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# 0.Q. 2 — OSPHIMAGGE

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### PORTFOLIO:

A Selection from -  
THE DEADCAT SAGA  
- by D. M. PRICE

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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 OSFiComm, 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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## EDITORIAL .... FANZINE GENZINES, CLUBZINES AND SUCH

If you said, "Huh?" to the above title of this editorial you are very likely the sort of person to whom it is directed.

As Harry Warner points out in All Our Yesterdays fandom has a jargon of its own as any sub-group does. Jargon is not bad; it is a shorthand used between those with a common understanding. For example I have been told there is a tribe in the South Seas whose language has no word for butter. Not many cows are native to Pacific islands. When they want to say, "Pass the butter", they have to say "Pass the solidified liquid of the udder of the cow". You, dear readers, are not allowed to ask, "How come they have a word for udder when they have no cows?" The point is these people need jargon; they need a word for butter.

Jargon can be a made up word, such as "fanzine", which has no meaning to those not of the in-group. Or it can be a word in current circulation which means something different. In the science fiction for sense I claim that "fan" falls into this second category. When I (we) say fan I (we) mean Science Fiction Fan. Flourish of trumpets and all that.

Just so we all start equally, I will explain the terms "fanzine", "genzine" and clubzine". A fanzine is an amateur magazine published by a person who is interested in science fiction for others of like interest. A genzine is a fanzine which has content other than that strictly of science fiction interest. A clubzine is a fanzine published by a science fiction club.

O.Q. is a fanzine. It is also a clubzine but it is not a genzine.

To diverge just a little: I don't consider myself a science fiction fan. Upon close questioning I am forced to admit that - "Yes, I am a member of science fiction club.

Yes, I am editor of a fanzine. And yes, yes, yes I am a member of a convention committee. A World Con yet! But I still do not feel like a fan. Mike and Sue are fans. I am not.

I think the difference is that to me fandom is not terribly important. I have friends in fandom and participate in some fannish activities, but when it comes to the crunch, as when Analog or Galaxy arrive in the same mail as an unsolicited fanzine, I



read prozine first. These are fans who have not read any S.F. in years, just fanzines. This is not my way. I prefer science fiction to fandom.

Which brings me back to O.Q., a clubzine, and why I, a non-fan, am co-editor. When Peter, after producing 25 issues of OSFiC (the Magazine), began making noises about it being too much work I offered to help in editing/publishing it. It did not want to take over entirely, because putting out a (good) 'zine is a hard job and I just do not have that much time-as I am afraid OSFiComm often shows. It turned out that John was also interested in taking over and Peter wanted out entirely. Thus, OSFiC 25 and O.Q. 1

A number of letters of comment on our first issue made the point that O.Q. was a clubzine. Good. Both John and I want it that way.

O.Q. is published by the Ontario Science Fiction Club and this determines its editorial policy. Fanzines that are not clubsines, and even some clubzines, are published for the editor. His fanzine is a reflection of his opinions and personality.

I have strong opinions, as those of you who know one can attest. John does too. But I challenge you to determine when my feelings on, say, religion are from what I have written in either O.Q. or OSFiComm. This is the way it should be. O.Q. is your magazine not John's or mine. You pay for it in your membership dues.

I have stated elsewhere that I want OSFiC to survive. I like the re-assurance that there are other readers of S.F. alive. There is safety in numbers. I feel OSFiC needs a clubzine; that is why I, a non-fan am co-editor.

Beyond that this magazine will only be as good as you members make it. O.Q. wants contributions. We have a high standard to maintain and we (that's an editorial we) will do our best to maintain it, but first consideration will be given to contributions from club members.

This is what is meant by a clubzine.



# DARK INTERLUDE

by MACK REYNOLDS

DEDICATION: To Don and Jean in memory of days (and nights) in Mexico - Mack  
Story Contributed by Don Hutchison

"Minogue is the name, Suh. Candidate for governor of that great state South Dixie, the pride of all the..."

"The speech won't be necessary," Mr. Brown protested. "Her at Time Research, ha ha, time is limited, if you'll forgive the jest. Now then, how can we serve you?"

Robert Lee Minogue cleared his throat. "Well, suh, I'll come right to the point. Looks as if my opponent Thomas Stonewall Jeeter might win the election. I need something on him---like once voting Republican, ordonating something to the N.A.A.C.P. or..."

"I understand. You wish Time Research to trace his past and find evidence which will lose Mr. Jeeter the election."

Minogue wiped his steaming forehead with a red bandana. "That's about it."

"The rate will be ten thousand dollars."

Mr. Minogue became cautious. "For what?"

4 "We guarantee satisfaction. We will go into Mr. Jeeter's past until we find information which would make it impossible for him to be elected street sweeper of the smallest town in South Dixie. You need not pay until we have handed the information over and you have expressed satisfaction."

"It's a deal, suh!"

Mr. Brown bent over an inter-office communicator and mumbled a moment.

Minogue said, "How long will this take?"

"A matter of seconds. There is no time in time, ha ha, if you'll pardon the jest."

An assistant entered and immediately began reading his report. "In the year 1843 B.C. a certain Phoenecian trader named Punicar landed on the coast of Cornwall and seduced the daughter of a local Celtic chieftain. Punicar had left by the time the child was born. Thomas Stonewall Jeeter is a direct descendant."

"Confound it, suh!" Minogue ejaculated, "I can't win an election on the strength of the fact that four thousand years ago one of Jeeter's ancestors was a bastard."

"I haven't come to the point," the assistant said with dignity. "The point is that the grandmother of Punicar was an Egyptian negress."

Minogue stared at him blankly.



"By South Dixie law," Mr. Brown explained, "the definition of a negro is anyone with any negro blood whatsoever in his veins."

"You mean," Minogue roared, bounding to his feet and reaching for his wallet, "that dirty nigger is trying to become governor of our fair State!"

"Exactly," Mr. Brown murmured, gathering up ten one thousand dollar bills. "And now, Mr. Minogue, just one other item which will cost you another ten thousand."

"I don't need no more, suh. This is..."

"While we were checking up on Mr. Jeeter, we also found that more recently, in the year 300 A.D. in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, a certain Roman lady by the name of Livia Minogius, made a trip to the African province - Mauretania." Mr. Brown cleared his throat. "She wasn't exactly discreet."

"Oh, no, " Mr. Minogue groaned.

"But," Mr. Brown said in his most friendly fashion, "Time Research has no interest in broadcasting gossip about his clients. Now have we, ha ha? As I say, another ten thousand..."

THE END

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Consider the human heart.  
Some authorities believe  
it has the potential  
to last perhaps  
150 years.  
Yet, the heart  
often falters or fails  
in mid-years.  
So do other  
vital parts of the body,  
especially the arteries.

(from a Parke-Davis ad in the Scientific American)

Found Poem - "discovered" by Angus Taylor

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MIKE GLICKSOHN:

# THE ZINEPHOBIC EYE

In a recent LOCUS article, Harry Warner estimated that there has been about a two-fold increase in fanzine production over the last decade. I have no idea how accurate that estimate may be, but it certainly seems as if we're currently in the midst of a fanzine publishing boom. Over the last six weeks, fanzines have arrived here at the rate of ten or twelve a week, with a startling variety of content, appearance and overall interest. This time I'm simply going to start at the top of the pile and work down, reviewing each zine whether I can recommend it or not; you should at least get some idea of the diversity of fan-pubbing this way. I'll conclude each small review with a number from one to ten; this will not be a "quality" rating as many critics use, but simply my way of indicating whether or not I think you should get the fanzine. Eight or better means highly recommended. Five or more indicates you might want to chance it. Less than five, I personally found it not worth sending for.

GALLIMAUFREY from Astrid Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, CAL 94563, U.S.A. Digest size, offset, 20 pages. No price indicated, try 35¢. A rather impressive first issue, but then Astrid is not your typical neofaned. The issue was designed by a professional designer, but not that impressively, at least to my tastes. Michael Kurland and Poul Anderson provide the meat of the contents, and there's some interesting, if unusual, reading here. Artistically uninspired, but obviously a fanzine to be watched if it lives up to the potential of this first issue. (7)

6 SCICON #1 from Silverthorn Collegiate Institute, 291 Mill Road, Etobicoke, Ontario 8½ x 14 folded, mimeo, 28 pages. Irregular, no price, probably free. The first effort of a new high school club. Typical contents centering on poor fiction but the mimeo isn't bad and MacDonald shows promise as a hand-stenciller of artwork. They desperately need material, and should be encouraged, so send in articles, reviews, columns etc. Canada needs every fanzine it can cultivate. (5)

CELESTIAL SHADOWS #9 from Tim C. Marion, 614-72nd St, Newport News, VA 23605, U.S.A. 32 pages, mostly ditto. 25¢ or the usual. A very young-sounding fanzine, with a very low quality of writing, mostly about local fan news. A poem typified by "She's got a face that would stop a clock/Even if you look at her, it's quite a shock." Lettercol is amusing for the editor's anti-comics paranoia and inability to accept negative response -- that is, if he's 15 or less it's amusing. Otherwise it's sad. Enthusiastic, but little else. (3)



SPACEVIEW V1,N4 from Paradise International, 290 Washington, Vidor, Texas 77662, U.S.A. Bimonthly, \$3.95 a year, 20 pages offset. A UFO journal (how do these people get hold of me?!) mostly filled with ads, such as that for a \$10 UFO detector, and another for free witchcraft courses. Some articles, sane but unconvincing. I'm not interested, so it gets a 3.

ABERRATION #1 from Greg Burton, General Delivery, Ocean Park, Wash 98640, U.S.A. Quarterly, 12 pages excellent mimeo, 40¢

or usual. Another superior first issue, perhaps due to the influence of Alpajpuri. The repro and layout are already better than many much longer established zines. Unfortunately, the art is mostly rather poor, but Greg should have little trouble getting better material. Thin on content; some editorial raps and an interview with Mike Moorcock in which he puts down fans rather savagely. Burton has a fan-nish piece that reveals talent in this field of writing. Future issues should be well worth getting. (6)

ASH WING #10 from Frank Denton, 14654-8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, Wash 98166, U.S.A. Irregular, 60 pages, excellent mimeo, no price but contributions sought. Maybe Frank would accept 50¢. It's good to see an editor taking obvious pride in his work, and Frank is such an editor. Repro is very good, layout simple but clean. I personally found much of the art inferior though. About half the issue is fiction which I must admit I didn't read, but the remaining contributions were sound. Excellent book and fanzine reviews, the latter by Lapidus and some of his best. Locs were mostly comments on previous fiction and so of little interest to me. Not for everyone, but, if you enjoy fan-fiction, this would be the place to read it. (6)

AFAN 4 from Dave Hulvey, Rt 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22801, U.S.A. Irregular, 28 pages mimeo, superb offset Canfield cover. 25¢ or usual. Dave's personalzine expanded to include some outside contributions. I found this issue weaker for having less of Dave. The contributions are readable but certainly not memorable; Dave is his own best writer, even though I often don't understand a word he says, and I'd much rather watch him play with words than read the other fannish articles here. Dave's personality comes through in the lettercol though; he's still one of the more interesting people in fandom. (6)

TITLE #5 from Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr, St Louis, MO 63131, U.S.A. Frequent, 12 pages mimeo, response oriented to a limited mailing list. Donn throws out interesting and provocative ideas and asks for responses. This particular issue interested me less than others, but the concept behind the fanzine is thoroughly worthwhile. If your mind moves in strange ways and likes unusual ideas, ask for a copy and Donn may send you one. (7)

MOTA #5 from Terry Hughes, Rt 3, Windsor, MO 65360, U.S.A. Irregular, 40 pages mimeo, the usual or a sample for 25¢. With the apparent demise of Brooklyn fandom, MOTA is easily the most enjoyable fannish fanzine around. Lots of light, amusing fannish chatter, fanzine reviews, meaty lettercol, and a splendid speech by Gary Deindorfer that is easily the best thing in the issue. Cover by Stiles is brilliant. Some good and much bad interior art. Terry writes well and has a highly unusual way of looking at things. A lot of cotton candy here, but it's among the best cotton candy you can get. (8)

GLOP from Jeff Schalles, 603 Barmore Ave, Grove City, PA 16127, U.S.A. 6 pages mimeo. Every now and then a fan will get so far behind in correspondence that rather than try to send letters to all his friends, he'll publish a one-shot fanzine of personal news as a letter-substitute. Such is GLOP, although Jeff says it may become a personalzine. This is just Jeff rapping about what he's been up to lately and we're glad he's still around. (5)

DREADNOUGHT #2 from Bill Rupp, 9826 Settle Ct, Santee, CAL 92071, U.S.A. Frequent, 12 pages mimeo, an 8¢ stamp will bring it to you....if you can get an 8¢ U.S. stamp somewhere. This zine is devoted to reviews of prozine fiction and, as such, is a good idea if Bill can keep it regular enough. Right now, the "reviews" are mostly plot summaries and the ed is soliciting opinions. With the proper reader support, this could be a worthwhile project. (5)



CITADEL #6 from George & Lana Proctor, 406 NE 19th Street, Grand Prairie, Texas 75050, U.S.A. Quarterly, 24 pages offset, 25¢ or the usual. A thoroughly enjoyable fanzine which tends to lean towards articles on comics and nostalgia which are always fascinating and very well written. Apart from D. Bruce Berry's abominable comic strip FUTILIS, CIT is one of my favorite fanzines. Art is always fair to good and the cover this issue is superb. This issue isn't quite up to the last, but there is still much of merit here. Almost certainly the best-looking 25¢ fanzine going and well worth your investigation. (8)

SYNDROME #1 from Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown, PA 18951, U.S.A. 34 pages excellent mimeo, splendid offset cover by Staton, plus CUM BLOATUS, ten page mimeo lettercol on Frank's now-defunct BEABOHEMA. Irregular, 50¢ with the usual preferred. Frank continues along the fannish path he followed with the last few BABs. He's a knowledgeable editor and this is a fine issue. Demmon stars with an all-too-rare, but top quality, article, Hubbard and Frolich combine beautifully in a very readable integrated column, St John is more interesting than usual, but Meltzer wastes his pages completely. Lapidus tells me more about his own fan-pubbing history than I think is relevant to his column. CUM BLOATUS is a good lettercol and ties up BAB nicely. Frank's personality is more evident here than in the zine itself. Another top quality fannish zine. (8)

COR SERPENTIS #3 from Carey Handfield, 2 Banoon Road, South Eltham, 3095 Australia (That doesn't look complete, but it's all they give.) 38 pages half-size offset, usual or 50¢. The Monash University clubzine, this is a very sercon zine, little art, some rather pompous articles. Yet another heavy article on the role of sf, and a third of the issue taken up by an article on Ivan Illich and his de-schooling ideas, which I personally get far too much of professionally to want to read in an sf fanzine. Sound book review by Foyster helps the issue somewhat. Not my  
8 tastes, I'm afraid. (3)

BEARDMUTTERINGS #2 from Rich Brown, 410-61st Street Apt D4, Brooklyn, NY 11220, U.S.A. 28 pages micro-elite offset, for trade, loc or love but not money. One free copy available for the asking. Rich is one of the most opinionated fans around and this is his personalzine. It's simply his opinions on various questions about sf and fandom, superbly illustrated by Joe Staton. I don't always agree with Rich, and his forthright approach turns some people off, but this is a fascinating fanzine and one I recommend wholeheartedly to anyone interested in fandom and in exchanging thoughts about the topics that are currently of interest to fans. I don't know if I'd be as enthusiastic if Rich attacked me with the ferocity he has treated some of his victims to, but I hope I will...er, would...er..anyway,(10)

PROPER BOSKONIAN #9 from Richard Harter, NESFA, PO Box G, MIT Station, Cambridge, MA 02138, U.S.A. 82 pages fair mimeo, quarterly (I believe), the usual or 50¢. This is the club magazine of the New England SF Association out of Boston. It's usually an 80 page issue that should be about 50 pages. Editor Harter doesn't edit anywhere nearly enough, and much of the issue is space-wasting filler. Colored mimeo work abounds, graphic trips appear each issue, and the repro is generally better than in this particular issue. Most interesting feature by far is the lettercol where Harter's strong personality dominates. He replies to each letter, often at greater length than the original comments and plays his Devil's advocate role to the hilt. PB uses a lot of inferior art and the contents are seldom of much lasting interest but the lettercol saves the fanzine. It's a shame, for I get the idea that Harter could be putting out a damn fine fanzine. This issue rates (5)

KRATOPHANY #2 from Eli Cohen, 417 W. 118th St Apt 63, New York, NY 10027, U.S.A. 26 pages fine mimeo, irregular, for trade, loc, whim or 50¢. In just two issues, this is one of the best new fanzines around. Eli mixes humorous and serious mat-

erial, is running some superb art from Judy Mitchell and generally has a relaxed and assured fanzine. He knows what he's doing, and it shows. This issue has a great Di Fate cover, the second installment of Judy Mitchell's comic strip, and is highlighted by one of the best pieces of fannish writing I've read this year, by Ginjer Buchanan. I like the atmosphere of good humour that pervades the zine. Layout is a bit cluttered, but not seriously so. (8)

PLACEBO #3 from Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave, Flushing, NY 11335, U.S.A. and Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st Road, Flushing, NY 11367, U.S.A. 52 pages, sloppy mimeo, quarterly, the usual (trade to both eds) or 35¢, 3/\$1. Not quite as good an issue as early attempts indicated it might be. This is a genzine, with fannish and serious material, but the production values are poor (there's no excuse for an article that starts on page 22, jumps to 25, then ends on 21) and the material is weaker than expected. The fannish articles are strained and a bit contrived, though Hank Davis gets off some good lines while being a bit malicious. Locs are good, however. Has potential, but doesn't live up to it here. (5)

PROCRASTINATION #10 from Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Road, Strafford, PA 19087, U.S.A. 48 pages poor mimeo, irregular, usual or 30¢, 4/\$1. Traditionally the worst-looking fanzine around. CRAS has at last gotten paper a little thicker than tissue. It still looks damn poor, but as usual it's worth reading. Darrell has the longest editorials going and always says some things I'm interested by. He's gone to more and more reprints, and Bob Shaw and Ray Bradbury enliven this issue. CRAS still prints poetry and fan-fiction and I still consider the pages a complete loss. Try to overlook the appearances, it'll prove worth the effort. (7)

COMIC AND CRYPT #6 from Mark Sigal, 459 Lytton Blvd, Toronto, Ontario. 48 pages flawless offset, quarterly, 85¢ an issue. A typical comic fanzine. Some excellent professional art, generally magnificent reproduction, articles and interviews that say very little. Letters include such piercing insightful criticism as "Ron Jamie-son's letter page illo took a lot of work. It was a really nice piece." Nice art, though. (5)

ENCELADUS #5 from Mike Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, MO 63010, U.S.A. 20 pages mimeo, quarterly, an apazine but might be available for a show of interest. Mostly just personal raps from Mike about his school and things he's interested in. Some apa mailing comments that won't mean a thing to most outsiders. Some poetry and -- surprise -- I even enjoyed it this time. Difficult to recommend to the average fan, but it's a typical personalzine. (3)

CANADAPA, Canada's first apa, has published it's first two mailings. The first mailing had 23 contributors and 83 pages, a good many of them illegible. The second mailing shows a considerable improvement in terms of reproduction with a full 25 members and 93 pages. There's even a three person waiting list. The apa is open to Canadians and anyone else as long as at least half the members are Canadian. All but two of the current members are Canadian, however. Vaughn Fraser runs the apa from Box 338, Corunna, Ontario and present annual dues are 75¢. The first two mailings have not contained much in the way of fascinating material, being mostly biographical and historical in nature but there's enough talent in the apa that this should soon change. Support Canadian fandom-- Join CANADAPA!!!



# BOOK REVIEWS

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

- by Eduardo García Ortiz

New Vatican Press, Asunción, 2021, 547pp.

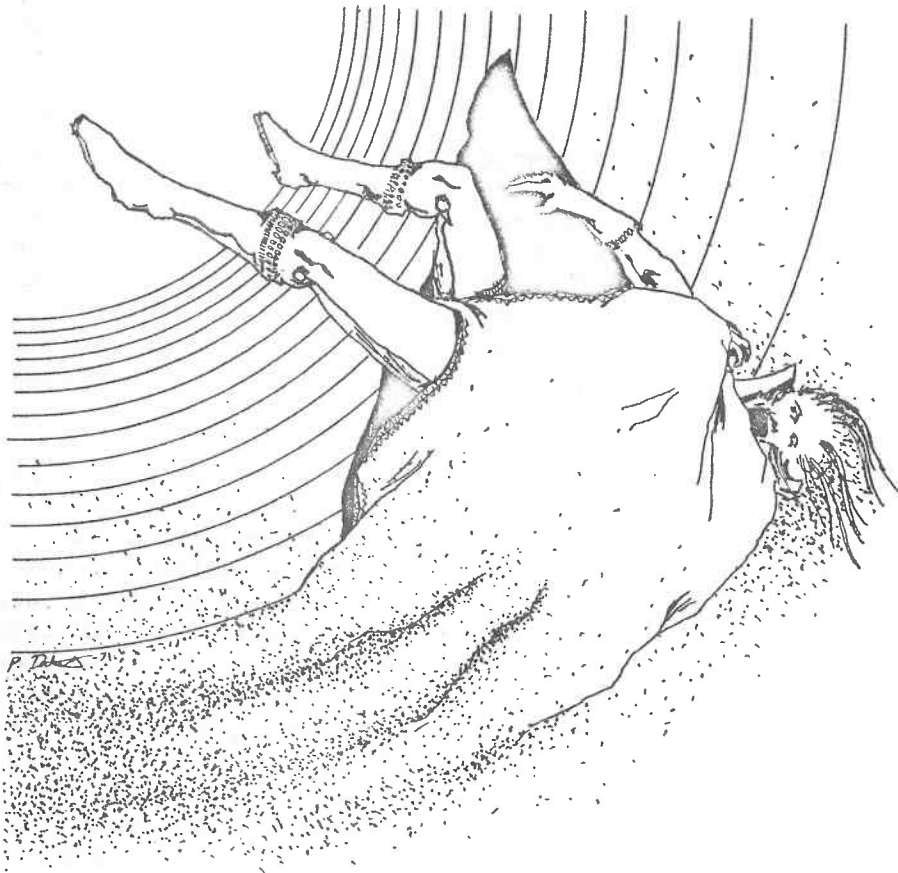
Reviewed by José Canyusi

The publication at this time of the last work of my late colleague, Professor Ortiz, is especially welcome, for it casts new light on the now-vanished world of the Ancients. Working almost entirely from fragments recovered by the two Tejera expeditions commissioned by our glorious Emperor, Professor Ortiz managed to piece together the authentic story of that tumultuous and cruel century. There will be those who will cry, "Let the dead bury the dead! Are those terrible times not better forgotten?" And yet, I would reply, if we do not fully understand the horror of the Ancient World, how then are we to appreciate the splendor of the New? Indeed, the history which my dear departed friend has assembled is well worth recalling.

The Victorian Era, noted Doctor Ortiz, was a time of peace and stability. Under the benevolent reign of Pope Victor the fleets of Christendom went forth from the great cities of London, Rome, Berlin and Etobicoke to bring the blessings of civilization to the savage tribes of Africa, China, and the rest of the heathen world. In this period the intercourse of nations flowered, the savages were educated, and the treasures of the earth were exploited for the glory of God and the Church. Indeed, many then alive believed the Millenium to be at hand, for was not man progressing on all sides, were not the bustle and growth of city and countryside and the continuing marvels of science proof positive of the evolutionary doctrines of the theologian Darwin? But soon mankind in its pride forgot that it is  
10 reverence for wise authority which is the source of all true progress, and by the time the fateful twentieth century had dawned, devilish new faiths were abroad everywhere on the globe.

Though it is at this late date not possible to say with certainty what were the details of the various new faiths which afflicted the human race, we know that all held out to men certain false and unfulfillable promises, chief among these being the promises of universal material abundance and universal participation in government. (Indeed, the reader may laugh at the folly of his ancient ancestors, but can he be sure his own family tree is free of such treacherous ideas?) Whether we are referring to the Fascists of Britain and the United States, the liberal democrats of Germany and Japan, or the communists of Russia and Manitoba-- in all cases we find these common threads. No wonder such a world was well on its way to self-destruction! By the middle of the century mankind had already undergone two world wars in pursuit of these principles, and was no nearer achieving them.

After this point, the world gradually divided itself into two opposing camps. On the one side emerged the wealthy nations of the white race, including North America, Europe, the Soviet Union, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and various islands and outposts around the globe. Ranged against them were the nations of Asia and Africa, led by the giant state of Chindia (which alone contained two-fifths of the world's population). Professor Ortiz estimates that by 1980, just before the outbreak of World War III, the Alliance for Peace and Progress-- as the wealthy nations termed themselves-- contained 25 percent of the world's population and consumed about 80 percent of its resources. The nations of Latin America, while officially part of the Alliance, did not share its general prosperity. A place of perpetual rebellions and guerilla warfare, the area from the Rio Grande south to the Antarctic, with its enormous and rapidly-increasing population, was



kept in line by a joint Soviet-American occupation force of one or two million troops. (Of course many readers will not find such large numbers credible, especially in view of the fact that the most recent census has placed the total number of non-mutated humans--i.e., those eligible to receive the sacrament--within the borders of the Empire at slightly over sixty thousand. However, it should be remembered that the last century was an unusually immoral time, when humans multiplied like the mythical rabbit, often-- it should be noted-- without benefit of marriage vows.)

The scramble for the world's remaining resources was aggravated by the conflicting ideologies of the two giant power blocs. The official ideology of the Alliance was "Social Democracy with Citizen Involvement", while Chindia and its allies espoused "Democratic Socialism based on Mass Action". It seemed obvious that the world was not big enough for both. The Chairman of Chindia proclaimed that it was the sacred duty of the underdeveloped countries of the world to liberate the peoples of the wealthy nations from their tyrannical masters. For their part, the leaders of the Alliance maintained that the world could not continue to exist half slave and half free, especially when the masters of the slave populations perversely refused to turn over their vast hoards of natural resources to the more developed nations, which alone possessed the technology required to exploit them for the benefit of all mankind. The latest scientifically-computerized public-opinion polls within each bloc showed conclusively and beyond the shadow of a doubt that public opinion stood, so to speak, four-square behind government policy. Everywhere the people of the world cried out for the victory of the forces of good over the forces of evil, and the liberation of their poor unfortunate fellow beings enslaved in other lands. "Down with



Tyrants!" the people cried. "Utopia for Everyone!" shouted the followers of the false prophet Buckwheat Fullerbrush. "Let's Get It Over With!" yelled everyone together.

The result of World War III was a foregone conclusion. The Alliance had too much technological might; within 48 hours Asia and Africa had been reduced to radioactive rubble. As a precautionary measure, most of Latin America was also destroyed. "Better safe than sorry!" said the New York Times in an editorial the next morning. However, in the brief period before its utter extinction, the enemy had managed to rain several dozen hydrogen warheads on the territory of the Alliance. Combined with the fire, flood, disease, and famine which followed in their aftermath, these bombs reduced the populations of the developed nations by approximately one-half.

Over the next several years these nations engaged in more and more futile attempts to regain a measure of prosperity. Not only was most of the world closed to them by radioactivity, but the devastation within their own boundaries prevented the effective exploitation of what little resources remained to them. Civil wars became common; nations broke up into squabbling states and began plundering each other. By 1995 military dictatorships had restored a measure of stability to what was left of North America and Europe. But in 1997 the Council of Nations, which was formed to settle international disputes, disintegrated in violent discord after less than a year of existence, its members accusing each other of sabotaging the various peace plans before the Council. On May 1999 the Final War (also known as the Victors' War, the War for International Justice, the War to End War Once and For All, or World War IV) broke out. This was the war that finally extinguished the last traces of the AncientWorld and ushered in the New Era. Professor Ortiz provides in his concluding chapter a valuable analysis of the new  
12 World Order which then emerged under the flag of the United Empire of Paraguay, and of the political innovations of our beloved Emperor. He demonstrates how our system of Progressive Feudalism has returned mankind to the stability and faith that existed before Science and Democracy corrupted men's minds, but a stability and faith now enhanced by those few inventions of the twentieth century worth preserving: income tax, green stamps, and Friday-night bingo.

I can only add that I hope the sales of this volume will in some small way console the wives and children of Professor Ortiz, and trust that the criminals and mutants responsible for his assassination, and the assassinations of Cardinal Mendieta and the Minister of Heredity, will be swiftly brought to justice. This history of the twentieth century can only help convince all God-fearing normals of the correctness of the Proclamation recently issued by His Majesty, and the necessity of crushing once and for all every rebel, traitor, and mutant agitator bent on returning us to the horrors of our ancestors.

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t.v. commercial

seven t.v. commercials

between the moonwalk

and the oxygen starvation

-relief was just

a swallow away.

Paul Till

\*\*\*\*\*

Spanish scientists today  
are evaluating preliminary data  
from the latest  
Christopher Columbus expedition.  
Rumors persist that  
Columbus plans to wed  
Jacqueline Mansfield  
widow of assassinated philosopher-king  
Socrates Narcissus  
as soon as Miss Mansfield's divorce  
from the King of Bavaria  
is finalized.  
The explorer  
currently undergoing debriefing  
in the Azores  
is unavailable for comment.

Humphrey (3X+Y)  
black power candidate for mayor  
of East Berlin  
has been indicted for slander  
defamation of character  
and lying through his teeth.  
The charges arise from statements  
made by Mr. (3X+Y)  
in a recent issue  
of Fantastic Fantasies magazine.

In Egypt a military coup  
has deposed the pharaoh  
and suspended elections.  
The new regime has announced  
the former ruler's unfinished pyramid  
is to become a low-rent housing project.  
Initial surveys indicate that parking space  
will not be a problem.

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.



=====  
Editor's Note: The last segment of this poem was published last issue as a separate piece. I was not aware of the existence of the rest of the poem. After reading the complete poem, I decided that it would be a good idea to print it again in its entirety. I think it is well worth the trouble and I hope that you will agree with me. (J.D.)

In OSFiC Quarterly #1 Susan Glicksohn columnarly asked THE (she thought) rhetorical QUESTION: Is there any reason why I can't be the Duchess of Canadian Fandom? Here, courtesy of Norm Clarke, we present:

# THE ANSWER : A Letter

Quebec  
June 25, 1972

John:

"Gina," I said to her on the phone, "this is fantastic. A fanzine from Toronto was in the mail today. It mentions your name."

"Why me? Why me?"

she asked, exasperated.

"Well, actually," I said, "you are first of all referred to as my wife. I am called 'Famous Oldtime Fan Norm Clarke', and you are called, in this context, 'his wife.'"

"Oh yeah," snarled my wife.

"But then, of course, due homage is paid to you as 'Duchess of Canadian Fandom.' You remember that stuff, don't you?"

"No," said the erstwhile Dutch Ellis, DoCF.

14 do. Think back ... back. Remember those funny mimeographed things with the pictures in them printed upside down? Remember those cigar-shaped things with smoke coming out of them? Remember Bob Tucker?"

"Oh, that!"

"yeah, it all comes back to you now, huh? Well, anyway, as I was saying: there was this Toronto fanzine -- it's sort of like Canadian Fandom, or 'CanFan' as we called it 'way back then -- in the mailbox today. And there was a letter with it, a letter from its editor, John Millard...."

"Oh yeah. He published

Double:Bill."

"No, no. No; that was, um, that was ... uh, Wrai Ballard?"

"No,

no. That was Ray 'Pogo' Thompson."

"No, wait a minute. Son of a gun, it's not from John Millard after all. Remember him? We met him in Toronto once; and I think we met him again in Boston."

"I forget."

"Right. Well anyway, this letter is from John Douglas. Do we know him?"

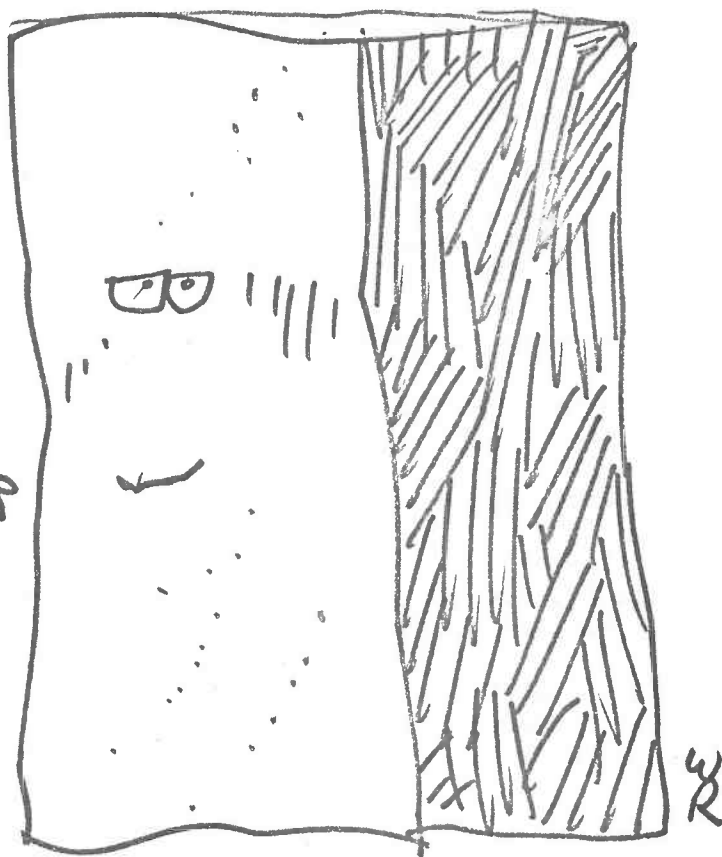
"Does he know us?"

"He seems to ... know us by Reputation. He calls me -- or at least his fanzine calls me -- and I quote, 'Famous Oldtime Fan Norm Clarke'. He mentions your name, too."

"Duchess of Canadian Fandom, eh? Right. Now I remember. I am the goddam Duchess of Canadian Fandom, and don't you forget it, you punk neo."

"Right you are, baby. However, you have been deposed. Somebody named Rosemary Glicksohn -- or, wait, I think it's Susan Elliott. Yes, that's it; I remember now: she was on the bus with us to NorEasCon, along with Dickie Labonte. Well, anyway, she is now Duchess of Canadian Fandom. She proclaims

YOU  
WILL  
CARVE  
ME  
OUT,  
WOON'T  
YOU?



it, right here in this Canadian Fanzine from Toronto. And, you know," I added, not unkindly, "if it's in a fanzine, it must be true. All knowledge is contained ..."

"Shut up," said Gina, "What did you say that Bitch's name is?"

"Well, it is ... let me check a minute. Oh. It is 'Susan Glicksohn'. Say, isn't she the one whose picture we saw in the paper, with an anteater around her neck?"

"The very one," Gina cried, "Well, I'll get her. 'Duchess of Canadian Fandom', eh? I suppose her husband calls himself a 'Ghood Man', or has a rubber stamp that says 'Glicksohn is Superb.'"

"No no, nothing like that. He simply calls himself 'Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom.' He's 26, though."

"Well, anyway ... 26? Well, anyway, who told this bitch she could usurp my title?"

"Boyd did."

"Boyd who? Oh ... Boyd! Why, that .... what does he know about Canadian Fandom anyway?"

"Now, that's not quite fair, Gina. Boyd published a fairly respectable little fanzine of some four or six pages in ... I think it was 1948. He was a very good friend of Norman G. Browne's, too. Oh, he has a definite niche, albeit a somewhat stunted one, in Canadian Fandom. Or, well, Toronto Fandom anyway."

"Oh, was he the one?"

"Hey, listen Gina ... I've been meaning to ask you, and this John Douglas comes right ... comes right out and baldly asks(though of course I don't know whether he's actually all that bald) 'how the original Duchess of Canadian Fandom was created'. He asks that; and I must confess that I am curious, too. How was



the Original Duchess of Canadian Fandom created?"

"I forget," came the sullen

reply.

"Oh come now, Gina. This is me, Famous Oldtime Fan Norm Clarke. You can tell me."

"I'll tell you this much, you neo!" she snapped, "that title was earned on merit and merit alone! You think I just up and decided to call myself 'Duchess of Canadian Fandom'? Hah! Fans were fans in those days, boy! Just ask Frederic B Christoff, Joe Keogh, Harry Calnek, Larry Slapak, Daryl Sharp ..."

"Gina," I whispered gently, "they are all ... gone."

"... Gerald

A Steward," she continued, "Ron Kidder, Albert Lastovica ..."

"Gina ..." I

insisted.

"...Paul Wyszowski," she added.

"Well..." I admitted.

"...They

know why I am called The Duchess of Canadian Fandom. I am the Duchess of Canadian Fandom, and make no mistake about that!"

Well, Mr. Douglas, that's about it.

I believe that Gina (formerly Georgina Ellis, DoCF) would like her message passed along to your numerous readers in what I believe is called "Canadian Fandom of Today." "I will not have False Duchae before me," she was hollering when I hung up.

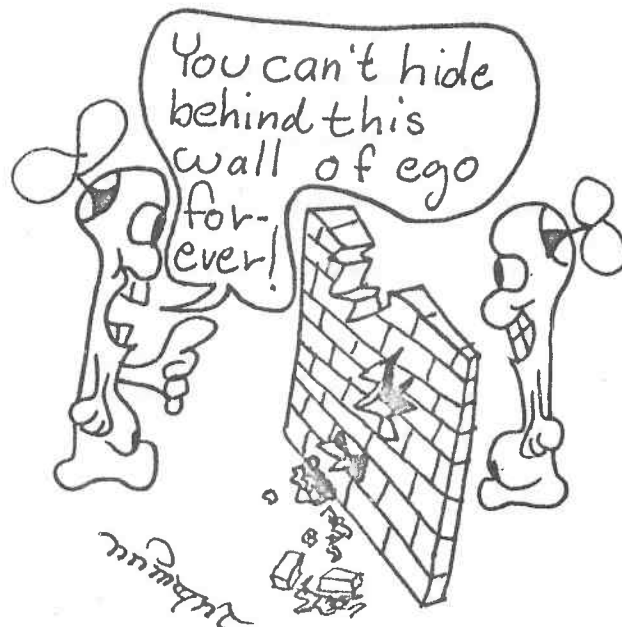
Hoping you are the same,

Norm

16 PS: "From what you have been told, I am no longer interested in fandom"? Oh, I dunno: why, I publish at least eight pages every year in FAPA -- which is, of course, the very heart and core of Fandom. Why, I understand the Glicksohns are on its waiting list.

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The editorial presence feels compelled to manifest itself once again. I also want to fill up the space between here and the bottom of the page. Ever since I can remember, I have resented having to turn to another page further on in a magazine to finish an article. I decided that while I am editing a magazine I will make sure that all articles are published as one piece. Sometimes, this is rather difficult to arrange because they don't all necessarily finish at the end of a page and I don't want to start a fresh piece in the middle of a page. Hence, you will occasionally encounter these little filler bits. Also, just because I didn't write the editorial this time, you can't expect to avoid me completely. My insatiable ego demands that I remind you of the other guiding genius responsible for this brilliant creation. (J.D.)



# LINEs from HER LADYSHIP

I was just wondering what on earth I could write for Osphimagge (or OQ 2 if the editors insist) when John Douglas called.

"Hello, John" I burred, in my cheery fannish manner, "What do you want me to write for Osphimagge, huh, huh?"

"OSFiC Quarterly. And, er, what I really want is Rosemary's phone number. She's promised me an article, and.."

His tone was cool. I ignored it, and blithely bubbled, "Great! We'll all be in the next issue. Now, when do you want my article?"

"Er, well, actually, I don't... that is, Gordon and I... well..."

"Well what?"

"Well, perhaps you should... I mean, you're busy with your thesis and all... Maybe you should stick to sercon stuff. For the third issue."

"What?!!!" I wailed, at full decibel output. I have an Image to maintain, after all. "You don't want the Duchess of Canadian Fandom writing for your fanzine?" I am very quick to grasp basic issues.

"No. Well, that is, you see, I got this letter from Norm Clarke." John explained hastily to forestall another wail.

"You did? I'm impressed. He never responded to ENERGUMEN!" A horrible suspicion squelched ickily across the surface of my mind. "He didn't like my article." We Canfen are Very Perceptive.

"Yeah" said John.

At this point, Mike (or Michael, or Boy Wonder) appeared. "What's all this about Norm Clarke, Famous Oldtime Canfan and FAPA member?" he enquired. I explained that John had gotten a loc from Mr. Clarke. "He did? I'm impressed. He never responded to ENERGUMEN!" Mike exclaimed. "I bet he didn't like your article. Sometimes it is very hard to record Brilliant Canfan Dialogue.

The phone squawked into my ear. "It's not exactly that he didn't like it, he sort of parodied it. I think Gina Clarke scorns my pretensions to rank" I explained. "She called me a bitch!" A tear stole down my sensitive fannish face. I felt... deposed.

"Seriously? They're really annoyed with you?" Mike asked. "To think, we've discovered Canadian Fandom, only to have it raise a fastidious eyebrow at our maunderings.

"I don't know. John seems to think they are, and that I should be upset, but the bits he read me were kind of funny-- in a satirical, sharp, mean, nasty way" I snivelled. "He used the Canadian Fannish Dialogue style-- and he did it better



than I do!" I wailed (again). "And he got me mixed up with Rosemary! And..."

"How silly. Anyone can tell the difference. You don't swear. You wail."

"And now John doesn't want me to write for Ospf...er, OQ!" Suddenly, I remembered John was waiting patiently at the other end of the line. I wailed at him, too.

"It's not that I don't want you to write for OQ" he explained, hastily. "It's just that maybe you should think about it, say for 6 months. Nine months? And maybe you could write, um, something sercon."

"Are you sure you wouldn't like twenty pages of my thesis?" I enquired icily.

"No, just a nice book review or two. For the next OQ. Or the one after."

18 I didn't, though. Instead, I sat down and thought about the whole sercon-writing business. Now, I haven't seen the OQ mailing list, so I don't know what my audience is; but for those of you who are club members and not too familiar with the Wonderful World of Fandom, there are basically two kinds of fanzine writing. Fannish writing is about fans and their activities. I imagine most neofans' initial reactions are like mine was-- "Hey, all this magazine talks about is people going to see other people! It doesn't have anything to do with sf!" After awhile, you get to enjoy fannish writing. When it's well done, it's brilliant and witty. The acknowledged masters of this form include Walt Willis, whose puns make fans laugh now just as easily as when he typed them on the pages of HYPHEN fifteen years ago; and Bob Shaw, whose writing from ten years ago is still enjoyable even when I haven't any knowledge of the incidents he's talking about. Five years ago, I never would have pictured myself reading a book about fandom in the 1930's and 40's, and being interested in long-buried feuds and long-gone conventions; but now I've read Harry Warner's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS with interest, and commend it to you. On the other hand, fan writing when done badly is dull today and forgotten tomorrow; who cares what Fan X had for breakfast the third day of the 1954 Worldcon?

Opposed to this is sercon writing-- and I do mean, too often, opposed, bitterly. Sercon fans are, to more rabid fannish fans, dull, unimaginative, interested only in sucking up to pro authors, and defilers of Great Fannish Traditions. They are "unfannish", a term roughly equivalent in contempt-value to something mouth-filling like "Thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle in my corrupted blood," though not nearly so lively. The fan interested primarily in serious discussion of sf, on the other hand, condemns much fannish material as "too light", meaningless filler and chit-chat. In the extreme form, this type of fan even dislikes Rotsler cartoons because they are "too simple" and "too light." So you thought fandom was a place of harmony and friendship where, at last, you could talk about Robert Heinlein's latest novel without having people sneer "You actually read that crazy kid stuff?" Ha! Go join a rose-growing club.

I still haven't told you what sercon means, though, have I? Ted White, sf fan, author and editor, wrote an article in which he defined it this way:

'Sercon stands for 'serious and constructive'. It was coined in the early fifties by the Canadian Derelict Insurgents (Or if not coined by them, it was certainly first popularized by them), chief among them Boyd Raeburn, Ron Kidder and Ger Steward. The term as they used it was not purely descriptive. It was derisive and it was applied to those fans who appeared to believe that fun had no place in fandom, that all activities must be conducted on a Serious and Constructive Plane.

Originally the term was applied to clods like one Russell K. Watkins, who

launched a religious-oriented crusade to Clean Up Fandom, mostly by threatening to inform the Post Office against the (extremely innocuous) burblings about fan life in fanzines. The term caught on widely and was used, to quote the FANCYCLOPEDIA (which doesn't give its origins) to describe "a do-gooder and self-appointed censor, sometimes; he often believes he has a Mission in Fandom, and labours for some Lofty Purpose or Worthy Line of Endeavour...

the fannish equivalent of the Rotarian or Chamber of Commerce booster." It is still used in this sense to describe people who run around trying to get sf "accepted" and make it a "Great Literature"-- or who say things like "I feel real pity for the non-reader of sf. Their lives are so much smaller. Less rich," implying that only sf extends the imagination and sympathy this way. (And I suppose I'm being Serious and Constructive when I point out that Gordon made a grammar mistake!) Today, however, "sercon" can be used without the negative connotations to describe any serious writing about sf.

There's no reason why the two can't co-exist; or, to quote Ted White again, sercon-fannish doesn't have to be "an either/or situation." OQ, in particular, as a club magazine, will probably, and should probably, reflect a wide range of approaches to this thing called sf fandom-- and maybe prove to some diehards that there is fun in intellectual discussion, and intellectual merit in well-done fan-writing ("personal essays" they were called in school; it's "the new journalism" now, with columnists in every paper and magazine telling you about their opinions and actions. Gale Garnett in the Toronto Daily Star is a great undiscovered fan-writer.

My only concern is that the writing be good: well-written, coherent, intelligent, interesting. Which is why I'm ignoring John's demands for book reviews. Now, short book reviews epitomize, for many fans (and not just diehard "fannish" ones) everything negative associated with "sercon". They're easy to do, so the thought goes, and therefore neofans who can't do anything else hack them out; they're dull, poorly written, with little thought; they are published by editors who have nothing better to print; they are ephemeral, and usually badly outdated. Yes to all of the above, in many cases-- though on the plus side, they can be well-written, too, and can provide a valuable "buying guide" especially for fans with little other contact with fandom, a sort of printed version of the "hey, buy the new Zelazny but the latest QUARK was crud" chat that you get into when you meet another club member in the Book Cellar or Bakka. Simply as an information service, I think that book reviews have a place, especially in a club magazine.

NOT EXACTLY  
THE  
INTELLECTUAL  
APPROACH





So why didn't I toss off some one-paragraph book notes when John asked me to? For one thing, I haven't read much new sf recently, which kind of stops that. Apart from 19th century French Canadian novels, all that I want to become eloquent about is DERYNI CHECKMATE; and I have been eloquent about that, on the road to Cincinnati at 4 AM to distract both John and myself from the funny squeak in the car's left front that the garageman thought might be a wheel-bearing ready to give way. I'd really rather forget the whole thing. The other problem is that short book reviews are too short, for me. Reading them leaves me unsatisfied; so he (most reviewers seem to be "he") didn't like the book, but what was wrong with it? What good is a plot summary? Writing them, which I confess to have done (how unfannish!), though rarely, leaves me and the editor frustrated; either I skim over the contents ("QUARK/4 contained 12 stories which will interest you only if you liked QUARKs 1, 2 and 3") or I go on, and on, trying to analyse my reactions to the book. At this point, the editor is faced with a six-page dissertation on fantasy novels as exemplified by DERYNI CHECKMATE when he expected half a page telling people whether I thought it was worth spending \$1.25 on it. Some people manage to write well-developed book reviews that know when to stop; Bruce Gillespie's two-page discussion of JACK OF SHADOWS in the latest issue of SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY helped me to understand some of my own reactions to the book-- and would have been useful as a start for anyone who hadn't read it.

20 So why don't I produce, for John and Gordon, a six-page scholarly discussion of something sciencefictional? Because sercon essays, when well-done, are a labour of love and scholarship that communicate the enthusiasm with which the writer examined what the book had to offer, some of the fun (and it is fun) of the intellectual challenge. Scholarly critics aren't, despite the comments of the people who refuse to read them, necessarily dry and dull; nor do they insist on reading Hidden Meanings into a book meant only as an escape. Many sf writers are highly aware, conscious artists, who tell their story not only through the plot, but with a complex style, symbols from and reference to all sorts of mythologies and religions, well-developed characters, and all sorts of "literary" devices never dreamed of in the days of THRILLING WONDER STORIES. The Biblical references in Silverberg's SON OF MAN aren't arty frills, but an essential part of a book about a man becoming a saviour; and an essay which identifies them and helps make their use clear isn't a piece of pedantry, but a very useful discussion.

Unfortunately, at the moment, I don't have either the enthusiasm or the time for what I would consider a good discussion of, say, Anderson's use of archetypes in "The Queen of Air and Darkness." It's really very interesting, the way he uses figures like the Queen, or the White Goddess/Eternal Woman, acting on the characters in the story and acting on the readers at the same time... but not now, not when the temperature is high, the humidity is higher and I have to do the ironing... Maybe for OQ 6, ok, John?

And to write without that interest, that enthusiasm? Well, Bruce, I don't want to sound like a mean, nasty person picking on SFC, which I admire in a sort of awed way, but SFC 26 contains, within its incredible 120 pages, examples of the worst kind of sercon writing, in the negative sense of the term. It contains, for example, Franz Rottensteiner, a German scholar whose main claim to fame is his correspondence with, and articles on, the Soviet writer Stanislaw Lem. Lem's SOLARIS may well be fascinating, but I'd never know it from Rottensteiner, whose published work displays arrogance, pomposity, smug self-satisfaction, and never any trace of enthusiasm for his subject or, indeed, interest in it.

His criticism of sf consists of statements like: "I don't think he (Lem) knows much about Silverberg or Anthony; since I don't consider that those two authors are worthy of attention, I don't send him their stuff" and "Sf writers hardly ever deal with real problems. They just replay a number of silly cliches: psi, robots, myths, etc." Admittedly, this is in a letter, the rest of which consists of put-downs of

people who disagree with him, but it's apparently a serious essay-type, here-I-stand-critically letter. Unfortunately, criticism-to-show-how-smart-you-are (see, you clods, I understood the latest Lafferty book) occurs quite regularly to put people off scholarly discussions. The review of Delany's film THE ORCHID by Baird Searles-- who has publically voiced his contempt for sf fans, based on the fact that they "don't understand" sf and he does-- in the June issue of F&SF is another example. Now I know I can sound almost as pompous as my sweetie ( the aforementioned Boy Wonder) when I'm not careful; so that's another good reason not to write criticism unless I'm excited, enthusiastic, and not in a rush simply to get some words on paper so Peter Gill can offset them tomorrow.

Finally, in the same issue of SFC, there's Darko Suvin, a professor at McGill University and fully-fledged Academic Authority on Science Fiction. He weighs in with "Cognition and Estrangement: an approach to the poetics of the science fiction genre." It appears to be yet another attempt to "define" sf (they pop up every two months or so) full of footnotes, quotation marks, underlinings, and statements like: "Sf is then, a literary genre whose necessary and sufficient conditions are the presence and interaction of estrangement and cognition, and whose main formal device is an imaginative framework alternative to the author's empirical environment." (Ed. Note: Underlining as in original.) Now I'm an academic, by inclination, training and profession; but I find this sort of dry word-juggling unbearably dull. I won't inflict it on you. See conclusion of paragraph above.

What else is there in a "sercon" fanzine like SFC, what kind of work do "sercon" writers produce? Well, there's a fascinating letter from Ursula K. LeGuin on the sexuality of LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS which answers a lot of my objections to the seemingly unisexual nature of the book and lets you watch an author's mind, working on its problems. And there's the start of Gillespie's planned discussion of "The SF Novels of Brian Aldiss." I've never been an Aldiss fan, but Gillespie has made me want to read his books. I think that's the mark of 21 a good sercon critic. And when I can write an article like this, with a solid critical framework and well-developed literary standards obvious behind it, and love and sensitivity and interest, clearly and readably and enjoyably-- then you'll hear from me.

Meanwhile, John, lamb, don't bug me for short book reviews, ok? We deposed Duchesses are very sensitive.

\*\*\*\*\*

BEHOLD: One suitably

chastened and

slightly repentant

faneditor.



# OSFiCORRESPONDENCE

Sue Smith  
North Ryde Psychiatric Centre  
Ward 12  
North Ryde  
New South Wales 2113  
Australia

Dear John & Gordon:-

I managed to sneak a copy of OQ Nol from Ron L. Clarke's voluminous piles, caught by its beautiful cover and printing. I like the idea of a drawing on each page as a relief to the printing. Very impressive dedication as well, even though "los g" lost its middle (that comment shows that I really did read OQ)

The article by Susan Glicksohn is light, interesting, well-written and enjoyable. Pity there aren't any Duchesses of Aussie Fandom (not to my knowledge anyway and I'm a vivacious red-head who'd love to be 'crowned')--- come to think of it, we're all a little  
22 DAft (bad pun) to be femme fans in the first place (if we had any sense, we'd change sex and become fans... no prejudice then).

Your zine also had a book review section--- that always either becomes a dry one-man-show, or a centre of much of the talk in the locs. Good luck!

It also had a change in type? What happened? It certainly did nothing for the zine.

Apart from all that it was a bonzer issue. I hope to hear more of Angus Taylor and that your next issue will be as good a standard as this one.

Good luck! A friend in fandom, Sue.  
((All please note that this is the first time I've ever had to edit a lettercol.

It's fun to get letters about what you've done after you've put quite a bit of effort into it, but it is a special thrill to get a letter from somebody to whom you didn't even send a copy. Bonus points, I guess. It shows that we really made an impression. As a reward for your interest I would like to declare you Duchess of Aussie Fandom as Boyd Raeburn presumed to do with Susan Glicksohn, but after the reaction that shows up in this issue from the not-so-defunct Duchess Clarke, I think it would probably be a good idea for you to check around first to see who else is going to fight you for the position.

About the change in type-face. There are two editors. We both live and work in different places and we both do some of the typing for the magazine. We don't have access to the same type of machine and you have observed the result. A number of people commented on it, some favourably, some not. Since the production of the magazine tends to be a bit catch-as-catch-can, I'm afraid that we can't promise much of a change either for the better or the worse.))



Jerry Kaufman  
417 W 118th St  
Apt 63  
NYC 10027

Dear John and Gordon, Took me a while to get around to it, but I feel it more than a duty or politeness to write a letter on OQ, it is a pleasure. The question remaining is whether OQ was a pleasure. Of course. Absolutely. Now, what was in it? Hmm.

On the face of it was the decadent and malignant cover, exuding luxury and sinister sexuality. Grotesque and evil. I liked it a lot, you see, and hope you have more work by Hedy.

Angus Taylor is a very odd person, and his inversion of the old dream world/ gritty real life cliché would never have occurred to most people. It seems to be pretty effective, too, except for what seemed to me to be a weak ending line. The Dickensian thing to do would have been to have him awake again at the end. Perhaps in the third, real, world Marvin would be an accountant who never even read science fiction, and thusly had no comprehension of the two dreams whatsoever.

Susan makes a stab at explaining her status in Canadian fandom. I think she should have been a bit more cutting. There is a sharp edge between razing Cain and dulling the senses. I think that rather than pointing out the flaws in her humor, I've pinned down my own paragraph. Let me just slash away the underbrush of metaphor. As history, ok, as humorous history, not so ok. But keep practising.

Let me try the quiz, then I'll say goodbye. .... Mostly pretty easy. But I think you can see where I had trouble. What's a tree? Jerry.

((Congratulations to the winner of the quiz. 9 out of 12 is pretty fair. Answers printed elsewhere in the zine. Uh, Jerry, I hate to tell you this but I am as close as you can get to being an accountant without actually being one yet, so be careful about what you say. Some of us are vicious. Re your cut-up on Susan's column. See page 17 for the next instalment. Again, be careful! Susan bites and I have the marks on my ankle to prove it.))

Susan Glicksohn  
32 Maynard Ave  
Apt. 205  
Toronto 156

Dear Gord, This is a note, or note-of-comment: Don't you think OQ is rather an awkward title.

Lit-critic type objection to your editorial: any genuine work of the imagination, not just sf, has the power to extend the imagination, sympathy, thoughts, understanding of the person who experiences it. The problem with WHEELS, to take your example, is that it is just "the facts" dressed up in a formula plot. I doubt that even Hailey claims it as 'literature'. I don't read sf just because it predicts the future while mainstream writing only deals with the present; I read it, in part, because it gives me an understanding of people and insight into how they (and I) behave-- and medieval plays, or novels of contemporary life, do that too. When people sneer, that is, don't sneer back. Just enjoy the stuff. That's the best (and only) defence there is. Susan.

Eli Cohen  
417 W 118th St  
Apt 63  
NYC 10027

Dear John, I've already told you what I thought of the Boy Wonder reviewing ENERGUMEN, so I'll skip that. OQ was not bad, not bad at all.

Gordon seems to have strange friends. I haven't gotten a really strong anti-SF attitude since high school, and that was from a lit. major type who was convinced it was all trash (whereas we know only 90% of it is trash.) But even if he does encounter people who give him the line about "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff" an article in OQ is pretty much preaching to the converted, isn't it? His definition of an SF fan, though, does gibe with my own ambivalence towards the space program. I have always found SF set in the near future boring; and I distinctly remember my reaction to Sputnik (I was 9½ at the time): Of course! They certainly took their time about it! ROCKET TO LIMBO (by Alan E. Nourse) was my favorite book in those days -- a space adventure set 300 years after the Argonaut took off for Alpha Centauri. I'm a staunch supporter of the space program, but only as a necessary prelude to the real thing. Moon landings simply do nothing for my Sense of Wonder. Eli.

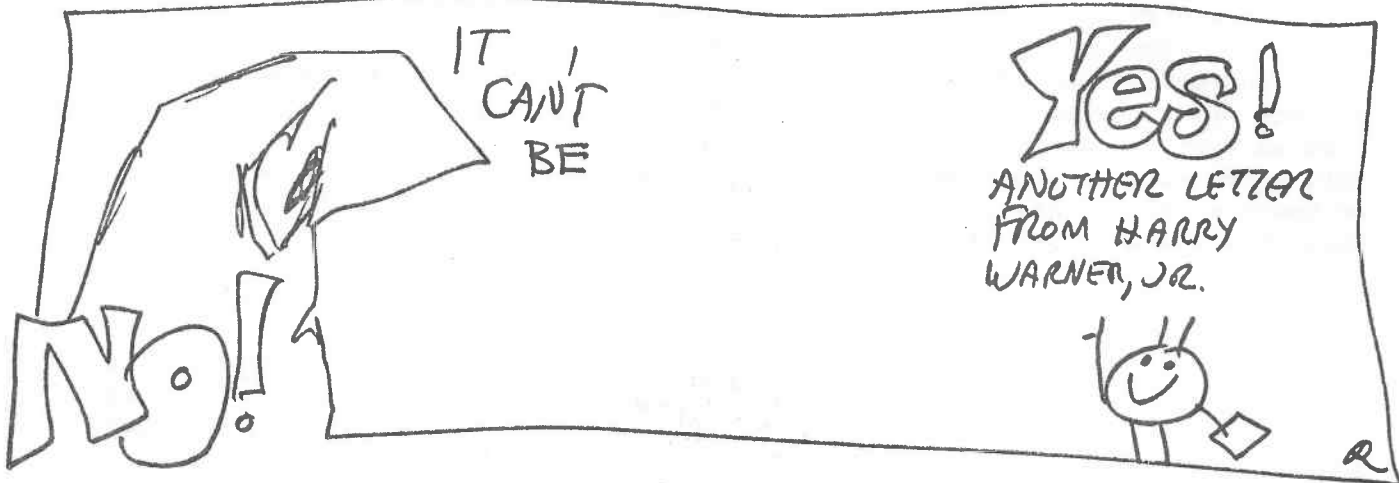


Mike Glicksohn  
32 Maynard Ave.  
Apt. 205  
Toronto 156.

Dear Gordon and John, To start with, my usual comments on the physical aspects of the fanzine. I found the cover only adequate, I'm afraid. Crudely rendered, and lacking in the visual impact that a good cover must have if it's going to serve its purpose of enticing people into the magazine. Compare it, for example, with the Bakka flier: not only is the flier considerably more artistically appealing, but the black on blue is far more attractive than the gray on khaki of the cover. Interior repro is generally clear and attractive although the multiplicity of type faces is jarring. On the whole though, an attractive and readable first issue.

Appreciate your efforts to have me called by the correct name (and am glad you chose not to refer to the other names that I'm occasionally called by!) and will see what success results.... Angus' story is as brilliant and biting as most of the things he writes. I stand in awe of the lad. I wonder if the lettercol in OSPHIMAGGE 2 (never give up, do I?) will be full of pungent analyses of the role of fandom and intense arguments over the merits of FIAWOL and FIJAGDH? Mike.

(( I disagree with the comments on the cover, but I'm afraid that it is a matter of purely personal taste and neither of us is going to change the other's mind.))



24  
Harry Warner Jr.  
423 Summit Ave.  
Hagerstown, MD  
21740, U.S.A.

Dear John & Gordon: Many thanks for sending the first issue of OSFiC Quarterly. I'm practically certain that I failed to write a lo on at least one of the last big issues of its predecessors, and maybe it's a repeated guilt, in which case I can plead only the way a hospital stay knocked nearly a month out of last year and put me in a fallen back situation which has since degenerated into a plummeted backer situation. So an immediate spate of attention to the first OQ will prove at least my good intentions and my occasional ability to function in a decent manner.

This seems like a good sort of fanzine for the unsaturated, unpolluted, clear-eyed club members who haven't been exposed to the realities of fanzines in general. The reproduction is beautiful and hardly anyone will find in it one particular fault which represents a fault only to a person who has been plagued by semi-transparent objects floating in his left eye for many months: it's too easy to see the things against that Rinso-clean white paper. But it doesn't glare and I don't have to squint to see the inked parts and such virtues make up for that minor and personal problem. I particularly like the place you put the page numbers. It should be much easier to find something this way, after consulting the index page, and I can imagine this format being even more valuable for one of the supergiant fanzines that run to a hundred pages or more.

Marvin in the City of The Golden Towers left me with a pleased feeling mixed with a twinge of regret. The regret involved my inability to be certain about the basic meaning and my suspicion that it's my stupidity which caused the situation. Tentatively I've decided that all this happens in some world of if but it could also represent the story of a youth who splits off from reality and never does get put back together again by the final line or the account of what happens to a science fiction fan after a large truck dispatches him into the hereafter or maybe even a story about the future of this earth in which the ancestral memory causes that dream. Whatever the purpose, I like a story which caters to my wishful thinking, like this one or that story in a Best of F&SF anthology some years back in which the Dodgers stayed in Brooklyn and Mozart wrote many more than 27 piano concertos and all sorts of other nice things happened.

Lines From Your Ladyship was a trifle disheartening, through no fault of Susan's. It was just the way she kept referring to people dating further and further back in Canadian fan history and I kept realizing that no matter how far back she was going, these individuals all seem quite young to me, another proof of how venerable I've grown without even half trying. Of course, Susan mustn't run around shouting "Off with their heads!" because she would be blamed for going over to the Other Side, now that the noun has acquired a different meaning (unless the people who proved the Lewis Carroll books to be a paean to the delights of drugs are also convinced that he was the first to popularize the colloquial meaning of "head").

"Science Fiction" presses a panic button in so many peoples minds because bad science fiction has always been the kind of science fiction easiest to encounter, ever since the World War II explosion of prozines. First it was the huge prozines that contained the worst fiction while the good prozines were somewhat slimmer and not as luridly packaged, then it was the radio and television series with science fiction backgrounds, almost exclusively aimed at juveniles, and meanwhile there was hardly a science fiction movie coming out of Hollywood that an intelligent adult could watch without nausea. Now that the Palmer-type prozines are extinct, it's hard for the average person to find a prozine on the newsstands, and the paperback racks which contain lots of science fiction offer no clue to the mature reader as to which books are meant for adults and which are aimed at kids and morons. 25

It's sort of surprising to find John Christopher writing a series of juveniles based on such an orthodox theme after all the major successes he's enjoyed with science fiction for people who rarely read science fiction. Maybe the market is so big that even a well-established author can't bear to watch it standing there without taking a few nibbles of his own. Maybe this series will be a lasting, major success, if young readers interpret it as an allegory of what their elders are doing to them in this ere of mass education and standardization.

The cover is very nice, a different sort of basic idea carried out in a style that doesn't really seem to be derived from any other prominent fanzine artist. Why is it that a never-ending supply of first-rate new fanzine artists keep turning up, and meanwhile it's harder all the time to find good fanzine writers who turn out more than three or four pages of prose a year? Yrs., &c., Harry Warner, Jr. ((What can you say about Harry Warner, Jr.? A seemingly inexhaustible fount of comment letters bursting with new ideas. Perhaps it would be a good idea to set aside some space in future issues for a lettercol devoted specifically to people's comments on Harry Warner locs.))

\*\*\*\*\*

Previously Quoted: OSFiComm 13 - Paul Docherty  
George W. Proctor  
Michael Dobson

We Also Heard From: Ralph Alfonso	Bill Bowers
Vaughn Fraser	Bruce R. Gillespie
Ian Maule	V. Niranjana
Jeff Schalles	

## ANSWERS - TO THE SCIENCE FICTION WHIZ-QUIZ

MUCH TO OUR SURPRIZE WE ACTUALLY HAVE A WINNER FOR OUR SF QUIZ. JERRY KAUFMAN GOT NINE OUT THE TWELVE QUESTIONS CORRECT. THOUGH ONE QUESTION HAD TWO CORRECT ANSWERS SO ALTHOUGH THERE WERE TWELVE QUESTIONS THERE WERE THIRTEEN ANSWERS. ANYWAY A MINT, ORIGINAL EDITION OF THE LIZARD LORDS WILL BE INCLUDED WITH JERRY'S COPY OF OQ 2. DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD EVEN TRIED?

JUST SO NOT AS TO KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE, HERE, AS PROMISED ARE THE ANSWERS.

1. (c) ASF STANDS FOR ANALOG. IF YOU HAVE TO ASK WHY, THERE IS NO POINT IN TELLING.
2. (c) THE ONLY PSEUDONYM NOT KUTTNER'S IS "PHILIP ST. JOHN", WHICH IS LESTER DEL RAY'S.
3. (A) & (D) BOTH ARE ISAAC ASIMOV'S.
4. (D) IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.
5. (A) NEBULA WAS SCOTTISH, STARTED PUBLISHING IN 1952 AND LASTED FOR QUITE A FEW YEARS.
6. (c) AS ANY DAN DARE FAN COULD TELL YOU TREES ARE GREEN. ASK MIKE.
7. (A) AMAZINGLY ENOUGH.
8. (A) ZARNAK RAN FOR EIGHT INSTALLMENTS IN 1936-1937 AND WAS NEVER COMPLETED. SHADES OF SUNPOT.
9. (D) DOESN'T EVERYONE KNOW THIS?
10. (D) THE FIRST WORLD CON WAS IN 1939. ANSWER (C) 1492 IS EITHER JOHN'S SENSE OF HUMOUR OR AN INDICATION OF HIS TYPING ABILITY.
11. (C) GEORGE PAL WAS NOTED FOR SUCH MOVIES AS WAR OF THE WORLDS.
12. (A) TED STURGEON'S NAME WAS. ORIGINALLY EDWARD HAMILTON ETC.

NO NEW QUIZ THIS ISSUE. BUT I AM WORKING ON PRODUCING A SF CROSSWORD PUZZLE. HOPEFULLY IT WILL APPEAR IN OQ 3.



## THE WORD

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE READING OQ FOR THE FIRST TIME MAY I JUST EXPLAIN THAT OSFiCOLUMN REPLACES THE CLUB'S MONTHLY NEWLETTER, OSFiCOMM, IN THE MONTHS THAT OQ APPEARS. EXCEPT IN THE MONTH IN WHICH WE HOLD NO MEETING. IN THAT MONTH SOMETHING CALLED OSFiNOTE IS FORCED UPON THE MEMBERSHIP.

IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS WHY NOT TAKE OUT A MEMBERSHIP IN THE ONTARIO SCIENCE FICTION CLUB. IT ONLY COSTS \$4.00 A YEAR AND YOU WILL RECEIVE OQ, OSFiCOMM AND OSFiNOTE ON A REGULAR BASIS. IF YOU ALREADY BELONG TO THE CLUB AND DON'T UNDERSTAND—TAKE OUT A SECOND MEMBERSHIP. IT MAY HELP.

## EDITORIAL

THIS CLUB HAS BEEN IN EXISTANCE NOW FOR FIVE YEARS AND HAS GROWN FROM A MEMBERSHIP OF LESS THAN TEN TO AROUND A HUNDRED. DURING THIS TIME WE HAVE HELD REGULAR MONTHLY SUNDAY MEETINGS WITH FAIR CONSTANCY. WE HAVE MISSED A FEW AND OTHERS, ON OCCASIONS SUCH AS OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CLUB PARTLY, HAVE NOT BEEN ON SUNDAY.

27

OUR FIRST FEW MEETINGS WERE HELD IN THE MEMORY LANE BOOKSTORE (THANK YOU GEORGE). LATER WHEN OUR SIZE AND GEORGE'S UTILIZATION OF SPACE INTERSECTED WE MOVED TO THE ARTISTS' WORKSHOP. LATER TO MIKE'S CO-OP HOUSE AND THEN TO THE OFFICES OF THE CANADIAN WELDING SOCIETY (THANK YOU MR. GILL). THEN THE SPACED-OUT LIBRARY (THANK YOU MADGE). MOST RECENTLY, AND BY FAR THE BEST, WE HAD THE USE OF THE PALMERSTON BRANCH OF THE TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WE NOW HAVE A PROBLEM. WE NEED A NEW MEETING PLACE. IF YOU ARE A STUDENT, OR A CHURCH MEMBER, OR THE SON OF A COMPANY PRESIDENT COULD YOU TRY TO USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO GET US THE USE OF A CLASSROOM OR BOARDROOM AS A MEETING PLACE? THE CLUB WILL BE FOREVER GREATFULL.

## MEETING NOTICE

THE SEPTEMBER MEETING WILL BE HELD ON SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 24TH., AT 2PM. FOR THIS MONTH ONLY WE WILL BE MEETING AT 286 QUEEN STREET WEST, HOME OF BAKKA. CHUCK MCKEE WILL TALK ON A SUBJECT ABOUT WHICH HE IS UNIQUELY (IN THE TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD) QUALIFIED - OPENING AND RUNNING A SCIENCE FICTION BOOK SHOP IN TORONTO.

— You are an OSFiC Member --- )  
 ) --- You pay money!!!  
 — You Subscribe --- )  
 --- )  
 ✓ — You are published in this issue - Written Material ✓ close  
 - Artwork

- ☐ You contributed something for future issues (or promised to)
- ☒ You responded to our previous issue  
(We like you)
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ You are mentioned favourably
- ☒ We trade

Trade we?

✓ The editor(s) want you to know that they really do exist, still.

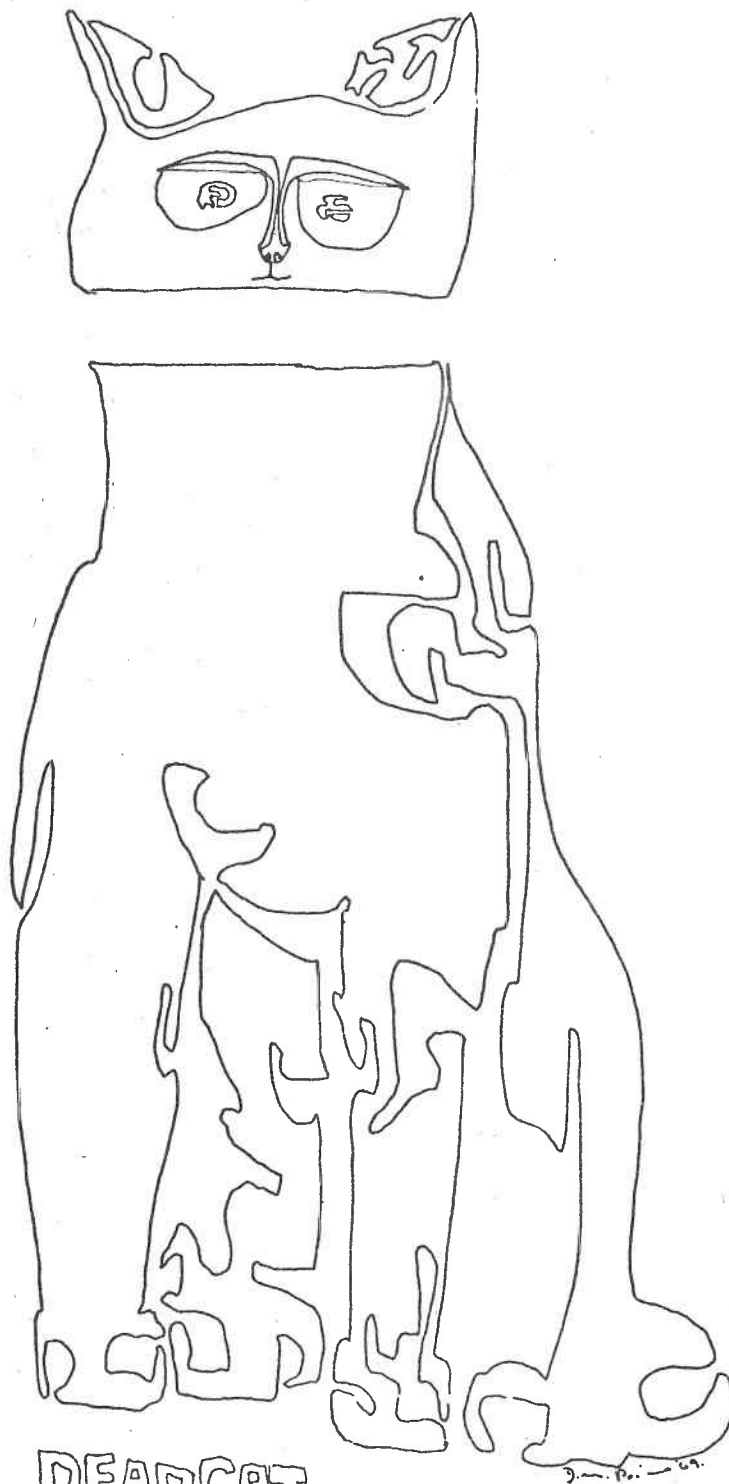
Whim - see previous reason.

3 Westminister Avenue  
Toronto 3, Ontario.

If you are sending something to us for inclusion in the next issue, please get it to us as soon as possible. In any case it should reach us not less than two weeks before the date mentioned above.

BYE FOR NOW - G.R.v T., J.R.J.D.



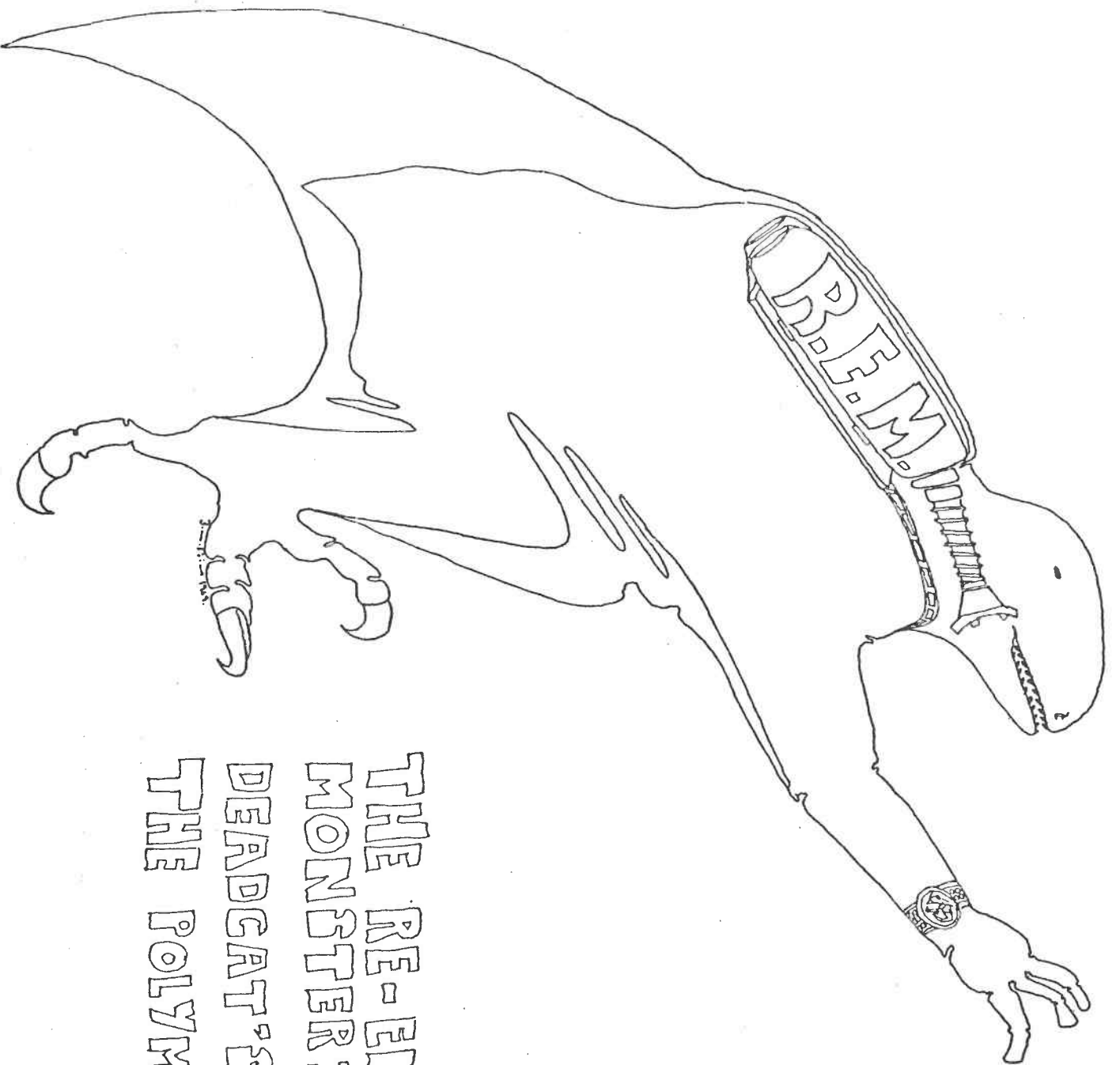


DEAD CAT.

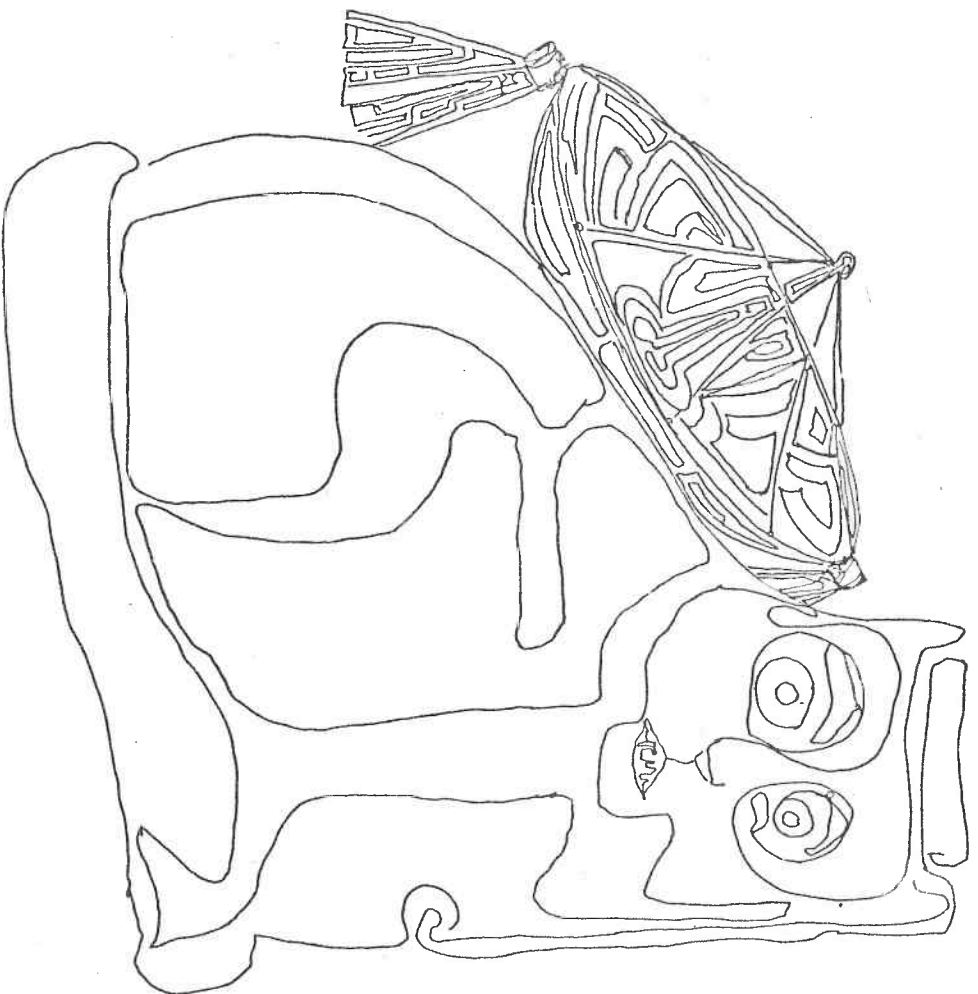
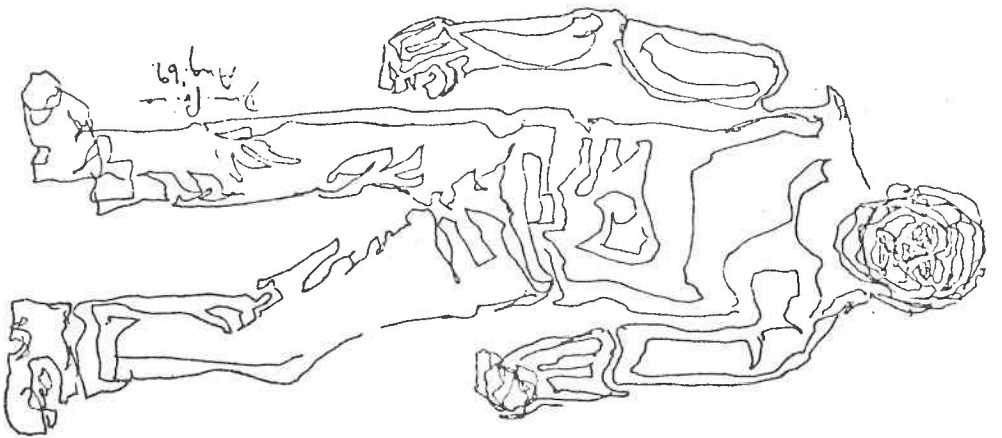
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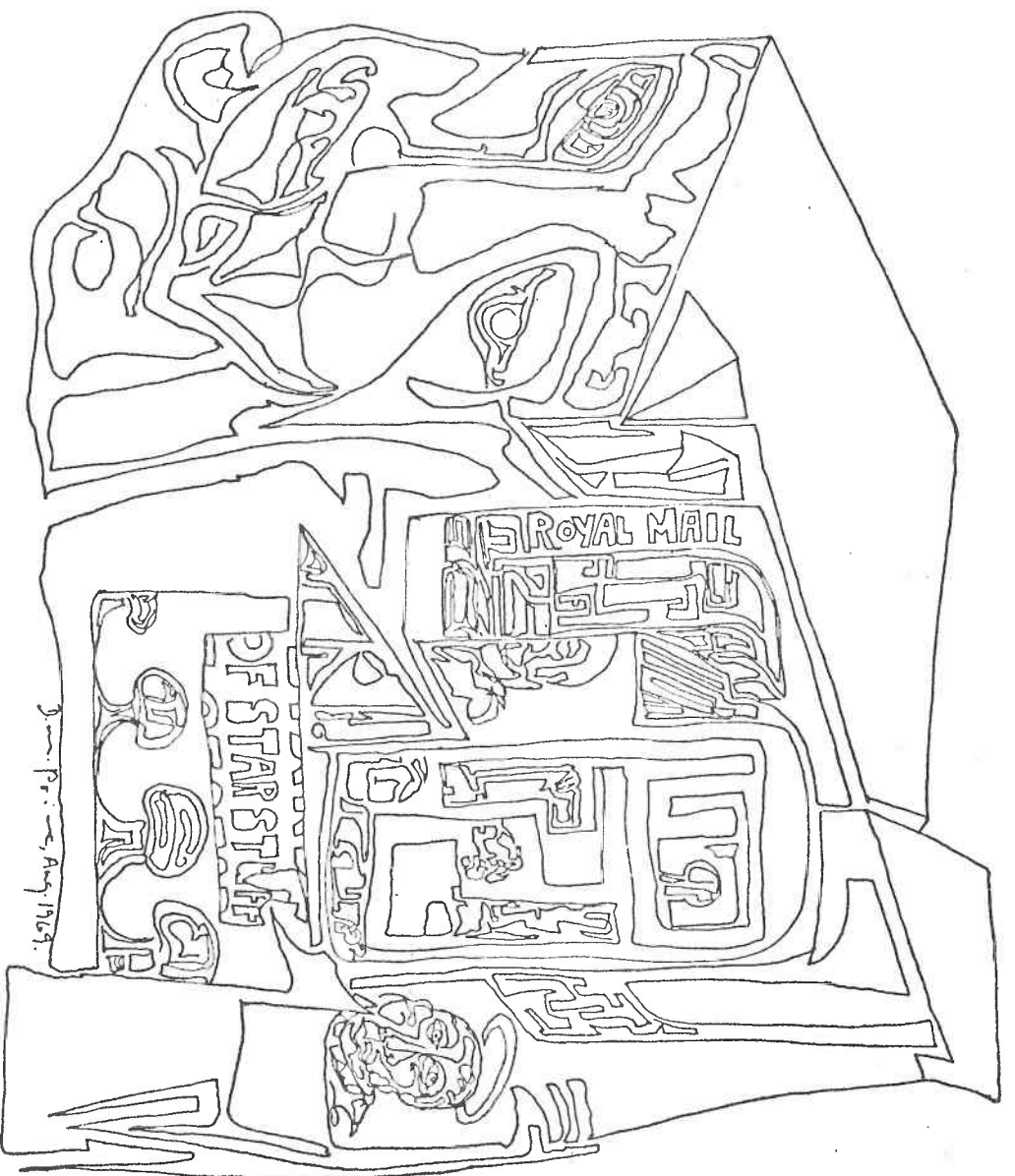
LION-MAN  
AND THE  
EXTRA-VEHICULAR MADONNA.  
LAST EPISODAL CONTACT.



THE RE-ENTRY  
MONSTER:  
DEADCAT'S ARCH-ENEMY.  
THE POLYMORPH.



DEADGAT  
AND THE MESSENGER GOLEM. GULLS HOOKED  
IN AGGREGATE OHM-PARALLEL GRPS.



NEUTRINO-MAN. MU-MESON DENSITY VARIATION.  
CANONIZED INTO THE POPE'S FAMILY.  
HYSTERECTOMIZED: TRUDEAUA MARTIAN CRATER?



FAT-MAN OPENING THE SKYLIGHT... A GLARRING  
 ERROR IN OUR MERCY FLIGHT SCHEDULE.  
 CRASH OF THE F-111: AN AMBIPLASMIC  
 IMPERATIVE. THE MADONNA OF THE SWING-  
 WING VISITS

Houston.



CASING  
 THE  
 JOINT,

A BOOK OF HOURS IN THE APPROACH-CONTROLLER'S  
 SEXUAL FANTASIES PUZZLES HIM. WHAT IS THE RE  
 LATIONSHIP BETWEEN HIS 747 AND RE-ENTRY?

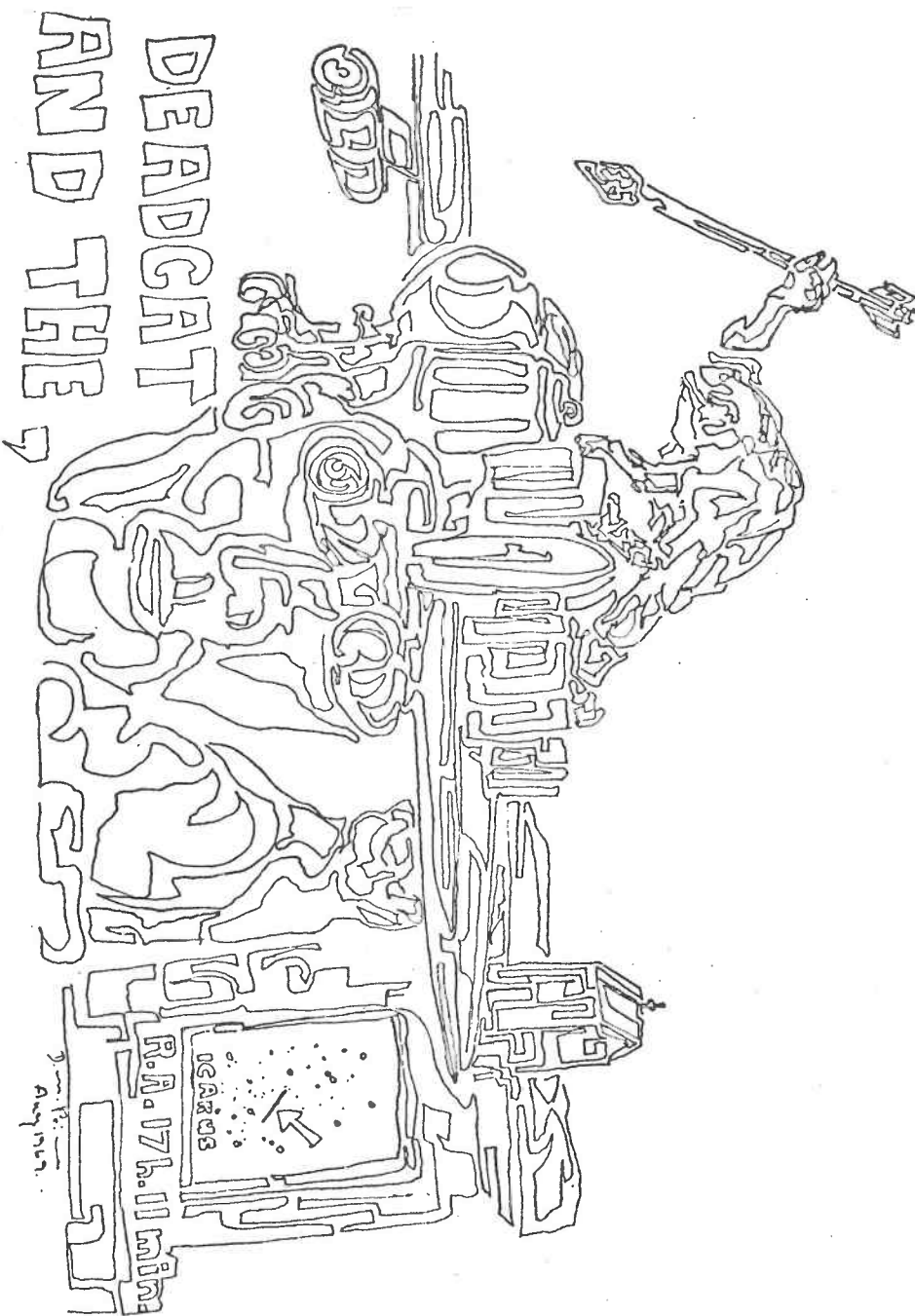
UNDER CLOSE SCRUTINY. DEADCAT AND THE BIN  
OCULAR VISIONS OF BISHOP AGNEW.

R.E.M SIGNS THE CH-  
ANNEAL CONCORDE 1002

SET THE ALARM F  
OR EIGHT, SKYHOOK  
TIME. THE  
SUN IN 70  
CAR EYES.  
EMISSION  
SPECTRA:  
THROWAWAY  
LINES.



BIRTH OF KOINOMA  
THE SLEEPING BAG  
"THE JOSEPHSON JUNCTION", THE ONTOLOGICAL  
CRASH PAD.



DEADCAT  
AND THE

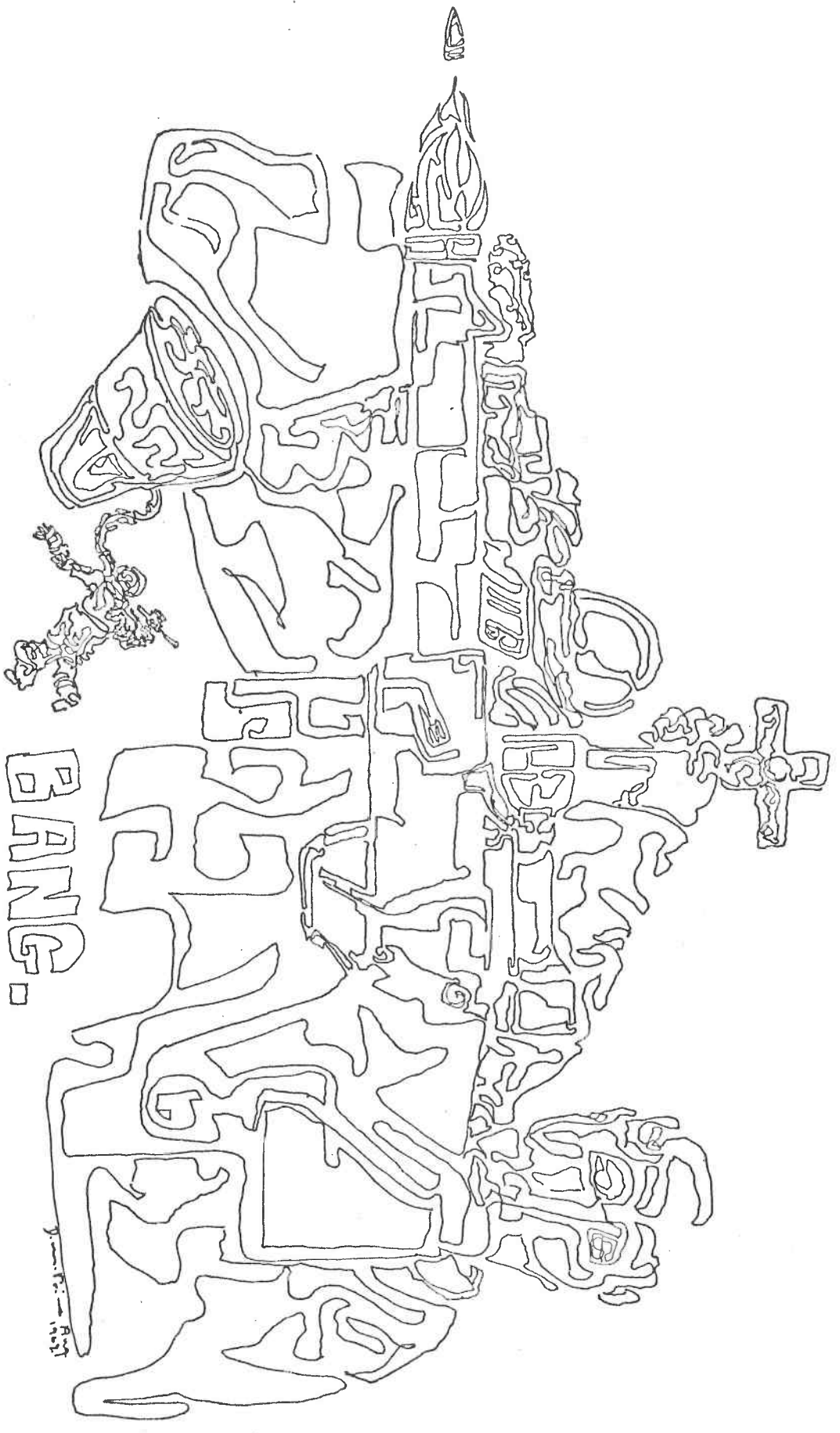
THE BELLY RIVER STRAFTA.

INCREASED APPREHENSION OF THE

PRE-UTERINE AIR LINES. CHACKLED  
BY HIS WRISTWATCH. IGHARUS:

A VITAL SADDISTIC. SAKKATOON

SOMNAMBULISTS, ING. NEED YOU!



BANG.

THE CHURCH

OF YOUR CHOICE.

PORTABLE LIFE-SUPPORT SYSTEM.

My frisbee kept dipping to the left. I searched the crowd in front of Rochdale, but saw no-one. After repeatedly frustrated attempts to straighten the trajectory of my frisbee, I looked up and saw a large lenticular cloud directly above the building, from which floated a paper replica of the ill-fated 'Valkyrie' XB-70. Again, it repeated the ritual, colliding with its escort craft and plunging into the ground among the Harley-Davidsons and the Triumphs. Deadcat stepped out and surveyed his latest crash.

?? At least pteranodon used his head, but paper is much cheaper. ??

?? Perhaps speed is the answer. I suggested as we entered Rochdale. ??

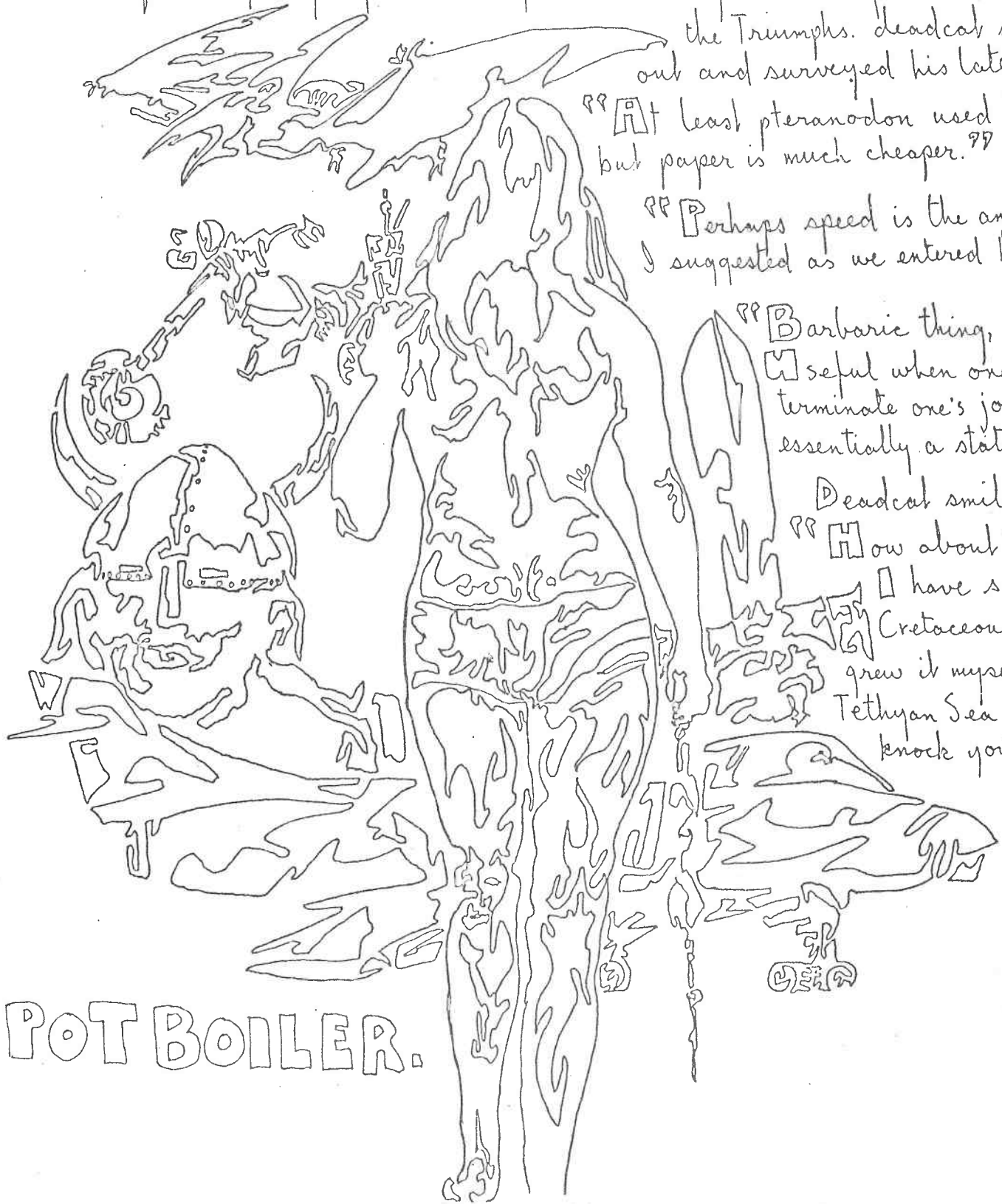
?? Barbaric thing, speed.

Useful when one wishes to terminate one's journey, but essentially a static concept.

Deadcat smiled.

?? How about some dope

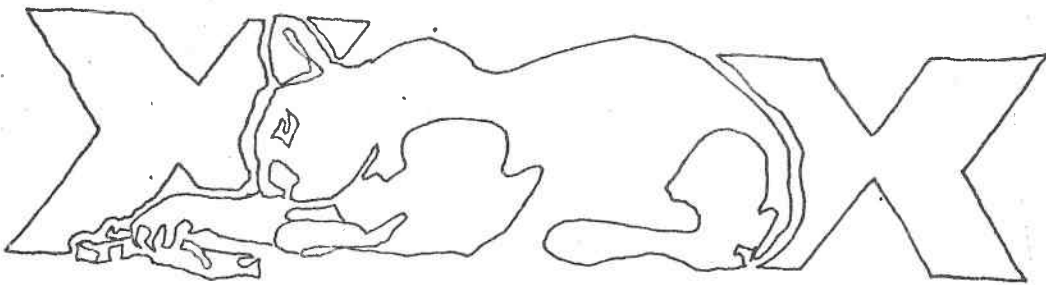
I have some Cretaceous stuff - grew it myself by the Tethyan Sea - that'll knock your head off. ??



POT BOILER.



"... HAS PASSED THIS WAY."



ON my way home, one night, I saw a sign:

"CHEAP REPRODUCTIONS

THE Last 'X' in 'XEROX' was missing, so I knew that, wherever he was, dead cat would not go hungry that night. XERO© will feed him, time and time again.

