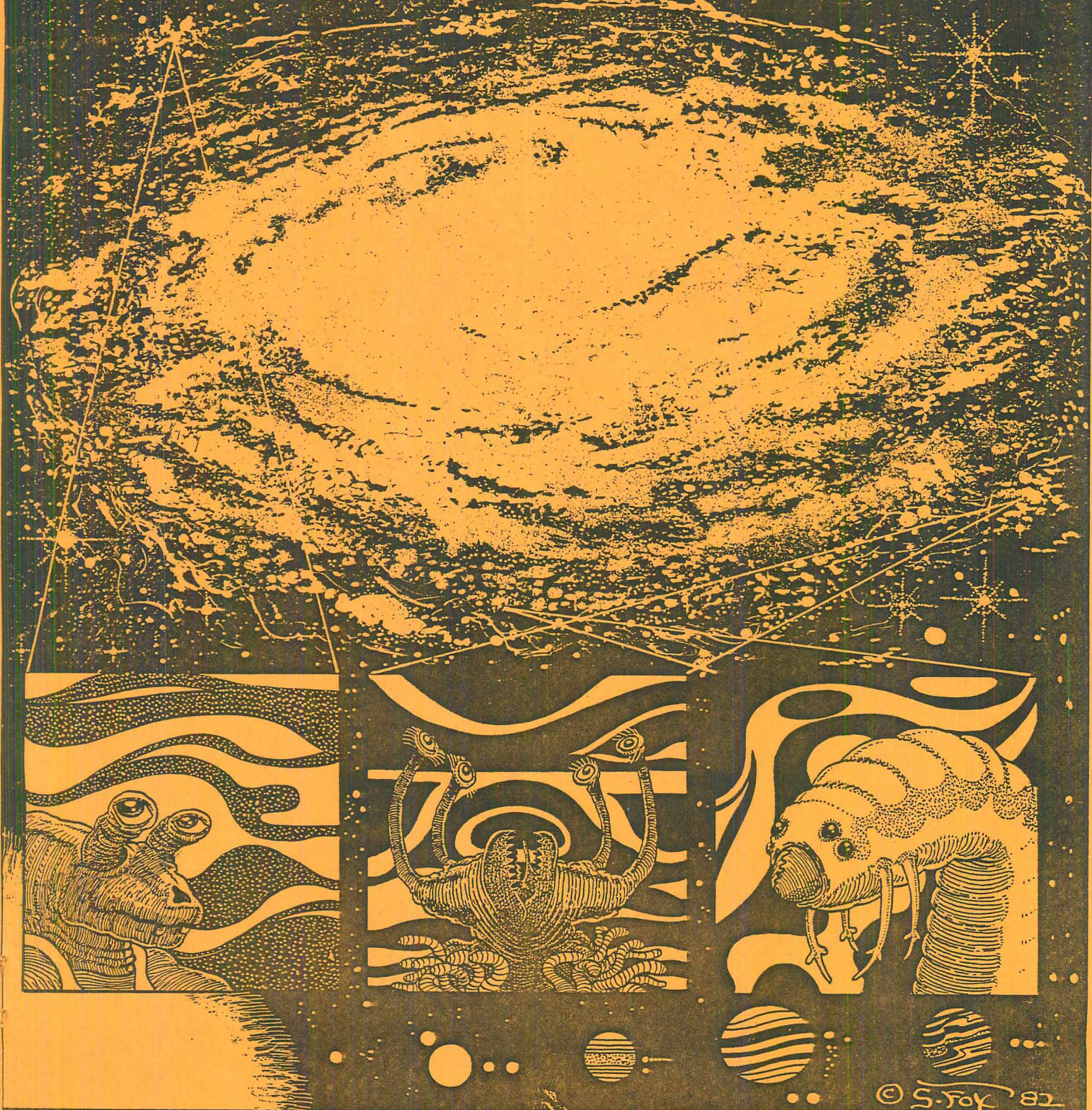


NEW CANADIAN FANDOM



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NEW CANADIAN FANDOM

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Collators on MCF#5 were Jane Starr, Kathleen Moore, Kenny Cunningham, Marc Holmes, AnnBel Saville, Bob O'Brien, Georges Biquere, Quinn Morlidge, Phillip Freeman, Bob Weir, Tim Seick, Marcel, Daryl Grant, and Lori Reay.

Special fanzine review issue? What special fanzine review issue was that? I don't recall anything about a special fanzine review issue. Do you remember us promising a special fanzine review issue, Mike? See, Mike doesn't remember that either. You must be confusing us with somebody else.....

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PHYLLIS GOTLIEB

WINNER OF THE 1982 CANADIAN
SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY AWARD

Canadian poet and novelist, Phyllis Gotlieb, has won the 1982 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award for her novel JUDGEMENT OF DRAGONS, and for "Lifetime Contributions to the field of science fiction".

The award was presented at Convention 3, the third annual national science fiction convention, held this year in Edmonton, Alberta over the 1982 Thanksgiving weekend. The Award was accepted on her behalf by Doug Barbour, who was one of the first reviewers to focus attention on Mrs. Gotlieb's work in science fiction. This year's trophy was designed by Edmonton artist, Franklin Johnson, and consisted of an abstract sculpture of a spaceship in warpdrive.

Other works by Phyllis Gotlieb:

Novels

SUNBURST (Gold Metal Books, 1964; Berkley Books, 1978); O MASTER CALIBAN (Harper & Row, 1976); A JUDGEMENT OF DRAGONS (Berkley Books, 1980); EMPEROR, SWORDS, PENTACLES (Ace Books, 1982); and WHY SHOULD I HAVE ALL THE PAIN (non-SF) (MacMillan, 1969).

Poetry

WITHIN THE ZODIAC (1964); ORDINARY, MOVING (1969); and WORKS (Callipoe Press, 1978).

Forthcoming

SON OF THE MORNING, a short story collection and KINGDOM OF THE CATS, third and final novel in the "Cats" series.

Mrs. Gotlieb has a Masters of Arts degree in English from the University of Toronto and currently resides in Toronto.

The other finalists on the ballot, were:

H. A. Hargreaves (Edmonton), for "lifetime contributions to the field"

John Bell & Lesley Choyce (Halifax), for VISIONS FROM THE EDGE: AN ANTHOLOGY OF ATLANTIC CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION

Charles Saunders (Ottawa), for IMARO

John Robert Colombo (Toronto), for FRIENDLY ALIENS and "lifetime contributions to the field"

(Mrs. Gotlieb received an equal number of nominations for her current novel, JUDGEMENT OF DRAGONS, and for "lifetime contributions", and so was listed in both categories on the final ballot. Similarly, John Robert Colombo received an equal number of nominations for his current work, FRIENDLY ALIENS and his "lifetime contributions to the field".)

Voters indicated 1st, 2nd, and 3rd choices on the final CSFFA ballot, and votes were weighted accordingly. Official standings are as follows:

Phyllis Gotlieb.....	87
H. A. Hargreaves.....	54
John Bell & Lesley Choyce.....	42
Charles Saunders.....	39
John Robert Colombo.....	35

While the number of voters seems small in absolute terms, this represents about the same proportion of Canadian fans voting for the CSFFA as American fans who vote for the Hugo. Approximately 1500 ballots were distributed to fans across Canada through fanzines, local clubs and sf conventions. No significant regional voting patterns were detected, i.e., fans didn't just vote for their local author.

The CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION and FANTASY AWARD (CSFFA) was established in 1980 to promote Canadian contributions to the genre. It is awarded each year at Convention, the Canadian national science fiction and fantasy convention, held each year in a different city. The award is for professional works of science fiction or fantasy by a Canadian. The award may be given for a short story, novel, anthology, magazine, work of art, film, or literary criticism. There is only *ONE* awarded each year, but nominations may be made in two categories:

(1) for best sf or fantasy work published in the previous year; and
(2) for "lifetime contributions to the field". Thus, it is intended that the CSFFA be able to either draw attention to outstanding current works by Canadian authors, editors, publishers, critics, and artists; or remind the world of the considerable (but largely unrecognized) body of Canadian science fiction and fantasy which already exists.

The first Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award was presented to A. E. Van Vogt for lifetime contributions to the field, and specifically the over 600,000 words of sf written before he moved to the United States. Nova Scotia fantasy artist Mike Spencer created an iron sculpture based on the "Black Destroyer" for the trophy which was presented to Van Vogt March 1980 in Halifax. The second CSFFA was awarded posthumously to the late (Dr.) Susan Wood for her lifetime contributions to the field, particularly as a critic and editor, at the second Convention in Vancouver, May 1981.

The next CSFFA will be presented at Convention 4 in Ottawa, July 15-17, 1983.

John Robert Colombo has been busy as usual:

YEARS OF LIGHT:

A CELEBRATION OF LESLIE A. CROUTCH
A Compilation & Commentary by
John Robert Colombo
Hounslow Press (124 Parkview Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario, M2N 3Y5) \$9.95
32 illustrations, 172 pages

Canada's answer to WARHOOD 28, this is an anthology of the work of Canada's first leading fan, Leslie A. Croutch. It includes four of Croutch's stories, fifty-odd excerpts from his fanzine LIGHT, plus seven appendices including one entitled "A Panorama of Canadian Fandom". Colombo states that his purpose in this book is to document Canadian fandom as his earlier works (OTHER CANADAS, CND SF&F, FRIENDLY ALIENS) documented fantastic literature in this country. And like those other works it suffers the same flaws of uneven material and shotgun presentation, but such lack of continuity may be inevitable in anthologies. This book has an additional weakness in that Colombo's academic background tends to give the work an almost pretentious scholarly slant, a tone somewhat inconsistent with the fannish essence of the personality that Colombo is trying to portray. In other words, Colombo can't seem to decide whether he is writing for fans, academics, or the general public. By trying to please all three groups he misses the boat once or twice. Still, it is essential reading for all Canadian fans, and an unexpected bonus from Canada's maniacal editor. An obvious nominee for the 1983 Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Award.

Meanwhile, Colombo has a second book out for this year. WINDIGO is an "anthology of fact and fiction inspired by the Algonkian legend of

the spectre of cannibalism." The collection merges history, literature, poetry, sociology, fantasy, and psychiatry. There are forty-odd excerpts from works by such as August Derleth, George Bowering, Algernon Blackwood and Norval Morrisseau. Illustrated hardcover. \$18.95 From Western Producer Prairie Books, Box 2310 Millar Ave., Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada S7K 2C4.

Colombo has also indexed the first nine issues of STARDUST, an SF fiction magazine published by Forrest Fusco in Toronto, which will be printed in issue #10. Colombo also addressed the First International Integrative Congress on Science Fiction, Fantasy, and Speculative Science (Jerucon '82) in Jerusalem in June on "Four Hundred Years of Fantastic Literature in Canada" and "The Adventures of the Wandering Jew". Finally, he is contemplating an anthology of the work of pulp writer Cyril G. Wates. Wates was an engineer, alpinist, and sf writer (published in AMAZING) who died in 1946. Anyone with any information on Wates is invited to contact Colombo.

NOT TO BE TAKEN AT NIGHT is a collection of (inevitable number) 13 stories of the mysterious and macabre by mainstream authors (Robertson Davies, Hugh Gardner, Ethel Wilson, Brain Moore, P.K. Page, Yves Theriault, etc.), edited by Michael Richardson and (you guessed it) John Robert Colombo. It's Canada's first anthology of horror. \$14.95 from Lester & Orpen Dennys. This came out in 1981, but I don't think I mentioned it then. Richardson currently has a collection of Canadian detective fiction (the first) out from the same publisher. It includes a list of all Canadian sleuths.

Chicoutimi sf author, Elisabeth Vonerburg, has won two more awards for her novel, LE SILENCE DE LA CITE: the public award at the French convention held in Dijon in Sept., and the Boreal award for best sf novel presented at Boreal '82 in July. For other Boreal winners, see the Boreal conreport elsewhere in this issue.

Vancouver author, Crawford Kilian has a new paperback out from Seal Books (Toronto, 354pp, \$2.50, ISBN 0-7704-1655-1). The story is set on Vancouver Island 10 million years in the future. [See Keith Soltys' review elsewhere in this issue.]

THE TOMORROW CITY, a film based on the novel of the same name by Edmonton sf writer Monica Hughes, is in pre-production in Toronto. Producers Michael MacMillan and Seaton McLean anticipate the 90-minute film will fit the 'made-for-TV' film market.

John Bell, a nominee for this year's CSFFA, has compiled a bibliography of Canadian SF dealing with Quebec separatism. Entitled "Uneasy Union: A Checklist of English-Language SF Concerning Canadian Separatist Conflicts", it was published in the March 1982 issue of Science-Fiction Studies (available from SFS Publications, Arts Building, McGill University, 853 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, Quebec, H3A 2T6.) SFS is a scholarly publication of sf criticism. In his introduction, Bell points out that political themes have a long tradition in Canadian sf. Bell's article lists 30 books, 10 magazine stories, and 2 war games devoted to the issue of Quebec independence.

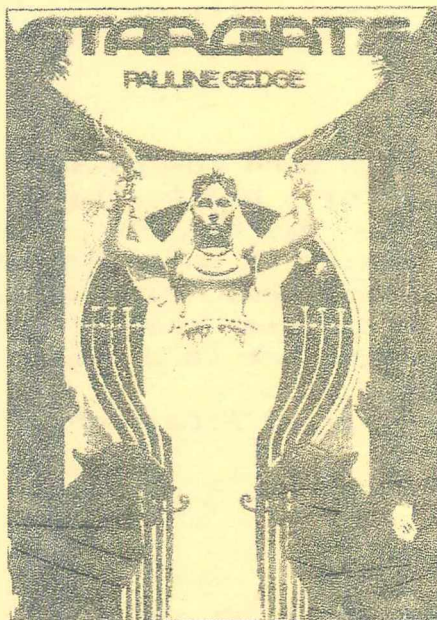
[And let me add one: DC's comic *Firestorm* No.7 (Dec.82) featured two Quebec terrorists as villains; the first of whom gets wasted on page 5 by the wise-cracking American hero, and "Plastique" the female martyr who is sexually humiliated by the same adolescent American superhero on page 22. An excellent example of sexist, American cultural imperialism!]

Toronto sf writer, Andrew Weiner, had a novellette entitled "Station Gehenna" published in the April issue of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. He also has stories forthcoming in TWILIGHT ZONE and the new British magazine INTERZONE. The latter may be the first sf story ever written about cricket.

Terry Green has also seen recent publication in TWILIGHT ZONE. He conducted an interview with prominent mainstream Canadian author,

Robertson Davies, regarding Davies' views on fantasy, sf, etc. The issue also includes one of Davies' ghost stories. // Green has also completed a theatrical piece of "body music" with an sf theme in collaboration with Toronto musician Ted Dawson. // Green attended the 3rd international Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts in Boca Raton Florida in March, where he had been invited to read one of his stories.

Ken Duffin, of Guelph Ontario, has been published in NEBULA AWARD WINNERS #17. Editor Joe Haldeman felt the poem was of Nebula quality even though it wasn't actually nominated for the award. (It was, however, winner of the Riesling Award for SF Poetry last year.) The poem was originally published in the Nov. 80 issue of Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine, p.76. [--Peter Roberts]



Pauline Gedge's Stargate cover

Alberta mainstream novelist, Pauline Gedge has published a theological fantasy. STARGATE (Dail Press) is about The Fall, and is rather reminiscent of the works of C.S. Lewis. The Lawmaker (God) has created the Worldmaker to create life. The Worldmaker has set up a 1000 inhabited worlds, each looked after by an immortal being linked to the sun of its world for life and power. These Sun Lords communicate through stargates. The Worldmaker goes mad,

however, and becomes the Unmaker, destroying all he has created. The story begins with the five surviving Sun Lords succumbing to the Unmaker, until the last Sun Lord takes extraordinary measures to save his world.

Brian Aldiss' story "Door Slams in the Fourth World" in the October F&SF Magazine is set in Toronto and the protagonist is Canadian.

The cover blurb of COLD FRONT, a paperback currently at your newstand, reads: "In the desolate Canadian Wilderness an unholy temptress lures men to a rendezvous with soul freezing horror. ...The shivering starts long before the screams begin." I am told that its author, Barry Hammond, is from Edmonton. It is published by Signet Canada. Somebody read this and tell the rest of us how bad it really is. (I may be a fanatical nationalist, but there are limits.)

Hugo Award winners for 1982 were:
 Novel: DOWNBELOW STATION, C.J. Cherryh; Novella: "The Saturn Game", Poul Anderson; Novellette: "Unicorn Variations", Roger Zelazny; Short Story: "The Pusher", John Varley; Non-fiction Book: DANSE MACBRE, Steven King; Dramatic Presentation: RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK; Pro Editor: Edward Ferman (F&SF Magazine); Pro Artist: Michael Whelan; Fanzine: LOCUS; Fan Writer: Richard Geis; Fan Artist: Victoria Poyser; John W. Campbell Award (Best New Writer): Alexis Gilliland; Special Committee Award: Mike Glyer

[--Georges Giguere]

Eurocon Awards for 1982 were presented at Eurocon 7, Monchengladbach, West Germany (August 20-22).

AUTHORS: Ardadiji & Boris Strugatski (USSR) for lifetime contributions; Jacques Sadoul (France) as writer, editor, and sf historian; and John Brunner (UK) for his writings and his efforts promoting European sf. PUBLISHERS: KAW (Poland) and Heyne

(BRD). MAGAZINE: ANTARES (France) for publishing sf from all countries and languages in Europe. [--Roelof Goudriaan, SHARDS OF BABEL]

DEATHS

Helene Flanders

July 12, 1944-August 13, 1982

Helene Flanders, one of the best known fans on the West Coast con circuit, was found dead in her apartment Friday, August 13. She had been raped and strangled.

Hen discovered fandom at Westercon XXX in July 1977 and quickly became active in the BCSFA. She was editor of the BCSFAZINE for issues #57 to #71, worked on publicity for V-cons 6 & 7, ran publicity by herself for V-Con 9, worked registration at V-con 6, 7, 8, & 9, and was involved in most of the Vancouver club's activities. She was best known, however, for her flamboyant presence at various cons. She always wore spectacular costumes of her own design and was generally the focus of attention wherever she was. Hen loved to party and few fans could keep up with her. She infused a great deal of energy into Vancouver fandom in the years following Westercon XXX, and became something of a legend in her own time. In recent months Hen had more or less gaffiated to devote more time to her career. She was taking night courses and had risen to office manager of the North American Life Assurance Company office in Vancouver.

Her family requested that there be no service or flowers, and that donations in her name be sent to the Canadian Cancer Society, 955 West Broadway, Vancouver, BC, instead.

[---Gerald Boyko & BCSFAZINE #112]

Hubert Rogers

December 21, 1898-May 12, 1982

R. Hubert Rogers, one of the major Golden Age Illustrators and Canada's leading sf artist, died of heart failure in Riverside Hospital in Ottawa on May 12. Born in

P.E.I., Rogers' career was about equally divided between Canada and the United States. In Canada he was primarily known as a leading portrait painter while in the US he was known for his cover illustrations. He painted over 58 covers for ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and produced interior illustrations for over 60 issues, making him the leading ASTOUNDING artist during the early years of John W. Campbell's editorship. He returned to Canada in 1942 where he worked on posters for the Canadian Wartime Information Board. After the war he began his career as a portrait painter, painting many prominent Canadians. In 1967 he purchased the studio home of A.Y. Jackson near Ottawa, where he lived until his death.

[---John Bell, LOCUS, July '82]

Gene Day

Canadian born comics artist, Gene Day, died of a heart attack in Sept. He was 34. Day had been working for Marvel Comics up until September when he resigned. Day was well known in Canadian comics fandom, contributing art to a number of fanzines.

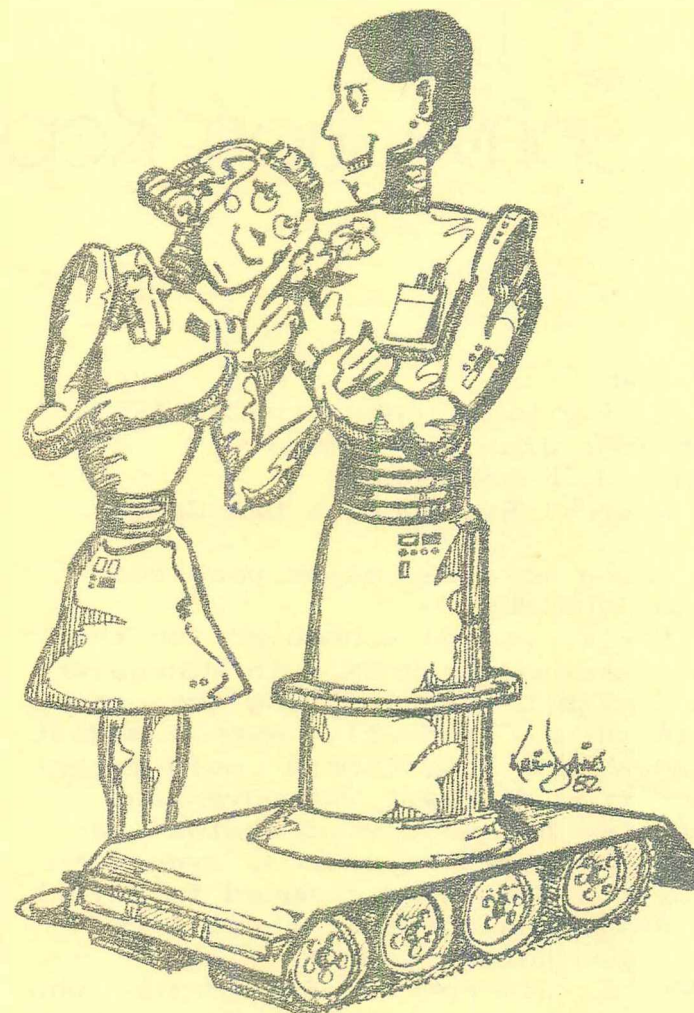
[---Derek McCulloch, Edmonton]

Peter Shott

Peter Shott, co-owner of the Red River Bookstore in Winnipeg, was found murdered. Police have arrested a suspect described by one source as a "well known local psycho". While Peter was not himself very active in fandom, the Red River Bookstore often served as a focal point of Winnipeg fandom, and sponsored the weekly SF radio show produced by members of DWF in the late 70s.

Peter Roberts and Heather Ashby of Guelph fandom were married April 1st. Peter ran Nostalgia Books in Guelph (now strictly a mail-order operation) where Heather was a regular customer. ("She used to come in and amaze me with her speed reading--she'd read two and buy one!") Heather is now at work on her MA and doing her thesis on the late Philip K. Dick.

AnnDel Savelle and Robert Patrick Joseph O'Brien III were married November 6th. AnnDel is currently president of ESFCAS and Bob is one of the club's long-time members. In addition to other gifts, ESFCAS members chipped in to buy them a colour TV--supposedly to use as a monitor with AnnDel's word processor, but actually so Bob can watch HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE and STAR TREK reruns. AnnDel quit her job mid-December to turn professional writer/artist.



Lexie Pakulak, P.O.Box 1265, Stn M, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2L2 is starting a writers' workshop apa. First deadline is February 1, 1983 and bimonthly thereafter. Minimum activity is 500 words of fiction and 250 words criticism (of other member's contributions) every second mailing. No membership fees, but you must submit 15 copies of your contrib. This will be especially of interest to aspiring writers who don't have a local writers' workshop available.

the American aerospace sector. [NCF, the fanzine that asks, "Will Harry Andruschak learn to enjoy living in Kanata Ontario?"]

[---InfoSpar 14/3]

The Ministry of State for Science & Technology (MOSST) is projecting Canadian space-related sales of \$280 million by 1985; up from a mere \$11 million in 1975, and \$140 million in 1980. 43% of 1980 sales were exports and this is expected to raise to 66% by 1985. MOSST estimates that there are currently 2500 scientists, engineers, technologists, managers, technicians, and other specialists directly involved with space projects in Canada, with another 12,500 people indirectly employed. MOSST predicts 1000 new jobs in the Canadian space industry within the next four years, in spite of the current recession, and in contrast to the downturn in

From the EDMONTON JOURNAL:

Dr. Patrick Fisher, co-author of FIBER-OPTICS--THE EYE OF THE ANTI-CHRIST, will be one of several speakers attending a Deeper Life Convention here in September.

Sponsored by and held at Faith Cathedral, 15641 96 Ave., the convention will run Sept. 6-13, with three services daily at 10:30 a.m., 2:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Lecturers from across Canada will speak on topics including the Holy Spirit and gifts of the Spirit, faith, divine healings, and prophecy.

The public is welcome.

Convention Reports

IMAGINE

Victoria, B.C., February 27, 1982

Pro GoH: Jack Williamson

Fan GoH: Robert Runte

Co-Chairs: Bev Cooke & Dan Cawsey

There were two major problems with IMAGINE.

First, it was scheduled for the same weekend as RAIN 4 in Vancouver, thus effectively limiting the con to local neos. Normally, even a modest one-day con in Victoria could expect fans from at least Vancouver and Seattle, but scheduled against Vancouver's famed relaxicon, even some Victoria fans were tempted to defect to RAIN. As a result there were only two out-of-town fans at IMAGINE: Jim Ferris of Edmonton (who may have been motivated more by the fact that Wendy lives in Victoria than a pure desire to see the con), and myself, the fan Guest of Honour. On the other hand, IMAGINE was never really intended as other than a small local con, and when the committee discovered the scheduling conflict with RAIN, they decided to go ahead as planned because the 27th was the only weekend they could book the university facilities. Next year, they assured everyone, they would make sure the con was at least a month away from RAIN.

The second problem was that their Pro Guest of Honour, Jack Williamson, never showed up. The committee made the mistake of entrusting arrangements to the mails, and two days before the con discovered to their horror that he hadn't received his airplane ticket. Williamson sensibly declined to fly up on his own, fearing the con might have fallen through, and booked himself into another con in California.

While there were no hard feelings on either side over this mix up, it did leave the concom with red faces and no GoH--and no time to arrange for a substitute. Solution: replace all of the pro GoH articles and activities with more stuff on the fan GoH--which struck me as a perfectly wonderful idea! As it turned out, however, only two attendees complained about Williamson's absence, and even they declined a refund. The truth is, most college kids these days have never heard of Williamson, shocking though that is to those of us who grew up reading his stuff. (I sometimes suspect that most college kids these days have never heard of *books*, let alone particular authors, but that's another story....) So, most of the folks who were there managed to have a pretty good time, even if they didn't get to meet a big time author or mingle with the West Coast con fans.

Highlight of the con was the World Premiere of DAWN OF THE LIVING SOCKS which in the Great Fannish Tradition had only been completed the night before. In fact, I got to be one of the voices in the rough dub. The film features about half of Victoria fandom and some really first rate pixilation of killer socks wreaking havoc on the city. The producers had a slight advantage in that they had been in the militia last summer and consequently managed to talk real platoons into engaging the socks in combat. They even had helicopters at one point! As the movie has been transferred to video cassette, it is to be hoped that THE DAWN OF THE KILLER SOCKS will be available to other cons.

8 The other high point was the

banquet Friday night. The food, served by the University's catering service, was the best I have ever had at a con, and there was lots of it. I totally pigged out. (I also gave the shortest banquet speech on record. Bev Cooke: "We'd now like to ask Mr. Runte to say a few words." Me: "'A few words'"; and I sat down again to thunderous applause. Well, it was kind of a rowdy crowd....)

On a personal note, I almost moved to Victoria on the strength of my experience at IMAGINE. I left Edmonton in the middle of the worst blizzard of the winter, wading through the knee-deep snow of the airport parking lot, to arrive in Victoria in time for the annual 'bloom count'. Bright sunshine, green grass, and flowers. In February. In Canada. I spent Sunday morning on the beach in Victoria, only to return to Edmonton Sunday night and the same blizzard I'd left two days before. I had to dig my car out from under four feet of snow. Furthermore, the Victoria fans are some of the neatest people I've ever met, and the whole club reminded me of the early days of ESFCAS, when our club was at its best. *Sigh* If it weren't for my job, I'd move tomorrow.

[----Robert Runte, NCF]



RAIN FORE

Vancouver, B.C., February 26-28, '82
 GoHs: Steve Fahnstalk & Elinor Busby; Con Chair: Gay Maddin

When the rain comes
 They run and hide their heads
 They might as well be dead
 When the rain comes
 When the sun shines
 They slip inside the shade
 They sip their lemonade
 When the sun shines
 Rain. I don't mind.
 Shine, The weather's fine.
 I can show you that when it starts
 to rain
 Everything's the same
 I can show you
 Can you hear me,
 that when it rains and shines
 It's just a state of mind
 Can you hear me?

[John Lennon & Paul McCartney]

I think the above song illustrates the philosophy of Vancouver fans towards their clime quite well. A good philosophy and a great club.

This was my first RainCon as well as my first trip to Vancouver. It will certainly not be my last. To say the least, Rain Fore was rather different than previous cons I had attended. To those of you unfamiliar with Rain, they are essentially relaxicons. There was programming Saturday afternoon, a bacchanal, an art auction, and a banquet brunch, plus a consuite which was quite busy throughout the weekend.

Rain was even smaller than usual this year, with only a little over one hundred registered, and a smaller number attending. Far from being a disadvantage, this smallness gave a more intimate feeling to the con, since one could have at least a nodding acquaintance with nearly everyone present. I personally got to meet many people I wanted to, and to know others better.

The convention was located at the Sands Best Western Hotel in Vancouver's West End. It was a good hotel and I heard of no hassels or major problems. The rates were fairly decent for a hotel of this size. In addition, the breakfast banquet they served was excellent.

I attended only one of the panels on Saturday afternoon. This was the "Joy of Apahacking", in which Denny Lien, Evelyn Beheshti, and Jo McBride dealt with Amateur Press Associations. It was interesting, informative, and often amusing as the veteran fans discussed the hang-ups and pleasures of being in an apa. There were also panels on "how to run a convention", "being a fan artist", "bad sf", and the "fannish network", but I didn't get to them. It is considered in some circles to be very fannish not to attend programming, so I guess I must be getting more fannish.

The costume bacchanal turned out to be an amusing soiree with good recorded music and some lively dancing, as well as some stimulating costumes.

I alternated between the dance and some close encounters at the Steve Party, a charming little get-together arranged by Fran Skene and Denny Lien. Everyone who came to the party became Steve (in honour of the illustrious GoH, Steve Fahnstalk), except those already fortunate enough to be named Steve. These lucky souls became Elinor (in honour of equally illustrious GoH, Elinor Busby.) Everyone recieved an appropriate nametag to cover their now inaccurate ones. It was a little silly, but nevertheless entertaining.

Another highlight of the con was the Great Art Auction with Edmontons Georges Siguerre as auctioneer. This annual event features amateur art drawn by those attending the con (fan artists at the con have to use their left hand) plus whatever is donated to the auction, such as a buttons and posters. Personally, I always tend to get carried away at these events (does anyone really need five posters of Ricardo Montalban?) but the money went to a good cause: Half to the Susan Wood Memorial Scholarship Fund, and the rest to finance future Vancouver cons.

[----Bob Weir, Edmonton]

HALCON 5

Halifax, Nova Scotia; March 5-7, '82
Pro GoH: Jeanne & Spider Robinson
Toastmaster: Theodore Sturgeon
Con Chair: D. Slater

First off, let me say the weekend was very much an overall success as far as I was concerned. With the exception of a few--challenging--screwups, I had a pretty good time. Let's get those problems out of the way now, shall we?

Communication seemed to be the main difficulty. Getting a hold of some-one who knew what was happening or what to do about it was a definite problem. People were not always sure of who was doing what. Or at least that was the impression.

Now, I heard that most people on the committee were new this year and that would explain a fair bit. Also, the head of the con wound up with a much needed job two or three weeks before the con and was working very odd hours, even through the con weekend. Not his fault, obviously, but it cannot help co-ordination. An understudy would help next time.

One prime example of this occurred when I volunteered for a panel. I was going to provide videotaped footage of the panel subject (the Society of Creative Anachronism). It wasn't until the day of the talk that I found out that the panel actually consisted of myself and one other, who (despite much enthusiasm) had no actual 'hands-on' experience, and that the promised VHS player hadn't materialized, forcing me to fall back on an unsatisfactory, hastily prepared slide show.

The other main problem was the separation of the con hotel and the actual con facilities at the University. It did make it hard on room parties. Also, the Scotian Hotel had one of the attendees move from room to room three times because his room either had no furniture, or the bed wouldn't fold out of the wall, or...

Having gotten the bitches out of

the way, onto the good parts. The people involved did listen to last year's criticisms and acted accordingly. The fee structure was more in keeping with conventional practice, and the con handbook and badge holders were included in the very reasonable admission price. Nor was there an overwhelming feeling of over-zealous security as was reported last year. There seemed to be no problems with fan being allowed to just sit and gab wherever they wanted to. In fact, at one point, I was even sitting in the middle of the hall, prior to the costume competition, getting most of me 'tattooed' by four of the local artists, and nobody so much as grunted.

The film program consisted of, among other things, some really 'bad' stuff (BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS) and some silent classics (PHANTOM OF THE OPERA). Now people at this con really know how to appreciate that sort of stuff. Since there is no sound track to the silents, those in attendance took great delight in providing their own. If you wanted to appreciate the flick seriously, just plug your ears; you're not missing anything anyway. As for BATTLE and that ilk, well, I always felt they deserved everything they got anyway... Statler and Waldorf of the Muppets would have been proud of us!

Halcon bills itself as a small/medium regional. I think it is more of a medium/large local. There didn't seem to be many people from far outside, though I could be wrong. But, that 'local' or family feeling is possibly what I found most endearing. It wasn't exactly a relaxicon, but I had a much quieter, and more pleasant time than I have had at other cons. The people had the most to do with my enjoyment of the con. No strutting egos in evidence invoking fan politics. Just a lot of SF/comics fans who were fun to be with.

The site, Halifax, wasn't bad either. Not exactly a thriving megalopolis, it has a distinct charm which made me sorry to leave it.

I haven't mentioned the GoHs... What can one say about the Robinsons and Ted Sturgeon that hasn't been said more effusively by more eloquent beings than myself? A real treat to mingle with such.

The con committee put a lot of love and devotion into the con, and while it didn't always work out quite as planned--and what con can make that claim?--it showed through nonetheless; and this enthusiasm, coupled with increased experience, should make HALCON VI even more of a treat for jaded congoers.

[----Marc Gerin-Lajoie, Ottawa]

Nasfacon 3

Northview Heights Secondary School, North York (Toronto), Ontario, April 17, 1982. GoHs: John Robert Colombo, Phyllis Gotlieb, Terrence Green, Robert Hadji, Captain George Henderson, Rober Priest, John Flint Roy, Andrew Weiner.

One day cons don't usually leave enough of an impression to comment on, but Nasfacon 3 did. It was an excellent attempt to give a day's entertainment for \$4, and I think that by and large they succeeded.

Their location wasn't the easiest to get to, but facilities were more than adequate. Equipment for their video program was in good shape, which made for trouble-free viewing of GALAXINA, THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, WIZARDS, STAR CRASH, EARTH VS THE FLYING SAUCERS, and the original version of INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. Some may not think that line-up to be that terrific (some are just plain horrible), but as YECCH! magazine has shown, it's okay to love bad films. I saw parts of the laughable GALAZINA, and the well drawn and mildly erotic WIZARDS. Good bad stuff.

Other video rooms showed episodes of COSMOS, STAR TREK (as usual), JOHNNY QUEST(!), FANTASTIC FOUR, LOST IN SPACE (!!), BEWITCHED (!!!!) and the inevitable TREK BLOOPERS.

The real meat of the con, though, was the programming. Most panels

with individual authors consisted of readings of their latest works (J.R. Colombo's anthologies have gotten me very interested), with Captian George leading a discussion of the best and worst, old and new movies in the SF genre. I caught bits and pieces of these panels, but the panel that really attracted me had Colombo, Gotlieb, Weiner, and Green on Canadian SF. The general consensus was that there is a Canadian brand of SF but there isn't a Canadian SF community as such, because of our large geography and small numbers of writers. J.R. Colombo complained about the lack of Canadian sf book sales. People don't seem to buy a lot of Canadian sf because distribution is poor, and poor sales prevents better distribution--catch 22. Colombo's message was "BUY CANADIAN", a good piece of advice.

Small features always round out a con, and Nasfacon had a trivia contest, and a draw for movie posters. The staff cafeteria was open and cooking students made willing guinea pigs out of attendees, and from what I was told, their concoctions were pretty good. The art show was good, but small, with leftovers from Contradiction dominating (who owns that inflatable tetrahedron, anyway?). The dealers' room was a little disappointing, with 15 tables sold and not all of those filled. One of Nasfacons' organizers, Robert J. Sawyer (OSFiC Moderator), said that people just weren't buying, and as dealers' room rep for Ad Astra II, I agree. Dealers, I believe, are so hard put in these days of sagging economy that they are not willing to risk \$20-\$25 dollars for a table, where they probably would make money, but would rather save their money and not bother. What was there had good variety, but not many attendees were in a buying mood.

The other disappointment, according to Sawyer, was the attendance. He said about 200 people came to the con, but they were expecting about double that. From what I saw, Nasfacon's publicity people did a great job spreading the word in Toronto's papers, tv, radio, and in posters stuck on walls, and in windows all over the city, but the people just didn't come.

in spite of these disappointments, I feel that this Nasfacon was a success, just like its two predecessors. If you can get the attendance you had at Nasfacon 1, people, you'll have it made. Damned good effort.

[----Lloyd Penney, Toronto]

V-Con 10

Vancouver, B.C., May 21-23, 1982

Pro GoH: Ben Bova

Toastmaster: Michael Walsh

Fan GoH: Robert Runte

Co-Chairs: Jim Welch & Stuart Cooper

Like a number of other cons this year, V-Con had to change hotels at the last minute. This in turn forced a reduction in scale, since the Best Western Hotel was considerably smaller than the originally planned Sheraton Villa Inn. Since the con already had the normal number of pre-registered and out-of-town fans, they seem to have accomplished this necessary reduction by the simple expedient of not advertizing locally. Thus, 95% of those attending were either from out-of-town or long-time fans. All of which added up to this being the most 'fannish' V-con ever.

This, of course, was just great. Everybody there knew everybody else and the whole thing quickly took on the atmosphere of a large relaxicon, with fans constantly remarking how it was just like RAIN only better. The only people who seemed a little dubious about the whole thing were the con co-Chairs, who had campaigned for the V-Con franchise on the grounds that they would put a halt to the creeping fannishness that was threatening to turn V-Cons into large relaxicons.... (One was never sure whether the effusive compliments showered on the co-chairs weren't just a bit of the old 'rubbing it in', but in the end, one can't argue with success.) On the other hand, most of the major programming came off as scheduled, and the few neos, fringe-fans, and outsiders who managed to find their way into the con seemed quite satisfied.

Highlight of the con for me was the reading by Vancouver author William Gibson. I was totally blown away by the excerpts from his novel-in-progress (already sold for an impressive first advance). I was also very impressed by his skill as a reader. (I've heard some really great pros murder their own works at public readings) and felt that the only thing lacking was a bongo drum accompaniment. Great stuff for sure!

Another aspect of the con which should be singled out for praise was the program book. Most fans (on the West Coast at any rate) tend to take program books for granted, but Barb Przeklasa always does a particularly good job. In addition to being typeset and offset, and the usual superior layout, artwork, and photos, it was bound pocketbook size, which is a convenience quickly appreciated by any fan who has ever had to lug around an 8x11 program book for the duration of a con. Thin enough to fit in a shirt pocket, mine managed to survive the con and live on as an attractive souvenir.

Low points were the traditional Neofan's panel at which neos are supposed to be introduced to fandom and con activities, but which was rather redundant this year since there weren't any neos at the con; and the Canadian fandom panel which wandered rather disastrously off topic. (Since I was on the latter panel, it was at least 30% my own fault.) However, no one seemed to mind much, or even to notice, so I wouldn't put too much weight on these complaints.

The banquet was quite adequate, and as every year featured the Elron Awards. The Elrons (not named after L. Ron Hubbard *nudge-nudge*wink-wink*) are presented to the worst SF of the year--and there are always lots of nominees! This year's winners were:

Worst Film: SUPERMAN II for excrable print quality and for the most unbelievable liberties taken with the traditional story.

Worst TV Program: MASTER PERVERT THEATRE (Michael Dann's convention video specials).

Worst GOR Novel of 1981: GUARDSMAN OF GOR

Worst Fan Publication: NOT THE BCSFAZINE 100. Other nominees were: BCSFAZINE 100 (for most missed deadlines) NEW CANADIAN FANDOM, EH? (by Taral Wayne), and CHEAP TRICKS, fanfic from Portland.

Worst Fan Writer: Harry Andrushack, for everything he's written. Other nominees were: Taral Wayne (for NEW CANADIAN FANDOM, EH?), and Garth Trog Lewis (for various apa appearances).

The Elron Hall of Shame: Master Pervert Theatre. Other nominee: Spider Robinson, (for worst impersonation of a Canadian.)

Special Generic Elron: this year a special no-name Elron was awarded to Jove Press for its NO FRILLS SCIENCE-FICTION NOVEL.

(----Robert Runte, NCF)

QUEBEC FANDOM GOES INTERNATIONAL
by Luc Pomerleau

This past summer, Quebec fandom held its fourth annual convention, Boreal '82, in Chicoutimi, from July 7 to 11. The occasion was a bit special this time around since it was coupled with the Third International Francophone Convention, a biennial gathering.

Present at the con were luminaries from both sides of the Atlantic: the readers, editors and contributors of our three fanzines (SOLARIS, POUR TA BELLE GUEULE D'AHURI and Rene Beaulieu, Elizabeth Vonarburg (who organized the convention), Daniel Sernine, and Jean-Pierre April; and the artists, among them Jean-Pierre Normand and Mario Giguere, formed the quebecois contingent. The European delegation was composed of some of the big names of French SF, such as Dominique Douay (writer), Yves Fremion (writer, editor, critic), Jacques Goimard (critic & editor), Jean-Claude Mezieres (artist) and Jean-Pierre Andrevon (writer, critic, editor), together with a handful of fans. To give the whole proceedings a multilingual accent,

other guests were C.J. Cherryh, Phyllis Gotlieb, Judith Merril, and John Brunner, while Andrew Porter was the sole representative of the American fan press.

During the five days of fun and merriment, the participants (approximately 170 in total, the usual number for a Quebec con when it is held in a more centrally located city like Montreal, a crowd for a far away place like Chicoutimi), screened films, talked, drank, talked, held panels, drank, drew, drank, slept through conferences, drank, etc.--the usual stuff for an sf con. The conferences were for the most part veeeeery seeeerious, with a pronounced academic slant. For example, "The Merchandising of SF" (much less interesting than it sounds), "Women and SF", "SF and Religion", "Hunger of the Dead; the Vampire Between Sf and Fantasy"; "The Emergence of Historical Thinking in Parallel with the Birth of Modern SF", "SF, Prospective and History in DUNE"; etc.... All that interspersed with lively panels debates to enliven the proceedings, giving a well rounded program.

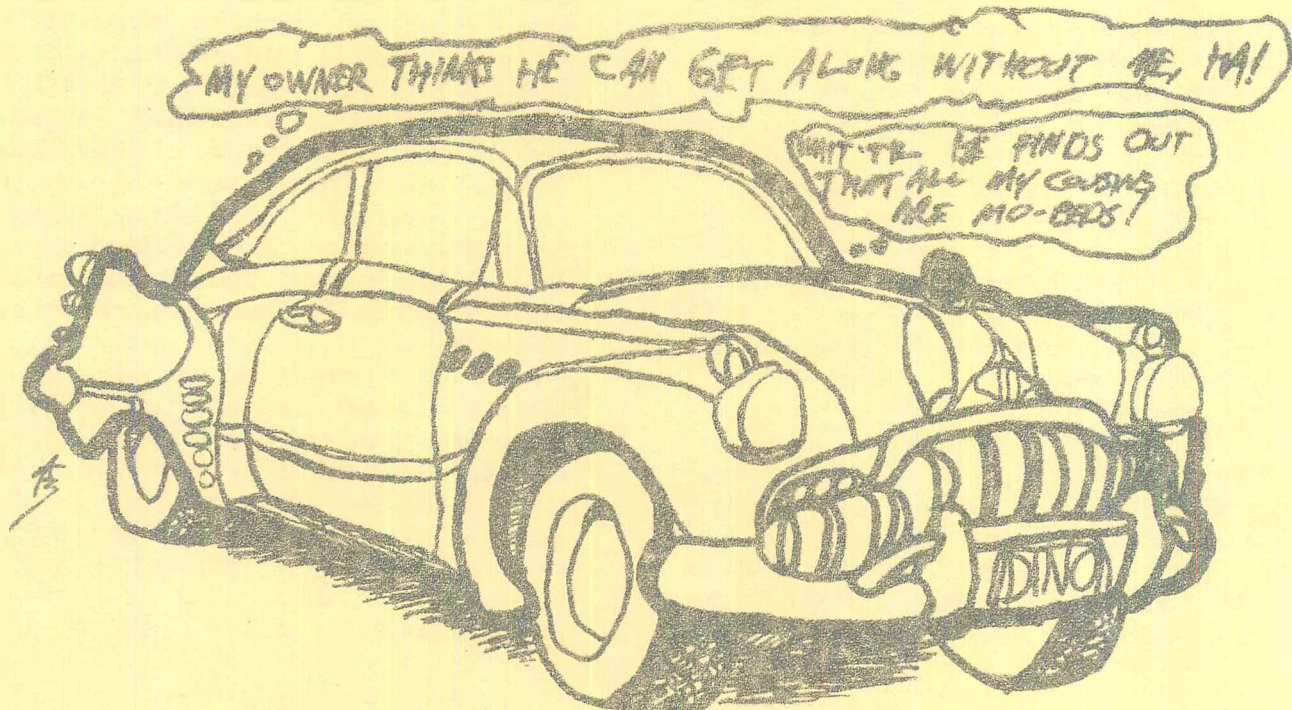
At the end of the con, the Boreal awards were given in eight categories. The winners: Rene Beaulieu (SF anthology), Joel Champetier (tie for sf short); Jean-Francois Somcinsky (fantasy short and tie for sf short)

Michel Beilil (fantasy novel and fantasy anthology); Pierre D. Lacroix (artist); and Elisabeth Vonarburg (best critic and sf novel). Ms. Vonarburg's novel, LE SILENCE DE LA CITE (Denoel) had already won the French SF Grand Prize and went on to win the public award at the French convention held during Labour Day weekend in Dijon.

All in all, the con allowed the fans present to witness the diversity of SF and fantasy in the three worlds represented, sampling the divergences and convergences of their respective approaches. Ideas were exchanged, stimulating debates took place, and contacts were established. This con marked the first time Quebec and French fandoms met en masse, a most rewarding experience which can only stimulate them both. We realized again how much Quebec fans have managed to strike a middle position between the more fun oriented anglo-saxon cons and the sometimes heavily intellectualized atmosphere of French cons. We do take our sf seriously in many ways, but certainly are not adverse to spice it up with fun activities.

Next year, Quebec fans should meet again, although the host city has not been officially chosen. But some fans are already working on it, proving that fandom is very alive and well in our province.

(----Luc Powerleau, Hull, Quebec)



Convention 3

NonCon 5

(October 8-10, 1982, Regency Hotel, Edmonton, Alberta. GoH: C.J. Cherryh; Fan GoH: Steve Fahnestalk; Toastmaster: Jon Gustafson.)

This year's NonCon was also the third annual Convention, the national Canadian con. Highlight of the Convention part of the program was, of course, the award presentation at the banquet Saturday night, but there were also some panels on Canadian sf and Canadian fandom to round things out. Convention seemed to attract more out of town fans to NonCon, especially out of province Canadians, but the lack of any local advertizing (other than an embarrassing story in the infamous EDMONTON SUN) kept the con relatively small. I personally thought this was great since there were only three people at the con I didn't know, and when I met them I knew everybody.

GoH C.J. Cherryh was everything her reputation made her out to be and more--the best GoH it has ever been my pleasure to see at a con. Her reading from a work in progress was the highlight of the convention. She was entertaining and informative on all of the panels she participated in and her comments at the short story contest/workshop constituted the best advice to writers I've heard in years.

All this, mind you, while she was confined to a wheelchair and in considerable pain. Shortly before leaving for the con, Cherryh was bitten by a poisonous spider. In spite of her doctor's advice to cancel out, and the obvious inconvenience of travelling in a wheelchair, she attended anyway. Treatment for the poison required that she keep the bitten leg raised and warm (with a heating pad), so she couldn't get too far from an electrical outlet or her wheelchair. She was also taking medication for the pain, but had to cut the dosage to be able to stay alert at the con--all of which strikes me as above and beyond the call of duty!

(And people thought I had a case of hero worship *before* the con.... After seeing Cherryh soldier

through, and still manage to be the most gracious GoH ever, my opinion of the arrogant performances of a few of the pros on the con circuit has been lowered even further.)

One serious complaint with the NonCon concon was that they failed to provide Cherryh with a personal gopher. Many cons routinely assign one or more gophers to the GoH to ensure that they find their way to their panels on time, and that they have someone to run errands, etc. Naturally, with the GoH in a wheelchair and unable to fend for herself, this becomes vital, but the concon abandoned Cherryh to her own devices. There was of course no shortage of willing volunteers to push Cherryh hither and yon, but there were several occasions when no one came forward because they simply assumed that someone official would be along shortly, and the potential volunteer did not want to intrude on Cherryh. While the concon may be excused for not having someone standing by when Cherryh had to hobble down five flights of steps when the fire alarm went off at 5 in the morning, not assigning someone to assist her from one panel to the next was rather a major lapse.

On the other hand, the artshow & auction and the short story contest & workshop were particularly good this year. The short story contest had \$200 in prize money, with Marianne Nielsen of Edmonton winning first prize, Lorne Ericson of Saskatoon taking second, and Darcy Grieshuber of Edmonton getting third prize. The art show grossed over \$7,000 (a NonCon record) which is a good thing since memberships were down and the con needed the artshow fees to show a profit.

The HoodooCon hoax is also worth mentioning, though I'm told the actual panel presentation was disappointing. HoodooCon program books detailing the nonexistent convention were distributed and HoodooCon t-shirts (showing a dinosaur in space helmet) were worn by the conspirators. Pro GoH was the late Edgar Rice Burroughs, Fan GoH was the Canadian Senate, and Louis Leakey was Toastmaster. The con hotel was

the famous Drumheller Correctional Institute ("the staff have had extensive experience dealing with unusual people") and the programming featured a tour of Vulcan (Alberta). Cyrano Jones organized the huckster room, and Nero was in charge of the costume Bacchanal. Drumheller, for the non-Albertans out there, is Canada's answer to the Grand Canyon and the alien looking Hoodoo landscape *would* be a great place to hold a con.

The NonCon business meeting went extremely smoothly (i.e., I pushed through the new NonCon constitution without opposition) and the Calgary committee was elected to host NonCon 6 next year as expected.

On the whole, I'd have to say the con was as successful as any, but that the concom was perhaps just a shade *too* laid back in its attention to detail.

CONTRADICTION 2

John's Hotel Niagara, Niagara Falls, NY, November 19-21, 1982. Pro GoH: Thomas Disch, Fan GoH: Ro Fields (Lutz-Nagey). Artist GoH: Carl Lundgren, Fan Artist: Kevin Davies

The major factors determining a fan's enjoyment of a con are, first, their own programming preferences (party fans sometimes hate it; some sercon fans don't party), and second, the number of close friends that will be there.

Contradiction 2 had little serious programming. There were readings by the GoH Thomas Disch (despite his cold), and a typically inept local TV interview which Tom tried very hard to make interesting.

Thomas Disch has just finished a new novel entitled, A TROLL OF SUREWOULD FOREST; A POST-MODERN PANTOMIME FOR THE READING IMPAIRED. Due to his cold he was unable to give a long reading from the novel as planned but instead read his recent OMNI said, "A Shirt's Tale: The Short's Story", and some poems from the collection, BURN THIS. He also mentioned a new series of hard-bound special editions from Toothpaste Press. The series will consist of illustrated, slipcased 16

short stories. The first, "Red Noise" by John Sladek has an intro by Disch, and Disch's story "Ringtime" will appear soon. I would also like to mention the recent Disch poetry collection, ORDERS OF THE RETINA (Toothpaste Press, Iowa) and the story collection, THE MAN WHO HAD NO IDEA (Bantam Books).

Other programming included slide-shows by ProArt GoH, Carl Lundgren and FanArt GoH Kevin Davies. The Lundgren show was professional but modest while the Davies show was a fannish sing-along. Ro Fields staged an exciting juggling act and ended it by juggling three bowling balls. (He had promised to do it with the balls in flames but the hotel refused permission.)

What I saw of the costumes were excellent and I hear that the filksings were well attended. The dealers room was always packed and most of the dealers reported good sales. The art show was impressive, but only if you could find it. Besides the beautiful Lundgren originals was artwork by Davies, Rice, and Smith. Dragons still dominate the themes but we all love them. Surprisingly, the bids at the art auction were low. The consuite was always open with free beer and good music.

I must admit that I missed having serious programming. (Thank god I love to party.) I also missed the presence of many of my closest friends. It's usually easy to meet fans in a new area but Toronto has so many different groups that it takes some mingling to get to know which people you like. (A con next July, Millenium, is supposed to help that. The organizers have a "Let's be friends" policy.) I'm not much of a club-goer and I rely on cons to meet people. I only wish that more Western fans could get to the cons I attend here. I miss them.

Fans did come from as far away as Halifax, Tennessee, and Connetcticut. Ottawa seemed absent. (I saw a flyer for Maplecon 5, but it didn't mention Convention 4. There was nothing there about Pendulum, Ottawa in April.) I asked around about Halcon and when I finally found someone from Nova Scotia they told

me that they had forgotten to put their flyer on the freebie table. Dozens of con groups did: Millenium-June, Toronto; Maplecon 5-July, Ottawa; Ad Astra III-Sept, Toronto; and a number of American cons.

[---Fred Isajenko, Toronto (recently of Calagary)]

[And now another report on the same con...or was it?]

About a year ago, I wrote an admittedly naive report about Contradiction 1, saying I enjoyed myself and would go again. So this year I did go again. Ah, for those days of naivete.

With no real progress reported with the concom's court battle with the Buffalo Marriott Hotel for pulling con facilities, even with a written contract, Contradiction seems firmly ensconced within the safe confines of John's Hotel Niagara, a good place for a small con like this one. John's has cleaned up a lot of problems since last time, and the stay was much more enjoyable.

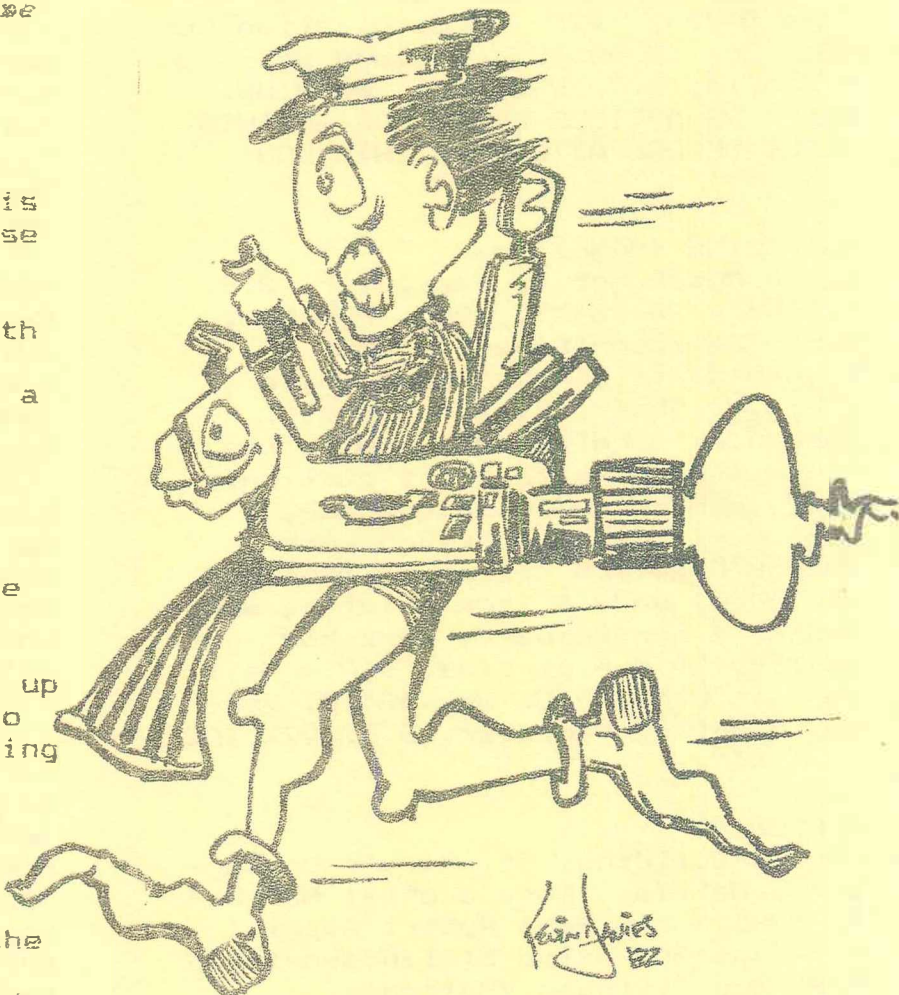
This convention quickly picked up nickname of NonProgrammacon due to the lack of any real activity during the con.

Friday was a slow day, as with all cons on Friday. The usual dealers' room filled very slowly; the artshow looked pretty sparse; and there were films showing in the main ballroom. The evening was busier with a puny masquerade MCed by Valley Girl Michelle Lundgren, and an aborted dance. Ellessar Tetramariner's sound system decided to take the evening off, so it was an early night for all except for filkers.

Thomas Disch was very badly employed by the concom, as he was secreted away in a seldom used part of the hotel, reading from a new novel of his. He didn't take part in any other programming, and I heard that Disch had a mild case of laryngitis, so he really did nothing that weekend. A pity, he would have been interesting to talk to...turned out that I never even saw him.

Saturday's programming, such as it was, was uneventful. A couple of readings by Michelle Lundgren and

Les Amison attempted to fill the day, as an art presentation by Carl Lundgren and a film preview of coming sf movies were cancelled. A thinly disguised Ro Lutz-Nagey juggled once more, and was followed by Kevin Davies presenting a slide show of his art; at least, trying to--the projector reportedly broke



down. The best part of the Saturday evening was the various parties. Sunday was a close-down day, as the convention missed out on their chance to show films in the ballroom. Nothing happened.

Other than some gaming in smaller out-of-the-way rooms, not much came off properly. The film program came out the best, with steady attendance from people who found themselves with nothing to do. The promise not to show AUSSIEFAN STRIKES BACK, the Australian Worldcon bid film, was popularly received. DR. STRANGELOVE, DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS, and VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA were the big films in a good selection of shorts, plus

[...Continued on page 29]

CONVENTION ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONSTELLATION CON '83

Empress Hotel and/or Harbour Towers, Victoria, B.C. February 18-21, 1983. GoHs: Damon Knight & Kate Wilhelm; Fan GoH: Bjo Trimble; Toastmaster: Jerry Pournelle; with Larry Niven, Theodore Sturgeon, David Gerrold, & Frank Marshall. Chair: Dave Olden. \$25 Constellation Con '83, Box 15-805 Cecil Blogg Dr., Victoria, B.C. V9C 3H8. WARNING: READ THE ARTICLE ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE BEFORE ATTENDING THIS CON!

RAIN CINO (SANK)

Sands Motor Hotel, Vancouver, B.C. February 25-26-27, 1983. Pro GoH: Avram Davidson; Canadian GoH: Crawford Kilian; Fan GoH: Joyce Rubin. Chair: Evelyn Behesti. Vancouver's relaxicon, now in its fifth year. Amateur art auction, make your own mask masquerade, panels, films, a workshop with author Crawford Kilian, a message workshop, body & face painting workshops, a how-to-party workshop, but mostly, RAIN = parties. \$10. Mail to RAIN CINO, P.O. Box 48478, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A2

HALCON 6

Loyola Building, St. Mary's University, Halifax, Nova Scotia; March 4-6, 1983. Pro GoH: Robert Asprin; Toastmaster: Galad Elflandsson; Fan GoH: Bob Atkinson (Halcon's founder); Special Guests: Lynn Abbey and M.A. Bramstrup. Con Chair: Bobbi Slater. Movies, dealers' room, art show and auction, games room, banquet, panels. New this year is a costume ball. Con hotel is Holiday Inn, \$38/night single or double. Membership rates: \$15, \$29 with banquet. Halcon 6, P.O. Box 295, Stn. M, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

CONCEPTION

Student Union Bldg., University of Victoria, Victoria, B.C. Chair: Dan Cawsey March 5, 1983. Local one-day con; May be cancelled or postponed in view of Constellation Con '83, so check first.

V-Con 11

Richmond Inn, Richmond, B.C. (Vancouver). GoH: Frank Herbert; Fan GoH: Elizabeth Warren; Artist: Bill Warren; Toastmaster: Geroges Giguere. Chair: Gay Maddin. V-Con is Vancouver's main annual convention, with the usual sort of programming. Unlike V-Con 10, this year's con will be based on the 'bigger is better' philosophy of con-design, so think big. \$12 to Dec 31, \$15 to May 7, \$18 thereafter. V-Con 11, P.O. Box 48478, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, B.C. V7X 1A2

MAPLECON 5/CANVENTION 4

Carlton University, Ottawa, Ontario July 15, 16, 17, 1983. GoH: TBA. Maplecon 5 has been designated this year's Convention, so the 1983 Canadian Science Fiction & Fantasy Award (CSFFA) will be presented at the banquet. \$8 to January 15, \$12 to April 15, \$15 thereafter and at the door. Room rates under \$30/night including meals (campuses are cheap!). P.O. Box 3165, Station "D", Ottawa, Ont., K1P 6H7.

ConStellation

41st WorldCon, Baltimore Convention Centre, Sept. 1-5, 1983. GoH: John Brunner; Fan GoH: Dave Kyle; Toastmaster: Jack Chalker. Worldcons are, of course, the largest cons, with the most pros, the most programming, and usually the most problems. Attending memberships \$30 to Dec 31, 1982.

NonCon 6

Palisar Hotel, Calgary, Alberta. October 7-9, 1983. GoH: Orson Scott Card. Chair: Eric Tillbrook. NonCon is Alberta's regional convention and generally alternates between Edmonton and Calgary. Usual programming, films, huckster room, short story contest & writers workshops, etc. plus NonCon's famous artshows and art auctions. \$10 to Jan. 1? NonCon 6, P.O. Box 475, Stn. "G", Calgary, Alberta T3A 2G4

Impending Disaster In Victoria?

CONSTELLATION CON '83

Constellation Con 83 (Victoria, BC, Feb. 18-21) is in desperate trouble. Its organizers have made just about every mistake it is possible to make and seem intent on providing a Canadian equivalent to the Puget Sound Star Trek disaster of the early '70s. Not only are they in danger of losing their own shirts, they threaten all of Canadian fandom, since a failure of this scale will turn both fans and hotels off future cons in the area.

There are three SF clubs in Victoria: the Science Fiction Association of Victoria (SFAV), the United Federation of Canadian Star Trekkers (UFCST) and the University of Victoria Science Fiction Association (UVicSFA). The SFAV and UVicSFA co-hosted FAIR-ISLE, a successful one day con in March 81. (See NCF#1). UVicSFA and UFCST co-hosted IMAGINE this year (see report elsewhere in this issue). These people are now organizing Conception for March of this year. While not spectacular, these cons have been quite enjoyable and have always achieved their sensibly limited objectives. These small cons have provided invaluable experience for Victoria fandom in running conventions, and it was generally recognized that they were slowly working up to a full-scale regional, possibly even taking a turn hosting V-Cons (as Edmonton and Calgary share NonCon). All this careful buildup, however, is now threatened by Constellation.

The Constellation organizers are NOT part of the above groups. As far as I have been able to determine, only one of the committee had been involved with fandom before deciding to organize Constellation.

Only two of the committee have ever attended a convention before. Yet these people are now intending to host the largest convention ever held in Canada.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that they have managed to get just about everything wrong.

-The name: Constellation is, of course, also the name of this year's Worldcon in Baltimore. One of Victoria's Constellation concom told me that they had 'researched' the name before choosing it and had not known about the Baltimore Constellation. Since the Worldcon is included in every con listing in the world, this does not inspire my confidence in their knowledge of fandom.

-The dates: Victoria fandom, in the person of the IMAGINE organizers had promised that future Victoria cons would be scheduled at least a month away from Vancouver cons, since scheduling conflicts are detrimental to both cons. Having made that mistake once with IMAGINE, they were not about to repeat it. Unfortunately, the Constellation organizers chose to ignore this advice and are holding their con the week before Rain 5.

This in turn will practically eliminate any chance of attracting American confans to Constellation. Why go to a new con run by an inexperienced concom, when you can go to an established and highly regard con in Vancouver a week later? While constellation may still draw some American ST/SW fans, or those attracted by the list of guests, "fannish" fans will be absent. This seems an unnecessary handicap.

-The GoH list: Constellation has offered to pay travelling and hotel

expenses for not one, not two, but ten guests. No con in North America has ever paid for more than four guests, and standard practice is for one pro GoH, one fan GoH, and occasionally a Toastmaster if the con can afford it. A few cons have been able to afford extra guests by accumulating funds over the course of several years of successful conventions, and others attract extra guests (unpaid) by building up a solid reputation as great cons. Constellation con '83 has neither an established reputation nor a reserve of cash.

STUPIDMAN



-The hotels: In keeping with its grandiose planning, Constellation has rented not one, but two hotels, and those the two biggest in Victoria. The Empress Hotel is perhaps one of the three most famous hotels in Canada--and far too snooty to be happy about hosting a bunch of t-shirt wearing, lazer-blasting kids. I anticipate an endless series of incidents which will leave both the congoers and the hotel extremely unhappy. And what affects one CP hotel, affects them all....

Furthermore, room rates for the Empress are \$52/single & \$62/double, about \$20 more than a double room at NonCon this year. This too will discourage attendance.

Of more immediate concern is the fact that Constellation cannot possibly afford two hotels, or even the Empress alone. Only the Worldcon needs that much space, and only a Worldcon can afford it. I suspect the concon is counting heavily on obtaining discounts on its function space in return for filling the hotel, but at \$62/night there is little hope of that.

-The breakeven point: with ten paid guests and two hotels, the breakeven point will require about 1,000 people, even at \$20 a head. This is more than twice the attendance at any previous Victoria con, and larger than even the largest V-Con. Some would see this as a bit ambitious for a first try by inexperienced fans.

-The Concom: I've already mentioned that the concon is inexperienced, but to ensure failure they have managed to alienate all the available experienced fans in Victoria. Rather than turning to the fans involved in Fair-Isle and Imagine for help, Constellation rebuffed their advice and so provoked the local fans that the University club circulated a letter to all the zines/clubs in Canada and the West Coast politely denying any involvement in Constellation. This is about the worst publicity possible, of course, providing the con with yet another handicap. Furthermore, a con of the scale envisaged by the concon requires a huge supply of manpower. Even if the committee can manage on their own in the planning stages, the concon will need dozens of extra gofers and helpers to run registration, projectors, chair pannels, and so on, but their local supply of fans has simply washed their hands of the whole thing. Similarly, the concon has not sought the involvement or advice of Vancouver fans, even though Vancouver has the longest running con in Canada.

One member of the concon told be that manpower was no problem since

the ... had arranged for registration to be handled by computers. Another wrote me that lack of advice was no problem because their fan guest, Bjo Trimble, knew all about running cons. (This may well be true, but Bjo lives a thousand miles from the concom and may not realize that her fan SoHship includes organizing the con!) The same woman then added that "We have all sorts of organizations and professional help in setting up our convention: from the Ministry of Tourism to the Chamber of Commerce...." Somehow, I fail to find this reassuring. Would you want to attend an sf con designed by the Chamber of Commerce?

-Mailing address. As if all the above weren't enough, the concom has been saddled with an additional handicap in the form of their mailing address. Box 15-805 Cecil Blogg Drive struck many fans as a joke (since Blog is fannish punch) and given the unlikelihood of any real con making all the above mistakes, a number of people came to the conclusion that the whole thing must be a hoax. Since hoax cons abound (such as Hoodoocon at NonCon this year), this was not entirely an unreasonable conclusion. More bad PR for Constellation.

Up until NonCon, I might have ended my article here and simply warned everyone away (as did Linda Ross-Mansfield in the latest issue of NORTHERN LIGHTS). However, I had the opportunity of talking to Myles Bos (Deputy-Chair) and Laurie Bridgman (Communications) at NonCon. These two at least, seemed more than willing to listen to advice and to seek contact with fandom at large. They were also able to demonstrate some of the things the concom had got right:

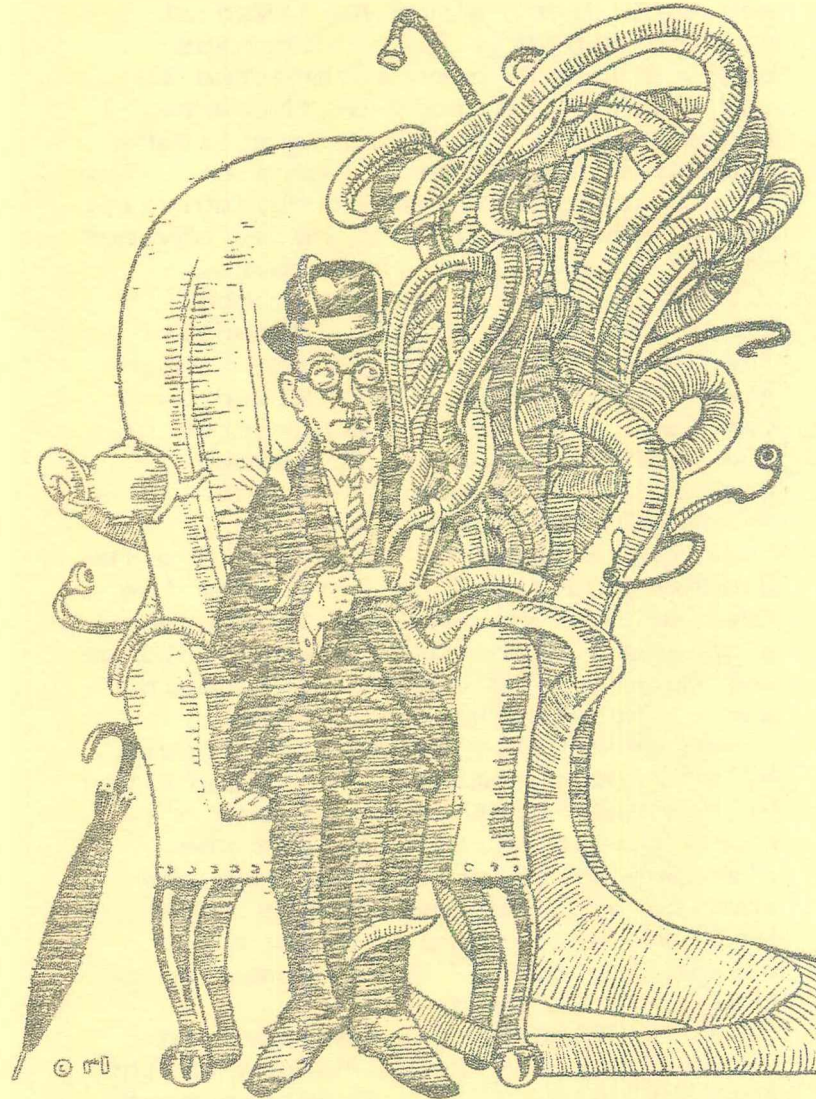
-PR has been handled well. I found the flyer to be pretty good, with one of the best con logos ever. (For my nonCanadian readers I should explain that Victoria is Canada's retirement city and is a throwback to Edwardian England--thus the alien serving high tea to an English gentleman is uniquely appropriate here.) The Progress Report was reasonably well done, and self-

financing through the sale of advertizing.

-Booking the Empress does allow Constellation to cash in on the hotel's reputation, particularly as the world's last bastion of Edwardian culture. High tea has an anachronistic flavour that should appeal to fans.

-The concom members have made a concerted effort to attend a number of out-of-town cons between now and Constellation. And, if the two I met at NonCon were any indication, there are some intelligent, enthusiastic and promising people on the committee.

Can Constellation Con '83 be saved? On the basis of my talks



The Constellation Con '83 logo

[...Continued on page 24]

Nils Helmer Frome

Found And Lost

Michael Dann, with Brenda Yvonne

I read Taral Wayne's article, "Same As It Ever Was", in issue #5 and enjoyed it very much. However, on the second read-through, I noticed the lack of concrete information and the number of guesses about Nils Frome. Taral made one suggestion that really made me curious. He speculated that Frome was a soldier, since he lived at Camp 5, Bloedel, B.C. Perhaps because I have been interested in the military history of the area, I wondered that there was a military camp that I had never heard of. The answer occurred to me fairly quickly, but probably would not be as obvious to Taral who lives in Toronto.

One of B.C.'s largest lumber companies is MacMillan-Bloedel. The name of the town (which is ten miles north of Campbell River on Vancouver Island) is suggestive of the lumber company. It seemed reasonable to assume that the enigmatic Nils Frome was, in reality, a logger. Armed with a few guesses and a lot of help from the rest of Spuz-Manor [the Vancouver slant shack where Dann lives--Ed.] we set out to find out what we could about the elusive Nils Frome.

We eventually managed to locate Nils Frome's family. He is survived by his half-brother Louie and Louie's wife Alice. We had the pleasure of interviewing them and looking at a lot of Frome's later work and what remains of his personal papers. Nils Frome, unfortunately, is dead.

Nils Helmer Frome was born in Ratansbryn, Jamtland, Sweden on the 10th of July, 1918. Upon the death of his mother (about a year later) he was sent to live with friends of the family. When his father was again in a position to care for him, Helmer (as his family calls him) was

about 4 years old. With a typical strong-willed mind, the child decided that he wanted to remain with the foster family, who later adopted him.

He came to Canada with them in 1924 and later lived in Fraser Mills, where he attended Millstead school. He later attended the vocational art school in Vancouver. Helmer was very much a "loner" as a child and throughout his life. He seems to have had few (if any) close friends, spending most of his time collecting science fiction, reading history, drawing and writing. We had hoped to find a copy of his (and Canada's) first fanzine, or at least its title, but there are no copies of anything he might have written in the possession of the family. So the title of Canada's first zine may never be known.

After leaving school, Helmer went to work in the lumber camps and mills. He was a tall and fairly healthy-looking young man, unmistakably of Scandinavian ancestry. He worked in the local area and moved over to Camp 5, where he worked in the cookhouse. He had managed to do some sketches of the camps. He seems to have been unhappy with his life and what he was doing, changing jobs at irregular but frequent intervals. Helmer had some emotional problems in his dealings with other people. He spent a fair bit of time trying to work them out, but they would continue to torment him.

Much of Helmer's moving around seems to have resulted from his being a loner and from a creative mind that quickly became bored with any situation. He seems to have been unable to communicate with many of his fellow workers, due to his above-average intelligence and his inability to communicate on the more

mundane level. He started to drink in his early twenties, which caused him some trouble in keeping jobs. It later developed into a real drinking problem.

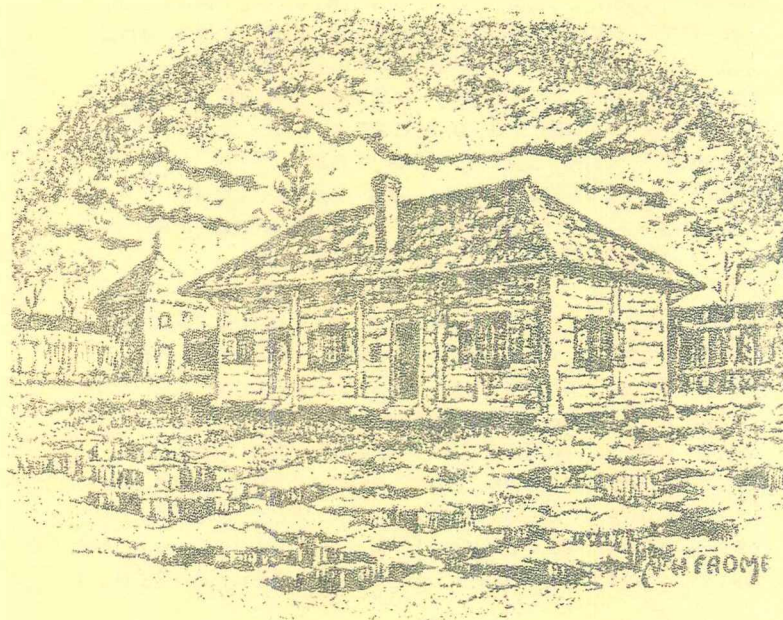
Frome spent the war "frozen" on the job in the lumber camps. "Freezing" meant that one was in a strategically important occupation and could not be released to enlist. Skilled lumbermen were in short supply and so were frozen. Helmer never had the chance to go into the forces, though his brother suggests that he wouldn't have wanted to anyway. It was about the end of the war he seems to have dropped out of fandom.

Over the next few years, he had a number of jobs before going to work in Tahsis. There are a number of his drawings done in camp there. They are somewhat similar to the illustration in NCF #5. The eyes were 'strange'. His family noted that "he never could draw eyes". While in Tahsis, he became ill with a bowel obstruction that nearly killed him, sending him to hospital for 76 days. The resulting medical problem left him unable to perform heavy work of the type he had been doing. This was June 1953.

After he got out of the hospital, Helmer had a period of readjustment. He had started to draw more while in hospital. There are a number of sketches of the patients and nurses. After a while, Helmer started to work as an artist, doing some freelance work, but mostly as a salaried employee of various companies. He appears to have done some of the design work on the restoration of the Cariboo Goldrush town of Barkerville while working for the Department of Recreation and Conservation of B.C. An illustration that he did of Billy Barker (after whom the town was named) was used on the Department letterhead. Some of his work for the project was used on the covers of such magazines as the QUEBREL ADVERTISER and NORTH WEST DIGEST. Helmer also did much of the research for the restoration project. There are a number of old photographs that were used on the project still in his papers along with his notes. Some of the Barkerville drawings include the mannikin

layouts for the dioramas and the photos of the finished displays. He left the dept. to try his hand as an artist due to his failing health, boredom, his drinking problem, and a desire to see more of the province.

After the civil service, Helmer spent much of his time on his art. He tried to make his living as a commercial artist in the Lower Mainland of B.C., while touring the rest of the province on motorcycle. On these trips Helmer took photographs that he would use in his work. He had a fair bit of success, but unfortunately, he didn't make a go of it financially. Among his more interesting projects was a series of drawings that ran under his byline in THE BRITISH COLUMBIAN newspaper in New Westminster. These ran at the apparent rate of one drawing every few days. Some of the more interesting sketches are to be found in the December 1957-January 1958 issues. Some of these same drawings were also sold to other papers and magazines outside the Lower Mainland area. In this period, he tried to sell the illustrations as postcards. The illustration reprinted here seems to be the only one that actually made it into production.



The examples of his art that have survived in his papers have nothing to do with fandom. There are a few drawings that seem to have an element of fantasy to them, but most

are of buildings, ships, trains, and places. They are almost uniformly well drawn. He had a magnificent hand for the lines and the feel of objects. The few portraits of animals have a loving touch and dry sense of humour to them that his illustrations of people lack. After seeing one of his portraits, we had the opportunity of meeting the model. It was hard to believe that the attractive young woman (his niece) was the same person in Frome's hard and unflattering drawing with its harsh eyes. Mostly it was the eyes. "He never could draw eyes." Throughout his drawings the eyes were sombre, dark, brooding, and somehow frightening. Perhaps his inability to understand people expressed itself in the eyes of his portraits. The only portraits which did not suffer from the "strange" eyes were those of a few relatives and close friends.

After his financial failure as an artist in B.C., and troubled with the problems that continued to torment him, he went to visit his family in Sweden. About a year later his adopted family in B.C. was informed that Nils Helmer Frome was found dead in the Hydro Hotel in Llandudno, Caernarvonshire, Wales. He had been working on oddjobs and as a part-time boilerman for the hotel. His diary reveals that he had considered suicide for some time. The date was the 27th of March, 1962. He was less than 44 years old. He had one three-penny piece in his possession.

[Editor's note: When Michael Dann submitted this article to me, he remarked that he was haunted by the feeling that Nils was a typical fan, but who lacked a fandom to join. Had there been an organized local fandom in Vancouver in the fifties as there is today, Nils' life might have turned out quite differently.]

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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IMPENDING DISASTER IN VICTORIA

...Continued from page 211

with Myles and Laurie I am inclined to be a bit more optimistic about Constellation Con's chances. I think they can still pull it off IF AND ONLY IF they (1)drop one of the two hotels (and judging by its lack of cooperation so far, preferably the Empress, in spite of its advantages); (2)drop all of its paid guests other than the official GoH's (Damon Knight, Kate Wilhelm, & Bjo Trimble); (3)scale down the entire operation to about 400 attendees (which is still aiming high in these days of recession); and (4)achieve a reconciliation with the local clubs and get help. Otherwise the con is doomed.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH:

"Egoboo is like a drug; either you learn to live without it, or you need larger and larger doses."

---Mike Sutton, December 1979

Off The Shelf

doug barbour

SF FOR YOUNG ADULTS

Monica Hughes' Isis trilogy is a great example of science fiction for young adults and this is a difficult kind of fiction to do well. In *GUARDIAN OF ISIS* (Fleet Publishers, 140pp, \$12.95) and *THE ISIS PEDLAR* (Fleet Publishers, 121 pp, \$12.95), the Edmonton author completes the story she began in *THE KEEPER OF THE ISIS LIGHT*. It is a story of young individuals passing through ethical rites of passage, but it is also the story of a whole community as it loses touch with civilization and then finds the chance to begin creating one of its own.

In *GUARDIAN OF ISIS*, the community of settlers on the planet Isis has stayed in one valley where Mark London, the boy who could not face Olwen, the young Keeper altered by surgery to survive on Isis, has achieved complete control over the people. By telling them myths, creating taboos about where they can go, and hiding all technology, he has forced them back to a Primitive Agricultural Phase. Only Jody N'Kumo, grandson of the youngest settler, has an inquiring mind, and this gets him into trouble, especially with President London. London finally sends him from the valley to seek out the Guardian, who appears to have helped him solve some small problems, but he intends for Jody to die in the oxygen-poor highlands.

Jody not only survives, he finds Olwen and her golden robot companion and tells them much they don't know about the community they have lived

apart from for seventy years. In return, they tell him the truth about his origins. Jody has to go back, both to save the valley from flooding and to prepare himself to be a leader one day with the kind of knowledge his people will need. How he does this and what he learns from his experiences form the emotional core of the novel.

THE ISIS PEDLAR takes place sixteen years later. Both Olwen and Mark London are dead, but London's repressive, backward-looking rule is carried on by his son. The pedlar of the title is an interstellar rogue who defies Quarantine on the planet to attempt a massive 'sting' on the simple inhabitants. There are two protagonists: David N'Kumo, Jody's nephew, and Moira Flynn, the pedlar's daughter. Both must pass through trials in order to save the community from its own greed and Michael Flynn's manipulation of it. They do so, and fall in love as well. At the end Jody N'Kumo becomes President and is wise enough to see that Isis must take its own time and its own way to civilization if its people are ever to control their own destiny. Moira elects to stay with Jody and help in the rebuilding.

What raises these books far above the average are Hughes' skills as a writer. Her characters are well developed and they think as well as feel; her descriptions of alien landscapes are evocative; and her narratives never slacken. Finally, the moral dimension, while never obtrusive, is always present.



Joan D. Vinge also knows how to keep a narrative moving, and in *PISON* (Doubleday Canada, 346pp, \$16.95), she maintains a tense pace throughout. *PSION* is Ms. Vinge's first novel for young adults, and on the whole this story of a juvenile delinquent who finds a reason to live in his special talents and the people he comes to share them with is successful.

Cat tells his own story of living in the slum of a great world, being caught and saved from transportation because of his ESP potential. In fact he is the half-breed son of the union between human and Hydran—one of a race of highly developed ESPers who have almost been wiped out by human expansion—and much of his anti-social behaviour is the result of being branded a freak. Vinge nicely develops Cat's slowly maturing sense of social responsibility and ability to love another.

She is less successful with the thriller aspect of the novel—the ESPers' attempts to foil a master criminal's attempt to gain control of the Federation's most important element. Although she forces Cat through some very hard times—the death of a friend and slave labour—Cat's presence as narrator lessens the suspense. The background of a stellar civilization is well drawn, however, and there's no sense that Cat's rite of passage is easy or cheap.

Vinge says she would like to write about Cat's later life. If she does, will she write for adults or the youth market? Either way, I'm interested. Though not yet as sure with her material in this genre as Monica Hughes is, she has created a worthwhile novel. In fact, all three of these books would make fine Christmas gifts for any young person who enjoys good science fiction.

THREE BIG NAMES

MOLLY ZERO (Clarke, Irwin & Co, 224pp, \$23.95) is Keith Roberts' first novel in six years and, as is

to be expected from a writer of his talent and vision, it's a powerful one. The titular hero begins life in the creches of an elite ruling class of an England struggling back from complete collapse two centuries from now. In the "Blocks", the youngsters are taught they are free to choose their own lives but they are not told much about real life outside. As a teenager, Molly escapes with a young man who convinces her that "They" want to imprison her.

The bulk of the story concerns Molly's encounters with various ways of life in the Balkanized Britain of 2400 AD. She lives and works in a small town; joins a gypsy caravan; and finally lives with a group of middle-class terrorists in London who are all too similar to their kind today. Throughout Molly blunders into one emotional mine-field after another, displaying a great capacity for love but also a lack of insight concerning what people are doing to her. Through her appallingly innocent eyes we see the world of the future more clearly than she does and also see how the "lessons"—what turns out to be an extended "test"—slowly teach her to smother the spark of real spirit she possesses.

MOLLY ZERO is something of a tour-de-force, as it is written entirely in the second person, which at first seems affected but works finally to engage us in Molly's experiences. Roberts' handling of natural description and emotional conflict are as sure as ever. A fine, sad novel of spiritual struggle and loss.

What THE COMPASS ROSE (Beaverbooks, 275pp, \$20.50) clearly demonstrates is that Ursula K. Le Guin can no longer be defined by any genre categorizations: she is simply a damn fine writer. A moral fabulist, perhaps, she can handle any kind of story from the most purely realistic to the mock pedantic, touching all the bases of magic realism, science fiction, fantasy, and dream fable in between. She tries all the emotional chords, too, from slapstick comedy right up

to a kind of political tragedy.

There are twenty-one stories in THE COMPASS ROSE, which Le Guin has placed under the six directions as she understands them. All are enjoyable; some are immensely powerful. Perhaps most moving are the novels, "The New Atlantis", "The Diary of a Rose", and "The Pathways of Desire", all stories which fit the sf category, all stories with an utopian or dystopian edge. "The Diary of a Rose", about how a rebellious thinker leads a young psychiatric technician to see his political vision before the authorities she's never questioned destroy his mind, is especially worthy. Other stories explore aspects of love, desire, language, hope, and much else. Among the lighter pieces, "Sur", an 'unpublished' report of an expedition to the South Pole by a group of South American women in 1909, is the richest in its bland Borgesian ironies and delightfully old fashioned feminine concern not to hurt the feelings of the men who later made it or died trying.

THE COMPASS ROSE is a treasure trove of fine, entertaining fiction, but more importantly, it shows that Ursula K. Le Guin is still growing as a writer. What riches can we anticipate next from her?

Robert Silverberg's WORLD OF A THOUSAND COLORS (Beaverbooks, 329pp, \$20.95) is also an entertaining collection of stories, although it doesn't show what he is doing now. Rather it is a frankly nostalgic look at the youthful and prodigiously prolific Silverberg who used to pour out stories for the many magazines of the late fifties. Although Silverberg has also included some stories from the late sixties, a period when he wrote some of his best novels and fewer but better shorter works.

From the first, Silverberg was a competent writer, a professional who could be counted on to deliver a story when he promised it. Nevertheless, he was also a facile writer, eager to give his editors just what they wanted. The fifties stories are entertaining, but they

lack the philosophical and psychological depth of such later fictions as "Something Wild is Loose" or "How It Was When the Past Went Away". Even such obvious attempts at seriousness as the title story or "The Man Who Never Forgot" seem thin and conventional.

Still, as a kind of nostalgic reminder of a time when sf was mostly light entertainment, *WORLD OF A THOUSAND COLORS* is fine; and the few later stories show how one writer matured into something of an artist in his field. No mean feat, and worth celebrating.

FANTASY PAPERBACKS

In *A LOST TALE* (Beaverbooks, 206pp, \$2.50), Dale Estey takes us to the Isle of Man during World War II and shows us that Druidism is not only a living faith there but that it may have helped to prevent Hitler from getting the Atom Bomb. It's a good story, with the Druids, the Manxmen, the animals, and a young German soldier with some Druid blood in him, trying to prevent Armageddon. Of course the young German has to be tested: he is new to Druid knowledge and thinks he can serve his military and spiritual causes simultaneously. Only at the end does he discover that he is in Man because some Force needed him there, not to help his father cross the island in secret but to prevent him from doing so.

Estey successfully makes us feel that we are seeing aspects of Manx folklore coming to life. He has a good feel for the speech of the people and for their essentially pastoral lives. The force with which magic impinges on those lives is nicely handled too. For those, like the Druids, who know it, the encounter of the ordinary and the extraordinary worlds is natural. For others, including some other Germans and a British spymaster, it's terrifying. The major characters are finely realized in their eccentricities, some of them humane and loving, some of them crabbed and ugly. All in all, *A LOST TALE* is a

satisfying and entertaining mixture of history and fantasy.

The late Randall Garrett's Lord Darcy mysteries take place in an alternate universe where the Plantagenets have ruled for eight centuries, ever since Richard the Lion Hearted returned from the Crusades after receiving a wound, and where Magic is a science incorporating the laws of ESP. In one sense, then, the stories in *MURDER AND MAGIC* (Beaverbooks, 266pp, \$2.50) are fantasies, yet almost all of the Lord Darcy stories have been published in *ANALOG*, the hard-science sf magazine. The reason is that Garrett has worked out the 'science' of Magic in great detail and so his murder mysteries all depend on logical deduction, even if some of the rules of the game are fantastic.

It's easy to see why *ANALOG* readers would enjoy these tales: they are carefully worked out, full of extensive explanation, and appeal more to the intellect than to the emotions. The alternate history in which the Angol-French Empire rules the West, the Polish Empire the East, with German states a buffer zone between, is worked out in some detail, and the manners and mores of a hierarchical culture where Protestantism never held sway are carefully described. These are good fun; intriguing puzzles neatly solved.

In her first novel, *THE IDYLLS OF THE QUEEN* (Beaverbooks, 341pp, \$2.95), Phyllis Ann Carr also essays what the subtitle says is "An Arthurian Murder Mystery". Set in the neverland of Malory's Logres, this novel concentrates on the few weeks following the death by poison of Sir Patrice at one of Queen Guenevere's dinners. When Patrice's kinsman, Sir Mador, accuses the Queen, knights are sent out to seek Lancelot so that he might defend her honour. Among the searchers are Sir Kay, the King's Seneschal and foster brother, Sir Mordred, and his brothers, and the sons of Lot, Gawaine, Gaheris, Gareth, and

Agravaine.

Carr's smartest move in her retelling of one small part of the Arthurian legend is to make Kay, whose tongue is ever too sharp and whose love for Guenevere has never been returned as was Lancelot's, the narrator. As he and Mordred seek the Lady of the Lake and, later, Morgan Le Fay, they argue and confess and discover the truth about various earlier battles among the knights. It is this knowledge that finally leads Kay to the answer he seeks.

The mystery is well enough handled, but it's Carr's characterizations of Kay, Mordred, Nimue, and Morgan, especially, which gives this slight entertainment depth. Both Mordred and Morgan offer intriguing defences of their lives, and Kay, of course, reveals himself throughout the narrative. By creating interesting figures, whose differences from the conventional portraits of them in earlier tellings of the tale is what makes them so interesting, Carr has enlivened what would otherwise be a quite ordinary fantasy.

[These reviews have previously appeared in the TORONTO STAR.]

CONTRADICTION 2

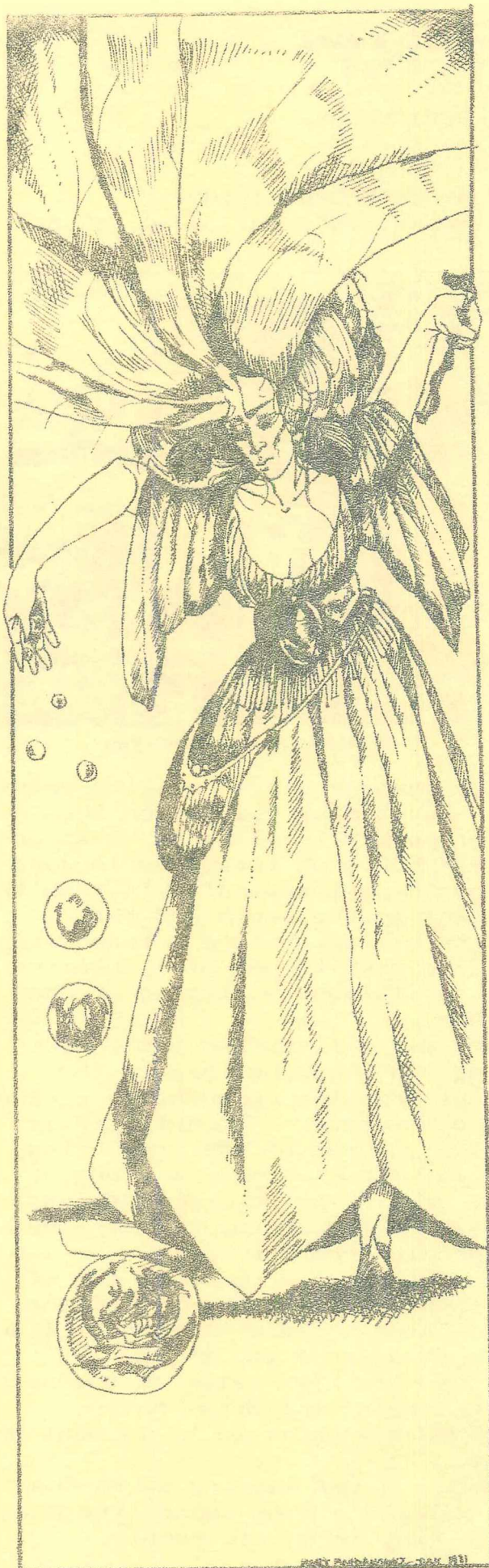
...Continued from page 173

the omnipresent STAR TREK BLOOPERS.

Other than the well-stocked consuite, the Elessar's Archives, the con was almost an nonevent. We enjoyed the con, in spite of the con itself. However, the concom is going to have to get off their backsides and start thinking of double-track programming for future cons. They didn't even have single-track programming this time. If I had staged this convention, I'm not sure I would want to admit it. Perhaps that's a bit strong, but these people are going to have to give a lot more thought to decent and interesting programming if they want people, including me, to come back for Contradiction 3.

[---Lloyd Penney, Toronto]

[Now you now why it's called Contradiction!]



CANADIAN CONTENT

BOOK REVIEWS BY
KEITH SOLTYS

EYAS by CRAWFORD KILIAN
Seal Books, Toronto, 354pp. \$2.50



Cover art for Crawford Kilian's EYAS

The passage of ten million years has wrought many changes on the Earth and its inhabitants. Vancouver Island is an island no longer; a narrow channel separates it from the mainland to the south and the Straits of Georgia are a tranquil bay. Several tribes of fishermen live in villages scattered around the bay.

One day a fisherman spots a strange ship racing through the channel from the ocean hotly pursued by another ship. The ship sinks with only three of its crew being rescued: a noblewoman, a young boy and a baby. The boy, Brightspear, is heir to the throne of the Suns, his people from the south. He and Eyas (the baby) grow up in one of the fishing villages until Brightspear tries to rape a young girl and is banished from the tribe. He returns some time later at the head of an army of the Suns; having regained his heritage he is bent on revenge.

Such a brief summary makes Crawford Kilian's EYAS sound like one of the many formulaic heroic

fantasies currently polluting the newstands. In this case appearances are deceptive for EYAS is a fine solid science fiction novel. Kilian does use many of the techniques of the heroic fantasy novel--the enmity between fosterlings, the epic quest, the setting in the decadent remnants of a great civilization--but there is no magic and the few elements of the fantastic are used sparingly.

Eyas and Brightspear battle each other in a quest for control of a continent peopled by the creatures of mythology: centaurs, the winged Windwalkers, and the feline lotors.

Guided by visions from the dead, Eyas eventually leaves the Earth to visit the long lost Skyland.

Kilian has pulled off a neat trick with this book. A book that is at first glance an epic fantasy gradually metamorphosizes into a hard science fiction novel. EYAS shares some elements of Silverberg's LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE--the epic scope, the richly detailed setting, the dead guiding the living in dreams--but in EYAS the science fiction elements become much more prominent.

The one major flaw of the book is its length. Like Silverberg, Kilian has a tendency to get caught up in the wonders of his newly created world. Unlike Silverberg, he isn't a master of prose style and doesn't quite pull it off. If the book had been 25% shorter it might have been a lot more than 25% more effective.

As it is, EYAS is more than mildly entertaining but less than a masterpiece. It does show definite growth in skill over Kilian's earlier two books, THE EMPIRE OF TIME and ICEQUAKE.

Crawford Kilian currently teaches English at Capilano College in North Vancouver. He has written children's books, radio plays and a highly regarded history, GO DO SOME GREAT THING: THE BLACK PIONEERS OF BRITISH COLOMBIA. AFTERSHOCK, the sequel to ICEQUAKE, is in the works.

CAT KARINA by MICHAEL CONEY
Ace, New York, 1982, 294pp. \$2.75

I suspect that readers may be put off by books that cross over clearly defined genre lines--if the manuscripts ever get past the publishers in the first place. That would be unfortunate if it cause them to miss books like Michael Coney's latest nove, CAT KARINA. Its setting (the far future) and background elements (genetic manipulation and lost technology) make it sf, but in tone and style it owes much more to fantasy.

About 125,000 years in the future humans share the Earth with the specialists, a number of genetically engineered races. The specialists include the cai-men descended from crocodiles, the shrugleggers descended from some long forgotten alien race, and the cat-like felinos. They live together relatively peacefully in a social system that has remained stable and technologically stagnant for thousands of years.

Towns are linked together by sailcars, windpowered ship-like vehicles riding wooden rails. One day Karina, a young felino, falls from a sailcar and breaks her leg. She is rescued by a mysterious human woman who heals Karina and tells her that she will play a major role in the history of the various races.

Meanwhile, a young human engineer rebels against the age old prohibition against using metal and builds a sailcar faster than a running mule. This threatens to upset the delicate balance of power between the various races. Karina's father leads a bloody rebellion by the felinos and Karina finds herself caught up in a series of events that eerily echo the prophecy of the mysterious woman.

Coney has made intelligent use of myth and legend to give CAT KARINA a richness and resonance that no plot summary can convey. This is matched by the inventiveness and detail of his setting. The following

describes the tump, an elephant-like food animal:

"The Song of Earth makes little mention of the tump. It is not a flamboyant animal. It does not capture the imagination of the listener in the way that the kikihuahua space bats do, with their thousand kilometre wingspan; or the beacon hydras whose roots have been known to permeate an entire plante and throw it into a new orbit. No, the tump is a dull lump of meat. On the happentrack of our story it is doomed--although, as you will hear, there are happentracks on which the tump thrived and multiplied."

The emphasis on myth and legend does tend to distance the reader from the characters. They become archtypes rather than real people and this, coupled with a number of narrative shifts, weakens the impact of the book. A tighter focus on Karina would have avoided some of these problems.

There are some interesting similarities between CAT KARINA and Crawford Kilian's EYAS. Both books share the setting of a distant future Earth, peopled by multiple races arising from genetic engineering. Both assume that mankind will go to space and return, abandoning technology for a pastoral existence. Both are vividly written and inventive. EYAS is wider in scope while CAT KARINA has a denser and richer narrative.

(There are also parallels between these two books and Gene Wolf's BOOK OF THE NEW SUN and Terry Carr's unjustly neglected CIRQUE. Perhaps we are seeing here the birth of yet another sub-genre of SF.)

I enjoyed CAT KARINA, with some reservations. The ending of the book suggest a sequel is possible and I wouldn't be disappointed to see one.

Michael Coney is a British-born author now living in British Columbia. Of his previous novels, I would particularly recommend CHARISMA and THE JAWS THAT BITE, THE CLAWS THAT CATCH.

FRIENDLY ALIENS

Edited by John Robert Colombo
Hounslow Press, 124 Parkview Ave.,
Willodale, Ontario M2N 3Y5, 1981,
181 pp., paper, \$8.95

Author and anthologist John Robert Colombo has long been interested in Canadian science fiction and fantasy. He has compiled and edited the first anthology (OTHER CANADAS) and the first bibliography (CDN SF & F) of Canadian sf and fantasy as well as NOT TO BE TAKEN AT NIGHT, a collection of Canadian tales of mystery and the supernatural, and YEARS OF LIGHT about the Canadian fan Leslie Croutch.

FRIENDLY ALIENS is a companion volume to the earlier anthology, OTHER CANADAS but takes a somewhat different tack. It's an anthology of sf and fantasy written by non-Canadians and set in Canada. As might be expected, the view of Canada presented in these stories is decidedly strange. Colombo says in his introduction that Canada is seen as a dark and haunted land populated by mythic and often deadly creatures. August Derleth's "The Thing That Walked On The Wind" is based on the myth of the Wendigo while Chelsea Quinn Yarbo's "Swan Song" uses Scandinavian myths to chilling effect.

The vastness of the north invites tales of lost races as in A.E. Merritt's "People Of The Pit" and John Russell Fearn's "Arctic God". Not all the settings though are uniquely Canadian. Vincent Starrett's "The Tattooed Man" could just as easily have been set in New York as Toronto.

Stories by Algernon Blackwood, Jack London, Robert W. Chambers, H.P. Lovecraft, George Allan England, M.P. Shiel and James Tiptree are also included. Few of the stories have much literary merit though they remain interesting when placed in historical context. Colombo has thoughtfully included a brief bibliographic and biographic introduction with each story.

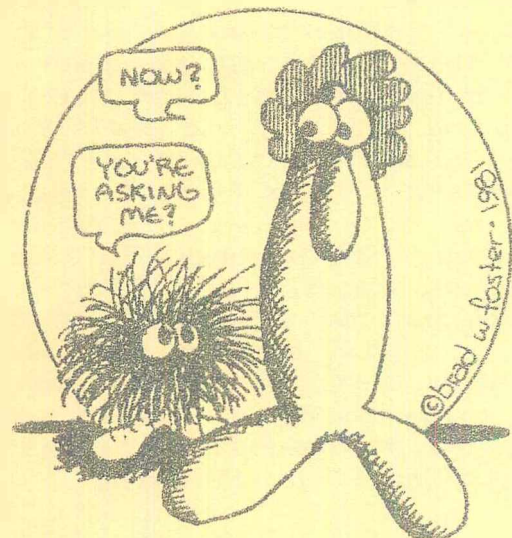
Only two of the stories are from the 1970's, while the earliest, Jack

London's "A Relic Of The Pliocene", dates from 1901. The anthology might have been more readable had Colombo tried to include some more contemporary material.

Colombo has also included a 1942 essay by Donald Wolheim called "Wither Canadian Fantasy". Wolheim says that Canadian sf writers should try to create a different kind of sf from that being written in the US or Britain. "Canadian science fiction thus must find itself. It must learn to create its own vision based on its own tomorrows; it must think out in advance the features of its world during the next centuries. sing of the triumphs that shall come when that frontier is crossed and conquered. Canadian writers must cease trying to imitate American or British writing, they must find themselves and use the vision which Canada itself supplies them." It's been forty years since that essay was written but the points that Wolheim raises are still being discussed today in the pages of this and other magazines.

As an anthology of fiction, FRIENDLY ALIENS isn't very successful. Most of the stories are either bad, or dated, or both. It's much more interesting as a collection of historical curiosities and if your interests lie in this area, then give it a try.

[A shorter version of this review appeared in the May 1982 issue of SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY BOOK REVIEW.]



WHAT IS A CANADIAN SCIENCE FICTION WRITER?

BY SPIDER ROBINSON

Q: Mommy, what's a Canadian?

A: Someone who is arguing about who *isn't* a Canadian, dear.

In the Olden Days, a couple of years ago, the Canadian Science Fiction & Fantasy Award was created by John Bell, Bob Atkinson, George Allanson and Sheldon Goldman, and the idea spread like tamefire across the country. The first CSFFA was awarded at Halcon to Mr. A.E. Van Vogt, with the idea that in future years, the award would rotate around the country, giving each region a chance to present it. A fine idea, says I. But this year a radical change has been made in the rules by a three-person committee.

Mr. Robert Runté, a member of that committee, argues in correspondence with me that the rules have *not* been changed, and that the changes are for the better. Overlooking the contradiction, he is wrong on both points. Under the new rules, the award is only for works "...by a Canadian *citizen* resident in Canada at the time of publication." (*italics theirs, not mine.*) The original rules are quite specific: the award was intended *by its creators* for works "by Canadian natives (regardless of period of residence) and current residents (regardless of their place of birth)." Both Bell and Atkinson maintain that their specific purpose was to make eligibility as wide as possible, to incorporate "anyone substantially connected with Canada," with particular awareness that some of the best-known writers associated with Canada either are not citizens or were not resident here at time of publication: eg., Gordon R. Dickson, Judith Merrill, William Gibson, Michael Coney—and, of course, the first CSFFA winner, Van Vogt! If, as Runté maintains, the rules have not been changed, we're going to have to ask Van for his award back.

Runté says the rules were "clarified" because "we have to draw the line somewhere, and citizenship is fairly cut and dry." Fathers and teachers, I ponder the question: *why* do we have to draw the line *anywhere*?

Look ye at the name: Canadian Science Fiction & Fantasy Award. Surely we can all agree on a definition of "award", yes?—but how about a definition of "Science Fiction & Fantasy," shouldn't we take care of that before we get to the "Canadian" part? How do we define SF&F? Well, the problem is, on one has ever been able to define science fiction, in a way which does not exclude at least a few masterpieces which everyone agrees to be SF even though they don't fit the definition. The only generally accepted definition, the one the World Science Fiction Society uses to determine eligibility for a Hugo, is Damon Knight's classic: "Science Fiction is what I am pointing to when I say 'science fiction'". The World Fantasy people use the same criterion for the Howards: if the voters think it's fantasy, it's fantasy.

Now: why not use the same criterion for the definition of a "Canadian"? A Canadian is anyone who points at himself and says, "Canadian." Anyone whom voters think of as Canadian.

Or, if for some reason a line of some kind must really be drawn (which seems, in light of the non-nationalistic nature of science fiction, *uniquely* inappropriate), then in Heaven's name *why* not follow the precedents set by the Canada Council, the CRTC, and every single other federal or provincial cultural agency which has ever tried to wrestle with this silly question, and use a residency requirement? (I am *not* suggesting this, just noting that it is measurably less silly than the present rules.) If Residents are eligible to *vote* for the award, why not to *win* it?

I wrote to Mr. Runté expressing these views, and suggesting a national fan referendum or plebiscite. Most politely and amiably he agree, and that is what I'm doing here suinting up your damned reading light, riffing this all out. I think you, the Canadian fan, rather than a three-person committee, should decide who is Canadian.

Plainly I cannot claim disinterest. As the rules now stand, *I* (presenter of the first CSFFA to Van) am ineligible for a CSFFA—along with Bill Gibson, Gordy and the others. I'll concede that to add a CSFFA to the Hugos, the Nebulas, and the dozen and a half *oyher* assorted Canadian, Australian, and American awards around the house would

be more fun than being poked in the eye with a sharp stick—but I feel it would be grotesque if I were to be offered one before it had gone to certain other folk, including Judy Merrill, Phyllis Goble, Gordy, Charlie Saunders, et. al. (some of whom do not presently qualify). I didn't get into this to campaign for another award—but I must admit I'm insulted not to even be eligible. These new rules say that I am not a Canadian science fiction writer, and that is news to me. I qualify to pick your pocket for tax dollars from the Canada Council (although I have never done so and do not plan to), and I *pay* over 40% of my income into that common pot so that the bastards in Ottawa can pick *my* pocket. I meet all Canadian-Content standards for TV or radio. I admit that I do *not* spend my winters in Florida, but I don't feel that full-time residence in Canada should necessarily disqualify me as a Canadian. I have lived in Canada for 80% of my writing life (for comparison, Van lived in Canada for less than 12% of his career so far), I have used Canadian settings and characters in two of my three novels and at least a dozen short stories, I am married to a Canadian citizen, have appeared on CANADA AM and a dozen other national TV shows, been on MORNINGSIDE and umpty zillion radio programmes, have been written up in MacLeans, the GLOBE AND MAIL and other periodicals, newspapers and anthologies, am widely known as a Canadian to anyone who has ever heard me lecture or read one of my books or review columns or scanned the "About The Author" section in any of my novels, and am presently Chairman of the Executive Council of the Writers Federation of Nova Scotia. Am I, after all, in my tenth year of residence in Nova Scotia, *not* a Canadian, simply because (for reasons which are nobody else's business, and certainly irrelevant here) I choose to retain paper U.S. citizenship?

I cannot, of course, prove that I would still be here arguing this question even if I were a Canadian citizen. But I like to think so.

I have received strong expressions of support on this from Bill Gibson, Gordy Dickson, and Van. How does Canadian fandom feel? Is citizenship what defines a Canadian? Shall we ask Van for his award back?

Take off, eh?

WHY WE NEED A CANADIAN CSFFA

BY ROBERT RUNTE

Spider Robinson is like the man who professes a profound love for his mistress, but who nevertheless refuses to divorce his wife and marry her, because he wants to retain all the rights and advantages of his first marriage. Understandable, perhaps, but one has to expect a certain amount of static from friends of his mistress who may be inclined to doubt his complete sincerity and commitment. Mr. Robinson is a Canadian except on those occasions when it suits him to pull out his American passport and be an American for awhile. While I quite sympathize with his desire to have his cake and eat it too, I do feel it is a bit much to expect an award on top of everything else.

Mr. Robinson is right about one thing though. The original rules for the CSFFA he quotes from award-founder John Bell are certainly different than those I was given by award-founder Bob Atkinson when he originally approached me to serve as Western Canada's representative on the national committee. For example, the rules I was told included sf criticism, short stories, artwork, etc., but the copy of the rules sent me by Robinson specifies *books*. And there now seems some question as to whether there even *is* a national committee, so that Robinson insists that the rules were changed by the three-person administration committee for 1982 which I chair, while I was pretty sure it was the national committee chaired by Bob Atkinson. However, it doesn't really matter. Whether Mr. Robinson is initiating the plebiscite to change the rules to make non-Canadian citizens eligible, or I'm seen as initiating the plebiscite to change the rules to restrict the award to Canadian citizens, we all agree that there should be a referendum to decide the question once and for all, and that it is too important a question to be left to a handful of individuals, whether founders, national committee, or local yearly administration committee.

Why do we need a Canadian SF&F award? The award, as I see it, has two purposes.

(a) to spotlight the best Canadian SF&F in a given year, and (b) to remind the world of the considerable (but largely unrecognized) body of Canadian SF and fantasy which already exists. This is reflected in the two categories for the CSFFA, with eligibility based on either the best work of the previous year, or on 'lifetime contributions to the field'. (The second category, incidently, insure a high standard for the CSFFA, because in a 'poor year', the award can go to a past-master rather than to a substandard work or a 'no award' category.) It is hoped that the award will encourage the further development of Canadian SF by (a) providing acknowledgement for superior accomplishment to our best writers, artists, critics, editors, etc., (b) drawing the attention of fans, editors and publishers elsewhere in the world to the best that Canada has to offer, and (c) making Canadians themselves more aware of their own SF and fantasy.

What the award is *not* for is the best SF of the year. There are plenty of other, better established and more prestigious, awards for the best SF of the year. It would be fairly pointless to have an award that merely mirrored the Hugos, Nebulas, Howards, etc. The whole ^{point} of the award is that it be for *Canadian* SF&F.

Why a Canadian award—why not just compete for the Hugos, Nebulas, etc, along with everybody else? Because Canadian SF doesnot get an even break. All the 'international' awards are dominated by Americans because--leave us face it--SF up to now has been predominantly an American genre. I'm not suggesting that American editors look first at the return address before accepting a story for publication--they go strictly on the basis of quality. But a quality Canadian story has less chance of getting published in an American publication than an average American story, because by definition the Canadian story isn't quite what they are looking for. American editors are the product of American culture and an American literary tradition, and interested in American issues and ideas. Canadian issues and Canadian ideas seem to them uninteresting because they are a product of a Canadian culture and a Canadian literary tradition which is simply foreign to them. So the editor bounces the story because it's not quite right for *his* particular publication; not that it's not good, but simply that it's not an *AN* LOG, or an *OMNI*, or an *AMAZING* story. But there *aren't* any large circulation Canadian SF magazines or publishers, so we're out of luck.

So one way of offsetting this disadvantage, this subconscious unintentional bias against Canadian SF is to have an award that says, 'look, there is a Canadian SF and some of it is pretty good, even if it isn't suitable for *ANALOG* or *OMNI*.' And then editors and fans will start taking a second look at the winner's manuscripts, and maybe eventually even compete on an even basis for the 'international' American awards.

So, if you believe that there is no such thing as a Canadian literary tradition, if you don't think that there's a Canadian culture, if you believe that we are all just second-rate Americans, than you won't accept that there is a need for a Canadian award. If "Canadian" is simply a geographic distinction, than it makes no more sense to have a Canadian award than it does to have a Nebraska SF Award, or an award for left-handed authors living in Pittsburg. The whole thing would be pointless and parochial. But if you believe, as I believe, that Canadians have something unique to offer SF, than you will accept not only the concept of an award for Canadian SF, but also that it must be limited to Canadians.

Of course, that still leaves the question of 'what is a Canadian'. I would *like* the award to be limited to "Canadians" in the cultural sense; people who are a product of Canadian culture and tradition, but I am realistic enough to recognize that that is impossible to define. We *could* limit the award to just those born in Canada (as Americans limit Presidential candidates to native Americans) but I believe that a person who arrives in this country when they are six months or six years or even sixty years old can become "Canadians" in the cultural sense if they make an effort to read Canlit and understand our culture. Writers like H.A.Hargreaves, who was born in England but who has been a Canadian citizen for over 35 years, has as much right to consider himself a Canadian as you or I. Hargreaves is writing Canadian SF not only because it deals with Canadian locales, but because it deals with Canadian themes in a Canadian style. Hargreaves work is clearly the product of the Canadian literary tradition, and as such should be eligible for the CSFFA.

But simple residency in Canada is insufficient. Michael Coney, an excellent British author, remains British for all that he now lives on Vancouver Island. Residency (and for how long? 6 days? 6 months? 6 years?) reduces the award to a simple

Editorial

Robert Runté

Well, I haven't completely abandoned the idea of an "all fanzine review" issue. I am now so hopelessly behind, however, that I can no longer maintain the pretense that these will be current zines, so I have decided to go all the way and produce an annual year book. Sometime in March (i.e., April) I will put out an 1982 Canadian Fandom Yearbook, with zine reviews for everything published in 1982 (including also a few from 81 that never got reviewed here), a list of Canadian sf published, and a current list of clubs. So, if you're an author, let me know what you had published this year; if you're a club let me know your current address, membership, dues, activities, etc.; and if you haven't already sent me a copy of your zine, let me see it by the middle of February. THIS MEANS YOU, BCSFAZINE!

Some of the more observant readers may have noticed the absence of my editorial column, SKYWRITING. I was on part five of my series on fanzine editing, and it has been written and ready to go for over a year, but somehow I haven't felt its publication would be a good idea right at the moment. It's entitled, "How To Set And Keep A Schedule For Your Fanzine"

Speaking of which, the Robinson-Runté controversy in this issue states that NCF will have a special issue of locs on that debate in September. Since this is January, I don't think I'm going to make it on time. This debate has already appeared in a number of other zines, and I already have several locs on the matter, but referee Irving Altman informs me that response in the actual voting has been poor so

far. He has therefore extended the deadline for voting on the plebiscite until January 31, in the hopes that its publication in NCF will generate a little more interest. Altman has stated that if he doesn't get a significant number of votes he'll declare the plebiscite null and void, and I agree. We need a quorum of at least a couple of dozen fans or the whole thing becomes a farce. If you believe the Award is important, then how we administer it is equally so. Please vote on the plebiscite.

The Constellation report in this issue presents me with something of a dilemma. On the one hand, I feel I have a responsibility to warn fans away from bad cons, since people invest a lot of time and money to travel to other cities for them. In the old days there were only a few cons around and you went to the nearest one, but today the average fan has to choose between five or six in his/her area. Part of NCF's function is to help the fan consumer make informed choices.

On the other hand, I don't want a warning in NCF to be the cause of a convention failing. A prediction in the fan press is often a self-fulfilling prophecy as fans respond by either avoiding "bad" cons or showing up at "good" ones...And the more fans who show up at the "good" ones, the better they become, and vice versa.

I think Constellation Con '83 has the potential to be a really fine con. February in Victoria is paradise compared to anywhere else in Canada that time of year, and Victoria is about due for a major con. However, the con as currently conceived does not strike me as viable. They must

scale down to a reasonable size, or they will lose their shirts and possibly take the rest of Victoria with them. While I was fairly confident that they were going to make these changes after talking to Myles & Laurie, the last letter I got from the concom would seem to indicate that they have decided to go ahead as originally planned. Well, I hope they prove me wrong and make a go of it.

The current issue of Marty Cantor's *HOLIER THAN THOU* may be of some interest to Canadians because it includes a really fine example of American cultural imperialism---namely an article on why there is no such thing as American cultural imperialism. The article is stunningly written in that it manages to include so many examples of arrogant pro-Americanisms, cliches and misunderstandings of Canadian cultural independence that it is almost a self-parody. Anyone who doubted me when I accused (most) Americans of being incapable of understanding what NCF and Canadian culture are all about is directed to this article, since it sums up very nicely all of the worst aspects of the typical American response to Canadian nationalism. Send \$1.50 or the usual to Marty Cantor, c/o The Smoker's Den, 117 W. Wilson Ave., Glendale, CA 91203, USA, and ask for issue #14. In fact, you should do this even if you aren't interested in refuting his "arguments" on the UnAmericanism of Canadian nationalism, because *HOLIER THAN THOU* is one of the best genzines around. Outside of Canada, I mean.

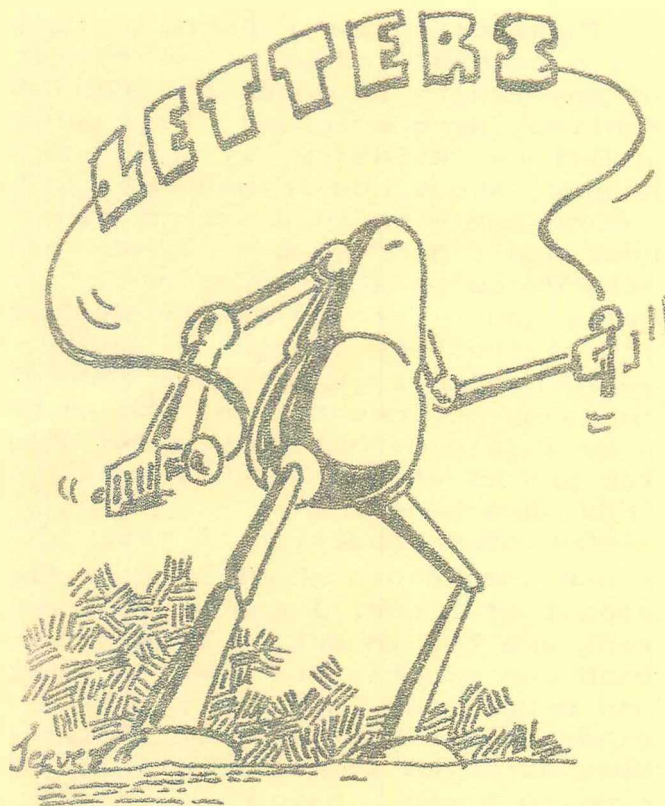
NCF doesn't devote a lot of space to the Hugos and Worldcon reporting because such matters are covered in *LOCUS*, *SF COMMENTARY*, *FILE 770* and other zines in much greater detail than we could manage, and we don't

see the point in duplicating the effort. *FILE 770*, for example, devoted 18 of 22 pages in the last issue to the WorldCon, with 5 pages on the Hugo Awards alone, complete with a 2 page breakdown of the voting, ballot by ballot. This is rather greater coverage than we wish to attempt, and we assume that anyone interested in that sort of thing will probably want to subscribe to *FILE 770* anyway. *FILE 770*, c/o Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave., #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401. 5 for \$3 US (But only after you renew your sub to NCF!)

I would remind everyone that I have moved and that my folks have sold the ancestral home and moved also, so there is not a whole lot of point sending mail to my old address. *THE MONTHLY MONTHLY/THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY* published the final issue over a year ago, and while you are welcome to continue trading for it if you wish, mail addressed to TBM c/o my old address is not going to get very far since the P.O. only forwards mail addressed to "R. Runte".

I would also like to urge people to be more careful when addressing mail to NCF. This past month I've received over 10 items which were incorrectly addressed and which reached me only because the local P.O. is really sharp. Our address is P.O. Box 4655, Southside P.O., Edmonton, Alberta, T6E 5G5.

Finally, I wish to refute everything that Mike said in his editorial last issue. Send all your trades to ME (Robert Runte) c/o the NCF post office box. Mike doesn't read fanzines unless they're about sex, fan feuds, or him, so you're just wasting your time! I read everything I get, usually the same year. More to the point, I'm the one who keeps track of the subscription list, so if you don't send your trades to me, I'll cut you off. So there!



I hope winning the CSFFA will let her know that she does have an appreciative following, and help bring her the outside recognition she deserves.]

Charles Saunders
Box 3261, Stn. C
Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 4J5

I must strenuously object to your referring to me as a "Toronto author". [NCF#4] For the past twelve years I have lived and worked quite happily in Ottawa, and I hope to continue being an "Ottawa author" for a long time to come.

[Sorry, I knew better, but things sometimes get jumbled between the brain and the flying typing fingers.]

David Palter
#22, 1811 Tamarind Ave.
Hollywood CA 90028, USA

Phyllis Gottlieb
29 Ridgevale Drive
Toronto, Ontario M6A 1K9

[In a telegram to Convention3:] I am delighted to thank you at NCF and all voters for giving me the CSFF Award and hope you are able to encourage writers for many years to come.

[In a later letter to NCF:] I am very grateful to have won the Award... I am certainly following two worthy and distinguished recipients, and it is quite an achievement for your organization to have set it up.

** I agree with you that the vote number is nothing at all to sneeze at. Although our population is one-tenth the size of the US, many literate people here read languages other than English, and my booksales in Canada are quite a bit greater than one tenth of their total.*

It was certainly kind of Doug Barbour to accept the award for me; I would also like to thank the sculpture, Franklin Johnson.

[While Phyllis Gottlieb's works have always been well received, the only thing she has ever won previously was a \$1.75 prize for light verse at University in 1945.

My sense of moral outrage is aroused by Leonard Wong's woeful tale of the mistreatment of the Great White North Con at the hands of the hotel. [NCF#4] And Harry Andruschak reminds us again of the mistreatment of some hotels by cons (or portions thereof). Hotels and conventions are shaping up as sort of natural enemies of each other. "Come to Anarchon and help us fight with the hotel!"

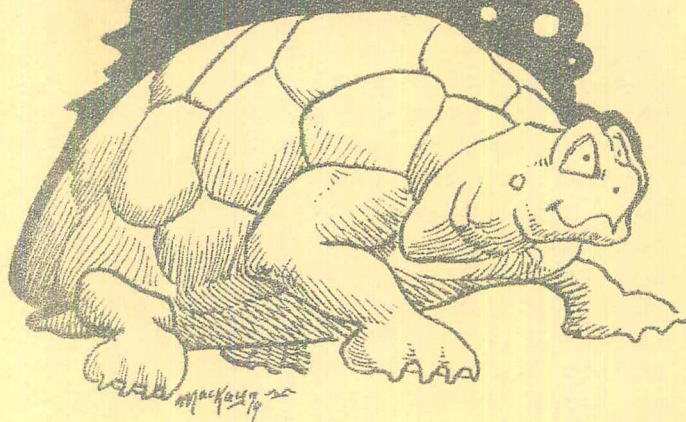
The logical solution seems to be for fans to pool their resources and buy a hotel. Once they become the hotel management, conflict will be minimal and can be worked out as psychotherapy. ("When did you first start hating yourself?" "It began when I overcharged myself for a hotel room.") With any luck a whole fannish chain can be founded, eventually to rival Hyatt. Afterall, Leonard Wong, in spite of what he describes as the "hell and horror" of the Great White North Con, and in spite of a net loss of \$3,000, concludes his report by telling us that he is "looking at 1984 for the next one"--obviously he refuses to be discouraged by anything. Just the sort of person we need to help organize the hotel purchase.

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740, USA

The most interesting thing in NCF#4 to me was the item about John Robert Colombo's plans to produce a book about Les Croutch. Les was one of my favorite fans of all time, I lamented in print somewhere on the fact that so little had been done by fans to honor his memory, and this project is the ideal way of making up for past injustices, no matter how late it comes.

I'm quite aware that Les wasn't the kind of writer who took enough time to make his fanzine contributions as entertaining today as they were when first published. But there's a vitality to everything he wrote, an enthusiasm and joie de vivre that make them better in than the more polished output of more famous fans of the period who wrote deadly dull stuff. Then there's the other handicap of Les' posthumous fame, his failure to attend many cons. Hardly anyone active in fandom today is apt to remember him clearly from face to face encounters.

I'D HAVE MADE A
BETTER FAN HISTORIAN
THAN OL' HARRY....
WHAT WITH MY
TURTLE RECALL....



Those extensive reports on cons which probably receive few writeups of any length in generally available fanzines were welcome. They provide additional evidence, if any were needed, about how fragmented fandom has become even in a nation where cons don't produce the overwhelming attendance of a WorldCon or Pacificon. I found myself shuddering at the very thought of what would happen if a con with several thousand persons on hand should open with a sale of hardcovers and pulps for prices around 50 cents, like the SFAV open house.

One other reaction to reading these complaints about this or that aspect of a con: I wonder if some fans are too intent on finding at each con exactly the same features and procedures that are provided at other cons. Most of the complaints seem directed at different ways of running a con. Maybe different cons should be different in nature, to make it easier to decide which ones are best for the individual fan to attend and to encourage the types of congoers fanzine fans don't like to congregate at certain events and stay away from others.

William Bains
1182 Sedgemoor Rd.
Coventry CV3 4DZ,
UNITED KINGDOM

I cannot help getting the impression that continental American conventions, both North and South of the border, are a cross between visions from Michael Moorcock and John Brunner: ten thousand demons, gods, swordsmen and sophisticated immortals all seeing if they can stand on Zanzibar at once. I went to Seacon, the '79 worldcon, and felt that even that was too big for the traditional British fan. Oh, I managed ok, as I had a dozen or so friends there and we drank, talked, drank, ate, drank, even watched Arthur Clarke to empty our stomachs for more drinking, and shouldered aside the masses that got in our way. But exciting as it was, Seacon was not my idea of a convention. I have gone to friendlier scientific meetings. The impression the

uninitiate gets from across the Atlantic is that all North American cons are like this.

[While many cons are into "bigger is better" here, there are still lots of small cons around. The recession has helped cut down on con size too. And while I don't much care for huge media cons, I'm not sure that British booze fests would suit me better. (I recall a member of Vancouver's FRED, BCSFA's pub-crawling group, summing up her trip to England with a shocked: "They drink too much". Tea anyone?)]

indecipherable [sorry]

P.O.Box 46
Marden, S.A. 5070
Australia

Interesting to note your opinion on Niven. He had a similar effect on Australian fandom, especially when, at a meeting of the Melbourne Literati, he proclaimed THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE to be on a par with Shakespeare and Tolstoy.

Actually, in way of comment to Leigh Edmonds' letter, it seems that even Sydney fans have stopped doing it except for those who have produced children recently. Now it's Perth fans who are doing it. The real centre of perverted sex in Australia though is Canberra, where the government does it to everybody.

Mark Shainblum
5706 Merrimac Road
Montreal, Quebec
H4W 1S6

I tried to write a con report for you about a small comicon which took place here awhile back, but the damn thing was so boring there was nothing to say. It consisted of one large convention room in a hotel and a large group of dealers from Quebec, Ontario and upstate New York all trying to separate the little kiddies from their money. Oh yes, there was also a smug Marvel comics pro named Bob Layton present, who was charging the gullible \$20.00 for a sketch of IRON MAN. Ecch, phooey.

What is a "Ditmar"?

[The Ditmar is the Australian sf award.]

Jan Howard Finder
P.O. Box 428
Latham, New York 12110 USA

As you know, Beam's Choice is synonymous with Wilson "Bob" Tucker. It has come to my attention that the Jim Beam Distillery will produce a Special Label for its products, if they can sell at least 150 CASES. This may sound like a lot, but consider the number of fen who drink, the number of cons and the opportunity for a con or group of fen to raise money for a fund, such as TAFF or DUFF.

What I need are Statements of Intent to Purchase--IN CASE LOTS ONLY! There are 12 bottles to a case--in excess of 150 cases of Beam's Choice. If I receive these statments of intent to purchase, a Special Label edition of Beam's Choice may be available at the Worldcon. The estimated cost per case at Constellation is \$110 for liter bottles & \$90 for fifths. Shipping charges, if shipping is necessary, will be extra.

Thus, fen and cons alike have the chance to obtain a Special Libation and honor one of the best known and loved author & fan, one Wilson BOB Tucker. If possible, the label will feature the drawing of Tucker by George Barr; the drawing was presented to Tucker by Lastcon*Too, when he was their GoH.

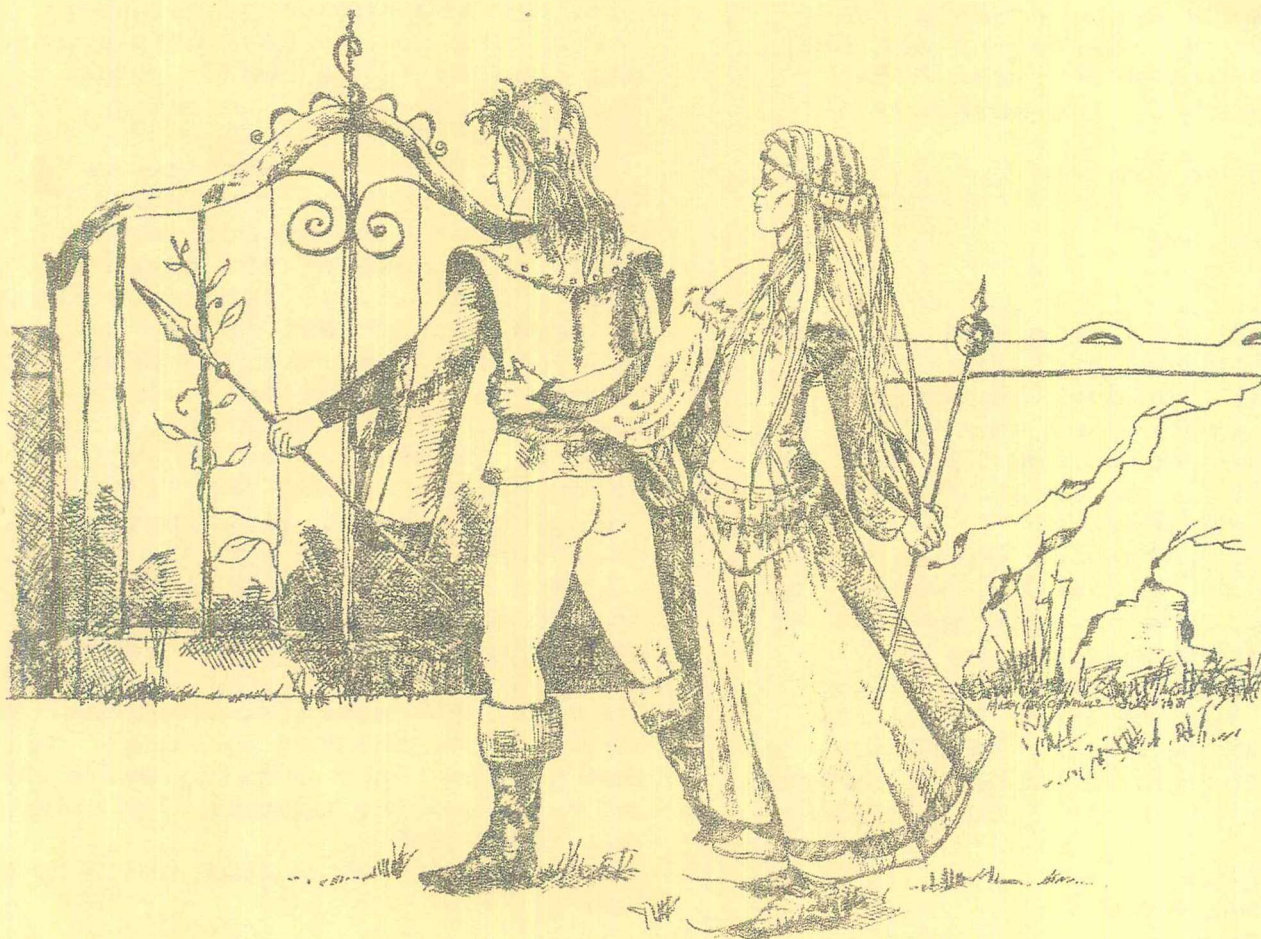
May the great Wombat smile on you!

Rex Thompson
154 Corstorphine Rd.
Dunedin, NEW ZEALAND

I took special note of the con reports since I'm currently organizing (well at least making a bloody good attempt) a New Zealand con. Nothing in comparison to Canadian ones--attendance at ours is around 150, and that's for the national con! Still, this is only the fourth to be held and NZ fandom has got a pretty small country to work with. Our facilities probably couldn't handle much more even if we wanted to anyway. This year's OctaCon is being held further south than any other con in the world.

We Also Heard From: all sorts of people, but I am unfortunately only half way through computerizing our records and I have, um, sort of lost track. Locs on #5 have been turned

over to Michael to edit, since that was his issue, and will appear in his next issue. In the meantime, keep those cards and letters coming in folks, as they are the only thing that keeps our motivation up.



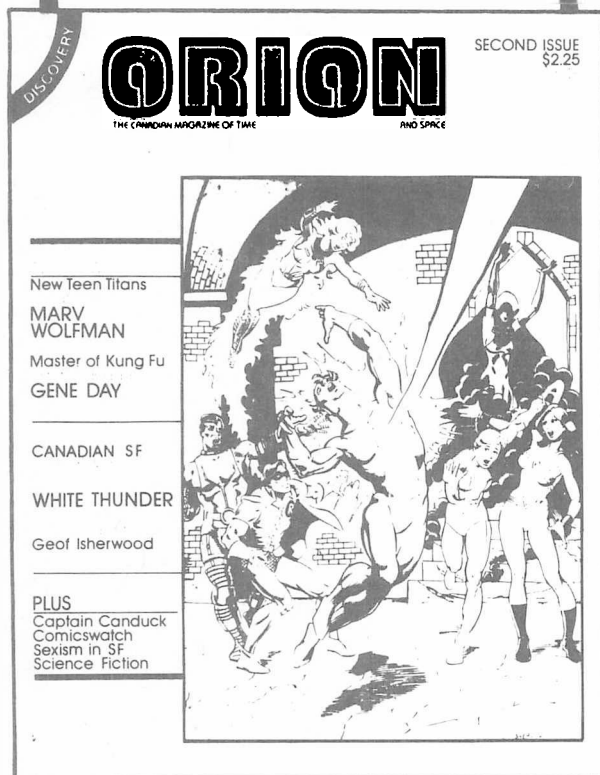
CONSTELATION CON '83 UPDATE

The article on Constellation Con '83 in Victoria was printed some time before the rest of the issue was ready, and I sent an advance copy to the concom. Ron Demedash (Operations) with others on the concom phoned me and assured me that the problems mentioned in the article had been addressed and resolved (eg, the Harbour Towers had been dropped, the extra guests were being paid for by other groups, etc.). A number of

new problems arose, however, and ultimately those responsible for the more serious excesses of the con were removed from the concom. The remaining members attempted to salvage what they could with the help of the local clubs, but it was too late. The Empress withdrew from the con and Constellation was officially cancelled. The concom is heavily in debt and without funds to refund the 360 con members their \$20-\$25 memberships.

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