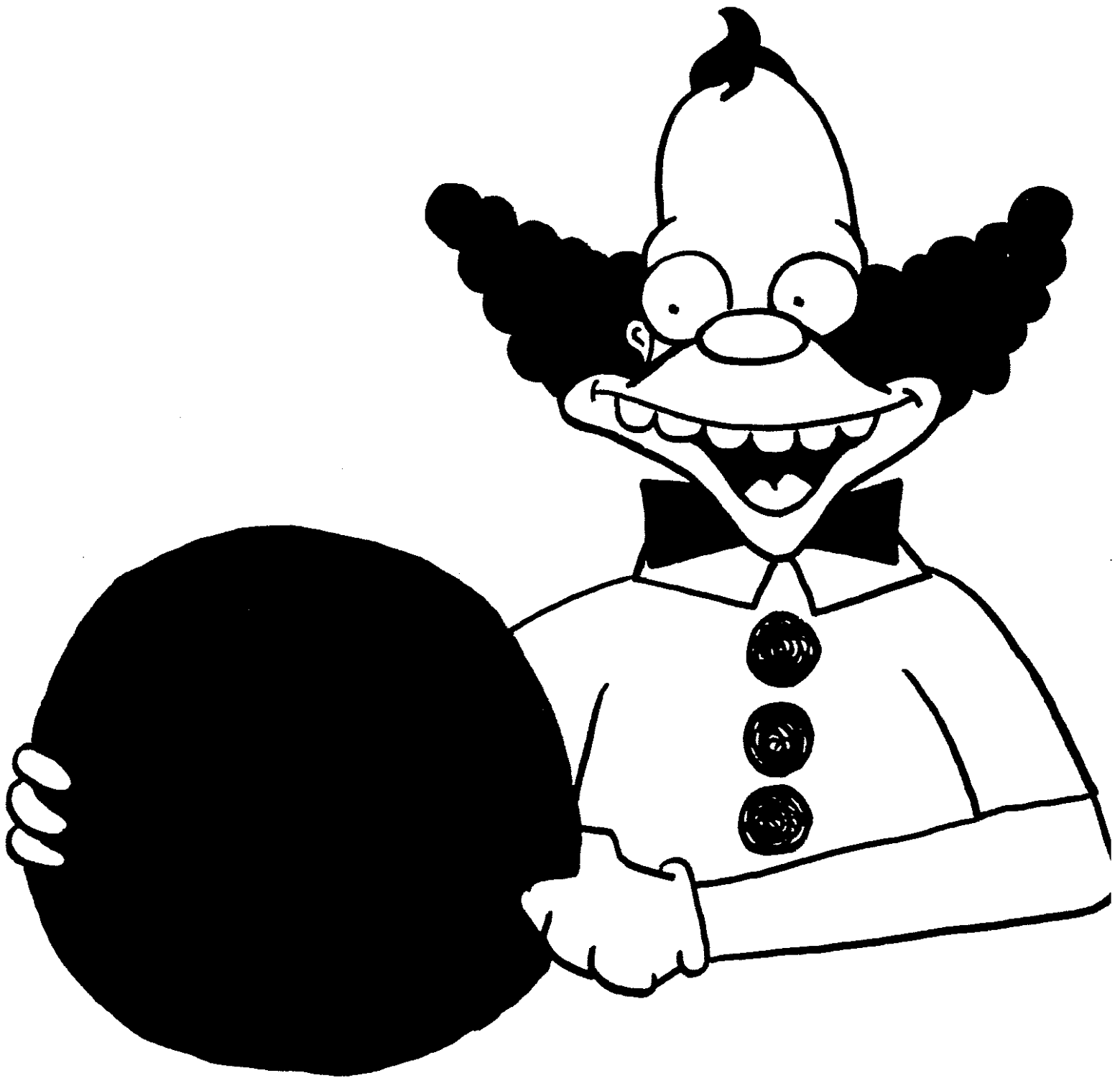


UNDER THE ~~BOZONE~~ HOLE

NUMBER ELEVEN • JUNE 1995



UNDER THE OZONE HOLE

NUMBER ELEVEN - June, 1995

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contributors. (So there, nyah.)

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All uncredited material is by the Editors (blame
them).

Opinions expressed herein are those of the
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The Ozone Hole**.

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WHY YOU GOT THIS ZINE:

- ___ Editorial Whim.
- ___ You're an Oilers fan and we feel sorry for
you.
- ___ We like you.
- ___ We don't like you.
- ___ You have secret fantasies about Barney.
- ___ John has secret fantasies about Barney.
- ___ Santa says you've been good.
- ___ You can remember the band Paul
McCartney was in *before* Wings.
- ___ Sir, there is a multi-legged creature on your
shoulder.
- ___ You know every Monty Python routine by
heart.
- ___ We need to hear from you, or this is your
last ish. Send money, a LoC, an article,
something!

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E.B. Klassen and Robert Runte.

Art

Barbara McLean: pages 3, 21.
All other art by Stephanie Ann Johanson.

About The Cover

Barbara McLean clowns around with the cover.

THIS EDITOR'S OPINION

by Karl Johanson

So, I was on my way to work a few months ago when I noticed something was wrong. The hair on the back of my neck did its best to make me look more menacing (a tactic of little use on a biped). I looked at the road, McKenzie Avenue. It looked right, although I wasn't sure I was on the right part of it. I looked at the houses, which struck me as very ordinary houses indeed. Then, for some reason, I looked down. And I realized what wasn't right with the world this particular morning. Upon looking down I came to the realization that I wasn't driving along in the truck, rather I was sitting on my briefcase which was hovering a metre or so in the air and keeping up quite nicely with the traffic.

I understand that one of the most common cliché endings for stories is "and then he woke up". Wishing to avoid this, I will leave it as an exercise for the reader to determine whether it was the top speed of the briefcase which made me late for work that day, or something else.

Speaking of work, I'm no longer making signs (for reasons which are far too boring to grace these pages). Knowing the current job market, I expected a reasonable period of unemployment before I'd manage to land a new job. My brain was filled with thoughts of the several hundred chores around the house I could start to catch up on. I figured I might actually complete a good two percent of the writing I've been planning for the last several years.

Two days into my unemployment a friend suggested I bring an application in to where he works. He told me they needed someone with some programming and writing experience to help make SF-related interactive multimedia CD ROM computer games. I reflected during the interview that this job site was a block from a bus stop (for a bus which picks me up half a block from my house) and within walking distance of at least 60 restaurants (about a dozen of which serve sushi). I began to suspect that this job was just a little too perfectly suited to an unemployed science fiction fan & wondered if my subconscious weren't manufacturing the entire scenario. While handing a back issue of *Under The Ozone Hole* to the man interviewing me I thought to look down to see if I was floating on my briefcase. I mean it's not really that common a tactic to bring your fanzine to a job interview. Turns out I wasn't floating on anything and I got the job.

THAT EDITOR'S OPINION

by John Willcox Herbert

You know, it seems as though just last issue I was thanking our readers, supporters and contributors for our second Prix Aurora Award. Now, thanks to the strange relativistic time dilation effect that is Canadian fandom, we've now won a third. So, I'd like to thank them all again! (For a complete list of people we thanked, see last issue. ☺) But seriously, folks, it is an honour to win again, especially against such great competition: *Bardic Runes*, *BCFSazine*, *From Beyond the Oort Cloud* and *Frozen Frog*. (In fact, Bernie says we should apologize to them for winning. It would be the Canadian thing to do.)

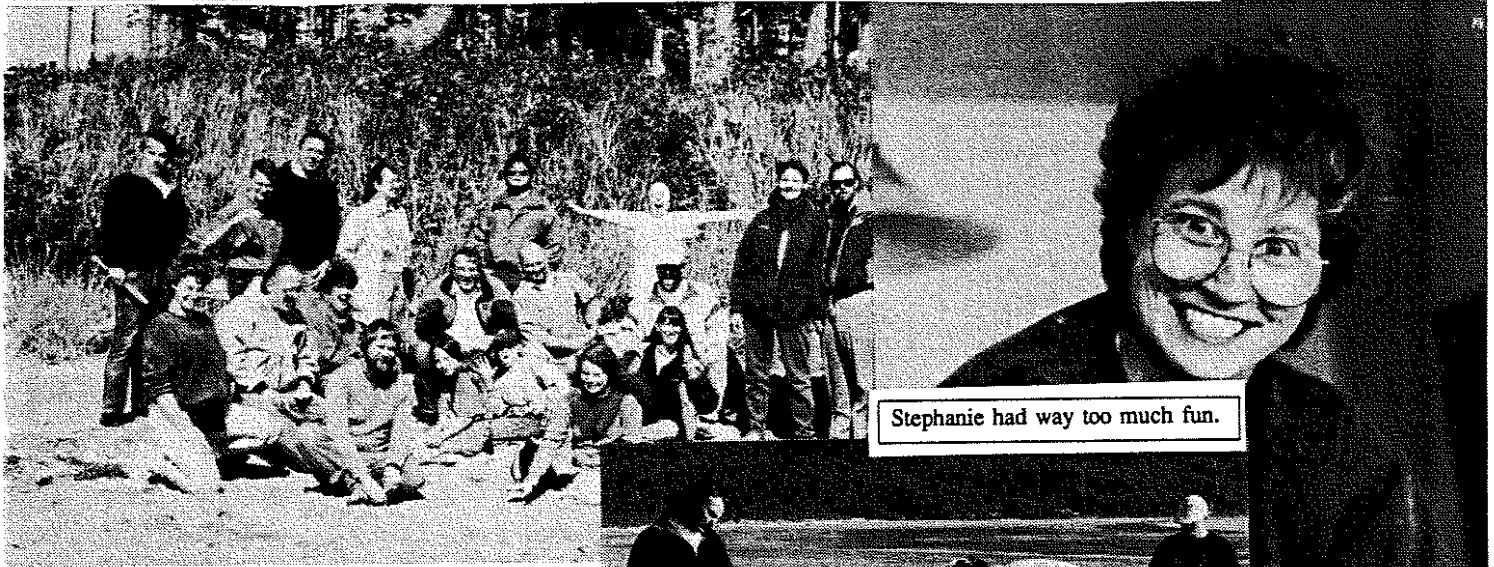
Now some of you may have noticed it's been about six months since the last issue of *UTOH* came out (not bad for an alleged quarterly, eh?). Spring just doesn't seem to be conducive to producing zines, at least in our case. And our schedule has been somewhat erratic, to say the least. Look at last year: our March issue came out in May, the next issue came out late August, the next came out a week later, and the fourth came out in December. But that's still four issues in a year, so we're still quarterly. Sort of.

But we have an excuse for our tardiness. Both Karl and I changed jobs this spring. (You can read about Karl's experience in his editorial.) I became the operator of a brand spanking new Chevron Town Pantry here in Sooke. The best part is no more 45 minute commute into Victoria. (My new commuting time is just 35 seconds. Don'cha just hate me now?) It's certainly been quite a challenge, not to mention a lot of fun, building a business from the ground up. (Not literally. I couldn't get in the place until about three days before we were supposed to open. But that's another story.)



CLAM SHOOT 1995

On the Beach: Clam Shooters party down at Long Beach. Standing (L-r): Karl Johanson, Richard Hough, Jon Wellington, Catherine Donahue Girczyc, Siu-Fai Tam, Paula Johanson, Laura Houghton and Blair Houghton. Sitting on the log (L-r): Stephanie Johanson, Bob Weir, Leslie Walker, Robert Runté, Bernie "Krome Dome" Klassen and John Willcox Herbert. Sitting on the beach (L-r): Phillip Freeman, Lila Klassen, Ben Klassen, Kathleen Moore-Freeman and Monica Herbert. Adam Charlesworth was the shutterbug.

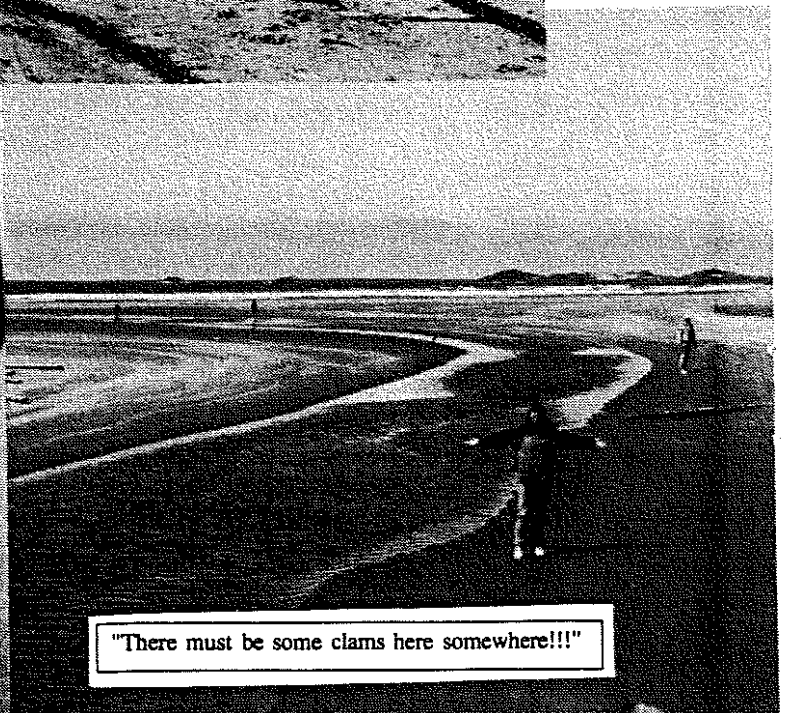


Stephanie had way too much fun.

John displays his winning form at the First Annual Long Beach Invitational. John set a course record of 27, including three holes-in-one. Karl and Adam look on in admiration.



Monica displays the only kill of the weekend.



"There must be some clams here somewhere!!!"

Cement, Technology, and the Last Surviving Panda in Captivity

by E.B.Klassen

For the last few months I have been working as a labourer for a stucco crew (don't ask why. It's one of those stupid stories that probably doesn't make much sense when you try to explain it). Now, being a labourer doesn't encourage independent thought, and stucco is not one of your big intellectual stimulators, but during the time I've done the work I have taken the occasional moment to consider what was going on around me.

Stucco is applied in four coats on new construction. Two "scratch" coats, a finish coat, and a texture coat. The scratch coats are a mixture of Portland cement, lime, water, sand, and a bit of soap. The proportions are not exact, but when I mix it, it's a bag and a pail of cement (that is, an eight litre rubber bucket called a "monkey bucket"—though no one knows why), about 40 litres of water, a four second squirt of soap (just ordinary generic dish soap), a twenty litre pail full of type S lime, and enough sand to fill the mixer. This creates a fairly thin mix that goes on at one hell of a rate. With two people spreading, I am kept running trying to keep the mixer going and the two of them supplied with mud. ("Mud" is a generic term for any stucco cement mixture — scratch or finish.)

This ratio is supposedly based on directions from Imasco's research and development people, but of course those figures are suspect and everyone has their own little secret recipes that they use. But no one can explain *why* they use that recipe. You get words like "heavy" that might refer to weight, but then again it might refer to consistency. Although "thick" might be used as a synonym for heavy, it might also be used as an antonym for the same word — by the same person in the same conversation. And a spreader trying to explain a concept like "fluffy" to a non-spreading labourer is merely an exercise in frustration, as the word does not have a mutually agreed upon meaning to the two conversees.

I first ran into the word fluffy when I asked why we were putting soap in the stucco mix. "Makes it fluffier," I was told. Well, not exactly. In the manner of construction tradesmen everywhere, it was more like "Well, fuck. I dunno. 'Cause it kinda makes it, y'know, fluffier. And, like, easier to fuckin' spread, eh?" Or words to that effect.

I still, months later, have no idea what "fluffier" means. But thirty seconds after I asked the question my brain decided to produce the answer from previously stored information. Soap acts as a surfactant, breaking down the surface tension of the water and allowing it to better wet the dry ingredients. I can see why a more homogenous mix would be easier to spread, but damned if I have any idea why it's considered "fluffier".

The building trades are one more area undergoing an increasing rate of technological change. New advances in adhesives are creating new ways of using previously developed products. A quick example is the new "silent flooring" system that has been introduced in the last few years. Instead of floor joists being made of huge pieces of timber (typically a 2 x 10 16 to 20 feet long (or two nailed broad face to broad face)), now 2x4s are grooved down their broad face and a piece of oriented-strand board 10" wide is glued between two facing pieces of 2x4. This, like so many other innovations, is based on recent advances in adhesives. More and more, new construction is being glued together rather than nailed, and this change is powered by significantly new chemical bonding agents.

But we tend to forget that these new materials and techniques are being used by people who are not as radically different as the materials they are using. And there is a very strong conservative streak running through the trades. In some ways, this is a good thing. A lot of the information in the trades is passed orally from the older workers to the younger at the time the information is needed (e.g.: how to lay out a jack rafter, or how to estimate form requirements for concrete work). In the carpentry trades, this is supplemented by formal training in trade schools.

But not all trades enjoy this balance between formal and informal instruction. Stucco, for example, is not a highly formalized trade. So information on new techniques and materials is passed from manufacturer's representatives to both suppliers and the occasional tradesman. But much of the information is passed from the suppliers to the trades, leaving room for misunderstanding and confusion. Locally, one company is advertising a new process for doing restucco work, claiming a better bonding. My bosses don't buy it, claiming that they are doing nothing new — only adding PVA adhesive to the concrete mix. Is that the case? Beats the hell out of me. They don't pay me enough to think. And I don't have enough information to separate hype from fact.

This conservatism also has a downside. It also means that new techniques don't get used, current information fails to displace outdated information, and proper procedures fall victim to expediency. An example is the introduction of the Workplace Hazardous Materials Information System, or WHMIS. In my formal training as a furniture maker, I was introduced to the system, and expected to use it. It consists of MSDS (Material Safety Data Sheets) that detail hazardous ingredients, fire and explosion data, toxicological properties, first aid measures and etc. for products used in the workplace. In my shop, for example, I have MSDS for various finishing products and adhesives, and information on the toxicological effects of a range of exotic woods I may come in contact with. I ask for these sheets whenever I buy a new product, and keep them on file in the shop where I can and do refer to them. This keeps me from using latex gloves with methylene chloride stripper — this nasty product slides right through latex. One needs neoprene gloves and barrier creme when using it. I don't use wood treated with pentachlorophenol wood preservative. This evil stuff is linked with all kinds of horrific effects on the human organism.

When I am on the jobsite as a stucco labourer, however, this important and necessary information is no longer available. I am forced to make do with instruction from my bosses — which is exactly what WHMIS was supposed to change. I read the bag of Type 10 Normal Portland cement and notice it says that when the cement powder comes in contact with water, it forms calcium hydroxide — a caustic and corrosive substance. And when you dump a bag of this very fine powder, you *are* surrounded by clouds of dust. And the inside of your lungs is a rather humid environment. The same with the lime. But is there a dustmask to be found on the jobsite? Hell no. You want one, you have to know enough to bring your own. And is wet cement on the skin a problem? Only if you don't mind that same caustic chemical

slopping about on the biggest organ of your body. Proper gloves are *your* lookout, not anyone else's. This is the pragmatism of the building trades. "It never hurt me," says the guy who never wonders why he hacks up a lung every day even though he doesn't smoke.

Economists are accused quite regularly of making models of the economy at the heart of which is a little economist busily maximising gains and minimising losses. This little economist really doesn't have a whole lot to do with real people living in the complex world. I think we may be making the same mistake when we consider the effects of new technologies on society; the model we construct in our heads has, at its centre, little forward-looking technophiles willing to devote resources to the latest gadgetry and having a philosophic context in which to fit these changes.

This has very little to do with real people in the complex world. Statements like "the only constant is change" is not a statement of fact, but rather a statement of belief. As much belief as "the Pope is infallible" or "free-market capitalism works." And all three of these statements are preceptual beliefs upon which are hung theoretical structures which may or may not correspond to occurrences in the real world.

So it is with the introduction of new technologies from adhesives to the Internet. Technologies will only transform the worlds of those who use them. And not everyone will see the "advantages" of a new technology, nor will everyone agree that the advantages are worth changing for. Tools may be available to everyone (but usually not; new tools are only available to those who can afford them and understand their use, and thus contribute to the growing socio-economic disparity in the world), but not everyone will use them. Modern tech is of no use to a family in Nigeria facing the loss of their main food crop to drought. What they need is the opportunity to migrate to someplace not experiencing a drought. This family only meets modern technologies when they are denied the chance to move somewhere better, and instead are forced to remain where they are, bought off by shipments of food from technologically advanced countries that don't want any economic migrants.

Should this family grasp firmly the nettle of foreign genetically-engineered foodgrains? Our belief is that they will, immediately recognizing the "obvious advantages" such grains have over native species of plants. Yet time and again we see that such grains produce an immediate reliance on modern farming techniques, concurrent degradation of already poor land, and a general decrease in an already low standard of living. Because of their reliance on foreign technology, credit, and income, Ethiopia was exporting food to the west during their own drought and consequent famine (the one Live-Aid was held to help relieve).

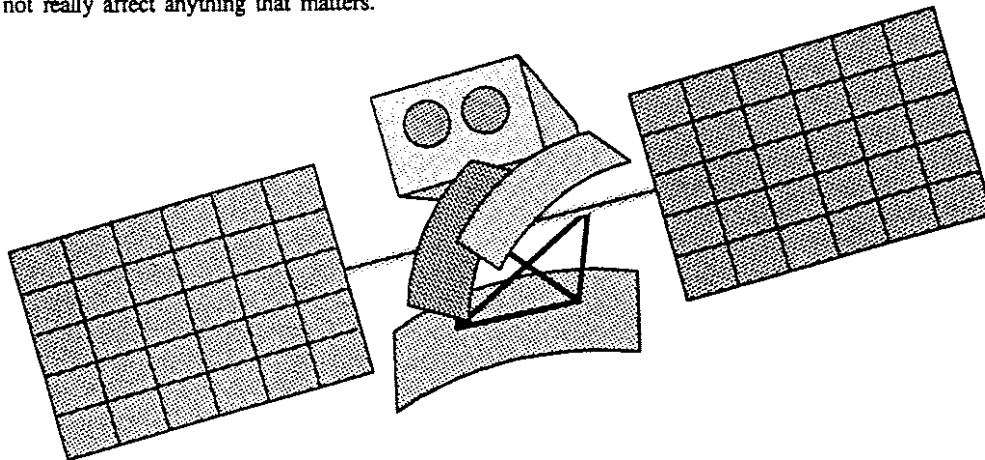
But one doesn't have to look even this far afield to see conditions under which advances in technology won't help a person or people. I recently met a fellow who expressed an interest in pursuing a career in landscaping. He didn't know what time of year pruning cherry trees is best done. I was about to remark that there were plenty of good books on this subject when I remembered that this person had earlier admitted that he did not read books. Not that he was incapable, but rather that reading was so distasteful to him that he would rather do anything else than read. It is no use discussing the basis for this distaste nor any ways to prevent such an occurrence in the future, as we are talking about an already existing condition. A person with an already exhibited ability to run his own business, and a certain amount of ready capital, unable to move through the economic system because of a distaste for reading. He is lucky, as he could still apprentice with a landscaper/groundskeeper to learn the trade, but only with a serious loss of income and prestige for several years.

What good will technological advances do for this person? All of them are significantly text-based, and text is only an invention in use for a tiny part of human history. And yet it is now the most significant method for transmitting any knowledge. And a person who is quite comfortable using complex chemicals on a worksite can be shut out of this entire world of information.

This is not technophobia, nor is it an excess of conservatism. Rather it is the absence of technophilia, a non-desire, or non-commitment to technological advance. This is not a willful ignorance, but an ignorance based on a perceived lack of need. This is the question "Things are fine as they are. I'm alright, Jack. Why should I choose to change what is working? Why should I decide to trash my current comfort level in order to be more uncomfortable?"

These questions of comfort are ones we all could do well to ask ourselves occasionally. Questions like "Sure this tech is cool. But what will it actually change in my life — and change for the better?" This is the question of appropriate technology — which has only a little to do with technology and a great deal to do with how we *decide* to live. Is it appropriate to destroy the last remaining Panda habitat, leaving only the genetic remains in cryogenic storage someplace? What is the greater good, and who is served by our actions?

These are the places the future lies — in questions of philosophic structure that will affect how we all live rather than how many people get on the information hypeway in the next five years. Don't get me wrong; the Internet is a place of fascination and power, but so is a library. But those of us who are techno-junkies in this culture of immediate comfort need to remember that while what we pursue can affect a lot of people, it may not really affect anything that matters.



LETTERS OF COMMENT

Laura Houghton
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U.S.A.
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Dear Edit-Beings:

I am reporting to you from the midst of what I am firmly convinced is a temporal dilation. There is no other way I can account for the fact that my assorted timepieces say that it is 9:36 am, while my body knows perfectly well that it is lunchtime, if not beyond.

ahem It is my sad civic duty as a concerned citizen to report to you that your last issue, **UTOH Number Ten**, was a health hazard. I kept shrieking with laughter as I read it — very bad for the voice!

It is also my duty to report that despite the fact that I spent the whole Con with you bunch of reprobates, you didn't put so much as ONE photo of me anywhere in the whole zine. I find this most unconscionable. Okay, sure, *my* brain doesn't use my hands to talk (er, let me rethink that statement, she said as she typed), and true, I didn't spend any time sitting at tables being useful.

Still, I'd like to believe that *someone* noticed my existence at **WorldCon**. I mean, who do you think that was snoring on the floor of the room, Santa Claus? Didn't I bring you presents? Didn't I make a total ass of myself at the Prix Aurora Awards by constantly leaping up and running away from wasps? I mean, what does it *take*?! <sob>

And after I gave the best *Slothfuls* of my life to you people, too!

Oh, hell. I'm so damn fair-minded I hate myself. Great zine guys—you've done it again! No wonder you keep winning those pointy things.

Well, back to work. Did I mention that I work with people who launch rockets? (Which someone recently described to me as "the trailing edge of the leading edge of technology".) True, there are no people aboard—but it's still an SF reader's wet dream. Real rocket ships, that launch satellites. Countdowns and all.

3...2...1...This is The Laur, blasting off!

{{We printed lotsa pictures of you in the zine, Laur, just not in the copy we sent you!
☺ But if you had been smart like Adam and

used your "Buy John and Karl Dinner" coupon, there's no telling how many pictures of you would have ended up in the zine. And of course we noticed your existence at **Worldcon**—it was hard not to notice you as we kept tripping over you on the way to the bathroom in the mornings.

—J.W.H.}}

Alastair Craig
Box 3305
Station B
Victoria, BC
V8R 6S4

"Speaker for the Fred"? "Speaker for the Fred"?!!!!

Aaaaauuuuuuugghhhhhhh!!!!

{{Well, it was either that or Rubble's Game.

— J.W.H.}}

Garth Spencer
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Just received the latest **UTOH**, for which much thanks.

I'm puzzled by a matter that I think I must raise with you. Somehow I have the idea that **UTOH** was intended at the outset as a Canadian fan news zine. Yet the amount of news you present is a bit minimal. Do you not get any more, by mail or over the net? Do you not have time to solicit more?

If this were ten years ago I would now offer to play stringer for you, but it isn't and I won't. For one thing I'm out of the loop here in Vancouver, pretty much.

I guess what I'm trying to do here is compare my image of what to do with your image of what you're trying to do. What are you guys aiming to do?

Congratulations on the award, by the way.

{{Thank you for the congrats, Garth. I don't think we ever claimed to be The Canadian Fannish Newszine, but certainly providing fannish news and comments is

part of our raison d'être. What we are trying to do here at **UTOH** is to have fun and be entertaining—is it working? Sure, we could fill up our pages with the latest fan feud about how Fan A slagged off Fan B who slagged back so Fan A quit Club Z, and then Fan C reported it in Zine X but got all the facts wrong. But who would read it? Or care?

—J.W.H.}}

{{Thanks for the congrats.

"Newsmagazine" is a cover heading suggesting we print, but don't limit ourselves to, Canadian SF news. In addition to all the assorted non-news items, we usually have a couple of pages of specific news bits, a page of Canadian con listings, LoCs from several interesting people which often contain newsish info, reviews of Canadian books, zines and cons, and interviews with or profiles of members of the Canadian SF community. If you find that minimal, I apologize. Garth, no one could cover the news like you.

—K.J.}}

Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk
9318 92nd Street
Edmonton, AB
T6C 3R6

We think the magazine is great and all that, but we have a slight problem with the One Free Neat Thing.

Uh...he's neat and tidy (as promised) but his obsession with Fandom is starting to annoy. His fanzine collection alone takes up most of our house. The daily "Guide to Fandom" lectures are growing tedious and ever since **Worldcon** we have to bow whenever he enters the room. Also, the commute from Edmonton to Lethbridge every day is really hard on our car.

What we want to know is — do we have to keep him or can we send him on to the next new subscriber?

We anxiously await your response.

{{Hey, just be glad he doesn't work in Toronto.

— J.W.H.}}

Margot Dame
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Vancouver, BC
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A very belated thanks for sending me a copy of *Under The Ozone Hole Number Nine*. Guess you picked up my zine (*Hissy Fit*) at *Worldcon*? I greatly enjoyed the issue. I took the Con-Twit test and am proud to say I got the lowly score of 1. (I am not admitting what bad behaviour got me that one black mark!)

Believe it or not, I've seen Steve 40 several times and haven't used my "Bill the Cat Imitation" coupon yet.... Maybe this Friday at F.R.E.D.? I'll try to cough up a furball into his glass!!!

I can't even make an educated guess about when *Hissy Fit #2* will be out. Haven't even thought about it, and #1 really nearly *did* destroy me.

My undying admiration to any editors who can make it all the way to nine issues. Best wishes, guys.

P.S. Very amusing cover!!!

{{Thanks for the letter, Margot. In fact, UTOH Number One did destroy us and all issues since have been done by our ghosts. (This is why we'll be haunting Robert Runté forever!) Good luck with Steve and the furball! (Send us photos!) ☺

— J.W.H.}}

Harry Warner, Jr.
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Hagerstown, Maryland
U.S.A.
21740

The high-definition, widescreen copy of *Under the Ozone Hole Number Ten* is at hand and was almost immediately manipulated by not one but two hands so I could read it and enjoy it promptly. The convention photos are splendid, although I could have profited by full identification of everyone visible on the front cover. I don't know if you folks get *Munich Round-Up*, the German fanzine with part of its contents in English, but your montages resemble remarkably those that *MRU* has been running for years from photos taken at European cons.

I'm such a coward that I never like to tell nasty stories about other people who might hit me on the nose in retaliation. But I suppose it's safe to react to Karl's editorial by revealing an episode of stupidity that I once exhibited. On my first ever trip to New

York City, I decided to take the Staten Island Ferry, which I'd heard so much about. So I walked all the way down to the southern tip of Manhattan Island, found the waiting room and sat there waiting for the next ferry to leave. The next thing I knew, I looked out the window and we were out at sea on the briny deep. I'd mistaken the ferry for a waiting room.

On the other hand, I doubt if I'll ever make the mistake of identifying as something else the smell of the ocean when a cold wave blows into Hagerstown. The weather down here moves from west to east, sometimes slanting northward. Deodorizing apparently occurs as the air moves across the continent and by the time it gets to Hagerstown, it's neutral although radio and television people insist on referring to cold waves as the Alberta Express. I don't know why they think all the cold air coming from Canada begins in Alberta. (Did you know that the westernmost tip of Maryland is closer to Canada than it is to the south-eastern tip of Maryland? If you did, I can't imagine why.)

Some of the news about television and movie fantasy is new to me. I'm puzzled by one matter, the prospects for a new *Doctor Who* mentioned on these pages. Why haven't the feminists insisted on a woman to portray the next incarnation of the Doctor? Attitudes toward age have changed and I imagine an actress could be found who wouldn't object to portraying a Doctor who is seven centuries old or thereabouts.

Does it really matter that participation in awards balloting isn't too large? This has been a chronic problem for most of the awards established over the years in fandom. It's probably better for 125 individuals who have exposure to potential candidates in most of the Aurora categories to vote than to have 250 ballots filled out, half of them by individuals who are interested in only one or two categories and just guess at the ones they know nothing about. Much the same situation exists in the three APAs I hold membership in. All three of them have annual egoboo polls, and participation averages only 20% to 40%, as a rule.

A postal worker who decides a letter or fanzine has insufficient postage on it must cost the postal system more money than it retrieves from a postage due notice. I don't know the system in Canada. But I occasionally find a postage due notice in the newly arrived mail. It takes the form of a small brown envelope, with the amount due written on the outside. I'm supposed to put the necessary coins inside and leave it in my mailbox to be picked up the next day by the mailman. It must take the individual who sorted the mail at least one minute to pick a

suspicious letter or fanzine from the piles of mail before him and put it on a scale to confirm his suspicions, another minute for the mail carrier to process the little envelope, and another minute to retrieve it the next day and put those coins wherever they go. If a beginning mailman or clerk earns \$10 per hour in the United States (and I think the starting wage is higher than that these days), the time involved in two employees' duties on a postage due item is the equivalent of 50¢ in salary, not counting the cost of that little brown envelope or any additional bookkeeping after the amount due has been turned in to the Post Office. I can't remember the last time I was forced to pay as much as 50¢ in postage due on an item.

So *seaQuest* has joined the horde of television offerings redesigned to attract a younger audience. If this goes on much longer, the problem of aimless unemployment for young persons will be solved. Right now there are several hundred cable channels in the United States aiming at a younger audience, about 90% of all new movie releases are meant for youthful consumers, most of the over-the-air television stations have joined the trend, and even PBS seems to seek five-year-olds as Prime Time targets. Obviously, there just won't be enough young people to go around unless the tv and movie industries take the logical course of action: hire all the young people to watch their stuff on a reverse pay-per-view system. Young North America will no longer need to worry about poverty-stricken young persons and every cable and over-the-air station will have at least one-tenth of one per cent of the total young audience to boast about to advertisers.

The *Worldcon* could have done worse with its newspaper coverage. The items reprinted here demonstrate once again that no journalist can resist a primal urge to play up the costumes when confronted with a con assignment. But the general tone of these pieces is fairly intelligent and most of the facts seem to be correct.

{{Here's my embarrassing ferrystory. Monica and I had spent the weekend on Salt Spring Island, which is just a quick half-hour ferry hop from Victoria. They use a small ferry on the run, just a car deck and a flying bridge, so most people don't even get out of their cars. We loaded on and soon I noticed that someone hadn't turned their car motor off. How terribly rude and inconsiderate! It only took ten minutes of sailing before I realized it was me.

I think most Albertans will agree with you about the inaccurate notion that all the cold air in Canada comes from Alberta. In fact, most Albertans would agree that the cold

air never leaves Alberta — period!

In Canada, we used to have a similar system in regards to postage due. You'd get a little card stating what you owed, and you would put that amount of stamps on the card and mail it back to the Post Office. Nowadays, Canada Post does not forward mail with postage due; they return it to sender. What I can't understand is why after we take the mailing copies of UTOH to the Post Office to be weighed and stamped (by a Post Office employee), when they are all of identical weight and stamped the same, one invariably comes back marked Postage Due. I just don't get it.

—J.W.H.}}

Catherine Donahue Girczyc
809 - 1040 Pacific Street
Vancouver, BC
V6E 4C1

Hi y'all.

Thanks for the latest UTOH. I thoroughly enjoyed it, especially the Charlesworth article on being a Westerner.... Having spent 6 years working for the feds in Ottawa, I thoroughly appreciate his POV....

Also neat photos as per usual.... remind me to send you a copy of the "Lampshade SFWA Suite" series someday when I feel like being sued....

{{Oh, come on. Send us the pictures. We don't mind if you get sued!! Besides, it would make for an interesting episode of [insert shameless plug here] The Ether Patrol!!! And congratulations on your Aurora!

—J.W.H.}}

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

Dear Hole-guys:

Thanks for UTOH Number Ten. I trust you've recovered from a crazy Worldcon.

I didn't know about the Canadian Publishing Suite until the Saturday of the con. When I did find out, I asked about it, no one knew where it was, and a couple of guys said it was a pros-only room, so we didn't go to it. Cath, you've got to start telling more Canadian fans about it, and not just a few groups. Many Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal fans didn't know about it. Or, was it just for On Spec subscribers and Western fans?

The new Star Trek series sounds inter-

esting, and some have said this series will be closer to the original than even TNG.

In my second letter in the LoC column, I mentioned something about how the press tends to treat science fiction conventions and the people who attend them.... As proof of my point, have another look at the articles on page 27. Do we really need this kind of publicity? To me, the true geeks are the reporters who keep repeating the usual pap to the ignorant public.

Counsellor Troi may be prettier than Counsellor Runté, but I'm sure Runté is more pleasant than Troi. I've seen Marina Sirtis in action, and she's the Bitch Queen of the Universe.

Adam, you gotta get another Aurora. They slice, they dice, they even make julienne fries, and they never need sharpening!

By the way, for the record... when I accepted the Aurora, I said that if it was anyone's it Yvonne's. (Jane Jewell seemed to get a kick out of that in Locus.) When we got it home, we took it to a trophy shop that employs a fannish friend of ours, and asked him to produce an identical nameplate for it with Yvonne's name on it, and we placed it on the other side of the trophy. It's not mine, it's ours, and the both of us have enjoyed quite a bit.

{{Lloyd, lots of people knew about the Canadian Publishing Suite. Monica, Paula and I got into quite a discussion about health care with an American running a Dealer's Table in the Suite late Friday night. (Or was it early Saturday morning?) And a Montreal fan was handing out Montreal pins. Many fans from across the country were aware of the Suite.

I have new names for the current Star Trek series: Bore-a-ger and Deep Sleep Nine.

After rereading those news articles, I have to disagree with you. SF fans and conventions have come off a lot worse in the press than in these articles. In fact, I was very pleased with all the press coverage I've seen of the Worldcon.

—J.W.H.}}

R. Graeme Cameron
1855 West 2nd Ave., Apt. #110
Vancouver, BC
V6J 1J1
graeme_cameron@mindlink.bc.ca

Congrats on winning the Aurora! 'Three times winner of' sounds better than 'Twice winner of'... not quite sure why exactly, fuller sense of accomplishment somehow....

I admit it would have been nice for me if I had won, but such is fate. I think in part it is inevitable that a per-newszine covering Canadian fandom in general would have greater appeal than a local clubzine. And then there's the little matter of the care and effort you put into UTOH, not to mention the fine quality of the result. In short, another Aurora well deserved! Got a special display case built yet? Better leave room for future Auroras. You may be on your way to becoming the Auroras what Locus was to the Hugos. Nothing wrong with that. You guys can't help doing an exceptionally good job (hmmm, that sounds most un-fannish. You sure you aren't filthy pros?).

I console myself with the thought that 5 nominations is very flattering in and of itself, and that perhaps, in time, Space Cadet will be nominated... one can dream....

Ego aside... looking at matters objectively... I'm hoping that neo-fans will hear about UTOH via news of the Auroras and think: 'must be hot stuff. Better get it.' and thru UTOH discover the larger world of Canadian fandom. There's some kind of reinforcement feedback loop here that benefits you, benefits the Auroras, and above all, benefits Canadian fandom. As a result, you may find yourself mantled with the dreaded cloak of responsibility. Meaning? That Cdn. fandom may very well come to be defined — at least in part — by what UTOH is, says and advocates. In short, you may be on the verge of mutating into SMOFS!

Don't say I didn't warn you!

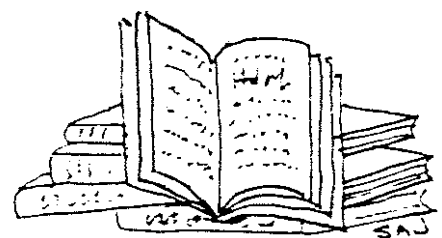
{{Whatta ya trying to do? Put the weight of the world on our shoulders?!?!? And no, we are not filthy pros! While I can't speak for Karl, I bathe regularly three times a month.

Thanks for the generous words. Everyone who hasn't already should subscribe to Space Cadet right away!

—J.W.H.}}

We Also Heard From:

Sandra Riedel (COA: 1471 A King Street W., Apt. 2, Toronto, ON, M6K 1J4), Cath Jackel and Robert Runté.



Sex Dance

by Paula Johanson

a nonfiction essay excerpted from the manuscript *Modern Ritual*

The only modern ritual I ever saw was a Sex Dance, Art said. Well, it was based on a Rain Dance. (We were talking in the community building, a group of six or seven talking about modern rituals. Our voices echoed under the high black ceiling and the smell of coffee and cigarettes filled the room.)

When I was a treeplanter, Art said, we couldn't go out into the clear cuts and plant trees when the weather was too dry. There'd be a forest fire warning, and we would have to hang around camp. After several days with no work — earning no money — we'd get bored and want to get back to it. So we'd hold a Rain Dance. We'd call down the rain, and it would usually rain a day or so after that, and we'd be able to get back to work.

The Rain Dances started when we had a professional drummer on our crew. All of us were really something else in real life — I was a student — we were earning money at a summer job. This musician didn't have all his percussion equipment with him, but he'd jury-rigged himself an entire drum set out of the odds and ends around the camp — oil cans, gas cans, garbage can lids. He liked to make music. One day we were all bored after a couple days off for a forest fire alert, so he found some other equipment so people could jam with him.

We ended up calling it a Rain Dance, you know, like a take-off on rain dance rituals, but we really wanted to get back to work. The music session was a lot better than being bored. It took the pressure off, and then hey! it did rain.

So we called our music sessions Rain Dances after that. The only time we had time for them anyway was when the dry weather kept us from working.

(He stopped to drink from his coffee. Some of the others had been treeplanting too — all of us had been out in the back woods for days at a stretch, and we knew the dry heat he was talking about, and the soaking rains that ran down into dry soil where the tree roots drank it up.)

One time we decided to have a Sex Dance. Two of the guys on the crew were going to be fathers soon, and they both hoped that their wives would have girls. Each of them already had a son, and having a daughter would be particularly nice. (He laughed. I laughed too, knowing the particular joy of having a boy and a girl when my twins were born.)

Besides, it was an excuse for one hell of a party. We got those two guys, the expectant fathers, set up in the place of honour, the centre of attention in our camp's gathering place. The professional drummer had his gear set up nearby, and the other people drumming with him had gas cans, paint cans, anything to beat on to make a sound.

The drummer led it for us — started us off with the rhythms and tones, and he cued each of us to join in with our sounds. He was, like, our focus and centre: he kept it going, changed it, brought it on and kept us together.

When he had it going well and it was all right, it was time for the dancers. (Laughter echoed under the high ceiling, half-mocking, half-envious, full of delight. No! Really?)

Yes, dancers. They were in shorts — it was, like, really hot, sun beating down — and work boots. You know that fluorescent orange ribbon loggers use in the woods to blaze trails? Well, they had pieces of it tied round their arms and wrists and knees and elbows. They'd painted their faces and chests like war paint — it was a take-off, but it worked because it was, like, us, this was the stuff we used: trailmarking ribbon and zinc oxide ointment for sunburn.

They carried treeplanter's shovels — you know, with a long handle and narrow blade — and when they came out, the movements of their dance were the movements of treeplanting.

Take a big step — shovel to the ground. Turn up the earth. Take a seedling from the bag hanging at your hip — slide it in behind the shovel blade. Pull out the shovel and step on the loose earth to tamp it firm around the little tree. Take a big step.

It was the real moves we did every day, working, and it was all in fun. They danced all around the centre place where the two expectant fathers sat on rounds of wood that we usually used for seats around the campfire. We didn't have a fire going right then; it was too hot and early in the day.

The dancers worked all around the two expectant fathers and the music kept building and changing. It wasn't just dull drumming. There were lots of musical tones in the instruments and cans we'd put together, and the drummer would cue one or another of us so the tones would be changing. He'd keep the rhythm going, and change it, to make it simpler or more complex.

I don't know when it stopped being so much a take off, sort of laughing at ourselves like always and when it began cueing into something more, something that really reached into us. But by this time it was real. There was no sarcasm in it, no joking: it was honest and we were in a ritual experience.

Those who weren't playing drums were dancing. Those who weren't dancing were drumming. And in the centre the decorated dancers moved in swirls of fluorescent trailmarking ribbon, with their shovels moving, dig the air and plant the imaginary tree, turn and step all around the fathers at the centre. And the drummer where he could see everybody, calling on one or another of us, cueing us to the rhythms that were building us together.

The music grew wilder. We took a girl and tied her to a pickup truck. (He mimed how she was tied, arms spread in a crucifixion with rope under the chromed truck company name on the grill.) The tension back and forth with the dancers between her and the men was incredible — it built and built going frantic with the energy and the beat and the dancing motions that were still the moves of treeplanting.

It got more and more wild, the sounds went louder and harder and higher and then a guy went with a torch to an oil drum set up in the gathering place where we were dancing and drumming. He lit up the oil drum, which had been filled with wood and trash and some lighter fluid and it went up with a great whoosh! of flame. And that was the climax, with a sound coming up from all of us and the dance was wilder than ever. The drummer just went wild — then he slowed it a little, and brought us down, and slowed it some more, and brought us back little by little. The girl was untied, the dancers were moving still, slower with the sweat running down them, and the drums getting calmer and quieter. The fathers were still in the centre of it all. The fire crackled in the oil drum, burning up and burning down. Then only the drummer was playing, quieting us all down until he was silent. No one said a word.

No one said anything for ages; we just sort of wandered away to be quiet for a while. Later some of us lined up afterwards at the first aid station — hours later we were finding that we'd beat our hands raw and bruised on the rims of gas cans and such. Hadn't felt it when it was happening, blisters rising on sore hands. Didn't feel it for hours.

It was a quiet night and it rained soon after that, so we got back to work. That was a time! That was our best Rain Dance ever, the Sex Dance, and we were the envy of all the camps of treeplanters around who didn't have our kind of music.

Art added: I heard later that at least one of the two men did have a new daughter — anyway both the kids turned out fine.

ASK DR. COMPUTO!

{{Editors' Note:

This is the first installment of our new computer help column. Hope you enjoy it.}}

Dear Dr. Computo:

Someone (I forget who) said they heard Intel was making a big parallel processing thingie with bunches of the returned pentium chips. Anything to this story?

WHY, YES; IT'S ALL TRUE.

TELL YOUR FRIEND THAT THE CHIPS ARE BEING SOLDERED TO BOARDS IN A HYPER-HEXAHEDRAL MATRIX, WITH ABOUT 5 INCH SPACING BETWEEN THE EDGES. THE BOARDS ARE SANDWICHED TIGHTLY IN AN ENORMOUS, BRUSHED-STEEL BOX WITH ABOUT FOURTEEN THOUSAND BLINKING RED LEDs ON IT.

THE BOX IS PLACED ON THE REINFORCED RAISED FLOOR OF A COMPUTER ROOM THAT IS CHILLED BY AIR BLOWN ACROSS 100 MHZ POWERPC MOTHERBOARDS (YEAH, RIGHT).

CHARGED BALL-BEARINGS ARE THEN LOBBED INTO THE BOX WITH TRAJECTORIES DETERMINED BY AN HP 33E CALCULATOR (TIME, IN FACT, WE HAD NO RESOURCES TO PORT THE SOURCE-CODE TO A KEUFFEL & ESSER LOG-LOG SLIDE-RULE, AND HP REFUSED TO REBUILD A 1977-ERA FACTORY LINE TO MAKE US A NEW ONE, SO I HAD TO GIVE IT UP; IT WAS PURCHASED BUT OFF ZE WATERCORP, AND ALL THAT).

THE LIGHTS FLASH AND PARALLEL EMBEDDED BELLS RING TO INDICATE THE EFFECTIVE COMPUTATIONAL RATE; UP TO 242 DECIPLINKS HAVE BEEN MEASURED ON SIMILAR, 100-PROCESSOR TESTBEDS. IN REAL-WORLD TERMS, THIS TRANSLATES TO ABOUT 5.5 PETAFLOPS (OF COURSE, IN REAL-WORLD TERMS YOU HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR EVERY QUARK AND GLUON TO SORT(2) PAST THE HEISENBERG

LIMITS).

THESE "FIDDLY BITS" DROP INTO A METAL PAN SCRIBED WITH A GRID OF PARAHYPERCONICAL PROJECTION LINES (JUST FOR LARFS WE DID IT IN WHITE-OUT™) WHICH CAN BE TRACED TO THEIR LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS.

AN ARMY OF STARCHED WHITE WOMEN IN STARCHED WHITE LAB COATS COLLECTS THE COLLECTED CONCLUSIONS AND MORPHS IT ONTO SUCKERPUNCH CARDS. THEN—APPARENTLY AT RANDOM—DAVID COPPERFIELD DRAWS ONE CARD, WHICH OF COURSE CONTAINS THE RESULTS OF THE CALCULATION AND A SMALL Hologram of CLAUDIA SCHIFFER'S TUSHIE. EVEN I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT.

{{Dr. Computo's real name is withheld by large stove bolts.}}

CANADIAN NEWS

1995 Prix Aurora Awards

(winners denoted by a *)

Best Long-Form Work in English

**Virtual Light*, William Gibson (Seal, 93)
Near Death, Nancy Kilpatrick (Pocket, Oct/94)
The Callahan Touch, Spider Robinson (Ace, 93)
End of an Era, Robert J. Sawyer (Ace, Nov/94)
Mysterium, Robert Charles Wilson (Bantam Spectra, 94)
 No Award

Meilleur livre en français

**La Memoire du lac*, Joel Champetier (Quebec/Amerique, 94)
Recits de Medilhaut, Anne Legault (L'instant meme, 94)
Manuscrit trouve dans un secretaire, Daniel Semine (Pierre Tisseyre, 94)
Pour des soleils froids, Jean-Louis Trudel (Fleuve Noir, 94)
Contes de Tyranael, Elisabeth Vonarburg (Quebec/Amerique, 94)
Les Voyageurs malgre eux, Elisabeth Vonarburg (Quebec/Amerique, 94)
 Pas de prix

Best Short-Form Work in English

"*Such Sweet Sorrow*", Stephanie Bedwell-Grime (Writer's Block, Summer/94)
 "Small Rain", Paula Johanson (Prairie Fire v15#2)
 "The Fragrance of Orchids", Sally McBride (Asimov's SF, May/94)
 "Writing Critique", Rebecca M. Senese (Just Write, May/94)
 "Fourth Person Singular", Dale L. Sproule (Northern Frights 2, Mosaic)
 No Award

Meilleure nouvelle en français

*"*L'Homme qui fouillait la lumiere*", Alain Bergeron (Solaris 111)
 "L'Envoye", Yves Meynard (imagine.../Decollages)
 "Pas de paradis sans... l'enfer (III)", Danielle Tremblay (imagine... 67)
 "Pas de paradis sans... l'enfer (IV)", Danielle Tremblay (imagine... 68)
 "Contamination", Jean-Louis Trudel (Solaris 108)
 Pas de prix

Best Other Work in English

Northern Frights 2, Don Hutchison, ed. (Mosaic Press) (anthology)
Northern Stars, Glenn Grant & D.G. Hartwell, eds. (TOR)(anthology)
 *On Spec - sf magazine (Copper Pig Writers' Society)
 Prairie Fire: Canadian Speculative Fiction, Candace Jane Dorsey, ed. (Prairie Fire Press) (anthology)
 Prisoners of Gravity - sf/comics tv series (TVOntario)
 No Award

Meilleur ouvrage en français

*Joel Champetier, critiques (Solaris 108, 110)
 imagine..., Marc Lemaire, ed. (Les Imaginoides)
 Solaris, Joel Champetier, ed. (Les Compagnons a temps perdu)
 Jean-Louis Trudel, critiques (Solaris 108, 111)
 Elisabeth Vonarburg, critiques (Solaris 108-111)
 Pas de prix

Artistic Achievement

Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk (On Spec, MZB Fantasy, etc.)
 *Tim Hammell (On Spec, SF Chronicle, etc.)
 Jean-Pierre Normand (imagine..., ed. Paulines, On Spec, etc.)
 Henry Van Der Linde (Northern Frights 2, etc.)
 Robert Pasternak (On Spec, Prairie Fire, etc.)
 No Award / Pas de prix

Fan Achievement (Fanzine)

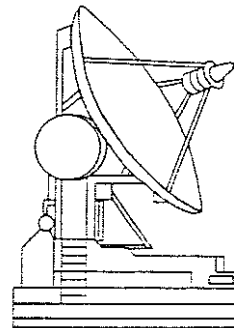
Bardic Runes, Michael McKenny, ed.
 BCSFazine, R. Graeme Cameron, ed.
 From Beyond the Oort Cloud, Aaron Yorgason, ed.
 The Frozen Frog, Benoit Girard, ed.
 *Under the Ozone Hole, John Willcox Herbert and Karl Johanson, eds.
 No Award / Pas de prix

Fan Achievement (Organizational)

*Cath Jackel (On Spec, Worldcon & NonCon)
 John Mansfield (1994 Worldcon)
 Lloyd Penney (Ad Astra)
 Yvonne Penney (Ad Astra)
 Rebecca Senese (Space Time Continuum)
 No Award / Pas de prix

Fan Achievement (Other)

Adam Charlesworth (Ether Patrol reviews/critiques)
 *Catherine Donahue Girczyc (Ether Patrol host)
 Bob Hadji (contributions to fandom / contributions faniques)
 The Diplomatic Planetary Handbook (Capucine Plourde)
 Robert J. Sawyer (Random Musings column)
 Larry Stewart (entertainer)
 No Award / Pas de prix



To Friends of Evelyn Hildebrandt

Evelyn died Monday morning, March 13, the best way possible—in bed at home with her husband, Don, by her side and the cat snoozing on her legs. She was 33 years old.

Evelyn was involved in science fiction fandom in Vancouver for approximately 17 years. She worked as a committee member on many V-Cons, was a founding member of the *Ether Patrol* radio show on Co-op Radio, and was on the executive of the West Coast Science Fiction Association. She was married to science fiction writer Don Debrandt.

In recent years Evelyn was also very active with the Positive Women's Network (an advocacy organization for women with AIDS), sitting on the Board and doing extensive public speaking and education seminars around B.C. She attended the World AIDS Conference in Berlin and was profiled in *Maclean's* magazine in 1993.

We have rarely known anyone who was as much loved as Evelyn. We will all remember her remarkable aura of

serenity, her grace and considerateness for others, and her dry sense of humour—even when she was putting up with illness, indignity and the bumbling (but infinitely well meaning) nursing care of her friends.

During the last three weeks of Evelyn's life, her doctor, family and friends organized a care team so that she could die at home instead of in hospital. Among the approximately two dozen people who took shifts caring for Ev, cooking, doing housework and running errands were many members of the local SF community, including friends Spider and Jeanne Robinson.

Evelyn is survived by her husband Don, father Ali Beheshti, her mothers Dorothy and Shirley, her brother Cam, her cat Jillie, many other relatives and far too many friends to count.

Donations can still be made to Evelyn's park bench, and any extra money will go to a good cause in Ev's name. Send donations to Dorothy Beheshti, #304 - 1636 Haro Street, Vancouver, BC

— Donna McMahon

The latest issue of *On Spec* was mailed in early April. The Horror and Dark Fantasy theme issue included work by Marie Jakober, Lyle Weis, Eileen Kernaghan and David Nickle, and a column by Robert J. Sawyer.

The Ottawa release party for *On Spec - The First Five Years* took place the weekend of May 12, in conjunction with Cancon and the opening of the National Library SF exhibit. The anthology includes work from out of print issues such as the one containing Aurora-winner "Muffin Explains Teleology to the World at Large." Also included is work by Eileen Kernaghan, Erik Jon Spigel, Dirk L. Schaeffer, Jason Kapalka, Alice Major, Sally McBride, Derryl Murphy, Robert J. Sawyer, Karl Schroeder, Keith Scott, Hugh Spencer & more. (Complete line-up to be announced shortly.) The book will be a paperback priced at \$7.95. Orders may be placed now.

Tesseract Books is also offering a subscription service. \$32.00 will get you *On Spec - The First Five Years* plus the next four books from Tesseract. So there's no Football Follies video, or a swimsuit issue, but it's still a great deal. Write Tesseract Books c/o The Books Collective, 214 - 21 10405 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, AB, T5J 3S2.

Robert J. Sawyer has sold a trilogy to Berkley Boulevard under the working title *George Lucas's Monsters and Aliens*.

Sara Brearley (Peregrin), a longtime member of BCSFA, passed away on December 14, 1994, at the age of 25.

Banffcon '95 will have a Vagon Haiku Poetry Contest — A display and reading of truly dreadful haiku, with coveted awards and incineration to follow. Haven't you got a Vagon Haiku in your drawers? Submissions and results will be displayed at **Banffcon** and available by e-mail. Send your Vagon Haiku to the Imperial Vagon Poetry Judge, c/o Paula Johanson, 1594 Mortimer Street, Victoria, BC, V8P 3A6, or e-mail: ul604@freenet.victoria.bc.ca Deadline for submissions: August 1st, 1995.

A while ago in *Opuntia 16*, John Mansfield bemoaned the fact that "...the Auroras have been given away for some time and I have yet to see it mentioned on any pocketbook cover." Check out the paperback release from Ace of Sean Stewart's *Nobody's Son*. The words "Aurora Award Winner" are very prominently displayed on the cover.

Martin Miller has announced a bid for Worldcon in 2003 for Toronto. Pre-supporting memberships are \$10.00 (US\$7.00), friends of the bid \$35.00 (US\$25.00), patrons of the bid \$225.00 (US\$150). For more information about the bid contact: Toronto WSFCB / Eclipticon, 3026 - 300 Coxwell Ave., Toronto, ON, M4L 2A0.

The *Canadian* concom has announced some disbursements of some of the surplus monies from the 1994 Worldcon:

Banffcon: \$1,000.00 forgivable loan;

DUFF: US\$500.00;

Prairie Fire Magazine: \$3,000.00 in support of the 1995 SF issue;

SFRA: \$1,000.00 for one guest & US\$1,000 Forgivable loan;

St John Ambulance: \$750.00 donation;

TAFF: \$US250.00;

Winnipeg Public Library: \$1000.00 for the purchase of SF books;

WINSFA Senate: \$2,000.00 to support SF fandom in Manitoba;

(**ConTRACT Vol.7 #2**)

Lisa Smedmann of Vancouver has sold a novel, *The Lucifer*, to FASA. (BCSFazine #261)

The Vancouver minicon, "The Science of Survival" went well with 62 members in attendance. It even pulled off a \$286.74 surplus. (BCSFazine # 263)

Candas Jane Dorsey sold her first novel, *The Book of Essa*, to Tor.

Andrew Murdoch has stopped pubbing his zine *ZX* with issue #5.5. (Too bad. We were really looking forward to the next one.) He took over as editor of *Atavachron*, the zine of a Victoria Trek-club, the U.S.S. Resolution. He was expecting to put out an issue in March, but the Resolution, once Canada's largest Star Trek club, disbanded in mid-March.

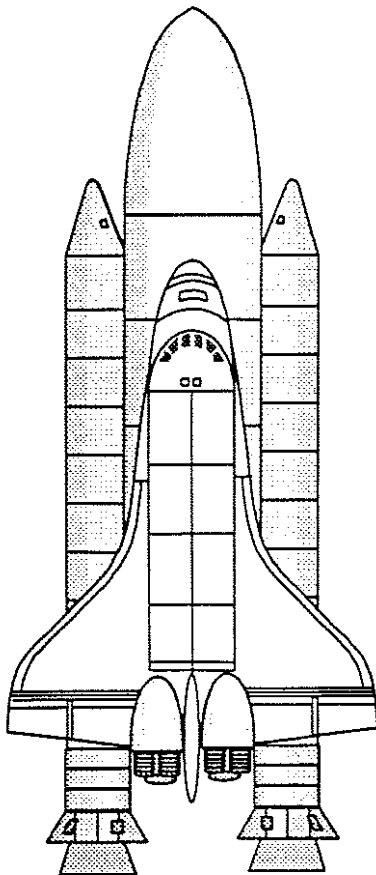
Terence M. Green sold *Ashland, Kentucky* to Tor.

Robert Charles Wilson has moved from Bantam to Tor with his next novel, *Darwina*.

Michelle Sagara moved from Del Rey to DAW who will relaunch her as Michelle West. Her next books are *Hunter's Oath* and *Hunter's Death*.

Joe Casey wants to organize a Canadian Fan Network. He writes, "Let me tell you what I see the Canadian Fan Network

as. It is a connection by which the committees responsible for the Canadian Unity Fan Fund and for each year's Convention and/or the Auroras can contact fanzine and/or fan run newsletters across the country via Email. For example, this year the voting ballots for the Auroras will go out about the end of March and are due back at the end of April. This gives about 30 days for them to go from Ottawa to Vancouver and Halifax and return. I do not picture the CFN as being a lot of work, just a matter of receiving and passing along half a dozen sheets a few times each year. I will be suggesting that this be made a position on as many conventions as possible. If you are interested in this please contact me at your earliest opportunity either by Email (am278@freenet.carleton.ca), by phone at 613-828-2606 or by post at 146A Woodridge Cres, Nepean, Ontario, K2B 7S9, to let me know if you're in or out. It would be greatly appreciated."



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

TESSERACTS-5

An Original Anthology

of Canadian Speculative Fiction

Tesseracts-5 is the sixth in an award-winning series of original anthologies of Canadian Speculative Fiction from Tesseract Books. (The fifth volume is *Tesseracts-Q*, translations of Canadian Francophone SF, slated for Christmas 1995 release.) Each volume is compiled by a different editorial team to ensure that the series is broadly representative of the best Canadian SF. Editors for *Tesseracts-5* will be Robert Runté and Yves Meynard.

The Tesseract anthology series is open to submissions in either English or French from Canadians, landed immigrants, long time residents and expatriates, and is open to both short fiction and poetry. (Francophone stories will be translated into English for publication if accepted.) While the series has included stories as long as 10,000 words, the preferred length is 5,000 words or less; longer works will be considered only if of exceptional quality. Speculative fiction includes the genres of magic realism, science fiction, fantasy, dark fantasy, and fantastique.

With *Tesseracts-5*, this series becomes an annual. Story selection will therefore be made once a year. The deadline for *Tesseracts-5* is August 15, 1995. Reporting time is 12 to 15 weeks following the August 15th deadline.

Manuscripts must be typed double spaced on 8 1/2 x 11 paper, minimum weight 20 lbs; near letter quality dot matrix printing is acceptable, provided the ribbon is sufficiently dark and computer printouts are separated and paper-clipped. Please include your name, address, telephone number and, where applicable, your fax number and Email address on the manuscript. Electronic submissions are not acceptable.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If you wish your manuscript to be returned, the envelope and postage must be sufficient for this purpose, or the manuscript will be considered disposable, and will be destroyed. Manuscripts from outside Canada must use Canadian stamps or International Reply Coupons. Do NOT send originals. Tesseract Books cannot be responsible for submissions lost in transit.

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SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

Star Wars: A New Hope will be re-released in 1997 to celebrate the 20th anniversary of its initial release with new digitalized special effects and new footage. **Star Wars: Episode One** will be released in 1998. The three films of the first trilogy will be filmed at the same time, then released one every two years.... The catering budget for **Waterworld**, starring Kevin Costner and Dennis Hopper, was \$25,000,000. That's a lot of those little sandwiches with the crusts cut off. Some reports suggest the budget on the film has now neared \$200,000,000. Worse yet, director Kevin Reynolds didn't like the reception Costner and the studio gave his cut of the film, so he left the project.... George (Mad Max) Miller will direct the film version of Carl Sagan's novel *Contact*. Jodie Foster will star.... **The X-Files** won this year's Golden Globe Award for Best Television Drama Series, and Martin Landau won a Golden Globe and an Oscar for his portrayal of Bela Lugosi in **Ed Wood**.... **Godzilla** is dead

for now. Director Jan de Bont (**Speed**) left the project after the studio balked at a proposed \$130,000,000 budget. Almost 500 CGI shots were planned (**Jurassic Park** had only 61).... James Cameron's next project, **Spider-Man**, is hung up in a gazillion lawsuits. If it ever gets made, look for Arnold Schwarzenegger to play Dr. Octopus. And yes, there will probably be a **Terminator III**.... Ripley's back (believe it or not), and she's a clone! **Alien 4**, one of these years.... Shooting soon: **Escape From L.A.** will reunite director John Carpenter and star Kurt Russell.... Tristar apparently loved **Johnny Mnemonic** so much that they raised it to "blockbuster" status and held it for a summer release.... Also this summer, look for **Mortal Kombat** starring Christopher Lambert, **Braveheart** starring and directed by Mel Gibson, **Casper** (yes, that Casper) starring a bunch of CGIs, **Congo** based on the Michael Crichton (**Jurassic Park**) novel and produced by Steven Spielberg, **First Knight** starring Richard Gere and Sean Connery in another retelling of the King Arthur legend, **Batman Forever** starring Val Kilmer, Jim Carrey and Tommy Lee Jones, **Judge Dredd** starring Sylvester Stallone, **Apollo 13** starring Tom Hanks and directed by Ron Howard, **Viridiana** starring Denzel Washington, and **The Mighty**

Morphin Power Rangers Movie (No! NO! Aaaaaauuggghh!).... There will be another **Naked Gun** movie but everything's on hold pending the outcome of a trial involving one of the series' stars, O.J. Simpson. (I knew I could fit that in somewhere).... In development: **The Mask 2**, **Superman — Reborn**, **The Incredible Hulk**, and **X-Men** directed by Richard Donner.... The proposed Fox **Doctor Who** project is dead, Jim.... Despite a critical drubbing and mediocre box office, there will be a sequel to **Star Trek: Generations**. (You weren't surprised to hear that, were you?).... **X-Files** producers Jim Wong and Glen Morgan have left the show to produce their own sf series for Fox called **Space**. Look for a two-hour movie this fall....

Martian Romance.... Nancy Kress has sold a third book in the "Beggars" series.... David Brin has signed to do three more "Uplift" books. The first is **Brightness Reef**.... Lois McMaster Bujold has sold two more "Miles Vorkosigan" novels to Baen: **Memory** and **Cetaganda**.... Michael Crichton's **Jurassic Park II** will be out this fall... Piers Anthony sold four more "Xanth" novels to Tor.... White Wolf will re-issue 30 books from Harlan Ellison's backlist.... Dan Simmons third **Hyperion** book, **Endymion**, will be out this Christmas from Bantam....

Omni has ceased monthly publication and will now appear on newsstands only as a quarterly publication. No subscriptions will be offered. Omni will instead place its emphasis on online services.

Amazing Stories has ceased publication.

1994 Nebula Awards

Best Novel: *Moving Mars*; by Greg Bear;
Best Novella: "Seven Views of Olduvai Gorge," by Mike Resnick;
Best Novelette: "The Martian Child," by David Gerrold;
Best Short Story: "A Defense of the Social Contracts," by Martha Soukup.
Grand Master: Damon Knight.

Gone from the airwaves this fall: **M.A.N.T.I.S.**, **Earth 2**, **Sliders** and **VR.5**. Returning shows include **ST: Deep Sleep Nine**, **ST: Voyager**, **Lois & Clark**, **Babylon 5**, **The X-Files** and **seaQuest DSV**.

Christopher Reeve, star of **Somewhere in Time** and the four **Superman** movies, was seriously injured in a horse-riding accident in late May. He was thrown from his horse, breaking the first and second vertebrae in his neck, an injury which resulted in him being paralyzed from the neck down and unable to breathe without a respirator. Although his spinal cord wasn't completely severed and some feeling is returning to his upper chest and back, doctors remain guarded about his prognosis.

Craig Charles, who plays Lister on **Red Dwarf**, was found innocent of rape charges earlier this year. The seventh season of **Red Dwarf** should be before the cameras any day now.

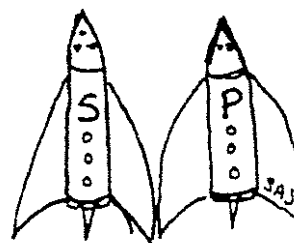
Gentry Lee is writing a "prequel" trilogy set in the "Rama" universe. The first book is **Bright Messengers**, from Bantam in May.... Kim Stanley Robinson has sold two more books to Bantam: **Antarctica!** and **A**

Top Ten Grossing Films of 1994:

- 1.) **The Lion King** \$300,352,000
- 2.) **Forrest Gump** \$298,535,000
- 3.) **True Lies** \$146,274,000
- 4.) **The Santa Clause**
\$137,826,000
- 5.) **The Flintstones**
\$130,100,000
- 6.) **Clear and Present Danger**
\$121,379,000
- 7.) **Speed** \$121,227,000
- 8.) **The Mask** \$118,820,000
- 9.) **Maverick** \$101,631,000
- 10.) **Interview With the Vampire**
\$100,738,000

Bomb Of the Year:

It's Pat \$50,000



Top Twenty Grossing Genre Films of 1994:

- 1.) The Lion King \$300,352,000
- 2.) The Santa Clause
\$137,826,000
- 3.) The Flintstones
\$130,100,000
- 4.) The Mask \$118,820,000
- 5.) Interview With the Vampire
\$100,738,000
- 6.) Star Trek Generations
\$71,293,000
- 7.) Stargate \$68,644,000
- 8.) Wolf \$65,000,000
- 9.) The Crow \$50,650,000
- 10.) Angels in the Outfield
\$50,176,000
- 11.) Timecop \$44,371,000
- 12.) The Shadow \$31,850,000
- 13.) Junior \$28,729,000
- 14.) The Jungle Book
\$22,395,000
- 15.) Mary Shelley's Frankenstein
\$21,980,000
- 16.) Street Fighter \$21,290,000
- 17.) Wes Craven's New Nightmare
\$17,395,000
- 18.) Jurassic Park \$17,270,000
(1993 total - \$339,500,000)
- 19.) Miracle on 34th Street
\$17,017,000
- 20.) Blink \$16,515,000

Top Twenty Domestic All-Time Grossers:

- 1.) E.T.
- 2.) Jurassic Park
- 3.) Star Wars
- 4.) The Lion King
- 5.) Forrest Gump
- 6.) Home Alone
- 7.) Return of the Jedi
- 8.) Jaws
- 9.) Batman
- 10.) Raiders of the Lost Ark
- 11.) The Fugitive
- 12.) The Empire Strikes Back
- 13.) Ghostbusters
- 14.) Beverly Hills Cop
- 15.) Ghost
- 16.) Aladdin
- 17.) Back to the Future
- 18.) Terminator 2: Judgement Day
- 19.) Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade
- 20.) Gone With the Wind

The three top-grossing films worldwide are: 1.) Jurassic Park; 2.) E.T.; 3.) The Lion King.

Obituaries

Ian Ballantine

Ian Ballantine was a giant in the publishing industry. During his career, he co-founded three different publishing houses (Penguin, Ballantine and Bantam), and revolutionized publishing with the advent of the paperback book. Ballantine Books was the first company to publish a regular SF line, and in its first two years published such books as *The Space Merchants* (Pohl & Kornbluth), *Fahrenheit 451* (Bradbury), *Childhood's End* (Clarke) and *More Than Human* (Sturgeon). Ballantine Books also published the first authorized paperback edition of *The Lord of the Rings* (Tolkien). He died on March 9, 1995. He was 79.

Mike McQuay

Author Mike McQuay sold his first novel, *Lifekeeper*, in 1980. His next novels were a series featuring futuristic private eye Matthew Swain and the novelization of *Escape From New York*, but soon McQuay moved to more complex works. *Memories* was set in the Napoleonic era and won the Philip K. Dick Award. Other of his works include *The Nexus* and *Puppet Master*. He was working on *Richter 10*, a collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke, when he died suddenly of a heart attack on May 27, 1995. He was 44.

Elizabeth Montgomery

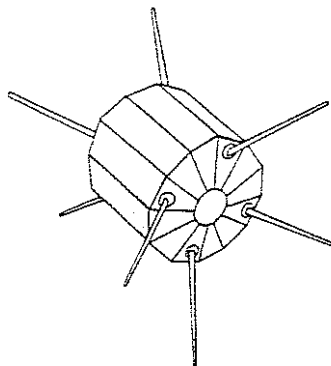
The daughter of actor Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth Montgomery appeared in numerous films in the 1950s and 1960s. But it was her television role as nose-twitching suburban witch Samantha Stevens that she will best be remembered for. *Bewitched* was an instant smash hit in 1964, second in popularity only to *Bonanza*. It ran for eight years until 1972, and Montgomery followed it with many highly-acclaimed tv-movies. Her last movie, *Deadline For Murder*, was broadcast just a week before her death. She died May 18, 1995, of cancer. She was 62.

Donald Pleasence

Donald Pleasence was born in Worksop, England on October 5, 1919. He quit his first job as a railway station clerk at the age of 18, telling the station master he was off to become an actor. In 1951, he made his New York stage debut with Laurence Olivier's company, playing in *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. His film roles included *The Great Escape* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Genre fans will recall his work in many films, among them *1984* (1956), *Fantastic Voyage* (1966), *You Only Live Twice* (1967), *THX-1138* (1971), *Escape to Witch Mountain* (1975), *Oh, God!* (1977), *Dracula* (1979), *Escape From New York* (1981), and *Halloween* (1978) and many of its sequels (having just finished the latest one before his death). "I only make odd films," he said in a 1983 interview. He was made an officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1984. He died on February 2, 1995. No cause of death was announced, although Pleasence had had heart surgery in recent months. He was 75.

Roger Zelazny

Roger Zelazny burst upon the science fiction scene in 1962, with his first published story "Passion Play," as a writer many considered to be a herald of the New Wave. He is probably best known for his "Amber" series of fantasy novels. Other works include *The Dream Master*, *Damnation Alley*, *My Name is Legion* and *Deus Irae*, written with Philip K. Dick. He won Hugos for *And Call Me Conrad* (novel, 1966), *Lord of Light* (novel, 1968), "Home is the Hangman" (novella, 1976), "Twenty-four Views of Mount Fuji, by Hokusai" (novella, 1986), "Unicorn Variation" (novelette, 1982), and "Permafrost" (novelette, 1987). He won Nebula Awards for "He Who Shapes" (novella, 1965), "Home is the Hangman" (novella, 1975) and "The Doors of his Face, the Lamps of his Mouth" (novelette, 1965). He died on June 14, 1995 of liver failure brought on by cancer. He was 58.



View From My Office Window

by Robert Runté

University of Lethbridge

9 AM 95.06.08

I returned from Montreal last night about 10:00 PM. I hadn't heard any news for the previous three days as I was staying in a Bed and Breakfast with no radio or TV and hadn't come across any English language newspapers. So the first inkling I had that something was up was looking out the airplane window and seeing how green everything was in this usually semi-arid part of Southern Alberta. The person next to me made a comment about the river being higher than usual, but it didn't really penetrate, though I did notice an awful lot more ponds that I recalled having seen before. Once on the ground I started home when I saw that there was some sort of traffic jam on the bridge to the Westside, so I went the long route by the old Highway 3 bridge. I was pleased with myself for avoiding the traffic by thinking ahead, and pleased that I had finally learned this alternate route about two months ago. Unfortunately, this was the "low level" bridge in Lethbridge, and while still partially open, they were only letting one car across at a time. Thus traffic moved even more slowly than the on the Whoop-Up Drive bridge which is a couple of stories higher. The water looked to be about a foot under the bridge I was on at that point, but it is a "floating" bridge, so another couple of inches and it would be washed off its supports. Consequently they were dumping tons of gravel on the upstream side of the road deck to try to stabilize the bridge, which cut traffic to one lane. It took me about 90 minutes to drive the six minute trip home.

This morning, both bridges have been closed, which means that schools have had to be closed (because while most kids live in their own neighbourhoods, the teachers don't) and classes have been canceled on campus. So I am sitting in my office doing up my conference expense accounts and looking out at the view.

My office overlooks the river. It USED to overlook a golf course and a bunch of hiking/bicycle trails too, but there is nothing outside there now except river. Where I am, the river is at least 4 times wider than it was the last time I sat here. There are still a few tree tops poking out of the water here and there, and it looks to be two or three feet below the level of the high level bridge, but I'd say the river has risen about 3 stories. It is quite the sight.

Of course, I saw all the flooding in the States last year on TV, but it is not the same as being there. I could wax eloquent about the power of the forces of nature etc., but I didn't pay any attention to that sort of rhetoric when seeing it on the news, so I doubt that I could do any better now that it's my turn. I did, I admit, have a slight feeling that all the flooding in the States was a hint from God that they were maybe getting a bit out of line and should watch it, so by extension, I guess this flood is God's commentary on Lethbridge's conservatism and support of Klein. On the other hand, I mostly have these irrational feelings of guilt because when I was in Tofino weekend before last, I kept saying, "I can't believe how green everything is! I wish to God it would rain in Lethbridge sometime! It would be great to live somewhere where it was green all the time!" Well, things are certainly green here now! Looking out at the coulees which are usually a desert brown, it is unbelievable. Somehow the cliff-like bluffs have been transformed into rolling green hills, and are breathtakingly beautiful! I'd take pictures, but I'm out of film, and there is no way to get across to a store right at the moment.

My house is perfectly safe, I should note. I live on top of the bluffs, about a thousand metres above the flood plain. My office is similarly on the eighth floor of a campus at least 500 meters above the river, but I could not find a better view. Hundreds of students are lined up on the coulees below me standing on what used to be the high points of the hiking trails. It is a beautiful day out too, with only a few fluffy clouds to shade the brilliant sunshine. A great day for a picnic at the side of the river, or on the edge of the coulees, which at the moment is pretty much the same thing. . . .

Afternoon update:

When I went over to the local strip mall at lunch, it was packed with kids with a day off from school . . . and their parents with an unexpected day off work. The whole place had a kind of carnival air to it.... The bridges were reopened at about 2PM and the river has gone down enough that I can see the tops of the trunks of most trees.

The REALLY scary thing for me is that hills have already started to dry out. The coulees across from me are already two shades lighter green than this morning, and there are already discernible brown patches. It's still pretty green for Lethbridge, but it has already lost that WestCoast look.

CONVENTION LISTINGS

1995

AD ASTRA 15

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

CON-VERSION XII

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

TORONTO TREK 9

Aug 4 - 6
 Regal Constellation Hotel
 Toronto, ON
 GoHs: Majel Barrett, Rene Auberjunois,
 Mira Furland.
 TT9, Suite 0116, Box 187,
 65 Front St. W., Toronto, ON, M5J 1E6.

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.
 intersection@smof.demon.co.uk

PACIFICON '95

September 1 - 3
 Holiday Inn
 Victoria, B.C.
 CANCELLED

BANFFCON '95

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

1996

WOLFCON 7

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

V-CON 21

May 17 - 19
 Delta Pacific Hotel
 Richmond, B.C.
 GoH: Kim Stanley Robinson;
 Toastmaster: R. Graeme Cameron.
 V-Con, c/o R. Graeme Cameron, #110
 1855 West 2nd Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 V6J 1J1.

CON-VERSION XIII

CANVENTION 16

July 19 - 21
 Calgary, AB

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 GoH: 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.
 Lacon3info@netcom.com

NORTHSTAR 1

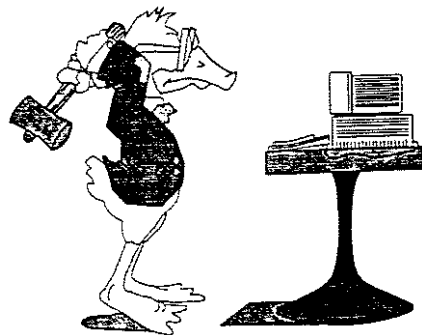
September 5 - 8
 Richmond Inn
 Vancouver, BC
 GoH: S.M. Stirling; FanGoH: R. Graeme
 Cameron.
 NorthStar 1, c/o PO Box 61007, 571 West
 57th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6P 6S5.
[http://mindlink.net/Gordon_Smith/
 nstar.html](http://mindlink.net/Gordon_Smith/nstar.html)
 cathy_mayo@mindlink.bc.ca

1997

LONESTARCON 2

55th WORLD SF CONVENTION

Sept. 3 - 7
 Henry B. Gonzales Convention Center
 Marriott Rivercenter and Marriott Riverwalk
 San Antonio, Texas
 GoHs: Algis Budrys and Michael Moorcock;
 Fan GoH: Roy Tackett; Toastmaster: Neal
 Barrett, Jr.
 LoneStarCon 2, P.O. Box 27277, Austin,
 TX, U.S.A., 78755-2277.
 crackers@io.com



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REVIEWS

BOOKS, MOVIES, TV (AND OTHER STUFF) REVIEWS

Star Trek: Voyager

The latest incarnation of Paramount Pictures' licence to print money, *Star Trek: Voyager* premiered with much hoo-ha in January. *Star Trek: Bore-a-ger* continues the same unfortunate habit of relying on technobabble to solve each episode's problem. This is called Lazy Writing. Each of the first three episodes contain science that doesn't work, a deus ex technica plot resolution, and plot holes so big that the Titanic could sail through with room for lifeboats. (The initial episode also featured an alien race that dressed in rags and didn't have water, but had a huge fleet of spaceships. Excuse me? And in a later episode, the antagonist was a piece of cheese. Literally. I wish I could make up crap like this.) And it's a shame, because of the three new *ST* crews since Kirk & co., this bunch is the most interesting (even though some of them are a bit Mary Sueish).

— J.W.H.

Fools Errant

by Matt Hughes
Maxwell Macmillan Canada
214 pp. trade paperback

Matt Hughes' new book, *Fools Errant*, is subtitled *A Fantasy Picaresque*. It's clear he meant to make his character Filidor the most engaging innocent abroad since *Candide*.

Filidor is the royal nephew and sole heir of the Archon of Old Earth's penultimate age. He is a dandy and a fop, accustomed to ducking whatever responsibilities his uncle calls on him to fulfil. But when a wizened old dwarf is charged to take Filidor to his uncle, they travel to various countries tracking the Archon without meeting him. Adventure broadens Filidor's narrow mind, and changes his assumptions about himself and the world. His adventures take him among people of diverse customs, exhaustively described in fulsome prose.

Fools Errant should have been released with an audio cassette of Lister Sinclair reading:

"The aches and stiffness of the night

began to ease, and walking in the open air settled the young man's stomach. This organ, relieved of distress, realized that it was without useful work, and sent this information on to those other parts of the body responsible for providing it. 'I'm hungry,' said Filidor."

Engaging as Filidor's adventures may be, prose this ornate hasn't been seen in speculative fiction since Stanislaw Lem.

— Paula Johanson

Foreigner

by Robert Sawyer
Ace Books
285 pp.; \$5.99

Robert Sawyer knows how to tell a science fiction adventure story. *Foreigner* finishes off his "Quintaglio" series on a high note. The science is as interesting as ever, the characters as compelling, and the sense of adventure once again never lets up until the last page.

Starting with *Far-Seer*, Sawyer introduced a world of Quintaglios, intelligent dinosaurs on the innermost moon of a gas giant planet. The young scientist Afsan put together his observations with the astronomical studies of Novato to develop not only the equivalent of Galileo's, Copernicus' and Cassini's theories, but also the understanding that their world will last only a few more generations.

In *Fossil Hunter*, Novato, as leader of the Exodus plans, assigned Toroca, her and Afsan's son, to the Geological Survey of their world. Toroca's observations and Darwinian theories are interwoven with Afsan's struggle to learn who has murdered first one, then another of his children.

Now in *Foreigner* Toroca has to come to a decision as to how the Quintaglios will cull their nestlings, and Afsan undergoes analysis by the newest form of scientist on their world — a psychiatrist. There is even progress in understanding the powerful territorial drives which lead their people to berserker rages and unnecessary tragedy.

It is easy to see why Robert Sawyer

has in a few short years become a popular author with dependably enjoyable and inventive stories. Sawyer keeps in touch with his readers' interests at public readings and by reviewing new titles in the SF genre.

— Paula Johanson

Near Death

by Nancy Kilpatrick
Pocket Books
295 pp. \$6.95

Vampire books are popular now, and this one is a little different from the Bram Stoker clones and Anne Rice wannabees. *Near Death* does have the classic pale vampire who is curiously attractive to a delicate female. And the action takes place in England and New York City, where imagining a vampire active in the night scene takes little effort. But the plot takes a few turns, and the turns make this book stand out from the clones. First of all, the delicate female is Kathleen, a.k.a. Zero, a heroin-addicted hooker. David, the classic pale vampire, recites poetry at the drop of a hat. And the machinations of events and changing loyalties take them to Tofino, of all places. Kathleen drives the injured David across Western Canada to Montreal and his fellow vampires, where loyalties change once again. Can true love exist among such differences and betrayals?

The opening scene, with Zero/Kathleen shooting up smack before going out to hunt a vampire, will quickly determine whether the reader is squeamish. But vampire fans with a soft spot for Romance poets will find much that appeals in this novel, and the sequel which maintains a Canadian flavour with its Banff setting. Nancy Kilpatrick is a writer to watch for in the future.

— Paula Johanson

The Oxford Book of Fantasy Stories

selected by Tom Shippey
Oxford University Press
528 pp. \$35.00 hardcover

Tom Shippey has put considerable thought into his selection of thirty-one fantasy stories. His previous book, *The Road to Middle Earth*, and the books he edited showed a justified academic interest in the fantasy and science fiction genres. Now with the release of *The Oxford Book of Fantasy Stories*, Shippey has edited an

excellent companion volume to his earlier work, *The Oxford Book of Science Fiction Stories*.

Academic interests aside, this is an astonishingly good overview of modern fantasy writing over the last century. The best authors are represented, from Lord Dunsany through Catherine L. Moore, James Tiptree Jr., John Brunner and Tanith Lee. Each decade had a different focus on the fantasy genre, and it is fascinating to read Tom Shippey's selections from each era. Classic stories, such as Poul Anderson's tale of witches and werewolves in a parallel Earth, or Larry Niven's tale of magic as a non-renewable resource, are here as well as four stories reprinted for the first time and others which are out of print. Shippey also included arguably the best fantasy story of the last century: Theodore Sturgeon's "*The Silken-Swift*."

This is a good text for libraries or new readers of fantasy.

— Paula Johanson

Standing Firm

by Dan Quayle
Harper, May, 1995; \$7.99

Many writers build their careers one book at a time and earn their literary stature over a long period. Others burst upon the scene seemingly overnight and gain immediate recognition and celebrity. The latest supernova bursting on the SF starscape is Dan Quayle whose first novel, the alternate history *Standing Firm*, is an astounding piece of work and a fitting tribute to its author.

Standing Firm tells the story, in a wonderfully sardonic tone, of George Bush's Vice President. Quayle takes this premise an extra step, however, and in a moment of self-deprecating brilliance casts himself as the misunderstood politician. (Think of *The Iron Dream*, but with Spinrad as Hitler.) It's a satirical tour de force as the character Quayle must fend off liberals, the press and (in a brilliant sequence) fictional TV news reporter Murphy Brown. In fact the book is full of many such moments as the writer Quayle mixes fact and fantasy together so much that in the end it's easy to see why the character of Quayle is so misguided. *Standing Firm*'s over-the-top dogmatic conservatism and supposed paeans to "American values" is truly a master-stroke of black comedy. The writer Quayle even includes an epilogue entitled "*Looking Forward*": how one can "stand firm," yet "look forward" is just one of the many ironic asides scattered about this tangy tome.

Do yourself a favour and read this book. You'll laugh 'til you cry.

— J.W.H.

Stranger at the Wedding

by Barbara Hambly
Del Rey; 341 pp.; \$6.99

Barbara Hambly has produced another powerful fantasy adventure worth reading and re-reading. This time, the secondary characters which gave her last novel *Dog Wizard* a full, solid background are shown in a new story. The fourth novel set in a series, *Stranger at the Wedding* is still not formula fiction.

That is, unless the formula includes a variety of characters from independent to colourless, a plot that shifts from action to intrigue to munching buns from a street vendor, and settings that range from a cloistered Citadel of magic to the medieval back alley of Little Potticary Lane. Hambly's story has business executives mingling with tradespeople and dog wizards, and social climbers facing revenge from unexpected sources. Some standard fantasy elements are used to good effect: the appeal of magic and of romance are made very clear, as is the need for courage and hard work. The dialogue and humour are terrific.

What makes *Stranger at the Wedding* stand out from generic fantasy books is Hambly's skill at writing a mystery. When Kyra is tracking down a threat to her sister's wedding night, she is as bright and persistent as Kinsey Milhouse of the *A is for Alibi* books, or Diane Fletcher of Sean Stewart's *Passion Play*. Go Kyra!

— Paula Johanson

A Wizard In Mind: The First Chronicle of the Rogue Wizard

by Christopher Stasheff
Tor; 1995; \$24.95

Welcome back to the worlds of Christopher Stasheff as we once again join the Family D'Armand. What was once one excellent series has been split into three very good series, all with the same humour and sense of fun that made the original Warlock series such a joy to read. In this latest adventure young Magnus is again looking for adventure and people to help. In this case he settles on the planet Petrarch. This is a world that is just coming out of the dark ages and is entering its own renaissance. It is a time when the merchants of the planet are throwing off the yoke of the titled overseers and demanding to be allowed to keep what they work for. Under the name of Gar Pike, Magnus finds himself drawn into the battle on the side of the merchants when he helps a young trader named Gianni Braccialese who has been waylaid by the Stilettoes, a group of mercenaries who have been hired by the Prince Raginaldi to disrupt the trade of the only group of free

merchants on the planet who live in the city of Pirogia, a city built on an island chain.

Of course, no story would be complete without off-planet merchants assisting, or possibly exploiting, the lords, and a group of dreamy eyed idealists interfering in everyone's work.

This book, as with many of Stasheff's works, is a joy to read and unlike many series shows no indication of burning itself out. On the Casey scale of readability it rates 8.5.

— Joseph Casey

Transversions Vol 1 Number 1

Edited by Dale Sproule & Sally McBride
Poetry editor Phyllis Gotlieb
1019 Colville Rd.
Victoria, BC
V9A 4P5
\$18.00/4 issues

An interesting cover by Jeff Kipers attracts ones attention to the first issue of this speculative fiction magazine. Inside is fiction by Edward Willett, David Nickle, Michael Coney, Sean Stewart, Dennis Valdro and Gordon R. Menzies. As well there is poetry by Barry Hammond, John Grey, Charles deLint, Steve Sneyd, Karen Verba, William P. Robertson, Elizabeth K. Campbell and Nancy Bennet. Dale's editorial mentions that they hope to print some non-fiction articles in future issues.

— K.J.



ZINE LISTINGS

by Karl Johanson

Trash Barrel

Donald Franson
6543 Babcock Ave
North Hollywood, CA
91606-2308
(available for The Usual or \$2.00)

Six page of zine reviews & listings.
Lots of titles I haven't seen before.

The Zero-G Lavatory Vol 1 #3

Scott Patri
Box 1196
Cumberland, BC
V0R 1S0
(available for The Usual or \$3.00)

An editorial on the life of the editor, a review of the game "Magic", zine reviews, numerous illos (mostly cartoons) and a couple dozen LoCs. Looks like I forgot to send him his trade copy of UTOH. Oops.

Sercon Popcult Litcrit Fanmag 4

Garth Spencer
P.O. Box 15335 V.M.P.O.
Vancouver BC
V6B 5B1

You know, if I had published half as much stuff as Garth, chances are he would have published twice as much as I have. Garth talks about his status as a hermit. Some interesting points about what can go wrong with con organization. Some LoCs & lots of zine listings. There seems to be a certain amount of animosity towards Sharyn McCrumb (author of *Bimbos of the Death Sun*) in this zine.

BCSFazine 262

#1855 West 2nd Ave
Vancouver, BC
V6J- 1J1
\$2.00/ issue
Edited by R. Graeme Cameron

The back half of this issue is the con booklet for the Vancouver mini con *The Science of Survival* (March 18, 1995). Also included is an announcement of a new Vancouver con, *Northstar*, in September 1996, which will feature BCSFazine's editor as FanGoH (see con listings). In his column "The Light Hearted Vituperator & Jolly Reviler," Stan G. Hyde talks about his two recent bits on CBC, talking about Godzilla's 40th birthday as well as *The*

Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. This issue also observes the passing of Vancouver writer Nigel Derek Findley.

OSFS Statement #209, #212

251 Nepean St.
Ottawa, ON
K2P 0B7
Available for \$18.00 / year or the Usual.
Edited by Lionel Wagner

#209: The editorial laments club apathy. Thank goodness that isn't a problem anywhere else in fandom. The issue also contains club news, Hollywood news, Mr. Science, LoCs (including one by A.C. Clarke) book reviews & zine reviews. The editor thought that our "Robert's head on the whole *ST:TNG* crew" cover was technically brilliant but that the 'Robert on the cover' joke has been over done. (Gee, do ya think?)

#213: Hmmm, lets see. There's news of Can Con, lamentations that the club is dying, lists of other SF related clubs, reviews, news from Hollywood, con listings, LoCs, cartoon as well as other art.

The Skeptical Review Vol 6 # 2

P.O. Box 717
Canto, Illinois
61520-0717
Edited by Farrell Till
US\$5.00 / year (5 issues) with the first year free.

This magazine is primarily devoted to discussions and debates about the topic of Biblical inerrancy. The editor provides space for persons of opposing viewpoints in the magazine's written debates, making this magazine readable to different people regardless of their personal viewpoint. One current discussion involves Biblical claims that rabbits ruminate. Judith Hayes made an interesting comment in her article on prayer: "A thorough reading of the Bible is the surest path to atheism."

Fosfax

P.O. Box 37281
Louisville, Kentucky
40233-7281

More "liberal versus conservative" stuff and a couple more pages of what's wrong with Bill Clinton. Several book reviews including a commentary by Joseph T.

Major on Heinlein's *Red Planet*. As per usual the letter col is large & is ripe with controversial topics interspersed with the occasional mention of SF.

Habakkuk Chapter 3 Verse 4

Bill Donaho
626 58th St.
Oakland, CA
94609
U.S.A.

For some reason when I pronounce this zine in my head it comes out Habbukku. A zine which seems to be striving to be fannishly correct. Some interesting articles, essays and reviews. A reviewer seems to be down on pig headed 'nobody budging an inch' LoC arguments in *Fosfax*. Curious, considering similar debates on smoking have taking up a reasonable amount of *Habakkuk*'s lettercol. Overall some definitely worth reading stuff.

Burnaby Writers' Society Newsletter

6584 Deer Lake Ave
Burnaby BC
V5G 2J3

Interesting market and publishing news for and about (primarily) west coast authors. The market news seems to cover all genres and most of North America.



An Interview with Sally McBride

by Paula Johanson

One of Victoria's many award-winning authors is Sally McBride. After living in Edmonton and Toronto, McBride has made Victoria her home since 1981. "I never started writing till I was thirty," she says when asked how she got started. "And the first thing I ever wrote was an awful *Star Trek* thing, but I loved it." Now she has sold over a dozen of her many stories.

In May, McBride missed attending the National Science Fiction Conference in Ottawa, in order to attend her first grandchild's christening in Toronto. And so, she missed the announcement that she had won the national Aurora Award for Canadian Speculative Fiction in the short story category. (The award was brought to her by a runner-up who held it for ransom.)

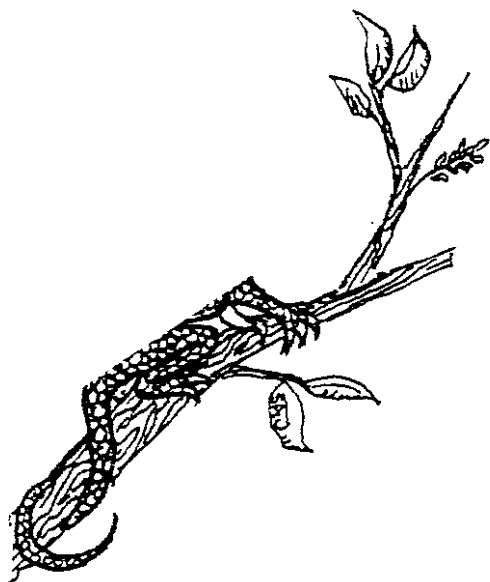
Her story, "*The Fragrance of Orchids*", appeared in Isaac Asimov's *Science Fiction Magazine*. Those who know Sally McBride's evocative and memorable stories from other magazines and the *Tesseract* anthology (from Beach Holme) are not surprised that she won the Aurora this year. Those who know McBride as a friend and colleague are definitely surprised to learn she is a new grandmother — there are rumours of a portrait mouldering in her attic while Sally moves through her busy life never fading.

Most of her writing is speculative fiction, fantasy or horror. "If I try to do a non-sf story it mutates or I lose interest," McBride reports. Still, she's done some interesting non-fiction pieces for magazines and a series of interviews for CFAX radio, and even some Junior Jays Fan Club comic strips. She reads SF for pleasure. The literary quality of this genre has gone way up in the past decades, she feels, and keeps these stories in demand. She is a member of SF Canada, the national association of professional SF authors.

"I don't write fiction for money," she insists, though selling a story for money is usually a pretty good indicator that it is interesting and well-written. Even so, she admits that "Harlequin romances make a lot of money, and a lot of good writing never sees the light of day."

When she started, McBride had little children. "This caused stress. I had to go break up fights, and would get cranky." She adds: "My grown children are now supportive, and pleased."

McBride started writing in writer's workshops in Edmonton in the thriving literary community. With her husband Dale Sproule in Victoria, she ran a workshop for a while. Though she never attended Clarion, the SF genre's most intensive week-long workshop, McBride feels she is lucky to have instead a good job and quiet times when she can work on the computer for a short while.



Clay

by Karl Johanson

One of my earliest memories is playing with coloured modelling clay. While I was playing 'squish the hunk of clay', my mother took a piece, did something to it with her hands and then placed a small blue elephant on the table next to me. What an amazing notion — you could do things with clay other than squish it through your fingers. I tried to play 'make the elephant walk' while my mother made more animals for me. I say 'tried' to play because my co-ordination at that age was such that a casual observer might mistakenly think I was playing 'mash the elephant into the table with my fist'.

It occurred to me some time later that I might actually be able to make something interesting with the clay myself. For some reason, the few recognizable forms I managed to produce barely compared to the menageries my mother could create. In the first thirty years of my life the only decent representational forms I was able to produce were a rough sphere, a worm and a pancake.

A few months ago while visiting my sister-in-law and her family I noticed my two year old niece playing with her clay. She tends to be a bit leery of me (maybe because I once accidentally hit her head into a ceiling lamp while playing the airplane ride game) but this time she seemed quite happy to have me watch her play 'squish the clay'. 'Squish the clay' has become high tech these days, with nifty plastic machines with levers which allow one to extrude a wide variety of I beams & other shapes. My niece allowed me to play with one of the pieces, so I tried to decide whether to make a worm or a sphere.

A brief passage from Monty Python passed through my brain, inspiring me to make a worm which was thin at one end, much, much larger in the middle, then thin at the other end. I then made four short worms, attached them to the fat part of the big worm and . . . a brontosaurus. Not a great brontosaurus, mind you, but definitely a brontosaurus (or apatosaur if you prefer). Something had clicked in my brain. The little voice in my head which likes to say, "You're not an artist, nyaa nyaa" was strangely silent. I wonder if having such an uncritical audience was what allowed this creative leap to take place.

I handed the brontosaurus, and later the duck and the turtle, to my niece, who squealed with delight & squished them all into the table.

UNDER THE OZONE HOLE

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

Number One

Features "How I Lost My Convirginity" by Laura Atkins, news, reviews, and fiction by F.F. "Bones" Norman. Cover features Brian Mulroney as The Terminator.

Number Two

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

Number Three

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

Number Four

The first infamous all-colour Robert Runté cover! "The Impossible Battle Bikini" by Laura Atkins (with pictures! Okay, only one). The Robert Runté Guide to Fandom Part One! Plus, an honest-to-God real LoC from Brian Mulroney! (Really, we're not making this up! Hoarse!) **SOLD OUT!**

Number Five

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

Number Six

Special Conspiracy Issue! The Robert Runté Guide to Fandom Part Three! Still more "Young and Slothful"! Clark Bell's "Ode to the Stubby." Proof that Brian Mulroney is related to a hamster (it says so on the cover)!

Number Seven

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

Number Eight

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

Number Nine

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

Number Ten

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

Number Eleven

Have you forgotten what was in this issue already? You're holding the darn thing in yer hands!

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"I like it."

-- John Willcox Herbert, co-editor UTOH.

"John likes it."

-- Karl Johanson, co-editor UTOH.

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

-- Cath Jackel, uncompensated endorser

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