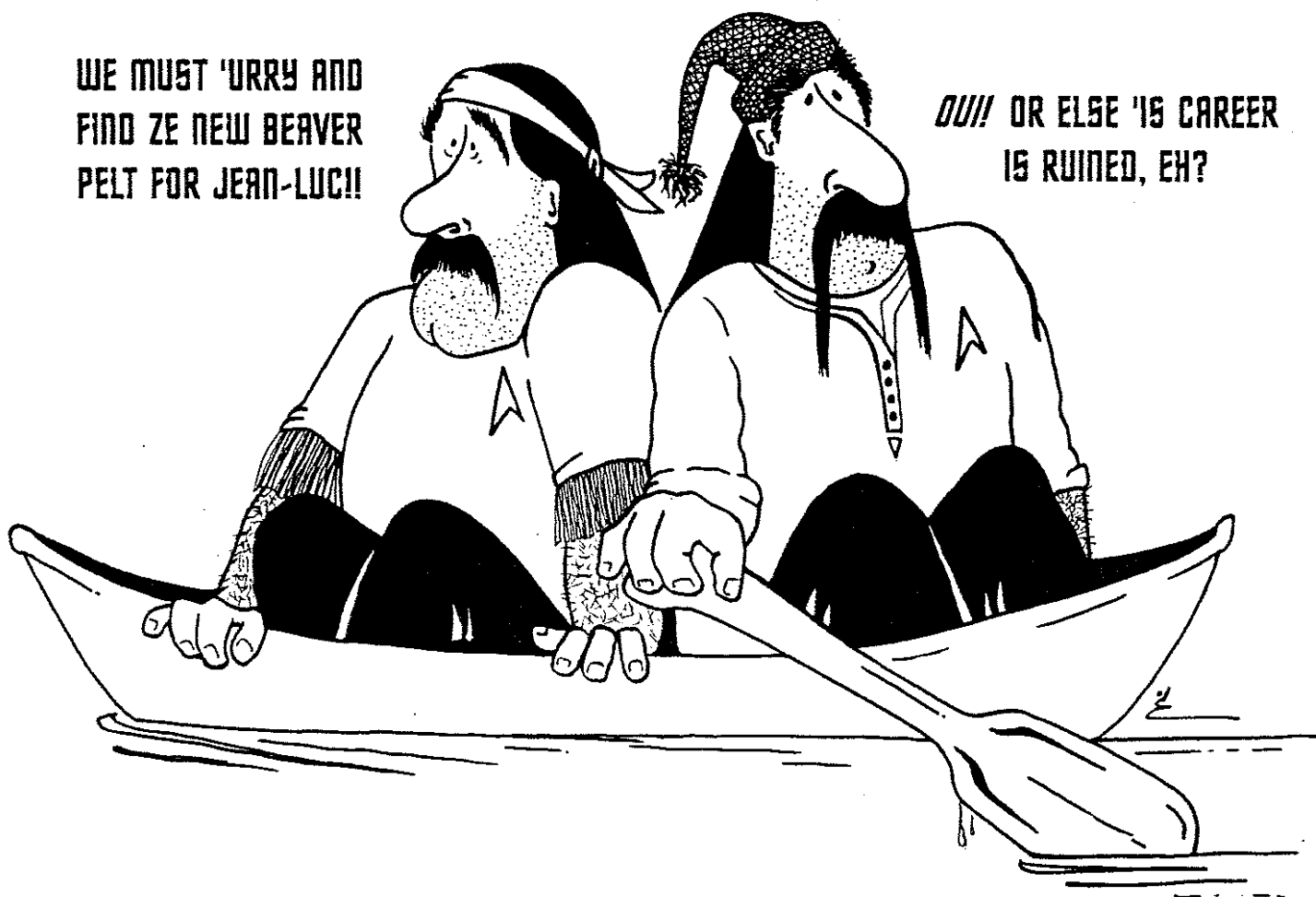


UNDER THE OZONE HOLE

Number Seven - March 1994

WE MUST 'URRY AND
FIND ZE NEW BEAVER
PELT FOR JEAN-LUC!!

OUI! OR ELSE 'IS CAREER
IS RUINED, EH?



COMING SOON!

STAR TREK

VOYAGEUR

UNDER THE

NUMBER SEVEN - MARCH 1994

*Edited By John Willcox Herbert &
Karl Johanson*

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

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(So there, nyah.)

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

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

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Brian D. Clarke, John Willcox Herbert, Karl Johanson, Paula Johanson, Willie Rimshot, and Dale Sproule.

Art

All art by Stephanie Ann Johanson, except:
Barb McLean: 3, 4, 20, 21, 25 and 26.

About The Cover

A preview of the new Star Trek series, Star Trek: Voyager.
Boldly going where no (white) man has gone before!
Art by Barb McLean. (She did the back cover too, eh!)

This Here Editor's Opinion

by John Willcox Herbert

Yes, I *know* it sez "March" all over this ish, but your calendar sez May. What's yer point?

Oh, sure, I could use a whole bunch of mundane excuses to cover up the real reasons why we're so late, e.g.: I put a nail through my foot, then fell down the stairs three days later; I was on the Internet; we got a new puppy (as close to having a baby as I want to get); we had a baby horse; it was Monica's birthday; it was my birthday; it was Stephanie's birthday; Karl was P.O.ed because his birthday isn't until June; this issue was so late, we'd thought we'd wait until the Prix Aurora Award nominations came out; I forgot; it's just a typo — I kept typing March instead of May; the cats ate my computer disk; the turtles ate the cats; I was so engrossed in the *seaQuest* episode with William Shatner that I lost track of the time; sheer laziness.... oh, I give up.

In a totally unplanned surprise, Karl and I are reversing the topics of our usual editorial ruminations. Karl is commenting on the real world while I am commenting on things fannish. So first let me say, once again we are honoured to be nominated for a Prix Aurora Award. The competition looks stiff again this year (mainly because all the other zines are printed on cardboard ☺). Speaking of the Auroras....

Some interesting Aurora comments in *Opuntia* 16. John Mansfield says "...the Auroras have been given away for some time and I have yet to see it mentioned on any pocketbook cover." True enough, but the American edition of last year's Best Long-Work in English Aurora, Sean Stewart's *Passion Play*, states quite plainly on the first page that it is an "...award-winning debut novel..." The Aurora isn't mentioned by name, but at least it is referred to. And the American edition features many glowing review-bites, 9 out of 10 of which are from Canadians.

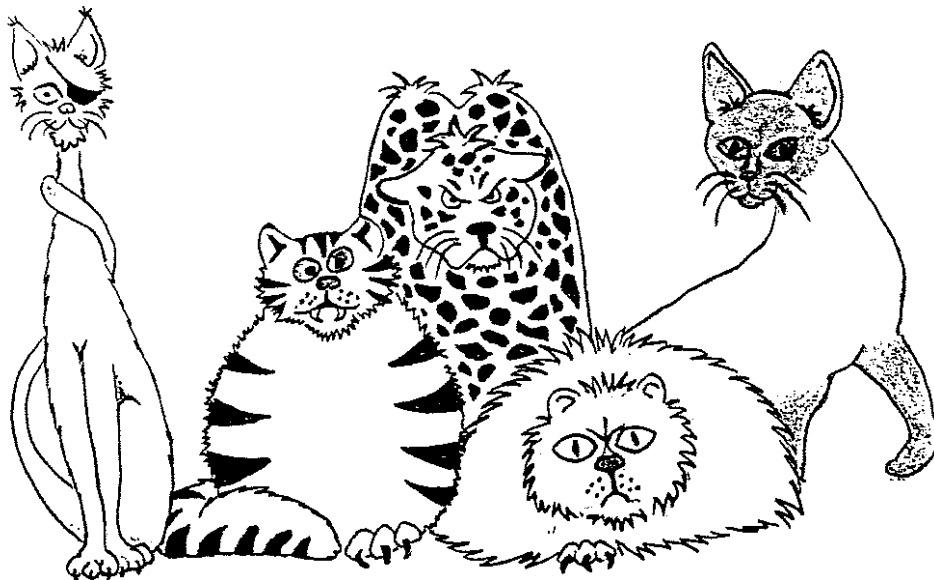
Both Mansfield and Garth Spencer lament the lack of a serious attitude by fans towards the Aurora, and Garth asks what can be done to have the Auroras taken seriously. The answer is that the Auroras *are* taken seriously by those who are interested enough to do so. Consider that last year *Passion Play* received 53 first place votes. On the one hand, 53 votes out of 25,000,000 eligible voters is a miniscule percentage. On the surface it seems almost laughable to consider the Auroras a national award of any credibility. On the other hand, last year's Hugo winners for best novel (in a rare tie) had an average of 190 first place votes between them. This is out of 250,000,000 eligible voters, ten times

as big as the voting pool for the Auroras. On a per capita basis last year, one in 182,000 Canadians voted for the Best Long-Form Work in English Aurora, while only one in 356,000 Americans voted for the Best Novel Hugo. In essence, the Aurora has infiltrated the general Canadian populace twice as well as the Hugo has infiltrated the American populace! Quit complaining, we done good!

Of course, there will always be some fans who don't take the Auroras seriously. Some will be fans who have never heard of the Auroras, some will be fans who only care when the next *Star Trek* movie/David Eddings novel comes out, some will be fans who don't even realize that they are fans, and some will be fans who know all about the Auroras and just don't care. Such is the nature of fandom. And it is their right not to care.

The Auroras will never be a *slanshaek* household word until someone does, as Mansfield says, put "AURORA AWARD WINNER" across the top of a paperback. That is, until someone figures out how to make money with it. As it stands now, my Aurora and a loonie will get me a cup of coffee at McDonald's.

Doesn't mean I'm giving it back, though.



That There Editor's Opinion

by Karl Johanson

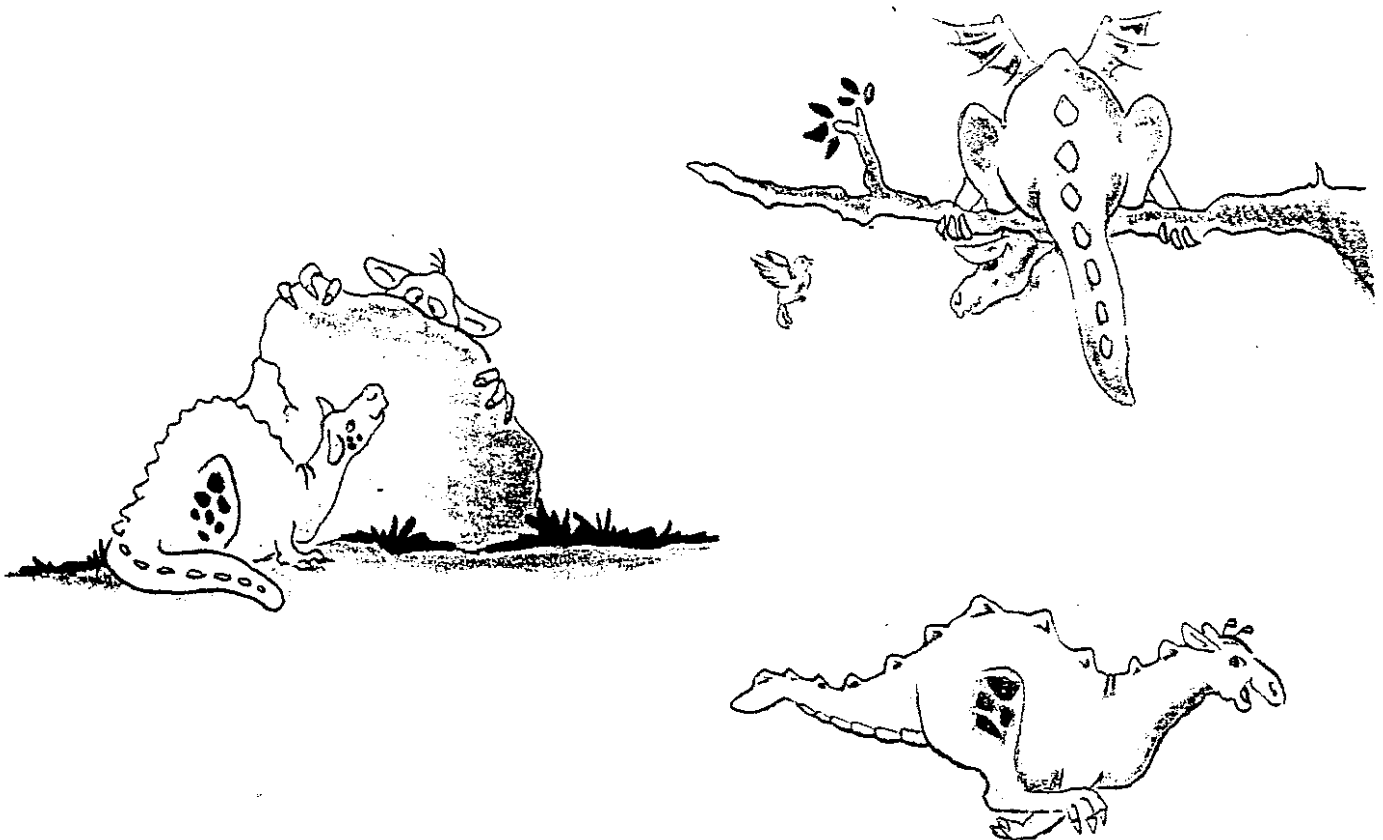
The official opposition party of Canada is being sued. The No-Matter-What-You-Do-You-Aren't-A-Bigot-Unless-You-Speak-English Party —oops, I mean the Bloc Québécois, appears to have one goal: to engineer the separation of Québec from Canada (Québec keeps on having referendums on the question of separation and the majority keeps on saying no. However, I think the separatists will keep on having referendums until they get the answer they want). The lawsuit, filed by Raymond Aaron, claims that the 54 BQ MPs are traitors for supporting Québec independence. The class action suit is claiming \$500 billion in damages and alleges that the separation attempts are bringing down property values and incomes. (The \$500 billion should neatly take care of the portion of the federal debt which accumulated while Trudeau and Mulroney were the Prime Ministers. If instead the money is passed

around, my share should come to nearly \$20,000.) In the past, the federal government has covered the legal fees of MPs facing similar suits. Recently Lucien Bouchard, the leader of the Bloc Québécois, protested this use of public funds. Interestingly enough, the BQ no longer seem quite as anxious to separate. It seems they want to wait until they can talk the government into covering their legal fees for the lawsuit first. Also, no mention has been made as to whether the Bloc Québécois MPs expect Canadian taxpayers to cover the cost of their pensions after separation.

Our foreman, Dave Ireland, and I invented a new word a few weeks ago. There are the terms, "homonym", "synonym" and "antonym", but we realized that something was missing. Thus we created "heteronym." Heteronyms are, of course, words with dif-

ferent meanings, such as "fish" and "bicycle," or "shoe" and "potassium." We expect all the major dictionaries will be sending us bids for the rights to include this word in their next editions. Does anyone know how much we can expect in the way of royalties?

I just got a new computer. I know it's extremely unlikely that anyone gives a @\$% what number microprocessor it has, how big the hard drive is or what add on doo-wahs it has so I won't list them. If anyone does care, though, just E-Mail me through my number listed on page 2 and I'll read it on my new ACROS 486 SX, with 210 meg hard drive, 9600 fax modem, double speed CD-ROM, sound card 16, SVGA monitor. And I can print out the E-mail on my Brother HL-6 laser printer. (Did I mention it has 11 different LEDs?)



Steven Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment and the BBC are in negotiation on a new Doctor Who series to be produced by Amblin. Amblin will also have a new series on NBC in the fall, Earth 2 (not related to the excellent early 1970s telefilm of the same name). Also on the Spielberg ranch, there may be a fourth Indiana Jones movie. Spielberg wants to direct, and Harrison Ford wants to star. We'll see.... Harrison Ford will star in director Richard Donner's latest fantasy, Dragonheart.... Stanley Kubrick will be filming AI later this year. Expect a lot of CGI effects in this one.... Oliver Stone may produce the new Planet of the Apes movie. (Stone has sff experience: he co-wrote Conan the Barbarian as well as an unfilmed version of Alfred Bester's The Demolished Man).... Alien Nation may return (or not).... Fabio as Conan? Oh, god, no!!!!!!... The colorized version of Young Frankenstein should be out sometime soon.... Stan Winston has signed on as a producer for the remake of Forbidden Planet. He'll also create the new Robby the Robot.... The Incredible Hulk moves to the big screen in 1995. The Hulk will be created by CGI.... The on-again off-again sequel to Roger Rabbit is apparently on again.... Highlander III: The Magician, starring Christopher Lambert, is now shooting.... Alec Baldwin will play The Shadow. (Why Baldwin? Only the Shadow knows.)... Work is beginning on Alien 4.... A couple of "lost" Rod Serling scripts will see the light of day in the CBS special, Twilight Zone: Rod Serling's Lost Classics, airing this spring.... Orson Scott Card is writing the first draft of the film version of Ender's Game.... From our "Worst Kept Secrets" file: Robin Williams will play the Riddler in Batman III (Batman Returns Again?). And Robin will be in it, too. You know, the one with the red shirt and yellow cape.

L.A. earthquake victims included Star Trek sets, Babylon 5 sets, and Harlan Ellison's nose. David Gerrold's house is practically at ground zero, but survived intact.

The next Star Trek movie (apparently titled either Star Trek VII: The Next Generation or Star Trek: The Next Generation: The Motion Picture) has just started production as we speak. (The final episode of ST: TNG will air around May 22.) The question is how many cast members are going to be involved. Seems many of them

are upset with Paramount and may decide not to be involved with the picture. Many original series cast members are not pleased with the script and have declined to be part of the planned cross-over, and many TNG cast have gone on the record to say that the movie script is nowhere near as good as the series' finale and that Paramount is offering them half as much to be in the film as was offered two years ago. As it stands now, only Patrick Stewart, William Shatner and James Doohan will confirm that they are involved. But, as Spock once said, there are always possibilities.

Babylon 5 is back as a series after some major re-casting. 22 episodes are planned for the initial season. Look for a sequel to the classic Outer Limits episode, "Demon With a Glass Hand," guest starring Robert Culp and written by Harlan Ellison.

Bantam will re-issue some classic sff by Alfred Bester: The Stars, My Destination and The Demolished Man plus a collection of short stories. Bantam will also publish Psycho Soup, an unfinished novel that will be completed by Roger Zelazny.

As Bantam's Star Wars novel program continues unabated, Del Rey will re-issue some of its own Star Wars material. Already out is a new version of the Guide to the Star Wars Universe. Look for a three-in-one omnibus of L. Neil Smith's Lando Calrissian novels, a new printing of Alan Dean Foster's Splinter of the Mind's Eye (with a new intro by George Lucas), and the first publication of the Star Wars radio scripts.

Orson Scott Card has a number of books in the pipe as he wraps up his numerous series: Homecoming — Earthfall and The People of Earth; Alvin — Alvin Journeyman (to be turned in later this year) and Master Alvin; and the last Ender book, Children of the Mind.

Robert Silverberg has completed The Mountains of Majipoor for Bantam.

A few issues back we reprinted Premiere magazine's list of their picks for the all-time ten best science fiction films. Now, Science Fiction Age has a list of ten science fiction films you'll love to hate, compiled by Craig Shaw Gardner (alphabetically): The Brain from Planet Arous (1958);

Bride of the Monster (1956), an Ed Wood Jr. classic; Cat Women of the Moon (1956); The Giant Claw (1957); Godzilla vs. Biolante (1990); Inframan (1976); Mesa of Lost Women (1953); The Phantom Empire (1935); Plan Nine From Outer Space (1959), Ed Wood Jr.'s most famous epic; and Robot Monster (1953).

The "Under The Ozone Hole Get A Life Award" for this issue goes to Glen Proechel, director of a Klingon Language Camp in Red Lake Falls, Minnesota. His latest project is translating the Bible into Klingon. And we thought watching Rush Limbaugh was a waste of time! Oh well, as the Klingons say, "Suq yIn!"

Top Ten Films of 1993

1. <u>Jurassic Park</u>	\$339,500,000
2. <u>The Fugitive</u>	\$179,300,000
3. <u>The Firm</u>	\$158,300,000
4. <u>Sleepless in Seattle</u>	\$126,600,000
5. <u>Mrs. Doubtfire</u>	\$122,500,000
6. <u>Aladdin</u>	\$117,900,000
(not including 1992 gross)	
7. <u>Indecent Proposal</u>	\$105,500,000
8. <u>In the Line of Fire</u>	\$102,200,000
9. <u>Cliffhanger</u>	\$ 84,000,000
10. <u>A Few Good Men</u>	\$ 78,200,000
(not including 1992 gross)	

Top Ten Genre Films of 1993

1. <u>Jurassic Park</u>	\$339,500,000
2. <u>Aladdin</u>	\$117,900,000
(not including 1992 gross)	
3. <u>Groundhog Day</u>	\$ 70,835,000
4. <u>Demolition Man</u>	\$ 56,004,000
5. <u>Last Action Hero</u>	\$ 50,016,000
6. <u>Nightmare Before Christmas</u>	\$ 48,116,000
7. <u>Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III</u>	\$ 42,274,000
8. <u>Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs</u>	\$ 41,634,000
9. <u>Addams Family Values</u>	\$ 42,526,000
10. <u>Hocus Pocus</u>	\$ 39,348,000

Jurassic Bombs

<u>Robocop 3</u>	\$ 9,790,000
<u>Coneheads</u>	\$ 4,100,000
<u>Tom & Jerry: The Movie</u>	\$ 3,547,000
<u>Batman: Mask of the Phantasm</u>	\$ 1,190,000

Obituaries

Don Ameche

Dominic Felix Amici was born in Kenshora, Wisconsin, and started his film career in 1936 in Sins of Man. By the end of the 30s, he was one of the busiest stars in the 20th Century Fox stable, known mostly as the suave, leading-man type. Other films of the period included The Story of Alexander Bell, Ramona and Heaven Can Wait. His career revived in the 1980s with a series of cranky elderly characters starting with Trading Places in 1983. Genre fans will remember him for his Oscar-winning role in Cocoon in 1985. He also appeared in the sequel, Cocoon II: The Return. He worked until the end, finishing his part in Corrina, Corrina just a month before he passed away on December 6, 1993, of cancer. He was 85.

Pierre Boule

Pierre Boule was born in 1912 in Avignon, France. Living in the Far East when World War II broke out, he joined the French army. Captured in 1943, he was sentenced to hard labour, an experience which inspired his best known book, Le pont sur la rivière Kwai (The Bridge on the River Kwai), first published in 1952. Ten years later, he published his second most well known book, La Planete des singes (Monkey Planet a.k.a. The Planet of the Apes). Rod Serling adapted the book into a screenplay for the 1968 film starring Charlton Heston. Boule died on January 30, 1994. He was 81.

John Candy

John Candy was born in Newmarket, Ontario in 1950. He honed his comic talents with the legendary Second City Theatre in Chicago, where he worked with the likes of John Belushi, Gilda Radner, Bill Murray, Shelley Long, and fellow Canadian Dan Aykroyd. In 1974, Candy returned to Toronto and joined the comedy show SCTV, where he created many memorable characters: Johnny LaRue, Yosh Schmunge, and Dr. Tongue, the ersatz villain of many a B-horror flick (e.g. Dr. Tongue's 3-D House of Stewardesses). Many of the Canadian troupe would go on to achieve success in Hollywood, including Catherine O'Hara, Martin Short, Harold Ramis, Dave Thomas, Rick Moranis and Joe Flaherty, and Candy became the most successful. He appeared in almost forty films, among them Planes, Trains and Automobiles, Uncle Buck, The Great Outdoors, Volunteers, Cool Runnings, JFK, 1941, National Lampoon's Vacation, Who's Harry Crumb?, The Blues Brothers, Home Alone and Stripes. Genre fans will remember his roles in Splash, Ron Howard's

mermaid fantasy, and Mel Brooks' Star Wars take-off, Spaceballs. Despite being a Hollywood success, Candy still considered himself Canadian and, a life-long Toronto Argonauts fan, he recently became a co-owner of the football team. He died March 4, 1994, of a heart attack while on location in Mexico. He was 43.

Richard Jordan

Richard Jordan starred in many movies and tv shows. Genre fans will recall his work in Solarbabies, as well as his roles as the Secretary of Defense in The Hunt for Red October, as oceanographer/adventurer Dirk Pitt in Raise the Titanic!, as Duncan Idaho in Dune, and as Francis, the Sandman who relentlessly pursues Logan, in Logan's Run. He died August 30, 1993, of a brain tumor. He was 56.

Jack Kirby

Born Jacob Kurtzberg in New York in 1917, Jack Kirby began working on newspaper comic strips in 1935, and animated Popeye cartoons in 1936 for Max Fleischer. But in 1941, along with Joe Simon, he created comic book hero Captain America and his career as a legendary comic illustrator had begun. In the 1960s, he worked for Marvel comics where he created, among many others, The Fantastic Four, The Incredible Hulk, The Mighty Thor, The Avengers and The X-Men. Moving over to DC Comics, he created The New Gods. He is estimated to have drawn over 20,000 comic pages in his lifetime. He was a staunch supporter of creators' rights and

Comparison: 20 All-Time Top Films

U.S.A./ Canada	International
1. <u>Jurassic Park</u>	1. <u>Jurassic Park</u>
2. <u>E.T. - The Extra-terrestrial</u>	2. <u>E.T. - The Extra-terrestrial</u>
3. <u>Star Wars</u>	3. <u>Ghost</u>
4. <u>Return of the Jedi</u>	4. <u>Star Wars</u>
5. <u>Batman</u>	5. <u>The Bodyguard</u>
6. <u>The Empire Strikes Back</u>	6. <u>Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade</u>
7. <u>Home Alone</u>	7. <u>Terminator 2: Judgement Day</u>
8. <u>Ghostbusters</u>	8. <u>Home Alone</u>
9. <u>Jaws</u>	9. <u>Jaws</u>
10. <u>The Fugitive</u>	10. <u>Pretty Woman</u>
11. <u>Raiders of the Lost Ark</u>	11. <u>Batman</u>
12. <u>Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade</u>	12. <u>Rain Man</u>
13. <u>Terminator 2: Judgement Day</u>	13. <u>The Empire Strikes Back</u>
14. <u>Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom</u>	14. <u>Dances With Wolves</u>
15. <u>Beverly Hills Cop</u>	15. <u>Return of the Jedi</u>
16. <u>Back to the Future</u>	16. <u>Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves</u>
17. <u>Home Alone 2: Lost In New York</u>	17. <u>Back to the Future</u>
18. <u>Batman Returns</u>	18. <u>Raiders of the Lost Ark</u>
19. <u>Ghost</u>	19. <u>Basic Instinct</u>
20. <u>Grease</u>	20. <u>The Fugitive</u>

fought many a battle with Marvel for the return of his original artwork. Artist Jim Steranko wrote in his The History of Comics that "without [Kirby], there may not have been any comics to write a history about." He died on February 6, 1994 of heart failure after a brief illness. He was 76.

Jeff Morrow

Jeff Morrow starred in many movies, among them The Robe, The Story of Ruth, Captain Lightfoot and the Martin & Lewis comedy Pardners. Genre fans will recall his work in two classics: Exeter the alien in This Island Earth and The Creature Walks Among Us, the third film in the Creature From the Black Lagoon trilogy. He died December 27, 1993, after a lengthy illness. He was 86.

Cesar Romero

Born in New York on February 15, 1907, Cesar Romero broke into show business as a dancer. Broadway shows and films soon followed, among them The Thin Man and Secret Agent. Touted early in his career as the new Valentino, instead he was often cast as a gigolo or "the other man." He will be best remembered for his recurring role as the Joker on the 1960s tv classic, Batman. "Why [the producer] wanted me for this role, I'll never know... [H]e saw me in something that made him want to cast me. I can't imagine what it was. I'd never done anything like that before." He had been hospitalized with pneumonia and died January 1, 1994, of complications related to a blood clot. He was 86.

Alan Stewart
PO Box 222
World Trade Centre
Melbourne, Victoria
3005
Australia

Thanks for the copy of **Under The Ozone Hole #4**. I'd comment in more detail, but I've currently lent my copy to Marc Ortlieb. If you end up getting a LoC from him, it will be my fault.

Would it be possible to obtain copies of your first three issues (which I notice were advertised in **Chernobylization!**)? In exchange, I can send back issues of **Thyme** if you're interested. One attraction of this offer is that then you would obtain a complete set of the *Spacetime Buccaneers* story, as well as a capsule of a year in Australian fandom.

All I really recall is the cover.... no one would have believed, in the last years of the twentieth century, that across a gulf as immeasurable as space that lit fans (as personified by Robert Runté) would join the media fen (as portrayed by his cortege) through the magic of computer editing.

From memory I was amused by your almost blank page with its message.

I think I'd better leave the rest of the comments until I get the copy back from Marc. What if he likes it so much he won't return it?

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

In the future I must write LoCs before lending fanzines....

{{By now, you should have read how we did that cover and hope you aren't too disappointed that it was just the old tried 'n' true method of cut 'n' paste, and not any fancy computer trick. We're not that sophisticated...yet. Maybe it's worth looking into. Our buddy Jono has a bunch of hi-tech computer stuff. We could stick Robert's head on just about anything then!! Oh,

excuse me—the phone's ringing. Hello? Oh, hi, Robert! What's that? You'll pay us fifty dollars each if we just forget that we even know Jono? Jono who?

--J.W.H.}}

Jenny Glover
16 Aviary Place
Leeds, LS12 2NP
England

First of all, thank you very much for sending me a copy of **Under The Ozone Hole**, which I very much enjoyed reading. However, even allowing for William Golding being English, I found his obituary too short and frustrating. It is not his fault, after all, that he was not known to have a pet and you wanted to have a pet issue. I don't honestly think that it is fair to describe *Lord of the Flies* as "a harrowing tale of marooned schoolboys...who descend into barbarism and madness." It was just that Golding let the readers follow the boys' train of thought and made it all seem remorselessly logical and natural, then suddenly switched viewpoints. He did the same in *The Inheritors*. It's not a new trick: Roald Dahl did it a lot, and I remember slowly reading Henri Troyat's *La Neige en Deuil*, my sympathy ebbing from the obsession of the main protagonist.

I was a little surprised to see Lloyd Penney's letter referring to Arthur C. Clarke's illness. He was over here in Minehead earlier this year and gave a list of all the projects he is involved with: which would give credit to a man half his age.

I've also found it odd and perhaps a little patronising that the reader is expected to suspend his (or her) intellectual balance and accept these incredible coincidences which are not, unfortunately, unique to *manga*. I mean, how can someone just not notice that Prince Adam is absent whenever He-Man is around tearing up mountains in the cause of justice? Superman tried to weasel 'round this in the few films I saw, with Clark Kent getting muddled up with his alter ego, but as far as the spectators were concerned, Clark was just an inefficient bumbling reporter who somehow managed to keep his job through some inane miracle. And now Ranma experiences life from a different sex viewpoint: I just hope he learns something from it. The only message I get from the information,

which is not entirely serious, is to make sure I don't get wet in Japan and to avoid every picturesque pool I can see.

I was impressed to see the number of Canadian conventions, though I'd be interested in hearing how **Canadian** is getting on. The Brit contact address for **Intersection** has recently changed to Admail 336, Glasgow, G2 1BR, UK. My partner Steve and I are organising the fan programme and part of the fan fair and are particularly interested in your ideas. And also, please, please, please, can you send me a copy of last issue's cover? The one with Robert Runté airbrushed onto Karl's body? Or, rather, the whole series from Karl in his living room via Robert in his backyard to the finished article? And can you do some more? The imagination boggles as to who will be the next ~~victim~~ volunteer. Dwight is a genius — I think. I'd love to see what happens next.

Bye for now.

{{What do we need another volunteer for—we have Robert! And we're getting a lot of mileage out of that one picture. As much as we would love to do more covers like that, they are, unfortunately, quite expensive (the cover more than tripled our production costs for that issue), so we're saving our ideas (and money) for special occasions. Like Canadian, where Robert is the FanGoH, and, golly, I think we're planning to have an issue of UTOH come out at that time. Wait'll you see what we have planned! —Excuse me, the phone again. Hello? Robert, hi! What? You'll give us \$100 each to forget who you are? Robert who?

--J.W.H.}}

Dale Speirs
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T2P 2E7

UTOH #6 arrived the last day of 1993. If you want to work conspiracies out of your system, try researching the Avro Arrow cancellation.

Runté's review of hoaxes reminds me of the difficulty I had in proving to at least one Vancouver fan that I existed when I first got involved in fandom. I was publishing articles in zines all over the place, but was

not much of a congoer. The earliest cons I attended and reported on were when I was unknown to others. I could thus sit in the audience at a panel and write it up for a conreport without anyone knowing who I was. My stuff was showing up everywhere but since no one could recall actually seeing me, they were suspicious as to whether or not I really existed. Not that I blame them for thinking a hoax was in the making; they certainly had probable cause, given the history of fandom.

The SF News reports that Raymond Burr had three wives and a son who died young. I've seen newspaper accounts that say Burr made up stories about two of the wives and the son and was only in a sham marriage with the third, all to cover up the fact that he was homosexual. And another report says former New Brunswick premier Richard Hatfield did more than just smoke funny tobacco with young men while he was running that province. Although most people suspected as much anyway, seeing as he always took along a hairdresser to the constitutional meetings (a male hairdresser).

Next camping trip you go on, take a portable strobelight and use it instead of a flashlight. I used to go for a stroll at night with the strobe set at about a 0.5 second rate; it made for a surrealistic experience in the woods, especially in the summer when there were lots of insects flying about.

{{Coincidentally, John & Monica just bought me Storms of Controversy - The Secret Avro Arrow Files Revealed for Christmas.

I was once asked if "Dale Speirs" was one of my pseudonyms.

I don't have a strobe light, but I do like to walk about in the dark swinging a glow stick on the end of a string.

— K.J.}}

{{I had seen a report about Raymond Burr with facts similar to what you described. However, most reports indicated marriages and children, so I went with the straight story (if you'll pardon the pun).

— J.W.H.}}

Sandra K. Riedel
137 Westminster Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario
M6R 1N6

Taking receipt of personally written letters personally, and being in receipt of UTOH #6, I reply now to your letter enclosed with UTOH #5.

How did I hear about you? Through that nice puff in On Spec regarding your

Aurora-winning ways. I subscribed out of mixed curiosity and patriotism, and now I WANT UTOH #4: first, for part one of "A Tale of the Young and Slothful," and, second, for part one of "Robert Runté's Guide to Fandom."

I desperately need the second, because — I'm not a fan. Oh, sure, I've taken Karl Schroder's science fiction writing course at George Brown College, and I have read and enjoyed all of Tanya Huff's novels, and Phyllis Gotlieb's, and I have devoured all sorts of stuff by Heinlein and Wollheim and Asimov and their ilk back when I was an overweight teenager (Hal Clement remains my favourite), and I had a "Visit Middle Earth" poster when I was a student at Whassamatta U., and I even have a cat. My science fiction reading is now sporadic at best and I recognize few names and fewer references; I don't know the difference between the cut and uncut versions of Blade Runner and frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn (I prefer my movies pre-1929, without all that irritating dialogue); when feuds start I head for the bomb shelter; you couldn't get me to a con if you paid me (okay, I'd go to one if I was paid enough, but believe me you couldn't afford it). I have not been a fan since Rocky and Bullwinkle (except for Buster Keaton, and that's not fandom, that's besotted). So you see, I NEED the ENTIRE Guide to Fandom.

I thank you especially for the obituary for Fred Gwynne (UTOH #5) whom I remember fondly from his early incarnation as Officer Muldoon and his late one as the judge from hell in My Cousin Vinny. Did you know that Fred Gwynne wrote and illustrated a charming children's book, The Sixteen Hand Horse? The narrator's father has suspiciously long face and legs.

And if Chuck Bell is getting up a petition to bring back the stubby (UTOH #6), please consider this letter permission to attach my name to it as many times as he can get away with it. The death of the stubby is a national disgrace.

If I come up with anything contributable, I will send it. If there's anything I can contribute, let me know. And if you know any first novelists in Toronto, please let them know I have a special discount for typing first novels.

{{Thanks for your letter! We have Robert chained to his word processor, producing further instalments of his Guide. (Unfortunately, we hear he likes that sort of thing.)

Rocky & Bullwinkle — wasn't that the one where Stallone fought the Soviet?

We hear Chuck has given up on saving the stubby and is now organizing to prevent

the NHL from adopting shoot-outs to settle tie games. (Is nothing sacred in this country?)

— J.W.H.}}

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

Your new ish of UTOH was a darn fine start to the New Yearski. You could teach the National Spanish Inquisition a thing or two about headlines, I tell ya.

I have magnanimously decided to forgive you for not reviewing WeddingCon 1 — after all, you've never written up any of the TubCons either. Besides, you put both chunks of my serial right after them insightful this-editorial and that-editorial o' yours. It may not be a lot of fame, but I graciously accept anyhow. Thank you, thank you!

My five-month anniversary is day after tomorrow. And the day after that, I'll be a five-month expatriate. But my interview with Immigration is February 9, so I'll be able to leave Murricea soon. I think. I don't claim to comprehend Yoo Ess Ay bureaucracy.

By the way, I am most indignant that you compared MY pinup status to that trollop Monika Bandersnatch. I mean, really. My IBB was a Scientific Experiment, and not to be confused with something worn to fulfil the desire of having lustful male eyes track my every step. Say, is Bubba Murdoch going to be at Norwescon?

Anyhow... back to being a pseudo-Murrican. (Pause) Well, maybe not. It's too scary to think about (note deliberate imitation of a Murrican imitating a Canajun). These people are soul-sistem and brethren of Bob Johnson. I mean, you say to them, "Well, I find Americans are a lot more materialistic than Canadians — not meaning to be offensive"... and they're actually not offended! They just nod and say "Mmhm," and wait for me to continue. Though I still haven't figured out if Canadians are less materialistic or just more hypocritical about it. Just because Canajuns don't talk about mortgage interest rates as an absorbing topic of social conversation... who knows, maybe we do want to use terms like "7% APR" with fluent abandon.

Well, y'all, the hubby is blissfully snoozing upstairs, and I think I'll go join him — I slept all day, due to retail-job wipe-out, so didn't grog out at the usual time. But before I go, I'd just like to say that UTOH #6 was most entertaining... especially when Blair took so long to catch on to what's a

dickfer in your list of "neat things you won't get if you subscribe." A definite coup. He's so darned smart that I like getting these little reassurances that I'm not married to Data. Wait a minute, would Data have gotten that joke? Uh-oh....

Babble babble babble GREAT ISH!
Toodles, poppets —

{{My favourite headline on the cover was "Poll Results Prove Mulroney a Hamster!" I always thought journalism was about facts, yet last night I saw a CNN poll which said that some per cent of those polled believe Tonya Harding knew about the attack on her rival beforehand. This is news? This means something? This has something—anything!—to do with whether or not Harding is guilty of a crime? I say quit wasting time and money asking what Americans think (a lost cause anyway, some might say), and get me some FACTS, dammit!

The facts speak for themselves: Monika Bandersnatch's pin-up was around many years before yours. Mind you, yours is a lot more tasteful while Monika's is decidedly politically incorrect. Yes, Bubba Murdoch is planning to be at Norwescon, although I don't know why I'm bothering to mention it here since you'll probably already know this by the time you read it, since we'll be giving it to you at Norwescon.

I think Canadians probably are less materialistic than Americans — but more materialistic than we think we are.

I've always said that Americans get some pretty strange ideas, like Oliver North running for the Senate! North was caught lying to Congress, demonstrating a complete lack of respect for his country's democratic institutions, and now he's running to serve that same body!! And he's gonna win!! And you know why he's gonna win? Because the voters in Virginia believe he's honest and not a Washington-insider type!! Aaaaaauuuuggghhhhh!!!! Nixon will make a comeback in '96, mark my words.

Being married to Data wouldn't be all bad, Laur. After all, he is fully functional.
— J.W.H.}}

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

No, I'm not writing anymore, and this letter is proof. I am doing plenty of typing these days, and that's quite different.

Your fanzine arrived a little while ago, and here is a letter of comment. Simple as that.

I have been to Joanne's family cottage on Hornby Island too, and stayed there the weekend. Hornby is a great place to relax and get away from it all. I burned myself when I was there, but I didn't care; I got to fry myself on a great beach. Joanne and I used to correspond on a regular basis, but she stopped the letters a while ago; I never got replies to any other letters I wrote. If you're talking to her, say hi to her for me.

Robert Runté's article on hoaxes is probably a hoax in itself, knowing you two... however, the best hoax in some time has to be the Worldcon '89 at Myles's House bid. Even the Noreascon 3 folks thought it was great, since there was no other competition in sight. Where is our boy Myles now? Is he still a seminary student in Vancouver, or is he raising a family somewhere?

For the record, I'm typing, not writing. Just thought you should know in case it slipped your minds.

Bernie Klassen gafiated? Aw, say it ain't so! Well, hell, I can't find such former Victoria fannish luminaries like Cat Middlemiss, Dan Cawsey and Tony Sine anymore, so things have really changed. Jono Moore is a familiar name: Dan Cawsey used to cartoon the whole bunch of you guys, especially the aforementioned Myles Bos. Where is Dan these days anyway? Straight answer, please....

We're all getting older... I've got a niece, John's got a niece, Harry Andruschak's got a niece. My niece comes to cons with us, and is a budding fan. Just as Yvonne and I are getting ready to step down from the committee, I get the word our niece is getting ready to join it! Fandom: The Next Generation. Ghod, I feel old....

For the record, I'm typing, not writing. Just thought you should know in case it slipped your minds.

I started yet another job, and this one is concerned with the drudgery of telemarketing. I hate it, but it pays the rent. The fourth Trek series is to be called ST: Voyager, and sounds faintly like a remake of Battlestar Galactica, with ships patiently searching for Earth. We'll see on this one, and I thought the premise for ST: DS9 was a little weak.... I had no intentions of implying a slight on your part to anyone, guys. Sorry to give you that impression.

Yes, bring back the stubby! This bottle used to tell the world that Canadian beer was in this container, without the benefit of the label. Twofours were easier to carry because of these bottles, and more cases stacked up between floor and ceiling. (I've run convention con suites... I know how to stack beer cases between floor and ceiling.) Most people don't know, though, that the

glass used in the stubbies had a low alcohol tolerance... if the contents went beyond a certain alcohol level, it would eat through the glass. It was actually the stubby that kept Canadian beer at the 5% alc./vol. level for so many years. With the disappearance of the stubby, better glass was introduced in the production of the longnecks, and the alcohol level was allowed to go up. All hail to the stubby, but its disappearance made way for stronger beers for all; we are the beneficiaries of this hard decision. And if you believe that....

For the record, I'm typing, not writing. Just thought you should know in case it slipped your minds.

For the record, I'm typing, not writing. Just thought you should know in case it slipped your minds.

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For the record, I'm typing, not writing. Just thought you should know in case it slipped your minds.

(Damn keys are stuck...sorry)

That's all for now... I'll type some more next time. Byeformow!

{{We said hi, and Joanne said you never replied to any of her letters! Are you guys sure you gave each other the correct addresses?

A hoax article by Rob Runté on fan hoaxes for an issue with a conspiracy theme!!! Lloyd, that's brilliant!! Why didn't we think of that? All we did was personalize copies of last issue for the people we were sending them to. So your copy was different from the one Rob got, which was different from the one Cath got, which was different from the one Andrew got, which was different from the one Dave got, which was different again from the one Garth got, etc.

*Well, okay. *Ahem* It ain't so. (Only because you asked so nicely.)*

"Straight answer, please"? Are you implying that we would make up an answer (or at least exaggerate outrageously)? I'm shocked that you'd think that. As it happens, Cath had a species-change and changed his name to Dog. Myles moved to Tibet for the quiet goat-farming life, Dan moved to South Korea and got a job as a background extra on The Simpsons, and Tony went off on a different tangent and is now a function on my scientific calculator.

You think you feel old... I've been an uncle since I was three years old. My nephew was a father when he was 22, which made me a great-uncle at 25!

Thanks for the stickers!!!!
— J.W.H.}}

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

I think I might as well give up and admit that I killed John F. Kennedy. Of course it makes sense. Who would suspect a five-year-old kid on the other side of the continent? Murder Inc. was recruiting a lot of kids in those days, and they were surprisingly effective (but you should remember what some kids are like). Problems arose with changes in tax laws and anti-trust actions, though, and the whole industry was changing anyway. It all broke down when we discovered girls. (Don't ask me about Laura Palmer — I don't know and you can't prove it anyway.)

{{Gee, maybe there's a movie in all this: Spencer for Hire?
—J.W.H.}}

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

Many apologies for the lateness of this LoC on the sixth **Under The Ozone Hole**. You may have heard that American imperialism has branched out to usurping Canadian weather for some parts of the United States. Until last week's thaw, I was afraid to do such things as creep over frozen tundra to mail letters or plan the two-day trek that would get me to the post office to buy stamps and return home. Just in the past four or five days there has been a thaw but sleet is predicted within 48 hours. I hope all of Canada will rise up in justified outrage and demand the immediate return of the arctic air, blizzdrds and ice storms that rightfully belong to you.

It was another fine issue, and I feel singularly blessed to have received it in a format that makes the already clear photographic reproductions look positively lifesize. The **Noncon** page is distinctive for the fact that practically everyone looks happy. Too often, photos taken at cons and reproduced in fanzines have most of the persons pictured looking as if Sharyn McCrumb were the photographer.

I hope Robert Runte(this typewriter is incapable of supplying accent marks over

vowels)'s essay on hoaxes in fandom will quicken the interest of many readers in fannish traditions and legendry in general. Several of his anecdotes are new to me. Sadly, one of the greatest hoaxsters in fandom's history, Sandy Sanderson, died just last year. He was the creator of Joan Carr, and her personality was so vivid that many fans became terribly worried when Sandy and Joan fell in love and decided to marry: these fans thought she was the wrong woman and Sandy could never be happy with her as his wife.

Harry Andruschak is right when he writes that few fans have chosen horses as pets. I suppose one problem is that the tendency for fans to live in apartments, and the fact that the managers of some apartments dislike horses inside. However, there was one case in which a horse practically changed the course of fandom. Lee Hoffman, at the height of her fame and influence on fandom, got a horse and liked it so much so she practically gafiated for a while.

I don't worry too much about the depletion of old growth in forests as long as new growth is coming along. What does worry me is the petroleum situation. I heard a radio newscast quoting someone's estimate that known petroleum reserves will be used up within 75 years. So a baby born today will have a good chance of living until there is no more raw material for plastics, no more fuel oil to heat homes and businesses, nothing coming out of the pumps in service stations. True, new reserves may be discovered or technological improvements may make it possible to extract more from currently inaccessible deposits. But there's also the danger that eventually the task of producing more petroleum will require more energy than the energy created by the acquisitions. And there's no certainty that something else will turn up to meet the world's energy needs by the end of the 21st century: solar power, water power and wind power won't begin to do the job and we can't be sure nuclear fission will be safe, sure and adequate if it should be worked out in less than a century.

The list of names in your obituary section is sad indeed. Another could be added to it: fandom has just learned that Ella Parker, one of the most active and best-liked fans in England three decades ago, died a while back without any fan learning of her passing until quite some time had passed.

Karl's paean to flashlights reminded me of the almost mystic experience I had with one when I was a boy. My parents acquired a really big one, powered by extra-large batteries. We lived at that time in a house at the peak of a hill that rises up west

of the downtown section of Hagerstown, and from our porch, a panorama of nearby residential blocks and more distant large buildings spread out. One night something impelled me to take the new searchlight onto the back porch, point it upward, and flash it three times in short bursts of light. Incredibly, from somewhere in the distance to the east, I saw three rays of light flash on and off in the heavens. I tried a varied assortment of long and short flashes, two or four at a time, and I got imitations almost at once. What were the odds that someone several blocks away had been looking in my direction, also had a powerful flashlight, and decided to repeat my signals? It wasn't until many years later, after I'd grown up and realized there might be a more sinister explanation for the phenomenon. Maybe some criminal enterprise was afoot and participants had arranged to signal a clear coast or successful completion of a felony in this manner and I'd been mistaken for one of the gang.

I like the length and detail that are included in the book reviews. For one thing, this proves that the reviewer actually read the books instead of scanning a few pages and the blurbs on the jacket.

Have you considered running off a few dozen copies of your front cover, wrapping them around one of the tabloids at a supermarket checkout counter when the clerk isn't looking, and using a stopwatch to determine how long it takes for those copies to sell? Another possibility is to send copies to all those tabloids and start a bidding war for the services of John to do his thing for their front covers.

{{We'd be quite happy to keep all this bad winter weather, but there are two problems: 1) You guys keep stealing the jet stream; and 2) You guys keep establishing hockey teams further and further south. You can't play hockey without the correct icy ambiance, you know. (And some parts of Canada aren't really that cold, either. At the end of February, Victoria had its first snowfall (a whole 3 cm!) since October of 1992!}}

I'm not against logging companies: let's face it, we need wood. And there's no doubt that logging companies are improving how they do their job. But, British Columbia was home to some of the largest temperate rainforests in the world. This isn't the case anymore; there's not very much left and it will take hundreds of years to return to its present state. At some point one has to say "enough is enough, already," and realize there are things more important than the quest for the almighty buck. Besides, all we have to do is look at

South America or the Sahara to see the results of over-logging. And the danger isn't that we will run out of petroleum in 75 years, but that we'll keep using it that long!

I read a book review in a zine many years ago which was nothing more than the blurb off the back cover, verbatim!

I bought a copy of the National Enquirer to use as a guide when doing last issue's cover and, quite frankly, we can't compete.

—J.W.H.}}

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

This is a somewhat late LoC on **UTOH #6**, caused by the usual variety of reasons. Christmas at the Post Office, of course. Helping newer AA members through their first sober holidays, for another. And of course, the completion of **Intermediate Vector Bosons #38**, copies of which have been sent to you.

That has been a production in itself. I had 400 copies printed up, of which 60 went to **APA-L** to keep Lee Gold happy. I have collated another 200 copies, and am in the process of mailing out copies as cash flow permits. Maybe 80 to Canadian and U.S. addresses so far. I have another 30 to overseas fans all stuffed into envelopes and addressed and just needing postage money.

Re: "This Editorial": Yes, since I live in L.A., and my main source of reading is the local libraries, I have noticed the cut in hours, the closing of branches, and the huge decline in the number of new books being bought. Actually, the cost of the Disneyland parking lot has little to do with our financial problems. Welfare, inflated by illegal immigrants, is what has bled the coffers of Los Angeles, and nobody has a realistic idea of what can be done about it without yelling and screaming from any group that is threatened by welfare cuts. The huge job loss from the riots, from the decline of the aerospace industry, and the closing of other plants and industry hasn't helped, either.

Re: "Ode To The Stubby": When I first read that title, I thought it referred to a type of condom. Here in the U.S.A. there used to be, and may still be, sold a short condom that fitted over the head of the penis only, with a band behind the head keeping it on, leaving the foreskin and shaft free of latex covering. The advantage was for feeling and sensation, while still blocking sperm. The disadvantage was that the shaft was not protected from STDs, and you had to be

very careful putting the stubby on so that it didn't slip off inside. I understand that it was very popular for oral sex as well.

But I have not seen any for sale in the last few years, and like the "Sani-Tube," it may no longer be manufactured. For awhile there I was able to trust my vasectomy, but nowadays with Herpes and AIDS around it is back to the long rubber covering.

And it turns out the stubby mentioned is a beer bottle? Letdown.

Not much else to write about now. I will not be attending **Canadian**, since my vacation slot this year is for early August, and I will be on a trip to Scotland. Also short vacations to Scotland in March and October.

{{What's a "cash flow permit" and how did you manage to get your zine to substitute for one?

I hope I didn't imply that welfare/subsidies to large companies such as Disneyland was the only cause of L.A.'s declining libraries. I meant that the politicians there (who close libraries while giving Disneyland wheelbarrows full of money) have spending priorities which frighten me. No doubt illegal immigrants are a contributing factor in bad economic times. That also doesn't seem specific to L.A. Population growth (by immigration or by local growth rates) seems to be contributing to financial problems in nations everywhere. Human population growth also has the annoying trait of destroying more and more natural biobiosphere. In Canada (the least population dense country in the world), an acre of biobiosphere is lost every ten minutes.

I've often proposed the liquid latex method of birth control. You get an erection, dip it in the rubber, then wave it around in the air a while until it dries. This way you know it fits and likely won't fall off. The bad part is there would be no reservoir, so any ejaculated fluid would likely get fired right back inside. There might also be a problem if the rubber coating were applied and dried while the penis is flaccid. Astronauts could try a variation of this for extended EVAs.

Say "Hi" to Scotland for us.

—K.J.}}

{{Thanks for the Christmas card, Harry. That was the funniest one I've seen in a while. Sorry that "Ode To The Stubby" disappointed. I guess it's a good thing it wasn't "Ode To The Long Neck." Or "Ode To The Screw Top." Or "Ode To The Twist Off." Or "Ode To The Wide Mouth." Or "Ode To The Non-refillable." Or "Ode To The Pull-Tab."}}

—J.W.H.}}

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

Hey, Karl, if you think it's kinda nifty sending photons into deep space from your flashlight, just imagine how many photons were released by your cousin's marshmallow.

Much Ado About Kennedy I see. I must be one of the only people on Earth who isn't concerned about the whos, wheres, whys, and hows of Kennedy's assassination. I can see the importance of it for Americans (after all, he was a much-loved president, the one who got them to the moon, and somebody had the gall to shoot him), but as for myself, who was not even born (by about nine years), I am really not that anxious to find out who shot him. I am quit content until 2013 when the FBI/CIA/SOB supposedly releases the files of his death.

Conspiracies in fandom?!?! Surely not! Who said that? What's he trying to do? It's a lie, I tell you! If I ever find out....

{{Kennedy was much-loved? Well, that's debatable. Remember the old adage: the one sure way for a politician to become popular is for him to die in office. The thing about the Kennedy killing is that if the CIA/FBI theory is true then the whole American Democratic/Freedom mythosis is bunko. (And the fact that the American government's consistent belief (and the actions which result from such belief) that the American people are incapable of handling the truth doesn't help matters.) Carried to paranoia ad nauseum, a secret government is in control of the most powerful state on the planet, and has been since 1963. The really troubling thing is that it is not so hard to imagine.

With regards to your DNQ, take your damn pills and you'll stop having your "episodes." And stop reading *Gorde Hunter* while you're at it.

—J.W.H.}}

We Also Heard From: Dave Panchyk (COA: 2617 Argyle St., Regina, SK, S4S 0K2; thanks for the ego-boo).

NEXT ISSUE

Next issue we celebrate the 25th Anniversary of Apollo 11, and humanity's first step to the stars. Send us your comments, your reminiscences, your thoughts on the space program's past and present and your hopes for its future. Join us as **Under The Ozone Hole** celebrates a most remarkable moment in history.

REVIEWS

THE COLUMN WITH NO NAME

Anime for the Layfan

by Brian D. Clarke

Disneyfication With a Small "D"?

((Hi, kids!

Here's an essay I wrote for a course on Children's Literature. John thought you might like it. The topic was: Examine one children's work that has undergone "disneyfication" and analyze the changes. Hope y'all enjoy it....))

I always try to start from the assumption that human beings are foolish. I'm disgusted by the notion that man is the ultimate being, chosen by God.

— Hayao Miyazaki, *Animerica* interview, July 1993.

There is something inherently troubling about the idea of "adapting" a work of literature for a mass audience. It often seems that many of the qualities which made the original a unique work of art in the first place are sacrificed in order to ensure the success of the commercialized version. More ominously, often the artistic intent of the original is completely lost. This phenomenon reaches its most extreme in "Disneyfication," in which a piece of classic children's literature is remade into a highly lucrative animated film. Unfortunately, portions of the original work incompatible with the "Disney image" are discarded. Under this foolproof formula, the original story and characters become so homogenized, filtered, condensed, and warped that the end product has more in common with other Disney films than it does with the original story! This is wonderful from a marketing standpoint, but there is something vile about art being made into wallpaper — and bland, sexist, ethnocentric wallpaper at that. Do things have to be this way? Do animated adaptations *have* to be artistically bankrupt? Can a piece of literature be animated for the mass market and still retain its artistic merit?

To answer those questions, it might be interesting to examine a commercially successful animation which lies quite outside the Disney canon: the film *Nausicaä of*

the Valley of Wind, directed by Hayao Miyazaki. Although largely unknown to English-speaking audiences, Miyazaki is one of Japan's most commercially successful animation directors and has proven singularly successful in producing children's films for the Japanese mass market. What is interesting about this particular example is that the film is Miyazaki's adaptation of his own original work, an epic tale set in a post holocaust future and told in a comic book format. *Nausicaä of the Valley of Wind* began life as a *manga* serial in 1982. Since that time, Miyazaki has continued the story periodically, and to date five volumes (at approximately 140 pages each) have been released in English. (Volume Six will be released in English in the spring of 1994. Volume Seven is rumoured to be the conclusion.) The film (released in 1984) is based on incidents in the first two volumes, and is different in many respects from the original: setting, plot, characters, and style are all altered. Even the theme and outlook of the piece change slightly. However, the resulting film still remains viable as a piece of art. By looking at the changes Miyazaki made for the mass market, we can perhaps see just how much change is necessary for the commercial market, and whether an adaptation can be a commercial success without being "disneyized."

In discussing the differences between the original and the film version, the simplest place to begin is with the setting, which at first glance would seem to be anything but the basis for a commercially successful film. The world is a post-holocaust one: the action takes place some one thousand years after the collapse of modern industrial civilization in a global war known as "The Seven Days of Fire." With the poison and pollution that accompanied the war, most of the earth was left uninhabitable. Most of the planet is now covered by forests of poisonous fungi which exhale a poisonous miasma known as The Sea of Corruption. Furthermore, humanity in Miyazaki's world is clearly a dying race. Political and religious ferment is every-

where. Fewer children are born every year, and civilization has been reduced to a collection of kingdoms on the edge of the ever expanding forests. One of the Periphery States is the Valley of Wind, a kingdom of "barely five hundred subjects." The heir to the leadership of the Valley is a young princess named Nausicaä (pronounced "Now-see-kah"), a young woman with a mysterious ability to communicate empathically with animals, people, and even the giant mutated insects that inhabit the fungal forests. As the story begins, war has broken out between the two largest surviving states: the Empire of Torumekia and the Dorok Principalities. Nausicaä is called upon to lead her people into war as the Valley of Wind — along with all the other small independent states — is drawn into the conflict.

This elaborate and somewhat depressing setting is largely unchanged in the film, although it is simplified somewhat: several of the more elaborate disturbing elements are removed or downplayed. Much less emphasis is placed on the ancient holocaust and the fact that humanity is dying, for example. As well, Miyazaki's elaborate political and religious backgrounds are almost entirely eliminated. The Torumekian war with the Doroks is gone, as are the Doroks themselves. Of the remaining kingdoms in the original *Nausicaä*, only three kingdoms are mentioned in the film: Torumekia, the Valley of Wind, and Pejitei, a small autonomous state near the Valley. The existence of other kingdoms is implied, but the idea that these few kingdoms is all that remains of humanity is mentioned only in passing. While some of these changes serve to make the film accessible to a broad audience, they have a definite effect on the flavour of the piece. The world of *Nausicaä* is made a smaller and safer place: more easily defined and more easily understood, but much less bleak.

As with the setting, the driving force behind the changes to the plot seems to have been simplification: changes are clearly made so that the story can be resolved in just under two hours. Most of the story's subtleties and complications end up being eliminated simply in order to provide the film with a sense of definite closure. In the original story, a small raiding party from Torumekia, led by Kushana, a princess of the realm, enters the Valley of Wind in search of a device that controls an ancient weapon recently uncovered in Pejitei. The

Torumeckians, having captured and razed Pejitei, intend to use the weapon — an artificial weapon called a God-Warrior — against the Doroks. When Nausicaä confronts the invaders, Kushana withdraws, knowing that the device is in the Valley, and realizing that its discovery would only serve to undermine her position at home. Kushana returns to the front, and calls on the various Periphery States to fulfil their treaty obligations by supplying troops to the Torumeckian forces. The Periphery States do so, and Nausicaä leads the Valley's forces to war.

This episode is the basis for the plot of the film, which is much more direct and clear-cut. In the film, Kushana is the Queen of the Torumeckians, instead of operating under orders from her father the emperor. The questionable legality of the original Torumeckian incursion (they were pursuing "stolen" property) is set aside. Instead, in order to attain the device, Torumekia invades the Valley outright. The Torumeckian invasion of the Valley is distinctly brutal; the king of the Valley is slain (while he is very ill, he dies of natural causes much later in the original), the Valley is looted, and Nausicaä and her people are forced to join the Torumeckians. While Kushana's invasion is again a preparation for facing a greater enemy, Torumekia's enemy is not the Doroks: Kushana's intent is to use the God-Warrior to destroy the Sea of Corruption. Before she can do so, the Valley's inhabitants rise in revolt. Meanwhile, the survivors of Pejitei launch a counter-attack by inciting the Sea's giant insects to stampede and overrun the Valley, with the intent of destroying the Torumeckians in the process. In the end, Kushana's technology fails, and Nausicaä saves the Valley from certain destruction by calming the insects and making peace among the combatants. The entire plot is thus easily resolved, but the overall effect of all these changes is to eliminate the moral ambiguity of the earlier version. In particular, it makes the Torumeckians into obvious and unsympathetic villains, which is a radical departure from the original story.

Speaking of villains, the characters of the story are also redrawn in black and white moral hues. The biggest changes are to the character of Kushana, although Nausicaä is also altered. In the original story, Kushana is a complex and subtle character, the only member of the Torumeckian royal family not irretrievably insane or utterly corrupt. She is portrayed as a jumble of contradictions, a thoughtful, honourable commander who recognizes that war is madness and yet continues fighting, trapped in a no-win situation by the machi-

nations of her brothers. She is as arrogant as she is a realist, as loyal to her followers as she is deadly to her enemies. She is a survivor, a cynic, and most of all, appealingly human. Unfortunately, almost all of this is lost in the film where Kushana is shown as a ruthless, arrogant conqueror obsessed with the idea of destroying the Sea of Corruption. Her change in outlook is matched by a physical change: in the animated version, Kushana has lost an arm to a fungal infection, and instead wears an artificial, armoured limb. While this does explain her hatred of the forest, it makes her appear much less sympathetic. By contrast, while Kushana is made more inhuman, pains are taken to make Nausicaä seem ordinary. In the original, Nausicaä obviously possesses vast mystical powers, and an ability to communicate that is clearly psychic. She is a natural leader and warrior, but her "fearsome potential" is kept in check by her innate pacifism and love of all living things. She is shown as the visionary leader that humanity desperately needs, as well as the answer to ancient Dorok and pagan prophecies predicting the rise of a great king. These are all downplayed or eliminated in the film. Nausicaä is shown as an ordinary girl (albeit a fearless and heroic one), who happens to fulfil an ancient prophecy by saving the Valley. As with the changes to the plot, the changes in both characters are obviously intended to remove any doubts the audience might have about where their sympathies should lie.

As with these other elements, Miyazaki's overall style of storytelling, both visually and in his writing, undergoes profound changes. While some of these were necessary to adapt the story to animation, some choices seem to have been made in order to homogenize and sanitize the story. In the original manga, Miyazaki's drawing style is a unique blend of Japanese and European influences, highly reminiscent of the French artist, Moebius. His style is highly detailed, using black and white line drawings with soft edges and very simple shading. His only colour work is for posters and covers, and is done in rich water-colours. The overall effect is subtle and highly evocative, and serves well to portray a world that is by turns incredibly beautiful and incredibly ugly. As comic writer Gerard Jones describes it:

In nearly every sense Miyazaki sustains a tension between grisly hardship and human gentleness. The [final chapter of volume three] is a marvel of such counterpoint. Nausicaä sucks the poisoned blood from a wounded man's mouth in order to save his life: it is a master

of matter-of-fact ugliness such as only a Japanese cartoonist could master, yet it's suffused with the quiet nobility of Nausicaä's act.

This ugliness is what is missing in the film: Miyazaki plays it safe. Some changes were unavoidable: the film's use of colour (which is never as bright as Miyazaki's original water-colours) instead of the original black and white and the simplification of character designs to facilitate animation, for example. But these changes aren't balanced: *everything* looks beautiful. In fact, it sometimes looks like a Disney film. The grittiness and ugliness that made the original so powerful is almost entirely missing. The violence is strangely sanitized, too. Miyazaki is by no means a gore-monger even ordinarily, but in the film his art is both literally and figuratively bloodless.

All of the above changes combine to alter the outlook of Nausicaä of the Valley of Wind: the film is much more optimistic and hopeful than the manga. Problems are simple ones and they are easily resolved. Clearly, all of this is done not only to adapt the story to the animated medium, but to help appeal to a mass audience, which the film undeniably does. Despite this commercial appeal, the film retains much of the artistic appeal of the manga. The main reason it does so is because Miyazaki remains true to his themes, although, in the interests of appealing to a mass audience, his emphasis shifts slightly. There are two main themes running through Nausicaä: a profoundly positive one about the environment and the need for all creatures to live in harmony, and a powerfully negative one about the insanely greedy and self-destructive nature of humanity. While both themes are present in the film, it is the first, safer current which Miyazaki chooses to emphasize. By changing the plot so that the film's conflict is one of humans versus nature rather than people versus people, Miyazaki is able to make his point clearly. This is also brought across in the ending. In both the manga and the film, Nausicaä discovers that the fungal forest is in fact neutralizing the pollutants and toxins in the soil and atmosphere. The message is clear: the Earth can in fact heal the damage humanity has done to it, if humanity is wise enough to leave nature alone. At the centre of the Sea of Corruption, the air is clean and plants can grow. In the film, Nausicaä brings the message back to the warring sides, and this allows for a happy ending. The message for the audience is powerful and compelling, although not preachy or heavy-handed, despite what it may sound like. However, by delivering it in an upbeat manner (in effect,

sugar-coating the pill), Miyazaki not only makes the message palatable but helps to ensure the film's commercial success. (In fairness, Miyazaki has not yet ended the original series, and he will doubtless make that a happy ending, too. [He has a weakness for them.] Interestingly enough, the tone of the manga series became noticeably grimmer after the release of the film. Hmmmmmm.)

So, in spite of all the artistic compromises Miyazaki makes with his story in order to make it a commercial success, the story is still a powerful one, and it still retains much of its impact. True, Miyazaki does reinvent the epic future history, sim-

plifying and conventionalizing it, and he tends to play it safe artistically and accent the positive side of things, but the film version of *Nausicaä of the Valley of Wind* does stand on its own merits. While perhaps not as powerful as the original, it remains true to the spirit, if not the letter, of Miyazaki's story. Of course, Miyazaki has more respect for his characters than most directors would, but the point still holds: artistic merit doesn't have to be sacrificed for commercial success — not entirely, anyway. It is possible to create a commercially successful animated film that still retains the character of the original story. This is what audiences should demand in

animated films: something which is true to the intentions of the author, not merely another disneyfied carbon-copy. Audiences probably won't, of course — Miyazaki's opinion of humanity is, if anything, too generous.

{{Brian D. Clarke is a freelance scholar affiliated with the University of Victoria. He is currently working on his second book, an explosive exposé of years of collusion by the Canadian and Cuban governments to conceal evidence that the second gunman in the Kennedy assassination was, in fact, John Diefenbaker.}}

ZINE REVIEWS

Atavachron Vol. 8 #'s 3 & 4

Edited by David Grodon-MacDonald
Published quarterly by the U.S.S.
Resolution
P.O. Box 5305, Station B
Victoria, BC, V8R 6S4
Available for The Usual (?)

Another jam-packed double-sized (and double sided, for that matter) ish chock full o' Trekkie Treats. David's swan-song as editor, this ish checks in at 112 pages and may be the reason MacBlo wants to log the Clayoquot. But seriously, folks, this has plenty of Trek news, stories, reviews, and wonderful Jeffrey Taylor cartoons. Plus, a script for a TNG-Blackadder cross-over (Just what sort of trouble can Ensign Baldrick get into? Don't ask). Great fun. Tally ho!

—J.W.H.

BCSFazine #249

P.O. Box 48478
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A2

The editorial and an ad on the back cover mention an upcoming event, "The Science Of Murder," described as "a one day convention for fans of Science Fiction and Murder Mystery." Also in the editorial (and later in an article) is a mention of The Big Bang Burger Bar, a computer bulletin board (or one of those other computer terms which means roughly the same thing) which has 67 members.

There is a review of *Jurassic Park*, by Clint Budd and Donna McMahon (they didn't like it). Alexander V. Vasilkovsky and Michael Kasandi have an interesting article about science fiction magazines of

the former USSR. S. Grant Hescoc interviews author Nigel Findley. Mr. Science's social secretary, Al Betz, writes about the methods of hologram production by the company known as Holocrafts. In "Weirds Did It" we see part seven of the editor's in-depth history of BCSFA.

The scariest part of this issue is an article by Jeff A. Heyens. He says there is talk that the CRTC plans to require licencing for all computer bulletin boards, networks and the like.

—K.J.

Burnaby Writer's Society Newsletter, March 1994

6584 Deer Lake Ave.

Burnaby, BC
V5G 2J3

Membership/Subscriptions \$20.00 (\$10.00 Sr/stu/unwaged)

This newsletter contains news of which members published what in what source. As well, notice of upcoming society events, such as readings or workshops, is listed. Writers might find this newsletter well worth receiving as every issue contains an extensive listing of writing markets. Included with this issue is a flyer advertizing a writing contest for BC residents. Stories with a family theme up to 2,000 words should be sent to the above adress in contest format by May 1st, 1994.

—K.J.

Chernobylization #6

Published, when the economy allows, by Zoryany Shlyah SF Club

Edited by Alexander V. Vasilkovsky and

Boris Sidyuk

poste retante, General P.O.

25001 Kiev - 1, Ukraine

Available in trade for good quality SF books.

This issue contains some reports of what it's like for an SF fan to be living in Kiev. There is an article about Ukrainian SF magazines, several book and author reviews, analysis of some fanzines, and some con reviews. All interesting stuff, made more so by much of it being info not found elsewhere.

— K.J.

Contract Vol 5 #3

John Mansfield

321 Portage Ave.

Winnipeg, MB

R3B 2B9

Available for The Usual, (6/\$7.00) or free to Canadian concons.

While primarily devoted to listing Canadian conventions, this zine also publishes con reviews as well as organizational advice.

— K.J.

Don't You Write #2 (Perzine of Thomas W. Phinney II & Veronica J. Antal)

Box 46, RR #1

Regina, SK

S4P 2Z1

This is one of those "what's going on in our lives zines." Stories of Tom's journalism schooling and Veronica's nursing schooling (actually I didn't know you had to be taught nursing, I just figured you put the baby near the nipple & let them figure it out) give some insite into the lives of these two interesting people. Tom mentions that centaur is his font of the month. (My favorite font is vagabond. Most of the lettering I do is with a signmaker where you cut the

letters out of sheets of stickers. Vagabond has no sharp corners so it's the easiest font for weeding away the background sticker.) Reviews of books, movies, music & software and a recipe for tea scones are other features.

—K.J.

The Frozen Frog

1016 Guillaume-Boiset

Cap-Rouge, PQ

G1Y 1Y9

\$1.00 / copy or The Usual

Canadian news & reviews from the north. Personal stories add a friendly feel to the zine. Numerous LoCs and pieces of frog art help make this a fun read.

—K.J.

Have I Moved Yet? Again.

Robert Runté

#53 Mohawk Rd. West

Lethbridge, AB

T1K 5J5

Not satisfied to send out simple change of address forms, Robert Runté has produced an 18 pager. Included are not only in-depth descriptions and stories of his new residence, but also "top five advantages and disadvantages of my new house," pictures, schematic diagrams, and computerized furniture layouts as well as an accurate tree count.

Other aspects of this perzine, such as stories of Robert's university experiences (including his famous/infamous thesis) and the details of his real estate negotiations, should lead to this being labelled "for friends of Robert only." Don't believe it. This stuff is worth reading whether you've met the man or not. I can't wait 'till he moves again.

—K.J.

The Journal of Canadian Content in Speculative Literature Vol 1 #2

112 Monterey Dr.

Nepean, ON

K2H 7A8

\$20.00 / year (4 issues)

This issue, edited by James M. Botte, contains a wide variety of material from a good assortment of contributors. There is a listing of *Cancon*, The Third Annual Conference On Canadian Content In Speculative Literature (see con listings). Fiction in this issue includes "The Girl Who Was Not" by Bertrand Debiens, "Career Transition" by Sharon Turner, "A Dishonest Device" by Christina Morgan and "Looking For America" by Nikki Cioppa who also has a poem, "Vampyre." There is a transcript of an interview with William Gibson by Marisa Golini from Usenet. The bulk of this issue is made up of opinions, reviews and news. Requests are made by the editor for submissions of short fiction, articles, reviews, news and art. I haven't had a chance to check the zine out in depth, but it seems like a good second issue and something to watch for.

—K.J.

OSFS Statement #200

Ottawa Science Fiction Society

251 Nepean St

Ottawa, ON

K2P 0B7

\$18.00/year or The Usual.

The venerable *OSFS Statement* reaches #200. Although this issue gave scant attention to its anniversary, it's still another information-packed zine. A *Confrancisco* review, Robert J. Sawyer's *Random Musings*, letters, news, Joe Casey's zine reviews, and Robert Runté's *Guide to Fandom*. (Hey, that looks familiar! ☺) Go for another 200, okay?

—J.W.H.

Thyme #95 (The Australian SF News Magazine)

PO Box 222

World Trade Centre

Melbourne, Victoria

3005 Australia

Available for A\$12.00/year (5-6) issues, or The Usual

The cover of this issue features a very pulpish character in a space suit planting the flag of Earth on some alien world while the planet's inhabitants are raspberrying the human, who hasn't noticed them. This zine covers general SF news focusing on but not limited to Australia. Stories of Australian clubs and cons are interesting, I keep getting suprised when I see references to "Victoria." It usually takes a second for me to remember that they don't mean the Canadian city. Con reports in this issue also include *Daicon 6* in Japan and the *1993 Worldcon*. LoCs from people all over are a regular *Thyme* feature.

—K.J.

ZX #4

Published and Edited by Andrew Murdoch
2583 Heron Street

Victoria, BC

V8R 5Z9

Bimonthly; Available for \$2 per issue or The Usual

In this issue, Andrew deals with the election, white supremacists, violence in the U.S., the failure of the *Mars Observer*, starving children and terrorism — all on the first page! Following this up with zine reviews, LoCs, a couple of articles and a declaration of war, Andrew has another winner here.

—J.W.H.

LASER DISC CORNER

by John Willcox Herbert

STAR WARS TRILOGY

THE DEFINITIVE COLLECTION

Star Wars

produced by Gary Kurtz

written and directed by George Lucas

The Empire Strikes Back

executive producer - George Lucas

produced by Gary Kurtz

story by George Lucas, screenplay by

Leigh Brackett and Lawrence Kasdan

directed by Irvin Kershner

Return of the Jedi

executive producer - George Lucas

produced by Howard Kazanjian

story by George Lucas, screenplay by

George Lucas and Lawrence Kasdan

directed by Richard Marquand

Something every sf fan who just won the lottery or feels like mortgaging his home might want to get is the new Laser Disc set,

Star Wars Trilogy - The Definitive Collection.

If nothing else, you can always use it to work out instead of a dumbbell. The whole thing weighs in at a whopping 6 kg! Each film is presented on five sides in full CAV format (utilizing the THX transfer system) and a sixth side presents behind the scenes stuff. The set comes in a snazzy case with a copy of the hardcover book *George Lucas: The Creative Impulse* by Charles Champlain.

There's no question that the films look and sound superb. When I first played *Star Wars* (with the sound cranked through my stereo, of course), it was like I was back at the Towne Cinema in 1977 and my 14

year-old jaw was dropping through my popcorn to the floor — Wow! Lookit That! Cool!! From the golly-gee-whiz-bang of Star Wars, through the darker machinations of The Empire Strikes Back and to the climactic conclusion of Return of the Jedi, finally these films are presented in a format they deserve. (If only they cut out the Ewoks. Ah, well....)

Some aspects of the supplementary material are a let-down. Most of the trailers are, frankly, bad. Some are terribly cheesy and corny (particularly the Star Wars trailers)

but most appear to be rough cuts, either not cleaned up or still with a temporary narration (supplied by Harrison Ford in one case). It's hard to believe that better versions don't exist anywhere. The interviews with George Lucas, sound wizard Ben Burtt and visual effects magician Dennis Muren are mildly entertaining, but the rest of the supplemental package is fairly lackluster and not well thought out. In fact, some stills are presented upside down, and a split-screen designed to compare a special-effects sequence with the storyboards is ham-

pered by the fact that the storyboards are not enlarged and thus too small to see. No attempt is made to put Star Wars et al. in any context and no scripts are offered. (One can understand that Lucas would want to hold on to any background material, since it seems that new Star Wars films will be in production any year now. But why no scripts of films made over ten years ago?) When you're eating dogfood for six months to pay for this, one would hope for a little more. Or maybe I just got spoiled by the voluminous

WILLIE'S WORLD

reviews 'n' stuff by Willie Rimshot

supplement included with The Abyss.

Okay, now I've said some bad things in the past about Star Trek: The Next Generation but I just want everyone to know that I really do love TNG. Really. They've done some great stuff. "Loud as a Whisper", "Tapestry", "The Inner Light", "First Contact", "Best of Both Worlds", "Q Who" — all five star episodes, the best, the top of the heap. Then there's the others, the *creme de la crap*, the cow flop, the llama piddle, the heaps of dung, the wastes of videotape, the one's that leave you slack-jawed and opened mouthed with the realization that someone thought this was worth spending \$1.5 million on: "The Royale", "Manhunt", "Menage à Troi", and my personal least favorite and nominee as The Episode I'd Most Rather Perferate My Lower Intestine With a Rusty Garden Utensil Than Watch: "The Icarus Factor." Joining this category of calamity, this section of stupifying celluloid, this lamentable list of abject and absolute failure is "Suspicious", easily the low point of season six.

The plot? Who cares. A Ferengi scientist (the only decent idea in the whole show — some great bits here) is murdered after an experiment aboard a shuttlecraft goes wrong and the green alien who volunteered to perform the experiment is killed. Crusher suspects the Ferengi may have been murdered, and wants to do an autopsy, but the family doesn't want one (some Ferengi death ritual or something). Crusher, meanwhile, performs an autopsy on the green alien, discovers nothing, and decides to perform an autopsy on the Ferengi anyway. She discovers nothing again, but gets found out, and is about to be shipped off for a court-martial when she takes a shuttlecraft

out to perform the experiment again. Well, low and behold, the green alien is actually alive and has snuck aboard the shuttlecraft. He's the killer (insert dramatic organ music here)!

Okay, the big thing here is the autopsy business. First, 24th century autopsies do not consist of carving the body up and weighing the organs on a scale! We have constantly seen that scanning technology in the TNG era is capable of the most amazing things, therefore I would imagine that all readings could be taken without any disfiguration to the body. Therefore, any objections to an autopsy by the Ferengi would seem to be a moot point, since an autopsy would consist of merely scanning the body. I'm sure Bev could've "accidentally" turned on a scanner near the body is she was that curious. We also see the green alien's body in the morgue after his autopsy, and he shows no physical sign that an autopsy was done. If in fact autopsies are done much the way they are now (carving the body up and weighing the organs on a scale), then they've really blown it here because Bev sees the green alien's body after the autopsy and presumably she should have noticed all the incisions had disappeared. They can't have it both ways. But wait, there's more.

So Crusher decides to try this experiment and borrows a shuttle. Are there no obstructions to stop people from borrowing shuttles on this ship? Anyway, the green alien sneaks aboard and attacks Crusher. Picard orders the shuttle brought back via remote control. (It doesn't work, but at least he thought of it. Why he didn't think of it when the green guy was supposedly out dying in the shuttle in the first place re-

mains a mystery.) What they will have us believe is that the green guy (who was able to fake his own death because of his weird alien physiology) lying on a slab in the morgue, got up, walked through the ship, got into a shuttle bay, and got into a shuttle. The computer, which supposed monitors everyone on ship did not notice a body walk out of the morgue and all the way into a shuttlecraft. And where was security? Can any old supposedly dead green alien just waltz on down to the shuttlebay and climb aboard?

This episode was crap.

Which leads me to seaQuest DSV (aka Voyage to the Bottom of the Ratings). Now, for some bizarre reason I kinda like seaQuest, despite the fact that for the most part it, too, is crap. It has had some engaging episodes, but it has also had episodes and moments that are past left forgotten. For instance, there was a recent episode whose plot is mercifully forgotten that had a great hamburger subplot. Beef has been outlawed in the future, and one character laments this over a tofu patty during breakfast. "Don't feel so bad," says another, "try the egg product!" But for every great bit, there's a moment of pure idiotic nonsense. Just like the Vancouver Canucks, seaQuest keeps snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. So why do I keep watching? Well, the computer-generated effects are nice, particularly the Hyper-Relativity Probe. And the cast, often hampered with delivering a barrage of banal verbiage, stands up under the assault very well, particularly star Roy Schieder who, like Patrick Stewart of TNG, can act rings around most of his support. (I could do without the robot dolphin, though.)

Opposite seaQuest DSV on Sunday nights is Lois & Clark, a new Superman show which focouses more on the Clark/Lois/Superman triangle than on super-deeds. Like seaQuest, Lois & Clark has been a 'hit and miss' affair, but with more hits than misses. The super effects are cheap subtle, and there isn't a lot of them to distract from the story. Good fun.

Ya know, I was all set to hate *TekWar*, the recent tv-movie adaptation of *Ren Goulart's* William Shatner's novel. But I was pleasantly surprised. Jake Cardigan (played very nicely by Greg Evigan) is a cop imprisoned for a crime he didn't commit. In the course of framing him, the bad guys also got him addicted to Tek, a sort of virtual reality drug (see: *Red Dwarf*, "*Better Than Life*"). He is unexpectedly released (thawed out, actually) from prison to work for Bascom, an information merchant (surprisingly well-played by Shatner in a cameo) who reunites Cardigan with his ex-partner to find a missing scientist and his daughter, and in the course of events, Jake finds an android replica of the daughter, which further propels his search because the android reveals that the real daughter knows who framed him.

There's not a lot original here: *TekWar* is not going boldly where no one has gone before; in fact it treads timidly where William Gibson and T.J. Hooker have already been. But the script was tight, and Shatner's direction was solid, if pedestrian. (Whatever problems beset Shatner's last directorial outing, *Star Trek V: The Final Frontier*, Shatner's direction was not one of them. It was not bad for a first-time

motion picture director. But Shatner's script and Shatner's acting on the other hand....) The cast was pretty good, too, especially Evigan. Unfortunately, the scientist's daughter acted like a robot even when she was supposed to be human, and Barry Morse is wasted with only 30 seconds of screen time as the scientist. There were also some great special effects, but I could have done without the robot hockey player/assassin. Okay, so this wasn't the Second Coming. But it was two hours of solid, if mindless, fun.

Babylon 5 has returned as a weekly show much revised. Some major casting shuffling has amended many of the acting problems last year's two-hour movie had, and lead Michael O'Hare no longer seems stiff and uncomfortable, seems to settling in and improving, graduating from bark mulch to crab grass. The more I watch this show, the more I like it. This show does something that neither *Star Trek: The Next Generation* or *Star Trek: Deep Space Clone* has done in quite a while: *surprised* me. And they've managed to so on a regular basis. All ready in only eight episodes, we've seen major character development and revelations. There's always a story behind the story and tantalizing hints are continually being dropped along the way. The plots so

far have been interesting and entertaining, but dialogue needs work here as it alternates from sappy and witty to vapid and stupifying. The much-ballyhooed computer-generated effects won an Emmy last year and will undoubtedly win again this year. They are stunning, and light-years ahead of anything else around today. If it accomplishes nothing else, *Babylon 5* is sounding the death-knell of standard model effects. (I'll make a fearless prediction: when Lucas makes the next *Star Wars* movies for 1996, all the effects will be computer-generated.)

Lest we forget the surprise cult-hit of the year, *The X Files*. This cross between *The Night Stalker* and *Unsolved Mysteries* is about two FBI agents who are assigned all the weird, unsolvable cases known as X files. They've dealt with bizarre killers, mind transfers, deadly intelligent computers, an alien-infected astronaut who is sabotaging the space program, government paranoia and subterfuge, and tracked UFOs, pyrokenetics, clones and extraterrestrial Amish. Entertaining, and spooky, *The X Files* hasn't got great numbers, but is consistently winning its Friday night slot and will be back next year. Right on, says I.

BOOKS, MOVIES, TV (AND OTHER STUFF) REVIEWS

Arthur C. Clarke: The Authorized Biography
by Neil McAleer
Contemporary Books; \$12.95 U.S.

Arthur C. Clarke's place in history, both in the science fiction world and the "real" world is assured. Renowned as the author of *2001: A Space Odyssey* and the father of the communications satellite, it was only a matter of time until his biography appeared.

There are many humorous anecdotes in the book, from outtakes from the Clarke-Asimov "feud" (after reading a report of a plane crash in which a passenger is described as reading a Clarke book moments before the accident, Clarke mailed the news item to Asimov, adding a note to the effect that if the passenger had been reading an Asimov book, he would have been asleep at the moment of impact. Asimov replied that it was a good thing it had been a Clarke novel — death would be a release from the tedium), to the first time he met Ted Turner ("Hello, Ted. I think you owe me ten percent of your income.") Indeed, the book

comprehensively covers his life from boyhood to his seemingly annual pronouncements of retirement. What is missing is any real sense of Clarke himself. One gets only the sense that he is a private man who tells puns and thinks about the future a lot. For instance, little attention is paid to his romantic life. His fleeting marriage is briefly mentioned and presumably only because it's on the public record. Also missing is any critical treatment of his body of work. While quotes from reviews are offered up, little attempt is made to analyze his work, or place it in the greater context of sf as a whole, save for sweeping generalities.

To be fair, this book is not a puffball piece. It is exhaustively researched, and Clarke has had many adventures which make good reading. If you've ever wanted to know what Clarke was doing on a particular day, this is the place to look (April 22, 1964: met Stanley Kubrick for lunch at Trader Vic's).

It's a good book; it could have been better.

—J.W.H.

Bladerunner: The Director's Cut

No one could translate paranoia to the page like Philip K. Dick. His stories were as layered with meanings and possible interpretations as a Bergman film, yet the narrative was aggressively straightforward. By weaving elaborate multiple realities together into variable tapestries, he had the frightening ability to make sane readers think schizophrenically. The power of his stories not only depends on their complexities, it consists of them.

Ridley Scott's *Bladerunner* eloquently captured the spirit of Phil Dick. But you might not know it from the edition which was first released in the theatres — the version most people think of as *Bladerunner*.

When the studio first saw the movie, they insisted on some changes being made before they would release it.

A few years ago, Ridley Scott released *Bladerunner: The Director's Cut*.

Film reviewer Jay Scott said in his column that the differences between the old film and the new were very minor and that he didn't see what the fuss was about. If there is such a thing as a great movie reviewer, it was probably Jay Scott. But the night he saw the director's cut of *Bladerunner* he must have had other things on his mind, because the differences are profound. The studio's version of

Bladerunner is merely a good film, while Ridley Scott's is a great one. And the sad part is that many people will never appreciate how good it is.

Most people who saw *Bladerunner* when it first hit the theatres are handicapped by their preconceptions. You already know what the movie's about, don't you? Fully appreciating the director's cut requires you to forget the original narrative completely and pretend you are seeing the film for the first time.

From the opening frames, the director's cut seems bigger and more majestic than the studio version. This is largely due to the music, which was once all but buried under Harrison Ford's narration. In Ridley Scott's version, the soundtrack is at the front and centre of your consciousness and is as spellbinding as the visuals throughout the film.

When the studio decision-makers first saw the film, they apparently assumed that the average viewer wasn't intelligent enough to follow the storyline. They insisted on the addition of a narrative overlay, to explain what's going on. Harrison Ford objected loudly and vehemently to the studio's request that he voice the overdub. Justifiably so; his voice is the weakest part of the actor who is Harrison Ford. By divorcing his voice from his strong visual presence, Ford allowed himself to be cast in the worst possible light. He didn't do a bad job, considering that the mere existence of the voiceover is as ill-advised and unnecessary as a moustache on the Mona Lisa. You could paint the best moustache that has ever been committed to canvas and it would still be vandalism. The voiceover told which details to pay attention to, thus prompting the viewer to ignore the phenomenal depth of the science-fictional world Scott brought to life.

Once again, all you can do is try to pretend you don't know everything that's going to happen. You have to figure out for yourself which details are important and which aren't.

All the clues to what is actually going on are back in place. Like the unicorn dream. The actual scene lasted less than a minute; the difference it makes to the film is immeasurable. In the director's cut, Deckard dreamed of a unicorn. And the scene at the end of the movie with a tiny origami unicorn suddenly takes on a new significance. How important could this single image possibly be, you may ask. Consider the title of Dick's original book: *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep*. This image is absolutely central to the meaning of the entire film. And it was cut by the studio. It makes a person wonder what

studio executives dream of, or whether they have any living brain cells whatsoever.

The other major change was the ending. Many (perhaps even most) people who saw the original release asked themselves at least once, "If everything outside the city was wooded paradise, why did so many people live in the city? And why were people fighting so hard to get away from Earth?"

The answer to your question is that someone at the studio thought the film was too depressing. They also insisted on the addition of a Cinderella ending.

Ridley Scott went on record as strongly disagreeing with all the changes being made to his film. But he wasn't as powerful a director in those days, so the changes went ahead despite his protests.

If you haven't seen the director's cut, see it. You may not agree that it's a cinematic masterpiece, but hopefully you'll notice that it works much better without the moustache.

— Dale Sproule

Glory Season

by David Brin

Bantam Spectra: \$27.95

Maia is an individual in a world where variety is not prized. Most people are natural clones of their mothers, winter-conceived, as the founding colonists of Stratos had planned. The few men and variant women, natural conceived in summer, are second-class citizens, not valued because they are atypical, with no proven niche for their work.

Maia and Leie, her twin, leave their clone family's home in adolescence and go out to make their way in the world. They have something to rely on which few "vars" (variant women) have: each other. As a child, Leie said: "We had the same father. We'll go on the same boat, someday. We'll sail, an' see a whale, an' ride its tail. That's what summer kids do when they grow up."

The hard work that lies ahead for them on men's boats and doing rough labour in port cities does not stop them from their journey. When they must separate, and when a storm takes Leie's ship, Maia has to learn how to go on, alone. *It had been comforting knowing another person in this sea of strangers was an ally*, she realises.

She is not the only lonely traveller. The newscasts speak of another, come from far off-world. There is worry about invaders and heresy, but the traveller is quiet-spoken and alone. He has also come during the mid-summer auroras, when "rutting men" are at their most lustful and cannot be trusted to keep sober company. As the seasons turn on

Stratos, the season of glory frost and women's desires will come, changing everyone's needs and motivation. Who can be trusted now?

Maia sees more of her world, Stratos, than she had ever hoped and learns more about the people, men and vars and clones, than perhaps she wished. No one is to be trusted or suspected at the first meeting; it takes much experience before Maia learns what she must expect from herself, let alone others.

"What you see around you is the result of deliberate planning," the traveller tells Maia. "*Lysos and Founders carefully considered costs and alternatives. As the products of a scientific era, they were determined to prevent another happening here.... Lysos grew convinced that stable societies are happier ones. Deep down, most humans prefer living out their lives surrounded by comfortable certainties, guided by warm myths and metaphors, knowing that they'll understand their children, and their children will understand them.*"

Some of the clone families David Brin writes about love their variant sons and daughters dearly, though most prize their clone daughters and maintain ties with men's sailing guilds so their var children may be sent away to make their own way in the world. In *Glory Season*, Brin is not writing about men and women as we know them, with our year-round lusts and our gender expectations. Nor is he writing pro or anti-feminist rhetoric. What would change in people if natural cloning were possible? Brin asked himself, and this book is one answer.

He also explores the difference between a scientific age and a pastoral age for people who live during these era, particularly where the lives of multitudes are concerned. But Maia is an individual with her own life and ideas, in spite of being born both a twin and a lowly var without status.

— Paula Johanson

On Spec: The Canadian Magazine of Speculative Writing

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Edmonton AB

T6E 9Z9

This issue comes to us with short fiction by Derryl Murphy, Catherine MacLeod, T. Robert Szekely, Robert Boyczuk, Ivan Dorin, Luke O'Grady, M.A.C. Farrant and A.R. King. As well there is an excerpt from Dave Duncan's novel "Westward Look" and a poem by Wesley Herbert. I haven't had time to read

the fiction yet for reviews. Art this issue is provided by Jim Beveridge, Robert Boerboom, Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk, Anna-Marie Ferguson, Tim Hammell, Ron Holmes, Mike Jackson, Peter MacDougall and Kenneth Scott. A spectacular piece of cover art by Robert Pasternak graces the cover underneath the zine's new logo.

The August 1995 issue of *On Spec* is listed as being a "Horror and Dark Fantasy" theme issue.

By all reports the 1993 *On Spec* Halloween party was a major success. Future release parties include one at the *Worldcon* in Winnipeg. You've read the zine, now go to the party.

— K.J.

Rethinking 'Pattern' in History and Evolution

A Lecture by Dr. Stephen J. Gould

When I discovered that the Institute for Science, Engineering and Public Policy, were hosting a lecture by Dr. Gould in Vancouver I rushed to the phone to see if he was speaking in Victoria as well. He wasn't, so Stephanie & I made the trek to the Orphium theater in Vancouver.

One would think that an institute for Science and Engineering could come up with at least one person who knows how to set up sound equipment. The abysmal sound quality of the lecture indicated otherwise. However, while it was hard to hear, what Dr. Gould had to say was very interesting.

The first part of the lecture involved exposing popular misconceptions about biological evolution. The most prevalent misconception, according to the good doctor, is that evolution is directed towards "higher" life forms, and that humans are "at the top of the evolutionary scale". The notion that evolution has been striving to produce bipedal intelligent life form is often implied, if not stated outright, in popular literature and all too many supposed science publications.

The other misconception mentioned was the general implication that once chordate lifeforms evolved, invertebrates stopped evolving (or at least became uninteresting in the presence of "higher" life forms). Once animals emerged on land, sea creatures stopped evolving, and on and on. Octopuses have spent as much time evolving as have primates, of course. Human centric viewpoints though, can easily decide that primates are "higher" than octopuses. Dr. Gould pointed out that much of our notions of "higher" life forms comes from life diagrams, usually trees, which have animals listed in disproportionate order with mammals/primates/humans at the

top.

The second part of the lecture dealt with discoveries at the Burgess Shale in Yoho National Park in B.C. Very briefly, fossils in the shale indicate that during the Cambrian era several different phylum distinct life types evolved in what is now known as the Cambrian explosion. All but five of these phyla became extinct near the end of the Cambrian era. The five surviving phyla have since evolved into the variety of multicellular life we see around us. Rather than continue to paraphrase an idea which is too complex to fit in a single paragraph I will instead recommend Dr. Gould's book *Wonderful Life: The Burgess Shale*.

Dr. Gould manages to keep his audience interested by having fascinating topics, presenting them well and by injecting humor at random intervals. Among the funniest part of the lecture was a slide presentation of parodies of the classic "decent of man" drawing. During the audience question period (the only time when the sound system worked reasonably well (for the questioners, not the lecturer)) no questions were treated as stupid. When one person asked whether allowing children to play in trees might make evolution go backwards, Dr. Gould did not laugh or act patronizing. He used the question as an example of his premise that many people believe that evolution is a forward reaching, "up the ladder" type of force. He also pointed out that evolution doesn't go backwards. Even if a species reevolved some ancestral trait this would not be a reversal, but rather evolution forward through time producing a coincidentally similar trait.

While I don't necessarily agree 100% with all of Dr. Gould's points of view, my best advice is, if this man is lecturing near by, watch him. If this man writes a book, read it.

— K.J.

seaQuest DSV

So I'm watching an episode of *seaQuest DSV*. (Take your pick of the following. 1: It was by mistake. I was looking for another show. 2: I needed to test my new remote control and one show is as good as another for that. 3: Someone else wanted to watch it and I was stuck in the room with them. 4: Gaby ran off with the remote control so I couldn't change channels or turn it off. 5: I accidentally mistook the episode for one of those Jacques Cousteau specials. 6: I only watched it so I could write this review. 7: It was *seaQuest* or reruns of *The Price Is Right*. 8: I only watch it for the scenes of Lieutenant Hitchcock doing her

exercises.) In this episode a sub full of scared kids is trapped on the bottom of the sea. On the surface in a life raft is Lieutenant Smart Ass, Wesley Crusher, Dr. Meaningless Polysyllabic Technobabble, and Token First Officer.

The *Seaview*, opps, I mean the *Seaquest* (is that one word or two?) is looking for the sub full of singing, scared kids and the life boat. To find the life boat they have a floating piece of high tech floating on the surface attached to five kilometers of metal cable. One of the crewmen says to the captain, "What's an actor of your calibre doing in a piece of drak like this?" "Hey captain, there's lightning and it might hit the hunk of high tech we've got floating on the surface and wreck it." The captain keeps the neat thing on the surface to look for the lost stereotypes crewmen.

Cut to a scene of the scared kids in their sub and the tension-building reading on the O₂ gages.

Sure enough, just before the hunk of high tech detects the life raft, it gets hit by a bolt of lightning. (The high tech thing, not the raft.)

What happened next convinced me that Gaby must have been chewing on my 68 button TV / Super VHS digitalizing video editor remote control, and that she had hit the "@#\$% up the picture in some random way" button with one of her canines. So I grabbed the telephone and called John & Monica. The conversation went something like this:

Karl: "Hi, it's me."

Monica: "Hi, me."

K: "I think our tv might be busted."

M: "How come?"

K: "Something weird just happened on it. I figured I'd see if it happened on your tv too, which will prove that ours is okay."

M: "Shoot."

K: "Did a lightning bolt just shoot down and hit the high tech floating thing, then, without grounding out into the water, did the lightning bolt spiral down the outside of the 5 kilometer metal cable, where it hit the *Seaview*, oops *Seaquest*, and spiraled around the sub as if in some search pattern until it found a way inside where it spiraled randomly about all of the winky-blink panels jumping off on occasion to hit a few assorted crewmen, thus rendering all of the sub's neat things inoperative?"

M: "Yeah that's what happened on our tv too. Yours isn't broken."

I said goodbye and went back to watching the episode. A few minutes later the phone rang.

M: "I think there's something wrong with our tv now."

K: "Oh, why's that?"

M: "Did they just say, 'Hey, we can get power from one of the WySKers (an acronym for neat bright glowing robot minisub / remote control sensor things that follow the *Seaview* *Seaquest* about looking for lost subs full of scared kids) *because they're protected against that sort of thing*'?" (italics added for sarcastic effect)

K: "Yeah, they said that on our set too."

Monica and I agreed that it was a good idea for the sub's designers to have foreseen a lightning bolt coming down a five kilometer cable and disabling everything on the sub, and for them to have planned ahead and shielded only the WySKers from the danger.

The last episode I watched featured a giant squid grabbing the *Seaview*. A giant squid with tentacles that sting people, (believe me, I'm not making this shit up), and bright glowing blue squid poo that gets mistaken for a new gemstone.

— K.J.

The Ugly Little Boy

by Isaac Asimov and Robert Silverberg
Bantam, \$6.99

The Ugly Little Boy is a novel adapted from the classic short story by the late Isaac Asimov. This is the second such collaboration by Asimov and Silverberg — the first was *Nightfall*, adapted from the most popular science fiction story ever written. The third "expanded" story, *The Positronic Man*, is available in hardcover from Bantam.

It's easy to see why Bantam Books expects these stories to be popular. "*The Ugly Little Boy*" as a short story was a brief, sensitive look at how science and time travel might affect living people. The novel-length version makes it clear that people who are *not* scientists might be affected very differently.

Asimov's original short story remains the same. A nurse, Miss Fellowes, is hired by Stasis Technologies, Inc. to care for a child from the past. She calms the frantic boy when he is plucked away from everything he knew, helps him cope with doctors' examinations, and teaches him the things a modern child of three or four would already know. Miss Fellowes has less trouble helping the child she names Timmie learn to dress, keep clean and speak a modern language instead of his own, than the trouble she has getting the Stasis scientists and executive Gerald Hoskins to treat Timmie as they would an ordinary child.

Timmie is a Neanderthal, brought

forward from forty thousand years ago.

New to the story is the life of Timmie's people in Ice Age Europe. This is probably Robert Silverberg's contribution, and it evokes a hard nomadic life as the People, who have humour and religion and songs, are crowded from their usual range by the Other Ones, who are tall, skinny and flat-faced. Timmie's Neanderthal people do not really expect the other, ugly people to act like *humans*. Neither do the Stasis scientists expect Timmie to behave like a *real* boy. "*The child now in our custody has been dead for 40,000 years.*"

But Timmie's nurse sees him as a person; different in looks and abilities perhaps, but human.

Miss Fellowes made sure that everything the boy said was being recorded. It was vital evidence of his intelligence. Let anyone who imagined that the Neanderthals had been mere bestial shaggy half-men listen to Timmie retelling the story of Theseus in the Labyrinth! Even if he did seem to think the Minotaur was the hero of the story.

What really happened when our human ancestors met, Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal, is still being debated by anthropologists and popular writers. It has been suggested that Cro-Magnons were inventive enough to kill off most Neanderthals, and this novel hints at such conflicts. But both Asimov and Silverberg can imagine other possibilities for their engaging story.

— Paula Johanson

Virtual Girl

by Amy Thomson
Ace Books, \$5.99

This first novel by Seattle writer Amy Thomson is a fast read. Much more "user-friendly" than is currently fashionable for cyberpunk, *Virtual Girl* tells of an innocent adrift in a dystopian future.

Maggie is an artificial intelligence program in a robot body. Her creator is Arnold, the prodigal son of a rich New York executive. Arnold fled to Seattle to build Maggie's A.I. program and robot body without interference from the law or his father. More than a faithful robot companion, Maggie is self-aware and delighted to be active in the world. *A Body was a wonderful peripheral!* She quickly realises.

But not everything in the world is wonderful. Arnold has little access to his trust fund, and without money they move among the homeless and desperate people. Maggie learns dumpster-diving, and how to keep people from stealing her shoes when Arnold is asleep. But it is she who teaches Arnold to make time for people who are

even worse off, people who don't have Maggie's strengths or Arnold's knowledge and access to wealth.

Alone after a crisis, Maggie has to survive on her own. What is she worth without Arnold? Who is she really, by any definition of reality or Virtual Reality?

As she rides around most of the continental US, Maggie meets people who are described vividly by the writer. Amy Thomson's particular gift would appear to be the ability to flesh out a character in few words. Thomson makes the brief chapters not only advance the action but put the characters in context with their world and their past.

The future Maggie moves in is not technological Utopia, but a country where licensed prostitutes compete for a scanty living, and Mardi Gras *krewe*s run a drowned New Orleans. When Maggie finds hope and caring in herself and others, it brings her confidence. Like William Gibson's *Neuromancer*, *Virtual Girl* does not make the reader feel like a PhD in Computer Sciences is needed to understand the morality of individual survival in a technological society. Can we always depend upon the kindness of strangers?

— Paula Johanson

The Witching Hour

by Anne Rice

Ballantine, \$7.99

A Man of His Word: Magic Casement

by Dave Duncan

Del Rey, \$6.50

A Man of His Word: Faery Lands Forlorn

by Dave Duncan

Del Rey, \$6.50

A Man of His Word: Perilous Seas

by Dave Duncan

Del Rey, \$5.95

A Man of His Word: Emperor and Clown

by Dave Duncan

Del Rey, \$5.95

A little light reading this summer meant over 2600 pages, and I really read only two stories. Anne Rice's *The Witching Hour* came out in paperback, and I came across Dave Duncan's tetralogy *A Man of His Word* from 1990-93 in a friend's library. After reading the first volume in a new series set in a fantasy world, I knew that anything Dave Duncan had written in a similar vein had to be worth picking up.

It is. Duncan's novels set in Pandemia are quick-paced and energetic, with appeal for readers of adventure and romance fiction as well as fantasy fans who do not cling grimly to memories of Tolkien.

Princess Inosolan, poised to inherit a small kingdom and a magic word, is pur-

sued through danger and across a continent by her childhood friend Rap, a stablehand with a knack for animals... and just possibly magic as well. Not everyone they meet keeps promises as honourably as young Rap. His mixed-race parentage helps him find talents on board ship as well as with animals, and among the many human racism of Pandemia.

After galloping through all four volumes in five days (yeah, yeah I worked and fed the kids too, in case anyone asks) I was impressed at Duncan's skill at using a positive tone. So much of fantasy is oriented on crisis instead of daily life. Duncan had two of characters, Rap and a goblin, *run* across the frozen taiga of Pandemia, and later Rap travelled in a raiders' ship around most of the southern part of the continent. I know those characters backwards and forwards now, and can't wait to read the upcoming volumes in the series.

Feeling full of Duncan's pleasant fantasy, I tried Anne Rice's *The Witching Hour* for contrast. Horror adds spice to a bookworm's voracious reading, after all. This book turned out to be a bit of a surprise.

Two friends had already given me their reactions. One thought it was the best thing Rice had yet written. The other liked the main narrative, but the long pieces in the middle describing the history of the protagonists' family wore on her patience, till she ended up skipping ahead to the "action."

I couldn't agree with either. Rice has a masterful touch at defining a character, and referring back to traits that make actions and motivations clear as a bell to the reader. Her central characters (a neurosurgeon, a construction renovation specialist and an incubus) interact in ways that kept my attention. The history of the family shadowed by the incubus is interest-

ing, but ultimately it is in the *past tense* of the narrative. I began wanting something to **happen now**, damnit — even after my complaints that so much of fantasy is oriented on crisis.

Fortunately for the reader, there is sufficient action by the ending, which positively shrieks "Sequel!" I'll be picking up *Lasher* for review, not because of any suspense about what happens. Of course the surgeon and the incubus will... do you think I'll say it? This is a suspense novel, after all. The latest Duncan novel, however, I'll read first, to see what happens with Rap in the company of gods and the imperor.

—Paula Johanson

OnoCon Review

So, I hop the 7:00 ferry to the mainland, catch the bus to the airport and bob over to Calgary via Canada 3000. A taxi brought me to the Stampeder Inn. It gets cold in Calgary. Most readers of this zine, being Canadian, know about cold, but being a Victoria boy I've missed out on serious cold. I practiced withstanding Calgary weather by taking a business trip to Montréal in December. I learned that in 35 below zero (celsius (not that it matters much that close to 40 below)) exposed skin hurts in 7 seconds. The skin isn't cold, it's in serious pain (and people live there). So anyway, instead of staying home and mowing the lawn or counting the snow drops in the garden for the annual Victoria flower count, I found myself in 28 below zero Calgary. I knew about the pain thing but I didn't know the booger thing. While walking 3 blocks from one kind souls car to a Dim Sung resturant the inside of my nose froze up. I mean, there I am breathing out air close to 37 degrees every seven seconds yet I've got ice forming inside my nose! Wierd.

Onocon was a small relaxicon with a small amount of programming. Upon arrival I registered, checked out the hospitality room and met a washroom attendant/bartender named Rad. I poked my head in the video room and saw a sole occupant watching *Last Action Hero*. The sole occupant I found out later was Robert Runté, one of the people with whom I yakked for most of the con. Later in the hospitality I got my latest *On Spec* from Cath Jackel. Cath & her friend Michelle Wilson also provided

many hours of interesting yakking. Cath even taught me a new and interesting use for duct tape.

Other people I met were Tom, John Hilton, and Bob. Bob is working on organizing a con in Banff in '95.

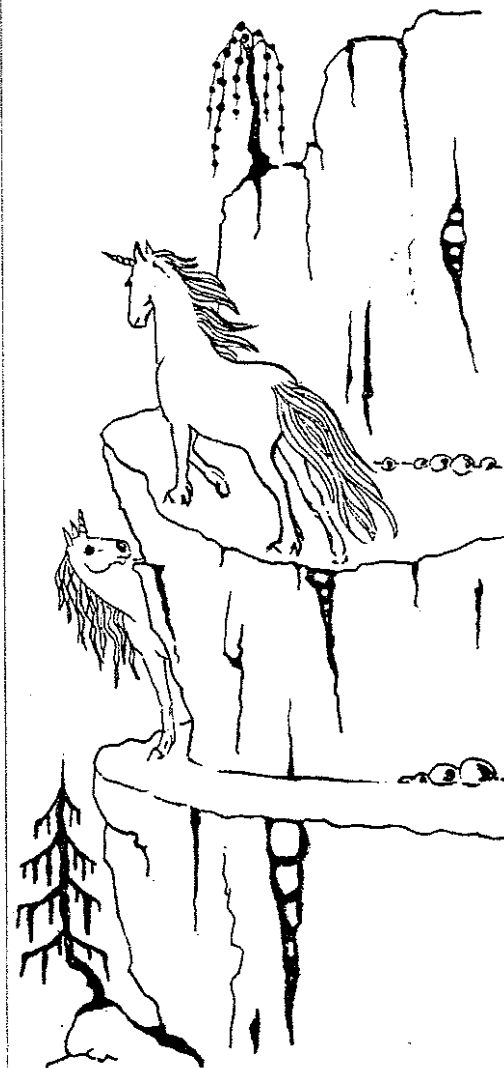
Dispite the small turnout for the con, I sold some **Ozone Holes** and some fridge magnets in the dealers room.

I was booked to do a panel on conspiracies on Sunday morning. Three audience members showed up so we put up a sign indicating that the panel had been moved to hospitality. There was some discussion on the notion that Reagan and Bush may have arranged to have the Iranian Hostage rescue attempt sabotaged. It was concluded that while that particular conspiracy was believable, none of us had seen anything like confirmable evidence for it.

Robert offered me a ride to the airport Monday morning. Unfortunately the hotel didn't have block heater plugs so his car wouldn't go. I wondered if this was some form of belated revenge for me getting him to the airport almost too late after *Imagine Con* in '82 (my car had seriously overheated). Robert scared up an extention cord for his car's block heater and I snagged a taxi to the airport. During the flight back the stewardess gave me my inflight bag of peanuts. On the way back to the front she smiled and passed me a big handful of extra peanuts. "What does this mean?" I asked myself as I fell asleep over the Rockies.

Another **Onocon** is planned for '95. If I go I'm bringing a nose heater.

--K.J.



CANADIAN NEWS

1993 Prix Aurora Award Nominees

BEST LONG-FORM WORK IN ENGLISH -

MEILLEUR LIVRE EN ANGLAIS (1992-93)

- *A Song for Arbonne*, Guy Gavriel Kay (Viking, 1992)
- *Far-Seer*, Robert J. Sawyer (Ace, 1992)
- *Nobody's Son*, Sean Stewart (Maxwell MacMillan, 1993)
- *Virtual Light*, William Gibson (Seal, 1993)

MEILLEUR LIVRE EN FRANÇAIS -

BEST LONG-FORM WORK IN FRENCH (1992-93)

- *L'Oiseau de feu (2-B)*, Jacques Brossard (Leméac, 1993)
- *Le Jour-de-Trop*, Joël Champetier (Paulines, 1993)
- *Chronoreg*, Daniel Sernine (Québec/Amérique, 1992)

BEST SHORT-FORM WORK IN ENGLISH -

MEILLEURE NOUVELLE EN ANGLAIS (1993)

- *"Body Solar"*, Derryl Murphy (On Spec v5#4)
- *"Just Like Old Times"*, Robert J. Sawyer (On Spec v5#2)
- *"Kissing Hitler"*, Erik Jon Spigel (On Spec v5#1)
- *"Sophie's Spyglass"*, Michael Coney (F&SF Feb/93)
- *"Three Moral Tales"*, D.L. Schaeffer (On Spec v5#1)

MEILLEURE NOUVELLE EN FRANÇAIS -

BEST SHORT-FORM WORK IN FRENCH (1993)

- *«Le Huitième registre»*, Alain Bergeron (Solaris 107)
- *«Dieu, un, zéro»*, Joël Champetier (L'Année de la Science-fiction et du fantastique québécois 1990, Le Passeur)
- *«La Merveilleuse machine de Johann Havel»*, Yves Meynard (Solaris 107)
- *«Les Ponts du temps»*, Jean-Louis Trudel (Solaris 107)

BEST OTHER WORK IN ENGLISH -

MEILLEUR OUVRAGE EN ANGLAIS (AUTRE) (1993)

- *"Circle Dance"*, Eileen Kernaghan (On Spec v5#1) (poem)
- Al Betz, *"Ask Mr Science"* columns
- Derryl Murphy, sf reviews in the *Edmonton Journal*
- On Spec - sf magazine (Copper Pig Writers' Society)
- *Prisoners of Gravity* - sf/comics tv series (TVOntario)
- Edo van Belkom, Market Report columns

MEILLEUR OUVRAGE EN FRANÇAIS (AUTRE) -

BEST OTHER WORK IN FRENCH (1993)

- *L'Année de la Science-fiction et du fantastique québécois 1990*, Claude Janelle et Jean Pettigrew (Le Passeur)
- *Les 42,210 univers de la science-fiction*, Guy Bouchard (Le Passeur)
- *Solaris*, Joël Champetier, ed. (Les Compagnons à temps perdu)

ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT -

ACCOMPLISSEMENT ARTISTIQUE

- Lynne Taylor Fahnestalk - art director, illustration, cover (eg. On Spec: MZB's *Fantasy Magazine #18*)
- Tim Hammell - illustration (eg. On Spec)
- Mike Jackson - illustration (eg. On Spec)
- Jean-Pierre Normand - paintings, illustration
- Robert Pasternak - illustration, covers (eg. On Spec; *Aboriginal SF*; *Amazing Stories May/93* cover)
- Kenneth Scott - illustration, cover (eg. On Spec)

FAN ACHIEVEMENT (FANZINE) -

ACCOMPLISSEMENT FANIQUE (FANZINE)

- *BCSFazine*, R. Graeme Cameron, ed. (PO Box 35577, Stn. E. Vancouver, BC, V6M 4G9)
- *Communiqué*, Jean-Louis Trudel, ed./ Aaron Humphrey, ed./ Dale Sproule, ed. (10523, 100th Ave. Edmonton, AB, T5J 0A8)
- *Opuntia*, Dale Speirs, ed. (PO Box 6830, Calgary, AB, T2P 2E7)
- *Under the Ozone Hole*, John Willcox Herbert & Karl Johanson, eds. (4129 Carey Rd., Victoria, BC, V8Z 4G5)
- *ZX*, Andrew Murdoch, ed. (2563 Heron St., Victoria, BC, V8R 5Z9)

FAN ACHIEVEMENT (ORGANIZATIONAL) -

ACCOMPLISSEMENT FANIQUE (ORGANISATION)

- Heather Ashby, Ad Astra Consuite
- John Gannon, KAG/KANADA
- Annette Ing, Wilfcon
- Lloyd Penney, Ad Astra
- Yvonne Penney, Ad Astra
- Rebecca Senese, Space Time Continuum
- Jean-Louis Trudel, SFSF Boreal

FAN ACHIEVEMENT (OTHER) -

ACCOMPLISSEMENT FANIQUE (AUTRE)

- Heather Borecan, filking
- Adam Charlesworth, *The Ether Patrol*
- Karl Johanson, fan writing
- Ron Sharp, Cybersquid BBS
- Larry Stewart, contributions to fandom
- Jean-Louis Trudel, promotion of Canadian SF
- Terry Wyatt, contributions to fandom

The Vancouver bulletin board "The Big Band Burger Bar," will be shut down by its sysop Steve Barclay sometime in the spring of 1994. This has been a major debating forum for WCSFA. Apparently the BBBB will find new life on the Vancouver Freenet this summer. (BCSFazine #249)

Garth Spencer has calaendars for sale featuring listings of fannish events.

Discussions about a con in Banff during 1995 are currently taking place. We hope to have details ASAP. If you missed the banquet at the first **BanffCon** this may be your chance to see what you missed.

ESFACAS (the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society) has come back from the dead. The first revival meeting featured seven people, which is a good sign considering that seven is part of a prime number pair.

Noncon 16 is being run as a relaxicon for Thanksgiving weekend, 1994 in Edmonton. The con chair, Cath Jackel, has suggested that the timing would make the con a good dead dog party for **ConAdian**. (See con listings)

The **On Spec** summer issue release party will be held on May 5th at the City Media Club. All interested persons are welcome. (See zine reviews for **On Spec** address.) From all reports, **On Spec's** recent subscription drive went very well. Over 100 new subs were picked up, with hopefully twice that more to come.

Robert J. Sawyer's novel *Foreigner* was released at the Central Public Library in Richmond Hill, Ontario. The novel is the third part of the Quintaglio series. (On Spec, Spring 1994)

The Festival of Written Arts will be taking place from mid-April until the end of May in Sechelt, B.C. A variety of workshops on various aspects of writing will be offered, including a section on writing science fiction by Jeanne and Spider Robinson. Information is available from Box 2299, Sechelt, B.C., V0N 3A0. (**Burnaby's Writer's Society Newsletter, March 1994**)

A new comic anthology, **FreeFlight**, is due to be released in April, by Patrick Sauriol and Mike Ritchie from Vancouver. The Anthology is intended to be a bi-monthly collection of comic stories in various genres, including SF, horror, cyber punk, satire, comedy, dramatic prose and super heroes. For subscription or submission information call Mike Ritchie at (604) 937-3849, Patrick Sauriol at (604) 875-9788 or write to **Freeflight**, C/O WCSFA, PO Box 48478, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, B.C., V7X 1A2. (From an interview by S. Grant Hescow in **BCSFAzine #250**.)

The Journal For Canadian Content In Speculative Literature is holding a writing contest. Stories should be 1500 words or more and "hard" science fiction featuring either Jupiter or Mars (the planets, not the gods). Stories can be sent to The Journal For Canadian Content In Speculative Literature, 112 Monterey Dr., Nepean, ON, K2H 7A8 by April 15th and should include a SASE and a short bio of the author.

As well, the **Journal** is running a series of free writers workshops, the next of which will be held on April 5th and May 3rd. The workshops are to be held at the Emerald Plaza Branch of the Nepean Public Library (1547 Merivale Rd., Nepean). For information contact James Botte (613) 723-4135.

Prisoners of Gravity, TVOntario's sf/current affairs show, was nominated for a Gemini Award in the category of Best Lifestyle/Information Program.

Charles de Lint is a new reviewer for **The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction**. He replaces Orson Scott Card.

Jean-Louis Trudel and Robert J. Sawyer are putting together a list of Canadian winners of non-sf or non-Canadian awards for the next **Top Secret**, and along with lists of Canadian sf awards, this will be combined into a special publication for sale at the SF Canada table at **ConAdian**.

While there will be no **V-Con** this year, WCSFA (the West Coast Science Fiction Association) held an event called The Science of Murder. The event featured panels by such people as coroners and movie injury make-up artists. The event also featured a diplomatic reception / buffet dinner and live action fantasy role playing murder mystery. We'll have a review next issue.

Robert J. Sawyer helped organize support for SPACE, the proposed Canadian sf cable channel, with an open letter to Canadian fans. Although the deadline to help the submission has now passed, here are some excerpts:

Attention all Canadian SF writers and fans:

CHUM/City — the company headed by Moses Znaimer that operates Canada's English and French music-video cable stations, MuchMusic and MusiquePlus, as well as Toronto's innovative City-TV — has submitted an application to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) for a license to operate a 24-hour-a-day, English-language Canadian science-fiction specialty channel to be called SPACE.

SPACE would be a basic-cable channel (like MuchMusic and The Sports Network), included as a standard part of virtually all cable-TV packages in Canada. This service would be of enormous benefit to Canadian SF writers and fans — and CHUM/City is asking for our support.

First, some details about the proposed service. SPACE is seeking an initial seven-year license. During that seven-year period, the channel is committing to spend:

- * \$22,684,000 on Canadian SF programming.

- * An additional \$700,000 for Canadian script and concept development for feature films and made-for-TV movies in the SF genre.

- * \$1,750,000 to pre-buy Canadian feature-length theatrical and TV movies and documentaries in the SF genre.

SPACE would also create 40 new full-time jobs.

The channel would have 15% Canadian Content in its first year, growing to 25% by year seven. In addition to such classic American and British fare as Twilight Zone, The Outer Limits, The Prisoner and Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy, SPACE would showcase Canadian-made programs such as Rav Bradbury Theatre, MediaTV, and TVOntario's award-winning Prisoners of Gravity.

SPACE would also include a half-hour daily news magazine about science

fiction, space exploration and so on, to be called GalaxyPulse. GalaxyPulse would include news about Canadian SF books and Canadian SF conventions. SPACE will also co-produce at least 13 SF-themed episodes of CHUM/City's innovative The Originals series — video portraits in the first person of figures from the worlds of SF and science.

Let's rally around this proposal, folks — it's our chance to see an enormous amount of money pumped into Canadian SF.

TekWar has been picked up as a series for the fall by CTV.

Sean Stewart sold *Nobody's Son* to Ace Books. His *Passion Play* made the **Locus** recommended reading list, along with William Gibson's *Virtual Light*. Gibson's book and Robert J. Sawyer's *Fossil Hunter* were on the long list for the Nebula. Sawyer also sold *Hobson's Choice* to HarperCollins and *End of an Era* to Ace.

David New is still working on **The Last Dangerous Neology**.

The **OSFS Statement** recently passed the #200 mark.

Victoria's longest running comic store, Island Fantasy, recently went bankrupt. A fixture in Market Square for over 15 years, the last of its stock was auctioned off in late February.

Two very fluffy mice appeared at **Onocon** in Calgary. The suggestion was made that the creatures were actually toy pomeranians; however, no evidence for this was provided.

Cath Jackel had a "Bring Your Own Topping Pizza Party" on February 28. (See? We print *any* news we get! (Karl would have brought some cheddar cheese [he'd eat *cardboard* if it had cheese on it], and John would've brought the lean beef. But as Peter Wolf would say.... no anchovies, please.)

CONVENTION LISTINGS

1994

ODYSSEY TREK '94

March 18 - 20

Skyline Brock Hotel

Niagra Falls, Ontario

GoH: Siddig El Fadil (Dr. Bashir),

Robert O'Reilly (Gowron)

Odyssey Trek, PO Box 47541, Center Mall, Hamilton, ON, L8H 7S7

ST CON 94

March 18 - 20

Quality Hotel Downtown,

Calgary, Alberta

GoH: Lolita Fatjo (ST:TNG/ST:DS9 pre-production)

ST Con 94, Box 22188 Bankers Hall, Calgary, AB, T2P 4J5

FILKOntario 4

April 15 - 17

Regal Constellation Hotel

Etobicoke, Ontario

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

WILFCON '94

June 4 - 5

Waterloo, Ontario

GoH: John Platt

Wilfcon, c/o Dennis Mullin, 69 Donald St., #6, Kitchener, ON, N2B 3G6

AD ASTRA 14

June 17 - 19

Sheraton Toronto East Hotel

Toronto, Ontario

GoHs: L. Sprague de Camp, Catherine

Crook de Camp, Diane Duane & Peter

Moorwood; Fan GoH: George Laskowski

Ad Astra 14, PO Box 7276, Station A, Toronto, ON, M5W 1X9

FESTIVAL SCIENCE FICTION

July 2 - 3

Holiday Inn

Pointe Claire, Québec

GoHs: John de Lancie, Majel Barrett

Festival Science Fiction, PO Box 311, Station B, Montréal, PQ, H3B 3J7

CON-VERSION XI

July 22 - 24

Calgary, Alberta

Marlborough Inn

GoHs: Frederik Pohl, Marion Zimmer

Bradley, CanGoH: Sean Russell.

Con-Version 11, Box 1088 Stn. M.

Calgary, AB, T2P 2K9.

TORONTO TREK VIII

Regal Constellation Hotel

Toronto, Ontario

GoHs: Garfield and Judith Reeves-Stevens.

TT8, Suite 0116, Box 187, 65 Front

Street W., Toronto, ON, M5J 1E6

CONADIAN - 52nd WORLD SF CONVENTION CANVENTION 14

September 1 - 5

Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba

GoH: Anne McCaffery, Artist GoH:

George Barr, Fan GoH: Robert Runté

Non-presupporting Attending Memberships: \$165 until July, 15, 1994.

ConAdian, Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB, R3C 4A7

CANVENTION 14

September 1 - 5

Convention Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Held concurrently with ConAdian

Info: Diane Walton. (403) 924-3540.

1995

INTERSECTION - 53rd WORLD SF CONVENTION

August 24 - 28

Scottish Exhibition and

Conference Centre

Glasgow, Scotland

GoHs: Samuel R. Delaney, Gerry Anderson

Canadian Agents: Lloyd and Yvonne

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

U.S. Address: Theresa Renner, Box

15430, Washington, DC, USA, 20003

U.K. Address: Bernie Evans, 121 Cape Hill, Smethwick, Warley, West Midlands, B66 4SH

1996

L.A. CON III - 54th WORLD SF CONVENTION

August 29 - September 2

Convention Center, Hilton Hotel &

Towers, Marriott Hotel, Anaheim,

California

GoH: James White; Media GoH: Roger

Corman; Fan GoH: Takumi and Sachiko

Shibano; Special Guest: Elsie Wollheim;

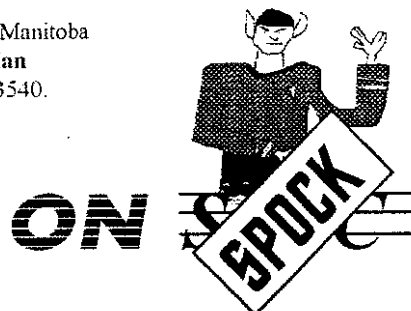
Toastmaster: Connie Willis.

L.A.Con III, c/o SCIFI, Box 8442, Van

Nuys, CA, USA, 91409.

DANGER!!

DO NOT
READ
THIS
MESSAGE!



Under The Ozone Hole Quiz

Guess the movie by its last line of dialogue.

1. Its origin and purpose are still unclear.
2. I love this town!
3. He is the Kwisatz Haderach.
4. Out there. Thataway.
5. Well, I'd say she had marvelous judgement, if not particularly good taste.
6. He'll be alright.
7. As you wish.
8. To boldly go where no man has gone before....
9. Where we're going we don't need roads.
10. Hey, Talby. I've got a piece of debris and I think I've figured out a way.
11. Well, so long Virgin Alarm.
12. Th-th-th-th-that's all, folks!
13. It's true that it will remind us that we are after all not God.
14. Don't thank me, warden. We're all part of the same team. Good night.
15. So what? Big deal.
16. Yeah, Jack Burton just looks that big old storm square in the eye and says: Give me your best shot pal, I can take it.
17. Let's see what she's got.
18. Gort, baringa.
19. Oh, well, there we are — here's the music. Goodnight.
20. 'Bye.
21. 'Bye.
22. Our job is finished.
23. I'm afraid you're right, Mr.Helpman, he's gone.
24. C'mon, I'll buy you a drink. You know, a drink?
25. Murphy.
26. Where's Shelleen?
27. And crawling on the planet's face some insects called the human race, lost in time, lost in space and meaning.
28. He's my brother.
29. 'Cos we knows there'll come a night when they sees the flickering light and they'll be coming home....
30. Mein Führer, I can walk!!!!

- Answers
1. 2001: A Space Odyssey
 2. Ghostbusters
 3. Dune
 4. Star Trek: The Motion Picture
 5. A Boy and His Dog
 6. Star Wars
 7. The Princess Bride
 8. Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan
 9. Back to the Future
 10. Dark Star
 11. Spaceballs
 12. Who Framed Roger Rabbit
 13. Forbidden Planet
 14. Superman
 15. The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai
 16. Big Trouble in Little China
 17. Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home
 18. The Day the Earth Stood Still
 19. Monty Python's The Meaning of Life
 20. Close Encounters of the Third Kind
 21. E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial
 22. Batman
 23. Brazil
 24. Raiders of the Lost Ark
 25. Robocop
 26. Cat Ballou
 27. The Rocky Horror Picture Show
 28. Return of the Jedi
 29. Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome
 30. Dr.Strangelove, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

1993 Nebula Awards

Best Novel: *Red Mars*, Kim Stanley Robinson;
 Best Novella: *"The Night We Buried Road Dog,"* Jack Cady;
 Best Novelette: *"Georgia on My Mind,"* Charles Sheffield;
 Best Short Story: *"Graves,"* Joe Haldeman.

