

NEWJOY





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Art

Taral - cover, 2, 7, 11, 17, 32 (collab)
 Schirm - 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15
 16, 22, 23, 24, 25, 32 (collab)

ATom - 33

Jerry Collins - 32 (collab)

New Toy 1 - February 1986

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 Usual, except for D. West who must pay
 \$25 (US) for additional copies.

The first owner of this fanzine is:

TARALTORIAL IMPERATIVE

Moshe Feder says I should be thinking about writing fiction.

Andy Porter says in SFC that I should stop hiding my light under a fannish bushel and try to illustrate professionally.

People I know through a cartoonists' connection are hinting that they might be in the market for anything I might have to send them for their alternate comics.

My mother thinks I ought to get a job.

Instead, it's come to this. I'm doing another fanzine. Matters could be worse, of course. John Robert Colombo, one of the local bigwigs, thinks I should do a directory of Canadian fandom. For what purpose he wants me to do this I can't say, since it's one of those things that, by the very nature of the fan press, would be hard to come by for anyone not already in fandom. And, to be blunt, who wants to know how to get in touch with every small-fry and by-water of Canadian fandom? The one distin-

guishing feature of the majority of fans in this country has been the incuriosity about fandom at large that comes of local self-absorption. The advocates of a separate identity for Canadian fandom argue that there is a growing mutual awareness among the isolated groups in the Great White North. This may be so. The Maple Leaf Rag has thirty-five subscribers now, I hear... (Twenty up from New Canadian Fandom, only a couple of years ago.) But why publish a guide for thirty-five people, who know each other anyway?

Take this a step further. How many fanzines are there coming from Canadian fans right now? More than you likely think. Mike Hall and I are preparing a huge compilation of indigenous zines. It breaks down so that I did most of the research before 1975, we contributed about equally between '75 and '80, and the larger part of the material from the last few years is Mike's doing. So far we've compiled about 4,000 zines, give or take a couple of hundred. Why this ridiculously high number ought to surprise you is that, predictably actually, the overwhelming majority of entries are apazines. Most of the remainder are devoted to fiction. For some reason, Canadian fanzines are more apt to be viewed as a temporary measure before the editor and the contributors find their rightful places in the professional publishing world. Meanwhile, in all of Canada last year there were only a handful of fannish zines generally available. None of them from either Glicksohn or I.

We should blush in shame for having withdrawn into the private forums of Flaps and Rowrbrazzle, while all around us is a morass of inexpertly written Battlestar Galactica fiction, filk-song primers, and Canadian-content newsletters. The reputation built up by past generations of impeccably mimeod, blue-papered fanzines is all but forgotten, while the BNF's of tomorrow debate whether there should be a national award for best apa-hack, or outstanding gopher of the year. Is that a reason to resume publishing, or not?

Most compelling of all, I tried to take the advice that began this editorial, and got nowhere ~~double-plus~~ fast. Maybe I'll have better luck in the coming new-year, or sometime before the end of the century, at any rate.

Humour is all well and good, but if I want to be funny I ought not to be writing an editorial. There are, in fact, a few practical points to be made. Be patient, it won't take long.

New Toy is the first issue of a new zine with an old title. Collectors should disregard the one-shot, and the five issues of a defunct apazine that broke the title in. New Toy came within an ace of being called "Hominids, Oh!" -- an imaginary zine predicted by a future history of fandom chart I published ages ago. Anyone who wants the full story can discover the fascinating but trivial details for only \$4.95 (US, please), and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Cash only.) "New Toy" seemed to express my intentions better, though. For me, the zine is exactly what I've named it, a plaything to share with other kids on my block. DNQ, when I left it, was a ghost-haunted mansion, whose too many empty rooms of promise and miasma of lingering misdeeds had rendered it unfit for habitation. A friend of mine, reading Moshe Feder's glowing tribute to my fanac in Potsherds, remarked that "it's like you were dead." My sentiments exactly. The fan I was is better laid to rest. Its ghost wears a chain it forged in fandom, a ponderous chain, full as long and heavy as Marley's and like Scrooge I want it struck off! In New Toy I want to bear none of the feuds, schticks, and expectations of a fannish zine. It'll be my zine, fulfilling my enthusiasms and pursuit of meaning in the existential void. I don't have to be witty. I don't have to network with fandom. I don't have to sound literate or intellectual. For better or worse, all anyone can expect from New Toy is me in



whatever state of mind I happen to be in at the time. If I happen to be witty, literate, and fannish once moment, get set for the next...

I think I can stay in touch with everyone I want by producing 150 to 175 copies of each issue. Most of those copies are spoken for by trades, friends in fandom, and friends at home. I've always been a bit stingy with letter hacks. In return, of course, they've always been a bit stingy with me. I don't know how much this relationship will improve. I continue to balk at bloated letter columns taking up half the issue (need I cite examples?), but I think some regular "LoCCol Colour" is mandatory if I want feedback. If I edit harshly, three or four pages will probably let the maximum number of people see their names in print, while applying enough Darwinian pressure to ensure that only the fittest survive on my mailing list.

A trade is no insurance either. I'd like to be generous with everyone, but it frequently comes down to a choice with me to mail a few extra copies, or have car-fare next week. This forces practicality on me, and I've become *finicky* about the zines I read, now that thousands of them have blunted my original enthusiasm. Unless you're a bosom buddy, or have a coveted zine of your own, your best bet is to do whatever you can to attract my attention. Trade zines, write occasionally, send money if you have to. New Toy isn't available for subscription, but I'll part with single issues for \$2.

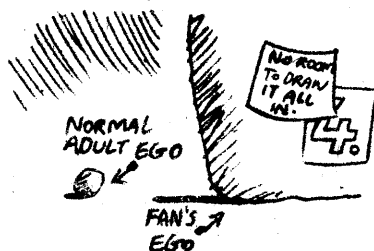
Without wanting to give anyone the impression that I'm following a schedule, I expect to publish New Toy two, perhaps even three times a year. Time is a limiting factor, but more important I wouldn't be able to afford postage for even one issue a year without the help of Alan Rosenthal. Alan can smuggle the occasional New Toy through the meter at his father's business, but only between issues of his own zine. (Carefully Sedated, co-edited by Cathy Crockett, not to be confused with any zine of the same title that I might have undue influence over.) Alan can be thanked also for stealing the envelopes, but I hate grovelling.

It'd be nice if there was a guest appearance each issue. For lack of foresight, I wasn't able to ask anyone nicely to write a column this time, but if your name is Langford, Mayer, or Teresa Nielsen Hayden, I might be getting in touch with you for next issue. My taste in art is not merely selective, it's downright monopolistic. After all, I can provide any amount of art for myself, and I've got to like the other guy's work more than my own. Of course, no one in fandom meets that standard, but there are a few artists I like nearly as much as myself. I've built up a store of marvelous art by ATom and marc schirmeister, a few choice morsels by Jerry Collins, and a scattering of other illos that struck my fancy. I'd solicit more but for the lack of ways to use it up.

One item meant to appear in this issue was withdrawn at the last moment. I wrote "Roach Motel", a character study of a 30's proto-fan who believes he is the superman and thinks he's in touch with Martians. But 7,150 words later I realized that this was an entire short story, and far too long to appear in New Toy. I briefly toyed with the idea of selling it, but came to my senses. What magazine is going to buy a long shaggy-dog story about the roots of science fiction and fandom? Commercial or not, "Roach Motel" is still too long for New Toy, so I found a charming little idea in my note-book, and began "Fan Loon's Lives". When I rolled the final page out of the platen, naturally the replacement was 550 words longer than what it replaced.

And that still leaves "Roach Motel" to figure a use for.

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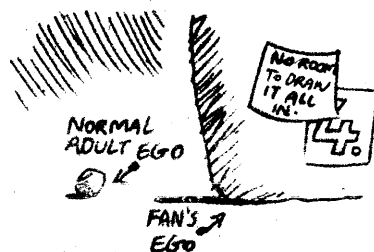
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illegal, have resulted in my part ownership with my sister of a Commodore 128. The colour monitor is for my sister to play games with. My toy is the 1102 daisy-wheel printer -- it's letter quality, and who knows, it might cut stencils. My contribution has been software, or rather the connections to bootleg software. Already we have an impressive little library of games, data management systems, word processors, and, of course, a bootlegging program that can crunch some fairly sophisticated protection. (That's "break ice" for Neuromancer fans.) So why am I not working on The Illustrated Fan now? That too is a long story. Let's say the printer was recalled, and we're waiting for the delivery of a new one. Next monday -- ohboyohboy!

But meanwhile, the cosmic scales of justice having perceived an overcompensation, have begun to swing the other way. My TV burned out and the bearings on my stereo's turntable tone-arm are shot. I may have a computer, but the universe has seen to it that I can't have stereo and TV at the same time.

Details like that are for small minds, though. One way or the other, The Illustrated Fan *will* be finished.

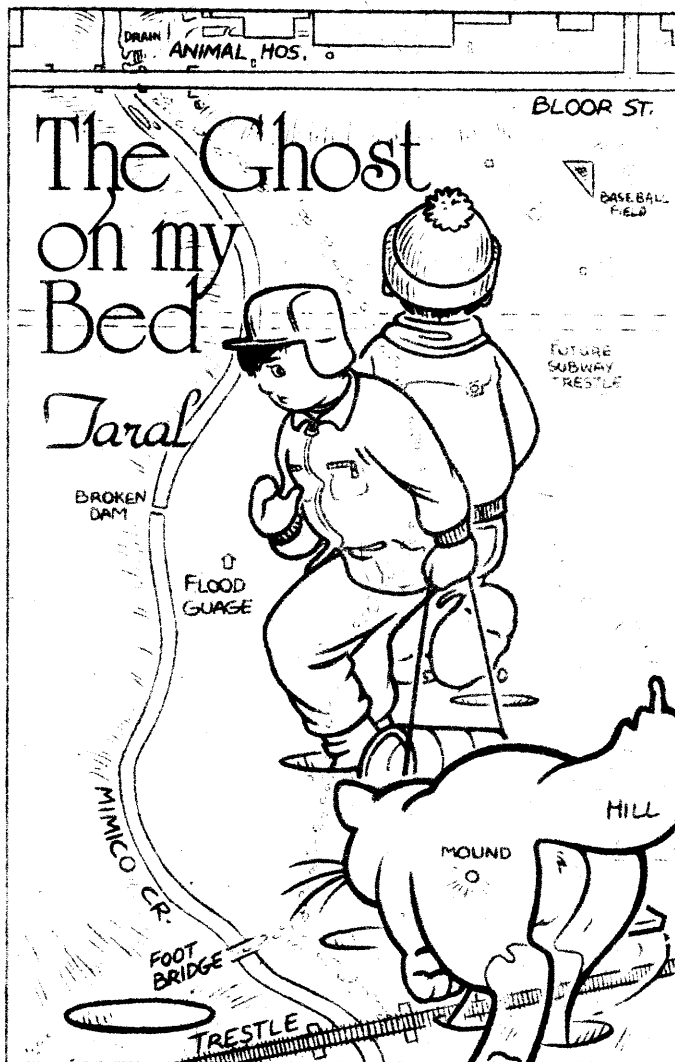
When I talked to Brian Earl Brown at Conclave, he asked me how I was getting along with TIF. I said that I wasn't at the moment, and told him about the word processor. Since I didn't have one for the next little while, I continued, I thought I might as well do a zine. He seemed floored, (although it might have been because the elevator started up.) "Is there something wrong with doing a fanzine?" I asked. "No, of course not," he said. "But I'm used to people telling me they couldn't do their zine or their article for the next Stickey Quarters because they didn't have a word processor. Now you tell me you *are* doing a zine because you don't have a word processor. The mind boggles at the logic. Have you had your head examined lately?" As a matter of fact, I had, and my hearing is no worse than usual, though I had a lingering case of tonsillitis I somehow didn't know I had. Something about the way Brian asked later made me wonder if that was quite what he meant.

Surely, lacking a word processor is the one unanswerable reason to pub your ish? Yes, it's twisted logic. It's fannish. Thus we re-enter the subject of why I'm publishing New Toy while other opportunities beckon, and call.

Moshe Feder says I should be thinking... etc.

Can't argue with that.





Most ghost stories are ghastly affairs about fearsome apparitions, shambling corpses reeking of grave mold, or unnatural manifestations. We love such stories. Far from frightening us, vengeance from beyond the grave reassures us that whatever happens in the story, we are safe. The victim stays the night in an abandoned house whose banging shutters and draped furniture is a plain warning to clear off. But we are cosy in our beds, pillows plumped up behind our heads, and smug in the knowledge that we'd have stayed with the car. Having found no immediate danger in the parlor, the victim searches the house room by room, brushing aside cobwebs to make sure he or she hasn't missed something in the dark. Naturally, one of the rooms is locked. At home, in bed, we know better than to force the issue, and merely reach for our warm milk while the victim rattles the door-knob. The door gives way eventually, and a cold draft blows out the candle. As if that wasn't a sign that whatever was in there mightn't want privacy, the victim goes in. We shudder with joy in our beds, and close up the book for the night.

Then, when we turn out the lights, the real fun begins.

At first it's merely dark, and warm, as you pull the covers up over your head. The dark seems to hide things from you that you know aren't there when the light's on. What if the light won't go on again? But that's silly, you think to yourself, and resist the temptation to try for minutes that seem like hours. Eventually you give in to your paranoia, but discover that you're *afraid* to reach for the switch. If there's anything out there, movement might draw its attention. So you sweat under your covers for another few minutes until, unable to stand the suspense any longer, you risk everything by lunging for the light-switch. Somewhat to your annoyance, there really isn't anything there. The light goes out. And on again, as often as it takes before sleep finally overcomes your wariness, and you drift into the waiting nightmare...

All of this happens to me, as I'm sure it happens to you. Some nightmares are pretty good ones too, that put *The Haunting of Hill House* or *The Shining* to shame. I have quite vivid memories of things I won't go into just now. Let's lighten up with a question, then. What if during the night you woke because you felt something lying on the end of your bed while you were asleep? Does it make a chill run down your spine? Do you scoff at the idea? Do you prop up your pillows and settle down to a good ghost story?

This one isn't very much like other ghost stories. I told one last year about a battle-ground of the War of 1812 near Niagara Falls. A friend of mine felt bad vibrations whenever he went by as a kid. For the most part I didn't believe him, and had to be shown the place one night. I performed a common rite of ghost-busting over the spot, with consequences reported in the previous story. And this ghost story isn't

much like that one, in as much as it's word for word true.

It begins with something we hear all too much about from pet fanciers: a cat. This cat didn't talk in pussy-language, watch Morris on television, or wake me up in the morning asking for lasagnia. "Scratch" was a real down-to-earth, animal cat, who brought dead moles to the door, and had to be wormed whenever he started dropping hints around the house. I stress these unromantic flaws in his character to make it clear that people who think cats are just "fur-persons" simply don't understand their cats. They anthropomorphize them into cuddly abstracts that overlook certain facts of nature that rule the cat kingdom no less than the human. Scratch was never a Borg abstraction.

Frankly, I don't even know why I called him that. He came to me one day while I was out tobogganing one night with one of the neighborhood kids. The hill we used was a long slope into Mimico Creek near the CPR trestle. The trestle was a convenient bridge over the creek for kids living on the other side from the high school, and once in a long while someone would get killed. I never knew anyone who was, so I used the trestle like everyone else I knew did. At one end of it there was a flat place a couple of hundred feet wide before you got to the bank of the creek. There was a manhole cover set in a little mound right in the middle of the flat place, but this only made for sport. It was an accomplishment to get that far, and if you could slide part way up it, then down the other side, you'd done something to brag about. Usually, however, you slid to a stop, turned over, or fell off well short of the manhole mound. In any case, the little jumps kids sometimes made of snow were more of a hazard, and even then I never heard of an injury.

That particular night was a cold one, with a clear sky of stars. People tend not to realize how much the night sky has changed in the last twenty years. When I was fifteen and sixteen you could still see the Milky Way in residential Toronto if you got away from the main streets. Not only were there a lot of stars out, the snow was powdery and sparkled like stars underfoot. It snowed more in the city in the sixties, too. I can show you photographs taken around the place where I lived on Bloor Street, a major thorough fare, that look like rural Maine. Under the new snow was a layer glazed by the sun. Under that was wet snow, then a bottom of packed snow. It made walking anywhere off the sidewalks a slow, exhausting affair that left little energy for tobogganing once you were there. That night we got in a dozen or so runs, enough to wet our gloves and get snow down our galoshes before we called it off. I looked back up the hill and noticed a black dot against the white at the top.

It grew into a cat, about half way down the hill, and it wasn't going just anywhere, it was purposefully coming our way. We waited a minute or two until a large, grey cat with white paws and a damaged tail confronted us. Think how strange this was. A cat who notices two kids a considerable distance away, who tags after them. It didn't veer around us and keep going, as it would have if chance took it our way en route to somewhere else. He came to a stop at our feet, and didn't take another step unless we did. In fact, he followed me half a mile home through deep snow he plainly had difficulty walking through. I tried pulling him on the toboggan, then carrying him, but though he allowed himself to be picked up, he obviously preferred doing for himself.

I was living in a flat over an animal hospital where my father worked. This was good luck for the cat, whose tail turned out to be frostbitten and gangrened. My dad docked it so that Scratch had only half a tail the rest of his life. He also had a dislocated leg whose X-Rays I still have. Although Dad did his best to manipulate the leg back into the hip socket, it just wouldn't stay, and the cat purred through the whole thing as if even this torture were better than dying out in the cold. And that was how I got Scratch.

While I lived over the animal hospital, Scratch used to go out at night through my window. He'd do a balanching act on the porch rail three stories up, jump down to the rim of a wire dog-run below, tip-toe ten feet to the side, and drop into the alley

below. He'd do this in reverse to get back in, winter or summer, whatever the weather. What's more, he'd even do it if called. Most of the summer he ran half wild in the brush by the creek, coming in only when he felt like it that night. Most times Scratch could wake me up when he wanted in by pawing at the back door to my room that led to the porch, making a bumping sound. In the warm weather, though, I'd leave the window partly open, so he came and went as he wanted by leaping from the porch to the sill. The best time to see Scratch was in the afternoon when he was in the alley or by the creek, and you could call him to you. Since I spent a lot of summer vacation in the same places, it was a matter of interpretation who was coming to see who. It was a particularly good morning, though, when I woke and found Scratch asleep at the foot of the bed.

Of course, the other side of the coin was giving him a clout on the head for climbing up on the shelves and knocking the models down, or for trotting through an attack of toy soldiers I'd carefully set up.

Luck began to run out for Scratch after a few years of summer idyll and warm winters indoors. Family troubles led to our moving away from the animal hospital in the year Aldrin and Armstrong walked on the Moon. One move led to another, each altering the relationship between Scratch and I for the worse. Finally we were in an apartment, and Scratch was compelled after many misfortunes to become an indoor cat. It wasn't natural to him, but he suffered the necessity.

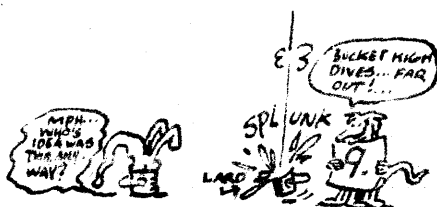
Something in him clearly went away with the will to get outdoors, and it made him a completely different and sadder cat. When my present friends first saw Scratch, he wasn't the whip-smart active cat he had been. He was by then twelve, fat, and his injured hip suffering from arthritis. What they saw was rather more like a fuzzy cushion than a cat, who liked to sleep quietly, inviting ribald jests indifferently as long as he was left to his dreams of a hay-grown creek far away and long ago. He didn't have very much longer to live, nor was the present important anymore.

That was when I first started as a fan, and club newsletters were being printed at my place on Bob Wilson's and Phil Paine's "50¢ Monster", an old model 66 Gestetner that they picked up in a barn auction. Those first two years or so of fandom seemed to compress more events into them than the subsequent decade, so that even now they make a separate epoch in my memory.

About all this mattered to Scratch, though, was that I met Barry Kent MacKay. Fans from the seventies remember Barry as the source of an unending supply of cutesy cartoons with an unusual attention to details of fur and feather. This was because he was a professional nature artist (albeit a little unfamiliar with the species *H. Sapiens*), and a specialist in birds. It was Barry's ornithological bent that interested Scratch. After a visit to Barry's place, then in Toronto, I brought home a beautiful pair of blue-jay wings, mounted with wire, and preserved with some chemical relative of formaldehyde. Seeing the spray of feathers on my dresser woke something in the old cat. Several times I caught Scratch trying to stalk them, as though he saw what they'd once been, and finally they disappeared altogether. All that was left were a few bedraggled blue feathers under the dresser-drawers.

A few feathers and a sick cat. He got better, but thereafter Scratch had increasing problems with his health, mainly paralysis in his rear legs and difficulty holding his bladder. He had to drag himself to and from the box forty times a day. There's no proof he'd poisoned himself fatally in the long run, but I've always suspected that Scratch's last vision of the old life had cost him dearly.

In the mid-seventies I was taking part in the well-known lemming-like migrations



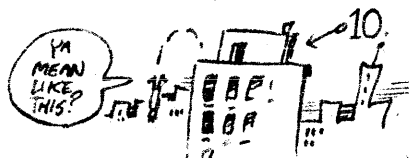
of Toronto Derelicts to conventions far and wide. One time I returned and Scratch wasn't at home. My mother'd excercized her humanitarian principles and had the cat put to sleep while I was away, releasing him from bondage to the cat box, and in theory sparing me the trauma of his death. Of course, it was far worse to come home and find the old cat gone than to share his final moments. And you can't bury a mother's mistake either. As far as I know, Scratch was incinerated, a nameless weight stiffening in a garbage bag, his ashes raked out with the traces of other vanished pets, and thrown out with the trash.

No fire is so hot it burns away love though.

After his death, there were busy years of travel, publishing, growing pains, friends, betrayals, writing, drawing, reading, and not too much time to think about the past. A club was fought over and lost. Conventions were run in pursuit of futile theories. I worked briefly at every trufan's dream, a job at Gestetner. The Derelicts preened themselves by out-publishing every other city in the world in a short-lived spurt of madness, then disintegrated. I climbed up and down, over, and around the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, and the Dakota Badlands, got turned on to new wave music, ran for TAFF, and had kidney stones. Zines left after-images in my mind -- Delta Psi, Simulacrum, Synapse, Thangorodrim, Calcium Light Nights, Orca, Panteknikon, Sootli, apazines for Azapa, Oasis, Apa-50, Mishap, The Woman's Apa, Fapa, Vootie, and at the end of it all DNQ. Life in the fast lane! So it seemed at the time, when the first \$20 membership at a worldcon sent ripples of protest across the globe, and when it seemed no enemy should be more resolutely opposed than a male chauvinist fan. But by the start of the eighties, when I began grinding out a lot of complaining, pessimistic fanac in response to what looked like dead-ends in fandom, things were slowing down, not mattering anymore. It was time to look at myself, and compare where I was with the kid drawing hot rod cartoons in 1968. Although there was a lot of distance between us, it seemed as though a lot of miles had been clocked going around in circles. It was as though the way ahead went over a rise, past which I'd lose sight of the last fifteen years, and I don't know if I was afraid to go on, if I'd become lost, or if I was being held back. That was when the past caught up with me.

I thought more and more about the animal hospital a couple of years ago, the creek next to it, and the summers spent up and down its course. For all practical purposes my basement has no windows, and I began to miss the sunshine and trees I no longer saw daily. It drove me out of doors, but there was no way to satiate my appetite for the physical pleasure of it. Most people I knew were too busy, or employed, to beat around in the ravines or walk the waterfront with me day after day. It was no way to keep up with my self-imposed quotas of art and fanac either. The more I tried to satisfy the wanderlust, the more my sense of accomplishment sank. When I did force myself to the drawing, instead of wearily shading with a ball point pen I'd give in to the temptation to sketch maps of the creek, and how I'd remodel the animal hospital to live in again. I day-dreamed that I met Saara there as children. At night I dreamt of going past the animal hospital. It'd be altered beyond recognition, yet I'd search for some overlooked corner that was unchanged, or try to force it back into familiarity, all the while knowing I dreamed.

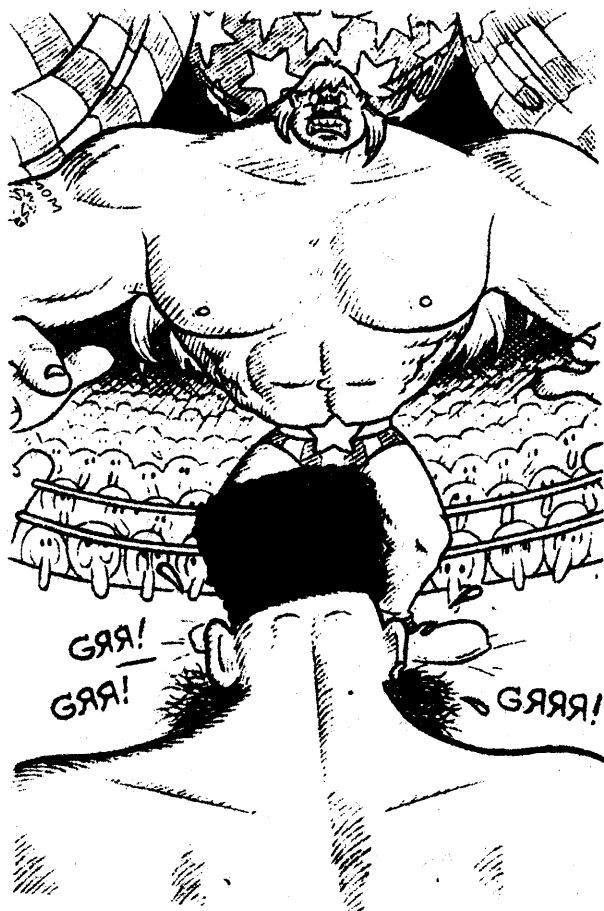
I'd be on Bloor Street again, out in front of the hospital. The bridge that crosses the creek there is four lanes, but no more than fifteen feet high. Yet in the dream the creek's a ribbon of blue a hundred feet below. I'd fall into it safely, like a sky-diver, then look up at a soaring steel span big enough to bridge a Niagara Gorge, and huge chunks of concrete and asphalt fall in slow motion as it disintegrates. I duck under the water because someone is wading downstream, but the



creek's now only a foot deep, little more than a foot wide, as if it were actually as small as seen from above, so I have to lay flat under the surface. Someone looks down at me, but I will that he doesn't see me, and he goes by. I emerge from the water and see that the whole creek is hardly a trickle of water running slowly between dry clumps of field grass. The wide shallow bed is gone, so are the rocks next to the storm drain where I used to float models of the Bismark and the Hood. There are banks and bends where there shouldn't be, springs gush out from grottoes I never knew, the adjacent fields cave in unexpectedly, washed out by underground streams.

I walk over to the animal hospital, or where I thought it was. It's been torn down, however, and built over with some newer structure. Around the side where the ground slopes away to show the basement, I discover the original foundations are still there, and I can sneak in through one of the doorless openings that used to be runs. But the dark cinder-block basement isn't the same one I remember. This one has laundry sinks and a window near the ceiling, but it's otherwise bare, and small. A hidden stair there didn't used to be takes me up past the ground floor to the

a bout



I blinked in the harsh electric light, and threw off the old wool army blanket whose holes alone were twenty-five years old. The phone was ringing. Or buzzing. Tintinabulating? Susurrating? Pullulating? What exactly is that sound made by these new-fangled \$8 electronic phones? In any case, it's irritating, which is why people answer the phone when they're asleep.

"Hello, Taral?"

"Yeah?"

"I didn't wake you, did I? Want me to phone back?" It was Robert Myre, also known as Robert the Red, a kid who got swept up in the gay social whirl of Toronto fandom. He's thin, has flaming red hair that he keeps short, wears tight black pants and matching leather jacket, and gets mad that some of the gays on Yonge Street seem disagreeably attracted to him. Six months ago he was convinced that Picasso had nothing on The Swamp Thing, The X-Men, or Dr. Strange. I showed him some Freak Brothers and other undergrounds, so the next thing I knew he was more of an expert on undergrounds than I ever was. Next he was collecting William Hope Hodgson, Frank Fra-

apartment over the hospital. Somehow, all the back of the old building has been incorporated in the new one, and the balcony out back of my room is still there. It is the same balcony. Standing on it I can see the same sprung plywood floor that was nailed over the bubbled tar roofing, layers of grey and pink paint peeling from the ashen wood. The same two-by-four railing is covered with chicken wire to keep the family dogs from jumping over. The same row of poplars rises up from the alley below, while across the way backyards crowd the edge of a wooded bank. But where there should be an alley is a stagnant channel of water. How would Scratch climb to my window at night with a moat around the place?

Then I'm not in the animal hospital at all. I'm in the dark, in bed, and there's a heavy weight on the end of the bed pressing against my leg. I tentatively change position, sending a tremor through the mattress. The weight moves too, sending the tremor back. I'm awake! More and more with these dreams, something was reaching across the years to curl up at my feet. But when I sit up and look, the cat whose ghost sometimes till sleeps with me is gone. It's always a better morning, though, for his having been there.

faces

zetta covers, and Robert E. Howard, even reading some of them. Naturally I suggested he be in charge of the dealers' room at the last Torque, where we subsequently discovered that seventeen dealers in a rather small room is too much of a good thing. It was filled from floor to ceiling with desperate dealers trying to sell overpriced copies of Skull Face and The Outsider over the competition. Red was pleased to call this the best dealers' room at a Toronto convention since the worldcon, and went from this triumph to managing his own book store in the east end in a matter of months. At his age I was still learning to soap mimeo ink out from under my fingernails. It was my guess that in another six months Red'd mastermind a stock raid on Del Rey Books, and re-issue the complete Manly Wade Wellman. This may in fact be a bit of an exaggeration, for the only ambition Red admits to is running his own World Fantasy Con before 1990. Dave Hartwell and Kirby McCauley should take warning.

"Naw, I was just getting up anyway." What time was it? Was the sun up or down?

"I thought you slept during the day, so I called in the evening."

"I do. You can phone between 7 and 10 pm and usually catch me up, but I was taking a short nap."

So it was evening. Time to start another day. Should I work on my fan writing, or finish the portrait of Rocky the Flying Squirrel posed against his WW II Mustang? Or go back to bed and finish an intriguing dream? This was always my worst moment of the day, steeling myself to advance any of a number of open-ended projects toward their eventual abandonment. Then perhaps facing porkchops and wax beans for breakfast. A telephone conversation was actually a welcome distraction, and Red's were capable of wasting a huge chunk of several hours during which I might accomplish nothing at all, except to bring the hour in which I could return to seductive sleep that much closer.

Normally Red wanted to talk about Cabbages and Kings. He had a nearly insatiable

curiosity to know why Lincoln wasn't Jewish if his name was Abraham, whether Indians took the hair with the scalp or removed it first, or who was Jerry Mathers? This time, however, Red came directly to something that was apparently preying on his mind.

"Have you watched wrestling on TV lately?"

"No. I have to admit that I've been wasted by years of watching TV to watch anything more demanding than Barney Miller. So you've discovered programming for fashionable intellectuals, have you?"

"No, seriously Taral, I've just seen some wrestling, and is it ever strange. If you haven't seen it, you'd never believe the ridiculous things they do."

"Oh, it's always been like that. When I was a kid I'd watch the Saturday morning cartoons until about one, when the sports stuff came on. So sometimes I saw a bit of wrestling before turning the TV off, and I can personally guarantee that it was silly at least as early as 1965. I was probably silly before there was even television for it to be on."

"Yeah, but now there's all these fake-sounding characters, like The Iron Sheikh, and another wrestler who's supposed to be from the Soviet Union."

"Politics are new. But since Reagan everything's an advertisement for the American Way of Life. The wrestlers were just as fake in the sixties though. You wouldn't have heard of Whipper Billy Watson, or Gorgeous George, who put on being kinda fop-pish. It was a big joke." I yawned, and pulled on some pants. With these new phones there's a bit of a trick to holding the receiver on your shoulder without punching a number with your chin.

"Yeah, but now even the managers get into the act. They climb in the ring and complain to the referee. Sometimes they trip the other guy's wrestler, or something, when the referee isn't looking. There's this one manager with rings and safety pins in his ears, who talks even worse than the wrestlers -- he must be really stupid. He gets mad at the other manager and says he's going to beat him up when he talks to the announcer between rounds."

"Bouts!"

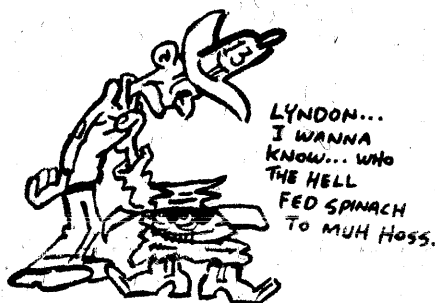
"Huh?"

"I believe they're called bouts, just so you don't confuse wrestling with boxing."

"That's another thing. They keep punching each other, and don't get any penalties or anything."

"They're not called penalties, they're called -- I forget what they're called. But that's faked too. It's supposed to be a special kind of punch with the open hand or something, and it's allowed. All they do is slap each other on the cheeks or brow or someplace harmless that makes a lot of noise. I know how to kill a man with a blow of the open palm, but who ever heard of a wrestler getting seriously hurt?"

This, more than anything, seemed to have Red stumped. "Yeah, I don't know how come. They jump on each other's necks, and some of them are big fat elephants who have to weigh three hundred pounds. Can you imagine all that falling on your neck? It ought



to break your head off. And they pick the other guy up sometimes and throw him on the ground too."

"Throw him on the mat. It's made of rubber so you can't get hurt on it any more'n you could on a trampoline. It's all fake-o; always has been."

"Well, what's the point of faking? Why not really punch the other guy, or break his arm, and win right away?"

At that point a little thought balloon with a light-bulb appeared over my head. I must have looked silly, wit- my pants half pulled on backwards, and this expository device hanging over me, but it meant that I finally twigged to something important. Red didn't know that wrestling wasn't for real.

As it happened, I wasn't so completely out of touch with this vital sector of popular culture as I made out to Red. Cheryl Clone clued fandom into the newest fashionable in-joke several years ago, in *The Wretch Takes to Writing*. Since then I'd watched the rise of Mr. T to prime-time and his apotheocytosis into a breakfast cereal. And I'd seen the fall of Cyndi Lauper from a frivolous pop-singer to the ringside. Nevertheless, I hadn't *watched* wrestling in more than fifteen years. Why would I? Why does anybody? Why was Red, for that matter?

Our conversation went on for about another half hour, while I assured Red that wrestling might be a little more elaborate now, but was never a serious sport, so be fundamentally changed. He was skeptical that anything so outrageously phoney could be put on television, so I told him about the Strategic Defense Initiative. It also let me change the subject, and continue the conversation topic by topic until nearly midnight. When I finally hung up the phone I knew I'd put in a good several hour's worth of procrastination. So I knocked off for the night to re-read some Asimov.

Little did I know that I'd watch a complete hour of professional wrestling within the week. I came about by mentioning my phone conversation to Bob Wilson. Bob is something of a connoisseur of junk-culture, when he isn't an audiophile or big-time sci-fi writer. (His first novel, *A Hidden Place*, is tentatively scheduled by Bantam for November '86.) He prefers boxing to wrestling, but nothing could prevent him from watching anything as trendy as wrestling at least once. If not twice or twenty times... Now, of course, he insists he hardly ever had it on. Perhaps. Bob unexpectedly sided with Red, saying that wrestling was a big deal now. Since I couldn't imagine anything so ridiculous on the face of it, he suggested that I let him put the television on and see for myself. In fact, I doubted that I had a choice. The gleam in his eye said that he'd been looking forward to "The Main Event" all afternoon. I none too graciously resigned myself to watching an hour of tubby hams grunting and posturing for the camera... and had my eyes opened.

Much about modern wrestling is the same as it's always been. Bouncing off the ropes accomplishes nothing more than it ever has. The wrestlers lead each other around in head-locks that a ten year old child could break. They still fall on each other with force enough to break backs if ever the blow struck home instead of the mat. They pin each other down by grabbing a leg, just like in the old days, and twist it in a parody of a hold. About the only thing the wrestlers don't do very much anymore is wrestle.

It was astonishing how few of the performances were in the ring. Most of the



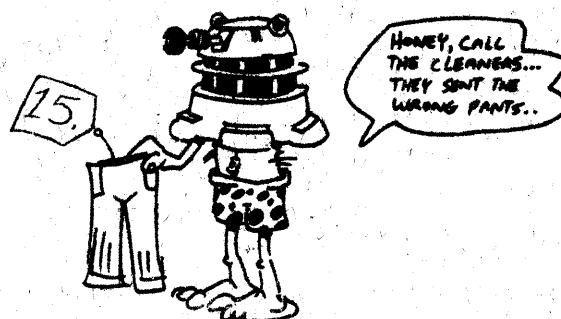
performances were in the ring. Most of the program had been taken over by skits and comedy routines. Cyndi Lauper appeared early in the show, interfering so much with the wrestlers that the other manager called for a recess. Then a referee read a stagey-looking parchment proclamation from the wrestling commission, which supposed to ban Ms. Lauper from the ring. The bout resumed, and an army of officials escorted the furious pop-singer out of the arena. During the interviews later, Cyndi Lauper read more lines from a script in a one minute spot than I think she ever sang.

One of the other routines was a confrontation between two notorious rivals. Chairs were placed in the ring so they could talk over their differences, somewhat as Reagan and Gorbachev were to do at a later date. In short order, Rowdy Roddy Piper and the other wrestler were in a shouting match. One pushed the other over in his chair, and they were barely restrained from actually wrestling in the ring!

The feature event, however, was a surprise birthday party. There was a big cake, and Mr. T had been specially released by Hanna-Barbara to make an appearance for the occasion. The wrestlers all gave Ms. Lauper their best wishes, then sung "Happy Birthday". The Fabulous Moolah had been smoldering all through the program, and this was the last straw. Moolah was a caricature of a stereotype of an ethnic-minority of uncertain origin. She had an outrageously thick Brooklyn accent, and a colourful vocabulary that suspiciously lacked anything you could take offense at. Perched in front of her squashed face was a pair of rhinestone studded wing glasses that looked like they'd been ripped from the front end of a '59 Buick. There's no telling what her profession was before turning to the ring, but she would have been at home behind the counter in the cigar department as a G.U.M. store saleslady. The Fabulous Moolah existed, it seemed, only as a foil for Cyndi Lauper's more precocious personality. Their rivalry was carefully nurtured from the first minute of the program so that as soon as you saw the cake, you heard telegraph keys clacking out a message. Unable to stand anymore of "Happy Birthday dear Cynnn-diiii..." -- I knew how she felt -- Moolah rushed the pop-star like an enraged bull. Cyndi of course side-stepped her charge easily, and, surprise! -- Moolah ran smack into the cake. Ha, ha, ha.

None of the wrestlers were sharp, even by the standards of common tableware. The Fabulous Moolah was the norm. Under the circumstances, it's nothing but puzzling that such as Hulk Hogan or Mr. T are currently invested as symbols of American manhood. All the more so when you take their cheating into account.

Remember the good-guys versus the bad-guys? You knew the good-guys from the baddies not only because one wore black and the other white trunks. (Or hats, as the case may be.) You knew the bad-guy because he was a cheater, who gouged the good-guy's eyes when the ref wasn't looking. Or in the tag-team matches, the bad-guys ganged up on the good-guys illegally. The whole point was that in the end cheaters never prospered. Wrestling then was much like a Medieval morality play. But in modern wrestling the good-guys cheat too. Like the bad guys, they get away with punching the other wrestler in the kidney and strangling him on the ropes. In spite of this moral decay, the sense of conflict between good and bad is stronger than it's ever been. Or perhaps we should use more precise language: the sides being drawn are simply us versus them. "Us" possess the symbols of national pride and the American Way of Life, which makes "us" the good-guys without the folderol of fair play and clean sport.



It makes you wonder about the current sentiment of Americanism.

The wrestling arena used to be a dark, furtive place which drew a few hundred devoted old ladies and bums off the street. The modern arena is likely to be standing room only for thousands of New York intellectuals and conservative blue-collar workers, rubbing shoulders for the first time. Red, white, and blue bunting is festooned from every well-lit corner behind the upper tiers. A huge American flag has a central place in front of the camera box. For wrestling gets prime-time now. Then the bad-guy, The Iron Sheikh, steps into the ring and begins bad-mouthing America, everything it stands for, and his weakling opponents who he boasts he'll soon crush. His tag-team partner is Nicolai Volkov, who if possible is even more contemptuous of America. After this challenge is delivered, the best of all possible good-guys step into the ring to confront the Iranian and Soviet threat to national pride, The American Express! While these two muscular symbols of American virility stand vigilant, their long blond hair blowing in the air-conditioning, everyone comes to their feet for the unofficial anthem. Then as the last strands of "Born in the U.S.A." die away, someone lands a sneaky punch and the wrasslin' begins. Eventually the bad-guys lose. One team or the other of them.

Twenty years ago, The Doors and The Stones scandalized everyone over the age of eighteen with their noise and subversive ideas. Ten years ago, the Silent Majority still held the line against Pink Floyd and 10cc. In conservative America a man with long hair was a dangerous radical or a faggot. But today, a new generation in America's factories and mills has made long hair and rock music patriotic. With the assimilation of all the images of protest, we have the illusion of ideological unanimity, and in the absence of a dialectic, America is made strong again. One, two, three, many...

The conservative image of Americanism is laid bare in wrestling. The Russian and Iranian cheat, bringing the American heroes close to defeat. Unable to stand by, Hulk Hogan enters the ring in righteous wrath and attacks the Iron Sheikh from the rear. Outnumbered three to two, the bad-guys are routed, and virtue triumphs thanks to a sneak attack and overwhelming force. Here we see the philosophy of Rambo, Red Dawn, and the White House shown at its crudest and clearest.

If at one time wrestling was a morality play that acted out right and wrong, it's a sign of the times that wrestling has been elevated to big bucks and prime-time, not to mention a vogue among certain jaded intellectuals, but at its core it's actually devolved. Like the issues symbolized, like much of the '80's themselves, wrestling is all show, no substance. Politics and wrestling alike are adult cartoons.

Hulk Hogan secretly ties a rope around the Iron Sheikh's leg before the bout. They come out of their corners and -- twaaang! -- the Sheikh falls flat on his face. In a flash Hogan is on him, and ties his arms and legs in a big knot, so the Sheikh as to go back to his corner by walking on his fingers. After he's untied, the Sheikh gets Hogan down, and pulls his tongue out of his mouth. He rolls a stick of dynamite up in it, then holds Hogan's mouth shut until the dynamite explodes. Smoke rises from the wrestler's ears and the pupils of his eyes drop out and bounce around the mat. Next the Iron Sheikh cheats by catapulting himself from the ropes like from a sling-shot, but he misses the hero and bounces back and forth, back and forth. The



Sheikh gets his, finally, and th... th... th... th... that's all folks! Dat-da-da, dah, dah, daaah!

Turn the channel to the news. Is it any different?

"What did you think?" Bob asked me. The Main Event had left me speechless and stupefied. I was only able to say that I thought the doors should have been locked on the audience, and the arena flooded to the ceiling with water. But at least I knew why Red had been so negatively impressed, and so skeptical when I said wrestling was the same sad phoney sport it had always been. It wasn't. It was still fake, but whole new dimensions of dishonesty and deceit were unveiled. The pretenses were Byzantine in self-referential decadence. I was croggled by it. Yes, and also dumfounded, discombobulated, and demonically possessed by a strange impulse.

The next day I phoned up Bob Hadji at work. I could have talked to any of a number of people I knew, but this Robert closed the circle that began with Robert the Red.

"Hello, accounts."

"Hi, Hadji?"

"Oh, hello Taral. Just a minute while I put some papers away. Is there anything up?" Between issues of Borderland, Hadji circulated paperwork for Pilkington-Ford Glass. His position with the firm was so vital to its day to day workings that you could generally count on a good jaw with him during business hours.

"Have you seen wrestling on TV, lately?" I asked. "It's pretty strange."

"Wrestling? No, not recently. But wrestling's always been pretty strange."

"That's what you think," I said, pulling on some underwear. Then I told him about The Fabulous Moolah, Springsteen, the cake, everything -- passing the geas on to someone else.

BRIAN EARL BROWN FOR TAFF!

(He promises to return)

FAN LOON'S LIVES



foreward

Some twelve years ago, an article I read in the newsprint issue of Outworlds made a considerable impression on my freshly minted fannish psyche. Susan Wood, whose pen or typer was an all too early extinguished fount of some of fandom's finest writing, had a favourite book when she was a little girl. It was a series of biographies collected by an author who was once popular, who's now faded into obscurity. He was Dutch, born in the same small town of Veere as the late medieval writer Desiderius Erasmus. Hendrik Willem Van Loon left his country in 1902, and when the Nazis occupied Holland he became a spiritual refugee. The Nazi invasion intruded into the author's many books as well as into his homeland. Invasion imagines the Nazis attacking America itself, and taking special pains to hunt down the outspoken Dutch expatriate. The book is not a little self-serving. In fact, the author is rather the Isaac Asimov of his day.

Today, you can fill a shelf with modestly priced first editions of Van Loon's Geography, Van Loon's America, The Story of Mankind, The Story of the Arts, Our Battle, My School Books, and many others whose very titles give the flavour of the man. His view of history and human society was idiosyncratic to a fault. There are hints of the old world order in his viewpoints. He has relatively little insight into human nature and its works, so that his books have somewhat the character of bedtime stories to thrill and frighten children of all ages. This is Van Loon's chief appeal. An ungenerous critic would bring a harsh verdict against the Dutch writer, whose books are inaccurate, trivial, and frequently stodgy if their subtler charm isn't appreciated.

Without question, Van Loon's best work is the book beloved of the young Susan Wood: Van Loon's Lives. The book begins in Veere, in the sitting room of a picturesque and no doubt idealized cottage belonging to the Van Loon family. With his American wife Jimmie and the likely imaginary Uncle Frits, Van Loon rhapsodized over dinner. How marvelous it would be if only they could invite anyone they wanted to join with them in after-dinner conversation! *Anyone*, however famous and long dead! And why not? they decide. The method of making invitations to dinner turns out to be simplicity itself -- so simple in fact that Van Loon passes over this knotty question of plausibility with a sleight of hand -- it is a secret. Secret or not, his invitations are accepted, and, beginning with Erasmus, Van Loon's dinner parties include Mozart, Washington, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Da Vinci, Napoleon, Plato, The Buddha, and the greatest inventor of all time, who in prehistoric times discovered how to make a sharp edge on a piece of flint. All in all, Van Loon entertains some fifty guests along with the reader.

It was a pity that Susan never mentioned Van Loon's own illustrations. Many are crude pen or brush drawings, but when the author touches them with colour they come alive. One or two are so effective that I rate them as very fine examples of the book illustrator's art. Van Loon's book on Geography has a particularly nice touch. The dust jacket -- Van Loon's own design -- opens out into a full colour map of the world as he saw it.

The first appearance of "Van Loon's Lives" below has its own title, as will others as they appear. But whether "Mything Persons" will be followed by further Lives or not is a matter of inclination on my part. I can make neither promises nor disavows. As a title for the possible series as a whole, the transformation of Van Loon to "Van Loon's Lives" is straightforward and not imaginative. But it does convey my meaning exactly, an underrated virtue.

MYTHING PERSONS

What is a convention for, if not to talk shop, so to speak? Science fiction can be quite conveniently discussed, analyzed, and evaluated at home with any number of people. Why drive five hundred miles to watch a movie? I prefer to play Talking Heads on my stereo more than I like to listen to unreconstructed hippies filk Terrapin Station on a cigar-box guitar. So maybe that's just me -- but we all have our own reasons for the essentially unreasonable behaviour that attending a convention is.

This brings me to the beginning of the story, which happens to start in a hotel room at a convention I see no point in naming. It was about three a.m. on Saturday, when the press of bodies relaxed, and Moshe Feder was less likely to be distracted away from conversation by the glimpse of someone seen over a sea of heads in a room or hall party. Moshe's room was, in fact, about empty. Stu Shiffman was in one corner nodding off, but looking rather well in spite of a taco dinner earlier that evening. For the moment Lise Eisenberg was nowhere to be seen. The sound of ice and water crunching into the bathroom sink made her presence nevertheless known to anyone who wondered. The room was a mess. Broken chips crunched underfoot as every step ground them further into the carpet. Coke, beer, and melted ice cream rings stained cheap veneers. The plates of carrot sticks, largely untouched, were about the only neat things visible.

Patrick drifted in with a cloud of choking smoke. He brushed aside the litter of empty pretzel bags on the bed to see if Teresa might be asleep where he meant to sit. She wasn't -- she was under a heap of snap-shot albums on the other bed -- so he sat, and said, "Is this a private conversation, or don't I get to crash it?"

"C'mon, it's fine by me if you crash a private conversation of mine. Taral and I were just talking about fan history."

"Hey, what a fresh idea. I haven't talked about fan history since I left rich brown outside the door." Two periods, a comma, and several flourishes of his cigarette punctuated his remarks.

Over in his corner Stu stirred and drawled, "If you don't like it, we can talk about Topic A instead." Groans met his suggestion from all corners of the room, a particularly agonized one from under the photo albums.

"That's no difference," I added, showing how my fannish wit could sparkle. "Topic A is already fan history."

"At least it's not topical anymore," finished Patrick, taking the pot for that round. "What **were** you talking about?"

Well, of course, many things. But while Moshe and I might drift as far afield as NESFA on the one hand, and New Canadian Fandom on the other, we had essentially stuck to the mythic quality of fandom. It could be argued, said Moshe, that the freedom of invention in fandom gave rise to most of its shared mythos. I didn't wholly disagree, but had to point out a more cynical interpretation to stay in character. I thought that much of fandom's mythology arose merely from social humour. It seemed to me that myths that were based on real personalities were of an inferior order. Smooooothing, bush hats, and the odd odour that came from the shoes of British fans who'd just left the loo were the first that came to mind as examples of lesser myth. In my opinion, myth that was pure invention was the best. Perhaps because I was more intrigued by the unique paper persona of fans than by the reality, but anyway I was honest about my prejudices.

"It sounds as if you don't like people," said the reviving Teresa, penetrating to the heart of my meaning.

"Present company excepted, naturally. Do you think I'm a misanthrope, just because Stu says I don't have gemutlich? I don't even think there is such a word. He made it up."

"I did not," he retorted. "It's a perfectly good word, like 'sci-fi', that Forrest Ackerman invented."

Ignoring this, Moshe spoke. "It's too bad you can't meet any myths person-to-person. That should prove once and for all, Taral, whether you like people. If you didn't like Jophan in the flesh, then you prefer make-believe fans to real ones." There was something askew about Moshe's logic, but I couldn't get a grip on elusive implications at 3:14 on a Sunday morning at a con. What if Jophan made a more inter-

esting person than most fans? Would I like Moshe *more* if I pressed him like a leaf between the pages of the Wash? It would be an interesting experiment -- either of them.

"Well, why don't we meet some fannish myths then? Has anyone tried?"

"Moshe did," said someone to me.

"I did talk to Caesar Ramos by long distance telephone once, but I don't know if that really counts."

"It cost thirteen dollars and twenty cents, so it better count for something," Lise responded, with dripping numbed hands.

The next few minutes were pre-empted by Lise and Moshe fussing about the best way to drain ice-water down the sink without removing the half-empty cartons of orange juice. Patrick began to clean his teeth with nylon floss. Teresa was asleep or shamming sleep again. At least she never flinched under the hail of pretzel bits and dental plaque from Patrick's flossing. Meanwhile, Stu and I conferred as artists, and therefore near-denizens of the half-world of shadows and imagination.

We tried to diagram a way through the reality barrier. We tried to communicate with the unreal world directly, by drawing cartoons of ourselves and speaking through our word balloons to other cartoons. We tried to draw four dimensions in an attempt to sneak around the corner as it were, but couldn't think where to put the last right-angle. An entire stack of blank-on-one-side flyers for File 770 were used up in our efforts. But we did at last find a simple and elegant way to break into the universe below the surface of the paper.

"That is simple," said Patrick, awe-struck with the implications. "We better keep this a secret, or fandom will be flooded with the materialized imaginings of every fringe fan in the world. Think of it! Homosexual Spocks and Kirks necking in the con suite. Litter boxes in every room for the hundreds of cuddly cat people. Stampedes of winged horses and unicorns through the halls. Elf warriors, Fuzzies, Daleks, Bamfas, and Simes drinking all our beer. We'd be spared no fantasy, however twee or earnest. Even a 'merc' could work magic this easy, which means -- "

"SMURFS! Please, not smurfs too!" cried Teresa, waking suddenly from a dream. There didn't seem to be any explanation of the coincidence, but everyone agreed that smurfs were undesirable too.

For the good of fandom, then, the method Stu and I discovered to bring our favourite fictional characters to life must remain forever secret. We, of course, being responsible fans, took the liberty of using the secret to our own advantage. (Very much how things are run the world over.)

* * * * *

February blew in like an icy blast of water from a British shower, bringing Corflu with it. Why, of all times, mid-winter was chosen to hold it on the east coast, when all highways leading to Arlington were blocked by snow piled higher than Ted White's coke stash, no one knew. But there it was -- you had to deal with the inclement weather as best as you could. I got a ride with Bob Webber and Hope Leibowitz, and crashed on the floor of their hotel room. The con was four days, but fortunately most of the fans left the hotel on Monday, before the advance of the Shenandoah Ice Cap scraped it off Virginia and into the sea.

The invitations to Friday night's private party had been sent out months ago. Until our guests turned up at the door to Moshe's room, though, we had no way of knowing whether or not they'd be coming. Of course, immediately after the discovery by Stu and I of our little secret, I'd found that small corner of the land of imagination that I'd peopled, and spoke to Saara Mar. She was our go-between. She'd said

that she knew where the fan universe was, right enough, nor was there any problem with her getting there. Saara was delighted to deliver our invitations to a Corflu room party to anyone we wanted. Since I hadn't been diligent in adding to her existence lately, she was over-familiar with the faces there. A change would do her good. Who did we want her to ask?

That was not as easy a question to answer as it sounds. While there have been literally hundreds of created characters in fannish literature, not many of them are fully rounded personalities, and only a few are universally upheld in all fannish circles. Later, at other con parties, we might host lesser known figures such as Soggies, Beanie, or The Little Green Dragon. Now we wanted seminal creations, the foundation-stones upon which fannish myth are built.

Jophan came first to mind, obviously. Who doesn't know Jophan's heroic odessey through the wasteland of dangers and distractions on his way to trufandom? He had only the barest of personalities of his own, it was true. He was an archetype, whose character was made up up the ideal fannish virtues. While there's no clue in The Enchanted Duplicator to Jophan's taste in reading, no indication whether he ran electric trains in his basement or cemented up his girlfriends, nor any evidence that Jophan could tell the difference between a cadenza and a condenser, we know that his head wasn't easily turned by flattery. We know that Jophan saw through bureaucratic tangles to their innermost futility, that he didn't discourage easily, and that he had a sense of humour. In fact, what Jophan should be is the perfect image of our imperfect selves. Since Walt Willis and Bob Shaw invented him in 1954, Jophan has made his journey in search of The Enchanted Duplicator no less than eight times (going on nine, including an incomplete comic strip). He was felt *that* important to the fannish psyche. Who else could be our first guest?

Rather opposite of Jophan's ideal was a character who personified our fannish silliness. John Berry was responsible for this hard-nosed, thick-headed sleuth, known in Berry's Retribution as "Goon Bleary". Although the Goon was a satire on Berry's own real life job as a police detective, he never solved a serious crime. When there's a real crime you phone the police, but when a copy of Space Rockets number one is found missing, Walt had only to call The Goon Defective Agency to wish he would never see that crudzine again. Who better than this bungler as our second guest?

Moshe Feder had then recommended Ron Ellik for our consideration. Since Ellik was a real person as well as a bushy-tailed cartoon character, deciding his suitability was too tough a nut to crack. Lise threw up her hands and said, "Well, do whatever you want, Moshe!" and he knew it was no good arguing.

Patrick put Q. Wertyuiop forward. I was skeptical; after all, the little vaudevillian song and dance man only appeared a few times on the cover of Void, later on Quip, and had a perfunctory personality. His job was to introduce the issue while acting as straightman to the Void Boys. (Later the Quip Kids.) Yet Patrick argued convincingly that behind the emblematic straw hat and cane of the showman was a trufan. Q.'s sentimental excursions down the memory lane of Void's career, his occasional naiveté, and his enthusiasm give shape to an otherwise formless outline of a character. Perhaps Q. Wertyuiop merely reflected the untarnished idealism of its authors -- Bhob Steward, Ted White, et al. Or perhaps Q. was a truly independent being. Wasn't all this speculation over a stick-figure utterly cosmic, Patrick went on, with considerable liberty with the facts. It made better drama. In any case, what better way to discover Q. Wertyuiop's true self than to summon him to our party?

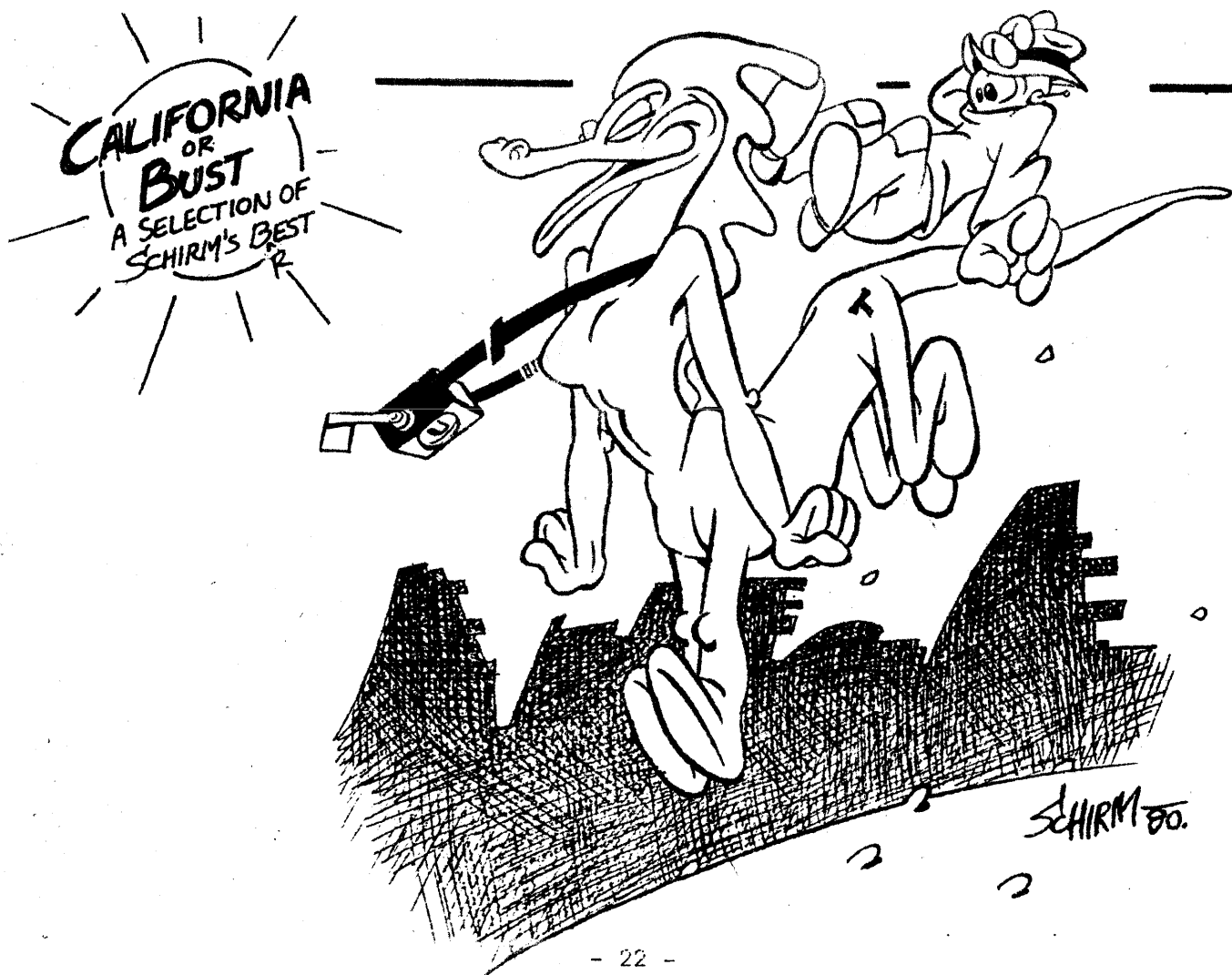
Patrick carried his case. By common consent we had limited ourselves to four guests at a time, and this left us with one more invitation to make. We didn't have to think hard. Stu immediately tossed us a drawing on a piece of hotel stationery. The cartoon's feet ran under the embossed letter-head, "Best Western", but was otherwise easy to identify. Stu had drawn him in an English gentleman's sports jacket

and vest, with drooping Mandarin mustache, and coolie's straw hat. This was no Chinese; this was Hoy Ping Pong, expatriate of a Cathay no Chinese had ever seen.

Pong was one of a number of pseudonyms employed by Bob Tucker in his salad days, and probably the only one who developed a personality of his own. Although drawn by Tucker in mismatched Manchu costume and pigtail, Pong was no heathen Chinese. He spoke a difficult to identify British accent, suggesting an education at Eton spent mainly with the rowing team in local pubs. Perhaps he hadn't even been born in China at all, and affected the half-learned customs of his ancestors. That he apparently had relative Pongs in all corners of the globe confused his nativity even more. Finally, one astute reader of Le Zombie pointed out that Pong hadn't even gotten his name right. In correct Chinese, either he was not a "Pong" or he should have been "Pong Hoy Ping". Insofar as Pong himself went, he seems to have been a bit of a smart-ass, whose wise-cracks went into Poor Pong's Almanac. On the other hand, in his interviews he never seemed quite on top of the situation, leaving the impression that like many fans Pong was at his best when he could second draft his cleverness. If there was a better choice for a final guest than this enigmatic potential charlatan, he'd have to wait until the next Corflu.

At that point in the discussion, I remembered something terribly important that I'd almost left until too late. In agitated terms I outlined a request by our spokeswoman in Never Land. She not only wanted to deliver our invitations, Saara wanted to bring them to our party herself.

"I know how you and Saara Mar are attached to each other," said Moshe, in innocent bluntness, "but do you really think it's appropriate? The others are important historical figures in fandom. You can't expect everyone to have your interest in some-



one you made up."

There was only one answer to this. I reached over for the piece of paper that had the secret method drawn on it, and took it between fingers and thumbs. "I have a copy of it at home," I lied, and made the teensiest, tiniest tear in the paper. Of course, I couldn't have torn it up. I was only bluffing. I must have looked Taral-ishly mulish, though, as I said, "It's my show, or no go."

"On the other hand," Moshe squeaked, "we should have a guest with a more up-to-date point of view of fandom. Even Q. Wertyuiop is nearly twenty years behind the times."

"An outsider always has a different perspective too," added Patrick.

"And I can't remember what the secret was," said Stu, coming directly to the point.

Having reached a basic agreement in a fair and civilized way, we passed on to the questions of how to supply the party, whether to allow anyone else in, and whether we should write about it in our fanzines afterward? The answer to the latter question was a conditional no. We might write what we pleased, but we had to let on that it was make-believe, a condition we have kept to this day. Just ask me, or Moshe, or Lise, or Stu, or Patrick, or Teresa, if any of this has happened...

* * * * *

There was a quiet knocking at the door. Lise answered, in case it was someone she wanted to chase away. It was.

"This is a private party, in case you didn't notice the closed door and the signs



saying 'scram', 'beat it', and 'no smoking'."

"Lise!" shouted Moshe, grabbing the door an instant before it slammed home and amputated his fingers. "It's Jophan."

Mistaking Jophan for any anonymous nurd was understandable. He'd been drawn by several generations of fanartists -- Bob Shaw, Eddie Jones, Ross Chamberlain, and Dan Steffan -- and his features had been worked over so many times that they had become something of a blur. There was no mistaking him at a second look though. Who else had such an expression of wide-eyed yet sober enthusiasm, such a balance of willingness to believe and sound judgement, such literalness and subtlety combined?

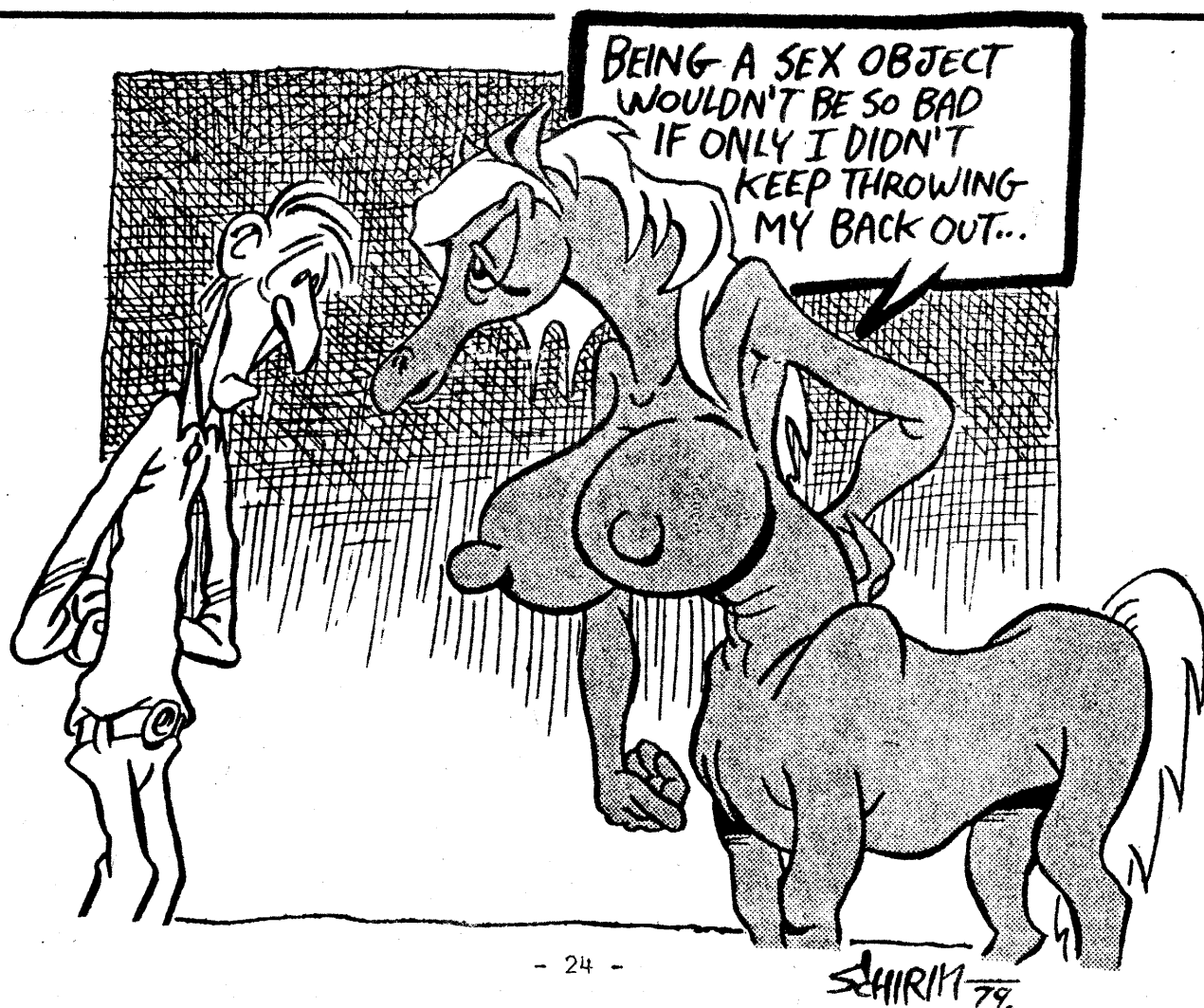
"Hi. Is this where the trufans hang out?" He also spoke agonizing, non-stop Fanspeak.

"Close enough," said Patrick, groaning. "Come in before we give you your death of a cold shoulder."

"How come you're by yourself?" asked Moshe. "Taral, I thought Saara was supposed to bring our guests here? Now Jophan is here and there's no sign of your girl friend. Did we put up with extortion just for nothing?"

"Oh," said Jophan to Moshe's question to me. "You mean the BEM with the shiny dress who brought me here? She stopped down the hall for something, and should be along in a minute."

She arrived that moment. Saara stepped into the room without bothering to open the door. Fortunately she hadn't smashed it down either, leaving Lise confused and wondering if she should also use the chain-lock to keep people from wandering in



uninvited.

"Lise, could you let in the other guests?" she said, then turned to the room. "I'd have been here a minute ago, but someone down the hall had me confused with something from an elf-quest, whatever that is. Was that supposed to be funny?"

"I thought that sort of fan wasn't supposed to be here," said Moshe. Stu only gave a shrug of his shoulders to indicate "why ask me?".

One by one, the other guests entered the party, Moshe hopping from foot to foot with excitement.

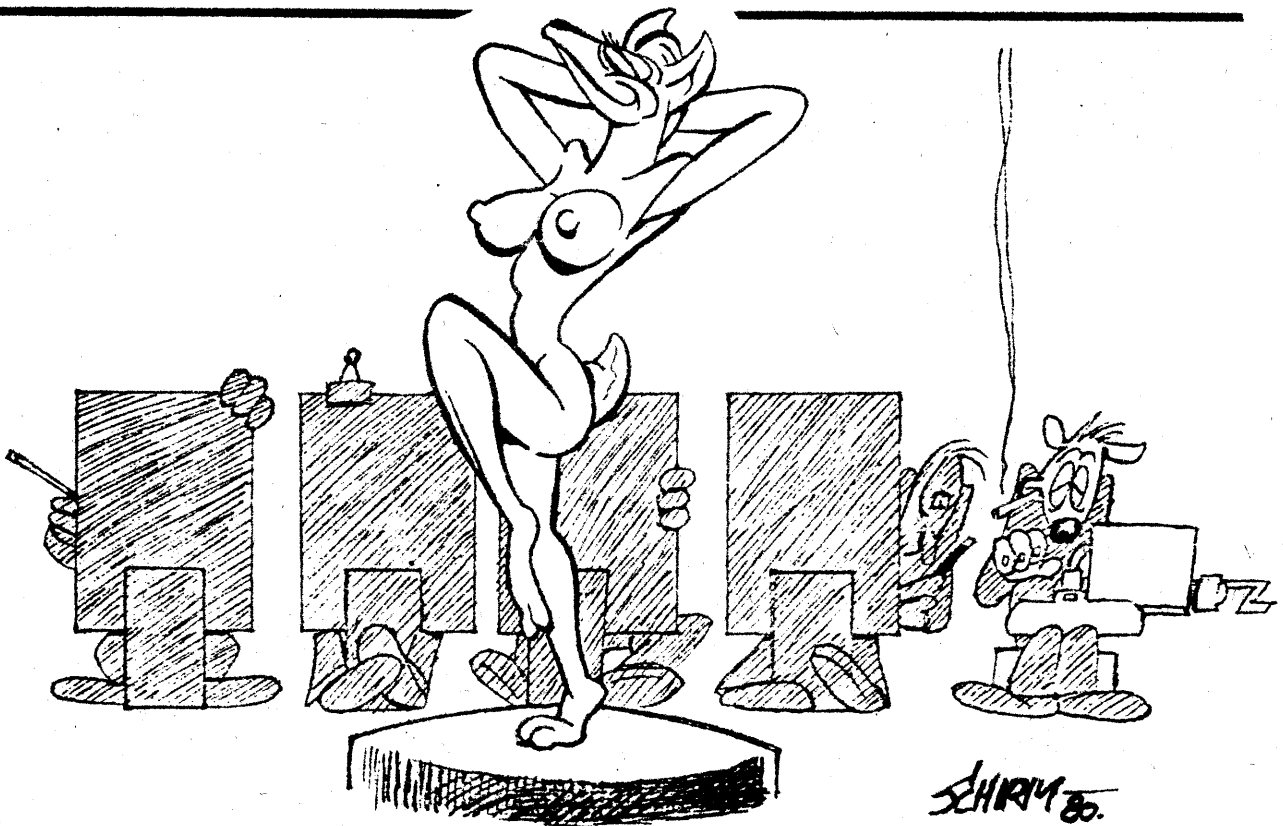
"Wow, oh wow!" he went. "It's Hoy Ping Pong. And Goon Bleary, the Goon. Oops. Sorry. Hope you aren't offended."

"No offense taken, but pretend you don't know me. I think I'm being tailed," he whispered loud enough to wake Teresa from a drowse between naps. She found a bundle of wool, and looking ever so much like Carrol's Sheep began knitting with two huge needles.

Forgetting the detective completely, Moshe asked the last to enter, "Do I call you Q.?"

"Call me what you like. If I answer, you've got it right. So... This. Is. The place! You must be the sparkling, the effervescent, the epithalamial Patrick Nielsen Hayden! Put'er here chum." The sprite extended his hand to Moshe for all of two seconds before doing a side-step to the bathroom for a beer.

"I think you got that wrong, somehow," said Moshe, introducing himself to the red and white striped back. Q. Wertyuiop was dressed at the height of fashion of 1910, and stood maybe five feet tall standing on a thick issue of Holier Than Thou. Meanwhile there was a seedy looking oriental at the door, staring in. His tweeds had seen better days. So had he. His pigtail was held by a cheap elastic braid with a plastic smurf's head.



"I say, reminds me of Limehouse when I was working for my uncle's shipyard. I was one of the original Si Fans, you know."

"What does eh-pih-tha-LAY-mial mean, anyway?" Moshe was saying.

Teresa looked up from her knitting to say, "It's Greek, referring to bridal songs, according to Hazel in the last Ansible." Obliging, Patrick struck up a galloping rendition of the Bridal March on his guitar. The key was an interesting variation.

One last look out the door revealed no one else, so Lise did her duty. All the guests were present, and seated around the room in characteristic mien. As usual when there are eleven people in a conversation, there's either silence or a babble of all eleven talking at once. Eventually a stable configuration emerges in which the more egotistical two or three do all the talking, and the others listen. For obvious reasons, there was no hope of that. Teresa might fall asleep, Stu might retreat to his sketch pad for a more articulate voice, but none of the rest of us would flinch from battle for the forefront of conversation. Elementary physics teaches us that a nucleus with too many charged particles fissions. A conversation with too many charged up talkers breaks into handier groups of two or three, providing yet another example of the descriptive powers of science. Which is to say, things sorted themselves out.

Saara early said that she was there on sufferance, and would try to be inconspicuous. This didn't suit the Goon at all, who thought she had something to hide. Peeling the silver film of her dress over her head scattered reflected light on the ceiling. The Goon made special note of this and several other points of interest around the room while he turned bright red. His judgement had been hasty, as a more honest pair of... well, more honest pair of eyes, he had never seen. The Goon scuttled over to the far end of the room. He sat in on a conversation between Stu, Q., and myself on fanzine graphics, his back turned to the Kjola.

Once we agreed on a few basic principles, the three -- four -- of us found little agreement. We concurred that a fanzine should be neat, and in no way impede the reader from reading. If possible, the fanzine should also be interesting in its own right. Beyond that, however, we had profound differences in philosophy.

"The image is everything!" cried Q. "The reader should know instantly that he holds not Tightbeam, nor Gemtones, but a fount of fannish wit and fancy in his hot little hands. Image is the reader's guarantee. He pulls the staples and sees a familiar logo and format. His mind flashes back to the wonderful hours of reading, the intriguing personalities, and pregnant situations, creating the expectation of even greater fannish heights."

"Like Time Magazine?" I sneered. "Bor-ring!"

The little showman wasn't at all discouraged. "Goon, m'boy, if you must smoke, at least turn your pipe around right side up, and light it."

"I can't," he said. "The stem is actually a secret stencil stylus. Don't tell anyone."

Q. turned back to me. "How can you call those wonderful old issues of yore boring? Poo. The days of law suits in Fapa, when no one could pay the rent at Towner Hall, when visiting fans arrived unexpectedly on your doorstep, and passed out drunk... those were the glory days of fandom!"

"Sure, sure, but that's a different thing altogether from the way the zines looked. They were imitations of fashionable graphics then -- thirty years ago. How can something that's looked the same for thirty years still be interesting to look at? The eye sees nothing that isn't familiar, and tells the mind to expect nothing new."

"I think that's what Q. said," Stu observed. "But he doesn't mean it the same way. In my ever so humble opinion, ahem, the purpose of fannish graphics is to be

fannish. A fanzine's gotta look different from a newspaper or a best-seller or The Lady's Home Journal, or it isn't a fanzine. So the appearance does create different expectations, and it sets a friendly mood."

"Uh-huh," I said, "but there's no one way to do that. I feel that there's a fan-nish form, but it isn't tied to a specific graphic style such as 50's modern or 70's slick, or new wave for that matter. The fannishness has more to do with an informal air, and playfulness. When you get tied down to an *ideal* fanzine, though, it stifles the imagination. All the original thought goes into the words, and none into the appearance, which is just another way of playing down the artist in fandom."

"Just one cotton picken' minute," said Q. in a rising tone of irritation. "I gave brilliant performances on the covers of Void, and my writers -- Ted, Bhob, and the others -- gave me first rate material for my act. Are you telling me that those unforgettable covers were unoriginal?"

"Of course they were original, but they weren't a hard act to follow. Need I mention Quip?"

"That's a low blow -- my agent loused up."

"The point I'm making is that fannishness you imitate turns out not fannish at all. You make your own fannishness."

"Be true to thine own self, where have I heard that before," said Stu. He made a gesture -- heh, heh -- of laughing at his joke. "I think I agree with the British, though. Fandom isn't just fans running around self-actualizing all over the place. It's a body of traditions too. The whole is greater than the sum of the parts," he said in a broadly faked English accent. "A house divided against itself cannot stand, and all that sort of nonsense, eh wot?"

Q. was still querulous. "Nobody ever said you have to be like we were in the Good Old Days. How could anyone match those peerless night-long sessions in relay at the typer, the keys hammering out words such as never have been read since? You can't imitate such Days."

"At least there are New Days," Stu sighed, wistfully. He had a wax stencil he was doodling on with a stylus.

On the other bed the Goon suddenly snapped out of reverie. He'd been forgotten in the heat of debate, but when he took a puff of his pipe he realized that while he still had the bowl in his hand, the stem was missing. He looked around anxiously, then interrupted. "Has anyone seen a long thin bit of plastic with a wire loop at one end? It might have a few shreds of tobacco stuck to it."

No one had seen it, nor did the Goon notice Stu brushing tobacco from his stencil.

In another corner of the room, Jophan sat with Patrick, Moshe, and Hoy Ping Pong. Teresa kibitzed from the bed, but was plainly absorbed by her knitting. I was told later that they'd argued fandom as a way of life, mainly. Jophan had sent the conversation in that direction when he said in effect how glad he was to be there, and why. His single-minded fannishness had quickly worn on the others' patience.

"Ever since I came through the Canyon of Criticism and discovered trufandom wasn't at the top of a tower, but at the end of my own fingertips, I've been having a great time. I pub my ish regularly," said Jophan, looking pleased with himself, "and I get all the locs I want. Of course I only publish the best ones. It would be a mistake to publish them all, since many letters of comment are written by fans who have little way with words. Yet it would be a mistake to be too critical, and leave out interesting remarks for the lack of good writing. Trufans such as ourselves know instinctively just the right balance. We've good taste in fanzines just as we have in bheer." The "h" in bheer was inaudible, but no one doubted it was there. "I don't know why everyone isn't a fan, except not everyone *can* be one -- "

There might have been several pages more of this remarkable soliloquy in store, but Patrick cut Jophan off. "Didn't you ever wonder if there was *another* way out of Mundania? Fandom mightn't be the only way of life, you know."

"Well, no, the fairy who came to me didn't mention any other way. When she touched my brow I saw a vision of Fandom, and knew that I wanted to be a fan more than I'd ever wanted anything before. Are you saying trufandom is just another place, like The Glades of Gafia, or Prosaic?"

"Er, no, not exactly -- " But before Patrick could explain, he was interrupted.

"I say! I know precisely what you mean," said Pong. "You can't blame old Jophan for being a bit, oh, dense, what? He's only an allegory, and tends to be rather on the idealistic side. He forgets what fandom is all about."

"So what is fandom all about, professor?" Patrick said to Pong.

"Why science fiction of course! The crackling of the aether as energy beams splash their trillions of electron volts across space, generators screaming to supply power to force fields that flare pink and purple and collapse in milliseconds under the hellish barage, and planets crumbling like soggy chocolate chip cookies... Great literature like that is the heart of fandom!"

"Ug." Patrick had heard enough.

"Yuch," said Moshe.

"Blech." Teresa made a grimace of distaste, but she was looking at the knitting in her lap.

"Fwa," Jophan added.

"Pardon me, 'Fanzine Writers of America'?" said Teresa.

"What Fanzine Writers of America? I was agreeing that old space opera stuff was fwa, fooey, blah."

"Oh." But Teresa was more interested in her unfinished sweater. It *did* have three shoulders, dammit!

It was a timely pause, though, since it let Moshe add his two cents worth. "Despite my instinctive reaction a moment ago, I have to agree with Pong. Science fiction *is* at the heart of fandom. Wasn't it science fiction the reading that put the -- let's see," Moshe tried to quote from memory, "the strange longings that perplexed your mind'?"

"Near enough that you can't be sued for plagiarism," added Patrick. "I agree that science fiction appeals to the nature of people who become fans."

"Most people who become fans, dear, not all!" corrected Teresa as she unravelled 60% nylon, 40% wool.

"I stand corrected."

"What are you doing now," she said. Patrick performed a grotesque pantomime with his hanky that bore some resemblance to the Astral Pole initiation.

"I'm wiping off the excess corflu."

Pong, who seemed stung by the ridicule of space opera, made an elaborate display of spreading cream cheese on a Dorito, and eating it with elegant indifference. "Well, perhaps," he said, "the scientifiction of my youth is a bit out of date. But I know of no one who was too Big a Name Fan to collect. I myself have a remarkable nearly-complete collection of covers of nekkid ladies in brass brassieres painted by Margaret Brundage, pant, pant... "

"Lech each to his own," I put in. Since my conversation had broken up, I'd wandered over to fresh action. I glanced over to Teresa to see if she'd collapsed

with laughter, but no. It wasn't that funny. Or funny at all, more likely.

Jophan, however, was near a state of collapse. He was white as a sheet and staring at us. "You... you have... a Kolektinbug on your back? You have to get it off, or it'll suck all your blood from your body. Old magazines and books are nice to read, but they're a trap to keep you from ever getting to trufandom. The clubmembers in The City of Serious Constructivism had a club library, and used to talk about science fiction too. They made it sound impressive and important, so that people would think fandom was something to take seriously."

"Hold on a minute!" said Teresa, shifting along the edge of the bed until she was next to the conversation. "That sounds like a contradiction. I didn't join a debating team in university to let lapses in logic go by without a challenge. I thought you believed fandom was a way of life?" she said, sweet and deadly. "Or don't you take your life very seriously?"

"Oh horrors, no! That would be a tragic mistake. A trufan never takes himself -- or herself -- seriously," replied the archetype of all fandom. "Next you'd tell me to get involved in destructive, vicious feuds with other fans, because you take them seriously."

Everyone around blushed deeply, profoundly, even Pong though he never took his feuds very seriously at all.

"Touchē," he said for all. "Now let's change the subject, what?"

Meanwhile the Goon was searching the closet and all the drawers. Finding nothing worth suspicion made him more suspicious. He began to empty the few bags of junk food onto a desk-top, and searched through the stale chips until the rising fumes of salt and vinegar made him sneeze.

"Will you stop sneezing on the food! Even on that food!" demanded Lise from the near bed.

"Don't give me that, sweetheart," the Goon snarled in his best Irish imitation of Sam Spade. "Just tell me where you've stashed my stylus. If you come clean, I'll go soft with you."

"The only soft thing in this room is your head. Now pick those crumbs up off the floor. And stop looking through my underwear while you're at it. I d'n't even let Moshe paw through my underwear."

"I know," someone sighed from the other side of the room.

Choosing to ignore Moshe's hopeful innuendoes, Lise turned back to talking with Saara. While the others had been deep in the mysteries of fandom, the Kjola and the vegetarian had spent their time discussing conceptual frames as a determinant of natural law.

"So what they showed was possible was that there might be an infinite number of descriptive schemes that each perfectly accounted for all the phenomena in the universe, but none of which was the same. Nor might they be transformed into any of the others by mathematics. In one it would be impossible to do things possible in another," finished Saara.

"That isn't logical. Can the universe contradict itself?" asked Lise, frowning.

"If it feels like it. Logical consistency is a conceptual frame. You can as easily choose to treat the universe as inconsistent when you want to use that aspect of it."

There was a lot more of the same, and lots on the personalities of natural laws, all of which was beyond the scope of this report. Stu was seated on the floor nearby, his eyes at about a level with Lise and Saara's crossed legs. But he was looking down rather than at their knees, and doodling smurfs in his sketch-book. As soon

as he was finished he'd erase it and try to draw something else, but all he'd end up with was another smurf.

I'd wandered away from the window and the debate over FIAWOL vs. FIJAGDH, and was deeply torn between another can of The Real Thing or The Un-Cola. In this inattentive state, the conversations in the room mixed together to make a collage of incoherent remarks heard out of context, like audio interlinos.

"Fandom is a semiotic mirror facing itself." That sounded like Patrick.

"Lida Rose let's pub again -- " Moshe and Q. Wertyuiop. Q. was sounding a little drunk on more than memories.

"Faw."

"What's that stand for then?"

"Nothing," said Teresa, "this dip has too much garlic."

"I think the smurfs are a form of radioactive fall-out from the short-circuiting of dimensional barriers. As long as the barriers are down, imagination is impossible."

"Personally, I wish he'd drawn me with pupils in my eyes. Who am I? Little Orphan Annie?"

"Excuse me M'am. Have you seen anyone suspicious among us, besides myself that is? We're really in great danger."

"When I was a trader in the South China Seas we used to do our fanac in the warehouses, and said 'Fandom is a godown hobby'."

Click, click. I looked over to a corner of the room that was suddenly quiet. There stood the Goon, triumphant by one of the beds where Saara sat uncomprehendingly, her wrists cuffed together.

Lise was instantly shouting in the unfortunate Goon's ear for an explanation.

"Aha! Elementary. That is... er... Please stop yelling in my ear first. If you give me a headache I'll forget what you want explained."

"Never mind. Get those handcuffs off her."

"I think my eardrum is split Madam -- "

"Yes," said Saara, in a voice like the silk lining of a steel trap. "Do remove the handcuffs before anything else."

The Goon, who was deaf in both ears now, had only a one-track mind. He had the bad judgement to persist in playing cops and robbers, and tried to perform the classic detective story summary of his logic in following the clues to the only possible culprit.

"I was followed here, but since there was no one following me who hadn't followed me into the party, it must have been one of you who followed me here. Follow me? Next, an article of my professional equipment, official police property, was missing. Then I knew the suspect was in the room. I began looking for clues -- "

While the Goon indulged in his folly, Lise and Saara gave each other knowing looks. The Kjolá tensed the chain links between her wrists, slowly.

"Then the obvious smacked me right in the face, like a cold mackerel slapping the pavement. No true fan steals from another fan -- except maybe good material for an article. Which meant I was looking for a miscreant in fannish disguise! Er... what are you doing with my expensive handcuffs? Coff, coff. And who would be in disguise except someone who was here under false pretenses. Obviously an illegal alien. Um... I really don't think that's very good for them, could you

stop that? Ahem, and you, Madam, are an alien! Q.E.D. Hey! No! Those cost me \$1.49 from my correspondence school! Stop pulling -- "

But it was too late. While the Goon revelled in his logic, Saara had increased the tension on the cuffs until, link by link, the cheap metal broke like so many stale pretzels. The mail order restraints lay in pieces on the bedspread. Then Saara forced the bracelets open with a finger, and threw the broken mechanisms on the bed with the broken links.

"This might be a difficult arrest," admitted the Goon, with uncommon good sense, and looking sadly at the remains.

"Why don't you go and talk to Stu about mystery fiction," Saara consoled the dejected detective. "And I'll give you a new pair of handcuffs after the party."

"Chrome plated, with two keys?" He brightened up.

"Chrome plated, with two keys, and a hidden button to push with your nose in case you lock yourself up by accident."

"Done," he said. "I knew you were innocent from the moment I set eyes on you. I was only putting the real suspect off his guard! You see the one over there eating cheese on corn chips? He's a Chinese communist spy... "

The insidious Dr. Pong was in fact sitting as quiet as a Buddha. The party was winding down. Lise was already tidying up before throwing us out. Moshe already had one of the pillows taken out from hiding, and was lying back with his head on the untouched linen. Patrick and Teresa conferred softly with Q. Jophan, on the other hand, sat alone, absorbed by a pile of expensive first editions he found beneath the chair. "Gosh, wow, boy oh boy! A first **Dying Earth** in mint condition!" he whispered to himself.

Saara took my hand and pulled me over to the drapes. She opened them enough for us to look out at the first signs of dawn spreading over the Washington sprawl.

"We have to go when the sun touches the horizon. There's only a few minutes left."

"I know. Stu and I could only figure out how to make your visits last about six hours. Can't you discover a better way?"

"Maybe," she said, and winked. "But let's work on that sometime when we don't have company. When is the next visit?"

"March, I think, at the next Lunacon. If I don't get there, then Disclave, later this spring."

She stepped up to the window and touched her nose to it, leaving a mark in the condensation, and two marks further down. I looked at the wetness on her nose and nipples and knew March was none too soon. Dummy! I'd talked all night about fandom!

The sky was turning lemon-coloured, streaked with dark grey. The horizon was in dark shadows still. But the apparant skyline was only another bank of cloud lying low over the hills, and the dazzling brim of the sun appeared suddenly between hill-tops and cloud. Saara was gone.

Also vanished were the bumbling detective, the inscrutable Pong, the song and dance man for Void, and fandom's archetype. Gone not into limbo, thank ghu, but into a more colourful and vivid world than the one I was left in with Moshe's timid snoring and a bowl of soggy asparagus sticks.

I took the seat vacated by Jophan. Looking around at the shadowy room might have led a lesser mind to think "who was more real, them or us?" But such appalling banality isn't a fitting close to such a night as that had been. (It could very well be the subject of a future article, though.) While I watched the others subside into sleep, my thoughts struggled over less familiar ground, to conclude that every party in some sense partook of that night's. For a brief time we all live in a

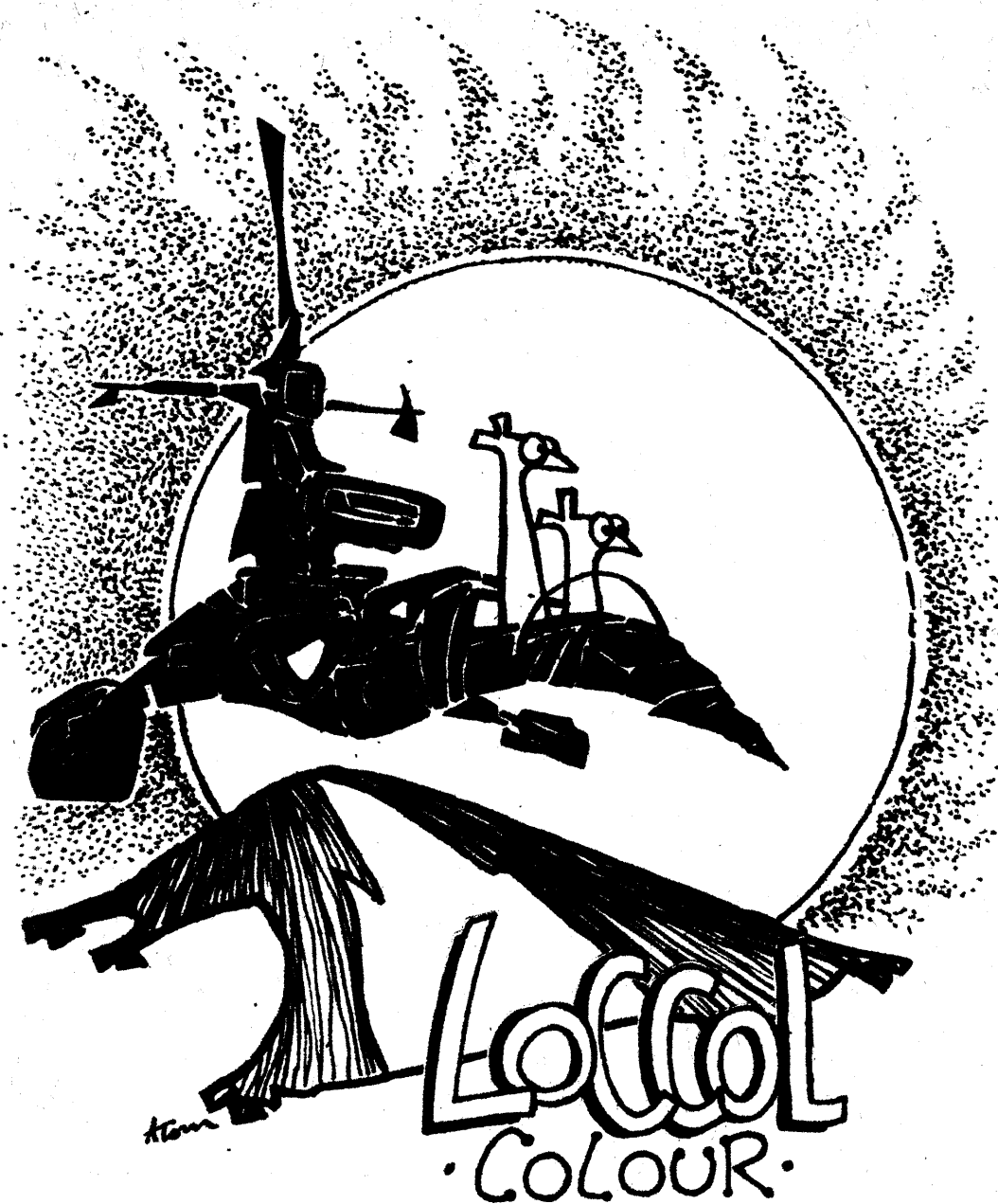
colourful, more vivid world of larger-than-life characters, who are ourselves, and then we diminish in the morning light to resume small lives of jobs and responsibilities.

It wasn't necessarily so, though. The sun had risen above the haze and had thrown a sheet of brightness through the drapes. It lay on the carpet, wrinkled over my feet, and asserted a different conceptual frame of my choosing.



...and just to prove it, this is what I did all last year.

- JAN art "Desert Sortie" (#531)
 "Goth" (532)
 "Goth" (coloured copy)
 "Fanart Figures" (col.)
 "Heart of Dixie" (col.)
 "Kiddy Lit" (col.)
 "Seduction" (col.)
 "Fourplay" (col.)
 "Desert Sortie" (col.)
 "Desert Sortie" (col.)
 words "The Grizzly Bear Lodge" (SQ12)
 "Background Notes on Goth"
 "Traveller's Guide to Goth"
 "Operational History of the DB6"
- FEB art "Grizzly Bear Lodge" (533)
 "Do Ming Lum" (534)
 "Rolls-Royce Strato-Ghost" (535)
 "F-15 Giant Robot" (536)
 words "Tariff on Giant Robots" (CS 5?)
- MAR art "Pale King" (537)
 fnz "New Toy 4, oo & cover" (apa)
 "State of the Art 3" (apa)
 etc Lunacon & Saara's Day party
- APR etc WebBob's party, SOL reception,
 art "Ansible (538)"
 "Gunship" (539)
- MAY art "Tales From the Randioids" (541)
 "Army Daze" (542)
 fnz "New Toy 5, oo & cover" (apa)
 "Torque 5 flyers"
 Taralble Mistakes envelopes
 etc Torque 4, print PB, quiz, &
 conduct "Wolfe at the Door" int-
 erview. Disclave
- art "4 Seasons of Rowrbrazzle" (540)
- JUN art "Funny Animals, etc." (543)
 three colour copies
 fnz State of the Art 4 (apa)
 etc Midwestcon, WebBob's party,
 & dinner with Mike Glyer.
- JUL art "Morning Sortie" (544)
 "Colour by Number" (545)
 "Self-Serve" (546)
 Rowrbrazzle logo (Ø)
 "Morning Sortie" (colour)
 "Morning Sortie" (col.)
 "Morning Sortie" (col.)
 etc Saara's Day
- AUG art "Alternate Worlds" (547)
 "Commandoe" (548)
 "Starting From Scratch" (549)
 "Old Number One Fanzine" (550)
 "Doorways" (551)
 words "Artist's Note to Posterity" (CS)
 "Ghost Written/Victoria Vayne"
- SEP art "Hide 'n' Seek" (552)
 "Doorways" (colour)
 fnz "State of the Art 5" (apa)
 word "Phyllis Gotlieb-Tsaddik"
 etc Saara's Day
- OCT art "Time Travellers" (553)
 "Foxanne" (554)
 "Cat 'n' Mouse" (555)
 "Pale King 2" (556)
 words "The Principle of the Thing"
 etc SOL/Harbourfront reception
 art eight colour copies
- NOV art "It's The Thought..." (557)
 "Apple Mary" (558)
 fnz State of the Art 6 (apa)
 words "Roach Motel"
 etc Conclave & WebBob's party
- DEC art "The Pocket Rocket" (559)
 "Rotsler Lettraset" (560)
 words "Taraltorial Imperitive" (New Toy)
 "The Ghost on my Bed" (New Toy)
 "Pre Tenses" (Carefully Sedated 5)
 "A Bout Faces" (New Toy)
 etc Xmas & Saara's Day Party
- JAN "Mything Persons" & New Toy illos



There were few LoCs as such on my last genzine, DNQ 33, but a number of people wrote to tell me what they thought of it in our regular correspondence. Rather than edit those letters at this late date, though, I thought I'd indulge myself by printing a list of people who reviewed the last DNQ. The reaction in the fan press was much the stronger, and in light of how few specific reviews are written on most issues of fanzines, I was flattered beyond any expectations by no fewer than eleven! In order of their appearance, then:

1. Garth Spencer, "The Maple Leaf Rag", page 8 (your basic one-paragraph review).
2. Brian Earl Brown, "Brownian Motion 7", page 6 (good, but missed some points).
3. Ned Brooks, "The Newport News 92", page 7, (positive but disliked tMoH&H)
4. Jerry Kaufman, "Instant Gratification 2", p.6, (detailed and intelligent).
5. Avedon Carol, "File 770-51", p.19, (positive and flattering -- thanks).
6. Andy Porter, SFC 67, p.32, (a surprising boost to my ego in a pro forum).
7. Pat Mueller, Texas SF Inquirer 10/11, p.7, (just a brief description).
8. Moshe Feder, Potsherds 1, p.22, (Wow! I couldn't ask for a better eulogy!)
9. Mike Glycer, File 770-53, p.20 (brief mention to make up for previous omission).
10. Bernie Klassen, The Maple Leaf Rag 15, p.17, (DNQ as a quest for trufannishness).
11. Paul Skelton, HTT 22, p.12, (too much like reading gravestones for Skel, but I can understand that, and Skel's is an intelligently unfavourable view.)

Gestetner

ink selector



ORANGE



YELLOW



RED



BLUE



NAVY BLUE



CONGRESSIONAL
BLUE



OLIVE GREEN



GREEN



GRAPE



VIOLET



BROWN



SILVER GREY



CHARCOAL GREY



BLACK

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