



O.Q. THREE

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Artwork:

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Barry Kent McKay	- pp. 4-8
Wayne MacDonald	- pp. 9-14
Bill Rotsler	- facing page 21
Alexis Gilliland	- facing page 20
Back Cover	- Barry Kent McKay Bill Rotsler

P. 16) Artist unknown. If anyone can identify either
P. 3) piece, please contact the editors.

X X

Portfolio:

Rotsler Stuff - Bill Rotsler
(between pages 14 and 15)

X X

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RU FUL MINATIONS

Welcome to the third issue of OSFiC (apparently un-) Quarterly. After time lapses of four and six months respectively between succeeding issues I think that some people will perhaps wonder why we continue to call this a quarterly. On surface appearance such a question might be justified, so I will make an attempt to say something useful on the subject.

Basically, the idea is that our chosen title represents not so much the actuality but rather the sought-after goal of our publishing efforts. While the vicissitudes of material supply, free time and printing access continue in unpredictable variation, the intention remains to put out an issue three months after the last one came out. If we do not succeed in accomplishing what we set out to do then we apparently turn our title into an empty promise. To those who are disappointed, we apologise. To those whose material we have hidden from the waiting world, we apologise.

2 It becomes practically a cliché in fandom to apologise for the lateness of the current issue and try to offer some explanation. Our current issue took six months to produce (three more than scheduled) because we finally managed to finish it. Things happened or didn't happen when they should have or shouldn't have. As Kurt Vonnegut said in Slaughterhouse 5 - "So it goes". We will, of course, try again and the next time we may even succeed. If not, then not. The details of the accumulation of reasons which delayed O.Q.3 are of interest only to the editors and, at the risk of seeming arrogant, we will say that if you don't like it then we can't do much to help you. Picture of an editor refusing to grovel and bow and scrape. If you figure that what we do is worth waiting for then you are welcome to wait and we will do what we can to entertain you with our labours and their fruits.

#####

A few reflections on quote Being An Editor unquote. In the first issue I mentioned that one of my reasons for wanting OSFiC to have a magazine was selfish. I wanted to find out what it was like to be an editor. After these three issues, I have to admit that I like the feeling. There are endless frustrations and problems but there are also rewards. Ask any fan editor and the answer will probably be the same. Whatever the ostensible reason for publishing the underlying motivation, at least after the first issue, is that it continues to feel good. If it didn't then most people wouldn't continue to do it.

Despite all the talk about egoboo and the requests for personal response, I think that most editors would publish even if nobody read what they did. People like what you do and it makes it nicer but they don't always see what you see or know what you know. Even though no one comments on the brilliant match-up of an illustration with a piece of text the knowledge remains that it was good and the thrill you felt at the time that the combination "clicked" does not depend on the acknowledgement of the world. It was right, for you and you see the connection even if nobody else does.

Which brings us to the actual process of being an editor. I can only extrapolate from my own experience, because I have never really talked to any other editor about the process by which he or she allows the material to choose itself. In our first issue we published more-or-less what we had been given. Some of what we had was inherited and some was specifically requested but little was done to influence the creativity of our contributors. Susan Glicksohn's chance remark about a fannish joke caused a spark of interest from Gordon and Lines From Her Ladyship was born.

A copy of this issue is then sent to Norm Clarke as part of the usual courtesy gesture among fans. He and Gina were mentioned so they would probably appreciate hearing what somebody else is saying about them. The mildly-croggling result is a brilliantly written reply to the rhetorical question contained in Susan's first column. Aha, Susan will no doubt be interested to know what Norm and Gina Clarke have to say about her pretensions to a place of honor in CanFandom. Susan sees the letter and is stirred to reply to the reply with a second instalment of Lines From Her Ladyship which is even better than her first one.

Somehow, one begins to feel like the fellow sitting on the page with me here and pulling the strings. I'm smiling though. The people who are being puppet-mastered are smiling too, I hope. It says here somewhere that the people who do the things that faneditirs edit also do it for the sim- and basic reason that they get some personal reward out of what they do.

It seems to be a wonderful arrangement this way. Faneditors are happy editing, writers are busy writing what they want, illustrators are illustrating and the readers reap the benefit of everybody else's self-indulgence. Everybody appears to be happy and all is well. Does Pollyanna really rule the world as Secret Master of All Fandom? Perhaps not but it sounds good and if it isn't true, why do any of us do what we do?



ALIENS PORTRAYED

by Barry Kent McKay

Before going any further, let me give you a bit of biographical data... not only because I enjoy typing about myself, but to give you an idea of from where (whence?) I speak, or, as it were, type.

By profession, inclination and choice, I am an artist. My first works were of a somewhat abstract, freeform nature. Without considering traditional media, I began working with such unconventional materials as pablum, milk, strained spinach and regurgitated orange juice, applied to surfaces in series of uncontrolled splash patterns and irregular blops. I spurned canvas and illustration board, preferring to work directly on the elements of my own personal environment, such as the walls of the kitchen and the floor and the tray of my high chair. Not surprisingly, these early works were not appreciated and none have survived to this day.



4 By my third year I began to explore more conventional avenues of artistic expression, developing my knowledge of the wax crayon, both as an artist's tool and as a possible food source. By my sixth year I had been taken to an observatory and had fallen in puppy love with the stars, the moon, the planets and the galaxies. At this age I was drawing cartoon strips that were either buckrogeresque or tarzanish. I was also fascinated by dinosaurs, mastodons and that sort of stuff. But my greatest interest was, and is, birds.

By birds, I don't mean in the English contemporary colloquial sense, that is, persons of the female persuasion, but birds in the feathers, beaks, nest and splattered statues sense. So, I grew up to be a bird artist, first and foremost. I paint and draw all manner of things to be sure (of an income) but natural history in general and birds in particular are my main choice of subject matter. The science of bird study, ornithology, also is a continual source of interest.

Science fiction, on the other hand, is a hobby. However, as an artist and a keen eyed naturalist, alert to every subtle variation and nuance in my visual surroundings, I couldn't help but notice that some science fiction pocket books and magazines had some really neat cover illustrations. Of course, with the advent of puberty (this was in the '50's) half my attention was focused on the poorly clothed young ladies who were escaping, trying to escape, being rescued from or clutched by various unearthly aliens who attracted the other half of my puerile attention, on so very many science fiction magazine covers.

However, with the coming of the permissive society (a bit late, I might add) plus the maturity and worldly sophistication that is so integral and charming a part of my manner, I began to concentrate on the

aliens, their surroundings, and the artist's merits (if any). Nowadays pocket books often have excellent cover art, and the aliens can be most fascinating.

Now for some loose classification. We will concentrate on book covers. Some covers may be non-illustrated. Most common of this type are the merely printed covers. These books are usually highly promoted, and the general thinking behind such covers is that either the name of the author or the title of the story is so well known that nothing more is needed, except, of course, a large number, in the millions, that tells how many copies have been sold, or printed, or how many weeks the book has been on the New York Times bestseller list, or some such statistic designed to make you feel at least uninformed if not downright anti-social and illiterate if you don't buy this book-soon-to-be-made-into or now-a-great, motion picture.

Then there are the photographic covers. Such photographs may be "abstract" which usually means the photographer pointed his Nikon at several coloured wads of cotton-wool and snapped them out of focus, or swirled different coloured oils into a pan of water and snapped that (focus optional) or perhaps accidentally dropped his developing film into a glass of spiked cranberry juice and sold the results to the publisher.

Or, the photographs may be semi-abstract, or impressionistic, which in fact means the photographer took a picture of a partly melted lead toy soldier against a background of tin foil reflecting coloured lights with a Cracker Jack space ship in the background. Such table-top efforts usually look like table-top efforts, with their short depth of field and weird perspective.

Or, finally, photographic covers may be realistic, which may mean a photograph of an actual object, being, place, still-life or whatever. My main objection to such covers is that they take work away from artists.

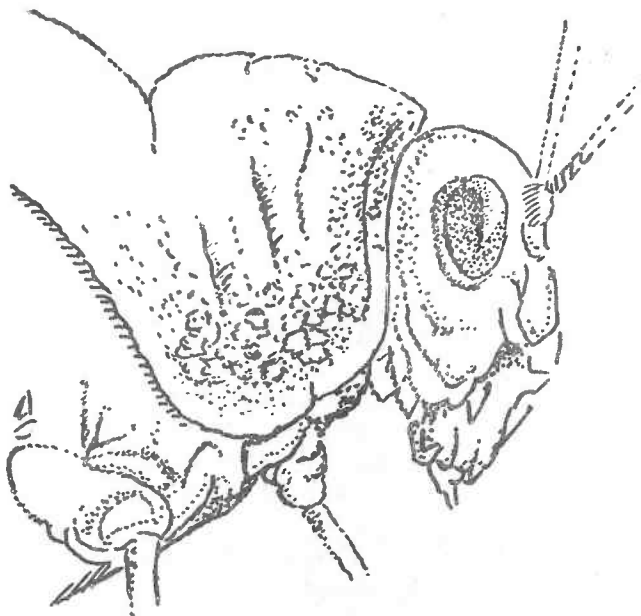
Covers that are painted or drawn (and admittedly I am simplifying, as some covers are partly photographed and partly sculpted, drawn or pasted) can be roughly subdivided as follows:

Design covers can be very effective, often employing contrasting colours and a geometric shape or two, or more, that, in the best instances, reaches out from the crowded book display to grab the browser by the (eye) balls to say "LOOK!BUY ME!"

An abstract cover may involve all sorts of imaginative workings of form, texture, colour, composition... in fact, anything and everything with the possible exception of talent. 'nuff said.

Semi-abstract and impressionistic covers actually go all the way into realism, since the latter is obviously impossible and all realism in art is impressionistic, to some degree.

Now, class, 'tis the last group I wish to examine. We can subdivide these impressionistic and realistic illustrations any number of ways, but let's stack them in a pile that shows alien life-forms and another that doesn't. Good! Now we concentrate our full attention on those that show alien life-forms, 'cause that's what this is all about.



You see, when you make a career out of the accurate (hopefully) portrayal of animals (birds are animals, remember) paying closest attention to their form, structure, posture, habits, habitat, behaviour, and how this can all be shown within the parameters of lighting, perspective composition and so on that are involved in realistic art, and yet, at the same time, are interested in alien beings, which are imaginative, and therefore can be illustrated without regard to specific details of anatomy, habitat, or what have you, and yet trying to make it look like an actual animal, it is only natural that you (meaning I) would become interested in illustration of aliens.

NOTE: The above sentence was put in to weed out grammarians, who(m) I dislike as much as they dislike me, and now the rest of us can (may?) continue... in fact, we've reached the point.

The point, you see, is that you (meaning s.f. cover artists) simply can't create a new order of being, such as may well exist on some far planet. I mean, you've got, simply got, to take elements of existing animals (or plants) and employ them in a manner in which they do not exist, to create an alien.

6

Gaze upon the heterogeneous menagerie of alien beasts creeping, leaping, flying, swimming, oozing, swinging, walking, crawling, soaring, running across the front covers of your local neighbourhood s.f. pocket book display. They are a taxonomist's nightmare of horns, tusks, canine and other teeth, scales, tentacles, eyes, ears, tongues, hair, feathers, antennae, feelers, tails, hoofs, wings, claws and what have you, virtually all having their prototype on members of any of a great many phyla.

Ignoring the viruses, weird little things so tiny they are easily ignored unless they happen to be in the process of killing you or your loved one, the life on Terra can be classified as either plant or animal. Some animals, such as the sea-anemones, walking sticks, leaf fish, the leaf mantis and the potoo can look a lot like plants, but with different behaviour and anatomy.

Anyway, while our knowledge of Earth's life tends to be pityfully limited (how many of you had or have a mental image of what a potoo looks like?) it, Earth's life, is all we've got. Every single impression our brains have sopped up as to what a living thing should look like is an impression based on Earth's life.

Okay, so an artist wants to create some sort of creature from beyond the horse-head nebula, what does he do? First, chances are he'll create something with eyes. Eyes are the s.f. artist's greatest asset, his own and otherers' eyes. There is something universal about them. Most vertebrates have eyes and they are all different, but based on a specific plan. The moist cornea, the pupil and the iris are all standard features. The pupil may be brown, blackish or blue, etc., as in humans, or a lovely mottled filigree of black and gold (take a close

look at the nearest frog) or any of a wide variety of colours and patterns. Pupil shape varies tremendously, and there is a fair amount of variation in eye shape and size. Eyes may be sunken, half closed or bulging... and can be quite expressive. Other creatures than vertebrates have eyes that are obviously eyes. In fact, evolutionists have a habit of getting quite emotional over squid and octopus eyes as these slippery marine animals are in an entirely different phylum from we vertebrates, and yet they evolved, from entirely separate origins, eyes that are remarkably similar to the cornea-lens-liquid-pupil-iris type eyes of vertebrates. Other invertebrates have eyes that are quite different, and yet, oddly similar.



One can't help but be anthropomorphic when looking at a non-human face that bears a strong, however accidental or superficial, resemblance to a human face; thus, a koala bear is "cute", a wart hog "ugly", an eagle "fierce" and a chimpanzee "funny".

On the other hand, because an animal's face isn't human, there is, obviously, an "alien" aspect to it. Surely we've all looked at, say, a praying mantis and wondered just what the hell was going on in that triangular, almost mechanical, certainly single-minded and most overwhelmingly alien little head. Film-makers have for years "peopled" cheapie s.f. flicks with aliens that resembled ordinary grasshoppers, iguanas, crabs, amoebae, ants, gila monsters, collared lizards and baby alligators in every aspect, except that the denizens of the reels were really big.

For the artist, somewhat more sophisticated aliens are possible, without any increase in a film budget. As already indicated, the drawer of aliens finds the eye his most valuable anatomical feature. Some book covers consist of well-done paintings of little more than an eye, animal-like, in that it seems to more-or-less have moist cornea, pupil, iris and so on, yet distinctly different, therefore alien. One cover has an eye with what looks like a tiny city on top of it, the whole thing submerged in thick red atmosphere, giving the impression of an eye that is the size of a very tiny planet (which is very huge for an eye, as we know eyes).

Most parts of most aliens have, as I said, their prototype in earth's inhabitants. So, if you want to draw an alien, the simplest way is to take a not-too-familiar animal, let us say, for example, a tree frog, and then alienize it. Give it an extra eye or two, maybe a scaly tail, replace its forelegs with octopus tentacles, add a pair of canine teeth, a forked tongue and make him as big as a mammoth. Put him in a blue landscape with a funny little red moon over his right shoulder and Joey Heatherton ensnared in his left tentacle and you've got yourself an alien.

Of course, real aliens, if there are any, probably will look quite a bit different, but will they look to us like living creatures? If you want your illustrated alien to look menacing, give him a decurved line over his eye, for it is this frown line in a human, a throwback to the animal's snarl, that makes us, and anything else, look fierce, or mean, or angry. A hawk, for example, has a small,

bony projection above the eye, thickest over the front half of the eye. This projection, probably protection from overhead sunlight, is a subtle little thing, yet that is all it takes to make a hawk look fierce, as if frowning, although, of course, the resemblance to a frown is coincidental. Incidentally, trying to figure out why a carnivore like a hawk should look fierce, and a carrot chomper like a rabbit should look timid, could drive an evolutionist to take up beadwork. However, some innocent, seemingly defensive, gentle-looking creatures, such as the dove, are quite fierce, within their own species and many of our ideas of what constitute various moods and behaviours are based on uncritical, subjective evaluations of animal's habits. I've always thought the deadly cobra actually looks deadly, but then, the lovely and colourful little coral snake, with its blunt head, looks quite harmless, and is just as deadly as the cobra, while the puff adder looks to me most deadly, but is quite harmless.

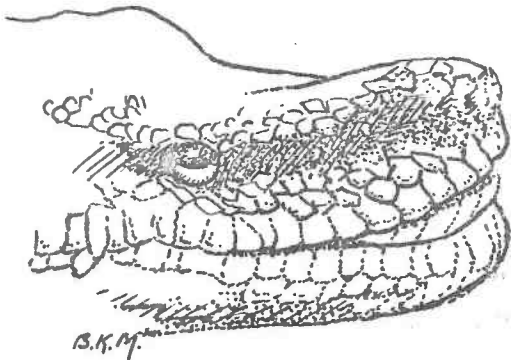
Backgrounds can help the cover artist. Aliens, however earthly the origin of their various anatomical features, look especially alien if they are shown amongst exotic, crystalline vegetation, splintered rocky landscapes, beneath unnatural skies or swimming in strange seas, with or without tiny humans blasting at them with white bolts spitting from ray guns. Make a snake-like creature huge, add some mammalian facial features, put it in a misty dungeon and have some muscle-bound idiot hacking away at it with a gore-smeared broad sword while some more-or-less bare female cowers, chained in a corner, and you have the makings of a good fantasy cover.

8 In my opinion, what makes the best cover, with or without aliens, for a s.f. book, is a painting that is based on a sound control of the "laws" of lighting, shading, perspective and composition, with good foreground detail and texture, plus accuracy. If a space ship is drawn make it look real. Give your alien an eye that looks like an eye, a claw that looks like a claw. You get to invent the spaceship, eye, claw or what have you, but don't go illuminating from the front if the rest of the drawing is backlit, or ignoring the suffusion of tonal values to obtain depth.

Since most of you (myself included) will probably never illustrate a s.f. book cover, the above advice may be ignored, but if you do illustrate a cover, then you've gotta ignore it at your peril. Okay?

One last point. Many earth creatures (and places) are, unchanged, delightfully alien. The creatures used to illustrate this piece all exist here on Sol Three. The essence of alienness is not in total

unfamiliarity, which we approach with either fear, or objectivity, nor in day-to-day familiarity, but in familiarity blended with unfamiliarity; with the commonplace made strange. The best s.f. artists like the best writers, know this.

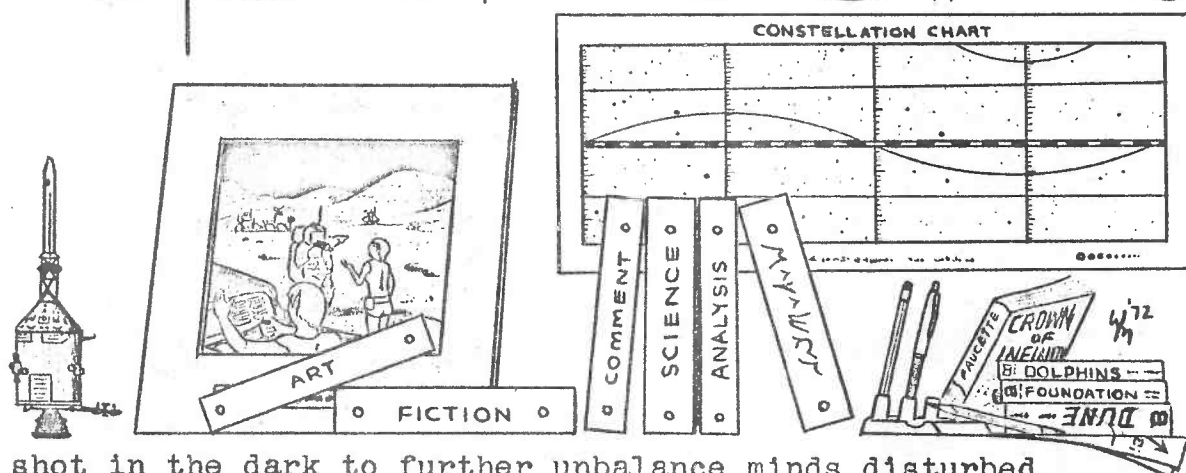


Text and Illustrations -

Barry Kent McKay

I am currently running far behind schedule in practically everything. So, naturally, I undertake something new, and the question arises: "such as what"? *Wayne* Well, I should return to that long-overdue art promised to whosisface anyway, (thats you Phillipe), so why don't I just drop this whole crazy - but no. That would be the sensible thing to do. People would get the wrong impression. Furthermore, new experiments tend to be more rewarding in terms of challenge than what the already accomplished has to offer. For what its worth, I begin:

repertoire



- a shot in the dark to further unbalance minds disturbed enough to be fans in the first place.

I am Wayne MacDonald, of whom you have, no doubt, never heard of. Desirably, with sagacious luck and the prolificity of Isaac Asimov, I would like to ammend this serious oversight. As the title of this continuing feature should imply, I consider myself as either competent, or striving for competency in a liberal number of fields; and quite refuse to be confined or catagorized in any particular one. Should this feature continue - and it is your voice that determines this, so swallow your complacency and cast your vote of confidence/non-confidence to John or Gordon - then you will explore with me the illimitable contrivances of human imagination. You may expect fiction, art, commentary, discussion, fact, analysis, or any combination of the preceding to be presented to you each issue of OSFIC Quarterly.

Boastful? Yes, I guess it is. Anyone examining my rather indolent record would in short order discover a basic incapacity for noteworthy accomplishment. But I enter into this commitment as much to be an incentive to myself as to be a promise to you. I mean to live up to it if you will let me.

To begin with there's nothing like New Wave to engender a perplexed expression on a reader's face.

Remember, it says what it means - but it doesn't necessarily mean what it says!

"Daisy"

My mind cavitates like ice, I can feel it, every little block sliding out of place, and I'm afraid. Why did you do this to me! You owe me an explanation, I've got years ahead of me. Good years. Top-notch training. And four years experience at our Urbana division.

"Mr. Davies, sir, did I ever let you down?"

no

"I've always held the companies welfare to be my own, Mr. Davies, sir, and I've always been interested in our work. Isn't that right?"

yes

You see! Then why am I being destroyed this way? Why are you destroying my mind?

Doc, tell me it isn't so. I can feel it and I'm afraid.

"...in an anomalous distribution of permissible quantum states. Such behaviour is governed by the cumulative Chi-Square distribution. $F(\chi)^2$ can then be written, where n is even, as:

$$1 - F(\chi)^2 = \sum_{x=0}^{x-1} \frac{e^{-\lambda} \lambda^x}{x!}$$

The more general case, however, where n is not necessarily even, the equation must be written:

$$\chi_\alpha^2 = \frac{1}{2} [\chi_\alpha + \sqrt{2n-1}]^2$$

From the formulae, states can be described which correspond to the statistical distribution of fermions under a given force-density equilibrium. Knowing that, and giving consideration to the identity energies of the particles, an upper limit can be calculated for stars of masses insufficient to continue contraction once the white dwarf stage is reached. This limit I have set at 1.4 M with the values for degenerate pressures now accepted."

Does Daisy know Doctor?

"...whereas the perturbations cannot be calculated. Such high velocity stars are almost invariably stars of high mass. The effect of such massive disrupters in high value eccentricity orbits is a progressive dissolution of the cluster. Thus there is an upper limit to ages of open galactic clusters. A similar behaviour is observed in the separations of binary stars. Above a certain value gravitational interactions with extraneous sources interfere with the gravitational balance of the system. Random perturbations inevitably destroy the stability of wide binaries of given separation in a predictable time. That binary systems of separation greater than a known value are not observed evince evidence that perturbational forces have been at work for a time no less than is necessary for such forces to randomly disrupt a stable system. Studies of both these effects indicate an age for our universe of no greater than 10×10^9 years but no less than 3×10^9 years. Therefore..."

Daisy. Daisy!

Am I to take your failure to reply to my proposal of marriage as a refusal? The suspense, and my love for you, are doing things to my system. I wouldn't consider programming into one of our computers at the lab. When will I receive your answer? I know my income is on the low side, but we'll make out. Do you need to have an elaborate ceremony, or an expensive car? I think you look every bit as beautiful in a bus seat as in any limousine. Just so long as there is a seat on that bus for the both of us!

Love Al.

"You know pal? I like you!", the drunk slurred. "Yeah! I really do! You're really cool. Right in there and all that." He toasts Miss July across the bar and finishes his fourth (fifth?) highball. "You got troubles though. I know...a man who got trouble. I got troubles too!"

"Yeah, I've got troubles all right. My girl won't say yes." Al chuckled through the thickening alcoholic blur.

"Whaduhyuh ask her for. You're the man, she's the woman! Do it for chrissakes. Don' fuc'aroun!"

"I wanna marry her!"

"Oh! You're not gudenufforer! 'Zat it? Women! They all treat ya like yer dirt when they've the upper hand! Take it

from me. Find yourself another lay. The sea's full of 'em. Forget'er. Hey! What about another song, huh? You got a voice. Same one as before wi'the same name's yer girl? Yeah, I'd like to hear it pal, sing it for me."

But Al wasn't listening. He was engrossed with his drink, strangely fascinated with the resemblance of the ice cubes floating in his glass to the way he presently felt.

"You know we can't get married yet."

"But Daisy, you know I love you!"

"Its not a question of your love Al, it just wouldn't work out. Your salary at IBM just isn't enough for the both of us. Nine thousand a year just isn't that much anymore' We'll have to wait untill you get a raise, or get promoted, or...or find another job."

"Another job! Its out of the question and you know it! I've invested far too many man-hours in highly specialized training to up and leave now. It can't be done. Why do you keep bringing that up!"

"Al. Al, when are you going to realize that there's no future in research for you."

"Why not? I just got a raise for volunteering in our last experiment. Its not much - now - but its an indication of coming oportunities!"

"Experiment? What experiment? You're not playing guinea pig at the lab again?"

To: Dr. B. Davies, Admin. dep. R. & D.

Abstract: Preliminary Report on Routine
Examination of Volunteer Subjects of
Experiment 9. 2. 13. (12 JAN 97)

The volunteer subjects, several junior technicians, were examined as per the directions of the Co-ordinating committee in charge of the experiment, and in accordance to the regulations of the Surgeon-General. The results were, on the whole, as expected. While synaptic trauma was significantly higher immediately following the conclusion of the experiment, the effect declined along predicted lines until the level where the threshold of sensitivity of the electroencephalograph made further monitoring impractical. Detailed analysis of the tracings was satisfactory in all cases but one, subject #3, in which an unexpected deviation in curve is explained by the emotional condition of

the volunteer over the period in which the experiment was performed. This and other assumed random biases in the data present no significant error in interpretation as they are substantially eliminated by current statistical techniques.

The psychological staff has tentatively concurred with the findings of the physiological staff in that the emotional and behavioral patterns of the subjects have not been significantly altered from their previously established norms. Nor has comparison with the control group revealed any probable error in the parameters chosen to represent the subjects' true states of comprehension. Evidence of a possible state of estrangement from reality was negative in all of the subjects but for the exception outlined above. Doctor Chandrasekhar, head of the psychological department comments:

"A typical lover's syndrome that boy. I wonder his EEC traces conformed to the curve as much as they did. No need to worry about that one. As for the others: the same. They're all perfectly healthy, strapping, normal young men; all anxious to be done with our poking our collective noses into their clockworks."

The conclusion seems unescapable pending unexpected developments. Direct cyberneural programming of third generation computers is not only theoretically feasible, but is an accomplished fact. Advanced development should be begun as soon as a program can be outlined, and authorization and company funding obtained. The volunteer subjects may be advised to discontinue their examination schedule and return to their routine duties. No further action is recommended.

Dr. F. Haywood

Chairman of Medical Examination
Board

Department of Research
and Development,

IBM Laboratories,
Urbana, Illinois.

"God! I wish you wouldn't do those things Al! Let someone else do it. There are plenty of convicts in the pen. They're no use to anyone. They'd be no loss if something went wrong. Why do you insist on risking your neck!"

"Daisy! Daisy! I'm doing it for you! I...I love you so much...I...think I'm going insane!"

"Al?"

"Yes?"

"There's ice bergs breaking off the edge of your head and floating about the room."

"Just open the window and let them out. Its all in my mind. Its only my mind!"

I know she knows Doctor. She sees them too. Little blocks of ice, floating, back and forth across the room. My mind is coming apart.

" 10 3.162277660168379?"

Thank God you understand!

"Log 10 0.434294481903252..."

Can I find you a
tranquillizer Mr. Davies?

I'm afraid. I'm afraid. I'm afraid.

Daisy. Daisy? Give me your answer. I'm crazy. I love you.

Well, did anyone recognized it? Shame on you if not. Any self-respecting SF fan should have known the incident symbolized in "Daisy" in several nano-seconds less than immediately. Many of the clues are patently obvious. The first correct answer I receive wins a free copy of...Hmm? Oh. John tells me no free plugs in the club 'zine. The winner will just have to be patient and see what turns up in the mail.

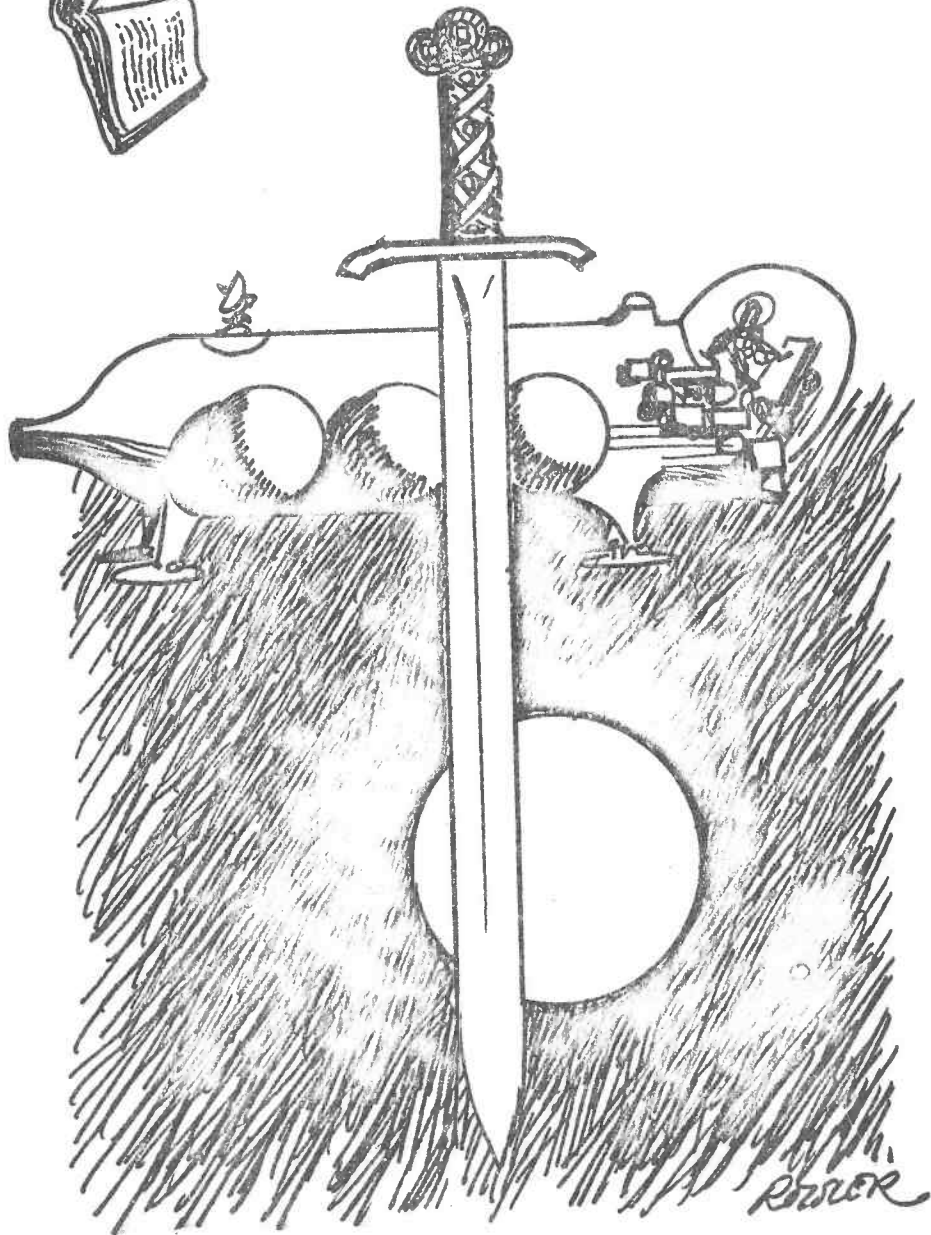
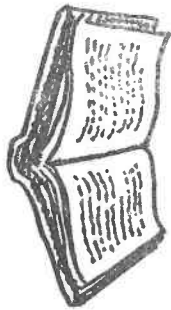
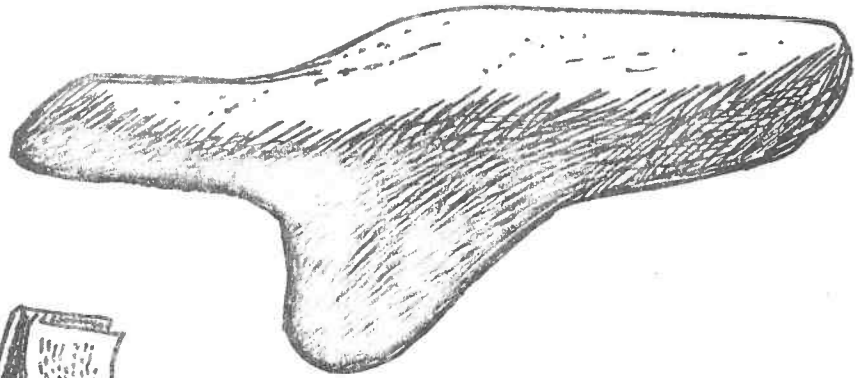
Next issue, (should I survive this issue), perhaps I'll present an extract from a copy of "The Handbook of Stellar Systems of the Pleiades Containing Oxyhabitable Environments" that recently fell into my hands under unusual circumstances, (that's a story in itself). Additionally there will be the shortest possible SF story that can be told in the English language, and, I suspect, any other human language as well. That is unless I don't drop it all for an essay on Pulsars and Gravitational Radiation. Want to know how to exceed the speed of light? I've got a way. Maybe. In any event, I promise you your credit's worth.

Wayne
MacDonald

ROTSLER STUFF



ROTSLER



R. R. R.



THE SPACED OUT LIBRARY

-by- Rosemary Ulliyot

The Spaced Out Library doesn't look like a library. At least from the outside it doesn't look like a library. It looks like an old house. Inside it looks like an old house filled to the rafters with books.

Fiction, anthologies and criticism in the two front rooms; the catalogue in the hall; the Verne collection, vertical file and science fact in the kitchen and periodicals, tapes and foreign language editions upstairs... It's a science fiction fan's dream come true.

SOL specialises in sf from the late 20's to 1945, many of which are in first edition. Ms. Madge Aalto, SOL's librarian, says that the library has been set up as an accessible rare book collection. The library also maintains a collection of current sf and sf criticism. Also included in the collection are tapes which include interviews with sf authors, CBC programmes, radio plays and recordings of panel discussions made at science fiction conventions.

The basis of the collection (about 5000 volumes) was donated by 15 Judith Merrill, a noted science fiction author and anthologist. She wanted the collection to be available to the general public, so rather than give it to a university, she made it available to The Toronto Public Library. In the three years since the collection was established, it has grown to over ten thousand volumes.

The collection is used primarily by highschool and university students and science fiction fans. The library is also used occasionally by The Ontario Science Fiction Club (OSFiC) as a meeting place.

As the library is a specialised, non-circulating collection, its appeal to the immediate community is negligible. Occasionally, someone will pass by, be intrigued by the name of the collection, but then leave in disgust when they realize it's all sf and related material. The best used part of the collection is the criticism. SOL is the only library in the city with so complete a collection of sf criticism.

As far as I'm concerned, the most interesting parts of the collection are the Verne and Arkham House collections.

The Verne collection consists of many items ranging from comic books (Classics Illustrated) to first editions of the Hetzel Collection. These books are over sixty years old and are in beautiful condition.

I'm a Lovecraft fan and I was especially interested in the Arkham House is a small publishing house in Michigan which special-

ises in horror and the weird. As many of the Arkham House editions are out of print and have become collectors items, the collection is safely hidden away behind Ms. Aalto's desk to prevent people from ripping off half the collection.

Aside from Lovecraft (which is the most complete collection I've seen outside of a private collection) and others, SOL's Arkham House collection also includes Robert E. Howard's SKULL AND OTHER FACES and William Hope Hodgson's HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, with the original Hannes Bok dust jackets.

In addition to sf novels, anthologies and criticism, SOL maintains a collection of serials and periodicals. Science periodicals (e.g., NATURE, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN) make up about one-third of the collection; while fanzines (e.g. ENERGUMEN, LOCUS) form the rest of the collection.

SOL has a vertical file of science fiction, science fact and related material. The thing I found most fascinating about the vertical file was a whole drawer full of, well, Vernanalia, for lack of a better word. There are games, puzzles, toys, articles and movie stills, all connected in some way with Verne.

The only deficiencies I noted in SOL were the physical layout of the place; it's too small. There are no places to read comfortably and no desks to use while doing research. The lighting is bad; it's too too bright. What few chairs there are are uncomfortable. The coffeepot has disappeared from the kitchen. I can't fault the collection itself though; it's the most complete I know of.

The collection will be moving to the new North District Library as soon as a building can be put over the hole in the ground. Ms. Aalto hopes that there she will be able to circulate some of the collection and have enough space to shelve some of the books she has stored in the basement.

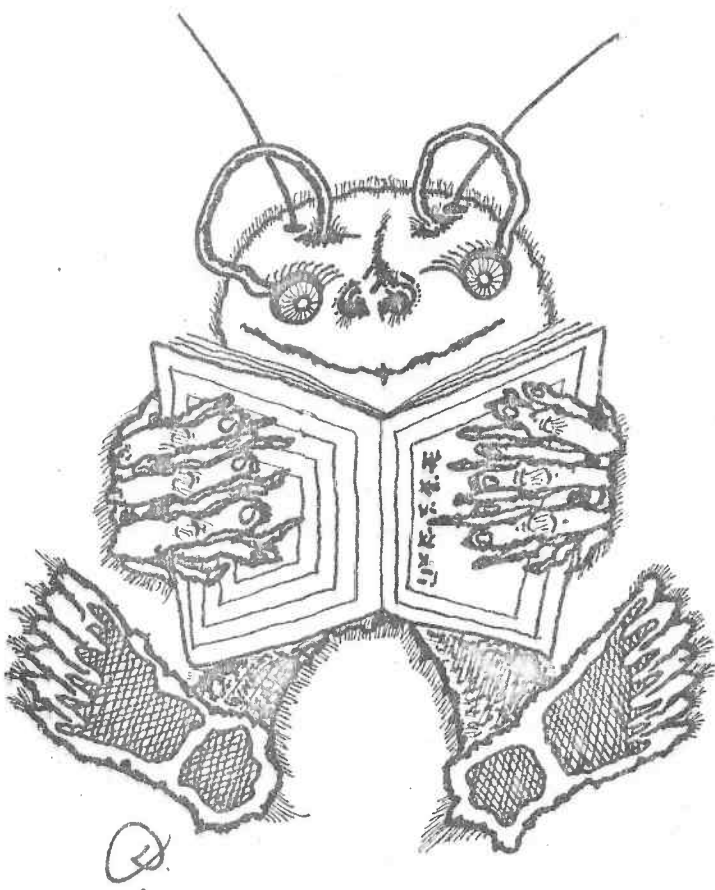
I for one will be sorry to see it move. The collection lends itself to that old house, and moving it to a sterile building full of bright lights and colour coordinated shelves and carpeting is going to take much of the appeal of the collection.

Ed. Note: The Spaced C t Library

Address: 566 Palmerston Ave.
Toronto, Ontario

Hours; Thursday - 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Friday - 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Sat. - 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Also by arranged appointment



A REPORT ON EUROCON I

SF fandom has been primarily a U.S. phenomenon, with offshoots in other English language countries; but, in France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Spain, Denmark, Sweden and other European countries there have been local fandoms of greater or lesser size, and they have generally been growing rather than diminishing. The Heidelberg Worldcon in 1970 provided the first opportunity for representatives of all Europe to meet together. From such meetings a committee was formed to arrange the holding of sequels to the Worldcon in the form of biannual European conventions. The first was planned for Trieste, Italy, the summer of '72, in conjunction with the annual Science Fiction Film Festival held in that city.

Now, as chance would have it, I'd already tentatively planned a European trip for that summer when the existence of EUROCON came to attention. So, a decision to make EUROCON a part of my itinerary naturally followed. I expected to enjoy myself there. True, language might cause some problems, but English was one of the official languages of the con, along with French and Italian, and John Brunner was one of the guests of Honor, so obviously English would be used to some degree. Also, I possess a barely passable knowledge of French. While the heavy sercon emphasis apparent in the progress reports might have discouraged some people, I enjoy that sort of thing if it is reasonably well done.

I didn't enjoy EUROCON very much. There are parts of it that I look back on with pleasure, but for the most part I remember the utter boredom.

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If you want to know how to organize a dull convention, then just follow the EUROCON pattern. First, don't choose a central hotel, but merely give a list of possible hotels in the program book. That way fans will be separated from one another as much as possible. Second, make sure the convention centre is only open from 3:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m., so that this cannot serve as a general meeting place outside program hours. Third, set up the program to consist of nothing but papers, and lectures, half of them to be given by academics, with no opportunity given for questions from the audience.

Actually the program wasn't quite that bad. There was a panel scheduled,--on ecology--but it was cancelled. Three of the presentations were more than just talks: Gerd Hallenberger's on "Set the Controls For the Heart of the Sun - SF In Today's Pop-Music", Forrey Ackerman's slide presentation of some of his souvenirs, and the Tolkien item which, after a rather flimsy paper by a guest speaker, was turned into a general discussion in which anyone was welcome to come up to the mike and talk. Unfortunately, Gerd's presentation was marred by bad sound equipment, Forrey's show had to wait forty-five minutes until the committee got him a projector and he was cut off after twenty minutes because he was overtime. The Tolkien item which started half-an-hour late due to the unexpected length of the general meeting was forced to stop right on schedule. The reason the general meeting went over time was that audience reaction to EUROCON I and suggestions for EUROCON II were asked for, and were received by the carload. Not one person mentioned a feature of EUROCON I organization

which should be followed by future EUROCONs.

There was also an auction at the end of the last day.

The committee did make a brave attempt to solve the language problem by use of simultaneous translation, employing portable radio devices for each member and a room full of translators. Unfortunately, literary criticism is not the easiest thing to translate, and the translators were amateurs, so the result was painful in many instances. In one case, a speaker was obviously trying to distinguish by two different literary terms that the translator was rendering by the same English word. What the speakers were trying to get at was often unintelligible--though this may not have been always the fault of the translators--and often when it was understandable, the droning monotonous tone of the translators rendered it, to me, impossible to listen to. Considering the dullness and ridiculousness of some of the speeches, it was, on the whole, the most boring series of talks that I have ever attended, with a few exceptions such as Peter Nicholl's talk on "SF & Mainstream" in which he pointed out common features in sf and Charles Dickens, or John Brunner's talk in which he sadistically took apart the European sf publishers who so mutilated his work in so-called translation.

18 The problem may have been that the committee never really thought out what they wanted EUROCON I to be. There had been a feeling that Heidelberg had not been serious enough, with too much emphasis on extraneities like masquerades and trips on the Rhine, and EUROCON was to be a more sf oriented program. Also, if any attendance from behind the metal drapery was wanted, the con would have to present a serious and scholarly image rather than a fun one. So, what resulted was an acceptance of anything that looked sufficiently unfrivolous and staid, instead of an attempt to produce a program that would have been of the greatest possible interest and value to those attending, and one which would provoke discussion rather than squelching it.

The art show demonstrated the same concern with presenting a serious face. The items in the main art room and those promoted in the progress reports and the program book were not what is usually associated with sf conventions. Instead we had a mundane show of non-representational art, perhaps even an exceptional show if you go in for that sort of thing. (I wouldn't know. I've never been able to develop a taste for it.) But most of it had as much relation to sf as does a J. G. Ballard experiment, if even that much. The small group of submissions which did try to actually illustrate sf stories and concepts were almost all placed among the overflow art in the huckster room, while the comic art and fanzine exhibit was hidden away in a room behind the lecture hall which was locked most of the time.

Was there nothing good about the organization? Well, on the first evening and the last evening two good things happened which are probably unprecedented at a sf convention. The first evening was distinguished by an open party with free food, free wine, and a band in the Castle of San Giusto which dominates the city. The last evening was marked by a banquet which provided good, for the price, food and service,

Oh, and the film festival, the annual Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival. This occurred in the morning of every day but the last, and was rather good, though entries tended to be more in the horror film category. Also, SILENT RUNNING, which won the best feature award, was

shown before the convention so that only those who came two days early got a chance to see it, as the EUROCON committee was unable to arrange to have it reshowed during the con. Best films of those shown during the four days I saw were probably BEWARE THE BLOB, in which the horror scenes were played straight and everything else for laughs, and EVOLUTION, a humorous short cartoon produced by the Canadian National Film Board.

It might be asked why, if the program was so bad, I just didn't skip most of it and talk with other fans. Well, in part, I did, but I've always been sort of weird about attending official programs, and there was simply no place in the convention hall, except the bar, where you could sit down and talk, so nobody much did that. As for touring the city, well, it rained most of the time and was also cold and windy. Also, that feature at all North American sf conventions, the open party, seemed to be non-existent. One certainly couldn't go through every hotel in the city looking for one, and there was no such thing as a bulletin board in the convention hall. For a while, I wondered if I was the only one who found nothing to do between official con activities, but as the convention progressed, I discovered that most others I talked to seemed to be in the same plight. What had been programmed was a good two day and a half con spread over five days.

Finally, I'd like to write about the significance which EUROCON I has despite any faults of its organization, a significance referred to by some of the speakers, but one which only came through to me when I attended the banquet and saw the Euro-Awards given out. There was a certain over-serious pomposity in the ceremony, when awards for all categories were given out to winners in every country which was felt to have a contender, plus Europa SF Special Awards in certain categories where only one of those nominated received the top award. Sixty-one awards is a little ridiculous. Yet it does show that a new force has arisen, a sort of "third world" sf to stand beside English language sf and Russian sf. Up to the present, most of these writers have had great difficulty getting their work published. Most native publishers play it safe with translations of proven English language works and even if stories are published in one language there is less likelihood of any translations. Yet the writers are there; they are writing; and it would be strange if none of the work was at least equal to average English language sf.

So here are the works voted the best of the last two years. Try to remember some of the names and see if they appear in English.

Novel: Belgium	: <u>Sam</u> ; Paul Van Herck
France	: <u>Ortag et les ténèbres</u> ; Kurt Steiner
Great Britain	: <u>All Judgement Fled</u> ; James White
Holland;	: <u>De naakten en de speyers</u> ; Jakob Carossa
Hungary	: <u>A Feladat</u> ; Peter Zsoldos
Italy	: <u>Autocrisi</u> ; Pierofrancesco Prosperi
Rumania	: <u>Vă caută untaur</u> ; Sergiu Farcasan
Spain	: <u>Amor en una Isla verde</u> ; Gabriel Bermudez
Sweden	: <u>Letta är Verkligheten</u> ; Bertil Martensson

Short story:

Belgium	: <u>De 'Jaarlijkse God</u> ; Eddie C. Bertin
France	: <u>L'Assassinat de l'oiseau Bleu</u> ; Daniel Walther
Great Britain	: <u>Lucifer</u> ; E.C. Tubb
Holland	: <u>Egeïsche Zee</u> ; Carl Lans

Italy : Dove Muore l'Asrtagalo; Livio Morrakh
Hungary : Sempiternin; Lagos Mesterhazi
Rumania : Altarul Zeilor Stohastici; Adrian Rogoz
Sweden : Spranget; Carl Johan Holzhausen

Dramatic Presentation:

Denmark : Man Den, Der Tankte Ring (Film)
Great Britain : UFO (TV series)
Holland : De Kleine Mannetjes van Mars (Children's radio play)
Italy : La Ragazza di Latte (Film)
Sweden : Deadline (Film)

Essay or Bio-Bibliographical Work:

Holland : 100 Jaar SF in Nederland; Dick Scheepstra
Italy : Il Senso del Futuro; Carlo Pagetti
Rumania : Virsta de Aur a Anticipatei Romañesti; Ion Hobana
Hungary : A Fantazie Irodalmo; Laszlo Urban
Spain : (tie) La SF: Contramitologia del Siglo XX; Carlo Frabetti
Ray Bradbury-Humanista del Futuro; Jose Luis Garcia
Sweden : SF Articles in Sydsvenska Dagbladet; Sven Christer Swahn

(In the following- 1.(received Europa SF-Award), all others received the Europa SF-Special)

Artist:

1. Karel Thole (Italy)
2. Jean Francois Jamoul (France)
3. Arthur (ATCM) Thomson (Great Britain)
4. Andres Niklos Saros (Hungary)
5. Nicolae Saftoiu (Rumania)
5. Enrique Torres (Spain)
7. N. Van Welzenes (Holland)

Professional Magazine:

1. Nueva Dimension (Spain)
2. Galassia (Italy)

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Non-Specialized Magazine:

1. Viata Romaneasca: Literature & Art Fantastique (Rumania)
2. Fenarete: Fantascienza & Futribile (Italy)
3. Le Magazine Litteraire: La Science Fiction (France)
4. Stripschrift: SF & Comics (Holland)
5. Cisco: SF & Comics (Belgium)
6. Yorrick: Teatro y Ciencias-Ficcion (Spain)

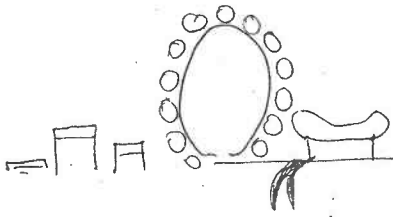
Fanzine:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. <u>Speculation</u> (Great Britain) | 6. <u>SF Forum</u> (Sweden) |
| 2. <u>Notizario CCSR</u> (Italy) | 7. <u>SF Tajekoztato</u> (Hungary) |
| 3. <u>Quarber Merkur</u> (Austria) | 8. <u>Kosmos</u> (Belgium) |
| 4. <u>Nyarlatotep</u> (France) | 9. <u>Antares</u> (turkey) |
| 5. <u>Holland SF</u> (Holland) | 9. <u>Fundacion</u> (Spain) |

Comics:

1. Lone Sloane; Philippe Gruillet (France)
2. Valentina; Guido Crepax (Italy)
3. Haxtur; Victor de la Fuente (Spain)
4. Yoko; R. Leloup (Belgium)
5. Arman en Ilva; The Tjong King (Holland)
6. Blixt Grodon; Lars Olsson (Sweden)

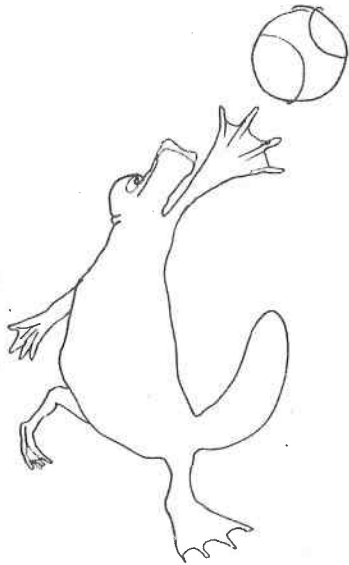
Award Listing is from the European newszine TELLUS INTERNATIONAL
The con report is by Jim Allan.



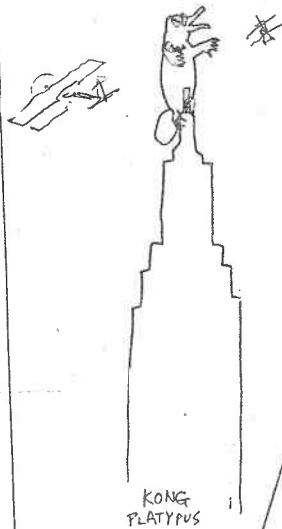
DONALD PLATYPUS



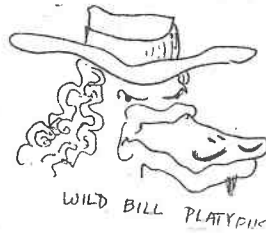
JOHN WILKES PLATYPUS



WILT THE PLATYPUS



KONG PLATYPUS



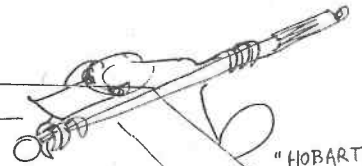
WILD BILL PLATYPUS

YES, I WILL WOUND
ACHILLES IN THE HEEL,
AND THEN RETURN TO
HELEN, FOR A KISS...

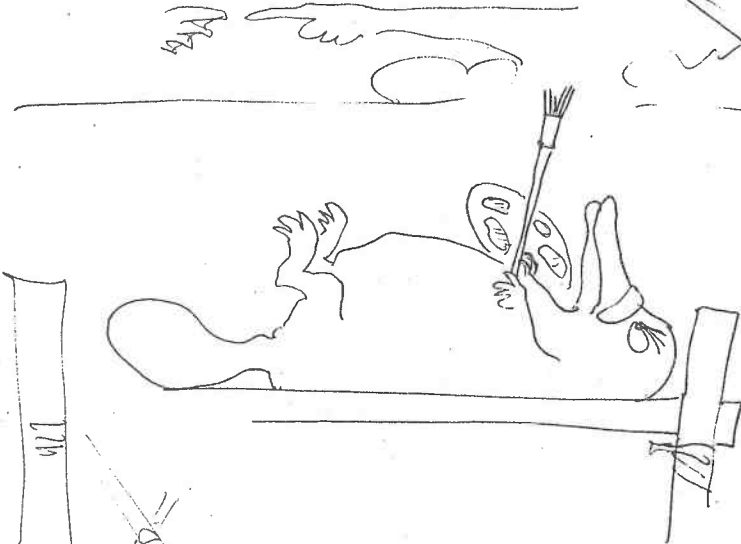


HECTOR PLATYPUS

"THE TASMANIAN
KID"

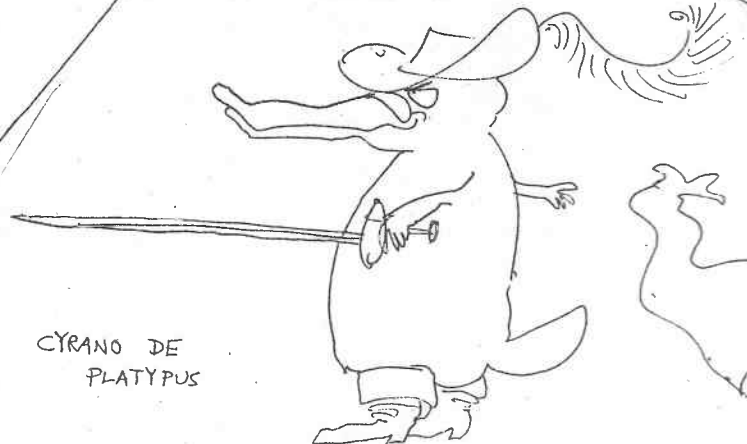


"HOBART
FATS"
PLATYPUS



MICHAELANGELO PLATYPUS

LIGHTLY I TOSS MY HAT
AWAY, LANGUIDLY OVER MY ARM
LET FALL ...



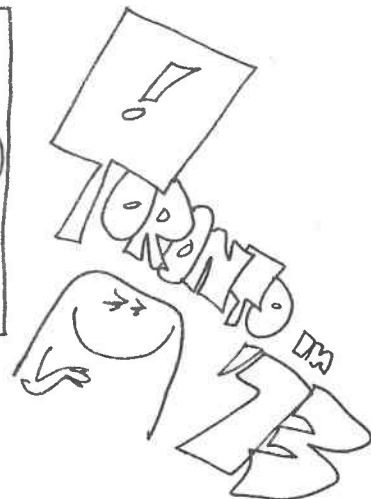
CYRANO DE
PLATYPUS



TORCON 2
P. O. BOX 4, STATION K
TORONTO 12, ONTARIO, CANADA



THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED TO JOHN MILLARD, CHAIRMAN OF THE TORCON 2 COMMITTEE, WHO IN THE PAST HAS COMPLAINED THAT WE DO NOT MENTION TORCON FREQUENTLY ENOUGH.....



OSFIC TYPE EDITORIAL

SORRY ABOUT THE HIATUS IN OSFICOMMS. IT WAS DUE TO A VARIETY OF CAUSES, NONE OF WHICH WOULD BE OF MUCH INTEREST TO YOU. I HOPE THAT THIS ISSUE OF OQ/OSFICOLUMN IS AN INDICATION THAT CLUB PUBLICATIONS ARE BACK ON THE TRACKS. TIME, OF COURSE, WILL TELL. ANYWAY F.I.O.A.G.D.H.

PETER DESERVES A VOTE OF THANKS FOR GETTING OUT A COUPLE OF MEETING ANNOUNCEMENTS IN THE ABSENCE OF MY EFFORTS. THANK YOU PETER, YET AGAIN.

MEETING AND SUCHLIKE REPORTS

SINCE THE PREVIOUS ISSUE OF OSFICOMM A FEW THINGS OF GREAT IMPORT TO THE CLUB HAVE OCCURED. LIKE A CHRISTMAS PARTY AT WHICH AS MANY SHOWED UP AS COULD BE REACHED BY PHONE. IT'S A SHAME WE RAN OUT OF DIMES FOR THE PHONE AFTER SPENDING A WHOLE 60¢.

WE HAD A MEETING AT THE OFFICES OF THE CANADIAN WELDING SOCIETY, JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS. THERE IS WAS DECIDED THAT WE NEEDED MORE FORMAL MEETINGS. OVER MY OBJECTIONS. BUT THAT'S DEMOCRACY IN ACTION I S'POSE.

MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, OF ALL, IS THAT WE HAVE A NEW HOME FOR THE CLUB AND THE CLUB LIBRARY. THE BATHURST STREET UNITED CHURCH, A SHORT WALK FROM THE SPACED OUT LIBRARY AND/OR MEMORY LANE OR/AND THE BATHURST SUBWAY STATION. MAY I BE PERMITTED TO SAY, "THANK GOD"?

THE JANUARY MEETING, OUR FIRST AT BSCU, WAS NOTABLE FOR A HUGE TURNOUT (LIKE OVER 30 PEOPLE) AND YET ANOTHER GENERAL, FREEWHEELING DISCUSSION OF WHERE-DO-WE-GO-FROM-HERE?. THIS PROVOKED A COMMENT FROM A FIRST TIME ATTENDEE THAT HE HAD ALWAYS READ THAT THIS WAS THE ONLY TOPIC EVER TALKED ABOUT AT SF CLUB MEETINGS AND WAS THE REASON THAT HE HAD NEVER BOTHERED TO ATTEND BEFORE (OR AGAIN?). AT LEAST WE DID NOT DISAPPOINT HIM. THERE WAS ALSO AN ALMOST LACRIMONIOUS DEBATE ON A FANDOM THAT HAS APPARENTLY GROWN UP AROUND SOME NOW DEFUNCT TV SHOW OF A FEW YEARS AGO.

THE FEBRUARY MEETING WAS EVERYTHING THAT THE JANUARY ONE WAS NOT. A GOOD TALK BY JIM ALLEN ON TOLKIEN WHICH WAS VERY WELL RECEIVED. AND ANOTHER BY GAR STEVENS ON VAMPIRES. THOSE OF YOU WHO WERE THERE HAVE THE TOOTH MARKS WHICH PROVE WHERE-BY GAR CAME OF HIS KNOWLEDGE. I MISSED THE MEETING AS THE MOON WAS FULL.

MEETING ANNOUNCEMENT

IF ANY OF THE ABOVE HAS STIRRED YOUR INTEREST OR YOUR PITY THERE WILL BE A MEETING THIS MONTH. AT THE BATHURST STREET UNITED; THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF BATHURST AND LENNOX, ONE SHORT BLOCK SOUTH OF BLOOR. ENTER AT THE SIDE DOOR AND SAY THAT YOU ARE A FRIEND OF THE SECRET MASTER OF CANADIAN FANDOM, PHIL INTHEBLANK.

AS IT HAS BEEN FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS THE MEETING WILL BE AT THE REGULAR TIME OF 2PM ON THE LAST SUNDAY OF THE MONTH, IN THIS CASE MARCH 25TH.

CLUB LIBRARY

THE CLUB LIBRARY WILL BE OPEN ON SUNDAY. AS I HOPE YOU ALL KNOW ITS USE IS FREE TO MEMBERS. YOU MAY BORROW AS MANY BOOKS AS YOU LIKE. THE OPERATIVE WORD IS "BORROW". THE LIBRARY IS ON THE HONOUR SYSTEM. IF YOU USE THE LIBRARY, MEMBERSHIP IN THIS CLUB IS A GREAT BARGAIN.

OSFI CORRESPONDENCE

Harry Warner Jr. The big surprise in the second O.Q. is, naturally,
423 Summit Ave. the Headcat Saga section. My first reaction to it
Hagerstown, Md. was a mild quantity of fright, something like the
21740, U.S.A. emotion I felt the first time I bought a set of
imported recordings of an opera and was forced to
cope with annotations and libretto in a language which I can read only
with difficulty and no help at all in the form of English translations.
There was the transient chill at the thought that this is how it would
be if some fate someday plucks me out of the environment I've always
known and leaves me to fend for myself among stranger surroundings and
people who speak one of those awful foreign tongues. D.M.Price's style
and concepts and titles are so wild and original that I feared what
might happen if I immersed myself too fully in the world he created or
she created in these drawings. Suppose I got yanked down into that
mind-stretching but ominous collection of entirely new forms of violence
and enigmatic events?

The front cover of this issue is also exceptional, in a different
way. I liked the vagueness of the forms that can be half-seen in the
circular areas around the crittur's head and paws, as well as the way
the woman's face seems to express both innocence and evil simultane-
ously. You also succeeded in getting a better crop of cartoons than
normal for one issue of a fanzine.

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Just last night I had a chastening experience related to the edi-
torial in this issue. I attended a meeting of a local group of another
kind of fans and got a copy of their clubzine and found myself reading
it very slowly in order to figure out as I went along the meaning of
statements like: "There were other happenings too numerous to mention,
among which were the thousands of miles logged by the membership in lot
visits. In brief, 1972 was another straw house. But tonight the bull-
hook is passed to our new president, Cecil Poole, symbolizing that the
caravan is loaded for our 30th year. The 24-hour man has already laid
out the lot for 1973...." If you haven't guessed, it's a circus fandom
publication.

Dark Interlude would be a fine example of the proper way to write
the short-short story, if the theme hadn't recently been so overworked
that it has become a cliché. Once we laughed at stories that disclosed
in the final line that it was all a dream or that the principal charac-
ter was insane and now we seem to be deluged by denouements which are
supposed to surprise the reader by revealing the color of a character's
skin or blood. I suspect that this gimmick is so overworked that it
will flit through the mind of everyone who reads any story with the
possibility of such a plot twist, from now on.

I would comment at some length on the fanzine reviews, if it were-
n't for the engram they created by reminding me how many of these issues
are still in the stacks awaiting locs. Passing nervously on, therefore,
to the book review, I found some ingenious new ideas in it. But it
could have been better if written with more attention to the pretended
nature of the piece, instead of summarizing the course of events be-
tween the mentions of the book in the first and last paragraph. At

least, I hope that reviewers will have evolved away from this synopsis-dependence by 2021.

There is a simple way to make everybody happy and remove the potential armageddon over the title of Duchess of Canadian Fandom. Gina Clarke used to have Dutch as her nickname. There is no reason why Susan Glicksohn shouldn't be nicknamed Dutch immediately. No other women in fandom, past or present, have been given that nickname. therefore, it would be perfectly accurate to refer to both Gina and Susan as the Dutches of Canadian Fandom, thereby increasing the chances that Toronto won't become radioactive from fallout before everyone has enjoyed the coming TORCON.

Susan might have mentioned another reason why many of us don't write sercon articles very often, despite a considerable interest in many sercon topics. It's quite dangerous to write sercon articles about science fiction nowadays without possessing a quite good collection of professional science fiction, arranged in good order so you can find things you need in it, and without a reading acquaintance with the most-talked-about books of the past five years and with all the classics from early eras. There are too many people with phenomenal memories or splendid collections waiting in loc factories to pounce on the person who tries to write seriously about science fiction without first checking his statements by reference to the stuff he's writing about and its sources. It hasn't been too many years since you could write about science fiction with little more ammunition than a good file of Astounding-Analog and a couple of Wells collections. Susan puts a finger on one major fault of much sercon writing, its stiffness or reliance on the cliches of academe. Franz Rottensteiner suffers, of course, by his unfamiliarity with the colloquial forms of modern English, which makes his absolutely accurate use of formal grammar impart an overtone which rankles a lot of his readers.

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Your reproduction of the words continues to be phenomenal, for sharpness of the typeface and lack of the tattletale gray in the a's and e's. Fanzine editors who can achieve such results should publicize to other fanzine editors either their secrets of copy preparation or the address of their printers, whichever element is responsible for the quality.

Now I'm going to bed and have some nightmares about Deadcat and find out if I can read in my sleep captions in the Price lettering style for easier comprehension of what happens in the nightmares.

Murray Moore There is a strange thrill associated with receiving a
Box 400 copy of O.Q.2 in a Canadian Welding Society or what-
Norwich, Ont. ever envelope. Are we rather particular about keeping
 a low profile: do you think that you can fool the Post
Office? The PO knows a fanzine when it sees one and acts accordingly.
Actually my O.Q. is as undefiled as when it was slipped ever so care-
fully into the envelope. The damn thing's heavy though; your graphite
must be high in iron. Personally I am prejudiced towards the mimeo, as
I am in the process of learning it's myriad mysteries....Deadcat re-
minded me both of Mike Gilbert and J.G.Ballard but otherwise was
totally unevocative. A single Rotsler is more to be treasured than all
of Deadcat.

The dismissal of the portfolio cuts the page count quite a bit but there is a high degree of quality in those twenty-five or so pages. Your balance of fannish and sercon material is quite good, although the fannish material easily dominates the ish, with Norm Clarke's letter easily overshadowing everything else in the issue. Susan's combination of now classic CanFannish writing abruptly transmogrifying into relatively heavy raps can't be faulted either, although the contrast is rather incongruous. I do prefer the two types of writing in their pure form.

The, uh, Book Review deserves mention also and I hope that it doesn't lie forgotten at the bottom of the lettercol next time out. Although such a comparison is unfair, I'll make it anyway and say that it was better than the "professional" fiction. The detail and style was much more convincing than in "Tark Interlude" and the author had the historical/scholarly style of writing down pat. I'd be interested in more of these "reviews".

Mark Mumper I finally figured out the title of your zine by ramb-
1227 Laurel St. ling through the lettercolumn and noting the various
Santa Cruz, CA names given to it; I even understand that Osphimagge
95060, U.S.A. (tricky one, that) means...:Ontario Science Fiction
Magazine:... not bad for a mind that's sometimes slow
when it comes to fannish wordplay. But, to get to the heart of this
paragraph, am I right in assuming that the real title is OSFiC
Quarterly? That one seems to put it all into place. ((Yes, Ed.))

24 C'mon John, tell us-- who's Jose Canyusi? His "book review" almost reads like one of Borges' critiques of non-existent works. I won't make any guesses, but don't let the mystery die out unsolved.

The poetry in O.Q. is quite good; simple, but clear and pointed. Whether it qualifies as true poetry or not is immaterial, because it does convey images well, and I suppose that's one major purpose of "ordered" writing as well as plain prose.

The richness of Canadian Fandom matter, I feel, will become another chapter in the Great Saga of the Immortal Storm, or whatever it is we're calling fanhistory this week. I can't say I remember Norm and Gina Clarke, not having been around in the bygone ages when they ruled over the Northern Wastes, but their reappearance (if that's what it is) is welcome from this corner. Norm's letter, especially it's use of free indentations (whatsitcalled? my fan vocabulary fails), is a real jazz. Great Stuff!

As is Susan's reply/expostulation on sercon vs. fannish attitudes and writings. This is an excellent piece of fan writing, all the more so because it combines the best qualities of both forms in a powerful synthesis. It starts out as a hilarious example of that good old fannish standby, "What happened to me when..." and ends up as a serious, thought-provoking exploration of fannish viewpoints. Susan is becoming one of the best writers around. And George Proctor's cartoon adds immeasurably to the article.

Tell Mike I think his fanzine reviews are among the most competent in fandom, being pretty much in-depth while not boring you to tears with their length. He's not as bad a writer as he would have us think, not by any means. Ol' Humble Boy Wonder.

T.M. Price's Deadcat drawings are very fascinating, but I don't understand them one bit, nossir. They remind me of J.G. Ballard a lot, and also the Brian Aldiss of Barefoot in the Head although those two writers aren't as obscure as Price is with his weird head. I get the feeling Deadcat is an intentionally random thing, like psychedelic "nonsense" (nonsense in the Lewis Carroll meaning, of course) that entertains without having much meaning other than one's own subjective symbolism. And then again I think it might be highly meaningful, and Price has hidden the truth somewhere in the convolutions of his art and the free-association of his words; the trouble with this idea is that I don't care to delve into it deeply enough to find that meaning, thus, my thought that he is defeating his own purpose by being so abstract. But that doesn't take away from the enjoyment of the drawings, as they can be looked at freshly each time.

From our Clipping Service :

World's Three Tallest Buildings in Canada?

TORONTO (CP) -- This nation may soon possess the three tallest man-made structures in the world, if plans revealed recently are put into effect.

A proposal for a 140-story office tower on the site presently occupied by Eaton's College Street store was unveiled recently by the structural engineering firm of John Maryon and Partners Ltd. The \$120-million, 1650-foot-high building, triangular in cross-section and built around a concrete core, would have a life expectancy of 1,000 years.

Now comes word from Calgary that the Albertan city is considering construction of a 1900-foot-tall hotel, office and trade center, to be topped by a 100-foot observation tower. Such a structure would dwarf the Empire State Building and the World Trade Center in New York. It would also offer sightseers an unparalleled view of the nearby Rocky Mountains.

Meanwhile, plans are proceeding for the construction in the Northwest Territories of what will be the world's tallest man-made structure, a scientific research tower one kilometer from top to base. The tower, to be located on arctic tundra somewhere west of Hudson Bay, is to be constructed using "synthetic labor units". The project will be underwritten by wealthy industrialist Simeon Krug, whose unorthodox views on interstellar communication have made him a somewhat controversial figure in the world of international finance.

Plans for each of the three complexes have yet to be approved by local municipal or regional planning authorities.

(Toronto Globe and Mail)

We also heard from: Terry Hughes, Paul Pocherty, John Millard
Wayne Macdonald, Barry Kent McKay,
Sue Smith.



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