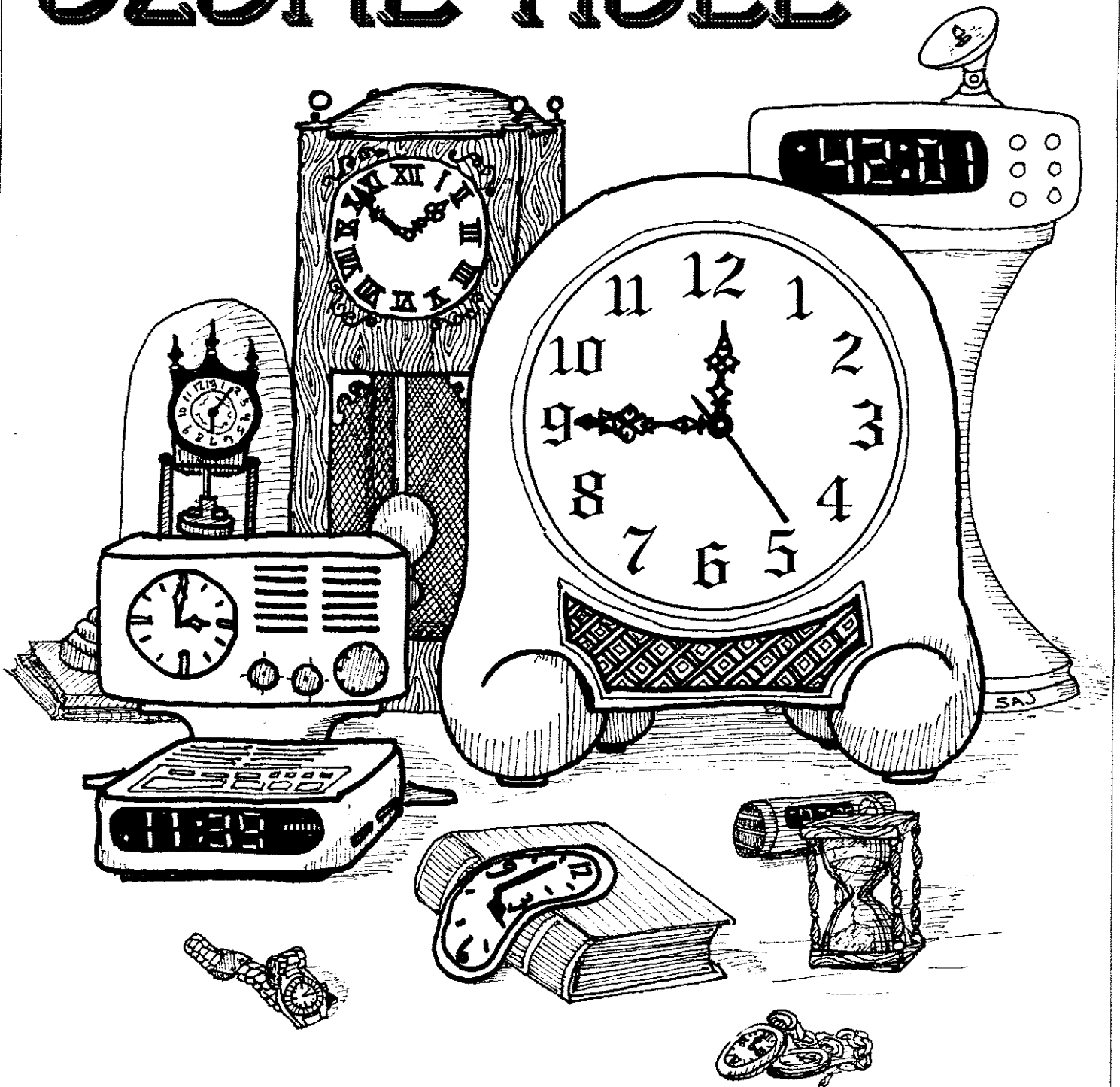


UNDER THE # 15 OZONE HOLE



UNDER THE OZONE HOLE

NUMBER FIFTEEN - SEPTEMBER 1996

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(So there, nyah.)

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All uncredited material is by the Editors (blame them).
Opinions expressed herein are those of the contributors, not
necessarily those of Under 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.
- ___ WILMA, I'M HOME!!!!!!
- ___ Badgers? We don't need no stinking badgers.
- ___ You have secret fantasies about Barney.
- ___ The devil made us do it.
- ___ You can remember the band Paul McCartney was in
before Wings.
- ___ John doesn't have to pay you to laugh at his jokes.
- ___ There was this atomic duck, see.
- ___ Spam, spam, spam, spam, spam, spam, spam
- ___ SPOON!
- ___ You picked the Florida Panthers to go to the Stanley Cup
finals.
- ___ Mouse.
- ___ 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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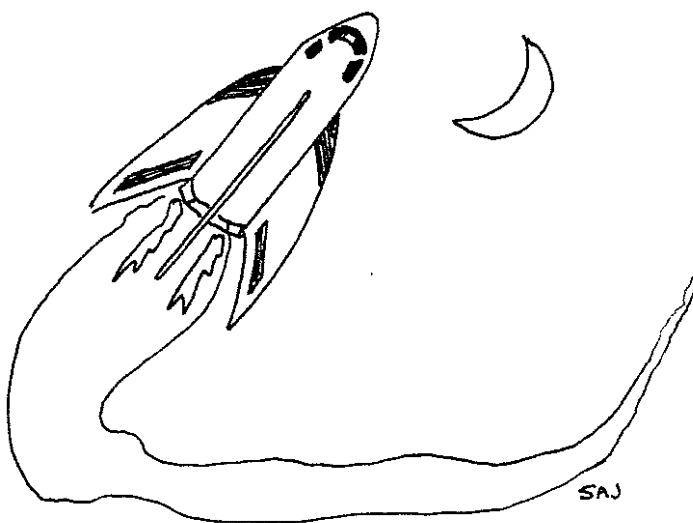
John Willcox Herbert, Laura Houghton, Karl Johanson, and Paula
Johanson.

Art

All art by Stephanie Ann Johanson.

About The Cover

Yep. There is a cover. I'm sure it's a very nice cover, too. I just have
no idea what it is or who did it.



THE EDITOR'S OPINION

by Karl Johanson

"Mars is essentially in the same orbit... somewhat the same distance from the sun, which is very important. We have seen pictures where there are canals, we believe, and water. If there is water, that means there is oxygen. If oxygen, that means we can breathe."

-- Dan Quayle, former U.S. Vice President

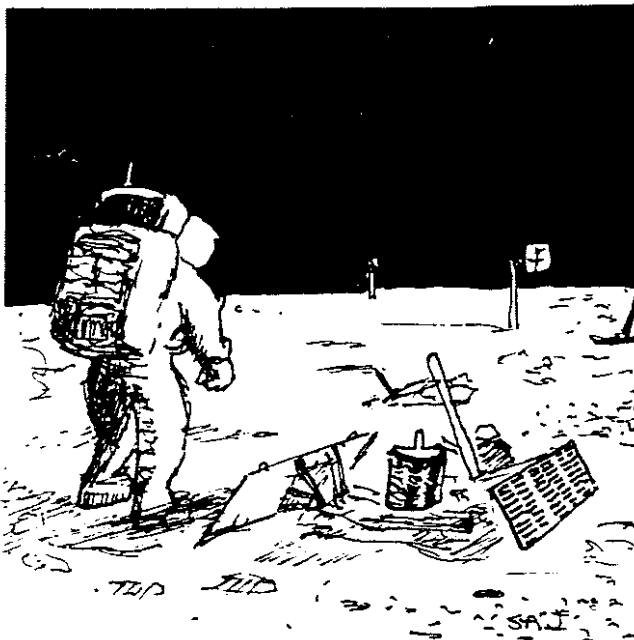
As I mentioned in a previous issue, I vividly remember the first manned landing on the moon (or as Dan Quayle said, when "Neil Armstrong and Buzz Lukens walked on the moon"). Now I have a new memory which, for me, holds similar import. I remember when I learned that analysis of a meteor found in Antarctica provided significant evidence that microscopic life existed on the planet Mars billions of years ago (I was sitting at one of my computers at home). I expected a discovery such as that, were it to happen at all, would be decades away at best. Some of my co-workers and I spent a good part of the day bouncing off the walls over it.

I was thinking about the possible discovery of extra-terrestrial life and I had a thought. For one moment (a very small moment) I regretted that Dan Quayle was no longer the Vice President of the United States. I confess that I would have loved to have heard his slant on the possible discovery of fossilized microscopic Martian life.

As for going to Mars; I think the probability of any government sending a manned mission to Mars is exactly equal to that of a government allowing the launch of a manned nuclear rocket.

"[It's] time for the human race to enter the solar system."

-- Vice President Dan Quayle on the concept of a manned mission to Mars.



KARL JOHANSON'S FAVOURITE STAR TREKS

-- "Day of the Dove": (An energy being which feeds on hate causes the Klingons and Federation to fight.) Roddenberry got away with making a very interesting point (and he managed to get it on 1960s TV). The point was, "Sure, maybe there's a God, but what if he's a dink?" I recently reread the bit about the Jews fighting the Amalakites in the Old Testament and decided that this wasn't such an original story concept after all.

-- "The Enemy Within": (The transporter accidentally duplicates/splits Kirk into "good" and "evil" halves. Sulu and some red shirts are trapped on the planet as the freezing night approaches.) Looking past William Shatner's recent graduation from the "Bela Lugosi School of Portraying Evil by Making Grimacey Expressions," I saw something with the ring of truth in this episode. It was that of the two parts, Kirk's violent side was the one that was afraid. Another plus for the episode was the alien life form. They stuck antennae, a horn and an extended tail on a Pomeranian and there we have it, an alien (it even had enough fur that you could believe it would survive on such a cold planet). Next Generation, with 100 times the budget, came up with nothing more interesting than humans with paint and silly putty on their heads. Nitpick: if everything they transported was duplicated and didn't quite work (including heaters for the freezing landing party), why didn't they beam down some blankets and tents?

-- "Mudd's Women": Just kidding.

-- I don't know if I can say for sure that the following is definitely in my top 10, but nevertheless I like the Star Trek 25th Anniversary computer game. Some of the puzzles in some computer adventure games have somewhat arbitrary solutions (including the games I worked on). Many of the puzzles in this game were set up so that you could "Spock" your way through them. I remember playing during lunch hour and coffee breaks at the sign shop. Several co-workers stared blankly at me as I explained that the combination to the alien air lock must be 99 in base three. Confusion mounted as I calculated the number and successfully used it to gain entry to the airlock (which had another different @#5%ing base number combination lock at the inner door).

-- "The Changeling": (A centuries old Earth space probe "somehow" combines with an alien probe device and becomes intelligent.) I obviously wasn't the only one who liked it or they wouldn't have used the same idea for the first movie.

-- I forget the title of this episode. It was the one where Doolittle, Boiler, Talby and Pinback were blowing up unstable planets. Pinback has a fight in an elevator shaft with a beach ball. Boiler shoots the lid to the heating unit for target practice. One of the bombs decided it was God at the end. Great episode.

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

by John Willcox Herbert

Another year has rolled by, another Aurora award ceremony has taken place and again Karl and I must thank all those who voted for us. We must also acknowledge our competitors in our category, all of whom were deserving of winning. Karl and I really thought that this year was R. Graeme Cameron's and BCSFazine's year to win. We were so sure of this, in fact, that neither of us prepared an acceptance speech. As we walked up to the podium, we both were looking at each other: "I hope you got something ready to say, because I sure don't." "Gee, I thought you were working on the speech." "No, weren't you?" "No, I didn't think we would win." "Neither did I!" Apparently everyone liked what we said since nobody booed or threw rotting fruit. I just wish I knew what it was.

Looking at the results, a few interesting races pop up: a tight battle between Robert J. Sawyer and Sean Stewart for best novel. Robert had the lead all the way, but Sean almost caught him at the end; and *Reboot*, a surprise winner I think, just beating out *Northern Frights 3* at the bell. The final results also belie the mythical "BC bloc vote" — that particular notion is definitely past its prime. Heck, if there's any bloc voting going on, I think we should looking at those French categories. Every winner in those categories was from Québec!

☺

August 6, 1996. Mark that day on your calendar. (I did.) Life on Mars. Maybe. A while ago. A long while ago. Haven't you always imagined the day when scientists would announce that life was discovered somewhere, out there? We may have just lived it.

I found many people's reactions quite interesting. I told the fellow who delivers the *Vancouver Sun* and *Vancouver Province* to my station about it when he arrived (these two illustrious newspapers had neglected to feature the story on the front page) and he was blown away. My mother, however, didn't really seem to think this was anything special.

And then the next week we hear there might be water on Europa. And if there's water, there might be life there, too. In the space of a week, our planet went from being unique in the cosmos to (possibly) just one of the life-supporting planets floating around in the 'hood.

Now, if only these microbes could talk....

September 8, 1966. Another day to mark on your calendar. *Star Trek* premiered this night on NBC to lukewarm reviews and lackluster ratings. Now, thirty years later, *Star Trek* is a cultural phenomenon that has changed TV, science fiction, and lives. It's also a commercial juggernaut that has generated sales of billions of dollars.

And herein lies the rub. *Star Trek*, so the story goes, was created by Gene Roddenberry so that he could tell allegorical stories commenting on today's society (or rather, 1960s society) and slip them past the network censors. And they would be wondrous stories about the human condition, about peace and love and togetherness. But because of network incompetence/maliciousness, *Star Trek* was canceled only to be saved by a letter campaign and protests by the fans who loved the show. But the network sought revenge and moved the show to a terrible timeslot where it died, and Father Roddenberry was left to hit the lecture circuit.

But it's all a myth, of course. *Star Trek* was created to make money. It was Roddenberry himself who organized the "Save *Star Trek*" campaigns (he even managed to get NBC to unknowingly foot the bill for expenses), who wrote nearly nonsensical lyrics to the theme music so he could share in the royalties, who raided the *Star Trek* sets and offices for props, film clips and scripts to sell. After *Star Trek* was canceled, no one was concerned about ideals or nobility or integrity, only if there was any more profit to be sucked out of its carcass. In fact in the early seventies, Paramount offered all rights to *Star Trek* to Roddenberry for \$150,000. Even he didn't think there was anything left in his own dead horse.

The original *Star Trek* took complex ideas and told them in simple stories. The modern versions of *Star Trek* take simple ideas and tell them in complex stories. The most simple idea it tells is: anything for a buck. That's why in the new film *Star Trek: First Contact*, you'll see a new *Enterprise*, and the crew in new uniforms. More toys to sell. More costumes to sell. More money to make. (Why haven't they ever made *Star Trek* condoms? Talk about a ready-made slogan: "Boldly go where no man has gone before!")

Star Trek™: The Quest For Bucks — the adventure continues....

Let's play a thought exercise. Imagine if you will that a rebel faction has overthrown the government of a country. Many citizens feel they might be in danger and depart post haste, leaving behind family wealth, land, possessions and industries gathered over generations. Now let's say that the rebels, after assuming control, nationalize the abandoned booty and do not pay any reparations. Is this fair? Shouldn't the displaced families have the right to sue for damages and shouldn't people and businesses using this "nationalized" property be punished? That's fair, isn't it? Sure is. That's why I support the Helms-Burton act which allows Cuban-born naturalized American citizens (and their descendants) whose property was confiscated after the Communist revolution of 1959 to sue foreign businesses that now use that property. Helms-Burton also bans foreign executives using confiscated property in Cuba from entering the United States.

I also support the Godfrey-Milliken bill recently introduced in the Canadian Parliament. Godfrey-Milliken, named after its sponsor MPs John Godfrey and Peter Milliken, allows descendants of United Empire Loyalists (all three million of 'em) who fled the American Revolution to Canada to sue for any lost property. It also forbids any executive of a company "trafficking" in confiscated property from entering Canada. This would also include the President of the United States and his family since about 700 acres around Washington, DC, including the land under the White House, was taken from Captain John Osborne of the British Army. Admittedly, Milliken treats this as a personal issue. One of his ancestors, who owned land in North Carolina, died in a jail there during the Revolution. "Our bill," said Godfrey, "is ever bit as silly as Helms-Burton, or as serious. Take your pick." Already over 100 descendants have contacted the MPs.

Yeah, I know. The zine says September all over it and now it's January. There's a good reason for this. I'll call you when I have one.

Suffice to say that personal strife has intruded. (Please note my new address on the contents page.) Also, during my move I lost track of the zine disk for a while. And because this was supposed to be out in September, there's a bunch of *Star Trek* references as September was *Star Trek*'s 30th Anniversary. Rather than change the date, I thought I'd just leave it the way it is. You can look at the date and

think that you're four months younger.

And that brings me to another point. Karl and I have tried to keep to an almost quarterly schedule and have darned near succeeded for the most part. Present circumstances, however, make keeping a regular schedule an impossibility. So for the foreseeable future, UTOH will come out whenever we damn well please. Those seeking the latest fannish news will have to look else-

where. Being an alleged quarterly, current news was never our strongpoint, alas, but we will continue to maintain lists and collect news, and we will endeavour to be as up to date as possible when future issues appear. We will be also planning to establish a presence on the Web.

You may not hear from us as frequently, but you ain't heard the last of us.

See ya around the galaxy.

Leers and Frothing on the Campaign Trail '96

Part Three: Won't Get Fooled Again

by John Willcox Herbert

Our story thus far: Adam Charlesworth, Aurora award winning radio personality with great hair, has convinced your humble chronicler to be his campaign manager as he prepares to run for the Green Party in the May 28th British

Columbia General Election. The ruling NDP government, plagued in recent months by a bingo scandal, is in a tight battle with the opposition Liberals who, amazingly, are on the defensive as new Premier Glen Clark manages the brilliant maneuver of campaigning on the Liberals' record (which is pretty amazing since no one alive can remember when the Liberals last held power in B.C.). So with the Liberals on the defensive, the NDP gaining, and the Reform Party goose-stepping, the Greens are about to make their big election-eve move. But, as we shall see, not everyone is playing fair...

Yet again, Adam was phoning me. I thought the new unlisted number would work, but no, he was still able to track me down. I, of course, had memorized his phone number, and I checked the call display when he called. Obviously, he was one step ahead of me and had changed his phone number, too, otherwise I never would have picked it up.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well what?" I asked back.

"Well, how did it go?" He was referring to the all-candidates' debate on the local community cable channel. There were eight candidates, including a Natural Law candidate and NDP environment Minister Moe Shiota. The debate started with independent candidate David Shebib's opening comment, wherein after a moment of staring crazily into the camera foaming at the mouth, he started yelling, "There's no one watching! It's all a big media-driven conspiracy! You aren't allowed to vote for who you want!! Run! Run to your church basements! Conspiracy! Conspiracy! They tell you nothing but lies!!" He was right, of course, but an election campaign was not the place to bring up ethics and honesty. He interrupted the other candidates by shouting, "Fraud! Fraud! Media pawn!" until the moderator turned off his microphone. (At an earlier all-

Final Results - Malahat-Juan de Fuca

Sihota, Moe NDP	13,833
Landon, Heather BC Liberal Party	6,770
Davidson, Scotty Reform BC	1,179
Whims, Ron PDA	921
Charlesworth, Adam Green Party	376
Danyluck, Sylvia Natural Law	60
Shebib, David Independent	58
O'Neil, Bob Communist	35

candidates meeting, Shebib and the other candidates present, including Adam, met backstage with the moderator to discuss the ground rules. Shebib suggested that all agree on four or five questions to deal with. When

the moderator insisted that the questions would come from the audience, Shebib denounced the whole proceeding and left to sit in the crowd. When the debate started, the moderator introduced the candidates except for Shebib who was seated in the audience. He shouted something about "Sham! Sham! Media corruption!" and the moderator eventually recognized him. "And I believe Independent Candidate David Shebib is in the audience tonight." After a few minutes without being asked any questions, Shebib left with his supporters, yelling about dirty tricks, missing tapes, secret Contra slush funds and Gracie's finger.

But I digress. Adam gave his opening remarks last, right after the Natural Law candidate.

"Well, I think you did really good. You used that King Solomon story about cutting the baby in half to your advantage. That was one for the highlight reel. But I think you were in a tough spot having to regain the audience after the Natural Law speaker."

"Yeah. She was pretty cute. And she didn't even once mention levitation."

"Isn't that just like a politician? They tell they're all for debt reduction and family values during the election, but when they get in they suddenly spring tofu, yogic flying and karmaic defense shields on you." Later, it seemed ironic how my words would come back to haunt me.

"No kidding. How did I handle the question and answer session?"

Here I had to be diplomatic. After the opening statements, for the next ninety minutes, the candidates fielded phone-in questions from the viewing audience. Surprisingly, there were people other than me watching. Unfortunately for Adam, no one phoned in with a question for him. Someone had a question for the Natural Law candidate, and someone even had one for David Shebib. (This resulted in more mouth foaming.) I felt like phoning in just to tell Adam that his hockey team had lost that night. Finally, the last question was to Mighty Moe Sihota concerning transit issues. The moderator, in either a move of pity or a carefully crafted political dirty trick, said, "Well, let's bring the Green Party in on this last question. Mr. Charlesworth, what about transit?"

Adam's response, although witty and off the cuff, was not as lucid

Final Results - British Columbia

NDP	39 seats
BC Liberal Party	33 seats
Reform BC	2 seats
PDA	1 seat

as I would have liked: "[snore] Huh? Wha—? Sorry. Can you, ah, repeat—what?" In terms of substance, Adam's response had been no worse than any other politician's that night. His delivery was, I'm afraid, not up to snuff.

"At least you didn't get spit all over your microphone like some of the other candidates did," I replied hopefully. "How's that lawsuit going against BCTV for not allowing the Greens in the TV debate?"

"Not well. BCTV just sent party headquarters a letter showing them all the legal precedents, and a friendly note saying, 'Don't bother suing, you'll never win. No one ever has. And here's the bill from our lawyers for their time.'"

"Yeow. Hardball."

"No kidding. The only mention we got at all on BCTV was when one of our candidates was being investigated for having naked hot tub parties with teenage girls."

"Well, no nudes is good nudes. It didn't help when they interviewed his campaign manager and he said, 'Right on!' Maybe we should have tried it."

"Shut up."

My candidate was obviously tense. The campaign had not gone well. (At least, that's what he told me. As his campaign manager, I felt it was my duty to stay out of the limelight. Far out of the limelight. As far out as possible.)

"Look," I said, "it's not so bad. The NDP'll squeak in and let's face it, they're the best choice of the mainstream parties, right?"

"Sure," Adam grumbled. "With the NDP, we're only *speeding* towards extinction, not *hurtling* like we would be with the Liberals."

"Now, they've done some good. They've balanced the budget. They created the Forest Renewal Fund, which by their own act of parliament, the government is not allowed to transfer into general revenue. It's not like they've been lying about a balanced budget during the election and will be forced to break the law and use those funds to cover the deficit, is it? No government in their right mind would do that."

Whoever accused politicians of being sane?

But, boys and girls, we all know how our story turned out, don't we? You see, the NDP knew they weren't going to balance the budget before they called the election. They knew they were in fact facing a billion dollar deficit. They, um, fibbed. That's it. They campaigned on a balanced budget they knew they didn't have. (For a moment, I thought I was living in Alberta.) And then they had to enact legislation to repeal their own law saying that they couldn't dip into the Forest Renewal Fund and take money that they swore up and down would never be used to erase the deficit. Only took them three months in office to defile themselves totally. And politicians wonder why they get no respect anymore.

As The Who said, lo these many years ago:

"Meet the new boss. The same as the old boss."

P.S. David Shebib ran for mayor in Victoria this fall. He quit the race, re-entered, had an entourage of chanting fourteen year-old girls, videotaped every "all candidates" event, and was thrown in jail for disturbing the peace and resisting arrest on the eve of the election. But that's another story.

JOHN WILLCOX HERBERT'S FAVOURITE STAR TREKS

--ST II: The Wrath of Khan: The best of the Trek films, bar none. A superb cast, a great story, great music. Shatner and Montalban in their primes.

--"Duet": This episode proves even Deep Sleep Nine can knock off a great one when they try. A riveting twist on The Man in the Glass Booth.

--"City on the Edge of Forever": The Best. What can I say? Humour, pathos, and tragedy. Shakespeare would be proud.

--"Errand of Mercy": Two great Canadian actors, John Colicos and William Shatner go toe to toe. Worth it just to watch Kirk swallow his words as he nearly defends his right to wage interstellar war.

--"Yesterday's Enterprise": The best of the "parallel universe" type of story. Exciting and poignant. Great show.

--"Tapestry": I always like "Q" episodes and this was one of the best. "Welcome to the afterlife, Jean-Luc. You're dead."

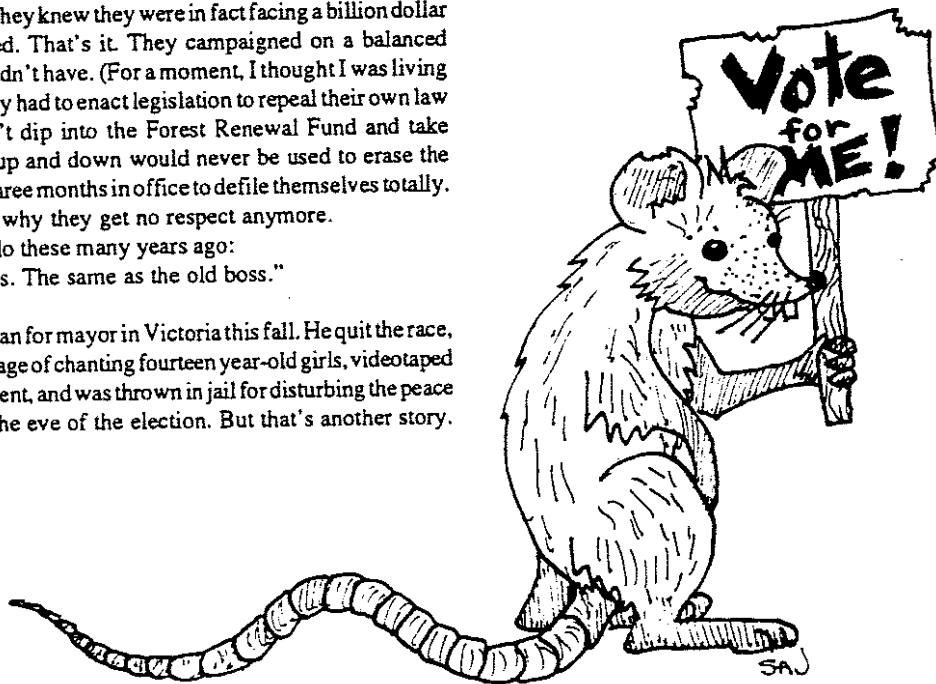
--"Best of Both Worlds": Great cliffhanger.

--"The Trouble With Tribbles": The only episode of 'Classic Trek' to mention Canada. Lots of laughs and a great time had by all.

--ST IV: The Voyage Home: The second-best movie. A honkin' good time, and an with important point to boot. Best showcase for Chekov, Sulu, Uhura and Scotty.

--"Mirror, Mirror": Sorry, *this* is the best of the "parallel universe" story. A great concept, well-written well-acted and superb on all counts. (This idea was later botched badly by DS9.)

--John's Guilty Pleasure: ST: TMP: Sure, it's twenty minutes too long, it's a re-hashed episode story and it's sllooowwwww, but, gol-dang it, I still like it!



CANADIAN NEWS

1996 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English/

Meilleur livre en anglais:

The Terminal Experiment,
Robert J. Sawyer

Meilleur livre en français /

Best Long-Form Work in French:

Les Voyageurs Malgré Eux,
Élisabeth Vonarburg

**Best Short-Form
Work in English /
Meilleure nouvelle
en anglais:**

"The Perseids,"
Robert Charles
Wilson

**Best Other Work in
English /
Meilleur ouvrage en
anglais (Autre):**

Reboot

**Meilleure nouvelle
en français /**

**Best Short-Form
Work in French:**

"Équinoxe," Yves
Meynard

**Meilleur ouvrage en
français (Autre) /**

**Best Other Work in
French:**

Solaris,
Joël Champetier, réd.

**Artistic
Achievement/
Accomplissement
artistique:**
Jean-Pierre Normand

**Fan Achievement
(Fanzine)/
Accomplissement
fanique (Fanzine):**
*Under the Ozone
Hole,* John Willcox
Herbert and Karl
Johanson, eds.

**Fan Achievement
(Organizational) /
Accomplissement
fanique (Organisa-
tion):**
Jean-Loius Trudel

**Fan Achievement
(Other) /
Accomplissement
fanique (Autre):**
Larry Stewart

The 16th annual Canadian SF and Fantasy awards (Prix Aurora Awards 1996) were presented in Calgary, Alberta at **Con-Version XIII** on July 21st. The Aurora Awards honour Canadians in 10 different categories.

Les seizièmes prix annuels de la science-fiction et du fantastique canadiens, les Prix Aurora Awards 1996, ont été présentés à Calgary en Alberta le 21 juillet. Les Prix Aurora reconnaissent les accomplissements de créateurs canadiens dans dix catégories.

Detailed Results and Statistics Résultats détaillés et statistiques:

Best Long-Form Work in English / Meilleur livre en anglais:

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 91

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 130

	Nom	Votes
<i>THE TERMINAL EXPERIMENT,</i>		
Robert J. Sawyer	33	25 28 31 35 41
<i>Resurrection Man,</i>		
Sean Stewart	28	18 20 20 26 38
<i>The Cursed,</i> Dave Duncan	12	12 13 20 22
<i>Mysterium,</i>		
Robert Charles Wilson	29	15 16 17
<i>Starmind,</i>		
Spider & Jeanne Robinson	12	12 12
<i>The Lions of Al-Rassan,</i>		
Guy Gavriel Kay	18	9
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	0 0 0 0 1

Meilleur livre en français / Best Long-Form Work in French:

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 19

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 22

	Nom	Votes
LES VOYAGEURS MALGRÉ EUX,		
Élisabeth Vonarburg.	5	6 6 8 14
<i>Manuscrit trouvé dans un secrétaire,</i>		
Daniel Sernine	3	4 5 7
<i>La Rose du désert,</i> Yves Meynard	5	2 2
<i>L'Oiseau de feu (2-C),</i>		
Jacques Brossard	3	2 2
<i>Lame,</i> Esther Rochon	3	2 2
<i>Les Voyages thanatologiques de Yan Malter,</i>		
Jean-Pierre April	3	1
Pas de prix / No Award	n/a	2 2 2 2

Best Short-Form Work in English / Meilleure nouvelle en anglais:

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 70

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 97

	Nom	Votes
"THE PERSEIDS,"		
Robert Charles Wilson	18	26 27 33 38
<i>"Lost in the Mail,"</i> Robert J. Sawyer	14	17 20 21 24
<i>"Tea and Hamsters,"</i> Michael Coney	18	10 11 13
<i>"The Summer Worms,"</i> David Nickle	10	8 9
<i>"The Dead Go Shopping,"</i>		
Stephanie Bedwell-Grime	11	7
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	2 3 3 3

Meilleure nouvelle en français / Best Short-Form Work in French:

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 17

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 13

	Nom	Votes
"ÉQUINOXE," Yves Meynard	3	5 5 7 10
<i>"Le peuple de Protée,"</i>		
Jean-Louis Trudel	3	3 4 5
<i>"La Cité de Penlocke,"</i>		
Natasha Beaulieu	3	3 3
<i>"Adieu aux armes pour une fourmi-soldat,"</i>		
Claude-Michel Prévost	4	1
<i>"L'Attrait du bleu,"</i> Esther Rochon	3	1
Pas de prix / No Award	n/a	4 4 4 4

Best Other Work in English / Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre):

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 102

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 141

	Nom	Votes
REBOOT (BLT Productions)		
(tv series)	32	29 33 34 46
<i>Northern Frights 3,</i> Don Hutchison, ed.		
(Mosaic Press) (anthology)	30	25 29 33 45
<i>On Spec: The First Five Years,</i>		
The On Spec Editorial Collective, ed.		
(Tesseract Books) (anthology)	24	22 24 32
TransVersions		
(Island Specialty Reports)	25	14 15
Hugh Spencer & Allan Weiss, for the National		
Library exhibit: Out Of This World	19	12
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	0 0 0 0

Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) / Best Other Work in French:

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 25

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 16

	Nom	Votes
SOLARIS, Joël Champetier, réd.		
(Les Compagnons à temps perdu)	9	7 7 8 12
Le modèle de Pickman, Daniel Canty	3	8 8 8 8
Élisabeth Vonarburg		
(critiques, interventions)	3	3 3 4
<i>imagine...</i> , Marc Lemaire, réd.,		
(Les Imaginoides)	3	2 2
Jean-Louis Trudel (critiques)	2	2 2
<i>Casanegra</i> , Denis Vaillancourt et Thierry Vincent		
(texte dramatique)	2	0
Pas de prix / No Award	n/a	3 3 3 3

Artistic Achievement / Accomplissement artistique:

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 90

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 101

	Nom	Votes
Jean-Pierre Normand	26	34 40 45
DLSproule	14	14 21 27
Steve Fahnstalk	20	18 20
Henry Van Der Linde	17	12
Robert Pasternak	12	12
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	0 0 0

Fan Achievement (Fanzine) / Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine):

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 75

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 109

	Nom	Votes
UNDER THE OZONE HOLE,		
Karl Johanson & John Herbert	27	22 25 29 34
Warp Factor, Chris Chartier	16	18 18 24 26
From Beyond the Öort Cloud,		
Aaron Yorgason	17	14 17 17
Warp, Keith Braithwaite	20	12 13
BCSFazine,		
R. Graeme Cameron / John C.H. Wong	16	9
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	0 0 0 1

Fan Achievement (Organizational) / Accomplissement fanique (Organisation):

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 68

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 71

	Nom	Votes
JEAN-LOUIS TRUDEL		
(SFSF Boréal, Prix Boréal)	6	22 22 22 24 30
Chris Chartier (Warp 9)	12	16 16 18 18 20
Rebecca Senese		
(Space-Time Continuum)	8	12 12 12 12
Monica Winkler (Toronto Trek)	6	9 9 9 12
Capucine Plourde (KIDC)	10	4 4 5
Lynda Pelley (MonSFFA)	6	3 3
Judith Hayman (FilkOntario)	6	0
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	2 2 2 2 3

Fan Achievement (Other) / Accomplissement fanique (Autre):

Number of voters / Nombre de votants: 70

Number of nominators / Nombre de nominants: 44

	Nom	Votes
LARRY STEWART (entertainer, personnalité/amuseur)	6	20 21 27 28 40
Lloyd Penney (fan-writing/écriture fanique)	4	16 18 19 25
Adam Charlesworth (Ether Patrol reviews/critiques)	4	18 18 18
Lou Israel (entertainer, personnalité/amuseur)	4	7 7
Stephanie Bedwell-Grime (filk-singing)	7	3
No Award / Pas de prix	n/a	6 6 6 6 7

SUMMARY / RÉCAPITULATION:

Total valid voting ballots / Total des bulletins de vote valides: 130

Total valid nomination ballots / Total des bulletins de nomination valides: 188

COMPARATIVE TOTALS / COMPARAISON DES TOTAUX:

	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996
Valid voting ballots / Bulletins de vote valides	107	182	106	156	132
Valid nomination ballots / Bulletins de nomination valides	82	141	135	134	188

The above results and statistics for the 1996 Aurora Awards are official. The data entry and tabulations were done using spreadsheet and database programs specifically designed for the Aurora Awards. A modified Australian ballot preference system of vote counting was used.

Les résultats et statistiques donnés ci-dessus pour les Prix Aurora 1996 sont officiels. L'entrée des données et les compilations ont été effectuées au moyen de programmes de chiffrier et de base de données spécifiquement mis au point pour les Prix Aurora. Une version modifiée du système australien de comptage des votes a été employé.

The Aurora Awards programme has been administered, in recent years, by an Aurora Awards committee which functions independently from Convention organizers. It has complete authority in decisions regarding ballot preparation and counting. Members of the 1996 Aurora Awards committee are Dennis Mullin (Administrator), Gary Frei, Ruth Stuart and Paul Valcour.

Le programme des Prix Aurora a été administré, ce dernières années, par un sous-comité des Prix Aurora qui fonctionne de façon autonome par rapport aux organisateurs de la Convention. Il détient toute autorité pour statuer sur tous les aspects de la préparation et du dépouillement des bulletins de vote ou de mise en nomination. Les membres du sous-comité des Prix Aurora 1996 étaient Dennis Mullin (président), Gary Frei, Ruth Stuart et Paul Valcour.

SPACE: The Imagination Station, a proposed Canadian science fiction channel, was one of 23 new specialty channels approved by the CRTC in September. From the gang CHUM/CITY (who also bring you **MuchMusic** and **Bravo**), **SPACE** will hopefully be on the air sometime in 1999.

Phyllis Gotlieb sold *Flesh and Blood* to Tor.

The Ontario government has recognized March 13, birthday of L. Ron Hubbard, the founder of Scientology, as a religious holiday for provincial public servants who are Scientology members. Current Ontario policy allows these employees to use two or three days a year for religious purposes. (From *The Ottawa Citizen*, March 23, 1996. We wonder if

atheists can take Asimov's birthday off?)

James Alan Garner sold *Expendable* to Avon.

The National Research Council's version of *The X-Files*, the Solar-Terrestrial Physics Group, is being phased out due to budget cuts. The STPG has kept track of Canadian UFO sightings since the 1950s and transfers dozens of files annually to the National Archives, including the Nova Scotia woman who saw a diamond-shaped craft with white lights, the Manitoba pair who saw a donut-like object flying towards Lake Winnipeg, and the Vancouver witness who saw an object three times the size of a jumbo jet. However, in March 1994, the government decided to eliminate the Physics Group. A spokesman for the NRC, Fokke Creutzberg, denied suggestions of a conspiracy. "In Canada—a coverup? A conspiracy to hide stuff? There could be. Nothing is impossible, okay?"

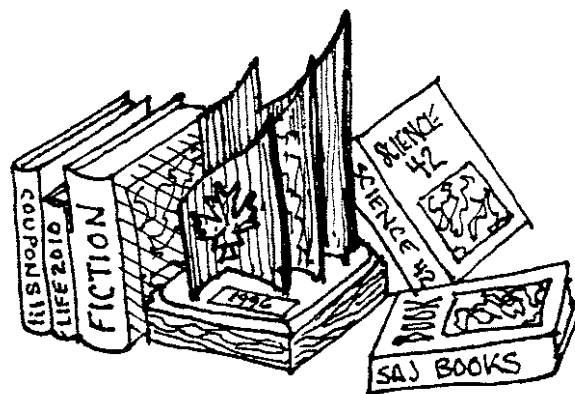
Charles de Lint (*Trader*), Candace Jane Dorsey (*Black Wine*) and Terence M. Gein (*Blue Limbo*) all have novels coming from Tor in January, 1997.

Rene Walling was the CUFF winner and (presumably) had a great time at **ConVersion XIII/Can-Vention 16**. He will be assuming CUFF administrator duties after July 1996.

Can-Vention 17 will be held next year in Toronto at **Primedia**, November 7 - 9. (see Convention Listings in the Database.)

William Gibson sold *All Tomorrow's Parties* to Putnam.

Longtime *Under the Ozone Hole* contributor Laura Houghton made her first sale, "*Sluggish*," to *Tesseract* 6. Yah!



CATH JACKEL'S FAVORITE STAR TREKS

(as paraphrased by Karl Johanson. If there's anything weird, blame him.)

We weren't allowed to watch TV during dinner, which was invariably when *Star Trek* was on. Eventually I was introduced to *Star Trek* in the form of the James Blish written versions of the episodes. As the years went by I eventually saw some of the episodes on TV. For some reason no matter how many times I watch the show, it is always one of the only three episodes I've ever seen.

(Cath Jackel is one of those poor deluded souls who doesn't own a TV and is forced to turn to such inadequate substitutes as books and even human interaction. She doesn't seem to know, as Homer Simpson tells us, that TV gives us so much and asks so little. Cath never told me which three episodes she watched and now I'm afraid to ask.)

DATABASE

CONVENTIONS
WEB SITES
CLUBS

CONEVNTION LISTINGS

1996

VULCON 4

October 19
I.O.O.F. Hall
Vulcan, AB
GoHs: Betty and David Bigelow, Klingon Diplomatic Corps.
Vulcon, c/o V.A.S.T., General Delivery,
Vulcan, AB, T0L 2B0.
www.arvox.ca/vulcan1.html

NORTHSTAR 1

October 24 - 27
Harrison Hot Springs Hotel, Harrison, BC
CANCELLED.

CONCINNITY 96

October 25 - 27
Comfort Inn
Kanata, ON
GoH: Larry Stewart, and Lloyd and Yvonne Penney.
Concinnity, 26076 - 72 Robertson Road,
Nepean, ON, K2H 5Y8.
bw306@freenet.carleton.ca

PRIMEDIA / EYE OF ORION IV

November 1 - 3
Days Inn
Mississauga, ON
GoHs: Camilla Scott, Robert J. Sawyer
Primedia, c/o 114 - 22 Tinder Cres.,
Toronto, ON, M4A 1L6.
www.io.org/~kcozens/primedia/

1997

EARTHSTATION EDMONTON '97

March 21 - 23
Coast Terrace Inn
Edmonton, AB
GoHs: TBA.
Earthstation Edmonton, PO Box 771, Main
Post Office, Edmonton, AB, T5J 2L4.
sfcon@oanet.com
www.tgx.com/sfcon

V-CON 22

April 25 - 27
Surrey Inn
Surrey, BC
GoH: Steven Brust.
V-Con, 234 W.6th Street,
Vancouver, BC, V7M 1K6
ptupper@infomatch.com

KEYCON 97

May 16 - 18
Downtown Winnipeg Crown Plaza
Winnipeg, MB
GoHs: Kevin J. Anderson, Margaret Weis;
ArtGoH: Ruth Thompson; FanGoH: DDI.
Keycon, PO Box 3178,
Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4E7.

AD ASTRA 17

June 14 - 17
Toronto, ON
Venue: TBA.
GoH: Steven Brust.
Ad Astra, PO Box 7276, Station A,
Toronto, ON, M5W 1X9.

TORONTO TREK 11

July 18 - 20
International Plaza Hotel
Toronto, ON
GoH: TBA.
TT 11, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65 Front St. West,
Toronto, ON, M5J 1E6
www.io.org/~kcozens/trek

CON-VERSION XIV

July 18 - 20
Carriage House Inn, Calgary, AB
GoHs: Connie Willis, Kim Stanley Robinson.
Con-version, Box 1088, Station M.,
Calgary, AB, T2P 2K9.
gary@nucleous.com
www.tjproductions.com/conver

LONESTARCON 2

55th WORLD SF CONVENTION
August 28 - September 1
Henry B. Gonzales Convention Center
Marriott Rivercenter and Marriott Riverwalk
San Antonio, Texas
GoHs: Algis Budrys and Michael Moorcock;
ArtGoH: Don Maitz; Fan GoH: Roy Tackett;
Toastmaster: Neal Barrett, Jr.
LoneStarCon 2, P.O. Box 27277,
Austin, TX, U.S.A., 78755-2277
lsc2@io.com

CON*CEPT '97

October 3 - 5
Montréal, Québec
GoH: Lois McMaster Bujold; ArtGoH: Wayne Barlow.
Con*Cept, PO Box 405, Station H,
Montréal, Québec, H3G 2L1.

NONCON XX

October 10 - 12
Sandman Inn
Lethbridge, AB
GoHs: Spider and Jeanne Robinson.
Noncon XX, c/o 325 Leaside Ave. South,
Lethbridge, Alberta, T1J 4G8.
cdyck@jrcc.com

CONQUEST

October 18 - 19
Winnipeg, MB
Venue and GoHs: TBA.
Conquest, 87A Arlington Ave.,
Winnipeg, MB, R3G 1Y3.
acnl60@freenet.mb.ca

WOLFCON 8

October 24 - 26
Old Orchard Inn
Wolfville, NS
GoHs: TBA.
Wolfcon, PO Box 23116,
Dartmouth, NS, B0A 4S9.
douphin@atcon.com

PRIMEDIA

CAN-VENTION 17

November 7 - 9
Mississauga, ON
Primedia, c/o 114 - 22 Tinder Cres., Toronto,
ON, M4A 1L6.
www.io.org/~kcozens/primedia/

1998

BUCCONEER

56th WORLD SF CONVENTION

August 5 - 9
Baltimore, MD
GoHs: C. J. Cherryh, Milton A. Rothman,
Stanley Schmidt, Michael Whelan; Toastmas-
ter: Charles Sheffield.
Bucconeer, Box 314, Annapolis Junction, MD,
U.S.A., 20701.
baltimore98@access.digex.net
<http://www.access.digex.net/~balt98>

INCONSEQUENTIAL

September 25 - 27

Fredrecton, NB.

Venue: TBA.

GoH: David Feintuch.

Inconsequential, 403 - 527 Bevearbrook Ct.,
Fredericton, NB, E3B 1X6.

breeze@mi.net

1999**AUSSIECONTHREE****57th WORLD SF CONVENTION**

September 2 - 6

World Congress Centre

Melbourne, Australia

GoHs: George Turner, Gregory Benford and
Bruce Gillespie.Aussiecon, GPO Box 1212K, Melbourne, Vic-
toria, Australia.**CANADIAN SF
WEB STITES****Alan Barclay's Web Site:**www.wimsey.com/~alanb**BCSFA Online:** [//vanbc.wimsey.com/~lisac](http://vanbc.wimsey.com/~lisac)**Canadian SF and Fantasy Foundation:**[www.helios.physics.utoronto.ca:8080/](http://www.helios.physics.utoronto.ca:8080/foundation.html)
foundation.html**Canadian SF Resource Guide:**www.magi.com/~gonzo/cansfrg.html**Club de Science Fiction Seeker:**www.uquebec.ca/sci-fi/seeker.html**Contemporary Canadian Fandom (Garth****Spencer):** www.vcn.bc.ca/sig/rsn**Ether Patrol:** www2.helix.net/~shadow**William Gibson's Yard Show:**www.vkool.com/gibson/index.html**Gordon's Home Page:** [//mindlink.bc.ca/](http://mindlink.bc.ca/)

Gordon_Smith/

Online Lonely Cry: [//mars.ark.com/](http://mars.ark.com/)

~lonewolf

On Spec: www.greenwoods.com/ONSPEC/**Parsec:** [//icewall.vianet.on.ca/comm/parsec](http://icewall.vianet.on.ca/comm/parsec)**Spider Robinson:** [vanbc.wimsey.com/~ted/](http://vanbc.wimsey.com/~ted/sr/)
sr/**Robert J. Sawyer:** [www.greywave.com/](http://www.greywave.com/authors/sawyer)
authors/sawyer**SF Canada:**[www.helios.physics.utoronto.ca:8080/](http://www.helios.physics.utoronto.ca:8080/sfchome.html)
sfchome.html**Mark Shainblum:** [www.vir.com/](http://www.vir.com/~shainblum/markhome.html)

~shainblum/markhome.html

Sean Stewart: www.isc.rit.edu/~twp3647/**Timebinders:** [//worchester/lm.com/lmann/](http://worchester/lm.com/lmann/timebinders/tbstart.html)
timebinders/tbstart.html**Transversions:** [www.astro.psu.edu/users/](http://www.astro.psu.edu/users/harlow/transversions/)
harlow/transversions/**Edward Willett:** [www.wbm.ca/users/](http://www.wbm.ca/users/ewillett/index.html)
ewillett/index.html**ZINES****Bardic Runes**edited by Michael McKenny; \$10 for 3
issues424 Cambridge Street South, Ottawa, ON,
K1S 4H5**BCSFAzine**edited by John C. H. Wong; \$24.00 BCSFA
membership or The Usual1855 West 2nd Avenue - Apt. 110, Vancou-
ver, BC, V6J 1J1**ConTRACT**edited by John Mansfield; \$7 for one year or
The Usual

321 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 2B9

From Beyond the Öort Cloud

Aaron Yorgason; The Usual?

436 Markham, Street, Toronto, ON, M6G
2L2**The Frozen Frog**

edited by Benoit Girard; The Usual?

1016 Guillaume-Boisset, Cap-Rouge, Québec,
G1Y 1Y9**Opuntia**edited by Dale Speirs; \$2.00 or The Usual
Box 6830, Calgary, AB, T2P 2E7**OSFS Statement**edited by Lionel Wagner; \$18 or The Usual
Box 6636, Ottawa, ON, K2A 3Y7**Sercon Popcult Litcrit Fanmag**

edited by Garth Spencer; The Usual?

PO Box 15335, VMPO, Vancouver, BC, V6B
5B1**SOL Rising**edited by Theresa Wojtasiewicz; The Usual?
c/o 399 Dupont St. #401, Toronto, ON,

M5R 1W3

Space Cadet Gazetteedited by R. Graeme Cameron; \$1.00 or The
Usual1855 West 2nd Avenue - Apt. 110, Vancou-
ver, BC, V6J 1J1**Temps tôt**

Christian Martin, réd.; Le Usual?

591 boul. St-François, Bromptonville, QC,
J0B 1H0**Under the Ozone Hole**edited by John Willcox Herbert and Karl
Johanson; \$15 for issues or The Usual
Karl: 4129 Carey Road, Victoria, BC,
V8Z 4G5John: 2330 Otter Point Road, Sooke, BC,
V0S 1N0**Warp Factor**

\$18.00 for at least 6 issues.

6265 "A" Belherbe, St.-Leonard, Québec, H1P
1G3**The Zero-G Lavatory**edited by Scott Patri; \$3 or The Usual
Box 1196, Cumberland, BC, V0R 1S0**BOOKS AND
MAGAZINES****imagine...**

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G1X 4V2

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Edmonton, AB

T6E 5G6

www.greenwoods.com/ONSPEC/**Parsec**

Unit G, Suite 108

1942 Regent Street

Sudbury, ON

P3E 3Z9

parsec@vianet.on.ca[//icewall.vianet.on.ca/comm/parsec](http://icewall.vianet.on.ca/comm/parsec)**Tesseract Books**

c/o The Books Collective

214 - 21 10405 Jasper Ave.

Edmonton, AB

T5J 3S2

tesseract@istream.com**Transversions**

c/o Dale Sproule

1019 Colville Road

Victoria, B.C.

V9A 4P5

[www.astro.psu.edu/users/harlow/](http://www.astro.psu.edu/users/harlow/transversions/)
transversions/**ROBERT RUNTE'S FAVORITE STAR TREK**

I really like the episode where the guy with had that thing, and nobody on the ship knew what the deal was with him, so the captain had to make a huge decision about whether doing something about it might violate the prime directive, so they took that huge gamble but it paid off. Wow, but that was a good one!

ORGANIZATIONS

British Columbia Science Fiction Association (BCSFA) WCSFA
1855 West 2nd Avenue - Apt. 110, Vancouver, BC, V6J 1J1
BCSFA Online: [//vanbc.wimsey.com/~lisac](http://vanbc.wimsey.com/~lisac)

Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Foundation
PO Box 45063, Northtown Postal Outlet,
5385 Yonge Street, North York, ON, M2N 5R7
www.helios.physics.utoronto.ca:8080/foundation.html

Merrill Collection of Science Fiction, Speculation, and Fantasy
239 College Street
Toronto, ON
M5T 1R5

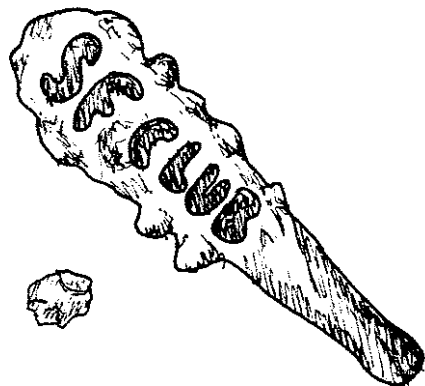
Montréal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA)
PO Box 1186
Place du Parc
Montréal, Québec
H2W 2P4

Ottawa Science Fiction Association (OSFS)
Box 6636,
Ottawa, ON,
K2A 3Y7

SF Canada
c/o Wordworks, 11759 Grant Road, 2nd Floor, Edmonton, AB, T5M 3K6
www.helios.physics.utoronto.ca:8080/sfchome.html

Warp9
6265 "A" Belherbe, St.-Leonard, Québec, H1P 1G3
bsgo@musicb.mcgill.ca

Winnipeg Science Fiction Association (WinSFA)
Box 3178, Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4E6.
<http://www.mcs.net/~star/huml/keycon>



PAST WINNERS OF THE PRIX AURORA AWARDS/ CASPERS

1995 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Virtual Light*, William Gibson;
Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "The Fragrance of Orchids," Sally McBride;
Best Other Work in English - Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *On Spec*, (Copper Pig Writers' Society);
Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Le mémoire du lac*, Joël Champetier;
Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: (tie) «L'Homme qui fouillait la lumière», Alain Bergeron; «L'Envoyé», Yves Meynard;
Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Joël Champetier, réd.;
Artistic Achievement - Accomplissement artistique: Tim Hammell;
Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *Under The Ozone Hole*, ed. by John Willcox Herbert and Karl Johanson;
Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): Cath Jackel (*On Spec*, *NonCon*);
Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (Autre): Catherine Donahue Girczyc, (*Ether Patrol* host).

1994 Prix Aurora Awards

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

1993 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Passion Play*, Sean Stewart;
Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "The Toy Mill," David Nickle & Karl Schroeder;
Best Other Work in English - Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *Tesseract 4*, ed. by Lorna Toolis & Michael Skeet;
Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Chroniques du Pays des Mères*, Élisabeth Vonarburg;
Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «Base de négociation», Jean Dion;
Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Joël Champetier, réd.;
Artistic Achievement - Accomplissement artistique: Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk;
Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *Under The Ozone Hole*, ed. by John Willcox Herbert and Karl Johanson;
Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): Adam Charlesworth, *Noncon 15*.
Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (Autre): Louise Hyper, SF² show

1992 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Golden Fleece*, Robert J. Sawyer;
Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: (tie) "Breaking Ball," Michael Skeet, and "A Niche," Peter Watts;
Best Other Work in English - Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *Prisoners of Gravity*, TVOntario;
Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Alleurs et au Japon*, Élisabeth Vonarburg;
Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «L'Enfant des mondes assoupis», Yves Meynard;
Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Luc Pomerleau, réd.;
Artistic Achievement - Accomplissement artistique: Martin Springett;
Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *SOL Rising: The Newsletter of the Friends of the Merrill Collection*, D.Larry Hancock, ed.;
Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): John Mansfield, chair, Winnipeg in '94 WorldCon bid Committee;
Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (autre): David W. New, editor *Horizons SF*.

1991 Prix Aurora Awards

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Tigana*, Guy Gavriel Key;
 Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "Muffin Explains Teleology To The World At Large", James Alan Gardner;
 Best Other Work in English: Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *On Spec*;
 Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Histoire de la Princesse et du Dragon*, Élisabeth Vonarburg;
 Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «*Ici, destigres*», Élisabeth Vonarburg;
 Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Luc Pomerleau, réd.;
 Artistic Achievement - Accomplissement artistique: Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk;
 Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *Neology*, ed. by Catherine Girzyc;
 Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): Dave Panchyk, President, Saskatchewan Speculative Fiction Society;
 Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (autre): Al Betz, "Ask Mr. Science."

1990 Canadian Science Fiction Awards (Caspers)

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *West of January*, Dave Duncan;
 Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "Carpe Diem", Eileen Kernaghan;
 Best Other Work in English: Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): *On Spec*;
 Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *L'Oiseau de feu (Tome 1)*, Jacques Brossard;
 Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «*Cogito*», Élisabeth Vonarburg;
 Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Luc Pomerleau, réd.;
 Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *MLR*, ed. by Michael Skeet;
 Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): The Alberta Speculative Fiction Association (TASFA) for ConText '89 for organizing the formation of the Speculative Writers Association of Canada;
 Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (autre): Robert Runté for promotion of Canadian sf writing.

1989 Canadian Science Fiction Awards (Caspers)

Best Long-Form Work in English - Meilleur livre en anglais: *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, William Gibson;

Best Short-Form Work in English - Meilleure nouvelle en anglais: "Sleeping in a Box", Candace Jane Dorsey;
 Best Other Work in English: Meilleur ouvrage en anglais (Autre): Gerry Truscott, editor of Porcopic/Tesseract Books;
 Meilleur livre en français - Best Long-Form Work in French: *Temps Mort*, Charles Montpetit;
 Meilleure nouvelle en français - Best Short-Form Work in French: «*Survive sur Mars*», Joël Champetier;
 Meilleur ouvrage en français (Autre) - Best Other Work in French: *Solaris*, Luc Pomerleau, réd.;
 Fan Achievement (Fanzine) - Accomplissement fanique (Fanzine): *MLR*, ed. by Michael Skeet;
 Fan Achievement (Organizational) - Accomplissement fanique (Organisation): Paul Valcour, *PineKone 1*;
 Fan Achievement (Other) - Accomplissement fanique (autre): Robert Runté, NCF Guide to Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy, 3rd edition.

1988 Canadian Science Fiction Awards (Caspers)

English - en anglais: Charles de Lint, *Jack, The Giant Killer*;
 français - French: Alain Bergeron, «*Les crabes de Venus regardent le ciel*»;
 Fan: - Michael Skeet for editing *MLR*

1987 Canadian Science Fiction Awards (Caspers)

English - en anglais: Guy Gavriel Kay, *The Wandering Fire*;

français - French: Élisabeth Vonarburg, «*La carte du tendre*»;
 Fan: Élisabeth Vonarburg for *Solaris* and promoting English/French fan communication.

1986 Canadian Science Fiction Awards (Caspers)

English - en anglais: Judith Merrill, for lifetime achievements in editing;
 français - French: Daniel Sermin, «*Yadjine et la mort*»;
 Fan: Garth Spencer, ed. *The Maple Leaf Rag*;

1985 Canadian Science Fiction Awards (Caspers)

Eileen Kernaghan, *Songs From the Drowned Land*.

1984 - No Awards**1983 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award**

Judith Merrill, Lifetime Achievement.

1982 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award

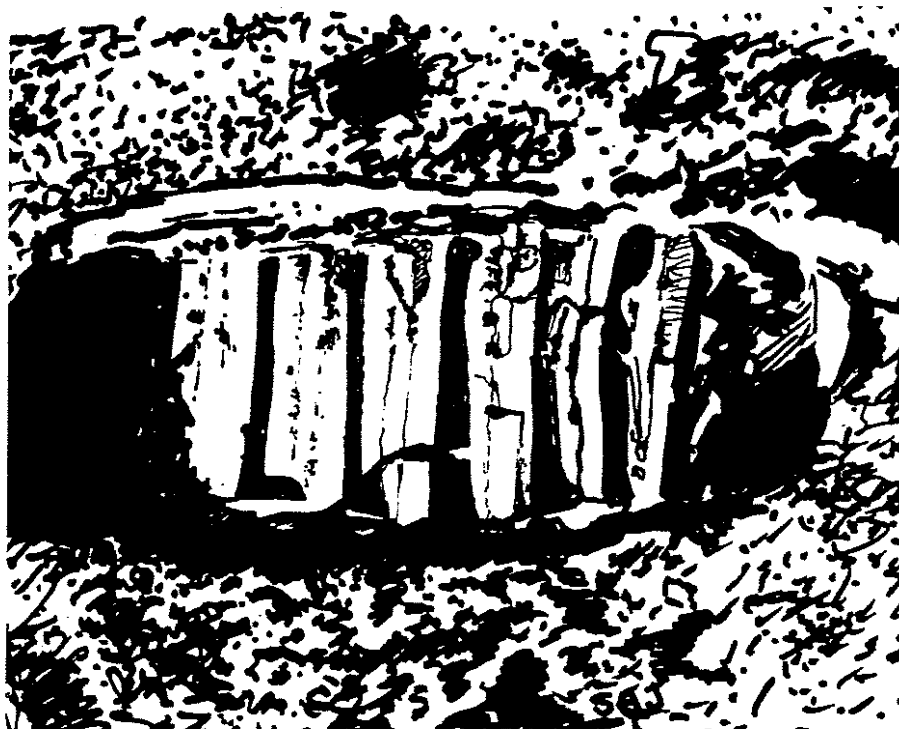
Phyllis Gotlieb, *Judgement of Dragons*;

1981 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award

Susan Wood, Lifetime Achievement.

1980 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award

A. E. van Vogt, Lifetime Achievement.



WORKING IN A VACUUM

BY PAULA JOHANSON

It was another gray day. Under the lead-grey clouds, a cold, light wind picked up particles of snow to brush against the storm windows. Only minus 25 C today on the thermometer. Around twenty below on the other scale. Warmed up some. The old furnace could make some progress at fighting the cold. On cue, the furnace rattled and boomed and the fan came on, blasting hot air out of the vents. The walls were too cold to lean against, and the windows were still sandwiched in a layer of frost between the inner plastic film and the storm windows. Another winter's day. Maybe a little better than the last few, maybe not.

"Output is down for number six."

"Which one is that? What were we expecting?"

"There's a novel in progress, another outlined and several short term projects and articles that should be completed soon."

"Oh, number six. Some of that will be what we want."

"But output is down."

"You sure? For how long?"

"The last few weeks. She sent only one eight by twelve envelope from either of the post offices she customarily uses. That was a month ago."

"And how many number ten envelopes?"

"Two."

"Damn. She uses them for personal correspondence, too. That's probably letters to her grandmother, not manuscripts."

"Don't knock it, boss. Some of those letters turn out to be first drafts for some pretty effective non-fiction."

"Pieces of fluff."

"With all respect, those pieces of fluff added up to three manuscripts in two years. Two of which have already been sold."

"Your taste, not mine. The novel's the big project going right now. Check the progress on it and get back to me later."

The teakettle was just coming to the boil. Tea with caffeine was the order of the day, to take the chill off and kick-start the mind into alertness. Maybe looking through the files of half-finished and recently completed writing would get something going. This mug had "Don't mess with me, bucko—I'm a WRITER" on the side. Sugar from the Bavarian china sugar bowl, with silvered handles cold from the cupboard, and bright primroses on the bowl. Those were the only primroses that would be blooming around here for weeks to come.

"What's the word on the novel?"

"The three excerpts sent out as stories came back from two magazines and an anthology. And from the CBC Literary Contest."

"Everybody gets rejected by them. So what?"

"Yeah, boss, but the anthology rejection must have mattered more. I don't know if she did any work after that for some time."

"Not six. Her standard response to a rejection letter is to prepare another manuscript and another copy of the rejected one and send them both out to someone else. Look at the files." "Well, if that's standard, then there's something wrong. Nothing's been mailed out in over three weeks."

"Three weeks?"

"Almost four."

"She hasn't put *anything* in the mail in that long? And you're just getting around to telling me that now?"

The cup was no longer warming, but the caffeine was kicking in. Scrolling through files for half-finished projects, nothing leaped out and demanded attention. Maybe it was time to read one of the books sent for review, and send out the review on spec to some newspapers. Not much

point in writing the review at this moment, though, not till the printer was up again. Better to work on some projects that wouldn't need to be printed out until later. Or hand-written notes about manuscripts sent out months ago that hadn't earned a response yet. Nothing old looked work checking up on yet, and nothing half-done looked worth getting busy on. Damn, it was cold. Being cold even in two sweaters meant it was time for aerobics to get the blood moving.

"I cannot believe it! Why wasn't this brought to my attention before now?"

"We've been awfully busy with thirteen, boss. And you know what things are like for eight and for eleven right now."

"Excuses are useless!"

"I'd offer you excuses if I hadn't been busy doing my work. I've had my hands full, picking up all the pieces we want and checking on crises that needed action."

"May I remind you that collecting pieces we want is only part of our work. Careful, systematic monitoring may keep a crisis from developing that needs our attention."

"So what do you want me to do about it now?"

"I want to get a look at the situation right away. Can we get a drive-by report?"

"Not really. Gas meter reader came by two weeks ago. Unless you want to send in someone Seeking Directions or another Selling Frozen Packed Meat. We could arrange that in a day or two."

"No, we did that back in November. Other unfamiliar vehicles on that stretch of back road will be unreasonably out of place. Whose idea was it to put a writer out in the sticks, anyway?"

"Yours."

"Mine?"

"You said it was a Canadian tradition."

"I must have had my head up my ass."

"You said something about urban pressures on the creative temperament."

"Don't remind me. Damn, we'll have to get a drive-by report from the utilities company truck. They go by often enough."

"There won't be one for a day or two. We'll have to get a drive-by from the grader."

"The grader... Why from the road grader?"

"The road needs clearing. It was snowed in two days ago. Then the temperature dropped to minus forty."

"You didn't check in since?"

"Well, we've been tied up with thirteen and that conference, and I thought —"

"To hell with waiting for a drive-by report from the grader. Get me the latest satellite photos."

"Right away."

"And utility consumption, gas, and telephone records from the last few days. I want to be absolutely sure she's still home and doing anything at all."

"You're worried, then."

"Damned straight I'm worried! In that climate, every winter somebody commits suicide by just sitting outside for an hour."

"Oh. I had no idea. Is — is getting blocked that bad?"

"Find out if she's made any calls this morning."

Aerobics got the blood moving, but it didn't do much else. Not very practical. Why was Sandy never around at times like this? It would be a really good idea to go back to bed, make love and sleep. It looked like there

wasn't a thing to do but something practical like shoveling out the driveway. Repetitive work like that was good for thinking out dialogue, anyway. By the time a chore like that was done the story practically wrote itself. That's if the hands didn't get too stiff. Time to bundle up even more. Snow pants. Felt-lined boots. Down vest. Coat. Toque. Two pairs of mitts. And where the hell was the manure shovel? The snow shovel wouldn't clear snowdrifts.

"Utility records show higher than average consumption of gas and electricity the last three days."

"That's natural, it was forty below. She probably stayed indoors, put the thermostat up and made pot after pot of tea."

"She made a phone call this morning and received another. Mechanic in the nearest town. And you wanted the latest satellite photos. This was taken on this morning's pass."

"Let me look. You didn't see anything to comment on here?"

"Everything looks quiet and normal."

"There isn't a new footprint in that yard or field and you think that looks normal? She hasn't stepped out of the house in three days!"

"Aw, come on, the porch has been swept clear."

"Clearing the porch is nothing! Five minutes, tops."

"So what?"

"So what? Don't you know six yet? This writer's best pieces are written after long walks or dull, repetitive work. Particularly when alternated with meetings with other writers."

"Oh."

"Oh, yeah. And has she done any of that lately?"

"Uh, no. Not so far as we can tell."

"No long walks. No trips to the city to visit with other writers, buy books and writing materials?"

"Uh... no. She hasn't used her Interac card in six weeks."

"Six weeks? You said it was four since she put anything in the mail."

"Almost four weeks."

"All right. What did she last use the card for, a deposit?"

"No, withdrawal. Bought bread, milk and fruit."

"No writing supplies bought for several months either. Damn! She must be getting low on materials."

"Now, boss, don't worry about that yet. Remember how last year six didn't buy any paper for months and you were worried she had run out and would get — uh, stuck, when she had no paper?"

"Yeah."

"And it turned out when she helped a friend move house, the friend had given her a few reams of paper? Kept her going for months, remember?"

"Yeah."

"So maybe she is low on materials, but maybe not."

The snow that fell just before the cold snap was piled and drifted beside the porch stairs as high as the third step. First thing was to clear a path to the car. Funny how people depended on cars in this climate, away from the cities. There must be a story in that somewhere. Clearing around the car came next, and then the driveway. With the hands already stiffening, that would take hours. Maybe some today, some tomorrow. It's not like there was much getting written around here, anyway. Working until the snow was all cleared was the thing to do. Might feel productive. But damn this cold. Warmed up to minus 25 C and still every breath stole heat out of the heart of you.

"No new materials or library books. No meetings with other writers in two months. Nothing sent out in the mail in a month."

"I admit it, boss, it looks bad now. I should have checked earlier. But we have been busy with that conference."

"That was only for the last couple of days. Now that we're aware of what's going on for six, we have to get on top of it."

"So what will we do? This doesn't call for windfall money, does it? Or an unexpected sale to a new magazine starting up by a friend of a friend?"

"No, hold off on the windfall money. That's so impractical, it rarely has any reinforcing effect beyond the next meal or two. And we don't have time to set up a new magazine. We'd usually do that to benefit a couple of these writers at once."

"What's really happening for number six?"

"Right now? We can't be sure, unless we send someone in."

"I wonder what it's like for six. I mean writing. And living the way she does. I read her first book. And the stories."

"So did I. Try thirteen and four. You'll be surprised at the effect of different perspectives and circumstances."

"Why don't we just set up some kind of grant or bursary system instead? Something overt."

"Trust me. Running a store-front operation like that is a whole new ball of wax. Subtle is better. We hide out here, find out what we can, pick up what we want."

"Or we could commission what we like."

"Inspiration is an even more subtle thing. We'll go on getting what we like from among what gets published or broadcast. It's what we've always done. We find enough good stuff for all the travel, and the work, and the lonely times."

"But ninety percent of what they write is shit! Even these -

"Ninety percent of everything is shit. You read Sturgeon?"

"Yeah, he was the one who for ten years was — uh, blocked."

"Different department. Not my fault. I was an intern."

Some of the snow was loose, some was crusted and the shovel took away more in each scoop. Hands and feet weren't cold anymore but they were still stiff. That meant they weren't warming up, they were freezing, even inside all this cold weather gear. Cold sweat was running down in three thin, pallid streaks under the gear. Clearing a few inches of loose snow with the snow shovel would have been nothing. Clearing crusted snowdrifts with the manure shovel got old real fast. Work like this was only a challenge and a chore for just so long. But after so much of it, clearing the driveway for the third time in a month was more than hard. It killed the joy in being



outdoors, strong enough to do practical work. It killed the thoughts and words that ran on most of the time, and killed the writing voice with cold and stiffness. It felt futile to do this, when there would only be another storm next week to fill in the driveway again. And another. And sometimes holing up indoors at the keyboard felt futile, too, especially when the printer was down. Some days it felt like writing into a vacuum.

"I don't like it. Six needs something today."

"Are you sure, boss? Maybe she's just re-reading Tolkien, or quilting another blanket. It's winter, it's cold and she doesn't have any contract to finish. It doesn't mean she's, uh, blocked."

"Six needs something. No long walks, no meetings ... She's not blocked. Not six. She's out shoveling her driveway clear."

"At minus 25?"

"After being snowed in for three days? You bet your ass."

"Why would she shovel snow in that much cold?"

"To get the driveway clear, for pete's sake. And to get her head clear, after three days indoors. To do the kind of repetitive work that gets her thinking before she writes."

"I simply do *not* understand the creative mind."

"You don't know anything about living on a planet, either. We're working in a vacuum here. That's why we get these stories from people who know. Now, we've got to do something about this."

"Well, it is a waste of time. She could be..."

"She could be killing her health. And people do die shoveling snow in that kind of cold."

"Oh, come on, she's a young writer. It's just a driveway."

"Young for a writer means only a few books. Get real. Six is not a

young nopf like you. That driveway is a hundred feet long."

"Oh. You think she'll have a heart attack?"

"Well, it won't do her heart and lungs any good. My own supervisor never forgave himself for Woodcock's health. A couple of cold winters meant pain for the rest of Woodcock's life."

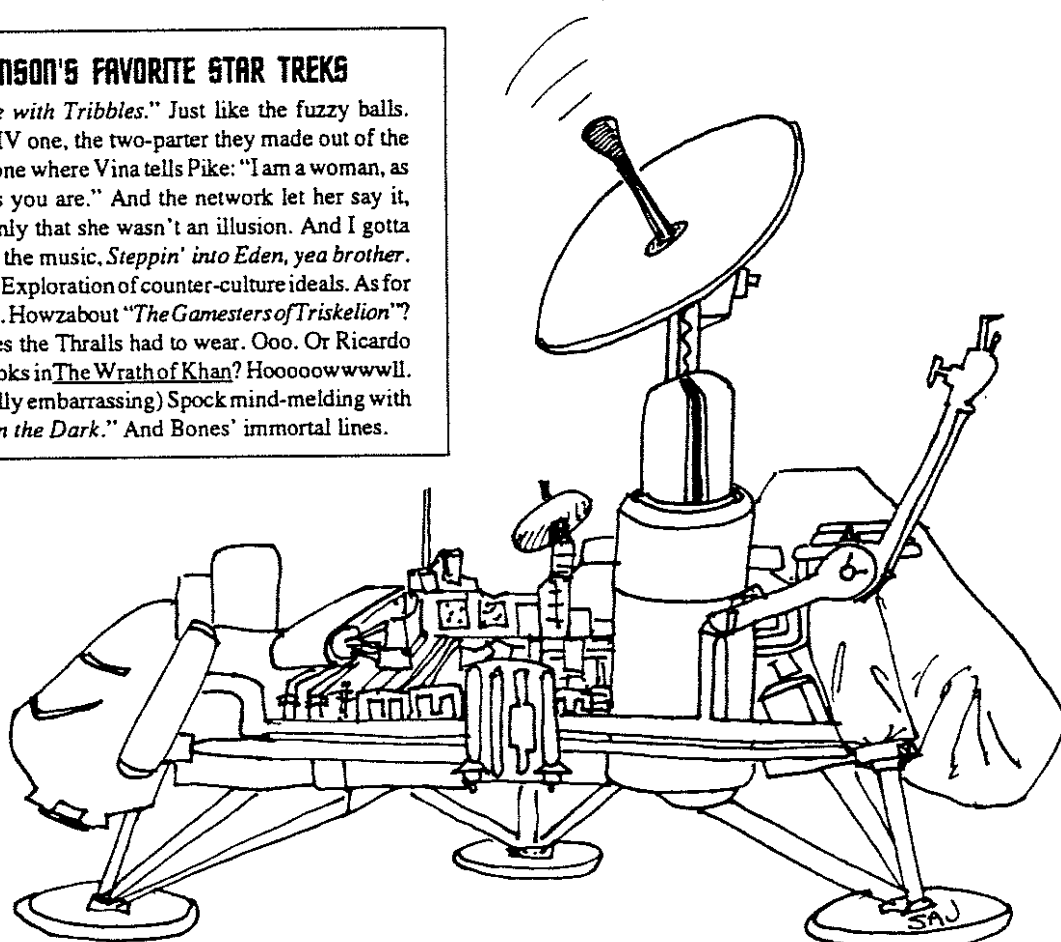
"So what can we do?"

"That grader has a radio, for the dispatcher. Listen up."

There was a big, slow vehicle approaching, up the slope and along the half-mile behind the willows. Sounds carried far out here. It was the grader, come by at last after the cold snap. To see the big blade scraping a lane clear was encouraging. The grader would have miles to go today, to clear the roads in time for the school bus on Monday. Bet the driver was already stiff in his seat, with hours of work yet to do. Still, using a scraper blade like that beat all hell out of moving snow with a shovel. His hands wouldn't be this stiff. As he went by he waved. Then he backed and turned into the driveway, almost as far as the car, lowered the blade again, and scraped the driveway clear. In thirty seconds the grader cleared what would take hours with a shovel. Didn't the dispatchers tell the drivers to keep to a schedule, or didn't they charge a wad if they had time to clear a driveway? But the driver waved and headed out. And damn, if these cold hands were not too stiff to wave back after all. Who was that driver, anyway? Looked like Ron Perlman, driving the Lone Grader. He sure wasn't working in a vacuum. And neither am I. Now why would he do that? That had to be the nicest thing to happen for weeks. Wonder what he was thinking, what he did at the corner where the big dog lives, what he'll do if... I wonder if the milk's gone off yet, or is still good enough to put in a cup of tea. I wonder.

PAULA JOHANSON'S FAVORITE STAR TREKS

First is "*The Trouble with Tribbles*." Just like the fuzzy balls. Another is the Talos IV one, the two-parter they made out of the pilot. You know, the one where Vina tells Pike: "I am a woman, as real and as human as you are." And the network let her say it, figuring she meant only that she wasn't an illusion. And I gotta mention the one with the music, *Steppin' into Eden*, yea brother. Hot licks. Great bods. Exploration of counter-culture ideals. As for guilty pleasures, hmm. Howzabout "*The Gamesters of Triskelion*"? All the nifty harnesses the Thralls had to wear. Ooo. Or Ricardo Montalban's great looks in *The Wrath of Khan*? Hooooowwwll. Or (sheesh, this is really embarrassing) Spock mind-melding with the Horta in "*Devil in the Dark*." And Bones' immortal lines.



LETTERS AND COMMENTS

Harry Cameron Andruschak
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As you can see, I am back on-line through AOL, the service all fans love to hate. I did this shortly after returning from my fifteenth school in Norman, Oklahoma. My sixteenth school is scheduled for 14 July - 1 August, and my seventeenth starts on 9 September. All this to be able to maintain new equipment being bought by the USPS, the other service all fans love to hate.

Well gee whiz, John, what do you want me to do after reading your editorial? Vote Democrat? Been there, done that. Sure as heck won't vote for Dole after his pro-Big Tobacco Companies stance.

To update my LoC, I may be able to attend the 1996 Worldcon for 2 days, Thursday and Friday, mostly to be with Ed Meskys. But if all goes well and the Post Office cooperates, I have a vacation slot coming up that will enable me to attend both DITTO9 and ORYCON. Let me know if this e-mail arrives OK.

{{Well gee whiz, Harry, of course I expect you to vote Democrat. What choice have you got after Clinton and Dole - Perot? Yikes! He should be cast as Frodo if they ever do a live-action Lord of the Rings movie. But really, who are you going to vote for - the right-leaning leftist or the left-leaning rightist? Maybe you guys should go to a one-party system, the Republicrats. But from up here, it looks like they all swing to the right. Happy hunting.

Hope Worldcon was fun. I was going to go, except that I didn't want to.

— J.W.H.}}

Robert Runté
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Have you gotten copies of Robyn's photos? The individual portraits of Karl, Paula, Stephanie and John are fabulous! She has in every case captured your personalities perfectly! (I love how while Stephanie's eyes are closed, Marvin's eyes on her tee shirt are open,

glaring at the leg that is intruding into the picture. And Paula and Karl both with mouths open and hands gesturing — you can tell they are brother and sister... Also John and Karl accepting the awards, we can see Karl's red satanic eyes, a clear sign that they sold souls to devil to get award, though John tried to hide it by keeping his eyes closed.)

As you may know, Robyn has pictures from conversion on her web page too, including one of me. One of my colleagues was going into the computer lab at UBC and as he sat down, saw the picture of me on the computer terminal next to him. Startled he asked about the picture, and the woman, reading off Robyn's page said, "Robert Runteoni, godfather of Canadian SF", which kind of freaked him out (since nobody believes me when I brag about this stuff). I will be able to milk this now for months.

But talk about small world, eh? What are the odds?

It's kind of scary.

{{I particularly like Robyn's picture of you in the swimming pool wearing nothing but the inflatable duck floatation ring as your swimsuit. Funny! (We would have put it on the cover of this issue but we haven't finished creating it yet - oops!}}

— J.W.H.}}

Harry Warner Jr.
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USA

The splendid cover on the 14th Under The Ozone Hole puzzled me at first. Then a mystic burst of enlightenment told me that these are probably the much-discussed Bevis and Butthead, or however their names are spelled, whom I've never seen on television but have read a lot about. If they are derived from the latest Disney animated feature or newly discovered Picasso masterpieces or some other source, I make no extra charge for putting my ignorance on public display.

I didn't get a good look at Hyakutake but I understand it will be back eventually and maybe I'll succeed then. Meanwhile I think I'm the only fan who has taken a professionally published photograph of a comet. I did it for the local newspapers three or four decades ago.

What I remember most clearly about it was my calculation to show what my f-stop should be if I used a flashbulb. After ciphering in the guide number of the film, the light output of the flashbulb, and the distance of the comet, I decided it would be simpler to use existing light.

The reprint of The V-Con Times is hilarious. But curiously, it is the first time I've ever seen in print the kind of driving instructions I've always thought to be important as those telling you how to reach a destination, how to get back to where you came from. I know you meant it in good humor, but in this age of one-way streets, limited access superhighways, and other phenomena, it can be very difficult to find one's way out of a spot which was difficult enough to reach. A couple of times, I've been asked by a passing motorist how to reach such and such a destination in the Hagerstown area and found it such a complicated procedure that I've been tempted to tell the driver to go to Baltimore and take a taxi from there.

You warned my heart almost as dependably as atomic energy might warm my house in the winter with "Burning Cherrocoal." The only thing you neglected to explain is why the media is so blatantly anti-atomic power. I can't believe that West Virginia newspapers can frighten their readers with warnings about a possible meltdown after generations of West Virginians have had one or more family members killed in coal mine disasters. This week's TV Guide also mentions the drop in Star Trek series ratings that is chronicled in science fiction news, but gives a different explanation. Someone told the periodical that it's caused by the same factors that have created declining ratings for almost everything on television, the constant increase in choices available to so many viewers via enlarged cable systems, small satellite dishes, and even computer networks.

I'm glad to see the same section describe Galaxy as "the premiere sf magazine of the 1950s". I have all sorts of admiration for John W. Campbell, Jr., as an editor and as an inspirer of authors. But I do believe that H.L. Gold was a more important editor in the sense that he encouraged the creation of a wider variety of science fiction concepts than the hard science fiction that Campbell preferred. It's too bad that he was unable to attend conventions, probably the reason why Campbell sticks so much more firmly in the memory of older fans.

I don't get the fanzine or two that specializes in fan art matters, so I can't be sure, but I

suspect that you have scored a world premiere with this group of art reproductions and the prices paid for the originals with the article by Stephanie Ann Johanson. I suppose artists' restrictions on photographing and reproducing their creations have prevented fanzines in the past from illustrating Worldcon reports with pictures of the winning entries and how much they brought or were priced at. But it would be good if some artists would follow Stephanie's pioneering example and permit us to see the art market in addition to reading about it.

Something I failed to mention when I wrote in that last LoC about improper use of copyrighted characters and settings: Sometimes the problem can go in the other direction. When I was a reporter, I once wrote an article about a small rural church which had managed to construct an addition to its building even though it didn't have many members and they weren't rich people. They had talked a few firms into donating some lumber and nails, the congregation had enough men who knew carpentry to do all the construction, and one church member had been the architect for the project. Several days after the item was published, I received a grieved letter from a national architects' organization. In stern but non-threatening prose, I was told that I had made a serious error. The letter said that this individual was not an Architect because he didn't belong to the organization and that I must never use that word except in connection with properly qualified members and moreover, it must always be capitalized when a genuine Architect was referred to in print. The real estate profession has the same opinion of realtor, a word which they insist must be used only in caps to refer only to those who are official members of the national Realtors' organization. I found at least one unabridged dictionary that uses realtor in lower case as a generic term for anyone who peddles property.

I don't know what the situation is elsewhere, but in Hagerstown and this county there is no incentive for the poor to stage a revolution through resentment over their inability to surf the web. The local public library offers free access, both to those who want to connect their home computers to the library facilities via telephone and to those who have no computer, who can use the ones at the library. There is no charge for this although a fee is made for certain things like e-mail activities.

{I work for Disney, however they don't pay me to do art. The cover wasn't from any Disney source, animated feature or otherwise. Captain Picard and Mister Spock are the only two characters I can draw such that (some) people might actually have a chance of recognizing them. I left the rank stripes off of Spock's left arm. That must have thrown you off.

Halley's comet returns when I turn 100. I missed it last time & hope to see it in 2062 (maybe

from a kilometer away or so out the window of my spacecraft).

Why is the media so blatantly anti-atomic power and over estimating the dangers of radiation in general by several times, and of plutonium specifically by orders of magnitude? Perhaps it's because they failed to notice that the worst nuclear accident in history killed less people than fossil fuels kill every hour of every day. Another factor is that the US Atomic Energy Commission was prohibited from publishing comparisons of coal and nuclear power during the 1970s (a move headed by Senator Robert Byrd). Perhaps it's because nuclear energy is better for the public than the utilities. Even with safety regulations considerably higher than for fossil fuels (and waste disposal costs paid up front), nuclear energy is cheaper for the consumer. Industries with trillions invested in fossil fuels don't like the competition. All of those are important factors, and I could list dozens of others. However, I feel that the main reason so much of the media is blatantly anti-atomic power is that it was a woman, Lise Meitner, who first recognized that fission had taken place in 1938. The media seems to have something of a bias for "guy things" and nuclear energy is clearly more of a "woman's thing."

—K.J.}}

{{Karl and I see eye to eye on a lot of things, but nuclear power isn't one of them. While there's no doubt that fossil fuels are inherently dangerous and damaging to the environment, I'm not convinced that we should therefore be embracing nuclear power which has the potential for even more catastrophic damage. I would also take exception to Karl's remark in reference to the comparison of death rates (I would argue that it's difficult to measure since people are still dying from Chernobyl), except that Karl probably has some figures to back him up! © My only consolation is that I assemble the zine in my computer, and Karl's not going to see my comments until he reads them. And that means I get the last word on the subject in this issue.

—J.W.H.}}

Lloyd Penney
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Dear Jorl and Kahn:

UTOH 14 has been here but a short time, a welcome respite from moving from the suburbs right into Metropolitan Trawna. We did that at the first of July, and only now are we getting the last few boxes unpacked. The computer was disassembled for about a month and a half, and the zines sure pile up. So, life is getting back to normal, or as normal as it gets. By the way, congrats on your fourth Aurora. Getting boring yet? Here's some comments on issue 14. . .

America's moral high ground seems to have only one place for them to stand, which says to all its allies, which they say they value highly, that your moral standing is not as high as ours. America has a real jones on about Cuba for some reason. It's not nearly as important and dangerous as other countries with which the U.S. deals every day, so there's got to be another reason to force other countries, such as Canada, not to deal with Cuba, and thereby impinge on our sovereignty, and the sovereignty of all other countries, no matter what Jesse Helms or Bill Clinton might say. I daresay it has to do with a huge Latino voting bloc, and no one wants to piss off the voters, especially such an influential group. It may also echo back to Communism, and the desire to stamp out its last bastion.

How many votes did Adam Charlesworth get as a Green Party candidate? I remember the last provincial election here, there was amazement when one of the networks' election computers declared a Marxist-Leninist candidate elected just outside of Toronto. Of course, it proved to be an electronic hiccup, and the Harris Republicans were elected. (No one really voted for them, the majority voted against the NDP and Liberals.)

Enclosed is an Ad Astra flyer for inclusion into The Database, which is a very good idea. This flyer is an early one, so there's not much info, but seeing that I'm now in charge of generating our flyers, I can get fresh stuff to you fairly quickly.

I have seen the first few episodes of Voyager, and actually, they've been pretty good. I think a combination of sagging ratings and the feedback from the fans have worked together to convince the producers to juice things up a little. It's worked (for me) so far; let's hope it continues. Nothing beats the excitement of Babylon 5, though... the last four or five episodes of this season start in a few days.

Robert Sawyer almost made the sweep of awards for The Terminal Experiment... he got the Aurora and Nebula for best novel, but missed on the Hugo. Space, the SF channel proposed by ChumCITY in Toronto, won their bid, but probably won't be broadcasting until 1999. I'm getting my resume in the mail real soon. Also, congrats to Rene Wailing on his CUFF win.

As the result of Yvonne being the successful bidder at a charity auction, I shall be appearing as a character in a future Robert J. Sawyer novel. I think it's Frameshift, and in it I am Dr. Lloyd Penney, a forensic psychologist with a propensity for wearing tacky floral/Hawaiian shirts. Except for the Dr. and forensic psychologist part, that's me. I'll be looking forward to this. Yvonne was written into Peter Morwood's Trek novel Rules of Engagement some years ago, so now, we're even.

I must catch up on Cliff Stoll's stuff. I suspect we'd agree on the Internet, that it can't possibly live up to its hype. I am looking into

an e-mail account with Toronto Freenet via my local public library, but found out it's not free at all, as they demand \$50.00 as a "donation", and I just haven't got that cash lying around. I will be on line one day, but not today.

Work... I am now working as a freelance proofreader for Networks Studios, printing house that produces many of the retail flyers that arrive at your door, the same ones you probably chuck as soon as they arrive. I know I do... Anyway, the money's decent, the hours are sparse, the work isn't great, the boss is a pain, but hey, it's work!

Speaking of work, I have to get ready to go to it. The hours are 12 noon to 4PM, five days a week, so grabbing every hour counts. Take care, guys, and I look forward to the next award-winning issue.

{{Better hurry on the Internet account. The Internet can only support 1,073,741,824 (2 to the 30th power) users. It's already over a billion so there aren't many spots left.

Hope you manage to get the syrup out of your VCR.

— K.J.}}

{{Yes, the enigmatic American treatment of Cuba continues. (China kills hundreds of citizens in defense of its regime with impunity, but when Cuba defends its regime, it is an atrocity.) I'm beginning to think they're just nuts. So Cuba nationalized some American property during the Revolution? Aw, too bad. I'm sure that America's founding fathers paid plenty of restitution for all the British property they nationalized in their revolution. And speaking of joneses, what's all the commotion about Iraq for? Since when does the U.S. care about internal troubles in another nation? When it interferes with their God-given right to Arab oil, that's when! Gee whiz, you never hear the President say he's going start bombing Indonesia if they kill anymore Timorese.

The mysterious conclusion to the Charlesworth election bid can be found in "Leers and Frothing - Part Three," on page 5 of this issue.

Voyager is just plain old crap. Crap crap crap crap cheese whiz crap crap crap. Crap crap crap. Sorry, venting again.

"A propensity for wearing tacky floral Hawaiian shirts." Doesn't sound like you at all.

On the other hand, \$50 a year for Internet access isn't so bad. My provider costs \$25 a month.

— J.W.H.}}

Ben Schilling
2615 Madrid,
Apt 1
Madison, WI
53713-2780
USA

Gentlemen:

I received UTOH #14 today.

You raise the issue of the U.S. Navy and (I presume) the Iranian Airbus again. Let's see, I was actually in the Middle East (Egypt) when that happened. The Egyptians were sure of these things:

- 1) The U.S. Navy did, in fact know that it was an airliner;
- 2) The U.S. Navy did, in fact, intend to destroy the airliner;
- 3) This is a very good thing, perhaps the BEST thing that we could have done;
- 4) We should have done it many years earlier.

All of this startled me to no end. I will admit that my Arabic doesn't allow me to carry on political conversations, so these were better educated Egyptian's statements. You may make of this what you will, but this does show some rather large (gaping) cultural differences between the West and the Middle East.

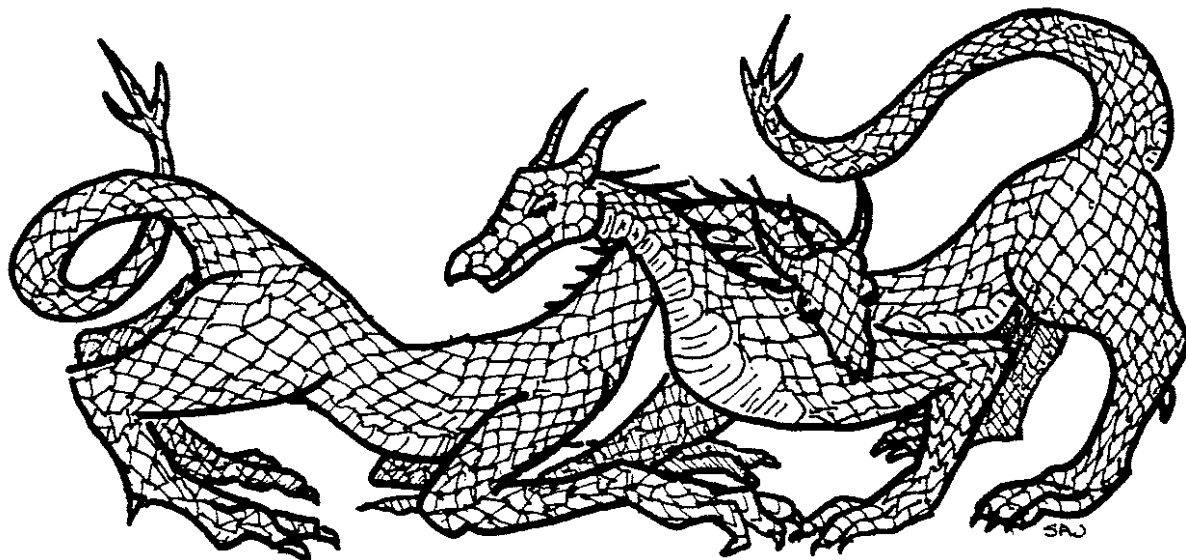
Thomas W. Phinney
75671.2441@compuserve.com

I quite enjoyed the last UTOH. Actually, I was surprised to see my article in there; I had a vague recollection of you asking about using it, but it seems to me it was quite a few months before it came out, making my theorizing seem a little less prognosticative, and a little more like just reporting.... on the other hand, at least it appears I was pretty much on target, which is reassuring.

Some recent news reports seem to think that the slowdown in the growth of Internet use, and the fact that the average user spends less time online than they did a year ago, is a big shock. To this, I say "well, duh!" How can any computer-based service grow far faster than computer use is growing, and keep up that growth rate? It can't. (Although admittedly, if TV-based Web browsing gets off the ground, maybe that will change a little.) As for decline in hours/week, I am hardly surprised that people are using online services less once the initial fad value wears off. The important thing is that most folks who start *do* continue to use them, and 12 hours a week is still plenty.

Lots of other stuff happening. Despite my interest in online stuff, I think print is far, far from dead. My favorite thing right now is digital color presses, making full-color printing in run lengths of 10-1000 actually cost-effective. A while back I did a promo flyer for Sean Stewart: full process 4-color flyer, both sides, on light cardstock, for about \$1.50 each in a run of only 60. This is with quality not quite as good as offset lithography, but far better than color copying. You just couldn't do that five years ago.

More when time and the urge strikes.



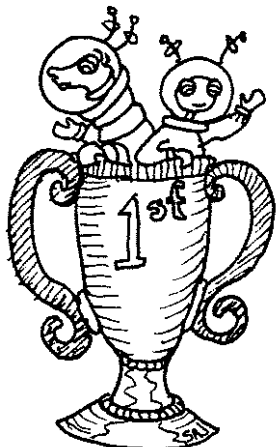
SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

1996 Hugo Awards

Best Novel: *The Diamond Age*, by Neal Stephenson;
 Best Novella: "The Death of Captain Future," by Allen Steele;
 Best Novelette: "Think Like a Dinosaur," by James Patrick Kelly;
 Best Short Story: "The Lincoln Train," by Maureen F. McHugh;
 Best Dramatic Presentation: "The Coming of Shadows," *Babylon 5*;
 Best Non-Fiction Book: *Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia*, by John Clute;
 Best Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois;
 Best Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton;
 Best Original Artwork: James Gurney, *Dinotopia: The World Beneath*;
 Best Fan Artist: William Rotsler;
 Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford;
 Best Semi-Prozine: *Locus*;
 Best Fanzine: *Ansible*, Dave Langford, ed.
 John W. Campbell Award: David Feintech.

1946 Retro-Hugo Awards

Best Novel: *The Mule*, by Isaac Asimov;
 Best Novelette: "First Contact," by Murray Leinster;
 Best Short Story: "Uncommon Sense," by Hal Clement;
 Best Professional Editor: John W. Campbell, Jr.;
 Best Professional Artist: Virgil Finlay;
 Best Fanzine: *Voice of the Imagi-Nation*, Forrest J. Ackerman, ed.;
 Best Fan Artist: William Rotsler;
 Best Fan Writer: Forrest J. Ackerman.



1996 Locus Awards

Best Science Fiction Novel: *The Diamond Age*, by Neal Stephenson;
 Best Fantasy Novel: *Alvin Journeyman*, by Orson Scott Card;
 Best Dark Fantasy/Horror Novel: *Expiration Date*, by Tim Powers;
 Best First Novel: *The Bohr Maker*, by Linda Nagata;
 Best Novella: "Remake," by Connie Willis;
 Best Novelette: "When the Old Gods Die," by Michael Resnick;
 Best Short Story: "The Lincoln Train," by Maureen F. McHugh;
 Best Non-Fiction: *Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia*, by John Clute;
 Best Art Book: *Spectrum II: The Best in Contemporary Fantasy Art*, Cathy Burnett and Amie Fenner, eds.;
 Best Collection: *Four Ways to Forgiveness*, by Ursula K. Le Guin;
 Best Anthology: *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Twelfth Annual Collection*, Gardner Dozois, ed.;
 Best Artist: Michael Whelan;
 Best Editor: Gardner Dozois;
 Best Magazine: *Asimov's*;
 Best Book Publisher: Tor/St. Martin's.

1st Annual Science Fiction Weekly Reader Appreciation Awards

Best Novel: *Brightness Reef*, by David Brin;
 Best Novella: "The Death of Captain Future," by Allen Steele;
 Best Novelette: "When The Old Gods Die," by Mike Resnick;
 Best Short Story: "The Lincoln Train," by Maureen F. McHugh;
 Best Dramatic Presentation: "The Coming of Shadows," *Babylon 5*;
 Best Non-Fiction Book: *Science Fiction: The Illustrated Encyclopedia*, by John Clute;
 Best New Writer: Michael Burstein.

Orson Scott Card has sold the film rights to his Hugo and Nebula Award winning novel *Ender's Game* for \$1,000,000. He will also be paid another \$500,000 for the screenplay. (No word yet if Alan Dean Foster will write the novelization.).... The next new *Star Wars* movie won't out until 1999 at the earliest. George Lucas has pushed back the start dates on the

trilogy of prequel films. He says he will direct the first one. Meanwhile, the revamped version of the original *Star Wars* will be in theatres February, 1997. Lucas now plans to revamp *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi* as well.... A long lost Gene Roddenberry project, *Battleground Earth*, is reportedly in development. *Babylon 5* producers Douglas Netter and John Copeland are involved. *B5* creator J. Michael Straczynski was considering writing the two-hour pilot but turned it down to concentrate on *B5*.... And speaking of *B5*, creator J. Michael Straczynski reported that TNT, which picked up second-run rights to the show, is also considering ordering two new two-hour *B5* movies. One would be a prequel, the other set some time during the arc. Also a sequel idea has been proposed to Warner Brothers and they are mulling that over.... John Carpenter would like to make one more Snake Plissken adventure called *Escape From Earth*. Considering how fast Carpenter's latest *Escape From L.A.* escaped from theaters, it does not seem a likely scenario.... The movie version of *Lost in Space* is set to go before the cameras early next year with a release date planned for Fall 1997....

At the Emmys, John Lithgow won the Emmy for Best Actor, Comedy Series for his lead role as the leader of an alien surveillance team learning about the earth in *3rd Rock From the Sun*. The mini-series *Gulliver's Travels* was nominated for nine Emmys and won five, including Best Miniseries, while *The X-Files* received eight nominations, including Best Drama Series and Best Actress, Drama Series (Gillian Anderson) and won for Best Writing, Drama Series (Darin Morgan), and Guest Actor in a Drama Series (Peter Boyle, "Clyde Bruckman's Final Repose"). *3rd Rock From the Sun* received three nominations, *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* received four (for costume design, hairstyling, makeup and music), *Star Trek: Voyager* received two (hairstyling and makeup) and *Babylon 5*, *Space: Above and Beyond*, *seaQuest 2032*, *Nowhere Man*, *The Outer Limits*, *Sliders*, *Lois and Clark*, *Strange Luck* and *American Gothic* each received a single nomination in a variety of technical categories.

Newt Gingrich's novel *1945* (co-written with William R. Forstchen) had an 81% return rate in hardcover. 120,000 copies were printed and 97,341 were returned unsold and are now sitting in a Pennsylvania warehouse.... Gregory Benford turned in *Foundation's Fear* to HarperPrism.... The film rights to Robert A.

Heinlein's *The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress* were sold to Dreamworks (Steven Spielberg's group).... Kevin Costner will direct and star in the film adaptation of David Brin's *The Postman*.... Dan Simmons has turned in *The Rise of Endymion* to Bantam.... Kristine Kathryn Rusch resigned as editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* in September....

In a recent *Locus* (#427), George Alec Effinger recounted some of his troubles with the American health care system: "I'm being sued by the hospital to whom I've owed many thousands of dollars for years. My attorney tells me that because of local state law, the hospital may end up owning not only all the book and stories I've ever written, and not only all the books and stories upcoming, but also my continuing characters, even after I'm forced into bankruptcy. I may just give up writing and join the merchant marine."

Obituaries

Bibi Besch

Bibi Besch, best known to science fiction fans for her role as Dr. Carol Marcus in *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, died September 7, 1996 after a long battle with cancer.

Albert "Cubby" Broccoli

Albert Broccoli was born in Long Island, New York, in 1909, and had an early career as a gardener. (Yes, his family did indeed develop broccoli.) By the 1950s, he had become a film producer and would eventually produce over 30 films, including *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang*, but in 1962 he produced a small budget film based on a spy novel. The film was *Dr. No* and was the first motion picture featuring the British superspy, James Bond. The Bond films would become the most successful film series in history and Broccoli produced 17 of them, including 1995's *Goldeneye*. He was given the Order of the British Empire in 1987, named Commandeur des Arts et des Lettres by France, and presented with the Irving G. Thalberg award by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1981. He died in his sleep on June 27, 1996. He was 87.

Mark Lenard

Mark Lenard was a well-respected actor who had many roles in television, film, and theatre. He starred in the tv series *Here Come The Brides* and *Planet of the Apes*. He also guest-starred on the series *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, was a frequent and much-loved guest at science fiction conventions. He will best be remembered for his *Star Trek* roles: the Romulan Commander in the original series episode "Balance of Terror"; his cameo as the Klingon captain in *Star Trek: The Motion Pic-*

ture; and the role Sarek, Spock's father, in the original series episode "Journey to Babel." He reprised the role in three *Star Trek* movies and two *Next Generation* episodes. He died on November 22, 1996, of cancer. He was 68.

Carl Sagan

Carl Sagan was born in New York City on November 9, 1934. He earned a PhD in astrophysics at 26 from the University of Chicago. His early career involved research into the atmospheres of Mars and Venus and he had a long association NASA, which included leading roles with the Mariner, Viking, Voyager, Galileo and SETI programs. (Sagan and a colleague were responsible for the famous "calling card" plaques installed on Pioneer 10 and 11 that included a depiction of the Earth's location in the galaxy.) In the 1970s, he popularized astronomy with television appearances and books. He would eventually write more than twenty books, including *Dragons of Eden*, a study of human intelligence that won the Pulitzer Prize in 1978.

Other books include *Broca's Brain*, *Comet*, *Pale Blue Dot*, *The Demon-Haunted World*, and his only novel, *Contact*. He was best known for his 1980 television series *Cosmos*, the most popular series in the history of American public television. Sagan was also a founder of the Planetary Society. Recently, Sagan told the *Washington Post*, "I'd rather there be extraterrestrial life discovered in my lifetime than not. I'd hate to die and never find out." He died of pneumonia on December 21, 1996 after a lengthy battle with cancer. He was 62.

Curt Swan

Curt Swan began working at DC Comics in the mid-1940s. Soon, he was drawing Superman and would be the Man of Steel's main artist until well into the 1980s. Together with inker Murphy Anderson (as a team, they were often referred to as "Swanderson"), Swan's instantly recognizable renditions defined Superman for millions of readers around the world. He died of a heart attack on June 16, 1996. He was 76.



REVIEWS

Downsize This! Random Threats From an Unarmed American

by Michael Moore; Crown; \$28.95

He's at it again. Everyone's favourite gadfly Michael Moore, the genius behind *TV Nation* and *Roger & Me*, continues the battle against untruths, injustice and the American Way in his new book, *Downsize This!* Moore takes no prisoners, brooks no favours and turns his savage gonzo humour on nearly everyone and everything. He slam politicians and big business remorselessly. Chapter titles include: "Would Pat Buchanan Take a Check From Satan?" (he did, by the way); "If Clinton Had Balls..."; "My Forbidden Love for Hillary"; "A Sperm's Right to Life"; "Let's Pick a New Enemy"; and "Why Doesn't GM Sell Crack?" There's also a hilarious fake newspaper article entitled "Everyone Fired... Wall Street Reacts Favorably." Plus a complete set of Corporate Crook Trading Cards. Now how much would you pay? Read it. You'll laugh 'til you stop.

—J.W.H.

Harlan Ellison's City on the Edge of Forever

by Harlan Ellison; White Wolf; \$16.25

Perhaps the most famous feud in sf was the decades-long war of words between *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry and writer Harlan Ellison over "The City on the Edge of Forever," arguably *Trek's* best episode. In this biting polemic, Ellison presents his side of the debate. The Roddenberry line, as presented in numerous interviews and books (many cited in this book), had Ellison refusing to do a rewrite on his script which has Scotty dealing drugs, and would have gone horrendously over budget by hundreds of thousands of dollars to film (the actual amount has risen through the years. Inflation, I guess). Roddenberry rewrites the script, thus saving the episode, and it goes on to win a Nebula and at the ceremony, Ellison pushes aside the recipient to rant about how he was mistreated. (Ellison's draft goes on to win a Writers' Guild of America Award.) Ellison's teleplay has been reviewed in these pages before (it was previously published in *Six Science Fiction Plays* and reviewed in UTOH #3), so I won't dwell on that here — suffice it to say that it is reprinted in its entirety, along with a treatment and revisions. Ellison's beef is that he has spent the last 30 years listening to what he considers to be Roddenberry's revisionist history. He claims that he did as many as five rewrites on the script trying to accommodate Roddenberry's directives. Scotty was never

dealing drugs, because Scotty was never in the script. "City" won a Hugo, not a Nebula, and Ellison wonders how Roddenberry saw him push anyone aside since Roddenberry was never at the convention. He also notes that the Roddenberry rewrite, which was done partly to save money, still went \$66,000 over budget (and when your budget is \$191,000 per episode, that ain't chicken feed). He also has some surprising evidence that Roddenberry never actually did the rewrite that he would eventually spend years taking credit for.

To say that Ellison is not kind to Roddenberry, is something of an understatement; Ellison is downright malicious. But the mounting evidence since his death that Roddenberry spent his career acting like less like a divine prophet and more like, well, a television producer, makes Ellison's version of events all the more believable.

—J.W.H.

Independence Day
Mission: Impossible
Twister

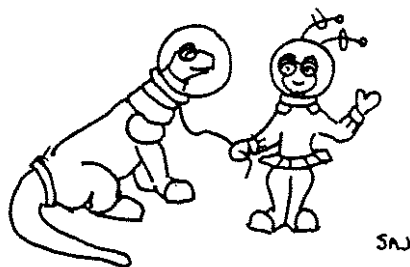
Twister is a technically spectacular thrill ride, and not much more. The audience spends half its time with mouth agape at the spectacular, computer-generated tornado effects, and the other half with its mouth agape at the cliché-ridden, cardboard cut-out, cookie cutter characters. We have the head scientist (whose father was killed by a tornado) about to test the new tornado scanner designed by her soon to be ex-husband, who arrives on the scene to serve his wife divorce papers, but decides to hang around and do a couple of days of storm chasing. He's brought along his fiancée, a psychologist who apparently has never seen a rain cloud before, let alone a tornado. Our group of heroes is challenged by a group of "bad guy" storm chasers who all drive black vans with smoked-glass windows (who mysteriously vanish halfway through the film, only to reappear at the end just in time for a grisly death). In pretty short order, the audience hates every character and wishes the tornadoes would just hurry up and kill them all. (*Twister's* special effects are astounding, so believable in fact, that the audience only hates the characters even more because they're such morons for chasing these damn storms!) The acting is credible enough, notably Jami Gertz making the most out of the truly thankless role of the fiancée. A moderate diversion, but overblown (sorry).

On the other hand, *Mission: Impossible*, based on the 1960s TV series, alternates between terrific and moronic. Basically three set pieces sandwiched between copious amounts of exposition, *Mission: Impossible* concerns secret agent Ethan Hunt (well played by Tom Cruise), whose team of agents has been set up and killed, and Hunt, as the only survivor, is the prime suspect, and must find the real culprit to clear his name. Now there's an original concept. Parts of this film shine — Hunt trying to infiltrate CIA headquarters is one of the best sequences I've seen in a long, long time — yet, the film suffers from logic gaps, plot holes and a ludicrous finale. The acting is more than passable, with the exception of the *femme fatale*, who seemed more like a *femme deceased*. Too bad, because they almost pulled this movie off. Maybe their next mission, if they choose to accept it, should be to have a story to go along with the action.

On the gripping hand, *Independence Day* is a great summer movie: check your brain at the door, grab the popcorn, and hang on for a great ride. Aliens are destroying the earth over the Independence Day weekend (don't make plans for August). Any alien invasion movie that starts with REM's "It's the End of the World as We Know It (And I Feel Fine)" playing in the background can't be all serious. *Independence Day* is really less of an alien invasion movie and more of an homage to that neglected film genre (and one of my personal favourites), the 1970s disaster movie (with casting changes for the 1990s, of course: Will Smith plays Charleton Heston, Bill Pullman plays Henry Fonda, Jeff Goldblum plays Gene Hackman, Harvey Feirstein plays Red Buttons, Randy Quaid plays Walter Matthau, and Judd Hirsch plays Shelly Winters). Adding to the fun, the filmmakers shamelessly steal shots from at least a dozen movies like *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, *Star Wars*, *Earthquake*, *Return of the Jedi*, *Buckaroo Banzai*, *The Right Stuff*, and yes, even *Airplane*. (I almost hoped at least one character would say "Rosebud," with their dying breath.) Like all great disaster movies, this film follows the stories of a wide and diverse group of characters as their stories converge for the final battle with the aliens. The aliens are short-changed in this movie and we never really understand their motivation (then again, that's perfect for a disaster movie — earthquakes and tidal waves have no motivation either). The film is also dominated by an American point of view and hopelessly jingoistic in

spots. (That's probably why the scene of the White House getting blown up is in the movie — so that non-Americans have something to cheer about, too.) Don't think about this movie too hard. Marvel at the spectacular effects, enjoy the hard-working ensemble cast, and laugh at the offhanded goofiness of this great summer movie. Pass the twizzlers.

— J.W.H.



Tank Girl Strange Days

A couple of issues back, Adam Charlesworth raved in these pages about Tank Girl, a film that appeared in theatres in 1995 and sank so fast that it made the *Titanic* look like the iceberg. He said to me, and I quote, "You'll love this movie!" I'm not sure what this indicates about me, but I gave it a try. Tank Girl is one of those movies where you spend half the time hating it because it's so stupid, and the other half loving it because it's so stupid! There are some great bits, plus Malcolm McDowell devouring scenery as the bad guy and Ice T buried under tons of makeup. (Boy, his movie career has sure taken off since *Johnny Mnemonic*, huh?) Does it hang together as a movie? Well, no worse than other movies I've seen this year.

I also recently saw another 1995 film that disappeared without a trace, Strange Days. Co-

written and co-produced by Canada's own James Cameron (*Terminator 2*, *Aliens*, *The Abyss*) and directed by one of his ex-wives Kathryn Bigelow, Strange Days, a cyberpunkish thriller, takes place on the eve of the new millennium, and follows the misadventures of Lenny Nero (Ralph Fiennes), a former cop now dealing black market recordings of other people's memories. His problem is that someone is setting him up to take the fall for a murder. While the concept of "wireheads" is nothing new (1983's *Brainstorm* for instance), the film did have a few twists that kept me guessing and held my interest. Not a great flick, but worth checking out. Be warned: there are some disturbing scenes of violence. Not one for the kiddies.

— J.W.H.



REVENGE IS A DISH BEST SERVED COLD

by Karl Johanson

I was out eating with some friends at "Legends", a nice urban restaurant. After finishing a rather nice meal I decided to try the restaurant's specialty desert 'hot chocolate radish balls'. I think I can say with some confidence that you've never tasted anything like it. I decided on the spot that I must have the recipe. When I asked for it the waitress looked at me like I had lobsters coming out of my ears and told me that they don't give out their recipes. One of my friends suggested I buy the recipe and the waitress smirked and said that it would cost me two fifty. I agreed to the price and asked her to put it on the bill, as I was paying for the nights festivities.

Thirty days later, I received my VISA statement from Legends and it was \$325.00. I looked again and I remembered I had only spent \$55.00 for the food and \$20.00 for paper maché moose. As I glanced at the bottom of the statement, it said, "Hot Chocolate Radish Balls Recipe - \$250.00." Boy, was I miffed!! Not only was I stupid enough to have not read the bill when I signed for it at the restaurant, but now I was about to look like a putz in front of all the people I was stupid enough to tell this story to.

I called Legends Restaurant's Accounting Department and told them the waitress said it was "two fifty," and I did not realize she meant \$250.00 for a radish balls recipe. I asked them to take back the recipe and reduce my bill and they said they were sorry, but because all the recipes were this expensive due to the incredible amount of research which goes into them. As well, I was told, only putzes who never read bills they sign for ever buy them anyway. I thought about going to court and paying a lawyer \$250 an hour to get my \$250 back but never considered contacting Visa and asking them to cancel payment on that portion of the bill.

At this point I took a lesson from cheap TV movies (not to mention cheap theater movies) and decided that personally delivered vengeance was a mature way to handle the situation. If they're going to charge me \$250 for their precious secret recipe I'm going to ruin their day by making sure every one on Earth has their secret. Now people all over the world can create their own chocolate radish balls all the while thumbing their

noses at the corporate giants who try to exploit all the average people of the world. Starving people in the Third World can now have all the radish balls they want, royalty free.

So, here it is, I paid for it; now you can have it for free.

Hot Chocolate Radish Balls

(Recipe may be halved.):

*preset oven to 423-degrees Kelvin

Ingredients:

-1/4 Kg Belgium chocolate or cheddar cheese

-2 capfuls (capfull?) of vanilla

-a blork of that dark sticky sweet stuff that comes in the little cardboard milk containers that are always stuck to the bottom of the cupboard

-3 cups goats milk

-17 tblsp baking soda

-7 grams garlic powder

-2 cans cocoa powder

-1 bay leaf

-4 of those cube thingies of margarine (melted)

-23 or 42 radishes

-12 cc instant chocolate milk powder stuff

-1 package caramels

Directions

Turn off oven. Put all of the ingredients, except the vanilla into a big bowl and mix. Don't use a wooden spoon or you'll probably bust it. Add the vanilla and mix again. Serve cold.

Have fun!!! This is not a joke — this is a true story. Please, pass it along to 10 friends via mail, telephone, fax machine, email, carrier pigeon, what ever. If you don't send this on to 10 friends terrible things might happen. One man in Phoenix Arizona refused to pass along this recipe and that night he missed *The X-Files* (the one with that creepy guy who could stretch his way through thin furnace ducts).

The Grass Is Always Greener; Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Politics by Laura Houghton

Get married, check. Live in Phoenix for three years, check. Get divorced, check. Move back to Vancouver, check. Discover after three months I'd rather visit Vancouver than live there, check. Move back to Victoria, check. Yup, those are all done...Let's see, next I have...oh yes, join the Green Party and become their new office manager within a week of moving to Victoria, even though I've never been politically active in my life. Okay, here goes.

I have no real excuse for my actions in joining the Green Party, though I offer by way of explanation that after living in Phoenix for three years, I was very tired of living a conventional, conservative life where nobody cared about anything much beyond money. Joining the Green Party and whipping the Victoria office into shape seemed like an interesting challenge, and the people I had met at the potluck my second night in Victoria all seemed very motivated and friendly. And all that time I spent as a secretary had to be good for something since I wasn't working, right? Right?

I do blame my membership on Adam Charlesworth from time to time, but that's really a damn lie. Adam was nice enough to take me to the potluck (and make my dish for me), but I got in there and schmoozed like a champ. And since Adam then began failing to show up at debates and in the office, I can't really shove much blame onto him. Can the woman who was married to a man from Phoenix five months after they began e-mailing each other claim to be non-impulsive? I don't think so. And since I was living the life of a celibate, all that energy had to go somewhere. Hmm...Adam, anything you'd like to tell us about why you became less involved in the party?

I could also blame my joining on Art Vanden Berg, I suppose. Art and Jack Etkin were the party's candidates for election to Victoria city council, and when I joined the party, the election was only three weeks away. Art, you must understand, is 25 years old but looks about 18, cycles everywhere, has about the same mass as your average pencil if it were nearly six feet tall, and is very, very, very intelligent. And informed. What's more, if you put Art in front of a microphone and asked him a question about legalizing secondary suites or raising the Sooke dam or any other relevant issue, he brought forth his stance, his statistics, and his ideas with a fervour that made him popular with every crowd at every candidates' debate. He skewered the

ideas of his opponents with humour and knowledge, and he showed the world that at last, the Green Party is moving away from its "founding beardies" and becoming rational. In short, Art impressed the socks off me. Just when you think you understand how much Art is capable of, he surprises you again. Definitely a candidate to reckon with.

Okay, good, I have at least one scapegoat! Art came to my birthday party (32, and shut up about it) and enjoyed meeting all my friends, so never fear; he's as interestingly eccentric as the rest of us. But I digress.

The day after I saw my first debate, Art took me up to #515 in the View Street office building which houses so many low-budget organizations, directly opposite the trendy glitz of the Eaton's Centre. This office is shared by Conscience Canada and the Green Party, neither group being able to afford even a cheap office on their own. I looked at the furniture, which appeared to be castoffs from the Salvation Army. I investigated the filing cabinet, whose bottom drawer wouldn't open and whose other drawers yielded coyly after some deft tugging. I looked at the walls which later made me tell Adam "if vomit were blue, these walls would be that colour," and I listened to Art's stories of the insanity which prevails amidst Green Party activities. Then I asked for the official title of Office Manager. The two of us both agreed, which gave us consensus (the Green Party is big on consensus decisions), I was given a key to the office, and then we trotted off to the nearby bagel shop, Art and I both being charter members of the Coffee Achievers of Canada.

(I suppose at this point, honesty compels me to admit that Art gave me every chance to be frightened away; in fact, he told me tales of GP eccentricity specifically to give me a last chance to regain my senses. So nobody is to blame for my joining the GP but me. Damn it all, anyhow; caught greenhanded.)

Next day, I went down to my new office, having just purchased a large quantity of essential office supplies. I set up the phone message book, and began pulling every scrap of paper out of the filing cabinet, with the intent of archiving old materials and organizing the remainder so that needed items could actually be found. While I was thus happily engaged in creating chaos, the door opened and a man walked in, whose hair was intriguingly matted. He looked clean, but his clothes didn't, and his face appeared very open

and serene. He asked after Art and Jack, and I said that I was expecting them later.

"I'm Laura, the new office manager, by the way," I said.

"I'm sorry, I should have introduced myself," he replied charmingly, adding, "I'm Starlover."

As my friend Lindsay said when I told him this story, "Of course you are." Oh well. I was warned.... I dutifully transcribed the message that the Zapatista Freedom Network was going to have a very peaceful demonstration on Remembrance Day, to acknowledge the victims of NAFTA's covert war on Canada, and would Art and Jack be willing to make a statement? Then Starlover left, and I continued destroying whatever semblance of organization still remained in the files.

Art arrived, to my relief, and we rearranged the office furniture and put up posters on the vomit-blue walls. Jack came by for awhile, returned a call to a reporter at the Times-Communist, and headed home. Eventually I stuffed everything I hadn't yet filed properly back into the archive boxes and filing cabinet drawers, and we called it a night, since by now it was about 1 am. (If you think I've condensed a lot of boring detail, you're right.)

My work on the Green Party files continued over the next few days. The task was not made easier by the difficulty I had in separating municipal from provincial from federal, but I soldiered on, taking coffee breaks with Art whenever I was getting too fried. Fortunately the candidates' debates kept me amused. I can't imagine a better form of free entertainment, quite frankly. Where else in the world would a political debate get interrupted by teenagers playing bongo drums and singing a song about love? With the full support of the mayoral candidate who indulged them, and let them have his time at the microphone? And Art continued to be brilliant. At the Fernwood debate, he did a fabulous refutation of one of David McLean's points: "You know that water that's going over the top of the dam and being 'wasted'? Well, when it overflows, it joins up with a stream. That water is being wasted on salmon!" The audience loved it.

On Tuesday the 12th, Art and I went out doing what I began to call "guerrilla poster-ing" downtown poster-people are zealous about making sure all passersby know about the latest bands playing. We discovered our posters some-

times shredded, sometimes buried under 2 or more posters, sometimes clear. Art delicately removing upper layers with careful precision and an artist's knife. Then we went to the Green monthly meeting, which had all of six people at it, and I was officially confirmed as office manager by all present. I heard myself opening my mouth and volunteering to do a presentation on fundraising possibilities at the next meeting. The unofficial Green Party saying is, "Never have a brilliant idea you can't implement by yourself," so my presentation will be very carefully thought out indeed. [Note: I cleverly avoided making a presentation on fundraising at all, so instead they snookered me into becoming Membership Chair. As I said at the time, "Why don't you just bend me over the desk and have done with it?"]

Then Art and I did more postering to be sure we'd catch the morning commuters, and drank some coffee while I felt sorry for my poor blistered feet. If I had known I was going to go postering, I'd've worn different shoes. It was a memorable evening, though: a somewhat blotto man approached us while we postered the Yates and Blanshard corner, saying "Without getting mad at me, can you spare 80¢?" Politely we said no, explained we were both unemployed, said sorry. He asked what we were doing, and after we told him, he cheerfully explained that he usually never reads those things unless he's so drunk that he's leaning his head against the pole to keep from falling over. I laughed, and we moved on as he wished us well.

I said out loud as we crossed the street, "You can handle this, Laura!" Art said, "He wasn't dangerous." I agreed, adding that I was just uncomfortable. Art concurred, and pointed out this is why people try to get rid of the panhandlers, because they make them uncomfortable. I was silent, Art once again having managed to do a slam-dunk in my brain. Eventually I trundled home around midnight, an hour of the day that was becomingly increasingly familiar to me.

Next day, the Wednesday prior to Saturday the 16th's election, my life became more complicated. I started a temporary job at Beautiful British Columbia magazine, which paid reasonably well and had me working with friendly, helpful people. One small problem: I had to get up at 4:30 a.m. to be there in time for my 6 a.m. to 2 p.m. shift. So I'd get up, work, meet Art at the Green Party office on my way home, and we'd go do postering, grab a bite to eat and a cup of coffee somewhere, and then do more postering and more coffee. Eventually I'd get home around midnight, in time to get four hours of sleep before getting up for work.

Wednesday evening, this was fine. Thursday, I had a light doze on the counter at Starbucks while Art read the paper, after we both got frustrated with leafleting people at Cook Street Village. Friday, Art and I did some desultory

poster, then said "F*** it" and invited ourselves to Karl and Stephanie's for dinner and wonderful, mostly non-political conversation. We left there about 12:30 a.m. on Election Day, and then had more coffee. I began to be thankful that municipal elections occur only once every three years.

Finally, Saturday properly arrived. I woke feeling grateful that I had slept away part of the day's suspense, since the polls opened at 8 a.m. More coffee with Art and Liam and Andrew after we made sure our scrutineers got their forms and everyone on our list had been chivvied to vote. I trotted off home briefly, then went scrutineering at Quadra Elementary School. It was an interesting procedure, though it felt a bit "narkish": a scrutineer's sole job is to watch the election officials to catch any deliberate or acci-

dental errors. My stomach tied itself in knots so painful that I began to fear I had food poisoning, but finally the votes were counted and tallied. I jotted them down and left for the party, to wait for the final election results with everyone else.

We lost.

Art came in 14th out of 34 candidates, Jack 16th. A very respectable showing, but, as everyone lamented, "We deserved to win!" The "moral victory" party continued till 2:30 a.m., or at least Art and I left at that point, after Art fell asleep on the kitchen table. Half the people remaining were either stoned or drunk or both, and looked like they were settling in for the long haul, but we had had enough. I dropped Art off at his place, went home, and slept like the dead.



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