

# SPACE CADET

#22

(OR: THE AGING OLD FHART NOSTALGIC TIME WASTER GAZETTE)



Oh my God! **LIBERALS!**

## THE COVER

By Steve Stiles is wonderfully appropriate, now that once again a Trudeau is in charge of the Federal Liberal party, and, Ghu willing, will knock the non-HUUU-MAAN robot from office come the next Federal election. With any luck, a return to the refreshing optimism of the 1960s.

Of course, Stiles' illustration is a commentary on the demonization of liberals in general by the Republicans in the States, but in the weird parallel universe that is Canada, equally appropriate for the 'Frozen North.'

Just to confuse matters further, the B.C. Liberals (liberals my ass!) may just possibly be defeated in the upcoming Provincial election, and prominent members of the party are preparing a 'dump Christy Clark' (the Provincial Premier & head of the Liberal Party) if the party loses. As one member of her caucus put it "*She pretends she's conservative but we know she isn't.*" Which, of course, is an admission the Liberal Party of B.C. is in fact the Conservative Party of B.C. And what about the Conservative party of B.C.? Nobody knows. They're probably liberals...

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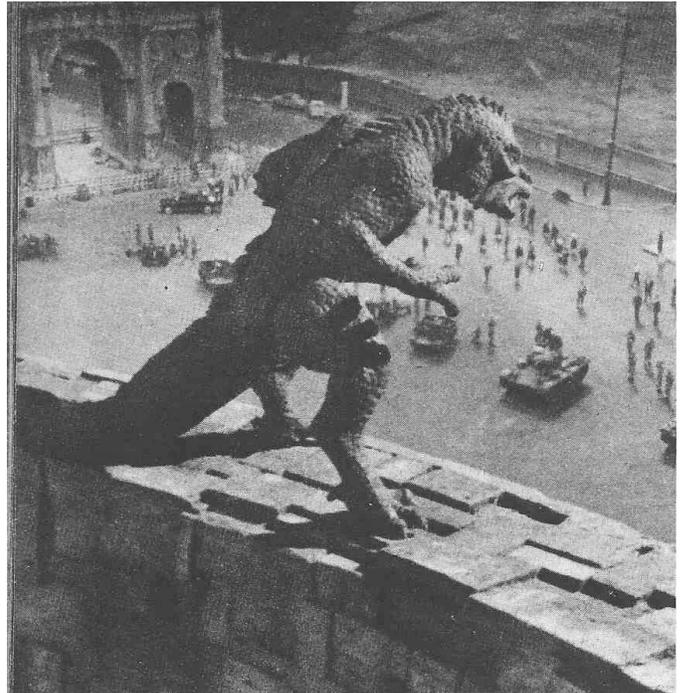
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## A LEGEND GONE

I am speaking of Ray Harryhausen, the model animation ghod, who passed away the other day. Anyone and everyone who loves special effects in fantasy/SF films knows of his meticulous talent and authentically sensa' wonda imagery. Movie magic. Genuine movie magic.

I don't propose to review his career (as so many are doing in loving detail) so much as recount my first exposure to his magic and my lifelong appreciation of what he accomplished.

The first evidence Harryhausen and his wondrous work even existed came when I opened the pages of Ackerman's SPACEMAN issue #1 and came across the following photo:



The Giant Ymir from Venus wishes it was 20 Million Miles from Earth.

This literally took my breath away. The composition was dramatic in the extreme, and the realism! Superb! To my ten year old eyes this was a dream come true. A Science Fiction film about an alien monster shot with a documentary veracity equal to newsreel footage. Unbelievable.

Like virtually every other film mentioned in SPACEMAN I'd never seen it, never even heard of it. I faunched to see it... faunched I tell you!

Not long after I saw his BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS on TV. The 'realism' of the creature, the masterful way it moved within the cityscape, thrilled me. A little later IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA aired. Though the giant octopus was a tad emotionless and difficult to identify with, it was one scary monster. Again, the cityscape scenes (San Francisco), in this case with giant tentacles snaking about, were so 'real' I was bouncing up and down on the sofa in our living room with ecstatic excitement.

As the years rolled by I viewed Harryhausen's entire corpus of films as they were shown on television, with the exception of ANIMAL WORLD

which I have never seen. (On the other hand, I do still own the Viewmaster reels depicting the dinosaurs from ANIMAL WORLD in 3d. A treasure.)

The first film of Ray's I saw in a movie theatre was the 1964 release of FIRST MEN IN THE MOON when I was 13 years old. I was absolutely enthralled (it remains one of my favourite films, largely due to Lionel Jeffries' performance as Cavour) yet I was slightly and reluctantly critical because I had become such a purist in regard to stop motion animation that I resented the hordes of little kids dressed up as Selenites. Live action aliens in a Harryhausen film? Unthinkable! And the live action lizard or two in ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. later on? Even worse! Horrors! Though when Harryhausen explained it was all a matter of time and monetary constraints I forgave him. Generous of me. (Fanatical fans can be such pricks...)

Currently I own almost all of Harryhausen's films either on DVD or Bluray. Of course, CGI is currently all the rage, some of it very good indeed, not to say magnificent. But a lot of CGI is indifferently done, and there's so much of it you take it for granted. Even the biggest spectacles sometimes fail to impress these days. Not Ray's films. Always good.

Fact is, way back when, Harryhausen's wizardry was virtually unique, and seeing one of his films was always a special experience, something beyond mere moviegoing, something that stirred my sense of wonder into a frothing maelstrom of sheer delight. I'm not alone. That is why Ray Harryhausen is so fondly remembered and celebrated. A legend in his own time.

To understand and truly appreciate Ray's talent and artistry, there are four books that deserve to be on your shelf.

#### **FROM THE LAND BEYOND BEYOND:**

##### **The Films of Willis O'Brien and Ray**

**Harryhausen** by Jeff Rovin. (1977)

Berkley Windhover Books.

This is an overview of Harryhausen's career, and the career of his predecessor Willis 'KING KONG' O'Brien to whom he apprenticed during the making of the original MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. Ray always acknowledged O'Brien as his mentor and inspiration.

The book also includes a useful comparison with animator Jim Danforth and other types of monster realization such as the Toho Studios guys in suits (which I also like, though not as much as the Harryhausen creations.)

#### **FILM FANTASY SCRAPBOOK**

By Ray Harryhausen (1972)

A.S. Barnes and Co. Inc

Features an introduction by Ray Bradbury who'd been a friend of Ray since first meeting him in 1937.

The book is a bit slap dash, short on detail and featuring mostly stills from his films (many of which had already appeared in the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, edited by his other buddy of the terrible trio of teenagers, Forrest J. Ackerman, who provided some of the stills for the book.) but nevertheless is a nice handy dandy hard copy guide to Ray's films up to and including VALLEY OF GWANGI.

#### **RAY HARRYHAUSEN:**

##### **An Animated Life**

By Ray Harryhausen and Tony Dalton (2003)

Aurum Press Ltd.

This is by far the best book of the lot. If you only want one of the four, this is the one to get. Filled with exquisite behind the scenes photos and storyboards (with practically none of the publicity stills reproduced over and over in previous publications and magazines), this is the inside story of Harryhausen's films, jam-packed with his personal musings on inspiration, success and failures. He explains how the films were made and why he made the choices whose results you see on screen. Anyone interested in learning how to design and film fantasy movies will find this book invaluable. It's a wonderful summation of his life's work.

The last chapter of the book lists and describes the unrealized film projects Harryhausen wanted to make but could never get sufficient funding to begin production. It makes one weep to see some of the titles:

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

WAR OF THE WORLDS

THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU

FOOD OF THE GODS

DANTE'S INFERNO

R.U.R.

JOHN CARTER OF MARS

THE HOBBIT

And most famously:

SINBAD GOES TO MARS.

At the very least these films would have been lively, imaginative, and wonderfully entertaining, if the descriptions and preproduction art are anything to go by. Alas, 'twas never to be.

### THE ART OF RAY HARRYHAUSEN

By Ray Harryhausen and Tony Dalton (2005)  
Aurum Press.

This is a companion book to AN ANIMATED LIFE. Here the emphasis is on the actual art associated with his films as opposed to the films themselves. There are some behind the scenes stills, and photos of his models, but the majority of illustrations are his charcoal drawings, storyboard sketches and paintings. Damn fine art book.

Flipping through the pages reminds one of the works of Gustav Doré, whom in fact Ray credits as one of his principal inspirations, along with the art of John Martin, Joseph Michael Gandy, Charles Knight, and Willis O'Brien. The one thing these artists had in common was an unsurpassed and exhilarating sense of wonder combined with a lyrical realism. Ray carried on that tradition and brought it to life on screen. Wonderful. What a legacy.

### UNEXPECTED EGOBOO

I made it to the nominees finalist list for the 2013 AURORA AWARDS ! Huzzah!

SPACE CADET is up for 'Best Fan Publication.' If you like SPACE CADET (plus my other zines), feel free to vote for SPACE CADET. I certainly won't object!

Voting is now open to all Canadian fen who join CSFFA as members. Just go to:

< <http://www.prixaurorawards.ca> >

and click on the 'Register/login/nominate/vote' line at the upper right to arrive at the 'CSFFA Membership login' page. To login you must become (or be) a member.

To register as a member, go to the bottom of the page and click 'Register.' Membership (which also entitles you to vote on the final nominees) costs \$10 for the calendar year. Follow the instructions re payment. A society membership account number will be sent to your email address. Once you have it, go back to

< <http://www.prixaurorawards.ca> >.

And login at the CSFFA Membership page. It will ask you for your email address and society number, then pass you on to the voting forms. You can either fill them out online or download the forms and mail them in. You have till September 13<sup>th</sup> to vote.

Note that with virtually every candidate in all categories you can download a 'package' sample of the work nominated (in my case, SPACE CADET issue # 19) which is very cool and will help you decide whom to vote for.

Here is a complete listing of the 2013 Aurora Award finalists:

#### Best Novel – English

**Destiny's Fall** by Marie Bilodeau, Dragon Moon Press

**Food for the Gods** by Karen Dudley, Ravenstone Books

**Healer's Sword: Part 7 of the Okal Rel Saga** by Lynda Williams, EDGE

**The Silvered** by Tanya Huff, DAW Books, Inc.

**Thunder Road** by Chadwick Ginther, Ravenstone Books

**Triggers** by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada

#### Best YA Novel – English

**Above** by Leah Bobet, Arthur A. Levine Books/Scholastic

**The Calling** by Kelley Armstrong, Harper Teen

**Dissolve** by Neil Godbout, Bundoran Press  
**Mik Murdoch, Boy Superhero** by Michell Plested, Five Rivers

**Pirate Cinema** by Cory Doctorow, TOR Teen  
**Under My Skin: Wildlings Series (Book 1)** by Charles de Lint, Razorbill Canada

### **Best Short Fiction – English**

“**Delta Pi**” by Matt Moore, **Torn Realities**, Post Mortem Press

“**Happily Ever After**” by Marie Bilodeau, **When the Villain Comes Home**, Dragon Moon Press

“**Knights Exemplar**” by Al Onia, **On Spec #90**, Fall

“**Synch Me, Kiss Me, Drop**” by Suzanne Church, **Clarkesworld**, Issue #68, May

“**The Walker of the Shifting Borderland**” by Douglas Smith, **On Spec #90**, Fall

### **Best Poem/Song – English**

“**A sea monster tells his story**” by David Clink, **The Literary Review of Canada**, July/August

“**The Ghosts of Birds**” by Helen Marshall, **Phantom Drift 2: Valuable Estrangements**, Wordcraft of Oregon

“**Hold Fast**” by Leah Bobet, **Strange Horizons**, June 11, 2012

“**Roc**” by Sandra Kasturi, **Come Late to the Love of Birds**, Tightrope Books

“**Zombie Descartes Writes a Personal Ad**” by Carolyn Clink, **Tesseract Sixteen**, EDGE

### **Best Graphic Novel – English**

**Goblins** by Tarol Hunt, webcomic

**Looking for Group** by Ryan Sohmer and Lar DeSouza, webcomic

**Raygun Gothic** by GMB Chomichuk, Alchemical Press

**Weregeek** by Alina Pete, webcomic

**West of Bathurst** by Kari Maaren, webcomic

### **Best Related Work – English**

**Shanghai Steam** edited by Ace Jordyn, Calvin D. Jim, and Renée Bennett, EDGE

**Imaginarium 2012: The Best Canadian Speculative Writing** edited by Sandra Kasturi and Halli Villegas, ChiZine Publications

**Hair Side, Flesh Side** by Helen Marshall, ChiZine Publications

**Blood and Water** edited by Hayden Trenholm, Bundoran Press

**On Spec** published by the Copper Pig Writers' Society

### **Best Artist**

**Richard Bartrop**, illustrations for fiction on Reality Skimming blog

**GMB Chomichuk, Raygun Gothic**, Alchemical Press

**Costi Gurgu**, cover art for **Inner Diverse**, (Starfire World Syndicate)

**Michelle Milburn**, cover art for **Gathering Storm** and **Healer's Sword**, (EDGE)

**Erik Mohr**, cover art for ChiZine Publications

### **Best Fan Publication**

**BCSFAzine**, edited by Felicity Walker

**Broken Toys**, edited by Taral Wayne

**In Places Between: The Robyn Herrington Short Story Contest**, edited by Renée Bennett

**Reality Skimming blog**, content coordinator Michelle Carraway

**Space Cadet**, edited by R. Graeme Cameron

**Speculating Canada blog**, edited by Derek Newman-Stille

### **Best Fan Filk**

**Morva Bowman and Alan Pollard**, Concert at FilKONtario 22

**Debs & Errol** (Deborah Linden and Errol Elumir), Songs in the Key of Geek CD

**Brooke Lunderville**, International Guest of Honour Concert at Consonance

**Kari Maaren**, Body of Work

**Peggi Warner-Lalonde**, Concert at NEFilK 22 ConCertino 2012

### **Best Fan Organizational**

**Andrew Gurudata**, Organizing the Constellation Awards, Toronto

**Evelyn Baker, Amy De Ruyte, and Peter Halasz**, Executive Committee of WFC Toronto, 2012

**Sandra Kasturi, Helen Marshall, and, James Bambury**, Co-Chairs, Chiaroscuro Reading Series, Toronto

**Sandra Kasturi and Laura Marshall**, Co-Chairs, Toronto SpecFic Colloquium: Beyond the Human

**Randy McCharles**, Chair and Programming, When Words Collide, Calgary

### **Best Fan Related Work**

**Ron Friedman**, conception and delivery of the

Aurora Awards voter package

**Helen Marshall**, “The Book is Dead; Long Live the Book!”: Some Thoughts on the Coming of eBooks, lecture at the 2012 Toronto SpecFic Colloquium

**Michael Matheson**, compilation and maintenance of the Can Spec Fic List

**Lloyd Penney**, for fanwriting and letter and article writing for fanzines and e-fanzines

**Peter Watts**, “Hive Minds, Mind Hives” lecture at Toronto SpecFic Colloquium

Meanwhile, the **2013 FAAN AWARDS** have been announced at the recent Corflu. The winners are:

**Best Website:** efanzines.com, hosted by Bill Burns (he won last year too).

Harry Warner, Jr. Memorial Award **Best Letterhack:** Robert Lichtman (also won last year).

**Best Perzine:** ‘A Meara for Observers,’ Mike Meara (again, won last year).

**Best Single Issue or Anthology:** ‘Trapdoor’ by Robert Lichtman

**Best Fan Artist:** Dan Steffan

**Best Fanzine Cover:** Dan Steffan for ‘Banana Wings’ #50

**Best Fan Writer:** Andy Hooper

**Best Genzine or Collaboration:** ‘Chunga’ by Andy Hooper, Randy Byers and Carl Juarez

**# 1 Fan Face:** Dan Steffan

(Above info courtesy of Jim Mowatt.)

Why does this constitute unexpected egoboo? Not for me, mind you, though maybe when the complete voting statistics are compiled and revealed by Andy Hooper. But in the meantime, partial statistics were posted by Jim Mowatt.

Turns out, Taral Wayne received 21 votes as Best Fan Writer, 54 votes under Best Personal Fanzine for his zine BROKEN TOYS (also nominated for the 2013 Aurora Award Best Fan

Publication, by the way), and 142 votes as Fan Face No. 1. He was also nominated under Best Letterhack but the number of votes were not listed.

And Lloyd Penney was nominated under Best Letterhack (vote no. not given).

So Canadians are far from ignored or unappreciated. I expect to see more Canadian fen listed in the complete statistics once they are revealed.

Corflu is an annual convention exclusively devoted to fanzine fandom, and while fairly small, the results of the FAAN Awards, coming as they do from fellow fanzine editors and contributors, represent peer approval for the recipients.

There used to be another fanzine fandom convention called **Ditto** (Taral Wayne one of the founders) last held in 2007 I believe. Recently Taral suggested either I or Garth Spencer start it up again by hosting a Ditto here in Vancouver/Lower Mainland area.

Hmmm, I’m tempted, but lack of cash on hand makes me stay my hand. At least for now. Maybe a teeny, tiny Ditto is possible at some point. I did manage to win an Aurora Award for Chairing VCON 25, so I’m not completely clueless at Con running... On the other hand you have to consider my advancing senility... my infinite ignorance... and even larger laziness...

I’m not exactly throwing my hat in the ring, but I do barely perceive a faint ring lying in the distance... hmmm.

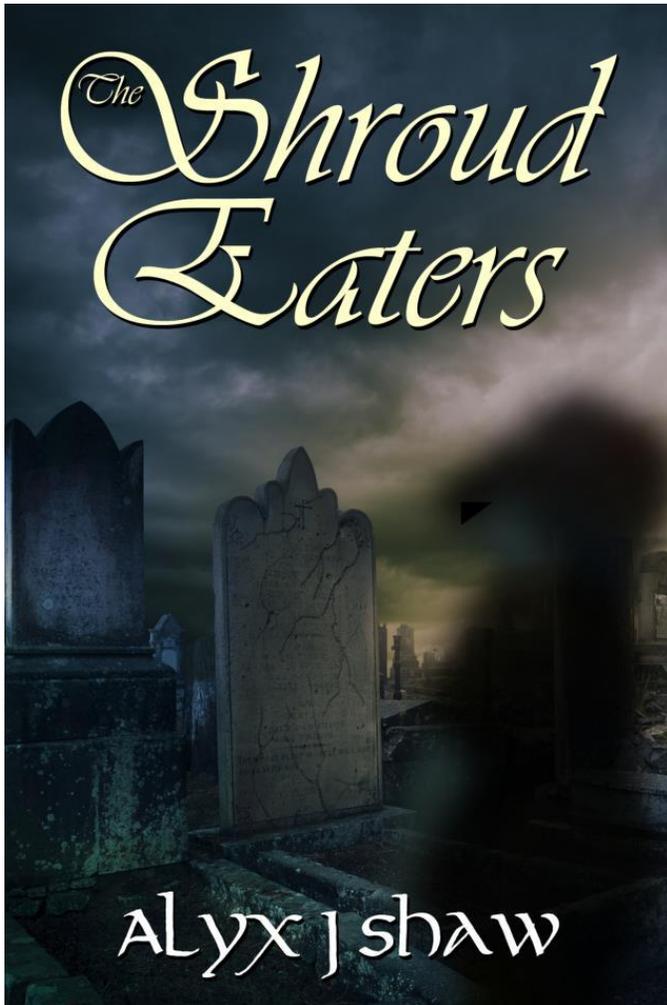
I attended Ditto 8 in 1995 in Seattle, and recall that was a rather large affair with two hospitality rooms (smoking and non-smoking), and at least one large programming room for panels, auction, and a play written by Andy Hooper. Must have been close to 100 people attending, or about as big as the first VCON. Dare I aim for something similar? Consider it a tentative, faintly offered proposal. What do fanzine fen think of this?

Anyway, congratulations to all the nominees and winners of the FAAn Awards who share the wonderful hobby of creating and publishing fanzines. Double Huzzah!

## THE SHROUD EATERS

Is the title of my wife Alyx J. Shaw's new book. The main character, Deirdre, *"has been a vampire since the 1600s, has seen a lot of history and knows quite a bit about her own species as well. She knows that there are many more types of vampires than the ones seen in movies and on TV. The modern version of the vampire is not an accurate one, and she also knows that being a vampire herself doesn't keep her safe from her own kind... when she chances to meet a vampire of her own century, she is unaware that a monster is on his trail."*

*"And now that monster is seeking her as well..."*



Indeed, for a Shroud Eater is a vampire which preys on vampires. The book abounds in obscure and little known Vampires. The Romanian St. Toader's Horse for instance, which in the form of a beautiful horse lures maidens into the night to

dance in the meadow, only to rape and murder them. Or the grim and frightening Russian woodsman with a massive, rusty iron jaw striding through the woods in search of babies to eat. Fact is many vampires don't just drink blood, they are given to raping and flesh eating. Nasty folk the undead.

One of the most horrific types is a Bavarian variation of a Shroud Eater: *"It lays in its coffin with only the left eye open and holds one thumb in the opposite hand. It gnaws upon its shroud until it is devoured, and when the shroud is consumed, it begins to devour its own flesh. It is said in order to find the beast one must stand in the cemetery at night and listen for the sound of bones being crunched and devoured. When it has devoured as much of itself as may, it rises and seeks the blood and flesh of its own kin, those to whom it is related. It appears in the form of a pig, and when it is done feeding upon its kin, it takes itself to the church to ring the bells. Those who hear the bell rung will die."*

The book starts off in Vancouver, then shifts to Cumberland on Vancouver Island. Alyx grew up there, and that old mining town is genuinely believed by the locals to be severely haunted and ridden with supernatural mystery, as witness the following lore:

*Lisa indicated a low mountain far across the lake, topped with a glacier. "The Comox First Nations named it Forbidden Plateau... another tribe was coming to make war. The Comox First Nations sent their women and children and elderly up to the glacier to hide until the war was over, and got ready to defend themselves. But the war never happened. Turns out it was a mistake, and the other tribe was coming to trade, not fight. They decided to have a potluck and feast to celebrate, and they sent messengers up the glacier to get the women and children. But when the messengers arrived, they found nothing... nothing. No women. No kids. No tents, food, clothing... nothing. All they found was blood splashed across the snow... This whole valley is evil."*

Indeed, the whole valley IS evil, more so than ever before as it has become a gathering place for all the undead of the world, much to the chagrin of local authorities.

But what is truly wonderful about the book is that it is a classic mystery, with unexpected plot twists and even more unexpected fates for the various characters. I found myself being continually surprised by the turn of events, and failing utterly to predict who would be next to get theirs and what they would turn into. At times the book seems to explode with myriad plot threads unraveling all over the place, yet everything is tied together very neatly and satisfyingly by the final chapter.

Furthermore, the book is fast paced and devoid of padding, filled with concise detail, some of it long overdue (in terms of pointing out flaws in modern vampire lore) as witness the following when Deirdre first awakens undead:

*I reached into my mouth and felt the long, sharp fangs. They filled me with horror, yet also with wonder. However was I to use them? Did I bite the throats of my victims as I had heard tell? Killing is not knowledge with which one simply awakes possessing. One must **learn** to kill, and however difficult it is for the vampire, I suspect it is far worse for one's victim, suffering the terror of the experimental bites until one finds the correct place upon the body and begins to feed. Which leads me to another ridiculous notion I feel compelled to mention.*

*I can assure you the proper place to bite is **not** the throat. One does not gracefully pierce the carotid artery and daintily sip as modern folklore would portray. The blood pulsing through that mighty vessel travels with such power that I can tell you from personal experience it is not unlike placing the end of a hose into one's mouth and turning it on full strength. Assuredly blood **does** flow; it shoots down one's throat and gushes out the lips and explodes from one's nostrils like ghastly red dragon fire.*

*It was not my most shining moment as either a lady or a vampire.*

Hell of a read, I tell you.

THE SHROUD EATERS is available through Amazon.com. Just enter the title in Amazon's search engine and you'll find it. You can purchase

it for download on to your kindle for \$6.98, or order a soft cover hard copy for \$14.95.

I was pleased to note the Amazon blurb currently announces "*Only 3 copies left. More on the way!*" They must be selling well.

I was also pleased (and rather surprised) to see that eight bookstores were offering new and used copies for as little as \$12.95 and as much as \$19.95. That online book sellers are beginning to carry the novel would seem to indicate they are taking advantage of an existing demand for the book. Huzzah!

And by the way, Alyx's fantasy trilogy A STRANGE PLACE IN TIME can be ordered for download from Amazon as well. The titles are: THE SELLING OF JOHN ARROWSMITH, THE WHITE PALACE AWAKES, and THE MERRY EXECUTIONER RETURNS. I believe you have to place the trilogy title before the volume title when using the Amazon search engine to find them

And Alyx has a short story FOX SPIRIT in a Zombie anthology titled HE LOVES ME FOR MY BRAINSSSS which is also available at Amazon in both e-book and soft cover hard copy format.

Seems to me Alyx's writing career is gathering momentum! Triple Huzzah!

## ON COLLECTING MINIATURES

Decided I'd show you some of the pewter ship miniatures I've been collecting, assembling and painting. I create a unique colour scheme for each nationality so I can instantly tell which side a ship belongs to when wargaming. I find that scenarios undergone at gamer's meetings involving grey ships pitted against grey ships quickly reduce me to confusion and I lose track of all the frantic manoeuvres and tend to panic and torpedo my own side which, for some reason, annoys my team mates. Personally, I find it duplicates the chaos of battle rather well. But since my goal is to perfect a solo war gaming system, being able to tell the nationalities apart at a glance makes it much easier for me to play. But mainly, I like the way they look. I like bright colours.

Note that I originally shot pictures of the assorted fleets, but their memory size was huge. So I cropped them down to focus on particular individual ships. Bits of other ships included where they overlap.

First up: **Royal British Navy** from World War One.



This is the 'FURIOUS,' the first dedicated Aircraft Carrier, though you will note only the bow section is rigged as such. Flew Sopwith Pups.

I should mention the length of the average Capital Ship miniature equals 3 inches. Yes, I use a magnifying glass when I paint.

On all my ships the ship's boats are Light Brown with Yellow interiors, anchors and anchor chains are copper, and, the finishing touch, top of smoke stacks are dabbed with British Crimson to signify boilers are fired and steam is up. Since all angles and distances are calculated on measurements from the first smoke stack, the red dab is an easy visual. Besides, when I colour the tips of the smoke stacks it means all work is complete on that particular model and it is ready to go into its national tray with the rest of the fleet. Tremendous sense of completion. (On average takes me about a week to paint each ship.)

Next up: **Imperial Russian Navy** from World War One.



This is the Pre-Dreadnought 'POTEMEKIN' which was the scene of a famous mutiny just prior to the revolution. You can see the Czarist fleet is coloured quite differently from the British fleet.

Other Czarist warships had names like: 'Slava,' 'Gangut,' 'Rurik' and 'Bogatyr.' Many of these ships were unique experimental designs, others representative of a 'class' of identical sister ships. GHQ offers one of each class. So if, for example, I wanted all four of the 'Gangut' class of Battleship I would simply order three more 'Ganguts' and title them the 'Petropavlovsk,' the 'Poltava,' and the 'Sevastopol.'

Incidentally, I have information on every warship launched between 1860 to 1946 thanks to the three volumes of CONWAY'S ALL THE WORLD'S FIGHTING SHIPS I purchased over the internet. These are the best source of info on the subject in existence. Though I am a bit miffed they left out Confederate submarines. Still, all Confederate Ironclads and Blockade Runners are listed. Mind you, the oldest modern ships available from GHQ are pre-dreadnoughts from the 1890s. They haven't got around to civil war era vessels yet. Maybe someday.

Moving on to World War Two, **Allied Merchant Ship.**



I named this one the 'LIVERPOOL LOU.' Others have names like: the 'NANAIMO NEGUS,' the 'DUKE OF BURNABY,' The 'SURREY QUEEN,' the 'COQUITLAM ROYAL,' the 'BROOKLYN BEAUTY,' the 'OCEAN ABYSS,' and so on. Canadians will recognise that many of the names are based on cities in British Columbia. I colour each merchant vessel individually according to whim.

Note the partially-hidden U-Boat just above the Liverpool Lout.

I still have half a dozen freighters and tankers awaiting assembly and painting. GHQ introduces an average of two new merchant ships a year. Along with assorted Corvettes, Destroyers, and U-Boats these form a 'Convoy Battle Pack' to which I will add assorted 1/287 scale aircraft mounted on dice, such as long range German Condors.

Oh, and I also have their miniature of the Queen Mary which was used as a troop ship during World War two.

I figure the merchant ships will remain stationary, keeping station in the formation so to speak, and I'll move the escorts and U-boats in and around them. In theory the convoy will be ploughing along at a steady five knots so I'll have to add or subtract speed from the escorts and U-boats depending on their movement relative to the convoy.



The above is the famous World War II German Battleship BISMARCK, sunk on its very first mission, but having first sunk the huge British Battle Cruiser HOOD with a single lucky shot that set off the HOOD's ammo storage. Of a crew of 1477, only 3 survived the loss of the HOOD. BISMARCK carried 2092 men, of whom only 116 survived when the British fleet caught up with her.



Above is the World War II British Battleship PRINCE OF WALES, which fought with the HOOD against the BISMARCK in the Battle of the Denmark Strait but was later sunk by Japanese aircraft off the coast of Malaya.



Like the FURIOUS, the above Japanese World War II warship HYUGA is a hybrid Battleship/Aircraft Carrier. It started out as 100% Battleship, but the Japanese lost so many of their dedicated Aircraft Carriers they decided to convert the HYUGA and its sistership ISE into hybrids in late 1943. Miraculously, both survived most of the war, not being sunk till July of 1945 in Japanese home waters. Even then, they were successfully

salvaged for scrap, as the HYUGA had managed to beach itself, and the ISE sunk in extremely shallow water. Both hybrids served primarily as escorts for Carriers and were frequently ignored by American aircraft intent on sinking said Carriers.

Consequently they were little known to the general Allied public during the war, and completely forgotten after the war. Note the rear turrets could not shoot over the stern and could only fire to either beam. A flawed but interesting design.

These are just SOME of the ships in my collection. So far I have completed about fifty of them with maybe two hundred still waiting assembly and painting, and easily another hundred or more yet to be purchased.

I am intent on assembling fleets which historically belonged to the following nations:

In WWI, among the **Allies**: British, French, Japanese, Italian, Russian, Hellenic, and American. Among the **Central Powers**: German, Turkish, and Austro-Hungarian.

In WWII, among the **Allies**: British, French, Dutch, Russian, and American. Among the **Axis Powers**: German, Italian, and Japanese.

Eventually I'll include Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand WW II navies, and lesser known fleets serving Brazil, Argentina, China, Siam, and so forth. Endless fun!

I will eventually assemble my own set of simple battle-gaming rules. I already have a number of resources on hand, such as SEA BATTLE GAMES by P. Dunn, which I purchased in 1970, GHQ's own rule book titled MICRONAUTS: THE GAME, rules for Pre-dreadnoughts by Benjamin King titled SMALL WAR AT SEA: SIDES OF STEEL, and a set of WWII rules created by local fans starting in the late 1960s at UBC and still going strong as a weekly naval gaming club (founders include Ed Beaugard and Frank Skinner) titled SUPREMACY AT SEA.

I have yet to show you my aircraft miniatures, or my Napoleonic warship miniatures, or my Civil War, Napoleonic War, WW II and Vietnam War land battle miniatures. Once I've built up my collection I'll have an extraordinary number of

options when it comes to battle gaming. And even more extraordinary, when complete the entire collection will fit in a single chest drawer! Very economical space wise.

Next issue may possibly include some photos of my WWII land battle miniatures and some notes of explanation. And someday I'll write about the HO scale models & toy soldiers of my youth I am slowly recollecting, plus new figures like HO scale Aztec warriors.

The way I figure it, once I'm old and senile and hopefully settled into a small room of my own in some decrepit care home (if I can afford it), I'll have lots of toys to play with! Besides, I enjoy collecting these miniatures, enjoy painting them. Keeps me home at nights.

## IN PRAISE OF FERENGI

*By Taral Wayne*

Everyone has their favourite ethnic stereotype from *Star Trek*. For most viewers of the old series it was the Vulcans – those calm, supremely logical aliens with a touch of the Hippie guru resonated with the counterculture the 1960s. If Steven Hawking could have been Maharishi Mahesh Yogi at the same time, he would have been Mr. Spock. With the triumphant return of the franchise in 1987, the alien race-to-be became the Klingons, who unexpectedly had developed a third, admirable dimension. No longer the swarthy, mustachioed arch villains of the original series, the warrior-race now had a well-developed sense of ethics, honour and – even more intriguing – disgrace. An undercurrent in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* was that Klingons had badly degenerated from their original warrior values by the time they came in contact with the Federation., having absorbed some of the treacherous and arrogant habits of the Romulans.

But even the Romulans developed a little depth over time, becoming conscious of their selfless duty to the Empire. In one rare episode we were even allowed to see how a defecting Romulan admiral was so devoted to his family that he divulged state secrets in order to protect them and serve the Greater Good.

By the end of *Deep Space 9*, we had even learned to show a degree of compassion toward the Cardassians, who had not always been militarized, and who suffered *massive* loss of life when double-crossed by their “allies” in the Dominion War.

There is one race in *Star Trek* that almost nobody has any respect for, however. The Ferengi.

To begin with, the name itself is loaded. It is a Farsi word, from the language of the ancient Persians, meaning “stranger.” The Greek word for it is “barbarian.” Rush Limbaugh would probably call them “scrotum heads” or “warts for brains.”

Our first sight of the Ferengi is in a season-one episode of *The New Generation*, in which Piccard's “Away Team” beams down to a planet to investigate the ancient computer guardian of a vanished empire, then clashes with a similar scouting team of Ferengi. Before this incident, the Ferengi are supposedly known to the Federation only by rumour. Data describes their species as resembling ancient “Yankees” – implying they are highly commercial-minded, selfish, unprincipled and unrelenting in the pursuit of a profit. To say the least, it isn't a very flattering comment on the society that nurtured *Star Trek's* creator. <sup>(1)</sup>

Throughout the *Star Trek* franchise, there are signs that Earth and the Federation had by and large developed beyond a strictly pay-as-you-go economy, and had perhaps even become an outright social-democracy. It is a little hard to be dogmatic about what life is like on 24<sup>th</sup> century Earth, however, as we only see what life is like in *Star Fleet*. If we judged the present day by how life is lived in the U.S. Army, could we be sure that early 21<sup>st</sup> century America isn't actually a socialist society? Also, as both *TNG* and *DS9* progressed, season by season, the concept of “money” seemed to creep slowly back into the picture, until we see *Star Fleet* personnel actually using the technologically backward stuff in Quark's bar.

<sup>(1)</sup> Curiously, in later seasons we've seen hints that if we hadn't met the Ferengi before, they had met us. While commanding the U.S.S. *Stargazer*, earlier in his career, Piccard destroyed an unknown vessel that later turned out to be a rogue *Daimon* of a Ferengi ship. Many seasons later we also discover that the aliens at the bottom of the Roswell UFO event were time-travelling Ferengi. They were also the villains in at least one episode of *Enterprise*, during events that supposedly took place in the 22<sup>nd</sup> century.

Incidentally, money returned to *Star Trek* at approximately the same rate that weapons grew bigger and more macho-looking, the political conduct of Star Fleet grew more corrupt, and an unaccustomed reverence was shown to organized religion. This could be coincidence ... but I suspect not. Likely, these changes in attitudes represents the more conventional thinking of the heirs of Gene Roddenberry's creation, as applied to the posthumous production of the franchise.

The first glimpse we have of the Ferengi is rather appalling, I have to admit. Apart from their rodent-like facial features, they hunch over as though afflicted from early age by a degenerative spinal condition. Worse, they hiss... and rub their hands incessantly.

"Gold. Look, he wearssss gold!" says one no-name Ferengi, pointing at Commander Riker's communicator badge.

"Ahhh, he isss dessecrating it! He *wearssss* gold on his uniform!" says one of the others.

"And they let their women wear clothesssss too ... " titters a third, obviously undresssssing Tasha Yar in his mind. Ferengi are not just gold-crazy, they are dirty-minded perverts as well.

Never mind allusions to Yankees. What does this *really* remind you of?

If you guessed a particularly juicy passage from *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, you're thinking just about what everybody else was thinking at the time – that Ferengi are a race of nasty little buggers who bear too great a resemblance to anti-Semitic stereotypes to be mere happenstance.

Wait a moment ... Isn't Gene Roddenberry Jewish?

Actually, no. I *thought* he was, but apparently he was born a Southern Baptist, and as an adult he professed humanism and agnosticism. All the same, I'm reluctant to accuse Roddenberry of intentional anti-Semitism because the general trend of the entire series, first to the last, has been free of malicious racism. Nor has it been hostile to religion in general.

Whether or not there was any conscious expression of anti-Jewish stereotypes in the creation of the Ferengi, it has blighted their existence ever since.

True, as a race they rapidly shed their worst attributes – the hand wringing and furtive mannerisms were first to go. Later, the lust for gold was given a more abstract form. They were hot for profits, measured in the fictitious medium of Gold Pressed Latinum.

What is Gold Pressed Latinum, anyway? From slender evidence, it appears to be a non-toxic liquid. In one episode, a small fortune of the stuff was drunk by one of Quark's customers. Normally, it is circulated in the form of a small gold wafer, in sizes of different value. Presumably, the Latinum itself is bound inside the wafer chemically, or simply fills the interior somewhat like the whiskey in a hip flask. Somehow, this arrangement makes it impossible to replicate Gold Pressed Latinum.

One wonders if anyone had tried replicating the Latinum separately, and then gold-pressing it later ... One thing for certain, anyone who solved the technical problem of replicating this stuff would be Ferengi Enemy Number One. They would also, no doubt, be overwhelmed with shady business offers by just about every Ferengi who could warp to his doorstep.

Regardless of smoothing off some of some of their rougher edges, the Ferengi remained a sort of cartoon Jew. It was only very slowly that they developed anything like a rounded character and more admirable qualities. In an early episode of *Deep Space 9*, we see Quark and his brother Rom in a bout of deadly backstabbing to see which of them will succeed the late Grand Nagus. At the climax of their rivalry, Rom maneuvers Quark into an airlock and hits the button to evict his brother into the vacuum of space. The real Nagus, who had not died after all, prevents it in the nick of time. What is Quark's reaction to his near-murder at his brother's hands? A slap on the back, a cut in wages (of course), and a brotherly, "I didn't realize you had the lobes to do it!"

Whether or not this is brotherly affection among Ferengi is a moot point.

The Ferengi are also misogynists in grand style. Women *don't* have the lobes ... that is, they are not credited for having any instinct for business. They are baby machines, live-in maids and sex-toys who do not even have a legal right to wear clothes. Quark is deeply disgusted that his own mother is so sexually perverted as to wear clothing in private. Yet Ferengi family life cannot be entirely as selfish and cut-throat as their business life appears to be. Both Quark and Rom are as deeply attached to their mother, Ishka, as she is to them. Typically, she brought both boys up by masticating their food herself, before it was fed to them.

We also see that the Ferengi are not necessarily set in their ways, biologically. In one amusing scene at Quark's bar, he laments the influence that Hew-mons (as he calls us) have over his own kin. Quark tells an inattentive customer to be *especially* wary of *root beer* – “so bubbly, and cloying, and happy. Just like the Federation.” That he protests too much reveals that Quark feels the attraction, too. DS9's barkeep has also had to accept that his employees can form a union, and that he might have to pay them a salary set by negotiation rather than fiat. He has learned to tolerate his brother's strange desire to follow his dream by working as a civilian engineer for Deep Space 9, even if he cannot understand it. If that weren't enough to drive a decent, profit-seeking Ferengi to distraction, his nephew Nog actually wants to *join* Star Fleet Academy! Quark is quite right, you see... *we are* corrupting his people!

Nor are Ferengi “fee-males” in any way inferior, it seems. As we see in the case of Quark's mother, the Ferengi attitude toward women is clearly cultural. Ishka is every bit as smart as her boys, and maybe more so. She not only wears the pants around the family home, she secretly engages in business – supposedly an all male preserve. She runs an illegal business empire and does extraordinarily well at it, making so much money that it becomes a matter of state security when her profiteering is discovered. When he discovers Ishka's “perversions,” the Grand Nagus Zek is initially shocked – his cultural values have been turned upside-down. Once he has grown used to the idea of a woman as a business equal, however, he finds he is strangely aroused. They become partners in business ... and in “monkey business” as well.

In another episode, a Ferengi woman named Pel disguises herself with false, larger ears to pass as a male and enter a business arrangement with Quark.

You have to hand it to poor Quark ... the guy had to deal with more culture shock and showed more resilience than I suspect most of us would in the same circumstances.

But the Ferengi are not merely a backward race, only capable of catching up with our own lofty civilization if given time and a good example. In some respects, they have shown themselves to be *superior* species.

There is one episode in which Quark is challenged to a duel by a Klingon. He cannot weasel out of, yet is certain death to show up at the designated time and place – nevertheless, he summons the courage to do it. Defeated in moments, with the bat'leth poised over him, Quark stares death in the face with unexpected defiance. His enemy, completely victorious, prepares to deliver the death thrust ... and loses the duel. His fellow Klingons were so impressed by the example of a brave Ferengi that to strike him down appears cowardly. They turn their backs on the bewildered victor in a show of “discommendation,” suddenly rendering him *persona non grata*.

Dax, one of the members of Benjamin Cisco's crew on Deep Space 9, is a rather unconventional Star Fleet officer – she actually likes Ferengi, and joins them in Dabo, Tongo and other forms of gambling. Unashamed of how she spends her time off, she explains that Ferengi are “fun-loving.”

It's in serious matters that the Ferengi show their real moral fiber. Trapped by Jem'Hadar shock troops in a cave, Cisco and Quark quarrel over each other's failings as species. Quark is incensed that the Federation commander regards his people as a race of greedy, unscrupulous shopkeepers, and reminds the Hew-mon that while Ferengi are fiercely acquisitive, they have had no world wars, and have never sold each other into slavery. Considering that Cisco is himself black, this is a cutting reminder of humanity's dark side.

But perhaps the most interesting evidence of the Ferengi's higher nature is found in the office of Grand Nagus. Zek is as greedy as the next Ferengi,

but clearly regards his office as much more than an opportunity to enrich himself at everyone else's expense. (That too is a "perk" of the position, but only if he has done his job well.) In one episode it appears likely that Brunt, an ambitious Ferengi from the Board of Commerce, may force Zek from office and succeed him. Quark and the other Ferengi on DS9 are concerned because Brunt not merely acquisitive – as all his good Ferengi are – but actually selfish and without scruple. If he becomes Grand Nagus there is the danger that he will neglect his duties and enrich himself without limit ... and, more importantly, without regard for the well-being of the Ferengi Alliance as a whole.

Zek said it best: "A Grand Nagus has to think of more than just his own profit. He must act for the good of all Ferengi and the profit of all Ferengi."

Now, isn't that a standard of integrity that we, as Hew-mons, could wish for more often from *our* leaders? And rarely get?

As a species, I believe we have little right to look down our noses at the practical and principled Ferengi.

[ 1] Curiously, in later seasons we've seen hints that if we hadn't met the Ferengi before, *they* had met us. While commanding the U.S.S. Stargazer, earlier in his career, Piccard destroyed an unknown vessel that later turned out to be a rogue Daimon of a Ferengi ship. Many seasons later we also discover that the aliens at the bottom of the Roswell UFO event were time-travelling Ferengi. They were also the villains in at least one episode of *Enterprise*, during events that supposedly took place in the 22<sup>nd</sup> century.

## **A POCKET FULL OF HISTORIES: COIN NOTES**

*By Taral Wayne*

(Editor's note: though I've decided to make SPACE CADET much more of a perzine, I continue to include Taral's articles on ancient coins cause I likes ancient coins.)

*The coins illustrated in these short written pieces are all from my collection. I've scanned each one, and drawn on my own knowledge to describe the coin, the Kings, the Queens, the Emperors, and the times. Certain statements are my opinions only, even guesswork, but that's alright. After more than 2,000 years in some cases, there's nobody around to sue!*



The sestertius was the basis of Roman coinage. Though military accounts seemed to have been recorded in denarii, most civil amounts were expressed in sestertii. It was a large, bronze coin, about the size of a half dollar, and generally thicker. To qualify for the status of a senator a citizen had to be worth a million sestertii. An ordinary man could usually live on a single sestertius a day in the first century AD. These large bronze coins are eagerly sought by collectors because they offer some of the finest portraits of the emperors. There is no doubt whatever that this is what Nero looked like, double chins and all.

The style of portraiture changed constantly during the centuries of the empire. Under the first emperor, Augustus, it was more or less realistic, but Augustus's appearance was clearly idealized in the mold of Alexander the Great. But from his heir Tiberius on, the style became brutally accurate. Every wart, and wrinkle, and lopsided feature of emperors such as Vitellius, Claudius, Galba, Otho, and Nerva were accurately recorded. From about the second century on, though, emperors sported manly military beards, and begin to look rather the same in spite of the realist style. Then in the third century, standards fell quickly, so that by the reign of Gallienus in the 260's the busts were crude in the extreme. By the end of the third century, a new robust military style emerged, in which all emperors had basically identical square heads like boxers, and represented the "idea" of emperor and supreme military commander more than an individual. The

stage had been set for the 4th. century style, and Christianity as the state religion. From Constantine on, almost all emperors looked stoned -- wall eyed, unearthly, their gazes fixed on heaven rather than the corruption of Earth, an ideal of the Absolute leader of the World under God. Blah! Give me the ugly puss of Nero any day!

Though generally *terrifically* expensive, this nice bronze cost me "only" \$75. The prominent nick in the emperor's coiffure might account for it. The inscription "NERO CLAUD CAESAR AUV GERM" is the man's full name -- Nero Claudius Caesar Augustus Germanicus. The reverse reads "VICTORIA AUGUSTI" signifying the personification of Victory. SC stood for Senultus Consultum, a formula meaning the money was struck by the authority of the senate.

## **LETTERS OF COMMENT:**

### **OOK, OOK, SLOBBER DROOL!**

**From: CATHY PALMER-LISTER,**  
**January 27<sup>th</sup>, 2013**  
**Faned Award-winning Editor of WARP**

Hi, Graeme!

I so enjoyed reading Space Cadet, especially for Diane Lacey's CUFF trip report. I've occasionally thought about tossing my hat in the ring, I've never been west of Ontario, but writing a trip report and handling the finances is a bit of a hurdle for me. I couldn't possibly write as well as Diane, whose trip report was so engaging and well-written. I am not very articulate, and I agonize over everything I write. I edit WARP, I don't write much for it. It can take me a week to write a page of book reports.

**On the contrary, you are very articulate. You say what you mean. A lot of people do not.**

**I think some people's difficulty in writing has to do with unconscious perfectionism instilled in them in school. One minute you're reading the 'See Spot Bite Jane' books and then all of a sudden they're shoving Thomas Hardy's 'Mayor of Castlebridge' at you and telling you to take it as a role model in prose**

**style. (I was the only one in my High School class who thought 'The Mayor of Castlebridge' was a wickedly funny satire of English life. My teacher thought I was insane.)**

**I've long held the theory that our education system leaves many people self-conscious about their writing. Long ago, when I was attempting to become the world's greatest SF novelist, I churned out a thousand words a day, but with interruptions. I'd be happily spewing prose onto the page in my typewriter when I'd suddenly stop dead because I sensed what I'd written wasn't 'proper' writing. I'd waste an hour or more rewriting the offending sentence (or paragraph) over and over.**

**And, of course, often at the beginning of a writing session I'd be worrying so intently how best to write the first line it would take me one or two hours just to type out the first sentence.**

**Currently my only purpose in writing is to entertain or, at the very least, to communicate. I no longer give a damn about meeting the standards of literary critics (or any critics for that matter).**

**I've more or less successfully trained myself to channel Jack Kerouac and just write continuously without worrying whether it makes any sense or not. (He claimed he wrote 'On The Road' without any editing whatsoever until he had finished the entire manuscript on a single roll of paper.) I write with the idea fixed in my mind that I know what I want to say. This keeps me going to the end of the article.**

**Once I'm finished the first draft I read the article over and usually discover I have no idea what I'm writing about. So I experiment with the text till I figure out what it is I'm trying to say and then and only then change it to say what I mean.**

**Granted, the rush to meet a self-imposed deadline often prevents me from carrying out the final step, but I believe my theory is valid nevertheless. Get the first draft down on paper (or on screen) without pausing to question your**

**choice of words. Not till it is finished and complete should you then attempt to 'fix' it. I find this reduces stress, saves considerable time, and leaves me feeling optimistic and positive about the act of writing.**

Indeed, I was totally gob-smacked to learn in The Fanatical Fanactivist that I was actually considered for a Fan-Ed award in the best LoC Hack and best Fan Writer categories! Now I'm inspired to write a few more LoCs and book reports! Maybe that was the intent?? <grin>

**That IS my fannish mission, to inspire more people to contribute something to zines, to write locs, reviews, articles, opinion pieces and maybe even pub their own ish, anything at all that contributes to zinedom.**

**Always remember, you have readers who appreciate and like what you write. Ignore those who don't (I doubt there are any). Write for those who do. This is part of what makes zinedom so much fun, don't you think?**

Cathy

**From: DAVE HAREN, January 27<sup>th</sup>, 2013  
Renowned Letterhack**

Hi Graeme,

Glad to see another Space Cadet arrive from C-space.

**Kind of you to give my brain a futuristic nickname.**

I've been looking for more singularity clues, which has been quite interesting these days. Nanotech has figured out how to speed up magnetic switching (magnetizing/demag) using a laser. The original idea was to learn something about spin but it turned out to have other applications. They have also figured out how to do neutral particle acceleration on a workbench. A couple of days before somebody else figured out how to generate a tractor beam.

**Far too many government research grants available these days I figure...**

I also read a paper on the planned implementation of military shipboard lasers as armaments. RhineMetal (builder of the famous 105MM carried by Leopard tanks) now has laser arms for sale and has demonstrated that they work.

**I'm not sure I consider this *good* news...**

There has been a lot of debate over the possibility of spontaneous AI arising from the Net/Web.

**Never mind the web. The *real* danger are the powerful bots initiating 80% of stock transactions without any human instructions or interference (transactions referred to as "HFT" or "High Frequency Trading"). I'm talking transactions literally trillions of times per day.**

**HFT is totally unpredictable. It can bring about "Flash Crashes," the first in 2010 when the market dropped 800 points in less than a second. Never mind Skynet unleashing nuclear weapons, the Dark Pool (its nasty nickname) already controls the world economy, should it obtain self-awareness the consequences will be incalculable (hell, it's *current* activity is incalculable).**

**So why isn't automated trading banned? Because it is too profitable for the Wall Street parasites to give up.**

**I believe I've mentioned before that the notorious Chicago gangster Al Capone, when asked (prior to the crash of 29) why he didn't invest in the stock market, replied "I ain't touching that thing. It's run by crooks."**

**Today the crooks aren't human. They're not even alive. Welcome to the 21<sup>st</sup> century.**

**[ Source: a review by Dale Speirs of the book DARK POOLS written by Scott Patterson, a well-known Wall Street Reporter. ]**

Unintended consequences aren't usually considered except as a remote possibility. I've done a lot of thinking on the subject. I wound up in the arena from the cross-over between robotics and biological neurology. Long story

which would bore the Hell out of most and is frankly heretical as well.

What happens a lot on the Net is the second guessing of the did you mean this when it gets what might be a typo or error. That in itself isn't remarkable, but it is teaching the machines to guess what you mean. We are also teaching it through the password system which is also ubiquitous that humans can't be trusted, because we don't trust each other. Originally it was used in the form (handle/name) @ (isp/service provider) as a way to indicate who was accessing the computers. Commercial customers who were unaware assumed it was a lockout mechanism and today it is used that way. The rise of government surveillance systems and the uses they are put to are also programming any entity that arises from the interlocked learning systems.

I have never seen this point considered, but it might be worth thinking about before what Hans Moravec said about AI, "We'll never know what hit us." comes into existence.

**If we're lucky we'll never know what hit us...**

On another note, the museum Garcia works at has the SAGE system, the first comp pin-up girl was drawn on its screens with a light pencil, now that's history worth knowing.

**Garcia's museum preserves early computers. Undoubtedly someday Terminator-type AI bots will visit said museum in much the same spirit as we feel when viewing hominoid fossils on display.**

Warmest Regards,  
Dave Haren

**From: KARL JOHANSON, January 29<sup>th</sup>, 2013**  
**Aurora Award-winning Editor of Neo-opsis**

Dear Graeme:

Thanks for the Space Cadets. On my Aurora nomination list again.

**Thank you. I made the finalists. Perhaps your nomination was the final push...**

I'd known about your lung thing, but just read your detailed story on it today. Woo... I hope I don't get a bird dander reaction, as we have about 80 budgies in the house. Hope your lungs are doing much better. 2 weeks ago I took a tumble on the ice, flipped backwards & landed on my shoulder pads. Huffed a fair bit of the air out of my lungs. So I have a \*small\* idea of what the lung thing was like.

**These reminders of mortality are a nuisance, what?**

In addition to Neo-opsis, I have two Aurora eligible short stories from 2012. "The Airlock Scene" was published in Here Be Monsters: 7. "Frats & Cheers" was published in On Spec # 90. I've attached them, should you want a look.

**Read and enjoyed both. The first a light satire, the second rather darker methinks.**

Take care.  
Karl Johanson

**From: LLOYD PENNEY, January 30<sup>th</sup>, 2013**  
**Aurora & Faned Awards-winning Loc Hack**  
1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, ON M9C 2B2

Dear Graeme:

I've got Space Cadet 21 here, and about an hour before I have to start thinking about heading out for an appointment or two...I will get busy, and see what there is to say.

I like the Stiles cover...reminds me of José Jimenez...please don't let them send me to space!

**I always remember the lines:**

**Reporter: Is that a crash helmet you're holding?**

**José as astronaut: "Ooh I hope not."**

For some, it's always tough to figure out what to put in the upcoming issue. That's probably one of the main reasons I haven't done my own issue. If I waited until I had enough material, I'd never put it out.

**The Dale Speirs method is to write one article at a time, not publishing until there is enough material accumulated. Doesn't have to plan, just writes when the mood strikes him. Excellent system.**

Diane Lacey's trip report... I am not sure that Conventions are aware of CUFF, and if they are, they aren't made aware of any commitments they might have. If I recall, when Yvonne and I were the CUFF delegates in Montreal, I don't think Con\*cept paid for our room, but there was the assumption that the fund would pay for it. I don't think there was much communication between CUFF and When Words Collide. Is there any CUFF/Convention agreement standing? Being a CUFF delegate was great fun, and Diane is right, you should try it. It does take a little time and effort, but what you can get out of it is amazing.

**(For them as knows not, CUFF stands for Canadian Unity Fan Fund.)**

**Technically, there is no agreement or contract between CUFF and Convention. Never has been. Convention is strictly that part of the host convention which is devoted to the Aurora awards. The only contract is between said host and CSFFA. And CSFFA has nothing to do with CUFF.**

**CUFF is an independent entity which usually (but not always) targets Conventions as being the most likely destination to generate publicity and, for that matter, attract candidates for CUFF elections.**

**CUFF is, of course, a longstanding Canadian tradition, and as such, is of some publicity value to any Canadian SF convention. It's not uncommon to feature a small article on CUFF in program books, and almost always there's at least one program item set aside for explaining and promoting CUFF, though the main purpose of the CUFF winner is simply to circulate at the convention and promote Canadian fannish unity and communication.**

**It is up to the previous CUFF winner (as administrator) and the current winner to initiate contact with the target convention and work out the details. Off the top of my head I can't**

**remember an instance when the host convention paid for the hotel room, but I believe it happens from time to time.**

**In general it should be assumed the relationship between CUFF and the host convention purely relates to function and publicity, and that CUFF itself should be prepared to pay both air fare and hotel bill. Hence the need for fund raising prior to the convention. Many a winner, bearing in mind that, as soon as the Convention is over, they become the administrator responsible for raising funds to pay for the next winner's trip, keep their CUFF expenses to a minimum and contribute out of their own pocket as much as they can so as not to overburden CUFF. Which helps keep CUFF alive.**

**Much of the above you already know, but I chose to elaborate on my answer to your question to give readers unfamiliar with CUFF a better understanding of what's involved.**

A space suit made out of duct tape... this wasn't anything from a past episode of The Red Green Show, was it? If it wasn't, it should have been.

The local... I agree with your interpretation of the Fan Expos... not my cup of tea, but it's the main attraction of the year for so many younger fans around here, which shows my age, I guess.

**Possibly this year's Fan Expo rented a larger space and avoided the last year's crush which had been caused by their seriously underestimating the number of people the event would attract. I don't know because I haven't heard from anybody who went.**

I may have my own middle-age operation soon... right now, I have an appointment [tomorrow](#), and I may discover just how old I am getting. I think you might guess as to what this operation's about... As several have said, our medical system here isn't perfect, but thank Ghod for it when you really need it. Recently, I was diagnosed with high blood pressure, and am starting to take medication for it. I just have to try to lose some weight, and a blood pressure cuff is in the mails on its way to me, so I have to monitor the bp, and try my best to bring it down.

**For some reason my blood pressure is always unusually normal. Some sort of fluke apparently. But my cholesterol is high and I take medicine to combat that, as well as pursue my exercise program in an incrementally slow effort to lose weight. I find that the less I weigh the more energy I have and the easier it is to move about. Consequently I figure that if I lose *all* of my weight I'll wind up as a pure energy being happily zipping about the universe. That's my theory and I'm sticking to it.**

Our doctor likes us because we describe in detail, and often with the correct terminology, what's wrong and questions about how to solve it. Yvonne helps her own cause by being able to tell the doctor exactly what medications she takes, the trade and generic names, and the exact dosage of each drug. Most people just say they get a little blue pill...

**The last time I saw my Doctor I thanked him for saving my life "Did I?" he replied. "Wait a minute... coming back to me I think... oh, right... You're welcome."**

My loc...no, I didn't win the 2012 Aurora Award for my fan writing, although I was nominated. I hope to be nominated again, though...

**Your wish is granted!**

I am a journalism student, and the old guys who taught me what skills I might have impressed upon us all utter objectivity and common sense, and don't let those who you interview control it. Yes, there's so many things the general public has forgotten, but we remember. The older I get, the more I understand the reactions of older folks when I was a kid.

**I think the general public doesn't comprehend what we remember because, being younger than we are, they were never exposed to what we experienced and, more importantly, live within a cultural situational-awareness totally different from the past version we drag around with us as personal baggage. Much of what we consider living history is just dead history to them. Live long enough and everything you think important simply dissipates into non-existence as far as the newer generations are**

**concerned. They can't know what they don't know. But that's okay. I don't mind living the remainder of my life awash in nostalgia and antiquarian lore. Kinda fun actually.**

Based on what I've seen and the results of the Extraordinary General Meeting, Con\*cept is dead and gone. I will continue to monitor any signs of convention life, especially for a new literary convention. One Montreal fan says she is giving up on conventions because Polaris in Toronto is gone, and with the death of Con\*cept, there's no more cons for her to go to. Add to that the rising costs of cons, and I can see why she'd say that. Smofcon is returning to Toronto at the end of this year, and right now, even if I wanted to go, I doubt I'd be able to afford it.

**The day may come when there are no more fan-run SF conventions in Canada. But just as fans of SF flourished before the first SF convention, they will continue to exist after the last convention. If Canadian SF conventions turn out to be a fad whose time has passed, I'd say sixty odd years is a pretty good run.**

I think I am done; I have to leave soon. Many thanks, see you with your next issue.

Yours,  
Lloyd Penney.

## **19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY DIARY ENTRIES**

*By Count Harry Kessler*

*Leipzig, February 5, 1891. Thursday.*

This morning Springer told us in the second hour that color photography had been discovered and pointed out the importance it would have.

*Leipzig, June 30, 1891. Tuesday.*

Perhaps sunlight will be converted into electricity one day to power flying machines.

*Leipzig, September 11, 1891. Monday.*

Read a more precise description of the power transmission from Lauffen to Frankfurt. An item that is destined to bring forth a great revolution, even socially, like the discovery of the steam engine. Only when light, the sea, wind, and the warmth of the sun serves man via electricity will

he govern freely this earth. The thought is vertiginous... and it seems close to being reality.

## LATE BREAKING AWARD NEWS

*By Jean-Louis Trudel*

Montréal, 10 May 2013 — The **Aurora/Boréal Awards** were announced in Montréal on May 5, 2013, as part of the 30th Boréal convention. Sponsored by SFSF Boréal Inc. and the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, they recognize the best works produced in French by Canadians in 2012 in the speculative genres as determined by a vote open to all who wish to take part.

The Aurora-Boréal Award for best novel was given to **Ariane Gélinas** for her novel *Transtaiğa*, the first volume of a larger work, *Les villages assoupis* [The Sleeping Villages], published by Marchand de feuilles. She also received a \$500 prize provided by SF Canada, Canada's national association of speculative fiction professionals.

The Aurora-Boréal Award for best short fiction went to **Geneviève Blouin** for her novella *Le Chasseur* [The Hunter], published by Six Brumes as a standalone book.

The Aurora-Boréal Award for best related work was given to *Solaris*, the oldest genre magazine in Canada. The award was accepted by Joël Champetier, the magazine's editor in chief.

The Boréal award for artistic and audiovisual achievement went to **Ève Chabot** for her illustrations in the magazine *Brins d'éternité*. Indeed, the Boréal award for best fan publication was given to *Brins d'éternité*, which began the year 2012 as a fanzine and upgraded to professional status by the end of the year.

Finally, the Boréal award for the one-hour writing contest at the convention was shared between Geneviève Blouin for her short story "Trou noir de mémoire" [Memory Black Hole], in the professional author category, and Dave Côté for his short story "Brouillard" [Mist], in the rising author category.

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