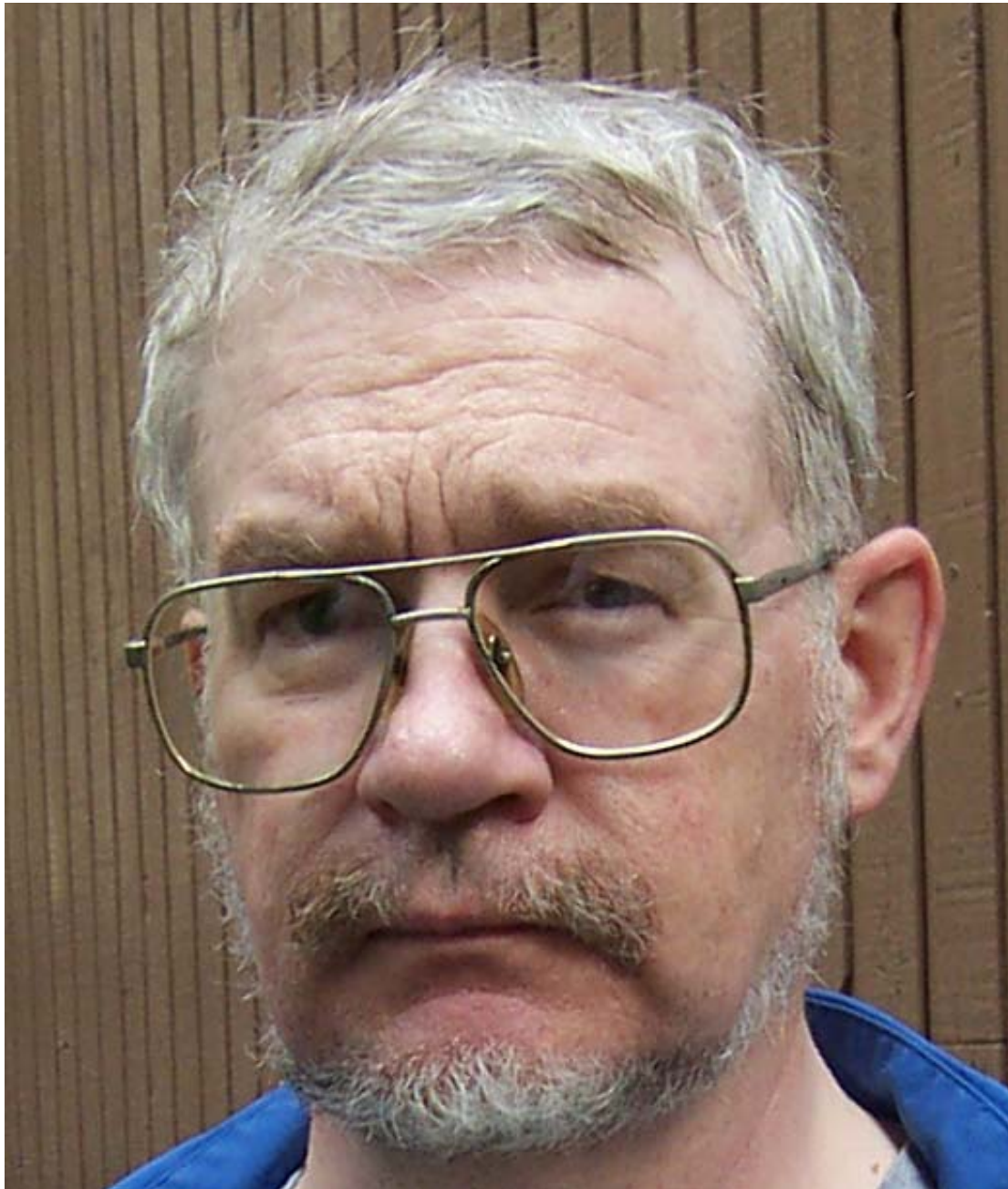


SPACE CADET

#14

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

JANUARY 2011



THIS IS WHY I RETIRED

CONTENTS:

02..... **Table of Contents & Credits.**

03..... **Editorial: *Gaffiation or Retirement? To be or not to be***

CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT:

04..... **The Long Road to Retirement: *Editor's musings on a life poorly wasted.***

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK ADDICT:

07..... **The Narrow Road to The Deep North: *Editor's review of Matsuo Basho's book of Haiku.***

FANATIC FANNICHE FABLES:

09..... **Herbie: by *Taral Wayne: Brief biography of a beloved Canadian WWII cartoonist.***

10..... **The Numbers Game -The Whole OSFiC Bibliography by *Taral Wayne: The complete history.***

19..... **Clippings From Canada by *Leslie A. Crutch: A film column from 1941.***

FILTHY PRODOM STUFF:

19..... **First Issues by *Terry Jeeves: Comments on the first issue of Space Stories.***

CORUSCATING CONUNDRUMS:

20..... **Ask Mr. Science! *All about the speed of light and the truth about aluminum pots.***

21..... **Ask Mr. Guess-It-All! *All about dead Vikings and murdering plastic.***

MEDIA MAELSTROM:

21..... **Retro Film Review: THE INVISIBLE RAY (1936): *He glows in the dark!***

HISTRONIC HISTORY STUFF:

25..... **A Pocketful of Histories: Coin Notes by *Taral: Inconstant Constantius.***

LETTERS OF COMMENT:

26..... **Ook Ook, Slobber Drool! *Taral Wayne, Stan G. Hyde, Ed Beauregard, Dr. Hank Heyman, M.D., Dave Haren, & Lloyd Penney.***

IMPORTANT STUFF:

36..... **Colophon: *What the heck this thing is you're looking at.***

36..... **Afterwords: *Anything I can think of to fill up whatever white space is left on the last page.***

ART CREDITS:

Cover: Photo taken by Alyxandra J. Shaw

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Narrow Road 1966 edition – 2, 7, 8, 9.



You can send letters of comment to me at < [rgraeme\[at\]shaw.ca](mailto:rgraeme[at]shaw.ca) >

THE GHOD-EDITOR SPEAKS!

(EDITORIAL)

GAFIATION OR RETIREMENT?



If you look carefully at the cover you may detect a mind suppressed by fatigue. Alyx snapped this portrait last summer just as I returned home from work. This is how I looked at the end of EVERY working day. In case you can't tell, I'm in pain. The physical pain of aching feet, knees, hips and back, the pain which comes with excessively tired eyes, but worst of all, the pain gnawing at my mind, the pain of frustration, the pain of knowing I was too tired to accomplish anything that evening, too tired to write, too tired to research, too tired even to read or watch television. This is what my life had become.

What is particularly sad about the picture is that I was under the impression I had briefly managed to smile and look cheerful as I posed. In which case, what would I have looked like in this portrait if I hadn't been trying to look happy? Ghod only knows.

Why did I continue to work in a warehouse at the age of fifty-nine? The usual: to put food on the table and pay the rent. To hang in there long enough to gain the maximum union pension. The maximum Canada Pension. And with no certainty I would ultimately be able to survive financially once I was retired. Every day I was faced with the conundrum of 6 more years of increasing pain and fatigue followed by the rest of my life in poverty. How would Alyx and I survive? Even worse, would I make it to sixty-five? More and more I was feeling I was being worn down to an early grave.

Worst of all, though I didn't want to admit it, I had been pounded down into gafiation. I WANTED to get away from it all. And the only way I could do it was to sleep. As often as not I'd fall asleep for a nap when I came home and sleep right through to the next day. Even if I did manage to struggle awake when Alyx poked me to announce supper was ready (and often she was unable to rouse me) I remained as exhausted as I felt before I fell asleep. Not good.

A classic case of living to work instead of working to live. Doubleplus not good.

When my father passed away in April last year I was saddened, but grateful he'd remained active and alert for at least 83 years, only his last year witnessing a decline in his mental state such that he no longer recognized his second wife or my brother. He was felled by a stroke while standing at a window in Sunnybrook Veteran's hospital watching swallows dart about. As a former RCAF pilot the aerobatics of these little birds still spoke to him of the freedom and joy of flight even as most things no longer meant anything to him. So even to the last, he preserved some measure of contentment.

The secret of his mental longevity? Always keeping active, always working on projects. He was teaching free courses in computer programming well into his seventies, for instance. Still volunteering to help Veterans organizations. Still keeping track of the latest advances in aviation. Every day he awoke with something to do, usually multiple things to do. A born workaholic, he was enjoying life to the fullest of his ability. It kept him going.

I could only contrast this with my life and realize I was in trouble. I was too tired to tackle any of my hobby interests that would keep me active and alert, that would add intellectual zest to my life and slow down the (mental) aging process.

Now when my mother passed away in 1998, as she and I both lived in the lower mainland, I handled all the affairs pertaining to her death. My dad and brother both resident in Ontario, this time it was my brother's turn to take care of things. It soon became apparent that we stood to inherit much more than we had anticipated. Seems one of my dad's hobby interests was dabbling in the stock market. However, it would take many months before lawyers and accountants and stock brokers would determine how much and when. This despite the fact my dad had been his usual meticulous self and carefully planned his will to make everything as simple and direct as possible. He had known something of my situation and had promised he would do his best to assist me when the time came. He kept his word. As he always did throughout his life.

To make a long story short, I began a notebook devoted to retirement planning. It is now about 60 pages of research info and number crunching charts. At first I hoped to retire reasonably well at 65. Then the first disbursement came in which solved immediate financial woes. I was no longer worried about meeting the rent, for instance. Then a second disbursement, which gave cause to hope I could retire some time before 65. The more I looked into how to invest the more hopeful I became that maybe I could retire at 60. That would be in a mere 8 months. But could I hack my job for that long? I seriously doubted it. Things seemed to be approaching a crisis mentally and physically.

Friday, Dec 17th I came home to another disbursement. Spent all of Saturday number crunching like mad. One A.M. Sunday I realized I could make as much money not working as I could working. Walked up to my wife writing at her computer and before I could say anything she asked "Why are you smiling?"

Monday December 20th I walked into my Supervisors office and told him I was officially retired effective immediately.

The current situation is that, rather than invest the bulk of my inheritance, I used it to purchase an annuity, a kind of personal lifetime pension, that has now kicked in and accounts for half my monthly expenditure. The other half is coming from my savings.

In March my union pension will start up and reduce the amount of savings I draw upon by about 80%.

In August my Canada Pension will begin and everything collectively should earn a little bit more after taxes than the take-home pay I was earning at work.

In August 2016 my union pension will decrease but my old age pension will start up and more or less compensate.

To put it another way, by August this year I will have a level of income that will remain about the same for the rest of my life. It could have been higher, but I chose a "joint & last survivor" option for both my annuity and my union pension to guarantee they would continue paying benefits to my wife for the rest of her life once I'm gone. This gives me peace of mind relative to her future. I highly recommend this option to married couples contemplating retirement.

Of course, my income now being 'fixed' inflation will eat into it over time, despite whatever cost of living increases the Federal Government may add to CPP & OAS, but I still have some money put aside for emergencies, money that I can attempt to grow before I need to use it, thus possibly keeping inflation at bay for at least a few years. I intend to keep within a strict budget. Every dollar I throw away is a dollar I will need in the future.

Naturally it would have been prudent to keep working for as long as possible. My Canada Pension wouldn't have been reduced by 30%. My union pension would have increased. My savings could have grown a great deal. I could have wound up much better off. Except that I probably would no longer have been fit enough to enjoy it.

To quote Picasso, "I want to be rich enough to live like a poor man."

I'm not afraid to not spend money. I've never wanted to be rich. I've only ever wanted to be free, to spend my hours doing what I want to do, to devote my time to reading and writing, to enjoying life. Being free for the next five years is worth more than the money I would have earned had I stayed working. Now my time is my own.

Time. Time enough at last!.... And my glasses are still intact! (Those of you who remember the famous Twilight Episode starring Burgess Meredith will know what I'm talking about...)

CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT: THE LONG ROAD TO RETIREMENT

Musings by the Ghod-Editor

Having ended my last job, I can't help but remember my first job. The summer of 1970. Recently graduated from High School. I had scrupulously avoided work up to this point because I figured spare time from school meant having fun. But now I needed a job. A government agency called Manpower would do all the legwork and find me a job. Confidence was high.

Walked into Manpower and sat down for an interview. For some reason my lack of experience counted against me. They asked me many questions to figure out what kind of job I wanted. I certainly didn't know. I mentioned my love of books.

"How would you like to work in a bookstore?"

"That would be fantastic! I love books."

They gave me an address and I hotfooted down Granville street, my mind full of scenarios of pleasant discussions with literate customers, which classical authors were the most amusing, why D.H. Lawrence's non-fiction was better than his fiction, that sort of thing. But as I approached my destination, Granville and Davie, I realized that I had neglected to ask "What kind of bookstore?"

Yes, indeed. It was a porno shop filled with racks of hard-core magazines and shelves laden with powered dildos and whatnot. Plus one hyper manager.

I thought, well this is an adult Disneyland made of paper and plastic. I'm an adult now. I can handle this. Money is money. So I introduced myself.

The first thing I was told was that I would be paid minimum wage – \$2.00 an hour back then – and that if I wanted to keep my job I'd have to kick back half my wage to the manager every time he paid me.

Hookay, \$1.00 an hour is better than nothing.

Then he said "See how the magazines are all in plastic slips? Bikers like to take them out to look. Don't let them do that. Stop them."

"How?"

"Don't worry about it. There's a butcher knife under the counter if you run into trouble... which reminds me. Don't bother phoning the cops for help. They won't come. They're out to close us down."

I was beginning to feel a little bit shaky about the worth of this job.

"You see all those boxes jammed with magazines?" the manager continued. "The guy you're replacing is in jail cause he was caught selling those. Cops told me to get rid of them. We will, some day. Meanwhile I want you to sell as many as possible."

I stood behind the counter watching the manager demonstrate how to use a cash register, but my mind was on other things, like how to properly phrase my resignation without getting stabbed. Suddenly there was a strange little man staring at me from across the counter. Strange because, well, for one he was a dead ringer for Himmler, the former head of the Gestapo. For another, he was wearing a lime green tweed suit and a lime green tweed bowler hat. And he was staring directly into my eyes, staring intently, without saying anything. I felt a trifle nervous.

Suddenly the strange little man whips out a record jacket from behind his back. "Tortura! Screams of pain and pleasure! An evening with the Marquis de Sade!" screamed the titles.

"Is it real?" he asked quietly.

While I was trying to pick my jaw off the floor the manager kicked me in the shin, elbowed me aside and shouted "Yess! A rare recording by the Marquis de Sade HIMSELF!" Which is a pretty neat trick, considering that the founder of Sadism died at least 200 years before recordings were invented.

I murmured something about not having eaten and needing to go for lunch.



“Sure,” said the manager. “Take twenty minutes.”

I left the ‘bookstore’ and raced back to Manpower to tell them I couldn’t accept the job.

“You have to take the job. We found it for you.”

“but...but... I might wind up in jail.”

“You have to take the job, or else we’ll never help you again, ever.”

One branch of officialdom was trying to force me into a situation which would likely cause another branch of officialdom to arrest me. This didn’t seem fair. My young mind was thoroughly boggled. I had no idea authority figures could be so unreasonable. No idea at all. (I’d led a sheltered life.)

Then I hit upon exactly the right thing to say. “You don’t understand, I’m passionately religious, a devout Christian. And those heathens were selling a three foot candle in the shape of the Virgin Mary on one side and you can guess what the other side was shaped like.”

Check mate. She actually nodded her head in recognition of my triumph. Religion was the one thing they couldn’t argue with. “All right, come back tomorrow and I’ll see what I can find for you.”

I didn’t return. Instead I put plan B into action. I went to a tempwork agency called Office Overload and started a series of short two or three day jobs, gradually expanding into weeks at a time, then months, till finally I had built up enough experience to land a full time position. Should have done that to begin with.

I think my first job lasted all of an hour. Never got paid. Didn’t care. Was glad to be out of it.

Now I’m glad to be out of my last job, which lasted about 21 years. I won’t bore you with a description of it. It was a good job as far as warehouse jobs go. But it was wearing me down and out, zombifying me. Time to leave.

Adjusting to my new life is indeed a new experience for me. For instance, I used to get up at 4:30 A.M., enjoy a hot bath, and head out to the Skytrain circa 5:30 A.M. Once I got to Edmunds station I’d wait for a bus, which let me off about twenty minutes walk from my workplace. Usually I would get to work about 6:45 A.M. I’d sit down at one of the computer stations in the lunch room and chow down a cold breakfast while perusing news on the web. Then head off into the warehouse just before 7:30 A.M. to punch the time clock and begin work. This was my morning routine.

Now I get up around 8:00 A.M. I sit before the computer in our living room, sipping coffee and checking my email. Then I do whatever online research I’ve assigned myself. The dog demands I take her out for a walk. We spend about half an hour ambling around the block, then come back in and she goes back to bed. I finish whatever task I was working on.

With great glee I next turn to the free online shooter game called ‘Battlefield Heroes’. I have a number of characters, but my favourite is Boxcar Billy. I’ve customized his appearance. He wears army boots, a blue kilt, a long blue trench coat hanging open, and a WW I British helmet. He’s armed with a heavy machine gun and a bazooka. And as a final touch, sports the bare hairy chest of a werewolf and the face and hands of a zombie. I’m very fond of him. My reflexes aren’t very good, so I just charge straight at the enemy firing from the hip. I ‘kill’ about one enemy soldier for every ten of my own ‘deaths’. Not a good ratio, but loads of fun. It’s a very ‘cartoony’ style game and not meant to be a simulation of real combat whatsoever. I never seem to get tired of it.

Alyx sleeps in more than I because she’s up late every night working on her latest novel or other writing task. As a general rule I hand over the living room computer (the only one attached to the web) as soon as she’s poured her first cup of coffee. This frees me to go food shopping or do a washing or whatever household task it’s my turn to handle. Afterwards I putter about in my den, organizing, researching, whatever I feel like doing.

Round about 5:00 P.M. I lie down for a nap, the dog curled beside me. I get back up circa 6:30 P.M., feeling alert and refreshed. Now I head to my den computer and start work on my latest project, such as this article for instance. At 9:00 P.M. I stop writing and relax with either a movie or a book. I then head off to bed sometime between 11:00 P.M. and Midnight.

It's my routine and I'm sticking to it. At the same time, I don't mind interrupting it if something else is needed or necessary. I can always revert to my routine the next day. What I love most is that I have no deadlines. No pressure. Things get done when they get done. I'm living a thoroughly fannish lifestyle.

In fact I've plunged full tilt into my second childhood. After 40 odd years in the workforce I figure I've earned it.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOK ADDICT:

THE NARROW ROAD TO THE DEEP NORTH AND OTHER TRAVEL SKETCHES

BY MATSUO BASHO

A review by the Ghod-Editor

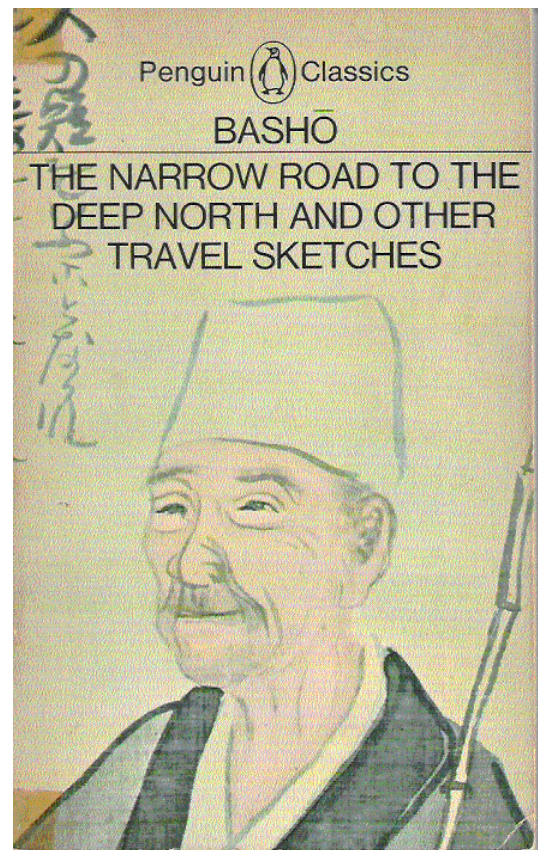
Recently I had occasion to visit a nearby medical laboratory to get some blood tests done. The procedure is simple, grab a number, stand in a crowded hallway till your number is called, provide info when number shouted out, wait in a seating area till your name is mumbled, identify self, provide bodily fluids. Simple, and usually time consuming. So to while away said time in a reasonably pleasant manner, I brought one of my favourite books 'The Narrow Road to the Deep North' (also one of my favourite titles of all time) by the 17th century Japanese Haiku poet Matsuo Basho. Turns out I had time to read all 143 pages...

I love reading about other places in other times, an alternate reality so different from our own. The Japan of Basho's time – only three centuries past – more closely resembles Japan of a thousand years ago more than Japan today.

One forgets how the absolute poverty of their civilization, their tendency towards the sparse and the austere, their appreciation of sublime simplicity, has roots in the limited resources of the nation. The harshness of life leads to an appreciation of the moment, to a reliance on quiet, contemplative natural beauty to lift the observer above mundane concerns and basic needs. Haiku answered a great need. Poetry in general. Even in obscure fishing villages ordinary people devoted themselves to producing books of linked verse as a social and community effort, binding them together, adding meaning to their lives. Now that Japan is a wealthy, modern nation this is no longer the case. Progress, yes, but at a price...

Basho in his wandering carries a pack containing a rain hat, a paper coat to keep him warm at night, a light cotton gown to wear after bathing, an ink jar, writing brush, plus several notebooks, and frets about being too materialistic in his possessions! The following excerpt gives voice to the accepted juxtaposition of harsh poverty (and its consequences) with artistic expression that is so typical of the culture throughout most of Japan's history.

As I was plodding along the river Fuji, I saw a small child, hardly three years of age, crying pitifully on the bank, obviously abandoned by his parents. They must have thought this child was unable to ride through the stormy waters of life which run as wild as the rapid river itself, and that he was destined to have a life even shorter than that of the morning dew. The child looked to me as fragile as the flowers of bush-clover that scatter at the slightest stir of the autumn wind, and it was so pitiful that I gave him what little food I had with me.



*The ancient poet
Who pitied monkeys for their cries,
What would he say, if he saw
This child crying in the autumn wind?*

How is it indeed that this child has been reduced to this state of utter misery? Is it because of his mother who ignored him, or because of his father who abandoned him? Alas, it seems to me that this child's underserved suffering has been caused by something far greater and more massive – by what one might call the irresistible will of heaven. If it is so, child, you must raise your voice to heaven, and I must pass on, leaving you behind.

In light of today's attitude toward children, this matter-of-fact callousness is staggering. The fact that he even bothered to feed the child would probably mark him as an incurable sentimentalist by the standards of the day. After all, why prolong the inevitable? (We can assume the child subsequently died of exposure. Unlikely anyone would have taken him in.)



Still, apparently matters were not as bad as they used to be, judging by the following.

The autumn wind inspired my heart with a desire to see the rise of the full moon over Mount Obasute. That rugged mountain in the village of Sarashina is where the villagers in the remote past used to abandon their ageing mothers among the rocks.

Again, the inevitable consequence of extremely limited resources.

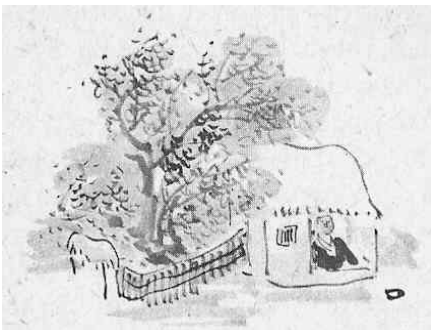
But it not incidents such as these which attract me to the book, but other scenes which evoke my sense of wonder, as per this example:

There was the ruined site of the temple built by the high priest Shunjo at the village of Awa in the province of Iga. The name of this temple was known to have been Gohozan Shindaibutsuji, but now this long name alone was the witness of its past glory. The main hall has been completely destroyed, leaving only foundations, and the priests living quarters had been reduced to paddies and fields. The tall statue of Buddha, originally six feet and six inches tall, had become covered with green moss save for the divine face that shone forth as in former days. The image of the founder stood erect, but it was a pity to see it among the ruins, where sage-brush and other weeds had grown rank on empty stone platforms and pedestals. Dead, too, were the couple of sacred sal trees that had once been the pride of the temple.

*Almost as high
As the crumbled statue,
The heated air shimmering
From the stone foundation.*

And this:

I found the stone monument of Tsubo-no-ishibumi on the ancient site of the Taga castle in the village of Ichikawa. The monument was about six feet tall and three feet wide, and the engraved letters were still visible on its surface through thick layers of moss...



According to the date given at the end of the inscription, the monument was erected during the reign of Emperor Shomu, and had stood here ever since, winning the ever-increasing admiration of poets through the years. In this ever-changing world where mountains crumble, rivers change their courses, roads are deserted, rocks are buried, and old trees yield to young shoots, it was nothing short of a miracle that this monument alone had survived the battering of a thousand years to be the living memory of the ancients. I felt as if I were in the presence of the ancients themselves, and, forgetting all the troubles I had suffered on the road, rejoiced in the utter happiness of this joyful moment, not without tears in my eyes.

My sentiments exactly, when confronted by a remnant of the past, be it the Golden House of Nero, the Shrine of the Eagle & Jaguar knights in Malinalco, or even just the tiny one-room museum in the Armoury of the Seaforth Highlanders (Cdn).

Not all is truly poetic on the Narrow Road, reality – as dictated by the overall poverty of the nation – often intrudes.

Darkness overtook me while I was climbing a huge mountain. I put up at a gate-keeper's house which I was very lucky to find in such a lonely place. A storm came upon us and I was held up for three days.

*Bitten by fleas and lice,
I slept in a bed,
A horse urinating all the time
Close to my pillow.*



At times Basho is reduced to making a bed of leaves by the side of the road, but he doesn't seem to mind, so long as it isn't raining. At least there are no fleas.

Sometimes the fatigue brought on by the journey itself is a bit of a problem.

Exhausted by the labour of crossing many dangerous places by the sea with such horrible names as Children-desert-parents or Parents-desert-children, Dog-denying or Horse-repelling, I went to bed early when I reached the barrier-gate of Ichiburi.

There are a lot of barrier-gates in Japan. Basho hints at their function in another passage:

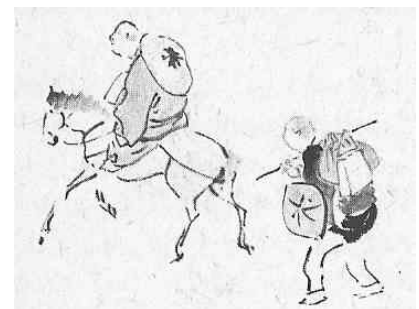
The next day, I looked at the cape of Oguro and the tiny island of Mizu, both in a river, and arrived by way of Naruko hot spring at the barrier-gate of Shitomae which blocked the entrance to the province of Dewa. The gate-keepers were extremely suspicious, for very few travelers dared to pass this difficult road under normal circumstances.

The purpose of the barrier-gates was to check the identity and purpose of each and every traveler, be they merchant, pilgrim or itinerant poet. The very act of movement was deemed potentially subversive, if not treasonable. To quote from the introduction to the book ONE HUNDRED VIEWS OF EDO:

"Japan in the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries was a police state in the full sense of that expression. All aspects of social and personal life were strictly controlled."

For example, in Edo itself (modern day Tokyo) the unemployed and poorer workers and their families did not live helter-skelter in slums of simple huts as you might expect, but in vast barracks run by the Doshin, samurai of the lowest rank who were permitted to wear only one sword, and who were so poorly paid they routinely extorted whatever meager pay their charges might chance to earn. Better to be a poor hermit in a bamboo hut on a windswept mountain than a labourer in Edo!

No wonder many of the intelligentsia of the day devoted themselves to poverty and poetry, a surefire formula for staying beneath the radar of the authorities with personal dignity intact and the added bonus of earning the respect of your peers. A genuine freedom of sorts. It was permitted to admire the moonlight after all.



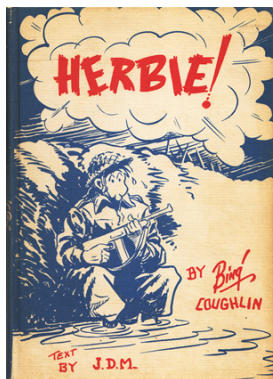
But it is not so much the embedded history as the sheer perceptive awareness of natural beauty I find so inviting in this collection of poems. Witness this final example:

*Heated spring air
In tiny waves
Of an inch or two –
Above wintry grass.*

FANATICAL FANNICHE FABLES

HERBIE

by *Tara Wayne*



William Garnet “Bing” Coughlin – Canadian World War II cartoonist – was born in Ottawa, Canada on October 7, 1905. His mother remarried after his father’s death, and the family moved to Philadelphia in 1923, where he enrolled in the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. After graduation, he went into advertising art. Coughlin met and married his wife Margaret (Peg) White in 1929.

Soon after the outbreak of World War II, Coughlin returned to Canada to serve in the Canadian Army with the 4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards – also known as the “Plugs” or the “Piddly-Gees.” As a sergeant, he participated in the invasion of Sicily and fought for four months in the Italian campaign. It was during this campaign that his cartoons began to appear in the soldiers’ magazine, *The Maple Leaf*. In 1944, the troops elected the popular artist as “Canadian Man of the Year.”

Like America’s Bill Mauldin, whose military cartoons in *Stars and Stripes* made him the unofficial voice of the ordinary “dogface,” Bing Coughlin became the spokesman for the Canadian enlisted man. Featured as “This Army,” his cartoons showed life as it was behind the lines and up at the front, always taking the view of the common soldier. As often as not, the officers were shown less sympathetically than the Germans. Mauldin created “Willie and Joe.” Coughlin’s ubiquitous Canadian foot soldier was “Herbie.” An unnamed French-Canadian enlisted man with toque and mustache also appears with Herbie in many cartoons.

In 1946, the Governor General of Canada made Bing Coughlin a Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE) for his cartooning during the war.

Two volumes of “This Army” were published by *The Maple Leaf* in Rome, in 1944 and 1945. A year after the war, a new collection of “Bing” Coughlin’s wartime cartoons was published by Thomas Nelson and Sons, Canada. Titled simply *Herbie!* the 1946 edition was reprinted in 1959, on the 20th anniversary of the start of WWII. A modern collection titled *Herbie was Here!* was published by Algrove Publishing, Almonte Ontario, in 2008.

In contrast to Bill Mauldin, Bing Coughlin stayed clear of politics. Mauldin continued a successful career as a newspaper political cartoonist after the war, while Coughlin returned to commercial art. For a number of years he worked for the Canadian National Exhibition, but in 1950 Coughlin returned to Philadelphia as a designer of exhibits.

William Garnet “Bing” Coughlin died at age 85 on the 4, of September, 1991, and was buried in Springfield, Pennsylvania. He was survived by five children.

– Posted on Wikipedia

THE NUMBERS GAME

The Whole OSFiC Bibliography

By *Tara Wayne*

Preamble – In 1975 I compiled, for a special history issue of the clubzine, a list of every newsletter and one-shot published for OSFiC. I expanded and revised that list again for a 1983 issue of the newsletter, to mark the 16th. anniversary of the club. At that time I had no idea that the club had little time left, and there would not be many more monthly newsletters.

OSFiC officially disbanded in October 1984. Now it is 2009, and I'm bringing into the world the last, final, and reasonable entire bibliography of the club's publications.

There were differences between the 1975 and 1983 bibliographies. For one thing, I dropped the names of artists who did the back covers. More important, I used a different method to count the pages. In the first list, I counted only those sides of a sheet of paper with something printed on it. In 1983 I adopted the standard library practice of counting both sides of every sheet, to avoid confusion over blank pages. The only significant issues affected by this were some of the *early* zines edited by Peter Gill, which were printed one side to a sheet only. For obvious reasons, flyers and other loose matter aren't counted either – only what's stapled together.

Convention progress reports, and program books were not included in either the 1975 or 1983 bibliographies. This time around, I've added them as an appendix, along with all five mailings of OSFiC's abortive apa.

A capsule history of the club might be in order. OSFiC was founded in 1967 by a small number of fans who had met at the Worldcon the previous year. They organized themselves under the hopeful banner of the Ontario Science Fiction Club and, with "Capt." George Henderson's assistance, launched FanFair I and II. On the basis of those successes, they bid on the 1973 Worldcon. Toronto fandom also established a reputation for fanzines in those years. While not a club zine, Mike Glicksohn & Susan Wood's *Energumen* was unmistakably a showcase for club talent. Torcon II was an enormously popular Worldcon, but unfortunately burned out the first generation of the club. *Energumen* went on to win a Hugo the same year, and folded.

Then was the first of many changes of hands. The revitalized OSFiC continued a tradition of fostering talent. There were many more cons run by the club – some successes, some failures. While the club maintained a monthly flow of highly readable and attractive newsletters, many of the members pubbed noteworthy zines on their own, such as *Simulacrum*, *Orca*, *DNQ*, *Carefully Sedated*, and *Thangorodrim*. Inevitably there was a third wave, and a fourth... OSFiC's fortunes rose and fell with each wave, but inevitably the club began to lose its vitality. The newsletter changed names with every new editor, and sometimes more often. Schedules were missed, the material became wildly uneven, and editorial goals varied radically. Eventually, it was felt that there was no viable younger generation to hand the reins over to, and whether or not to disband the club became the object of the next official election. When the ballots were all counted, it turned out that the members had voted for a slate promising to refund membership fees, and close up shop. What had been, up to that time, the longest lived fan club in Canada came to an end.

Note – Printed copies of the OSFiC constitution, financial reports, the numerous flyers, membership cards, and separate membership lists that were published by the club have not been included in the bibliography, and never will. Not no way, not no how!

OSFiC (Magazine) – ed. Peter Gill

Cover

	1	Jan 67	2 pp	
	2	Mar 67	2 pp	
	3	Apr 67	4 pp	
	4	May 67	18 pp	
	5	Jun 67	20 pp	
	6	Aug 67	30 pp	
	7	Sep 67	28 pp	
	8	Oct 67	28 pp	c. John Mansfield
	9	Nov 67	30 pp	c. Pat Eagan
		Dec 67	70 pp	c. Walt Strasser
Xmas Annual	10	Feb 68	38 pp	c. Mike Glicksohn
	11	Mar 68	28 pp	c. Charles Butterworth
	12	? 68	22 pp	c. Jack Gaughan
	13	Jul 68	28 pp	c. Berni Wrightson
	14	Aug 68	32 pp	c. Vaughn Bodé
	15	Sep 68	28 pp	c. Rod Rogers
	16	Nov 68	32 pp	c. Derek Carter
	17	Feb 69	26 pp	c. Derek Carter
	18	Mar 69	30 pp	c. Vaughn Bodé
	19	Apr 69	34 pp	c. Gar Stevens

OSFiC Supplement	20	Jun 69	32 pp	c. Derek Carter
		Jul 69	10 pp	
	21	Jul 69	34 pp	c. Rudy Hagopian
	22	Jan 70	42 pp	c. Angus Taylor
	23	Jul 70	50 pp	c. Kim Lew Kee
	24	Oct 70	54 pp	c. Hedy Campbell
	25	Sep 71	34 pp	c. Derek Carter

Notes – While the clear intention of the early zines by Peter Gill was to provide a monthly newsletter, in the second year it was obviously evolving into a genzine. It was only much later, if ever, called “OSFiC Magazine.” The official title was always just “OSFiC.” In the club, the tendency for the zine to grow more infrequent as it grew longer was called “The Gill Syndrome.” Subsequent editors showed signs of this disorder as well, but tended to burn out after one term of office instead of lingering on to bi-annual, and annual issues. There was a brief attempt to regularize the situation with an official quarterly, edited by Gordon van Toen and John Douglas. Unfortunately “OSFiC Quarterly” only lasted three issues. In the meantime, a far less ambitious monthly had been initiated by Gordon. The monthlies will be listed following the “quarterlies” and “one-shots.”

OSFiC Quarterly – eds. John Douglas & Gordon van Toen

1	May 72	26 pp	c. Hedy Campbell
2	Sept 72	54 pp	c. Paul Docherty
3	Mar 73	30 pp	c. Paul Docherty

Notes – The club officialdom had been decimated by running Torcon II. The newly elected execs in the aftermath had little experience in running anything, but plenty of energy. A new secretary undertook the monthly newsletter, and to emphasis the changing of the guard, renamed it Nor. A new policy for club genzines was adopted – an open one-shot that would be edited by a different member every issue. For about a year the one-shot policy was wildly successful, as the first four issues indeed appeared on an almost quarterly schedule. Unfortunately, the fifth editor never delivered her issue at all.

OSFiC One-Shots

OSFiC... Eventually	ed. Taral Wayne	Jul 74	30 pp	c. Taral Wayne
Distaff I	ed. Janet Wilson	Aug 74	30 pp	c. David Starr
Vati-Con III Program Book	ed. Victoria Vayne	Jan 75	44 pp	c. Taral Wayne
Distaff II	ed. Janet Wilson	Aug 75	26 pp	c. Barry Kent MacKay
???	ed. Jo-Anne McBride	(Never published)		

Note – Subsequently, Victoria re-numbered her genzine, Simulacrum, to include VCIIPB as Sim 1.

THE NEWSLETTERS

OSFiComm – eds. Gar Stevens, Gordon van Toen

Vol. 1 Gar Stevens editor, possibly 15 issues from March 1970 to May 1971.

Vol. 2 Gordon van Toen

	1	Jun 71	2 pp	
	2	Jul 71	? pp	
	3	Aug 71	? pp	
	4	Sep 71	? pp	
	5	Oct 71	? pp	
	6	Nov 71	2 pp	
	7	Dec 71	2 pp	
	8	Jan 72	2 pp	
	9	Feb 72	2 pp	
	10	Mar 72	4 pp	c. Derek Carter
	11	Apr 72	4 pp	c. Hedy Campbell
(appeared in OQ)	12	May 72	1 pp	

		13	Jun 72	8 pp	c. Taral Wayne
		14	Jul 72	8 pp	c. Derek Carter
	“OSFiNote” 15		Aug 72	2 pp	
	(appeared in OQ)	16	Sep 72	1 pp	
		17	Oct 72	8 pp	c. Paul Docherty
	“OSFiNote” 18		Jan 73	2 pp	
	“OSFiNote” 19		Feb 73	1 pp	
Vol. 3	(appeared in OQ)	1	Mar 73	1 pp	(Gordon van Toen ed.)
		2	May 73	1 pp	(1/2 sheet of paper!)

Notes – In July 1973 John Douglas circulated an open letter in place of the usual OSFiComm or OSFiNote. It had been drawn up by Jim Allan, and was signed as well by myself, and Barry Kent MacKay. Its effect, it called for an election of new officers to replace those exhausted by Torcon duties. There seems to have been no regular election in more than a year. The new secretary, Phil Paine, may have been chosen for the interim only, but once officially elected he fatefully changed the name of the newsletter to Nor.

Vol.4	Bob Wilson, ed, 1	Aug 73		2 pp	
	Phil Paine, ed,	2	Sep 73	4 pp	c. Bob Wilson
	Phil Paine, ed,	3	Nov 73	2 pp	
	Phil Paine, ed.	4	Dec 73	2 pp	(Never mailed)
	Jim Allan, ed.	5	Jan 74	4 pp	

Nor – ed. Phil Paine (digest size)

	1	Feb 74	12 pp	c. Rudy Hagopian
	2	Mar 74	8 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	3	May 74	12 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	4	Jun 74	16 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	5	Jul 74	8 pp	c. Vaughan Fraser

Notes – Nor was characterized by a great deal of member participation. Perhaps too much, as the other noteworthy fact about Nor was that Phil was usually behind deadline, and could only put the issue out with last minute, or after-the-last minute all-nighters with Bob, Jim, and me. The 5th. issue was one emergency too many and Phil was pressured to give up the job. It passed to me. Since Phil had already changed the name of OSFiComm to Nor, stamping his personality on it, I felt a need to do the same. This unfortunately led to every new editor of the club newsletter doing exactly that in future. In retrospect, I wish I'd gone back to OSFiComm...

Synapse – ed. Taral Wayne (digest size)

	1	Aug 74	8 pp	c. Sheryl Birkhead (Still had 'Nor' on cover)
	2	Sep 74	10 pp	c. Tom Robe
	3	Oct 74	8 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	4	Nov 74	10 pp	c. Joe Pearson
	5	Dec 74	10 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	6	Jan 75	24 pp	c. Bob Wilson
	7	Feb 75	20 pp	c. Alicia Austin

Notes – In March I was hospitalized to remove a kidney stone, and that month's newsletter was relinquished to Victoria Vayne. At the same time, Victoria and other friends had prepared a parody of Syn called Relapse. The hoax issue was begun before my stone, but the unfortunate choice of title had already been printed. I was much amused by the apologies. Relapse wasn't an official OSFiC zine, but is included for the curious..

OSFiComm – ed. Victoria Vayne (digest size)

Vol. 4	6	Mar 75	8 pp	Bob Wilson
(Relapse)		Mar 75	6 pp	Bob Wilson

Synapse – ed. Taral Wayne (digest size)

8	Apr 75	42 pp	c. George Barr
9	May 75	26 pp	c. Elizabeth Pearse
10	Jun 75	24 pp	c. Taral Wayne
11	Jul 75	8 pp	c. Barry Ken MacKay
13	Aug 75	10 pp	c. Rudy Hagopian
14	Sep 75	10 pp	c. Paul Docherty

Notes – *That's not an error, if you noticed it! Issue 12 was published without the club's imprint. A blow-up had occurred in OSFiC following FanFair III, and Syn 12 had been my farewell blast that was only mailed after number 14. After the last OSFiC issue, I published five more Synapses on my own. After that, Victoria and I started DNQ.*

After my resignation from the position of secretary, Mike Harper was appointed, and won the subsequent election. Mike carried on in much the same vein I had with Syn, but, by the end of his first year, showed signs of tiring. In retrospect our two terms as secretary probably marked the most productive years in OSFiC's newsletters.

Nit Wit – ed. Mike Harper

1	Oct 75	14 pp	c. Tom Robe
2	Dec 75	10 pp	c. Barry Kent MacKay
3	Jan 76	14 pp	
4	Feb 76	16 pp	c. Barry Kent MacKay
5	Mar 76	22 pp	c. Barry Ken MacKay
6	Apr 76	22 pp	c. Henry Argasinski
7	May 76	28 pp	c. Henry Argasinski
8	Jun 76	16 pp	c. Henry Argasinski
9	Jul 76	24 pp	c. Henry Argasinski
10	Aug 76	10 pp	c. Joe Pearson
11	Sep 76	4 pp	

Notes – *The club feuding refused to die down during Mike's tenure as secretary, and, when he decided not to run for another term, he was followed by Jo-Anne McBride. She began well, but the newsletter in her hands declined quickly into short and sporadic appearances, a pattern that would reappear, and only mirrored gradual decline in the club itself.*

Mimeographed London Sundae Thymes (also MLST Colour Supplement)

– ed. Jo-Anne McBride.

MLST	1	Oct 76	22pp	c. Derek Carter
MLST (CS)	1	Nov 76	2 pp	
MLST	2	Dec 76	24 pp	c. Derek Carter
OSFiC Special One-Shot 1		Dec 76	2 pp	
MLST (CS) 2		Feb 77	2 pp	
MLST (CS) 3		Mar 77	2 pp	
MLST (CS) 4		Apr 77	2 pp	

The Toronto Stellagram – ed. Mike Wallis

1	May 77	2 pp
2	Jun 77	2 pp?
3	Jul 77	2 pp
4	Aug 77	2 pp

Last Whole OSFiC London Sundae Thymes – eds. Jo-Anne McBride & Bob Wilson

1	Sep 77	2 pp
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Notes – *Meetings were down to about a half a dozen people, some months. For the 2nd time in its history, OSFiC seemed near the point of dissolution. Jim Allan and I engineered a merger with a local Star Trek group, in a measure to infuse new blood in the club. The president of the Trek club agreed to run for secretary, and publish the newsletter, provided I*

assisted him for the first few issues. Though the new members were a needed shot in the arm, the arrangement for the newsletter didn't work out as planned.

Input/Output (or G.I./G.O.) – eds. Boyd Waters (1) & Taral Wayne

	1	Oct 77	4 pp	
	2	Nov 77	10 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	3	Dec 77	6 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	4	Jan 78	16 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	5	Feb 78	10 pp	c. Al Sirois
	6	Mar 78	12 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	7	Apr 78	12 pp	c. Barry Kent MacKay

Notes – Instead of Boyd taking over more and more responsibility for the newsletter, it turned out the other way around. Boyd discovered he would rather write about mainstream movies, or pop music than SF, or fandom, and delivered less and less of any sort of material to me to be typed into stencils and mimeographed. In the end, he resigned the office, and quit the club. I never liked the title, so I changed it once again...

Ishue – ed. Taral Wayne

	1	May 78	12 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	2	Jun 78	12 pp	c. Don Hutchison
	3	Jun 78	10 pp	c. Taral Wayne
Synapse	19	Jun 78	6 pp	c. Taral Wayne (included with Ish 3)
	4	Jul 78	8 pp	c. Taral Wayne
	5	Oct 78	14 pp	c. Al Sirois
	6	Nov 78	8 pp	c. David Starr
	7	Dec 78	12 pp	c. Taral Wayne

Notes – While publishing Ish, I was also co-editor of DNQ with Victoria, and the pace was beginning to wear. I made a proposal to OSFiC to produce a short club newsheet and circulate it with DNQ, at a reduced subscription fee. They took me up on it, so the next few Ishes were back to basics.

	8	Jan 79	2 pp
	9	Feb 79	4 pp
	10	Mar 79	2 pp
	11	Apr 79	2 pp
	12/13	May 79	6 pp

Notes – It was still more than I could comfortably do every month, so I decided not to run in the next elections. David Starr agreed to run as secretary, if assisted by Jim Allan. Things began to get a little crazy again.

OSFiC Newsletter For This Month – eds. David Starr & Jim Allan

	1	Jun 79	6 pp
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OSFiC Monthly – eds. David Starr & Jim Allan

	1	Jul 79	6 pp	c. David Starr
	2	Aug 79	8 pp	c. David Starr
	3	Sep 79	8 pp	c. David Starr

OSFiC Monthly – ed. Jim Allan

	4	Oct 79	4 pp
	5	Nov 79	4 pp

Notes – Jim was also publishing the Mythopoeic Societies newsletter at the time. OSFiC Monthlies under his sole editorship, and then joint editorship with Lu-Anne, resembled Mythprint to a considerable degree. This was a break from the usual faanish “look” that proved more or less permanent.

OSFiC Monthly – ed. Jim Allan & Lu-Anne Vitalis

6	Dec 79	4 pp	
7	Jan 80	8 pp	c. Lu-Anne Vitalis
8	Feb 80	8 pp	c. Barry Kent MacKay

***Notes** – Lu-Anne was the next elected secretary after David Starr and continued to publish in much the same format she had learned from Jim, albeit in a far less scholarly tone. In fact, OSFiC zines mainly would not lie in the mainstream of fannish publishing from this point.*

Google – ed. Lu-Anne Vitalis

1	Mar 80	8 pp	c. Lu-Anne Vitalis
2	Apr 80	8 pp	c. Lu-Anne Vitalis
3	May 80	8 pp	c. Lu-Anne Vitalis

***Notes** – Jim had pretty much run out of protégés to promote as the next savior of the OSFiC newsletter. There were no issues for three months... then Henry Troup stepped in and just did a newsletter, elected to or not. Bob Webber got into the act as well.*

OSFiC Unconstitutional Newsletter – ed. Henry Troup

1	Sep 80	2 pp	
2	Oct 80	2 pp	

Another Unofficial OSFiC Newsletter – ed. Henry Troup

3	Nov 80	18 pp	c. Linda Bowland
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Unnamed OSFiC Newsletter – ed. Bob Webber

–	Dec 80	6 pp	
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Dazellations – ed. Bob Webber

–	Jan 81	6 pp	
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A Very Short OSFiC Newsletter – ed. Henry Troup

***Notes** – At this point, I believe Bob Webber was actually elected secretary. It was his un-doing.*

Chronic – ed. Bob Webber

1	Mar 81	4 pp	
2	May 81	6 pp	

OSFiC Election Bulletin – ed. Henry Troup

***Notes** – That was it. I don't think there can be much doubt that the two year period from the middle of 1979 to the summer of 1981 represented a record, sustained low point for the club's publishing. Meanwhile new members were infiltrating OSFiC from a high school in the suburban north end of Toronto, led by a certain Robert J. Sawyer. His friend (now wife) Carolyn Clink ran for secretary and published a much improved, if not very fannish newsletter.*

Gateway – ed. Carolyn Clink & Robert J. Sawyer

1	Aug 81	2 pp	
2	Sep 81	4 pp	
3	Oct 81	6 pp	
4	Nov 81	6 pp	

5	Dec 81	6 pp (issues 5 & 6 were mailed together)
6	Jan 82	6 pp (issues 5 & 6 were mailed together)
7	Feb 82	6 pp
8	Mar 82	6 pp
9	Apr 82	6 pp
10	May 82	6 pp
11	Jun 82	6 pp
12	Jul 82	4 pp (mailed with All Agog)

All Agog (Special Gateway Fiction Issue) – ed. Carolyn Clink & Robert J. Sawyer

–	Aug 82	20 pp	c. Barry Kent MacKay
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Notes – there was a sort of parody of Gateway called “Makeway.” But it was technically First Draft 0, the first of a short series of apazines I published. It isn’t in any sense an OSFiC zine, but again I mention it for the curious.

At this point the 1983 bibliography came to its end. It was published in the OSFiC newszine of the moment, named (in a fit of total surreality that, in desperation, I can only describe as a sense of humour) *Luna and Beyond for \$8 a Year*. This was the last newsletter OSFiC would publish. Indeed, almost the last anything. Unlike Gateway, which had at least been tidy, serious, and well organized, *Luna And Etc.* under both editors was... well... eccentric. But there were 12 whole issues before the end, and for once a title was carried over to the next – and final – editor of all.

Luna and Beyond For \$8 a Year – ed. Kathryn Grimbly-Bethke

1	Sep 82	6 pp	c. Kathryn Grimbly-Bethke
2	Nov 82	12 pp	c. Kathryn Grimbly-Bethke
3	Dec 82/Jan 83	12 pp	c. Heather Morgan
4	Feb 83	14 pp	c. B.M.S.
5	Mar/Apr 83	16 pp	c. Heather Morgan
6	May/June 83	22 pg	c. ?
7	Jul 83	14 pp	c. ?
8	Aug/Sep 83	12 pp	c. Taral Wayne

OSFiComm – ed. Taral Wayne

172	Oct 83	8 pp	c. Taral Wayne (actually 174)
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Luna and... -- ed. Bee Stuckless

...Icarus	Oct 83	10 pp	c. P. May?
...Solstice	Nov/Dec 83	10 pp	c. Taral Wayne
...42	Jan/Feb 84	16 pp	c. “Slartibartfast” ?
...Chaos	Mar/Jun 84	10 pp	c. K.R.

“Dear Fellow OSFiC Members” – ed. Bee Stuckless

–	Oct 84	1 pp
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Notes – The last mentioned was only a one sheet notice, with no title, but began as quoted. All it had to say was that the club had voted in a caretaker executive to oversee the return of membership fees,, and clear out the locker – OSFiC was officially terminated. A wake was to be held, and the editor was fleeing to Newfoundland.

In my second bibliography, I had counted 171 separate zines, and numbered the OSFiComm I did in 1983 as #172.. Later I discovered I had overlooked a couple of negligible sheets here somehow, and recounted. That would make OSFiComm 172 actually OSFiComm 174. Very annoying, but I can’t go back in time to change the stencils at this point. The final count, including the farewell letter, comes out to 186... give or take a few. I don’t suppose I’ll ever know for sure how many of the first OSFiC newsletters Gordon van Toen published. And who knows what miserable half sheet of paper (saying, little more than “be wherever, whenever, for next meeting”) I might have missed. Unless miracles do come to pass, I doubt very much any bibliography of OSFiC will ever be more complete than this. Who, after all, would possess a completer set?

Appendix I – Apas

Griffonage (OSFiC apa) – OE’s Bee Stuckless & Taral Wayne

Mlg. 1	OE Bee	Apr 84	6 contribs	26 pp	c. Taral Wayne
Mlg. 2	OE Taral	Oct 84	3 contribs	16	c. Jack Kirby & Taral Wayne
Mlg. 3	OE Taral	Dec 84	3 contribs	16 pp	c. Bonnie Dalzell & Taral
Mlg. 4	OE Taral	Mar 85	6 contribs	20 pp	c. Jerry Collins
Mlg. 5	OE Taral	Jun 85	6 contribs	32 pp	c. Taral Wayne & Bob Wilson

***Notes** – I grew discouraged managing Griff and gave up after 5 mailings. I don’t think that was as unreasonable as it may seem. Judging by the figures, it may look like it was growing, but in reality many of those pages were blank backs. Janet Wilson offered to continue as OE, but apparently she received no contribs at all. So that was the end of a noble attempt, late in the day as it was, to revitalize a fatigued and defunct OSFiC.*

Appendix II – Convention Pubs

Fan Fair I

(I have no material whatever documenting Fan Fair I)

FanFair II

Progress Report – ed. Peter Gill?	(digest)	1	8 pp	c. Derek Carter
			12 pp	c. Derek Carter
			12 pp	c. Derek Carter
Program Book – ed. Peter Gill?			18 pp	c. Derek Carter

Torcon II

Progress Report – ed. Peter Gill? (digest)		1	16 pp	c. Derek Carter
		2	10 pp	c. Derek Carter
		3	24 pp	c. Alicia Austin
		4	32 pp	c. Derek Carter
Program Book – ed. Peter Gill?	–		96 pp	c. Derek Carter

Fan Fair III

Progress Report – ed. Taral Wayne (digest)	Apr 75	12 pp	c. Taral Wayne
Program Book – ed. Elliott Grasett	Aug 75	24 pp	c. Tom Robe
Fan Fair III One-Shot – Patrick Nielsen Hayden	Aug 75	22 pp	c. Derek Carter

Summercon – ed. Taral Wayne

Program Book (digest size)	Jul 77	32 pp	c. Taral Wayne
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***Notes** – There was some later talk of this being FanFair IV, but it was officially Summercon at the time, and there was no FanFair V. (Unless it was to have been the following...)*

Prunecon

Meant for June 1978. Cancelled due to very low pre-reg. Several flyers were printed, but no con publications.

Ozymandius I – ed. Jim Allan

Program Book

Aug 78

12 pp

c. ?

Ozymandius II – ed. Mary Horsburgh?

Program Book (digest size)

Aug 79

16 pp

c. Julie Lewis

Notes – *Torque, Ditto (which began in Toronto), the Draconis conventions, Ad Astra, NASFAcon, GVSTAcon, Comicon, FanCon, Toronto Trek and numerous other cons that have been held in Toronto were neither affiliated with, nor sponsored by OSFiC. They are not club cons. Their progress reports, program books, souvenir books and other bric-a-brac are not included. Thank gawd.*

(1) Name changed upon request & ok'd by Taral.

CLIPPINGS FROM CANADA

By Leslie A. Croutch

In several issues of Rosenblum's FUTURIAN WAR DIGEST from the 1940s posted online by UK fan Rob Hansen, Canada's own Leslie A. Croutch (Publisher and editor of LIGHT) contributes a column of which I quote the following sample:

From Futurian War Digest #13, October 1941

Recently, Universal's latest horror film, "The Mummy's Hand", played at our local theatre. Compared with such films as "The Ape", "Man With Nine Lives" and others of like nature, "The Mummy's Hand" is an astonishingly good attempt at horror without lapsing into the ridiculous. The make-up of the Mummy is realistic, scary enough to get you, but still not silly. The prologue showing ancient Egyptian burial rites, is well done and very interesting. A weak spot is Dick Foran as the hero being rather ineffectual when put up against Peggy Moran as the curvacious girl with woo-woo!

Other Movie Notes: A trip into the future is afforded in a film showing what may happen to Turkey in "Journey Into Fear" Paramount horror pic will present Dr. Cyclops in a dual role in "Among The Living" "Murder By The Stars" is being made by Monogram and features Bela Lugosi "Cracked Nuts" coming out of Universal, a humourous offer about robots Universal also filming "Horror Island", and "Black Cat", not the Poe tale as many believe Warner Brothers will finish "The Monkey's Paw" and will continue on with Philip Wylie's "The Smilng Ghost" "The Boogey Man Will Get You" is a takeoff on Horror tales, with Karloff and Peter Lorre "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" features Spencer Tracy. In this one, Tracy will have phosphorescent eyes, and the change will be more psychological than physical An old time Fritz Lang film is to be released in the US: the hypnotic movie "Dr Mabuse" A certain studio has appropriated two million dollars to film the Book from beginning to end, in "The Bible".

FILTHY PRODOM STUFF

FIRST ISSUES: SPACE STORIES

by Terry Jeeves

The first issue of SPACE STORIES appeared in October 1952 with an Emsh cover which made me wonder what shape the astronauts would be in after dashing up a long, steep stairway to their spacecraft. Inside, the contents page listed a novel, two novellas, three short stories and several 'features'.



The opening novel, MAN OF TWO WORLDS, by Bryce Walton, started off as if it were part two of a serial as a Martian-born colonist investigates a pyramid and the villain's men attack. Racial memories show a way of escape through doors to other worlds, to swashbuckling, mind-transfer and cyclic time. Yecch!

CONTINUED STORY by Margaret St. Clair has a thief steal a pair of DIY kits from a vanishing shop. Their use brings terror and haunted by their alien seller, he tries to surrender to the police.

I remember Henry Hasse for his 1936 yarn in AMAZING, 'HE WHO SHRANK'. Here he has AND RETURN about a man who awakens in sole control of a long-sleep starship, finds he is a robot, becomes ambitious and kills everyone.

The heading illo to THE INVADERS by Gordon R. Dickson shows humans in a pitched battle with aliens. Both sides are using guns and *swords!* A tough (Dorsai-like) commander prepares to defend the colony against attack but is hampered by a do-good, nubile Government Observer. She finally sees sense, the aliens are beaten off and love takes over.

THE WHATSITS, from Miriam Allen de Ford has humans captured by giant aliens, but they dig a tunnel and escape. Ho hum. Noel Loomis churned out BIG TOP ON JUPITER to allow a ten-year-old boy to save a circus from destruction.

All good, clean, pot-boiling hackstuff. To fill out the 130 page issue the features were PERILS OF SPACE warning future spacemen of meteorite danger to their spaceships. BLAST OFF was the opening editorial plug. WHEN DID IT HAPPEN was a short quiz and SF BOOK CORNER ran five juvenile book reviews. Best part of the issue was the interior art by Poulton, Orban, Emsch and Schomburg. It puts ANALOG's current stuff in the shade.

CORUSCATING CONUNDRUMS!



ASK MR. SCIENCE!

(As submitted by Al Betz, Corresponding Secretary for Mr. Science.)

Ms. RR, of Coquitlam, B.C., asks:

WHY IS IT NECESSARY TO MEASURE THE SPEED OF LIGHT SO ACCURATELY?

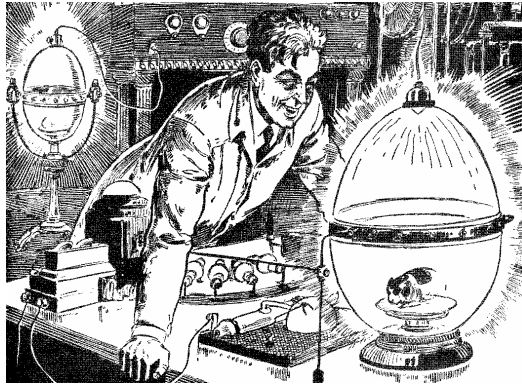
MR. SCIENCE: In this world of perpetually changing ideas, concepts and values it is very comforting to scientists to be able to measure something which never varies. The best current measurement, incidentally, is as follows:

$$C = 1.80261775 \times 10^6 \text{ furlongs per microfortnight.}$$

Mr. CB, of New Vancouver, B.C., asks:

SHOULD I AVOID COOKING WITH ALUMINUM POTS?

MR. SCIENCE – Mr. Science assumes that you are referring to the purported connection between aluminum and Alzheimer's disease. Since aluminum occurs with greater abundance in the Earth's crust than any other metal it is difficult to.... What was the question again?



ASK MR. GUESS-IT-ALL!

(As submitted by R. Graeme Cameron, official spin-doctor for Mr. Guess-It-All)

Mr. LEB of Mutterstadt, Germany, asks:

RECENTLY ARCHAEOLOGISTS DISCOVERED THE GRAVES OF 51 DECAPITATED VIKINGS IN WEYMOUTH, ENGLAND. WHO DID THIS AND WHY?

MR. GUESS-IT-ALL: Not Anglo Saxons despite what everyone thinks. It was friends of the deceased. Drunken friends, to be precise. In this particular case, having slaughtered all the local inhabitants and plundered to their heart's content, the Vikings decided to throw a party. Given that many magnificent horses were included in the plunder, they decided to hold a contest to see who could be the best headless horseman for the longest number of seconds. Had they been sober, probably no more than ten contestants would have been involved, but all being quite merrily drunk, some 52 eager fellows took part. In this manner they cheerfully merged their unique Viking sense of humour with their love of sport.

It should be noted the winner was undoubtedly given a magnificent ship funeral pyre pushed out to sea. The 51 losers, of course, were simply dumped into a mass grave. Vikings had no respect for losers.

Interestingly enough, Scandinavian immigrants to the United States included this incident in their folklore, the repeated telling of which over generations evolved into the legend of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Ms. P.M., recently exiled to Rovkuly, Russia, asks:

WILL THE PLASTIC 'SARGASSO SEA' GYRE IN THE PACIFIC BE THE DEATH OF MANKIND?

MR. GUESS-IT-ALL: Absolutely! And not just mankind. As the millions of tons of plastic collecting in this gyre breakdown into microscopic flakes, they will kill the countless microscopic plankton which ingest them, and as plankton produce most of the world's oxygen, all oxygen breathing lifeforms, including us, will perish.

Not to worry! This is all part of nature's miraculous cycle of life. The bacteria which thrive in the absence of oxygen will multiply beyond measure, eventually evolving into oxygen producers and consumers, ultimately into intelligent life similar to ourselves. By that time the fossils of the previous wave of life, plus the mass of plastic they produced, will have reverted to their original carbon, which is to say, oil. This in turn will fuel the next evolution of technology up and till the reinvention of plastic, whereupon the cycle begins again after yet another massive die-off. Isn't nature grand?

MEDIA MAELSTROM

RETRO FILM REVIEW: THE INVISIBLE RAY (1936)

By The Graeme

Some forty odd years ago SHOCK THEATRE ruled the airwaves. The entire collection of Universal horror and SF films had been released to TV for the first time. THE INVISIBLE RAY, filmed in 1936 and starring Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, made a tremendous impression on me. It is still one of my favourites.

The prologue states: *"Every scientific theory accepted today once burned as a fantastic fire in the mind of someone called mad. Who are we on this youngest and smallest of planets to say that the invisible ray is impossible to science?"* Thus firmly establishing scientific credentials? Youngest and smallest of planets?

The movie opens, naturally, in a castle high atop the Carpathian mountains on a stormy night. Young Diane Rukh is pacing about before a giant mastif and Mother Rukh.

"Janos is still in the laboratory?" asks Mother Rukh.

"Oh yes," replies Diane, "he's checking his equipment before the people from England arrive."

This sets Mother Rukh off on a monologue, "It was on such a night as this that Janos first caught his ray from Andromeda. I held the detecting lens and never saw again.... The universe is very large and there are some secrets we are not meant to know.... He's wrong to demonstrate to these people. Pygmies who scoff at a giant!"

Just as Mother Rukh is working herself into a frenzy, Diane spots a car coming up the pass. (Borgo pass?) She slips on a cloak over her silk evening gown, strides along a windswept cloister, through a vaulted planetarium and into an observatory dome where we see a solitary figure humbled beneath an enormous telescope peering at the stars.

"Janos? Our guests are here."

Karloff peers around the telescope, an unusual Karloff, with dark curly hair and a pencil thin moustache. Somehow this adds dynamism to his character. At first he is filled with pleasure as he looks upon his young wife, then fury as he thinks about his 'guests'. "I'll take them back where they've never been before, back in time!"

He's gloating, both eager and angry. "They'll never laugh at me again." This film is a tour de force for Karloff, his acting runs the full gamut of emotions. One of his best films.

Karloff greets his guests, the rest of the cast. Lady Arabella Stevens, a forceful (not to say domineering) 'modern' woman (obviously meant as a mild parody of such), her 'poor, sitdownish' husband Sir Francis Stevens, her nephew Ronald Drake, world famous Africa explorer and gadabout, and last but not least, the suave, highly intelligent and pointy-bearded Dr. Benet, played in an unusually restrained and realistic manner by Bela Lugosi in possibly his finest, or at least most subtle, acting performance.

Lady Stevens gets the love interest going by commenting on the castle. "Would anyone ever expect to find anything like this on top of the Carpathian mountains?"

Diane catches Ronald observing she's not wearing a bra beneath her clinging silk gown (as very evident in the earlier scene when she 'bounced' across the room on her way to warn Janos).

"No," he mumbles with a smile, then glances away. Diane smiles. Aha!

Rukh and Sir Francis are old enemies. Rukh is restrained, almost gracious. "To see you again after so many years is.... interesting."

He is more open with Benet (Bela). "We meet at last."

Bela: "We have never seen eye to eye."

Karloff: "That's because I've always been two hundred years ahead of your theories."

Rukh leads them all into his observatory and affixes a curious, fluted metal device to his telescope saying, "A ray from Andromeda will be caught here and transferred to a projector in my laboratory. It will recreate what is recorded on that beam of light."

Ronald whines a bit, "This all makes me feel small and useless." (trying to have Diane picture him a stud? Hmmm, wrong tact, still she falls for it.)

"You've searched uncharted places too," she says sympathetically.

He replies, "All my explorations have been on this planet. They reach into space!"

Sir Francis mutters, "Reproducing vibrations from the past is not a new theory."

Benet is more open, "But the proof would be."

In an impressive scene, Karloff, wearing welding suit and helmet, seats his guests on bleachers, promising a glass shield will protect them. Once he's got a whole army of Jacob's ladders crackling, he opens a lens and fills the vaulted roof with a swirl of stars. "We must travel out into space on that ray of light to a point at which we turn and look back upon our own planet." I have difficulty swallowing this, but the effects are tremendous for the time. We swing past the moon, past Saturn, all the way to Andromeda, then plunge back toward the Earth.

"Years ago I voiced the belief that a great meteor, bearing an element more powerful than radium, struck an uncharted spot somewhere in Africa." We see a glowing meteor (red hot in space, ah tradition, perhaps this was the first filmed depiction of such?) pass into the foreground, diminishing as it falls toward the Earth rotating below, flaring as it strikes the atmosphere and exploding as it strikes South Africa. Damned effective! Better than the effects in many a fifties flick!

Naturally the Stevens immediately fund an expedition to... Nigeria, oddly enough, which seems to be inhabited by Zulu. Oh well. We see Diane, 'glowing' with the heat (as opposed to the manly art of sweating). And Lady Stevens, coming back from the hunt, "Rhinos are such nasty tempered beasts, it's a pleasure to dispose of them." (She shot six.)

Dr. Benet is curing local natives: "See! The little creature is going to live after all! This proves that human organisms are only part of Astro-chemistry controlled by radium forces from the sun!" Does it?

Meanwhile Sir Francis is complaining about eating antelope stew again.

And Ronald is frustrated because there are no cold showers available, which he sorely needs.

Lady Stevens isn't helping with remarks like: "Well, what could be more natural? Two healthy young animals under the African Moon..." Methinks she's a strong advocate of the newly created Planned Parenthood society. As for Rukh....

Ah, poor Rukh. His mother had warned him: "You're not used to people Janos. Your experiments are your friends. Leave people alone." He's off in the veldt with his 'boys,' one of which does a Stepin Fetchit panic routine when the Geiger counter he's carrying goes berserk. An excited Rukh uses it to locate a roiling smoke pot (ie: the meteor). He has a runner sent back to camp with a message on a stick.

Ronald and Diane are still studiously ignoring each other. An irritated Ronald asks Benet what he'd discovered today. "Proof that the Sun is the mother of us all."

"Is she?" replies Ronald peevishly, "I wonder why she even bothers." The runner arrives with his message on a stick. It says virtually nothing, but is enough to decide Diane to sneak off to find Rukh.

Meanwhile Rukh is lowered (in his welding suit) into a crevice full of spitting roman candles, one of which he hammers into a box. Just as he's standing at his tent holding the box and exulting, "Power! More power than man has ever known!" his 'boys' threaten to leave. He slips the element into a ray projector he has handy and melts a huge boulder. They elect to stay.

Later that night, as he eats dinner outside his tent, he asks his servant to take the lamp inside because "it draws the pests." In the dark, we see his hands and face are glowing! (It's interesting to note that 29 years later, Boris Karloff endures the same effect in the movie DIE! MONSTER, DIE!) Distraught, he flees inside his tent. There, distractedly he pets the giant mastiff which has accompanied him to Africa. It rolls over and dies, a handprint eerily glowing on its skin. Not only has Rukh become poisoned, but his touch is fatal!

At this point Diane arrives in camp. There is a poignant scene where we see Rukh wringing his glowing hands inside his tent, Diane's shadow on the tent flap, and Rukh agonizingly refusing to let her come in, telling her to go away. She takes refuge in another tent. Rukh strides by, hears her crying, is tempted to explain, then rushes into the jungle.

Dr. Benet is surprised, to say the least, when Rukh shows up all aglow. Rukh begs him to develop an antidote, but Benet declares "I can't do that till I've deduced the atomic structure of the element."

Rukh hauls out a piece of paper, "I've done that." (While he was running through the jungle?) Rukh takes a nap while Benet goes to work. An hour later Rukh awaits with a start. Benet tells him he's been given a temporary counter additive.

Rukh plaintively asks "Can I touch people now?"

Benet bravely reaches out to hold Rukh's hand. "Yes, but you can never be cured. You must take the counter additive all the days of your life."

"And if I don't?"

"Your body will once again become a deadly machine, and eventually, crumble into ash."

"At least I will be normal!"

"But I don't know what the violent surcharge of poison and antidote will do to your brain!"

But we know, don't we?

Rukh goes back to his camp to continue research. Benet visits to check on his mental condition. He finds Rukh fondling his ray gun and muttering things like: "I've harnessed it at last! I could bump off a city a thousand miles distant, destroy a nation, all nations!" For some reason this worries Benet.

"Have you harnessed it to heal?"

"Oh later, when I've devised a filter to curb its power. It's mine to experiment with, mine!"

Benet announces that Sir Francis is on his way back to Europe to share the discovery with the world. Rukh is most upset. "Thieves!" Then Benet hands him a letter from Diane in which she says she doesn't believe Rukh loves her any more and has run off with Stevens. This does not improve Rukh's frame of mind, he embraces his death ray machine. Benet is lucky to get out of camp alive.

Rukh refuses to see Diane and returns alone to his castle, where he cures his mother of blindness. Dr. Benet sets up a clinic in Paris curing the afflicted by the thousands. Rukh then visits Benet's clinic. Rukh is bemused, his anger and jealousy controlled. "You know, of course," says Benet, "you were awarded the Nobel prize?"

Rukh seems unusually humble, "Yes, I know, everyone considers you and Sir Francis the most generous of men." Rukh then asks after Diane and Ronald, "They plan to marry, of course?"

"They are in love, but will do nothing till they have heard from you."

A gleam appears in Rukh's eye. "I'll not stand in the way of their happiness."

"That's very fine of you, Rukh." Hmm, Benet is not a good judge of demented character.

Rukh fakes his own death (by killing someone else) so Diane and Ronald can be married (in Paris, conveniently). Love must be blind, for he's standing only twenty feet away when they rush to their car from the cathedral yet they don't see him. He notes six statues of saints atop the cathedral, and has a vision in which they represent the six members of the expedition. He takes lodging opposite, determined to melt the statues one by one as he disposes of his victims.

Sir Francis is the first to die. Benet is present when the body is discovered. He asks Lady Stevens if she has an ultra violet camera handy. "Yes, I'll go and get it." Hmm, a well equipped household. Later, in his photolab, we see him examining the plate. We see a close-up of Sir Francis' eye, with the image of Rukh and his clutching hand, visible in the

pupil. The theory that a murder victim's eye would capture and freeze the image of the murderer was discredited well before the turn of the century, so it's unusual to see it 'in action' here. Benet accidentally shatters his evidence.

Then Lady Stevens dies and Benet sets a trap with the aid of the police. He announces a midnight lecture in which he will reveal all he knows about element X. At midnight the lights will be turned off and Rukh's glow will give him away. Unfortunately Rukh sneaks in early and confronts Benet in his laboratory.

Benet asks Rukh, "Aren't there any moments when you think as you used to think? When you're human?"

Rukh mutters, "Not often now, not often." Then Rukh extends his hand, "It would be easiest just to shake hands, it would all be over with in a second." A nice gesture. Benet reaches for the pistol in his pocket. Rukh grabs his hand, and it's all over in a second.

While the police are running around in circles, Rukh goes upstairs to kill Diane, but can't bring himself to do it. As he leaves her room, he meets his mother in the corridor. "I need more time," he says, fumbling in his pouch for the temporary antidote. Mother Rukh strikes it from his grasp with her cane, breaking the ampoules. He looks at her, steam rising from his neck. "You're right," he says, "It's better this way." He turns and plunges out a window, transforming into a ball of flame and crumbling to ash just as Benet had predicted.

Sound pretty dumb, this bald plot summary? But the charm and wonder of this film lies the intelligent acting by Boris and Bela; they make it all seem convincing, or at least, entertaining. A little known, rarely seen gem of its era, *THE INVISIBLE RAY* is a good film. I like it.

HISTRONIC HISTORY STUFF

A POCKET FULL OF HISTORIES: COIN NOTES

By Taral Wayne

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



A siliqua is a smallish silver coin a little lighter than the classical denarius, and about the same weight as an American Mercury head dime. It replaced the denarius (and an interim coin) after decades of economic, military, and political instability in the empire, around 300 AD. The first were introduced by Constantine the Great.

Constantine had four sons. The first, Crispus, was falsely implicated along with his mother (and the emperor's first wife) in treason, and executed. (Later it turned out that Constantine's second wife faked the evidence, and she joined them on the executioner's block.) His three sons by his second wife were Constantinus, Constantius, and Constans, in that order. They became co-Augustii on their father's death, and instantly fell on each other like hungry hyenas. They had inherited Constantine the Great's high character too, apparently...

Constantius II emerged the survivor, after having wiped out virtually the entire family, clan, and every imaginable supporter. Despite a suspicious and violent nature, Constantius was an able administrator, and the empire could spare a couple of hundred victims of royal rage and paranoia with ease. (Although the cost of civil war, and the lives of thousands of needed soldiers was something else.)

There was rather a lack of silver in the mid-4th century, or perhaps it was just that inflation had made it too expensive. Silver coins of this sort were struck, but in relatively small numbers compared to the early centuries of the empire. Or else there was a shortage of silver later, and most such coins were meted down a couple of centuries later. In either case, these

are fairly hard to come by coins, and not cheap. I had all of four siliqua covering a hundred years (and 60 or 75 coins) until I found this one.

One of the joys of collecting ancient coins is documenting them. It isn't enough to just have a coin; I want to know everything about it. Where was it minted, when, why? What does the inscription read? Why was it lost where it was? Who was paid with it? What was it likely to have been spent on? The answers to many of these questions can be found, though never all, of course. I have never yet seen a coin, with one possible exception, that had been in the hand of a man I could actually name. (But there was that one exception!)

The mystery to this siliqua of Constantius II's is the identity of the mint. According to what I already knew about mint marks -- the letters at bottom of the right hand image -- this could have meant it was struck in Constantinople. PCON might have stood for Pecunia Constantinopolis. It was common for coins of this period to have mint marks preceded by M or SM, standing for Moneta and Sacra Moneta. But I have never actually seen Pecunia CON before, and it seemed suspicious all the more so because the dealer's notes said it was minted in Arles. It took a bit of reading on Wikipedia to discover that, for a period covering the minting of this coin, Arles (France) had been renamed Constantina, after the emperor's wife. The abbreviation used was for Pecunia, as surmised, but CON didn't stand for the imperial capitol, but for Arles! You can never know enough...

LETTERS OF COMMENT

OOK OOK, SLOBBER DROOL!

(Note: Ghod-Editor's comments are in brown. I reserve the right to edit LoCs as I see fit.)

From: TARAL WAYNE, June 20th, 2009:

Right away I noticed, when opening the .pdf , that Space Cadet had a cover mocked up with old model kits or toys. Down there in the lower left is probably a model of the Lunar Model made by Monogram. It could as easily be just a photo of the real LM from the real Moon, of course. It's hard to tell from a tiny, grainy, little photo pasted into a high contrast file. A little to the right of that is one of those Flash Gordon zucchini-shaped spaceships that spit sparks. Toy or model? I can't tell. Above that, and further right, is another familiar shape. Looks like the "Moon Ship" attraction at Disneyland. At present, I think the only form this available is a plastic model kit that was put out by a small affair called Glencoe Models. I have one in the box, still, though it's called a "Mars Lander" now.

I'm no longer sure of the origin of the 'cut-outs' I used to paste up the cover. I think the LM is 'real', the Saucer is the Lindberg model, the 'Flash Gordon' is a model from a film, and the 'Moon Ship' is not the Disney TWA Moonliner (the actual one being bulldozed in 1962 to make room for a new attraction, though I've since heard that a replica has been erected?) but a model from an Italian Sci-Fi flic, possibly 'Assignment in Outer Space'. It's similar, but there are subtle differences, the Moonliner had landing struts where this model has fins, the Moonliner had a protruding cockpit whereas the model has two or more structures at the nose, possibly small fins.

The first to catch my eye had been the flying saucer. I don't know who made those, but I think Glencoe re-issued that kit at the same time it re-issued a number of others space kits. I built one, and have it on a shelf. I chose to do without the glow-in-the-dark alien pilot, and replaced it with a more conventional figure. I also applied standard USAF markings, preferring to imply this was one of those late 50's air force experiments that were too off-the-wall to make it even into Jane's. I think it was the obvious jet nacelles that prompted me.

Lindberg issued the original Flying Saucer kit in 1954. Three of them, with engine pods left off and cockpit dome painted over, were used by Ed Wood in his infamous 'PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE' film of 1958 (and NOT hubcaps or paper plates – that's an urban myth).

As for "one of those late 50's air force experiments" are you perhaps referring to the Avro-Saucer that Avro Canada made for the US army? Two of them are still preserved, albeit in US military museums. I believe the low-key campaign to get one donated to the National Aviation Museum in Ottawa is still ongoing. Anyway, it would make a heck of a kit. (Pity the real one couldn't fly any higher than two feet off the ground. Oh well...)

So, little did I know that the cover presaged your second lead piece.

As a little shaver (nothing to do with the pulp magazine “mystery” of the same name), I built my share of Aurora model kits. I think I actually built the Avro Arrow twice, after the first one broke. It wasn’t a very detailed kit, that much I remember. You had to glue the big slab tail on as a separate piece, and even if you got it on right, without a huge splurge of hardened glue around the bottom, it inevitably broke off. The canopy was a one-piece, clear bubble instead of flat planes in a solid frame as it should have been. (Like the X-15.) I don’t think the undercarriage doors fit into the wing properly, if you decided to built your Arrow in flight.



Otherwise, I think I built different Aurora aircraft than you. I’ve a vague recollection of the Gotha bomber in the box, but never bought one. And I did build a Sopwith Camel, but not for another 40 years. I still have the Revell made Camel on a shelf. Since I built it in the 1990’s I did a fine job of it, if I say so myself, though omitting the rigging. All those threads are wicked dust collectors!

I don’t think I ever saw an Aurora Stutz Bearcat. But I did make a Zero and Me 109. The Japanese plane was molded in sickly mustard colour plastic. The German one was molded in a violent fuchsia, or purple, with a metallic swirl in it. Neither plane had a real cockpit, just a flat surface with a molded pilot “upper”. Since I was only six or seven years old, I wondered at the natural colours but accepted them. Could that have been how real Zero’s and Messerschmitt were painted? What reason could there possibly be for such colours? Oh well, what did I know...

To quote from AURORA MODEL KITS by Thomas Graham: “Another thing Aurora did with six of its early kits was mold them in bright colours – simply to increase their appeal to young boys. Rather than try to match the colours of real aircraft – silver, olive, blue, white – Aurora gave youngsters a bright red Messerschmidt, a green Yak 25, a yellow Japanese Zero, a P-38 and a Spitfire in blue, and a Focke-wulf in black. The effect was quite startling.”

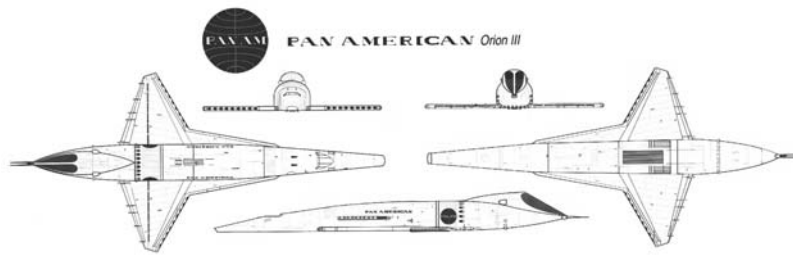
Later, of course, Aurora became better known for its monsters. For I while, I built every one as they came out. Eventually, though, there were too many, and I hadn’t quite so much interest in some monsters as I did in others. But I know I built Frankenstein, The Mummy, Wolfman, Creature From the Black Lagoon, Hunchback, Godzilla, and the Phantom of the Opera. Aurora of that era wasn’t all dark and macabre though. They also had a line of superheroes. I think I only built Superman and Batman, though I might have tackled Superboy as well. They even did a number of kits from Lost in Space.

I was never much interested in Superheroes, so the models didn’t appeal to me.

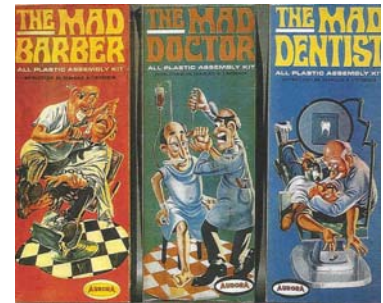


another one of those busses. But at least I have a neatly assembled and painted clipper.

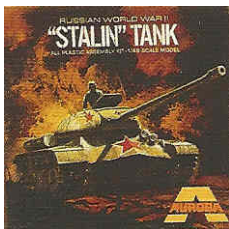
And was it Aurora that produced those Big Daddy Roth knock-offs? It’s probably the Hawk kits that I’m thinking of, but Aurora might well have had their own. I recall building a small number of Aurora tanks – probably the British Centurion, Stalin (actually it wasn’t, it was a T-34), and Swedish S-tank – but quickly realized that there were two or three universal scales among military models, and Aurora’s kits were *none* of them. Also like you, I had a number of warships – the Bismarck, King George V, Yamato, and also the Missouri, Enterprise, Graf Spee, and doubtless others. These too, were random “box” scale. Aurora seemed to dabble in everything. One thing for certain, they made the **only** models from “2001: A Space Odyssey” – the lunar bus and the Pan-Am Clipper. I’d kill for



The RAT FINK reissue I have is by Revell. No mention of any Big Daddy knockoffs in the AURORA MODEL KITS book which is pretty spectacularly complete, even listing the reissues by other companies after Aurora folded. The closest they came to the Rat Fink series type were perhaps their ‘Whoozis’ series of caricatures of teenagers, which was pretty dull stuff. More interesting were their trio of ‘Mad Professional’ models issued ONLY in Canada. Definitely collector’s items!



I think you are wrong about the Aurora Stalin being a T-34. The box art shows a Stalin, and as I recall, my model definitely reflected the bulkier turret and longer barrel (120mm?) of the Stalin.



Quite a number of old Aurora kits – notably the spaceships and monsters – were re-issued in the 1980’s by a company called Polar Lights. I don’t know if they managed to stay in business or not.

So that flying saucer was by Lindberg? Lindberg is another old model company with a long and curious history. Cars – including a quartette of “what if” cars that updated to the 1960’s the Stutz Bearcat, Deuesenberg, Pierce Arrow, and one other 20’s type. But also warships, aircraft, and all sorts of things. Do you remember Renwall though? They were the original makers of the Visible Man... Visible Woman, Visible Dog, Visible Cow, Visible Cat, Visible Trout, and I don’t know what else. But Renwall also made the best armor and warships of the era! They’d stand up extremely well now.

Renwall did the Visible Man? I’ll be darned. I have a Skilcraft reissue. Haven’t put it together as yet, but all the pieces (organs) are just as I remember them. I thought time had exaggerated a little kid’s experience, but it really is a large model. More than a foot tall. Painted the brain purple as I recall, and the intestines bright pink.

I had no idea Renwall also put out military models. Don’t recall seeing any.

Would it surprise you if I said I still had the Revell four foot high Saturn V that I built in 1969? It has sadly yellowed through the years. In those days I bought every space model I could ever find. I don’t have all of them still, but a goodly number still gather dust on my shelves. Things happened to the others – in one case, my pet mouse got into the large Gemini capsule, and wouldn’t come out. I had to break the model. (Now I would simply show more patience, and wait him out.) Some of these kits were perennially popular, and I’ve been able to re-acquire them over the years. Most haven’t been built, but someday...

The mouse would have been an appropriate sized astronaut stand-in me thinks.



I bet you've never heard of this model! I don't know anyone who has. MPC produced it one time only. The public's fascination with space travel had evaporated, though, and nobody was interested in plausible future spacecraft. As you can see, though, this was a doozy.

I built and painted it, but later I grew to dislike the unrealistic bright colours (or something). So I disassembled the entire thing, to re-paint it. Somehow, I never got around to it. But I still have the disassembled kit in a box, ready someday to be painted more realistically, and put back together. The arms stretch out about a foot, as I recall, and when the retractable NERVA engine boom is extended, it's about seventeen inches long, as advertised. The arms wheel around the hub, the instruments are separately poseable, and the whole thing folds up into a streamlined launch package. It didn't come with the launch shroud shown, though. (At least I don't recall it -- it's been a long time since I looked, and it might be in the box.)

Aha! The Pilgrim Observer Space Station put out by MPC in 1970! I quote From **CREATING SPACE: THE STORY OF THE SPACE AGE TOLD THROUGH MODELS by Mat Irvine:**

“The Pilgrim Observer was, strictly speaking, a planetary spacecraft first and foremost (the first one made as a mainstream model kit since the Strombecker Convair designs of the fifties). However, it could also be termed a space station, and the box titled it as such.”

“The design consisted of a central core with an observation area at the forward end, including an optical telescope, and an aft NERVA nuclear rocket. The latter could be extended out on a boom after to launch to reduce radiation. The most significant feature, however, was that around the central core were three sections that would swivel out 90 degrees after launch and then rotate to create artificial gravity. Two would be for habitation and a hydroponic (soil-less) agricultural area, and the third for power generation.”



“The Pilgrim Observer would have been launched by a Saturn 5, and a forward shroud to protect the craft during launch was also provided in the kit. The model was scaled at 1:100 and that meant, with a bit of fiddling, it could be fitted to the Revell 1:96 scale Saturn V.”

So now you can retrofit the Pilgrim Observer atop your aging Saturn should you so be inclined.

At one point recently (for a British correspondent in the RAF who builds kits) I compiled a list of my unbuilt models. There were around seventy.

In my later teens I discovered British companies like Airfix and Matchbox. While some kits were rather crude, they were the only kits of the broad and eclectic world of British WWII aircraft, not to mention British and German warships. (American companies had virtually no interest in any but American planes or ships, for some reason.)

Whatever happened to that pending legislation that would have prohibited American model manufacturers from selling models of American cars, planes, etc unless they paid a (prohibitively expensive) license fee to the actual manufacturer (GM, Ford, Boeing, etc.)? I was rather looking forward to American model companies producing nothing but “a broad and eclectic mix’ of foreign designed aircraft & whatnot with American products more or less permanently banned by virtue of the companies involved being unwilling to pay the license fees. A tasty bit of irony were this actually to come about.

I think for a few years I mostly built model cars. From building them stock, I increasingly customized them for performance or looks. It got to the point I was beginning to scratch build tube-frames, install engines from separate kits, and streamline the bodies with putty. I cobbled together slicks, mags, bucket seats, roll cages, and other needful stuff from a huge box of parts that I still have.

Then along came the Japanese imports, and everything changed.

Yes, the Japanese produce some excellent models of very high quality, lots of detail, many parts, etc. ITALERI of Italy is another superb model company.

(Hmm, I can remember when ‘made in Japan’ was a byword for cheap, shoddy, plastic junk. As a very young kid I found a Japanese toy helicopter in my Christmas stocking. It was detail-free plastic and had a purple body with yellow blades. I loved it to pieces, which didn’t take long, a couple of days at most...)

So when's the next ish, huh, huh?

You're reading it right this very second off your computer screen. Fast response, eh?



Another fine model by Taral. Makes me want to get to work on my vast, unbuilt collection.

From: STAN G. HYDE, June 21st, 2009

Just wanted to let people in the club (Monster Attack Team Canada) know that over the last few months, Dave at Burnaby Hobbies has been REALLY SUPPORTIVE of the Sci-Fi vehicle/figure building kits.



Currently they've got the re-issue OLD WITCH, the new INVISIBLE MAN, re-issue Frankenstein and Dracula . . . plus Martian War machine and retro spacecraft from Pegasus models . . . and a lot more, including BIG FRANKIE.

If you get a chance, spin by, tell him you're in the club (Monster Attack Team Canada) and that you appreciate the fact they're bringing our kinds of kits in . . . even if you don't end up buying anything.

They'll have the new MUMMY kit from Moebius soon too . . .

As well, issues 12 and 13 of the great British publication, Sci-fi & Fantasy Modeller are available there - and the latest AMAZING FIGURE MODELER. (Dave will be getting in THE GARAGE KIT THAT ATE MY WALLET books later, and AMAZING VEHICLE MODELER.)

I think it's great that one of the local shops is supporting our hobby - so if you get a chance, please check it out.

BURNABY HOBBIES
5209 Rumble Street
Burnaby, BC V5J 2B7, Canada

I go to Burnaby Hobbies twice a year, before Christmas & before my July birthday, to pick up a gift for myself. When I saw Stan's note they had Big Frankie, I went there immediately.

\$135 is a lot to spend on a model, but hey, this is the last 'missing' model from my childhood. It's right up there with the Aurora Viking Ship. Monogram Space Taxi and the Lindberg Flying Saucer, not to mention the Aurora monsters line.

Sure, I had many other models, but these are the ones which stirred my sense of wonder. I don't know how many lady finger firecrackers I bombarded Frankie with, thousands probably. While he stood in my sandbox outside, I hasten to add.

Plus over the years I've acquired all the Dinky toys I used to have, plus every issue of Famous Monsters of Filmland from my former collection.

My 'nostalgia' collection is complete! Only took me about 40 years...

Got Frankie wrapped up now. Won't open the box till my birthday, then I expect a huge rush of timebinding when I gaze upon frankie's face, note the details again... I can't remember if I ever painted him or just assembled him. This time for sure I will paint.

There's only one more model I really, really want. Never actually owned it, but saw ads for it all the time in Famous Monsters & comic books. Namely 'Daddy', the hip, wacky suburbanite executive driving a coffin-shaped hot rod, which was put out by Hawk models. A perfect representation of the 'weird' aspects of the 1950s. Saw a reissue in Imperial Hobbies about a year ago, but didn't pick it up at the time as I was getting something else and my budget only goes so far.

Should I manage to get 'Daddy', then my collection will be really, really complete... till I think of something else... a common state of affairs for model enthusiasts, what?

(God-Editor's note: Since I wrote the above I managed to finally get one. Huzzah!)

Anyway, thanks Stan for posting the news about Big Frankie. Made my day to get it.

And they have an eclectic mixture of publications. I purchased a booklet on MAORI FORTIFICATIONS and one on HITTITE FORTIFICATIONS. Definite interest in history in that store. Wonderful place!

From: **STAN G. HYDE**, June 22nd, 2009

Glad I could help "Big Frankie" find a home Graeme. (I picked one up too.)

Will be a long time before I get around to assembling it. Just having it again makes me feel good though.

Dave Coughtry was telling me last night that there's an after-market "Glenn Strange" style head that will make your Frankie look like the picture on the box.

Very cool idea. But I wouldn't be interested even if I could afford it, since for me the whole point of acquiring Big Frankie is to capture a piece of my childhood. Mind you, if I could afford TWO Big Frankies... put the Glen Strange on one... place them in a diorama battling one another.. one swinging the rock on a chain... the other wielding an axe... hmm... not that I want to put the idea in your head... make a great showpiece though....

From: **ED BEAUREGARD**, June 22nd, 2009

Hi Graeme,

I've been looking through your recent postings on efanzines. Crushed I am that the 'I' entry for Canfancylopedia doesn't include "Inside from the Inside", my one actual fanzine. I'm sure there should be a copy in the archives.

There is. I will insert it into the Canfancylopedia soonest.

I really liked the article on models. When I was 6 or 7 I was given a number of ship and aircraft models from an older cousin.. I don't remember many of them, but there was a model of the X-3 Stiletto (a complete dud as a research aircraft but amazing appearance) and the X-5 swing-wing, as well as the tailless Chance Vought Cutlass which equipped a few squadrons in the U.S. Navy.

Around 13 I started building Airfix model aircraft in pretty large numbers. I mainly bought and assembled WW2 fighters and bombers. I wanted to build models of the 4 types of aircraft my father worked on as a radar mechanic: Avro Anson, Armstrong Whitworth Whitley, Vickers Wellington and Westland Lysander. There was a small hobby store in Newton run by an older British couple.

I likewise collect model aircraft associated with my father's career, in his case as a pilot in the Royal Canadian Airforce. Thus far I have accumulated models of the De Havilland Tiger Moth trainer, North American Harvard



trainer (Cdn version of the T-6c Texan), Vickers Armstrong Wellington bomber, & the DeHavilland Vampire jet fighter. He also flew the Fleet 16 Finch trainer, Fairchild Cornell trainer and the Airspeed Oxford twin engine trainer, but I have yet to acquire models of these. Why so many trainers? Because he graduated in the top 10% of his flight class and was retained in the Commonwealth Air Training program to teach others, before going overseas about halfway through the war to serve in RAF Bomber Command. I wonder if our Dads ever met, since both were involved with Wellingtons?

Interesting that the hobby store (Burnaby Hobbies) that I started going to in the '70s and still visit from time to time was also started by another British couple. I lost interest in making plastic models around 17 or 18 as I was finishing high school, but I never threw any out. I still have 6 or 7 large boxes filled with gradually decomposing plastic models in the garden shed. Did you notice that after 30 or 40 years the plastic glue polymerizes and loses adhesion, and the parts start to separate?

Alas, yes.

I think there is a lot of therapeutic value in model building. At least, for the 5 weeks I was hospitalized at the age of 17 with no control over my hands and feet, I gradually regained motor skills through patiently working on a Piper Tripacer.

I have the same wonderful Gemini capsule model in 1/24 scale. The panels open and you can spacewalk the two model astronauts inside. I also have a model "space station" which is actually a modified Atlas missile upper stage hollowed out for living quarters. I'd be interested if you can find that model in your book. I think it was from Revell.

The only thing that comes close is the Revell Space Station kit issued in 1959. It was designed by Ellwyn E. Angle and features multiple compartments (revealed when you swing open sections of the hull) including "an earth observation room, a celestial observation room, a laboratory, a conference room, and even a cafeteria – complete with relaxing crew members." However, the scale is rather too large for a hollowed out Atlas methinks. Does the picture look like your model?

Ed Beauregard



From: DR. HANK HEYMAN, M.D., June 23rd, 2009

Hi Graeme,

I just discovered your Space Cadet fanzine earlier this morning, and the first one I downloaded and looked at, #12 (Dec. 2008), had a very interesting piece:

"CONFESSIONS OF AN SF ADDICT: part two OR WHY SPACE CADET IS NAMED SPACE CADET"

I like your zine and hope you will continue with it. You can never tell who might discover it or wind up reading it.

It was first an interesting coincidence that I visited efanzines, and that issue #12 was the one I picked first to download.

Like yourself, I got interested in Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, through its artifacts, which I discovered after the show was off the air. My first taste of it was of a coloring book that was actually like a B&W comic book, containing three Space Cadet stories with dialogue. I really enjoyed these space adventure stories. I did later find the View Master story, which I purchased at a store and kept. I found it to be a very enjoyable and interesting story that was well done and something I always remembered.

At a Balticon (SF convention), I met Ed Pippin, and purchased his Space Opera #1 fanzine, which was devoted to Tom Corbett. He later developed a website, which you mentioned in your article (Solar Guard Academy). He had a set of the viewmaster reels but without its booklet, so I made a photocopy of the booklet for him. Several years later, with the help of another fan, he was able to turn the viewmaster story into a text and photo story (sans the stereo or 3D effect).

<http://www.solarguard.com/tcvmintro.htm>

Have you seen it?

You wrote: "Surely modern CGI could bring these scenes to life in an animated short? In fact, I'd love to see a modern retro-style Tom Corbett Space Cadet TV series! ..."

To me, that viewmaster story was its own unique genre, different from animated films, prose fiction, comic books, or audio stories. The modeling and photography, together with the prose story, really did make the story come to life.

Then of course, I discovered the HC novels and other space opera and SF stories in books, TV and movies, but those early space opera renditions of Tom Corbett (the 3 stories from the coloring book and the 3-part story from viewmaster) left an indelible impression.

Yes, I think animated shorts or a retro-style Tom Corbett TV series would be fun. I once saw a fan film at an SF convention that was reminiscent of TC's uniforms and was really neat.

There are also two TC fan novels posted at Ed's site, 'First Command' and 'Journey to a Dead Star':

<http://www.solarguard.com/sofans.htm>

Finally, there's a Yahoo group where some fans have been scanning old SF magazines from the 30s through 50s and posting them. There's a lot of good SF fiction being preserved. It might interest you.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/pulpscans>

If you have the time, I hope you will be able to convert the missing issues 7 thru 10 and continue to post new issues in the future.

Maybe now I finally have the time!

Thanks again then, Regards, Dr. Heyman

From: DR. HANK HEYMAN, M.D., June 25th, 2009

I looked over the rest of your issues after my letter and prior to your reply. I read about your bankruptcy problems, your mother's death, being depressed, then getting married. Hopefully things are going well for you.

Yes, especially since I retired!

Is there some way for you to notify your site visitors that you've posted new issues? Since it doesn't come by mail (surface or email), we might not be aware when issue #14 comes out.

I'll send the issues directly to you as email attachments as soon as they are finished.

In another apparent coincidence I was reading an article at Wikipedia about Star Trek: Voyager when your letter arrived. I recalled you mentioning watching and liking the original Star Trek (in SC #1), thought about all the different Star Trek episodes that have been produced and thought to myself of course you are right that a Space Cadet series could be done.

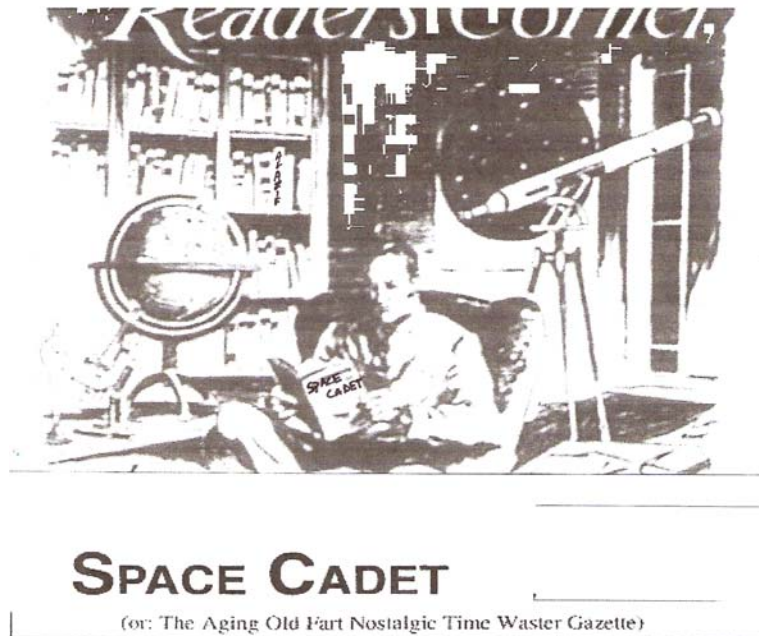
In a couple of the early issues you mentioned plans to include your review of Edmond Hamilton's novel, City at World's End. I didn't spot it in the issues I downloaded. Was it in one of the missing issues (7 thru 10) or did you never post it?

I don't think I ever wrote it. One of my many projects on hold. But soonest...

Regards, Dr. Heyman

From: DAVE HAREN, June 29th, 2009.

Hi Graeme,



I tried this out to see how it works. The original is from the Clayton Astounding Readers Corner. A printout and snipping from your own venerable Space Cadet #1 and a couple of passes through the scanner, and you get this...GRIN

The Clayton Astounding are now public domain so become an interesting source of clip art. They used lots of black ink and made the imagination work to puzzle out the illustrations.

Crowley and Mathers !!! I enjoyed it but I lack the finer sensitivities of literary art snobblers.

I can document Net/Web references in a horrifyingly tedious level of detail, but I prefer to let others use search engines and discover new things along the way. I assume neophilia until corrected.

Cat Women of the Moon Available at www.archive.org . Any movie that has the grumpy hero shoot two women in the back so it will hurry up and end can't be all bad ?? Maybe it can but I snagged a copy to watch again when the so-called real world seems too boring.

Now for the obscure reference everyone needs. go to YouTube search for Stonewall and listen to a description of the encounter between NYPD's Tacticals and a chorus line of gay community outside a bar the Mafia ran on the morning after the demise of Judy Garland.

Isn't that the 'final straw' incident which provoked/inspired the modern Gay Rights movement into being?

Had an unusual yesterday. Heard a loud BOOM , lost power except for partially lit neon indicators. so I shut off the house main breaker and a block and a half away I see 5 very tall Italian cypresses burning quite merrily. Since the airborne sparks are being carried towards a big Eucalyptus windbreak, I stay and watch until the fire department gets them put out.

Power was finally restored in early morning, it was out for so long that the emergency batteries in the telephone quit, they only last about 6 hours.

I still have no idea if the fire and the Boom were related.

Sounds like a hydro-electric transformer blew up. Pretty loud when that happens. In the Lower Mainland (Vancouver, Burnaby, Surrey, Richmond, etc.,) they're still mounted on wooden poles and they quite frequently set fire to their surroundings when they blow. An old timer once described being up on the North Shore Mountains circa mid 1950s during a Pacific Monsoon (they rarely get this far) and watching pretty, sparkly purple explosions winking all across the Lower Mainland as one transformer after another blew up, I guess because the high winds

knocked their poles down. Mother nature and Man's hubris combining to produce a light show!

Regards Dave

From: LLOYD PENNEY, July 2nd, 2009

Dear Graeme:

It's good to see another Space Cadet, issue 13 this time, and a loc is coming your way right now.

Good cover, the 40th anniversary of the first lunar landing is approaching. For a long time, we've been asking the question, if we can put a man on the moon, why can't we put a man on the moon now? Some of the tech has been forgotten or lost, and some tech may have to be reverse engineered. I guess we're too busy waging war to spend money on the space programme, and the recession doesn't help, either. Can we go to space and stay green?

A shame to shut down WCSFAzine, but I understand. A regular monthly schedule makes a hobby seem like work, and you shouldn't do that to yourself...unless you really want to. Do what you want, when you want to, and you'll do a better job. No stress, no guilt.

Now that I've won an Aurora for WCSFAzine, and I'm retired... well, as you know, I just published a new issue (#21) a few days ago. Back on track.

I haven't seen much of Alex von Thorn or Marah Searle-Kovacevic lately, so I guess they've been busy on various projects, including ConComCon 16. I'd like to read how it went.

I took notes, but working them up into an article is one of many projects I put on hold because of fatigue. Too late to decipher them now.

Conspiracy theories, while nonsense, are fun to read. Some of the theories around how NASA faked all the moon landing are insane, and I enjoyed a past episode of Mythbusters which busted all those theories. We really did walk on the moon, and I wish it were possible to return. There are plans to go back to the moon and to Mars, but China may lead the way. (By the way, one movie I remember well was Capricorn One, with O.J. Simpson and Sam Waterston, about how NASA faked a Mars landing, and how the US government tried to kill the astronauts who threatened to expose the fakery.)

I refused to see it because I was so infuriated that some people were describing it as a 'documentary in disguise'. It's probably one of Jesse Ventura's favourites. Come on Jesse, stop describing yourself as a Navy Seal. That was how many decades ago? You're the King of cranks is what you are. I am of course referring to his idiot new show 'proving' every single goddamned conspiracy theory ever invented. God forbid his alleged truthfulness and patriotism catapult him into the Whitehouse. I'd rather see Sarah Palin serve than him. Rant. Rant. Snort. Snort...

(I see Scott Patri's drawn an astronaut finding a Kilroy marker on a moonscape/soundstage. How do I know? The astronaut isn't wearing gloves...)

Those of us support the space programme, wither actively or passively, must wonder at those who actively try to discredit it. What do they get out of it? They really achieve nothing; they say they're looking for the truth, but really want their own truth. Barbara and Casper...could they be people who worked in Mission Control? Why do they call it common sense when it seems to be so uncommon?

Space models...these days, it seems to be making models from popular movies and television shows. Other than the space shuttle, and perhaps the ISS, we have no real space ship models to recreate. I never had any models when I was growing up...too expensive for any kid who got 50 cents a week as allowance, if I was lucky. There are still chapters of the IPMS (International Plastic Modelers Society) here and there, but they are not as busy or visible as they used to be.

Your Retro Film Reviews certain add life (and sarcasm) to craptacular movies I might laugh at, and pass by. The exploration of their crapitude is more than enough for a fun article, even if they are old movies no one would want, and movies that are long past their best before date. The genre movies...I have seen Just Imagine (you're right, it's horrible).

LeAmber Kensley is the CUFF delegate for this year at Anticipation. Our computer broke down just after my birthday, and when we got it back about two weeks later, Lance Sibley had announced the voting period of two weeks, and it ended

as I got back on line. There were no paper ballots, and two weeks just wasn't enough to run a proper vote. So, Yvonne and I were two of LeAmber's nominators, but never had the chance to vote. I hope she will leave more time for nominations and voting the next time we do this.

Just goes to show how long it has taken me to put this out. LeAmber Kensley was succeeded by Diane Lacey, who just now put out a call for nominations of her successor!

I am going to fold this up, fire it off to you, save it to LJ, and get started on more writings...I'm so far behind. Take care, see you next time.

No where as far behind as I was!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

COLOPHON

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by R. Graeme Cameron,

Apt # 72G, 13315 104th Ave,
Surrey, B.C., Canada V3T 1V5
Contact The Graeme at < [rgraeme \[at\] shaw.ca](mailto:rgraeme[at]shaw.ca) >

The Space Cadet Gazette is free via download from Bill Burn's Excellent < <http://efanzines.com> > web site.

All past issues are available in PDF format from the web site above.

SCG is open to submissions, especially (short) articles reminiscing about your personal experience within the SF genre, be it fandom or your favourite books, movies, conventions or whatever. But in truth I will consider anything that evokes the 'sense of wonder'. No payment, but lots of egoboo.

Copyright reverts to contributors upon publication. I reserve the right to edit any and all contributions.

AFTERWORDS

I think I'll end with an AFTERPICTURE in honour of 'Big Frankie'. Here's a still of a very rare Frankenstein indeed. Can you guess who it is?

