January 1995 as the anchor of Paramount's new network. It follows the crew of a new starship, the U.S.S. Voyager, as it explores an uncharted part of the galaxy. Also on the Star Trek beat, Star Trek: The Next Generation may have an eighth season after all. Patrick Stewart has said a short eighteen episode eighth season will be filmed to fill in the gap that would have been created between the end of ST: TNG and the start of ST: V'GER. If this is true, then ST: TNG will have a shooting schedule that looks something like this: filming seventh season from now until spring, film movie in spring, then film eighth season leading up to movie in summer. Got all that? There's a quiz later.

## Obituaries

### Bill Bixby

Bill Bixby was a fixture on tv for many years, starring in almost a dozen different series. His first role was The Joey Bishop Show in 1962. The next year, he played reporter Tim O'Hara, the straight man to Ray Walston as the title character in My Favorite Martian. He also starred in The Courtship of Eddie's Father, Goodnight, Beantown, and The Magician. He will be best remembered as scientist David Banner, a man you wouldn't like if he got angry, in The Incredible Hulk. Since the mid-eighties Bixby had been concentrating on directing

and was working on Blossom at the time of his death. He was diagnosed with cancer in 1991, and doctors gave him only 48 hours to live in April after the cancer had spread, but he confounded their prognosis and went back to work, continuing to put in 12- and 14- hour days on the set of Blossom. "This cancer has to stop me, because I'm not going to stop," he said in October. He died on November 21, 1993. He was 59.

### Anthony Burgess

John Anthony Burgess Wilson was born in Manchester, England on February 25, 1917, and was brought up by his father and stepmother after his mother and sister died in the 1918 flu epidemic. At age 39, he began writing in earnest when a doctor incorrectly diagnosed a brain tumor and gave him only a year to live. His first novel, Time for a Tiger, was published in 1956. He will be best remembered for his 1962 novel, A Clockwork Orange, set in a crime-ridden Orwellian future. He died on November 25, 1993, after a long battle with cancer. He was 76.

### Raymond Burr

Raymond William Stacy Burr was born in New Westminster, B.C., on May 21, 1917. His parents divorced when he was six, and he and his family moved to Vallejo, California. He dropped out of high school and worked at many odd jobs. Work in radio led to a move to Hollywood in 1946. Soon he began finding steady work in the movies as a villain (he was the killer in Hitchcock's Rear Window). Genre fans will recall his role in the classic Godzilla (and the not-so-classic Godzilla 1985). In 1957, he tried out for the small role of the district attorney in a new courtroom series about a brilliant defence lawyer, based on a series of best-selling books. When the books' author, Erle Stanley Gardner, saw the screen test, he told the producers Burr should play the lead. "There's our Perry Mason." From 1957 to 1966, Burr portrayed the attorney and won two Emmys for his work, in 1959 and in 1961.

After Perry Mason, he played the wheelchair-bound detective Ironside from 1967 to 1975. In 1985, he returned to do the tv-movie, The Return of Perry Mason, which was the highest-rated tv-movie that year and which prompted more Mason movies. He did 26 in all.

Personal tragedy was not a stranger to Burr: his first wife died in a plane crash, his second marriage ended in divorce, his third wife died of cancer and his only child died of leukemia at age ten. Burr had had a series of cancer operations in recent years. He

died on September 12, 1993, of liver cancer. He was 76.

### River Phoenix

River Phoenix's parents named him after the river of life in Herman Hesse's Siddhartha. He appeared in such films as The Mosquito Coast, Sneakers, My Own Private Idaho and I Love You To Death. He was nominated for an Oscar for his role in Running on Empty. Genre fans will remember him for his role in Explorers, and his portrayal of a young Indiana Jones in Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade, and his breakthrough performance in Stand By Me, based on the Stephen King novella, "The Body." He was to have shortly begun work on the film version of Interview With The Vampire. He collapsed outside a Los Angeles night club and died of a massive drug overdose on October 31, 1993. He was 23.

### Vincent Price

Vincent Price was born on May 27, 1911, the son of a St. Louis candy manufacturer. While studying at the University of London, he took a dare and auditioned for a role in the play Chicago. He got the job. In 1938, he moved to Hollywood and stayed. He appeared in such films as Song of Bernadette, The Ten Commandments and Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine, but it was his horror roles for which he will be remembered, particularly The Raven and House of Wax, among many others. He also supplied a ghostly voice to Michael Jackson's Thriller and the voice for Dr. Ratigan in The Great Mouse Detective. He also wrote several art books and cook books. "I've just done everything, but I feel that I've had a good life," he said. "I haven't been as 'successful' as some people, but I've certainly had more fun." His last film role was, of course, as the mad scientist in Edward Scissorhands. He died October 25, 1993, of lung cancer. He was 82.

### Hervé Villechaize

Hervé Villechaize was born in Paris where he studied to be a painter. He took up acting after moving to New York, playing many supporting roles onstage and in films, including a role in The Man With the Golden Gun, but it was his role as Mr. Rourke's diminutive sidekick, Tattoo, on Fantasy Island from 1977 to 1983 for which he will be best remembered. His alerting call, "The plane, the plane!" became a national catch phrase. Villechaize had been in ill health for many years due to his underdeveloped lungs. He committed suicide on September 4, 1993. He was 50.

# FLASHLIGHTS & DEATH BY KARL JOHANSSON

When you pack to go camping, it's difficult to forget that the "enchanted packs of holding" in the dungeon games just don't exist. You can take the stuff you need and only some of the stuff you want.

Fortunately flashlights fit both the need and the want categories (they rank right up there with towels, which become more than froo when one has two dogs who enjoy swimming more than you do). I've found no better way of coping with subconscious fears than flashlights. I almost feel sorry for those who use guns to be less afraid. Guns usually just drive fears further into the subconscious where they become far more dangerous (unfortunately, usually more dangerous to others than to the owners).

I've got a bundle of flashlights and I do my best to take them all with me when I go camping. I've got about six of those 2 D cell flashlights, which will likely provoke predictable Freudian comments from at least one reader. (And no, I never suffer flashlight envy. Even when I see someone with one of those 17 D cell jobs, or even the ones with the back pack power supplies, solar voltaics rechargers, the midband receiver option and the jumper cables). I've got a metal case pen light with a retractable red lens (and boy are subconscious phantasmagorias afraid of that baby). I've got two of these big radar lamp lights which conveniently take the batteries our company sells for flashing lights on traffic barricades. I've also got a hand generator light which is nifty but your hand gets tired too fast.

On every camping trip we wind up toasting marshmallows. One of my earliest memories is of myself, my sister and bunches of my friends and cousins sitting around a camp fire toasting marshmallows. My cousin Kathy was so busy poking my other cousin Donny as she explained something to him that she didn't notice her marshmallow was on fire. After several "hey Kathy"s, and finally a poke from me, she noticed. Rather

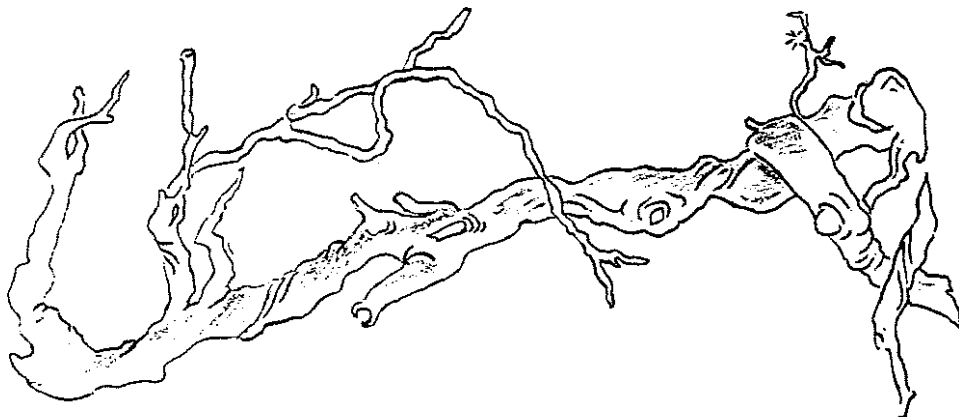
than carefully pulling her stick back and blowing out the flames, she shrieked and jerked the stick like a fishing pole.

This was my first experience with adrenaline-induced time distortion. I remember looking up and seeing this flaming mass of bubbling sugar slowly rise higher and higher until it reached its apex and began to descend. We all scrambled for cover to avoid this artificial meteorite. The adrenaline not only gave me the speed of thought and action necessary to avoid a second degree burn, it did something much more important. It allowed me to do a double backwards shoulder roll without breaking my stick or getting a speck of dirt on my marshmallow.

As I said, on every camping trip we toast marshmallows and thus on every camping trip I drink prodigious quantities of water before hitting the sleeping bag. So, I wake up every twenty minutes and barely manage to get to sleep again with a throbbing bladder I'm too lazy to empty. By 3:30 ideas occur to me like packing along a catheter and a long tube next year.

Eventually I roll over and my back hits the metal zipper of the sleeping bag and I know I've got about 35 seconds to get out of the tent. This is where flashlights are especially handy. As I walk to the facilities I invariably look at the sky. A clear night often brings wonder, fascination, awe. It can also bring the knowledge that I'm but a small and temporary part of a very large universe. A thought almost strong enough to make one forget about one's bladder. Smiling like a four year old with a safe clean marshmallow, I can't resist shining my flashlight at the stars. At 300,000 kilometres a second, the photons streaming out of my light clear our atmosphere in milliseconds and pour into space. Those photons I aimed and launched as a child may be touching nearby stars as I write this. Others may continue on forever.

A strange form of immortality, but a beautiful one.



Ottawa fandom is discarding the name **Maplecon** for their annual convention. They're looking for a new name, and are looking for suggestions. (Lloyd Penney)

{{How about V-Con?

— The Eds.}}

The National Library of Canada is planning an SF exhibit for 1995.

Mary Choo and Eileen Kernaghan had a reading of speculative poetry at the Maple Ridge Art Gallery in Vancouver. (Burnaby Writers' Society newsletter)

Paula Johanson's first book, a collection of essays on parenting called *No Parent Is An Island*, will be available in 1994 from Hummingbird Press (324 Silvercrest Dr. N.W., Calgary, AB). This collection includes "Trying Times" (from **UTOH #5**) and "The Creatures From The Old Movie Festival."

Sally McBride has a novelette coming in Asimov's in Spring, '94. It's called "The Fragrance of Orchids."

Dale Sproule has a story in *Northern Frights 2*, which is due out any time. The same story will also be in *The Year's Best Horror Stories 22*.

Speaking of Sally and Dale, they will be the first couple featured in a new series from Pulphouse Press on couples who write.

Rumour has it Mr. Science intends to do something drastic with a bowling ball in the near future. Explosives may or may not be involved.

**Fictions 5** has just been released by the BCSFA Writers' Workshop. Included are short stories by Vera Johnson, Lisa Smedmann, Alan Barclay, Doug Finnerty, Don DeBrandt, Peter Tupper, Fran Skene and Lisa Shepard.

Ottawa's SF Society has a new address: 251 Nepean St., Ottawa, ON, K2P 0B7.

Can-Con has lost money this year. Fund raising activities are being held to

make up the shortfall. **Can-Con 94** is still go (see convention listings). (ConTract Vol 5 #5)

"A Unicorn Lives In Vancouver Press" is looking for poetry on any subject and any length. There is a request to avoid hate mongering or pornography. Michaelann C. Dahlman, 1910 Diamond Rd., Garibaldi Highlands, B.C. V0N 1T0. (Burnaby Writers Society newsletter)

of Gravity. 7:30 PM on Mondays and 11:30 PM Fridays.

Can fans Thomas W. Phinney II and Veronica J. Antal were married on August 28th. Best wishes to them both.

The CUFF (Canada Unity Fan Fund) auction at Conversion this year raised more than \$250.00. (ConTract Vol 5 #5)

An even more anonymous source than Cath Jackel has confirmed the anonymous rumour in **UTOH #5** that David New will be producing *The*

**Last Dangerous Neology**. This new anonymous source, David New (#105-11147 - 82nd Ave., Edmonton, AB, T6G 0T5), provided us with this information at Noncon 16. An unknown source suggested he is in need of submissions.

**Wolfcon / Convention 93** has shown a profit of \$3,400.00 (gee, Karl writes one bit on how cons can avoid losing money and look what happens). No **Wolfcon 94** is planned. (ConTract Vol 5 #5)

Yvonne and Lloyd Penney are running the fanzine lounge at **Conadian**. They want input (advice, sage words, tips, things you'd like to see, etc.) Write 'em, already. (See lettercol for address.)

Gerry Truscott has resigned as General Editor of Victoria's own Tesseract Books. He plans to pursue a writing career.

The film version of William Gibson's short story "Johnny Mnemonic" (the film will have a different name) started filming in November, starring Dolph Lundgren and Ice-T. William Gibson scripted. (In other Gibson news, in an interview in **Monday**, he bemoaned some fans' plans to type his latest novel, *Virtual Light*, onto computer nets. He was worried that he might become known as the Garth Brooks of science fiction.)



And while we're doing some shameless plugging, let's also mention that The Knowledge Network here in B.C. has picked up TVOntario's wonderful show, *Prisoners*

# CONVENTION LISTINGS

## 1993

### NOVACON '93

November 5 - 7  
Holiday Inn  
Halifax, Nova Scotia  
GoH: Katherine Kurtz.  
Novacon, P.O. Box 1282,  
Dartmouth, NS, B2Y 4B9

### PSEUDO OPUSCON

November 12 - 14  
Howard Johnson Hotel  
Oakville, Ontario  
D.Lloyd Gray, 3325 Tallmast Cres.,  
Mississauga, ON, L5L 1G1

FilkOntario, 302 College Ave. W., Unit  
20, Guelph, ON, N1G 4T6

### CANCON '94

May 13 - 15  
Delta Ottawa Hotel  
Ottawa, Ontario  
GoH: S.M.Stirling.  
CanCon, P.O. Box 5752, Merivale Depot,  
Nepean, ON, K2C 3M1

### KEYCLONE '94

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

TT8, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65 Front  
Street W., Toronto, ON, M5J 1E6

### CONADIAN

**52nd WORLD SF CONVENTION**  
September 1 - 5  
Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
GoH: Anne McCaffrey, Artist GoH:  
George Barr, Fan GoH: Robert Runté.  
Non-presupporting Attending  
Memberships: \$125 until Dec. 31/93  
Conadian, Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB,  
R3C 4A7

### CANVENTION 14

September 1 - 5  
Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Held concurrently with **Conadian**  
Info: Diane Walton, (403) 924-3540.

## 1994

### ONOCON '94

February 17 - 21  
Calgary (Anyone know where?)  
GoHs: Martine Bates, J.Brian Clarke;  
ArtGoH: Marci Doerksen; FanGoH:  
Bonnie Liesemer Dewar, Powdered  
Toastmaster: C.Michael McAdam.  
Onocon '94, Box 57082-2525-36 St. NE  
Calgary, AB, T1Y 6R4

### RHINOCON 3

March 19 - 21  
London, Ontario  
CANCELLED.

### ODYSSEY TREK '94

March 18 - 20  
Skyline Brock Hotel  
Niagra Falls, Ontario  
GoHs: Siddig El Fadil (Dr. Bashir),  
Robert O'Reilly (Gowron).  
Odyssey Trek, P.O. Box 47541, Centre  
Mall, Hamilton, ON, L8H 7S7

### ST CON 94

March 18 - 20  
Quality Hotel Downtown  
Calgary, Alberta  
GoH: Lolita Fatjo (ST:ING/ST:DS9 pre-  
production).  
ST Con 94, Box 22188 Bankers Hall,  
Calgary, AB, T2P 4J5

### FILKOntario 4

April 15 - 17  
Regal Constellation Hotel  
Etobicoke, Ontario

### 1994 INTERNATIONAL SPACE DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE

May 26 - 30  
Regal Constellation Hotel  
Toronto, Ontario  
1994 ISDC, 107 Evans Avenue, Toronto,  
ON, M6S 3V9

### AD ASTRA 14

June 17 - 19  
Sheraton Toronto East Hotel  
Toronto, Ontario  
GoHs: L. Sprague de Camp, Catherine  
Crook de Camp, Diane Duane & Peter  
Moorwood; Fan GoH: George Laskowski.  
Ad Astra 14, P.O. Box 7276, Station A,  
Toronto, ON, M5W 1X9

### FESTIVAL SCIENCE FICTION

July 2 - 3  
Holiday Inn  
Pointe Claire, Québec  
GoHs: John de Lancie, Majel Barrett.  
Festival Science Fiction, P.O. Box 311,  
Station B, Montréal, PQ, H3B 3J7

### CON-VERSION XI

July 22 - 24  
Calgary, Alberta  
Marlborough Inn  
GoHs: Frederik Pohl, Marion Zimmer  
Bradley. CanGoH: Sean Russell.  
Con-Version 11, Box 1088, Stn. M,  
Calgary, AB, T2P 2K9.

### TORONTO TREK 8

Regal Constellation Hotel  
Toronto, Ontario  
GoHs: Majel Barrett, Garfield and Judith  
Reeves-Stevens.

## 1995

### INTERSECTION

**53rd WORLD SF CONVENTION**  
August 24 - 28  
Scottish Exhibition and Conference  
Centre  
Glasgow, Scotland  
GoHs: Samuel R. Delaney, Gerry  
Anderson.  
Canadian Agents: Lloyd and Yvonne  
Penney, 412 - 4 Lisa Street, Brampton,  
ON, L6T 4B6  
U.S. Address: Theresa Renner, Box  
15430, Washington, DC, USA, 20003  
U.K. Address: Bernie Evans, 121 Cape  
Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West  
Midlands, B66 4SH

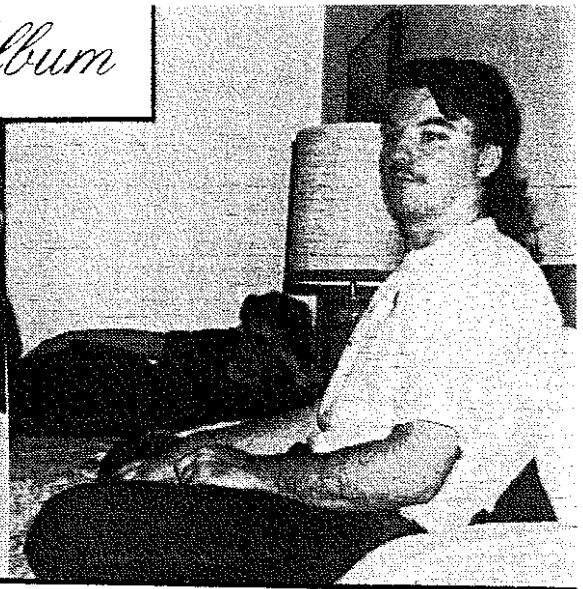
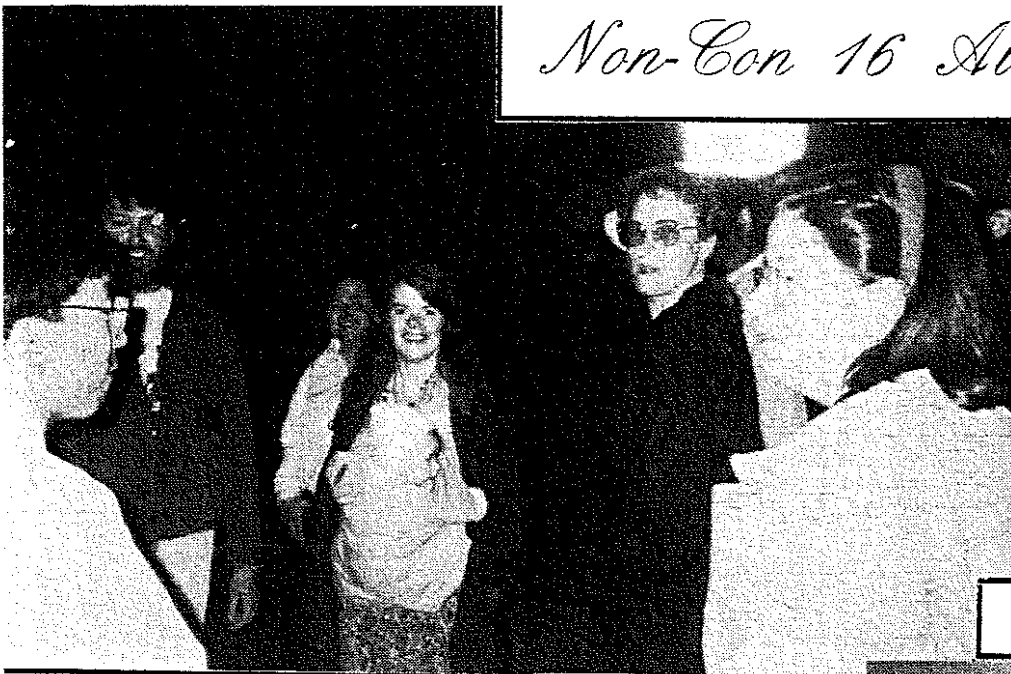
## 1996

### L.A. CON III

**54th WORLD SF CONVENTION**  
August 29 - September 2  
Convention Center, Hilton Hotel &  
Towers, Marriott Hotel, Anaheim,  
California  
GoH: James White; Media GoH: Roger  
Corman; Fan GoHs: Takumi and Sachiko  
Shibano; Special Guest: Elsie Wollheim;  
Toastmaster: Connie Willis.  
L.A.Con III, c/o SCIFI, Box 8442, Van  
Nuys, CA, USA, 91409.



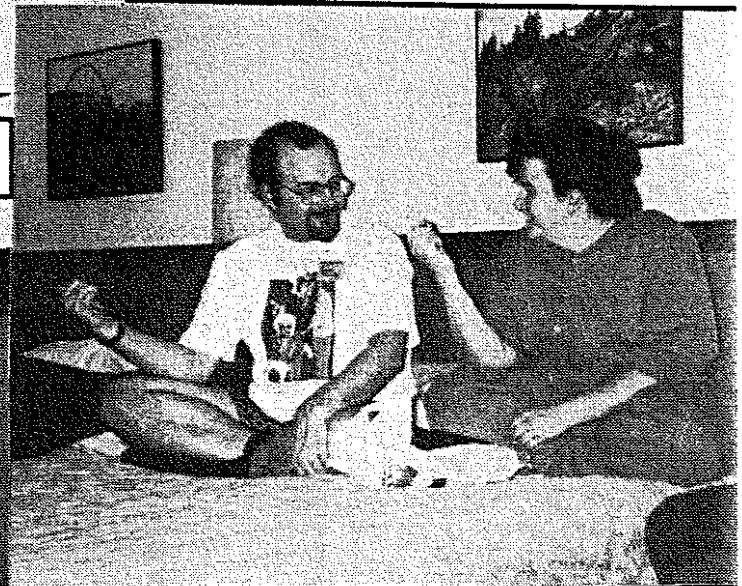
# Non-Con 16 Album



Karl enjoying Robert's Runté's hospitality.

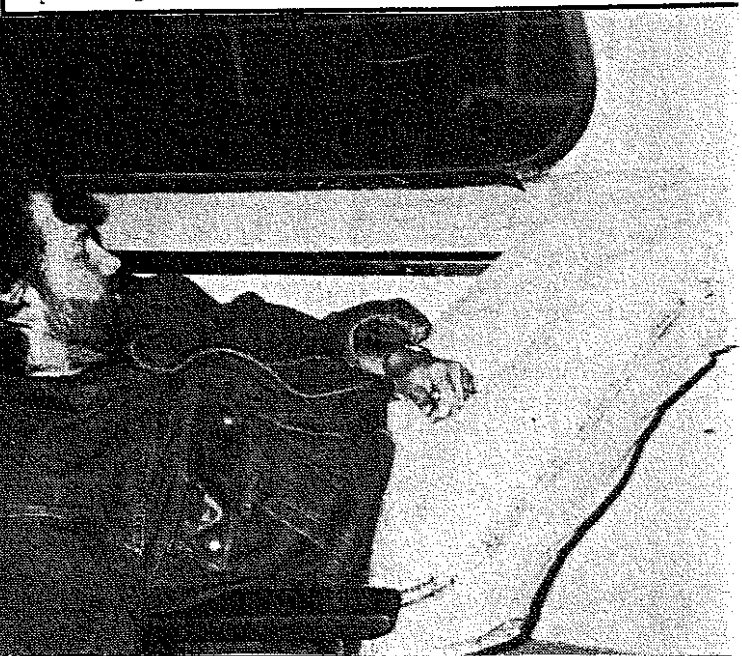
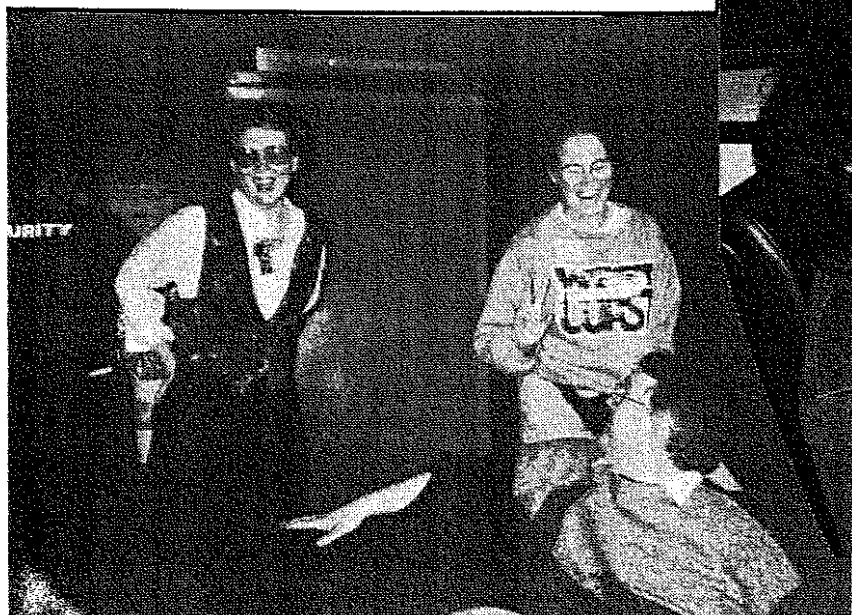
NON-CON 16 - The Search for an Open Restaurant.

Sean Stewart also enjoying Robert's hospitality.



Tom Phinney and Veronica Antal demonstrate how they plan to get home.

Hmmm. Karl has a camera. And-- wait! Runté-sense is tingling! I'd better see what Cath and Stephanie are doing behind me!"



Yes, John can drive from Calgary to Sooke in a day! (However, a nap on the ferry is recommended.)

# REVIEWS

*The Flamingo's Smile, Reflections in Natural History, Bully For Brontosaurus, Ever Since Darwin, Wonderful Life (The Burgess Shale)*

by Stephen Jay Gould

Collections of science essays have long been among my favourite books. While discussing such collections at Noncon 15, Cath Jackel recommended Gould so I grabbed a few of his essay collections. One advantage of short essay collections is that you can leave one in the bathroom and get through an essay per trip if you speed read or are mildly constipated.

Gould is one of those writers with that amazing talent of making learning not just fun but fascinating. His use of analogies in teaching evolution science extend to a essay on whether baseball evolved or was created spontaneously (*Bully for Brontosaurus*). Gould also manages to provide the intricate detail necessary to accurately describe complicated topics without losing the reader in a sea of trivia.

The aspect of Gould's writing I most appreciate is his respect for others whose opinions are different from his or are now known to be wrong. Rather than attack someone who, say, believed that stratified rock formed during the Biblical flood and not over millions of years, he prefers to show their reasons for believing as well as the reasons they are wrong. Often firmly believed hypotheses which are now known to be wrong were based on sensible analysis of what was known at the time (for example, I know that the Earth orbits the sun [or rather, they both orbit a common centre of gravity very near the core of the sun] and not the other way around because someone told me so, not because I figured it out. With no evidence other than my eyes I would likely conclude the latter.) Gould's respect for other opinions falters only when he refutes pseudoscientific justification for racism. He quite eloquently points out that notions such as "caucasians have larger brains than negroes" are not only unproven but irrelevant.

Scientists are often accused of using the scientific method as a religion, and undoubtedly there are those who believe in scientific knowledge without understanding. There are those for whom white lab coats and science journals are as crosses and scriptures to a Christian. Gould, however, does not seem to take this true believer attitude to science. In the essay "Adam's Navel" in the collection *The Flamingo's Smile*, Gould talks about the work *Omphalos*

by Philip Henry Gosse (1857). Put simply, Gosse believed that the Earth was only a few thousand years old and that fossil and geological evidence to the contrary was put on Earth by God to grant the Earth a sensible past. In discussing and replying to this idea, Gould eloquently sums up scientific study. "Science is a procedure for testing and rejecting hypotheses, not a compendium of certain knowledge. Claims that can be proven incorrect lie within its domain (as false statements, to be sure, but also as proposals that meet the primary methodological criterion of testability). But theories that cannot be tested in principle are not part of science. Science is doing, not clever cognition; we reject *Omphalos* as useless, not wrong."

On December 1st Steven Jay Gould is to speak at the Orphium theater in Vancouver. Stephanie and I will be making the trip over and I hope to have a review of the presentation next issue.

— K.J.

## Dead Slow

a play by Catherine Girezyc and Tom Creighton

Catherine Girezyc and Tom Creighton collaborated to write the play *Dead Slow* for this summer's Fringe Festival in Edmonton. With director Brian Paisley (founding chair of the popular theatre festival) and some energetic local actors, the results were terrific.

*Dead Slow* was performed in the parking lot of a hotel near the Fringe site. This brilliant staging concept paid off in uncommon ways for the creepy murder mystery. For one thing, most of the pivotal scenes were set in parking lots. Also, early in the week the play was interrupted by a desperate man escaping from the hotel's bar. He was caught and hauled off by security, and the play resumed. *Théâtre vérité* lives! But for this reviewer the mood was set when the director spoke before the show, saying, "For your own safety, please do not leave your seats once the show begins." Why? well, there were a lot of entrances and exits between the stage and seating areas. As in motor vehicles. Expertly handled, to the relief of the front row.

The mood was set for the actions of a serial killer who kills only TV news anchormen, and for the search for the identity of the killer. The psychiatrist who interviews the prime suspect, his lawyer wife with a

pendant for handguns and the distracted TV producer all get lines reminiscent of *The Maltese Falcon* or *Adam's Rib*. 1993 style. Girezyc and Creighton wrote some excellent dialogue and caught the fancy of their audience. Even by the end of the week's run, no one was revealing the ending.

— Paula Johanson

## *Fossil Hunter*

by Robert J. Sawyer

Ace; \$5.99



The sequel to Robert J. Sawyer's *Far-Seer* is another cracking good adventure yarn. This time around in *Fossil Hunter*, Sawyer blends some elements of detective fiction with the science and sociology of the Quintaglios, his intelligent dinosaurs.

Asfan, the young savant who was the hero of the first novel, is still using his insight in the search for knowledge. Novato, the inventor of the far-seer, has called for an inventory and survey of all parts and resources of their Land while she works on learning to fly. And it is their son Toroca who co-ordinates the Survey and travels to the South Pole, a veritable Galápagos of new creatures.

While this story is not told from one viewpoint, Toroca is central to all that happens, both for his discoveries and for his unusual lack of cultural drives. If Asfan and Novato's children had been culled as all nestlings usually were, Toroca would not have lived. Have the Quintaglios been selecting for aggression as well as vigor?

In the previous novel, Asfan had wondered if his friend, the young Emperor Dybo, had been the best of that clutch of nestlings. This worry is brought to public attention and Dybo must put aside his abundant meals to deal with the challenge.

The role of the family in this culture in confusing for most Quintaglios. Parents are almost unknown, and no one has siblings except the Emperor and Asfan's children. The envy and anger of the common people, who have to cull seven of every eight nestlings, is a powerful thing and it is handled by the author with clear, energetic writing that will appeal to many readers of speculative adventure fiction.

— Paula Johanson



*The Harvest*

by Robert Charles Wilson

Bantam Spectra; \$15.00

*Gatherer of Clouds*

by Sean Russell

DAW; \$6.50

British Columbia speculative fiction authors Robert Charles Wilson and Sean Russell have produced fundamentally different works, similar in that both are eminently readable.

Robert Charles Wilson is one who has cemented a reputation for himself in the field with such works as *Gypsies* and *Memory Wire*. He is one of the few Canadians who has achieved success within the American market.

Wilson feels *The Harvest* is his most ambitious book yet, in addition to being the longest. It is certainly ambitious in scope: the entire human race is transformed by aliens into something no longer bound by physical bodies.

In terms of personal ambition, however, one hopes Wilson did not have his sights set so low.

For someone touted as a brilliant, original Canadian writer, Wilson has produced a book that feels more like an American novel — a good one, to be sure, but containing nothing really startling.

Americans, in their SF, are worshipful of the Neat Idea, an engaging scientific conceit. The 1980s cutting edge of SF produced the Really Neat Idea. Wilson works with an Advanced Really Neat Idea, but in doing so cannot transcend the boundaries of American idea-crazy SF.

Taken as is, *The Harvest* is a good novel — it's like a more mature and accomplished rewrite of Greg Bear's *Blood Music* and Arthur C. Clarke's *Childhood's End*.

The characters are of the kind that are usually stock types, but Wilson manages to provide a convincing amount of depth to almost all of them.

The action does take place in the United States, but primarily in one small town — all of the world that matters to most of the characters who have rejected the alien offer of transformation. The setting gives the novel more of a human scale, a refreshing touch.

While disappointing to those with critical standards, *The Harvest* remains a good read, a solid and enjoyable novel.

Vancouver writer Sean Russell probably never intended producing anything more than a good read with his two Initiate Brother novels. The second novel, *Gatherer of Clouds*, continues the grand sweep of the first book and brings everything to a

satisfying conclusion.

The two novels are set in a world based on feudal Japan. The setting is internally authentic and rich in detail without being derivative.

To its credit, the storyline is too complex to easily summarize. It is an involved epic that manages to keep the feel of a simple story. Great events mix with the drama of the characters' interrelationships.

*Gatherer of Clouds* flows smoothly and strongly, like the volume before it. The canvas is necessarily larger, as the events set up in the first book come to a head. As a result, some, but not much, of the focus on characters is lost. One who gets shoved aside by events is Brother Shuyun, the Initiate Brother of the first novel.

*Gatherer of Clouds* is a pleasurable book to read, a simple though not simplistic novel. It stands alone well enough, but anyone who likes fantasies or historical fiction with an Oriental flavour should get them both and read them together.

— Dave Panchyk

*Nobody's Son*

by Sean Stewart

Maxwell Macmillan; \$10.95

*Nobody's Son*, Sean Stewart's second published novel, is a superlative work that will erase all doubt that Stewart is this country's rising talent in speculative writing.

*Nobody's Son* bears all the marks of a good novel: excellent writing, lifelike characters, an interesting story, multiple levels of meaning — and it is highly enjoyable to read.

As a work of fantasy, the novel is strong enough to stand next to the work of Canadian fantasists Charles de Lint and Guy Gavriel Kay.

*Nobody's Son* is the story of Mark, a young man driven by the desire to become the one to rid the Ghostwood of its ancient curse. Whoever does so gets one wish granted by the current King.

This great quest is dealt with in the first chapter. The rest of the novel is about what comes after, as in "happily ever after." The completion of the quest is one golden moment, says Stewart, but afterwards, life goes on.

One of the major themes of the book is Mark looking to find a father-figure, and truly become an adult himself. In an interview from Vancouver, Stewart said this is inspired by his own experience: he grew up without a father in the house, but thought it didn't matter until he had a child of his own.

This made him examine his strong

drive to become a writer, a parallel to Mark's Ghostwood quest. Stewart realized that "driven people are driven by a particular thing. You think of it as being directed to something in front of you, but it's really whipping you from behind." Stewart points out that Mark is following the logic of the internal three-year-old who says to the absent father, "you were wrong to leave and I'll show you."

In looking for a father-figure, Mark also comes in contact with those who hold the lost wisdom of old men, that of death rather than the female purview of birth. Stewart's original treatment of "men's mysteries" strikes a more interesting and subtle note than the sound of drum-beating baby boomers.

Certainly, though, Stewart is too good a writer to let these things preoccupy the narrative. *Nobody's Son*, like any good novel, is like a pond: one can be perfectly happy looking at the beautiful patterns on its surface, or concentrate a bit harder and look farther into its depths.

The surface here is an enjoyable thing. The style of the novel has great charm, partly because of the plain-spoken protagonist. Mark speaks with a working-class accent, which underscores his unease with highbrow Court life.

If anything brings the novel down, it is its physical appearance. The cover illustration, a colourful triptych, is pleasing to the eye. The publisher, however, could have put more effort into the overall design of the book jacket. The outside doesn't do justice to the remarkable content of the novel.

Last year, Sean Stewart won two national awards for his first novel, *Passion Play*. It won both the Aurora as a science fiction novel, and the Arthur Ellis award as a mystery novel. This diversity and strength of talent will make Stewart someone to watch, and certainly someone to read in the future.

— Dave Panchyk



# SEAN STEWART READING

On Friday, November 17, the good folks of the U-Vic Science Fiction Club invited Sean Stewart from Vancouver to do a reading. The meeting started off in a room with eight or nine vending machines complete with noisy cooling fans. Faced with the choice of unplugging the machines or usurping an empty classroom, we chose the latter.

Mr. Stewart read passages from his recently published book *Nobody's Son* and from *Resurrection Man*. In the short section he read from *Resurrection Man*, I found myself becoming rapidly interested in the characters and very curious about what else happens to them in the book. Sean speaks in a very clear manner while imparting a great deal of feeling into what he is reading. The quality of the material he read, no doubt, also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening.

Not to leave the crowd with merely a great reading, Sean delighted all present with an assortment of interesting and humorous stories about the world of writing and publishing. The evening ended with a mass trip to a nearby pizza place where a general discussion about just about everything took place. My thanks to Sean and to the U-Vic SF club for inviting him.

—K.J.

{{I was unable to attend Sean's reading because I was down in Bellingham purchasing the American edition of Sean's novel *Passion Play*. Sean did accept this as a valid excuse.

--J.W.H.}}

