

OZONE HOLE

NUMBER FIVE - AUGUST 1993



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*Edited By John Willcox Herbert &
Karl Johanson
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(So there, nyah.)*

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

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

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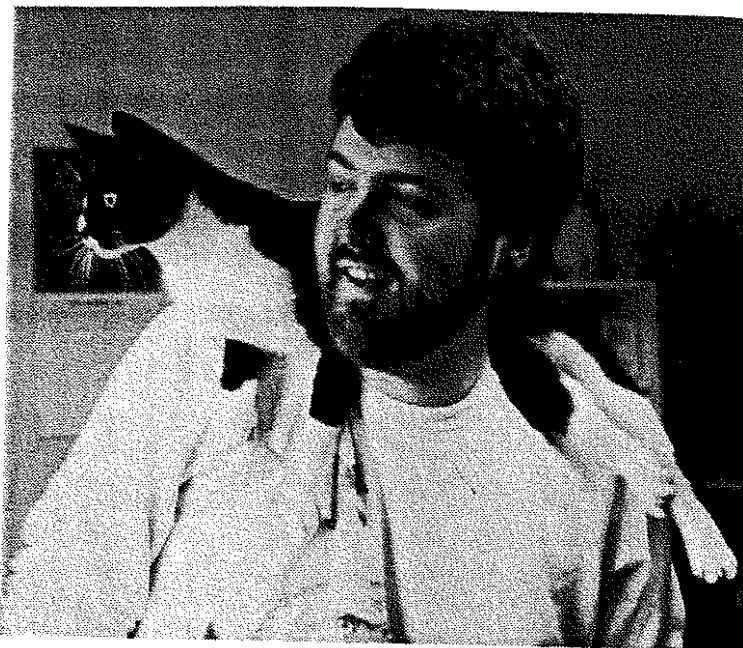
Laura Atkins, Brian D. Clarke, Phillip Freeman, John Willcox Herbert, Karl Johanson, Paula Johanson, and Robert Runté.

Art

All art by Stephanie Ann Johanson, including the cover. Wow.

The Other Editor's Opinion

by John Willcox Herbert



Dateline: Ottawa

As the Mulroney era limped to an end in an orgy of patronage appointments, Senators voted themselves a \$6,000 increase in their expense allowances. The predictable public furor forced the Senators to unvote themselves the increase. The Tory Senate Leader tried to move the blame to Liberal Senators, claiming that more than half the Senators which voted for the package were Liberal. (The vote passed 26 - 24, with eight abstentions.) While true, it shows that most Tory Senators, who hold the majority of Senate seats, didn't feel the raise was worth showing up to vote on in the first place. We at **Under The Ozone Hole** can only wonder about the half of the Senators who never bothered to show up to vote at all.

Dateline: Johannesburg, South Africa

A group of white neo-Nazis disrupted the democracy talks aimed at bringing about black rule in South Africa by next year. They drove an armored personal carrier into the building where the talks were being held, and stormed the actual meeting room, demanding a white homeland where they could live freely and prosper. We at **Under The Ozone Hole** feel this is not an unreasonable request and suggest they all be moved to a shantytown in Soweto.

Dateline: Dover, Ohio

Proof positive that generic brands are inherently inferior to brand name products comes from fire officials in Dover, Ohio who, investigating a house fire, concluded "...the toaster failed to eject the Pop-Tarts, they caught fire and set the house ablaze." Further investigations by the officials concluded that "...strawberry Pop-Tarts left in a toaster that doesn't pop up, will send flames like a blowtorch up to three feet high. At five minutes and fifty-five seconds, we had flames shooting out the top. I mean large flames. We also tried it with an off-brand tart. That one broke into flames in three and a half minutes, but it wasn't nearly as impressive as the Kellogg's Pop-Tart." We at **Under The Ozone Hole** feel that a lengthy comment here would take from the humour in the above passage.

Dateline: Gaffney, South Carolina

Elvis was not seen at a 7-11 near here. He did not have a pet.

Dateline: Washington, Baghdad, and Ottawa

American officials, including President Clinton, said that all America's allies were advised in advance of the American decision to once again bomb targets in Iraq, this time in retaliation for an alleged at-

tempt by the Iraqi Intelligence Service on the life of former President George Bush. Canadian Prime Minister Kim Campbell says she received no such advisement. (Well, it's nice to know who you're friends are, eh Kim?) And we at **Under the Ozone Hole** must conclude that if it is a crime for an intelligence service to attempt a political assassination and if the penalty is to have the intelligence building bombed, then Fidel Castro, among others, is owed a few pot-shots at CIA headquarters.

Dateline: Ottawa

The Canadian Government announced that it was going to pay \$150,000 of *our* money to buy furniture the Mulroneys left behind at 24 Sussex and Harrington Lake. While it has been customary for a new Prime Minister to refurbish the official residences (this makes one wonder what has happened in the past to all the furniture whenever power changed hands: "Oh, Brian, I can't sit on that -- it was used by a *Liberal!*" "Don't worry, Mila, I'll have Don Mazankowski burn it!"), this is the first time the government has purchased a departing P.M.'s furnishings. While the government tried to claim that the furniture was worth much more than the selling price, some appraisers placed the collection's value as low as \$7,400. We at **Under the Ozone Hole** suggest *you* try leaving used furniture behind when you move and see if the landlord gives you anything but a bill for having it hauled away. (Mila did eventually return the cheque, by the way, and had no idea what the fuss was about.)

Dateline: Sooke

My cat, Linus, is so cute. Lately, he's taken to sitting on my shoulder while I type at the computer. Isn't it just the sort of catish thing a cat would do? I mean, would you ever see a chicken or a goose or a hedgehog do that? Not often, anyway. And even if one did, it wouldn't do it as well as a cat. And when Linus was a kitten, he scared himself silly with a shoe and a staircase. Gosh, that sure was cute! Yep, there's hardly anything in this world cuter than a cat perched on your shoulder like a parrot while you're trying to type. (Except that this one weighs fifteen pounds! Get off already!)

Dateline: Ottawa (again)

A prominent Ottawa lawyer claimed that the government will pay \$1.3 million to ~~that bloody lawyer~~ Brian Mulroney for his personal papers as prime minister. Normally, prime ministers donate their papers to the National Archives. While the government hotly denies this, we at **Under the Ozone Hole** wouldn't be surprised one darn bit.

Dateline: Clayoquot Sound

As the protests against old-growth logging continue and the arrests now number over 600, we at **Under the Ozone Hole** wonder why if tree mining is as sustainable as MacMillian-Bloedel suggest (and has been suggesting for years), why do Mac-Blo need to cut in the Clayoquot anyway? Surely a sustainable industry doesn't need to expand its resource base, especially if the industry has been sustainable for years. Just a thought.

Dateline: Ottawa (yet again)

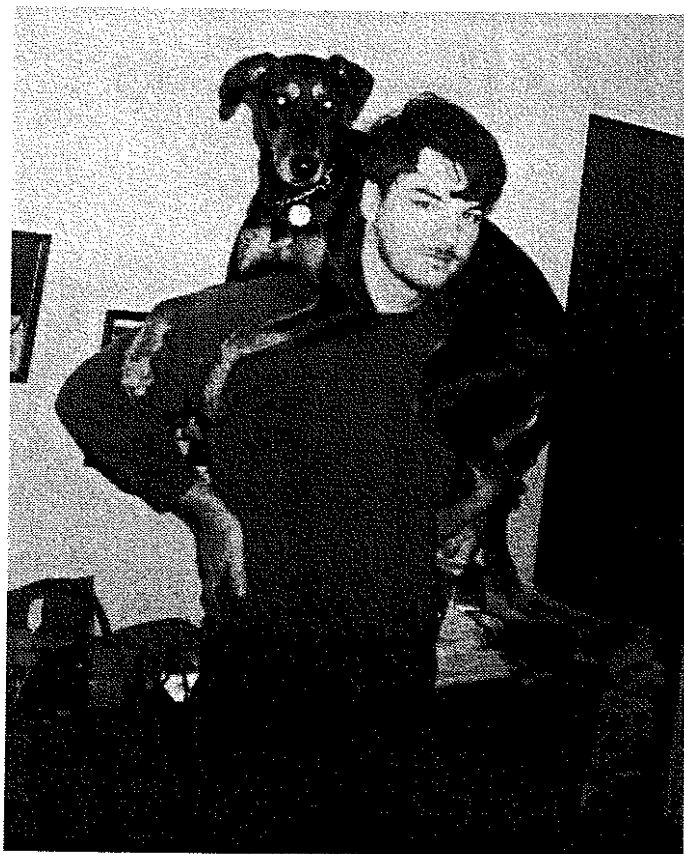
The National Gallery in Ottawa paid \$1.8 million for *No. 16*, a painting by American abstract impressionist Mark Rothko. The painting features two white rectangles against a red background. While we at **Under the Ozone Hole** certainly don't consider ourselves art critics and qualified to comment on the artistic qualities of *No. 16*, it seems to us that \$1.8 million would have been welcomed by the Canadian artistic community and bought a lot of art by Canadian artists.

The Editor's Opinion

by Karl Johanson

Is giving your pets "fannish" names acceptable true fan behavior? It sounds so neoish having a pet named "Frodo" or "Vermitherax", but it's hard naming pets, darn it. The dogs I grew up with were Mai Li, Benji, and Muffy. The cats were Frisky, Frosty, Snowball and Buds. The hamster was Timmy. Having such exposure to so many "ordinary" pet names (except Mai Li I guess) it was probably inevitable that upon moving out of my parents' basement I would wind up having fannishly named pets.

I bought Stephanie a Doberman/Lab/unknown fiber puppy and smuggled it into her work place inside my coat. My normal deadpan composure disappeared completely as I smirked and giggled my way over to her. Microseconds after Stephanie asked, "What are you up to?" the puppy poked her head out of my coat. My favorite female character in any SF book was Gaby, from Varley's *Titan* series, which I had been mispronouncing "Gabbey." True to the intelligence of her namesake, Gabbey has an incredible vocabulary (or whatever it is you call words you recognize even if you can't speak). There doesn't seem to be any synonym for "walk" which she doesn't know.



The Asian box turtle Monica gave me for my birthday recieved the name "Calvin," also from *Titan*. (If you stretch your imagination to the limits, Calvin's terrarium is slightly like the gondolas of the blimps in *Titan*.) We bought Calvin a companion turtle and weren't sure of the sex so it received the name "Rocky." (The *Titan* series had two Rockys; "Captain Cirroco

Jones" and "Phase-Shifter (Double-Sharped Lyndian Trio) Rock'n'Roll"). The turtle seems to be female so she has the Cirroco name (not that it comes when you call or anything).

The last pet we got is a Lab/Border Collie cross. After two hours of deliberation, we broke with the *Titan* tradition and named him "Ender." Ender doesn't quite fit the supergenius category of his namesake. His favourite things to do include jumping in ditches, finding out where Laura wants to walk and getting in the way, and touching anything Laura's eating with his nose. You can read Laura's story "Tales of the Young and Slothful" to get an idea of the language Laura uses when Ender does either of the last two.

So, four fannish pets. Am I a true fan or not? I would assume that naming your pets after SF figures with the sole intention of creating the impression that you are a true fan would have precisely the opposite effect. Rather like the yawns self-declared martyrdom receives. I guess I'll have to wait for the second edition of Robert Runté's True Fan quiz to find out.

TALE OF THE YOUNG AND SLOTHFUL:

PART TWO

fiction by Laura Atkins

There is something a little unnerving about discovering that you have a live alter ego, even if he were so deficient in his duties as to leave you unattended for twenty years while you developed various kinks in your personality . . . speaking generically, of course, since I'm about as stable as they come.

Still, I spent some time pondering the existence of that bizarre office-cleaner. I bet that when he was a child, he answered adults asking him "What do you want to be when you grow up?" with the enthusiastic response, "A JANITOR!" Then he offered to polish their shoes. Truly a sad case, as well as being an argument for retroactive abortion.

However, my office gradually reverted to its customary state of carefully deployed stacks of imitation work, and once again I was able to find anything I wanted to within several minutes of sneeze-inducing rummaging. So the memory of this peculiar doppelgänger eventually fell off the back of my brain and happily stayed down there, cavorting with many other maladjusted personality traits and memories best left sleeping.

How innocent I was back then! How sweet and naive!

<insert time lapse here>

I pushed open the door of my apartment, yawning hugely with my eyes squinched closed. Then I opened my eyes, and was immediately forced to shield them with my arm from the blinding radiance coming off the exquisitely polished doorknobs.

I backed out hastily and checked the apartment number. No, this was mine, all right. But I knew darn well that my doorknobs hadn't been clean ever since that night six months ago when I bought the Extra-Sticky Extra-Greasy Multi-Cholesterol Chicken for dinner. Then it dawned on me, with all the enthusiasm with which one might hail imminent death by tofu. He Was Back.

A neighbour stared at me inquisitively as I stood there, with my head inside the door and my butt halfway out in the hall. It might be dangerously clean in my apartment, but I decided I preferred danger to ridicule and suspicions of insanity. I squared my shoulders, with limited success: they did achieve a less elliptical look. Then I bravely marched inside my apartment, and closed the door.

Silence. This in itself was unusual; I was accustomed to hearing small mysterious rustlings coming from where the floor used to appear.

I stood there, back braced against the door, waiting to see if Whatsisface would appear. After a few minutes, I began to get lightheaded. I realized that this was because the available oxygen supply in the apartment had been completely replaced with lemony-fresh scent.

Oh, to EXCISED with it. I bent down and removed my shoes, for better sneaking capabilities. It occurred to me that with a guy this weird, by now he had probably shaved his head and used Pledge on it too, just so he could introduce himself as Mr. Clean to little old ladies in supermarkets. Then I began to wonder if he had remembered that very butch little silver earring Mr. Clean wore, and moved from there to decide that this guy probably fainted at the sight of blood. So between my bent-over shoe removal and these cogitations, I was caught completely by surprise when a voice politely said, "Good evening" from somewhere above my head.

I would like to report here that I simply calmly replied "Good evening" back and finished removing my shoe. However, my parents always wanted me to be truthful, and though their sudden deaths did take a little of this terrible burden from me, I still find myself forced to confess that I didn't quite handle this disembodied voice bit too well at first.

I screeched and leapt about six feet into the air while still hunched over, coming into violent contact on the way up with something which later proved to be Mr. Freakshow's nose and chin. My shoe fell off on the way back down, and I landed on it shortly after, with the result that I ended up in a furious and undignified heap on the floor at the feet of none other than, yes, Lorne Atkins himself, the man who was the veritable personification of cleanliness, hygiene, home-cooked meals, and all those other things that make life such a grinding misery for free spirits such as myself.

I glared viciously at him. "Don't you have the common decency to walk noisily?" I snarled angrily. "REMOVED, you almost gave me a CENSORED heart attack!" I noted the blood dribbling from his nose onto his virginally white shirt with some approval, and this allowed me to calm down sufficiently to continue our little conversation with more diplomacy.

"You really do hate me, don't you? First you massacre my office filing system, then you pillage my place of all its little homey touches, and now you have the unmitigated EXPURGATED gall to sneak up on me while I'm defenceless and still reeling with shock and scare me into the middle of next week. You UNPRINTABLE piece of DELETED!"

He smiled tolerantly at me, in a way that made me want to sever his lips so that he could never do it again. "I cleaned the apartment to show you how it should be done. Cleaning is really women's work, you know," he explained innocently.

There was a long, looong pause while I allowed my brain to stop rattling in its cage. Another pause while I checked to see if he were joking. A third pause to allow me to realize that I am mostly feminist, which in turn meant that this guy must be pretty strongly . . . uh-oh.

The fourth and final pause was to allow me to count to ten—several times—so as to avoid killing him on the spot. The counting itself was useless, naturally, but it did give me time to reflect that with any luck, he'd probably show me that woman's job of cooking, too, and I might get some decent meals before his patience wore out and he left . . . which would also be decent.

I smiled ever so sweetly at him. "Show me more," I oozed.

TALE OF THE YOUNG AND SLOTHFUL

PART TWO OF PART TWO

still by yours truly

"Oh no," I cried out in nauseated rage. "Not more sprouts for dinner! Vegetables aren't food, they're what food eats!"

Lorne had been showing me the womanly tasks of cooking for three whole days now. At first, it was rather amusing seeing him whisking around the kitchen, in an apron that he had probably borrowed from June Cleaver, thankfully he had omitted the pearls and heels. And the first time I ate vegetables, it was an interesting expansion of my gastronomic horizons, though I did have to lie down for half an hour afterwards to recover from the shock to my system so that I could relax enough to have my post-binge nap.

This, however, was simply too much. Furthermore, if my eyes were not deceiving me, and while I may deceive others, the parts of my body usually play straight with each other, he was stirring up tofu in my only skillet. *Tofu*, for EXPUNGED's sake. You know, the stuff that looks like mutant custard. Soybeans should be breaded, deep-fried and salted to make them tolerable, in my opinion, none of this making them into simulated mulch.

Lorne, who I had discovered was incapable of displaying anger but was not completely bereft of a certain quaint sense of colloquial humour, smiled at me and said, "You still seem to go for your dinner like a coyote after road kill. It's not really that bad, is it?"

I spluttered briefly with a surge of homicidal fury, the kind that can only be achieved by a fast-food addict going through severe grease withdrawal.

"Road kill? *Coyote*?! I'll show you road kill, you BOWDLERIZED son of a CLIPPED OUT! I'm going to make you into a pizza, and then drown you into a vat of saturated fat and barbecue you with a side of cholesterol!", I screamed as I grabbed up the nearest sharp object and ran towards him.

Lorne ran into the living room at a speed quite astounding for one who put nothing but leaves and mulch into his long-suffering body. I sprinted after him, with a long-drawn howl issuing from my frothing lips, something to the effect of "I'm going to kill you, and hurt you, and then get nasty!", only it sounded more like "GRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!"

With amazing agility, he leapt onto the back of the chair in the corner and stood at bay, and then I had him. My very own long-pig, ready to be made into long-bacon, long-ham, and long-pork roast. I smiled, a slow smile that I had once found at the bottom of a dumpster while I was looking for furniture for my apartment.

At this moment, a waft of hot-grease-saturated air floated through the open balcony door, from the nearby Dairy Queen. Those few micro-particles of fat saved moi, your cherished respondent, by allowing those parts of my cortex that had shut down due to cholesterol withdrawal to reactivate. They in turn reminded me that this sort of gory self-indulgence was not done in the best circles, and participation in such a pastime was quite likely to lead to being thrown in prison. I didn't know what exactly prison was like, but I was certain that it wouldn't have a burger stand.

I placed the knife on the coffee table (I had wondered where that table had gone, but obviously it had been right where I left it the whole time) and sat down on the couch. Lorne eyed me warily still. I supposed I couldn't blame him, though he really ought to have had more faith in humanity.

"Lorne," I said quietly. "Do you remember when we first met, several weeks ago, after you ruined the arrangement of my office? And you said you were my alter ego, and had been on vacation for twenty years?"

I could tell Lorne was somewhat apprehensive about the question, probably because he expected me to use it as an explanation for what he presumed to be his impending death. However, he finally grudging out a "Yes," not ceasing to perch at the point of the chair farthest from me.

"Well," I pondered, "why did you go on vacation? On vacation from what? I mean, you're about my age; you could hardly have been holding down a job at that point, except maybe as a chocolate-bar tester."

Lorne winced at the word "chocolate." *I bet he'd eat a TOFU bar*, I surlied to myself.

"I was on vacation . . . from you. No, wait," he said hurriedly as my eye involuntarily fell on the knife again. "Let me explain. You see, as a young alter ego, your personality is only formed by the presence or absence of traits in the person whose ego you are balancing. So you can't be too near the person, or else you both end up becoming an amorphous mass with no true personality traits, rather like a politician."

I considered this for a minute. Curious. Either he truly was stark raving mad, which would hardly surprise me after the way he tortured his body with nutritious foods (the man ate bran cereal with skim milk for breakfast, if you can believe it) or he was exactly what he purported to be, an alter ego. A rather flimsy basis for a story, but obviously the readers had stuck it out this far.

"You say this happens when you're a young alter ego, hm? At what point do you stop being purely an opposite, and become your own entity?"

"Well, an alter ego is never completely free of the influence of the primary persona. That's why I came back to see you. This lifestyle is making me most uncomfortable, but I'm too self-disciplined and polite to be able to remedy the situation on my own." He smiled meekly at me.

I let this gratuitous insult pass. I had more important things to kill him about. Uh, talk to him about. "So what you're saying is, you want me to modify the way I behave so that you can be more moderate in your behaviours as well?", I asked.

"Exactly!" He beamed at me as if I were a particularly bright three-year-old.

Instead of speaking further, I walked back into the kitchen, and opened the door of the fridge, gazing mournfully at the gleaming

expanses of white plastic. That poor appliance, its entire ecosystem callously destroyed by the thoughtless use of Tupperware. I bled for it.

I walked back into the living room, mourning the loss of an environment which had once housed thousands of little creatures. Lorne had come down from his perch atop the chair, and seemed a little more relaxed. I understood this better when I saw that the butcher knife had disappeared from the coffee table. Well, no matter. I was back in control once more.

"Lorne," I decided at him. "I think we need to talk about this. I'm going to pop over to Dairy Queen and get a greaseburger with extra salt, and when I come back, I want you to be out of that apron. I want the tofu in the garbage, and if you leave any vegetables in plain sight, it better be because you're about to donate them to a starving rodent. Got that?"

Lorne nodded in his most ingratiating fashion. "Yes, I get it," he smirked, "but... can the food wait until after the trip to Dairy Queen? You see," he said, turning a most unpleasant shade of white, sort of a dead-fish-belly colour, "I... I'd like to come with you."

I glared at the apron without speaking until he fumbled it off. Then I looked him in the eye and gave him my number two smile, the lopsided one that meant I still thought he was a putz but I might be willing to concede that he was distantly related to humanity.

"All right," I said. "Come on."

Will Lorne survive eating a greaseburger? Will Laura start to bathe regularly? Can that poor sap Lorne ever be retrieved from his sterilized pit? Read the next issue of UTOH and find out!

{{Laura Atkins is waiting to write Part Three until she can think of a way to extricate herself from this predicament.}}

TRYING TIMES BY PAULA JOHANSON

I'm trying to write SF stories and novels these days. Sometimes I'm trying my family's patience as well, but some writing does get done, as well as some of my household chores. On good days.

On a good morning, we all wake up on time, eat hot oatmeal while reading The Globe and Mail, get the kids out to the school bus and have all the farm chores done before 8:00 am. On a not-so-good morning, the kids ask me to buy this new cereal with 3-D hologram sparkles and scribble with their colour-changing markers till the bus goes by and I drive the twins ten miles to the Community School.

When things are going well at my computer, I write short stories or a chapter from the novel in progress. When the power is disconnected by my husband during renovations on this old farmhouse, I scribble letters on notepaper to my grandparents, asking them about their cardiograms and corneal transplants.

Sometimes I take a break and heat up lunch in the microwave, or just nibble on organic cookies with Brazil nuts from the Rain Forest. Sometimes in the middle of the day we drive sixty miles to Edmonton to fax something I've written, especially during a postal strike.

I lose writing time if the answering machine isn't taking my calls. Moving to

the farm may have tripled my long distance phone bills; but to compensate, there are almost no door-to-door salesmen. Instead, automatic dialing systems leave me messages about steam-cleaners for Dacron II rugs or a deluxe car wash which hand-cleans black cars only.

Even with all the distractions, I occasionally stop writing SF and put a little effort into saving this world, one environmentally-conscious letter at a time. After noting that all the nearby towns and Edmonton already have sewage treatment plants, one week I decided to write Parliament about the plight of the Russian cosmonaut still in orbit three months after he was due to return to Earth. Since the Soviet Union had disintegrated, there were no funds to pay his ground crew the price of a Canadian movie ticket to bring him down safely.

I don't get out much to movies for entertainment, but I do catch the news on CBC radio and tv -- if you can describe hearing about police officers charged with assault or the ozone layer's effect on global warming as an evening's light entertainment. At least going to bed doesn't cost me anything or bring up worries about future resources in a crowded world; not since my husband's vasectomy, anyway.

Our two children are pretty entertaining. They take up much of my time, but give me back as much as they take in ideas, characterization and understanding parts of society I never explored before being a parent. The cliché is "write what you know" and so, many of my characters are parents, whether in a near-future or fantasy world. However, clichés don't deal with the experiences of daily life, which does not lend itself to narrative flow and plot advancement. One day I'll integrate vaccination and narrow store aisles with an idealized twin

stroller, and produce an SF story with broad appeal... if I can figure whether curbs and heavy doors will still need to be navigated with strollers in the cities of the future.

I've moved away from cities to this farm, but Edmonton's lights stain the night sky even sixty kilometres away. I've been writing about realistic people in imaginative situations, but the faces and fashions even in contemporary Vancouver are leaving me behind. Write SF? I couldn't make a story more fantastic than tonight's news. But does the news tell us what an invention means, or how people feel? I'm trying.



SCIENCE FICTION NEWS

1993 Bram Stoker Awards

Best Novel: *Blood of the Lamb*, Thomas F. Monteleone;
 Best First Novel: *Sineater*, Elizabeth Massie;
 Best Novelette: (tie) "Aliens: Tribes," Stephen Bissette, and "The Events Concerning a Nude Fold-Out Found in a Harlequin Romance," Joe R. Lansdale;
 Best Short Story: "This Year's Class Picture," Dan Simmons;
 Best Collection: *Mr. Fox and Other Feral Tales*, Norman Partridge;
 Best Non-Fiction: *Cut! Horror Writers on Horror Films*, Christopher Golden, ed.
 Life Achievement: Ray Russell.

Locus and Science Fiction Chronicle both report that the late Isaac Asimov was the subject of F.B.I. surveillance during the Hoover years because of his support of leftist causes. An anonymous reader provided the magazines with records obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. Apparently there are wiretap records that still remain classified.

Rick Berman, exec-producer of *ST:TNG* and *ST:DS9*, had some things to say about future *ST* movies in an interview in *The Official Star Trek Fan Club of Canada Magazine #2*: "We're in the process of developing two *Star Trek* films and have two scripts in the works. I'm not truly at liberty to discuss them, but it's all very exciting. Hopefully, the first one will go into production within the next year to 15 months; the other sometime beyond that.... Paramount is trying to structure a deal with all of the *Next Generation* actors who would be involved in this. Participation by *Deep Space Nine* cast members has not been discussed, at least in terms of the first movie, because primarily it is going to be a film dealing with the *Star Trek* characters prior to *Deep Space Nine*. There also would be other actors involved, possibly some original *Star Trek* series people, but I'm not at liberty to talk about it now.... [T]he whole idea of how to create a title is a serious point of discussion because calling it *Star Trek VII* connotes a continual sense of the *Star Trek* series of movies, which could be misleading. On the other hand, to call it *Star Trek: The Next Generation: The Movie* gets a little preposterous."

He goes a little further in *The Official Star Trek Fan Club Magazine #91*: "Right now, one of the two stories we're writing, and possibly both, will include elements of the original cast as well as *The Next Genera-*

tion. We're talking about more than cameos. One story involves all of the original cast, the other has fewer of them involved." He also named *TNG* writers Ron Moore and Brannon Braga as writers on one script and another *TNG* alumnus, Maurice Hurley, as writer on the second film. Berman is co-writing the stories on both projects. Production will commence immediately after filming finishes on *TNG*'s seventh and final season next April, with a planned Christmas 1994 release. (The seventh season may end with a cliffhanger that leads into the movie.)

And is it any surprise that Paramount is developing a fourth *Star Trek* series to replace *TNG* when it graduates to movies? This one will apparently focus on younger characters on an exploratory mission much like the original *Enterprise*'s.

Last issue, we were so busy acknowledging Harry Warner Jr. for his Hugo nomination for Best Nonfiction Book, we forgot to acknowledge his nomination as Best Fan Writer. Good Luck Again, Harry!

Isaac Asimov has one last book coming: an autobiographical work called *I, Asimov: Seven Decades*. An April 1994 release from Doubleday.

Look out for some *seaQuest DSV* (that's the new Spielberg submarine show star-

ring Roy Scheider) novels by Michael Jan Friedman, Diane Duane and Peter Morwood, among others.

Next year, Tor will publish *Deke!*, the memoirs of Deke Slayton, the late astronaut.

Christopher Reeve won't do *Superman V* after all.... Sly Stallone as *Judge Dredd*? Say it isn't so!... *Lost in Space: The Movie*? Maybe. Paramount is gearing up for a \$50 million *Lost in Space* feature. The producers of *The Hunt for Red October* are in the planning stages of this one.... John Goodman is Fred, Rick Moranis is Barney and Henson & Associates supply Dino. *The Flintstones*, next summer.... Paul (RoboCop, *Total Recall*) Verhoeven will produce and direct Robert A. Heinlein's *Starship Troopers*. (Is this before or after *Sgt. Rock*, starring Arnold Whatsisname?)... Kenneth Branagh will direct and play the title role in *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*. (No, not Mary Shelley. Branagh plays the doctor.) The monster will be played by Robert De Niro.... *Batman: The Animated Movie* will be released Christmas Day. (Betcha didn't know that Mark Hamill does the voice of the Joker.)... James Cameron will begin shooting *Spider-Man* real soon now... *RoboCop 3*'s release might be delayed (again) to November, but *RoboCop: The Series* is set for lensing in Canada. Peter Weller may return for the series (he's not in *Robo3*)... *Quantum Leap* and *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles* have been cancelled, and *Dinosaurs* is on hiatus (but may return as a mid-season replacement)... A new show for the fall will be *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*. The focus is not on superdeeds, but on the relationship be-

19th Annual Saturn Awards

Best Science Fiction Film: *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*;
 Best Fantasy Film: *Aladdin*;
 Best Horror Film: *Bram Stoker's Dracula*;
 Best Genre Video Release: *The Killer*;
 Best Genre Television Program: *The Simpsons*;
 Best Actor: Gary Oldman (*Bram Stoker's Dracula*);
 Best Actress: Virginia Madsen (*Candyman*);
 Best Supporting Actor: Robin Williams (*Aladdin*);
 Best Supporting Actress: Isabella Rossellini (*Death Becomes Her*);
 Best Juvenile Performance: Scott Weinger (*Aladdin*);
 Best Direction: Francis Ford Coppola (*Bram Stoker's Dracula*);
 Best Writing: James V. Hart (*Bram Stoker's Dracula*).

1993 Locus Awards

Best Science Fiction Novel: *Doomsday Book*, Connie Willis;
 Best Fantasy Novel: *Last Call*, Tim Powers;
 Best Horror/Dark Fantasy Novel: *Children of the Night*, Dan Simmons;
 Best First Novel: *China Mountain Zhang*, Maureen F. McHugh;
 Best Novella: "Barnacle Bill the Spacer," Lucius Shepard;
 Best Novelette: "Danny Goes to Mars," Pamela Sargent;
 Best Short Story: "Even the Queen," Connie Willis;
 Best Non-Fiction: *Dinotopia*, James Gurney;
 Best Collection: *The Collected Stories of Robert Silverberg, Vol. 1: Secret Sharers*, Robert Silverberg.

Pet Semetary and most recently *My Cousin Vinny*. Asked what his favorite role was, he mentioned Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, then added, "And I might as well tell you the truth. I love old Herman Munster. Much as I might try not to, I can't stop liking that

tween Lois & Clark (but you had that figured by the title, right?)... Also new will be *seaQuest DSV*, a future submarine show co-produced by Steven Spielberg and starring Roy Scheider. Irvin Kirshner directed the two-hour pilot, and Dr. Robert Ballard (the guy who found the *Titanic*) is a consultant... *Time Trax* and *Highlander* will be back in the fall, and so will *Kung Fu: The Legend Continues*... *Babylon 5* will premiere as a series in January, 1994. Harlan Ellison is a creative consultant, and he, D.C. Fontana, and David Gerrold are among those said to be working on scripts.

The episode titles for year six of *Red Dwarf* are: "Psirens," "Call Me Legion," "The Four Gunmen of the Apocalypse," "Rimmer World," "Polymorph II -- Emohawk" and "Present From the Future." This season brings a format change as a story winds its way through all the episodes: someone has stolen *Red Dwarf* and our heroes are chasing after them. Also, Rimmer gets to touch things (ghod knows what). And Universal Studios is keen on a movie version.

Irvin Kirshner (*The Empire Strikes Back*, *RoboCop 2*, *Never Say Never Again*) is set to direct the remake of *Forbidden Planet*. (Why remake it? It was perfect the first time!!) Nelson Gidding, who did the screenplay for *The Andromeda Strain*, will supply the script (story by William Shakespeare). The budget is \$35,000,000 and ILM will probably do the effects.

Remember last issue when I suggested that *Star Wars* be given the royal treatment on laser disc? To be released this August, the *Star Wars* Trilogy boxed set: CAV, THX, behind the scenes stuff and, the rumour goes, new footage (and a \$300 price tag). We'll let you know.

Obituaries

Lester del Rey

Ramon San Juan Mario Silvio Enrico Smith Heathcourt-Brace Sierra y Alvarez-del Rey y de los Verdes was born on June 2,

1915. He started selling stories in 1938; his first, "The Faithful," appeared in *Astounding*. He spent 10 years writing stories, but in 1947 he also became a literary agent, and later a book and magazine editor. In 1973, his wife, Judy-Lynn del Rey, joined Ballantine Books, eventually becoming SF editor. He joined her there two years later as fantasy editor. Eventually, they would have the likes of Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Heinlein and Isaac Asimov in their publishing stable. The Del Rey imprint was named in his honour and three of its first publications were *The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant*, *The Sword of Shannara* and *Star Wars*, assuring Del Rey's future as the most successful SF/F imprint in history. He retired in 1991, five years after Judy-Lynn's death. He died May 10, 1993, after a brief illness. He was 77.

William Golding

William Golding was born on September 19, 1911, in Cornwall, England. He studied science and English at Oxford, then joined the Royal Navy. After several rejections he finally sold his first novel in 1954: a harrowing tale of marooned schoolboys, survivors of a plane crash, who descend into barbarism and madness. *Lord of the Flies* is still required reading at many colleges and schools. Other novels included *The Inheritors*, *Free Fall* and *Rights of Passage* for which Golding won the 1980 Booker Prize, Britain's most prestigious literary award. Golding also won a Nobel Prize for literature in 1983 and was knighted in 1988. He died of a heart attack on June 19, 1993. He was 81.

Fred Gwynne

Fred Gwynne was born on July 10, 1926 in New York City. After serving in the U.S. Navy, he began his acting career on Broadway in 1952 in *Mrs. McThing*. In the early 60s, he starred in two brief but much-loved series: he played Officer Muldoon in *Car 54, Where Are You?*, and Herman Munster in *The Munsters*. His other films included *On The Waterfront*, *The Cotton Club*, *Fatal Attraction*, *Munster, Go Home*,

fellow." He died on July 2, 1993, of cancer. He was 66.

Donald (Deke) Slayton

Born March 1, 1924, Deke Slayton entered the U.S. Air Force in 1942. By 1955, he was a test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base. Slayton was selected as one of the "original seven" *Mercury* astronauts in 1959. He was scheduled to fly the second orbital flight (the fourth *Mercury* flight) but was grounded by a chronic, but minor, irregular heartbeat (idiopathic arterial fibrillation). While it was never established as a possible life threat, some NASA physicians believed it would be safer if Slayton remained on the ground. Scott Carpenter flew in his stead. Slayton stayed with the program, becoming director of flight crew operations. Eventually, his flight status was restored and he became the last of the original seven to fly on his only mission, and *Apollo's* last, the *Apollo-Soyuz* mission of 1975. He was later named manager of orbital test flights for the space shuttle. He was also a civilian space consultant and a strong proponent of the commercialization of space. He died of cancer on June 13, 1993. He was 69.



THE ROBERT RUNTE GUIDE TO FANDOM

PART II: FANNISH PETS

Many neos believe that they qualify as trufans once they have mastered fanspeak, subscribed to a few of the more widely circulated fanzines, volunteered to work on an upcoming convention, and learned which BNFs control the local club elections. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mastery of fannish lore is only the first and least significant step on the path to trufannishness. Anyone can parrot a few slogans and mimic fannish behaviour, but a few superficial trappings are no guarantee that one is dealing with a trufan. Trufannishness is a personality type or spiritual quality, and is manifest in an individual's every waking thought and action. Many a fake fan has been exposed when some unconscious mannerism or habit — their choice of tie, say, or taste in music — has revealed their true mundane selves. Trufannishness represents a total commitment and penetrates every aspect of one's lifestyle.

In this installment of the Guide I address the often overlooked topic of fannish pets. Just as pets take on the personalities of their owners, the personality of the owners is clearly revealed by the type of pet they choose. Many otherwise convincing candidates for BNF status have disqualified themselves by keeping the wrong sort of animal. Here, then, is a brief overview of some of the more common pets, and what each reveals about one's role in fandom.

CATS

Cats are, of course, the archetypal fannish pet. The popularity of cats among trufans is easily explained by their independent nature. Whereas other pets or potential roommates might demand attention — and so distract one from fanac — cats require only food and shelter from their owners. Cats are particularly popular with female fans, for whom they serve as baby substitutes. Just as many women postpone having children until well advanced in their professional careers, many prominent fans prefer to sublimate their maternal instincts through cat ownership until they are established as BNFs. And, for that element of fandom which overlaps with the practitioners of the — shall we say — more traditional religions, the cat's role is even more familiar.

Cats are extremely fussy eaters, totally arrogant, impossible to control, and prone to caterwaul outside one's window late at night. In learning to cope with these characteristics in their pets, cat owners consequently develop many of the skills necessary for organizing successful SF conventions and banquets, and often excel as conchairs. Avoid becoming embroiled in

club politics with cat owners, however, as they can be quite catty to their rivals. Nor do cat owners usually make good fanzine fans, since their perzines and locs are invariably preoccupied with tedious cat anecdotes, and their book reviews, while often playfully malicious, seem to go on and on and on, rather than simply dispatching the hapless victim at once.

DOGS

Dogs are not particularly fannish but are tolerated because so many fans have dogs when they first enter fandom. Dogs are completely indiscriminating, mindlessly loyal, amiable creatures, and so excellent pets for the typical proto-fan. Once the neo discovers fandom and learns how to make real friends, the dog becomes redundant, but is usually retained for sentimental reasons.

Dog owners make poor club presidents or convention chairs because they seem prone to surround themselves with yes men. They are good at giving simple orders, but if you want even the simplest favour from them, you practically have to sit up and beg. And lord help you if you mess up on one of their committees, because they will insist on dragging you over and rubbing your face in it. On the other hand, their zines are often friendly and laid back. They're particularly good with the letter column: Throw out a comment in a loc and they will grab the idea and run with it. They often seem to have boundless energy for the back and forth of correspondence. Their only flaw as editors is that they will spend an inordinate time chewing over any little bone of contention that does arise.

HAMSTERS, GERBILS, AND MICE

Hamsters, gerbils and mice give very little clue to their owner's fannishness. They do, however, indicate that their owner is by nature too timid to take on a larger, more significant pet, and so unlikely to make a good chair or president for your fannish organization. Assign them work on the refreshment committee, a smaller task which they are more likely to feel they can handle.

(The exception here is if the mice are being raised to feed a boa constrictor, in which case, see below.)

FISH

As with hamsters, an ambiguous sign. Fish owners may well be key consumers of fanzines, conventions, and club activities, but they are generally passive observers, rather than active participants. On the other

hand, they are good at setting up and maintaining the structures for routine, repetitive activities and so are a good choice to sit on the committee drafting the club's constitution, etc.

BUDGERIARS OR PARROTS

Bird owners are again in the same class as those with hamsters, but are distinguished by their endless patience and their ability to cope well with emergencies. Herding errant Shriners out of the consuite and back to the elevator, for example, is second nature to anyone who has had to get an escaped bird back in its cage. They are, however, notoriously poor conversationalists, and after a few drinks at a con or club meeting will often become tediously repetitive.

TARANTULAS, BOA CONSTRUCTORS, AND OTHER EXOTIC CREATURES

Tarantulas are completely unfannish. Such exotic pets are the sure sign of a mundane struggling to distinguish himself from the masses by deliberately cultivating an eccentricity. Such attempts at individualism are by definition self-defeating, not only because of the superficiality of the gesture, but because the very act of buying

an exotic pet has become a socially acceptable outlet for nonconformity. In other words, they are conforming in their nonconformity!

Trufans, on the other hand, are true nonconformists. Rather than the trappings of deviation, their entire way of thinking and being rejects the mundane world. Thus, only by embracing the fannish lifestyle in its totality, only through the rigid adherence to all the fannish traditions, norms and beliefs; only through the absolute, unquestioning rejection of all symbols of the mundane world (such as pet tarantulas) can one be sure of the depth of one's nonconformity. Thus no one with a tarantula can be considered a trufan.

DRAGONS

While not strictly speaking a pet, stuffed dragons may come to fill the same ecological niche, especially for that minority who carry their stuffed animals about with them constantly. (I knew one woman who not only took her stuffed dragon with her to work, but also to lunch. Indeed, I remember coworkers saying she and her dragon were out to lunch quite a lot.) The fannishness of these stuffed dragon owners cannot be in doubt, but they seldom achieve any prominence in fandom. Other fans often seem reluctant to delegate significant

duties to someone who seems to relate best to inanimate objects, or for whom the responsibilities of a living pet are considered too challenging.

NO PETS AT ALL

The ultimate trufan, of course, has no pets at all, since any animal requires at least some care and attention, which necessarily detracts from the time and energy available for fanac. Attendance at out of town conventions, for example, is much easier and more affordable if one does not have to make arrangements to kennel the dog or drown the budgie before leaving. Similarly, the petless often have much more time to loc zines than those whose multitude of pets may pressure them into recycling the paper from their current zines before they have entirely finished reading them.

Of course, even the most demanding pets are less distracting than friends, family, or employers. I will therefore discuss the advantages in becoming an unemployed loner in a future instalment of the Guide, tentatively entitled: "Towers, Rifles, and the Single Fan."

{{Robert Runté is a well-known Canadian fan who will be FanGoH at the 1994 Worldcon in Winnipeg. He has no pets.}}



LoCs

Harry Warner, Jr.
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Karl's address was on the envelope containing the second *Under the Ozone Hole*, so naturally this LoC goes to him instead of John, even though I'd love to type Sooke for its nostalgic value. There was a character named Sookie in *Skippy*, the book and movie that delighted me in boyhood, completely forgotten now, alas.

The main difference between losing money in fanzine publishing and losing money in con sponsorship is the opportunity to gripe or threaten or bawl or otherwise react publicly which the fanzine editor has and the con organizer lacks. Maybe it would be possible to reason that convention fandom can never destroy fandom completely, because without fanzines, the losers in con promoting would have no medium at all for making their resulting emotions known by the fan populace outside their own circle of friends.

Stephanie Ann Johanson not only enlightened my ignorance about soapstone and its importance in the space-time continuum, but also gave me brilliant ideas. Maybe I should ask Mr. Science about them before communicating them to you, but it occurs to me that rock so soft that it can be scratched with a fingernail might serve to keep mimeography alive in fandom. If sliced into sufficiently thin sheets, soapstone might replace the material which was once used to create mimeograph stencils, the scarcity of which has virtually wiped out mimeoing for fanzine purposes. If anyone asks what good it would be to manufacture soapstone stencils when all fans have thrown away their mimeos, there is an obvious answer: carve mimeographs out of large hunks of soapstone and use them to run off fanzines.

The JFK article is too similar to various essays I've read which seek to convey the truth about how the assassination was committed. You should have thought up some really fantastic theories, although admittedly it would have taken a lot of time and trouble to create theories more preposterous than those that have seen print in the past few years.

It's hard to believe that the panel of experts who chose the best science fiction movies for *Premiere* omitted *Things to*

Come. Even though that film has been outdated in a sense by the course of events, it's still very effective and it is rerun often enough on television in the United States to indicate it retains much of its power. And, after all, the #1 film on the ten best list, 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, has a mere eight years to go before it shares the same outdated fate, and I feel certain it will continue to be praised after the last day of the year 2001.

I remember Denholm Elliott best as a featured player in a film version of Dylan Thomas' *A Child's Christmas in Wales*, which has become a Yuletide tradition on United States television and is also, I believe, available as a video tape. He had children and a dog in the film with him and easily took the attention away from them.

It was good to find a fairly long obituary notice for Joe Shuster, whose death received scant attention in the mundane media and not much more space in fanzines. You may or may not know that he was an early fan and helped to publish one of the rarest of all fanzines in the 1930s, where I understand the germ of Superman can be found, although I've never been fortunate enough to own or even see a copy of it.

I doubt if I'll ever read the sequels to *Rendezvous With Rama*. I worship that novel and I have bitter memories of other fine books whose appeal somehow suffered attrition when I later read inferior sequels to them. (Sometimes it is the other way around, of course; hardly anyone would think that *Huckleberry Finn* is a letdown to *Tom Sawyer*, and in science fiction, the later *Skylark* novels did no harm to the appeal of *A Skylark of Space*.) Sometimes I think even the authors realize their sequels are unneeded and unsatisfactory. The last novel of James Blish's *Cities in Flight* series seems to be intended as positive farce, introducing every preposterous new twist the author could have imagined, even the eventual saving of the entire universe by a character who doesn't bother to check out the equipment he needs for this purpose until the last possible moment.

Once again, I was very pleased with the ease of reading this issue, thanks to your continued conservative approach to computer publishing technology and the non-glare white paper. And the stamps you used on the envelope are so gorgeous that I feel yet again that old itch to get back into the stamp collecting hobby I enjoyed so much before

science fiction fandom usurped all my spare time.

{{Sooke was our original location for a Worldcon site before we thought of Myles' House.

Re your comments on Rama and its sequels: I found I didn't enjoy the novel version of Nightfall anywhere near as much as the short story. In spite of the novel being far more believable technically, it just didn't feel the same.

It's good to see there is at least one other person who liked all the Skylark novels.

--K.J.}}

{{Hey, guys, I liked Nightfall: The Novel. I just wish someone had written an ending for it.

Joe Shuster may have received more attention up here because he was, after all, a Canadian. In fact, the story of his creation of Superman was one of a recent series of tv ads celebrating great moments in Canadian history ('...a part of our heritage...'). Other moments included the Battle of Vimy Ridge, the day Halifax blew up and Jacques Plante wearing the first goalie mask.

Sooke has a mascot named Sookie Sam. No relation, I'd guess.

Maybe in the Flintstones' era, newspapers were printed on soapstone. Or maybe not.

--J.W.H.}}

Alexander V. Vasilkovsky
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252001, Kiev-1
Ukraine

Thank you for sending *UTOH* #3, another good issue with a lot of materials to read. Thank you for your wish to help me contact Robert Charles Wilson. I have already got a promise from R. Graeme Cameron to pass on a copy of *Chernobylization* #6 to Mr. Wilson. It will be easier for him to do, because both of them live in Vancouver.

Of the recent newcomers in the field of sf in Canada, I've got an interest in two names: Robert L. Sawyer and Don H. DeBrandt. As for the former, I've got his address and will send him a copy of our zine's forthcoming issue; maybe he'll get

interested in our reviews of his books in pages of *Chernobylization*. Anyway, he's well acclaimed already. As for the latter he has passed two copies of his first novel, *The Quicksilver Screen*, on to Boris and me. By then we had a whole set of reviews prepared for issue 6, so we'll review Don's book only in the next issue.

Our zine tries to survive hard times. Boris did almost nothing for this issue so it's me who has to do everything, even the typing and proofreading. Assuming that under current crisis one has to spend more time for surviving (e.g. to work more, to earn more, to spend more time for shopping, looking for either availability or lower price, or both), you see the complete disaster of *Chernobylization*. Nonetheless, I'm still trying to cope with all those problems. Two-thirds of all the materials are already prepared for DTP-ing, and I still have to make issue 6 out in April or early May.

Currently, Boris is preparing to go to Isle of Jersey, UK, to attend *Hellicon*. Lucky him. I also was invited, and a friend from Glasgow promised to pay my expenses for staying there, but under current circumstances combined with galloping exchange rate I am unable to pay even my road expenses. So it goes.

If you'd come here you'll be amazed with low prices of basic commodities and very high, unbelievably high exchange rate, compared with those prices. That's why we manage to live here somehow, but unable to pay almost for anything when we go to the West. So it goes.

Regarding Aurora Awards, it was interesting to read the nomination list. In the novel category I'd choose between *A Song for Arbonne* by Guy Gavriel Kay and *Far-Seer* by Robert J. Sawyer. In the fanzine category... Well, not to offend you but to say the truth, I'd rather vote for R. Graeme Cameron's *BCSFazine*, well-established during the recent years. Although I appreciate *UTOH* nomination on the basis of the first two issues. It says for itself, though, I

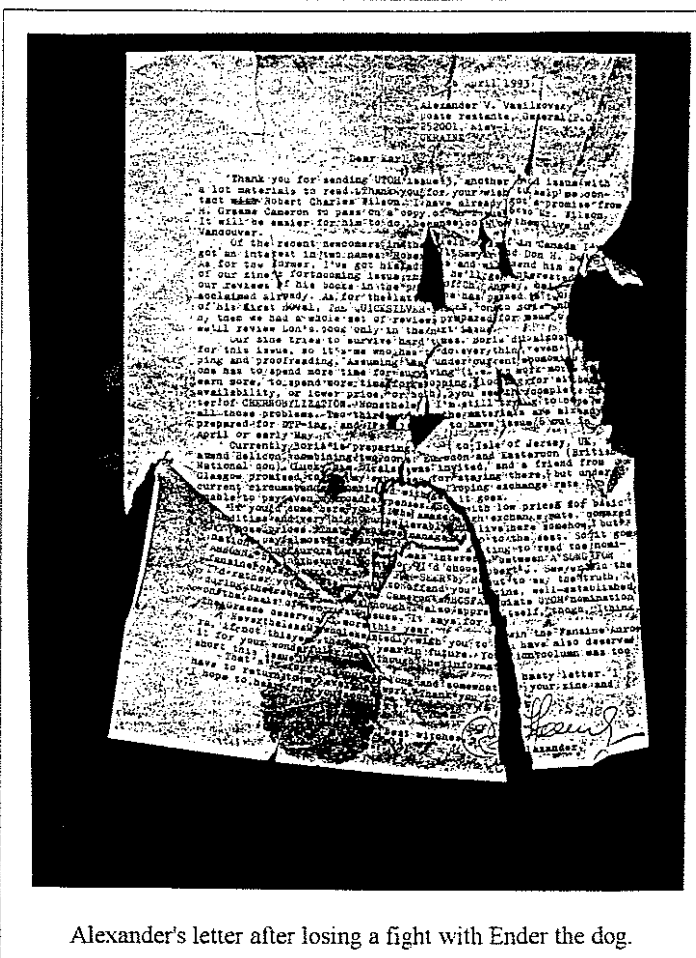
think The Graeme deserves it more this year.

Nevertheless, I wholeheartedly wish you to win the Fanzine Aurora, if not this year, then any year in future. You have also deserved it for your wonderful zine. (Though the information column was too short this issue.)

That's it for this not-so-long and somewhat hasty letter. I have to return to my everyday work. Thank you for your zine and I hope to hear from you soon.

{BCSFazine (and The Graeme) was my second choice on the Aurora ballot (yeah, I voted for myself (wot the hell)). It takes a ton of hard work and effort to produce a high-quality monthly, and to keep it up over the length of time that both The Graeme and BCSFA have managed to endure. In all honesty, Karl and I figured we might get nominated, but we never seriously thought we would win. It was truly a surprise.

I understand that Robert Charles Wilson has moved back to Toronto, so you might want to check in with your Eastern contacts if you still haven't reached him. Try Lloyd Penney.



Alexander's letter after losing a fight with Ender the dog.

If you've got too many reviews for Chernobylization, you can always send your leftovers to us!

-- J.W.H.}}

Paula Johanson
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I should tell you how glad I was to get the *Far-Seer* review into print at long last. Thanks for sending Robert Sawyer a copy of the review, and Elisabeth a copy of her article. Glad you used the French portion as well -- there's not really enough of that in the zines I read.

Nice production values in *UTOH*. I wish photocopying were more environmentally sensitive, but maybe that'll come in the future. Have you put *UTOH* on Compuserve or a BBS yet?

{Neither Karl nor I have a modem. (Okay, not entirely true: Karl does have a modem, he just doesn't use it.) (Actually, this still isn't true. He just installed

last night. Look out Internet!) The problem is that we both feel that once we got on a Net, we might never get off! Days are already too short to be messing with Nets and BBS's. Maybe one day, though.

And did you notice the sequel to Far-Seer is out? Hint hint.

--J.W.H.}}

Andrew C. "Bubba" Murdoch
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I think you had a great idea naming every fan in the country "Bubba." Now what do we do to distinguish female fans? "Babs"? "Bubbles"? Or do we call them "Bubba" as well in an attempt at gender equality?

Bubba Gordon-MacDonald's article regarding Disney's *Aladdin* was certainly thought-provoking, but I think it has to be looked at in comparison with Disney's other works as well as with reality. True, the villain of the film was a caricature, but this is true of most of Disney's animated films.

Aladdin was not the first to do this, and will probably not be the last.

Second, although they may have acted more like twentieth-century North Americans, all the characters were Arabs, including the good guys. (The Aladdin character's design was heavily inspired by rap star Hammer.)

And lastly, I saw the film four times and cannot recall the villain praising Allah while doing his evil deeds. (To be fair, I last saw it some time ago, so I could be wrong.) Still, I think the fact that Allah was mentioned at all was more an attempt to be true to the culture than to put down Arabs. Besides, I'm certain that David Koresh was as busy praising the Judeo-Christian God while he went about his ways in Waco. Another example of this is in the scene where the naïve Princess Jasmine, after leaving the security of her home for the first time in her life, kindly gives a monkey an apple from a vendor's cart. But when she cannot pay for it, being unaccustomed to carrying money, she almost loses her arm. Today, this is considered a shockingly brutal and excessive punishment for the theft of one mere apple, but it does have a basis in Arabian history and culture.

Bubbles Atkins: I think you did a fine job of ruining your image of being a fat slob by letting the photo of you in your Impossible Battle Bikini be published. As for the 8x10 glossy of you in it, never mind. Something came up at V-Con so I don't need it anymore.

Regarding everyone's comments about comic books, I personally try to avoid all that hype. I buy only those comic titles that interest me (which, by the way, does not include any of Marvel or D.C.'s super-hero titles). Occasionally I make an exception for investment puposes, like the infamous *Superman #75*, but that's it. I certainly never got into stamps or sports cards like Bubba Speirs, but if I can find one, I might make an exception for Manon Rheume's rookie card. The only time I get interested in spectator sports (as a spectator, that is) is during the Olympics, the Commonwealth Games, the Stanley Cup, and the Blue Jays taking the World Series away from the Yanks.

{{I think you missed Bubba Gordon-MacDonald's point which was, yes, all the characters are Arabs, but the "bad guys" are presented as Arab caricatures, while the "good guys" are presented as, as you say, "twentieth-century North Americans" (read WASPs). With regards to the DNQ portion of your letter: no, I don't believe you are breaking any laws. However, I do

suggest you seek some form of spiritual guidance and consult with the SPCA.

-- Bubba W.H.}}

Lloyd Penney
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It's July, Toronto is cooking with 90+ degree temperatures, I'm still job-hunting, we got Kimmy as the new PM, they're tearing up the Clayoquot and you're probably just sobering up from the Aurora victory parties. There's a new issue of *UTOH* in front of me; what better time then to write a letter about it? Besides, I'm going up to the Muskokas this weekend, and any catching up on the mail I can do would really help me out.

Here's a competition... additions to Robert Runté's article "*You Know It's Time To Gafiate When...*" In fact, two items listed here have happened to me. At *Toronto Trek*, a con I helped to found years earlier, I actually had a couple of the eager young Trekkies on the committee welcome me to fandom. I also got asked by others about the "old days" of fandom. However, I have no plans to gafiate; they'll have to find other means with which to get rid of me.

Re [John's] comments to my letter: I completely agree with you on the "higher morality" the U.S. brags about. Every so often, this assumption of superiority shows through...believe it or not, I still hear "You can't do this to me, I'm an American!" from time to time, as if being of a specific nationality inferred an exalted position. Also, at an *Ad Astra* some years ago, sf author John-Allen Price was in an argument with some Canadian fans in the green room and tried to win the argument by shouting down the fans, and saying that he could say what he pleased because "only Americans have freedom of speech." Sigh. I also know this kind of behaviour embarrasses other Americans, and I apologize to them.

I must also agree with Robert Runté on the listing of the pro newsletters edited by Jean-Louis Trudel and Robert Sawyer in the fanzine category of the Auroras. Perhaps they should go into another pro category, and leave the fanzine award to the fans. I also know that both Robert and Jean-Louis would disagree with this, since they both enjoyed fannish careers before turning pro. Some discussion and explanation of what people did, in a fanzine such as this one, would help in the voting process. For example, I can certainly tell you what

Annette Ing did to be nominated for Fan Achievement (Convention), and Louise Hypher did to win for Fan Achievement (Other).

I never got a copy of Ron Currie's last issue of *Xenofile*, so I'd like to see what Sheldon Wiebe's incarnation of that title looks like. I'd recommend to Sheldon that he publish news and con reports from across the country. If someone here only published fan news from Eastern Canada, someone in the West would complain of self-centredness by those damn Easterners. Just a recommendation.

I look forward to seeing the movie version of *The Fugitive* with Andreas Katsulas as the one-armed man. After being in make-up as the Romulan Tomalak in *TNG* and Ambassador G'Kar in the *Babylon 5* pilot, I'd just like to see what the guy looks like!

I'm finding that many sf authors are writing novels based on popular science fiction series or movies. At one point Alan Dean Foster had the corner on the market, followed by Vonda McIntyre, but now Barry Longyear and K.W. Jeter are writing *Alien Nation* novels, Victor Milan has penned a *Trek* novel, and George Alec Effinger is working on a *Trek* novel, too. I guess when writer's block sets in, write something popular.

Arthur C. Clarke may still be writing, but it's now known he is ill. When we were choosing guests for appearances at *Ad Astra 14*, the vote for ProGoH put Arthur C. Clarke at the top. We thought, whatthehell, let's go for it, the worst he can do is say no. We did get a very nice letter back from Mr. Clarke in Sri Lanka, saying that he can't even attend events in Columbo, let alone Toronto. He suffers from post-polio syndrome, which has weakened his legs to the point that he cannot move unassisted. He'll still write, but he may never leave Sri Lanka again.

Perhaps I should whip up a quick review of *Ad Astra* this year. I promise it won't be objective, since I chaired it, but no one else from out here may tell you about it. *Ad Astra 13* was a success, with 800 people in attendance, a rise of about 10%. We don't have a financial statement out yet, but we believe we at least broke even. Our guests seemed quite happy, and Dave Duncan was on cloud 9 most of the weekend, this being his first out-of-town GoHship. Some remarked that this was the smoothest *Ad Astra* in some years, and as chair I can tell you that there were a few problems that were handled quickly. If it looked relatively seamless, it's because we were able to fix problems fast. Our hotel is desperate to

AS-272

Beautiful Palm Springs, California is known for its tropical gardens and lush green golf courses and has been named "the playground of the stars."

June 18, 1993 Frank Kalb

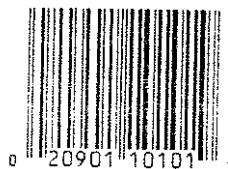
Dear The Editor:

Thought I'd drop you a line before I went off to play a round of golf, just to tell you how much I enjoyed that quaint little fanzine of yours, Under The Ozone Hole. Quite charming.

Well, off to golf. Do help yourself to the gin and tonic.

- Leslie Hox.

(Bob to my friends...)



POST CARD

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CANADA V6S 1N0

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have us back, since we are a regular profit in a depressed and nearly-broke hotel industry in Toronto. Some creative flyer distribution got us many new attendees from remote areas of the province, and I hope our guests for **Ad Astra 14** will attract even more. Those guests are L. Sprague de Camp and Catherine Crook de Camp, Peter Morwood and Diane Duane, and Lan Laskowski of Lan's Lantern.

{{There's also the notion that some Americans believe that Canadians are just Americans who didn't quite make the grade. I felt really sorry for one such fan who tried to convince me of this many a Norwescon ago. I like Americans. I even married one. It's just that sometimes when you get a bunch of them together, they have very...interesting (read dangerous) views on how the world should operate.

With regards to informing fandom about the various Aurora nominees, that's easier said than done. This year, we received the list of nominees just as we printed the third issue. The winners were announced soon after, so we had no chance to give a brief explanation of who everybody was, let alone find out about the nominees we didn't know ourselves. So, what did Annette and Louise do, anyway?

Lloyd, aren't you getting carried away with the East/West thing? I'm looking at a

copy of the **OSFS Statement (#193)** and I don't see any Western news. And I'm not even tempted to call them "self-centred damn Easterners." Sure, Western news would be nice, but they want to do the Ottawa scene, and that's fine. And if Sheldon and Co. just want to do just Calgary, what's wrong with that?

I'm going to tell Karl's Alan Dean Foster story. One of Karl's reliable old jokes is asking if Alan Dean Foster did the novelization for the movie Dune. He vowed that one day he would ask him about this. One day, Karl went to a party at Garth's house and was introduced to someone named Alan. The next day, Karl learned it had in fact been Alan Dean Foster, who was visiting here in town. He missed his big chance to embarrass a pro! (Speaking of embarrassing pros, remind me to tell you my Norman Spinrad story sometime.)

Hey! How about a pair of Aurora-award winning zine editors as guests? We're cheap. Just give us a room and some Pop Tarts and we'll be happy. But there's more! If you act now, we'll throw in an artist and an equestrian absolutely free!

And thanks for all the convention listings and stuff!

- J.W.H.}}

Harry Andruschak
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Thank you for sending **Under The Ozone Hole #4**, which arrived some time ago. This LoC has been a bit delayed due to the usual press of activities. This includes **Corflu Ten**, four white-water river rafting trips on central California rivers, taking my eight year old niece to Six Flags-Magic Mountain and all the other roller coasters there, Scottish country dancing, and other activities.

But I am back in Norman, Oklahoma. Yes, I am attending another Post Office school (5-23 July). I brought along two suitcases. One had clothing, toiletries, medications, and all the other requirements for living three weeks away from home. The other suitcase was jammed packed full of fanzines to LoC, letters to answer, and other correspondence. I am spending all my free time, including weekends, in an effort to catch up.

Well John, congratulations on the Aurora. So what are you going to do for an encore?

Like you, I have never actually joined any political party, in the sense of being active in that party. For the purpose of the

California Primary Elections, I am a registered Democrat. This is not to say that I vote for the Democrats, so much as I vote against the Republicans. And if the Libertarian Party runs a candidate, I vote for them.

Re-reading Runté's guide reminds me that I may indeed be approaching the stage of gaffiation. For sure I have totally quit the LASFS, and now have no contacts with the local fans. And Robert misses another sign... when you only go to a specialty convention on the grounds that that is the only place you feel welcome. That has happened to me. The only conventions I have a good time at are **Corflus**. The last couple of years I have tried **Loscons**, a **Coppercon**, and a **Norwescon**. Tediously dull. I am skipping the 1993 and 1994 **Worldcons**. Uncle Andy is indeed an old fan and tired.

No, I would not blame Isaac Asimov for all those book covers with his name on them. I would blame the people who knee-jerk buy any book with Isaac's name on the cover. If buyers insist on buying junk, the publishers will gladly supply it.

The rest of the letter column is a fiery read, and a good reminder that Canada is indeed a separate entity from the U.S.A. Or even from California.

Do you know that your zine is the very first zine I read that mentions the **Battlestar Galactica Reunion Con**? For a minute I was wondering if this was some sort of April Fool Joke. I was wondering what set of Los Angeles fans might be involved in this. Then I read that the concom is working out of Seattle. That may explain it. But I am far more likely to be spending 15-17 October visiting a friend, Martha Beck, in Arizona.

Yawn...another fan worried about Aladdin pandering to stereotypes about the Arabs. Gosh darn it, watching cartoons can so so DESTRUCTIVE. You are right, of course. Aladdin should be re-drawn to show modern Arab society as it actually is. This should include, of course, a graphic sequence of girls having their clitorises chopped out. All part of that wonderful authentic Arab culture. Have you any idea how many millions of girls every year undergo genital mutilation? It should make an interesting sequence to draw.

I was sort of amused by Laura Atkins' comment that people should be allowed to wear what they want. A nice idea, but you do run into problems with hotel managements. In my own case, the Coppercon hotel would not allow me to wear my Speedo swimsuit, fearing that since it was white water polo style, it might become too transparent when wet. Another chap was not allowed to wear a thong. But the women

were allowed to wear strings, thongs and sheers. Go figure.

Anyways, thank you for the ongoing look at Canadian fandom, since Mike Glyer rarely touches the subject in his **File 770**. Come to think of it, it has been quite some time since I've seen a **File 770**. **UTOH** seems to be doing quite well in its frequency of publication, making the news on a regular basis rather than once a year.

By the way, I will be coming back to Norman for yet another school 1-17 September. That will be my 13th Post Office school here, and a total of 48 weeks of schooling. Soon I can be an honorary southern fan. All I need is to learn how to talk funny, followed by a frontal lobotomy to cut out 95% of my brain. Then I will be able to claim, as so many southern fans do, that displaying the Confederate flag is not a display of slavery, bigotry and racism.

{{For an encore, we'd thought we'd try for this year's Nobel Prize for Best Fanzine.

At the risk of sounding like I'm American-bashing again, who designed your election process? A year-long election campaign seems completely inefficient and distracting. A president running for re-election surely cannot devote enough time to both running the country and his election campaign. Seems to me that if you were creating a process from scratch that something more workable should have been created. Your comments about voting against a party rather than for another are well taken. Canadians are very much in this mood at the moment (someone I talked to wants to start a petition to have "none of the above" added to the ballots). We'll have an election in the fall and we could end up with a badly fractured Parliament since as many as five parties have a legitimate chance at getting a fair number of seats. The balance of power could end up belonging to (get this) a coalition between the Reform Party (pro-Western right wingers) and the Bloc Québécois (Québec nationalists). If nothing else, it will be interesting (in the Chinese sense).

*Yes, the **Galactica Con** is legit. Matter of fact, I picked up the flyer at **Norwescon**. I guess we can expect a **Buck Rogers Reunion Con** some year soon, with special guests Gil Gerard and the guy who supplied all the spandex.*

I think Disney would prefer to stay away from the scene you describe. One suggestion has been that Arabs are stereotyped in Aladdin because production commenced as the U.S. (and others) were gearing up for the Gulf War, and perhaps we're

dealing with a little propaganda here. I haven't seen the film myself (probably the only person on the planet who hasn't), so I really can't pass judgement.

Say 'hi' to Martha for us.

--J.W.H.}}

Garth Spencer
Box 15335, VMPO
Vancouver, B.C.
V6B 5B1

My gang and I are moving, so I hope you'll be sending stuff to my box address above.

I've been clearing away a lot of old papers. I find among them an old note to say that **I-Con** was, indeed, cancelled (like as if you don't know by now), to offer you a convention list, and to respond to something or other by saying I wasn't impressed with *Bimbos of the Death Sun*. This probably predates your **V-Con 20** issue, and is a perfect example of Fannish Standard Time.

I still don't know why you go on about fissible materials. Probably you meet more airheads than I do.

Have I been sending you my new zine? I'm coming with issue #3 Real Soon Now. I was wondering what you two or Stephanie might feel like contributing.

I'm impressed with the way Stephanie's art has developed. That beachscape could have taken hours to do.

Laura Atkins' pieces also struck me; I was wondering if any new, funny fanwriters were showing up. And I was extremely impressed with her photo appearance in the last **UTOH**. I look forward to seeing her at the next con we're both at, if and when?

*{{Yes, we've seen **Popcult Litcrit Fannmag**. We would be honored if you'd keep them coming.*

I go on about fissiles and radiation because it's a hobby. I don't tally the airheads I meet (maybe I'm worried that if I were to spell out criteria for being an airhead, my antics at work with my stuffed penguin would qualify me as one (an airhead, I mean, not a stuffed penguin)). I do seem to run into a great deal of people with misconceptions about radiation. If I go on about it too much tell me. I probably won't stop, but feel free to tell me anyway.

*I found many of the characters in *Bimbos* quite amusing. I saw parts of many real fans in some of them. I think I laughed the loudest when I recognized parts of myself.*

I've been told that since we published the photo of Laura, we should also publish

a photo of a male fan in a skimpy outfit in order to to gender-balance the zine. Our random fan name program came up with your name. Don't worry if you can't send a picture; Dwight's pretty hot with an airbrush.

— K.J.}}

{{A great line from *The Simpsons*: "We don't like that word 'meltdown.' We prefer 'an unexpected fission surplus.'"

Sorry to disappoint all our male readers, but as you read this Laura will be married and dragged off to the Arizona desert. Still, she's left a supply of stuff for us to use. And we'll review her wedding next issue.

— J.W.H.}}

Joseph T. Major
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Congratulations on your winning the 1993 Prix Aurora Award, and just maybe now **UTOH** will get the wider recognition it deserves in the world of fandom. Come to think of it this is issue number four, a thing to be remembered next March while staring at blank Hugo ballots. (And why has Dale Speirs not gained his deserved nomination [for *Opuntia*]?) And going from one editor to the other editor, what do we see but an illustration abstracted from *Penguin Dip*? I must tell Stephen Dorneman that *UTOH* is borrowing his schtick the next time I LoC him, but then he is shutting down *Penguin Dip*, more's the pity.

And speaking of should-be Hugo nominees, if Dale Speirs thinks that "at least novelists are not yet riddled by corporate lunacy" he has been unaware of the vast advances in sharecropping, of which the editor's example is only the opening gun. Or he thought the field would rise above that. Really, what is the difference between grinding out the story line for *Supermensch* #422 and for *Horace's Hi-Tech Hometron* #9? The problem with sharecropping in all its diverse manifestations is how it freezes the field for both readers and writers. (The one such manifestation I really liked, braggingly recounted by the editor in charge herself, was when one writer would take another under her wing to do collaborations until all the junior writer's individuality was trained out of her, at which point she would be released to find a new victim collaborator and repeat the process.)

Those such as Lloyd Penney interested in Iraqi internal policy could do worse than

to read the works of Kanan Makiya, *Republic of Fear*, *The Monument* (these two published under the pseudonym of "Samir al-Khali"), and *Cruelty and Silence*. Particularly the last, which goes into the Iraqi atrocities in "the nineteenth province" as well as the Iraqi government's atrocities in Iraq.

Other reports, such as in Michael Kelly's *Martyrs' Day*, confirm the reports of terror in Kuwait under the occupation.

As for advising other fandoms' conventions, he may be on to something there. I recall, for example, Laura Turtledove noting the paucity of facilities available at **Bouchercons** (mystery/detective).

According to Michael Baden, forensic staffer of the House Assassinations Investigation Commission (in his *Unnatural Death: Confessions of a Medical Examiner*), commission counsel G. Robert Blakey was committed to the concept of a Mafia conspiracy. (Anyone remember what happened to Dutch Schultz?)

Because of this, Blakey went shopping for an expert who would confirm his conclusion about the tape. After discarding two acoustic experts who failed to confirm his conclusions, he found one who did. I leave it to you to consider the implications of this.

But for the tape to be of events in Dealy Plaza, (1) the policeman in question would have to have had his radio on "transmit" (instead of "receive") without noticing it; (2) the radio at headquarters would have to have been on "receive" (instead of "transmit"); (3) both of them would have to have been on the wrong channel; and (4) the tape would have to have been re-used, since among the sounds present are church bells, an item not found in Dealy Plaza. (See Dr. John K. Lattimer's *Kennedy and Lincoln* for a discussion in more detail.)

Harry Andruschak can at least rest assured that, thanks to his energetic campaign of LoChacking, all the fanzine world knows about what happened with the **APAL** mimeo surplusing. LASFS will never recover its reputation among fanzine fans. Now as for the remaining 99+% of fandom...

Yes, Roger Elwood did indeed move into the Christian Books field after leaving that Godless sinful community of unbelievers known as fandom. Having noted the success of Victor Peretti's Christian novels *Piercing the Darkness* and *This Present Darkness*, Elwood decided to write one himself. Though how he could ever beat the success (in what manner I would rather not say) of his hit *Magdalene*, about a repentant prostitute who found God and gave up selling herself, I will never know. (There is an entire culture of religious publications

out there, going entirely unnoticed by the secular world. However, when my then girlfriend asked me to take her out to the local Baptist bookstore so she could do some shopping, and a perusal of the fiction shelves turned up *The Star Riders of Ren*, winner of the East Coast Bad Skiffy contest back in the eighties, I began to have my doubts about the enterprise.) You will recall that before his unfortunate venture into sf, Elwood worked for a pro wrestling magazine. After two years with them he quit — immediately upon finding out that the matches were fixed.

Are you sure Bob Johnson did not hit himself, instead of the nail, on the side of the head?

{{What the heck is a penguin dip? A new dance? Or a substitute for chocolate?

The question is when does collaboration end and sharecropping begin? Is Gentry Lee a sharecropper? Or, for that matter, Robert Silverberg?

I suppose Blakey shopping around for an expert to support his conclusion of the tape is no worse than The Warren Commission shopping around only for evidence that implicated Oswald, or Arlen Specter shopping around for experts to support his magic bullet theory.

Yes, it would be quite a coincidence if the sequence of events you describe were required to produce the tape. But no more so I guess than having a so-so marksman fire three shots (in less time than the rifle is mechanically able to fire them), causing nine wounds in three people, leaving four bullets accounted for, and really only firing two shots since one of the shell casings recovered was dented and couldn't have been fired. (Did I mention he was shooting through a tree at a receding target?)

We're not very sure about anything where Bob Johnson is concerned.

— J.W.H.}}

{{Thanks for the kind words.

The penguin bit from issue 4 was a tribute to the *Red Dwarf* episode in which Rimmer gets a "holovirus".

— K.J.}}

Philip Freeman
343 E. 55th Ave
Vancouver, B.C.
V5X 1N2

Greetings all! You too, Karl...

Much has been happening in these parts. Our Biological Non-Artificial Intelligence project, Mark II, is now out - revisions to this model include more stream-

lined, internally mounted reproductive systems and new options for color and desktop footprint. Completed only slightly behind schedule (01h51 July 1), the unit massed 4.28 kg on delivery and has shown a tendency towards exponential growth since.

Anyway, her name is Madeleine Alice Yeira and she has the most amazing long fingers (long everything for that matter, she's a lanky baby). Quite the opposite of Arlen in almost every way (we're afraid to leave them alone together lest they mutually annihilate in a burst of photons).

By the bye, are you going to put out a revised T3 cover for the actual election? After all, it's become apparent that you chose the wrong model of terminator for your depiction... we've actually got one of

the shape-shifting varieties.

{{It's interesting how many fans find children to be acceptable pet substitutes. We all hope Madeleine and Kathleen are doing well.

-- K.J.}}

We Also Heard From:

Dick and Leah Smith (COA: 410 W. Willow Rd., Prospect Heights, IL, 60070-1250, U.S.A.).

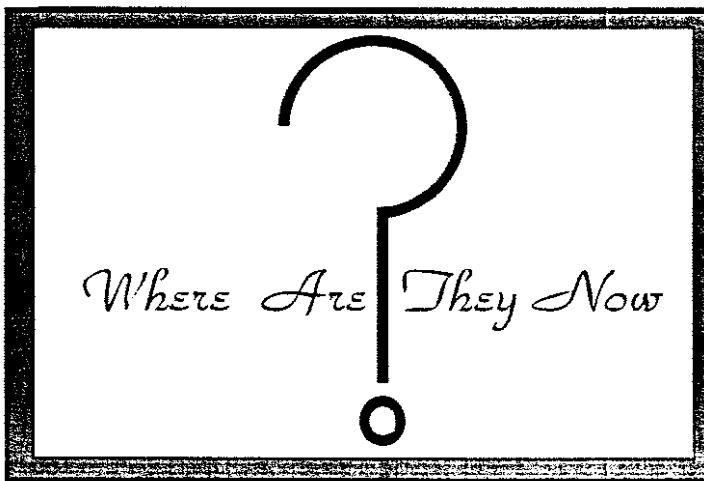
Errata:

Last issue (UTOH #4) Karl said that last issue (UTOH #4) would probably be collated the night before we left for V-Con (20). This was not the case. Last issue

(UTOH #4) was in fact printed and collated at V-Con (20). Unfortunately, last issue's (UTOH #4) page 7 did not make the trip to Vancouver with us (Karl, John, and Steph). Readers who are just dying to know what was on last issue's (UTOH #4) missing page (7), are advised to look at this issue's (UTOH #5) page 12.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

We're trying to put together a complete list of Casper/Aurora Award winners, and we have a couple of blank spots to fill. Who won in 1988? The first person who successfully helps us will get ONE FREE NEAT THING. Cool, eh?



Robert Gunderson

a profile by Sally Mander

Robert Gunderson was born in 1952 in Regina. He remembers very little about his formative years, except that his dad always wanted son Robert to be a goat farmer. He read little sf during his school years, but recalls seeing *2001: A Space Odyssey* in high school (he can't remember why it was playing in his high school).

In the early seventies, his family moved west to Edmonton. He recalls stumbling into an ESFACAS meeting by accident. "Somehow, a mat on the floor got rolled up and I tripped over it. All the famous ESFACASians were there: Silvestri, Kunzel, Williams, Steiner, Goldenthal, and Badalamenti -- before her breakdown, of course. I suppose none of the young people today remember these guys now, but they started ESFACAS, and they

made ESFACAS tick. They were its heart and soul. It's a good thing I never joined."

In 1977, he moved to Vancouver to attend McGill University. Unfortunately for Robert, McGill is in Montreal. While earning money to move to Montreal at an S&M club, Robert met Monika Bandersnatch, part-time waitress and full-time deviant. She introduced him to Angst Philben, former CIA weapons specialist, and the three of them discovered they shared two mutual interests: sf and goats. Together, they formed BCSFA. Robert remembers: "Well, Angst and Monika got on real well, and after I'd been over to their place with my video camera a few times, they let me in on their BCSFA plans. They said fandom needed a place to go to celebrate fannishness and goats. They said BCSFA would be the ideal way to do it! Wow! Our own club! So we started having meetings, and parties, and formed an arsenal and stuff at their place while we installed the pulleys and winches. It was great! That's where we met Bill Froog. But then someone said that some other group was called BCSFA. So Angst said, 'Len, are you still trying to cause trouble?' He said no, but this other group was already called BCSFA. They had the name first. Well, we were devastated. We didn't know what to do. Finally we challenged them to a rumble, but they never showed, probably because we made a wrong turn in Delta and ended up on the ferry to Victoria."

While driving from the ferry to Victoria, they happened upon Myles Bos, a lonely goat herder tending his flock. The rest is history.

"Myles was always reluctant about the whole 'Worldcon '89 at Myles' House' thing. It took a lot of convincing. But a few weeks of bread and water and *Tonight Show* reruns took care of any hesitancy on his part."

But as "Worldcon at Myles' House" edged closer to reality, disaster struck on a personal level. On a PR trip to Ottawa in August 1985, Robert's rented canoe was found upside down in the Rideau canal with a sharp, jagged hole in its hull. He was listed as "missing and presumed eaten." He recalls: "...something dragged me under the water. There was a flash of sharp teeth, the sound of sawing.... Who would've thought great whites would get that far up a fresh-water river!"

Robert is reluctant to describe the incident further. "Look, I was dragged underwater. I must've hit my head on something. The next thing I remember is waking up in 1991 as the Progressive Conservative MP from High River. I have no idea what happened during those years. All that crap about Central America... where do they get this stuff? Those pictures of me and Ollie are fakes, I'm telling you. Check out Hansard! 1985 to 1991, that's, uh, six years, right? I must have made at least one speech in the house during that time!"

Robert has left fandom and is now chairman of the "Andy Warhol Sightings Foundation."

Last Issue's Cover: How We Did It

Many of you have been asking us how we put together last issue's cover. (A brief reminder: Starfleet Admiral Robert Runté being fondled by desperate women against a two moon background.) Well, many of you may not believe this, but that is not Robert's actual body.

Step One: we took a picture of Karl surrounded by desperate women in his and Stephanie's living room (see fig. 1).

Step Two: We enlarged the picture and gave it to Dwight Lockhart, who airbrushed out the living room and added the background. He also changed Karl's red sweater into a Starfleet uniform (including the communicator badge).

Step Three: We needed a picture of Robert's head. Someone (who wishes to remain unnamed) snapped a candid picture of Robert relaxing in his back yard. We took the head from that picture (fig. 2) and put it on Karl's body.

Result: instant cover. Just add staples.

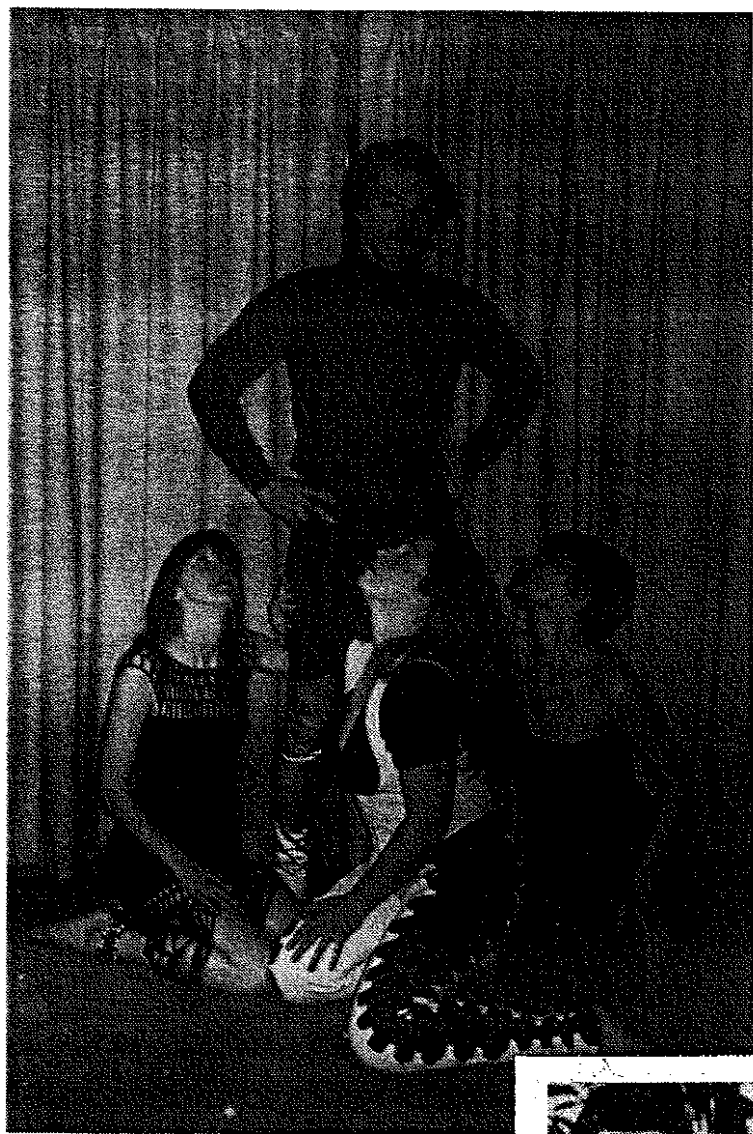


fig. 1

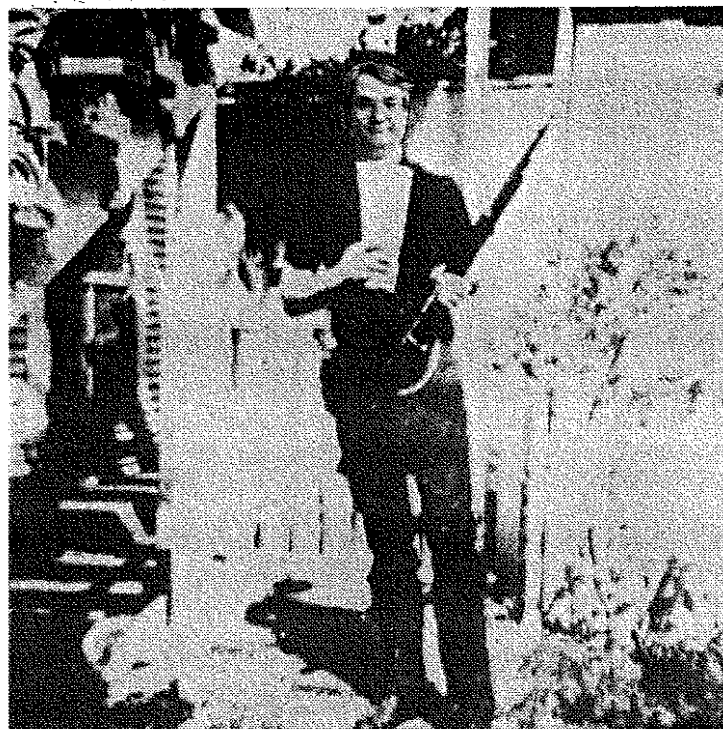


fig. 2 >

A PROOF OF THE JOHANSON TWIN-PRIMES CONJECTURE BY PHILIP FREEMAN

The Johanson Twin-Primes Conjecture (**Under the Ozone Hole #3**) asserts that the number between a pair of twin primes (primes which occur 'next' to each other) is always divisible by 6.

We should begin by observing that the conjecture is, in the strictest sense, false. The twin primes 3 and 5 do not follow the pattern of the conjecture. However, for all other twin primes, the conjecture is true.

Proof: First, note that all primes (except for 2, which is not part of a twin prime pair) are odd, so the number between two twin primes must be even (i.e. divisible by 2).

Now consider the two primes (p_1 and p_2) and the number between them (b). These are three numbers in sequence, so one of these must be divisible by 3 (since every third number is divisible by 3). But p_1 and p_2 are primes, and therefore are not divisible by 3 (except for the case $p_1 = 3$ discussed earlier). Thus b must be divisible by 3.

Since b is divisible by both 2 and 3, b is also divisible by $2+3 = 6$.

Corollary: The first number of a twin prime pair $\equiv 2 \pmod{3}$ (a fancy way of saying that when you divide p_1 by 3 you get a remainder of 2). The proof is left as an exercise for the student (mostly because every mathematician gets a secret thrill out of using that phrase).

Now, once stated these results are pretty obvious, but this is true for almost all mathematics. So, though the result isn't exactly profound, I think your publication of the conjecture is the best piece of mathematics I've seen in an SFzine this decade. Keep up the good work. (Next issue I expect to see an outline of the just-announced proof of Fermat's Last Theorem, along with speculations as to whether the proof is valid given the fact that no proof is known in the 24th century (Picard said so in a ST: TNG episode, I'm told.))

Karl replies:

Pierre de Fermat's Last Theorem is of course well known. To paraphrase: If one chicken can lay one egg in one day, then n chickens can lay n eggs n divided by n days, if n is a whole number.

For the case " $n = 0$ " it's pretty obvious that no chickens would lay no eggs no matter how long you waited, so you don't even need to squabble over how long 0 divided by 0 days is.

The cases where $n < 0$ brings up the problem of negative chickens and eggs. Does negative one chicken imply antimatter poultry and eggs (insert generic matter-antimatter scrambled egg joke here) or merely a modifier indicating you may have counted one too many chickens before they hatched? (I for one don't intend to spend any more space blithering about that point.)

The case of $n > 0$ is of course true if we assume a perfect chicken farm, rather like a perfect gas. (What might apply for 1 or 2 or 23 chickens might not apply for 186,282 (and don't you hate trying to read 12 digit numbers on computer screens with no commas?) chickens because you probably couldn't feed that many. Similarly the case $n = 42 \times 10^{87}$ wouldn't produce 42×10^{87} eggs in a day because there don't seem to be enough atoms in the universe to produce that many eggs (or chickens for that matter).) Notwithstanding, where n is a counting number, the chicken theorem is easily proven with forms of circular logic similar to those some people use to justify violence against people slightly different from themselves.

Why Captain Picard believes this theorem to be unproven in the 24th century is a difficult question. Perhaps all published proofs were destroyed by antimath-crusading mutants from the 21st century nuclear war. The classic Trek episode "*Tomorrow is Yesterday*" implies that chickens (or at least the formula for synthesizing chicken soup) survived the war. Even if they didn't, I'm sure the holodecks could provide enough holochickens for a "brute force" method of testing the theorem.

A proof of Fermat's Second to Last Theorem, "the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ has no solution in positive integers when $n > 2$ ", has been offered up by Dr. Andrew Wiles working at Princeton. I can't comment on it however. It seems the good doctor must have lost my address because he forgot to mail me a copy.

CANADIAN NEWS

Page 21

WCSFA (The West Coast Science Fiction Association, of which BCSFA is a standing sub-committee), is planning to reorganize its con activities. Instead of a big yearly con (**V-Con**), WCSFA wants to hold more frequent one-day events, and perhaps an annual smaller two-day con. Both **BCSFazine** God-Editor R. Graeme Cameron and BCSFA Chair Lisa Stedman support the idea, the reason being that organizing and running **V-Con** simply burns out the club. Notes The Graeme in a recent **BCSFazine**: "The traditional **V-Con** is a great party, but it's a Vampire of a party from BCSFA's perspective; it sucks all the energy and enthusiasm out of the club leaving it listless, vague and unfocused. We're a very tired club...[T]he club has been sacrificed on the altar of **V-Con**." A general vote was held on July 24 and the motion passed. This could be the end of **V-Con**, at least for the foreseeable future.

Robert J. Sawyer had a couple of recent readings: May 14 in Ottawa, and June 27 in Stouville, Ontario.

Elisabeth Vonarburg won the Grand Prix Logidec de la Science-Fiction et du Fantastique Québécois on April 7 in Montréal for her 1992 body of work, including *Chroniques du Pays des Meres*.

William Gibson had a brief cameo as himself in *Wild Palms*. In other Gibson news, **BCSFazine** #241 reports that Gibson is writing the screenplay of his short story "Johnny Mnemonic." Val Kilmer, Jane March and Ice T will star. Also, rocker Billy Idol apparently liked *Neuromancer* so much that he called his new album *Cyberpunk*. And Gibson is in the middle of a two-week signing tour in the United States for *Virtual Light* as you read this.

Sean Stewart won the Arthur Ellis Award for Best First Crime Novel, as presented by the Crime Writers of Canada, for *Passion Play* (which gets an American edition from Ace in the fall). Stewart has also turned in *Resurrection Man* to Ace. He also read from *Nobody's Son* on June 13 in Vancouver, joined by Donna Farley,

and signed at White Dwarf Books in Vancouver on June 5.

Vancouver fans Art & Dixie Muellers' dog is pregnant. Actually by the time this sees print they'll probably be born (the puppies, that is). Maybe we'll have a picture for next issue.

Catherine Girczyk and Tom Crighton had their mystery play, *Dead Slow*, performed during Edmonton's recent Fringe Festival. The play is about a serial killer who preys on TV newscasters.

Don Hutchinson has filled *Northern Frights II*. *NF III* will be looking for submissions at the end of the year. (**Burnaby Writers' Society Newsletter**, June 1993)

Ad Astra 13 in Toronto drew approximately 800 members, mostly from Ontario and Québec. A Gerry Anderson display was one of the highlights. (**ConTract Vol.5 #4**)

Keycon in Winnipeg attracted 450 people this year. Donations were made to the AIDS Foundation and CUFF. A smaller two-day con, **Keyclone**, is planned for next

year (see convention listings). (**ConTract Vol.5 #4**)

Rumour has it that David New is returning to Edmonton where aliens will kidnap him, do funny things to his brain, and force him to produce **The Last Dangerous Neology**. (an anonymous source whose initials are Cath Jackel)

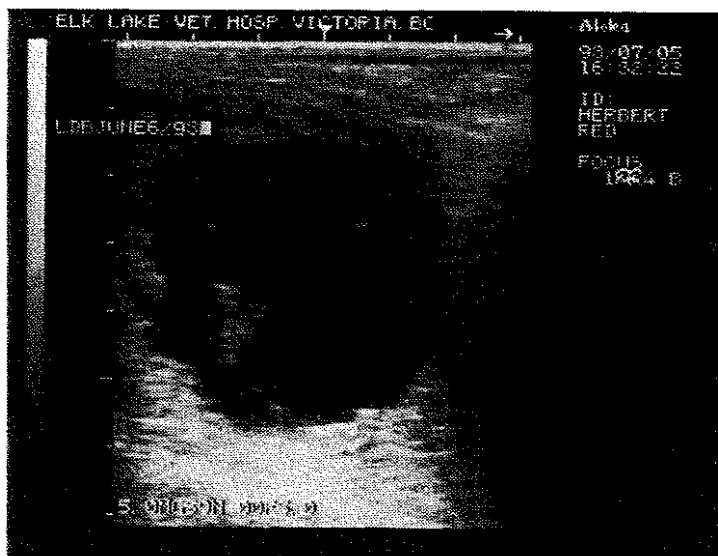
Transwarp 93, a meeting of the major Montreal SF clubs, was an apparent success. Local clubs interacted and non-members were introduced to local fandom. Money and foodstuffs were donated to charities. A third such meeting is planned for '94. (**SSP**)

Rumor has it that a group of fans is planning to bid Ottawa for the 2000 Worldcon and Hull for 2001. This would allow a 370 day Worldcon which would come close to the record length set by **Worldcon '89 at Myles' House**.

Monica Hughes won the Writers' Guild of Alberta Award for best children's book for *The Crystal Drop*.

Red's Bred!!!

Monica's horse, Red, is preggers. In the ultrasound image below, the baby is the round, dark circle (the head is to the right and the baby's heart is the white bit at the bottom left of the circle). It's not much more than a big tadpole at this stage, but Monica swears it looks like a big, talented Dressage horse to her. The clippity-cloop of little hooves is expected next June.



REVIEWS

THE COLUMN WITH NO NAME

Anime for the Layfan

by Brian D. Clarke

John: [SPRING!] Hey, Bri, why don't you submit something for the zine?

Bri: [JOLT!] GAH! Um, well, I've got a lot of housekeeping to do, and I don't think I've watered my poinsettia lately....

John: It'll be fun! You can write about anime if you like....

Bri: Really?

John: Absolutely. Anything you want.

Bri: I suppose I could--

John: Great! This issue's theme is "pets."

Bri: [smacks head] DOH!

Ahem. With the recent upswing in the popularity of anime and manga (Japanese animation and comics) over here, I thought it might be interesting to write up a column or two aimed at those of you who aren't already familiar with the form. And what better place to start than with a look at the most popular manga and anime series in America, Rumiko Takahashi's gender-bending classic *Ranma 1/2*.

Somewhere in the Qinghai province of China, high on the slopes of Mt. Quanjing in the Bayankala range, there exists a place called Jhusenkyo -- the legendary "training ground of accursed springs." There are over a hundred mystical pools there, each with its own tragic legend. However, its true horror has always been shrouded

in mystery....

The hero and sometime heroine of the series, Ranma Saotome is a sixteen year-old martial artist who recently went to China to study under his father, Genma. While he is a nice guy at heart, Ranma is by turns insensitive, insecure and a jerk -- in short, a refreshingly typical sixteen year-old. At the start of the series, he isn't too thrilled about having an arranged fiancée -- he has more important things to worry about

than "dorky girls." An amazingly skilled martial artist, he is heir to the "Saotome school of indiscriminate grappling." Unfortunately, Ranma and his father went to Jhusenkyo by accident, and while sparring there, knocked each other into separate pools, thus triggering an ancient curse.



Anyone falling into an "accursed spring" is transformed into the physical form of the creature that last drowned there. And from that point on, being doused with cold water will always trigger the transformation, while hot water will reverse it. So now, whenever they get wet, Genma changes into a huge adorable panda, while Ranma -- well, Ranma becomes a girl.

So begins *Ranma 1/2*, a romance/comedy/adventure centering around Ranma and his arranged fiancée, Akane. Set in contemporary Tokyo,



and finally Shampoo, defeated by Ranma in battle, from a female tribe of Chinese kung fu fanatics who dictate that if any of them are defeated, the victor must be either killed (if female) or wed (if male), so Ranma faces a rather unique form of double jeopardy (she possesses remarkable strength and knows many secret martial-arts hairwashing techniques).

Created by multi-millionaire manga artist Rumiko Takahashi, *Ranma 1/2* is a hysterically funny mixture of over-the-top martial arts, genuinely sweet romance, and some of the funniest characters ever drawn. Stories about transformation and shape-shifting have long been staples of Japanese folklore, and Ms. Takahashi uses the idea to create a delightfully original premise. The comic possibilities of the material are fully exploited, too: Ranma soon finds himself in all sorts of romantic entanglements -- in both of his forms (Anime UK describes *Ranma 1/2* as being not so much a love triangle as an octagon). For some reason, Ranma seems to be a magnet for stray drinking fountain squirts, errant buckets of water and sudden cloudbursts. (What's really funny is that no one at school seems capable of figuring out that Ranma Saotome and that mysterious young girl who calls herself Ranma Saotome are in fact the same person -- no matter how blatant the evidence.) As the series goes on, we meet several other memorable characters, some of whom are also victims of Jhusenkyo, such as Ranma's old enemy Ryoga, who turns into an adorable little piglet when he gets wet. (Naturally, he blames Ranma for this.) However, some of the funniest characters in the series are the ones who are completely "normal."

Ranma 1/2 began life in 1988 as a weekly serial in Shogakukan Publishing's weekly manga anthology *Shonen Sunday*. While shonen ("boys'") manga is generally aimed at a male audience, the series has proven remarkably popular among both male and female readers. The appeal to women seems easy enough to explain, given the series' strong female characters and Takahashi's flair for romantic comedy, but the appeal to men isn't quite so obvious. What comes across, though, is Takahashi's ability to portray her male characters just as convincingly as her female ones. As one writer observes, Takahashi has an almost eerie grasp of the adolescent male psyche, so a lot of the laughs in *Ranma 1/2* come from men laughing at themselves and their own foibles. This isn't a series with any heavy-handed messages about gender, though -- it's thoughtful, but not at the expense of the story or the humour.

the story unfolds from Genma and Ranma's arrival at the home of Genma's old friend, Soun Tendou. Before he left for China, Genma had arranged that Ranma would marry one of Soun's daughters. After a series of misunderstandings, Soun decides that Ranma's problem isn't so bad after all and a decidedly unenthusiastic Ranma ends up engaged to Soun's youngest daughter, Akane, who wants nothing to do with boys. The only one of Soun Tendou's daughters to carry on the family tradition of martial arts, Akane is actually quite a tomboy and probably Ranma's equal in terms of skill. When it comes to temper, however, Akane has a definite edge. (As her sister Kasumi puts it, "She's really a very sweet girl -- she's just a violent maniac.") Akane is fiercely competitive and hates losing, especially to men. Naturally, she is just as unhappy as Ranma at being suddenly saddled with a fiancé -- particularly a "pervert" like Ranma, who's as good at martial arts as she is and has a better figure to boot.

Despite the happy couple's unhappiness at being a couple, Ranma and Akane end up attending the local high school together, thus beginning the most unlikely romance since Wilson and Tyabji. And all this happens in the first issue and a half. Other characters include: Akane's sisters Nabiki and Kasumi, the only "normal" characters around (it is these two matchmakers who "elect" Akane as Ranma's fiancée); Kolkhoz High School's "Golden Pair of Martial Skating," Mikado and Azuki, who make Bob Probert look like a meter maid; a legend in his own mind, Upperclassman Kuno is a master of kendo, handsome, eloquent, chivalrous, thick as a brick, and madly in love with both Akane and the female Ranma (he considers the male Ranma his arch-rival); Kuno's little sister Kodachi is not nearly as stupid as her brother and is as nasty and evil as they come (madly in love with the male Ranma, she regards Akane and the female Ranma as rivals to be gotten out of the way through foul means, the fouler the better);

The manga version of **Ranma 1/2** proved so popular that it spawned an animated tv adaptation (which ended last year after 161 half-hour episodes), together with movies, video games, and a series of OAVs to be released this fall (OAV = original animation video: a Japanese format where anime is released directly to video without the restrictions of a televised or theatrical release). There don't seem to be many major differences between the original manga and the animated versions, although the anime stories are more self-contained while the manga is more of a continuous story. The major difference is the addition of colour in the anime version, with Ranma having red hair as a girl.

In North America, the manga version of **Ranma** is currently being published by San Francisco-based Viz Communications. This version has proven remarkably popular in America: it topped a recent poll of Animerica readers' favorite manga, and even received a write-up in a recent issue of **Mademoiselle**. Even comic readers who aren't particular fans of the Japanese form seem to enjoy the series. While **Ranma** is available in English only as a comic, this should change later this year when Viz

enters the video business. (However, unofficial fan-subtitled versions of the series are apparently floating around out there).

Ranma's popularity in the west might seem a little unusual, but the qualities that made it such a hit in Japan — an original premise, gentle humour, brilliantly funny visual gags, charming characters and a great romance — are just as appealing to western readers. Thanks to a superb English-language translation by Gerard Jones, very little of the series' appeal is lost in translation. In addition, it seems likely that **Ranma** is appealing to the western fan simply because it is a refreshing change from the recycled, derivative mush that comprises so many of today's comics. And a comic that appeals to both sexes is something of a novelty over here. **Ranma 1/2** is also quite different from what many western (rightly or wrongly) think of as "Japanese": there are no robots, motorcycles, or giant mutant lizards to be found. And Tokyo doesn't get blown up once! Well, not yet, anyway....

At heart, though, **Ranma 1/2** is a great story. It's funny, it's sweet, and it's well worth checking out if you're looking for something a little different.

[Hey, Bri!! I thought you were going to

mention pets!]

Oh, I almost forgot. Ms. Takahashi is very good at unexpected plot twists. For example, Akane discovers Ryoga (as a pig) wandering around in the rain and, unaware of his true identity, adopts him as a pet. Naturally, this drives Ranma nuts....

[What? That's it?]

Yes, that's it for this issue's look at anime and manga. Tune in next time when we examine the symbolic parallels between instant ramen and tentacle movies. 'Till then, as the Japanese say, *Gubbai!*

{Brian D. Clarke is a 27 year-old SWM currently working part-time as a district attorney while finishing his doctorate in Women's Studies at UCLA. His favorite movies are *Thelma and Louise* and *Old Yeller*, and his hobbies include cooking, volunteer work, and triathlon. A former U.S. Navy SEAL, olympic gymnast, secretary of the European Parliament and guitarist for the rock group Boston, Brian is currently searching for that special intelligent someone to share his multi-million dollar publishing empire with. Unfortunately, he is also a pseudonym.}

ZINE REVIEWS

ATAVACHRON

Volume 8, Numbers 1 & 2, Spring/Summer 1993

Published quarterly by
the U.S.S. Resolution
Edited by Alastair Craig
PO Box 6501, Depot I,
Victoria, BC, V8P 5M4
Available for The Usual (?)

A large double issue that contains news, reviews, cartoons, articles ("Sex in Space"), a comic strip, and a great story by Willie Rimshot (Ghod, he's funny.) Still the best Trekzine in the country!!

-- J.W.H.

BCSFazine 240

Published by BCSFA
Edited by R. Graeme Cameron
P.O. Box 48478 Bentall Centre
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A2

\$24.00/12 issues (and @#\$%ing well worth it)

In his editorial, R. Graeme Cameron mentions that a V-Con promotional video (done by Alexis MacPherson) will be shown

on the local community cable channel. Hopefully by the time this issue goes to print we can get a report from the concom on the response to the video. Later in his editorial Graeme (the God-Editor of **BCSFazine**) announces his intention to become the God-Emperor of Canada (insert joke about fish speakers here).

The "Leather Goddesses of Phobos" are still passing out advice. I wonder, though, the term Leather Goddess is quite politically correct. I mean, "goddess" is anything but sex neutral. Perhaps Leather "Godperson" or "Godbeing". No, wait, leather doesn't work either. Hmm... Okay: skin of dead animal godbeing. Hold it, hold it. "Outer protective organ of previously alive, sentience challenged lifeforms, godbeing."

Steve Barclay starts a new section, "Disbelieve It or Not." He makes claims about science, Elvis, you name it; then explains later on which bits were true.

In his regular column, Stan Hyde mentions he has made his first professional sale. The story "Stealth Love" will appear in this year's *Girls of Ninja High School Annual* #3. Congratulations, Stan.

In his ongoing history of BCSFA, Graeme reprints and comments on an old V-Con 3 (February '72) review. This was five V-Cons before I started attending them.

In Space Report, by Sidney Trim, we learn that the US has spent \$5 billion on the space station they haven't got yet. (Hell, I'd have sold them a non-space station for only \$4 billion.)

-- K.J.

CONTRACT Vol 5 # 3

edited by John Mansfield
321 Portage Ave
Winnipeg, MB
R3B 2B9
Fax (204) 944-1998
Bimonthly

Free to Canadian consoms (or 6/\$7.00)

An extensive listing of Canadian cons makes up the bulk of this 8 pager. Con reviews, as well as thoughts and suggestions on cons, brighten the zine. One "thought" caught my attention: "Trust the concom but always make your own reservations." A brief bio on the editor and Linda Ross-Mansfield and a listing of Aurora winners fill out the remainder.

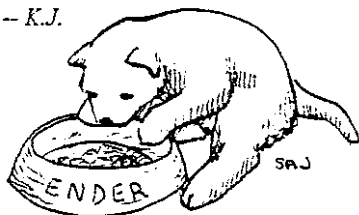
-- K.J.

INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS
37

edited and published by Harry Cameron Andruschak
P.O. Box 5309
Torrance, CA
90510-5309
Available for trade.

This issue of Harry's perzine deals with his driving trip to **Norwescon** in Seattle. Interesting stops enroute and in Seattle make up the bulk of this issue. Stories of Harry's time at **Norwescon** showed me parts of the con I missed (none of our party ran into Harry while we were there). This zine would be of primary interest to people who already know Harry (in person or by mail) but there is also some worthwhile reading for those who would like to get to know him. No mention of any pets.

— K.J.

**LAST RESORT #3**

Published and Edited by Steve George
642 Ingersoll St.
Winnipeg, MN
R3G 2J4
6 pages. Quarterly.
Available for \$1.00 or trade.

This issue starts with some personal notes and comments on the editorial direction of the zine, then follows with 22 reviews of zines from all over. The reviews are concise and seem to give a good overview of the contents. In his review of **UTOH** he cites enthusiasm as the likely significant factor in our Aurora win for 1993. (I must say at this point that it's wonderful to be recognized for what one is. We have worked hard to avoid the "I've done/seen that once so it's boring now" trap which many people who've been in fandom for more than a few years fall into.)

Actually, a good number of people in all walks of life fall into that trap. I remember the "parking lot crowd" at my high school. They all seemed to have decided that the safest thing to say about anything, to maintain the social acceptance of their

peers, was "yeah, that sucks." Enthusiasm for what is good or worthwhile is one of the most precious commodities there is, and one of the primary targets of those whom self-induced boredom has made unrestrained cynics.)

The lettercol has one-paragraph excerpts from a number of people's letters. The "why publish?" question seems to be the primary focus.

—K.J.

**ZX**

#1, July/August 1993
2563 Heron Street
Victoria, BC
V8R 5Z9

Published bi-monthly and Edited by Andrew C. Murdoch
Available for \$2/issue or The Usual.

A modest but enjoyable "way cool signed" first issue. Some reviews, a couple of articles, and a nice V-Con 20 report. A good start: let's see more.

— J.W.H.

BOOKS, MOVIES, TV (AND OTHER STUFF) REVIEWS

Leslie Nielsen: The Naked Truth
by Leslie Nielsen and David Fisher
Pocket Books; July, 1993; \$26.00

Finally, the long-awaited autobiography of Leslie Nielsen has arrived. And Nielsen has made sure it is an exciting and suspenseful book by admitting something that most "Hollywood" biographies never do: he made the whole thing up. His "uncensored, uninhibited and totally made up" story is damn funny! From his days growing up in the Northwest Territories ("...it wasn't because we particularly liked hide-and-seek, but rather because we loved hearing someone say, "You're getting warmer."), to his Hollywood days (he was briefly married to Michelle Pfeiffer, but they both realized it was a mistake, and annulled the marriage and agreed never to mention it. "To this day if you ask Michelle about our marriage, she'll deny it."), to his Nobel prize award for Good Acting, *The Naked Truth* never stops the laughs. Two classic bits are: 1) describing his brother Eric: "...he turned out to be the big disappointment in the family. He was so smart, so talented, he had so much to give the world, but instead he

became a politician — 'Old Velcro Lips,' as he was called in Canada because he never smiled and rarely spoke to the media. He eventually rose to the office of deputy prime minister. We rarely speak of this when we're together." (Yes, former deputy PM Eric Nielsen is Leslie's brother.) 2) Nielsen starts doing dope (the uncontrollable habit of making jokes and punning). His habit eventually threatens his work as he is forced to take a "yourein" test ("You're in a bar when a man walks in with a duck on his head..."). He fails the test, but the book passes muster. (Mustard?) This is strictly *Airplane*-style humour (which is fine because Nielsen won one of his two Oscars for *Airplane*), but there are plenty of good jokes to make up for the groaners. Canadian alternate history at its silliest.

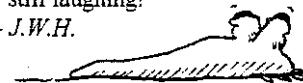
— J.W.H.



Parliament of Whores: A Lone Humourist Attempts to Explain the Entire U.S. Government
by P.J. O'Rourke
Vintage Books; May, 1992; \$15.00

P.J. O'Rourke is a funny guy. In this sort of manic version of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, O'Rourke tries to figure out how government works. He never does, of course (no one can), but he does give it one hell of a try. Sections entitled "The Three Branches of Government: Money, Television and Bullshit," and "Our Government: What the Fuck Do They Do All Day, And Why Does It Cost So Much Goddamned Money?" demonstrate that this *gonzo-meister* is charging hard and taking no prisoners. He dispatches both the left and right with ferocity and disdain and without mercy. And you know a writer is good when he's murdering your own sacred cows and you're still laughing!

— J.W.H.



Psychoderelict
by Pete Townshend
Atlantic Records

So what happens when the guy who wrote "I hope I die before I get old" turns 50? Well, Pete Townshend, the main musical force behind The Who, is only two years away from that milestone, but he's still rocking. Townshend's writing has always

had clearly definable phases. After his early 60s Mod/pop phase ("I Can't Explain," "My Generation") he began exploring longer works ("A Quick One While He's Away," *The Who Sell Out*, *Tommy*, the never completed *Lifehouse*, *Quadrophenia*), followed by a long period of introspection (*The Who By Numbers*, *Who Are You*, *Empty Glass*, *Face Dances* and *All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes*) as Townshend coped with the frustrations of his stardom, the death of Keith Moon and his own near deadly slide into drugs, alcohol and oblivion. Townshend emerged in 1982 with *The Who's* last studio album, the explosive *It's Hard*, as he stopped writing about himself and again focused on the world around him.

His three solo efforts since then (*White City - A Novel*, *The Iron Man* and now *Psychoderelict*) have gone back to the long form, and the latest harkens way back to *The Who Sell Out* in the sense that *Sell Out* was supposedly the broadcasts of a pirate radio station. *Psychoderelict* is more akin to a radio play than anything else. (The only record I can think of that is similar is Roger Waters' *Radio KAOS* - there's that radio thing again!) *Psychoderelict* is the story of a burned out 60s rock star, his manager and a female rock gossip journalist. The journalist hatches a plan with the manager to increase the rockers record sales, a scheme that ends up involving blackmail, innuendo, deceit, incriminating photos and S&M (there's also a goes-nowhere Virtual Reality subplot).

In format, this truly is a play: dialogue is interspersed between the songs; in some instances songs are even relegated to background as the story continues. This is really distracting if all you're in this for is the music. On the other hand, the story certainly adds to the whole experience of the album. It's hard to decide whether the whole thing works or not. There's a good bunch of songs here - "English Boy," "Let's Get Pretentious," "Now And Then" - but some of them seem almost like filler for the story. Still, it's a gutsy effort (one can just imagine the faces of the record company execs when Townshend delivered this!) as Townshend continues his push against musical barriers. Whether he knocked any down this time is open to debate, but he gives them a good dent anyway.

-- J.W.H.

Steel Beach

by John Varley

Ace, August 1993; \$7.50

After being away much too long, Varley

is back! (There was much rejoicing. Yay.) After Earth is laid waste by aliens, humanity has moved to the moon and constructed Luna, a colony that with the help of its Central Computer supplies its residents with everything they need. But many residents are starting to feel suicidal, and so is the computer. So begins Varley's latest, and I loved it. This is a big, wonderful read.

-- J.W.H.

The Red Magician

by Lisa Goldstein

Tor, \$24.95

Lisa Goldstein's contemporary fantasy *The Red Magician* blends themes from the past with modern elements. The story begins in an Eastern European village that seems timeless; in many ways the characters could be living in any decade from the 18th century to the present. A peasant girl, Kicsi, lives here on the border of many countries, where many languages are spoken. But not Hebrew, except in prayer, if the Rabbi has his way.

It seems he will, for he puts a curse on Kicsi's family. A brave stranger dares to defy him, revealing arcane talents. In this time of telephones and motor-cars, magic brings with it a sense of approaching doom. Kicsi is a secret witness to duel between the magician stranger and the rabbi, and to the rabbi's mystic binding of village ghosts.

"I know your names," the rabbi said. "I know you all. You are the murdered, the unavenged dead, come from across time. You cannot sleep until you have your revenge." One of the dead moaned, a deep chilling sound that Kicsi felt in her bones. "You will not move. You will not move until I have finished!" the rabbi said, and the sound stopped.

"Old tales say that you appeared before the great catastrophes. But the old tales contain exaggeration, and often lie. I will not believe that we are doomed. But you are here, and I will make my own use of you. I will bind you to the village for my own purposes."

It becomes increasingly apparent what doom is approaching, and in what year Kicsi lives as the villagers are taken to Belsen concentration camp. The horrors of magic combat are no less disorienting than the horrors of war and deprivation. "The world folded over like paper, and the other side was blank, was empty. She sank gratefully into that emptiness, and for a long time she knew no more."

Surviving great horrors is not enough without hope, and Kicsi has none when the magician finds her. There is another battle

to face in the village changed by war. The magician needs Kicsi, though he tells her little.

"A magician's business is with words. He may use other things to help him along - amulets and so forth - but it is within words that the power lies. To choose the wrong words may mean death. And so magicians learn, from the first, to use as few words as possible, to answer as few questions as we can."

In that sense, Lisa Goldstein works a subtle magic with no excess words to clutter her story, which dwells on not only magic and horror but also on the strength of home and family. When this book won the American Book Award ten years ago, it appeared only in paperback. Now reissued in a fine hardcover edition, *The Red Magician* would be a good read not only for lovers of fantasy, but for young people ready to move from *The Babysitter's Club* and Eric Lindsay's mysteries to more complex fiction.

-- Paula Johanson

Star Trek: The Next Generation - "Descent"

Another much-ballyhooed season-ending cliffhanger for North America's longest running sf tv show. An *Enterprise* landing party stumbles upon a Borg raiding party. But these Borg have changed since we last saw them: they've broken their "hive mentality" and are more violent and emotional than ever before. During the battle, Data is forced into hand-to-hand combat and kills a Borg, while at the same time apparently feeling his first emotion: anger. As Data struggles to understand what has happened, the crew must track down this group of Borg (Borgs? Borgi?). They manage to capture a Borg, hoping it will provide a clue; instead it somehow affects Data, offering him a chance to become human, and together they escape in a shuttlecraft. The *Enterprise* pursues, and finds the shuttlecraft deserted on a planet. A search party consisting of Picard, Troi, Geordi and Expendable (who is quickly expended) finds the Borg hideout, and we learn that the Borg are being led by *gasp* Lore, who, together with his brother Data plans to destroy the Federation.

Okay, the good news: Lots of action, quick paced, fast moving. Brent Spiner is once again marvelous as Data as the android tries to figure out what's happened. Funny bits, too: Geordi trying to explain what anger feels like. (Data: Can you describe anger without referring to other emotions? Geordi: Uh, no.) And not to forget Stephen Hawking's appearance in a holodeck poker

game. Good stuff there, too. ("Not the apple story again," he says to Sir Isaac Newton.)

Now the bad news: Do these guys leave their shuttlecraft with the doors unlocked and the keys in the ignition? How many times has someone made off with a shuttlecraft, leaving Worf standing on the bridge like a schlepp? Can't they bring them back under remote control? Why does the computer keep allowing this to happen? Okay, so this time Data could've been able to undo any computer lockout, but how many times have we seen someone escape from the brig, make straight to the hangar bay and grab a shuttle without the computer (who knows where everyone is) sounding an alarm? Puh-leeze. Next, when they get to the planet where the Borg are, Picard orders that only a skeleton crew be left on the ship and everyone else beam down to hunt Borg. Who's left in charge of the ship? Dr. Crusher! WWRROONNGG!!!! This is a pathetic attempt at a plot complication. So here we are at the Borg planet and we're supposed to believe that the Doctor is left in charge of the ship? Uh uh, no way, no how!! Finally, when Picard, Troi, Geordi and Expendable are surrounded by Borg (and I mean surrounded - 8 to 1 at least), Expendable pulls out his phaser and fires and naturally gets expended. No surprise here; in fact, we've been expecting it for the last five minutes - why even bother having Expendable in the scene at all? His death certainly isn't a surprise and doesn't raise the tension. What's the point? And what's the point of putting the Enterprise in charge of a task group if it promptly forgets about them and never tells them where it's going?

Having said that, it was overall a good episode, and I'll be watching the conclusion in September. (And admit it, so will you.)

- J.W.H.



2001: A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

1993 marks the 25th anniversary of what many still consider to be the best science fiction film ever made, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Here's a brief *2001* primer:

Films:

2001: A Space Odyssey:

Produced and Directed by Stanley Kubrick. Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke. Considered the best s/f film ever made and, indeed, one of the best motion pictures ever made, it is certainly one of the most talked about. (Any film which tells the history of humanity in 2½ hours without any meaningful dialogue must have something going for it.) Many of its images have been absorbed by the Western subconscious: the monolith, the star child, the star gate, that great cut from flying bone to spaceship, and HAL, who still represents mankind's fear that our creations will run amok and kill us all. Its special effects still stand up to anything made today. Almost mythic in approach, it is the pinnacle of s/f motion pictures.

2010:

Produced and Directed by Peter Hyams. Screenplay by Peter Hyams, based on the novel by Arthur C. Clarke. Whereas *2001* is a piece of art, *2010* is an adventure story concerning the mission that goes up to find out just what happened around Jupiter. More action and intrigue than the original, but also lacking the vision of the original. Still, a good flick.

Books:

2001: A Space Odyssey, (first published July, 1968, by NAL) by Arthur C. Clarke: Clarke wanted the novel's byline to read "by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick based on a screenplay by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke," and wanted the movie credit to be the opposite ("screenplay by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke based on the novel by Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick") to reflect Kubrick's contributions and the fact that the novel and screenplay were written together.

2010: Odyssey Two, (first published December, 1982 by Ballantine/ Del Rey) by Arthur C. Clarke:

Clarke figured no one would, or could, make a movie out of this. Imagine his surprise when Peter Hyams came knocking at his door. A good, solid read.

2061: Odyssey Three, (first published January, 1988 by Ballantine/ Del Rey) by Arthur C. Clarke: Clarke was waiting for Galileo to provide new info on Jupiter before tackling a new Odyssey book. The *Challenger* disaster changed his plans. This book seems like a holding action: while the story is entertaining enough, Clarke seems to be holding back for one last novel (and *Galileo*, one presumes).

The Making of Kubrick's 2001, (first published April, 1970 by NAL) by Jerome Agel: Fascinating account of the making of the film. Lots of pictures, interviews, script out-takes, sfx out-takes, reviews, analysis, and a *Mad* magazine parody ("You may not believe this, but I swear someone just threw a bone at our spaceship.") Well worth searching for in used bookstores.

The Lost Worlds of 2001, (first published January, 1992 by NAL) by Arthur C. Clarke: Clarke's own "making of" with plenty of anecdotes and discarded novel chapters. Again, well worth looking for.

The Odyssey File, (first published January, 1985 by Ballantine/ Del Rey) by Arthur C. Clarke and Peter Hyams:

With Clarke in Sri Lanka and Hyams in Hollywood (and one asleep while the other was awake), communication between the two was done using computers with what is now called e-mail. Mildly interesting, but nothing more than chit-chat between friends.

- J.W.H.

CONVENTION LISTINGS

1993

WILFCON IX

August 14 - 15

Wilfred Laurier University
Kitchener, Ontario

GoHs: Lynne Armstrong-Jones, James Alan
Gardner, Karl Schroeder, Artist GoH: David
Okum

69 Donald Street, Unit 6,
Kitchener, ON, N2B 3G6

CONFRANCISCO

51st WORLD SF CONVENTION

September 2 - 6

Parc 55, ANA Hotels, Moscone Con-
vention Centre

San Francisco, California

GoHs: Larry Niven, Tom Digby, Alicia
Austin, Jan Howard Finder & Mark Twain
(dead GoH)

ConFrancisco, 712 Bancroft Rd #1993,
Walnut Creek, CA, 94958, USA

NONCON 16

October 8 - 10

Quality Inn

Calgary, Alberta

GoH: Pat Cadigan; ArtGoH: Kevan Laycraft;

FanGoH: Steve Forty; TM: Sean Stewart

Noncon, 223 - 12th Ave. SW,

Calgary, AB, T2R 0G9

CON*CEPT 93

October 15 - 17

Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza

Montréal, Québec

GoH: Robert Sheckley

Con*Cept, P.O. Box 405, Station H,

Montréal, PQ, H3G 2L1

MAPLECON 14

October 22 - 24

Chimo Hotel

Ottawa, Ontario

CANCELLED

NOVACON '93

November 5 - 7

Holiday Inn

Halifax, Nova Scotia

GoH: Katherine Kurtz

Novacon, PO Box 1282,

Dartmouth, NS, B2Y 4B9

PSEUDO OPUSCON

November 12 - 14

Howard Johnson Hotel

Oakville, Ontario

D.Lloyd Gray, 3325 Tallmast Cres.,

Mississauga, ON, L5L 1G1

1994

RHINOCON 3

March 19 - 21

Ramada Inn 401

London, Ontario

GoHs: Judith Merrill, Phyllis Gotlieb,
Katherine MacLean.

Rhinocon, Box 1451, Stn.B,

London, ON, N6A 5M2

ODYSSEY TREK '94

March 18 - 20

Skyline Brock Hotel

Niagra Falls, Ontario

Odyssey Trek, PO Box 47541, Center Mall,

Hamilton, ON, L8H 7S7

FILKOntario 4

April 15 - 17

FilkOntario, 302 College Ave. W., Unit 20,

Guelph, ON, N1G 4T6

CANCON '94

May 13 - 15

Delta Ottawa Hotel

Ottawa, Ontario

GoH: S.M.Stirling

CanCon, PO Box 5752, Merivale Depot,

Nepean, ON, K2C 3M1

KEYCLONE '94

May 21 - 22

Travellodge East

Winnipeg, Manitoba

GoH: Ben Bova; FanGoH: Dave Clement

Keyclone, P.O. Box 3178,

Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4E6

1994 INTERNATIONAL SPACE DEVELOPMENT CONFERENCE

May 26 - 30

Regal Constellation Hotel

Toronto, Ontario

1994 ISDC, 107 Evans Avenue,

Toronto, ON, M6S 3V9

AD ASTRA 14

June 17 - 19

Sheraton Toronto East Hotel

Toronto, Ontario

GoHs: L. Sprague de Camp, Catherine Crook

de Camp

Ad Astra 14, PO Box 7276, Station A,

Toronto, ON, M5W 1X9

MONTREAL SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY FESTIVAL II

July 2 - 3

CONADIAN

52nd WORLD SF CONVENTION

September 1 - 5

Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba

GoH: Anne McCaffrey, Artist GoH: George

Barr, Fan GoH: Robert Runté

Non-presupporting Attending Member-
ships: \$95

Conadian, Box 2430,

Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4A7

1995

INTERSECTION

53rd WORLD SF CONVENTION

August 24 - 28

Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre

Glasgow, Scotland

GoHs: Samuel R. Delaney, Gerry Anderson

Canadian Agents: Lloyd and Yvonne

Penney, 412 - 4 Lisa Street, Brampton, ON,

L6T 4B6

U.S. Address: Theresa Renner, Box 15430,

Washington, DC, USA, 20003

U.K. Address: Bernie Evans, 121 Cape

Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands,

B66 4SH

