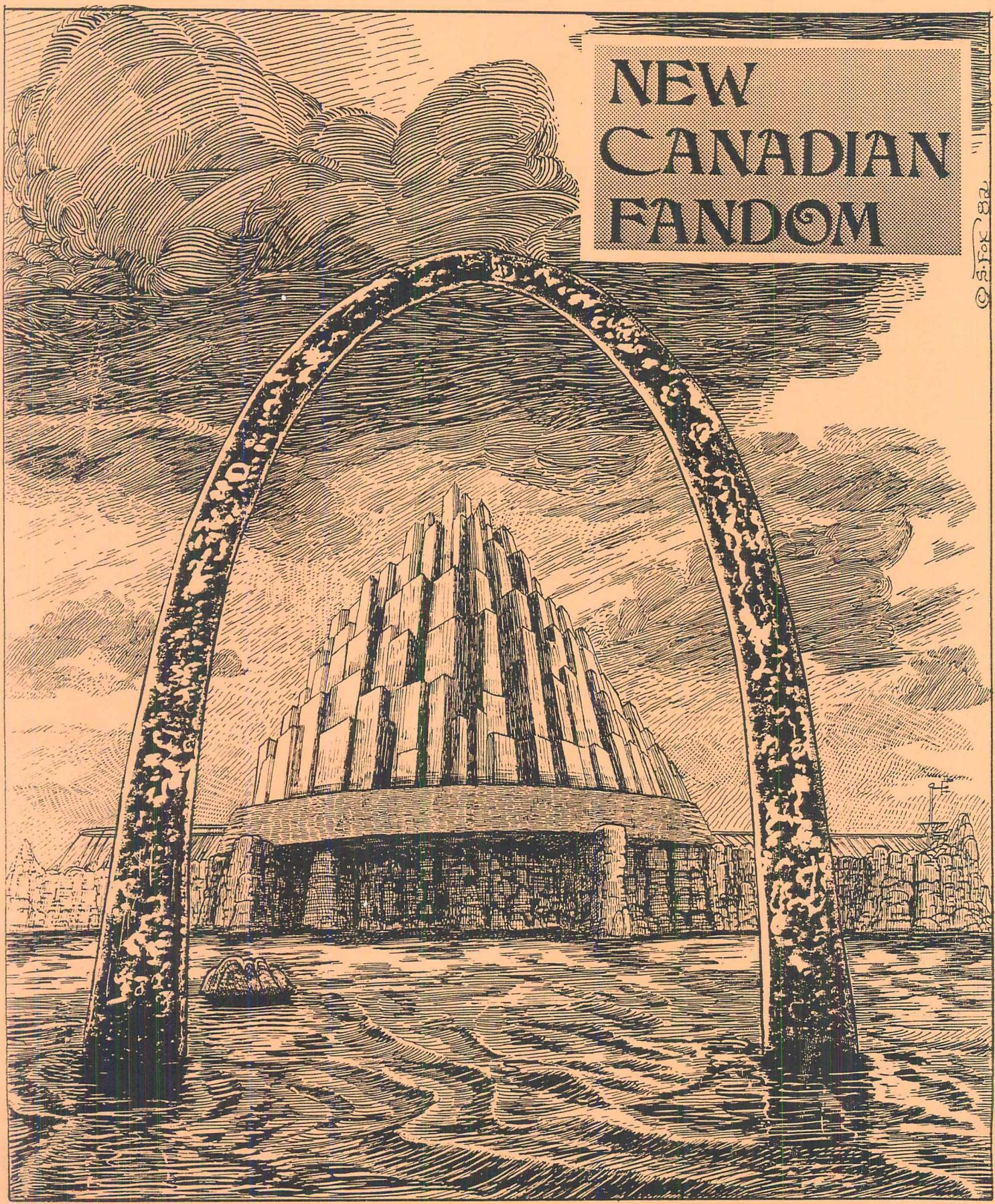


NEW
CANADIAN
FANDOM

© 1982



NHA CANADIAN FANDOM

Editor: Robert Runté

Editors this issue: Robert Runté
Michael Hall

You are holding, in your trembling little hands, a copy of the fabled *New Canadian Fandom*, (ISSN 0229-1932) Vol. 1, No. 7. It is published by BeFlatte Publications, 14534-37 St., Edmonton, AB, Canada T5Y 2K2 in association with Negative Entropy Press, P.O. Box 4655, PSSE, Edmonton, AB, Canada T6E 5G5. Entire contents copyright © 1985 by Michael Hall and Robert Runté. All rights revert to the contributors after this printing. All uncredited writing by the editors. This issue is dated April, 1985.

Copies of NCF are no longer available by subscription. NCF is available for The Usual or \$2.00. People who insist on long term subscriptions should send \$8 to Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, BC V8V 3E1 for a year of *The Maple Leaf Rag*, Canada's national sf newsletter. Not only does Garth do great work and keep to a regular hexaweekly schedule, his subscribers get NCF free gratis.

Selected articles from NCF are available on the Comuserve Information Service. GO HOM-29 to enter the Sf and Fantasy Forum (a sort of electronic apa). NCF articles are in the data libraries (DL) under the appropriate subject areas. Search on Key = NCF.

This issue is, of course, very late, and all complaints about this obvious fact will be cheerfully ignored.

It has now been one month since the last issue of *The Maple Leaf Rag*.

Does anyone know DAVE SZUREK's current address? Please send it along!

*I'm still waiting for
WARHOON 28 to come
out in paperback.*

CONTENTS

News.....	2
HOME TRUTHS Constellation Con '83 Retrospective by Garth Spencer.....	5
FANZINE REVIEWS by Robert Runte.....	6
TEN YEARS OF QUEBEC FANDOM With Requiem and Solaris By Luc Pomerleau.....	12
CAST ADRIFT IN THE 20TH CENTURY by David Vereschagin.....	14
SPACEHUNTERS: A REVIEW by Robert K. Hinton.....	16
FOR DIEHARD FILM FANS ONLY by Dave Szurek.....	17
SAME AS IT EVER WAS The History Of Canadian Fan Art Part 2 (Continued from NCF #5) by Taral.....	21
LETTERS ON NCF #6.....	28
ON THE LINE by Steve George.....	33
EDITORIAL...by Robert Runté.....	34
COAs.....	27
ART CREDITS	
Craig Anderson.....	20
Derek Carter.....	22
Paul Chadwick.....	3,4
John Durno.....	26
Steven Fox.....	Front Cover
Stu Gilson.....	24
Tim Hammel.....	Back Cover, 23
Jay Kinney.....	19
Jon Lomberg.....	22
Barry Kent MacKay.....	24,32
Roldo.....	25
Taral.....	21
Bruce Townley.....	8,9,15
David Vereschagin.....	14,25,27

NEWS OLDS

PUBLISHING NOTES

Vancouver author William Gibson's long awaited first novel, *Neuromancer*, is now on the shelves of your neighbourhood bookstore. It is an Ace science fiction special. It is 275 pages long (including the four page introduction by Terry Carr). It is great. Buy it.

Ace Books has also issued *Son of the Morning and Other Stories* by Phyllis Gotlieb. Mrs. Gotlieb is a Toronto poet and winner of the 1982 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award. The Ace book reprints nine of Gotlieb's stories including "Tauf Aleph", "Sunday's Child", "Blue Apes", "The Military Hospital", "Gingerbread Boy", "Phantom Foot", "A Grain of Manhood", "ms & mr frankenstein", "was/man", and of course, "Son of the Morning". While I have read some of these stories before, you haven't, so go out there and buy it.

Press Porcepic is planning to publish an anthology of Canadian science fiction edited by Judith Merrill.

Press Porcepic Ltd., 235-560 Johnson St., Victoria, B.C. V8W 3C6.

John Robert Columbo introduced SF short stories in the 82 09 *Leisure Ways*, published by the Canadian Automobile Association, by Toronto authors Terence Green, Robert J Sawyer, and Andrew Weiner. (---Robert Sawyer)

Three stories by Andrew Weiner of Toronto have appeared since last NCF: "One More Time" in *Chrysalis* 10, edited by Roy Torgeson (Doubleday, 1983 04); "On The Ship" in *F&SF*, 83 04; and "Takeover Bid" in *Twilight Zone*, 83 06. He's also

sold "Invaders" to *Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine* and "The Competitors" to *Owlflight*. A previous story, "The Third Test" which appeared in the Summer 1982 issue of *Interzone*, placed second in the British Science Fiction Association's annual awards Short Fiction category.

(---Robert Sawyer & Andrew Weiner)

Terence Green of Toronto reviewed Spider Robinson's *Mindkiller* and Pauline Gedge's *Stargate* in the 1984 02 *Books in Canada*. Terry travelled to the Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts in Florida on a Canada Council Travel Grant. Terence M. Green, a Toronto author, had a story published in the 1983 08 issue of *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. "Suzie Q2" is about a 21st Century space pilot with a fixation on his ship's computer. There are several explicit Canadian references.

(---Robert Sawyer & Keith Soltys)

Toronto poet Carilyn Clink sold an sf poem to *Owlflight*.

Toronto collector and well known fan R S Hadji had annotated horror bibliographies in the June, August, and October 83 *Twilight Zones*. (---Robert J. Sawyer)

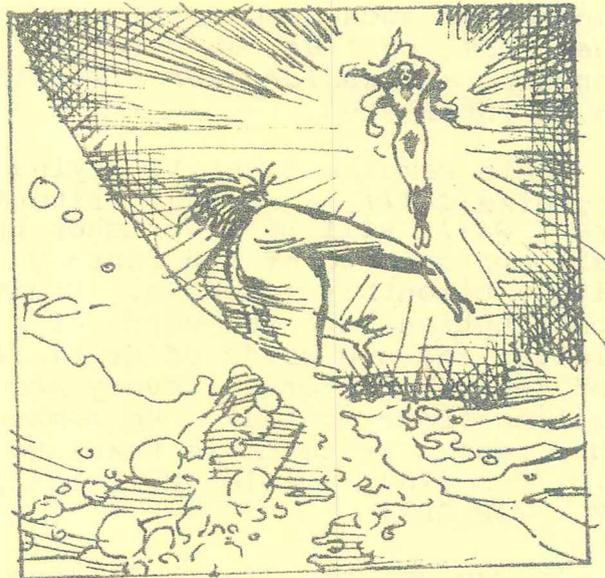
Robert J Sawyer interviewed Hugo winner Donald Kingsbury. An excerpt appeared in the 1983 02 *Books in Canada*. The full text is reprinted in Andy Porter's *Starship*. Sawyer also has a story, "Contest" in *100 Great Fantasy Short-Short Stories*, ed. by Asimov, Carr and Greenburg (Doubleday, 1983 09). Film rights to the story have been optioned to Mekanique Productions, Toronto. The fall 1983 *Canadian Author and Bookman* published Sawyer's "Alternate SF Markets" on

semi-professional publications.

John Robert Columbo ("The Master Gatherer") has brought out an 8 page booklet in association with Bakka (Toronto's sf bookstore) entitled: *Toronto's Fantastic Street Names*. Colombo's essay discusses about a hundred street names in the Toronto area that bear some (usually pretty vague) connection with SF, eg., "Clarke St." for Arthur C Clarke, "Wyndham St." for John Wyndham, etc. This is such a stupendously dumb concept that one is forced to conclude that Colombo really is fannish and not a stuffy academic after all. I enjoyed this pamphlet in spite of the generally tenuous connection between place names and their sf 'namesakes' (eg: "The surname of Edgar Allan Poe is recalled in the first three letters of Poets Walkway...") because Colombo has managed to pack in a fair amount of interesting trivia. For example, we are reminded that Joe Shuster, co-creator of *Superman* was from Toronto; that A. E. Van Vogt used to live on Briar Hill in Toronto; that Douglas Rains, the Canadian actor, did the voice for Hal in *2001*. The booklet also has a great cover by Greg Curnoe, whose style is very reminiscent of that of David Vereschagin's. I can't find a price, but it should be available from Bakka (282 Queen St. West, Toronto, ON, M5V 2A1) for around 50 cents.
(---RAR)

Black Water: The Anthology of Fantastic Literature, edited by Alberto Manguel, was published by Lester & Orpen Dennys in October 1983. Manguel, an Argentine now living in Toronto, was the co-author of the *Dictionary of Imaginary Places*. *Black Waters* will contain 72 stories, many of them Latin American tales translated by Manguel. Lester and Orpen Dennys is a very prestigious publishing house and most Canadian libraries will buy a copy just on their reputation.
(---Keith Soltys)

In Quebec, the sf line published by Victor-Levy Beaulieu and edited by Jean-Marc Gouanvic appears to have collapsed. It is survived by Le Preamble line edited by Norbert Spohner and VLB edited by Jean-Marc Gouanvic. Preamble recently brought out the novel *Les Meandres du Temps* by David Sernine and an anthology, *Arares Boreales*. Le Preamble is also organizing a fantasy line, starting with *Que Vienne la Nuit*, an anthology by David Sernine. Sernine meanwhile has published a juvenile novel and another is scheduled shortly.
(---Luc Pomerleau)



FAN NEWS

Canadapa, Canada's oldest apa, folded with the 1984 12 issue (#64). In spite of Harland Ronning's efforts to keep the apa going in the face of growing apathy and the loss of the Toronto contingent recruited by former Central Mailer, Jim Sheddin, *Canadapa* never recovered from the election of JoAnne McBride as Central Mailer in 1983. (JoAnne beat me out in the elections, so this subsequent collapse is clearly a matter of divine retribution. Things obviously would have been different if I had been elected, what with my reputation for reliability and getting

the job done on time and, er, uh-- then again, maybe it was just ordained, you know?)

While never the major force in Canadian fandom it was originally envisaged to be, *Canadapa* at its peak was one of the most creative and dynamic apas around. In recent years it had been described as a "fannish backwater", but still served as a creative outlet for such writers as Jim Sheddin, Sven Blues, Vaughn Fraser, Barbara Przeklasa and a host of others. It will be missed.

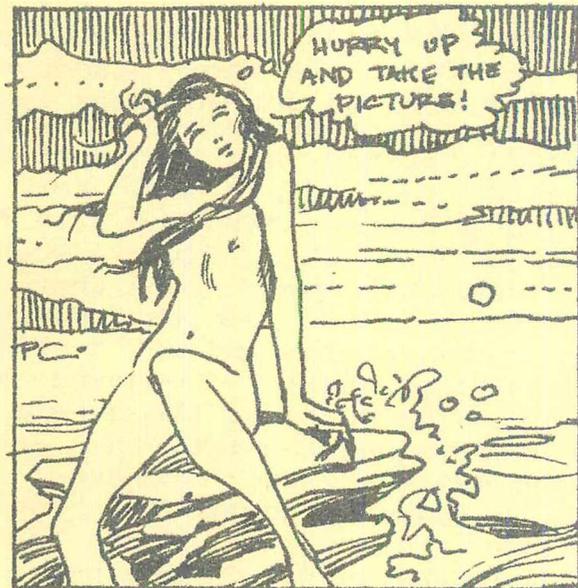
Shortly after the announcement of *Canadapa's* demise, rumours of plans for its revival began to circulate. Apa fanatic, Derek McCulloch-- founder of such successful apas as *The Final Frontier*, *Galactus*, *Bondapa*, and *Apaturnover*--is said to be interested.

Lexie Pakulak is still trying to organize *Quill*, a serious writers apa. *Quill* will be a workshop by mail approach to sf and fantasy with a bimonthly schedule. Minimum contributions are 500 words of fiction and 250 words of criticism (of the other stories) every second mailing (four months). No membership fees. Write Lexie Pakulak, P.O. Box 1265, Station M, Calgary AB T2P 2L2.

In Quebec, the French fanzine *Clair D'ozone* has recently published a Quebec issue containing both articles and fiction. Imagine "has abandoned its policy of experimentation for experimentation 's sake and is aiming for a broader readership, while retaining its intent to publish a 'different' sort of fiction." There has also been a proliferation of little fanzines; and when we say little, we mean little. The first, *Blanc-Citron*, published by Mario Giguere measures 3x4 inches and has spawned at least four imitators in style if not in form. These are faanish fanzines, devoted to silly interviews with the no-so-well-known fans and dissertations on every subject except sf. The systematic copying of the formula is becoming

a bit boring and predictable and one can only hope this effervescence will lead to something more than a dead end.

(---Luc Pomerleau)



MARRIAGES: Lexie Pakulak and Steve Pikov of Calgary fandom were married 1983 04 22. Mike Wallis (Ad Astra Chair and founder of TAPA) married Susan Madison 1983 04 30. // Waterloo fan Les Dickson married Toronto fan Ellen Grossman on 1983 05 01. // Jeannette Waldie married Ike Stoddard (both of Toronto SCA) 1983 06 05. // Lloyd Penney (Millennium Chair and former OE of *Final Frontier*) married Toronto costumer Yvonne Robert 1983 05 28. // WestCoast fan Holly (Fraser) Ward married Sam Butler 1983 11 26. Marg Galbraith-Hamilton and Jim Welch married Friday, 1984 05 13 (talk about bad omens though, eh?) // ESFCAS president Michael Skeet married former NonCon II Chair Lorna Toolis in 1984.

PLEASE NOTE two errors in the 1983 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award Ballot (CSFFA) which was distributed with the last issue of NCF (#6): Judith Merrill was incorrectly identified as a "resident non-citizen" when in fact she obtained Canadian citizenship in 1976. Similarly, Michael Coney informs me that he has dual British and Canadian citizenship. I would like to express my sincerest apologies for the typographical error which labelled Judith Merrill a non-citizen on the ballot and for our lack of accurate information on Michael Coney.

Home Truths



Garth Spencer

It is time, I guess, for a Victoria fan to say something about Constellation Con '83.

Constellation Con '83 was proposed as a full-blown, media-oriented SF convention, to be held over four days in a Victoria hotel. Original plans were to hold it in the Empress and the Harbour Towers, with over 1500 guests paying \$25 each, and with ten special guests, including two Pro Guests of Honour, a Fan Guest of Honour an Artist Guest of Honour and a Toastmaster. What eventually actually appeared was a small one-day event in the Jaycee Hall on 02 20, attended by 70 to 100 people, of which 30 were planners. (Reports vary.)

As early as June 82, many members of SFAV, UFCST, and UVicSFA (the three established clubs in Victoria) expressed fears that the plans were grandiose and unworkable; and then, too, a number of events made some of us progressively annoyed, frightened, very angry, and finally paranoid about Constellation, and about its organizers. I disagree with some fans over how much cause and factual basis there was for feeling paranoid.

I do not feel that Constellation was shot down by verbal opposition. The Constellation concom broke down, I believe, into at least three parts, out of which the core group of leaders always talked convincingly enough to gain a body of workers and some business support; but unfortunately, they also let in at least one bad apple, and that plus other problems, did them in.

I hear that the Constellation committee is in hock up to its ears. I hear that some people are investigating its proceedings for possible fraud by more than one of the executive. I hear a lot of things, but what can I be sure about? More to the point, what conclusions can I print without being slapped with a libel suit, which I can't afford?

I draw the following conclusions:

FOR A SUCCESSFUL CON, RECKON UPON WHAT IS FEASIBLE, GIVEN YOUR SITE, YOUR POTENTIAL LOCAL FAN ATTENDANCE AND SUPPORT, YOUR PRINCIPAL, AND THE EXPERIENCE OF THE PEOPLE ON HAND. There are little cons, like relaxicons, halfacons, noncons, and the Fair-Isle and Imagine minicons; there are regional cons, like V-Cons, Westercon, and NonCon; there are generic (eg, media or fantasy) cons, and there are Worldcons, one of which, I understand, inspired Constellation instigators in the first place. Fair-Isle had about 475 attendees; Imagine had about 375, and did all right; NonCon averages about 400 over three days; a Worldcon may get 6 000, and I hear noises saying "its too big!"

FOR A SUCCESSFUL CON, GAIN AND MAINTAIN THE ACTIVE SUPPORT AND GOODWILL OF LOCAL FANDOM AND THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY. Local businesses which impinge on fan interests are going to heavily supplement your principal by

their involvement; and many, usually most, of the members of a convention are locals in the town where the con is being held. But from the start, local fans in Victoria clubs were disinclined to attend. Events I won't go into turned most of us away.

FOR A SUCCESSFUL CON, GIVE CONSISTENT FACTUAL INFORMATION. The Constellation concom, or individuals therein, tended to change stories at different times for different listeners. They kept reducing the report goal of membership, which did not look good. Then, too, at least one member of the core group changed the concom's plans without authorization, which led the Empress to demand immediate payment for more accommodations than had originally been contracted for, at a moment when the concom could not pay.

FOR A SUCCESSFUL CON, ADVERTISE ONLY WHAT HAS BEEN CONFIRMED. To put it tactfully, the Constellation advertisement tended to advertise guests and programs before they were quite confirmed. To put it bluntly, goals #3 and #4 will be met if the concom does not contain people who lie a lot.

I like to think the Constellation core group were not total villains, whatever wrongs they may be blamed for. I think they were victims of mediafandom. I now think that somebody, or something, sold them a bill of goods--gave them a completely unrealistic set of expectations about what a con should be and how it could be arranged. Whether the core group's...enthusiasm...led them into continuing self-delusions, I should not presume to judge. I would like to say that that was their business. But it ceased to be their business in early 1982. Victoria fandom has been unusually cohesive until this to come along sooner or later. I think the lesson for us is that, whether or not a large con (on a different basis) is feasible for Victoria, there are precautions which a concom--or for that matter any fan organization--can and must take against shenanigans by one or more of its members.

Look what happens when you don't.

((Reprinted with permission from FTA/Phoenix V.4 N.3, 1983 06. Garth Spencer is a former Publications Officer of the Science Fiction Association of Victoria and currently edits The World According to Garth and the new Canadian national newsletter, The Maple Leaf Rag.

Paula Johanson, #2-464 Gorge Road East, Victoria, B.C. V8T 2W4, has written a ten page, step by step account of the Constellation Con disaster, complete with Dan Cawsey cartoons, which makes for fascinating--if somewhat depressing--reading. Atrazine may be out of print, but you could try sending her a buck for a photocopy.))

fanzine reviews

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Atrazine, Paula Johanson, #2-464 Gorge Road East, Victoria, BC V8T 2W4. available for the usual; xerox; 10 pp., 21x28. 1983 Illustrations by Dan Cawsey.

Atrazine is a one-shot on the Constellation Con Disaster. Paula, as a relatively disinterested bystander, gives a detailed account of how a group of well-meaning but hopelessly unrealistic fans attempted to stage a giant media con in Victoria. It is a fascinating account of how *not* to go about organizing a convention. Paula concludes that the ringleaders were "victims of media fandom" and ultimately blames LucasFilm for its intrusion into fandom, but I don't really see how they can take the rap for the lunacy of the concom.

While *Atrazine* was a one-shot response to a local trauma, I'm keen to see more from Paula and hope she will continue to put out other zines.

BCSFazine #108-120, THE BRITISH COLUMBIA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION (BCSFA) P.O. Box 35577, Stn E, Vancouver, BC V6M 4G9. Mimeo; 12pp; 14x21; \$9/year or trades. Monthly.

Editor Neil Williams tried to enliven the usually routine BCSFA newsletter by adopting the editorial character of a droog--the futuristic gang members from *A Clockwork Orange*. I found this highly amusing and entertaining. BCSFA generally found it a royal pain. Neil always included the usual club stuff, such as minutes of meetings, coming events, and any editorial contributions received from club members, but would pad out the rest of the issue with new wave, punk, droog, or similar material written himself or by his droog friends. Well, what did they expect from the former editor or *Swill*? By the end of his term as editor, Neil was so disappointed with the combined apathy and criticism with which his *BSFazines* had been greeted that he semi-gafiated. This is a common fate for sf club executive officers. Neil was nominated for a Elron for Worst Fanzine Editor at V-Con 11.

BCSFazine #121-140. Same as above. Offset; 14x21; 14pp.

1983-85 editor Barbara Przeklasa is a professional typesetter so her issues are always the best produced clubzines in Canada. Clean layout, the use of color, and photographs that you can actually make out give this half-size zine its distinctive look.

The contents, however, are slightly schizoid. On the one hand, Barbara sees the clubzine as "a forum for club members in which to express themselves via reviews, articles, artwork, and yes, fiction." She tries to "inject a tab of seriousness" into the club and so has articles on Dr. Who, book

and film reviews, historical columns and so on. On the other hand, the letter column is even more acidic than it was under Neil, with BCSFA members bashing each other over the head in various incomprehensible fan feuds. Barbara is herself not above telling things as they are, and in one issue she replied to a letter with a photo of herself holding an axe. So *BCSFazine* is alternately boring club announcements & routine reviews and exciting fan feud violence...sort of like switching channels between *Mr. Rogers*, *Dallas* and *Road Warrior*

Callisto Rising #2, E.B.Klassen, #2-464 Gorge Road East, Victoria, BC V8T 2W4. Mimeo, 26pp., 21x28, available for the usual.

Anvil called this Canada's worst fanzine, but they obviously don't see all the Canadian zines I get. Anyway, I enjoy *Callisto* at least as much as the average issue of *Anvil*, so there! Book reviews, letter column, serious discussion of sf, and yet another attack on LucasFilm's heavy-handed intrusion into fandom (which Bernie likes to contrast with the benign neglect ST fans enjoy from Paramount). A good showcase of Victoria fandom's talent.

The Central Ganglion, now defunct.

Primarily ditto, some xerox or mimeo; 10pp. 21x28; every six weeks.

Founded by the Ganglion of Four (an allusion, I believe, to Edmonton's Gang of Four) it was edited--like nearly everything else in Victoria--by Garth Spencer. This was Victoria's "inter-club science fiction newsletter", an attempt to open communications between Victoria's four or five warring clubs/factions. It was one of Canada's better club newsletters, especially considering it didn't actually have its own club. It is survived by *The Maple Leaf Rag*.

Enter The Lists, Garth Spencer. Ditto, 9pp; 14x21. Defunct. A serialized list of fanzines and clubs. Superseded by *The Maple Leaf Rag*.

The Fandom Zone Vol1, #2, VANCOUVER ISLAND COMIC CLUB, 3217 Shelly St., Victoria, BC V8P 4A6. Xerox ;34pp.; 21x28. \$1.50

4 page Dave Sim interview is the major feature of this issue. Typical comic clubzine--pretty amateurish.

From the Ashes/Phoenix, Vol.3 #3 - Vol.4 #6 THE SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA (SFAV); P.O Box 1772, Victoria, BC V8V 3E1. Ditto, some color; 12-35pp, 21x28; bimonthly; \$1.25 each or \$7.50/yr or trade. Edited by Garth Spencer.

The combined newsletter and clubzine of SFAV, with the usual combination of news,

editorializing about the local fan scene, articles and fiction by members, and a pretty good letter column. Garth managed to expand the mailing list and attract enough out-of-town contributors to keep *FTA/Phoenix* from becoming too insular. The only thing keeping this from becoming Canada's ultimate clubzine was the hard-to-read ditto reproduction.

Garth stepped down as Information Officer for SFAV with the Dec 1983 issue (in order to concentrate on *The Maple Leaf Rag* and *The World According To Garth*), and the fanzine essentially disappeared with his leaving.

Formerly *FTA/Phoenix*, number 1, Volume Loud.

The address listed is SFAV/P.O.Box 1772, Victoria BC V8W 2Y3 but who knows?

This takeover of the *FTA/Phoenix*, Garth Spencer, motherhood and apple pie should manage to offend just about everybody. The tone of the low-brow humour may be gaged from the cover caption: "read this issue or we'll fuck this dog". The only bit which isn't obscene (and consequently is amusing) is the loc supposedly from yours truly. Pretty juvenile stuff, and a complete waste of a lot of talented people, if you ask me. But they enjoyed themselves, so what the hey.

Kestral Log Vol.2 #1-3, 4020 W. 40 Ave, Vancouver, BC V6N 3C1. Xerox; 12pp; 18x22; \$1/issue, \$5/yr; free to club members. Bimonthly.

Typical ST clubzine with an article on 23rd Century Hair, a wordsearch puzzel, some club news, etc. Boring. Of interest to ST club members only.

LMTWGA #6, Fran Skene,

(note COA) Offset; 17pp; 22x28. \$2/two issues or usual.

Fran's personal zine, the tone may be discerned from the full title which is *Love Makes The World Go Awry*. About equally divided between Fran's personal life, the poetry pages, and the letter column. While this sort of personal zine is usually of interest primarily to the editor's close personal friends, Fran's zine has a circulation of about 500, so you don't need to feel too bashful to ask for a copy.

The Maple Leaf Rag #'s 1,2,3,4,5, Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, B.C. V8V 3E1. \$0.50/each or \$4/year or the usual; mimeo; 12pp 21x28.

Tried of waiting for NCF, Garth decided to put out his own Canadian newsletter, and so far has managed to keep to a regular six week schedule. A typical issue has news, conreports, coverage of Canadian sf clubs, Canadian con listings, Canadian fanzine reviews, controversy over the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award, and Canadian oriented editorials.

Well, you can see where that sort of thing could lead. People might start to think that a hasty monthly schedule was more natural for a newsletter than a properly careful annual one. People might start asking, "Have you read the latest issue of *The Maple Leaf Rag* yet?" rather than the current Canadian fan greeting of "Have you heard any word on when the next NCF is due out?" Obviously, this could not be permitted to continue.

So, the Hall/Runte publishing empire has bought out *The Maple Leaf Rag*. Henceforth, all Canadian subscribers to NCF will automatically receive MLR; and all of Garth's subscribers will automatically receive NCF. Thus, you may think of MLR as the monthly news supplement to Canada's national fanzine, NCF. (Garth may try to tell you that NCF is the annual genzine supplement to Canada's national newszine, MLR, but you will naturally recognize this as pure pretension on his part. Right?)

NCF's foreign subscribers may wish to subscribe to MLR as well, but will have to do so directly.

Plastizine #4-7, THE VANCOUVER COMIC BOOK CLUB (VCBC), P.O. Box 48873, Bentall Stn, Vancouver, BC V7X 1A8. Xerox; 25-36pp.; 14x21; \$0.50/issue.

For my money, the best comics fanzine in Canada. Edited by Leonard S Wong, another one who believes in calling it as he sees it, *Plastizine* usually has comic and film reviews, con listings, news, editorials, some club news, a good letter column, and first rate feature articles such as Wong's interview with Don Bluth (creator of *The Secret of NIMH*) in #4 & #5, and an interview with Dave Sim in #6. #7 features and interview with Arn Saba of *Niel the Horse* fame. Well worth the cost if you are at all into comics.

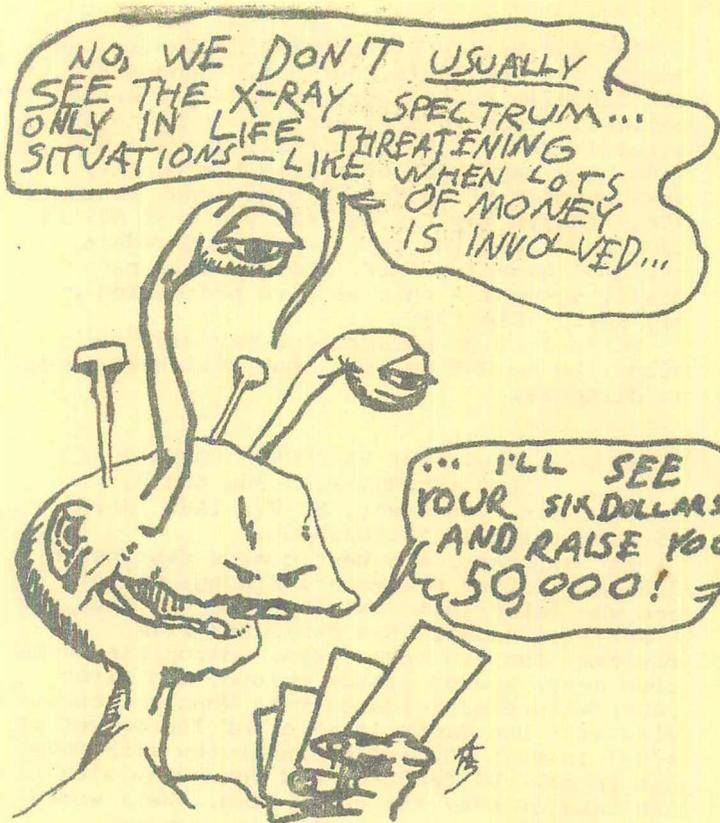
Potboiler Vol.1 #s 6 & 7, Lari Davidson, Richards Road, Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W0. Offset; 65pp (!); 22x28; \$2/issue. Typeset by Barbara Przeklasa.

High production values, excellent layout, and quality fiction garnered *Potboiler* nominations in seven categories for SPWAO Awards last year--which is not too shabby at all. This is a labour of love for Lari, and it shows not only in the product but also in the loyalty of readers and contributors. Many professional writers and artists first saw print in *Potboiler* and many (such as Charles Saunders) continue to loc and actively contribute.

Stories cover the whole range from war to westerns to sf, and each issue usually contains one or two comic strips as well. If you are at all interested in fiction zines, this is a must buy.

SFA Digest, Jim Welch, #305 13325-105 Ave, Surrey, BC. V3T 1Z2 Offset; 20pp; 14x22; Try \$1 or the usual.

The SFA consists of the four members of the Surrey Contingent of the BCSFA with various hangers-on. Not precisely a club, its more of a conspiracy. The tone of the publication may be garnered from the cover of #4: "Nuke Everything!" Unlike other fanzines which set out to be contentious, however, the *SFA Digest* often has something serious to say underneath all the sarcasm (eg, their straight-faced review of the nonexistent *Valley Girls of Gor* or their now famous assault on "gunge fantasy") and is almost always interesting. The *BCSFazine*-style format may or may not be an attempt to surplant that publication as the BCSFA's clubzine, but the *SFA Digest* is certainly a showcase for



reviews, fanfiction, crossword puzzle, etc. *Trekkada's* main claim to fame are the cartooning talents of Dan Cawsey, (Canada's answer to Phil Foglio) and the pencil sketches by Pat Kilner. Recommended for ST fans.

VCBC Bulletin #26, P.O.Box 488773, Bentall Stn, Vancouver BC V7X 1A8. Xerox; 1 sheet. News update for VCBC.

The World According to Garth #1-9, Garth Spencer, 1296 Richardson St., Victoria, BC V8V 3E1. Ditto, 4-14pp, 21x28. \$0.35 each or \$2/year or the usual.

For awhile there, Canadian fanzines could be divided into two groups: those put out by Garth Spencer and those not put out by Garth Spencer. Bernie Klassen once called Garth "a one man assault on our forests." Fortunately for all concerned, Garth is reasonably entertaining.

This is Garth's personal zine and is about equally divided between Garth's editorials and the letter column, with the occasional page of fanzine reviews tossed in for good measure. Worth getting.

ALBERTA

APA Tainment, Georges Giguere, 9645b-84 Ave., Edmonton, AB T6C 1E7. Mimeo; offset; ditto, and/or computer printout; 21x28; available for editorial contribution.

Apa Tainment was originally intended as an apa, but since it never really got off the ground, Georges put everything he had collected so far out in one massive issue. I doubt that there will be a second issue, and that's too bad because there is some really great material in this one. Dave Fraser's "On The Road To Columbia", the Cruiser's "Aaaguh!" and the anonymous "Batman" strip are also highlights. In addition to the locally written satires, comicstrips, group stories, art portfolios, etc, Georges reprinted some of the best stuff from other zines, notably Charlie Williams fantastically funny comics. Of course, as with any apalike zine, much of the contents were garbage, but after tossing those sections out, what was left was well worth saving. Write to Georges and ask for a copy or maybe even encourage him to collect material for another issue.

Neology, Vol.8, #1 & #2, THE EDMONTON SCIENCE FICTION AND COMIC ART SOCIETY (ESFCAS), P.O. Box 4071, Edmonton, AB T6E 4S8; Edited by John Wellington (sic); mimeo; 21x28; 12pp & 18 pp. \$10 in Edmonton, \$5/year out-of-town or under 12.

Vol.8#1 had President's message, movie reviews, editorial, and a very lively letter column...all of which were completely fake. There is no John Wellington, Susan Follett, Bryce Obnoski, or Jim Weibe. Pat Sullivan is a real person, but I wrote 'his' letter too.

Basically, I (Robert Runte) found myself president of a club with fewer than ten

Vancouver area fandom, complete with fanfic and conreports. I like it.

Smut #1, THE UNITED FEDERATION OF CANADIAN STAR TREKKERS; c/o #2-464 Gorge Road East, Victoria, BC, V8T 2W4. Mimeo; 12pp; available for the usual. Edited by Paula Johanson.

ST/SW sex-fanfiction which goes for the laughs and is heavily into in-jokes. I guess you had to be there. Plain brown paper wrapper.

SPWAO Showcase '83, Lari Davidson, Richards Rd., Roberts Creek, BC, VON 2W0. Offset; 88pp (!!); 14x22; \$3. Typeset.

The Small Press Writers and Artists Organization (SPWAO) is an international association of writers, poets, artists, and editors and is sort of a fandom unto itself, though many prominent sf fans are also members of SPWAO. If you're interested in joining, write to John Postovit, 3001 N 2 St, Fargo, ND 58102, USA.

This issue of the *SPWAO Showcase* was edited by Lari Davidson, so it looks a lot like a digest-sized issue of *Potboiler*. In other words it's pretty good. Again, if you are interested in fiction zines, this is well worth your \$3.

Trekkada, Vol.4 #4 & Vol.5 #1, THE UNITED FEDERATION OF CANADIAN STAR TREKKERS; c/o Karl Johanson, 1594 Mortimer St., Victoria BC V8T 3A6. Xerox, 32pp/22pp; available for the usual. Edited by Karl Johanson.

Typical Trek zine with articles on ST,

active members and about another 80-90 non-attending fellow travellers. The old members wouldn't come to meetings because they had heard and done it all before, and there were no new recruits to enliven things. The newcomers wouldn't stay because there were not enough old-timers around to convince them that there actually was an ESFCAS any more. Since I didn't have a real newsletter editor, I invented one, and 'he' put out an issue which gave the impression that ESFCAS was alive and well and worth coming back to.

I am happy to report that it worked. The week after *Neology* came out I got 60 rather than 6 people out to the meeting. I put the issue out to coincide with the opening of University so we got quite a few new recruits that evening; and all the old-timers showed up to find out what the controversy in the newsletter was all about. The old guard wandered around asking all the new recruits, "Are you John Wellington?" and the new recruits kept saying, "Hey, what a big club you've got here." The upcoming events announced in that issue actually came off as advertized, since the participants read about them and showed up thinking they had forgotten an actual promise to do so!

Careful examination of issue #1 will reveal dozens of blatant hints that this was a hoax issue (such as letters saying we ought to put out a hoax issue, and a Taral cartoon about a hoax), but even some people who had been attending meetings were taken in. By the time the second issue appeared, the word had leaked out that it was all a hoax and everyone disbelieved the second issue---which is too bad since everything in it (aside from the editor's name) was real. Yes, Virginia, Campus Security really did raid an ESFCAS meeting, and there really was a Brett MacDonald and a shadow executive.

Neology, Vol.9,#1, same address, etc., as above. Edited by Georges Giguere. Former *Neology* editor Georges Giguere returns to revive the semi-defunct ESFCAS newsletter. Part of the new (read, "real") executive, Georges can be counted on to put out a decent product with reasonable regularity. High production values and a stable of amusing contributors make this one of the better club newsletters around.

New Wave Video Snacks 1, April, 1984, Michael Hall, 14534-37 St., Edmonton, AB T5Y 2K2 [Email 72355,1642.] Mimeo; 8pp; 21x28. Available for the Usual.

Book reviews by Michael, with one or two thrown in by Rosanne Charest for good measure. Michael's eclectic interests are clearly reflected in this wide-ranging collection and most of the books reviewed are not sf. Of interest primarily to Michael's friends and to the literate.

Prefix Code #3, March, 1984. LETHBRIDGE ASSOCIATION OF STAR TREK FANS (LASTF). 533-14th St. South, Lethbridge, AB T1J 2Y1. Offset; 26pp; 14x21.

Book and film reviews, president's message, ST bibliography, MacDonald's ads. Thankfully, there is no fiction. A standard

Trekzine primarily of interest to ST fans.

The LASTF itself is making a big push to recruit new members with the release of the new ST movie and has managed to make a deal with Paramount to co-produce television commercials advertizing the movie and the club side by side. LASTF is one of the more active ST clubs in Canada.

Winding Numbers, #7 Randy Reichardt, #1, 10250-122 St, Edmonton, AB, T5N 1L9 Mimeo; 16 pp; 22x28; available by whim only, but Randy is a lot easier than his rude colophon would tend to indicate.

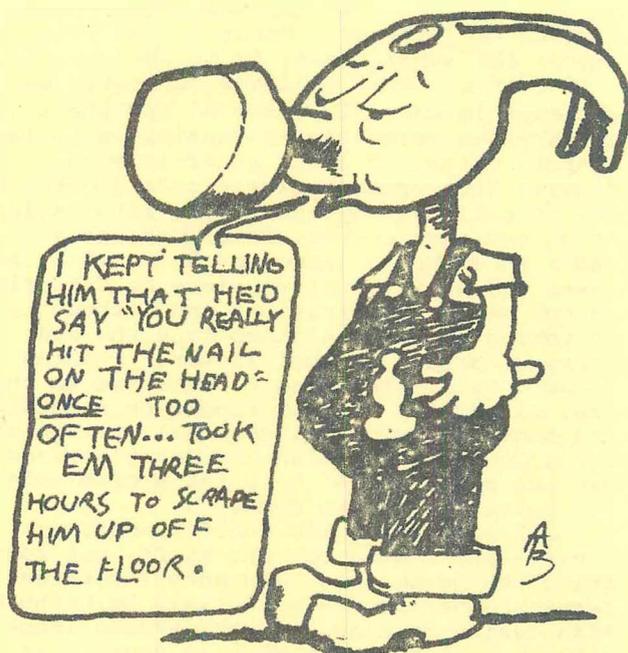
Randy Reichardt returns from the dead (well, gaffiation, anyway) to produce another issue of his once famous *Winding Numbers*. This issue is not a genzine, however, but a personal zine in which Randy basically talks about his life in general and his fascination with the book *Blue Highways* in particular. Roldo cover (but does Roldo know about it?) and interior illos by Alexis Gilliland. Some nice photos of road signs round out the issue. I like it.

MANITOBA

Dean Nova#1, Larry Nadolsky, P.O.Box 4, Pointe du Bois, MB, ROE 1N0. Offset; 12pp; 21x28; \$0.75 + postage. A comic book.

Why Winnipeg has a monopoly on Canadian comic artists (Roldo, Kenny Moran, Ackerman, etc) I have never quite figured out, but here is yet another self-published comic from Manitoba. And its a good one. Dean Nova is a space-ship flying private-eye who wanders through a slightly off-the-wall universe.

AGGRAVATED ASSAULT #1



Typical dialog: "The Jester was thrown in jail Sire...It seems he was performing in a musical production and stole the show." Nothing earth-shattering, but reasonably entertaining.

The Swamp Gas Journal Vol.2 #8-10 Vol.3 #'s 1-6. Chris Rutkowski, Box 1918, Winnipeg, MB, R3C 3R2. Xerox; 10pp; 18x22.

The Swamp Gas Journal is about UFO's, and manages to strike a nice balance between hopeful interest and skeptical disbelief. A typical issue reviews recent UFO books, UFO cartoons reprinted from other publications, and Chris' work as Chair of Project UFO Canada. Vol.3 #1 includes an account of Chris personal investigation of a May 17th 1983 sighting in Winnipeg. Fascinating stuff without any of hint of *National Enquirer* sensationalism. #4 has a number of stories, such as "Conan the Librarian" which are mildly amusing. #'s 5 & 6 is back to an interesting assortment of UFO related news. Recommended.

ONTARIO

Bibliofantasiac, 802 Pape Ave, Toronto, ON, M4K 3S7. Offset; 23pp; 14x22; Bimonthly. Typeset. \$4.50/yr to Channel 53 Productions.

Edited by C F Kennedy (I think--its not always easy to make out the colophon), this collection of short sf fiction and humour is, well, different. There is a regular column by Fido Dogstoevski, CFK's dog, for example, and none of the fiction runs longer than a page or two. Book reviews and used book ads round out each issue. My major complaint is that the layout seems a bit haphazard, with pieces of page 22 continued on page 16, etc. While no *Potboller*, its not too bad and well worth a look for anyone into fanfiction.

Carefully Sedated #'s 1,2,& 3 Catherine Crockett & Alan Rosenthal, C/O 117 Wanless Ave, Toronto, Ontario, M4N 1W1. Mimeo; 18- 34pp; 22x28; \$2 or the usual.

One of the best genzines currently being produced in Canada. Issue #1 had the standard why-I-am-producing-a-fanzine editorials by both Cathy and Alan; an article on "Soviet Deep Space Exploration"; another on the "Genetics of Lycanthropy"; interesting front and back covers, Peter Gotlieb art and a short humour piece by Roldo (?!...Roldo lives !!) an interesting piece by Catherine on our media civilization, and a thought-provoking piece by Alan on fans who are looking forward to nuclear war. (Months later I still find myself referring to this one, since Alan put his finger on something I had been observing but not fully recognizing for a long time.) Alan and Cathy's pieces are the best, and #1 held lot's of promise for better things to come.

#2 features Roldo short humour, art & covers--and I mean current stuff, not something the editor has held onto for three fannish generations--editorials by Cathy and Alan (aside to Alan: if your second issue comes out in the same year as your first issue, it isn't late), an article by John Berry (!), articles by Taral, Do Ming Lum,

and Barb Dwire, and a decent letter column. One the whole, this issue lives up to the promise of the first, and there is every sign that they are well on their way to becoming Canada's best fanzine.

#3 has a Sirois cover, a ST spoof by Taral, a short humour piece by Robert Atwood, a "true life adventure" by Roldo (not to be confused with his identical cousin, Rampage Turner), and a good letter column. Good stuff.

The Hanged Men Dance #5 & #9, Jim Shedden, 36 Ivy Green Cres., Scarborough, ON M1G 2Z3. Xerox;22x28, 22x34; 38pp+; \$1.

Sure its art, but is it a fanzine?

Well, actually, its a new-wave music/media zine, but Jim learned his art in fandom and it has a very fannish feel to it, so let's pretend like it belongs in this column. The zine can perhaps be best described by quoting the caption on the backcover "It was terribly thrilling, like ...like eating your first oyster." Something of an acquired taste, but absolutely top of its class.

Issue #9, for example, has a package of Double Bubble Gum pasted to the front-cover, a pull open inside-cover window, a pop-up photo insert on page 2, a set of flip-flop pages (you know, those matching sets of cards with different top and bottom combinations), and an unrelenting overlay of various xerox art techniques. Zowie....nearly overpowering and we haven't even read anything yet. But the media's the message, right?

Contents include poetry (regular and sound), esoteric quotations, ("There'll be no more giant leeches, When you find the Good Lord Jesus"), film and record reviews, and some general ramblings and fiction by various talented contributors.

Not everything works, of course, but even without making allowances for the experimental nature of the beast, one has to concede that there is a lot of creativity here and that there is a visual excitement and written vitality that one rarely finds in mainstream fandom any more.

And I don't even like new wave music.



Newslog #28(?), USS EXCALIBUR, c/o 120 Lewis St, Apt. #2, Ottawa, ON K2P 0S7.
Ditto; 14pp; 22x28; the usual.

Yet another Star Trek Club fanzine, with the usual book, movie, and con reviews, letter column and ST related articles. Ok of its type, though the ditto reproduction detracts from its readability. Of interest to any ST fan.

OSFiC Newsletter, THE ONTARIO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB, c/o BAKKA, 282 Queen St. W, Toronto, M5V 2A1. Xerox; 14pp; 22x28; \$6/yr.

The last issue I received was May/June 83, so I don't know if it's folded or if NCF was just cut off. The Feb.83 issue was edited by Kathryn Grimbly-Bethke on pink paper with dozens of flying bunny rabbits, the significance of which escaped me. Minutes, an editorial, a club retrospective by Taral, a couple of book reviews, and Do Ming Lum's Treasurer's report make up the rest of issue.

The May/June issue is on a more reasonable yellow paper, and in addition to the usual club stuff above, has a great article on Dr. Edward Llewellyn-Thomas by Do-Ming Lum and Kathy Grimbly-Bethke, and another on "Near-Lightspeed Propulsion Systems" by Do-Ming. This is a pretty good issue of a club newsletter by anyone's standards, but what has happened since last year? (Not that we should talk.) Rumour has it that OSFiC enjoyed a brief renaissance during the Nielsen Hayden's stay in Toronto but whether this revival will survive the Nielsen Hayden's departure remains to be seen.)

((Note from MSH while proof-reading Robert's illustrious prose--OSFiC has now folded after a hard-fought war by Taral and others. Robert, Garth beat us again in MLR!))

The Ottawa Science Fiction Statement #72-78, THE OTTAWA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY, P.O.Box 2958, Stn. D, Ottawa, ON, K1V 8W6. Mimeo; 16pp; 22x28; available to members or for the usual. Edited by Joe Casey. Monthly.

Perhaps the archetypal club newsletter, the OSFS is regular as clockwork, and filled with the usual book reviews, con reports, articles and club announcements that one would expect. The mimeo is perhaps a bit blurry (the result of trying to print on a long fiber xerox paper rather than properly absorbent mimeo paper) but still readable, and what it lacks in layout and artwork it more than makes up for with typed copy. A good solid workhorse of a newsletter, with enough controversy and humour to keep it from becoming dull.

Starsongs #54,#55, WATSFIC, c/o Dennis Mullin, 69 Donald St., APT.6, Kitchener, ON N2B 3G6. Xerox; 4-6pp; 22x28; Newsletter of the University of Waterloo Science Fiction Club, *Starsongs* replaces *Whatsnew*. While generally thin and occasionally blurry, the issues contain photographic evidence that WATSFIC is alive and well--perhaps the most active university sf club in Canada now that UBC's is in decline. Book reviews, announcement, reprinted sf news, etc. Of primarily local interest.

Uncharted Mindscapes, c/o David Seburn, 118 Foster Ave., London, ON N6H 2L1. Xerox; 64pp; 14x21; \$1.75 +\$0.75 postage. Published by THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS, the London Ontario writer's workshop.

The first thing they are going to have to learn if they want to become pros is that books sell by their covers---the obviously amateur artwork on theirs should kill any chance of attracting casual bookstore browsers. Their first priority for next issue should be to write Brad W. Foster for a proper cover, logo, and/or interior illos. (Sorry Rebecca.)

The stories themselves are about standard for nonprofessional fiction...in other words, hohum. My advice to the SPCSFW: write for *Potboiler* and let Lari's independent feedback sharpen your skills. Or, if you publish a second issue, try to attract some outside contributors to provide your group with some real interaction. *Uncharted Mindscapes* is a worthy project and a nice try...but no cigar yet.

Whatsnew # 48--see *Starsongs*.

QUEBEC

Solaris #'s 50-58; 266 rue Belleau, Chicoutimin, Quebec, G7H 2Y8. Off-set; 60pp; 22x28; typeset; \$12/yr

Mike and I can't agree whether this is the best fanzine in Canada or the only prozine, but either way it is a "must-have" if you can read French, and maybe even if you can't. It has always had the highest production values, professional printing, superb layout, classy illustrations, etc., and the contents have always reflected the best of Quebec sf and sf criticism. Some comic art material is usually included, along with conreports, letters, book reviews, and the other material usually found in English-language fanzines, but *Solaris* (in the French fannish tradition) tends to be a bit more serious and fiction oriented than it's English-language equivalents.

With issue #53 an important change took place. After nine years of editing *Solaris*, Norbert Spehner stepped down in favour of an editorial committee headed by Elisabeth Vonarburg (Co-ordinator and fiction editor), with Luc Pomerleau, Daniel Serpine, Charles Montpetit, Claude Janelle, and Joel Champetier. So far, this committee seems to have been able to live up to the high standards set by Norbert Spehner, with issue #54 as good or better than what has gone before, but it is difficult to think of *Solaris* without Spehner. *SFR* without Geis, *Locus* without Brown, *Potboiler* without Lari? Inconceivable. Still, the committee represents three of the top names in Quebec sf and it has a long and honourable tradition to build on. NCF wishes them the best of luck. (See Pomerleau's article, this issue.)

Ten Years of Québec Fandom With

Requiem and Solaris

Luc Pomerleau

When a privileged few Quebec sf readers saw the first issue of *Requiem* in 1974, little did they know that they were witnessing not only the birth of our first fanzine, but also the start of Quebec fandom. This article, when it mentions "French Fandom" will be referring exclusively to French-speaking (or francophone) fans. I will leave to another the task of chronicling the history of our very discreet English counterparts.

Requiem was the brainchild of Norbert Spohner, a French-born College teacher in Longueuil, a suburb of Montreal. One of the courses he taught was sf, and he had been to Torcon in 1972 with some of his students. There, he met a few other Quebec fans and began the first steps toward an organized network of fans in the province. The idea of creating a fanzine was slow to get off the ground, until the fall of 1974 when the financial support of the Cultural Animation Services department of the College allowed a handful of believers to publish *Requiem*, a 24 page, staple-bound, offset magazine. The crude layout and illustrations didn't frazzle the editor, who predicted that it could eventually become the "Locus of Quebec."

Although this comment seemed to classify *Requiem* as a newszine, the first issue contained the mixed bag that would continue to characterize it over the coming years: fiction, criticism, reviews, news, art and, in an irregular and ever-increasing frequency, con reports. From the start Spohner's editorial direction wavered between making *Requiem* into a true fanzine, and catering to the literary ambitions of the new-born sf community. That first issue also contained the first in a series of reports on Montreal's bid for the 1977 Worldcon, spear-headed by Andrew Porter and Richard Labonte. *Requiem* appeared just in time to chronicle the rapid rise and fall of that project.

The next issues saw the first appearance of people who would quickly become the core group of contributors, replacing most of the early team whose enthusiasm seemed to have waned quickly. Among those early luminaries were Daniel Sernine (#4), Elisabeth Vonarburg (#5), and yours truly (#7). By that time some of the longest-lived features were in place, particularly two columns signed with pseudonyms; "The Notebooks of Chtulhu" and "Gossip by the Great Lubicious Gougou". That last name was thought by some to be an invention, but it later turned out to be a sort of wood spirit from Native legends. Those mysterious characters (whose real identities are still hidden) reported on new releases, both French and English, and the goings-on in the sf scene all over the world.

One of the very early features on the fiction side was the "International Anthology

of Short Short Fiction", of which issues 4 to 27 presented stories from countries as diverse as Costa Rica and Switzerland. *Requiem* was supposed to be a newszine, not a fictionzine, but this was the best way to satisfy all of its readers until the demand for longer fiction forced Spohner to accept more substantial fare than the short-shorts. This period was one of consolidation of the team, and crystallization of the dual nature of *Requiem*, never quite a fanzine, never quite a magazine. Events like the acceptance of advertising (from #5), a turning away from purely fannish material, its role as a training ground for young writers, and the awarding of a one year grant by the Canada Council for the Arts in 1976 tended to put *Requiem* more in the category of a cultural magazine, but one who played the role of animator in Quebec fandom.

There was at that time no other magazine or fanzine publishing or discussion of sf in Quebec, so *Requiem* had to play two roles: fanzine, and not-quite-prozine. French readers have always tended to be much more serious than their anglo-saxon contemporaries. French cons are usually a blend of academic and social, with more emphasis on the former. This may help to explain why French fandom has not until very recently attached much importance to mainstream fandom as an entity; the literary aspect was more important.

One initiative of *Requiem*'s was the annual literary competition launched in 1977, called *Le Prix Dagon*. The first winner was Daniel Sernine, now an established author on the Quebec book scene. Other winners over the years include Elisabeth Vonarburg and Rene Beaulieu, who have also published books since. The prize saw its name changed to *Prix Solaris* in 1981 with issue 42. But I'm getting a bit ahead of myself; let's back track a bit to issue 17 in which Norbert called for interesting letters of comment. The letter column in *Requiem* was always infrequent, mainly because the letters received tended not to be interesting enough to warrant a regular spot for them. The letters page was quietly dropped around issue 10, to reappear sporadically, as warranted on special occasions, or when nasty or stupid locs were received. The latter were dissected and meticulously refuted by Norbert. It seems that Quebec fans prefer to read sf, and do not feel the need to sit down and write long and detailed accounts of their likes and dislikes. The flow of information was for a long time mostly outwards, produced mainly by a regular and limited group of people. *Requiem* was not the catalyst and channel of debate or meeting of minds that it should have been.

All that changed in 1980 when, through contacts established via *Requiem*, Quebec

fandom finally decided to hold its first convention. Named "Boreal", it was held in Chicoutimi and attracted fans from as far away as Switzerland. The con coincided with a change of name for *Requiem*, to *Solaris*. Norbert had preferred this name originally but had been voted down by the other founders. Now that he was the sole owner of the zine he could do what he wanted with it. And during that same eventful summer two other zines were born, *Imagine* and *Pour ta Belle Gueule d'Ahuri* (now deceased), founded by people who had met or corresponded through *Requiem*.

Shortly after the title change, Cthulhu and Gougou disappeared, since Norbert found them a bit too fannish for the tone he wanted to put forward in *Solaris*. It was by now a respected cultural magazine, and a member of the province's association of cultural periodicals. Those two dear departed creatures were replaced by the more sedate "Martian Chronicles", a column that covered the same ground. But in the next few issues, a new phenomenon began to appear, something unthinkable in the previous camaraderie in french fandom: a feud. The editorials and editor-controlled pages of *Solaris* and *Imagine* printed at first veiled, then direct attacks toward each other's respective editors, Norbert Spohner and Jean-Marc Gouanvic, a former contributor to *Requiem/Solaris* and a co-founder of *Imagine*. Although partly based on philosophical differences on the role of a zine, and the nature of sf, the feud was mainly a conflict of personality that tainted the atmosphere and threatened division in both camps. Although the exchange of fire was mainly limited to the two protagonists, others were hit by the ricochets. After a few lulls in the fighting followed by renewed hostilities, peace finally came back to fandom when both editors relinquished editorship of their zines almost simultaneously in 1983. They are both still active in fandom and one can sometimes find echoes of their old feud in their writing.

Meanwhile, *Solaris* continued its role as a focal point for creation and criticism, and the wheels seemed to be well oiled and looked like they would keep turning for quite a while. But by issue 35, Norbert was writing about the drudgery and routine of producing a regular zine. Although the encouraging response from readers renewed his dedication, it was a hint of things to come. Issue 37 was a special issue devoted to *Bande dessinée* (the less derogatory and simplistic French term for comics). *Solaris* had always opened its pages to this medium in the form of criticism (my column and articles), reflecting the respect with which this literature is held among the French. But *Solaris* 37 was the first time that young French authors in this field were published. Thereafter, more comics were published, and this led, in 1983 to an additional category in the *Prix Solaris* for *Bande dessinée*, in addition to the established fiction category.

Since its beginning, the visual look of the fanzine had been rather tame, perhaps even bland, but as Norbert experimented and acquired experience it got progressively better, even if his layouts were rather straightforward. He asked several graphic

artists for advice, which helped to brighten things up a little. The big leap forward for the interior look was the introduction of typesetting in issue 40, done by the editor and a handful of helpers on a machine bought for *Solaris*. Gone were the days of the Selectric look. Being typeset gave it a professional look, true to its cultural magazine status. This status was acknowledged by the Canada Council and the Quebec Department of Cultural Affairs who, respectively from issues 44 and 47, admitted *Solaris* to their aid to publications grant programs. That funding continues today. The cost of producing a zine like of *Solaris* caliber had become too much to be funded by subscriptions.

After the International Francophone Convention held in Chicoutimi in 1982, rumours started circulating that Norbert wanted to call it quits. Even though he had often expressed his annoyance with the routine, he always denied the gossip. Issue 50 served as a sort of tacit denial, a mammoth deluxe 90% fiction issue to commemorate that symbolic number. But shortly after, Norbert contacted some of the regular contributors and offered them ownership of *Solaris* and the task of continuing it. This new team, composed of Joel Champetier, Claude Janelle, Charles Montpetit, myself, Daniel Sernaine and Elisabeth Vonarburg, was to take charge after issue 53, but Norbert decided to end it all even before the start of work on that issue and the transition was a bit hectic, if not panicky. For the first time in its history, *Solaris* came out nearly two months late.

Since then, Montpetit has had to leave us, to be replaced by Mario Giguere, who is responsible for page layouts. Elisabeth is the literary editor, and general coordinator, while I look after the *Bandes dessinées* and graphics features departments. After three issues published on our own, including a special fantasy issue, and another one at the printer, we seem to have reached our cruising speed. In the works are the 10th anniversary special and other thematic specials. The debate over the orientation of *Solaris* has not abated; the magazine is still walking the thin line between a focal point for fandom and a literary zine promoting creation and criticism. This somewhat opportunistic approach is necessary, considering the particular nature of the sf market in Quebec. Being both an instrument of fandom and of creation, *Solaris* was the prime mover of fandom here and of all the tremendous activity that has ensued. Indeed, there would probably be far fewer sf books published here, if a crazy professor had not decided to launch *Requiem* in 1974. It was truly the essential element that directed the latent energy toward the myriad activities that we have seen since. And the fannish torch may have been passed to a new generation. The recent outpouring of home-made funny quasi-cruzzines is a sign that there is still life in "pure" fandom. Whatever happens to *Solaris*, its imprint on sf in Quebec is immense and will certainly continue to be felt, actively and retrospectively, for years to come.

cast
adrift
20th century... Dave VERESCHAGIN

I wake up. I think, "It can't be morning already. It can't be 6:30." I look at my clock. It isn't. It is 12:15 AM and that feels worse. Twelve fifteen. Why did my body wake me up? It knows I need rest.

I need rest because I am sick. Sick, sick, sick. My body aches. I'm shivering and I'm sweating from a fever. There's a horrid, deathly smell to me and my bed.

I want to go away. I want to be away from here. Somebody, please, take me away.

I run my hands over my body, stick them between my legs. Oh, I am sick.

Am I complaining too much? Am I whining? If I was somebody else, would I have any sympathy for me? Unfair questions. Unfair.

At times like this I have two feelings: 1) I wish I would die, and 2) I hope I won't die.

There's a bottle of aspirins on my bedside table. I reach over and get it and shake out two tablets. I hate aspirin. I can't swallow pills, my throat constricts. So I let the things sit on my tongue until they dissolve in a mouthful of water and then I quickly swallow, hoping they'll avoid my taste buds. Aspirin tastes awful. It truly does. The reason things taste awful, you know, is because your body is telling you that what you're swallowing isn't good for you. So I guess aspirin really isn't good for you. Or me. But it will make me ache less, maybe help relieve the fever. Maybe I'll get back to sleep.

Sleep. I want sleep. I want to lie down, roll over and drop off the edge of consciousness. Sleep, sleep, I command myself. Do I listen? Apparently not. I am not falling asleep. Left side. Right side. On my back. On my stomach. The sheets are getting bunched up.

Why am I complaining so much? Other people get sick. You don't hear them complaining, do you? Bloody martyrs. So noble. They could be in excruciating agony, their insides being eaten away by cancer and worms and they'd smile, just grin away. Oh, yes, I'm a bit ill, but it's nothing really.

Oh, this isn't good. I don't like what I'm saying. I sound like a horrible person. I don't think I'm a horrible person. Really.

What I don't understand is why I'm sick. What did I do? I had a cold only three weeks ago and got over it fine. I'm not due to get sick. It's not my turn.

Oh-oh. There's something painful in my abdomen. I clutch myself. I sit up in my bed and breathe very slowly, self-consciously, waiting for it to go away. I hope it goes away. And if it doesn't?

In New York City I was sick. I was very, very sick. I was doubled over in pain. Except nobody could figure out what was wrong with me. I sat in the emergency room for hours before a doctor even came to look at me. I suppose I wasn't dying, but I felt as if I might be. And then three doctors came and one of them poked at me. I was very brave. I politely told him where it hurt. He muttered things to the other doctors. They mumbled replies.

Then somebody else came in and told me to sign a whole batch of forms. They stuffed a pen into my hand. My hand was shaking so badly I felt like saying, "You've got to be kidding, I can't sign anything. I can barely sit up, how can I sign my name?" But I didn't say that. I asked what all the forms were. There were forms for admittance, forms about my personal belongings, forms about my next-of-kin. Forms about payment.

Wait a minute, I said. What's wrong with me? Is it serious?

They said they didn't know.

Well, hold on here, I replied. I don't think my health insurance covers me down here. So, if it's not serious, I'd just as soon go back to Canada, thank you please.

At this they went into a huddle. Was I or was I not covered by Alberta Health Care while in the United States? They rushed away, and said they'd be back soon with the answer. In the meantime, I'd just have to wait some and, they were so sorry, they couldn't even give me something for the pain because I wouldn't sign the forms. So I lay there, being brave, and I thought: This is idiotic.

In an hour, or so, they came back. Yes, they announced, I was covered by my medical insurance in the States. I asked them if they were sure. Because if not, I said, I can't afford to say in a hospital in your country and I'd just as soon you shot me full of pain-killers so I can hop on the next plane for Toronto.

Oh, we've checked, they said. You're covered.

And I said, well, okay. And I signed the

forms.

I signed, as they say, my life away. I signed the forms as best I could, my wobbly signature bouncing up and down on the very neat, straight lines. There were things I didn't think I should be signing. But I signed them anyway. I was desperate. I was sick. I had never felt worse in my life. Cure me, my signature pleaded.

They punched a hole in my wrist and stuck one end of a tube into it. The other end was connected to a bottle containing a clear liquid, which hung upside down on a pole. They told me it was a sugar solution.

They wheeled me around corridors, into an elevator and finally into a room which contained four beds and two other patients. One was a middle-aged man who always seemed to have family and friends visiting. I think he had heart trouble. The other was also a man, but older. He had a broken leg and a broken hip. He told me he had been in hospital for four months and he owed it tens of thousands of dollars. He told me of a person who had been refused admittance to that very hospital because he couldn't pay a deposit.

I stayed in the hospital for almost two days. A nurse came in and put drugs into my blood. She said they would help relieve the pain. That night she pumped more chemicals into my veins and said they would help me sleep. I would doze off for ten minutes, find myself awake and restless for about an hour, then doze off again. I couldn't make my thoughts stick together. My eyes wouldn't focus so I kept them closed. Which helped in a way for, you see, the drugs didn't relieve my pain. And so, if I closed my eyes and just sort of blanked my mind, it made the pain seem a little less intense.

Somehow, when morning came, the pain was gone. It was late that morning when I had a visit from a doctor. He asked me how I felt. I said I was still a little shaky, but that the pain was gone. He poked around my torso a bit and made some notes on a pad and left. I never saw him again.

At six o'clock that evening a nurse came by and told me I was being discharged. I could spend the night in the hospital or I could leave right away. I elected immediate departure.

At seven-thirty that night I was back on the streets of New York City, rushing to catch a showing of *Body Saved From Drowning*. I did not see it. It was sold out by the time I got to the theatre.

The cramps in my stomach have gone away, at least for the moment. I feel my forehead. Is my fever subsiding? I can't tell. Why isn't there someone here to take care of me? Well, you're an independent sort, David. Be independent.

I returned to the hospital the next night. The pain in my abdomen had returned. Before it had been on my right side. Now it was on my left. I had suffered with it throughout the day as it gradually worsened. It had started at the Statue of Liberty, continued at the World Trade Centre and almost kept me from seeing *Bent*.

In my thoughts I cursed the hospital. They hadn't done anything for me. They hadn't even figured what was wrong. Or it

they did, they had certainly failed to inform me. They'd just waited for the symptoms to go away and then told me to do likewise. It was all a sham. This was the true face of modern medicine.

And, when you think of it, what is so modern about modern medicine? Cutting people open with knives, pulling at them with pliers and clamps, hacking at them with saws, sticking them with needles, sewing them up with threads. It's primitive. It's barbaric.

So, they let me in again. This time I asked them, "What's wrong?" They had two guesses: appendicitis or bladder stones. This time they would make a real attempt to figure it out.

They wheeled me back into my old room, with my old roommates. A nurse came to give me Demerol. I told her I didn't want it. I said it didn't work. She didn't believe me. She said it would make me feel better. But it doesn't, I insisted, I said it made me feel rotten. Not as rotten as you might start feeling if you don't take it, was the answer. I gave up and let her puncture me. All my ego, my heroic resistance and determination slowly hissed out of my body. I was theirs, again.

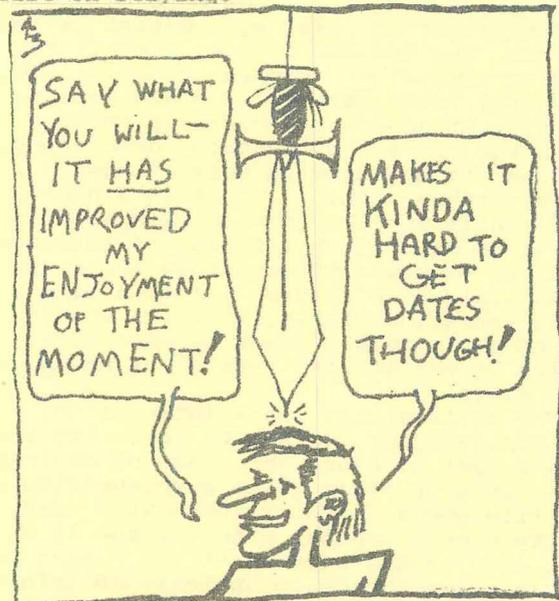
The next morning the pain was gone again, but this time they didn't let me go. They emptied me out and filled me up with foreign substances. They took pictures and drained me again. They put me inside strange apparatuses and ran away and hid before flicking the switch. They pricked me with needles, and made small openings in me to let some things out and other things in.

I let them do all these things to me. I put myself in the hands of science and science had its way with me.

I was in misery.

The next day they came and told me they couldn't figure out what was wrong, but since I seemed to be okay they were letting me go.

Should I have insisted on staying? Should I have told them to keep trying until they got it right? That would have meant staying there for them to pluck and prod. Or ignore, since they'd already decided there was nothing they could do to help. No, I did not insist on staying.



Six months later, back in Canada, I received a bill from the hospital. Two thousand dollars. They hadn't done anything useful, but they wanted two thousand dollars. It was beyond belief. What audacity. But, I thought, I don't have to pay. I submitted the bill to the Alberta Health Care Insurance Plan. They paid \$150, \$50 for each full day I had spent in hospital. And the rest was left for me.

I went to Student Legal Services. Can I refuse to pay this, I asked. The hospital told me I was covered, but look, I wasn't really.

The answer was: No, I could not refuse to pay. Yes, the doctors had lied to me, but not really. Obviously I had been covered by Alberta Health Care, they had paid the hospital \$150, hadn't they? My coverage just hadn't been complete. It was all a matter of

degree. It was a clever distinction. Oh, I could refuse to pay, if I had no intention of visiting the United States ever again. Such a consideration was, of course, out of the question.

It is now 4:00 a.m. My head aches, I can feel my brain throbbing. I do not think I am going to work today. Oh, no. I shall, instead, stay in bed, in my apartment. I will shiver and I will sweat. I will eat chicken soup and drink tea with lemon and listen to insipid radio talk shows. I will sniffle and cough. If somebody calls me on the telephone my voice will be faint and raspy and I will do nothing but complain.

The moral of this story is: Don't get sick. But if you do, don't do it in the United States of America.

Spacehunters: A Review

Robert K Hinton

If you were ever a devotee of Saturday afternoon serials, you will be delighted with *Spacehunters*. Gather up mass quantities of popcorn, several chocolate bars, and a huge cup of soft drink...settle in...enjoy.

This is a thoroughly satisfying science-fiction action movie with energy, pace, humour, and a lot of imagination. The high production values and good, old-fashioned virtues: strong narrative line, distinctive characterizations, and a feeling of fun, all combine to give you the idea that, for once, you are getting what you paid for.

The plot has the comfortable-old-shoe feel of the novellas from my earliest science-fiction days (old '50s pulps.). Peter Strauss plays a kind of space salvage man.

In hopes of claiming a reward for the rescue of some space-napped debutantes, he lands on an extremely unpleasant planet, where generations of plague and other genetic mischief has mutated the earthling settlers into creatures you wouldn't ask out on a second date.

The planet is ruled by a despot called the Overdog, who had had bits of himself replaced with mechanical devices to the point that he presently looks sort of like a dragline permanently attached to a cherry-picker.

In the process of rescuing debutantes, Strauss hitches up with Molly Ringwald, as a spunky orphan urchin. There is a nicely sentimental subplot in which Ringwald, while trying to maintain her facade of toughness, tries to maneuver Strauss into adopting her.

Ringwald also figures into the film's quite arresting finale, in which she is forced to run a deadly gamut of mechanical perils in the locals' version of Roman Colosseum sport.

The movie always looks interesting. Production designer Jackson De Govia has enough of a budget to evoke the sense of another time, another place quite comprehensively. The film opens in outer space with some pretty cheesy special effects, but it quickly gets down to the surface of the plague planet and less dependence on optical-lab trickery than costume and set design.

The actors, especially Ringwald, are having an infectious good time with this. Director Lamont Johnson has picked up the high-spirited tone of the screenplay credited to a platoon of rewriters, very adeptly.

The viewer observes early on that this is hardly an innovative film. It is obviously derivative of *Star Wars* (and *The Road Warrior* and *Alien*) but the people who made it are smart enough to tap the same original source of goodwill that George Lucas discovered. The genre is treated respectfully. The film is hardly played straight, but neither are the old science fiction cliches camped up. Nobody feels it is necessary to remind us that he is more sophisticated than the material.

The film is produced in the 3-D process which means it suffers from the dimness of image the extra hunk of optics in front of the projector and those damnable 3-D glasses produce. However, for what this is worth, there is a maturity about its use. This is to say we are spared periodic assaults by flaming arrows, decapitated heads, and the like. To be sure, there are a few scenes where laser blasts appear to beam above the audience, but compared to most exploitation movies, *Spacehunters* is the very model of subtlety.

Director Johnson lets designer De Govia play with the illusion of depth more than he does. There is a minimum of things shoved at the camera. And, to give the writers credit, even though their plot stays on the level of a routine TV movie, they have dreamed up some clever colloquial slang for the characters. (Does it ever bother anybody else that, in most other science-fiction adventures, everyone, whatever his planet of origin, speaks standard English?)

All things considered, *Spacehunters* must be rated a "good" movie to see. It is even good enough to endure the annoyance of wearing those awkward 3-D glasses.

((Ed's note: *Spacehunters* was filmed in Vancouver, BC.))

For Diehard Film Fans Only

Dave Szurek

Prologue: Before launching into the body of this article, there are a few things that I want to set straight. First, those who dislike films are advised to re-read the title. To the best of my knowledge, a good number of science fiction buffs, myself included, moonlight as film fans. I've had enough experience though with all of the various subgenres within the sf/horror field to know that there may be many polar opposites, and I don't expect everyone to be into films. It is to those readers who find cinema more bearable than fingernails on a blackboard, and most of all for my own pleasure, that this article is written. As a footnote, those who dislike film "fans" and look down at buffs of that or any other entertainment medium, earn somewhat less respect from yours truly. (The same principle applies to film buffs with a similar snobbish attitude toward nonfilm buffs.) I can better understand opposition to *all* vicarious imitations of life than I can to one specific type. In my opinion, matters of private taste cannot legitimately be represented as dogma without exposing the proponent as a pompous fool. Any door that fails to swing both ways is nothing more than a sham.

Second, while all of the films reviewed here in capsule form are available to television, there isn't a "made-for-TV" picture in the lot. Everything here received some, if in many cases very limited, theatrical distribution. The thoughts expressed reflect nothing more concrete than my own subjective impressions. I also want to stress that the "standards" employed are those observed during more casual viewings such as on television. Entertainment value, except that provided by unintentional camp, has most definitely been taken into consideration. This may appear self-evident, but a handful of self-styled "Film Scholars" look down on this approach. In one sense, the following collection was compiled at random, but in another, the structure is deceptively formal. My avoidance of over-publicized titles is deliberate. Many of the best--and many of the worst--films in the genre have been exposed to the point of absolutely indelible *deja-vu*. You will find no signs of *Bride of Frankenstein*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *Alien* or *King Kong* (the first version) here. Neither, granting equal time for the same reason, will you be forced to encounter the movies over-exposed due to their "lack" of quality such as *Plan Nine From Outer Space*, *Robot Monster*, *Bride of the Monster*, and *Cat Women of the Moon*.) Sitting through films of this prestigious nature may offer greater

promise of satisfaction, but if I read one more word about them, I'll scream!

As a result of my efforts to bypass monotony, the majority of those films I've chosen to cover are relatively obscure, even among circles of horror/sf/fantasy film fans. As a further result, most are ultra-low budget (not necessarily a pejorative), shoestring and independent productions that ended up being distributed to quickie first-run openings, the drive-in circuit, kiddies' matinees and all-night flophouses, if at all. Even on the tube, treatment is shabby; these are more likely run as late night second features and specialty shows than on the networks (although, ironically, that's where two on this list debut TV-wise). The names at the end of each capsule review are those of the lead players; the country at the opening denotes the origin.

+ + +

The Astro-Zombies (USA, 1971). The title gives us an accurate picture. Mindless, amateurish mishmash of pseudo-horror and espionage as operatives of "both" sides compete for a mad doctor's reanimation device. Neither seems particularly concerned that the "zombies" automatically engage in murderous rampages, and we, the audience, aren't given any clear indication of the motives behind such anti-social behaviour other than that the reanimated corpses are instantly struck with a compulsion to kill females. (The "mad scientist," incidentally, is aided by a traditionally hunchbacked lab assistant, while an ever present and unidentified woman spends the entire picture strapped to a table, periodically screaming and fainting, but serving no apparent purpose other than the titillation of kinkier viewers.) Absurdist trash might be tolerated by the kiddies, but it's doubtful that anyone else will go for it. Even the laughs, and they do exist to a limited extent, aren't enough to prevent the itches from attacking. Tom Pace, Joan Patrick, John Carradine, Wendall Corey, Rafael Campes, Victor Izay.

Boy Who Cried Werewolf (USA, 1973) This lightweight mediocrity reminiscent of the slightly more palatable 50's quickies is no great shakes, but does relatively well considering the extent of potentially lethal drawbacks facing it. (For example, the incredibly unconvincing "make-up" closely resembling a second-rate Halloween costume, laughably hammy acting by the person behind the obvious mask, the cornball equation of "hippy" and "Jesus" movements, the intrusion

of exceptionally bad comedy relief and some stereotypic soap opera exchanged between the film's love interests.) A man is turned into Werewolf by a lycanthropy bite received during a wilderness trip and is discovered by his prepubescent son whose vain attempts to convince others that his findings are more than flights of fancy justify the title. Merely fair (and then only by grade "B" standards), yet still a miniature cut above its economic counterparts, but leaves little, if any after taste. Not worth going out of one's way to see, and probably won't make a powerful enough impression to be remembered on anyone's "ten worst" list, but at least it shouldn't agonize shut-ins. Scott Sealey, Kerwin Matthews, Elaine Devry, Bob Hommel, Robert J Wilke, Susan Foster.

Cave of the Living Dead (Germany, 1962) Atrociously dubbed and talky, plodding and chiefly uneventful crud effort at combining espionage and horror. The secret agent investigating mass murders suspected to be of a cloak and dagger nature learns that they were actually committed by a colony of modern day vampires. Dullsville incarnate. Health and Welfare should attach a warning to this one. Carl Mohner, Adrian Hoven, John Kitzmiller, Wolfgang Priess.

Creature With the Blue Hand (Germany, 1969) Another in the string of oddball crime films Germans are so fond of labelling "horror." Most are released directly to TV in this country, although this one was an exception, having been distributed with the Phillipines-shot *Beast of the Yellow Night*. This badly dubbed murder mystery with horror overtones tells of an innocent man wrongly convicted of being a costumed mass murderer (the uniform's glove is blue; hence the title, which is an example of limb climbing if I've ever seen it) who escapes prison intent on establishing innocence by (literally) unmasking the true culprit. No better and no worse than others of its ilk; about average, in fact, but in light of the field's general condition, I see no reason to torture oneself. Harold Leipnitz, Klaus Kinski, Diana Koerning, Carl Lange.

Equinox (USA, 1968) An amateur film, which was rewarded with (limited) commercial release after being screened by poverty-row distributors, shows it's home movie origins (except in the surprisingly good special effects and the talented script) and for that reason alone may be unfairly condemned without a trial by purists and pseudo-intellectuals, but if so, it's their loss. Redeemed by a consistently bizarre atmosphere, this is no unforgettable classic, but it is several cuts above the average "cheapie." College students come up against satanic forces while searching for a professor (Fritz Leiber in a brief but pivotal role) who disappeared while investigating the occult in a rural site. The script consistently alternates the refreshingly plausible (as grade B horror films go) and the outrageous. This film was more impressive at the release date, before screen depictions of Satan and his minions had grown commonplace. Edward Connel, Barbara Hewitt.

Frankenstein's Bloody Terror (Spain, 1968) Ohmigod! Most foreign cheapies are pretty bad, yes, but this utterly brainless garbage, apparently designed with grade-schoolers *intentionally* in mind, makes the others look good. Most imports suffer from tawdry American treatment (bad dubbing, editing, etc.) and while this is no exception, it looks as if it were miserable to begin with. Unfortunate viewers will wonder what the title has to do with the content if they miss the brief (and probably tacked on by US distributors) explanation that the Frankenstein clan changed it's name somewhere along the line to "Wolfstein" and were cursed with lycanthropy as punishment for the Baron's crimes. Yeah, sure. Worse yet, the miasmic plot concentrates on an unrelated man turned into a werewolf by a bite from (you guessed) it) Wolfstein. Further complicating this topsy-turvy mess, his efforts to find a cure lead to his unwitting involvement with a vampire pair posing as professional exorcists to secure a steady stream of victims. Unsurpassed idiocy. Among the screen's darkest moments. The extremely tacky look that leaves no question about the picture's financial status compounds my amazement that this one ever made it to other shores. Paul Naschy (the Spanish John Belushi), Diana Zura, Mike Manza, Gilbert Granger, Anita Avery.

The Fury (USA, 1978) Poor old Brian DePalma temporarily lived down his positive reputation with this tedious hokum, as bad as most of the worst "C" cheapies, but without the excuse of a shoestring budget to make it more tolerable. A muddled fantasy-horror-espionage combination where, following the abduction of his telekinetic son, a former spy sets out to crush an unscrupulous cloak and dagger outfit utilizing paranormal secret weapons. No sense of enthusiasm is radiated, although it is to be assumed that at least a smidgen was involved. This vapid absurdity is dull enough that the potential for camp is rarely realized. Kirk Douglas, Amy Irving, Carrie Snodgrass, John Casavettes, Charles Durning, Carol Rossen, Andrew Stevens.

Invasion From Inner Earth (Canada, 1974) Markedly shoddy physical appearance, an indicator of the virtually nonexistent budget is transcended by stress-building tension and a weird atmosphere in an eerie *Night of the Living Dead* imitation. Travelers stranded in a strangely deserted rural Manitoba encounter aggressive emissaries of a subterranean race. Attention to a "hollow Earth" theory and a brooding sense of doom dominates this cheap but creepy little yarn. Certain elements, like the theft of *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* theme song are better left ignored. This film is no classic, but has more to offer than it initially leads us to believe. Slightly more competent acting than traditionally associated with these ultra-cheapies comes in handy. Paul Bentzen, Debbie Pick, Nick Holt, Karl Wallace.

Let's Scare Jessica to Death (USA, 1971) Regarded as a "mini-sleeper" by some, this uneven shocker does indeed possess isolated

moments, but they are too far between to sustain closer examination. A string of film clips might have been more effective... A former mental patient and her husband move to a small town inhabited by vampires. Her observations are, of course, taken as symptomatic of mental illness. The moderately unexciting script could benefit from a more stable flow of events. This one has potential, but is skittish. Zhora Lampert, Kevin O'Conner, Barton Heyward, Gretchen Corbett, Mark Claire-Costello.

Lost Continent (UK, 1969) (This is not to be confused with the earlier "dinosaur" film of the same name.) This painfully juvenile film adaptation of Denis Wheatley's *Uncharted Island* might satisfy the youngsters, but it is unsuitable fare for anyone else. In a Victorian setting, sea-going smugglers and their unwary passengers are stranded in unfamiliar territory where they run into monsters and a hostile civilization. Nothing much happens, which means that Wheatley's novel must not have been followed very closely. This is not just a bad Hammer film, but a bad film period, and not at all what we've come to expect from the England. Eric Porter, Hildegare Neff, Tony Beckley, Nigel Stock, Suzannah Leigh.

Man Who Haunted Himself (UK, 1970) Imaginative, and stylish, if somewhat prolix, novelty. As the title implies, an executive recently discharged from the hospital is jeopardized by his unscrupulous double. No *Citizen Kane*, but this obscure, almost unknown sf movie should be seen by those who insist that the field has never produced anything of worth. The "surprise" ending, previously used in another picture is predictable, but what the heck. Viewers who didn't see the antecedent might be impressed. Roger Moore, Hildegard Neil (not Neff), Anton Rogers, Olga Georges-Picon, Thorley Waters, Alastair MacKenzie.

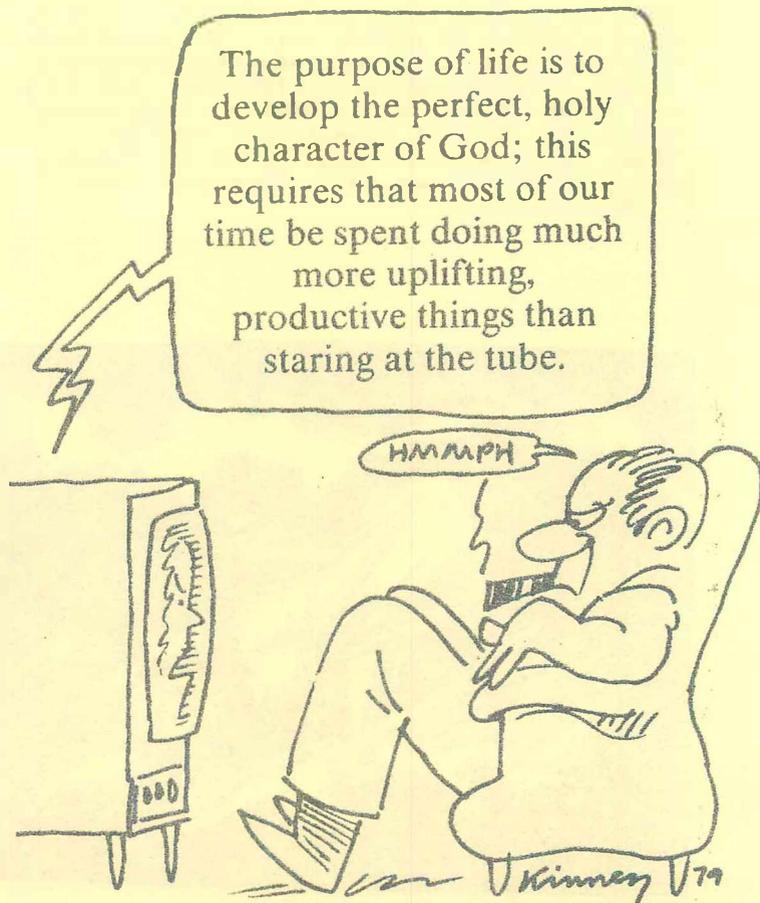
Man With the Icy Eyes (Italy/USA, 1971) This inept crime/melodrama/mystery with almost incidental supernatural overtones isn't as inspired as some in the foreign-cheapie category, and never attains more than run-of-the-mill stature. Likewise, the uneven dubbing isn't uniformly bad, but just obvious enough to let us know that it wasn't shot in Hollywood. A newspaper is menaced by elements of both mortal and occult origin while trying to vindicate an erroneously convicted assassin. The obvious efforts at trying to generate suspense fail. Fair as late night TV features go, an evaluation which you may interpret as you like. Antonio Sabato, Barbara Bouchet, Victor Buono, Keenan Wynn.

People That Time Forgot (UK - USA, 1977) The dinosaurs are more convincing than the virtually catatonic lead player, although the supporting cast is adequate at light work. If one is able to ignore Patrick Wayne's wooden performance and some of the uproariously sexist dialogue (causing one to wonder if this is what the title refers to), this so-so film version of E R B's novel is one of the more palatable of the special kiddie

matinee-oriented fantasy adventures. A search party hunting a missing war hero in the Antarctic discover a "lost" tropical area populated by prehistoric beasts, warring tribesmen, and the obligatory volcano. No new ground is broken, but the execution is somewhat above the average lost world opus. The inconsistent special effects alternate between the exemplary and the poor. This innocuous froth holds little for anyone past puberty, but if you can recall your younger days, it's not too bad. Beside Wayne, principals include Sarah Douglas, Thorley Waters, Dana Gillespie, Doug McClure.

S-S-S-S (USA, 1973) Almost no atmosphere or suspense, but a mildly diverting script and a lack of pretension make up for it. An unwitting college student is subjected to experiments by a typically deranged serum researcher intent on solving our problems by creating a snake-*Homo Sapiens* hybrid. A fun film, with a healthy sense of vitality, this one is raised from being another juvenile "monster-on-the-loose" picture by not taking itself too seriously. The tounge-in-cheek approach plays it straight for the kiddies, and as near-satire for adults. Strother Martin, Dirk Benedict, Heather Menzies, Jack Gina, Richard B Shull.

Stanley (USA, 1970) This one seems indecisive about whether it wants to be psychological horror, action-adventure, mild crime, or an "anti-establishment youth cult" film. It compromises in nearly episodic fashion, and as a result, fails miserably in



each department. The first half, straight adventure, focusing on a defender-of-wildlife Vietnam veteran (who happens to be a native American) who skirmishes with a band of villainous hunters is just typical haphazard cheap film fare. It goes progressively downhill in the second half where he abruptly transforms into a homicidal maniac using snakes as a murder weapons. The one-dimensional nature is emphasized by the film's pretension of "making a statement". Unbelievable finale. Chris Robinson, Susan Carole, Alex Rocco, Steve Alaimo.

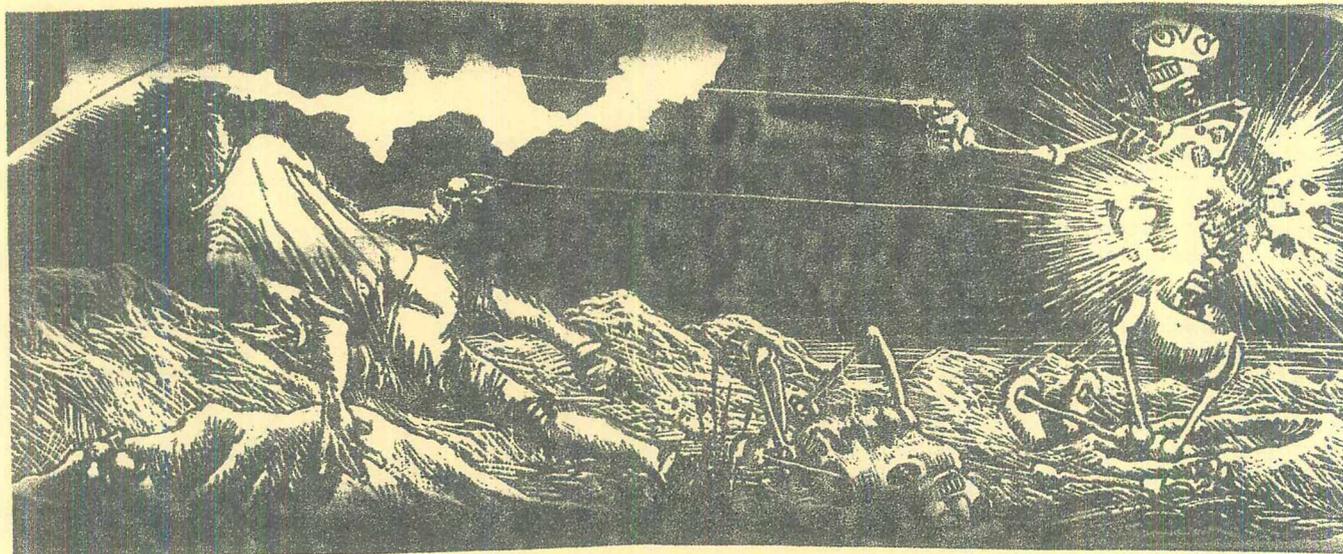
Teenage Zombies (USA, 1960) When players actually speak lines like "eck" and "ugh", you know what to expect. Incredibly bad, outrageously amateurish, substandard by even home movie standards, this is representative of the era ostentatiously oriented toward adolescents, but aimed more at prepubescent minds. This is a downright embarrassment, wherein teenage castaways on a tropical island become the target of a female mad scientist employed by "the Enemy" to conduct mind control experiments. The plot to turn the good guys into mindless vegetables is foiled, of course, but the calibre of acting talent makes one wonder. The bulk of monster antics are supplied by the obligatory and homicidal lab assistant. One of the all-time worst, this falls short of approaching it's own unique form of high art. You won't quite believe the stupidity unraveling before your eyes. Don Sullivan, Katherine Victor, Steve Conte.

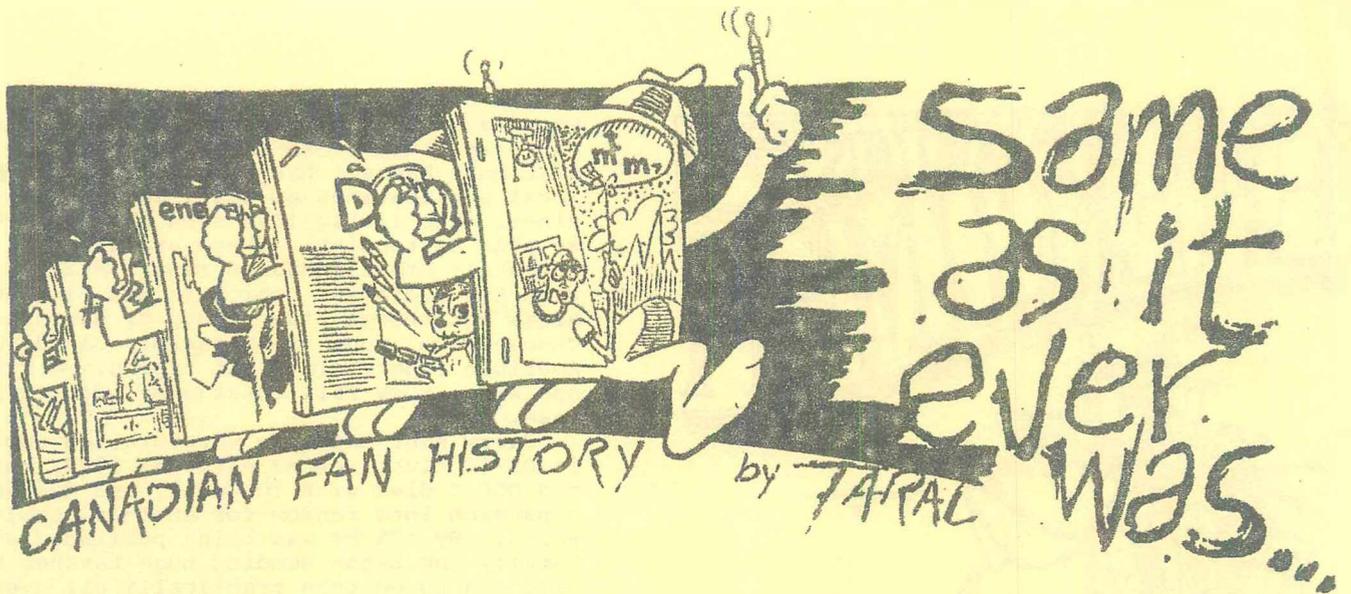
Thin Air (UK, 1968, aka *The Body Stealers*) The tepid script condemns well-made sf/super-spy concoction to mediocrity. The government agent assigned to investigate disappearances of key military personnel discovers that they were abducted by hostile aliens. Moderately dreary, but quickly forgotten. Patrick Allen, Lorna Velda, George Saunders, Hillary Dwyer, Maurice Evans, Neil Connery, Allan Cuthbertson.

Tower of Terror (UK, 1971) Not much atmosphere, and only a tad more suspense, a fairly enjoyable psychoshocker/mystery/suspense yarn. As two of the most vital ingredients in the film are left dangling (although continuity appears intact in all other departments), it seems likely that this film suffered unwise editing. A co-ed turns amateur sleuth to avenge the victimization of a close friend by the rapist-murderer plaguing the campus. Not up to the level of most UK thrillers, but a cut above the average American cheapie, it lies somewhere in between. Suzy Kendall, Frank Finley, James Laurenson, James Donald.

The Twisted Brain (USA, 1974, alternate title, *Horror High*) Fantastically predictable but somehow mildly entertaining formula cheapie (due to competent acting), a downtrodden (and conventionally milquetoast) student is afflicted with chemically-induced split personality and goes on to wipe out his enemies while under the influence of his alter ego. Heavily flawed, but acceptable on it's own shoddy terms. Trashy, but for the lenient, amiable. Pat Cardi, Rose Holotik, Austin Stoker, John Niland.

Valley of Gwangi (USA, 1969) The prestigious Ray Harryhausen special effects can't hide the fact that every cliché in the books is used here, and the story is a welfare recipient's rehash of *King Kong*. This extremely poor combination monster tale and trite western is recommended only for the most insistent completist. A Wild West Show inadvertently discovers a prehistoric valley. After the predictable shenanigans take place, a dinosaur is captured, exhibited, and breaks loose, causing all manner of havoc. Sound familiar? In more ways than one, it is. Unfortunately, the pathos element that made the forerunner work is conspicuously absent. The merit of the visuals can't salvage the lame, anemic, lacklustre and quite tiresome screenplay. Really plastic. James Franciscus, Gilda Golan, Richard Carlson, Lawrence Naismith, Curtis Arden.





Derek Carter, another non-Canadian by birth, immigrated to Canada from Britain in the late 60's, and was drawn into OSFiC by a mutual acquaintance. His first work was done for the OSFiC clubzine, but he quickly caught on throughout fandom, his gnomish village scenes and Rube Goldberg contraptions appearing in *Energumen*, *Beabohema*, *Grandfalloon*, and most of the rest of the honour roll of that generation's fanzines. In his mid-thirties now, like Austin, his art isn't the hobby for him that it is for her. A free-lance illustrator and graphic artist, he's been living in Chicago since 1979. He was active in fandom twice, originally from 68 or so until 1973, and then a short come-back between 75 and 76. His first tour of duty won him one nomination for the Hugo.

Stylistically, Carter is reminiscent of Bode when cartooning, but in fact he admits to owing more to a British artist of Children's fantasies. He drew primarily three sorts of things. The one, people with creatures who were all head and hands and feet, was set in a world called Jabberwich. Overlapping with this were Carter's outlandish Dirigibles, steam driven land-battleships, roc-drawn air-trains, gopher-powered cyclotrons, and whatever else his imagination could construct from an attic of unlikely materials. The third face of Carter's art overlapped with the second, his interest in military history and hardware. He could make you feel the 80 cm armour on a space transport flashing over ground troops, much the same way Bode did. The boldness of line, and dramatic contrast of black and white spaces suited the subject. Bold treatments were an extreme, however, and he more often handled his subjects with nervous thin lines if using a pen, or flowing lines if using a marker.

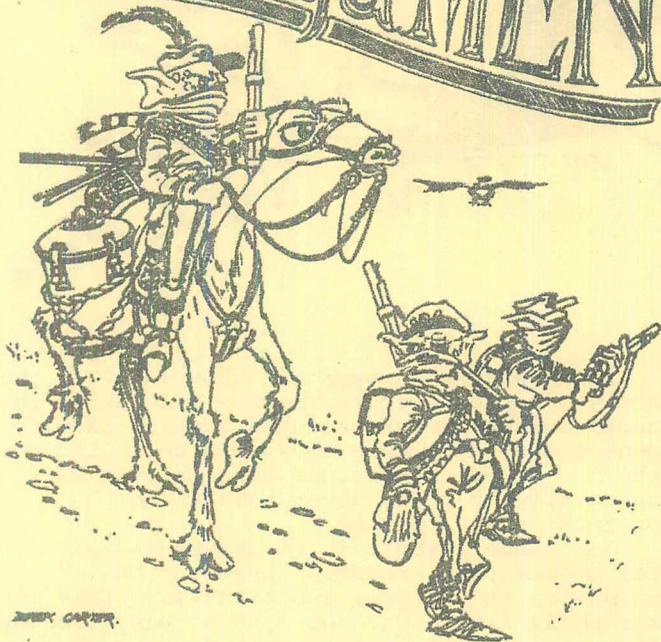
During his second stay in fandom, he showed changes of style and content. The older interests were gone. On one hand he resorted to a very quick, inferior style for cartoons that were probably never meant to be published. Some, however, show considerably more care, and show their lineal relation to the Jabberwich people of years before. The other side of Carter's return was a careful, detailed thin line style that could and did produce excellent results. Although out of fandom completely after marriage, he still does covers for Mike Glicksohn's occasional fanzine which are his best work.

Bakka staged an open air show in 1972. Two artists represented there were excellent, but unfortunately never impinged much on fannish consciousness because they were unpublished in the fan press. I discuss them briefly as a concession to their sheer talent and professional exposures.

Jon Lomberg works in visual puns--radio telescopes that broadcast beams of DNA molecules to the sky, and milky-ways that look strangely like backbones--and he was moved by Olaf Stapelton to calibrate a drawing of a spiral shell with numbered men. He had been doing shows and other work, but his break came when Carl Sagan visited Bakka and fell in love with a painting of Jon's. Since then his fortunes have expanded enormously, and from several of his ink drawings appearing in *The Cosmic Connection*, Lomberg has moved up to visual aids for *Cosmos*. Some art of his appeared in Convention books in Toronto, but virtually nowhere else. It is quite possible that this is his first appearance in an actual fanzine. Rob McIntyre, aka mac-an-t-saoir, takes Virgil Finlay one step further. The familiar stippling technique is developed to a logical extreme, but whereas Finlay did straightforward action illustrations or pulp seductresses--and Steve Fabian little more--McIntyre used his mastered technique to probe the depths of his subconscious, and a disturbing, highly symbolic subconscious it could be. At other times he contented himself with less sinister, and quite attractive subject matter--a woman swimming in a sea of stars, for example, splashing them to the sky. Presently doing Graphics work, he has illustrated a Howard book published by Donald Grant and is working on another.

Tim Hammell has long been the premier fanartist of the Canadian west coast, enjoying huge popularity in Vancouver. Hammell has never been widely appreciated in fandom, however, probably because Hammell himself isn't very interested in fandom except its local expression. Most of his appearances as an artist have been in various Vancouver publications, few of which are fanzines in the sense I use the word, but rather comics, gaming and media magazines of various degrees of professionalism. Most of his exposure to sf fans has been through the BCSFA newsletter, through Mike Bailey's polinymous titles, and through convention literature, but he has had one appearance in *Starship*, and did a cover

ENERGUMEN

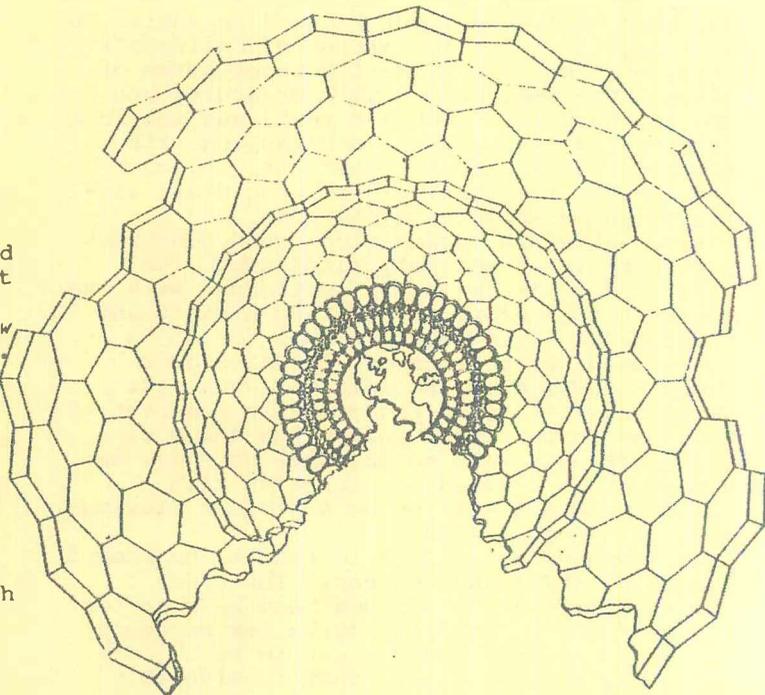


ABOVE: Derek Carter, from *Energumen* #5, Mike Glicksohn & Susan Wood, eds., 1971. BELOW RIGHT: Jon Lomberg, from *Cosmicom* 3 program notes, Jan. 1974. OPPOSITE: Tim Hammel, from *The Long Goodbye* #21, Mike Bailey, ed., June 1975.

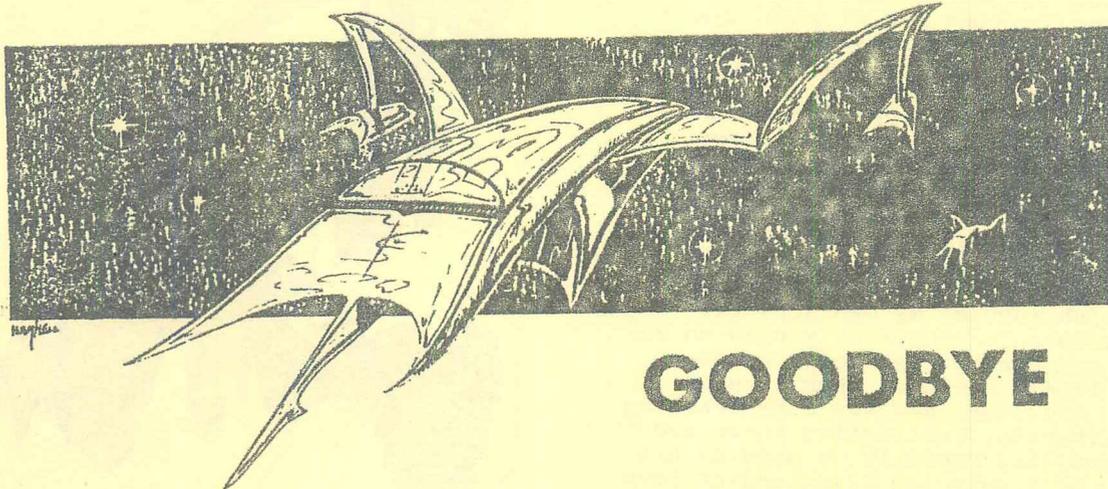
Tim has a brother, Dale, who is less well known again. I have seen his work only in *Fantarama* that I can recall, but it is likely that Dale Hammel has done work for other local publications as well, and perhaps comics zines. The little I've seen shows him to be an able cartoonist. There are almost certainly other Canadian fanartists associated with the media and comics in the Vancouver area, but though I've plenty of names to choose from, none are guessably Canadian or American from where I sit typing. Strictly speaking, they fall outside my purview in any case.

Barry Kent MacKay's work started appearing in OSFiC clubzines as early as 1972, but the old OSFiC died with TORCON 2, and delayed his expansion into fandom for another couple of years. By '75 he was being published again locally and began sending huge batches of his cartoons to editors practically all over the world. Professionally, Barry is a naturalist artist, specializing in birds, but he turns his hand to anything remotely related if it will generate income. He has appeared on the local toddler's talk show, *Uncle Bobby*--drawing wildlife for pre-schoolers--and writes a regular column on nature in *The Toronto Star*. Paintings and ink drawings of his have illustrated several ornithological texts and many magazines, often with his own articles. Barry is author of one book on North American birds. His output was prodigious for three or four years, then just stopped, as Barry found more and more other demands on his time. During these years, though, almost every North American and many overseas fanzines had work of his. It varied a lot in quality--some was

for the east coast semi-pro *Borealis*. His local popularity is due mostly to his convention art show presence. The art of Tim Hammel has a reputation for libidinous qualities readily apparent in the big breasted virgins, fetishism, and phallic fantasies that occur in work he does for his own fun. His fascination with *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and other forms of mannered decadence fits in. But Hammel displays a bewildering variety of styles that makes it almost impossible to typify his work or pigeonhole the man. The majority of his work is slick, almost glib, and little of the artist shows through the technical expertise. He is ready and able to satisfy the demands of his audience in most cases, rather than release his own inner imagery. Sometimes he successfully does both, for the inner artist is easily identified with by his audience. Although most of Hammel's work is, on the surface at least, impersonal, he is nonetheless enormously skillful, and has produced many beautiful set pieces. After close involvement in Vancouver fandom for two or three years, Hammel withdrew. Later, he moved to Edmonton where he now does commercial art.



THE LONG



GOODBYE

excellent--but quantity hurt the art by repeating what were only a few basic ideas over and over. The original freshness and charm of his hallmarks--the little spacemen with big helmets, the humorous pastiche-creatures, and grotesque character portraits--diminished with repetition, and lost what power they had to arrest the eye. After an initial wave of popularity, illos signed B.K.M. (with a little bird tagged on the end) became a drag on the market, and almost every editor had more of his work than they could ever publish. On occasion, Barry's fanart could be very, very good, such as a pair of covers he did for the last issue of *Simulacrum*, and a painting of one particularly lovely winged horse. Barry shows signs of returning interest in fanart--he finds himself drawing while watching TV to relax--and has begun sending out modest packages of illos again.

A number of other fanartists flourished during OSFiC's middle period, when the club was on its feet again from '74 or so until it petered out two or three years later. David Starr, then 11 years old, drew primitive, turbulent abstracts that denoted talent, but his cartoons and straight-forward drawings showed a lack of practice that he only partly overcame after he'd left fandom, years later. Elizabeth Pearse, a neo-like enthusiast of advanced years, swept into OSFiC like a Mongol horde and swept out again to form her own west-end club. Her first fanart appears have been charcoal sketches for monster-film fanzines, and she claimed to have taken lessons in painting from Kelly Freas. Once introduced to sf fandom she began pen and ink drawings for her club newsletters, a few media or Trekzines, and not many places else. Her main interest was in artshows, not fanzines, and she ran or assisted many. Her predilection for encouraging neos and eclectic taste in her shows has mixed results. She ran the artshow at the last Chicon. Her own art was neither remarkably bad nor particularly good, comparing well with Paul Docherty or Kevin Davies, but lacking either the finesse or imagination that saves mediocre artists. Neither Bob Wilson nor Phil Paine claimed to be fanartists at all, but had imagination enough to bottle and sell even if their virtues were limited to design and humour.

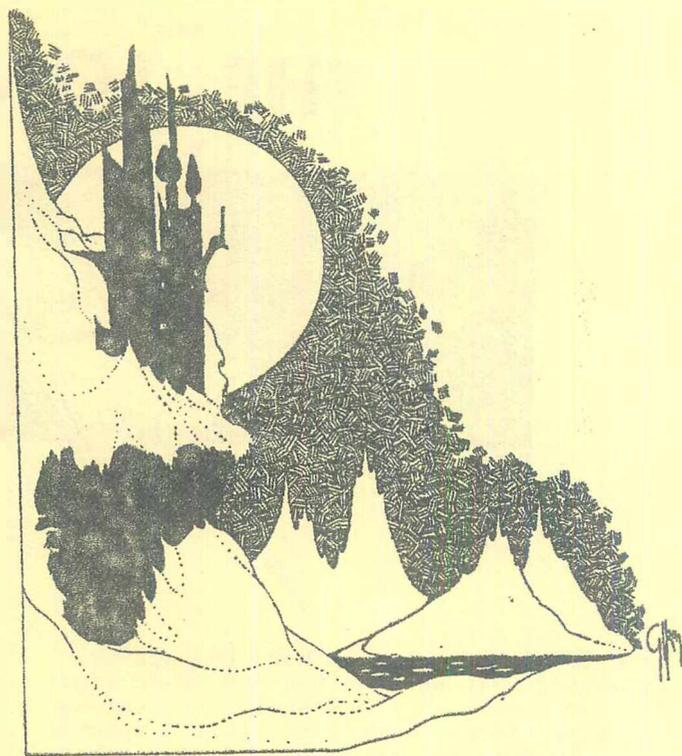
They had talent but no ability, if such a distinction can be drawn. Their ideosyncratic cartoons brightened up the equally ideosyncratic fanzines they were the editors of, and appeared in a small handful of other places. Henry Argasinski was a joker in the deck--a neo with an avowed admiration for Claude Degler. As both a faneditor and a fanartist he was the definition of "derivative", copying liberally from Bode, Rotsler, myself, and no doubt other sources less obvious. It is likely that his imaginary Universe was copied from mine and Bode's, though it's not a shoe I like to admit fits. Argasinsky was mainly self-published, but turned up in a small number of random other zines as well, including OSFiC's. David's career ended twice, with successive failures of OSFiC, Bob's and Phil's with the dissolution of the New Derelicts around '78 or '79 and Elizabeth's with the economic disappointments of her media club about the same time. Work by each of them has appeared sporadically up to the present, and will probably appear sporadically in the future. Argasinski's career as a fanartist and fan alike ended with a doctor's prescription for strong tranquilizers...

And now, no doubt, what you've all be waiting for, the author's chance to puff himself up. Like Barry Kent Mackay, I wasn't able to gain a purchase in fandom until 1975, though I'd joined the local club as early as '72. Most fanartists appear in fandom about as good as they ever get and leave without much change apparent in their work--attesting to their short stays perhaps. I was one of the exceptions. Early work of mine is clumsy, and the lack of proper training obvious. Only by '75 did I think of myself as an artist at all, by '78 or so I thought I was good, and today most people would agree with me. Originally publishing my own work, it began appearing in US fanzines on a regular basis while it was mostly mediocre. Because of the difficulty of my pen style--I was unaware that I shared with George Barr the technique of shading with a ball point at first-- I've never produced a large volume of good work, and relatively few zines would be publishing art of mine at any one time. The intimacy of a lot of my art was a problem as well. Hitting only the fannish

high spots of the last 8 years would uncover little of mine in them, since my day-dreams were usually irrelevantly non-fannish and unacceptable. As my pen style and ambitions grew, the work became less and less easy, and as fan writing competed for my time, the amount done fell off more and more. Finding publishers for difficult to reproduce and therefore expensive artwork became a problem as well. If not for a larger number of cartoons and relatively simple and more fannish drawings, there would be much less of mine in fanzines than can actually be found. Unfortunately, few of these are of lasting value, though my skills are good enough today that such work can nonetheless possess temporary charm. In keeping with my origins, I still publish much of my own artwork.

The style doesn't consciously draw on any source, and the content is wholly my own. I favour thin lines, treating them like obstacles to overcome, and was late learning their effectiveness. Contrasting tones are more important, and recently my shading has been capable of convincing illusions of form and depth. Movement is usually subdued, expressions are serene or comic, feeling is sensuous. Overintellectualized according to David Vereschagin, my best work is both idealistic and self-referential. There is a symbolic framework, derived from a well-developed imaginary universe featuring my counterpart and an *anima*, the Kjola, Saara Mar. Fandom has had mixed feelings about what might be the most introspective work in its idiom--either embarrassed approval or disinterest. With limited appeal, generally poor reproduction of the best work, and a larger number of inferior fillos appearing, there have been nominations of my art in the FAAn's but as yet no wins.

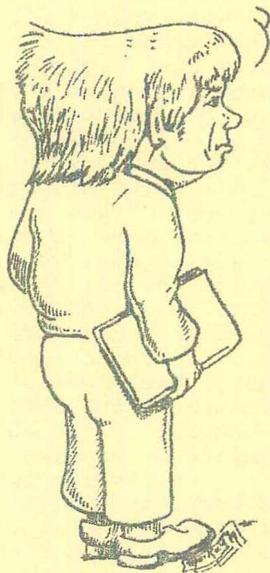
BELOW: Barry Kent MacKay, previously unpublished, 1979. ABOVE RIGHT: Stu Gilson, *Simulacrum #3*, Victoria Vayne, ed., Oct. 1976



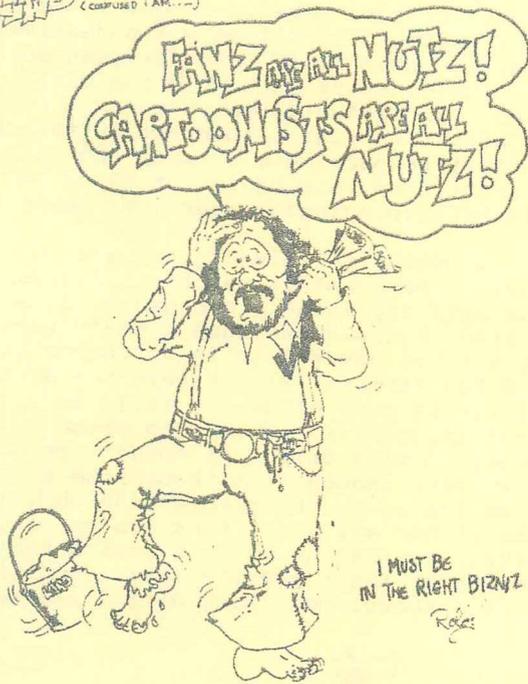
Simulacrum 3

Stuart Gilson was "discovered" among the ranks of Decadent Winnipeg Fandom in 1975, when the first issue of Randy Reichardt's *Winding Numbers* went out. His output wasn't large, but he contributed fairly widely for the three years or so he could be said to have been active, including such zines as *Scientifriction* and *Simulacrum*. Then he disappeared into the Ottawa bureaucracy as an economist, without a trace after DWF broke up. A handful of drawings from backlogs appeared from time to time. Adhering to Canadian fan artist tradition of the past, he wasn't a draughtsman, but had flair and good design sense. His drawings were heavily textured, with cross-hatches, dots, lines and black and white areas alternating like a quilt. Among such visual confusion, figures became lost, and foreground became confused with background. But one might as well flaw the Bayeaux Tapestry for its lack of perspective. In spite of technical weaknesses, Gilson's work was always interesting to look at, and that, after all, is what it's all about. Occasionally one of his pieces overcame even its technical flaws. No criticisms can be leveled at his cover of *Simulacrum 3*, for instance, one of the most effective illustrations in his oeuvre. Aside from his fantasy illustrations, Gilson also did cartoons. These were generally less successful, but highly distinctive at least. In the end, little can be said of him because his term in fandom was so short, and his works so few. Had he remained, or been more productive, he would unquestionably have become one of Canada's most interesting fan-artists.

TARAL'S A GOOD ARTIST.
YOU SHOULD SEE HIM DRAW
UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE...



LEWIS (COMPOSED + AM...)



ABOVE: Roldo self-portrait, previously unpublished, 1977.

Winnipeg artist Roldo deserves honourable mention for providing Garth Danielson's many ideosyncratic zines with notable cover art. His style is heavy on the brush, rough, and comic, though one 1978 issue of *Boowatt* has front and back covers that were airbrushed colour. He found his ideas in *Sword & Sorcery*, and derived his style from comics. Apart from a cover for *Schmagg* and work in *Compound Fracture*, I know of no other place he's appeared in except a comics zine of his own.

David Vereschagin appeared on the Canadian fannish horizon in 1976, rising over New Sarepta, Alberta in the pages of a one shot fanzine, *Antares*. Differences in opinion with the co-editor prevented there being a second issue, and it took over a year for Vereschagin to reappear in his own *White Space* in 1978. *White Space* was followed by other, shorter, informal personalzines before it could have a second issue either, but served the function of introducing still another Edmonton area fanartist, John Durno. Vereschagin contributed his angular, modernistic cartoons and abstracts profligately for a year. Then, reacting to a less than enthusiastic reception from some quarters, the supply dried up and Vereschagin withdrew slowly from fandom. He took his turn, twice yearly, editing *The Monthly Monthly* and deserves much of the credit for its usual crisp appearance. He also founded *Dadapa*. But by 1980's end, he could be said to have gafiated. Unpleasant incidences marred his stay in fandom, such as the extreme reaction at an art auction to a series of panels he drew as instructions for drowning a cat. These incidents may have hurried his gafiation. There is no question, though, that Dave Vereschagin drew to provoke. (But to provoke thought, not anger.) His art school training had exposed him to the wider world of avant-garde culture, and he brought his experience with him into fandom. Not

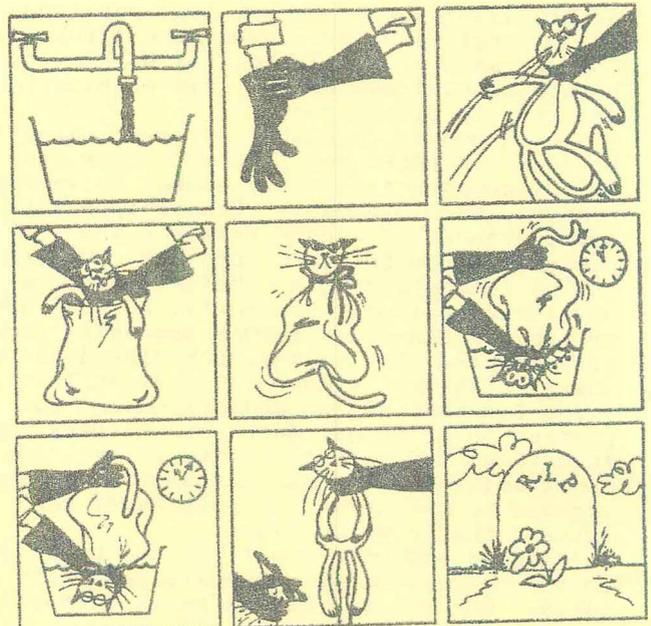
limiting himself to a single style, Vereschagin's illos were usually done with geometrical clean lines and flourishes. A breeze of dadaism blew through them, as well as perhaps Mondrian. But possibly it's a mistake to analyse his work too deeply. As an artist he claimed to strive for a surrealist's lack of self-consciousness. Whether this is so or not, his drive to experiment marked him as an intellectual among fan artists.

John Durno, as mentioned earlier, first appeared in the pages of *White Space*. He also appears in early issues of *Neology*, before it was called anything but *The ESFCAS Newsletter*. In the same year he published the first and only issue of his own fanzine, *Old Zing*. Since then, he has been a regular contributor to *Gang of Four* zines *The Monthly Monthly*, *The Bimonthly Monthly*, and *New Canadian Fandom*. As an artist his style is complimentary to Vereschagin's, the two being similar. John's is the less offbeat, but perhaps the more fan oriented.

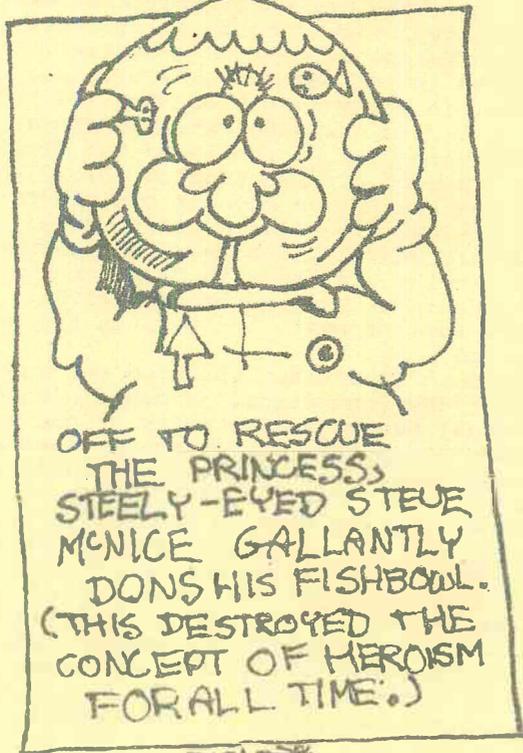
Toronto fandom has sprouted yet another crop of new fanartists, no doubt because the continual publishing activity of one sort or another draws them out of the cliques and convention artshows that would otherwise conceal them. Kevin Davies is the most visible, largely because his work appears in *Miriad*, a 5 000 copy circulation semi-pro that he co-edits. Deriving his basic style from comic books, Davies has shown ability at imitation, but so far hasn't found an idiom of his own that works. His strengths are composition and colour; his weaknesses are anatomy and originality. By far his best fan work illustrated much of the one-shot

BELOW: David Vereschagin, the controversial, "How To Drown A Cat" cover from *The Monthly Monthly* #6, *Gang of Four*, eds., March 1980.

the monthly monthly



A NIGHT AT THE SPACE OPERA



JURZ

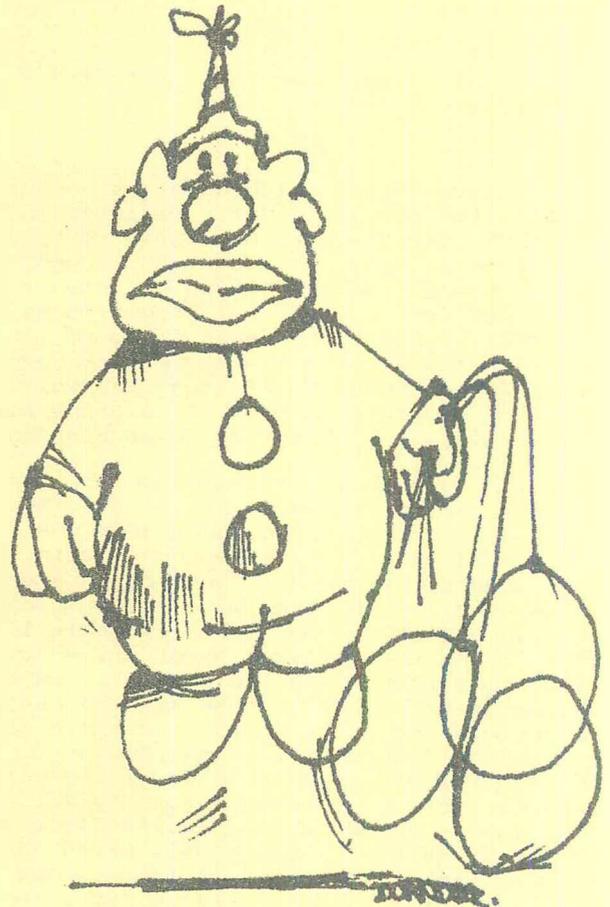
Energumen 16, where in a way its very "facelessness" makes it the perfect universal fan art. Adam Smith, an ex-partner in *Mirriad*, draws very precise, mechanistic figures and machines. The ideosyncrasy of life-like but mechanical animals makes the artist himself a subject for thought. So far his work has appeared only in the early *Mirriad*, his own *Nuclear Bunnies*, and in a local Dr. Who zine. His girlfriend, Julie Lewis, is a talented artist also, but has never been published. Other local fans have drawn covers for the Toronto apa, or spot illos for OSFiC newsletters. These bear little examination, and will be passed over.

In Vancouver, a number of newer names can be found in BCSFA newsletters. Only one, I think, appears frequently enough to warrant mention, Lari Davidson. Others appear to be acquaintances of Vaughn Fraser's who presumably brought them into the club from comics fandom during his brief tenure as newsletter editor. Similarly, a local artist or two has decorated ESFCAS *Neologies* from time to time. In Calgary, Bob Gibson has been doing local work since NonCon 4, at least. ...so far they are an undistinguished lot, with promise in different degrees. Perhaps more important than native ability is ambition and opportunity, a two-fold circumstance that appears to be lacking in most newer fan artists that come to light.

Certain prejudices will by now be apparent to the reader. Some, personal, reduce to taste. One fan may detest Derek Carter and

exult in Tim Hammell. *De gustibus non disputantur*. At some level, though, it is not a matter of taste. Stu Gilson was objectively a better artist than Cliff Letovsky, and any opinion to the contrary is beyond rational discussion. Alicia Austin was a more important artist in fandom than Pat Patterson, whatever their respective merits or the reader's taste. On this basis I treated artists in correspondingly greater or lesser detail.

Other prejudices in this history are systematic. I have not attempted to discuss convention artists, largely because to do so is impossible, but also because I don't think an artist who has never been in a fanzine is properly a fan artist. A show pays the artist if the artist is good enough to sell, and that's professionalism. An unsold piece is like a rejected manuscript, it doesn't become fanac as an afterthought. Although the artist might be motivated by the simple fannish urge to put his or her art where fans can see it, its difficult to imagine why, if that's the case, the artist isn't equally interested in fanzines as a showplace. Many will disagree

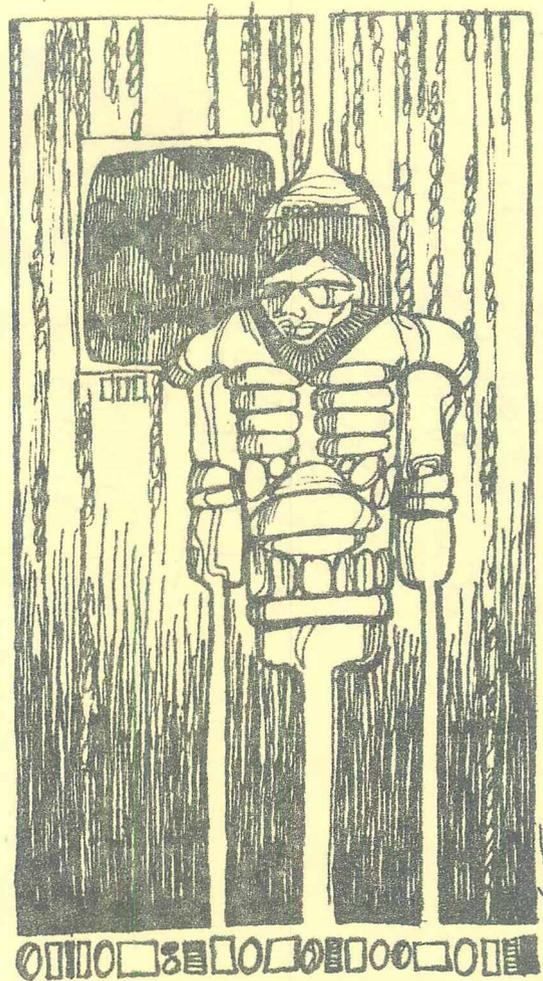


ABOVE and ABOVE RIGHT: John Durno, from *The Monthly Monthly* #10, July 1980. OPPOSITE: David Vereschagin, from *The Monthly Monthly* #10, July 1980.

with me on this ruling. They are welcome to try and write a history of their own on convention art, but they will run up against problems I avoided by defining my terms as I did. Who is a convention fan artist, and who is not? How would the historian distinguish between the fan merely showing his art to other fans and: the would-be pro looking for a paperback contract, the free-lancer who's discovered that cons add to his income, the person who's into fantasy or sf but not fandom, or even the bonafide fan who cynically sees his art as a way to subsidize his trip? Of course, the egalitarian historian wouldn't want to, but if all of these people are "fan" artists, then how are they different from those who aren't? What does being a fan mean? Frankly, the word becomes a semantic blank, once the camel's nose is in... There is no logical place to call a halt.

It occurs to me that the chronicler would use "importance" in his or her eyes as criteria, but if this isn't snobbery it is at least of limited academic value.

No, if only from practical considerations, choosing to disregard the camel *en toto* is the only way. Conceivably, someone attending every Canadian convention and seeing all artshows could write an expanded fanart history, but *there is no such person*. Moreover, facing up to the ontological problems outlined earlier would mean writing about no fewer than hundreds of artists, whereas my approach is at least finite. And meaningful. No one, whose fanac is confined to the auction block, makes a lasting mark on the world-wide body of fandom, and anyone whose influence on fans isn't felt 20 years later, or even 6 weeks later, belongs in the province of fan history. (Hugos and Worldcons being, as everyone knows, irrelevant...)



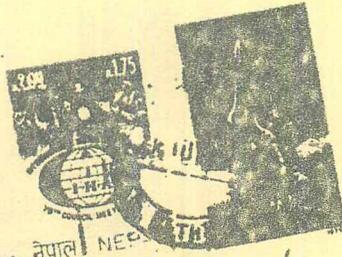
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

PLEASE NOTE: These COAs are the most recent and override any other addresses listed in the issue.

Tim Boulton, #306, 720 Queens Ave., New Westminister, BC V3M 1L6
 Adrian Fischer, 406 West Morrison, Santa Maria, CA 93454 USA
 Jerry Gallant, #203, 225 Royal Ave., New Westminister, BC V3L 1H5
 Georges Giguere, Bsmt., 9645-84 Ave., Edmonton, AB T6C 1E7
 Paula Johanson & Family, 582 John St., Victoria, BC V8T 1T6
 E. B. Klassen & Family, 582 John St., Victoria, BC V8T 1T6
 William Lowe, #302, 2326 Eton St., Vancouver, BC V5L 1E1
 Gay Maddin, #203, 225 Royal Ave., New Westminister, BC V3L 1H5
 AnnDel & Robert O'Brien, 12041-89 St., Edmonton, AB T5B 3W2
 Fran Skene, #302, 2326 Eton St., Vancouver, BC V5L 1E1
 Bob Weir, 6131 Bowness Road NW, Calgary, AB T3B 0C9

6. A SHEKPA OLD MAN
from Sun Dada, East Nepal

Dear Robert,
This place entirely captures the imagination. One could have stepped into these streets 500 years ago. I have experienced much for such a short time (and Kevin.) Will be in touch,
Paul



R. Runté

P.O. Box

PSSE

Edmo

CO

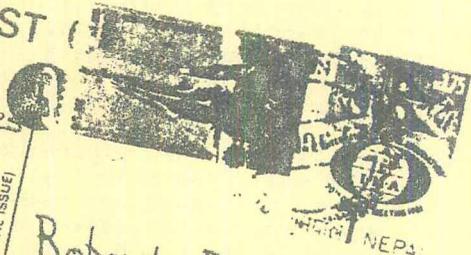
KB Wallbridge, Kantipur Guest House
VILLAGE WATER COLOUR MADAN CHITRAKAR
Chitranigal (Front Street)
Dussehra Square
Kathmandu Nepal

Meeting Master Yoda
As one of your disciples I felt that an update on the progress of our spiritual and cultural enlightenment. It is enlightening. I also wanted to give you a loc from Kathmandu. Think it is better than drinking cheap root beer. It is almost as great as eating mushrooms and watching Sintel movies. Nepal is fun, but we are having a blast. We be not all sorts of weird and wonderful people.

PUBLISHED BY:
ARNIKO ART GALLERY,
DILIBAZAR, GHATTEKULO,
KATHMANDU, NEPAL.

TK421
signing off.

POST



Robert Runté
P.O. Box 4655 P.S.S.E.
Edmonton Alberta
Canada
T6E-5G5

LETTERS

MICHAEL CONEY
Porthole Press Limited
2082 Neptune Road
RR 3, Sidney, BC

One of the reasons I don't get involved in fandom is to avoid disputes such as your present residency/citizenship issue. I hear what you are saying and I sympathize with you, but I find Spider Robinson's arguments convincing too. Now I must get involved because you have both used my name in your articles, and in a somewhat misleading context too.

I do not like nationalism any more than I like religion, because they are the principal causes of wars; and the next war may not be too good for the survival of the species to which I belong. Think what you like of me, but I am not proud to be a Canadian, neither am I proud to be British, even though I am a citizen of both countries. I am glad to be living in Canada, and I work hard and pay my taxes; but I also enjoy sailing in the San Juan Islands---which I can see from my living-room window and which happen to be American. I feel a love for the Pacific North-west and for the British South-west---and for Hawaii too, for that matter. But mindless chauvinism I abhor. This is Earth and we are science-fiction people, for God's sake; so where is our sense of space?

If, Robert, as you suggest, we science fiction writers should write about Canadian issues and Canadian ideas, then we must expect to have our stories bounced by *Analog*. *Analog* likes stories about science. But more regrettably, you are suggesting that we constrict ourselves. You are suggesting that instead of writing about human beings and their relationship to time and space, I, for instance, should write about British Columbia separating from Canada in 1992. Now some people write that kind of story but not me; and I suspect, not Spider. I used to, but no more. Some years ago I found that my writing was becoming constrained by just the kind of limitations you are advocating; but I like to think I broke free of it. I no longer believe my sf should concern itself with current issues, provincial ideas, or local literary traditions and quirks. They are the stuff of the mainstream.

But before I'd broken free, I wrote a dozen Canadian stories, all of which sold to American magazines, several of which have been anthologized; and at least one Canadian novel. But I didn't ram it down the readers throats that these stories were Canadian. I

didn't write about oppressed Indians or hard times on the prairies, harp seals or douglas firs. I did, I freely admit, write one story about caribou. The stories were set in BC, but they could just have easily have been set in San Francisco or New Zealand, because it was the sf inventions and ideas which were important, not some nebulous lip-service to the french language or the tar sands. I cannot agree that "the Canadian story is now quite what the US magazines are looking for". What they are not looking for is chauvinistic drek.

Once again, I hear what you are saying and I sympathize. There are a hell of a lot of people south of the border, and they make us look thin on the ground. Sheer weight of numbers dictates that they will turn out ten times as much sf as we. This means they will write ten times as many good stories as we. This means they will walk away with the international awards. But Vonda McIntyre and Ursula LeGuin don't live so far from me--perhaps closer than you do--and I, in my naivete, tend to see sf as an international brotherhood. I can't bring myself to feel outnumbered. I'm simply glad we all speak the same language. Clearly it's our siege mentality which has brought about the current controversy. The national award concept is illogical, in sf. However, if you continue to have such an award, then I must say that I consider Spider Robinson, as a contributor to Canadian exports, to be a Canadian asset whom we, as citizens and taxpayers, should be glad to have among us--and to honour too, if we wish.

There--I've taken sides. I'm sorry--but damn it--you *did* use my name and state that "Michael Coney ...remains British for all that he now lives on Vancouver Island." I'm not at all sure that I remain British. I left England thirteen years ago because I was dissatisfied with the way the country was being handled and could foresee problems--and my suspicions were confirmed. I've been a Canadian citizen for six years and I've lived here for eleven. My British passport lapsed years ago. I've founded a company devoted to publishing books of Canadian historical and cultural interest, and backed it with my own money. I own an axe and a chainsaw, and I put maple syrup on my hotcakes. What more do you want?

((Hmmm....How about beer and back bacon, eh?

Well, I agree with most everything you say except your interpretation of my "mindless chauvinism". At no point in this debate (or the similar discussion in The Monthly Monthly) have I or any of my associates argued that Canadian authors should restrict themselves to "Canadian content". Any such restriction runs, as you say, counter to true artistic expression.

I am quite as bored as you with such superficial Canadian content as geographic location or specific contemporary Canadian issues. But who told you I wanted stories about caribou? I hate caribou stories! (though I might make an exception if I run across one by Michael Coney.)

If anything, I am more worried by Spider's belief that he is writing "Canadian fiction"

because his last novel was located in Halifax, than I am annoyed at his refusal to even consider Canadian citizenship. If one went through a novel by Charles Dickens or Tolstoy and changed all the heroes names to "Tex" and "J R" and changed "London" and "Moscow" to "New York", would that make them American novels? Obviously not! These works were the products of their times and their cultures: Russian novels are clearly different from British novels which are different again from the American. Nobody who has ever read a Russian and a British and an American novel would ever seriously maintain that they were "all the same except where they are located." Yet no one seems to find it at all embarrassing to suggest that a sf novel is "Canadian" because the Stars and Stripes has been replaced on the spaceship with a maple leaf.

The reason, of course, is that deep down they don't really believe that there is any difference between American and Canadian cultures. To these people, Canadians are merely Americans with parkas. Well, a loud BAH HUMBBUG to that. While I admit we share a great deal with (and owe a great deal to) American culture, but we also have a good dose of British culture and french and a bunch of other cultures, the distinct blend of which is worth celebrating.

*What exactly Canadian culture consists of and how it differs from other cultures is difficult to define. I wish I had a simple answer for my various American readers who have asked me to point out differences or identify Canada's uniqueness. (Actually, if I could capture the essence of what it is to be "Canadian", I wouldn't be wasting my time with NCF, I'd be out collecting the Governor General's Award for Literature...) The problem is rather like describing a person and the differences from his neighbour---one can only do so in the broadest terms because people are too complex to capture in 25 words or less, and even if you could manage it, they would have grown, aged, changed by the time you got it down on paper. The problem is further complicated by the fact that the chief characteristic of Canadian culture is probably that we lack any kind of national identity. Anyone who knows what Canadian culture is, probably isn't a Canadian by definition. Ours is the only culture that takes a kind of perverse pride in its wishy-washy-ness. (SCTV's popular Doug and Bob routines revolved around the fact that they never really had a "topic of the week", an analogy rather lost on American viewers....) Furthermore, it's hard to point to examples of Canadian sf because American and British publishers tend not to publish it; American and British reviewers tend not to review it; and nobody, including Canadians who mostly read American and British periodicals, ever gets to hear of it. To make matters worse, the few books that do attract attention are generally American or British style sf with the word "New York" crossed out and "Vancouver" written overtop. *Sigh**

I repeat: Location and local issues have nothing to do with "being Canadian". Far from demanding that Canadian authors restrict themselves to "Canadian" themes, I deplore such superficial interpretations of "Canadian". Canadian content, to the extent

it can be defined, is a state of mind, a worldview---the result of one growing up and being socialized and educated in a certain culture. If one sets out to consciously write "Canadian" fiction, all one gets is self-conscious fiction.

What I am arguing for is a liberation of Canadian writers from the necessity of writing American sf in order to sell to the American markets. Far from demanding caribou, I want Canadian writers to be able to write what they want to write, which means not having to write in a Campbellian universe of American-style engineering feats or a Wellsian universe of British-style restraint, or whatever. If they want to write books that take place in Bangkok or New York or the planet ZOR, all well and good. If they want to write about spaceships and ringworlds and invasions from Mars, great. It's all ok by me. All I want is that they have the freedom to chose, and don't have to fit into the genre as defined by American and British publishers. Since I can't afford (just yet-- Mike and I are working on it) to publish their books myself, and since I can't hold a gun to the head of a foreign publisher and make them read Canadian manuscripts, all I can do is participate in an award that will maybe--just possibly--alert people to the fact that there is such a thing as Canadian science fiction, and that some of it is even readable.

I don't think having a national award is unreasonably chauvinistic or even very nationalistic. I'm not suggesting (though I am generally accused of it) that Canadian sf is superior to anybody else's. If anything, the logic of our smaller population and our smaller body of mainstream literature/traditions would seem to dictate that it is less likely for us to produce a giant in the field. Or that could just be our national inferiority complex talking--perhaps the fact that we have so much foreign competition for our readers means that only the creme la creme survive. In either event, there is some good sf in Canada and it deserves to be noticed. But because it is not generally appearing in the usual sf markets (American or British) it is largely overlooked. While American sf authors complain about being relegated to the "ghetto" of the sf shelves in bookstores, Canadian sf is generally buried in the "Canadiana" section, a sure kiss of death to sales and recognition. Most Canadian sf is written by mainstream Canadian authors, because we are not large enough to have a separate sf ghetto. Steven Scobie, for example, has written some really strange sf stuff, but no sf reader has ever heard of him. He won the Governor General's Award for Literature two years ago, so perhaps his work has some merit, but I wouldn't hold my breath waiting for him to win a Hugo or to be published in Analog.

I'm not claiming that a Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award can change all that single-handedly, though it is a step in the right direction. I would like to think that it will at least encourage Canadians to seek out this part of their heritage and pay some attention to their own literature. I, at any rate, find that most Canadian sf hits a responsive note in me that is lacking in that of

other peoples' sf, though I have to admit that my favorite author (C J Cherryh) is an American. If Canadians don't like the sf produced by other Canadians, that's ok too--I don't want to take away anyone's citizenship for failing to read Phyllis Gotlieb or John Robert Colombo. But maybe, just maybe, some of them might like some of the stuff that's been written here by their fellow inheritors of a unique cultural tradition.

So, once again: I do not want you to restrict yourself to stories about Canadian issues or Canadian ideas. No caribou, no British Columbian separatism, no oppressed Indians, no douglas fir, no chauvinistic Canadian nationalism. I want you to write as you please. And maybe, if enough Canadian writers can write what they please (rather than what they feel they must to sell to the States) and maybe read each other's writing than maybe someday we'll all discover that we have a distinctive flavour to our writing and maybe even a national identity after all. Mightn't that be interesting?))

NORBERT SPEHNER
565, avenue de Provence
Longueuil, PQ
J4H 3R3

As far as I know, Quebec is still a Province of Canada and so people in Quebec are still Canadians. So why is it that no writers/editors etc in the sf field appear on the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award nomination ballot? Look, there are people here like Elisabeth Vonarburg who won the Grand Prix de la SF francaise in 1982 (the first time any stranger got that prize) and this year another Canadian was awarded the same Grand Prix de la SF francaise: Pierre Billon (*L'enfant du Cinquieme Nord*) And how many Canadian magazines have published 50 issues (*Solaris*). Please understand that I do not blame you alone. Quebec fans have to move theirs...too and I shall speak to some of them. Most of them do not even know of the existence of the CSFFA.

ELISABETH VONARBURG
266 rue Belleau
Chicoutimi PQ
G7H 2Y8

I had a good ferocious laugh about the controversy with Spider Robinson. And about the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award. What about french Canadians? Not even a mention, even if it were to say that of course, as they don't speak white, they aren't eligible in anyway. Very kind of you to publish our convention reports, but so what?

(This is my unmitigated reaction to the question; of course, I am almost really laughing by now. But. Each time I happen to read Bell or Colombo about "Canadian" sf and fantasy I laugh too--with the same bitter undertone. I know, we only have to write in English, don't we? I do. I am going to flood Orion with my stories, and tell all my fellow writers to do the same!)

((Hey, no fair! You're supposed to accuse the AMERICANS of cultural imperialism, not

ME!

Seriously though, this is a real problem facing the CSFFA and one we may turn all our attention to now that the other controversy is over. The question is: How will french Canadians ever stand a chance of winning a CSFFA when the majority of CSFFA readers cannot read french? My suggestion, and one made several times in private correspondence with Quebec fans, is that there be two categories for the CSFFA: one for best french language work and one for best English language work. Since this would overlap with the Boreal Awards (the current french language sf awards in Quebec) the Boreal Awards committee could designate one of the Boreal winners as the year's winner of the french language category of the CSFFA. How does that sound?

As for the 1983 nomination ballot, Elisabeth Vonarburg was not eligible since her book appeared in 1981 not 1982; Solaris wasn't considered a "professional" publication (though the definition of "professional" is an instant debate in and of itself and we might do well to reconsider Solaris' standing in this regard), and Pierre Billon was missed for the same reason that Donald Kingsbury (who was nominated for last year's Hugo Award) was missed: I'd never heard of them. Which only goes to show that NCF is desperately needed to keep Canadians (of either language) informed of exactly who is writing worthwhile sf and fantasy in this country. ---RAR))

LESLIE DAVID
an American military base
somewhere in Korea

I find the latest edition of *New Canadian Fandom* could have benefitted from being stapled together before mailing, since my American cultural imperialist staples do not wish to stay in your fanzine. I find I am also a bit tired of the same old topic of conversation and to answer your referendum question, I find I really don't care. I previously did but am tired of the gratuitous insults you insist on heaping on me/us. I find this squabbling as uninteresting as the petty bickering that drove me from the only Canadian apa I've ever belonged to. It's really too bad, as I've met some very interesting Canadian fans, and have enjoyed visiting Canada in the past, but I'm not interested in being labelled as an American cultural imperialist by you. I've not tried to enforce any of my principles or ideals on anyone I've met in Canada, and I resent your attitude. Perhaps in the future I will restrict my acquaintances to those who are not fans or who do not read *New Canadian Fandom*, and know that they should hold us in contempt, as you seem to do.

If you are still interested in sending *New Canadian Fandom* to an American cultural imperialist, after October you'll have to send it to Korea, where I'll be rendering American cultural imperialist service for my country.

I am sorry for the tone of my letter, but I am truly tired of this bullshit. I think I preferred your fanzine when you actually had something worthwhile to say.

HARLAND RONNING
7-2401 Koyl Ave.
Saskatoon, SK

I got a kick out of Robert's comments on the *Firestorm* comic book story. It reminded me of the time I got angry over a Marvel western comic: *RAWHIDE KID* #147, 1978 09, in which the "Kid" shoots his way through what appears to be the Canadian Rockies in revenge for an attack on American soil by some evil-looking French-Canadian "half breeds." The Mounties (decked out in their fur hats, even though the story takes place during the summer) fall over their feet, so it's up to the good old American gun-slinger to save the day! At the end of the story all the villains are shot up and the Mounties (standing well out of the way of the flying bullets) thank old Rawhide for all of his mayhem (on Canadian territory mind you) and wave "bye bye" to him as he rides off into the sunset.

I wrote Leonard Darvin of the Comics Code Authority. I pointed out to him that it didn't reflect in any way the conditions (or the Canadian myth) that existed in the North-West of Canada at that time.

As any Canadian knows, the Mounties would have brooked no one like Rawhide Kid in Canada. It simply went against the Canadian ideal of peace, order, and good government (as opposed to the American ideal of rugged individualism). In Dawson City, Mounties confiscated hand guns from Americans (who were just a little miffed at anyone taking away their surrogate penis'). Such is the stuff of Canadian myth. I told Darvin all this, adding my disgust in the wholesale stereotyping of "half-breeds" as cold-blooded murderers.

Darvin wrote me back that I simply didn't understand American fictional stories, that I shouldn't be so sensitive, and that the stereotyping of "half-breeds" was nothing to worry about.

As for the debate between Robert and Spider Robinson, I am in total agreement with Robert that the award should go to a Canadian citizen. Anything else would make the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award ordinary. Who needs that? Let's be unique.

LEE PELTON
P.O. Box 3145, Traffic Station
Mpls. MN 55403
USA

I find myself a moderately interested viewer of all the Canadian nationalism being espoused in NCF. Not too interested, but intrigued. Particularly since I personally feel that American nationalism has been dead, dead, dead since 1776. I mean, who gives a good goddamn, anyways? I do recognize Canada is different than America, though. I really do. I can't bulk mail my fanzine to Canada so I have to pay first class postage to send my Canadian readers their copies. Believe me, I do recognize the difference. Right where it hurts!

I don't care much about con reports. I've always felt that they were filler of the most banal kind, fully capable of padding a fanzine far beyond the size it should rightfully have. With a few possible exceptions, NCF was abundantly endowed with some pretty damn dull

reports. Not surprisingly, the reps done by you, Mr. Runte, were the best of the lot. Your obvious passion for conventions shines through, and you have enough background as a writer and congoer to know what is worth writing about and what your readers could care less about. But it still is a waste of space that could be better used in getting stuff like the bio on Nils Helmer Frome. Now that was interesting! It gave me a sense of Canadian fandom that, thus far, NCF has failed to do. It had depth and history. It had, in a word, personality. American fandom started out with loners like Frome. Where there others like Frome? Where is Canada's fanzine roots? How about apas? What's happening to Mike Bailey, f'instance? And what about an article on Chester Cuthbert?

As for the book reviews, I'm fairly certain that Randy Garrett is not at all dead, but rapidly recovering in Southern California with the aid of his wife, Vicki Ann Heydron. And you somehow managed to mix up Phyllis Ann Karr with Terry Carr.

HARRY WARNER, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740
USA

I was glad to see the review of John Robert Columbo's book *Years of Light* which hasn't received nearly the attention it deserves in fanzines. After all, over and beyond its function in memorializing the career of Les Croutch, it is a breakthrough for fandom: the first time that a book had been devoted to the career of one fan. It's true that Damon Knight and Fred Pohl published quite a bit about their fanac in their autobiographical books, Dick Bergeron compiled so much Willis material in *Warhoon* that it amounts almost to a rounded study of that fan, and there have been some extremely fat fanzine issues honouring this or that fan or semi-pro. But I don't think anything quite like *Years of Light* has appeared before and if it attracts enough attention, it might inspire similar volumes about other fans.

Michael Dann's account of his search for Nils H Frome is both fine reading and terrible reading: the former because it tells me more about Nils than I'd learned in my previous four and one-half decades as a fan; the latter because of his final sad years. I think it is important for inquiries of this sort to be made about the lives of other long-lost fans from the early years of fandom because of the time factor: if Michael had waited another dozen or so years to hunt for surviving relatives of Nils, everyone with first-hand memories of him might have been dead or impossible to find.

I can supplement the article with some information Michael failed to find. The title of Nils' fanzine can be found on page 119 of the Piser edition of *The Fanzine Index: Supramundane Stories*. Two issues are listed, the first dated 1936 10, containing 32 pages 3/4 letter paper size, the second dated Feb, probably of 1938, containing 24 normal letter-sized pages. Still more information is available in *The Immortal Storm*. The Asfo Press edition has a half-dozen references to Nils. One page contains an extended description of *Supramundane Stories*.

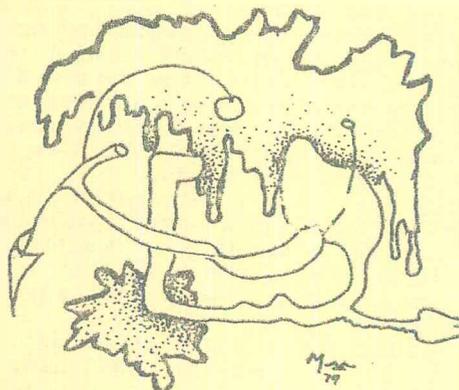
But I wonder if technically, Les Croutch published the first Canadian fanzine. *The Fanzine Index* doesn't have data on *Croutch Magazine Mart News* earlier than the 86th issue published in 1940 09. At that time, Les was producing issues on a semi-monthly schedule. If he'd held to that frequency since it started, the first issue would have come out in 1937, after *Supramundane Stories*. But if he skipped issues occasionally or didn't publish as frequently in its first years, it's conceivable that his first CMMN could have appeared before 1936 10. Of course, the first Croutch publication was merely a carbon-copied leaflet containing mostly items Les wanted to sell or trade.

I read the con reports from beginning to end, even though it's most unlikely that I'll ever attend future cons in those cities. Has it occurred to anyone that the recent slump in cons might be attributed to the thoroughly mundane factor of the birth rate decline that began two decades ago? There just aren't as many young men and women around today....

I was horrified to read the sad tale of the rise and fall of Constellation Con '83. On the other hand, I obtain a perverse sort of pleasure when I read about the continued controversy over the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award: I don't like squabbles but in this case there's at least the secondary emotion that here's proof any award is going to create opposition and ill-will, therefore the troubles which the FAAn Awards and the Fan Hugos experienced needn't be considered unique.

((I think I can draw the reverse conclusion: ie, that I shouldn't be too upset at the CSFFA controversy since both the FAAn Awards and the Fan Hugos suffered the same fate. ---RAR))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: doug barbour (Edmonton), John Mullock (SK), Lexie Pakulak (Calgary), Garth Spencer--five or six times (Victoria), David Gordon-MacDonald (Victoria), Keith Soltys (Grande Prairie), Rebecca Reeves (Victoria), Robert Sawyer (Toronto), Andrew Weiner (Toronto), Myles Bos (Victoria), Mandy Slater (Ottawa), James Dean Waryk (Victoria), Robert K Hinton (USA), Gary Crowder (Surrey, BC), Harry Andruschak (USA), Ian McKeer (UK), Jan Howard Finder (USA), E B Klassen (Victoria), and a host of others.



On the Line

Steve George

A common topic of discussion where any number of science fans gather is: "what is the best science fiction novel ever written?" Various versions of this question arise; everyone, it seems, must make the distinction between what is the "best" and what the "liked best." The reason most people are unwilling to point to a novel and call it the "best" is, that to do so, they put themselves on the line, and open themselves to criticism. A less common topic of discussion is: "who is the most memorable science fiction character?" This may have no relationship to the previous question; the book that the character comes from may be poorly written, badly plotted, and founded on a ridiculous premise, yet the character pops into mind long after the book is forgotten. Choosing memorable characters is personal; what is memorable to one person is forgettable to another. Yet, although choosing a memorable character is personal, it does have its problems. You still have to put yourself on the line. The character you choose and why you choose him says something about you. In this article I will list, as far as my memory goes, and as far as my reading includes, science fiction's most memorable characters. To do this I have set up a number of guidelines.

When I use the term "science fiction", I mean post 1926 Gernsback science fiction. And I'm using my own definition of what science fiction is. For example, by my definition, *Lord Of the Rings* by Tolkien is not science fiction, while *Ringworld* by Niven, most definitely is. As a finer example, the *Gor* books by Norman, are science fiction, while the *Fahfard* and *Gray Mouser* books are not. It's a personal definition, but it works.

To use a tired platitude, science fiction is the literature of ideas, and thus ideas, rightly, overshadow characters. What's the most memorable thing from *Ringworld*? The ring, of course. But there are some instances where the characters come to mind before the ideas. Why? What makes a science fiction character memorable?

For one thing, the character may be part of a series. For reasons of fairness, I have excluded series characters from consideration, because in themselves, if confined to a single novel, they are not memorable. Another reason a character may be memorable is because his or her name appears in the title of the book. I'm not saying that's not a good method of making a character memorable, because it does seem to work, but for the purposes of this article I've decided to

avoid such characters. I have also excluded characters like Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, because they have such colossal reputations that they are known even by those who have never seen or read their exploits. That leaves us with characters who have the capacity to become memorable in a single book, and who do not have their names incorporated into the title of the book.

This group may be divided into two smaller groups. The first group contains the characters who are forced into prominent positions because of plot requirements, but who, in themselves, are not memorable. I'll receive criticism for this, I'm sure, but in this group I place such characters as Michael Valentine Smith (*Stranger In a Strange Land* by Heinlein) and Paul Atreides (*Dune* by Herbert). The second group of characters are those who are of great interest, over and above the plot and central idea of the novel. But even this group may be divided.

First there are characters like David Selig (*Dying Inside* by Silverberg) and The Kid (*Dalhgron* by Delaney), who are beautiful creations, characters of many levels, of depths beyond what is usually found in sf. They are memorable in the sense that they are real people who have been put onto the pages of a book. But like real people, they are vague and indistinct; it is impossible to point to a single aspect of their personalities and say "David Selig is like that!" And so, after a while, they go from our minds. What's left? Characters who are mere caricatures. They are extreme in their natures, purposely exaggerated, eccentric and individual. They stand out and are remembered because of, perhaps a single aspect of their character. In this group we have characters like Hell Tanner (*Damnation Alley* by Zelazny), Gully Foyle (*The Stars My Destination* by Bester) and Alex (*A Clockwork Orange* by Burgess).

Hell Tanner is a rugged biker with a screwy moral code and a debatable sense of justice, but beneath his veneer of savagery and violence he is basically a "nice guy." Gully Foyle is a man driven to desperate ends in search of vengeance, yet as a human being he is a total zero, a blank. Alex is a despicable juvenile delinquent who takes his pleasure through violence and rape; a totally anti-social personality. Why should I put these characters on a pedestal and remember them above all others? What does this say about me? What it doesn't say is that I am like those characters. I am not likely to fly off the handle and knife someone. I am not likely to start leaving a trail of bloody

vengeance to avenge a minor insult. And I'm not (quite) a total delinquent personality looking for violence and rape (though I'm sure some people will argue that point). It is significant that I remember (and like) these characters, not for what I am, but for

what I may want to be. Assuming that I am a relatively norman fan, then what my choice of characters says of me, and of fans in general, is not very flattering. Ah, yes, but therein lie the seeds of another essay...

Editorial

Robert Runté

Rather than bore you with the long and twisted tale of NCF's two year delay, I'll just bring you up to date on the current situation.

As mentioned elsewhere in this issue, most of the newsletter functions of NCF have been taken over by Garth Spencer and *The Maple Leaf Rag*. Mike and I passed on all the subscription money from NCF to Garth when it became clear that we would no longer be able to be the frequent news service we had hoped to become, so none of our Canadian subscribers should feel ripped off at our failure to produce, since you all got *The Maple Leaf Rag* instead. Our foreign subscribers have mostly had to wait until the appearance of this issue to get their money's worth, but they were presumably in less of a hurry for their Canadian content. Mike Hall has also taken over the job of printing MLR (with minor assistance from yours truly) so you can believe me when I tell you that we are 100% behind Garth's efforts. Garth is better at providing a Canadian newsletter than we ever were, and if you lot don't support him with locs and subs, Canada doesn't deserve its own newsletter, let alone a distinctive fandom or sf literature.

In any event, this means that future issues of NCF will tend to be less news-oriented (though we will still be printing those articles which are too long for MLR) and more of a genzine. Those of you who remember *The Monthly Monthly* will know the kind of articles we will be hoping to attract.

We will also no longer be accepting subscriptions. From now on it will be strictly a pay-as-we-go basis. We have always preferred locs, articles, artwork, and so on to cash, but those of you who prefer to send us money are asked to pay for single copies. We do not want to take on any long range commitments we might have to feel guilty about. We will, of course, be honouring existing foreign subscriptions, assuming always that we can find a current address for you. So send your subscriptions to Garth instead, since he needs the money more, provides a more frequent product, and his subscribers will automatically get NCF anyway.

As to the current issue: We have had to drop a number of articles, such as con reports, bookreviews and other "news" items, which have become hopelessly dated since our last issue. We apologize to those contrib-

utors whose articles languished in our files.

For the most part, however, we are including in this issue much of the material originally slated for the 1983 issue. While the CFSSA controversy is mostly redundant now that the definition of "Canadian" has been opened up, how often do I get a chance to publish locs from Michael Coney? The fanzine reviews have been brought up to date by adding recent issues, but we have kept many of the older listings for "historical" interest. Most of the older zines listed should still be available as back issues. While the movie reviewed this issue has not only left the theatres but completed its run on cable TV, it should be showing up on the regular channels and/or your local video rental shop about now. The articles, such as the second half of Taral's piece on Canadian fanartists, are mostly timeless. (There are a few copies of NCF #5 with the first half of Taral's article still available.) This issue will pretty well use up all the material in our files, so feel free to start sending us articles, artwork, etc. again.

In other news: Since last issue, I have quit my job with the government and returned to university where I am enrolled in a Ph.D. program in the Sociology of Education. This is loads of fun. I spend about 15 hours a week taking classes, another 12 hours teaching (and/or marking) undergraduate students, 8 hours a week working for the government at my old job, and about 10 hours writing papers. This does not leave whole bunches of time for fanac, but my hours are more flexible than in a regular job, so I seem to be accomplishing more. Since last issue of NCF I have managed to produce three issues of *I'm Not Boring You Am I?* and a bunch of apazines.

Mr. Hall is working six days a week for the University Library, but he still gets Saturday off to print MLR and NCF. Since last issue he has started *New Wave Video Snacks*, his book review zine, and put out a couple of issues of *Schmagg Monthly*. He also tells me that he hopes that the earth will open up one day and swallow all of the Macintoshes currently in the hands of people who don't know the meaning of the word "esthetics."

