

OPUNTIA

46.5C



Don't forget the
World Wide Party.
On June 21st, at
21h00 your time,
celebrate!

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JUN 21 2000

CALGARY, AB
T2P 1A0



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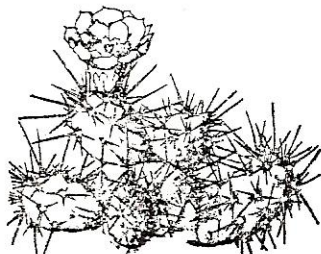
Whole-numbered OPUNTIA's are sercon, x.1 issues are reviewzines, x.2 issues are indexes, and x.5 issues are perzines.

ART CREDIT: No opuntias this time. Dale Speirs produced this philatelic cover in honour of the World Wide Party on June 21st.

I ALSO HEARD FROM: Terry Jeeves, Guy Miller, Martha Shivvers, Ken Miller, Rodney Leighton, Bruce Pelz, Cliff Kennedy, Chester Cuthbert, Dianne Bertrand, Picasso Gaglione, Geri Sullivan, Sheryl Birkhead

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[Editor's
remarks
in square
brackets]



FROM: Harry Andruschak
Box 5309
Torrance, California 90510-5309

2000-08-27

I note your comments about the frustrations of viewing eclipses. I went out to 29 Palms, not too far from the north entrance to Joshua Tree National Park, to view the 21 January 2000 total lunar eclipse. Saw the first half, right up to the moment of maximum totality, after which the clouds rolled in. On 16 July 2000 I returned and again saw the first half of the total lunar eclipse, again right up to the moment of totality when the moon set and the sun rose. An excellent book about both solar and lunar eclipses, complete with dates and maps of best viewing areas, is ECLIPSE! by Philip S. Harrington, published by John Wiley & Sons.

FROM: Joseph Major
1409 Christy Avenue
Louisville, Kentucky 40204-2040

2000-07-18

Re: From buggies to the stars. My grandfather gave up farming to become manager of an ice-cream plant. He held a number of other jobs in his life, including manager of a road-building team and, finally, farmer. His father had plowed with horses; he plowed with a tractor. The farmers in the family nowadays manage their farms with computers and send me e-mail announcing Mother's 80th birthday party.

FROM: Harry Warner Jr
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

2000-07-24

I'm sorry you couldn't see much of the lunar eclipse, although that seems like an odd statement, considering the fact that an eclipse consists of inability to see something usually there. Sometimes I wonder if the day will come when the last native of some undeveloped nation who hasn't heard what really causes eclipses will die, leaving nobody to beat a drum and shout for the evil spirits to restore the sun or the moon.

[I suspect there will always be some Ministry of Culture to keep the practice alive, if not any genuine belief, for the tourist trade. Here in Alberta, the aboriginals don't particularly believe in rain dances anymore but still perform them at rodeos, pow-wows, and municipal fairs.]

I suppose you're experienced enough to know where the dangers lie in your rambles across the Alberta countryside. But I still worry about fans who go for solitary walks out in the boondocks. I used to scold Harry Andruschak for such adventures as hiking alone in the steeper areas of the Grand Canyon, pointing out that a broken leg or concussion from a fall might leave him unattended for a day or longer before someone found him. As it turned out, he came through all his risks safely until just a few weeks ago when he fell off a horse, fortunately in an area where people were around.

[I don't go into the back-country trails of the Rocky Mountains but rather stay on the more populated trails where there will always be someone along in ten or fifteen minutes. When I was young and stupid, I used to do a lot of fossil collecting in the remote parts of the Red Deer River badlands, where there were no inhabitants or tourists, and no trees or fences to improvise a crutch or splint should I break a leg jumping over a gully.]

[Re: World Petroleum Congress protest] The advocates of freedom from petroleum pollution have the perfect right to go ahead and offer alternatives to the major sources of air pollution. Why, for instance, don't all the green earthers and similar groups get together and establish pollution-free public transportation? It is perfectly feasible to offer passenger service on sail-driven ships to and from any cities that have seafronts or are close to navigable rivers. Where water travel is impractical, it wouldn't take long to step up the pace of horse breeding until there was enough traction power to offer horse and buggy buses. If such enterprises failed because not enough people prefer a cleaner environment to fast travel, the environmentalist could hardly continue to blame capitalism and monopolies for continued reliance on engines and motor.

[I can see sail freighters for non-time sensitive freight, but the reason motor vehicles were introduced in the first place was as a non-polluting alternative to horses. I would not want to live in a city where horse-drawn transport predominates. The cost of removing all those horse droppings would be horrendous, not to mention breathing powdered manure all day.]

FROM: Lloyd Penney

1706 - 24 Eva Road

Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 2B2

2000-10-30

I have friends in Windsor who say the city was turned into an armed camp, and very little happened. Only in Toronto, though, the ineptitude and uncaring attitude of the [Tory] government were enough to drive protestors to rage.

Tooker Gomberg is running for mayor of Toronto, against Mel Lastman, who refuses to debate the issues with anyone, let alone Gomberg, because he knows he has no real competitors. The problem that municipal elections are having here is that they are being overshadowed by the federal election. We vote municipally on November 23, and federally on the 27th. I'll be glad when it's all done.

[Alberta has already gone through its cycle of municipal elections, but of course we have the 27th vote. As something to look forward to, Alberta Premier Ralph Klein announced in October that he will probably call a provincial election sometime in spring 2001. What with the lowest taxes in Canada, a booming economy, the pathetic opposition parties (a handful of Liberal and

NDP members), no deficit, no net debt, and the gross debt to be paid off in a couple of years thanks to oil royalties, the Tories couldn't possibly lose the face-off.]

2000-11-03

[Re: Alberta/British Columbia/Montana forest fires] The news services go on to newer stories, and other stories sink into oblivion, but the fires in Montana must still be in the forefront of those living in Montana and neighbouring provinces and states. I'd heard that the state was declared a disaster area, with as much as 65% to 70% of the state affected by fire. Is that figure high, or about right?

[I don't know about the percentages, but even if true, that doesn't mean much in western provinces and states which are mostly uninhabited. After all, 80% of Ontario is uninhabited forest, even though 70% of all Canadians live in southern Ontario. As for declaring disaster areas, that is a standard practice in both USA and Canada in order to get federal money to pay the firefighters' bills.]

What kind of squirrels were there in Waterton Lakes National Park? Were they the usual black squirrels Toronto is infested with, or perhaps one of the 13-lined or Columbian ground squirrels, which are species being pushed out by the black?

[I've only ever seen 13-lined or Columbian squirrels in the mountains, never black squirrels. In Calgary, however, almost all of the native squirrels have been extirpated by black squirrels. I occasionally see a chipmunk when working in a Calgary park, but the black squirrel predominates. Blacks were introduced into Calgary in the early 1930s, when some of them escaped from the Calgary Zoo. They are now found throughout the city, which has an area of roughly 40 km by 30 km. The treeless terrain surrounding Calgary has so far prevented black squirrels from expanding into the mountains.]

FROM: Murray Moore

2000-10-19

1065 Henley Road

Mississauga, Ontario L4Y 1C8

Small World Dept.: This evening I read Tooker Gomborg's version of the World Petroleum Congress meeting in your city. Then I came across him in an article in today's GLOBE AND MAIL newspaper.

[The report is about Gomborg's attempt to debate with Toronto Mayor Mel Lastman. Both are among the 26 candidates vying for the job in the Toronto municipal elections. Gomborg was temporarily detained by police without charge after he barged into a Lastman photo opportunity.]

FROM: Henry Welch
1525 - 16 Avenue
Grafton, Wisconsin 53024

2000-08-12

-6-

I much prefer the natural wonders over the man-made. Despite being an engineer I simply don't get awe-inspired by much other than huge bridges or castles, and would rather see a grand vista. Next week we're off to remote Ontario for camping. I'll get as much out of that as Worldcon the week after.

FROM: Steve Jeffery
44 White Way
Kidlington, Oxon OX5 2XA, England

2000-11-09

[Re: World Petroleum Congress] Meanwhile, we have had our own little petroleum protest here (and as I write another may be due). Our's is over price rather than overuse, its object being to focus the government's attention on the marked disparity in fuel duty between Britain and our European neighbours, by blocking tankers from refineries for three days. Combined with the immediate panic reaction as half the country formed queues outside any petrol station that still had a hint of fumes in its pumps, this effectively brought the country to a state of siege.

Public support, initially sympathetic, started to fray by the third day when people realized they didn't have enough petrol to take the kids to school. The government's reaction was to condemn the blockade, declare with a wonderful degree of historical blindness that such protests had never worked on changing government policy in the past, then link arms and sing loudly "We shall not be moved". Eventually, the point having been made, the embargo was lifted, but with a promise that if nothing happened in the next 60 days, there would be another protest. I'll leave you to guess exactly what has happened in the interim.

I'm amazed that you continually find intriguing drawings and stamps for OPUNTIA covers, though I'm equally taken with Teddy Harvia's cartoon cover for #45.5.

WORLD WIDE PARTY #7

by Dale Speirs

On June 21st, year 2000, was the seventh annual World Wide Party. At 21h00 local time, we raised a glass and toasted our friends in the Papernet around the world. Some people partied, some did a one-shot zine, some prepared and posted a batch of

mail art. The World Wide Party was first suggested by Benoit Girard of Quebec and boosted by Franz Miklis of Austria. The idea behind a 21h00 toast is to get a wave circling the planet celebrating zineish friends and connecting everyone in the Papernet briefly by a common activity.

The last few years when I did my WWP reports, I rushed them out as soon as I could. However, there was always a trickle of latecomers after I pubbed the ish, so this year I decided to delay the report until year's end. This will also serve as a reminder to mark your new desk calendar for WWP #8 on June 21, 2001.

So How Did Sue And Siberia Celebrate The World Wide Party?

by Siberia the Tortoise
as told to Sue Jones
Flat 5, 32/33 Castle Street
Shrewsbury SY1 2BQ, England

Sue was sitting on the bed, checking and stapling the pages of TORTOISE #8, just back from the copy shop. It was taking a long time. She was tired; it had been a very long day in more ways than one.

"I'd better leave the rest for now", she said, "or else I won't have time to pour the drinks and attend the party properly. I can do the rest afterwards. Better collate than never."

I ignored that last remark. "You can finish if you keep at it. Once you've stopped, you won't restart tonight. I know you."

"You need motivation." I indicated a full glass on the bedside cabinet. "If you don't finish in time, we can salute the Papernet with that plain water. If you do, you will have double cause for celebration and we can have something more interesting."

That shifted her; pages and staples flew like the wind. It was a close-run thing. St. Mary's clock struck nine as Sue darted into the kitchen to find the whiskey. Fortunately the chime is a bit fast. We saluted zinedom, and supped.

"I think you've forgotten something." I said, afterwards. "My goodness, you're right!" said Sue. She ran back into the bedroom, retrieved the glass of water, carried it over to the windowsill, and poured a drink for Kitty, our flowering cactus.

"That's better!" said Kitty. "May the sun forever shine on Dale Speirs."

"Amen", we replied.

Cowtown Celebrates WWP

by Dale Speirs

Well you know, I wondered why my ears were burning at 14h00 on June 21, which would have been 21h00 in Shrewsbury. Thank you for that kind remark, Kitty. At about that time I was downtown at the main post office, getting a mail-art envelope hand-canceled with the June 21st date (see the cover of this issue). I had taken the bus downtown and also preserved the bus transfer with the date, but didn't have room to fit it in this issue.

Calgary having survived the World Petroleum Congress a week earlier, we all had been going about telling each other "See, I told you nothing would happen." and congratulating ourselves that the police had only spent \$2,000,000 to protect us against 2,000 poorly-organized protestors. The latter didn't have a chance against the combined forces of the Calgary Police Service and the Acme Fence and Barricade Rentals company.

But that was then and already old news. The petroexecutives went back to counting their \$30/barrel oil money, the Acme executives counted their profits from barricade rentals, the suburbanites kept driving their SUVs, and I, once again, stood in my kitchen with a glass of Coke-Cola.

First I faced east and toasted those in the Papernet ahead of me in the time zones, thanking them for their zine trades and letters of comment. Then the same again facing south and north to those now celebrating as I was. And finally, I faced west and toasted those in the time zones who had still yet to party.

World Wide Party Letters

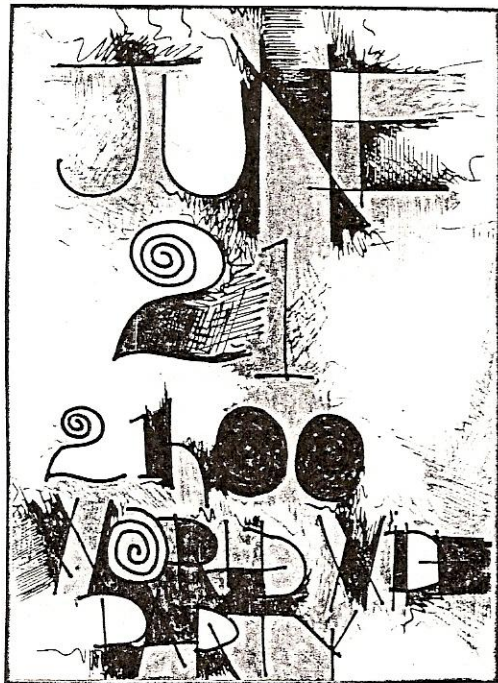
FROM: Michael Waite
105 West Ainsworth
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197-5336

Being a recluse, I usually do all my celebrating alone. On Wednesday, June 21, 2000, 21h00, I lifted my glass of Dom Perignon (actually Barq's root beer) and toasted all the wonderful fen and Papernet aficionados worldwide. I read two issues of Walt Willis' zine SLANT (1950, Spring and Autumn) in celebration, and mourning, of the passing of the pillars of Irish fandom. [Walt Willis and James White, two pioneer fanzine publishers from Ulster, both died in 2000.] The two issues of SLANT were a recent purchase from another fan. I was reading them for the first time. I feel privileged to have been a part of the wave circling our beautiful planet.

Artist Trading Card For WWP

created by Don Mabie, aka Chuck Stake
736 - 5 Street NW
Calgary, Alberta T2N 1P9

Received and enjoyed was this full-colour artist trading card, titled
"Party in my mind".



FROM: Lloyd Penney

24 Eva Road, #1706

Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 2B2

Hello from Toronto, everyone! It's a Wednesday night, which is not conducive to going out and partying, so Yvonne and I have spent the evening at home. There's work tomorrow, so there's not a lot we can do.

A few minutes to nine, we received a call from Cindi List, a fan in Windsor, Ontario, across the river from Detroit. She's new to the idea of the World Wide Party, but she liked the idea so much, she thought she'd call to say hello, and that she's having a toast with her husband Vic.

And for us? Nothing so fancy; diet drinks and chocolate chip cookies, the national news on television, and a toast. To friends here, to friends absent, to friends to come, and to friends gone.

The call from Cindi made us think about Marisa Golini, an Ottawa fan and a childhood friend of Cindi's. Marisa had a promising career in broadcasting and theatre when she was killed by cervical cancer. Both Yvonne and I thought of Joe Mayhew, a good friend and Hugo-winning fan artist. We were looking forward to seeing him at the Chicago Worldcon this year. Joe died just over a week ago of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease.

More and more, the WWP reminds us how many friends have left us over the years, but allows us to look forward to new friends at conventions we attend. We wish for hope, health, and happiness for us all.

FROM: Ned Brooks
4817 Dean Lane
Lilburn, Georgia 30047-4720

2000-06-22

I was watching a curiously un-skiffy "Tales From the Crypt", the one where Kirk Douglas plays a WW1 general who has his own son (played by his own son) shot for desertion. Dan Aykroyd plays a sergeant.

FROM: Scott Crow
10741 Fair Oaks Blvd., #36
Fair Oaks, California 95628

It's 21:00. I am busy writing, stuffing, and folding. Cheers to you for all of your support of WWP. Here's to the mighty Papernet.



[Artwork at right is from Scott's WWP announcement.]

FROM: Franz Miklis

2000-06-22

A-5151

Nussdorf 179, Austria

This year we had a smaller celebration than usual, due to the fact that my wife was not at home this year (political reasons) and I had no barbecue planned. Instead I met with some good friends (Ron, Willie, Zeus, Goofy, Gabi, and Mara) at the pub 'Schmuggler', a nice place in nearby Germany, just in time some minutes before the magical date. In the traditional way we toasted at exactly 21h00 to our friends in fandom, to their health and happiness, and to all four directions. Most of us had a good glass of German hefeweizen, but of course we toasted with those who had water or orange juice too, just in the good spirit of fandom, where everybody is welcome, no matter who you are, what you do, and what you like; we are one great family.

Then we had some reminisces to forgotten times and fans, meetings and parties, conventions and funny activities. But most of the time we spent on making plans for this year's Worldcon in Chicago. A lot of news was discussed further. Ron showed us his new car, a very sporty brand new Celica. Goofy made plans for a fat party in his alpineshovel by the Dachstein (sounds dangerous) and I talked a lot about my new projects. We had really a nice time, and the one or another friend left our fannish celebration long after midnight.

I promised to give a fine barbecue next year again to continue this great fannish tradition. We have made even greater plans for the 10th celebration. With the hope that a lot of friends all over the world shared our dreams, I wish you all the fannish best.

[Speirs: Reading that last paragraph prompted me to do some quick counting on my fingers, and yes, the 10th World Wide Party will be in 2003. What better way to honour Benoit Girard than with a Canadian Worldcon in that year!]

FROM: Brant Kresovich

2000-06-22

Box 404

Getzville, New York 14068

Here's my report for What I Did For the World Wide Party. I couldn't wait to start indulging in my vice. So early in the morning, I finished the last ten pages or so of Trollope's short novel "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite". Reading at the beginning of a workday made me feel, well, so wanton. Work was especially frantic because lately I'm teaching English to non-native speakers every day at lunch time (i.e. my time). Rush, rush. In the evening, I prepared for the next day's class in front of Jean-Luc and the crew.

Luckily by 21h00 local, I was able to toast you all, colleagues, chums, and henchmen in the Papernet. Vernor's Ginger Ale was my potation of choice. After that, I started a novel whose characters are almost all rakes at reading: THYRZA, by George Gissing. In the first chapter, a guy that's spent a month on remote Jersey says, "I've been reading for a month and feel much better for it." We know what he means.

WHERE THERE'S IKEA, THERE'S HOPE 2000-09-27 by Dale Speirs

When I bought my bungalow house in 1982, I had more room than I knew what to do with. I had spent the last decade living in student residence while at university and then, after graduating, in cheap rooming houses while saving up a down payment on a house. I was used to being able to touch all four walls of my residence without moving from the centre of the room.

The house had been a rental property, with two bedrooms on the main floor and a one-bedroom basement suite. I took the basement as my living quarters because it was toasty warm in winter and cool in summer. Prior to buying the house, most of my library was in storage at my parents' house in Red Deer, 100 km north of Calgary. Now I could have it all in one place.

The two upstairs bedrooms became the main part of the library. The two bedrooms have bookshelves around three walls, then double rows of bookshelves running perpendicular out from the back wall. In some rows I have to shuffle sideways in and out. If I kneel down to look for something on the bottom shelf, I must wait a few minutes for my eyes to adjust to the gloom in order to read the spine titles, since the ceiling light can only bounce a few stray photons into the stygian depths of the outer rows.

I don't maintain a catalogue of my books and periodicals. Within each category, such as botany, the shelves go from the general to the specific, easy enough to figure out if you know that field. I do keep 3x5 index cards of each subject for article citations from periodicals. Not to start a neo-Luddite rant (this essay is, after all, being done on a laptop) but index cards are always compatible with the future, while computer storage and software are not archival.

Later on, the library expanded to bookshelves lining the walls of the living room. From there, it took over about half of the kitchen cabinets. The house was built in the middle 1950s when a woman's place was in the home, and consequently I have more kitchen cabinets than I needed for cookery. Occasionally, house guests looking for a drinking glass or cutlery are startled when they open a cabinet and find a run of THE COLOPHON.

With more room than I knew what to do with, my library steadily expanded over the next fifteen years. The master bedroom was the largest room of the library, so when I set it up, I put my my botany, aquarium, and zoology collections in it. I am a professional horticulturist, and I calculated that most of the future growth would be in the botany section. In the smaller spare bedroom I put my philatelic and science fiction collections. My science fiction pulps went on a wall of bookshelves custom built for digests, to take my runs of ANALOG, ASIMOV'S, GALAXY, IF, and others.

No Room In The Ark.

Digression and Ominous Foreshadowing #1: Never build custom-height bookshelves onto a wall. Make them free-standing if you must have them, so the collection can be re-shuffled as required in future years.

Fast forward two decades to 2000. I had misjudged the growth of two sections of my library. The botanical section had grown slowly, while the philatelic section had doubled. In retrospect I can see why. As I built up experience in horticulture, I needed fewer and fewer new references. The introductory textbooks and general compilations were long since assimilated into my knowledge, and I never had reason to consult them. I seldom buy new horticulture books, for there are only so many ways to grow

roses and fewer ways to write about that. My horticultural acquisitions were almost entirely the journals and newsletters such as CACTUS AND SUCCULENT JOURNAL (U.S.) or TEPHROCACTUS JOURNAL. However, I subscribe to lots of philatelic journals, since there is a constant flood of new stamps and newly-researched postal history. Within the last couple of years, I was not only double-shelving them, but stacking them in vertical piles in the aisles.

Doing The Two-Step.

After reviewing my space requirements, I decided to switch the places of the botanical and philatelic collections. I couldn't move the science fiction collection since it was on custom-built shelves. The first step was to empty the botany and aquarium shelves onto the living room floor, couches, and other vacant surfaces. Next, the philatelic collection would go onto the now vacant botany shelves, and finally the botany/aquarium books onto the vacant philatelic shelves. Amidst that, I rebuilt some bookshelves, and paid a visit to Ikea for another bookshelf. God bless the inventor of flat-pack furniture, as I drive a small two-door hatchback.

I would have liked to reverse both rooms entirely, moving the science fiction and philatelic collections into the bigger bedroom and the botany/aquarium/zoology books to the smaller one.

Unfortunately the science fiction bookshelves along two walls were purpose-built for digests and paperbacks, and unusable for the regular science books, mostly trade paperbacks and hardcovers. So now the split is botany/aquarium/science fiction in the small room, with almost no room for expansion, and philately/zoology in the large room, currently only occupying two-thirds of the room.

The whole affair was one of those things that I wouldn't have done had I but known. I didn't see my living room floor for two weeks for all the books. Moving each shelf-load of books twice was, I reminded myself, good physical exercise.

In The Kingdom Of The Blind.

After twenty years of the previous library, I was so familiar with the shelves that I didn't have to turn on the room lights to find a book. I could do it by touch. Now I keep instinctively going into the wrong room when looking for an item. When I do end up in the correct room, I must stop and consciously think where on the shelves an item should be.

Over the years I've thinned out my library from time to time. A couple of years ago I sent out 29 boxes of books, mostly general stuff from the living room walls, to the local Benny the Bookworm Sale held in Calgary each year in aid of charity. My

science fiction collection has stayed about the same size, as I have been thinning out fanzines, keeping all Canadian zines, all foreign zines in which I have a letter of comment or essay, and some of the better quality foreign zines in content. The rest have been going to CUFF or the Toronto in '03 bid.

ABANDONING HOPE IN SUBURBIA

2000-09-30

Saturday morning of my regular weekend shift. I'm northbound on Shaganappi Trail in my Parks Dept. pickup, waiting to turn west onto John Laurie Boulevard. I was idly looking west while waiting for the green light, when out of the corner of my eye I saw two police cruisers enter the intersection from the east. As I turned to look, the police cars fishtailed onto northbound Shaganappi ahead of me. I thought for a moment they were heading out to a traffic accident or a burglar alarm call.

But as soon as they made the turn, they did a U-turn on the grassy median and came back south towards me. I saw southbound vehicles pulling over to the curb to make way. But one of them wasn't just an honest commuter. It was a white minivan swerving in and out of traffic, trying to evade the police. I suddenly realized I was watching an honest-to-goodness high-speed car chase.

The minivan didn't have a chance at outrunning a police cruiser on the straight, but as it weaved in and out of traffic, it had a slight possibility of escape. I could hear the roar of its engine, pedal to the floor, as it came back across the intersection towards me. A third cruiser slewed into the intersection from the east, forcing the minivan into southbound Shaganappi Trail. The minivan went past me not two metres away.

The driver of the minivan was looking at the outside rear view mirror as he went by me. I got a good look at his face. Grim, determined, fully aware that with three cruisers behind and more probably ahead, his hopes to escape were nil. In deep, sinking deeper every second, into the pit of despair.

He was out here in the open suburbs, with no place to hide. Downtown he might have dumped the minivan and blended into the crowds of pedestrians. Out here, a pedestrian is an anomaly. School children are chauffeured by moms in SUVs. Joggers stay in the parks. Nobody walks; that is why God gave us the internal combustion engine.

The four vehicles whooshed past. Our traffic light was now green, and it was safe to move, but everybody stayed where they were. Did we really see that? It wasn't ten seconds for the whole incident at the intersection. Already it seemed like a fragment of false memory. Did we really see a car chase?

Finally, an SUV broke the spell and pulled out. I made my turn, and was on my way. Behind me, kilometres behind me by now, a tragedy was playing itself out.

The Prologue And The Aftermath.

An advantage of being a City worker is that we have access to City Beat, the raw feed of police reports to the news media. Needless to say, I checked the computer later in the day to learn the rest of the story.

Calgary Police Service Inspector Paul Manuel advised that: *"On September 30, 2000, at approximately 9:00 a.m., a male who was in possession of a stolen car, broke into a garage in the northwest section of Calgary and stole contents from a vehicle within that garage. He was confronted by the owner of the vehicle who was then pushed to the ground by the suspect. The victim attempted to stop the suspect from driving away, hanging onto the driver's side window. The suspect drove through a fence and when the victim continued to hang on, the suspect backed through a second fence, disabling the vehicle and pinning the victim in the debris. The victim's injuries were not serious."*

"The suspect then made good his escape on foot. The suspect went to the Brentwood Mall where he stole a second vehicle from the parking lot."

He was spotted by a police officer in the Charleswood area and a pursuit was initiated. The pursuit went westbound on John Laurie Blvd NW, and when speeds became excessive, the pursuit was terminated. The suspect continued into the Varsity area where he lost control of the vehicle, crashing into a telephone pole. At this point he fled on foot into a nearby garage where he attempted to steal another vehicle. Failing that, he exited the garage and was taken into custody by police officers."

Not Like Hollywood Does Car Chases.

No fruit stands were run over. The police did not bash up any of their cars. Citizens did not loop-the-loop their cars in intersections but only pulled over to the curb. No delivery trucks pulled out of an alley to disrupt the chase. In short, not a Hollywood cliché in sight.

But Hollywood never mentions the agony of the innocent victims and the aftermath. (Just once I'd like to hear the fruit stand owner's side of the story.) The reality was different than the movies. There is no comedy in a homeowner who tried to stop a thief and realized too late his life was in danger as the car dragged him through fences. Much too boring for a movie to mention two vehicle owners who must lose time from work running about town dealing with insurance agents and autobody shops.

*"Charged with: Possession stolen property over \$5,000
Flight
Theft under \$5,000
Dangerous driving
Shop break-and-enter, committing x 2
Assault with weapon
Shop break-and-enter, with intent
Possession break-and-enter tools
Possession of a controlled substance
Property damage
Criminal negligence causing bodily harm
Theft over \$5,000
Disqualified driving x 2
Robbery
also taken into custody of a Canada-wide
parole violation warrant."*

And the next day, another sullen defendant stood before Court of Queen's Bench.