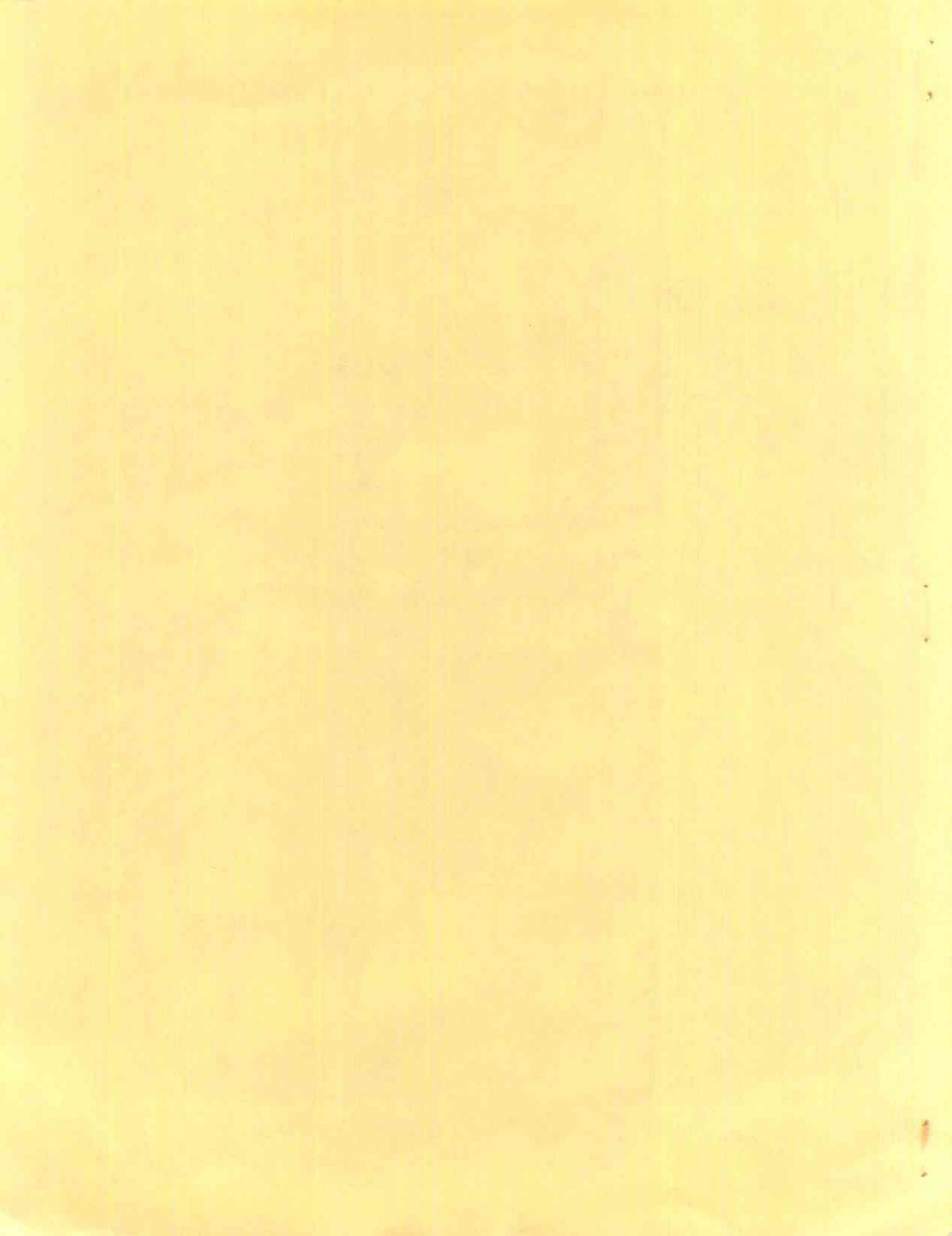



# New Canadian Random





# NHC CANADIAN FANDOM

## NEW CANADIAN FANDOM

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If there is a red blotch of some kind next to your name (or lack thereof) on the mailing label, your time is up. You Know What You Must Do.

NEW CANADIAN FANDOM is also available for trade with other newsletters and fanzines (send us what you have, and we will rule on it), news, accepted contributions of written material or artwork (we prefer artwork that is not wider than one of our columns), letters of comment, neat stuff, and editorial whine.

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Note: Robert lied about this being the special fanzine review issue. Never trust him again. I know I don't. Next time--maybe.

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### Collators for the last issue were:

Jane Starr, Tim Smick, Sharon Carton, Dieter Preschl, Ian McKeer, Paul Keet, Rob Cole, Daryl Grant, Kathleen Moore, Pat Sullivan, Lori Reaney and Bob Weir. Editorial help with this issue: Robert Runté, Rosanne Charest and Keith Fenske, (courtesy of Keith Fenske Software Inc.)

# Editorial: Michael Hall

Robert's been up nights, working too hard, as usual, so when I approached him with the idea of my editing the next issue of NCF, his giving in may have not been totally voluntary. This is the 'Genzine' issue of NCF, and if you can figure out why we did this, please send me a postcard. I'd like to know, too. No kidding!

New Canadian Fandom has a publisher (me) and an editor (Robert), but for some strange reason, all of the fanzine publishers out there send either *one* copy of their latest effort addressed to New Canadian Fandom (which Robert keeps, because he gets to the mail first) or *one* copy, addressed to 'Robert Runté', which he keeps, because that's his name. Me? I get fanzines put out by people who've met James and I at the same time, so they know we're different people, from people I send money too, and people I threaten. I've undertaken the monumental (for me) task, to try and loc as many of the fanzines Robert gets as possible, in hope that (a) they will put me on their mailing list, or (b) cross Robert off, and put me on. To those '(b)' people out there, I can't guarantee that Robert will be disposed to long retention of your name on the NCF mailing list as a result of this, but perhaps we'll fight it out somehow. You *will* reside for literal eons on my mailing list, of course...

The best course of action, though would be to send *both* Robert and I copies of your fanzine. You may send them in the same package, send them to the P. O. Box, or send mine to this address:

Michael Hall.  
8318 - 90 Avenue,  
Edmonton, AB,  
T6C 1P1

On other matters, a certain pair of hoodlums named Bob and Doug, who spent a short time in Edmonton taping their TV show, shortly after fleeing (out of the snow) back to Toronto, published a scandalous, sordid rag, bearing a name similar to our own. I just want you to know that that sort of thing doesn't get published in Edmonton, and I hope it never will. We have an image to maintain, after all, and prefer to leave this type of reporting to Laid, DND/RSN, The National Enquirer, and their ilk. We sure don't have \$20 million to lay on some writer just because we misspell their name!

On another, but perhaps related, matter, we will be paring the mailing list in the near future of people we haven't heard from. This includes many expiring subscriptions. NCF will be coming out on a more regular basis in the future (if I have anything to do with it!) and just think of all that neat stuff you'll be missing! All the latest feuds, ~~WHO'S SLEEPING WITH WHOM~~, what's in, what's out, what Gordon Kesler is going to do next--in short, we really keep you up on what's going on.

At the end of this issue, you will find the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award ballot. Honest, I tried to keep it out, but there are some points in your life where you have give in. (Canadian residents only): Please fill it out, sign it, (we know you want to stuff the ballot box, Taral) and send it in by September 30, 1982. I was going to vote for Wayne Gretzky, but gosh, Robert tells me that the boy wonder isn't nominated.

'Till next issue, when we *will* have the fanzine reviews for you, along with the latest news.

# Boxtop: The Man Behind The Myth · Steve George

Nick Boxtop is a private detective based in Winnipeg. During the past two years he has become the subject of a small-press mystery magazine that has assumed his name, numerous stories and articles, and possibly an upcoming television series. The following interview took place on a grey afternoon in mid-February 1981, in a small office on the fourth floor of a dilapidated building on block from downtown.

Boxtop was dressed neatly in a jet-black suit, white shirt, black tie, and black leather shoes. His hair, short, black, and greased down, is combed straight back from a high forehead. His face bears numerous scars, but projects a friendly aura, masked by professional cynicism. Boxtop was very cooperative. He talked very freely about matters pertaining to his private life, and his business life, his answers revealing a certain amount of intelligence that fails to show itself in the various stories concerning his exploits. The interview, which for the most part ran smoothly, was periodically interrupted when Boxtop had to run down four flights of stairs and cross through heavy traffic to use the the underground public washrooms on the corner of Garry St. and Portage Ave.

From what I could gather, Boxtop has no fixed address; when he needs to sleep he lays a sleeping bag on the stained wooden floor of his office. The office itself is very small; a single room with two desks. One of the desks is usually occupied by Boxtop's secretary, Miss Bag, but she was not present during the interview. The atmosphere for the

interview was very appropriate: grey light slanting inwards through the single window, across which had been nailed a number of wooden slats, casting weird shadows through the veil of smoke from the cigarettes that Boxtop chain-smoked throughout the interview.

George: Nick Boxtop is a name that has become synonymous with the image of the wisecracking, hardboiled, street-toughened, womanizing breed of detective. Did you start off trying to build that sort of reputation?

Boxtop: No, well, not really; perhaps in a way, but subconsciously rather than by overt planning, if you know what I mean.

George: You mean you're really the way you appear?

Boxtop: We become what we pretend to be, right? But no, what I mean is, everyone has an image of what a hardboiled detective should be, right? I mean, we've all seen Bogie in the Chandler/Philip Marlowe movies, right? I didn't always want to be a detective, but when I did in fact become one, I knew the type of detective I was going to be. Unscrupulous to a certain extent, but basically a nice guy, right? (Smiles brightly here, leaning back in his rickety wooden chair, feet up on desk.) You've got to remember that I didn't write those stories. I never agreed to have my name on some damned mystery magazine. That was all behind my back, right?

George: That brings up another question. How accurate are the various adventures that have been written about you?

Boxtop: (Chuckles, takes a drag on

his cigarette, takes a sip out of a styrofoam cup in which he told me is cold coffee, but by the smell of his breath I know it's cheap rye whiskey.) Those writers sensationa-  
l... a lot, right? But basically, getting down to roots as they say, a lot of what is written is accurate. I do have a secretary named Miss Bag. Cecelia Bag. Where they came up with this Sleazy Bag bullshit I'll never know. I do have a partner named Green Bottlecap, but I haven't seen the bastard in weeks. I mean, in those stories he's made out to be the reliable one, right? He's the one always solving the damned cases, acting normal, a real straight-guy-honest detective, right? Christ, what crap. I shouldn't talk about the guy behind his back, but, what the hell. He's a scum. A no-good rotten brained maggot. Last case he was on, he was trying to figure out where the sun went at night. Never did get to the bottom of that one.

**George:** So most everything else is accurate?

**Boxtop:** Whoa, boy, now wait a minute. Give me a chance to finish. Not everything else is accurate. Give me a minute to think. (Thinks for five or six minutes, intermittently puffing on his cigarette and sipping his cold coffee. (sic)) That car that Danielson fellow says I drive...

**George:** A '52 Nash Rambler.

**Boxtop:** Yeah, right. What the hell is a Nash Rambler? I don't go in for those fancy foreign jobbies. Danielson was over here when he was writing that story, right? He says, 'Nick, what kind of car you drive?' I tell him a '75 Toyota Hatchback, right? He says 'Nick, Nick, that won't do. I'll think of something else.' Right? What could I do? Also my appearance. They're always having me 'tossing back my golden locks,' right? Do these look like golden locks? Looks more like black paint, right? And then there was that bit about me cavorting naked and all with Miss Bag. Embarrassing and not true.

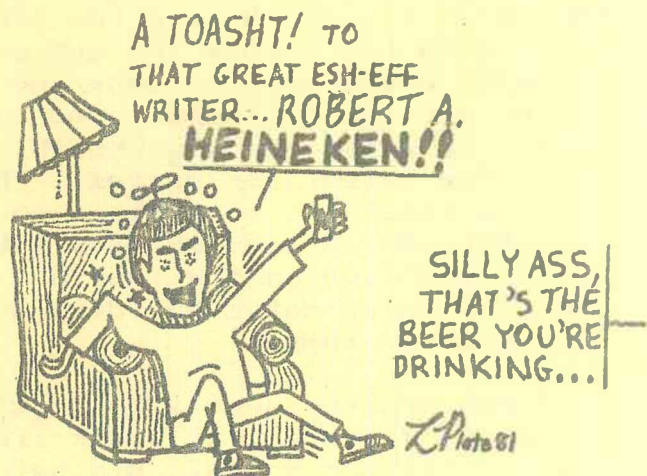
**George:** I don't understand. Why not sue for libel?

**Boxtop:** Like I said, I'm a nice guy, right?

**George:** You have been called 'sexist' and 'crude' by various readers of the Nick Boxtop Mystery Magazine. Any comment on those accusations?

**Boxtop:** Amazing powers of observation. I admit it, I am sexist and I am crude.

**George:** I want to get away from the magazine and the stories for a while. Would you mind if I asked some personal questions?



**Boxtop:** Go ahead. If the truth doesn't come out, the fiction eventually will, right?

**George:** Let's talk about Nick Boxtop the child. What are your earliest memories?

**Boxtop:** Strangely enough, I have a very clear image of my first memory, it recurs every so often in my dreams, and sometimes during the day. I'm hanging upside down. Some huge pink and white monster is holding my ankle. I can hear a woman screaming: 'it's blue! My God, it's blue!' Next thing I know I'm being smacked and battered and beaten and a hoarse voice is yelling, 'Breathe, damn you! Breathe!' And then I'm coughing and sputtering and someone else is saying, 'Damn it, Doctor, couldn't you leave well enough alone?' Then I'm being swung towards the woman on the bed, my mother I think, and she's getting ready to breast feed me, but the hand is around my ankle again, yanking me away and another voice, my father I think, is saying, 'This little bastard ain't sucking on that, Babe. Doc, get me a bottle!'

And then there's a lot of confusion and a bottle is stuck in my mouth, only it isn't milk, it's straight rye. (Boxtop gulps down the rest of his cold coffee, stares at me solemnly.) That's my earliest memory. You getting all of this on tape?

George: That's a very vivid memory.

Boxtop: Yeah, but then I'm blank for the next twelve years.

George: Okay, let's skip ahead a few years. You've already mentioned that the sexual exploits outlined in *Nick Boxtop Gets Laid* and other stories, aren't entirely accurate. Do you remember your first sexual experience?

Boxtop: Yeah, I remember. I was thirteen, covered in zits, self-conscious as all hell, awkward, ugly, etc. You know the story. Two lost souls meeting in the barn, sort of thing, right? She was fifteen, ugly as sin, stacked. I didn't know what I was doing. I'm not sure she did either. It was great. In a way. (Boxtop pauses here, obviously thinking about what he said.) Hell, what am I talking about. It was the shits. I didn't know what was going on. I went to the barn to fork some hay and there she was, stark naked, except for a flimsy black negligee and a red garter. I was raped. I'll never forget it. I don't know where she came from. Nobody ever saw her before or after that. My analyst says I imagined it. I'm inclined to believe it was a conspiracy, probably with Dad behind it, right? Make the boy think he was raped by a non-existent alien, right? Didn't work. It'll take more than that to get me believing They're after me. Paranoia ain't my bag, right?

George: Then let's talk about when you decided to become a private detective and why.

Boxtop: Let's see, now. I was twenty-seven when I decided to become a detective. Mostly because my career as an up and coming artist had fallen through. Why a detective? Romanticism, I guess. Certainly not for the money. (Laughs) It's sort of an easy life, right? Also, you can get away with a lot more, people expect it. Live like a bum, be an alcoholic, no fixed address, and it adds to the image,

right? I pull pogeys and people think I'm tough. It works out. But all that came later. I started off very optimistic, without this layer of protective cynicism, can you believe that? I believed I could make it. Naivety beyond belief. Look at this town. A stink pot, a numb spot on the face of the continent. I might be able to get work making Who's Fucking Who charts, but there isn't much of a market, even for that. Loner detectives are a dying breed. George: Are you thinking of getting out of the business?

Boxtop: Hell, no. I've thought about it, I'll admit, but what else am I going to do? I'm stuck with this. I'll have to make the best of it.

George: Just a couple more questions. What do you think the future holds in store for you?

Boxtop: Professionally? I really don't know. You think they'll have detectives in the future? About the near future though... I've had film offers. The Nick Boxtop Story. Sounds okay, right? Listen, I'm thinking of expanding my operation, maybe even open up a couple of publishing houses. Maybe buy the rights to The Nick Boxtop Mystery Magazine and publish it myself. I've only seen a couple of copies, looked kind of crude to me, I could probably do better. Must be a huge market for that sort of thing, right? I mean, look at that Ellery Queen fellow, and that Alf Hitchcock guy and that Asimov dude, they all got their own magazines. I think Boxtop stories could make it. I got fans too. Really. Danielson tells me that fans read the Boxtop Mystery Magazine, right? I must be popular. George: I think he probably meant science fiction fans.

Boxtop: You mean like Buck Rogers and UFO's? I doubt it. What do I have to do with all that? I realize, sure, that I once wanted to be a sci fi writer, but I hardly got started before I realized there was no market for my stuff. Lust in Space, my first novel, will never see the light of day. I'm really not interested in exploring the far frontiers of the imagination. I'm exploring the far frontiers of my wallet. I've reached the limit.

Continued on p. 21

# Science Fiction in Hungary

Peter Kuczka

According to certain fantastic hypotheses, the Hungarian language is a direct derivation of the Sumerian, and is related to the Quechuan and other Indian languages. In reality, however, Hungarian belongs to the Finno-Ugarian family of languages, and our linguistic relations are the Finns and the small Siberian populations like the Voguls, Ostyaks, Votyaks and Mordvinians.

The Hungarian language is very strange for foreigners. It has rich inflections, the vowels are connected according to a certain system and in the genitive case the possessive precedes the possessed. It is full of images, very rich in synonyms, each word stressed in the first syllable. It can be used with great flexibility, any sort of poetic form can be rendered in Hungarian. Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo and Poe can be translated into Hungarian in their original rhythm.

The Hungarian Language is spoken by about 14 million people, 10.5 within our borders, the rest beyond.

All this can perhaps explain why Hungarian literature is not known abroad and why translation is so rich, significant and valued in our country.

Our poetry is 700 years old. We have known for hundreds of years Platon's utopias, Lukian's fantasies, Aristophanes' anti-utopias, but the forerunners of science fiction have come here only recently.

In the late 18th century, Holberg's novel, Nicolai Klimi ter Subterraneum was read so much that copies turned to rags. The same thing happening to Voltaire's Micromégas and Samuel Johnson's The History of Rasselas: Prince of Abissinia. Only at the end of the 18th century, mainly influenced by the French enlightenment, the original utopias, fantastic voyages, mystical and alchemist novels appeared here. It is worth mentioning here Tariménés utazása (The Voyage of Tarimenes) by György Bessenyei and A mostani adeptus (The Adept of Our Days) by Sándor Bárótti.

These writings appeared at the beginning of the 19th century, and they can be truly regarded as the immediate predecessors of science fiction. In this thriving period of our literature more and more works appeared in the science fiction genre, on serious and satirical subjects. Imagination paints different pictures of the future. The influence of scientific education could also be felt. Our authors discovered ideal societies or frightening, brave new worlds in the Moon, in unknown parts or even under the Earth.

I will mention two outstanding works from this period. The Hungarian heroes of Utazás a Holdba (1836) (Voyage to the Moon) by Ferenc Ney reach their destination by an airship in the short novel, and there find a rationalistic society and lots of fantastic gadgets and inventions, among them sunlight transmitted by crystal tubes,

vehicles driven by magnetic force and artificial rain.

Miklós Jósika's novel Végnapok (1847) (The Last Days) leads us into a very distant future and planet, with ideas sometimes surpassing the imagination of modern sf authors, with telepathic earthlings, curious animals and monsters, submarines, airplanes, flexible glass, extraordinary landscapes and in these strange surroundings he gives a description of etheric love between an earthling and an 'alien'.

The real father of Hungarian sf is, however, Mór Jókai. In his vast oeuvre we at first find only a couple of stories, and later some novels that represent fantasy and science fiction. We can say that if it were Jókai's novels and stories that laid the foundation of Hungarian sf, and their diversity, the plot suspense, scientific inspiration, social interest, humanitarian contents and admirable language can fascinate even the modern reader. From among these works we can find the outstanding examples of Oceánia, a novel of Atlantis, the utopian Robinsonade of Ahol a pénz nem isten (Where money is not a God), the bitter satire of Egészen az északi pólusig (As Far As the North Pole), and the super-eminent, three volume work written in 1872, A jövő század regénye (The Novel of the Next Century). It is impossible to give a list of the 'inventions' in the novel, ranging from hibernation to plastics, from electric airplanes to weather control.

Jókai's literary influence is almost immeasurable. The end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th centuries were full of his followers and imitators. Titusz Tóvölgyi, the ill-fated author who wrote his novel Az új világ (The New World) about the Communist society of the future, was a follower of Jókai just as István Makay, who in his novel Repülőgéppel a Holdra (1889) (By Airplane to the Moon) dealt exclusively with scientific and technological problems and foresaw the real landing on the Moon with a scientific accuracy putting Verne and Wells to shame.

Meanwhile, almost simultaneously with the original publications, sf works by Verne, Wells, Robida, Bellamy, Rosny aîné, Dasswitz, Zulawski, Jack London and others were translated into Hungarian, but the Hungarian authors themselves wrote many valuable works of sf in the field of adventure, philosophy and satire in this period. The second period of Hungarian sf is closely connected with the literary revival in the beginning of the 20th century and featured the debut of the authors in a new literary magazine, Nyugat (The West).

The best among them was the other classic of Hungarian sf, Frigyes Karinthy, the versatile author and profound thinker. Karinthy is enthusiastic and a lover of common sense, reason and intellect. He saw himself as Swift's inheritor and a relation of H. G. Wells. He continued to narrate Gulliver's travels in two novels. The first one, Utazás Faremidóba (A Voyage to Faremib), preceding R. U. R. by Karel Capek. It describes the conflict of the intelligent, speaking machines, that is, the 'robots' and people, and in Capillária the author enlarged the contradictory relation of man and woman to fantastic measures. In Ezeracú lélek he told us about the adventures and ultimate failure of the unkillable man, in Új Odüsszeia (A New Odyssey) about the war of machines running wild and people fallen back into a state of primeval existence, while in Mennyei riport (A Report from Heaven) is about a voyage in the next world. Karinthy often turned to the future, protesting against the inhumanity of the present. In our literature it was Karinthy who became mostly interested in natural sciences, and many of his 'inventions' preceeded those described later in sf in other parts of the world.

There is another *Gulliveriade* from this period, that by Sándor Szathmári, with a novel entitled Kazohinia, which could not be published for years. Only in the middle of the war, and a sleepy moment on the censors part did it get published in a truncated version.

This philosophical work examined the basic problems of human existence in a fantastic surrounding, the dichotomy of reason and feeling remaining insoluble.

The menace of World War II, then not far off, made Mihály Babits, one of the best and most educated poets of the epoch write his novel Elza pilóta, vagy a tökéletes társadalom (Elza, the Pilot, or the Perfect Society) about eternal war, recruited women, life forced back into caves and was about a scientist creating a miniature universe.

Naturally, a number of different novels also appeared in this period, more or less with similar subjects in most countries of the world, including Hungary, about space adventures, wars, alien beings and curious technologies, and these served as amusement for juvenile and adult readers.

The situation after the war created a different position for Hungarian sf. We got to know the works of Soviet sf literature, and we could also witness the cultural-political currents in the postwar period which tended to limit imagination. From the grey mass of uninteresting writings only one book, Az ibolyaszínű fény (The Violet Light) by Péter Földes is worth mentioning for its good ideas and adventurous plot.

The great boom was brought by the end of the 50's. There were greater possibilities for literary expression, we could read at last the significant authors of the west, like Bradbury, Simak, Wyndham, Vonnegut, Carsac, Aldiss, Pohl, and all the new American, French, Italian, English, Swedish, German, Spanish and Japanese authors. We could discover the endless empire of sf and its great possibilities. We could also get to know the theoretical writings accompanying sf, sf aesthetics, the existence of sf fandom, films and sf art.

In the Hungarian Writer's Union a Science Fiction Work Committee was

formed for professional authors, film people, artists and musicians. It has organized discussions and conventions, has published its quarterly SF Tájékoztató and is generally represented at international conventions and conferences.

Simultaneously with all of this, the sf readers clubs were formed one by one, their activities and scope of interest similar to western fandom. The work of the publishers was also revised, new series and anthologies were started. Among them the most important was the book series Kozmosz Fantasztikus Könyvek and the magazine Galaktika. At the present moment there are about 25-30 authors who regularly write sf, but for local reasons none of them do exclusively.

It would be boring to enumerate names and titles for readers abroad, so I will talk about certain groups and/or currents.

There are three generations living and working together. Among the older ones, Jenő Szentiványi excels with his prehistoric novels and adventure stories, and Mária Szepes, who gained a wide readership with her psychologically motivated, slightly mystical novels.

After them, in the wide age group of 40-50 years old, there are a good number of creative personalities and richly endowed talents seeking individual paths. For example, I would like to mention Gyula Fekete's utopias of social criticism, Zoltán Csernai's mystic trilogy on 'aliens', Péter Zsoldos's tensely constructed space adventures and novels of catastrophes. There is Dezső Kemény, who mixes sf with stories of crime and detection, and Gyula Hernádi, an author forever experimenting with forms and messages, who could be compared to the American Harlan Ellison, though Hernádi is much more modest as a man.

The members of the third generation have been brought up in the tradition of sf and modern sciences.

They are inclined to despise the traditional forms and subjects of sf; they seek new ways and messages. They are cautious and suspicious, do not believe in the omnipotence of technology and science and are full of satiric ideas and thoughts. They represent the *new wave* of Hungarian sf. Here I would like to mention Péter Szentmihályi Szabó, the highly talented and versatile author, István Kaszás, who arrived from the field of physical sciences, and László L. Lőrincz, a young scholar of international renown in the field of mongolistics.

And then, there are the young (25-30) writers streaming after them in growing numbers...

In my brief survey I was unable to talk about Hungarian sf film, art and music, which have had their first successful and promising results. I could not dwell on our critical life and debates either, but the problems here are more or less the same as anywhere else in the world.

In summary, I would like to give you a few facts. The magazine Galaktika started out with a circulation of 20-25 000, but the latest issues have a circulation of 80-90 000. Our books enjoy about the same circulation. The different sf publications are sold out within minutes, and this shows that our readers interest is always growing. This interest, and the authors production of newer and newer works makes me feel optimistic about the future of Hungarian sf.

I AM AN UNRULY GRAVITATIONAL SINGULARITY, THE ENGINEER INSIDE A BLACK HOLE!

CALL ME CHAOTIC!



## News

Robert J. Sawyer, long-time Toronto fan, had a feghoot published in the Village Voice, a New York paper. His story, 'If I'm Here, Imagine Where They Sent My Luggage', was the winner of a weekly SF short story contest which limited entries to exactly 250 words.

Monica Hughes won one of four prizes for children's literature awarded by the Canada Council. The \$5000 prize was for The Guardian of Isis, the second book in an SF trilogy. (See review in NCF #4). This is Mrs. Hughes fourth major award. She won the \$1000 Vicky Metcalfe Award in 1981, the \$1000 Beaver Award, and Alberta Culture's \$2500 'First Writing for Youth Award' for 1981. Altogether Mrs. Hughes has had ten children's books published, including Keeper of the Isis Light, Crisis on Conshelf Ten, and Earthdark.

## DEATHS

John A. Colombo, Canadian movie producer and Canada's first colour film processor, died at age 72. His son, John Robert Colombo, is well known in Canadian SF.

§ § §

Robert here: Look folks, I'm sorry about having to turn Mike loose on this issue, but I have discovered that editing a fanzine while an employed person is a whole lot different than doing one as a grad student. Aside from having no spare time, I have to travel a fair bit for my job, which means I am away from the mail and my typewriter for extended periods. However, I have Taken Steps to speed things up in future, and should be back on a bimonthly schedule with next issue. So keep those cards and locs coming in (and subscriptions too, of course) and don't think I hate you just because I haven't had time to reply to your last 12 letters.

This fanzine supports Yugoslavia in '88!

# The Adventures of The Scientist's Beautiful Daughter — Christine Kulyk—

## EPISODE 1

### FADE-IN

INTERIOR. Basement laboratory, filled with weird (and inexpensive) apparatus. The SCIENTIST'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER (SALLY B. DRUTHERS) is contemplating a framed photograph of her husband, DEREK (the SCIENTIST'S HANDSOME SON-IN-LAW). On the wall behind her hangs a plaque engraved with: 'PROF. B. B. BRAIN, SCIENTIST.'

SALLY: *(sighing heavily)* Oh, shucks and darn. Oh, Derek, I wish you and Dad would hurry up and come back from the twentieth century. Ever since you stepped into the Wherever Machine on an expedition to gather ethnographic data in North America in 1066, things have been so boring around here. I mean, I've typed all the letters you left for me to do, and I've finished making photocopies of all the reports from your last expedition. And now the Coffee machine is on the blink, I really don't know what to do with myself. I wish Dad Hadn't burned that book by Germaine Greer that I picked up at the bazaar last month—it looked kind of interesting, but I only got to page three before he grabbed it out of my hands to use in an important experiment. Now all I've got left to read are these dumb cookbooks Derek keeps buying me for my Birthday. Oh, well, maybe I can find something else to do around here...

*She throws aside the thick cookbook in disgust, and begins looking around the lab, poking her nose into everything. Finally, she finds a helmet attached to a strange-looking apparatus by several wires. She*

*reads the inscription on the helmet.*

'Professor Brain's Brain-Recorder, patent pending.' Hmm. This must be that new gizmo that Dad and Derek have been tinkering around with for the past few months. I wonder how it works?

*She tries to activate it in various ways, then finally puts it on her head, and examines her appearance in a mirror. A whirring noise starts up, and she stands petrified, with a dopey expression on her face. After a brief while, the noise stops, and blinks a few times, rapidly, then frowns and removes the helmet slowly.*

My goodness! I've just read all of Derek's brain-wave patterns!.. Fascinating... But who would have thought it? All this time, he's been telling me that making the coffee while he and Dad worked on their experiments and went off on fabulous adventures together was the most important job of all. He even told me that there was going to be a new Nobel Prize established for the best Lab Assistant and Typist. And now I've discovered that he didn't really believe any of that at all! He just made it all up. Why, he even made up the part about making babies! How could he? I thought he loved me! I thought he would never lie to me. Well! Just wait 'til he and Dad get back from 1066—I'll fix *their* little red coffee mugs, and this time—NO SUGAR!

*She pounds her fist into her other palm, furiously, and stamps over to the coffee maker with a wicked grin.*

FADE-OUT.

((TO BE CONTINUED))

# Same As It Ever Was

Tara Wayne

One of the challenges of writing about Canadian fan history is preventing it from becoming a column about Toronto fan history. The two are not synonymous, but until as late as 1975 it isn't hard to mistake one for the other. By far the largest, most varied, and most visible fan centre in our history, Toronto must be avoided by the conscientious by an act of will. And divine inspiration is no small help. There is that much less to write about if one is to remain ideologically pure. Furthermore, for this particular historian, the sources are that much more remote. All knowledge is not in fanzines, contrary to certain authorities much quoted, in fact damn little information is usually found in fanzines. Rounding out the picture of fandom in the past is only possible by interviewing survivors, and even then it's not the same as if you were there yourself. My own pretensions to fan historian status are based on a large collection of fanzines acquired virtually by accident, three or four accidents even, plus the sympathetic ears of John Millard and P. Howard Lyons. It is possible--with most issues of Can Fan, A Bas, Wendigo, Vanations, Canadian Capers, Gasp, Damn, Fie, Mimi, and dozens of other, lesser titles from the 40's and 50's and 60's to construct the basic framework from--to fill in the blanks by turning to either John or P. Howard. (Other veterans of the day, unfortunately, are less cooperative.) When it comes to detailing sketchy events in distant Edmonton or Vancouver of the 40's however, there are no witnesses I can consult. The men behind the names have

vanished, even if it were otherwise possible to interview them at need. Which it wouldn't be. This, to quote a friend, is a problem. To write anything at all about Toronto fandom is stretching one's neck out - John and P. Howard often contradict each other - to write about Canadian fandom outside T.O. only means sticking my neck out further. Can do... One last difficulty; inevitably, a bias against one thing is a bias for another. By downplaying Toronto to the best of my ability, I create the impression of a Canadian fandom that never was. Ideologically correct though this may be, it remains a fact that Canadian fandom has at most times meant a handful of prominent people scattered in ones and twos throughout the country and never more than a dozen altogether, plus a larger number of individuals who are never heard from so leave no mark on fandom. Half of these at any one time until quite recently were always in one city; my city. See how this real bias creeps into this installment...

Among topics considered for Same As It Ever Was were Canadian Authors I have known and The First Canadian Worldcon. The latter topic I left for another time, since, as everyone knows, the first Canadian Worldcon happened in You Know Where, (as did the second, alas). The first topic was attractive since I could relate a number of amusing anecdotes about Phyllis Gotlieb, John Robert Columbo, Terry Green, Judith Merril and Donald Kingsbury, but, when I realized that the writers in question would probably not find my stories amusing themselves, and that

I could say almost nothing useful about these people (when they were born, what they had written, whether they were any good, etc.), I promptly discovered that there was something else I had wanted to write about all along. Ah yes, that ever-replenishing fountain of entertainment, enlightenment, and education: myself... Cleverly disguised, of course as a look at fanartists.

The first of a distinguished tradition was also the first Canadian to publish a zine. In The Imperial Storm, Sam Moskowitz cites Bob Tucker as authority for a claim that the first Canadian fanzine emerged from Vancouver in 1938, with the name Nils Frome on the masthead. No one, it seems, remembers either the title or content of this seed of the family tree of Canadian fanzines, but Frome himself continued as an active fan into the 40's, drawing and writing for Can Fan. He was one of the two artists who alternated covers for Can Fan for all the copies I have seen of the first dozen issues. Of the two, Frome was the better, in my opinion, having a better grasp of anatomy and exhibiting better draughtsmanship. Almost nothing can be said of Frome. Like most fans of his day, he wrote impersonally, and about all that has survived in print about Frome the Fan are two addresses. One, a box number Fraser Mills, BC and another from Camp 5, Bloedel, BC, which leads me to think that Frome the Fan was also Frome the Soldier. Because so little can be said about the man, I can only talk about the art. Like most fan art of the 40's, it was derivative of the pulp illustrators, and particularly of the fantasy illustrators. The style was dramatic and brooding, effects achieved by crosshatching, and the art showed good understanding of light. Of the three covers in my possession, two are dominated by huge, moody faces that have some real power as art. Generally less claustrophobic than most fantasy art of the time, and more surreal than illustrations for most adventure or sf stories, too, Frome had a real

# CANADIAN FANDOM

A 'CAPP' PUBLICATION

2 4 4

APRIL No. 1



Nils Frome, from Can Fan 7, August 1944. Ed. Beak Taylor

talent and may well have gone on to some professional career. Somewhere, but not in science fiction.

Al Betts was the other of the two artists in the early Can Fan stable. A little more is known about Betts because he was the subject of a 'Fan Personality' column in Can Fan 11. He was 'one of Canada's foremost fan artists' according to Anonymous (probably Bill Grant), and lived in Toronto, theoretically. In practice, as a merchant sailor, he was 'probably the most widely travelled of Canadian Fen.' His record may very well stand. He was in BC for an unspecified time, and moved to Kapuskasing in Northern Ontario in 1946. 'Statistics about Al are not available' the article goes on, frustrating the historian. But he is described as dark, amiable, and quiet, fond of jazz, and credited with collecting magazines. Nothing

whatever is said about his artistic background. I think it is safe to say, though, that it could not have been profound. Although his work is not altogether ineffective, it is crude in comparison with Frome's, though in much the same style. It is darker, using solid black backgrounds in all three examples of cover art available to me, and in two out of three cases actually trite. A devil and seductress in a pentagram, surrounded by eyes piercing the dark in one case; a spaceman in vacuum bell helmet and jodphurs on the moon, earth in back, in the other case. The third is surreal. A tallow-creature (?) is clutching a candle and men in its hands. Lightning bolts, mountains, and stars are almost abstractions in a flat background. Betts was not without talent, but it was either undeveloped or modest. There is no way to know, of course, what became of his abilities after he drifted out of fandom, sometime before 1948.

Both these artists worked, between 1941 and 1948, almost exclusively in Beak Taylor's Can Fan. When Can Fan changed hands, after the Torcon, it was a signal for profound changes in Canadian Fandom as well. No more Betts or Frome artwork appeared in Can Fan under Ned McKewan's editorship, nor anywhere else to my knowledge. But Can Fan was not quite the sole vehicle for Canadian fandom during the 40's. Fred Hurter's Censored actually preceeded Can Fan in ancestry, and note must be made of the effective if primitive silk-screen covers produced by Hurter and Ron Smith in collaboration. The solid blocks of black and colour were powerful images at least. Two issues of another Toronto zine, Macabre, introduced two promising young artists in 1948. The editors, Joe Doherty and Don Hutchison, were their own illustrators, and varied in quality from bad to surprisingly good cartoonists. Although they were clearly unprofessional, Hutchison at least had talent, and the two issues they produced before disappearing

from fandom gave them little time for development. Hurter moved with his zine from Aurora, Ontario to Montreal, where it was revived briefly, then he too disappeared. But Hutchison is one of the few old-time fans to reappear after once vanishing. He unearthed himself in the late 60's long enough to contribute to early OSFiC zines and to write for Capt'n George's various nostalgia publications. He has not quite left human ken even as I write, though his career as a cameraman has left him no time for fanac except for reviews he writes for Captain George's Penny Dreadful. These can sometimes be found quoted on paperbacks.

## CANADIAN FANDOM

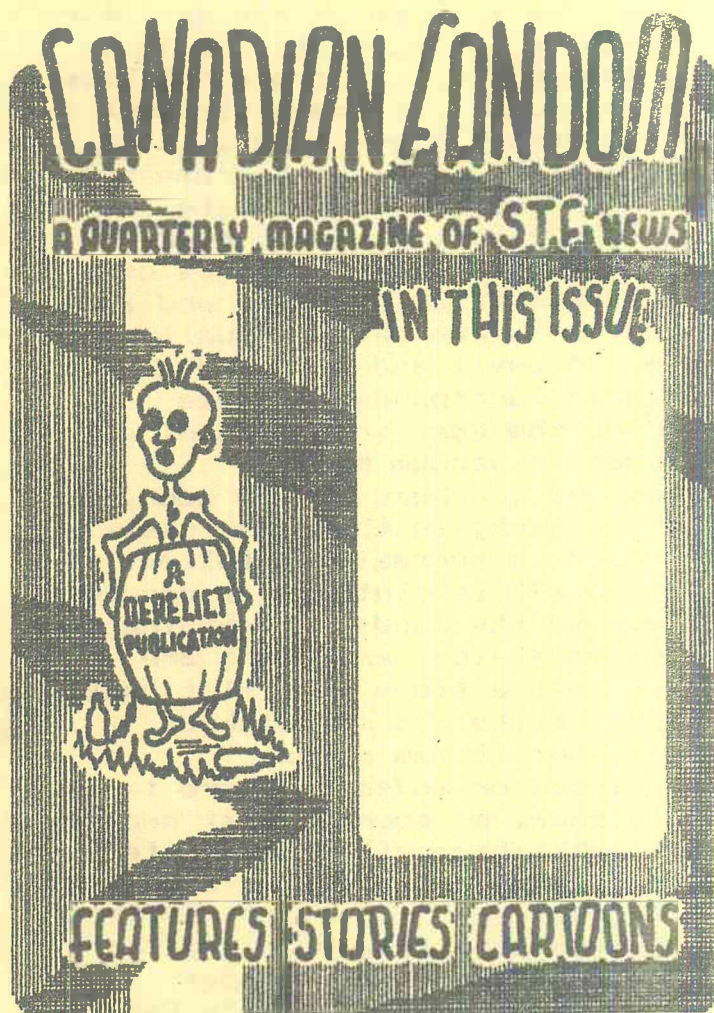
A "CAFF" PUBLICATION



Al Betts, from Can Fan 5,  
November 1943. Ed. Beak  
Taylor

Les Croutch's Light was a prominent Canadian fanzine for many years, but never an eminent one, judging by contemporary opinion or by the zine itself, but featured two artists worth note. The better of the two was Bob Gibson, listed on the mast-head as 'art staff'. He first appeared to my knowledge in '44, when Croutch began mimeoing his want-list, renumbered it, and named it Light. He did most of Croutch's covers for the next several years, only disappearing from sight, after a pause in '48, in 1951. It was all on-stencil, not overly-bad, but difficult to describe, since stencil techniques tend to disguise differences in style. His ideas were usually good, and his skills adequate for them. A Cyclopean creature on the cover of Light 33, an inside page in number 34, illustrating what waits in the dark for you to strike a match, and a cover on 46 of a fan trapped in a maelstrom of fanzines not only shows Gibson at his best, but also what a wide range of topics he could successfully handle. His partner on the Light art staff was John Cockcroft. Cockcroft had the distinction of appearing on Light's only offset cover (to my knowledge), but was obviously the less talented of the two fans. The figure of Cthulhu is neither original nor well executed. Dark, and lavishly textured, his art tends to obscure itself in detail. Poor perspectives made it flat. Unartful compositions made it uninteresting. Aside from the covers and full page illustrations, Gibson also drew cartoon pages, fillos for the corners, and most logos that Croutch didn't do himself. Like his major work, his skills were appropriate if not remarkable.

Fandom in Canada came to a virtual standstill after the Torcon, and Can Fan showed its face but twice in more than five years. Everything else but Light had disappeared. Fanac picked up again in '53, when McKeown gave Can Fan over to Gerald Stewart. Another new face, William D. Grant, was immediately harnessed to do much-needed covers. He drew



William D. Brant, from original art used for Can Fan's 18&19. September & December, 1953. Ed. Gerald Stewart

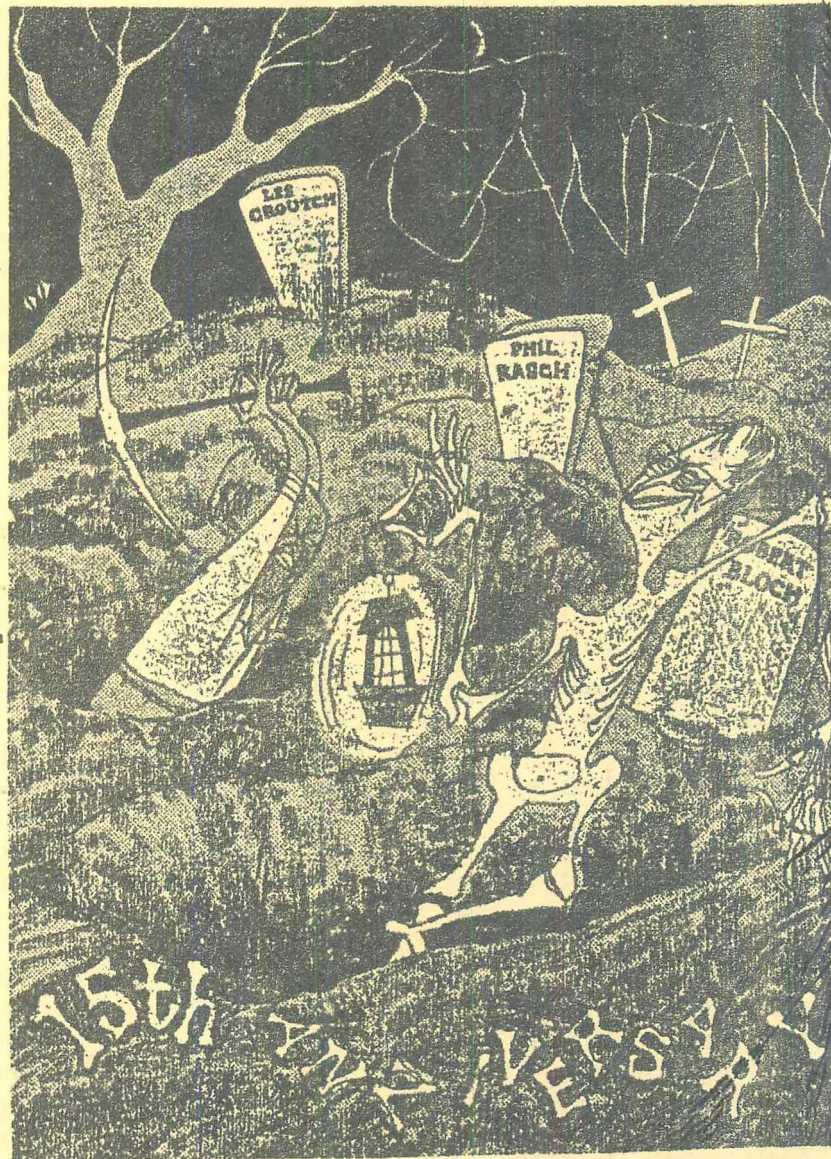
the majority thereafter. He was not a brilliant artist, but like Gibson he had mastered the tricky process of on-stencil drawing, and had a flair for design that was wholly his own. His straightforward draftsman-like style was adequate for portraits such as the one he drew of Lovecraft, and for transcribing photographs to stencil. One of his favorite stocks-in-trade were calendar girls, probably also copied from photos, or even from calendars. Otherwise lacklustre drawings were transformed for Can Fan's benefit by the shrewd application of modernist design elements; frames of different sizes and shapes that were overlapped and balanced abstractly, titles used like lay-out blocks, and

graphic accents. That even his worst cover, a badly executed drawing of robots on the moon, is not irredeemable is due to Grant's design sense. Stewart only published Can Fan himself for a single year, and passed it on to Grant, who published it for the next four years, at increasingly infrequent intervals and increasingly as a personalzine. Grant died in 1978. No Gerald A. Stewart appears in the Toronto phone book.

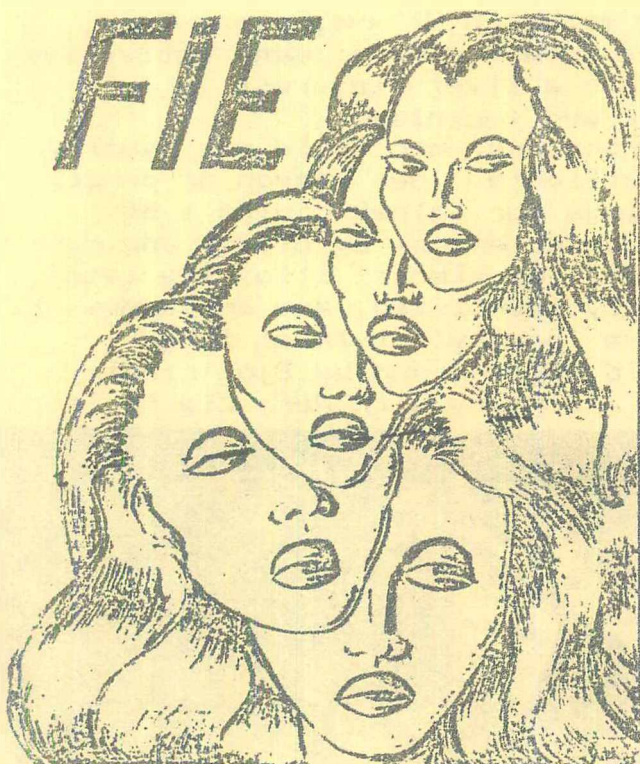
One other noteworthy artist emerged in the pages of Can Fan, and she was altogether the most original artist in Canadian fandom until that time. Although married to P. Howard Lyons, she signed herself Pat Patterson. Drawing in thin lines that could be tense or fluid from piece to piece, or even from line to line, her work could suggest energy either in motion or coiled up like a spring waiting to be sprung. Figures were often skeletal or grotesque, with expressions of advanced psychosis the norm. Easy to reproduce, Patterson's work appeared in several different Canadian zines - Can Fan, A Bas, Gasp, and Ibidem primarily - but appeared infrequently out of the country. It will turn up, though, in searches through Inside and Harry Turner's zines from the UK. Her one professional appearance was for Damon Knight. She illustrated his In Search Of Wonder for Advent Press, and even designed the publisher's trademark. Pat Patterson aka Pat Lyons currently sculpts.

In the early mid-50's, two fans two thousand miles apart formed a productive partnership. Harry Calnek of Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia wrote for Georgina Ellis in Calgary, and published her artwork in his own zines, Canadian Capers and Fig. Gina, meanwhile, drew on-stencil for her own Mimi and Wendigo. While Calnek drew also, it was Gina who had talent, exposure to modern art which showed in some of her surreal or cubist illos, and more than one style. Her work was not signed consistently. Sometimes she signed herself 'D.D.', sometimes 'Dutch', 'Ellis' or even 'Sali Dali'.

Alymer, Ontario formed the first prominent Canadian fandom that was self-sufficient from Toronto. Later, when the 50's and the Can Fan era drew their last breaths, Gina married Norm and later in the 60's they moved to Ottawa, where Gina lives today. Her present activities include a lively interest in folk music and feminism. Nevertheless, her style was usually identifiable. Her crayon or pencil drawings for Calnek couldn't be reproduced except by offset and dot-screen. On-stencil illos are less readily identified, and are somewhat in the 'pretty' style of long, limpid women drawn by Bjo Trimble, Gina and Harry with Norm Clarke in



Pat Patterson (Lyons) from Can Fan 33a, February 1957, Ed. William Grant.



Georgina Clarke (Eílis) from Fig 1, February 1954, Ed. Harry Calnek

By 1960, Canadian fandom was nearly where it had been in 1950, with very little fanac visible and most of the people having absented themselves for good. Faint stirrings could have been noticed in Fapa, Saps, and The Cult, and there was an embryonic semi-pro, a fanzine turned humour-mag, on the stands in Toronto. It failed by 1964. Norm Clarke published at least four issues of Hongue by 1965, but none were distinguished for their art, nor was Paul Wyszowski's zine, Differential, last seen in 1966. Paul did his own work, and was indifferent to bad, with a sense of design he used occasionally to good effect, but not often enough. More often he resorted to the kind of stfnal cheesecake more typical of 50's sf than fan art.

However, 2001: A Space Odessy planted a new seed, which began to send shoots up in 1967. Two clubs were founded within a couple of years of each other at either end of the country, OSFiC in Toronto, and BCSFA in Vancouver, shortly followed by ACUSFOOS in Ottawa, and transitory clubs on campuses in Kingston and Halifax. Among other things infused into the fannish bloodstream were fannish artists.

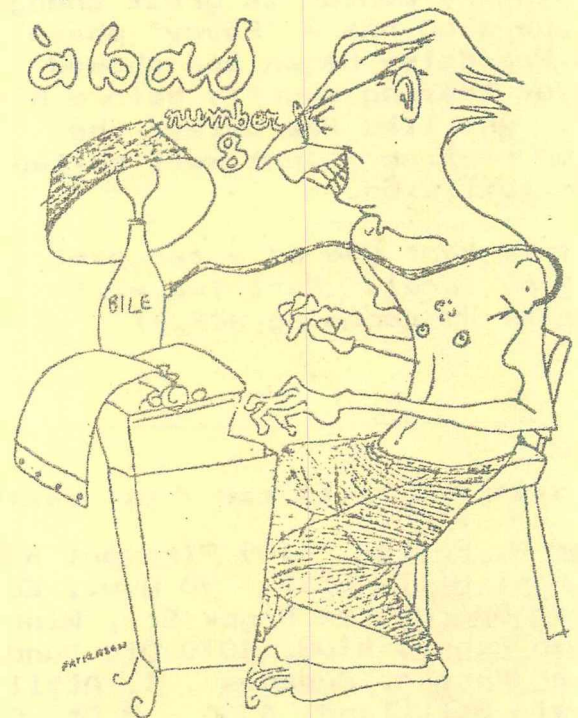
In Toronto, OSFiC was producing a middling-good zine on a fairly regular basis by 1968 that lived until 1971. Paul Docerty was a native Torontonion whose work appeared frequently in the clubzine and club newsletters. There was more than a little romance in his work, as such examples as Fate turning the Wheel of Destiny (men falling from it), or God with the Universe in his hands show. In spite of defective execution these usually worked fairly well. Sense of purpose, perhaps rather than sense of design carried them off. Dave Price's wandering lines suggested forms embedded in a collage instead of creating clear images. Often, the wing of a pterodactyl would be the left side of a Queen streetcar at the same time, border on the face of Neil Armstrong. It was psychedelic art without colour, a sophisticated but alien intrusion quickly forgotten. Vaughn Fraser was a student of York University in Toronto who was associated with comics fandom there. His brother Rod founded Fantarama, which Vaughn still publishes. Much of his artwork found its way into Fantarama, and Vaughn's zines for Canadapa, which he created in 1972. At best, his work can be described as playful, but it wasn't very good. His real ability lay in publishing. Fraser came from comics, and there were other comics artists in Toronto who I will only just mention. Ron Sutton, Dean Motter, Paul Savard, Ron Kasman, Tom Robe, John Allison and Paul Rivoche all went their separate ways when the York University thing died. Some have become professionals, others gave art up, Tom Robe, for instance, has gone into photography, while Sutton

works for Marvel. Both Sutton and Ron Kasman did work for David Hull's excellent Owen Sound fanzine, Rothnium. Ron Van Leeuwen was more of a comics artist than anything else, specializing in wall size paintings of Conan or Scrooge McDuck, but his major distinction was his partnership in Canada's first sf bookstore, Bakka, and opening our first specialty comics store too. Art, however, he gave up for business. Ron, Tom Robe, Paul Savard, Ron Sutton and John Allyson for a time formed a coterie of artists around Bakka, doing lyers and illos for the Bakka Magazine. Later, when he opened The Silver Snail, he took some of them with him to work on his comics magazine, Andromeda.

Several zines were coming out of Ottawa as of 1968, and after. Among them was Hugin & Munin, published by Richard Labonte, the sole vehicle for minor figure Murray Long. Long did several covers for HaM that were done in a bold style, probably by brush, but look a little as if they were tile cuts. They were not actually horrible, while his interior illos, drawn on stencil, were. Labonte said of Long that he was not a fan. At about the same time as HaM, Ralph Alphonso and Cliff Letovsky published Le Beaver, a media oriented but fannish zine that they both took a hand in illustrating. Neither was especially talented but Ralph had verve -- you would always look at it -- and a certain amount of wit which Cliff lacked. Ken Steacy was a friend of theirs and did illos for LeB and other titles they published between them. He was your basic comics fan artist -- uninteresting superheroes and passable cartoons, unprofessionally rendered.

The major fan artists in Canada in the late 60's and early 70's were Alicia Austin and Derek Carter. Austin was not Canadian. She was born in Texas, but was working in Ottawa when she met Rosemary Ulliot and Maureen Bournes around 1968, and they began a Trekzine. Kevas & Trillium only lasted a couple of

years, as Austin left Canada around 1970 and had become more widely known as a fan artist. Her work appeared in most of the genzines that brought the form to its peak in that classic era -- Grandfalloon, Energumen, Canrandaith, Outworlds, Science Fiction Review, and many others. Alicia Austin was a name that ranked in the big names that still dominate fandom's artistic consciousness -- Canfield, Kirk, Fabian, Barr et al - and won her a fan art Hugo in 1971 at Noreascon, for work she had mostly done while still technically 'Canadian'. Although a lab technician, Austin is still an active artist of the professional persuasion. She illustrated at least two books for Donald Grant and was the feature of a third.



Pat Patterson (Lyons) from A Bay 3, April 1956, Ed. Boyd Raeburn

Stylistically, Austin owes much to Aubrey Beardsley. She works in the same flat, design dominated, orientally ornate style, but unlike Beardsley she prefers attractive fantasy themes to evil faces or phallic sex. In another sense, Austin is artistically stepping back from Beardsley, whose art was not only intensely personal, but also nonrepresentational. Not totally abstract, but neither could one imagine such scenes in life. Austin's art is mannered, but one can still think of such people and costumes as real -- the design elements are deliberately backdrops or patterned clothing, the people scenery are not themselves blocks of contrasting detail to be balanced on the page to anywhere the same extent that Beardsley treated them. Insofar as Austin is different from Beardsley in these respects she is more than a mere imitator. But also, insofar as she is different from Beardsley she is more conservative. Curiously enough, her debt to her 19th century mentor is great enough that she also has a 'Savoy' phase which Beardsley began and showed signs of leaving shortly before his death. And like Beardsley, the parlour realism is not well suited to her abilities.



Alicia Austin, from Grandfalloon 11, February 1971.  
Ed. Linda Bushyager

((This is Part One of a two part column by Taral. Part Two will appear in an upcoming NCF.))

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# A Report From Sudbury

David Stever-Schnoes

When it comes to metals, there might be a place in North America like Sudbury, Ontario. I grew up in eastern Massachusetts, and the neighbouring town there was Sudbury, Mass. Being a map freak, I noted that there were three other Waylands (I lived in Wayland), but only one other Sudbury, and it was a much larger place than the one I knew. I resolved that I would like to visit these other Waylands, and Sudbury, Ontario, too. I had relatives living in Barrie, not that far away, but it seemed that it was not likely that I would be able to visit this northern outpost unless I did it on my own. Eventually, three of my younger uncles got jobs in the mines out there, and moved from Avondale, Nova Scotia to Sudbury, but not until at least two of them moved away did I ever have the chance to visit the city.

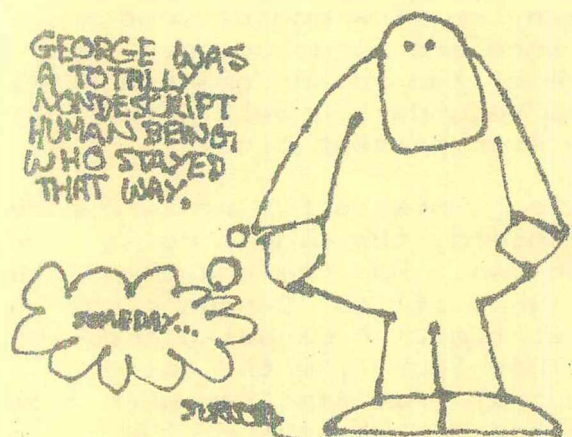
To appreciate the alienness of the landscape, one must approach from the south, from Toronto and Barrie, not from the west or east. The alien quality is the Canadian Shield, but the best contrast is, I believe, from the south; the beautiful pine forests rise from the hilly country east of Georgian Bay as surely as they did 300 years ago, when Europeans first found the land. Then, as one moves up, away from the bay (given modern man, that means driving up Highway 69), the pines are interrupted by rock outcroppings, as the earth begins to erupt around you. The pines still tower, but the valleys are sometimes replaced by rocky clefts that run off to either side of the highway. When one gets to what might be the Sudbury

Metropolitan Area (in the patois of the Ontario Government), the pines give way in earnest to the rocks, and the soil is harder to find. Most of the soil has been removed to the peninsula of southwestern Ontario and to the American upper midwest by repeated glacial action. The pines wait, for among the rocks can be found many shallow pools; some are clear, some are algae covered, and some are silted in and grassed over, with the secondary growth preparing for the ever-present pines.

The rocks. This is the western edge of the shield, the oldest rocks known to man. God created the earth, and he (she, it) got Canada right the first time. A Canadian creation myth. They look like the solid granite that I am familiar with from New England/New Hampshire, the Granite State. But they are different here in Canada; as you rise into a plateau just south of the city, they take on an aura of illusion. They look like the rocks that you didn't like in the last David Hardy cover for F&SF. Morris Scott Dollens rocks; they look like dirty chunks of paraffin that had their edges melted in the sun. These rocks look more like Hollywood props than a part of a near wilderness landscape. They are Wrong.

The houses. There are mines ahead of you, and they bring up everything from iron and nickel to silver, uranium, and rare earths. With mines come miners, and they have to live somewhere, and this is the high ground. Among the high rocks here, there are long ridges of granite, with thin washes of soil between

them. One can generally find a road and a string of houses perches among the ridges. If there is a grassy former-pond near the road, a lone house will be found there, and these choice lots went long ago, so they have their weather beaten cars, pickups, camper bodies and unrecognizable pieces of machinery next to them, on the wind-blown grass. None of these houses could possibly have basements, the land won't allow for it, and in the boom that has taken the area over the last few decades, the contractors won't have had time for them. They stand on concrete slabs like a northern extension of Los Angeles.



The closer we get to the city proper (surely it can't be too far off, can it?) the stranger yet the landscape becomes. The highway will someday be a 4 lane for some distance from the city. The new wider roadbed has been blasted from the granite, the freshly cut buttresses of rock sometimes tower close to the road, and where the land falls away, the roadbed is flanked by gently sloping grades of... not grass, not gravel, but finely graded black-stuff, shoulders seem to be of the same material. You can only wonder about it for a short while, as the high smokestacks that you have seen over bluffs and ridges for a few kilometers suddenly come into view in their full glory. Huge 30-45 meter stacks (perhaps taller, there

are no other structures to judge them by, but other smokestacks... that belch a gray-white cloud that blows east to southeast. Surrounding these stacks, huge, artificial mountains of that same black-stuff; carefully maintained, graded and terraced ridges as tall as the factory-complexes under the stacks. The factories are enormous, when you finally get the scale of them right. The buildings are multi-city block long Chris Foss structures surrounded by bulky awkward machinery of obscure design and use, rendering the entire scene incomprehensible. Do you remember the factory on the cover of Pink Floyd's Animals album? These are the big brothers to those buildings. One can not describe the scene if one can not comprehend the scene... Eventually you notice the lines of tiny railroad hopper car/worshippers, lined up next to the structures, waiting their turn to perform their function, or have they already, and wait to be hauled away? Will they cart off the makings of a highway shoulder somewhere, or do they bring in ore to be smelted? Who knows.

Oh yes, the city - the city is nestled off to the east from here. You might not be able to see it, though, because the largest of the factory complexes and some of the mountains of slag block your view of it. The uncles who worked here said that the city was pretty nice. I still haven't got over the landscape, myself.

#### POSTSCRIPT

I wrote that in May, and in August I returned with Vicki, my wife, and Jim Young and John Bartlet. We were going to Boston on the scenic route. In a western suburb of Sudbury named Walford, our dog Griffen was hit by a car. We called the animal hospital in Sudbury, and arranged that a vet be there. The accident happened about 7 PM. She had been hit on Highway 17, the only western approach, and we raced down 17 into town, past the slag heaps, the smokestacks, and the factories. Past the nine meter tall nickel, and into the downtown streets, there being no other way to get through town. Past Laurentian Chrysler and Cambrian Ford; finally finding the Cambrian

Animal Hospital. The vet, King, was very good, and after X-rays and an IV tube, and a quick prognosis of many internal injuries, Vicki and I bedded down Griffen, and stroked her head, although it seemed that she might not be able to realise that we were there. We didn't know what the next day might bring for her. Vicki called the hospital at 8 AM, when it opened for business, and she was told that our dog Griffen had died at about 3 AM. We loaded the car up with all our luggage in the pouring rain of the next day, and drove off to Boston. We didn't say very much, and we didn't look back.

Vicki is going to school in Boston, so that after the Worldcon, I came home to our cats with neither my wife nor our dog, and I can say that this school year is going to be lonelier than the last. I think about Griffen a lot, and I think about Sudbury, too.

## Nick Boxtop

*continued from page 5*

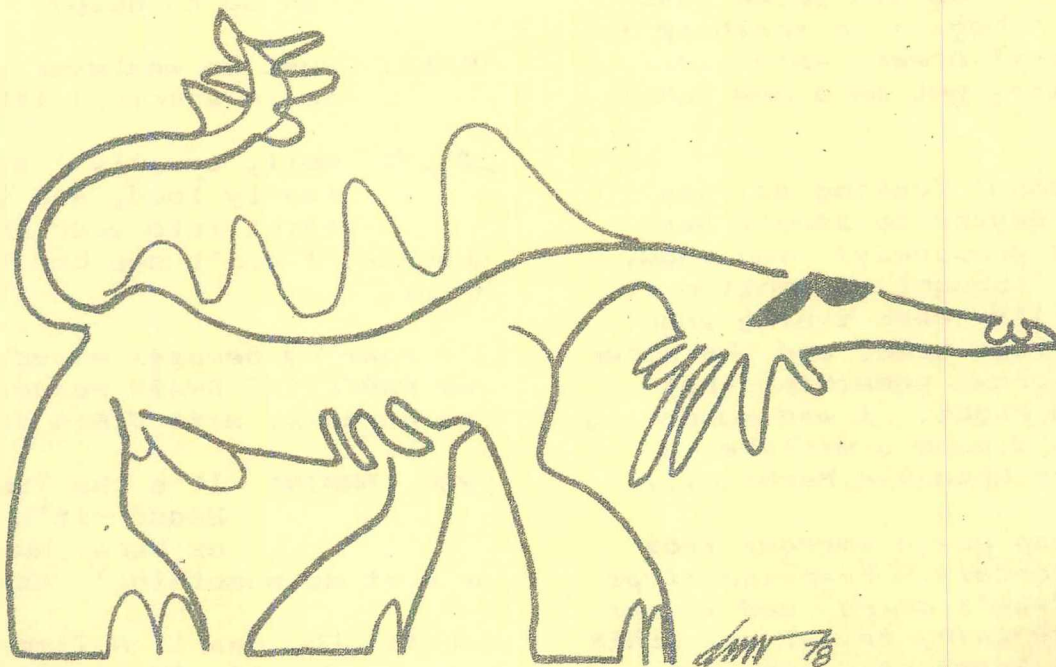
George: Any personal plans for the near future?

Boxtop: Yes, actually. I was thinking of getting hitched up with Cecelia Bag, my secretary. Green Bottlecap would be my best man, right? I'd have them both in the same room at the same time. Perfect, right? Start off with a double murder then top off the evening with a messy suicide. Other than that, no plans.

George: Thank you for this interview, Mr. Boxtop.

Boxtop: No problem. Anytime.

*((Sample issues of The Nick Boxtop Mystery Magazine may be obtained from: Boowatt Publications, c/o Garth Danielson, 2020 Park Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN, USA 55404 for \$1.00 each.))*



UNTITLED - JUNE 78

# The Adventures of The Scientist's Beautiful Daughter—Christine Kulyk—

## EPISODE 2

FADE-IN

INTERIOR. Basement Laboratory. SALLY DRUTHERS is pacing back and forth, with her chin in one hand, looking pensive. A loud buzzing noise begins, and we PROF. BRAIN and DEREK DRUTHERS emerge from behind a curtain, looking exhausted and bedraggled. Sally wears an appliqué with her initials, 'SBD' in large letters.

DEREK: Boy, am I tired! That was a really exhausting expedition. Sally, *(without looking in her direction he unstraps his knapsack)* how about some coffee, darling?

PROF. BRAIN: *(takes out a notebook from his pocket and begins to scribble in it. His pencil breaks abruptly.)* Darnit! Sally, get me a new pencil, will you?

SALLY: *(without looking at them, she begins to stroke her chin pensively)* You know, Dad, I never thought to mention it before, but I've been typing your notes for a long time, and the other day I came across something that didn't sound right. I was wondering if maybe you'd made a mistake in adjusting the Whenever Machine...

*A loud roaring noise emerges from behind the curtain. Everyone stops whatever he/she's doing, and stares toward the curtain, trembling. DEREK clutches his knapsack defensively. PROFESSOR BRAIN points his broken pencil at the curtain, brandishing*

*it like a sword.*

SALLY: What on Earth is that?

PROF. BRAIN: Oh, it's...I've been meaning to tell you, my dear, we've been having some trouble with the Whenever Machine.

SALLY: But, that's what I was trying to say, Dad, I--

DEREK: Not now, Sally, dear, we've got work to do!

SALLY: But--

DEREK: Run and hide in the other room, Sally. Right now!

SALLY: But, isn't there something I can do to help?

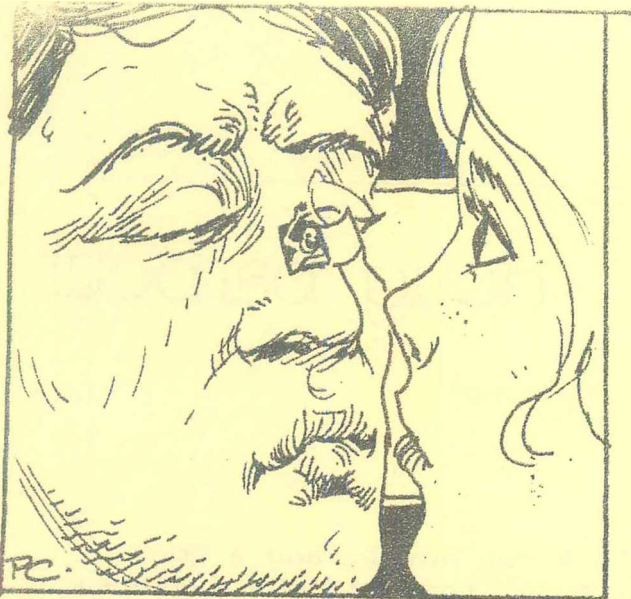
DEREK: Just do whatever you usually do in a crisis like this.

SALLY: Well, usually I scream, really loud, and then I faint into your arms...But somehow, I don't see how that would help...

*The roaring becomes especially loud, and PROFESSOR BRAIN rushes behind the curtain, with DEREK following.*

PROF. BRAIN: It's the Time Warp Beast--it's followed us here! Quick, Derek, we must do something! Attack!

SALLY: Oh, dear! A Time Warp Beast! They could get hurt...Well, it would serve them right...No, I don't want them



to be hurt, after all. What can I do? If only they had listened to me, maybe I could have solved the problem. It just needs a little bit of adjusting here, and here...

*She turns some knobs beside the curtain, and the roaring soon ceases. DEREK and PROF. BRAIN emerge from behind the curtain, looking even more bedraggled.*

PROF. BRAIN: I can't understand it.  
It just disappeared  
all of a sudden, just  
as it was about to grab poor Derek.

DEREK: I'd have been a goner, for sure! What happened?

SALLY: *(smiling smugly)* It was me, Derek--I fixed the Whenever Machine, and sent the Time Warp Beast back to its evil lair. And now, there's something else I've got to fix...

*As DEREK and PROF. BRAIN stare in amazement, SALLY strides over to her sewing kit and removes a new ap.liqué with the initials 'SBB'. She yanks off the old initials and throws them into a trash bin. She pins the new ones on her lab coat.*

SALLY: I just thought I'd let you know, Derek, dear, that I've decided to take a more active part in our experiments from now on. And, also, I'm going back to using my real name, SALLY B. BRAIN--this way, they'll know who I am when I win the Nobel Prize.

FADE-OUT

## Conventions

WorldCon 40 (Chicon IV), Sept 2-6, 1982. Hyatt Regency, Chicago. Pro GoH: Bertram Chandler; Fan GoH: Lee Hoffman; Artist: Frank Kelly Freas; Toastmaster: Marta Randall. \$50 attending at the door.

NonCon 5 (Convention 3), October 8-11, 1982. Regency Hotel, Edmonton, Alberta. Pro GoH: C. J. Cherryh; Fan GoH: Steve Fahnstalk; Toastmaster: Jon Gustafson. \$15 to NonCon, P.O. Box 1740, Edmonton, AB T5J 2P2. Usual programming plus Canadian Science Fiction & Fantasy Award. Short Story Contest (\$100 first prize!) deadline Aug. 30. Convention is Canada's national sf con hosted by a different local Canadian convention each year.

V-CON 11, May 21-23 1983. Fan GoH: Elisabeth Warren; Artist: William Warren; Toaster: Georges Giguère. \$10 to V-CON, P.O. Box 48478, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, BC, V6X 1A2

Maplecon 6, (Convention 4) July 15-17, 1983. GoH's: Jeanne and Spider Robinson. Info from: Maplecon, c/o Marc Gerin-Lajoie, P.O. Box 2958, Stn. B, Ottawa, ON, K1V 8W6

## COA'S

Brian and Denice Brown, #201, 20201 W. Chicago, Detroit, MI, USA 48228

Paul and Lynn Delaney, c/o General Delivery, Pinawa, MB, R0E 1L0

Derek McCulloch, #41, 1829 - 56 St., Edmonton, AB, T6L 5L4

Adrian Fischer, 504 - 856 Pacific Hwy., Chatswood, 2067 NSW, Australia

Dieter Preschel, AnnDel Savelle, and Robert O'Brien, 173 Marlborough Pl., 180 St. & 67 Ave., Edmonton, AB

Robert Runté, c/o P.O. Box 4655, P.S.S.E. Edmonton, AB, T6E 5G5

# Off The Shelf

doug barbour

## Canadian SF

Graham Petrie, who teaches at McMaster University, has written a first novel which is a subtle blend of Kafkaean and Borgesian fantasy. Seahorse (Academic Press Canada, 169pp, \$19.95) is a gripping and disturbing exploration of another world of dreams and nightmares.

Petrie's nameless narrator has come to a seaside village utterly cut off from contemporary life. The villagers are apparently afraid of The Institute nearby, which may influence their dreams or steal their souls when they're out frolicking on a nearby island at night. 'Seahorse' is the card game they play every day, with ever-changing rules and face cards whose images, also changing, show scenes from last night's dreams or of future events: orgies, rituals, and violent deaths.

Petrie immediately plunges us with his narrator into the mysterious centre of all this. The narrator tries to remain an objective observer and to reason things out, but reason is helpless in this maze of dreams, superstitions, and emotional storms. Slowly but surely he is netted in a phantasmagoric series of encounters: sexual, vibrant, psychological, and religious; and so are we--by Petrie's sure stylistic performance. Seahorse will haunt your memory.

## Fantasy

Satyrday (Academic Press Canada, 213pp, \$15.50) is poet Stephen

Bauer's first novel, and a good novel it is, too. It's a fable set in some other worldly place where myths and legends still live, where the sun and moon are sisters, where an evil owl can set his minions to capture the moon so he can rule a world of eternal darkness, and where a satyr, a young boy, a rebellious raven, and a magic snow fox can ban together to oppose the powerful owl.

On one level, Satyrday is kin to Animal Farm, a political fable about the dangers of tyranny; but though the story is about the abuses of power, it never becomes a mere political lesson. Bauer's achievement is to create four characters we come to care for and a group of lesser ones whose behaviour is always interesting. His background in poetry is revealed in the rich sensuality of his descriptions. Satyrday is a moving, highly enjoyable tale.

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The World and Thorin (Academic Press Canada, 214pp, \$16.95) is Damon Knight's first novel in twenty years. A science fantasy quest set in the far future, it is a good example of world building and of the adage that the more advanced science and technology become, the more like magic they will seem to ordinary folk.

Dropped in a well by his step-father as a sacrifice, Thorin escapes into an underworld cavern from which, moving ever downward, he journeys into many different cavern-sized 'worlds' like his own. Often

captured by the people of these strange places, he always manages to escape, even if he has to harm them to do so. As well, he learns something about how the whole world operates, and we learn how and why the Earth was changed this way. Eventually, he meets the world Monitor and the final answers are given.

Knight has created a fascinating future world, but since his only real character is Thorin, there is very little personal feeling or interaction in the novel. It lacks the jangly satiric bite of his best early work where outsiders fought other people, not just machines. In those early novels and stories, a real anger energized the writing. I was listening to a live concert by Bruce Springsteen while reading this book, and it struck me that the power of the best rock&roll often sparked stories by people like Knight and Bester. Like the recent Silverberg opus, Lord Valentine's Castle, Knight's new novel takes us on a cook's tour of a bright and shiny different world, but the journey is safe, there's no psychological/emotional danger anywhere. I miss that nervous energy. The World and Thorin is enjoyable but it is not, finally, involving.

§ § §

The Northern Girl (Academic Press Canada, 382pp, \$17.95) is the final book in Elisabeth A. Lynn's The Chronicles of Tarnor, and the best. Set 230 years after Watchtower and 112 years after The Dancers of Arun, it tells a more complex story than they did while showing all the historical changes wrought during and between those tales.

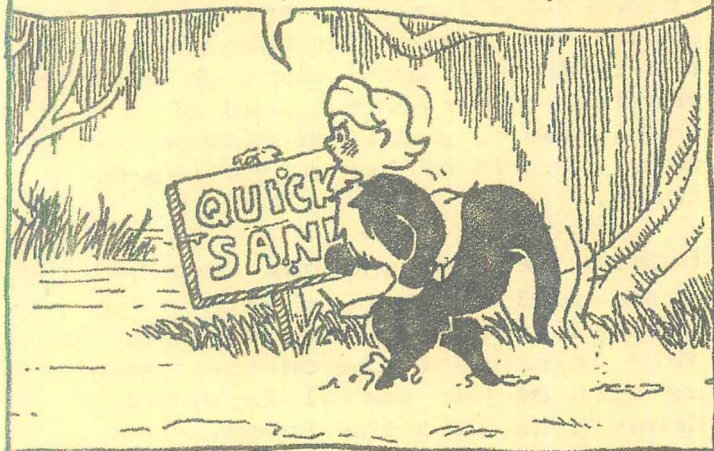
Although its main story is the rite-of-passage of its titular protagonist, The Northern Girl is as well an engrossing social and political novel with many major characters interacting in the business of life in Arun's largest city, Kendra-on-the-Delta. Its

source of major enjoyment for the reader is Lynn's fine characterizations, from Council leaders, through soldiers and workers, to artisans and dreamers. In a time of great change in a country where things have remained the same for a century or more, the behaviour of the people as they adapt or fail to provides the richest kind of involvement, and Lynn weaves the many threads of her narrative with skill.

Indeed, because she has imagined the historical background with complexity and conviction, she is able to concentrate on the human details of her social tapestry, drawing us into the loves, jealousies, political intrigues and entertainments of her people. Like its predecessors, The Northern Girl is not so much an adventure story as a big social novel set in an invented world rather than an historical one. Lynn's world is as difficult to live in as medieval Europe, but it has some compensations: its religion, unlike Christianity is non-sexist, so she creates a society in which men and women hold power in all areas equally, depending on ability. These people are worth knowing, and The Northern Girl is a fine introduction to them as they make their ways in life, as usual.



HMPH, THAT POGO, HE NEVER NOTICE ME. I CAN BE DROWNINGS IN THIS QUICKSSANDS AND HE NOT CARE. HMPH. I COULD WALKING INNOCENT ALONG PATH AND \*PHOOSH\*, MY FEET SINKS IN MUCK!



JUST LIKE THATS I CAUGHT IN QUICKSSANDS AND IS SINKING TO SMOTHERY DEATH IF I NOT ESCAPE. IN LESS THAN NO TIMES I UP TO HIP IN SMELLY MUDS...



THE MORE IS STRUGGLE, THE DEEPER I SINKS. :HEE HEE: IT FEEL NICE AND SOFT... IN MINUTE I DISAPPEAR IN MUDS FOREVER AND NO-ONE IS EVEN KNOW I GONE...

