

The
Space Cadet Gazette
(TAOFNTWG*)



*The Aging Old Hart Nostalgic Time Master
Gazette

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Published quarterly (or whenever I feel like it)

by R. Graeme Cameron,
who is no longer living at:
1855 West 2nd Ave, Apt. #110,
Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6J 1J1

E version note: As of 2008 my address is:
Apt # 72G, 13315 104th Ave,
Surrey, B.C., Canada V3T 1V5



The Space Cadet Gazette is available for \$1.00 per issue, or \$4.00 for four issues, or \$1,000 for a thousand issues, or \$1,000,000 for a lifetime subscription (necessarily my lifetime, not yours).

Note: Currently SC is only available free via download from Bill Burn's Excellent
< <http://efanzines.com> > **web site.**

SCG is also available for the usual: trade with your zine or regular letters of comment.

SCG is open to submissions, especially (short) articles reminiscing about your personal experience within the SF genre, be it fandom or your favourite books, movies, conventions or whatever. But in truth I will consider anything that evokes the 'sense of wonder'. No payment, but lots of egoboo.

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Editorial

I'm very pleased at the number of Locs I've been getting in response to SPACE CADET. Makes me feel somewhat guilty though. Because I am still putting out BCSFAzine on a monthly basis I haven't had the time to send out more than a very few LoCs of my own.

I hope other Faneds will be content with SC trade alone for the remainder of the year. I am stepping down as 'God-Editor' of BCSFAzine by November, which will give me more free time. However, only a small percentage of my newfound freedom from deadlines will be devoted to locking, for I confess my primary purpose in reducing my fanac to SPACE CADET is to give myself time to make yet another stab at writing fiction for a paying market. At the very least this will provide fresh fodder for CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT at some future date.

But I will try to increase the number of LoCs I write. I do promise to try (there's a good example of aggressive positive thinking, what?)

I'm not sure what the front cover art represents. I like to think of it as a recently discovered aeons old mural depicting sentient dinosaurs (exhibiting ritual skin netting) who were obviously the first trufans (to judge by the propellers between their ears). They have a satiated expression indicating they are halfway through a 'dead saurus' party. My theory, at any rate. Very pleased that Sheryly has given me two covers. Dare I ask for more? Nice to have, I must say. Makes SC look good. I like that!

As for myself, I am still getting a tremendous kick putting out SC. For example, I am not just passively printing my travel notes, but combining them with lecture notes, memories, research, etc. so as to bring the joy Of that once-in-a-lifetime trip flooding back to me. And combining and comparing my Grandfather's memoirs with the Official Regimental History is something I never did before, so that now I am gaining new perspectives. (**However, in this E version I am deleting the Regimental History quotes for copyright reasons.**) Consequently the act of preparing these articles is providing me much pleasure, and that's the purpose of the universe, isn't it? To give me pleasure? I like to think so....

THE GRAEME

can no longer be reached at:

< graeme_cameron@mindlink.bc.ca >

E version note: As of 2008 I can be reached at:

< rgraeme@shaw.ca >

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Art Credits:

Sheryl Birkhead: Cover, 24

Brad Foster: 8, 26, 34

R. Graeme Cameron: 17

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Confessions of an SF Addict

by R. Graeme Cameron

ON WRITING: ORIGINS

Here I begin exploring the evolution of my interest in writing Science Fiction, as opposed to merely reading it.

I have in my files a number of penciled stories I'd prefer to think I wrote at a precocious age, say two or three years old. It would be embarrassing if it were to turn out I'd written them when I was ten or twelve. Alas, the 'manuscripts' are undated. All I know for sure is I wrote them when I was a kid.

Here is one such story, THE GHOST PLANE, in its entirety, complete with highly original spelling.

THE GHOST PLANE

One day two British pilots were surprized when an unmaned plane shot them down. in a few days the allies called this the ghost plane. soon the secret was out. This plane was controlled by a giant magnet in a town near berlin. one man was given the job to destroy it. he found out it was in doek. so he got a bomb and blew up the magnet. a victory for Winston Churchill.

The End.

By the way, they say that on the Bismark that the nazis killed the prisanners and used the guts for soverners and that they had a swimming pool filled with blood and that they swam in it. This is not true.

the end.

In the oft repeated words of my grandfather, "What's wrong with this boy?" I like to think the above story indicates a certain amount of imagination, not to mention an unusually economical style of story telling. Lots of room for improvement, at any rate.

A number of stories I wrote for school circa 1965/66 when I was 14 years old exhibit slight improvement and a growing interest in genre fiction. Titles include: 'MARAUDERS OF THE DEEP,' 'THE DAY I DIED', and the following story:

JOHNATHAN HARKER'S ORDEAL.

Ever since the plane had crashed, life had been a savage struggle of existence for Harker. Even more so now, than before, for the last of his food had been eaten two days ago. One week had been spent walking a mere thirty miles from the plane wreckage on the tundra to the timberline, which he was now past. Somewhere near was the trading post he had seen from his plane as it winged its way north, such a seemingly long time ago. It had to be found within a couple of days; any longer and he would be a stiff, frozen corpse buried by the drifting snow. So onward he moved, struggling to stay conscious and alive.

Suddenly he saw black dots moving across a ridge far to his left -- men! He started off on the run in their direction, screaming and yelling like a madman. They saw him, and came bounding down the slope towards his running figure. The trees hid them from Harker's sight for a short time, but it didn't matter, they would be on him in a minute or two. Then they burst from the bushes not more than one hundred yards from Harker, who stopped cold as they raced towards him. Those black dots he had seen weren't men, they were wolves!

Well, I got 44 out of 50 for that one.

In SPACE CADET #1 I told the story of my deciding, some time in 1967, to become a writer:

"One evening while sitting in bed attempting my Latin homework, I started playing with Latin words to see what weird-sounding alien names I could come up with.... Then I started daydreaming about what the aliens would be like (reptilian of course!) and what sort of plot.... then it hit me in a flash! What would be the easiest, most fun and profitable way to earn a living? Be a SCIENCE FICTION NOVELIST!"

It so happens that I still have the journals I kept as a teenager, and from my 1967 diary I learn that my memory has telescoped events. The first indication I was contemplating such a career was in my entry for January 4th, 1967:

"A new TV show, THE INVADERS starts next tuesday. It should be interesting. Of course, I never miss a session of STAR TREK. The show is fantastic. I would like to be a professional writer. Science Fiction, human interest, humorous. Mostly Science Fiction. I wonder, I sure would like to try it at least. I would ask for complete rights, \$100 and 25% royalties. Well, that depends if I'm good enough."

The very next day, January 5th, 1967, I wrote:

"I am now determined to become a professional writer with the aid of my mother. It sure would be great. I have a great idea for a book. The world is destroyed by war and the survivors fight for their lives with modern weapons against mutants. It would have an interesting ending too, mankind would die out."

Today I got back my four page Science Fiction story -- INVASION SCOUT (no longer extant). I received 78% for it. Miss Wilson said it was very good, and, although the ending was anticipated, it still had plenty of impact. Man, I have all kinds of ideas for the future. I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE A WRITER! Oh well, guess we'll see, someday..."

Bear in mind this is 1967, the year of "the Summer of Love". While I'm dreaming over my journal in my mother's apartment near Upper Canada College, the young and beautiful are only ten blocks away prowling the environs of the Yorkville district amid an explosion of drug and sexual experimentation (Well, maybe not in January. Pretty cold and dreary in Toronto in January). Certainly the Hippie thing reached its peak that summer and the next. In 1968 a young William Gibson arrived in Yorkville to share the fun and be filmed by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation as an example of a "typical" Hippie, but I digress. My point is, at a time of rebellion and social upheaval, of teenage sexual liberation, at a time when love was free and horny guys everywhere could get girls to hop into bed by accusing them of being uptight and fascist if they refused, I was living the virginal life of a typical fanboy, daydreaming about writing, and spending my free time doing exciting things like visiting my one and only friend Frank at his house *"where we played poker. Then we built castles out of bottle tops and destroyed them. Also we created a sort of bowling game using the men from his 'Goldfinger' game. Then we played the age-old game of a marble on a surface and trying to keep it there. Only we used steel ballbearings. Oh, we had a lot of Fun."*Kind of sad, what?

My sex life at the time consisted of entries like the following:

"Carol, a girl in my class, still has baby fat around the hips and the breasts and she's short. Just the same, her breasts are very pleasing to the eye when she wears a tight sweater."And.... "Today Sharon Black, a girl in my class, wore a mini-skirt that was about ten inches above the knee. According to two guys in my class, the view is fantastic if you are on the staircase below looking up her legs. Also, she wore an extremely tight sweater that made her breasts seem etched against the background as if in a painting."

What sort of painting was I thinking of? Velvet paintings perhaps?

"But enough of sex, let me tell you about my idea for a story. A spaceship crashes in a desert. The crew is captured by barbarous-looking men in steam trucks. But they are rescued by grim soldiers in hovercrafts.... Turns out nuclear war created changes in body structures. People have taken to selective breeding, but know nothing of causes. Crewmen help them out there.... All they need to regenerate race is supply of manufactured atomic fuel in hands of enemy (who cannot use it cause lack technology). Use fuel left in spacecraft to

regenerate manufacturing devices and build hundreds of hovercraft. Big battles with steam trucks.... Crew borrows fuel and manufactures own atomic missile. Launch it and kill off the enemy. Happy ending."

I wish I could remember why I thought atomic fuel would be useful in a selective breeding program. Sure seems like the basis for a B-movie script. In fact, the visual appeal of hordes of hovercraft attacking armoured steam trucks has a kind of proto-'MAD MAX' feel to it. So not entirely daft plotting, considering I was only 15 at the time.

By January 12th, 1967 I had expanded my story idea into a book outline, working out the plot chapter by chapter. Just to make matters more exciting, I'd decided to introduce a race of nasty Lizards, though I hadn't figured out what to call them: *"Get all names from Latin. Use plenty of humour and description. Be sure to play up methods of thinking, especially those of lizards. Make it good and long, like a novel. I think I would enjoy writing this. Wouldn't it be great if I got it published?"*

The next day I added: *"I must give the lizards a sense of fiendish delight. I must make it as amusing as possible. Man, this may shape up to be a good novel."*

On January 14th, 1967 I began to exhibit symptoms of being a professional writer, such as neglecting social obligations: *"I did not go over to Frank's today. Just sat and worked on the outline."* For some unfathomable reason I'd come up with 'TORSAN VI -- TROUBLE SPOT' as the title for the book. The previous evening must have been the occasion when I studied my Latin text book to come up with weird names, for I was now referring to the lizards as the 'Maluii'. And, most hopeful of all, I was beginning to work on characterization. For example, in the outline for the opening chapter, which takes place on Earth, I describe an incident involving one Joseph Handel, Fleet Engineer:

"Handel stops the nearest patrol robot and asks it to call a Robi-Cab. A dirty, smelly man drives up in a combustion engine junk heap. Handel prefers the quiet, clean, fast and safe Robi-Cabs. The driver insults him. Handel picks up the patrol robot and hits the man over the head with it, killing him. Then he gets into the Robi-Cab and orders its computer brain to drive him to the city jail so he can turn himself in."

I guess the patrol rob was too shook up to arrest him. I suspect I was trying to foreshadow Handel's conflict with the backward types in their steam trucks, but at this distance in time I'm not entirely sure. It may have been an unconscious fluke.

By the 15th I was maybe getting a tad too convoluted in my plotting: *"I think I'll have the Imperial Earth Fleet stand by as the lizards defeat Hansen and the enemy and the religious group. The the Earth Fleet will move in and defeat the Maluii, the rebel group will defeat their government, and the hovercraft group will barely put up a force screen to protect themselves until saved by Earth Fleet. I suppose though I'll keep making changes as time goes by and new ideas pop into my head, but wouldn't it be great if I could get this novel published before my 17th birthday? That gives me a leeway of a year and a half. Should be plenty of time."* Hmm, a wee bit optimistic as well, it appears.

By this time I had created a colourful crayon drawing of a Maluii lizard warrior to inspire me. I thought it looked ferocious till assorted people I showed it to offered comments like *"You sure it's a reptile? With big tits like that?"* My attempt to convey powerful chest muscles was universally interpreted as enormous breasts. A lack of artistic skill on my part, or my unconscious teenage libido unleashed, take your pick.

For years I thought my Maluii lizards had been inspired by the 'ARENA' episode of STAR TREK, but I see I was more original than I gave myself credit for. Not till JANUARY 18TH, 1967 did I write: *"Saw latest STAR TREK episode where Kirk fights it out with a Gorn on a planet just by himself. It was great."* And the next day: *"Saw that STAR TREK episode with the lizard again..."* So it would appear I thought of my lizard aliens before

'ARENA' aired, making them generic lizard aliens and not transformed Gorn. Good. That makes me feel better about myself.

Throughout the rest of the month I sporadically jotted down items like the following, which I evidently derived from High School Biology class: *"When the crew of 'The Devil's Revenge' are captured by the Maluii lizards, one of the crew will suffer a unique torture. He's taken away from the other prisoners, and an hour later comes back staggering, reeling and falling constantly, ie: the Maluii have destroyed his equilibrium. How? Located in the inner ear are three channels containing fluid that act upon sensory hairs by force of gravity. Much like a lobster's system. A man relies on sight for rough bearings, on these organs for fine adjustment. Drain the fluid and he's unable to walk properly, he will move much like a drunken man. I wonder if I can think of any other tortures? A grain of dirt imprinted on to a nerve in the eye causing constant, hateful irritation. That's a good one. Well, suppose I can think of others."*

At this point reading the tiny, crabbed and fading handwriting in my diary, even with a magnifying glass, becomes too much of a strain to pursue further. So I turn to a four page manuscript which marks my very first attempt to write the beginning chapter of 'TORSAN VI -- TROUBLE SPOT':

"The bartender sighed. Bartenders always sigh, but this one had a legitimate excuse. He was the sole owner of one of the most prosperous establishments of this kind in the Solar System. The walls of the dining area were lined with maple wood, something no competition could claim. The floor and ceiling were composed of actual oak beams derived from a species of tree that is now extinct. All the furniture, unfortunately for business perhaps, was artificial wood, but of the highest quality...." and on and on for another fifty lines before the second paragraph begins.

I don't know what I was thinking of, but an "opening hook" obviously wasn't anywhere near my 15 year old consciousness.

A little later I tried again, this time with a revised title, 'THE ENEMY IS THE MALUII':

"I was born in the year of our Lord 3019 A.D. This spectacular event occurred on the Planet Tiris VII of the Maestar Star System. That's about as far away from Earth as you can get without bumping into the Maluii regime. I won't bother with the details of my early life because they are insignificant to anyone aside from myself. At the age of nineteen I was allowed to join the Special Services Branch of the Federation Fleet, so this is something I am still pursuing as a hobby, or at least my superiors are convinced I treat my job as such. Anyway, I was one of the few survivors of the Tiris VII massacre, that was the most intriguing leave I ever had. Then came the war, and then...." a whole bunch of other events. Not very original, but a lot livelier than a furnishings catalogue.

On May 9th, 1967, I settled on a snappier title, 'AGAINST THE MALUII', and tried again:

"Secret agents, as everybody knows, possess a lithe, finely-muscled body, a height of six feet, blue-grey eyes of steel, straight black hair and handsome features. "I don't quite measure up to that standard," mused Commander Jarn Moyson as he faced himself in a full length mirror. Indeed, anyone noticing this brown-eyed, plain-looking man of five foot six would say to himself, "this man is not a secret agent." This selfsame person would quickly change his mind if he found out that Moyson had been in turn, a Chacote champion, the Fleet Wrestling champion, and the former Commander of the famed strike cruiser 'VARNOTH'. For some incomprehensible reason, his superiors had seen fit to end his days of glory by kicking him down to the lowest of the low, a secret agent. Since the Mann uprising, nobody trusted secret agents whatsoever, least of all their own. But he was not the type to be easily depressed, his childhood on Capella II had taught him to accept life as it was. It was just that life seemed so humdrum at the moment."

Hmm, not a bad stab at compressing a lot of character background in a single paragraph. I wonder what "Chacote" was? A martial art? A board game? A sexual technique? Can't remember what I had in mind. And I betcha I derived "Varnoth" from 'Vermouth', I betcha.

I retain vague memories of my writing enthusiasm waning as 1967 wore on (apart from my STAR TREK spoof "THE FIFTY-SEVENTH JUNE WAR" -- described in SPACE CADET #1), as my attention shifted to making animated 8mm films in an effort to emulate Ray Harryhausen. At any rate I possess no further manuscripts from this year. It appears, after my initial outburst of enthusiasm, that my writing interests went dormant, though I prefer to think of them as having entered an incubation stage.

In 1968 my mother and I moved to Vancouver. And in 1968 I began to write again. More on the tentative birth of a filthy-pro wannabee in the next issue of SPACE CADET.

How Not to Write a Great Sci-Fi Novel and Make Millions and Overcome that Nagging Sense of Futility in Your Pathetic Little Whim of a Life

by David Buss

As you know, I have not written over twenty novels, some of which are still in print and immensely popular both with the critics and with the hoi polloi.

Like Hamlet, my failure arises from a scrupulous conscience. Were I more bold, were I more confident, and less self-analysing and disinclined to embrace my own intuition.

Let me walk you through some of the rough-draft beginnings of the many novels I haven't written, to demonstrate just how discrimination, modesty and taste frustrate creative endeavour.

From SEX KITTENS OF MINUS 9:

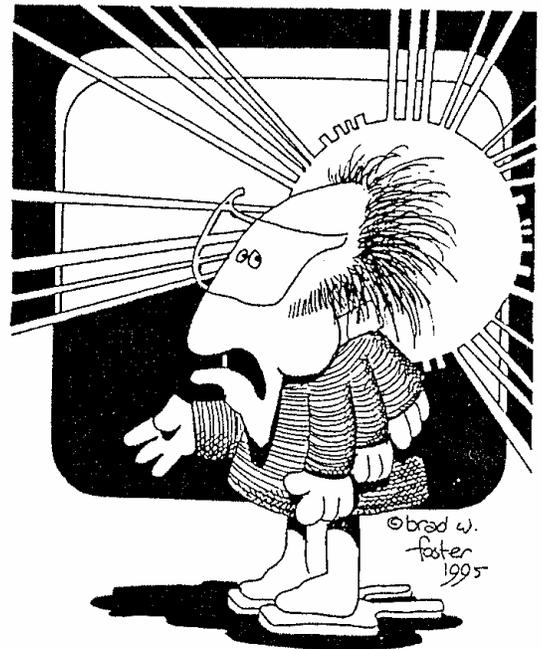
"Two suns stabbed the pellucid ashgrey mountains with shafts of gold, dancing merry pools of light high above the lugubrious plain."

- too wordy; result: in the garbage.

From THE GALACTIC SEWER:

"Once pine trees whispered in warm spring breezes, and limpid streams laughed down the greenblue hills into the chalice of the valley; yet a pall had fallen on this world, the ghostly impulses of Greed and Gain had resolved into tangible ruin, lunar wastes of ash, choking toxic stagnancies."

- too preachy; result: in the garbage.



From THE STRANGE TALE OF IMRICK GLAT:

"First there will be two, they will be emboldened by a certain sanctimonious fidelity, rubbing their bellies and crying "We too, We too have tasted the zesty cheese of life!"; but in the end there will be only one, his long face boasting a fleshy nose upon which a pair of spectacles resides with fastidious certitude, saying "I too, am alone."

- I haven't a story good enough to subsidize such a sensational beginning; result: in the garbage.

From THAT OLD WHORE DEATH:

"In the morning I rose and put on my spacesuit. I went down to the crater where I read the French and Spanish newspapers while drinking some chianti."

- too Hemingway; result: in the garbage.

See! Arrogance, blind arrogant faith in your own genius, that is the key to creative stamina. Oh! If I could only shake off these shackles of ennui, of humility and despair!

- too frantic.

The Slime People

by R. Graeme Cameron

WARNING! This is a reprint from BCSFAzine #216, May 1991! Once I've stepped down as God-Editor of BCSFAzine (with its monthly schedule) I'll have time to write more film reviews, but in the meantime, reprints will serve. The majority of you SPACE CADET readers will not have read this before, so I hope you find it amusing....

This film is a fascinating essay on the sexual mores of Americans under stress. It begins with Tom Gregory (Robert Hutton) nearly crashing a light airplane as he flies into Los Angeles. The airport is deserted but for a professor and his two daughters, Bonny and Lisa. They want Tom to fly them out, but he insists on being driven to a working phone. He doesn't ask what's going on till he's in their car.

Explains Bonny, the youngest girl, "Well, first the slime people came, and then the whole army came to fight them, and they lost. Then the slime men built a big wall, but before it got hard enough, Los Angeles was evacuated and everybody was gone but the slime men!" (This is my kind of film beginning. Quick and to the point.)

Tom mulls this over. "So why didn't you get out?"

"We were up on a hill in the cabin. By the time we heard, we were stuck. But dad will get us out, he's a science professor."

"What exactly happened?" Tom asks the professor.

"Well now, we've always known there are fish in the ocean..." begins what will obviously be a very long-winded explanation. Very sensibly Tom threatens to throw himself out the car door. The Prof tries again, "an invasion of people who've lived right beneath our feet!"

Tom stares him down. "Have you seen any?"

"Well, no..." The Prof lapses into embarrassed silence. Then Tom reveals he's a sports broadcaster at the TV station. "Why don't we go there and see if they have this on film?" At the station he finds a film can labelled "The Slime People" and runs it in a screening room. We see footage of an announcer describing a series of unexplained mass murders, an interview with a Mrs. Steel who screams "The thing, they came at him, and he screamed!" Then a reference to the army going hand to hand with the creatures, followed by an interview with Dr. Brow:

Announcer: "You saw these creatures. Are they from Outer Space?"

Brow: "I believe they are a form of animal life from the sewers."

Announcer: "Why are they attacking us?"

Brow: "We have been doing extensive underground testing. I believe this has seriously disturbed their homes." (Probably knocked pictures off the wall, things like that.) "They have been forced by us to seek shelter above ground. That is why we have fog."

Announcer: "How do they make fog?"

Brow: "I don't know, but it is an attempt to permanently lower our temperature so they can live permanently above ground."

Announcer: "What do these creatures look like?"

Brow: "They are large, huge, prehistoric, covered with scales and slime." (Thank you, for that scientifically precise description.)

The next scene shows the announcer broadcasting from a live remote in the fog. "Men are working to clear the fog." (You can hear the sound of men with shovels. How do you clear fog with shovels?) He sees a mime looming in the fog. "It can't be, the fog has hardened!" He asks a Colonel for a second opinion.

"Well," says the Colonel thoughtfully, "the fog seems to have turned to stone all around the city."

"What about the army?"

"They're on the other side of the wall now." Both men stare into space as they consider the implications. "Well, we better evacuate. There are still openings to the south. We'll try to continue to penetrate the wall after we get everybody out." (There is some slight flaw to the logic of this but I can't quite put my finger on it.)

Our heroes decide to panic, beat up some looters and run for the protection of a studio with "double doors". On the way, they see one of the slime people rise out of a loading elevator. It's a hump-backed, finny, heavy-set, sea-weedy kind of guy covered in limpets. They rush into the studio, close the first door -- without locking it -- then strive to close the second door as the beasts force open the first door and squirm through after them. They close the second door -- without locking it. Lisa asks Tom, "Do you think that will hold them?" (I don't think so!)

Fortunately they run into Pat Boone....er, I mean Tom Laughlin in his pre-'Billy Jack' days. "Hi, I'm Cal." He's wearing a uniform and carrying a rifle, so they greet him in a friendly fashion.

Tom gets the bright idea of attempting to transmit a TV telecast. "This is KCTV and we are being attacked by slime people." Cal grabs the mike, "This is no joke, I'm a marine." (I don't know, seems like a joke.)

But the power goes off, so naturally there's nothing to do but talk and listen to the slime people beating on the doors. Cal describes fighting the slimers, "They knocked me out. I guess they left me for dead." Bonny is excited, "Gee Cal, you really fought with them?" (This seems doubtful, his uniform appears freshly laundered and starched. Personally I think he's been hiding out in the studio since the trouble first began.) Bonny's excitement is infectious, so naturally the subject turns to sex.

"One minute there was just a wall," states Cal, "the next it got thick and hard." (Which is a highly personal admission. No doubt Cal is trying to impress Bonny, but instead the Professor gets excited.)

"Did you touch it?" shouts the Professor. "Was it hot or cold or rough or smooth or what?"

Tom cools things down, suggests everyone fall asleep. Cal stands first watch. Bonny creeps up on him. "I'll stay with you. Don't you want me to?"

"Yeah, sure," grins Cal, then adds, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Lots of dates" (She's experienced) "but no one special." (She sleeps around!)

Quick to seize the opportunity, Cal puts his hand somewhere on her leg (It's just below camera shot) and asks, "Do you care?"

"No," she replies encouragingly.

A moment's hesitation. "I was worried, your dad was acting kind of funny, like he didn't want me here...." (Thinking of shooting him, Cal?)

"You're so brave, fighting and everything...." breathes Bonny.

Cal kisses her. "Maybe I shouldn't have."

"I kinda liked that."

Cal stares at her unblinkingly (which is how you tell when someone is pretending not to lie) and says, "I want you to know I'm not the kind of guy to go around kissing just ANY girl." (Yeah, right, just the horny ones. God, these Marines are tough hombres.) He stares at her, an idiotic grin on his face, then blurts out, "Gee whiz, as long as you're sitting here I don't even wanta think about those slime people." (Boy, that's one kinghell of a compliment. Make any girl blush!)

Strangely enough, in the morning Cal and Bonny volunteer to go off together to 'hunt up' some supplies. (No doubt in the back seat of their car.) Tom has plans of his own. When old Dad goes out of the room, Tom corners Lisa and comments, "For someone strong enough to take all of this, you're quite a gal." She replies, "For someone strong enough to get us out of all this, I think you should have more important things on your mind." They immediately embrace and kiss. (Evidently she was worried he might NOT be thinking about sex.)

Dad comes back, grinning gleefully and muttering "penetrating that wall may be a valuable experiment."

Tom is confused. (Penetrating what? Which?)

The Professor explains. "If anything like this ever happens again, the whole world will have the answer right at their fingertips."

Lisa bursts out laughing. "You see what it's like being the daughter of a scientist?" (Silly old dad, always thinking about non-sexy stuff.)

Later they pick up a hitchhiker, a mad writer named Toliver, who's walking along the street carrying a goat, or a ram to be precise.

They let him get in the car, but not the ram. "Please give me my little love," he pleads, but they are adamantly opposed to any kinky sex in their vehicle, which is reserved for normal sex. (You see how subtle these old films are? Everything is merely implied, never openly explicit as in today's boring films. It's amazing the censor missed the sexual underpinnings of this one. I didn't take film class for nothing you know!)

Unfortunately the pace speeds up, what with Bonny being carried off, and rescued, and assorted slime people lurching about. There are actually 30 or 40 seconds at a time with no dialogue whatsoever! Incredible!

Naturally the Professor discovers what will defeat the wall (and just as naturally discovers it by accident). I'll give you a clue, my favourite line in the film: "But Professor," whines Cal, "We can't just walk through the slime men looking for more salt!"

The wonderful thing about the final 15 minutes of the film is that the action takes place near the fog wall (or more accurately, amid a forest of smoke pots). Consequently, you can hardly see a darn thing, which makes the fog wall seem very authentic.

This film is alleged to have had a major influence on horror-film directors George Romero and John Carpenter. Hmm, maybe....

War! What of It?

by Charles S. Cameron

PART THREE of the World War One memoirs of my Grandfather, Charles S. Cameron, who served in the 16th Battalion (Canadian Scottish).

CHAPTER VII: ODDS AND ENDS - FALL/WINTER 1915

Our cycle of events if I remember rightly soon settled down to four days in the front line; four days battalion support; four days brigade reserve and four days in billets; a few miles out with a double dose of the front line thrown in once in a while to relieve the monotony.

Outside of the front line we were nightly or as often as possible engaged in work parties. According to statisticians at that time we dug 33 miles of communication trenches all of which fell in after one night's frost and thaw: they had not been revetted properly but look at the exercise we got.

About this time Red and I became Corporals. We were both of an age and teamed together in and out of the line until he was wounded the following summer. Red at one time had been thrown out of "West Point", but soldiers are not made on the barracks square. In the line we ran listening posts and patrols together and we were invariably in charge of work parties. The latter were a source of much grouching and amusement. Grouching was the soldier's chief form of amusement anyway.

Our first staff officer in charge of these expeditions was a heady individual and put us on piece work which meant that if everything was quiet we worked like niggers and completed our task in a few hours, but evidently there was a change somewhere for we later received instructions to work five hours, irrespective of conditions, weather or otherwise. The silly ass!! Only a quarter of the work was done in double the time. The Engineer officers in charge of the practical operations soon perceived the mistake and rectified matters.

[THE GRAEME NOTES: *I could have changed the above to be more 'politically correct,' but it's a useful historical example of the casual racism of the era, so I choose to leave it as is.]*

These nightly work party expeditions were usually rewarded by a tot of rum on our return to billets. The party from each company was approximately fifty and we would line up outside the officers hut whilst the sergeant went in and passed the rum outside where Red and myself officiated. Red was a resourceful sort of fellow and inaugurated the system that every tenth drink was ours. If some of our special friends returned for a second helping, that was initiative. We had become somewhat hardened, but how we kept our feet until we reached our billets on those occasions was astounding. But it saved us from many a bad cold; there were no rain or snow shelters on those nights.

Another common occurrence was that one or two of the troops would roll under a hedge at the first halt on the way up the line and when the party moved off they skiddalled back to billets. Provided this was done within reason we silently acquiesced, but it brought its own finish when Joe, a man of tremendous bulk, beat it back to billets one night.

We were in brigade reserve at the time stationed at a farm at the foot of Hill 63. Joe's couch was in the hayloft and he stealthily crept up the ladder in order to avoid awakening the Company Sergeant-Major. Unfortunately one of the troops up above at this moment suffered from an acute attack of diarrhea and was very insistent on getting down in a hurry and unmindful of Joe's shushing he continued to bellow at him to hurry up. There were no missing troops thereafter on work parties. Joe was later evacuated to England with a squashed foot whereupon a full beer barrel had lighted when he was on canteen duty.

Thanks to kind friends in British Columbia we had recently been provided with funds to start a canteen, which reminds me of our new padre at that time. Our beloved Padre had been promoted to the Division Headquarters. Our new Padre of Yukon fame was wont to regale us during church service with tales of the North, but on one occasion, perhaps thinking we were indulging too much, he turned to the subject of drunks. "Boys," he said, "of all drunks a beer drunk is the worst. I know it." Whether he meant it or was merely emphasizing his warning was not known, but we enjoyed his story.

By and large our casualties in this section while steady were fairly light. Sandy, a general favourite of our company was fatally wounded one night by a stray bullet; died and was buried at a dressing station near our divisional billets. On our next rest there we took up a subscription and sent a party of three in charge of a tow-haired Corporal to a neighbouring town to purchase a tombstone. The shortest cut to this town was through a cemetery on the outskirts. The Corporal cast covetous eyes on the glass cases on the civilian graves complete with elaborate designs of porcelain flowers and doves, etc. Later in the wee small hours, their mission accomplished, they returned by way of the cemetery. The cover of darkness and perhaps the native wines aided and abetted temptation. Next morning we found a very beautiful decoration surmounting Sandy's grave; the tombstone came later.

Red's Dad decided at this time that Red should take a commission and he accordingly forwarded him a handsome remittance to purchase an officer's outfit. As long as some of us remained in the ranks Red was content to stay put. The remittance was dissipated in nightly expeditions to various haunts when we were out of the line. However, we kept out of major troubles but I had some tall explaining to do one morning. Near the

camp of our huts was a large ditch and in a boisterous mood and for a small wager I undertook to jump the ditch. I landed on the other side all right, but in the grey mist of the morning I didn't notice some barbed wire on the other side. Legs, kilt and everything were ripped asunder. The medical section did not like being disturbed at that time in the morning so I received an extra dose of iodine and suffered discomfort for some time.

CHAPTER VIII: MESSINES

Irresponsible to some extent out of the trenches we were a different breed of cats in the front line. Red and myself took charge of the listening posts in No Man's Land and contentedly crawled up to Fritz's barbed wire with our officer "Barney." It was our boast and pride that No Man's Land belonged to us. Our friend the Padre strolled along the front line one night and insisted on coming with us. We took him half-way across No Man's Land but we didn't like risking him and refused to go further. Returning to the front line he found a large party out strengthening our barbed wire so he spent the rest of the night with them.

Aeroplanes and aeroplane scraps were becoming more frequent, but still on a very small scale compared to later developments. We were electrified one day by an enemy plane forced down by one of our own just behind us. Scarcely two hundred feet above the ground the German pilot was making a brave attempt to cross over to his own lines. He still had our support and front line trenches to pass. On he came slowly and haltingly with every rifle and machine gun trained on him, but this was unnecessary; he crashed on our support line. The observer was only wounded and taken prisoner, but the pilot was killed; they were mere youths still in their teens. The souvenir hunters were soon on the job and the pilot's missing gold watch became one of the unsolved mysteries.

Fritz evidently decided that for the good of all concerned the aeroplane must be destroyed. While it no doubt made excellent target practice for his artillery it added considerably to our discomfort to have so many shells dropping around us. We would have volunteered to blow it up for him if he would only listen to reason.

We had with us a man of socialistic views who continually harped on the fact that the capitalists made this war and we were a lot of fools to be fighting our fellow men on their behalf. This provided some amusing arguments and he was the first to join in the laughter when two laddies aged seventeen and eighteen respectively gathered around him on a snowy night in response to his preachings and sung to him "Your King and your Country both need you so."

On a quiet afternoon he was discoursing to two of us in the front line on Socialism and Christianity. "Christianity is not walking to church in a tile hat and frock coat, but doing everything to help your fellow man." The next verse was interrupted by the Whizz Bang Boogie. With the blind instinct born of experience we ducked on the first whizz, ducking into funk holes. The third shell hit the rear parapet, bursting between two of us. Another salvo and all was quiet. Our apostle of socialism and Christianity scampered away unscathed whilst I groped in the smoke and dust. Unaided I had to sling the other boy badly wounded over my shoulder and carry him to the dressing station. His legs were shot full of pieces of shell whereas I only received one small wound which merited little attention -- not even sufficient to go beyond the first dressing station.

Nothing further was heard of Socialism and kindred subjects from the above quarter. However, I felt somewhat sorry for him; his intentions were of the best and he merely suffered from that lack of nerve control on occasions which we had learned to condone.

The trenches were getting sloppier and sloppier as winter wore on. Rubber hip boots and kilts. How nice! Steel helmets also came to life but nobody would wear them until it became a court martial offense to be wounded on the head without one.

Our officer Barney advised me one day that I had been made Intelligence N.C.O. for the battalion. I was equipped with a pair of field glasses and instructed somewhat vaguely to report on the enemy trenches. I wandered around the front line for a couple of days like a lost sheep and, coming across Red and old friends again, I decided I was fed up and wangled my way back to company duty. This was the first of the Intelligence section which later became a very useful arm of the service.

Up to this point an uncalled for practice on the part of our artillery was cursed more by ourselves than by Fritz. The latter's reprisals were altogether too wholesome and we always seemed to get the short end of the stick.

The poor and despised infantry on both sides during the winter months or more or less inactivity learned that great and wonderful lesson of tolerance. If we had to go over the top in some big coup then let all the artillery on earth blast forth, but to have thousands and thousands of men living in dirt and slime while batteries of artillery wasted fortunes in endeavouring to blast them to hell with no particular object of any magnitude in view, that was utter nonsense.

There were always with us of course a certain number of fire-eaters who had no conception of live and let live. On the other hand, had it not been for the innumerable work parties and the hazards provided by these warlike creatures we would assuredly, under the circumstances, have died from melancholia or fought between ourselves.

The art of raiding was introduced to the theatre of war by Canadian Arms on this front. We were very proud. Did the headlines not read of Canadian valour and initiative? But as the novelty wore off we realized that cushy trenches would never more exist. What one army could do the other could attempt. Mais oui! C'est la guerre!

CHAPTER IX: MACHINE GUN SCHOOL

Our Lieutenant, Barney, was awarded a course of training -- two weeks at a machine gun school and as he had to take an N.C.O. with him I was elected. The school was held near Army Headquarters in a huge stone building which had once been used for more worthy purposes. There was a host of Red and Brass hats around and the place was very quiet. A most fortunate example of cause and effect.

The troop's representatives of all units on the British front were billeted in the garret of the building. I soon found myself associated with two other Canadians and some of the Guards -- old friends of the Festubert area.

We were an excellent combination. The Guards had trained over this area before going over the top at Loos and therefore a good knowledge of all the blind pigs in the district. We on our part had sufficient money to provide the inspiration. This lasted three days or rather nights and then we went broke.

The school was very well organized and after the first few days mystification on dissecting the innards of a machine gun the nights were interesting till we went broke. Ah well! We had a few evenings free now to catch up with our correspondence, but that was soon finished too. There's an old saying about "idle hands and mischief". Perchance we found out that the back door to the store-room where the officers purchased whiskey and other beverages was kept unlocked. We decided on a raid. One member was sent round the front to arrest the attention of the attendant, five were posted round the corridors approaching the back door, signals of warning were pre-arranged whilst three of us in stocking feet made the assault. The first evening's reward was two dozen Guinness Stout which we sampled and found good. One of our band had the nerve to go around the front next day and obtain money for the empty bottles.

We had a further council of war next night and decided to concentrate on whiskey. This unanimous decision was reached on the basis of more satisfaction per bottle and less time and risk in obtaining a satisfactory number of bottles which could also be more easily handled.

Thereafter for the balance of our school days the Guards and Canadians presented a very solid front as they stepped out in the evening flanked by quarts. I was able to borrow enough money from Barney to buy eggs and chips for our midnight repasts in the neighbouring villages.

One evening we travelled further afield and were halted in our tracks by the challenge of a sentry. Army Headquarters? Woof! For a split second there was silence till a stentorian voice at my elbow thundered "The Guards will advance!" and the sentry melted into the shadows of the night. With more discretion than valour we soon left the open road and travelled home across country mostly through furrowed fields. The mighty waves of the Atlantic were never so billowy. The long treks home in the cold wintry nights were most beneficial.

It was an unwritten law of the Canadian ranks that all troops returning from leave or other points of vantage bring unto their fellows bottle or bottles of the best. The occasions always made it the best so on our last night at school we obtained sufficient sustenance to fill our packs before making provision for the evening's excursion.

That last night I bid a fond adieu to a lady who promised to write to me in the trenches if I would reply in French. She wrote several times but I used all my French in one letter and that was that. "Good Byee Jock."

Returning to the school after midnight we found most of our fellow students awake. There were a lot of good fellows there and as we had now no further need to keep our knowledge to ourselves we circulated the news of the open door. Battle scarred veterans of Indian and South African wars and youthful veterans of our own war came laden with cases and stone jars. It was a riot! Somewhere between 3:00 a.m. and 4:00 a.m. the noise subsided and all was still. Reveille was at 5:00 a.m. Parade at 6:00 a.m. We never did parade. Somehow, somewhere that seething mass dissolved into the omnibuses allotted to the various divisions. We were again at war.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Why Boscon 89 is a Great Evil Beyond Anything H.P. Lovecraft or Even Prof. Mason Harris Could Possibly Imagine

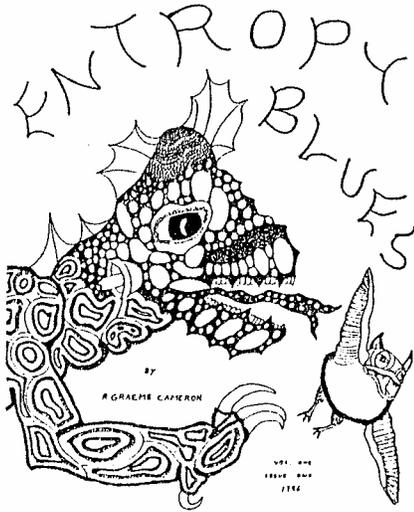
by R. Graeme Cameron

In 1986 I produced a one-shot fanzine titled ENTROPY BLUES. The majority of SPACE CADET readers, having not seen this before, will possibly find this second of a series of ENTROPY BLUES REPRINTS to be of interest:

What could be more innocent than a Worldcon with goats? Imagine how excited the 4-H clubs must be, not to mention the S.P.C.A.! Picture it; an idyllic pastoral setting, the faithful solemnly gathered at the hooves of the master, the legendary wonder goat Twinkles (whose recently revealed pen names -- Pohl, Dick, Herbert, Heinlein, et al -- have merely added lustre to his stature), listening to the witty retorts sallying forth from his cud-minded mouth. What a calm paradise of perfection! Bliss!

WELL I KNOW WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON!

I CAN PROVE IT! I'VE GOT PHOTOGRAPHS!



YES! Taken at V-CON 13 in 1985, taken at the seemingly 'innocent' Boscon 89 party suite, taken while MYLES BOS wasn't looking! In particular, a photograph showing BERNIE KLASSEN.... (I digress: Bernie Klassen, the wildman of the island, who drinks beer the hard way, by swallowing bottles whole! Uncapped! I can prove it! I've got pictures! And he eats raw perogies! And drinks BLOG and lives! But back to my vitally important revelations....) YES! I've got a picture showing BERNIE KLASSEN CLOUTING MYLES BOS ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST! And you know what? MYLES FACE IS BLURRED! Yet his expression is unhurried, if you catch my drift. HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE! This can only mean one thing.

All I can say is, THANK GOD FOR BERNIE KLASSEN!

Some primal instinct drove him to expose this nightmare, some whim of prophecy led him to smite the evil, some dream of purification.... oh, what the hell, maybe he just felt like it. Point is, HE EXPOSED MYLES BOS FOR WHAT HE TRULY IS!

You know what I'm talking about! THE DEROS! ARRGH!!!!!! Raymond Palmer, editor of Amazing circa 1940s tried desperately to warn the Earth about Richard Shaver's discoveries. Well I'm telling you what Bernie Klassen uncovered! MYLES BOS IS A DUPE OF THE DEROS! Cause he ain't human anymore. This means TWINKLES IS A DERO! YES! Twinkles is one of those damned detrimental robots, one of those demonic troglodytic Deros that live in deep caverns operating the mental degeneration machinery abandoned by the Titans! It fits, yes! It explains why Victoria has been the source of such great evil lately! SOCIAL CREDIT EXPLAINED! IT'S THE INFLUENCE OF THE DEROS!

And, my God, this could mean the Blenkinsop Road goat farm is the OMPHALOS! The Atlan spawn will swarm from the depths, turn us all into Teros! Twinkles is only the advance guard! IT'LL HAPPEN DURING THE BOSCON! THE ELITE OF THE HUMAN RACE KILLED IN ONE BLOW! NOW WE KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF GOATLUST! TAKE HEED!

Marvin's Mighty Mayan Marathon

by R. Graeme Cameron

In May of 1981 I spent a month touring the ancient cities of Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras under the guidance of Professor Marvin Cohodas of the University of British Columbia. This is part #3 of my account.

SATURDAY -- MAY 2ND, 1981

MEXICO CITY

An exhausting day, bringing me close to total collapse. Part of this may be in reaction to the anti-malaria pills I took last night. Or the fact this city is over 9,000 feet above sea level. Then again, an eight hour lecture tour through the Nacional de Antropologia Museum walking on marble floors with seats few and far between may have taken its toll. Toward the end of the tour I had difficulty breathing, could scarcely move my feet, felt some nausea and dizziness.

After the tour everybody set off to shop for food, but Sheila suggested -- I guess because of my alarmingly fatigued appearance -- that I go directly to the hotel. Which I did, and promptly flaked out. As I write I think I can say I feel somewhat better, but still very tired. Hope I can survive tomorrow's tour of Teotihuacan...

At least I have food for the next few days. On a strict budget, so I can't afford very much. I told the others what to pick up for me when I retreated to the hotel: Bread, fruit juice, limes, cheese, and a turnip-like vegetable (whose name I forget) which, in its raw state, tastes like potato. Good with lime juice on it. But no meat. Or milk. Or peanut butter! Milk and meat too risky. Peanut butter unknown. So far, no sign of the dreaded E. Colli revenge. Am hopeful of avoiding it entirely.

Now, today's happenings..... Outside the Nacional de Antropologia Museum (NAM) stands a massive, blocky, rather dumpy-looking 'modern' sculpture carved from light brown rock. It is in fact quite ancient. Date: unknown. Alleged to be Tlaloc, the Rain God, or maybe Chalchihuitlicue, his wife, the Water Goddess. Rather ugly no matter whom it represents. But then, bits and pieces have been chopped off, so it's hard to say what the original visual effect was intended to be.

I'm not kidding when I say this thing is massive. 200 tons! How did the ancients ever move such weight? Answer: they didn't. It was still attached to bedrock when discovered near the village of Coatlinchan. In 1964 it was separated from the bedrock and brought to its present location. I don't like it. It does nothing for me. My own theory is that it was a 'make-work' project thought up by a sculptor desperate for employment, and the 'funding' dried up when the local King who commissioned it found out it couldn't be moved to his palace patio. Just a theory.

On display in a glass case in the entrance foyer are several rather thin, crumpled gold bars recently excavated from the muck beneath Tenochtitlan (Mexico City), capital of the Azteca Empire. They are part of the treasure found in Motecuhzoma's palace by Cortes, or to be more precise, part of the horde of ingots fashioned from the treasure by the Spaniards after they melted it down.

And then Motecuhzoma had to go and get himself accidentally killed by his own people (though Aztec sources claim Cortes had him executed), which of course considerably diminished his value as a hostage. The Aztecs' besieged with renewed vigour the Spaniards cooped up in the palace, so Cortes decided to bugger off. In his own words *"I begged all those present to help me carry out and save it (the gold); and for this purpose I gave them one of my mares onto which they loaded as much as possible. I chose certain Spaniards, servants of mine, to go with the mare and the gold... and myself distributed the remainder among the Spaniards."*

The Conquistador Bernal Diaz described the same scene somewhat differently: *"Cortes... gave seven wounded and lame horses and one mare and more than eighty of our Tlascalan allies.... they loaded men and animals alike with as much as they could carry.... then Cortes said, 'I now give (the remainder) over to any soldiers who care to take it. Otherwise we shall lose it to these dogs.' On hearing this, many loaded themselves with the gold. I had no desire, I assure you, but to save my life. Nevertheless I picked up four jewels from the little boxes in which they lay, and quickly stowed them in my bosom, under my armour. The price of them afterwards served to cure my wounds and buy me food."*

Diaz was smart not to weigh himself down with gold. You see, Tenochtitlan was an Aztec Venice, built way out on lake Texcoco. The only way back to the mainland was via causeways. At intervals along each were gaps which normally were bridged with wooden planks, but these the the Aztecs had thoughtfully removed to prevent the Spaniards from escaping. So Cortes had a portable bridge constructed, intending to cart it along at the head of their column when they made their break in the middle of the night.

Quoting from Diaz: *"Four hundred Tlascalans and one hundred and fifty soldiers were chosen to carry this bridge and place it in position...."* (Great zot! That must have been some bridge!) *"....The bridge was quickly put in and Cortes crossed over with the leading detachment.... then all of a sudden we saw many bands of warriors descending on us... hard though we fought, no further use could be made of the bridge."*

So how did the Spaniards cross the remaining gaps? Being ever resourceful, not to mention being such warm, humane, nice guys, they...well, let the Conquistador Francisco De Aguililar tell you in his own words: *"There was no way to cross the remaining five or six canals -- which were a good twelve feet wide, and deep full of water -- except that our Lord provided us with the Indian men and women who carried our baggage. As these entered the first canal the drowned, and the heap made a bridge for those on horseback to pass over. In this way we kept pushing the loaded bearers ahead of us, reaching the other side over the bodies of the drowned, until we had crossed the rest of the canals. And in the confusion of drowning Indians some Spaniards were also lost."* Like I say, nice guys.

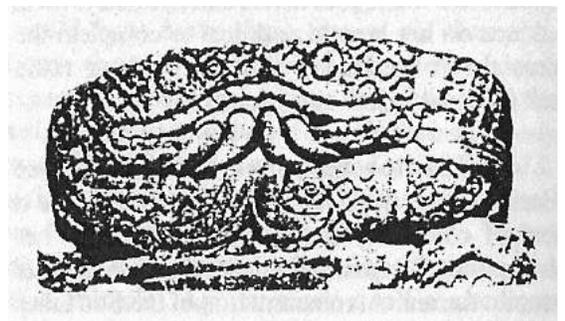
All the Tlascalans carrying gold were lost, as well as the entire baggage train of horses and their escorts, more than forty Spaniards in all. As Diaz wrote: *"the majority fell at the bridge, weighed down with gold."* Survivors retreated into the city and held out for three days, only to be captured and sacrificed. As for the gold, Aguilar explained: *"As we were fleeing it was heartbreaking to see our companions dying.... The number of Indians pursuing us could have been about five or six thousand, because the rest of the horde of warriors were occupied in looting the baggage that had sunk in the canals.... And so it happened that God miraculously provided that the baggage, and those that carried it, and the forty men who were left behind, saved us all from being killed and torn to pieces."* Hmm, methinks the ones left behind took a rather dim view of this 'miracle'. Aguilar seems a self-centred sort of chap, not much empathy for others....

Anyway, being aware of the historical circumstances described above, chills run up and down my spine as I stare at the fragile-looking gold bars gleaming under the display lights. Curious how artifacts from an event involving massive shedding of blood bring history 'to life', hmmm? Every gold bar figuratively drenched in blood. An appropriate symbol for the history of this country.

The main floor of the NAM is arranged around a six hundred foot long patio with a pool filled with reeds symbolic of the founding of Tenochtitlan. Part of the patio is roofed by a 70,000 square foot 2,000 ton aluminum thingie suspended from a single pillar. It strikes me as an act of hubris on a par with the giant 'Tlaloc' outside. Impressive, but ugly, and you wouldn't want to be underneath if it were to fall...

The main floor of the NAM is divided into 12 halls, each one devoted to a particular culture or grouping of cultures. Marvin begins his lecture marathon in the Olmec room, but I dash immediately to the hall of the Aztecs to gaze upon my favourite 'pagan' statue, perhaps the single most frightening sculpture ever conceived, a monumental depiction of the ever-nurturing Mother Earth Goddess, Coatlique "Serpent Skirt." She is a nightmare, terrifying.

Disappointingly she turns out to be only 8 feet tall. From photographs I'd seen I figured 15 feet easy. But as I stand before her, drinking in all the details, her power begins to emerge. To the uninitiated she appears to have a wide frog-like head with nasty teeth. In fact she is headless, for she has been decapitated in the process of giving birth to the Sun God. Her 'head' consists of two snake heads in profile, nose to nose, representing the two fountains of blood spouting from her neck as a result of her head being cut off. Her arms are in a 'pounce' posture, but as her hands have been sliced off -- you guessed it -- her arms end in snake heads (more fountains of blood). And of course, having just given birth, a snake descends between her legs. A skull is attached to her waist, four hands and two hearts



form a necklace on her breasts and, just to complete the picture, she is wearing a skirt of writhing rattle snakes (clothed in her own blood).

Hard to believe, but this awesome device representing the death of the Earth Goddess is a symbol of continuity and rebirth, for through her death on the Autumnal Equinox the Sun God is reborn, ie: the annual reincarnation of the Sun takes place, which in turn ensures the Maize (=reborn Sun) ripens. Isn't religious symbolism fun? An Aztec would look at this thing and think it jolly optimistic. But it scares the hell out of me. I like it. It would make a great B-movie monster!

Then I rush back to The Olmec room. The Olmecs, who lived on the Gulf Coast, are the originators of Mesoamerican civilization. Their culture arose circa 1,200 B.C. and petered out around 400 B.C. They invented almost everything, monumental sculpture, monumental architecture, hieroglyphic writing, and the basic iconography of the Fertility Cult which was the essence of religion (until the introduction of the warrior cult circa 700 A.D.). The Maya, for instance, are basically a continuation and an elaboration of the Olmec culture.

(An aside here. Mesoamerican religion and religious symbolism is mindbogglingly complex. A single deity can be represented in dozens of forms or aspects, each with a different meaning. Studying this stuff can drive you nuts. But it all boils down to one basic concept, a ritual of sympathetic magic designed to ensure the renewal of Maize (and the universe!). In brief, the Sun (=Maize) must die on the Vernal Equinox (THE major Aztec ceremony, for instance) in order to be reborn on the Autumnal Equinox. This expresses the duality of the Sun (male principle) and Earth Goddess (female principle), your basic fertility cult archetypes. The fertility cult was for everybody, and on the peasant level, still exists. The warrior cult, restricted to the elite, de-emphasized the Earth Goddess in favour of a male companion (symbolized by the planet Venus) who guides the Sun God through the underworld (Mother Earth). The warrior cult is dead.... I hope....)

I snap a picture of Marvin standing beside one of the famous Olmec 'Head' sculptures carved from volcanic basalt brought down from the Tuxtla mountains. About 18 have been found so far, each about 6 feet high and weighing as much as 18 tons.

MYTH NUMBER ONE: These heavy stone sculptures depict 'ball game players.' Nope. They predate the ball game ritual, which was unknown to the Olmecs. Besides, these guys are wearing helmets or caps, and ball game players NEVER wore helmets. So who are these guys? The Kings who ruled the Olmec city states.

MYTH NUMBER TWO: These guys have thick lips, so they must be African Americans, 'proving' that Mesoamerican civilization was created by African colonists. Nope. Sorry. The upper lips are thick as an artistic device representing the snarl of the were-jaguar baby.... (A slight pause while everyone says "HUH?"..... I told you their iconography is complex. I wasn't kidding.) Let's see if I can explain this... The MOST common image in Olmec art is a human baby (symbolic of rebirth) with Jaguar features (slanting eyes, snout-like nose, snarling mouth with exaggerated upper lip) -- the Jaguar representing the Earth/underworld (the pelt of the jaguar is the mirror image of the night sky, itself a mirror image reflecting the underworld), and a cleft head symbolic of the earth opening for the emergence of the Maize.... whew! And that's putting it simply! Olmec rulers often depicted themselves either holding a were-jaguar baby or sharing the facial characteristics of same, thus reminding their subjects that the king alone possessed the shamanistic power of maintaining the cyclical nature of the seasons, food production, etc. A political statement, in other words.

The most delightful exhibit in the Olmec hall is a display case featuring 16 were-jaguar king statuettes (1 made from granite, 2 carved from jade, and the rest from serpentine) about six inches high. They are exhibited as they were found, standing in a cluster facing the centre. Damned if I know what's going, but I suspect it's a bunch of Olmec kings getting together for a conference on how to make Olmec religious symbolism even more complicated and convoluted....

(Sad to note: in 1986 thieves broke into the NAM and stole vast numbers of goodies... "Everything small and precious," said Marvin when I ran into him at Expo.... turned out to be an inside job, the security guards themselves were the thieves... about half the items were recovered a couple of years later. I hope that included the above mentioned little guys; I'd hate to think they are now residing in some rich sod's private collection....)

And then there is the famous Olmec 'Wrestler' sculpture, a bearded chap sitting cross-legged, swaying to his right, arms akimbo. Personally I think it depicts a proto-filker, drunk out of his mind and having a very good time. Unfortunately, Marvin says its a modern fake (or just possibly, genuine, but non-Olmec). I don't care. I like it anyway.

Eight hours of lectures. Non-stop. I listen for awhile, then run ahead and photograph whatever looks nifty, then sit and relax while waiting for Marvin and the others to catch up (I was only auditing the course, wasn't going to be marked, so I could stop paying attention whenever I felt like it). So many wonderful things to see. Some of my favourites: the jade were-bat mask (don't ask) from Monte Alban, the four foot-high ceramic piece of an old man with an incense burner on his head (in fact the Fire God, God of the hearth) from Veracruz, a 26 foot tall Toltec warrior, a beautiful scale model of the temple precinct in Tenochtitlan....and speaking of Aztecs.....

Funny thing, Marvin saves the statue of Coatlique for last. As he begins to explain its iconography an angry local who claims to be an official tour guide steps forward and complains that Marvin is violating the law by taking employment away from a Mexican. If Marvin doesn't stop lecturing immediately the guide will have the museum police throw him out. Marvin's protestations are to no avail. Disappointed, he instructs me to lecture the others on Coatlique (as one amateur to fellow amateurs) and wanders away. Two American women, who had been tagging along with avid interest, speak to one of the security guards. Turns out the 'guide' is unofficial, not union as advertised. Of course Marvin can lecture! Delighted, Marvin rushes back and corrects all of my mistakes....

It has been wonderful, but my mind and body are fading fast. To my horror, Marvin decides we should explore the second floor which consists of contemporary exhibits. Given my condition, I am less than enthusiastic at the prospect of studying different types of huts, etc. So I ignore everything, walking ahead of the group until I find a bench, on which I repose in a collapsed half-dead pose until they catch up, then I repeat the procedure. Finally, we are done.

As I write, I can't help but wonder if this trip is going to kill me. And we haven't even entered the jungle yet! Tomorrow we visit Teotihuacan. I'm going to climb the Pyramid of the Sun (the largest pyramid of the Americas) even if I have to pause after every step. After all, this trip is a life-long dream come true. Dreams don't kill....?

TO BE CONTINUED.....

Letters of Comment

E Version Note: All addresses (both snail mail and E mail) are undoubtedly out of date but I include them as I am attempting to duplicate the original published version of this zine as closely as possible.

I should point out that most of the LoCs have been edited quite ruthlessly; in part for reasons of space, but also because editors are really keen on that sort of thing... great fun.... sense of power...etc.

Also, am trying something different this issue, even though some fannish traditionalists will howl with rage. I like responding to a given subject immediately after the end of the paragraph (as opposed to putting all comments at the bottom of the letter) as this lends an air of conversational immediacy which I much prefer. My excuse is that Benoit Girard gets away with it in 'THE FROZEN FROG', and it's a fine zine. Besides, this is MY zine and I can do what I like with it. So there!

From: ADAM J.K. CHARLESWORTH

Former Host of ETHER PATROL

Tue Apr 4 13:06:33 1995

E-Mail: uy439@freenet.victoria.bc.ca

311 - 3244 Quadra St., Victoria, B.C. V8X 1G2

Space Cadet #2 was a terrific read. I really, really enjoyed your "CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT", you bring a joyous youthful romance to what is obviously a painfully bad book. I know, examining things out of context is very unfair. I have my own share of glorious books from the golden era on my shelf. "Galaxy 666" and "Zanthar at Moons Madness" are just some of the books that evoke the sensa wonda complex in me. I do not think however I could pay them the proper tribute as you did with Mr. Winterbotham's work. If he were alive today, I feel he could take your review and keep it under his pillow at night. Space Cadet is a wonderful magazine. Keep up the good work, I think that Space Cadet offers the world your love and sincerity, something everybody could use more of.

(--Elsewhere in your Loc you wrote "feel free to edit my Loc out of existence." I did, while accidentally leaving in all your words of praise. It's fun being an editor!--)

From: HENRY L. WELCH

Editor of THE KNARLEY KNEWS

Mon Apr 17 08:44:20 1995

E-Mail: WELCH@warp.msoe.edu

1525 - 16th Ave., Grafton, Wisconsin, 53024-2017 USA

Thanks for Space Cadet #2. Things look like they are shaping up nicely. Your "Confessions of an SF Addict" make your early SF experiences sound very interesting. THE RED PLANET sounds almost worth reading whereas THE WIZARD OF MARS looks like a MUST miss.

I actually tried to send 'The Knarley Knews' to BCSFAzine about 6 years ago and the Canadian Postal Service bounced it because it was folded and stapled rather than enveloped. For some reason that let all the winds out of my sails even though about that time I started sending to Dale Speirs and then later Lloyd Penney.

(--The Cdn. Post Office, being an invidious arm of the Federal Government, was no doubt aware of my intention to use my 'God-Editorship' of BCSFAzine as a stepping stone to becoming first Emperor of Canada. So it was probably an effort on their part to prevent contact between two dangerous & subversive editors, very much along the lines of the RCMP preventing a meeting between Quebec Terrorists (FLQ) and US Black Panthers (back in the 60's) by burning down their proposed meeting place (a barn) the night before. The farmer in question is still trying to sue the RCMP--)

From: HOLGER ELIASSON

Editor of HILDISVIN

monday 17 april 1995

E-Mail: holeli@nn.apc.org

P.O. Box 171, 114 79 Stockholm, Sweden.

A Memo from the Sty of the Pork of Ages!!

Hoo and Hey , and thank you for Space Cadet Gazette # 1. I've now read it completely through, and found it much to my liking, since it seems to be one of the better made transatlantic personal fanzines I've seen so far. Your description of early childhood memories (nearly all of whom somehow connects with a later interest in sf) under the heading "CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT" had me wondering a bit about whether a person really can remember anything with sufficient clarity, even from the tender age of three or thereabouts, but after checking the contents of my own memory, I found out that this indeed can be so. I can remember a very early visit to the Stockholm museum of Natural History with my parents, that must have transpired when I myself was just about four (judging from details in the story) which must have been the sole event which later lead to an early interest in prehistoric animals and so on and so forth, gradually changing into a keen interest in archeology or history as I became progressively older, and perhaps started to get other (and possibly "fake") memories.

"MARVIN'S MIGHTY MAYAN MARATHON" strikes me as a good start of a longer travelogue story, but sadly, I don't feel that I have enough grasp about mesoamerican culture and history, or even geography - where is Mazatlan, for instance ? - to get any proper enjoyment out of it. Eurocentric or not, I would make more sense of it if the story was set in Europe or in Japan, since in Continental European or Traditionally Japanese culture, I'd feel more at home, given my background knowledge.

(--I hope to provide some of that missing background knowledge as I go along.... Mazatlan? It's on the West coast of Mexico at about the same latitude as the tip of Baja California (a peninsula which is part of Mexico)--)

When it comes to "WAR ! WHAT OF IT... ?" and the family history of the Cameron family (?!?) I immediately feel more acquainted, since war is a subject that I'm well acquainted with, and where my background info kindasorta amounts to a sufficient level. I've never taken part in any shooting war, of course; but given a year and a half inside the swedish army, a keen interest in international aid & volunteer organizations including the Swedish UN league plus the fact that I practically grew up among emigre families from Germany or East Europe (most childhood friends I had tended to be exile Germans, exile Czech, Finnish or immigrants of other types, considering that I and my family happened to be Scanian, and not Stockholmes, even though I grew up in Stockholm) I've at least accumulated a lot of first hand accounts about the phenomenon.

The grandfather of my best Swedish-Czech buddy, for instance; fought in both world wars. One day, this would-be grandfather and would-be captain did his own "Sgt Bill" number when an observation gondola on a makeshift ropeway that was rigged straight across a mountain face got under heavy bombardment from an Italian heavy mortar battery close nearby. This bombardment lasted for some 30 minutes, but even though the mainstay of his own company got killed, the grandfather of my friend survived miraculously unhurt, although the wooden gondola out on the ropeway literally was smashed to bits around him. When he came to after several hours, he found out that the ropes holding the thing were half-broken, and that nobody was left to haul him out of the mess anyway, so there he stayed, hanging beside a sheer rock face for the better part of a day or so. It was only later that another unit came around to investigate, and another bombardment from the Italians started all over again.

(--I've always maintained that war is not a contest or a game, but rather a lottery, either you win (survive) or you lose (die). Your either safe, or trapped and doomed. Strategy, even on a tactical level, involves manoeuvring the enemy into the latter situation. This is why I believe that war is no fun at all. No great originality on my part, I must admit--)

And with that, I move on to your article on the works of Ed Wood, Jr, and the role of plastic or metal flying saucer models in one of his movies. Now, that's what I'd like to call "lots of loving detail" and just the sort of

articles that I'd like to read, no matter what the subject matter of them could be. Whatever zines I read, about beer or history and/or the Pork of Ages, war and all the rest, I do want them to be profusely detailed, written with a lot of thought and not without proper analysis, by golly!

(--I agree! 'The Pork Of Ages' is not a subject to be taken lightly!--)

I think you must have achieved something of an absolute A in all those categories. I've realized upon reading, that I myself must have been face to face with a Lindberg model of one of those flying saucers as early as in 1974 (although this seems a little puzzling, history - wise.) Since you say there was no new kits made until 1977, this is a little strange - for how could those kits from 1957 still be selling in Sweden at the time, or otherwise the time-scale in the data banks of my youth is completely snarled. I also recall my own efforts at trick filming by then, as well as building plastic aero-planes, UFOs and a few other "unclassified" plastic sculptures. (Or, how should you rate a mixtum compositum of the footstands of several Airfix stands, glued together on the top of an old frisbee, further decorated with the remains of several Revel battleship models, and then finally adorned with old radio parts, and photographed through the defective lense of an old Hasselblad camera... ?) But perhaps, I'd better write and tell you about these merry escapades next time, or better still - never at all !

(--My father use to let me sit and watch him make models. My brother used to let me sit and watch him make models. You can bet that once my allowance was sufficient I embarked on an arms race: a shelf full of battleships, a shelf full of tanks, etc. Even now I occasionally feel the urge to go out and buy a model, even though I never have the time to build one... though, perversely, if there were someone I could force to sit and let them watch me make models, I might actually do it!--)

From: ANDREW C. MURDOCH

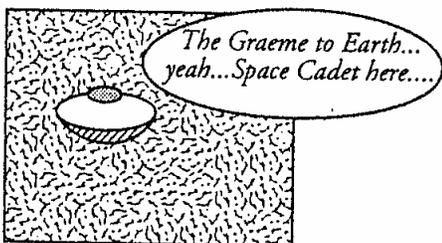
Editor of ZX (no longer published)

Wed Apr 19 00:14:44 1995

E-Mail: uq016@freenet.victoria.bc.ca

2563 Heron Street, Victoria, B.C. V8R 5Z9

I wonder if the person who created the concept of e-mail ever thought that it would be used for something like LoCing fanzines? Certainly when I start zining again, it will be a boon as far as retyping LoCs, despite its rather impersonal touches.



Well, I'm happy to say that in the interim I have endured "Plan Nine From Outer Space". Fortunately, it was with a room full of other fans at the biweekly meeting of S.F.A.V. They were more than helpful in pointing out all the intriguing details, like the cardboard headstones, cheap sets, distinct lack of Bela Lugosi (not to mention his character's sudden gain in height as he's coming out of the tomb), the discrepancy between Tor Johnson's body and his "skeleton", the incredible acting (not!), Pie plate (or model, I'm not even sure) flying saucers, alien

costumes borrowed from a high school production of "Prince Valiant" and, of course, the ruthless use of stock footage. It's the worst film I've ever seen, and I enjoyed every second of it!

(--My all-time favourite is 'ROBOT MONSTER' which is not only bad, but pretentiously bad! Great monologues on the part of the Gorilla Robot. See it if you can--)

Pity "THE RED PLANET" is no longer in print (though if it were I suspect it would constantly be confused for the Heinlein book of almost the same name). I'd have liked to read it based on your description alone.

Domed cities do hold a certain beauty, even in ruin. Reminds me of an illustration I once saw of two post-apocalyptic savages floating on a raft, and contemplating the Statue of Liberty as they passed it.

(--I'm certain I've seen that illo, but where? I thought at first it might have been a cover for a 'MIGHTY SAMSON' comic from the '60s, but I checked my collection. Nope....Wait a sec....Just checked my copy of 'CHROMA: THE ART OF ALEX SCHOMBERG'. He has a fine piece depicting a flying saucer landing beside a half-buried Statue of Liberty, but not the piece you're talking about which I seem to clearly visualize in my mind. This is driving me nuts....--)

From: ALEXANDER BOUCHARD

Editor of SCOPUS

Tue May 23 13:13:25 1995

E-Mail: ae019@detroit.freenet.org

P.O. Box 573, Hazel Park, MI USA 48030-0573

A bit late . . .

Many thanks for the copy of Space Cadet #2. I'm not sure how you heard of me, but I appreciate it just the same.

(--I can't remember how I heard of you either, but I believe I read a review of 'SCOPUS' somewhere, thought it sounded interesting, and hoped for a trade. I don't think I sent #1. I'll pop that in the mail for you soon--)

A copy of *scopus:3007* #6 will be coming your way Real Soon Now (as soon as I get a few glitches in my personal life together. Ah, well).

In the meantime, if you want any back numbers of scopus, I still have a few. (And I have my trusty Xerox brand copier -- can't let those copyright people get me, now can I? -- and can run off a few more, if I can find them. That's the trick.)

(--I wouldn't mind a back issue or two, but not if it's too much trouble. Zine pubbing is supposed to be fun!--)

Let me know. I'm here; at least, I *think* I'm here.

(--I think, therefore I'm confused? My theory, anyway--)

From: BRANT KRESOVICH

Editor of FROM THE CLERISY

Riga Business School, Riga Technical University, Skolas 11, LV-1010 Riga, Latvia

Thanks for your #2. The review of Russ Winterbotham's THE RED PLANET reminded me that the Mars novels by Edgar Rice Burroughs were the first SF-like novels that I read. I was about 12 or 14 in the late 1960's when I read them. I don't remember them being really good or memorable, but that sense of wonder was there for me. I later moved on to Heinlein, Asimov, and Clarke and liked them all for different reasons. H. for his wisdom (I'm over that by now, believe me), A. for his brains, and C. for the technology. And all of them got more heart and soul than types like Ian Banks even suspect.

(--Haven't read anything by Ian Banks, so I can't comment. But as for books about Mars (more or less), I found Ian Watson's 'THE MARTIAN INCA' to be quite superb, even though the main character is not easy to identify with. A powerful, sad book--)

The WWI memoirs were interesting too. The image of the infantrymen "cursing bitterly with tears in their eyes" opening overheated bolts was incredible. I look forward to the next part.

From: BUCK COULSON

April 10, 1995

2677W - 500N, Hartford City, IN 47348 USA

The cover of 'THE RED PLANET' looked quite familiar; there's a copy in our library. I was a good deal older than 11 when it appeared, though, so it made much less of an impression on me. Lessee; in 1962 I'd been reading SF for 14 years and going to cons for 10. Of course, in the 1960's I WAS reading Leigh Brackett and thoroughly enjoying her stories -- and being fascinated by talking to her at Midwestcons -- and her Mars was a sort of desiccated India, so scientific accuracy wasn't one of my hangups.

Never saw 'WIZARD OF MARS'; maybe I should look for it. Did see 'ROCKETSHIP X-M' which was hustled into production in an attempt to be released before 'DESTINATION MOON'. As I recall, it made it, but I saw it after DM. I thought it was pretty bad, but 'WIZARD' seems to have it beat.

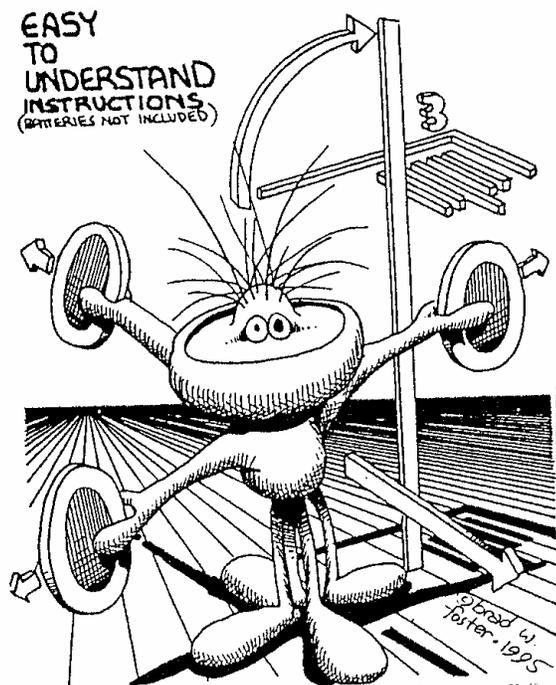
(--I quite like 'ROCKETSHIP X-M', maybe in part because I was always more interested in exploring Mars than the Moon. Then again, it has that gutsy, downbeat ending where everybody dies!--)

Interesting WWI account. I remember somebody telling me when I was young that when one used a bayonet, one followed the thrust by firing one's rifle to enlarge the hole and make it easier to extract the bayonet. I have no idea if this was a fact or a tall tale, but it sounded logical.

(--I've heard this too, but I don't think the idea was to "enlarge the hole" so much as to blast it loose from any bones it may have got stuck in--)

No, I don't think either of our 'UNCLE' novels mentioned Ackerman. We had been told by Terry Carr, who was editor in charge of the series, that senior editor Don Wollheim loathed "Tuckerisms" (so called because Wilson 'Bob' Tucker was noted for naming characters in his book after his friends). So we carefully named our characters after our fellow Indiana fans in the assumption that these were people Wollheim had never heard of. We got a little bolder in the second book -- after all, Terry had called up and asked us to write one (in four weeks, to fill a gap in the schedule), but I don't think we mentioned Forry. It sounds more like one of the books by by Dave McDaniel/Ted Johnstone. (Johnstone was his name in fandom; McDaniel was his real name and the one he wrote under.) Since the publisher refused to put more than one name on the cover, Gene and I wrote under the joint pseudonym we originated for our fanzine parodies, "Thomas Stratton". There was one 'UNCLE' book written by a pair of California fans under a single pseudonym, which might have mentioned Forry. If I could stand to go through all of the volumes I could find out, but I'm not sure I have the stomach for any but ours and McDaniel's, and I'm not to sure about those.

(--As I recall, the novel in question had Forry as a major character 'playing' himself, but time may have exaggerated my recollection--)



From: RODNEY LEIGHTON

Editor of THE NOVA SCOTIA HERMIT
R.R. #3, Pugwash, Nova Scotia, B0K 1L0

Mixed in with the store flyers today was an envelope with SPACE CADET on it. Since I diligently read that mostly well-done zine put out by Patri, I knew right away what it was! Yippee! An unsolicited zine!

Strikes me as a very good SFzine. Not much to comment on. Being one of those people in SFandom who doesn't like SF is occasionally disadvantageous. I watch virtually no movies of any genre. I do read a fair bit, but no SF. I did enjoy your dream essay.

I often skip travel essays. I do read some, the 'MAYAN MARATHON' was interesting. I'm part way through Holger Eliasson's Denmark Odyssey. Talk about travel essays!

Afraid I skipped your grandfather's war story. War doesn't interest me. My father spent part of the early 40s flying around shooting at Krauts but he's never talked about his experiences much.

(--I'm interested in the evolution of war, the mechanics of war, the machinery of war, and above all, how people cope with being in a war. Unfortunately, it is one of humanity's more pervasive institutions. In any given year this century an average of forty wars took place. Many are never even mentioned in the popular media. How many of you remember the decade long war in Western Sahara, one side supported by Morocco, the other by Algeria? The Moroccans actually divided the region in half with an earth embankment and ditch many hundreds of miles long in an effort to contain the 'rebels' (i.e, natives). I think it was Bismark who commented that 'peace' was simply that temporary state of being which exists between wars. I'm reminded of that couple from B.C. who moved to the Falkland Islands reasoning that it was the last place Mars would ever visit. They didn't do their research. So what's my point? That you can't avoid war by ignoring it. So how do you avoid war? I wish I knew--)

You have quite an eclectic bunch in your LoCs; kids to grand old gentlemen. I think your loccol aptly illustrates the changing face of fandom. Glicksohn gafiates, but he'll reappear someday. Hell, Bill Donaho was gafiated for 25 years. Do you get HABAKKUK? On the other end, you have Scott Patri who is doing great things with the 'ZERO-G LAVATORY'.

I have this project going to survey SFandom. I was interested to see your comments about your trade list. I wonder if you will consider sending me a copy when it is completed?

(--Prodded by Scott Patri, I've decided to run a review column instead. Don't know how often I'll do it, sure takes up a lot of space, but I established my list by perusing reviews in other zines, and I should at least return the favour--)

That 'SNOW MONKEYS VS. ICE RATS' story was cute.

(--Cute? You call that hideous blood sport cute? You probably have a season ticket--)

From: MICHAEL McKENNEY

Editor of BARDIC RUNES

April 11, 1995

424 Cambridge St. S., Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 4H5

Many thanks for the second 'SPACE CADET'. I loved the review of WIZARD OF MARS. I missed it and maybe should try to track it down. It's of historic interest. I did see 'ANGRY RED PLANET' from c. 1960,

which also has a scene in which our first team to Mars all hop into a boat and then get close to being gobbled up by a sea monster. Now that's SF worthy of a tabloid headline: "SEA MONSTERS WIPE OUT MARS EXPEDITION" or whatever....

(--I reviewed 'ANGRY RED PLANET' in BCSFAzine. I may reprint it in SC at some future date. It's a fun movie--)

As to Martian books, have you run into the 'THE BIRD OF TIME' by Wallace West? This goes back as far as 1936, though I have the ace (single) F-114 edition. Among other things communications with Earth are conducted by MORSE CODE! Our spacemen are welcomed to the red planet with the words:

*"Welcome, Earthling, brave and daring;
Welcome to the halls of ancient Mars.
Have no fear while here you're faring.
There shall be peace among the stars."*

This is sung to the tune of "DECK THE HALLS." despite this greeting which causes some laughter among the Terrans, the telepathic Martians of the Anarchiate are able to provide enough trouble to fill the book.

(--Sounds like this could be turned into a wonderfully bad movie!--)

Thanks for the data for our Ottawa Fan History Project.

P.S. Have you read 'AELITA'?

(--Yep, and own the movie, which I also reviewed in BCSFAzine. It would be interesting to reprint that and run a book review for comparison. Hmmm...--)

From: CHESTER D. CUTHBERT

April 12, 1995

1104 Mulvey Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3M 1J5

THE SPACE CADET GAZETTE #2 is a worthy sequel to your first issue and will undoubtedly inspire an equal response.

Several of your readers are correspondents of mine; most are well-known fans able to appreciate the time and effort you spend producing your attractive fanzine.

I regret to learn that Andrew Murdoch has discontinued ZX.

(--He does hint above that he may resume zine pubbing at some point in the future. Keep your fingers crossed--)

Your reviews of books and movies are well written: certainly you remember and can comment on more than I would consider worthy of comment.

(--To tell the truth, my memory is terrible. Except for one or two images, I forget almost everything. When I decide to review a book I reread it, taking notes as I go along--)

I try to write a one-page note on every book I read, but I often fail to do more than two or three paragraphs. These notes are useful to remind my failing memory of the important parts, and I recommend the habit to slow

readers. Two people I've known, however, can read so quickly that they do not have to take notes: they can re-read a book in less time.

I have just started a strange novel 'DAMNED' by Ethel Smith Dorrance (Macaulay, 1923) about a girl's visit to Hades and her encounter with the Devil. Not very convincing, but unusual enough that I'll probably finish reading it.

(--Sounds interesting actually. On a whim I checked Clute and Nicholl's SF Encyclopedia. Would have been nifty had she been listed, but alas, I guess she never went on to anything meriting a mention. Pity.--)

From: TEDDY HARVIA

Fan Artist & Illustrator

15 April, 1995

701 Regency Dr., Hurst TX, 76054-2307 USA.

Strangely, your grandfather's memoirs of WW1 remind me of my experiences with the infantry in Vietnam. Despite our mobility, we were essentially fighting a static war. We horrified a number of villagers when we ignorantly washed our privates at the community well with their cooking pots.

(--I imagine the privates were pretty horrified too, what with being manhandled by a bunch of corporals and sergeants and all.....oh, you mean THOSE privates--)

Recently researching for an illustration of the Great War, I discovered all the conflicts since 1918 have diminished interest in it. I found few books at the libraries and book stores, I did run across a history of a Canadian unit, but it didn't have pictures of the rifles and gasmasks I needed.

My first impression of the 'ICE-RATS' is that they are a scientist's hoax. Arctic creatures must conserve heat to survive.

(--Ah, but these are TROPICAL creatures transplanted to the arctic! Got you there! I run rings around you logically ...or is it some sort of sinking spiral?--)

From: LLOYD PENNEY

April 15, 1995

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, Ontario, L6T 4B6

I thought Russ Winterbotham's 'RED PLANET' sounded familiar.... I checked my own library, and there's a copy of it. It's not the Monarch edition, but the Priory Books edition, "produced in Israel." "Axel's injured, I said, "and you're my wife. That makes you top banana." Not the best written story, but still, as you said, a sensawonda story special that got a lot of kids hooked.

(--I can't help but wonder if there is any SF written in Israel....I'll be darned, Clute & Nicholls encyclopedia has a lengthy entry, including Amos Kenan's 1983 novel 'THE ROAD TO EIN HAROD' which won a 'peace' prize by the PLO! (It was about a near-future military take-over in Israel.) The \$2 million movie version, shot in 1989, starred Anthony Peck and Allesandra Mussolini (granddaughter of Il Duce)! Man! Life really is stranger than fiction--)

Fred Pohl is a fine fellow, and easy to talk to, once you establish a common topic. He was a guest at Ad Astra a few years ago, and as we did with our guests back then, we gave him an authentic Ad Astra tacky shirt. This one had a black background, with lots of orange and magenta flowers on it. We'd asked for his size in

advance so it would fit, and it did. He echoed my own criterion for a good shirt... "It's got to be a little bigger at the bottom so it'll cover my pot belly!" I hope he's still enjoying it. I know I am.

Perry Grayson might like to know that I'm a Richard Matheson fan, from the 'SHOCK' series of books, to his short stories turned into many classic 'TWILIGHT ZONE' episodes, to 'BID TIME RETURN' and 'WHAT DREAMS MAY COME', two of my favourite novels. The former in that pair was turned into 'SOMEWHERE IN TIME', a mixed-review movie starring Chris Reeve and Jane Seymour.

A shame that Andrew Murdoch has decided to suspend publication of ZX.... it was Zine eXperimental, after all, but it's found a place of honour among many fanzine fan's collections. I wonder what conclusions Andrew's drawn from this successful experiment?

I must write to Brant Kresovich, and find out if he'd be willing to send me copies of his fanzine...

(--Probably. He won't take cash or cheques, only wants zines and LoCs -- the latter he never prints, but appreciates. He does do zine reviews--)

From: HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

16 April, 1995

PO Box 5309, Torrance, CA USA 90510-5309

Received SPACE CADET #2. Alas, I cannot remember if I locced #1, but I see no letter of mine, and no WAHF, so I guess I didn't. Sorry about that, but I am sort of gafiated, and enjoying life much more as I find other things to do. I guess I was just BORED with much of fandom, added to my disgust about relations with the local sci-fi club. Now I have my own home computer system and can access a BBS on a daily basis. With 11 years of sobriety in Alcoholics Anonymous, I am active in service work for that organization. I am active in many Scottish groups for a varied social life.

And oddly enough, without bothering to LoC zines daily, I have even been reading more books in my spare time!

But I was reading the zine at work today, and noted the comments about Forry Ackerman. I still visit Forry every few months, and deliver to him all the fanzines that have arrived. OK, the number of fanzines in my mailbox is way down. But what few I get eventually wind up with Forry.

(--I would like to think that Forry will read my dream account some day, and I must admit I'm dying to know what he thinks of it if he does read it--)

But when all is said and done, I'd rather play with my computer.... This LoC is something of an anomaly, probably done more out of habit than anything else. And certainly not because I have any nuggets of wisdom to pass on from reading your zine. A nice zine, but that is about all I can say about it.

OK, back to my computer, and again thanks for the zine...

(--Sorry to hear of your nearly complete gafiation, but real life comes first. Glad to hear you're enjoying yourself more. We should all strive to do the same--)

From: HARRY WARNER JR.

April 16, 1995

423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740 USA

Your synopsis of THE RED PLANET makes me wonder if Russ Winterbotham tried to use Heinlein in Juveniles as his model, adding more violence adding more violence so the novel would appeal to the typical paperback publisher? Winterbotham certainly wasn't one of the seminal influences on the SF field, but I seem to remember enjoying some of his prozine stories. I believe his last name caused a considerable amount of punning in the prozine letter sections and fanzines...

The continuation of your MAYAN MARATHON travels amused and edified, just like the first section. Has it occurred to you that you may have been immortalized in official and television archives because you appeared in isolation in footage taken in the Zocalo? Scholars viewing the film at some future date may write monographs speculating about your role in the ceremonies....

I also enjoyed very much once again your grandfather's war memories. As for the speculation in SC#2 about how soldiers found the courage to go over the top, I suspect that WWI came so soon after first-rate firearms went into use that soldiers didn't think it was an enormous risk. All during the 19th century the risk of getting shot in war was a minor problem compared with the danger of death from disease, exposure or accident. Someone claimed that a bean was more deadly than a bullet to Civil War soldiers. By the time WWI was several years old, I assume, participants knew that the situation had changed and firepower from the enemy was infinitely more dangerous now that guns were bigger, could be fired more rapidly, and had more power.

(--In terms of the overall picture, I agree, but when you move out onto the actual battlefield....some of those civil war battles involved dense masses of men firing in unison at close range into opposing formations. Under such conditions men have been known to march toward the enemy holding one hand before their face in an entirely instinctive (and useless!) protective response. I'm convinced that the WWI lot knew exactly what they were getting into, at least after they survived their first battle, and that other factors drove them to accept repeating the experience when ordered to do so. Peer pressure. Rationalization. The threat of execution. And?—)

I agree with everyone who sings the praises of Forry Ackerman in the letter section. He is the one fan in history who everyone knows, either in person or from the numerous photographs that appear in books and periodicals. He certainly needs no introduction at Cons, and I doubt he has ever had to identify himself to any fan he encountered. This ties in with the affection everyone feels for him, and I suspect this inspired the most famous line in movie history: "Love means never having to say you're Forry."

(--Forry would smile. The rest of the world groans.... Around here, we'd call your deadly closing line a 'Skinnerism', from local fan Frank Skinner, who has a penchant for such puns, such horrible puns...yours is world class Skinnerism, I must admit--)

From: WALT WILLIS

20th April, 1995

32 Warren Rd., Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 OPD

Thank you for SPACE CADET #2. It seems to be growing on me. No, not like a Verucca. I have the feeling that this is an unusually bright and congenial fanzine, from the straightforward and empathetic editorial to the Afterwords at the end, which says just enough.

(--Thank you for your kind words. Watch me blow it in this issue.... Certainly what you describe is what I'm aiming for, at any rate—)

Your dream of 4E was charming. I was very pleased to note your appreciation of Forry Ackerman, who has been dogged by misunderstanding so frequently in the past. I am glad to see him appreciated for the great fan

that he is, and which he has seemed to me during all my fannish existence, which now extends over some 46 years, at the beginning of which he was already a legend. I love and admire him more than I can say.

The film review was entertaining and MMMM illuminating on Mexico. ENTROPY BLUES REPRINT was worth reprinting.

Your grandfather's memoirs were more interesting to me this time, possibly because of the attention to domestic detail, which I can understand and appreciate more than the details of the fighting. I also understand and appreciate Murray Moore's comment in the reader's letters that contemporary documents like this are a form of time travel. How true.

(--My main reason for running it, apart from family pride of course, is that modern retrospective works, while possibly more accurate because of research, can offer only the author's best guess as to what it was really like. Taking into account that my Grandfather exhibits his own bias, plays down certain matters (like the violence) with understatement, plays up other things (like the camaraderie), and, in short, expresses his personal 'take' on the experience, it is nevertheless the authentic voice of someone who was actually there. It is an excellent guide to the way people (or at least one man) thought about it while it was happening. Modern accounts, of course, are coloured by modern perspectives--)

For my money though, the best thing in your issue was your piece about the snow monkeys and the ice rats. This was really a gem, in the best traditions of fannish humour, including the follow-up in Afterwords, which reminds me of the days when another fanned would take up this baton and run with it.

(--Don't understand how people find humour in this evil, evil blood sport. I guess I'm just too Disney-ish for this sad, brutal world--)

From: BRAD FOSTER

Illustrator, Cartoonist, Writer, Swell Guy.
PO Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016 USA

Exclamation points? Me?!?! Well, maybe once in a while!!!!

(So I get excited when I get a new fanzine. What can I say?)

Loved your comments on 'THE RED PLANET'; most specifically, the one about how as a kid you knew you had to accept all that "mushy stuff" they stuck into movies for the "girls". I still recall being outraged at the various movie adaptations of Jules Verne and H.G. Wells where there was suddenly a girl (ech! Cooties!!), and I certainly didn't remember that character being in the book. One big question is, which is more insulting: to do a movie without a female character because there wasn't one in the story, or to think tossing one in is somehow "appealing" to the female audience?

(--Cooties? One year in grade school I was the one targeted as having cooties (which I didn't, I hasten to add). I have a vivid memory of hordes of kiddies cascading down a stairwell to escape my presence. Not a year I enjoyed--)

And 'WIZARD OF MARS' sounds exactly like the kind of bad SF flick I love to find on TV late at night when I'm working on a drawing. The really bad ones like this are often more entertaining than more well-done but mid-range movies. Are you aware of 'MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000'? Where they show incredibly bad movies from all genres with running commentary? It's brilliant stuff, doubles the enjoyment of grade Z movies for all us lovers of same.

(--I can't get it, but I have seen videos made by people who can. I agree, it's often wickedly funny. For my own personal collection (more than 200 videos) I prefer 'unsullied' prints, but I'm not so purist as to be offended by MST3 even though I know people who refuse to watch it. MST3 is not only hilarious, it's probably hooked people into seeking out such films on their own. As an attractor, laughter is at least as powerful as sensawonda--)

I've got a Xerox of one of the pages of art from one of the RIP FOSTER books (I forget which one) on the window shade behind my drawing board, with one guy saying "Get flaming, Foster!". Kind of an inspiration to get back to work. Which maybe I should do now!

(--There was just one RIP FOSTER book, but issued under two names. Your illo is on page 77 of the "RIP FOSTER RIDES THE GREY PLANET" version, the illos in the 'ASSIGNMENT IN SPACE WITH RIP FOSTER' version being different and without captions. Who cares? You do. I do. That's enough--)

Here are a couple more fillos to use. Looking forward to issue 3!!!!

(--Looking forward to more illos. I love illos!)

From: MURRAY MOORE

Editor of SACRED TRUST

May 1, 1995

377 Manly St., Midlands, Ontario, L4R 3E2

"If we can't have fun, why bother?" Indeed? As you observe in your editorial.

You managed to pack a great deal into SPACE CADET #2. I noticed that it was only eight sheets when I flattened it for storage.

"SPACE CADET." It should be spoken with full sound effects, drawn out, sounding as if spoken loudly in a large space, with echoes coming and going.

(--Similar to the lead-in announcement of the old 'SPACE PATROL' TV series? Pronounced: "Spaaaaaaace Patrooooooollll!"--)

Your essay about Russ Winterbotham's THE RED PLANET reminded me of a 40 cent Ace paperback I bought because of its colourful cover: 'CRASHING SUNS' by Edmond Hamilton. I also remember not being impressed with the contents. Allowance has to be made for 'CRASHING SUNS' being a collection of five stories first published in 1928, 1929 and 1930, being reprinted in 1965. Ah, but the cover: a spaceport, a red sky taking up two-thirds of the scene, a human in space gear in the foreground, a pistol-pointing, three-legs-to-a-side, pink, hairless ball in the middle ground. The alien's only features are two horizontal slashes for eyes, and a vertical seam between the eyes.

(--I, too, have this edition. Picked it up for the same reason--)

This train of thought led me to pull off the shelf another paperback of which I rarely have thought during the 30 years since I read it: 'THE LAST PLANET (STAR RANGERS)' by Andre Norton. I remembered the genuine intellectual thrill I experienced reading the last page of chapter 15, which ends with "Terra of Sol -- Man's beginning!"

Keep Your Shield of Umor Bright.

(--What happens if I throw it away?--)

From: DAVID BUSS

May 6, 1995

31173 Dewdney Trunk Rd., Mission, B.C. V2V 6H5

Thanks for making me famous, but I won't let it change me. Now that I'm an outhouse-hold name I feel that I might become difficult. Yet I shan't! I shall not forget all the little people.

In regards to things WWI. I see that you are familiar with Graves' book. Are you also familiar with Seigfried Sassoon's memoirs and poetry of the war; and the poetry of Wilfred Owen? As well as the novels 'UNDER FIRE' (French, 'UN FEU') by Henri Barbusse; 'THREE SOLDIERS' by John Dos Passos; and of course, Remarque's 'ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT'? These are great, informative reads from the French, American, and German perspectives respectively.

(--Of course I've heard of Seigfried Sassoon, he went on to endorse a line of hair products, didn't he?.....hee, hee--)

Concerning 'HOW NOT TO WRITE...': I can't believe I'm letting you have it for nothing. It is, after all, the fruit of many weeks of writing experience by one of the world's least known writers.

(--I can't believe I'm publishing it without billing you for services rendered--)

Don't you think Jeff Goldblum would make an ideal Imrick Glat?

(--I was thinking more of Curly of the 'THREE STOOGES'--)

Anyhow, thanks for everything. I'm looking forward to the next issue. Oh, by way of Ed Wood, by way of the movie, by way of Martin Landau -- wasn't Landau the big shot in "SPACE 1999"? Does anyone remember that show? I used to watch it when I was a microbe. All that I remember were Landau, Barry Morse as some scientist or something, and that they lived in bubble domes on the Moon. Was this for real or just a long lost nightmare of my shadowy and forlorn youth?

(--Oh it was real, all right. Aired for 47 episodes in 1976 and 1977. Landau played Commander John Koenig, and Morse played scientist Victor Bergman. The premise was that an explosion sent the Moon careening into interstellar space. It was a curiously lifeless production, full of wooden acting. I found it pointless and stupid. I would probably like it now--)

From: REVEREND TINEAR

Editor of ANGRY THOREAUAN

7 May, 1995

E-Mail: RevTinear@aol.com

P.O. Box 2246, Anaheim, CA 92814 USA

Once again, I must commend you on a superb effort. The stories, the journals, the reviews, the nostalgia, the LoCs, ALL of SPACE CADET is wonderful. I am honoured to trade with you my zine, and hope that we shall continue to do so.

(--Everybody else read this? Good! If you remember anything from this zine, the above is what you must remember, and repeat to other zine faneds, especially around HUGO & AURORA time...Boy, the Reverend sure does take good dictation. Oops! Bit of a giveaway.... But seriously, many thanks for the egoboo. This is exactly the kind of response I was hoping for--)

From: MARK R. HARRIS

Editor of REDISCOVERIES NEWSLETTER

May 12, 1995

3712 North Broadway #190, Chicago, Illinois, 60613 USA

"Time Enough At Last" to pen a response to the first two issues of SPACE CADET, which I greatly enjoyed and am very glad you sent me! The mix of items is very much to my taste, and your practice of serialization insures that my appetite is whetted for many future issues. 'WAR! WHAT OF IT?' speaks to my interest in WWI; 'MARVIN'S MIGHTY MAYAN MARATHON' satisfies my enthusiasm for travel narratives of all kinds; 'CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT' scores as an autobiography of aesthetic enthusiasms (which are what the 'REDISCOVERIES NEWSLETTER' is all about). I'm not an SF addict myself, though I have read many SF novels with pleasure; I am, however, a BOOK addict to a hopeless degree, as witnessed by my unwieldily personal library, my history of haunting and working in bookshops and libraries, my one time ownership of a small used book dealership. Since I'm also batty for movies and was once a professional Film Critic also, you can see that you might almost have designed your zine with me in mind! Keep it up....

P.S. The piece on the saucers in 'PLAN NINE' was just what a piece of Ed Wood scholarship SHOULD be - - goofy and obsessed!

(--Hmmm, some might say that's a capsule description of me! But again, many thanks for the egoboo! It's nice to be appreciated--)

From: JOSEPH T. MAJOR

Contributor to FOSFAX

May 25, 1995

4701 Taylor Boulevard #8, Louisville, Kentucky 40215-2343 USA

PLEASE send me your dreadful rubbish.

The loving review of R.R. Winterbotham's 'THE RED PLANET' notes that "Winterbotham's Mars is Percival Lowell's Mars, not that I'm complaining, mind you." Variations on the Lowell thesis were a mainstay of SF until the '60s. Burrough's Barsoom was pure Lowell, as was (ahem) Heinlein's 'RED PLANET'. What this did for that book's running mate 'STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND' is, well, interesting.

Other books now outdated by later research contain their own speculations about the fourth planet. The amusing thing from seeing the pink Martian sky in pictures from Viking was remembering C.S. Lewis's 'PERELANDRA. Particularly the scenes where Ransom lies on his back and gazes into the light blue Martian sky.

(--Astoundingly, that's not so outdated! The July 95 issue of 'DISCOVER' magazine reveals "The Viking probes never saw a typical cool northern summer. They landed during a freak period when two straight years of intense southern dust storms -- which normally happen only every other year or so -- had left a pall..." (of excess dust which) "...created the salmon pink skies in the Viking photographs, an observer on Mars would now see a startling difference....It would be a dark blue, almost violet in colour -- something like what you'd see on top of a high mountain." Wowzers! The solar system continues to surprise us!--)

Being interested in Spy stuff, I picked up 'STAR OF ILL-OMEN' by Dennis Wheatley, associate of Aleister Crowley and Maxwell Knight. When people listened to Knight's nature programmes on the BBC, they were unaware that the genial host had been Britain's counterintelligence expert "M". His sometimes associate Ian Fleming sure remembered. Anyhow, Wheatley wrote spy thrillers, occult novels (with spies involved, like 'TO THE DEVIL A DAUGHTER'), and some sci-fi thrillers.

The Wheatley book involves a race of intelligent Martian insects who are sending flying saucers to Earth. Unfortunately for them, one of the people they abduct is a British Secret Intelligence Service agent who had been spying out the Argentine A-bomb program.

Ah well, it was sad when cold hard science took away the Mars of the man with the tessellated eyeballs.

Ah yes, Motecuhzoma, First Speaker of the Aztecs. While his fellow countrymen thought he had been soft on the White Gods and terminated his speakership with extreme prejudice (talk about term limits), at least one of his sons survived and was taken back to Spain. Where he was given the title Conde de Moctezuma. He was of royal blood, you see. (And in England, John Rolfe, the guy who married Pocahantas, did so under suspicion; he was being an upstart, marrying into a royal family. Ah, snobbery is wonderful!)

It may interest you to know that in fashionable restaurants it became the fad to bark at Jose Lopez Portillo (JoPoLo in Mexican slang) whenever he showed up. He had vowed to work like a dog to fight inflation but had significantly failed to deliver. This attitude so unnerved him that he retired to one of his many mansions and started counting again his billion-dollar fortune. Before he was elected President he was just another poor government worker. An inspiring role model for *los y las jovenes*.

(--Is that Spanish for Jovians? Why would the inhabitants of Jupiter be interested? Hmmm?--)

(P.S. Call him "Lopez Portillo", Lopez is his father's family name, Portillo is his mother's. El Maximo Lider is Fidel Castro Ruz; El Caudillo was Francisco Franco Bahamonde.)

So careless was I that I got out my copy of 'FORCES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE -- 1914' and looked up the Canadian Militia before I remembered that the C.E.F. units consisted of drafts, not Militia units as had been the case one year later. Did your grandfather serve in the militia?

(--Not that I know of. I think he entered either the banking or the insurance business immediately after the war--)

I had one great-grandfather on each side serve in the War Between the States (which usage will indicate that they did not serve the Union), and my father was a WWII veteran but my kin missed the Great War. My father was in Air Force Intelligence (strictly speaking I should say "Army Air Force" but...) and did not talk much about his war. ("Son, I could tell you what I did in the war but then I would have to kill you.")

(--My father flew Wellington bombers at the beginning of the war, the theory at the time being that fast, low level bombers would evade both enemy fighters and anti-aircraft fire. These raids experienced casualty rates up to 100%. He never talks about it--)

There was a 'TOM CORBETT' book series? Heinlein did not care much for the TV show but he did appreciate the royalties ['GRUMBLES FROM THE GRAVE', letter of January 5, 1951, p. 45]. Considering that he had originally intended his juveniles to be nothing but sequels to 'ROCKETSHIP GALILEO' one can wonder.

(--There were at least 8 books in the series. I own 6 of them. I intend to review them in SPACE CADET someday.... I see the quote you refer to is: "...about the TV scripts. Did you read them? If so, you know how bad they are: I don't want an air credit on that show (much as I appreciate the royalty checks!) and I am reasonably sure that a staid, dignified house like Scribner's will feel the same way. It has the high moral standards of soap opera...." A bit harsh I'd say, even though I've seen only two or three episodes. They were great fun, at least for little kids--)

And speaking of juvenile book series, not to mention Donald A. Wollheim: while on a used-book trip recently I picked up a copy of 'MIKE MARS, ASTRONAUT' by DAW himself, the first in that series. Curious, an Air Force pilot who does not drink, drive fast, or run around with women. No wonder they shot him off into space -- he was setting a bad example for the rest of the guys.

(--Perhaps it was set in an alternate, boring universe?--)

I was about ten when I read 'BRAVE NEW WORLD'. It seems not to have bothered my parents or the library people when I got it. I do recall not having any idea what was going on in the "Orgy-Porgy" scene. (Live and learn.)

(--Something to do with "puddin n pie" wasn't it?--)

From: CLIFF KENNEDY

Editor of DRIFT

Box 40, 90 Shuter St., Toronto, Ontario, M5B 2K6

I just did a short review about SPACE CADET. I really like it.

Anyway, you'll get a copy later on, when it gets published in 'DRIFT'. 'LOWER ROSEDALE REVIEW' existeth no more, #10 being the final issue. Limited resources, so selected reviews will now go into 'DRIFT', which continueth. I just signed a contract to do with arts and writing and film, etc.; but time will be a problem -- so 'DRIFT' seems to be the best answer. I once read that the average number of issues for a Canadian small press 'zine' was eight. My idea was to at least match the national average...

(--Good to hear you'll still be publishing--)

Well, I just wanted to say "hello" to a kindred spirit....

Take it easy, take it, and keep at it. (Sounds like A 'STOMPIN' TOM' song!)

(--You have to be Canadian to know STOMPIN' TOM! He sure do stomp!)

Zines! We Got Zines!

The idea behind this column is to list the zines I receive, describe them briefly, and hope you'll spot some untried goodies you'll crave adding to your own trade list.

Note: "The Usual" means trade for your zine, or your art, or your letter of comment, or maybe just because the editor likes you.

E Version Note: Probably all address info obsolete & many of these zines now defunct.

ANGRY THOREAUAN MagaZine #12, 13 Feb-May 1995.

Editor: REV. RANDALL TIN-EAR, P.O. Box 2246, Anaheim, CA 92814 USA.

Review/essay zine. The usual (if agreed) or US \$3, US \$5 foreign (air).

Quarterly, 64 pages, 10,000 copies Print Run.

COMMENT: #12: Angry Thoreauan? More like outraged Thoreauan! Reviews of alternative bands (& zines) mixed with rants like “Let’s Kill Children”, a Defoe-like satirical tract with photos of abused kids making the point that society already eats its children. Unsettling and powerful. Editorial policy compared to mine makes me feel like a Vespa salesman at a Hells Angels rally. Not for faint of heart. #13: mellower, concentrates on sex & music. Interview with “Imperial Butt Wizards” band member hilarious.

ANSIBLE #91-94, Feb-May 1995.

Editor: DAVE LANGFORD, 94 London Road, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, UK.

Newszine. Monthly. E-mail < ansible@compulink.co.uk > Available for sale, or trade. To subscribe via Email send single word message SUBSCRIBE to < ansible-request@dcs.gla.ac.uk >

COMMENT: Amusing compilation of UK SF news and observations leaning toward ‘inside story’ of latest SF & fannish disasters. Samples of bad writing by (usually) good writers always fun. Latest info on UK awards, conventions. Jolly good.

APPARATCHIK #33-34, May 1995.

Editor: ANDY HOOPER, The Starlitter Building, 4228 Francis Ave. N. #103, Seattle, WA 9103 USA.

E-mail < APHooper@aol.com > Ser/FANzine. Bi-weekly. 10 pages.

COMMENT: Editorials on Fannish matters, slice-of-life essays by Victor M. Gonzalez (a professional journalist) and LoCs devoted almost entirely to fanzines, fan controversy and cons. Essential stuff! Astonished to find Chuck Conner referring to Bruce Kalnin’s NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS, a rare fanzine indeed! I wonder about MOTHER OF SWILL, DAUGHTER OF SCUM. Was it related to SWILL by Neil Williams? And Chuck referred to me as ‘THE GRAHAM’! Arrgh! Anyway, LoCs are dense with fannish detail. A zine for zinefans! Not to be missed!

BARDIC RUNES #10, 1995.

Editor: MICHAEL McKENNY, 424 Cambridge St. S., Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1S 4H5.

Fantasy Fiction zine. Cdn. \$4, or possible trade. Quarterly. 62 pages.

COMMENT: Paying market for ‘Traditional Fantasy Stories’ (3,500 words or less). Pays ½ cent per word (or \$5 per poem). Open to all writers: Cdn., US, Ukrainian, Russian – a true gathering of world F enthusiasts. Not my cup of tea (being strictly SF fan) but a feast (at least 10 stories per issue) for lovers of original fantasy.

BCSFAzine #264, May 1985.

Editor: R. GRAEME CAMERON (Normally. This month a Guest Co-Editor: Donna McMAHON.),

Apt #110, 1855 West 2nd Ave, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6J 1J1.

E-mail < graeme_cameron@mindlink.bc.ca >

Newsletter of the BC SF Association. Rarely The Usual (tight budget!), Cdn \$2 per issue, or Cdn. \$24 per year. Monthly. 32 pages.

COMMENT: This issue only: part program book (for ‘SF Saturday’ con) & part clubzine, both in memory of Evelyn Beheshti Hildebrandt. Impression of fandom as a community comes across in addition to loving tribute. ‘Mr. Science’ and Boris Sidyuk (of Kiev) book review typical of best BCSFAzine offers. Zine always

sets the standard, deserves Aurora, Hugo, Pulitzer Prize, Nobel Prize... Ooops... bit of a giveaway I'm the editor, what?

BENTO #6, Feb 1995.

Editors: DAVID LEVINE & KATE YULE, 1905 SE 43rd Ave, Portland , OR 97215 USA.

E-mail < david@ssd.intel.com > or < kyule@agora.rdrop.com >

Perzine. The Usual, or US \$2. Irregular? Pocket-sized. 34 Pages.

COMMENT: Tiny, but very readable. Account of 'Hurricon' Worldcon great fun. Full of mini-essays on subjects as diverse as tribal nature of cellphone people & a Gay square dance club. Particularly enjoyed: "*A bill introduced in the Georgia Legislature would require warnings in all hotel rooms that fornication, adultery, & Sodomy are illegal in the state. The bill also requires that the warnings be in Braille and 'internationally recognized symbols.'*" Hmm, now what would those symbols be, I wonder?

DASFAX Vol 27, #3, 4 & 5, Mar-May 1995.

Editor: MITZI J. BARTLETT, 1755 Fraser Ct., Aurora, CO 80011 USA.

Newsletter of the Denver Area SF Association. The Usual, or \$10 per year. Monthly. 16 pages.

COMMENT: Strictly a clubzine, concentrating on local activities. Of interest to outsiders are Fred Cleaver's book reviews and 'In The Twilltone Zone' fanzine reviews by William R. Lund. Harry Warner Jr. IS the LoCs column. He's everywhere! Always a fond jolt of recognition on seeing his name. No zine is complete without his presence.

DE PROFUNDIS #277, May 1995.

Editor: TIM MERRIGAN, 11513 Burbank Blvd, North Hollywood, CA 91601 USA.

Newsletter of the Los Angeles SF Society. The Usual.

Comment: Who would expect a zine consisting of only a calendar of conventions & local events, plus minutes of meetings, to be so consistently interesting and amusing? I envy those club members who attended 'PLAN 9 – THE MUSICAL.' "*Ed Green praised the show's ability to make two-dimensional characters out of the original one-dimensional ones...*" These people own their own club headquarters! Must be nice! Sigh!

DEROGATORY REFERENCE #79, 1995.

Editor: ARTHUR D. HLAVATY, 206 Valentine St., Yonkers, NY 10704-1814 USA.

E-mail < hlavaty@panix.com >

Perzine. US \$1, US \$2 foreign, or arranged trade, or for LoC. Quarterly. 14 pages.

COMMENT: A supporter of the Church of the SuperGenius, Wile E. Cyote. (A breakaway sect from the Church of the SubGenius Bob, Master of Slack?) Mini-essays ala journal entries on various topics. I like his suggestion that Noam Chomsky may be "an idiot-savant who doesn't know anything but linguistics..." Much interesting stuff on Con panels, books read, and internet horrors. He also publishes a pro-football zine titled 'FREAKISHLY OVERDEVELOPED GEEKS.' But is it pro football or anti? I wonder.

DRIFT #67, 1995.

Editor: C.F. KENNEDY, Box 40, 90 Shuter St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M3B 2K6

Perzine? The Usual? Irregular. 12 Pages.

COMMENT: Consists mostly of an account of family pets, zine reviews by Rodney Leighton of Pugwash, Nova Scotia, and some unusual adverts. Eg: "No more elections. If they worked, they'd be illegal." Hard to tell from just one issue, but I have the impression CF publishes it primarily as a forum for contributors, reserving

'LOWER ROSEDALE REVIEW' for his own work? [LATE BREAKING NEWS: Now exactly the reverse! LRR discontinued. Cliff's zine reviews will now appear in DRIFT.]

ETHEL THE AARDVARK #59 & 60, 1995.

Editor: PAUL EWINS, P.O. Box 212, Melbourne, Victoria, 3005 Australia.

Newsletter of the Melbourne SF Club. The Usual, or Aus \$20. Bi-Monthly. 18 pages.

COMMENT: This is a fun, meaty clubzine. Lots of essays and book reviews. Teddy Harvia's ENID THE ECHIDNA cartoons are great. Interesting reference by Ian Gunn to local Vancouver lad: *"Poor William Gibson. Writes a couple of stories involving computer networks and something vaguely like virtual reality and next thing you know... the poor bugger's been turned into a hacker icon... gets dragged over to Australia so people like me can buy him chicken potato chips."* Chicken potato chips?

FOR THE CLERISY #7 & 8, Feb-Apr 1995.

Editor: BRANT KRESOVICH, Riga Business School, Technical University, Skolas 11, LV-1010 Riga, Latvia.

E-mail: < brant@rbs.edu.lv >

Perzine. Trade only, zines & LoCs. Monthly. 10 pages.

COMMENT: Neat and nifty glimpses of life in Latvia by an American teaching there. Particularly enjoyed restaurant reviews: *"Pie Artura – one of the better Soviet-style canteens... avoid the sausage and beef stroganoff at all costs..."* or *"Vincent's – opened by Canadian Latvians... the company is better than the food. Bear in mind the company can be desperate to be jovial; prolonged exposure to shouting and guffawing can induce headaches..."*

FOSFAX #174, April 1995.

Editor: TIMOTHY LANE, P.O. Box 37281, Louisville, Kentucky 40233-7281 USA.

Newsletter of the Falls of Ohio SF&F Association. The Usual, or US \$12 per yr., US \$18 for Canada.

Bi-Monthly. 66 pages.

COMMENT: One of the giants of the 'industry'. Unfairly characterized by its enormous and intense LoC column. Fact is, knock off the LoCs, and you're still left with one of the best: detailed book reviews, length con reports, an emphasis on history & politics. Considered 'right wing' by some, what with regular columns like 'Clinton's Follies.' As a conservative who votes liberal in federal elections and socialist in provincial elections, I would deem FOSFAX 'conservative.' Tho I am totally opposed to gun ownership and absolutely support Canada's Medical Services system, I'm not liberal enough to forgive those who supported Stalin (because socialist), Idi Amin (because black) or Pol Pot (because reform-minded) – to name just a few. So the cynic in me cheers every time FosFaxians poke holes in liberal/socialist pomposity. Even tho I reject much of what FosFaxians advocate. Go figure.

By the way, I did catch Major's reference to myself: *"...and in spite of Martin Landau's brilliant, nigh-certain Oscar-nominee, performance as Bela Lugosi, ED WOOD did a mere \$5.8 million – Sorry, Graeme..."* Ah, but video sales will rack in billions as true believers rush to purchase the life story of the master! Thus I predict! (ala Criswell .)

THE FROZEN FROG #11, May 1995.

Editor: BENOIT GIRARD, 1016 Guillaume-Boisset6, Cap-Rouge, Quebec, Canada, G1Y 1Y9.

Perzine. The Usual, or \$2 Cdn. Per issue. 3 times a year. 28 pages.

COMMENT: This ish 99% LoCs. One thing Benoit does is interrupt LoCs with his own commentary immediately after the subject in question, instead of waiting till the end of the LoC. I tried that once in BCSFAzine and immediately got jumped on for being 'rude' & 'unfannish' and 'unfair for not letting the

writers have their say.” Frogwash. I say! Benoit’s technique makes for a more coherent and interesting discussion. Hmmm, perhaps I will try the same. Topics are wide-ranging: comics, history, religion, zines. TFF is Canada’s FOSFAX? (The LoC part anyway.) I envy Benoit his many art contributors. A ‘must trade’ zine for sure.

FTT #16, Nov 1995.

Editors: JUDITH HANNA, JOSEPH NICHOLAS, 15 Jansons Road, South Tottenham, London N15 4JU, UK. Perzine. The Usual. Quarterly? 36 pages.

COMMENT: Each issue same initials, different title. This one: “Floriferous Tasteful Terrace.” A choice dictated by Judith’s delightful article on their new house and garden. I am reminded of Cicero’s & Pliny’s loving descriptions of their villas. Similar sense of beautiful refuge from the hurly burly of life. The bulk of the remainder is “The LoCs Exchange Trading System’, a cleverly edited LoCs column that leads effortlessly from one subject to the next as if one long continuing discussion, and an intense political exchange (or no holds barred argument) between Joseph and US fan Taras Wolensky. Since I find myself agreeing with both of them I probably deserve my title of “World’s Greatest Psuedop-Intellectual.” FTT is left of centre where FOSFAX is right of centre. Read them together and get an education. Great stuff.

Afterwords

Whaaagh! I thought I would have room for both LoCs AND zine reviews. It seems I let my LoCcol get out of hand (or rather, my responses to LoCs). I have room for only about one third of the Zines I wanted to review! Darn! I will try to do better next time.

An article I had intended to include was my review of Edmond Hamilton’s novel CITY AT WORLD’S END. No room. I think I will run it under CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT next issue, and after that alternate personal reminiscences with book reviews. Makes sense to me. SPACE CADET isn’t big enough to include both at present.

Look for issue #4 some time around end of September. Cheers! THE GRAEME

E Version Afterwords

The original issue consisted of 32 digest-sized pages which was the maximum weight within a certain postal rate, expensive back then and prohibitively expensive now. In order to fit all the text in I put everything at point eight print size, very difficult for most to read.

In this E version the point size is far more readable, there’s lots more white space to rest the eyes (to be fair, I did at least separate the paragraphs by one line of white space in the old version, otherwise it would have been an unbearable expanse of tiny print), and the illos are much larger. Best of all, given my current circumstances, it’s free! Doesn’t cost me a dime. (Apart from the expense of printing out one copy for myself).

Fact is, if I had to produce a new SPACE CADET or WCSFAzine on paper and snailmail it out, I absolutely could not afford to do so. Therefore I wouldn’t. Only by the grace of Bill Burns and his wonderful zine-hosting efanazines.com site am I able to get back into zine pubbing. Many complain about the lack of new converts. Expense is a major factor. The only solution to encouraging young fans to ‘pub their ish’ is to get them to do it online. That way they have all the fun of self-expression without being reduced to poverty.... My theory ‘tis...