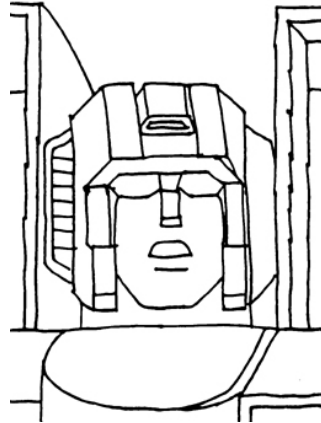


Ish

Volume 1, Number 3
October 2007



Indishia [Masthead]

Ish, Volume 1, Number 3
October 2007

For comments, trades, suggestions,
and/or submissions, write to: *Ish*, c/o
#209-3851 Francis Road, Richmond,
BC, Canada, V7C 1J6, or e-mail
felicity4711@hotmail.com.

Art Credits

Felicity Walker.....Cover, Page 10
Emperor of Mobeus.....Page 31

*Dedicated to Butterscotch Pussycattums
Morse (1992–2007).*

Call Me ‘Ish’ Mail [LOC]

[*Editor’s remarks in square brackets*]

*Lloyd Penney,
1706-24 Eva Road,
Etobicoke, ON
M9C 2B2
20 March 2007*

Dear Felicity:

I am not sure I ever responded to
Ish 1, but I will make sure that I do
respond to *Ish* 2. I’m not sure if you’re
thinking of an *Ish* 3 soon, but I won’t
take the chance.

[*Thank you for writing.*]

Amazing how much public
domain clip art is available on the Net.
You’ve got to get your hands on some
fanartist cartoons and fillos to add that
measure of fannishness to it. I guess

sedans and station wagons just don't cut it...but they do fill space.

[The clip art in Ish #2 was used for two reasons: one, it was actually a font rather than image files, so it didn't trigger Microsoft Word's image bugs; and two, Ish's 8½×5½-inch format leaves blank spaces of a short, wide shape, which profiles of cars filled nicely.]

Felicity, I don't see your name anywhere in your own zine! Or maybe like Garth, you can make one up. Felicity Hufnagle? Lipshitz? Fforde-Noseworthy? Walker, even?

[I put my name on the articles "Batman: The Animated Series": 'I've Got Batman in My Basement' " and "Just Four Easy Payments." I hope I remembered to send you a paper copy of Ish #2; the PDF currently on

eFanzines.com is missing the last few pages because my computer lost the complete version of Ish #2. Last July I bit the bullet and retyped the missing articles and re-inserted the missing artwork; I still have to send eFanzines.com the re-completed PDF. I should also send you a copy.]

Peregrine Nations is usually available from eFanzines.com. Sometimes Jan Stinson puts out the word, but Bill Burns always lets his mailing list know when a new file or link is added to his site.

[I sent Jan a copy of Ish #2 and she sent me two issues of Peregrine Nations.]

I have *Open Office* pre-installed on my computer; I still have to explore it and see what it can do.

[*The Linux computer in my bedroom can only use Open Office, not Microsoft Word, so I've ended up getting used to Open Office. I started editing Ish #3 on Open Office, though there are some finishing touches that will have to be done in Microsoft Word.*]

My favourite flavour of towel? Heineken. (I have two enormous Heineken beach towels, and they are my favorites.)

Ah, there's a YAHOO! Group behind this zine? Words like *yiff* and *yaoi*...yes, I know what they mean. I've looked them up, and now that I know what they mean, I wish I didn't...And, it's been a long time since I've felt yiffy.

You know, this LOC is going to be real short. When do you plan issue 3?

[*Right now!* ☺]

Maybe my LOC then will be longer. See you next *BCSFazine!*

Yours,
Lloyd Penney

**Julian Castle's Submissions
to the 'Ish' YAHOO! Group
(<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ish/>)**

Hieronymus Bosch Toys

Figurine versions of Hieronymus Bosch art.

“From an artistic point of view, the world-famous brilliant forerunner of surrealism was, in his day, unique and radically different. [...]

“With the greatest respect for the original works of art, the designers of the Parastone Studios in the Netherlands have brought to life famous paintings by lifting images out of the flat surface.”

Bosch figurine available for purchase at <http://www.nationalgallery.co.uk/boschfigurines>.

—http://www.33d-mouseion.com/engels/bosch_eng.htm

Canzine West 2006 Con Report

All righty then,

Canzine West 2006 was in Vancouver, on Sunday 2006 October 22, 1:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.

Phase 1: Pre-Convention

I looked at the Canzine website and didn't see any Canzine West events listed, so I assumed there were none. But it turns out the site did list events, but no start times were given. I didn't see the events because the webpage was too large.

Canzine 2006 was at Cambrian Hall at 215 East 17th Avenue in

Vancouver. After trying to use the TransLink website I deemed it to be FUBAR and tried TransLink hotline instead.

The TransLink hotline's automated service seemed unable to give directions *from* an intersection *to* an address. I switched to a TransLink operator and she gave me directions with no problem.

Phase 2: Arrival

When I arrived at Main and 17th, I was disappointed there was no Canzine presence (example: sandwich board or chalk writing on sidewalk) at the intersection to get passers-by to check out Canzine.

I assumed I'd be walking a few blocks to get to Canzine, but it turned out Cambrian Hall was a few feet away from Main Street.

Phase 3: Entrance

I entered Cambrian at around 3:00 p.m. Admission \$5 and included a copy of the latest issue of *Broken Pencil*.

I was happy to pay admission but, (a) I was surprised there wasn't a way to pick up my subscription copy of *Broken Pencil*. My subscription copy arrived via snail-mail almost a month later; (b) I was disappointed admission didn't include a list of those who booked tables. I asked the admission volunteers and they said a published list was planned, but there was an organizational failure. (One exhibitor said some people applied for tables, but their applications got lost.)

Phase 3: Canzine Proper

I wandered around Canzine for about two hours, and the place was mostly packed.

Canzine West divided into three main areas: (1) zine fair; (2) event stage (which I ignored)—Canzine website says they were food events; (3) balcony (which I also ignored), where people could do some art (collage?).

My best Canzine experiences were with Colin Upton. I happily bought some new Colin Upton comics and later on in the day laughed out loud at some of the one-panel comedy comics Colin had drawn (including one that wondered if raw-food cookbooks existed).

I was disappointed that most of the tables didn't have any affordables. An example of an affordable would be a mini-comic for \$1.

F: Freebies I Picked Up

F1: Flyer for Vancouver DIY.
Website: <http://www.vancouverdiy.com>.
Their mission "to run a website and

other projects that promote and support the DIY ethos and its associated growing community in Vancouver. (...)"

F2: Flyer for Vegetarian Resource Centre, 2250 Commercial Drive, Vancouver. Phone: 604-628-7864. Open Fridays to Sundays, noon–6:00 p.m. Website: <http://www.vancouverveg.com>.

F3: *ODmagazine* #12 (20-page zine dated 2006 Summer). Website: <http://www.odmagazine.vze.com>.

F4: Artistic and funny flyer for *Inkstuds* radio show. Website: <http://www.crowncommission.com/inkstuds>.

F5: "These Hidden Moments" on a one-sided sheet of paper by <http://www.myspace.com/nomagazine>.

F6: Alarming Press biz card. Website: <http://www.alarmingpress.net>.

F7: Sarah Haxby biz card. Website: <http://www.peargirl.com>.

F8 to F14: Some other stuff.

C: Things I Bought by Colin Upton (Website: <http://www.colinupton.com>)

C1: *9-11[:]* *The Half-Decade*, a minicomic about Colin's 2006 September 11. Price 75 cents.

C2: *Bookworm*, a minicomic about Colin's love of info in books. Price 50 cents.

C3: *Colin Upton Comics* #3 and #4. Minicomics collecting single panel comedy pieces. Price 50 cents each.

C4: *The Littlest Gunne*, minicomic. Battle featuring anthropomorphic walking cannons including a young cannon. Price 50 cents.

C5: *Self-Indulgent Comics* #15, a minicomic where a Vancouver cop searches for the villain who poisoned three trees. Price 50 cents.

C6: *Shitman! The Man Made of Shit*, a minicomic which probably was created because Colin is (apparently) single (and frustrated about being single). Price 50 cents.

C7: *Colin's Comics* Volume 3 and 4. Price \$5 or \$6 each.

B: Things I Bought by People
Who Were Not Colin Upton

B25: For 25 cents. *Naked Thoughts*, a minicomic by Peargirl.

B?: Price unknown.

B?-1: 1984 *Revisited*, minicomic by Lydia Fu. Price \$1?

B?-2: *Things Not to Do If You Perchance to Meet a Large Bear*, a cute

minicomic by Colleen T. MacIssac. Price \$1?

B?-3: *Jobgoblin* #1, colour minicomic by Brian Fukushima. Price \$5? Brian's website: <http://www.bottomlesspop.com>.

B?-4: Passport-shaped creation titled *Selections from: VGML*, Subtitle[:]
Recipes for the Geographical Vegan by Claire Heslop & Five Seventeen. Price \$3?

I decided to buy a Jason Turner comic, so I went to Jason Turner's table and bought a *Hate Song* #1 because I assumed it was by Jason and I assumed it is a rock-music romance. But when I read the comic on the way home I discovered both my assumptions were wrong.

End of my Canzine West 2006 con "report."

*Imaginary History of
Spinning Tops by Bantock*

I was at Value Village and saw a book, *Howe Sounds* (for \$4), that includes “Imaginary History of Spinning Tops” by Nick Bantock.

The piece is apparently also in Bantock’s *The Museum at Purgatory*. Source: Amazon.ca. “From *Publishers Weekly* [Bantock] creates another lavishly illustrated fantasia, (...) drawing up the fictional catalogue of a museum located in Purgatory. (...) Other chambers feature (...) and an imaginary history of spinning tops.”

The VPL has 13 (thirteen) copies of *The Museum at Purgatory*. <http://ipac3.vpl.ca/ipac20/ipac.jsp?profile=pac>.

Image at <http://www.nickbantock.com/Bantock/MPgallery02.html> is probably part of the Spinning Tops piece.

Website for *The Museum at Purgatory* at <http://www.nickbantock.com/Bantock/Museum.html>.

The book is more affordable at Amazon.ca than at Chapters’ website.

God(s) of Insert-Letters(s)-Here
Hey Garth and Felicity,

You’ve probably already thought of this, but what about putting about (new) gods in some issues of *Ish*, *BCSFAzine* and/or *Royal Swiss Navy Gazette*?

Who would be the god of wiki? (Probably wouldn’t be Mr. Potato Head.)

Is there already a god of copyright? If there is when did that god

start? (Does he get replaced when his copyright expires?)

Would copyright god feud with copyleft god ?

Fighting Darth Vader with Hemp and Vader's Environmental Impact

“In this version, the rebels do not of course blow up the Death Star, but instead prefer to use other tactics to slow the intergalactic march of Empire. For example, they set up programs for people on planets about to be destroyed to produce luxury items like hemp Hacky Sacks and gourmet coffee for sale to inhabitants of the Death Star. (...) Other groups of rebels will file lawsuits against the Empire, attempting to show that the Environmental Impact Statement Darth Vader was required to file failed to adequately support its decision that

blowing up this planet would cause “no significant impact.”

“The Lost Star Wars Script” was excerpted from Derrick Jensen’s new book: *Endgame: Volume 1: The Problem of Civilization*. Visit <http://www.endgamethebook.org> for more info.

—<http://www.altpr.org/modules.php?op=modload&name=Sections&file=index&req=viewarticle&artid=380&page=1>



**'Ish' YAHOO! Group:
Non-Julian Castle Submissions**

*Hiren Wei
weirww@aena.br
19 May 2007*

I'm a mentor, I'm of the Seventh Rank,
and my buckle is made of iron.

His hair was dripping, and his
broken-off beard fluttered when he
spoke.

He had a cold, ugly look of
dislike and contempt, and indifference to
what would happen.

His hair was disheveled and there
were dark circles under his eyes.

*Call for Writers
hot_4_art
hot_4_art@yahoo.com
13 August 2007*

*[Editor's proof-reading in square
brackets]*

Call for comedy[-] or murder/
mystery[-]themed short stories (less
[than] 6000 words but more [than] 2000
[words]). This call for writers is being
put out by [*American Fiction*][,] the
sister publication to [http://www.
artsource-newsletter.org](http://www.artsource-newsletter.org)[.]

The [e-zine] will have a different
theme [every] month, writers[?]
resources, writers[?] directory, chat-
room, and music jukebox. Please visit
the [site], [http://www.americanfiction.
org](http://www.americanfiction.org). If your story is picked you will be

included in the writers['] directory and the story will be published on-line. The authors of the published stories will have an opportunity to be included in the e-zine[']s hard-copy annual. Please send all submission[s] to info@... [*The poster didn't know that YAHOO! Groups removes all e-mail addresses for privacy unless a space is included on either side of the at-sign.*]

[Postscript]: we are currently looking for writers in the comedy genre. Priority will be given to writers in that genre.

Thank [you][,]
[*American Fiction*] Staff
Thank [you] and [good luck],
<http://www.cyberpublishing.org>

B-Movie Reviews

Felicity Walker

Carnosaur 2 (1993)
AKA *Carnosaur II*

Written by: Michael Palmer
Directed by: Louis Morneau
Starring: John Savage, Cliff DeYoung
Produced by: Roger Corman

Box premise description: "A crew of technicians is sent into a top-secret mining facility to investigate a mysterious power shortage. There, deep inside the cavernous tunnels, they discover a horrifying evolution that has occurred in complete defiance of Mother Nature...dinosaurs have returned from extinction to wreak vengeance upon

mankind! Now, man and beast clash in a battle to the end. But the survival of the fittest depends upon who can escape from the mine before it explodes in a nuclear meltdown!”

Tag-line 1: “Back for another bite!”

Tag-line 2: “Extinction is a thing of the past.”

I normally avoid movies with limited settings, such as post-apocalyptic wastelands, deserts, small towns, military bases, marooned spaceships, or mines. But I took a chance on this one because of its recommendation by my current favourite B-movie reviewer, Nathan Shumate of Cold Fusion Video Reviews (<http://www.coldfusionvideo.com/>). Also, I like Cliff DeYoung, and I was hoping that his character being

“Major Tom McQuade” meant that he’d get to play a macho, hard-ass role, contrary to his typecasting as wimpy back-stabbers. And I’m happy to report that—while there is a lot of repetitive running back and forth through tunnels, and DeYoung does play a semi-wimpy back-stabber—the movie was watchable (even if, in the words of my room-mate Fruvous, the production values combine “the wonders of a Roger Corman production and Canadian tax-shelter write-offs”).

We start with a peaceful desert sunset, interrupted by grainy video footage of large, fleshy, bloody eggs spasming and bursting open, releasing thick black liquid. Somewhere, glass shatters and electrical equipment shorts out. Like a more mellow *Alien*³ POV camera, we glide through the

underground complex, cloaked in rich amber lighting, past the usual ladders, railings, clouds of steam, pipes, and back-lit, slowly-rotating fans, until we meet Waller (probably Rodman Flender), a technician inspecting damage to one of the tunnels. You can guess what comes next: he goes to look for the source of an odd noise, and before he can radio for help, a carnosaur surges towards him.

Elsewhere in the mine, two teenage boys engage in a little building-hacking. The first boy, Jesse Turner (Ryan Thomas Johnson), looks like Edward Furlong in *Terminator 2* and sounds like Joseph Gribble from *King of the Hill*. The second boy, Davey Lewis (Jason Adelman) is worried about getting in trouble (justifiably, as we soon find out—but of course, cautious, sensible characters aren't allowed to be heroes).

Using what looks like a portable electronic device he built himself, Jesse bypasses the electronic lock on a door (“Easy money!”).

Meanwhile, project foreman Joe Walker (Guy Boyd), who looks and sounds like a portly Phil Hartman, pressures gum-chewing, headset-wearing control-room technician Hal Mosley (Christopher Darga), because the project is behind schedule. (Mosley has a pet lizard on his console; remember that for later. Fruvous says “Nerd with eccentric pet!”) Walker discovers a whole section of tunnel has been ripped apart—there’s a gash down the middle of the ceiling, the power supply’s damaged and wires are sparking. He tells Mosley to send for someone to fix it while he looks around some more.

He finds the two boys, stealing dynamite from a wooden crate. He sends Davey off immediately with a warning that he'll call his father later, but he gives Jesse a short chewing-out on the danger and irresponsibility of his actions—which tips us off that he's Jesse's guardian (uncle, it's later revealed)—then herds him into an elevator back to the surface...

...where Jesse runs into Ed O'Brien (William G. Clark), who merrily introduces him to something else he probably shouldn't meddle with—a powerful forklift truck. O'Brien warns Jesse not to throw the lever that remotely operates the automatic doors to a shaft that's 150 feet straight down. (Remember that for later.)

Mosley informs Walker that the computer system crashed, but not before

he got through to “the department” and requested a repair team. Walker spots Jesse playing with the forklift, tells him he's “pushing it,” and drags him to the mess hall.

After greeting Walker and Jesse, Zeb the cook (John Davis Chandler) hears a noise coming from behind the kitchen, assumes it's coyotes again, and goes to scare them off. Walker lectures Jesse again, reminding him he could have gone to jail for breaking into a government facility.

Behind the mess, a carnosaur that has been hiding behind some barrels leaps up and kills Zeb, then throws his lifeless body through the front window (which, in the tradition of people being thrown through windows, is shown three times). Then the carnosaur kills every

single character except Jesse. (Hope you weren't too attached to them.)

Now the *Aliens* parallels begin, as we meet the back-up team that'll have to go in next. Jack (they're always named Jack) Reed (John Savage) drives his Jeep up to a building at the outskirts of an airport and walks into a locker room. He doesn't look much like a Colonial Marine: he has a beard, a mop of kinky hair, and grunge-rock clothing. He seems weary and haggard as sits down on the bench, in front of a row of lockers with lightning bolt logos, and holds a beer can to his forehead.

Next, there's "Monk" Brody (Rick Dean), the "Hudson"—the loud, macho, cocky chauvinist. He's tall, muscular, and square-jawed, and sounds like a cross between Brian Doyle Murray and Jim Varney. Then there's Sarah

Rawlins (Arabella Holzbog), the "Vasquez"—the tough bitch, verbally taking Brody down a notch every chance she gets. She sometimes looks like Sarah Silverman in a black-and-silver highway-worker vest.

Over the course of the movie, we'll discover that Reed is both the "Ripley" and the "Hicks," and Jesse is the "Newt."

We've also got Ed Moses (Miguel A. Núñez Jr.), an ankh-wearing, jive-talking, black computer technician, and the one character with no obvious *Aliens* counterpart. (Fruvous imagines a naïve studio executive gushing, "And it's the *black* guy who's good with *technology!*")

As the team finishes getting into semi-uniform (mostly-black clothes with the lightning logo in random places and

at random angles), Ben Kahane (Don Stroud), a middle-aged, experienced sergeant-type with an eye-patch (and our “Apone”), enters and opens the briefing by informing his team that there’s a problem with a new mining operation about 90 miles out in the desert—then lets Major Tom McQuade (Cliff DeYoung) of the Defense Department carry on the exposition.

McQuade is both the “Gorman” (the commanding officer the soldiers don’t respect, but who eventually sacrifices himself alongside the tough bitch) and the “Burke” (the liar who represents interests other than the team’s and who considers the team expendable). He even has the same costume as Burke (which makes it a little hard to accept his military credentials at face value).

McQuade expands on Kahane’s introduction, stating that Yucca Mountain is a new, sophisticated military-operated uranium mine, that communication went down, and that normally, the facility is off-limits to civilian personnel, but there’s a schedule to keep and Reed’s team was the closest available. They’ll be paid “standard OT.” McQuade says it’s probably a hard wiring problem, and the team will be taking radiation-sensing equipment along as a precaution in case they have to go down into the mine.

Monk injects a wisecrack, and McQuade overreacts, marching over to him and half-whispering, “If you have a problem I’d like to know about it right now, because I don’t like problems,” followed by a speech about how Monk is expected to follow orders. Seeing as the

team doesn't seem to be military, it's debatable whether Monk has to take this from McQuade, but he sneers, "Oh, yes sir."

With that settled, everyone boards the chopper, piloted by Joanne Galloway (Neith Hunter), the "Ferro," and I cringe as Monk, having won a game of Rock Paper Scissors, gets to play "Ride of the Valkyries" on his ghetto blaster.

There's no response from the base to the pilot's landing request, or to McQuade's subsequent radio message, so the team goes in anyway. Reed, Monk, and Rawlins check out the blood-spattered mess hall, where Jesse lies in the corner in shock. McQuade, Kahane, and Moses break into the base and check out the damaged system. Kahane notices that things are a lot more screwed up

than just a "systems error" (or, as he pronounces it, "systems era"), but McQuade won't talk.

Galloway reports that Reed and company have found someone and everyone except Moses races to the infirmary. The team tells a disbelieving McQuade that the place is deserted except for the kid. We get the first of many rounds of badly-acted characters arguing with each other. Perhaps sensing the need for an end to this, Jesse chooses that moment to snap out of it and start thrashing around, kicking Reed in the face. Kahane decides he's reached the "screw the job; I'm getting my people out of here *now*" point (surprisingly early!) and wisely orders his team to get moving. McQuade, on the other hand, seems to think that because he hired the team, he can order them to stay until he's

satisfied the place is up and running. I find his bargaining position highly dubious—these people aren't in the army and are completely within their rights to forfeit their paycheck and leave whenever they want—but McQuade manages to strong-arm Galloway into staying by threatening that if she leaves now it'll be her last flight. And since there's nothing but desert for 80 miles around (wasn't it 90 miles before?) and the chopper is the only way out, the team is stuck. Thus, Kahane grudgingly puts his people back to work.

As Moses brings a floor plan up on “the big screen” (actually a normal-sized television), he wonders aloud why a simple mining operation needs such an advanced computer, and why he can't access the floor plans for the lowest two levels, D & E, which are classified.

McQuade orders him to stop thinking about it and move on. Moses finds the fault in the infrastructure and exclaims, “Whoop! There it is!”, thereby instantly increasing the movie's mid-nineties content, while Monk manages to bring up some classified data about radiation emissions on the classified levels (the bar graph seems to indicate there's no radiation on those levels), which McQuade tells him not to look at. McQuade checks the bar graph, but this time it shows “UNSAFE” radiation on levels D & E.

Reed goes to check on Jesse and notices the “Dodgers” logo on a belonging of Jesse's (it's not clear in the shot if it's a jacket or a backpack), and we learn that Reed had a son who was a Dodger fan. But before we can find out what happened to the son, Galloway tells

Reed he's needed in operations. Jesse has a flashback to the carnosaur killing everyone in the mess hall. Reed leaves Galloway to take care of Jesse—she seems to be the closest thing the group has to a medic, and I suppose, unlike Rawlins, is not too butch to have a nurturing side.

McQuade, Kahane, Monk, Rawlins, and Reed explore the tunnels. Monk picks up radiation readings, but McQuade assures him it's just residual emissions from the uranium. (Oh, is that all?) Kahane is about to explore the next level, but McQuade stops him, giving him the “classified”/“no civilians personnel” excuse again. While Kahane expresses his frustration that McQuade expects him to put the base back together but won't let him do his job, Rawlins and Reed sneak past McQuade.

McQuade chases after them and Kahane and Monk follow McQuade.

There's a bunch of weird scientific stuff down there. McQuade tries to round everyone up and herd them back up the stairs, but they ignore him. Rawlins finds a carnosaur tooth. There's barely time to badger McQuade with the usual increasingly-urgent questions about what the hell is going on here before carnosaur claws reach out from the shadows and drag Kahane down a hatch to his death, meaning that, as Fruvous points out, the black guy was *not* the first to die in this horror movie. The carnosaur even manages to close the hatch after itself. In the control room, Moses desperately tries to get a status report from the people below, who are too busy running like hell (even McQuade). Jesse knows what's

happening and starts to panic, running away. Galloway chases after him, leaving Moses alone. A carnosaur somehow magically appears in the control room and attacks him. Galloway comes back to help Moses, but he tells her to save herself while he fights the carnosaur, which eventually kills him (OK, so the black guy was the *second* to die). People run down corridors. Galloway makes it to the chopper and starts it up, but (this being *Aliens*) before anyone can get aboard, a carnosaur magically rises up behind her and kills her, causing her blood to spray on the windshield. McQuade and the team make it to the surface just in time to see a not-very-convincing miniature chopper crash and explode, deep-sixing their chances of getting out of there.

More eccentrically-delivered inter-character arguing ensues, but this time, we're not rescued by Jesse being spastic. Monk has his "Hudson" freak-out. We're Fritos, man! We're Shredded Wheat! Everyone feels exposed and vulnerable up on the surface and heads back to the relative safety of a conference room with a nice, thick, metal door (and some windows...oh well).

It takes more people yelling at him, but McQuade finally gives in and we get some more actual plot. It seems two months ago, a biotech firm was messing around with fossilized DNA that was millions of years old, and found a way to bring back dinosaurs. ("Right—and I'm Bigfoot and she's the Loch Ness Monster," barks Monk, and Rawlins adds, "You can call me Nessy" in an

uncharacteristically soft, pleasant voice.) All hell broke loose, the dinosaurs started killing people, the government sent in a team, and they thought the team got rid of all the dinosaurs. But a week or two later, they found a nest of dozens of eggs. Rawlins asks how these eggs managed to get 100 miles out in the desert (wasn't it 80 miles before?) and McQuade admits that the government stashed the eggs at the mine, apparently on the assumption that they would never hatch.

Reed, Monk, and Rawlins chastise McQuade for not seeing the obvious flaw in this plan, then get back to work on the computer. While Rawlins welds, Reed tries unsuccessfully to find a back door into the system. Jesse steps in and boasts that he's been hacking into every terminal in the place for the last

three months. Jesse brings up a floor plan and notices the room on level B with the dynamite, and realizes that they could use it to blow up the carnosaurs. Predictably, McQuade objects. (It's his job. He's the "Company.") He tries to physically stop Reed and Monk from leaving the conference room, saying that they're making a mistake, but won't tell them why.

On the way to the dynamite room, Reed and Monk get false scare when they see Mosley's lizard. Then McQuade locks them into the dynamite room and tells them he'll let them out when the evac team arrives. They promptly break out of the room with an axe or sledgehammer and tell McQuade they're going to wire the mine and blow it. McQuade begs them not to, saying "You're going to blow the whole place!"

(I thought that was the idea), but they ignore him. McQuade runs off to intercept them, and Rawlins warns them he's coming—which doesn't do any good, since the moment Reed and Monk separate, McQuade gets the drop on Monk and knocks him out, then sneaks up on Reed and chokes-slams him with a pipe. They fight, with McQuade getting in an elbow, a choke, and a punch on Reed (which means DeYoung got to play a somewhat tough character) before a revived Monk knocks him out. Monk starts to climb a staircase and urges Reed to get going, but Reed isn't willing to leave McQuade behind. A carnosaur takes advantage of Monk and Reed's slight geographic distance and chomps Monk while making dentist-drill noises for some reason. Reed shoots it, saving

Monk. Reed and Monk carry McQuade back to the conference room.

When McQuade comes to, we get some more plot: the facility isn't just a uranium mine and carnosaur egg-storage zone; it's the Yucca Mountain Repository for High-Level Atomic Waste. The classified levels have weapons-grade plutonium and disabled nukes. Reed is angry that McQuade lied by omission, but McQuade argues that he had a duty to maintain secrecy, and the repair team for the non-classified levels did not have "need-to-know" about the classified levels. McQuade adds (in a Howie-Mandel-like voice) that with the Cold War over, these weapons had to be stored *somewhere*, and at Yucca Mountain they were "out of sight, out of mind."

Now we know not only why McQuade wouldn't let anyone look at levels D & E or even take radiation readings, but also why he doesn't agree with the dynamite plan. And it gets worse: McQuade knew from radio transmission problems that there was a lot of radiation on levels D & E, and he believes the carnosaur has damaged one of the containment units. He predicts a full-blown repository failure (much like the LV-426 nuclear processing station in *Aliens*) in less than two hours. With dozens of warheads down there, the explosion "could make Hiroshima look like a campfire" (remember that for later).

"Crash the system," Jesse says cockily. Mysteriously, Jesse reasons that even though the entire computer system is toast, there's somehow still some sort

of link to the network, and if *that* crashes, the people on the other end will notice and send help.

Reed wants to start setting explosives, but McQuade is worried about the nuclear weapons, so Reed says he'll only wire level A. Immediately afterwards, though, Reed says that after the evacuation, he'll "blow the whole place." Given that that would make Hiroshima look like a campfire, that sounds like a bad idea, but oddly, McQuade says nothing. Jesse gets to work cracking the shutdown codes while Reed, Monk, and McQuade go to set explosives. Monk and McQuade actually start to be nice to each other. Reed sets Monk's tape deck on the floor and hits play, causing me to have flashbacks to the scene where Henry Gibson's car flies off the bridge in *The Blues Brothers*.

Monk radios Reed to tell him the main doors are wired and ready (hey, I thought the radio didn't work). In a scene worthy of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, Reed and Jesse use the downtime between technical tasks to bond some more. Jesse reveals that he's an orphan and Walker was his uncle. Reed tells of his son's death in a fire. And, just like on *TNG*, the moment they're done sharing, the terminal starts beeping and a technical task commands their attention: Jesse has the shutdown codes.

A carnosaur sets off a trip-wire and one of the explosives goes off. The lights flicker on and off. "Emergency response system activated," says a sexy female computer voice. (Wasn't the system supposed to be *de*activated? And

how does a crashed system still have a working sexy female computer voice?)

More carnosaur attack, setting off more explosions. McQuade guesses the heat from the lower levels is driving them upward. Thick white clouds of vapour start hissing down from the ceiling. "It's the fire control system!" says Jesse. "No! It's the dinosaurs! They've figured out our traps!" says McQuade. No, actually, I think Jesse was right: those thick white clouds of vapour are the fire control system, not dinosaurs.

Pursued by carnosaur coming through the walls, everyone runs to the elevator, where a carnosaur comes through that one panel in the roof that's in movies and chomps Rawlins. It drags her away and pulls her arm off with its jaws, then guts her.

A carnosaur chews through the elevator cables and the car drops down the shaft. (Oddly, the floor numbers on the display start plummeting before the car does.) It stops between floors, so when the doors open, the only way out is a convenient Willis Duct big enough to stand up in. Carnosaurs follow, making clicking and dentist-drill sounds, and setting off more explosions. Reed throws dynamite into the mouth of a carnosaur. (Down, Dino! Down, boy!) Monk is crushed under rubble in one of the explosions, but lives long enough for him and McQuade to do the Gorman-Vasquez scene from *Aliens* where the two unlikely allies make a last stand, sacrificing themselves to blow up some monsters.

Reed accidentally trips one of his own explosions and falls all five stories

onto a crash-pad littered with cardboard-tube pipes. “Nooooooooo!” screams Jesse in slow-motion. “Attention all personnel,” a deep male computer voice interjects, “evacuation crew is on the surface. Proceed to emergency exits immediately.” Jesse goes to get help for Reed.

He climbs a ladder and comes up through a wooden box to the surface and into the arms of an orange-suited evac team officer (Christopher Murphy), with more orange-suited rescue workers and a chopper standing by. He tries to explain that everyone except Reed is dead and that there are dinosaurs, but it only confuses the officer, who is being told the situation is critical and that in “a few minutes” the place will be hotter than the sun. Jesse refuses to be loaded onto the chopper and insists on going back into

the building for Reed. The officer tells his men to give Jesse and Reed five more minutes (which sounds like more than the “a few” in which the place will be hotter than the sun) and then they’ll have to leave without them.

Jesse makes it back down to level E and gets Reed up and walking, and they start back for the surface, but are confronted by a *giant* carnosaur. Until now the carnosaur has been about the size of a person, but this one is the size of a traditional *Tyrannosaurus rex*.

Reed and Jesse get in a large freight elevator and back to the surface, just as the evacuation team is about to leave (only *three* minutes after saying they’d wait for five minutes!). Fortunately, the evac team are nice enough guys to stay to help Reed on board while Jesse goes back to get the

remote. The giant carnosaur punches through a wall and bites the head off of one of the rescue workers (the black one, for what it’s worth). While the carnosaur is busy playing with the headless body, Jesse gets in the forklift, which is about as big as the giant carnosaur, and proceeds to fight it using the fork end for an extremely long time: Jesse rams the forklift into the carnosaur; the carnosaur head-butts the forklift like an affectionate cat; repeat one million times.

Four-and-a-half minutes after the officer said he’d wait five minutes, the John-Kiester-esque chopper pilot (Michael James McDonald) wants to get the hell out of there before the place blows (also, before the carnosaur notices the helicopter full of delicious humans, I assume). Reed vetoes that, saying “We

can't leave the kid!" Fortunately, it's a movie, so the warheads don't go off just then and Reed's judgment call doesn't waste half a dozen lives.

At this point Jesse *could* just get in the chopper and leave the giant carnosaur to be consumed in the explosion. After all, it can't get far from Mount Yucca on foot. Of course, that would deprive us of the payoff where Jesse gets to use his forklift training from O'Brien.

I'm getting ahead of the movie, however. At the aforementioned five-minute mark, Jesse is idly taxiing around the parking lot, looking for the giant carnosaur that has somehow disappeared for a moment. At the six-and-a-half-minute mark, Jesse toggles the lever and opens the giant garage doors to the shaft with the 150-foot drop. At the seven-

minute mark, even Reed is starting to wonder what's taking Jesse so long. At the seven-and-a-half-minute mark the giant carnosaur tries biting the forklift and pushing back. At the eight-and-a-half-minute mark, Jesse manages to stab the thing in the chest with the fork. That weakens it enough that at the nine-minute mark, he can shove it over the threshold while quipping, "Eat this, Barney!" It falls 150 feet and lies down, exhausted, much like the audience.

"Attention all personnel," says the deep male computer voice at the nine-and-a-half-minute mark. "Containment failure in two minutes and counting." Reset your counters...

Jesse carefully drives the forklift back to the chopper so slowly that he probably could have ran faster. The chopper pilot screams "We gotta get out

of here! This whole place is gonna blow! *Now!*” At a matching pitch, the officer screams “Get this bird off the ground! *Now!*” in agreement. Reed screams “No!” at the same pitch. Various screams of “Now!”, “No!”, “Come on!”, and “Move!” (also at the same pitch) overlap. Despite the fact that three men are holding Reed down, the chopper still somehow doesn’t take off.

“Containment failure in one minute and counting,” the male computer voice says, with one minute and 18 seconds actually remaining. Jesse finally clues into the fact that he can run to the helicopter and does so. The chopper takes off at last.

“Containment failure in twenty seconds,” says the male computer voice, with 52 seconds actually remaining. Jesse takes something out of his

backpack—the remote, which apparently isn’t attached to the forklift after all.

As the male computer voice reaches “one” on the top-ten countdown, Jesse hits the remote. An explosion happens that most certainly does not make Hiroshima look like a campfire. The chopper isn’t far away when a brilliant white flash makes everybody cover their eyes; thankfully, an electromagnetic pulse does not knock the chopper out of the sky.

Jesse and Reed hold hands. Reed says, “It’s gonna be OK, kid. It’s gonna be OK.” The credits roll.

That’s it. No wrap-up. No reassurance that radiation from the explosion didn’t give everyone on the chopper cancer, or that fallout dust didn’t contaminate the ecosystem of the entire Southwest; no indication that the

government went back and made *sure* everything was destroyed and there were no more carnosaur; no scenes of committees in Washington investigating what happened and setting up systems to prevent it from happening again; nothing showing Jesse and Reed being debriefed by someone responsible enough to tie up the loose ends; no exploring the implications of the handful of rescue workers having personally witnessed an actual carnosaur; not even a sentimental scene of Reed (having cynically retired from the business where lies and conflicts of interest got his whole team killed) and Jesse in domestic bliss, each being the child or parent the other misses having. Also, I assume Mosley's pet lizard was still down there when the warheads went off.

I see that there is a *Carnosaur 3* ("Terror will never be extinct") with Rick Dean, Michael McDonald, and Rodman Flender returning as different characters. Evidently the world was not rid of carnosaur at the end of *Carnosaur 2*.

Zines Received

Peregrine Nations Vol. 7, No. 1 and Vol. 7, No. 2. From J.G. Stinson, P.O. Box 248, Eastlake, MI, USA, 49626-0248, tropicsf@earthlink.net.

BCSFAzine #402–#413. From Garth Spencer/BCSFA, Box 15335, VMPO, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6B 5B1, garthspencer@shaw.ca.

Hash 'Ish'

Felicity Walker

I *had* planned to finish, print, paste, photocopy, and staple *Ish #3 before* VCON 32; instead, I'm typing this editorial on the Friday night of the convention. I *had* planned to rewrite my *Carnosaur 2* review into something pithier and wittier; instead, I'll have to go with the long, blow-by-blow recapitulation. I *had* planned to have proper artwork; instead I have almost no white space to fill; no time for anything but a couple of old drawings of mine and the new Mobeus logo; and too many pages already to insert entire half-pages of artwork. I *had* planned to be at the convention before the first panel; instead I've missed the entire first day.

One might think the moral of the story is to get an earlier start next time, but that's what I did *this* time. I worked harder and procrastinated less than last year, and yet I'm actually running *later*. So I think the real moral of the story is that I'm not good at life.

Garth Spencer has offered to compose and edit *Ish #4*; all I'll have to do is the final formatting and typography. See you then!

—*Felicity*

