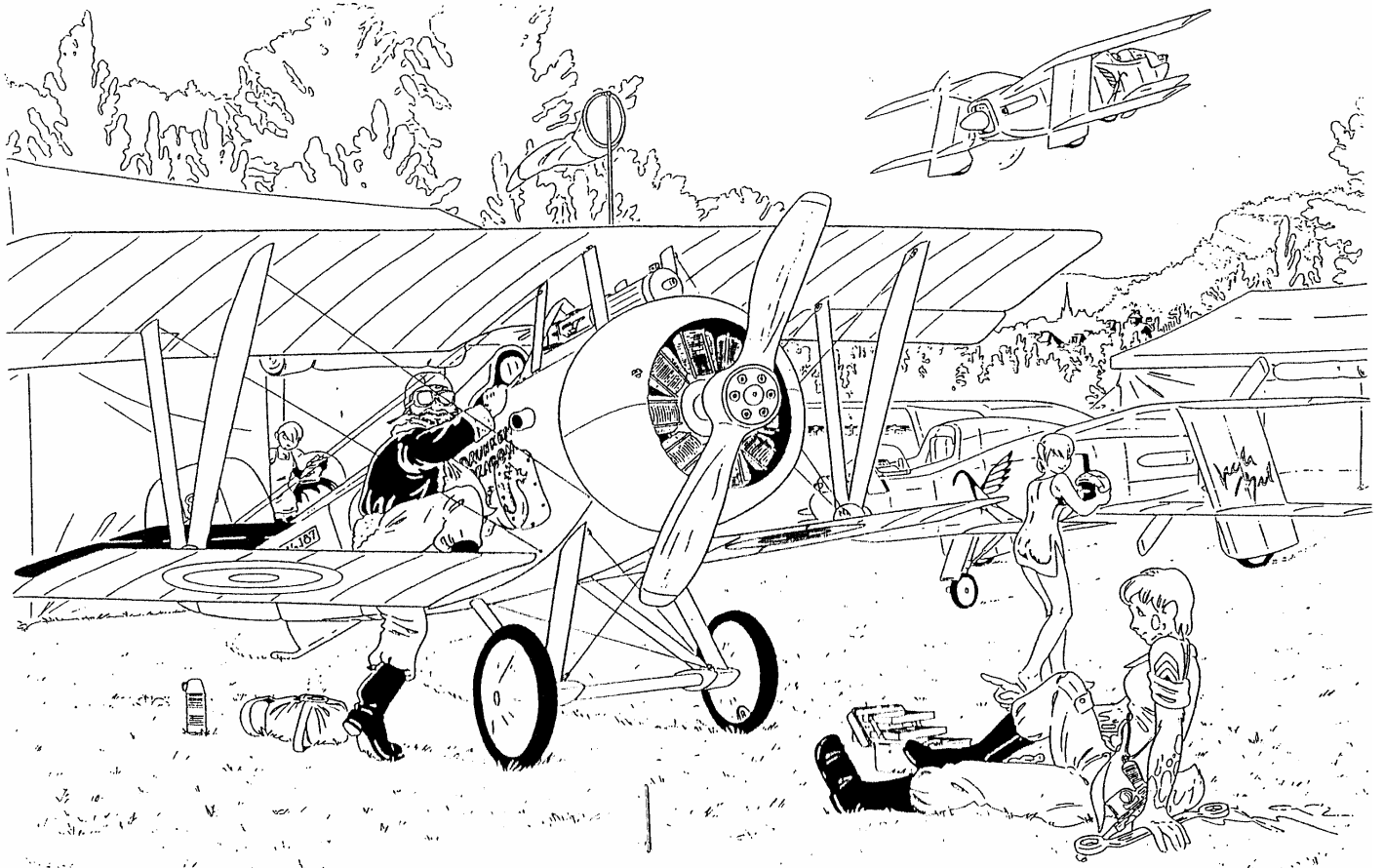


SPACE CADET #4

(or: The Aging Old Fart Nostalgic Time Waster Gazette)



The Space Cadet Gazette #4 – September 1995
Published quarterly (or whenever I feel like it)

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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).

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

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

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.

Copyright reverts to contributors upon publication. I reserve the right to edit any and all contributions.

EDITORIAL



Deepest apologies to all my readers! A month late in getting this issue out! Oh the horror, the horror.....

Especially as the trades and locs have slowed to a trickle...

I am not a one-shot! I am here to stay! I swear it by Great Ghu!

In August I was absorbed writing 4 short scripts for C.B.C. AM radio. Got to perform them too. (The studios were undergoing renovation. Three of the four shows were taped in the CBC building cafeteria. Background noise included plates clinking, chairs shifting, people talking, etc...) The subject under discussion? SF B-movies. I'd answer a few (scripted) questions, play a tape of selected soundtrack dialogue to illustrate a point (and hopefully amuse the listening audience), then go on to the next question. Got to plug all my favourite movies: ROBOT MONSTER, TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE, THE GIANT CLAW, etc. For my pains I was paid \$240. My first professional sale! After 28 years of trying? If only I can make my next sale in just half the time, then I'll really be on a role!

In September I was preoccupied with my final issue of BCSFAzine (my 77th--6 years of being God-Editor! Arrgh!). Now that it's over and done with I'm supposed to leisurely toy with SC, my easy-going hobby publication, a relaxing pastime, a soothing -- except, I'M LATE! I'M LATE! This is nothing short of frantic and frenetic in its creation. Ghod knows if it makes any sense. Hope you don't find it entirely devoid of merit...

And one of these days, not only will I find the time to work on SC on a reliable, regular basis, I'll develop the habit of locking me trades. One of these days.....

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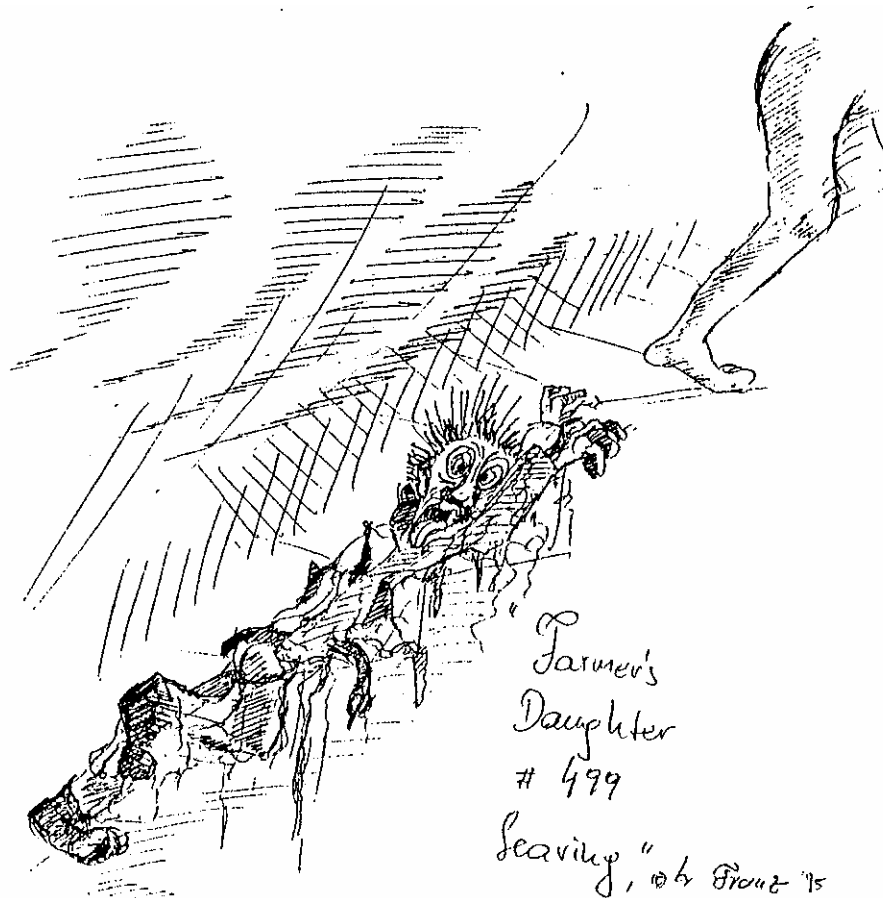
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All articles by R. Graeme Cameron unless otherwise credited.

CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT

by R. Graeme Cameron



Some of you may recall an article I wrote for #2 of SC, titled 'I DREAM OF 4E.' It was an account of an actual dream I had had. The above artwork is Franz H. Miklis' delightful response to my dream. To explain it for those who have not read the article in question, I will now quote some of the more pertinent passages:

"Suddenly the basement floor on my right dropped away to reveal a vast marble baths complex, one bigger than anything Caracalla could boast of, and a spiral staircase descending from the heights above, a staircase on which hundreds of very nubile, very nude young women were going down to the baths..."

"...Picture it. There I was naked as could be, towel streaming from my hand like a banner, running down an endless hall searching frantically for the spiral staircase..."

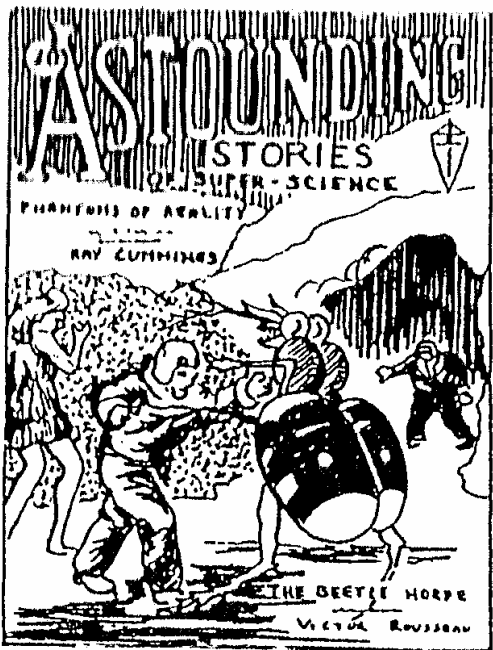
"...The spiral staircase became a spiral slide festooned with paddles balanced on points of metal. Attempting to thread my way through the unsteady paddles, every step I took threatened to hurl me into the abyss..."

"...The dream became bliss. I didn't have to go any further. The young women were coming up in order to dress. Just as the first of 500 naked young women was about to slide her writhing body over mine on the narrow spiral slide... the dream ended. Dang!

Judging from Franz' vision of the aftermath, perhaps it's just as well!

FIRST ISSUES

by Terry Jeeves



The first issue of 'ASTOUNDING

battle with the 'Yellow Empire'. The stories were all of the action-adventure type in which the hero(es) battled against fantastic perils before saving a girl friend, the world, or the universe before emerging triumphant.

Being a typical 'pulp' magazine, the edges were untrimmed, a point which provoked much argument in future letter columns -- as did the use of wire staples to bind each issue. Wilson Tucker formed the mythical 'SFTSOWSISFM' - The Society For The Suppression Of Wire Staples In SF Magazines. The opposition formed 'SFTPOWSISFM' for their preservation. All interior illustrations were by Gould (see ERG 118) and the editorial introduced 'Astounding Stories'.

According to Harry Bates, quoted in Alva Roger's superb 'A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING' (Advent. 1964), ASF only saw the light of day simply because publisher William Clayton issued thirteen magazines. Each month, the thirteen covers for these were printed on a sheet with room for sixteen. The sheet was then

displayed on the wall of Clayton's office. The three blank spaces annoyed him, so he decided that it wouldn't greatly increase his cover printing and paper costs to add three more covers. As a start, he decided on a magazine devoted to historical adventures. This was to be titled 'Torch lights of History'. Fortunately Bates, not wanting to edit such a periodical, talked Clayton into making it a science fiction magazine with the title of 'ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER-SCIENCE'. This was slimmed down to 'ASTOUNDING STORIES' with the February 1931 issue. 'Torch lights of History' and 'Strange Tales' did eventually appear to fill the remaining two gaps in the cover sheet, so Clayton got his full sheet of sixteen cover paintings.

ANGRY RED PLANET

by R. Graeme Cameron

Critics say this 1959 film is slow, talky, absurd and a disjointed collection of SF clichés with mismatched acting styles.

True enough.

But I saw this film in the theatre as a child and loved every minute of it. As an adult, I can see how this film would be viewed as dull and ridiculous, but the child yet within me still rejoices in the magic of this film. Seen with a child's eyes, it's a wonderful film. And even for adults, there are gems of insight to be gleaned from the script, insight into the human condition, into the role of women in particular....

We see Generals gathering in a tacky boardroom in the Pentagon. Turns out the expeditionary X1 MR1 Rocketship thought to have crashed on Mars has been spotted drifting in orbit 90,000 miles above the Earth. The crew may still be alive! It's decided to bring the ship down by remote control.

Cut to a Nevada base and plenty of stock footage of control room scenes. Rescue chaps in radiation suits are standing by.

"That thing up there is a flying coffin," says one hopefully. We see footage of an Atlas rocket taking off reversed to make it look like it's landing. Surprisingly effective.

"Anything on the distant radiation counter?" The answer is no, so the rescue crews move in. The door to the spacecraft opens. Cut to the generals peering at a monitor screen.

"It's the girl!" shouts one. "The hell with the radiation, let's go!" She clings to the door while the rescue crews stand around and stare at her. Not till the Generals arrive in a jeep do they leap into action. A stretcher-team removes a shrouded figure from the craft. A hand dangles free, covered with green goop.

"What's that, man?" asks a clever reporter.

Adds the heroine "How can anyone cope with that?" How indeed?

Back at the base hospital, we learn that the unfortunate chap with yucky stuff all over his arm is Colonel Tom O'Bannion, now unconscious and slowly being covered by the spreading goop. The girl is Dr. Iris Ryan, a woman with a curiously immobile face (with an acting style to match) who seems to have forgotten everything about the mission. A Professor Theodore Gettell and a Sergeant Sam Jacobs have gone missing. The Generals' curiosity is rampant, after all, they're the ones who'll have to face the Senate appropriations committee! They put pressure on Iris. "Will you talk to us now?"

"Yes, I'll try."

"Try to remember."

"Yes, yes, I'll try." Etc.

We flash back with her to the rocket just after take off. There's much talk of how much the actual liftoff resembled the training simulations. Ever the killjoy, Tom states "Just so you blasé space travellers don't get too bored, the radiation is jumping."

Now my first thought would be that something was wrong with their engine, but the Prof (played by Les Tremayne in an understated fashion, he was much more fun as the goat-lover in THE SLIME PEOPLE) pipes up with "Radioactive meteor?"

"Looks like it," agrees Tom.

"Intersecting course?" They stare out the porthole to check. A glowing basketball zips by. "Ah," sighs the Prof, "safety margin adequate."

Iris stares at the instruments around her. "We're thousands of miles out in space, I can hardly believe it." All I can say is, she'd better, because she'd get quite a shock if she were to open the door to go for a walk.

Tom seeks to reassure her, "This reminds me of when I was a kid and I got my first dog...." There follows a long story ending with the line "soon people will be just as sure of space travel as I was of that dog...and as I wish I was of you." Perhaps confused by the story, Iris doesn't pick up on his hint, so he crowds her close to the porthole, commenting, "Makes Broadway look like a dark alley, how about exploring that dark alley together?" Iris backs away, perhaps convinced Tom has gone crazy and is suggesting an intimate space walk. She seems a trifle dense. But Tom won't take no for an answer.

Later, hefting a can of food, Tom says for no particular reason, "Mars, the angry red planet."

Iris comments "Sounds so foreboding, doesn't it?" Her voice drops a dozen octaves. "Mars, the ancient God of war."

"Afraid, Iris?" asks Tom. What he really means is 'Going space crazy?' but he's too polite to say it.

"A little," she admits.

Tom adds "We all are, we wouldn't be human otherwise."

But this has no effect on her. Her voice drops again, "This may seem funny for a scientist, but I wonder if some things aren't better unknown..."

Desperate, Tom changes the subject, "You're the first scientist I've ever known with lovely red hair."

"And you're the first pilot I've ever gone to Mars with," she retorts brightly. Ah, the gay wit of this merry crew.

Cut to Sam, the only sane person on the crew. He's reading a pulp mag, to wit "Super Fantastic Science Fiction Stories" with the subheadings "The Monster and the Martian Maid" (catchy title that), "Weird Monsters!" and "Loathsome Beasts!" Where can I get a copy? I want one!

"Mars, Martians, monsters," he muses, then tosses the mag aside. "I wonder if I'll ever get to read the next issue?" No, of course not. We already know he's going to die.

Various shots of life aboard ship. In one we see Iris crouched over a table, self-consciously glancing around before applying perfume behind her ears while Tom and the Prof exchange condescending glances. Ah, the 50's were a wonderful time, weren't they?

Well, soon it's time to land on Mars. "Hold on to your hats, kids. Here we go." Which seems an odd thing for a Spaceship pilot to say.

Once down, Sam asks "Shall we go out and claim the planet in the name of Brooklyn?" Instead they crowd around the porthole, which glows with a strange red light.

"Strange," says Iris. "Nothing moves, everything seems to be waiting."

Adds Sam, a more practical sort, "Shoot everything that moves, pick up everything that doesn't, right?"

"With all that vegetation out there," comments Tom, "there's bound to be something alive." Like, how about the vegetation for starters? Meanwhile the viewer is frustrated because we're not shown what the crew is looking at!

Cut to later, they're still staring out the porthole, though now the light is blue! It's obvious from later sequences that the light is always supposed to be red, but filmmakers slip up now and again you know. The crew is still making comments on the scenery we can't see. "Weirdsville, as my grandmother used to say," says Sam. They're bugged because the outside mikes aren't picking up any sound.

"I wonder, could it be intentional?" asks the Prof.

"You mean you think it's controlled?" says Tom.

"What beings could possibly exercise such fantastic control?" inquires Iris, just a little short of hysteria. "Martians!" every kid in the audience shouts in unison. It finally dawns on the crew that maybe if they go outside they might just find out. But they're still hesitant.

"First time in my life I've ever really been scared," admits Sam, "even though there's nothing out there but a bunch of crazy plants."

Tom, of course, has an encouraging cliché handy, "It takes a brave man to admit his fears, Sam. We're all afraid of the unknown."

Iris walks by in her spacesuit, distracting Sam from his fears. "You know, I can't say I recommend space suits for all you beautiful young dolls. What happened to all your lovely curves?"

"Why Sammy, some of the fashions I've seen in New York store windows didn't look too much better."

Somewhat grumpily, perhaps jealous because Sam has better (or at least more direct) come-on lines than he does, Tom states "Well, I'm convinced that all fashion designers are women-haters." The first interesting

thing he's said, but our interest is cut short by a Martian peeking through the porthole, a critter with three eyes, two mouths and two antennae. Naturally Iris is the only one to see it. Naturally she screams.

And we cut back to the hospital on Earth. And we still haven't seen the surface of Mars! We have to wait for five minutes while the doctors talk about giving Iris drugs to force her mind to remember. She volunteers to take the drug. Back we go to Mars.

Finally we see the Martian surface. It's a treat. Various sets and cartoon-like matt paintings are combined under a process called "Cinemagic" in which the darker areas of the negative were etched out with acid, such that when the red-tinted positive was projected, the 'shadows' glowed brilliantly and eerily. Bill Warren in his 'KEEP WATCHING THE SKIES!' attacked the process as *"doomed from the start. After all, who wants to watch a movie in which the effects as well as the people look like cartoons, but aren't?"* Well, as a child I instantly accepted the idea that everything about another planet, including how light passed through the atmosphere, would be weirdly different. I loved it!

So anyway, our merry crew are traipsing about the weird landscape. Sam has a 'sonic' gun to 'freeze' nasties so they can be shattered if you poke them with a stick. Nevertheless Tom warns Iris "You better stick close to me."

She laughs and replies "Oh Tom, I know I acted like an hysterical female back there in the ship, but I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself, and I won't get out of your sight." So naturally the first thing she does is walk out of sight straight into the clutches of a large carnivorous plant with yee old wrap-around tentacles. She screams. She screams again. Tom tears her loose. Sam freezes the plant.

"It's not a plant," declares the Prof, "It's a low form of neuro-muscular vegetal creature." Yeah, a plant. "Well, that's enough swash buckling for one day," he adds.

Declares Sam, "I'm all for that, any swash I ever had just came unbuckled." Who wrote this stuff, Woody Allen?

Back on the ship, Tom comments, "Only a little bit of difference between sticking your chin up and your neck out."

Properly abashed, Iris says "I for one know it now, Colonel Sir."

There follows about fifteen minutes of gibberish about community minds controlling lower life forms, etc. Then it's back to staring out the porthole. "Jumpy, Irish?" asks Tom. (He always calls her Irish, explaining, 'If I ever call you by name, you'll know it.' Cryptic lad.)

"Yes, afraid so, a little."

"See anything?"

"Nothing, everything seems to be dead out there, like a nightmare of unending silence." Well, at least it's a quiet nightmare.

"We all feel it," states Tom.

Iris stares lovingly into his face. "It isn't just me because I'm a woman?" Needless to say, this film is wildly popular with the feminist movement. Talk about role models!

They go out on another walk-about. This time they penetrate beyond the jungle into a sandy region with a few bushes.

"Look," says Iris, "those trees over there, they look different, like nothing we've seen before." I'm not surprised, since those six 'trees' are legs sprouting from a distinctly hairy monster. WE don't know this because the body of the critter is out of camera view, but THE CREW should notice this since all they have to do is look up, but it seems they're all suffering from tunnel vision. The base of the 'tree', which looks an awful lot like a giant claw, has huge spikes growing out of it. Iris hacks one off with a machete. Bad idea! The monster emits ear-splitting shrieks and begins to move.

This wonderful critter stands about 40 feet tall, has 6 crab-like legs sprouting from an oval body which is covered with fur except for its flat, striped belly, has a ratty tail, a mouse-like face with big ears, intensely staring beady eyes, two tiny little arms with clutching three-fingered hands, and it walks -- I should say skitters -- on the tips of its claws with a sound very much like the clattering of hooves. I would love a model of this. It's one of the cutest monsters in filmdom.



(Note: Lunar Models makes a 15" long version for only US \$154.95. Alas, too rich for my blood.)

The prof is briefly trapped in a crevice between two rocks which the monster attempts to crush with one of its claws. But Sam shines his sonic gun into the critter's eyes, blinding it and sending it skittering across the Martian landscape. It must have hollow bones, it's weight barely keeps it attached to the surface. Why, the monster moves as if it were held up with wires! Truly alien!

Never say die, our intrepid explorers keep on till they reach the shores of a lake.

"So there it is, a Martian lake." says Tom. Very astute of him.

One thing I discovered as I watched the film again is that the lake has a concrete lip around it which hides the feet of the astronauts from our view as they approach the edge of the 'shore'. I guess they thought nobody would notice. And they were right, I didn't see it when I watched the film in the theatre 30 years ago. I was enthralled with the idea of a Martian lake, I didn't want to see any evidence it was a mere swimming pool on a set! And so I didn't.

They turn back to the ship. Once inside, while cleaning his sonic gun, Sam comments, "Some baby that Rat-bat-spider eh? It walked away from Cleo (his gun) even after she turned on all her charms too. Someday maybe she'll meet a monster that'll ignore us, break her heart, mine too." You just know he's going to die!

When next they go outside their ship, they take an inflatable dingy with them. Paddling out on to the lake, they get close to a Martian city only to be chased back to shore by a ludicrous blob with rotating eyes. Sam is the last in line to board the ship. Oops! Not quite quick enough. The rest of the crew stare in horror as Sam floats about inside a jello-like goo and dissolves. The blob then engulfs the ship. For awhile the porthole is smeared with spongy gunk. The crew electrifies the outer hull and the blob has sufficient presence of mind to retire.

Then they take off? Nope. Another voyeuristic Martian peeks in through the porthole. Iris screams and faints. THEN they take off.

Unfortunately the Prof succumbs to a heart attack during liftoff. Tom, who had been touched by a piece of the blob, goes all to pieces on the trip home. Poor Iris has to take care of everything herself. No mention is ever made of how she disposes of the Prof's body. Perhaps she ran short on rations?

There follows a half hour of boring suspense back at the hospital on Earth till Iris figures out how to get the blob off of Colonel Tom's arm. (Hit him with an electric shock!) Tom and Iris live happily ever after.

Well, maybe not quite. Turns out they'd recorded a message dictated by the Martian. It seems the Martians are a peace-loving race who want nothing to do with Man and his war-like ways, and are perfectly prepared to wipe out ALL life on Earth if mankind even thinks of returning to Mars. Rather provincial of them, don't you think?

The joy of this film lies not in the plot, not in the acting, not in the dialogue, but in the weird sense of other-worldliness the film managed to convey, if only by accident. It was stilted enough to seem documentary-like, and so I believed. I believed with all my heart. Oh, to be a kid again!

WAR! WHAT OF IT?

by Charles S. Cameron

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

CHAPTER X: TRENCHES ONCE MORE - JANUARY 1916.

Our particular section of the front line trenches had become worse. The dug outs were very shallow and afforded very little protection from the elements or shell fire. The bath mats were floating in flooded parts of the line. Very often we became soaked to the skin on the first day in and remained in that condition until we returned to billets. Our friends the rats were also forced to the surface and it was considered a good evening's entertainment to put a piece of cheese on the end of a bayonet on the parapet and to fire when you got a nibble.

Considerable card playing was indulged in -- both in the trenches and out. With the exception of pay days we played bridge, but on pay days we played poker. Any winnings or pay which I had received were invariably dissipated at our national pastime. But who cared? Funds in our little gang were common property.

At times the communal chest was swelled by members returning from leave. Everybody seemed to make a strict practice of calling on the pay office in London when on leave and drawing every cent which had accumulated to their credit. When 'Art' returned from leave we duly celebrated his return with his surplus earnings which he had been unable to liquidate. Art was a veteran of former wars and must have been somewhere between forty-five and fifty years of age. We decided that he had served his country well and faithfully and his age and service merited a cushy job. Discovering that he had a bad cut on his foot, we tied a number of copper coins next to the cut, kept his boot off and marched him round the country throwing his boot ahead of us. As a consequence he was evacuated to England shortly afterwards and joined the staff.

Our anticipation of leave was fraught with feelings akin to nervous prostration. The last trip in the line immediately prior to going on leave always seemed the longest and the toughest. The next batch to go on leave could always be picked out by their strained and worried looks when the enemy were enjoying their hymn of hate. One leave in eight months was not to be treated lightly. Not until we landed on the shores of England did we feel free to whisper to ourselves and rejoice we were on leave. Even the journey across the channel, with the

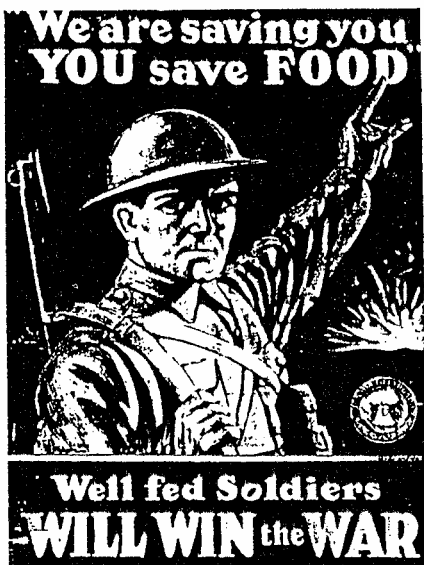
thought of submarines, seemed like an ocean voyage, but the return was much different -- death in any form seemed alike.

Several of us of similar build had by devious ways acquired a special outfit which we kept clean and passed around to be worn when on leave. This, together with a new shirt and a bath at the first stop in London, permitted us to mingle with our fellow-men and women without undue embarrassment. But still the world seemed to have changed in those few short months and whilst I was not glad to return to the front I felt more at home with the battalion and my friends.

My leave was spent very quietly in Scotland. The train going North in the evening was very crowded with no sleeping accommodation, so I elected to sleep on the floor of the corridor, much to the concern of an elderly gentleman who felt I would die of cold.

Although these few days were a thankful haven and rest, I felt like a fish out of water. People as a whole were cognizant of the war, but still very much circumscribed by their own petty troubles while out there where the guns were eternally crashing men were laughing and smiling, despite knowing no power on earth could save them if their turn was next. Nothing but fate!

Just when my ideas were becoming adjusted to my surroundings, I had to return. I didn't feel particularly cheerful when I entered the station at London to catch the boat train, but no sooner did I reach the platform than contact was once more established with the spirit and life of the troops. Several "Jocks" of our Highland brigade hailed me and as I approached two of their lady friends produced quart bottles from their muffs.



Before train time we were the centre of the Transport Officer's activities. As soon as he got us locked in one compartment we would climb out the other side and reappear. Finally he locked every door within our reach and away we went. On arrival at Folkestone we were placed in a very gloomy drill hall as the boat was not ready to leave. Dissatisfied, we climbed out the back window, wandered through some gardens, until a benevolent old lady permitted us passage through her house to the street. After enjoying a hearty meal downtown, we returned only to find that the troops had departed. Hurrying down to the quay we just missed the boat by a good half mile and duly reported to the Transport Officer that the boat had left without us.

We were given quarters in an empty house nearby with instructions to be on deck for the boat next morning. Fortunately some of s immediately disappeared up town; the balance were grabbed for picket duty. I saw them later in the evening lined up outside a pub taking turns going inside -- presumably looking for malcontents.

Unknown to us a draft of British Tommies, going across for the first time, occupied our quarters in the empty house during the afternoon, and on our return when we found the doors locked we climbed through the windows and stepped on upturned sleeping faces. That took some explaining.

Unheralded and unchaperoned on our arrival in Boulogne in the morning we ducked for the Railway station and much to our pleasure found that the train for the line didn't leave until the evening. With our usual forethought we wangled an official visa of our tardy return before feeling free to enjoy the city. We were picked up by a Frenchman -- four feet nothing -- who had been in the army, lost one arm and bore the Medaille Militaire and Croix de Guerre on his breast. He elected himself as our guide and with lordly gesture waived the public off the pavement as he proceeded us through the town. Wither he led us was strange and wonderful, but

we caught the train. Lots were cast for sleeping positions in the carriage and I won part of the floor -- to wake up at the railhead choking for breath with somebody's hoof resting heavily on my throat. Nevertheless, I had guarded well the packages in my pack and was received with open arms by my companions.

CHAPTER 11: GAS SCHOOL - REST.

Rumours continued to fly around that the 1st Canadian Division were going to be taken out of the trenches for a long rest, but we completed the winter in the trenches and our first calendar year of warfare before this take place.

Meanwhile we sang, grouched, packed wounded out, filled dirt into sand-bags, gave the old rifle some exercise, crawled around No-Man's-Land and enjoyed our hearts content as the spirit moved us and according to the occasion.

The gallant and fiery chemists on both sides, far from the rumbling guns, were perfecting the means of gas warfare both in rolling clouds and gas shells. Therefore we had our Gas Schools and a handsome blonde-haired N.C.O. named Jimmy and myself were sent for four days to a nearby school to learn how many seconds we had to adjust our gas masks in emergency or perish.

Out temporary billets were in a garret above an estaminet where we arrived just as the evening's liquidations were well under way, All the troops present were members of the Army Service Corp and other Transportation units and in between drinks were all paying attentions to the several seven daughters of the house, but promptly at the closing hour Madame ushered the roisterers into the street.

Our first survey of the situation didn't look very promising. The family all slept in the one large room and Madame had her own method of calling the roll. The garret was cold and gloomy but our kilts, which were more than responsible on occasion, caught the eye of a jovial Sergeant-Major of the Engineers who had worked with our battalion and evidently liked it. Soon the cockles of our hearts were warmed by the knowledge that our new friend had a water bottle full of rum. Cold and gloom were dispelled and that garret floor was better than any feather bed.

Next morning we made our bow to the Gas School which was at that time in the charge of a medical officer. Many of our boys had passed through his hands at the hospital and he was out to make life as pleasant as possible, so while we were really not much interested in the component parts of poisonous gases we evinced an interest which at times became argumentative especially after taking on a load of beer at the mid-day meal.

Knowing that the Sergeant-Major's bottle was now empty, I scrounged around early for better sleeping quarters. During the day Madame and six of her daughters spent their time from early morning spinning, except during estaminet hours when they all tended bar. Seven daughters were a huge attraction in those parts and drew full houses. The beer was terrible!

The seventh daughter was a freelance in charge of the household duties; she was a comely wench and I hastened to make inquiry regarding the possibility of a bed on payment of a few francs. She led me to a small room where there was a home-made box-like contraption and I was gazing at it in wonder and speculating how I could keep my head and feet in at one time when Jimmy popped his head around the door. In answer to his questioning gaze I bowed to Mademoiselle and suggested there was room for both Jimmy and myself.

How I had blundered!!! Her momentary hesitation and demure glance was all revealing but I couldn't turn Jimmy down and booked the room for our joint use. When Mademoiselle had retired I was ruefully considering what might have been when Jimmy put his hand on my shoulder and with an understanding grin said, "I'll keep out of your road, Jock."

Morning, noon and early eve the room was ours. During the night it belonged to Jimmy and I and how we used to chuckle over Madame shepherding her flock at night into the one room for the nightly roll-call. I saw Mademoiselle some months later on our trek further North. She was no worse, neither was I.

Our days at the Gas School were also brightened by the presence of a former officer of our Battalion who was acting senior paymaster in the district; he was a very fine fellow but had a leaning toward the grand gesture. Watching our opportunity we would wait until his room was full of officers, chiefly A.S.C. and other non-combatants, and as prearranged stepped smartly in - three steps forward -- bang-click -- and the best salute we knew how. After stating our wants he invariably turned to some junior and announced "two of my boys -- give them fifty francs each."

The balance of the winter was spent in the same sector of the line (Ploegsteert front); we knew every stone of the countryside by night and day. The open spaces have a way of changing their appearance at night and to get around fast we had to learn both phases. During the day we couldn't travel around much owing to the lack of communicating trenches which were full of water, but at night we travelled like cats in the dark racing overland with rations and on other missions. Many ration parties were shot up and often sections of stretcher bearers were themselves turned into stretcher cases, but I was always lucky in this respect and parties I had in charge always came through unscathed -- scared at times but not hurt.

Our 3rd Division joined us during the winter and the Canadian corps soon to be augmented by the 4th Division was established. During the early days with only one division in the field we had been the spoilt children of Canada. We scarcely ever needed to buy cigarettes then so liberal was the supply from the various societies at home, but with three Divisions in the field times were changed.

News of our rest was received with much skepticism and it was only when we arrived at Meteren, miles behind the line, (on Feb. 3rd) that we acknowledged our good fortune.

CHAPTER XII: METEREN - FEBRUARY 1916.

We were billeted in farm haylofts and although the air still held a cold tang in the morning we were quite comfortable. During the mornings we polished up a bit, stepped around on parade, and in the afternoon went for a route march or indulged in field sports. We had wintered well and were very fit -- hardy cattle.

After we had got our parade legs again we received orders to appear before the Divisional General (Major-General A. W. Currie) in review order. The evening before the review Sergeant Jack, who had been attached to the army tunneling section, returned to us rather mysteriously; he was very quiet about something and later confided to me that he had just returned from leave and was six weeks overdue. His only chance of escape from punishment seemed to be to re-attach himself to the battalion for a time and allow the tunneling company to think he had been with us all the time.

Next morning we paraded before Major-General Currie and as was his wont on those occasions he walked through the ranks giving us all the once over. Much to the delight of my immediate comrades he stopped in front of me and turning to our Company Commander asked, "Has this N.C.O. been to an N.C.O. training school?" His tone of voice inferring that "if he hasn't it is damned high time he had". I didn't like the idea of a training school and was reassured by a fast wink from the Company Commander. The staff were evidently fast getting training schools on the brain.

After the review was over Major-General Currie favoured us with the usual address, "Splendid battalion, excellent record, etc.", and then poured forth the milk of the coconut. The troops, without exception to my knowledge, had all taken an extra day or two at leave time to England but for the most part good hard sense was

used and official permits were wangled somehow. But here and there the custom had been abused and headquarters was sorely vexed. I still have vivid recollection of our General as he advised us in very sonorous tones that the next offender would be charged with cowardice and recommended for the full penalty -- which is death.

I couldn't resist stealing a fast glance over my shoulder at Sergeant Jack. His offence had not yet come to light, but the rattle of the rifle bolts of the firing party must have sounded in his ears; his jaw had dropped considerably and his face was a trifle green. In the same glance I saw the smiling eyes of my neighbours and heard the unspoken chorus of "Baloney."

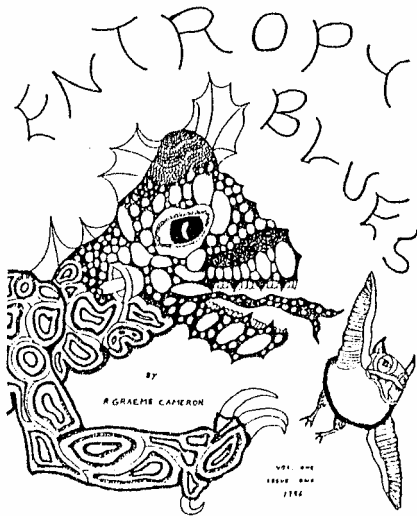
Walking back to the camp with Sergeant Jack I endeavoured to make light of his predicament, but I couldn't even raise a smile. However, whether or not official records were suitably adjusted and our General kept his tongue in cheek I don't know, but nothing came of the incident and it was soon forgotten in our return to the Ypres salient which we had left some ten or eleven months previously.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

FLYING SAUCERS ARE CANADA'S SECRET WEAPON! A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW

by R. Graeme Cameron

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



Every now and then American magazine editors rely on Canada's exotic public image to increase circulation, hence the cover feature in the August 1969 issue of ARGOSY magazine.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS!"

"This may be the most incredible article you will ever read. Study the author's credentials and what he has to say about UFOs. Then forget about those little green men from Mars -- HE SAYS THEY COME FROM CANADA -- and he can prove it!"

Well, as an ardent nationalist my reaction was extreme, as you can imagine. Article by Renato Vesco, as told to John Ashton. Who are these turkeys? And how dare they spill the beans on Canada's most important state secret?

You see, with a father who rose to the rank of Squadron Leader (or Major, since unification of the armed forces) and a brother currently ranking Chief Warrant Officer, I'm privy to all sorts of nifty info. So I'm in a position to judge in a purely objective and impartial manner as I shall now demonstrate.

Vesco was an aerospace engineer investigating UFOs for Italy's Ministry of Defence. As we have never alerted our NATO allies to the hyper-advanced nature of our technology, it's shocking to learn Vesco almost gives the game away when he quotes N.S. Currey: *"Canada today must be counted among the most advanced*

aeronautical powers in the world. This refers above all to the field of jet propulsion." In his official capacity Vesco succeeded in uncovering most of the relevant information concerning the early research and development of saucers, but his views on Canada's contributions are way off beam, ludicrous even.

The Germans -- as is often the case -- were the first to attempt to develop flying saucers. In the closing years of the First World War the Imperial German War Ministry desperately tried to develop suction aircraft, starting with experiments to achieve the porous sinterization of metals, but the technology was beyond their capabilities at the time and Germany was defeated. In the following decades, sporadically under the pacifist Weimar republic and then explosively under Hitler's regime, secret research in many fields began to transform the Kaiser's dream into reality, a process guided by the farseeing officials of the JAGERSTAB.

-- The Plansee Werke of Reutte, Tyrol: Thermo-refraction studies.

-- Vereinigte Leichtmetallwerke of Linden, near Hanover: *"Important experiments made with liquid oxygen for new turbine engines capable of developing extraordinary power."*

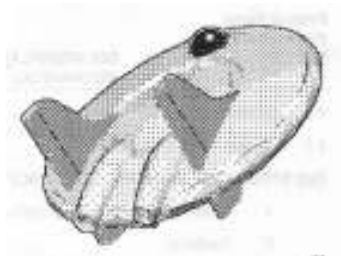
-- Laboratory for Aeronautical research at Volkenrode: Gaseous explosives experiments.

-- Patent Verwertungs Gesellschaft of Salzburg, Austria: Electrostatic fire control systems.

-- Hermann Goering Fahrzeugmotoren Werke: Permeable suction wing aerodynamics research.

And the list goes on and on, culminating in the actual construction of a 'KUGELBLITZ' (Round Lightning) saucer-fighter prototype at the Kreislaufbetriebe Werke in 1943. Fortunately, given the limited remote control technology of the time, the vehicle proved difficult to handle and consequently saw action only once, though in a highly successful mission, as witness this eyewitness report Vesco quotes from French Intelligence sources:

"As the gray rain of March fell in a long slow drizzle over Wurtemberg, a flight of Flying Fortresses wound its way back from a successful raid. Suddenly a strange aircraft appeared, sweeping around the group of aircraft at high speed. The craft, COMPLETELY ROUND AND WITHOUT ANY VISIBLE PROPULSION UNIT, emitted a half-dozen bluish clouds as it swept by. The clouds moved in on the American planes, which immediately exploded."



Needless to say, the SS destroyed the prototype lest it fall into Allied hands. Vesco then reports -- in a somewhat confused manner, I guess his research was incomplete -- how a special team of British scientists studied captured Kugelblitz documents and conducted experiments of their own at a secret research centre in Bedford, England. This is where Vesco starts to swing wide of the mark. He claims the English, miffed at an American refusal to share atomic secrets, chose to set up an even more secret centre in Northern B.C. Hah! It is to laugh! England, Canada and America together developed the Manhattan project. No secrets there! Fact is, the Bedford scientists reported the Kugelblitz project to be totally unworkable, leading the British Air Ministry to give up. Why did those scientists make such a ridiculous claim? BECAUSE ONE AND ALL THEY WERE CANADIAN SECRET AGENTS, that's why! From this point on, circa late 1946, saucer development lay entirely in the hands of the Canadian Government!

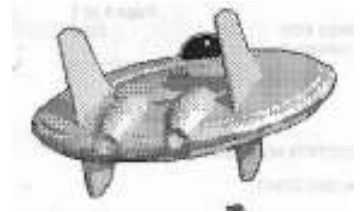
Poor Vesco. His inadequate research led him to believe that 125,000 square miles of B.C. (roughly more than a third of the province) were reserved for the production and testing of 'experimental' aircraft. Perhaps he was deliberately misled by his sources, who no doubt included Canadian agents determined to throw a monkey wrench into his otherwise carefully researched bombshell of an article, and thank Ghod for that, or Canada would never have reached the world status we currently enjoy.

The true story begins with a policy established by a closed-door cabinet meeting in Ottawa, June of 1947. Canada's Kugelblitz was to be developed IN THE OPEN, WHERE NO ONE WOULD THINK TO LOOK! Specifically, it was to be undertaken by A.V. Roe of Canada at its Malton plant near Toronto. The VAMPIRE, that cute little egg-shaped twin-boom tail jet fighter is a case in point. I know, cause my Dad used to fly it. Never mind the later CF-100, the 'Clunk', that was a 'regular', think of the VAMPIRE, in service for only four years, and the magnificent CF-105, better known as the AVRO ARROW, never put in service at all! On February 20th, 1959 they scrapped it, seemingly for no reason, yet at the time it was the fastest, most advanced fighter in the world! WHY? WHY?

The answer is simple. In reality both the VAMPIRE and the AVRO ARROW were merely test-bed flying laboratories used to work out the bugs in the awesome electronics systems destined to go into Canada's KUGELBLITZ!

The 'open door' policy was the perfect strategy precisely because no one believes the obvious, as witness how little effect the following letter by D. Bonner, Ex Naval Rate, RCN, had on the world's intelligence communities when it was published in Argosy in response to Vesco's article:

"As a former member of Canada's armed forces, I spent some time guarding one of these machines which was in an airforce hanger at H.M.F.B. Shearwater, Halifax, Nova Scotia, back in 1952. I did not see the machine uncovered because great secrecy surrounded the whole area, but I do know that it was approximately seventy feet in diameter, saucer-shaped and covered with canvas."



Of course, some dissembling was necessary from time to time, if only to confirm Canada's 'harmless' image, a fact Vesco hit upon but failed to realize the full significance of when he reported:

"A.V. Roe Canada Limited presented a wooden mockup of the OMEGA flying disc to twenty-five American scientists and Air Force experts. The project was a hoax, however, for the working model, estimated at \$200,000,000 never left the drawing boards. Was the flop purposefully designed to convince the U.S.A. that Canada had no saucers?"

RIGHT ON! DAMN RIGHT! EXACTLY!

What Vesco didn't understand was that this was not an isolated incident, but merely one of a series of calculated ploys. For instance, another deception was Avro's development of the wonderfully Wally-Woodish 'Flying Saucer'-like VZ-9Z Avrocar VTOL, a project funded by the U.S. Army. To quote from 'AVIATION IN CANADA', by Larry Milberry:

"Two Avrocars were built to research near-the-ground air cushion flight, level flight using the aerodynamics of the circular wing, and hovering at high altitudes.... All flights were initially tethered ones. It was over a year later before actual forward flight was attained. It was soon apparent, however, that in flight above four feet the Avrocar became dangerously unstable. In December of 1961 the Avrocar contract was concluded and the project abandoned."

Talk about pulling the wool over their eyes! The Americans are still laughing, the poor deluded fools!

And the current status of CANADA'S KUGELBLITZ? No more prototypes! Mass production is well underway! Now the truth can be told! It doesn't matter what revelations I make! Canada's long-term plan to rule the world by the year 2000 cannot be denied!

WE SHALL TRIUMPH! CANADA OVER ALL!

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 #4 of my account.

SUNDAY -- MAY 3RD, 1981

TEOTIHUACAN

In 1968 I purchased a copy of "MEXICAN CITIES OF THE GODS" by Hans Helfritz, an archaeological guide with more than 115 photographs of assorted ancient buildings. It awakened within me the desire to see them in person. I especially wanted to climb the enormous, squat bulk of the Pyramid of the Sun. Now, 13 years later, my dream is coming true!

Out of the Hotel Mario Angelo at six in the morning. Eager as all get out. We attempt to crowd on to a Mexico city bus but the driver shuts the door in our face. We stare at him, dumbfounded. He gestures at the rear door, then opens it. We pile in. I'm first to the front, attempting to cram assorted coins into the coin box. He covers it with his left hand, glaring at me, and holds out his right hand. Confused, I drop the coins into his hand, as do the others. Then the light bulb clicks. There's no one else on the bus, so, taking advantage of the lack of local witnesses, the driver is pocketing the fares for himself. This explains why he made us get on via the rear exit. Had we come through the turnstile at the front door it would have counted our entry.

After a short ride we get off at a massive central bus station and engage in a frantic search for the vehicle that will take us to Teotihuacan. I find myself fretting and worrying like a little kid, as if I'm afraid it's all a joke and I'm not really being taken to the city of my dreams, but Marvin spots the bus and my fears subside. We run to the front door. The driver stares at us, aloof behind his airline pilot glasses. A conductor takes our fares. "Welcome, welcome Americans." "Uh, actually, we're from Canada." The conductor glances at the driver, then both burst out laughing. As I take my seat I wonder if "Canada" means something in Spanish that I don't want to know. Hmmm.

We pull out of the station and head toward Teotihuacan, which is about 40 klics North East of Mexico city. I note that the conductor has the best 'seat' on the bus, standing in the door well next to the driver. Endless numbers of concrete houses with sheet iron or tin roofs slide by, but I'm too awash in daydreams about what I am about to experience to pay much attention. Still very much a little kid, living the excitement of a little kid, as if I'm on the 'bestest' school field trip ever, which -- in a way -- is exactly what is happening.

Then, sooner than I expected, my first glimpse of the pyramids of the Sun and Moon, their shadowy blue bulks looming through the morning haze behind a tracery of power lines suspended from pylons just outside the archaeological zone. The sight takes my breath away. This is it!

Well, not quite. We are forty minutes early. It's not yet 8:00 am. Everyone is waiting for the ruins to open, even the people who work there. There's a busload crammed with workers parked at the entrance. We're sitting on the curb beside it, patiently enduring the last of the morning chill. More workers are behind us, huddled around a fire before a tent. Some sort of security police are wandering about, dressed in dark blue denim jackets, black crash helmets, and carrying yard-long padded leather clubs. Just how rowdy do they expect us tourists to get anyway? Interesting fluted cactus pods abound. The air is cleaner, fresher than back in the city. I'm feeling better than last night, hope it lasts. Two of the girls have stomach problems already, but so far I remain healthy.

Fifteen minutes past opening time, and we can't get in. Arrgh! Seems there are no tickets available to sell. Arrgh! Ah, Mexico.....

Still sitting on the whitewashed curb at the edge of the cobble stoned parking lot in front of the site museum complex. Or to put it another way, atop the unexcavated site of the 'Great Compound', a vast enclosure which archaeologists think may have been the principal market and possibly the administrative centre. Oddly enough, today it looks just like a parking lot. But the exciting promise of the giant pyramids looming in the near distance gets me thinking....

Teotihuacan existed as a city from one or two centuries B.C. till somebody took the trouble to burn it down circa 750 A.D. At it's height, around 600 A.D., it covered more than 13 square miles (larger than Imperial Rome!) and housed anywhere up to 200,000 people in an estimated 20,000 adobe brick and masonry buildings; including pyramids, temples, workshops (more than 500 discovered so far, many to do with carved obsidian -- the city seems to have held a near monopoly on its trade), steam baths, palaces, and more than 2,000 one-story apartment buildings (if these numbers appear suspicious, just remember that archaeologists prefer round numbers, helps make their reports seem precise and tidy).

The largest apartment complex discovered to date, called Tlamimilopa, contained 176 rooms and 26 patios over an area of 11,700 square feet, and appears to have been inhabited by numerous extended families. Bear in mind this was a city without windows. Light and air came from the courtyards and numerous light wells. And it was a city that was planned. With the exception of the principal monuments, most buildings were fixed to a rigid grid of blocks measuring 187 feet long and 187 feet wide. Urban planning is nothing new.

Today, alas, most of this colossus of a city is mere rubble beneath farmers' fields. So it's important to remember, as with virtually all Mesoamerican cities, that the visible monuments are but a fraction of what once existed but now lies collapsed and buried.

To the Aztecs, Teotihuacan was a sacred city; It is they who gave it its current name (nobody knows what the original inhabitants called it). Roughly translated, it means something like "beloved city birthplace of the Gods." The Aztecs held that the current universe, the Age of the Fifth Sun, began here when a poor, disease-ridden God by name of Nanahuatzin sacrificed himself by leaping into a sacred fire and was transformed into the life-giving sun we see today. For this reason the Aztec Emperors made annual pilgrimages, and when they died, were buried beneath a pyramid here rather than in Tenochtitlan, the Aztec capital.

In short, I am quivering like a racehorse about to be shot out of the gate. I'm so excited about 'invading' this city I can barely contain myself. Huzzah! The gates are open, the tickets are selling, and I'm off, leading the pack! I race past the museum... and step on to the (modern) paving of the Avenue of the Dead (another name derived from Aztec usage). I am standing in the exact centre of the city (though at the Southern end of the existing archaeological zone). I turn to my left and face North, and the fact that the Avenue is a processional way leading toward the Pyramid of the Moon over a mile distant becomes vividly alive and obvious. No more dry lectures. This is the real thing!

At the time the Avenue was laid down, the passage of the sun in and out of the underworld/Earth Goddess, called the axis mundi by today's scholars, was perceived in horizontal, axial terms, in movement from the South, representing the profane, the world surface, to the North, the sacred realm, deep within the underworld. Pyramids are sacred mountains, and to climb a pyramid is to descend to the womb of the underworld, so naturally the pyramid of the Moon (a false name made up by the Spanish, both the Sun and Moon pyramids were originally devoted to the Earth Goddess) is the end point, the goal, of processions moving North along the Avenue of the Dead.

But, around 450 A.D., in one of the earliest manifestations of the Warrior cult with its emphasis on the Sun God rather than the Earth Goddess, a radical shift took place in architectural symbolism in Teotihuacan. The movement of the sun was now conceived in vertical, radial terms. At this time an Avenue running East/West was constructed to define the centre (where I am standing) of the city. In this centre, South of the Avenue of the Dead, the Great Compound was built. And in this centre, North of the Avenue, the so-called Ciudadela or 'Citadel', which now became the most important religious site in the city, superseding all others.

I turn right to face the outer wall of the 'Citadel'. Two Mexicans approach. The pockets of their shirts and pants are bulging with obsidian statuettes and effigy flutes. Do I want to buy any? No I do not. Can't afford souvenirs. I brush past the vendors. They shrug and move to intercept the rest of the group.

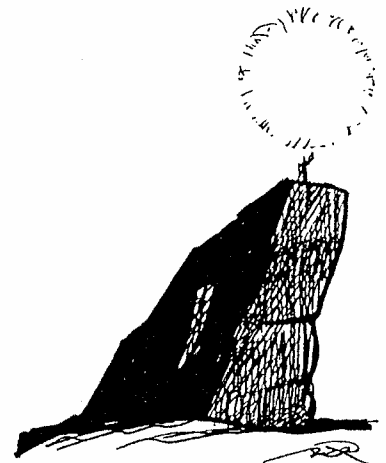
Meanwhile, I experience a sudden rush of awe and exhilaration as I climb 20 or so steps and find myself atop the Citadel's perimeter wall, better described as a quadrangular platform bearing 15 stepped pyramids, surrounding a sunken inner court about 400 yards by 400 yards. A third of the way into the courtyard is a large square platform about 15 feet high and 50 feet square with stairs on all four sides; a kind of giant altar or perhaps a stage for religious theatrics, even sacrifice! I run across the plaza and fly up the steps of the platform, seeking its exact centre, vaguely aware I am 'desecrating' what was once, perhaps, the most sacred structure in the city, the spot where the Axis Mundi plunged vertically from the sky into the underworld.

Or was the centre of centres atop the big pyramid a third of the way further in? Its four tiers rising maybe 40 or 50 feet exhibit the famous 'Talud & Tablero' style typical of Teotihuacan and much imitated by other cities. The Talud is a heavy rectangular molding outlined by a thick frame, rising from the Tablero, an inclined plane. Thus the tiers of the stepped pyramids and platforms throughout the city exhibit a repetitious decorative pattern that it is powerfully somber and grim in its effect. To be fair, this may be due in large part to the fact that what greets the eye today are the dark coloured stones of the naked masonry. Originally they were covered by painted plaster. Indeed, from fragments surviving here and there, it's known that all the buildings and even the reservoirs and streets were painted, the colours of choice being either creamy white or red. Still, I doubt that these structures were ever exactly jolly or cheerful, no matter how they were painted. They were designed to impress, and boy, do they impress!

Already I am jaded with a mere platform. Gotta climb the pyramid! I plunge off the platform and race to the foot of said pyramid and zoom up its (50 odd?) steps to the top. (Where the heck am I getting all this energy? Heart is beating a mile a minute. Something to do with a life's dream coming true, I guess.) There I remember this structure is itself a kind of 'approach platform' to an even larger pyramid now nothing more than a gigantic heap of grass-covered rubble. I stare down at the latter's facade, or rather, at the facade of one of the architectural treasures of the world, the pyramid of Quetzalcoatl, the Plumed Serpent God.

You see, whenever the Aztecs or the Maya, or most other Mesoamerican cultures, felt like building a 'new-improved' temple, they didn't tear down existing structures, they simply built over them. Some ruined temple-pyramids contain within them a dozen or more layers of intact buildings. In this case, sadly, when archaeologists cleared away some of the rubble of the later building, they found preserved within, of the earlier Quetzalcoatl pyramid, only four tiers of the original six, and only on the West side at that. Even so, what a sight! Magnificent! (Don't worry, I'll describe it in a moment, I'm trying to build your anticipation!)

There's only one problem. This word famous building depicts a Plumed Serpent God all right, but it's NOT Quetzalcoatl! (Bango goes the Mexican tourist industry...)



At this point I notice Marvin leading the others on to the narrow walkway separating the facade of the 'Q' pyramid from the pyramid I'm standing on. I scabble down the front steps and race around to join them. Face to face with the ancient Gods, I drink in the details.

So what do I see already? Inquiring minds want to know! Okay, four tiers of typical talud/tablero construction split down the centre by a wide stairway flanked by stone balustrades, out of which project carved serpent heads every ten feet or so. Today the lower jaws are propped up by metal rods so that the heads, being about a yard long, don't work loose and tumble down. To either side of the stairs the tableros on each level contain similar serpent heads surrounded by neck ruffles of feathers, said beasties alternating with chunky-looking snout-less scale-covered crocodile heads with square teeth. The eye sockets of both types are hollow, the obsidian eyes missing. Originally the fine lines and details were picked out in red, the rest coloured a pale blue. Traces of these pigments remain.

Wow! Quetzacoatl and Tlalocs (the male rain God), just like the guidebooks say!

Not quite. The plumed serpent did not evolve into the male figure of the hero Quetzalcoatl until well into the Warrior cult era. This pyramid predates the warrior cult. At the time it was built, circa 250 A.D., both Tlaloc and the Plumed Serpent were in fact female, or to be precise, were variant forms of the Earth Goddess.

Wait! It gets niftier!

Examining the sculpture closely, I can readily see that what I'm really looking at are the bodies of rattlesnakes covered in feathers (the rattles are very prominent and were originally tan in colour), rattlesnakes with two heads; a Plumed Serpent head at the front of the body, and at the rear of the body, next to the rattles, a stylized crocodile head. To emphasize that this crocodile/serpent creature is swimming in water, the taluds depict a continuous undulating serpent body surrounded by conch shells and bivalve shells. Tlaloc, God or Goddess, is always the rain giver, and the crocodile is always symbolic of the surface of the earth, half exposed, half submerged, representing that which is between the heavens and the underworld.

Clear as mud, right?

Or to put it another way, there was only ONE two-headed serpent deity in Mesoamerica, usually referred to today as the 'Bicephalic Monster Deity.' What I am looking at is the Teotihuacan version of the Maya Goddess Itzamna, the pregnant Earth Goddess symbolic of the rainy season. The crocodile head represents the summer solstice, the nadir of the Sun's journey through the underworld, when its seed is reborn within the Earth Goddess as the rain begins, and the Plumed Serpent head is the Autumnal Equinox, its jaws agape, symbolically giving birth to the Sun God, who is also the reborn Maize, the desired result of the rainy season. Cool huh? Even neater, the ancients believed the Milky Way visible in the night sky was the reflection of Itzamna in the underworld.

In other words, this pyramid was not dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, but to the Earth Goddess, albeit a very specialized manifestation or aspect of her.

But for them as prefers politics to religion, let me point out this pyramid is an example of political one-upmanship. It's only natural for every new ruler to feel vaguely pained at the sight of old monuments



advertising the power and glory of previous regimes. The 'Moon' pyramid and associated 'Avenue of the Dead' were built to 'replace' the 'Sun' pyramid. Then the 'Quezalcoat!' pyramid was constructed as a new religious centre "to emphasize the power of the contemporary rulers and to de-emphasize the standing examples of their predecessors work" (I'm quoting myself from an essay I wrote for Marvin), i.e. to 'replace' both the 'Sun' AND the 'Moon' pyramids.

Whoever built 'Q' was innovative in the extreme, not only because they focused on the Earth Goddess as the rainy season pregnant with rebirth, but because this was the first major monument to employ the talud & tablero style, and the only one ever built (in this city) to crawl with projecting sculpture. Subsequent rulers, like the warrior cultists who built the 'Ciudadela' over 'Q' (in order to bring THEIR beliefs into dominance), probably thought the visual appeal of such sculpture didn't justify the time and labour involved. Or maybe they thought it was too darn gaudy. At any rate, the so-called "Temple of Quetzalcoat!" is an idea that didn't catch on. Sure is a certified, nifty son-of-a-gun to see though.

NEXT ISSUE: I climb the pyramids of the Sun and Moon.

(And the issue after that, visit the Palaces of Teotihuacan. Arrgh! Three issues just to cover one day on my trip! And I have a whole month to describe! We're in for the long haul, folks. Hope you like reading about ruins.)

TO BE CONTINUED.....

OOK OOK, SLOBBER DROOL! 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.

As always, all the usual suspects have been rounded up and viciously edited. My own comments are in italics.

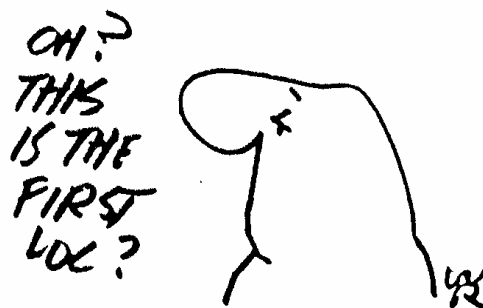
From: SHERYL BIRKHEAD

Hugo Winning Fan Artist
23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD, 20882 USA

I was going to tell you about the cover (on SC#3) when I started reading your editorial, and then I thought your explanation was much more interesting--so dream on.

(--You mean it's NOT a depiction of sentient dinosaurs exhibiting ritual skin-netting? How could I be so mistaken?--)

I wish I had the excuse of mere age to blame for my lousy stories (of which there are several notebooks). I enjoy writing, but never quite seem to get the hang of something called 'plot' and I understand there is supposed to be one in each and every story...pity.



(--On the other hand, judging by recent trends, you could have a career in screen writing ahead of you--)

Again, I apologize for the starkness and simplicity of the enclosed (proposed cover for thish), but if I wait any longer there won't be ANYTHING in the envelope.

(--But I love your stuff. Artful simplicity, as in this case, is often striking and powerful. I feel privileged to be able to offer a series of covers by you. Your covers are much appreciated, believe me--)

(--Addenda to the above, as Taral Wayne sent me a cover, and given that he will be GoH at Ditto 8 in Seattle just after thish comes out, and that I will be attending and handing out thish at the con, I elected to go with his cover. Have no fear, Sheryl, I will revert to your art next issue--)

From: RODNEY LEIGHTON

Editor of: THE NOVA SCOTIA HERMIT
(Note: Apparently gafiated till further notice.)
R.R. #3, Pugwash, N.S., Canada, B0K 1L0.

Inserting editorial comments where appropriate is much more sensible and easier to follow than sticking them at the end of the letter. Besides which, Chuck Connor inserts comments at will throughout his loccol and even Ted White has admitted that THINGUMYBOB is a fanzine. I think. It's the way to do it, mon! To hell with fannish traditionalists!!!!

(--Yes, my critics are defeated. Recklessly I will pursue my policy of reshaping my loccol to my whims, come what may. However, the bit about inserting 'edcom' "where appropriate" may be my achilles heel--)

From: TEDDY HARVIA

1995 Fan-Artist Hugo Winner!
701 Regency Drive, Hurst, Texas 76054-2307 USA

(The following from assorted post cards)

28 JUNE - I spent four days in Calgary on business.... Dale Speirs took me on a tour of the city. The highlight was the concrete dinosaur exhibit at the zoo.

(--Do they still have "Dinny", the lifesize blue brontosaurus I played on as a kid? We were vacationing in Mom's home town, and sitting on the big dino's tail was a highlight. Hmmm, let me check my reference material.... According to Don Glut's "THE DINOSAUR SCRAPBOOK", Dinny was the first to be constructed (back in 1935) and weighs 120 tons. By the time sculptor John Kanerva retired in 1960, Calgary's DINOSAUR PARK contained fifty concrete dinosaurs!.... Oh no, reading further, apparently the Calgary Zoo park is a more recent collection, first begun in 1978, and contains only a few of the original models, such as the Plesiosaur (which was airlifted in by helicopter). Does this mean Dinny is at a separate location? Or that, horror of horrors, Dinny no longer exists? Arrgh!!.... How do you tear down a 120 ton concrete dinosaur? Maybe Dale Speirs can tell me.....--)

Although I didn't get to see the glaciers in the Rockies, I decided my first trip to Canada wasn't going to be my last. I've heard B.C. is beautiful too.

(--And we have V-Con 21 coming up in May, hint, hint, with myself as Toastmaster, and Kim Stanley Robinson as GoH. Hmmm, maybe I'll slip an advert in thish somewhere--)

Do I owe you artwork? I seem to be on the verge of a creative binge. I finished the backcover for the San Antonio Worldcon PR but I want to draw MORE...

(--Yes, please! Would love art from you!--)

4 AUGUST - Don't give up on me. I actually have a preliminary sketch of the letter column cartoon header I want to send you. But it may have to wait until September now.

(--ARRGGHH!--)

Diana and I leave for Scotland and Worldcon Aug 23..... I started a new job.... promised my old company to finish some projects for them (for a price) on weekends.

(--Ah yes, real life commitments. I've heard about those somewhere, thought it was a myth--)

2 SEPT - Diana and I are having a grand time in the United Kingdom. We spent 5 days in Glasgow sampling the Scottish cuisine....

(--Haggis in chocolate sauce is wonderful, isn't it?--)

.....saw Edinburgh Castle with Australian fans Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn, walked the streets of the walled city of York, and travelled 7 hours by train to Bournemouth on the Southern coast. Tomorrow we're off to London for some final sightseeing.

At the Hugo ceremonies in Glasgow I won another Hugo rocket. I jumped when Bob Shaw announced my name. It was totally unexpected.

Beast wishes...

(--Congratulations on another Hugo! I eagerly await any contributions you care to send--)

From: ROBERT 'BUCK' COULSON

21 July 1995

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

I wasn't writing SF at age 10 or 15; I'd never heard of it. Actually, I'd read a few; AMERICAN BOY magazine published some SF along with other teen-age hero adventures, but I didn't recognize them as a separate art form.

(--You had a deprived childhood!--)

I did write a detective story at school when I was supposed to be studying, and was horribly embarrassed when the English teacher took it and read it to the class, and not much mollified by the fact that she praised it. I guess I was 15 or 16 then.

By the time I actually started writing SF, I'd encountered fandom and started off with parodies for fanzines; I recall "THE SPACESHIP BOYS ON TITAN, OR: ONE OF OUR PLAINS IS METHANE." It drew very little attention in the fanzine, but I liked it.

(--With a pun like that...Arrgh! A Skinnerism!--)

One parody that I did with Gene DeWeese was later reprinted in two hardcover anthologies and we actually got paid for a story written for a fanzine. But I was in my 20s then. (And much older by the time I collected money for it.) That one was "JOHN CARPER AND HIS ELECTRIC BARSOOM."

(--Son of a gun, I own it. I mean, I own a copy of "SHAGGY B.E.M. STORIES, a hardcover anthology of SF parodies which contains your story! In the intro, editor Mike Resnick states: "It took me only ten minutes to decide that this was the funniest parody of Edgar Rice Burroughs that I had ever seen." And he's right! It's hilarious!--)

Never saw "THE SLIME PEOPLE." I did see "RED PLANET MARS", where all the men are disfigured and all the girls are gorgeous. I think they said it was a misuse of atomic power; maybe atomic power is smarter than I thought. (The word "nuclear", pronounced "nuclar", hadn't entered the Hollywood consciousness yet.

(--Sure you aren't mixing up "RED PLANET MARS" with "ROCKETSHIP XM"? The former has gorgeous girls ok, but the guys are mere dweebs in Prince Valiant outfits. Exclusively male mutants are in the latter film, and maybe a few others not springing to mind at the moment--)

If you'll accept one savage on a raft with his large cat, poling his way past a wrecked New York city, it's "DAYBREAK-2250 A.D." by Ande Norton. (Hardcover title: "STARMAN'S SON".) Interestingly, Ace published the book twice, with two different artists depicting essentially the same scene; the backgrounds are different and in the second publication the man is older and the cat a giant Siamese, instead of a big tiger-cat.... No statue of Liberty though, so maybe some other publisher ripped off the idea.

(--I have the tiger-cat version too. It was one of the illustrations I checked when trying to track down Murdoch's recollection of "two post-apocalyptic savages floating on a raft, contemplating the statue of liberty..." I know I've seen it, but where?--)

I hope Rodney Leighton isn't including me in his "grand old gentlemen"; I don't qualify. (Ask Harlan Ellison...) Chester Cuthbert might, though.

(--Ever since Harlan accused me of leading a boycott against a speaking engagement of his, I've been reluctant to even think of asking him anything. I did send him a letter informing him that he was -- for whatever reason -- misinformed, and that I admired his writings, enjoyed his feisty reputation, and was totally opposed to the concept of boycotts. I believe, on the basis of a phonecall he made to Stan Hyde who had written him a letter supporting my position, that he accepts this. All a tempest in a teapot anyway. But your comment triggered my



memory of this incident. I suppose I mention it to establish my basic fannish credentials. I mean, hey, you're just a neo till you've been flamed by Harlan at least once. Am I right?--)

E-version Note: In fact Harlan also left a message on my answering machine in response to my letter; he stated he now understood what had happened, that it was no big deal, and there was no need to call him back. I guess that's the closest to an apology Harlan has ever made. Possibly his phone call to me took place after I had written the above.

From: DON FITCH

Editor of: WONDERING & WANDERING

23 July 1995

3908 Frijo, Covina CA 91722 USA

Checking the fan correspondence file in this machine's memory for the previous loc to you, I discover (with considerable dismay) that there doesn't seem to be one. Since computers are infallible that probably means that my version of the Terry Carr Syndrome has been at work -- after carefully thinking out a letter (SC#1 made a strong and highly favorable impression) I not only didn't get around to writing it but somehow got firmly fixed the idea that I had written and posted it. Maybe that explains why I didn't get #2. *sigh* (I'm guessing that you sent #3 in trade for the copy of W&W5 that (I hope and am pretty sure) I finally got around to posting.

(--Umm, well, actually this is the first time I've heard from you. And oddly, I DID mail you #2, but I guess you never got it. I'll send another. Have yet to see W&W. Any spare copies left?--)

Since my "quarterly" genzine (which might be a fair trade) seems to be, at best, published annually, maybe I'd better enclose \$5, just in case.... If you happen to have a spare copy of #2 around, I'd appreciate it -- both your Grandfather's W.W.I memoirs and your account of the trip to Mexico & Central America are fascinating, and I don't want to miss any part of them.

(--Mucho thanks for the egoboo, for myself, and on behalf of my Granddad. Were he still alive, he would have been pleased--)

You don't mention what sort of computer and software you used to produce this issue (tho I notice that the BCSFAzine #218 acquired at the recent Westercon was done on a Mac with Pagemaker), which has such fine production values (even though the type is a bit small) that it's difficult to think of it as a fanzine. (Actually, it probably doesn't look all that much better than a number of other high-quality DTP fanzines, but my roots are in the days when reasonably-legible mimeography was greeted with surprised acclaim.)

(--Like BCSFAzine, SPACE CADET is produced on a Macintosh SE/30 with 40 meg internal hard drive, written in Microsoft Word and poured into a Pagemaker template--)

.... You DO keep an electronic archive file of all your fanzines, don't you?....

(--Uh, no. I keep a card file in a box. I don't keep my e-mail electronically either, but print it out and store it in folders. I'm quite the technological reactionary, actually--)

I'm quite taken with the possibilities inherent in this (computer) technology -- once you've completed your selection of your Grandfather's memoirs, for example, you can easily make up a (somewhat larger print, one hopes) version in booklet form and produce a few copies for his old regiment, for deposits in libraries that might be likely to keep them, and for collections of local historical societies...

(--I would like to see the memoirs in print in a single volume some day. The 16th Battalion no longer exists, it was disbanded after the Great War. The official History was written by Lieutenant-Colonel H.M. Urquhart of the "Canadian Non-permanent Active Militia" with the support of the Department of National Defence and on behalf of "The Trustees and Regimental Committee of the 16th Battalion (Canadian Scottish), C.E.F.", and was published by Macmillan in 1932. In other words, it was an undertaking sponsored by the veterans themselves--)

E-version Note: I have since found out there's a 16th Battalion Regimental Museum in Victoria B.C., and still a Regimental Society which is headquartered there. I gave a copy of my Grandfather's manuscript to my Uncle, a life-long career soldier (he was Military Attache for Canada in Egypt present when Anwar Sadat was assassinated) and he intends to do it up nice and donate it to the museum.

Actually, I seem to be suffering from what might be called "loc burn-out", and simply can't think of much to say about #3 of SC -- the contents varied from interesting to fascinating, and were thoroughly enjoyable... I do note that it rather reminds me (and not only because of its size) of the better papers published in Amateur Journalism (aka "mundane" APAs) fandom -- very much like good fanwriting, but a trifle more formal and of "general interest" -- much less ingroupish than most "traditional fanwriting". I don't suppose this is unique to Canadian fans, but it seems to be more common among them. When they do produce "faannish" zines (i.e. consisting mostly of in-group references) they tend to base this on a small, local (sub-)fandom (as Edmonton Fandom did so brilliantly back in the late '70s & early '80s); Benoit Girard is one of the few I can think of who try for a broader faannish approach.

(--Hmmm, something to do with smaller numbers of people, smaller fan communities, isolated fans who take their cues from what they read about rather than experience first hand? Beats me--)

I do urge you to try to preserve your youthful journals/diaries -- by means of making enlarged, high contrast photocopies, if need be. They don't seem to be of great literary merit (which is about what might be expected), but such persistently maintained accounts of the lives and thoughts of young people are rare, and of much potential significance for future historical and sociological researchers...

(--Hard to believe. Still, if I ever want to make use of them, or even just read them, I'll have to enlarge them, as my eyes are no longer good enough to interpret my tiny, crabbed handwriting, especially as the blue ink is fading and blurring. But perhaps, if anyone is doing research into "great teenage losers of past eras" (I was always speculating about the chances of losing my virginity) the diaries might be of some value--)

I find it especially interesting that, as a teenager, you seem to have been interested primarily in getting your writing professionally published. Judging from these excerpts, you seem to have been deliberately constructing stories, rather than having to write them down because they sprang full-blown into your mind and setting them down on paper was necessary to get them out and make room for other stuff. Apparently you were not "doomed to be a writer" in precisely the way Harlan Ellison uses that phrase. On the other hand, you do seem to have been doomed to be creative with written words.. at least to the extent of having a lot of fun playing around with them, and I'm glad that fate led you to discover the fanzine microcosm.

(--Setting my thoughts down on paper in order to get rid of them was pretty much the motivation behind my journal keeping, it was a way of fighting depression. That I no longer bother to keep a journal is, in my case, a sign of a healthier and more balanced attitude about life, the universe, and everything. On the other hand, Writing fiction can be a real kick, a positive delight in fact. During a good session it just pours out like automatic writing. I haven't experienced that particular thrill in nearly ten years, but I'm ready to try again. Hope to kick-start my creative juices before the end of the year--)

From: CHESTER D. CUTHBERT

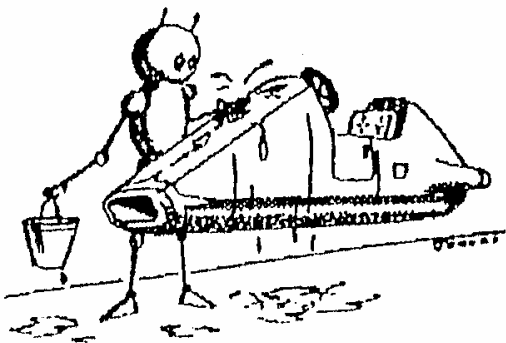
23 July 1995

1104 Mulvey Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3M 1J5

Thanks for sending me a copy of the third issue of THE SPACE CADET GAZETTE, and for your comments interspersed in the reprint of my letter.

From your boyhood you had aspirations to become a writer. I wrote in my early twenties, but only in hopes of earning money. So when I found easier ways of acquiring money, I thankfully dropped what I consider the chore of writing.

(--I never expected to earn a living writing, yet didn't want to establish a career doing something else at the expense of my writing. Even as a teenager I figured I'd have some low-key job that would pay the bills, leaving me the time to write and publish a shelf full of cheap paperbacks with lurid covers. Sigh, my life's dream. Well, so far I've managed the low-key job part, anyway--)



I have devoted most of my life to bringing up my family, but book collecting and reading have enhanced the pleasure of retirement. The thousands of books I have read have not exhausted the joyous surprise which awaits me when I discover a worthy writer; I have no wish to emulate them and can admire and respect them without envy.

I have both editions of the RIP FOSTER book, but have not read it. And I'm unlikely to do so, because I have hundreds of volumes awaiting attention which I suspect are more important.

(--Well, "ASSIGNMENT IN SPACE" isn't great literature, but it's wonderfully evocative of the era it was written (early fifties cold war) and the audience it was targeted for (teenagers). As a timecapsule representing a viewpoint becoming increasing alien to contemporary life as time goes on, its well worth at least a quick read, I think--)

From: FRANZ H. MIKLIS

Editor of: THE GALACTO-CELTIC NEWSFLASH

25 July 1995

A-5151 Nussdorf 64, Austria

Dear Graeme, (weird, whenever I type "Graeme" I think of ice cream)

(--Dare I ask why? It's original meaning is "Broken Arrow." But ice cream?--)

Thanks a lot for SC#2 that safely crossed lake and mountain. Watching your recent issue makes me nod in satisfaction. Well done and very fine concerning layout, handyness and contents. And looking at your loccol one finds the creme de la fen already growing in. Bravo!

(--"creme de la fen" -- I like it!--)

Your trip reports about Mexico and South makes me curious to take an exploring trip there sometime (maybe I find traces of Atlantis -- a hobby of mine).

(--Myself, I tend to believe that Plato's account of Atlantis was a political allegory making use of typical tour guide stuff told to Solon by Egyptian tour guides remembering an earlier Egypt's contemporary awareness of the sudden and utter collapse of Minoan Crete due to the shattering effects of the Thera Volcanic explosion. I also believe that Mesoamerican civilization (Mayans, Mixtecs, Zapotecs, Olmecs, Aztecs, Toltecs, etc ,) developed on their own without any contact with Europe, Asia or Africa. Believe me, the Mayan and other MesoAmerican cities are well worth seeing for their own sake. This has been a dogmatic propagandistic message by a fanatically conservative history buff. Now back to fannish reality--)

Oh Bhoy! This "I dream of 4E" (Forry?) nearly unsocked myself with laughter. Reminds me somehow of Ian Banks' books that must be something like retold dreams, too. But your vision of the 500 naked young women who were about to slide their writhing bodies over yours on a narrow spiral slide would have made even Freud convert to celibacy. It must have been a case of mere self-preservation that had ended your dream (although I pity you for your cruel self-conscious that it didn't allow to test the first dozen...)

Anyway, it gave me a funny piece for drawing.

(--Yes! Thank you very much! I shall cherish it forever! Even better, I will publish it thish! Hmm, as a centrefold? Not quite the right shape. I'll find a spot for it somewhere--)

From: TERRY JEEVES

Editor of: ERG

56 Red Scar Drive, Scarborough, N. Yorkshire, YO12 5RQ UK

Many thanks for the excellent issue of SC#2. Beautifully printed and produced. I haven't had time to more than glance through it so far, but I liked what I saw, and in particular, I look forward to reading the piece about 'RED PLANET' and the review of 'WIZARD OF MARS'.

(--Hmmm, sounds like we have similar interests. Good!--)

...I'm sending you the first eight installments...of 'FIRST ISSUES' as per your request...When/if you want more, just let me know...

(--Yes! I love FIRST ISSUES! Helps set the nostalgic tone of SC, but is something I can't do myself as I lack the resources. I hope to run one in each issue of SC to come--)

If you read your last ERG carefully, I didn't say it was THE last issue, but that it was the last to all the freeloaders who never responded...From now on, it will only go to those who do give feedback. That way, I have more fun and save money.

(--Now that the SC subscription list is climbing past 150 (mostly friends, trades and loccers), I've begun to send warning letters to those who have failed to respond in any way. Some of them are people I really want to trade with, but for all I know they just toss SC in file 13 unread. As I live from paycheque to paycheque, I can't afford to send SC to people who don't want it. I've gotten past the stage of hurling SC into the void. Now that I seem to be developing a solid readership, I can and should be more selective. This I am slowly forcing myself to be--)

I'm also enclosing a few illos as requested.

(--Many, many thanks! I feel darned lucky to be getting so much good stuff from so many good fan artists. Thank you, Terry--)

From: LLOYD PENNEY

25 July 1995

412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, ON Canada L6T 4B6

Many thanks for SC#3.... I've got some public school and high school stories stored away somewhere, too. I also did my time trying to produce stuff for the Trek fictionzines many years ago, without success, and I tried writing for the markets about ten years ago.

Actually, I have had three stories published, but they all appeared in a literary journal, "THE WHITE WALL REVIEW", produced by my alma mater, Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto. Also, my stories were accepted by friends who have become successful writers, so I still don't know if my writings were good, or if my friends took pity on me. "THE TIME DILATOR" and "THE WRONG NUMBER" appeared in V2#1, the 1980 issue, and "DEATH ON REWIND" appeared in V2#3, the 1982 issue. Ed Greenwood was in charge of the fiction for the 1980 issue, and Robert Sawyer had the same job for the 1982 issue.

(--Writing is like playing the lottery. The chances of winning are remote, but a ticket entitles you to dream of winning. For all practical purposes, a dream license, nothing more. Yet the fact remains, you can't get published if you don't write. In the meantime, it can be a great hobby--)

A little while ago, I received a fanzine from Bridget Hardcastle of Britain. It was called "OBSESSIONS", and while it waffled on about fannish favourites like chocolate and "ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW", Bridget wanted submissions for future issues, and one of them will be about B-movies. Naturally I gave her your address in my loc. I hope she'll be in contact with you soon, if she hasn't done so already, so your B-movie reviews may get an even wider audience.

(--See response to her 'poetsarcd' below--)

I want to see articles from the perpetrators of the Myles' House in 89 hoax Worldcon bid, namely the Ozone hole guys, and artist Dan Cawsey, if he'll resurface into all this fannish frivolity. These guys made an impact not only in Canada, but also in the US. Many fans who follow and work on Worldcons remember this hoax bid with pleasure, especially the unopposed winners in Boston. I still have the buttons and the progress reports, and even now, a Mylescon sticker is on my bulletin board to my left. I'll have you know I paid good money to be pro GoH at Mylescon!

(--Ahh, so close you came to the clutches of the Deros, you dupe, you--)

Good to hear from Andrew Murdoch again. I'm surprised that SFAV is still on the go, even after all the upheavals over the years. When I lived in Victoria, Lynne Fonseca and Paul Delaney were heavily involved with SFAV. They now live with their three children north of Toronto in Beeton. I never was a member of SFAV, but was a member of the now-defunct Trek club who had close connections with SFAV, the United Federation of Canadian Star Trekkers (UFCST), founded by Cat Middlemiss, Dan Cawsey and Tony Sine.

Good luck on the sciffy writing.

(--I had some brilliant flashes of inspiration the other day re reworking my last attempt at a novel. Unfortunately, by the time I got out of the bathtub I forgot what they were. Sigh--)

From: BRIDGET HARDCASTLE

Editor of: OBSESSIONS

13 Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, London NW3 6PX U.K.

Hi there! Lloyd Penney wrote to me in response to my zine, he mentioned your name as someone who is an expert on bad SF movies (is ROCKY HORROR one? I can't tell).

(--I'd say it's a good parody of horror/Frankenstein/mad scientist flicks with some SF elements. Frankly, my favourite character is the one played by Meatloaf--)

I'm enclosing a copy of my zine in case you enjoy it, and would like very much if you would write me a piece about bad SF movies, bad science in SF movies, the portrayal of scientists in movies (tho I may do that myself), anything you fancy that fits the theme of "OBSESSIONS #5: SCIENCE".

(--Alas, I was busy all August working on my C.B.C. scripts. Now, after finishing this, I'm at work on my last issue of BCSFAzine. Then, as I begin to put together the nish (next issue) of SC, I'll be making stabs at my novel. BUT, somewhere along the line, yes, I'd like to write for OBSESSIONS. Keep me informed of upcoming themes and deadlines--)

I hope to go to print in early October '95, so would like stuff by the end of August '95. I'll be at Intersection and am bringing chocolate...

(--I can barely afford to go to Seattle, let alone Glasgow--)

I'm also looking for real scientists to give me anecdotes about horrible mistakes and explosions in labs...

(--Well, I did try to talk Mr. Science into writing you an article. But then, his explosions are never the result of mistakes, but rather of careful, meticulous planning. I suppose he'd rather not draw official attention to the matter, and so he gracefully declined--)

From: BRAD W. FOSTER

Illustrator, Cartoonist, Writer & Swell Guy

25 July 1995

POB 165246 Irving, TX 75016 USA

Okay, you keep using the art, and I'll keep sending stuff to replace it. How about that? (I like how you even managed to make the fillo on page 28 actually fit in with what was going on around it, although I wish it hadn't been quite so small -- artists, always grumbling!)



(--You are right to grumble, the size didn't do justice to the piece. Its width should have filled the column. But I had made a best guess at the local copy shop and was in haste to get the zine done and mailed. Not fair to you. I want my artist contributors to be happy, darn it. I will strive to do better from now on. Also, I may not 'use up' your art at quite the same furious rate, as I am getting more contributors now, but rest assured I appreciate each and every piece and will use them all eventually--)

I think your way of doing up the letter column, putting your answers/comments in among the letters, works just fine. Actually easier reading, since when the answer is run at the end, I often have to keep referring back up into the letter to find early parts of it to connect with what the editor has written in reply. I don't see these as interruptions. Keep it up.

(--And of course, from the loccers' point of view, my inane chatter brings out the relative wisdom of their words quite nicely--)

In other news, Cindy and I will be taking over as editors of the "TEXAS SF INQUIRER". Saw you were on the trade list, so like to ask if you could switch the address for that to: THE TEXAS SF INQUIRER, c/o Brad & Cindy Foster, (see address above).

Since all copies received in trade for TXSFINQ are property of the F.A.C.T. club, also hope you will keep ME on your mail list for my own copy as well.

(--Of course. And I hope Alexander and Laurel are still part of the local Texas fan scene, albeit taking a well-earned rest--)

From: SUSAN ZUEGE

National Fantasy Fan Federation

1 August 1995

W63 N14262 Washington Ave, Apt #88, Cedarburg, WI 53012-3016 USA

I read a review of your fanzine in Donald Franson's "TRASH BARREL". If possible, I'd like to receive "THE SPACE CADET GAZETTE" in exchange for letters of comment, book reviews, etc.

(--Goodie. Always eager for more LoC trades. As the theme of this zine -- more or less -- is SF nostalgia, I'd like the subject of any book reviews to be among the first SF you ever read. Any other articles likewise to deal with nostalgic SF experiences. No contemporary stuff. All articles as short as possible due to space constraints. And if possible, loaded with humour. Simplest solution, a LoC with all of the above. Challenging, what?--)

I really enjoy getting zines from people outside the U.S. and learning new things from the writers' opinions and ideas.

(--Me too. Anything that stirs that olde sensawonda--)

From: HENRY L. WELCH

Editor of: THE KNARLEY KNEWS

Fri Aug 4 10:46:02 1995

E-mail: WELCH@warp.msoe.edu

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

Thanks for TAOFNTWG #3. As usual a very good issue with lots of interesting bits. I finally saw the movie ED WOOD and I was bored to death. It may have been factual, but I was never hooked. I still have yet to see PLAN 9.

(--Bored? I'm amazed! I would think at the very least that the relationship between Wood and Lugosi, or the filmmaking scenes... but perhaps the film is difficult to get into if you see it 'cold' without prior knowledge of Wood's inept career. The film did bomb with the general public after all. But for those of us with a fondness for Wood's gutsy amateurism, ED WOOD is a wonderful film--)

I don't think the children of today even know what cooties are any more. My youngest brother (born 1970) certainly never went through the cooties stage that hit me around the 2nd and 3rd grades. Instead, he and his friends went through what I call the girlfriend of the week club stage where it seemed like he had a new girlfriend on a very regular basis. I don't think he really understood what a girlfriend was about at that age, but he had them nevertheless.

(--Cooties are certainly still around. Saw a guy sitting on the sidewalk of the Granville bridge picking lice off his coat just the other day, and the Carnegie Library on Main street maintains a public delousing facility. I know this, because I once considered applying for the job of delouser when they ran an ad in the Vancouver Sun! Arrgh! Fortunately, sanity prevailed.--)

From: KENNETH KNABBE

Editor of: PROPER BOSKONIAN

8 August 1995

44B Lionel Avenue

Waltham, MA 02154 USA

SC#3 arrived about a month ago. I have been holding on to it until I had a chance to write. One of the sad parts of being the editor of a club fanzine is that I have to return the zines we receive in trade back to the library after reading them. Occasionally I want my own copy!

(--It's almost impossible to get ahold of the guy who keeps BCSFA's club archives. He hasn't been active in the club for years. Consequently all the trade zines have been piling up in my closet -- not that I'm complaining, mind you. But eventually I'll have to hand them over. Meanwhile all of SC's trade zines are mine, all mine! Part of the perks of editing a perzine--)

I noticed you take cash for subscriptions. Please take my money and start me back with issue #1 if possible. Yes, I know you, like me, would prefer a LoC, and every once in a while I may manage one, but don't count on it. I have enough trouble contributing to Apa:NESFA. In fact I missed contributing to the last two issues even though I have topics I plan to write about. (No, it is not suitable to send you a copy.)

(--Oddly enough, though I'm quitting editorship of BCSFAzine (after 6 years), I have become a member of "FHAPA" (the Fan Historical APA) being set up by Lindsey Crawford & Faye Manning, and will (maybe) be contributing six pages every quarterly issue under the heading: "THE FANTIQUARIAN CHRONICLER". This is a Timebinders project. Anyone interested might want to get in touch with Lindsay (see address below somewhere)--)

In any case I definitely have enjoyed all three issues and look forward to the next one.

From: BRIAN EARL BROWN

Editor of: STICKY QUARTERS

9 August 1995

11675 Beaconsfield Detroit, MI 48224 USA

It's been months since I located a fanzine and closer to years for some that's in the pile here. *sigh* and *argh* I'm not sure what the problem was (or is), probably some sort of writers block or maybe exhaustion from too much overtime. It seemed like all I wanted to do was read or nap. And as a result I'm starting to get lots of fanzines with question marks in their "Why you're getting this" column.

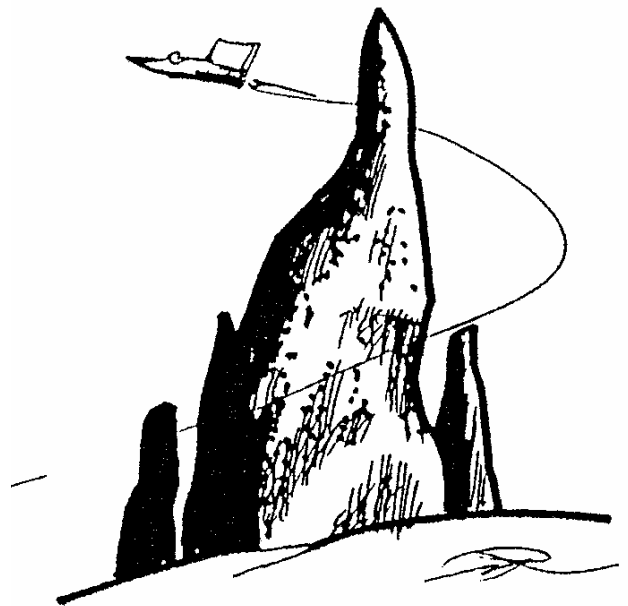
(--I routinely turn down overtime to avoid fatigue (and resulting migraines). Even so, often these days reading or napping seem to be my only options. Something to do with getting older, or the additional 15 pounds of fat I put on when I switched to a less strenuous job in the warehouse. In your case, having a small child underfoot probably explains a great deal of the 'missing' energy. My advice is to quit work, hire a nanny, keep the child in a separate wing of the mansion, sleep 12 hours a day, and maybe, just maybe, you'll get your fanergy back--)

Three issues of SPACE CADET have piled up during my gaffiation. I was surprised to find that you're just a year younger than I am. I was born 1-11-50. I can't remember much about my childhood, certainly nothing back to three year's old--roughly Sarah's age now! I have vague memories of seeing a "FLASH GORDON" tv show once but missed out on all the others from that time -- "TOM CORBETT", which I didn't even know was a TV show until a few years ago. (8 books, author still unknown.)...

(--Actually, the author(s) wrote the books under the house name Carey Rockwell, but his real name....darn! I thought I had seen it in Clute & Nicholls' "SF ENCYCLOPEDIA", but I can't find it. Come to think of it, I have never seen an article on the TOM CORBETT book series anywhere! Have they disappeared so completely from fandom's collective mindset? More to the point, does anyone know the actual name of the author(s)?--)

I think I've seen the Viewmaster 3-D reels you mentioned. Ah viewmaster....today's kids just don't know what they're missing. Those clay model sets of TOM CORBETT and 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA aided with a healthy dose of imagination opened up worlds of wonder that no computer game's scenery disk can hope to match.

(--I think Viewmaster is still around, albeit mostly 3-d cartoon stuff aimed at the youngest kids. In my small collection I still cherish the 1964 set "MAN ON THE MOON" and the (date-unknown: mid sixties?) set "PREHISTORIC ANIMALS", consisting entirely of colour stills of Ray Harryhausen dinosaurs from Irwin Allen's 1954 (?) film "THE ANIMAL WORLD". Ray animated them, Willis O'Brien designed the models and sets. I remember reading an article where Ray mentioned he didn't own this viewmaster set anymore and was hoping someone would send him one. I gather it's pretty rare. Selfishly, I hung on to mine (actually, I imagine he was inundated with copies after his request was published)--)



I recently saw a remake of "TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE". Or close to it. It's called "BEACH BIMBOS FROM OUTER SPACE" and opens with a montage of these incredibly human-looking alien females taking a long shower. Then they crash-land on Earth, enter a bikini contest in order to raise funds to refuel their ship while falling in love with primitive earth surfer-dudes. And once in a while they put on some clothes. Who said there was no sex in science fiction?

(--Not me! I've always believed every work of SF to be a subtle sexual allegory.....At any rate, BBFOS sounds a lot more interesting than, say, "SURF NAZIS MUST DIE", a film devoid of any sort of content. In fact, compared to modern films of that ilk, "TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE" is beginning to look pretty good--)

I don't recall reading Russ Winterbotham's "THE RED PLANET" but I remember another juvie book called "THE ANGRY PLANET." Or maybe "THE ANGRY RED PLANET" or "THE ANGRY PLANET MARS". I can't recall much about it except I think the "canals" were lines of fast-growing vegetation inside which were sinister intelligences. Does it sound at all familiar to you? To anybody?

(--Nope. But I like the concept. I'd like to read it--)

I'm a big fan of Edmond Hamilton. I really loved "OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSE" and "CRASHING SUNS" when they came out in the 60's, but no question Hamilton got better with time and following marriage to Leigh Brackett. I just acquired an issue of "THRILLING WONDER" with Leigh Brackett's novella, "THE STARMEN OF LLYDIS" and Hamilton's Captain Future novelet "EARTHMEN NO MORE". Talk about wall to wall good writing!

(--It thrills me to think that, in spite of my collection of more than 1,000 SF paperbacks, I still haven't read ALL of the works by my favourite authors. So I still have that to look forward to, in addition to the wonderful new authors (new to me, at least) I keep discovering, like Stephen Baxter. Still good times to be an SF fan. Mind, much is out of print these days, but haunting used bookstores often brings rewards--)

From: JOSEPH T. MAJOR

Contributor to: FOSFAX

10 August 1995

3307H River Chase Court, Louisville, KY 40218-1832 USA

You seem to have had a more interesting school life than I. Back in 1967, I think it was, I was merely conquering the world. Or actually, my best friend and I were conquering the world from our base in Thailand. His father had been a diplomat there and now that I think about it I wonder if he had been with the CIA.

(--Let me get this straight, you went to high school on a US military base in Thailand? In which case, I beg to differ, I strongly suspect your school life was MUCH more interesting than mine, at least, as far as any school sponsored field trips are concerned--)

As long as the steam trucks stuck to the flats they would be in trouble from the hovercraft. However, hovercraft seem not to be overly successful at going up inclines, which normal land has a generous supply of. So much for another "POPULAR SCIENCE ARTICLE".

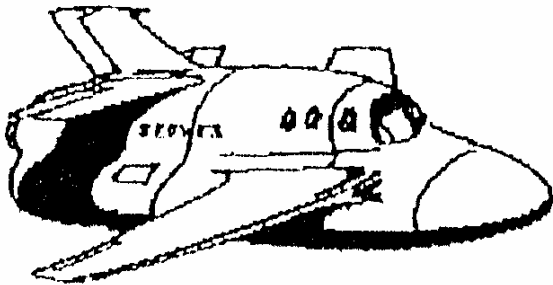
(--I can't remember if terrain figured in my thinking. I have vague memories of planning battles on rolling, grassy plains with lowlying swamps or bogs--)

Your grandfather had a Lieutenant Barney and he thought YOU were odd? And what did the squaddies think of his beginning the morning with "I love you, you love me?" Not to mention that lovely purple outfit being a prize target for the Germans? Oh. Wrong Barney. Never mind.

(--The vision of Canada my Grandfathers fought for I suspect is quite a bit different from the way the country actually evolved. Had they forseen -- as if in a vision -- the influence of Barney on Canadian youth, they might well have switched sides. But this is nothing new. I grew up with "HOWDY DOODY" and "CAPTAIN KANGAROO", so I'm certain My granddads lived long enough to entertain doubts about the worth of Western Civilization as defined by its English-speaking denizens. It's a good thing we CAN'T see the future, actually--)

The Nacional de Antropologia Museum has a display where "Every gold bar figuratively drenched in blood," recovered from the murk of Ciudad de Mexico. No more so than the gold from Kolyma in Siberia, where the death rate was reported to be seven hundred to a thousand per metric ton of gold excavated. Nice guys.

(--Yes, I would hate to give the impression that the callous brutality of the Conquistadors was anything out of the ordinary, then or now. The world is full of such "nice guys" and they're often the chaps in power. Still, not much one can do about it, except be aware of what's going on. This is why I react negatively to optimistic buzzword views of contemporary politics domestic and international, I know reality is no where near as simplistic or loving. On the other hand, my basic faith in the fundamental decency of the average human being keeps me from being a total cynic. History is fascinating, I just don't want to be an active participant in the more interesting bits--)



I got "GALAXY 666" by 'Pel Torro' mostly for the cover, which was a blurred photograph of an Enterprise model fitted with a third engine pod and painted purple. I think that the Star Trek munchkins may have also seen this, as one of the "advanced" Starfleet ships turns out to be an Enterprise model, though not painted purple.

(--Congratulations! You own a book by the legendary Lionel Fanthorpe! 'Pel Torro' being one of his many pseudonyms)

Reading some of the descriptions of fifties movies makes it profoundly clear where "AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON" in AWOTM was coming from. The scene where the astronaut takes off his helmet and exults in the purity of the Moon's air is quite in keeping. (And besides, how can you pass up a movie that features 4SJ Ackerman as President of the United States?)

(--Ever seen "PROJECT MOONBASE", the Heinlein-scripted 1953 made-for-TV pilot? Not that it's bad. Though dated, the story of the first man and woman to visit the Moon, only to be stranded, is full of neat touches. Alas, I watched only the first 2/3rds, then switched channels to watch John Wayne as Genghis Khan in "THE CONQUEROR". Anybody who knows my taste in movies will understand why--)

Going through mother's pictures I found some of me as a lad, holding a toy spaceship. A young fan, and lively (now an old fan, and tired).

(--I never actually owned a spaceship, apart from the same plastic Flying Saucer model which Ed Wood used in "PLAN NINE"--)

If you are going to review the "TOM CORBETT, SPACE CADET" books you ought to give a thought to reviewing the Stratemeyer Syndicate's "TOM SWIFT, JR." books. These were some of my introduction to SF.

Their tradition of stringing the reader along from book to book was one which Heinlein was presumably intending to emulate. (Which was why "PHOSGENE" had part two of a review of the third book in that series, "THE YOUNG ATOMIC ENGINEERS IN THE ASTEROIDS, OR THE MYSTERY OF THE BROKEN PLANET".)

(--I, of course, have a complete set of Heinlein's "YOUNG ATOMIC ENGINEERS" series, my favourite being "THE YOUNG ATOMIC ENGINEERS ON PLUTO, OR UP TO THEIR NECKS IN COLD FUSION". Sigh, no one writes like that any more.... On the other hand, though I read nearly all of the TOM SWIFT JR. books, I have but 5 in my collection. Maybe someday--)

When younger I bought a book of predictions by Criswell. As I recall, he had Denver being destroyed by flying saucers around 1994. And come to think about it, have we heard anything from there recently? It all sounds like he was writing a scenario for Ed, but I think the book came out after Wood's retirement.

(--Criswell was certainly a fascinating character in his own right. I used to enjoy his frequent appearances on the Johnny Carson show years back--)

From: ANDREW C. MURDOCH

Editor of: ZX (Now defunct)

Wed Aug 16 01:44:57 1995

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

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

To think...in 1989 I had only just entered fandom, and was blissfully unaware of the evil brewing practically in my own backyard. You should be commended, Graeme, for uncovering the plot behind BosCon just in time for its bid to be quashed by the voting WorldCon masses. A medal should be struck in your honour.

(--On the other hand, the Deros are still out to get me! Arrgh!!--)

At least you've got a few paragraphs written on your way towards becoming a novelist...more than I can claim, much as the thought appeals to me. It's been something I also have been thinking of doing off and on for years now...maybe...

(-- Actually I've written eight books so far, most of them novels, half of them science fiction, all of them unpublishable. But as Heinlein said, the first rule of writing is to write. If you don't, you're not a writer. So take the plunge! It's the only way. Eventually you will sell, or so I keep telling myself--)

Actually, that might not be entirely true. Like you, I used my high school English class as an excuse to be creative. Trouble is, it seemed all my efforts to be creative were based on someone else's creation...i.e. Star Trek, etc. Still, I do remember getting half-decent marks and my works were routinely singled out to be read in front of the class.

(--In Social Studies class I wrote a story about a Medieval pig. My classmates were jealous--)

From: BOB SABELLA

Editor of: GRADIENT

Sat Aug 19 05:37:53 1995

E-Mail: BobSabella@aol.com
243 Cedar Lake Manor Court, Budd Lake, New Jersey, 07828-1023 USA

I just finished reading SPACE CADET #3 and found it as enjoyable as previous issues. Being a hardcore SF fan, and wannabe professional writer myself, I most enjoyed your "CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT". If my vote means anything, more sfnal autobiography, please!

(--Okay, another dose to appear in SC#5 circa early January 96--)

I also enjoyed the article on Ed Wood in #1. I am one of those weirdos who enjoys reading ABOUT movies, without every actually going to see them. But then again, I am a diehard reader first and foremost.

(--Me too. I love both books and films, so reading about films is the best of both worlds. Not so sure about watching movies about books tho....--)

Good luck with your writing.

(--Thanks. I'll need it--)

From: LINDSAY CRAWFORD

Editor of: APA-NUI

Fri Aug 25 21:13:30 1995

E-Mail: lindsay.crawford@emerald.com

4056 Southway Loop, Springfield, OR, 97478 USA

I read all 3 parts of Mr Cameron's "WAR: WHAT OF IT?" about 3 weeks ago as I was going to write a loc then, and got that far before a deluge of distractions hit me like a ton of bricks. I will mix no metaphor before its time! "WAR: WHAT OF IT?" is moving, honest and fresh for this audience. Cameron tells his story with compassion and a good eye for color. His personal views merge with those of his compatriots. He gives us a character we feel familiar with and sympathetic to, often by writing as "we" while remaining a distinct "I."

(--Hmm, hadn't thought about his technique before. Thanks for giving me a fresh appreciation of his work--)

Lindsay @02:58 (NOT IN SCOTLAND AND NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT! FEH!!!)

From: WALT WILLIS

29 August 1995

32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland, BT21 0PD

Thanks for sending me SC#3, and by airmail too. I'm sorry I haven't commented with the same alacrity, but I hope I'm still in time to catch #4.

(--Yep. You are--)

"CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT" was amusing and well-written. Inspired by your example, I have just wasted half an hour looking for my own first piece of writing, which I came across the other day. Naturally,

I was unable to find it again. It consisted of a short fable, in just one paragraph, about a little old lady who didn't know the difference between wasps and bees. She has a nest in her garden and in the autumn she comes and asks for her honey, speaking to two wasps lounging about the hive entrance with their hands in their pockets. "We don't have any honey, old lady," they tell her, "we're wasps, not bees."

(--And the moral is? I confess I don't know. Too deep for me-- actually, it conjures up a charming image, I can visualize the illustrated version, needs a bit punching up tho, plotwise--)

David Buss's examples of unfinished novels are fascinating enough to make one wish he had continued with them, especially the one titled "SEX KITTENS OF MINUS 9". I keep wondering how he would have introduced the sex kittens after that glowing introduction.

(--Alas, no article from David this time. I've never even met him, that I know of, don't know who he is. I hope he will be moved to write further articles for SC, however. The tone of his stuff is quite what I had in mind for SC--)

The review of "SLIME PEOPLE" leaves one wondering could there really have been a film like that or is the whole thing a gag?

(--What? You doubt my veracity? Incredible. Frankly, I don't think I'm clever enough to write as intelligent and thought-provoking a script as "SLIME PEOPLE". Believe me, it exists. In fact, such is its popularity that there are no less than three models of the critters available these days. Rest assured, every film I review in SC is available on video. You too, can view the classics!--)



The war memoirs of your ancestor continue to be of interest, but suffer by comparison with your Aztec memories, which really hit home with your description of the crossing by the Spaniards of the canals.

(--Tyrone Power played Cortes in a movie about the conquest circa '30s or '40s. Rather miscast, considering what the real Cortes was like--)

From: BRANT KRESOVICH

Editor of: FOR THE CLERISY

Thu Sep 7 00:36:40 1995

E-Mail: brant@rbs.edu.lv

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

Glad to read that you're not only getting a kick of putting together SC but that you're getting a response, too. For me, holding a copy of my zine after I've copied a batch off is satisfying, but just as agreeable is a letter telling me that a reader liked what I wrote.

(--I like holding my zine too. Fondling it would be considered excessive, I suspect--)

The collection of your early works was good. I am struck by how beginning writers want to put everything in the first paragraph.

(--They don't know what else to say--)

Good to see "WAR! WHAT OF IT?" continued. The Christmas celebration reminded me of the same kind of scene described in Robert Graves' "GOODBYE TO ALL THAT". In your grandfather's tale, the officers put a stop to it lest the situation "get out of hand;" killjoy officers, as if the infantry would realize their common humanity, shake hands, and tell the generals and politicians to stuff themselves. In Graves' tale, IIRC, not the officers, but hotheads in the ranks put an end to the celebrations by firing a few rounds.

(--I suspect Graves reinterpreted his experiences for literary effect--)

To be candid, I think your grandfather's memoirs are more credible than Graves'. I mistrusted Graves since he said that water used to cool machine guns got so hot that gunners used it to make a nice cuppa tea. Come on! Even I, who knows nothing of firearms, know that such water would be oily and disgusting.

(--So naturally, they'd use it for making coffee instead--)

MAYA MARATHON. It's miserable being sick, but being sick abroad is misery cubed. Thanks for pointing out that Amerind religions were quite complex. There are a lot of newage (rhymes with sewage) beliefs that tend to lump together various Indian beliefs in a grey sameness.

(--Newage? I like it! If only we could build some newage treatment plants--)

The letter column and zine reviews were splendid. Keep up the good work.

(--As long as I am well paid in egoboo I shall--)

WAHFs: A whole bunch of people I think, but have misplaced their locs. Arrgh! But please write. I love getting Locs, and will print as many as I have room for. Cheers!

AFTERWORDS

Arrgh! I always say arrgh! My plans for each issue never reach fruition. Not completely, anyway. For reasons mentioned in the editorial thish has been both late and rushed. Let us explore what that means.

First of all, I had intended to lead off with a review of a book I had read as a kid, a book that helped reveal the sensawonda to me, a book written by John Brunner. It would have been my homage to the memory of Brunner, who passed away at the recent Worldcon in Glasgow. Of course, in order to write the article I would need to reread the book, but somehow I never seemed to find the time. Now Ditto 8 is approaching faqst, and I definitely do NOT have the time. Must wrap up thish now! No choice.

Fine, I will lead the nish with the review (and my long promised review of an Edmond Hamilton book – CITY AT WORLD'S END' — gets shoved back to issue #6).

So that's the first problem (ignoring numerous typos which are, of course, a given), the second problem is slightly more annoying, and entirely do to my good luck. I got all these nifty LoCs! Alas, I have no room for them. Several relevant LoCs (with, I might add, with intelligent and witty comments by myself) had to be reserved for nish. Good thing I never got around to the Brunner article, or I would have had to cut out even more LoCs!

I suppose I could have reduced my comments (perish the thought) or cut out the fillos (even worse) to fit in more LoCs. But I didn't.

Most tragic of all, my already written reviews of another batch of trade zines failed to get more than this mere mention. Arrgh! Not sure what I can do about it. First, I guess, I could start writing LoCs myself, so that my fellow faneds can at least get some feedback (now that I am no longer editor of BCSFAzine, this should be possible). And then? Hope for the best. My intentions are good. But SPACE CADET is only so big, and I'd rather print your LoCs than my reviews....

Cheers! The Graeme

E VERSION AFTERWORDS

I've been enjoying rebuilding these old issues of SPACE CADET. Am getting more and more keen on the idea of pubbing further issues. I made a stab at pubbing a SPACE CADET #12, but that evolved into the first issue of WCSFAzine (which is now 13 issues strong and still going out on a monthly basis). WCSFAzine is designed to promote the history of Canadian fandom, especially conventions and zines, and to promote local authors and clubs. It contains a great deal of my Ghod-Editor persona, but obviously its not a venue for the continuation of my Grandfather's war memoirs or my Mesoamerican trip. But if I revive SPACE CADET, I can get on with those accounts, as well as indulge my penchant for nostalgic studies of early SF influences, such as books and pro-magazines.

There is one problem though, overlap of articles and illustrations. Since I've been ransacking SPACE CADET to provide material for WCSFAzine, there's already plenty of overlap. Not a huge problem I think, but something I'll have to keep cognizant of if I am to retain the loyalty of any readers who enjoy both zines. And of course, some articles, especially the movie reviews, first saw print in BCSFAzine. But that was more than a decade ago, and more like two decades in some cases. It's all new to new readers. All the same, I've got to concentrate on producing new articles, fresh material, and mainly, do it with a sense of enthusiasm and fun. That's how you attract new readers.

And as for the ongoing debate in zinedom about where and when the new faneds are to appear, I've become more and more convinced that the single greatest barrier is the expense of printing and mailing paper zines. Appearing online, especially if you can find some to host your zine (ala Bill Burns) frees the newbie to concentrate entirely on the writing and production of their zine. Only if we can truly present the zine-pubbing experience as pure fun without drudgery or cost to the pocketbook do we have a chance of making converts. In other words, we've got to push online publishing. It's the ONLY means that's practical today. And it still has an aura of 'cool' about it, being high tech & such. Online publishing is the only form of self-publishing that has any chance at all of attracting converts to zinedom. Paper-zines have the smell of the museum about them. You can't sell a dead technology as a wonderful new hobby if your first instructions are "Open the windows and let in fresh air. We need to clear away the dust bunnies before we can start, and, oh yeah, we need to haunt the junk yards cause spare parts are so hard to find..." Online is immediate. You turn on your computer and away you go. Nothing to hold you back. That's a virtue in the eyes of young people. Zinedom's salvation I say.