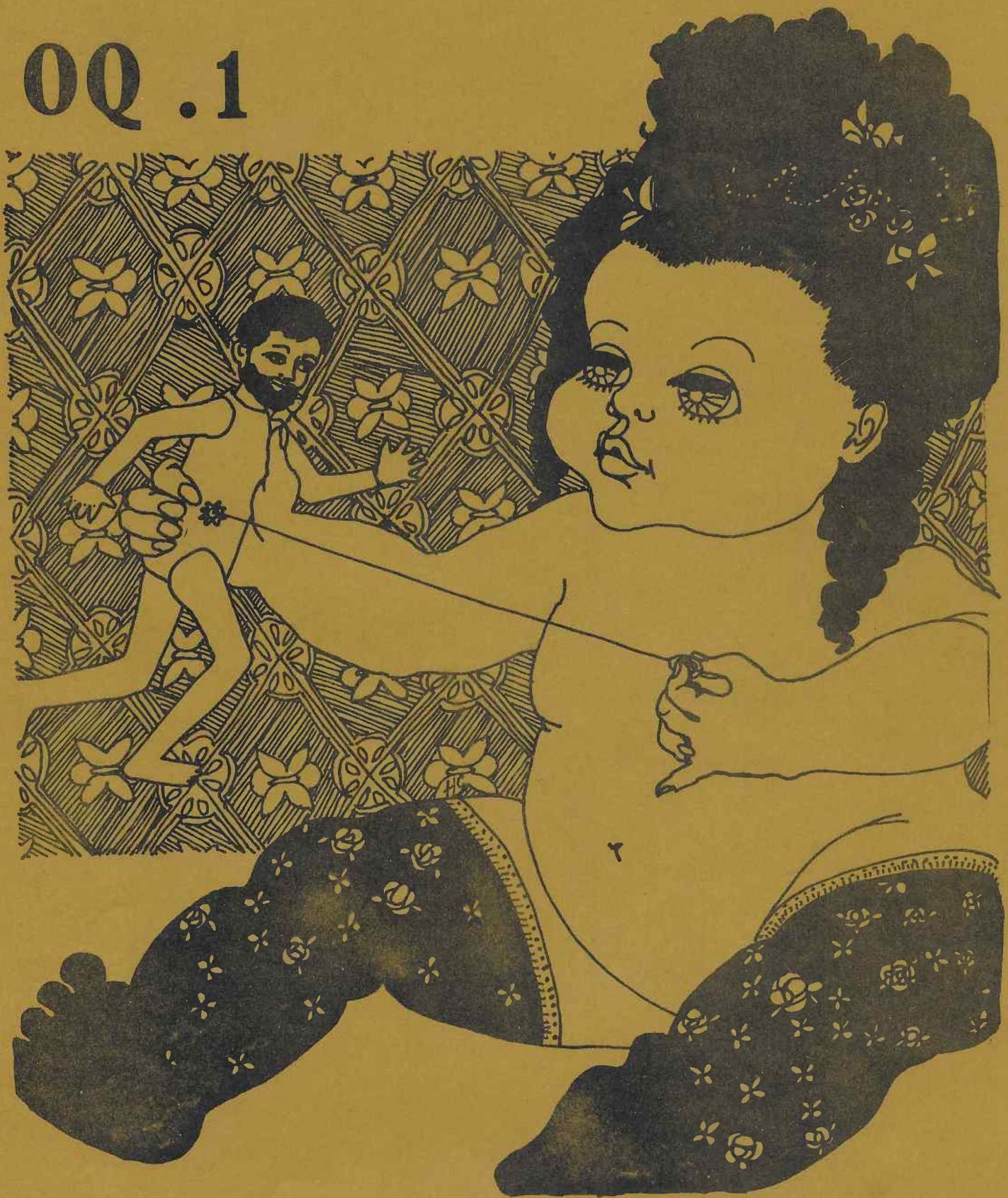


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O.Q. — OSFIC QUARTERLY 1

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

| T.O.C. | Page: | 1 |
|---|--------------------|------------------|
| EDITORIAL | - John Douglas | 2 |
| DEDICATION | - Manly Truhart | 4 |
| MARVIN IN THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN TOWERS | - Angus Taylor | 5 |
| POEM | - A.M. TAYLOR | 7 |
| THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE | - 'Mike' Glicksohn | 8 |
| LINES FROM YOUR LADYSHIP | - Susan Glicksohn | 11 |
| BOOK REVIEWS | - Wayne Connelly | 14 |
| SCIENCE FICTION WHIZ-QUIZ | - The Editors | 17 |
| SCIENCE FICTION FROM THE OUTSIDE | - Gordon van Toen | 18 |
| OSFiColumn | - Gordon van Toen | 21 |
| WHY YOU ARE GETTING THIS | - The Editors | 22 |
| ***** | | |
| ART CREDITS: | FRONT COVER | - Hedy Campbell |
| | John Berry | -p. 12,13 |
| | Derek Carter | -p. 16 |
| | Alexis Gilliland | -p. 7 |
| | Barry Kent MacKay | -p. 3,20 |
| | Dan Osterman | -p. 5,6 |
| | G. W. Proctor | -p. 10 |
| | Bill Rotsler | -p. 4,8,14,18,22 |
| | Jeff Schalles | -p. 19 |
| | BACOVER | - Bill Rotsler |

This magazine is published every three months by The Ontario Science Fiction Club and is distributed to all members. It is otherwise available for contributions of written or artistic material, in trade (contact J. Douglas), for letters of comment and similar expressions of interest. For Cash: \$.50 per issue. Some letters of comment and other short material will be published in OSFiColumn, our monthly meeting notice. To get all publications join OSFiC- Dues \$4.00 per year for publications and meetings combined - by contacting OSFiC c/o Memory Lane, 594 Markham St., Toronto 4, Ontario.

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RU FUL MINATIONS

Welcome to OSFiC Quarterly Volume 1, Number 1. This is the first in a (hopefully) long line of positive answers to the question: Does The Ontario Science Fiction Club really need a club/genzine? Since this issue is going out to all of the people who received OSFiC 25, you should all remember what Peter Gill has to say: "The club does not need, nor can it afford a white elephant the size of OSFiC particularly when the 'zine was not bringing in enough revenue or memberships to pay its way."

I agree in part with what Peter has to say. At the same time, I think that OSFiC (the club) needs something more than a monthly two or four page meeting notice. Gord Van Toen, my co-editor and the editor of OSFiComm agrees. Also, I like the idea for purely personal reasons. For some time now, I've been thinking of publishing a fanzine and the opportunity was too good to pass up. To begin with, neither Gord nor I has any illusions or grandiose ambitions. This first issue is getting a fairly large circulation - all members of the club plus everybody else who received OSFiC 25. This generosity is expensive because it about doubles the print-run over a clubmembers only circulation list and the government gouge known as 'postage' is also rather large and painful. At any rate, after this first issue, future issues will go to clubmembers, to contributors of art and material, in trade for other fanzines (Editors please contact John Douglas concerning trades), to writers of letters of comment and in general to people who express interest. If you don't want the fanzine, do nothing and you won't get it for long.

As I write this, the length of the issue is still in doubt as we are waiting for material from several people. It will probably not be longer than two dozen pages and may not get as far as twenty. This is shorter than most recent OSFiC's and we are not going to try to get much longer. We intend that every three months starting with this May issue OSFiC Quarterly will take the place of OSFiComm as a meeting notice - see OSFiColumn at the back end of this issue. Also, in future, letters of comment to O.Q. (as of now that's the approved short form for OSFiC Quarterly for all you loc writers) and also short reviews will be printed monthly in OSFiComm and O.Q. will carry longer reviews, additional loc's, major articles, fiction and columns.

The material submitted by the readers and accepted by the editors will set the style of the magazine but both Gord and I have a few opinions (which are, relatively, and fortunately compatible). Fannish material of all kinds is welcome and will be used when available. Any fiction and poetry that both of us like will be printed. We are both readers of that strange thing that people call Science Fiction and we both enjoy reading about it, so you will notice a strong tendency in the direction of serious/constructive discussion of S.F.

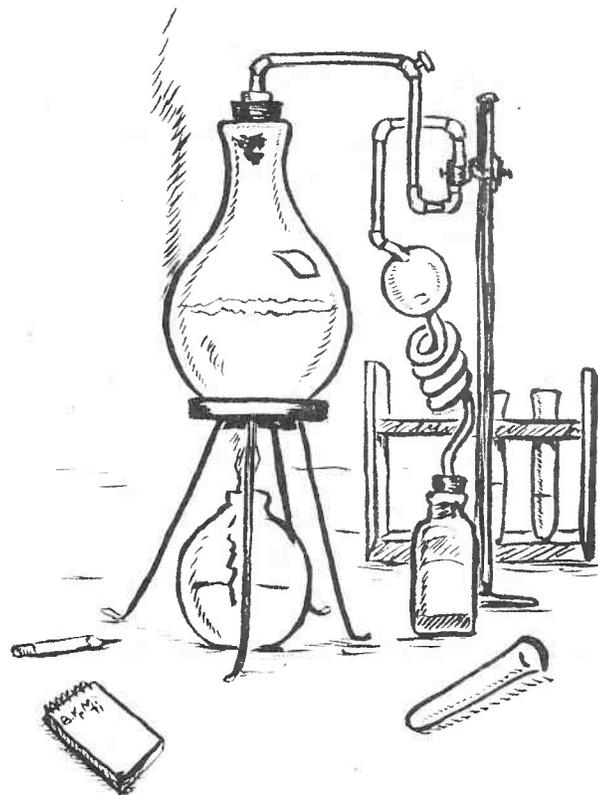
We are both verbally rather than visually oriented. I stand in awe of some of the artzines and layoutzines being published currently e.g. OUTWORLDS, TOMORROW AND..., ENERGUMEN and THE ESSENCE; but I also have no pretensions to major artistic talent and while I intend to be art-conscious to some degree, I don't feel any obligation or desire to verstep my limitations and make a fool of myself in this respect. All of which comes down to the fact that the basic

policy will be : Try to use good filler art and if there is a good full-pager or two, so much the better and let's run them and hope that the readers like them too.(N.B.: We are expecting to print a portfolio of drawings in the next issue so don't take everything I say literally As Gord said,"We are a crudzine...but we have hopes." Small aside: Thanks to Barry Kent MacKay for his contributions and to Mike Glicksohn for his envelope of goodies because without them it would have been a pretty bleak-looking issue.

Enough of generalities and editorial pomposity! In this issue: Michael (The Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom) Glicksohn revives his fanzine review column "The Zinephobic Eye" and attacks/praises/damns or else ignores the entire current crop of fannish/sercon/artistic fanzines. Angus Taylor tells the story of Marvin, a young science fiction fan, and his life and dreams in the quee/n city of Canada. Wayne Connelly reviews a trilogy by John Christopher and a collaboration from Keith Laumer and Gordon R. Dickson. Gord Van Toen, a jack-of-all-trades, articulates on the subject of "Science Fiction From The Outside"; editorializes briefly on subjects related to OSFiComm and the most recent meeting of the club; quizzes science fiction readers of all types on their knowledge of detail and trivia in a wide range of stories; announces time, place and subject for the up-coming meeting and finally he and I, individually and in unison tell you why we decided to clog your mailbox. As a special added feature in this issue Susan Glicksohn tells the real story of how she came to be the Duchess of Canadian Fandom. Front cover this issue is by Hedy Campbell and all other faneditors please take note. All-in-all a sterling line-up of talent with perhaps even yet a surprise to come, seasoned gently but tastefully with artwork, superbly re-produced by master printer Peter Gill and topped with the magnificent editorial that you have just finished reading.(Modesty is, of course, one of my greatest virtues but I try to keep it in control at all times)

Coming attractions: Continuing columns, more reviews, an editorial from the other half of the team (refutation or confirmation as yet unknown), and whatever else the mailman brings to either of us in the next couple of months. Thank you for your kind attention and on with the show. Please leave by the back door if you must go early so as not to disturb the rest of the crowd.(Hope you like it and if you do write a letter to the editor of your choice and tell him so- he needs a pat on the back now and then to reassure him that he is not just talking to his co-editor)

SPECIAL NOTE: It's about this Glicksohn fellow, the one that publishes one of those other Canadian fanzines. As I was proof-reading(?) the editorial, I noticed that I had mentioned his name twice. Once I called him Mike and once I called him Michael. Michael sounds pretty formal but I've picked up the habit since all of our mutual acquaintances call him Michael. Turns out that the poor boy really wants to be called Mike but all his life he has been fighting a losing battle. Well, I've decided to start a campaign to help him out, so the next time you see him or write him a letter call him Mike. I think he'll really appreciate it. TTFN.



CAUTION: Distilled Essence of Crudzine
Handle with care. Avoid contact.XXXX

DEDICATION: Of a magazine and to a pursuit of excellence

The life of a fanzine editor is not always easy and at times a fellow can become discouraged and down-hearted. Still, when you're feeling low, you have to push on and keep going. I received a letter from a friend of mine the other day (I've never met him but he's still my friend anyway.) and I'd like to reprint it here and dedicate this issue of OSFiC Quarterly to him and to his message.

Dear Mr. Douglas,

As an officer in a group of young people devoted to the merits of scientific romance, you no doubt appreciate the desirability of providing these youngsters with a good moral outlook on life - what with all the laxness, long hair, scandalous clothing fashions, and loud hippie music surrounding them on all sides - to say nothing of outside agitators of devious ideology and dubious foreign extraction. (I perceive by your name that you are, like myself, of sturdy, upright Anglo-Saxon stock.) I hope this little message of inspiration will find receptive ears and hearts. Yours respectfully, M. Truhart (Bachelor of Divinity)

Today's Thought for Today: An Inspiring Message for Our Modern Times

GETTING YOURSELF UP FOR THE BIG GAME ---
IS IT WORTH IT?

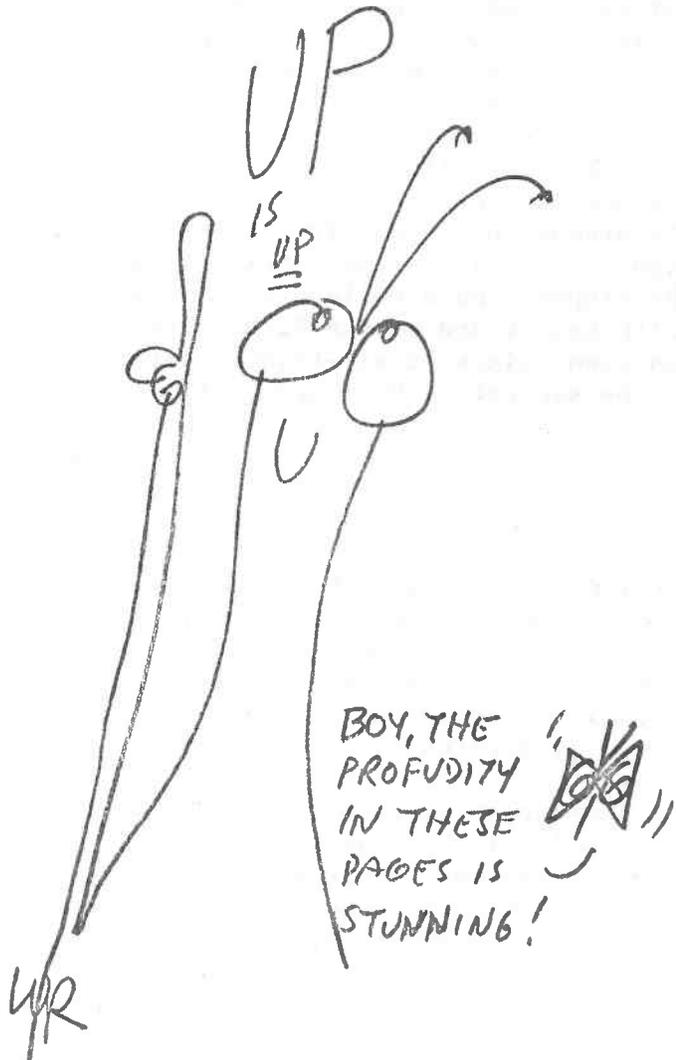
--by Manly Truhart (B.D.)

Sports, are there ever days when you wake up feeling, what am I doing in this league? Do you dread the next game coming up?

A good friend of mine's been feeling like that lately. Manly, he confided to me just the other day, I just can't get myself up for the next game. I know it's important, but the old zest is gone. How come you go on studying your playbook with so much enthusiasm? After all, you're not doing so hot in the standings yourself...

Well, I'll tell you, I told him. I was washed up ages ago. Went on a big losing streak and wound up so far behind I knew I could never make it. You're on a losing streak right now, but the thing is, you still got a chance to snap out of it before it's too late. You still got a chance to make the playoffs. That's why every time you lose one now, you take it so hard. You're that much closer to elimination. Myself, well, I'm just kind of going through the motions. Playing out the season. Thing is, I don't get so upset anymore. I'm looser when I play. It makes things easier that way. Sometimes I even win big. On days like that I'm almost glad that I signed up in the first place.

People have been asking me, what about next season? Will I try for a comeback? Trouble is, the way things stand now, we don't even know whether the league's going to be in operation next year. Lots of sportswriters say, sure the owners have got too good a thing going to pack it in now. Others think the owners have all left the country. After the World Series, that's it, they say. Me, I don't know. But I mean to keep in shape just in case. I'd like another shot at those playoffs.**



It was horrible.

Marvin was at the local science fiction club meeting and he was having an absolutely miserable time. There were a lot of strange people around him, all talking at once. The noise was deafening and the room was hot and stuffy. Most of the people were pimply-faced teenagers with bad breath, and they were all making adolescent jokes and trying to talk louder than anyone else. There were some older people, but for the most part they just sat there and looked morose.

Marvin was getting more and more upset. When someone spilt a paper cup full of muddy-looking coffee all over his shirt and trousers, he suddenly burst into tears.

Everyone in the room stopped talking and stared at him.

"Who is that guy?" someone called out.

"Marvin someone or other, I think. Horseface we call him." People started laughing.

"Get him a bag of oats, that should keep him quiet," said a particularly fat boy in a tattered highschool football jacket. He exploded into loud guffaws. Droplets of spittle hit Marvin in the face.

Sobbing loudly now, Marvin rose and stumbled toward the door. Someone gave him a shove from behind. Almost blinded by tears, he made his way downstairs and out to the street. It was bitterly cold and he had forgotten his jacket. He could still hear the sound of noisy laughter drifting from an upstairs window behind him.

The street was littered with garbage. Gray clouds covered the sky, and it was starting to snow. A fat old woman with all her teeth missing hurried by him, jabbing Marvin aside with her cane as she went. He stood there in confusion, still blinded by the tears, which were beginning to freeze on his face. He collided with a man who gave him an elbow in the ribs and shouted, "Watch where yer going punk!"

A ratty-looking dog jumped at Marvin and bit him on the ankle. Trying to get away, Marvin tripped and went sprawling into the road. There was a loud roaring in his ears. He looked up in time to see a huge truck bearing down on him. Marvin made out the words "TRAWNA WRECKING COMPANY" just before the truck hit him.

Someone was shaking him.



"Wake up, Marvin, you'll be late if you don't hurry."

It was his mother. Marvin was in bed at home, just waking up from his afternoon nap. He looked around. Everything was just as it should be.

"Whew!" thought Marvin. It had all been a bad dream. He looked at the big clock beside his bed. It was almost time for the monthly meeting of the local science fiction club.

He put on his high felt boots with the tasselled fringes. He grabbed the new green cape that his father had bought for him on his last trip to Tibet and raced downstairs for a glass of milk. Caleb, his specially-bred Alaskan wonderdog, jumped up and came over to lick his hand.

Five minutes later he was out the door, Caleb at his side. "Be back by four-thirty, dear," his mother called after him. "I'll have tea and cake waiting for you." His mother was always so good to him. She was a tall, patrician woman with a smile that could light up a room. Marvin's father always said that the first time they met, many years ago in a Parisian cafe, Stella smiled at him like that. They were married the next day.

Marvin walked all the way to the meeting. Spring was in the air, and everything had a wonderful freshness to it. He passed many of his friends along the way, and each of them waved to him and shouted hello.

"Marvin! You look wonderful in that cape!"

It was Aurelia. He had met her last week on the ferry coming back from the island. He blushed.

"Come to the park with me, Marvin! I'm going to feed the squirrels." She patted Caleb's noble head.

"I can't now, Aurelia. I really and truly would like to, but my science fiction club is having a meeting and they're expecting me."

"Oh, well, say hello to everyone for me then." Her eyes lingered on him. "Come to the island with me tomorrow night, Marvin," she whispered. "Please..."

He nodded, speechless.

"See you at seven, then, at my place." She waved, and spun on her heels. He watched her run toward the park, her yellow hair flying in the warm breeze.

He fairly danced the rest of the way, his heart pounding. In the distance he could see the golden towers of Toronto glinting in sun where the city met the lake. Caleb leapt by his side.

When he got to the meeting everyone was waiting for him. "We could hardly start without you, Marvin," they explained.



The meeting began. Everything was just as it should be. The men were tall and distinguished-looking. They wore silk shirts from Asia and cowboy boots from Chile, embroidered trousers from California and wide belts with silver buckles from the forests of Germany. The girls were beautiful beyond description-- though not quite as beautiful as Aurelia, Marvin couldn't help thinking. They were golden-limbed and golden-haired, except for Urania, whose father was an African chief and who had skin of the purest ebony and aristocratic features cut from warm marble. The girls couldn't help noticing how good Marvin looked in his green cape and felt boots.

They talked of other worlds and other ages, of past and future, of beings with insect eyes and copper skins who rode dragons and lived in great castles, of space and time and the wonders of this universe and others. The conversation sparkled like the wine they drank from their crystal glasses. (His mother said it was alright for him to have a little wine now and then.)

Marvin had forgotten his nasty dream. With Caleb at his feet and his good friends around him he felt he was where he belonged. Science fiction makes fine talk, he thought, but that's all it should ever be. This world is good enough for me.

* * * * *

HERE IS A LATE BULLETIN

Associated Press reports
stars fell on Alabama
last night. By the time
the National Guard
arrived on the scene
the first heat ray
had already incinerated
27 local residents
and alien fighting machines
were half-way to Birmingham.

-by A. M. TAYLOR

* * * * *



THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE *by* 'Mike' Glicksohn

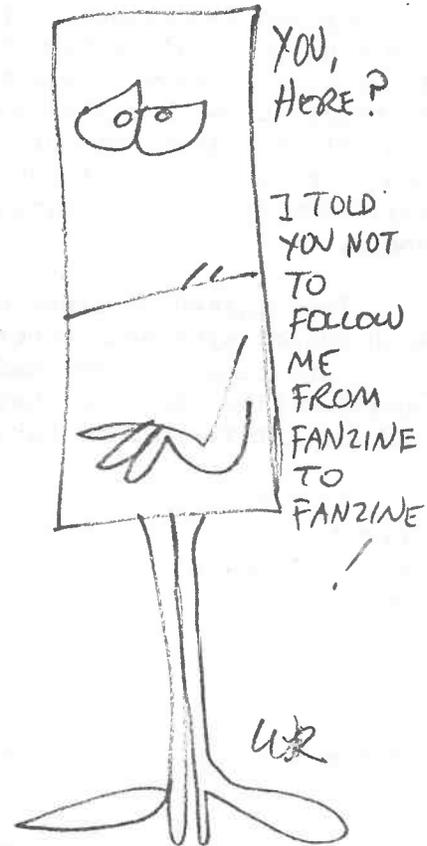
It's been quite a while since I last sat down to review fanzines for this column, and I think it's important to make a few things clear -- both to my readers and to myself -- before I actually get started.

The previous incarnation of The Zinephobic Eye came at the end of the HUGIN AND MUNIN era and at the beginning of ENERGUMEN. All previous instalments of the column (or, if you want to be petty about it "both previous" etc.) therefore appeared in fanzines aimed primarily at readers already well aware of fan ine fandom. This second coming is somewhat different.

Many of the readers of OSFiC Quarterly have little or no other contact with fandom other than this clubzine. While others are fully fledged fanzine fans, it's this first group I have to keep in mind. The purpose of this column, then, is very much along the lines of trying to interest our newer members in other fanzines and encourage them to enter more deeply into our microcosm. A buyer's guide, if you will. While my previous efforts involved thematic attempts at fanzine reviewing, these first columns here will consciously be simple listings and brief descriptions of as many fanzines as I can cover. Those of you hoping for the in-depth, biting analyses of yore are asked to be patient; hopefully I'll get back there, but for now, the first few faltering steps.

Going back to the real basics, almost all fanzines are response oriented and there are traditional ways in which they may be obtained. Perhaps easiest for the newer fan is simply to buy an issue of any fanzine that sounds interesting. Most fanzines are available for a price between 25¢ and 75¢ an issue. (Some more personally oriented zines deliberately price themselves outrageously to discourage people obtaining them through money, but these are rare.) Contributions of written or artistic material traditionally get one or more issues of the fanzine they are accepted by, while most fanzines will trade with fanzines of equal quality and regularity. Naturally, many newer fans do not publish their own zines and do not feel confident enough to send articles or artwork to fanzines. This leaves the most beloved of all ways of obtaining fanzines, the letter of comment (or loc). Practically every fanzine has a lettercolumn in which the ideas discussed in the previous issue are examined and expanded on by the readers. Traditional policy is that a "substantial letter of comment" will get the writer a free copy of the next issue of the fanzine. So unless you're an artist or a writer, your best bet is to buy your first issue of a fanzine and, if it appeals to you, comment on the issue in a loc in order to obtain the next issue, then comment on that for the third issue, and so forth. (For simplicity sake in reviews, a fanzine which can be obtained for trade, contribution or substantial loc is described as being available for "the usual".)

(Please realize that fanzine publishing is strictly an amateur's hobby, done for fun, and rarely run on a "professional" basis. Print runs tend to be small, and hence quickly exhausted. If you decide to write for a fanzine listed



here, it may well be that the issue in question will no longer be available. Please bide your time patiently, confident in the fact that when the next issue is printed you will get a copy. And for the fanzines I've mentioned here, I think you'll find that any wait is worth it.)

And now, once more into the breach, dear friends!

MAYA #3 from Ian Maule, 59 Windsor Tce., South Gosforth, Newcastle on Tyne, NE3 1YL, United Kingdom. 35 pages mimeo, offset cover. 30¢ or the usual. A lively, attractive English fanzine, this issue featuring coverage of the British national convention. (Many neophytes in the fannish world are astounded to discover that a whole class of fanzines exists that seldom if ever talk about science fiction. These are lumped together under the term "fannish fanzines". MAYA 3 is a fannish fanzine.) Perhaps a bit obscure for someone not familiar with fandom, but this would be a good introduction to some of the international aspects of our hobby and Ian is actively encouraging overseas support of British fanzines. Good interior art, somewhat of a rarity in British zines and a stimulating lettercolumn. In other words, I liked it.

PLACEBO #2 from Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, NY 11355 and Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st St., Flushing, NY 11367. 42 pages, spotty mimeo, offset cover. 35¢ per issue, 3/\$1 or the usual. A promising new fanzine with material about science fiction and about fandom. (Hence, a "genzine" or general interest zine.) Reviews and scholarly articles intermingled with chatter about fans and fan history. Reproduction is only adequate and several pages are out of order but the zine has already attracted some extremely worthwhile material. Good cover, some amusing and interesting letters and an overall impression of enthusiastic enjoyment. Will Straw is superb here.

ENERGUMEN #11 from Mike and Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave #205, Toronto 156 Ontario. 52 pages mimeo, offset covers and a 5 page mimeo art supplement. 75¢ per, 3/\$2, loc or contribution. Canada's Hugo-nominated genzine, featuring a wide variety of science fictional and fannish topics with what is considered by many to be the best mimeo reproduction currently produced. (He said modestly.) Much good interior artwork also. Material includes the first half of an article on women in Marvel comics with some fine comic art to augment it, articles on the GOON SHOW, Robert Sheckley, writing novels that never get published, and a first autopsy. Plus a lively lettercolumn.

LOCUS from Charles and Dena Brown (currently moving but first-class mail should be forwarded from) 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx NY 10457. A bi-monthly mimeoed newszine covering the science fiction field and including fannish news as well. Most issues are about 8 pages long, excellently reproduced with multi-colored artwork, and featuring reviews, book news, and other news related to the sf field. At 12/\$3, this Hugo winner is considered indispensable by many fans. (Available by subscription only; Canadians please use U.S. funds.)

OUTWORLDS 3.2 and 3.3 from Bill Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203. Respectively 20 pages excellent mimeo with offset covers and 14 pages excellent mimeo with six page offset cover/folio. 60¢ per, 4/\$2, arranged trades or printed locs. Editor Bowers is known for his passion for design, layout and graphics and produces the most visually exciting fanzine package currently appearing. 3.2 features Grant Canfield while 3.3 spotlights Steve Fabian and both issues are worth the price for the art alone. Written contents tend to be serious, about science fiction and well worth reading. This double issue package included a letter supplement on previous issues. If you want to see what can be done with a fanzine, get this one.

PHANTASMICOM 9 from Donald Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, Md 21207 and Jeff Smith, 7205 Barlow Court, Baltimore, Md 21207. 88 pages adequate mimeo with silk-screened cover (which didn't work but is impressive nevertheless.) 75¢ this issue, 50¢ in future, or the usual. Don is leaving and PHCOM is going to get smaller as change shakes this anachronistic zine. The last of the giant fanzines, PHCOM is a serious review and discussionzine, one of the only ones in America today. Reviews and letters account for over half the issue with serious articles and discussions filling up the rest. And most of it enjoyable too. PHCOM is probably closest to what a new fan would expect a fanzine to be. Highlight of the issue is a lengthy but eloquent article on the first moon landing. Reviews tend a bit much towards overpraising but this is an excellent zine for the serious-minded fan.

GRANFALLOON 14 from Linda and Ron Bushyager, 111 MacDade Blvd., Apt B211, Folsom, PA 19033. 52 pages excellent mimeo with a five page mimeo & offset art supplement. 60¢, 4/\$2 or the usual. On the Hugo ballot for best fanzine for the first time this year, GF has really come into its own recently. #14 is one of the best fanzines I've seen in a long time. A wide range of excellent material with much good artwork and extremely well reproduced has come to characterize this fine genzine. Recommended highly to anyone looking for an entertaining fanzine.

SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY from Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia. The other Hugo-nominated fanzine this year is currently the leading journal of science fiction criticism still being published on a regular schedule. Subs are 9/\$3(surface mail) or 9/\$8(airmail) or you can get it for the usual. 50 pages of serious criticism and discussion of science fiction, usually written in a lively and entertaining manner. Surface mail subs take a couple of months to reach here from Australia, so be prepared to wait if you send Bruce a sub.

AWRY #1 from Dave Locke, 915 Mt Olive Dr #9, Duarte CA 91010. 2/\$1 or the usual. 26 pages neatly mimeoed. For those who'd like to try a "fannish" fanzine, this newly arrived effort from Dave would be a good one. It's a fine example of the inconsequential but amusing writing that typifies this type of fanzine. The material is about fans and their activities, not about sf and many references will be incomprehensible, but it's well written and should prove enjoyable and an interesting contrast to some of the others recommended.

Okay, that's a brief look at some of the fanzines you might want to start getting. I haven't reviewed any that I don't think have merit, although Ghu knows I get many such every month, because that isn't the purpose of this particular column. Perhaps next time. And I've not mentioned too many names of contributors either. I apologize to artists or writers who have been denied egoboo by this, but please recall that the people at whom this column is aimed would get nothing out of a list of names of people they've never heard of. Hopefully, if this column works, this situation will soon be rectified. See you next issue.

EDITORS NOTE: The opinions expressed in this column occasionally agree with those of one or both of the editors.



LINES FROM YOUR LADYSHIP

-by- Susan Glicksohn

-illustrations by John Berry

"Yes. Yes, Gordon. Yes, I'll try to write something for OSPHIMAGGE. Yes. Probably about how I became Duchess of Canadian fandom."

"What of Canadian fandom?" asked Gord Van Toen. "I thought duchesses were old women."

"If my sweetie can be the Boy Wonder of Canadian fandom at 26, I can be a duchess at 23, can't I?"

"Um" said Gord, dubiously. "Just have it in by next week, ok?"

Actually I don't know if there is an age requirement for the job. I don't even know what a D. of C.F. does. Shall I preside at literary teaparties? (in our tiny back bedroom with the mimeo, the snake in his cage and the gerbils in theirs, the paper supply and several thousand fanzines and Marvel comics--ha!) Shall I stride about at conventions in British tweeds and Canadian furs, being photographed for the society page of the Toronto GLOBE AND MAIL as a Personality and Arbiter of Fannish Taste? (Not Pygmalion likely, since people usually only recognize me if I'm trailing after the Boy Wonder.) Shall I run frantically about looking for people who've written nasty things about ENERGUMEN, shouting "off with their heads" a la the Queen of Hearts in Alice? (Now that idea I like. But whatever would become the Canfannish reputation for decency, moderation and tolerance, that reputation that wins us accusations of 'insincerity' and 'selling out' from both sides in any fannish war?)

11

I may not know what to do with the job; but I do know I'd like to have it. The United States has its Secret Masters of Fandom, wheeling and dealing; why shouldn't Canada, with its British heritage modified by New World democracy, possess an aristocracy of merit, guiding and refining Canfannish life, above mere petty influence peddling, uniting known fannish hearts from Oromocto, N.B., to Burnaby, B.C. with one great bond of loyalty-- she said, practicing the pompous verbal magnificence appropriate to the position. Besides, it sounds better than 'Boy Wonder's wife.'

I confess that the idea isn't an original one. I was reading an old fanzine, a mid-60s one, I think, when I caught a reference to "Norm Clarke and his wife Gina, the Duchess of Canadian Fandom." I thought that the fanzine in question was Terry Carr's LIGHTHOUSE, but having diligently re-read not only those, but our files of QUIP, the odd FOOLSCAP, the brilliant Irish HYPHEN, even Terry's earlier INNUENDO and similar mimeo masterpieces, I've been unable to find the reference again. I don't know who christened Gina the D. of C.F., or why, or what her role in fandom was, apart from some good writing in the aforementioned LIGHTHOUSE and some FAPazines reviewed in it. I confess I haven't contacted her to ask if she minds my usurping her place. On second thought, it would be more tactful to promote her to Grand Duchess. Consider yourself aggrandized by the next generation, ma'am.

The interesting aspect of this duchess bit, though, is that I learned about it, like almost everything else in Canadian fanhistory, through an American, the unknown person who met the Clarkes.



I suppose I had a fairly typical introduction to fandom. Like many others of You Out There, I had been a long-time sf reader who knew there must be other people like me-- the Heinlein juveniles kept disappearing off the library shelves. When I actually made contact with such persons, it was through something called a fanzine-- HUGIN AND MUNIN, published at Carleton University by Richard Labonte, who proceeded to tell me marvellous tales of people who not only read and even wrote sf, but who published more fanzines and held conventions. Most of them were American; some were British and even Australian; and (so rumour whispered) there were even-- other Canadian fans!! But we had to go to conventions to find them, or read fanzines, or even prozines, all of them (until OSFiC), American. Mike Glicksohn Discovered Fandom by reading an ad for the TRICON in '66 in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, which is about as fringe-fannish as you can get. Rosemary Ullyot Discovered Fandom when a girl walked

into the bookstore where she worked wearing an 'I Grok Mr. Spock' button, from the U.S. fandom of a U.S. tv show. Every so often, someone in Elbow, Sask., or South Dildo, Nfld, Discovers Canadian Fandom in the lettercolumn of the U.S. prozines ANALOG, AMAZING and FANTASTIC, or in an envelope from F&SF where Andy Porter, New York's undercover would-be Canadian fan mails out TORCON 2 fliers with that magazine's rejection slips. Finally, I Discovered Mike Glicksohn mostly at Boskone in '69. Isn't fandom wonderful?

Even the title "Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom" was bestowed on Mike by David Lewton, an otherwise-obscure Indianapolis fan who gafiated after this historic achievement.

Gradually I became aware, thanks to U.S. conventions and fans, that Canadian fandom had a past, albeit a somewhat stunted one. I learned of the people who had put on the first TORCON in '48, mainly by reading Harry Warner's fan history and meeting First-Fandomite and convention organizer John Millard-- at a Boskone. Not that I could have learned about the TORCON first-hand, since your duchess was born the weekend it took place. I learned about other Canfans at conventions from U.S. fans who said: "Oh, you're Canadians, you must know the Clarkes." The Clarkes? We had been given the address of a Famous Oldtime Canadian Fan named Norm Clarke, but the ENERGUMEN we sent was returned by the P.O. We got the correct address finally when Mike met Norm at (where else?) Noreascon last fall. I learned about the Insurgents, who revived Canadian fandom after the post-TORCON collapse, from U.S. fans such as John Berry and Harry Warner, who wrote us letters casually praising early Canfanzines such as A BAS with its famous Derogations-- assuming, of course, these were quite familiar to us. Finally, Mike replied: "Pardon my ignorance, Harry, but what were the Derogations?" We were told they were Boyd Raeburn, another famous Canfan, not suffering fools gladly in an extremely witty manner, but we hadn't the foggiest idea who Boyd Raeburn was. Our ignorance led to an embarrassing contretemps at Noreascon, when 'the Canadians'-- the 1970's version-- held a party. Some of their predecessors attended. Rosemary Ullyot, Hugo-nominated Kumquat May of Canadian fandom, looked up, saw a home-town name badge, and shrieked: "Boyd Raeburn! I thought you were dead!!!" He wasn't. We had to wait until John Berry came up from New York to discover the True North before we got to meet him.

The visit was a most pleasant one, involving chatter about the Good Old Days of Canadian fandom. Boyd, "well-known fake gourmet and bon-vivant" (to quote Robert Silverberg, who knows more about early Canadian fans than I do) mentioned visiting the Clarkes. "Why was Gina Clarke called Duchess of Canadian fandom?" I asked

"I don't know" said Boyd.

I sighed. "That's too bad, because it sounds like fun, and I'd really like to be one."

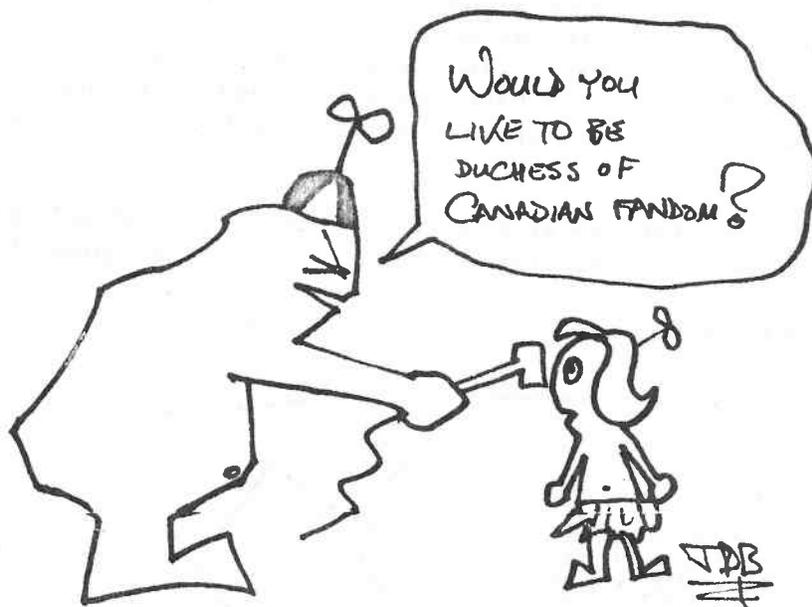
"If you want to be a Duchess of Canadian Fandom, then be a Duchess of Canadian Fandom."

"Won't Gina mind?"

"I don't suppose so. She and Norm aren't all that active; we're all Old Fans and Tired. There. I name you Duchess of Canadian Fandom." He gestured with an invisible sword.

So here I am, people. Your nobility. (Did I hear someone shout "a bas les aristos?") Fan history is being made before your eyes.

And just think-- you read about it in a Canadian fanzine!



THE END.

Editors Note: (for observant readers)-- In the first line of this story, you probably noticed a strange word-- OSPHIMAGGE. In case you haven't figured it out yet, when Gord and I were talking over the idea of reviving OSFiC, we were considering all sorts of names for our brainchild. The word above is a sample of our ideas and somehow it got loose. Now, after seeing that, the more you say OSFiC Quarterly to yourself the better it sounds, right? Gord and I thought so too!

BOOK REVIEWS-- in this issue by Wayne Connelly

PLANET RUN - by Keith Laumer and Gordon R. Dickson -- Berkley Medallion X1588, 60¢

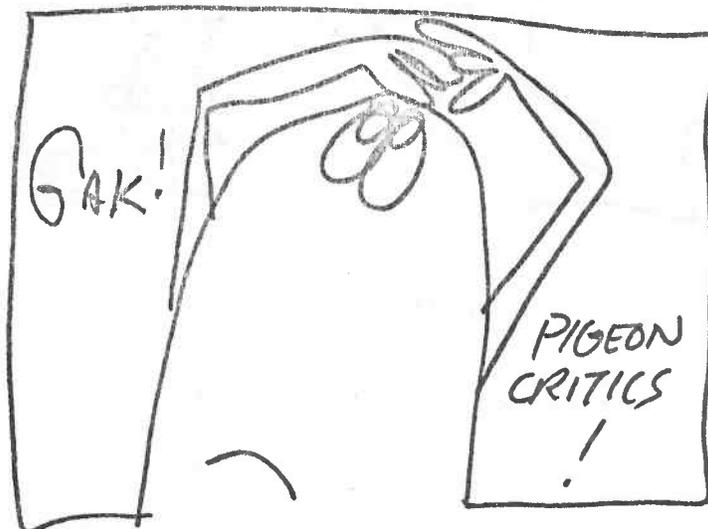
The ping-pong technique of literary collaboration is hardly ever productive of good fiction. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. Occasionally hybridism in fiction, as in nature, does produce something which is both appealing and unique. Most frequently, however, the result is a mongrel of the unhappiest sort: a creature with no head and two wagging tails. PLANET RUN is one of these. It's a terrible book -- far worse, I'm sure, than either Dickson or Laumer could have written on their own.

What really makes it so bad, though, isn't just that it's a humdrum adventure yarn, or even that it's a text-book instance of "Space Opera". No -- what's really annoying about PLANET RUN is the promise of its early pages and then the complete failure to fulfil that promise.

Whoever started the collaborative game opened well with a set of interestingly eccentric characters -- particularly the lead figure, Captain Henry. He's an old codger with an exciting and colourful past, but it's his present personality that's most intriguing. It dominates the first part of the novel. But then the plot requires that he undergo "Rejuvenation", which would be all well and good if he were to remain the same Captain Henry, only now with the added complication of his former youthful body. But he doesn't; at least, he doesn't after a few pages. Instead he becomes simply an Old West Hero -- an ageless and impersonal John Wayne figure. And as a result, the rest of the book falls victim to its space-age saloons, bar girls, brawls, shoot'em-ups and land grabbings. The "character" that could have given the novel its interest is virtually forgotten. When it makes a re-appearance towards the end of the book, it's too late.

It is tempting to speculate as to who wrote what part of PLANET RUN, but I don't suppose that would be fair. They'll have to share the ignominy.

I only wish the person who started the Captain Henry novel had finished it.



| | | | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|-----------|--------|------|--------|
| THE WHITE MOUNTAINS | -by John Christopher | - Collier | 04268, | 95¢, | (1970) |
| THE CITY OF GOLD AND LEAD | " | - " | 04270, | " | " |
| THE POOL OF FIRE | " | - " | 04272, | " | " |

Although the misconception is popular among adults, particularly writers of 'poor' juvenile fiction, children are not a distinct sub-species. They're simply young people, smaller perhaps, and certainly less caught up with the literary shibboleths of the day -- but, nonetheless, human. It's the recognition of this fact that makes John Christopher's (C.S. Youd's) 'Tripod Trilogy' a successful juvenile series. And even though it may rank a cut or two below either Tolkien or C. S. Lewis, it makes up for it by being more firmly within the pale of science fiction.

The great inanity of writers of 'bad' juvenile fiction is their belief that they have to cater to a special audience. This belief is utter nonsense. For, aside from a youthful protagonist, the only really significant characteristic of 'good' juvenile fiction is its strong narrative line.

Of course, 'story' isn't fashionable in current science fiction, or in mainstream fiction for that matter. It has none of the narcissism of commitment or experimentation, requiring instead an almost bardic anonymity. In 'good' juvenile fiction, though, (and in certain varieties of Sword & Sorcery) there does seem to be an immunity to Litterateur's Disease with its symptomatic modes and movements; story-telling is still considered to be of some importance. And it's this primitive or atavistic respect for narrative that accounts for much of the attraction 'good' juvenile fiction has for the greybeard segment of its readership. It may well be that it is a childish taste, but less an individual than a racial childishness.

15

All this preamble is by way of saying that the 'Tripod Trilogy' falls within that category of 'good' juveniles enjoyable for both child and adult readers with a liking for a story.

Christopher's forte, even in his 'cataclysm' novels, has always been his ability to tell a tale.... Earth is a conquered planet. Its modern culture, its science, its once-great cities, all lie in ruins; its surviving peoples live in farming villages and small trading towns. But there is no hostility, no bitterness towards the new overlords from the stars; only reverence is felt for the giant Tripods and the Masters who never leave them. Such loyalty is not the product of a simple oath of fealty, however. 'Capping' is an infinitely more effective ceremony. In the later years of adolescence a cap is fitted to the head, and even before the still growing skull and the metal are fully meshed, all questioning of the alien rulers ceases to be possible.

Then one day, a Vagrant, one of the mad wanderers whose mind had broken during Capping, comes to the village of Wherton. In truth, though, he is only posing as such, and he speaks secretly with the youths who are old enough to have begun examining the authority of the Masters and yet still young enough not to have been Capped. He tells them of the tyranny of the Tripods, and of the handful of free, un-Capped men living far to the South. One of his listeners, a boy called Will who is soon to be Capped decides to make the long and dangerous journey. The rest of the first book describes his travels, along with the two companions who soon join him, as they make their way through the near barbarism of Britain and France under Tripod occupation to the White mountains.

In the second volume, Will, together with one of his more sober fellows, is sent by the community of the un-Capped men to penetrate into the mysterious bubble city of the Tripods. Only youths who are victorious at the games, and maidens of noted beauty, are selected by the Masters to enter into the city of gold and lead, and of these none have ever returned to speak of it. Once inside, moreover, the necessity for escape becomes even greater, for Will learns that vassalage is not humanity's final destiny.

The third book recounts man's last, impossible struggle against the Tripods. Will and the small group of free men must destroy their alien Masters, the same invaders who smashed man's Twentieth-century technological society; and they cannot afford to delay, to develop further their underground of resistance or to re-introduce more of the wonders and powers of their forebears. They must act immediately; for, as Will had discovered, time too, was on the side of the Tripods.

Peculiarities of character, intricacies of plot, inventiveness of setting, all of these are also present, but as integral parts of the narrative. For example - the lead figure is a romantic and prideful individual who comes of age during the course of the three novels, an especially appropriate theme for juvenile fiction, though by no means exclusive to it. His doing so, however, is an intrinsic feature of the narrative. Similarly, the plotting of the books, while episodic, never becomes tangential; and the settings -- the caverns of the White Mountains, the extraordinary pyramid dwellings of the Masters -- are never merely decorative. Even the Trilogy's meaning, its significance or moral, comes as a natural outgrowth of the narrative... ironically, however, this is also my major criticism of Christopher, for while the ending of his story points to a fairly obvious 'moral', he succumbs to the temptation to over-write it, presumably for the benefit of that bogus "special audience". Fortunately, it's the only such instance.

Now that I'm back to the beginning, I also mentioned at the outset that the Tripod Trilogy was firmly within science fiction's mythic bounds. Actually, it's very reminiscent of Wells, particularly his Martian classic, War of The Worlds, so much so as to suggest a reworking of the basic Wellsian notion: alien invaders attempt to subjugate Earth and establish themselves as a colonial power; humanity is reduced to the condition of slaves and cattle; the invincible Tripods are relied upon by the Masters in preference even to aircraft; the conquerors have an innate vulnerability to the Terran environment, but in this case they are aware of it; and finally, there's a worldwide union of mankind, which is only possible, however, under the leadership of the community of the un-Capped (... Christopher's version of Wells' "Samurai"? hmmm... I wonder, a children's "Conspiracy"?)

Anyway, what I started out to say was that if you happen to have a weakness for a good story, even if you are on the wrong side of fifteen, have a look at John Christopher's Tripod Trilogy.



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SCIENCE FICTION WHIZ-QUIZ

How good a science fiction fan are you? Test your F.Q. (Fannish Quotient) with the following questions. Note that more than one answer may be correct.

1. The initials ASF stand for: a) Authentic Science Fiction, b) Amazing Science Fiction, c) Analog, d) Astonishing Science Fiction?
2. Which of the following was not a pseudonym of Henry Kuttner? a) Paul Edmonds, b) Noel Gardner, c) Philip St. John, d) Keith Hammond.
3. Which of the following was a pseudonym of Isaac Asimov? a) Paul French, b) Charles Grey, c) Edwin Benson, d) George E. Dale.
4. H.G.Wells' TIME MACHINE was first published in: a) 1893, b) 1910 c) 1898, d) 1895?
5. Nebula Science Fiction was published in: a) Scotland, b) Australia c) Canada, d) Eire?
6. Treens are: a) Blue, b) Brown, c) Green, d) Pink?
7. The first Buck Rogers was published in: a) Amazing, b) Astounding c) Thrilling Wonder Stories, d) Weird Tales?
8. ZARNAK was : a) Comic strip in Thrilling Wonder Stories, b) the name of a mutant ant in a Philip K. Dick story, c) a mystic spell in CONAN THE CONQUEROR, d) a fanzine in the 40's? 17
9. The screen play of Moby Dick was written by: a) Eric Frank Russell b) Murray Leinster, c) Lester del Rey, d) Ray Bradbury?
10. The first world science fiction convention was held in: a) 1938, b) 1940, c) 1492, d) 1939?
11. George Pal is noted for his: a) fan letters, b) prozine editorship c) movies, d) book covers?
12. Edward Hamilton Waldo was the original name of: a) Theodore Sturgeon, b) Robert A. Heinlein, c) Damon Knight, d) James Blish.

Well, there it is. It was interesting putting it together and I hope you find it instructive and challenging to work on. You can send in your answers with your letters of comment (hint, hint) and the first person to send in a complete set of correct answers will receive a mint-condition copy of Stanton A. Coblentz' THE LIZARD LORDS. In case nobody gets them all right, the most nearly perfect response received before we publish the answers in the next OSFiComm will be declared the winner.

A few of the questions are practically gifts but there are one or two that should give everybody a few minutes of work. GOOD LUCK!

SCIENCE FICTION FROM THE OUTSIDE

THE REVIEWER IN SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN WHO REVIEWED KINGSLEY AMIS' NEW MAPS OF HELL (I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT IS WAS MARTIN GARDNER BUT MY MEMORY FAILS IN MY OLD AGE) STATED THAT IF YOU HADN'T TAKEN TO SCIENCE FICTION BEFORE THE AGE OF 18 YOU NEVER WOULD. AS AN ASIDE THIS SEEMS TO RELATE TO EINSTEIN'S DICTUM THAT "COMMON SENSE IS A COLLECTION OF PREJUDICES ARRIVED AT BEFORE THE AGE OF 18," BUT I AM NOT SURE HOW.

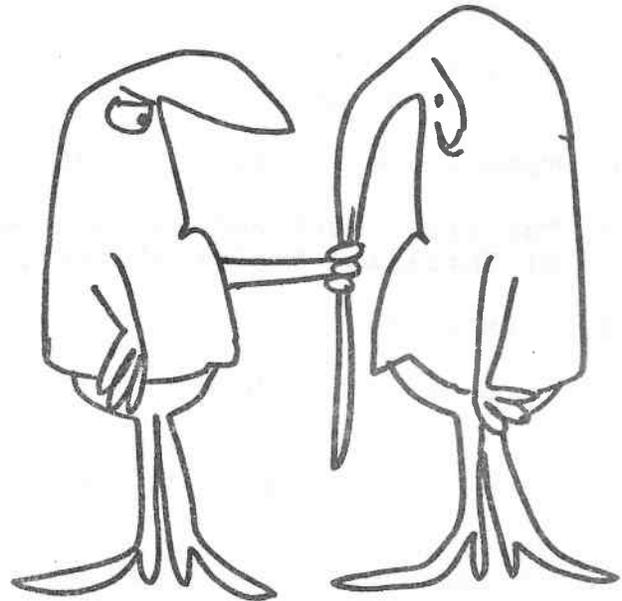
I STARTED READING SF SERIOUSLY AT THE AGE OF 18. JUST THINK, ANOTHER YEAR AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN SAVED. AT LEAST THAT IS WHAT THE CONCENSUS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE. TO MY MIND I WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST.

OVER THE PAST DOZEN YEARS I HAVE READ WHAT MUST BE AT LEAST 90% OF ALL SF PUBLISHED IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN THE SAME PERIOD AND ALL THAT I COULD LAY MY EYES ON FROM EARLIER TIMES. I TELL YOU THIS ONLY TO ESTABLISH THAT I HAVE SOME RIGHT AND REASON TO WRITE WHAT I AM ABOUT TO WRITE.

THIS IS NOT AN ARTICLE ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION BUT ABOUT THE ATTITUDE TOWARD SF BY THE GREAT UNWASHED, CLOSE-MINDED MULTITUDE, MANY OF WHOM HAVE GONE OUT OF THEIR WAY TO MAKE THEIR OPINIONS KNOWN TO ME.

SCIENCE FICTION IS NOT VERY WELL THOUGHT OF IN GENERAL. THE OBVIOUS REASON, THE ONE MOST ACCEPTED BY FANS, IS THAT THE WIDEST EXPOSURE OF SF HAS BEEN THROUGH COMIC BOOKS AND GRADE-F MOVIES BUT, I WONDER. DOES THIS REALLY EXPLAIN THE SNIDE, UNEDUCATED AND UNKNOWING REMARKS I, AS A READER, AND SF IN GENERAL RECEIVES.

CONSIDERING ALL THE GOOD PUBLICITY THAT SF HAS HAD OVER THE LAST YEAR OR TWO, FROM MOON TRIPS, THROUGH THE TENTH EDITION OF DUNE, TO 2001, THINGS HAVE CHANGED VERY LITTLE. TOFFLER IN FUTURE SHOCK HAS MANY NICE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION. FUTURE SHOCK WAS ON THE BEST-SELLER LISTS FOR MONTHS BUT HAS ANYONE NOTICED A GREAT INCREASE IN SALES OF, FOR EXAMPLE, THE PROZINES OR THE SLIGHTEST CHANGE OF ATTITUDE ON THE PART OF YOUR FRIENDS OR THE MEDIA? THERE SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE SWITCH INSIDE PEOPLE - THE "IF ITS GOOD ITS NOT SCIENCE FICTION" SWITCH. IT TRIPS OVER EVERY TIME ANY NON-READER TALKS TO A FAN.



YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT CRAZY STUFF DO YOU?

WHEN I FIRST STARTED TO READ SF I DID NOT KNOW THAT I WAS GOING TO BE CONSIDERED TERRIBLY ECCENTRIC. I DID NOT KNOW THAT THE SWITCH AND THE ATTITUDE IT REPRESENTS EXISTED. A FEW EXAMPLES-

I HAD BOUGHT SOME BACK ISSUES OF ASTOUNDING AND WAS READING A COPY IN WHICH PAUL ANDERSON'S WE HAVE FEED OUR SEAS WAS APPEARING AS A SERIAL. AN AQUANTANCE OPENED IT TO ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND REMARKED, "UGH. LOOK AT THIS GUY!" THE PICTURE SHOWED A HUMAN IN THE ARMS OF A "MONSTER". IT DID NO GOOD TO EXPLAIN THAT THE EARTHMAN HAD NOT BEEN MURDERED AND THAT THE ALIEN HELD HIM IN HIS ARMS AND "STARED OUT FROM THE SCREEN WITH A LOOK OF GREAT COMPASSION." THE SWITCH HAD THROWN. ONE BELIEVES WHAT ONE WANTS TO BELIEVE AND DAMN THE FACTS.

IF THIS HAD BEEN AN ISOLATED INSTANCE I COULD HAVE LAUGHED IT OFF. BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN I HAVE HAD THE SAME SORT OF RESPONSE. IN TRYING TO EXPLAIN THE DAWNING LIGHT I GOT AS FAR AS DESCRIBING THE INHABITANTS OF THE PLANET WHEN THE SWITCH CLICKED ON AND I WAS MET WITH, "UGH. COVERED IN FUR!" OR HOW ABOUT, SAID IN ALL SERIOUSNESS, "A FRIEND OF MINE WENT CRAZY READING THAT STUFF!"?



AND, IF YOU HAVE BEEN READING SF FOR MORE THAN A WEEK YOU MUST HAVE HAD THIS SAID TO YOU AT LEAST ONCE, "YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT CRAZY STUFF, DO YOU?"

OVER THE YEARS I HAVE SURVIVED THESE COMMENTS FAIRLY WELL, A WANE SMILE, COUPLED WITH SECRET KNOWLEDGE

HAS KEPT ME OUT OF MANY BATTLES, VERBAL OR OTHERWISE. BUT I AM NOW BEGINNING TO WONDER IF THIS IS THE RIGHT ATTITUDE. I AM NOW CONSIDERING FIGHTING BACK.

JUST LAST WEEK I HAD A FRIENDLY DISCUSSION WITH A HISTORICAL NOVEL FAN. MY ARGUMENT THAT A SCIENCE FICTION STORY BASED ON A SCIENTIFIC LAW WAS MORE TRUE THAN ANY HISTORICAL STORY BASED ON EVENTS RECORDED BY FALLIBLE MEN TERMINATED THE EXCHANGE WITH THE ADMISSION, "I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. I GUESS YOU MAY BE RIGHT. "

LOOK, NONE OF US BELIEVES SCIENCE FICTION. IF ANY OF YOU DO YOU ARE CANDIDATES FOR THE FUNNY FARM, OR SCIENTOLOGY, OR PSCHO-CYBERNETICS. SCIENCE FICTION, NO

MATTER HOW IT IS DEFINED, HAS THE WORD "FICTION" IN ITS TITLE. SCIENCE FICTION IS FICTION. I CLAIM NO OTHER STATUS FOR IT. YET SCIENCE FICTION IS EXTRAPOLATION, A VENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN. EVEN AT THE VERY LOWEST LEVEL THAT IS STILL TRUE.

THE CLAIM HAS BEEN MADE BY SF BOOSTERS IN THE PAST (ALWAYS A LITTLE SHEEPISHLY) THAT SF IS BETTER THAN MAINSTREAM FICTION. I, TOO, WILL BE A LITTLE SHEEPISH (IS THAT LAMBISH?) AND SAY THAT AT LEAST I LIKE SF BETTER THAN ANYOTHER FORM OF FICTION. AS A MATTER OF FACT I FIND MAINSTREAM FICTION UNREADABLE. I TRIED READING WHEELS RECENTLY AND GAVE UP AFTER THE TENTH CLICHÉ. IF I WANT TO READ ABOUT GHETTOS, MARITAL INFIDELITY, NASTY NADERS, ETC, ETC I CAN READ THE FACTS, THE REALITY. I DO. THE REAL WORLD EXISTS. I DO NOT SHRINK FROM IT. WHY BOTHER WITH FICTIONALIZATION OF TODAY'S WORLD, IT ADDS NOTHING. BUT IF I WANT TO READ ABOUT LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS, ABOUT THE FUTURE, ABOUT A DIFFERENT FORM OF LOVE, I HAVE NO CHOICE. TO READ ABOUT THIS TODAY I MUST READ FICTION - SCIENCE FICTION.

I HAVE COME TO BELIEVE THAT MOST PEOPLE FEAR THE FUTURE AS THEY FEAR ANY UNKNOWN. TOFFLER SAYS THIS, BUT IT HAS BEEN SAID BEFORE MANY TIMES FROM WITHIN THE SF FIELD. IT EXPLAINS THAT LITTLE SWITCH. SCIENCE FICTION = FUTURE = FEAR. "CLICK.."

I'M NOT SURE WE SHOULD START A CRUSADE. I'M NOT SURE THAT ANYTHING IN THE WAY EDUCATION CAN BE DONE. BUT I'M FED UP WITH THE LAUGHTER. IF ANYONE BUGS ME FROM NOW ON ABOUT READING SF, ABOUT BELIEVING IN THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH IMPOSSIBLES AS ALIEN BEINGS ON OTHER PLANETS, OR INTER-GALACTIC FLIGHT, PARTICULARLY IF THAT PERSON, AS IT ALMOST ALWAYS IS, CAN'T TELL A GENE FROM AN AARVARK OR A NEBULA FROM A NEUTRON STAR, I WILL USE MY NEWLY CULTIVATED SNEER. I WILL SAY SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF, "YES, I BELIEVE IN TELEVISION AND SPACE TRAVEL. SO WHAT?"

I FEEL REAL PITY FOR THE NON-READER OF SF. THEIR LIVES ARE SO MUCH SMALLER. LESS RICH.

MY DEFINITION OF A SCIENCE FICTION FAN (FAN IN THE BROAD SENSE, NOT THE FAN SENSE) IS A PERSON WHO, ON WAKING UP IN THE MORNING, HEARS ON THE RADIO THAT A SPACE SHIP FROM ALPHA CENTAURI HAS LANDED IN WASHINGTON, SMILES, SAYS, "I TOLD YOU SO," THEN ROLLS OVER AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP.

AND SO IT GOES.

PEACE.



Editorial (mini)

In case you are wondering why we have a second editorial and what on earth an OSFiColumn is it probably means that you are not a Club Member and don't know how we think. I will explain, or try to. OSFiC members receive, as one of the many benefits of membership, a monthly newsletter called OSFiComm. Since it does not seem too rational (though what rationality has to do with us is another question) for the club to publish two magazines in the same month OSFiC news will appear as a column in OQ.

Thus OSFiColumn.

Meeting Report.

I arrived about 5 minutes late at the April meeting and thus apparently missed the discussion of the latest, "hot box office", Science Fiction flick, Silent Running. When I brought the topic up later I was shouted down with cries of "We talked about that before you came." So I can't report on that part of the meeting at all.

21

However, as was promised, the record "We're all Bozos on this Bus" was the featured attraction. I enjoyed it and will definitely listen to it again. But is it Science Fiction? I don't really know.

After the end of the record I asked that very question. Don replied, "I don't think so." End of discussion. Nobody else there seemed to care. Which, come to think of it, may indicate a higher form of sanity on the part of the membership in general.

But I think the lack of such discussion was a pity. Generally even trying to define the term "Science Fiction" leads to a good half-hour squabble.

Which leads in itself quite nicely into

Meeting Announcement

At the May meeting the topic will be "Science Fiction".
Suprise.

More exactly our beloved program chairman, John Douglas (qv), has decided to turn the meeting over to the membership. He would like each and every one of you to come prepared (write it down if you can) with your very own Definition... of Science Fiction.

The meeting will be held at the usual place. The library at 560 Palmerston Avenue. 2PM, Sunday, May 28th.

REASONS

AT THIS POINT A FEW OF YOU MIGHT JUST BE WONDERING WHAT CRIME YOU HAVE COMMITTED SUCH THAT HAVE BEEN PUNISHED BY RECEIVING THIS MAGAZINE. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DO NOT BELONG TO THE ONTARIO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB THE REASON MIGHT JUST BE ONE OF:-

- YOU MIGHT THINK YOU BELONG BUT YOUR MEMBERSHIP HAS RUN OUT.....
- WE PUBLISHED SOMETHING OF YOURS IN THIS ISSUE (BUT LEFT OUT THE CREDIT).
- YOU ARE LEFT OVER FROM THE OSFIC MAGAZINE MAILING LIST.....
- YOU ARE A BIG NAME FAN AND WE WANT AN ARTICLE FROM YOU.....
- YOU REVIEW FANZINES FOR A PROZINE AND WE WANT A LITTLE EGO-BOO.....
- YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET BUT YOU HAVE BEEN ELECTED TO THE TORCON COMMITTEE.
- YOUR NAME IS PIERRE BURTON AND WE WANT TO APPEAR ON YOUR TV SHOW.....
- YOU ARE MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE.....
- YOU ARE MENTIONED FAVOURABLY IN THIS ISSUE.....

UP AND COMING

WELL FOLKS THAT'S OUR FIRST ISSUE. COMMENTS AND SUGGESTIONS WELCOME. THE NEXT ISSUE WILL BE OUT IN AUGUST AND WILL FEATURE A COVER BY WAYNE MACDONALD, ONE OF THE MANY NEW CANADIAN FAN ARTISTS WE INTEND TO PRESENT AS FAST AS WE DISCOVER THEM AND BEFORE THEY TURN PRO, AND A STORY BY A CERTAIN MACK REYNOLDS, OF WHOM YOU MAY OF READ IN PAUL RIMSTED'S COLUMN IN THE TORONTO SUN.

SMALL ADS FREE TO MEMBERS

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