

Blank Pag

"Casting in the Time Pool" "Aaaagghh!!!" "Chain Letter" "Derelict Derogations, No.8" "Straw and Cold Cuts" "Fans and The Future" "My 2 Cents Worth" "Kumquat May & Croddled Eggs" "In The Glicksohn Vein" "Killer Fudge" "Das Boots & A Dialogue" "But What About Photosynthesis" "MSS From a Tobacco Factory" "I Can Always Dream" "Here And Back Again"

Page

Page

Page

Page

Page 10

Page 12

Page 14

Page 17

Page 20

Page 22

Page 25

Page 29

Page 32

Page 35

Page 39

2

7

Taral, introduction Beak Taylor P. Howrd Lyons Boyd Raeburn et al Boyd Raeburn Peter Gill Susan Wood Rosemary Ullyot Mike Glicksohn Victoria Vayne Bob Wilson Janet Wilson Phil Paine Taral Wayne Bob Webber

CASTING IN THE TIME POOL

Although "Toronto the Ghood" is a perq of membership, and paid for by Ditto, it is also a very personal creation. I have always been fascinated by the co-existent but invisible universe of fanhistory, which seems to exist around us, but beyond touch or communication. Collecting fanzines was the only way I knew to break through the barrier that separates our outer layer of reality from the layers deeper within. For a long time, then, I've wanted to publish a fanthology like this one. Ditto was merely an opportunity; and I an opportunist.

"Toronto the Ghood" isn't your common everyday collection of fan articles. To me it was a round-trip from the earliest days of Toronto fandom to the present, by way of the Twilight Zone. For you see, it never happened this way. Although none of the events or people are imaginary, the sum of the parts is a lie. I've deliberately created a time-stream in which there is an unbroken tradition and camaraderie, and nothing could be farther from the truth. But a true history of Toronto

fanzine fandom is beyond the scope of this, and probably any other, fanzine. My aim is to create an illusion, more compelling and more poignant than reality, and invite the reader to loose himself in it while the spell lasts. The articles have been carefully chosen, not only to provide entertainment, but to resonate in several ways with one another. They earliest beginnings of fanac in this city, to the latest word in desk-top the last piece, which not only the Ghood", but subtly reiterates it, and returns to the beginning.

look backward and forward, into other articles. They are bound together by common interests. They flow, from the publishing. I'm especially pleased by finishes the journey taken by "Toronto This collection celebrates a fandom that is probably under-recognized, but has much to be proud of. Our fair city is the home of the man who was accused of sawing Courtney's boat,



The peaceful confines of Shinbone Reaches here at MacLennan Avenue were abruptly shattered early (10 A.M.) one Friday morning by a discordant jangle from the Ameche.

"Hello." (Yawn)

"Guess who this is." (Yawn)

"This is Les Croutch." (Yawn)

"I'll be over in about an hour." (Yawn)

Click! (Yaw -- migawd, that was Les Croutch.)

And so it was.

Of course, one cannot sum up the matter merely by saying, "And so it was." Les Croutch is not an occurrence, he is a phenomenon. The dictionary defines phenomenon as "something strange and uncommon." This is Croutch, all of him.

For a minute after this momentous announcement, confusion reigned. Then things — that's me — calmed down somewhat. Breakfast, shaving, dressing, etc., were soon done with, and then the thunderous footprints were rocking the house upon its foundations. The obese doorman had arrived.

This was at 11 O'clock. I led Les into my bedroom which also serves as a sort of workshop, study, and isolation ward, and became deeply involved in gab. Les sat on the bed, which rested on the floor, which rested on the cellar, and earthquakes occurred in British Columbia. He sat in a chair first, but it didn't have the necessary endurance.

Suddenly I realized I was being extremely selfish. Here I had the only Les Croutch in existence trapped in my domicile, and I was keeping him all to myself. Egad, sir, how rude. Get the hell to a phone.

Jack Sloan was the first.

"Hello."

"Hello, Jack, guess who's in town."

"Ackerman?!

"No, you darn fool, it's Croutch."

"Aaaagghh!"

(This, incidentally, is Torontonian for, "I'll be

over in an hour.")

Next, one Thomas Hanley received the good word.

Rinnngggg!

"Fnnfnnnff?? --!"

"Hello, Tom, guess who's in town."

"Snorkapppllfnnfnfnffgnnfnfff?? ?"

"Guess who's in town!"

"Whaaa-yawfnnff (trailing off into a low whistle)."

"I said, GUESS WHO'S IN TOWN!!!!!!"

"Migawd, not Les Croutch?"

"You are eminently correct."

"Aaaagghh!!!"

(This, incidentally, is Torontonian for, "I'll be over in an hour.")

Al Betts, unfortunately, had heard a week or so before that Croutch was coming. He somehow seemed to have landed up in Kapuskasing, somewhere near the arctic circle. There is still six feet of snow there, and the temperature is twenty below. Croutch does not like snow or cold. Even Barrington too, seems to have been forewarned. He was in Chicago. Croutch does not like gangsters. (This is not a dirty crack at Chicago Fandom.)

Mason, however, was blissful in his ignorance, as always. He answered the phone.

"Hello. Tell Croutch I'll be right over. Don't let him get away."

"Aaaagh!!!"

(This, incidentally, is Torontonian for "who told Mason?")

Les and I then dashed out for a bite to eat. Les polished off a few double helpings, remarking that he wasn't hungry, and we returned after an hour or so expecting to find the vultures waiting. Then we waited, and at three of the clock, the stage was set. Everyone had arrived.

No notable first words were recorded, with one exception. Jack Sloan's opening remark was, as he blotted up a few blobs of sweat, "I'll drink anything you've got, Beak. How about some ginger-ale?"

Mason and Croutch then carried the conversation, while Hanley and myself made bright remarks, it sez here, and Sloan tried to look as if such sordid details were beneath his notice. After we had thoroughly covered the field of books, pornography, comic books (Mason being the managing editor of one), pornography, CanFan, pornography, Mason and Croutch, Croutch and Mason, pornography, we settled

down to a few rounds of puns and a bit of pornography. Parry Sound's Portly Pornographer itself starred in this endeavour. Mason then briefly outlined his newest character -- a hermaphroditic misogynist.

While ye ed dashed out for a couple of bottles of ginger-ale, Hanley answered the phone. There was then a brief pause for double-take, and soon the assembled fans were astounded to learn that, "Rosie just asked for Beak in a masculine voice." Honest fellas, Rosie is so a "He". He blushes, that's all.

Then Mason attempted to inveigle Croutch into a spot of supper down in Chinatown, Croutch footing the bill, of course. Amazing how quickly Les lot his appetite.

At 6 P.M. we tumbled into Hanley's car and gasped and shuddered our way -- (I am sorry Tom. As a matter of fact the car did a good job. But you know Les.) -- our way up to Ted White's* civilian haunts. Descending on Ted in a body, we soon were entrenched deep in his living room, and the gab got under way again. Ted began to recall some of his experiences overseas, including the time in Italy when he was possessed of \$68,000, Italian funds, and had no way of getting it out of the country.

The party then broke up, and we went our several ways, leaving Croutch and White to battle the rest of the evening out among themselves.

Ye ed was then forced to leave town for the weekend. Now he has returned, but alas, the Croutch is gone; back to Parry Sound to assume his arduous duties as a member of the Parry Sound Board of Trade. Yes, he actually is. He and every other merchant in Parry Sound.

Thus ended the siege of Montserrat.

CAN FAN PERSONALITIES NO.6 -- NED MCKEOWN

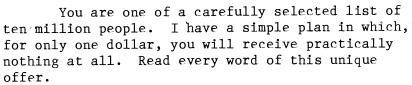
This is one of Canada's newer fans, Toronto's Ned McKeown. Ned, a reader and collector for some six and a half years, first became active in 1945 when he wrote his first letter -- a missive which found its final resting place in the pages of Startling Stories. Fandom didn't hear from him to any great extent until this year, when he finally subscribed to a few fan magazines and whipped off some letters. He has lived in Toronto for many years, yet had not met your unworthy editor until this summer. Explaining the delay, Ned said, "I just couldn't raise the courage to phone and ask for "Beak".

Ned is perhaps the most active and energetic of the local group of fans. Together with Beak Taylor, he attended the Philcon, and became the head of the Torcon Society, no small achievement for a relative newcomer. Although no magazines have yet been the recipients of McKeown-wrought articles, he intends to do some writing, and should be represented in these pages ere long.

A student in First Year commerce and Finance at the University of Toronto, Ned has a fairly wide range of interests, from Stf and Fantasy, to women and basketball. He's a familiar sight on Toronto courts as a referee in the later.

Statistics: Age -- old enough, Weight -- 155 lbs, Height -- 5' 8", Sex -- yes, Nationality -- Irish/American/Canadian, Eyes -- blue.





I want you and some thousands of other generous people like yourself to send me a dollar. Just THINK! If only ten percent of you, the imaginative ten percent, will respond to this opportunity, I will be wealthy. It is actually that simple! Otherwise I am doomed to a lifetime of working for a living, and YOU KNOW what that means. YOU KNOW what it is to get up day after day when there are so many pleasanter things to do.

If you were in a concentration camp, you would help a fellow prisoner to escape if you could. Well, here is your chance to get one of us out of the trap that enslaves us all. Send in your dollar today, and in only a few weeks' time, you can have the vicarious satisfaction of knowing that I have quit work forever and am lying flat on my back, a drink in my hand, on a sunny beach in Florida.

Think what this will mean to you! On some raw, cold, miserable morning in the very near future — when you haven't had enough sleep and you're late for work, you can have the satisfaction of knowing that P. Howard Lyons is still sound asleep in Florida, and you helped to put him there. "He's having fun anyway," you can say to yourself. "One of us escaped." Believe me, you'll feel better at the thought; it will be worth a dollar many times over.

In addition to the deep satisfaction your dollar will bring you, I will also send you a small charter-member lapel emblem and a cheap, badly-printed certificate saying that you have been conned by Howard Lyons. It will state, giving full details, that you sent me a dollar for which you received nothing at all! Then when a lesser con artist approaches you, someone who actually offers to give you something for your money, you have but to flash your emblem and say coldly, "I have been conned by Lyons," which should end the matter right there.

Think how often you waste a dollar on nothing at all. On a lousy movie for example. Ask yourself; is there any better, more deeply-satisfying way to waste a dollar than this? Remember this will probably be your only chance to make a millionaire. Yes, I'll actually be YOUR millionaire! So don't delay. Now, before you forget, drop only one dollar into the enclosed envelope — it needs no postage — and mail it today, because remember, I'm counting on you.

Yours expectantly,



THE USUAL MEETING OF THE DERELICT INSURGENTS AND TOMMY STEELE RECORD BOILING SOCIETY

Buck Coulson: At least you people aren't fans of

Little Richard.

Howard Lyons: And what is your objection to

Little Richard?

Coulson: Why, he's worse than jazz.

Boyd Raeburn: Ignoring the arid reaches of fugg-

headedness implicit in that remark, where lies the impeccable Coulson

taste?

Ted White: Man, he digs folk songs.

Ron Kidder: You know, the uncouth vocal utterances

of the people.

Lyons: You judge them like a Camembert cheese.

The older and rottener they are...

White: At least he isn't a Lawrence Welk fan.

G.M. Carr: Welk is not afraid to give the people

what they want to hear, not what socalled music experts try to tell

people they want.

Lyons: Ha! If the people AND G.M. Carr want

something, that's fine, but if it's something she doesn't approve, she

yells for censorship.

G.M. Carr: No music form can be truly called

successful unless it caters to what

the people want.

Raeburn: Poor Bach, Stravinsky, ellington,

Bartok, MJQ... all failures.

G.M. Carr: True, Welk is 105% corn, but experience

amply proves that people LIKE corn... not only like it, but they're willing to pay for it... and in showbusiness,

that's what counts.

Lyons: Right. Out with all musical values.

Money-making is all that counts.

Al Kirs: G.M. Carr I know, but who is this

Coulson in our midst?

Lyons: He's one of the Indiana fans. Puts

out a fanzine named Yandro.

Coulson: I don't know Raeburn that well, and I'm happy that way.

Kirs: If you ever go to a con in Indiana, Boyd, don't expect to be

lionized.

Kidder: He'd more likely by lyonnaised. They seem to consider him pretty

small potatoes.

Raeburn: I'm crushed, or should I say mashed?

Kirs: The important thing is, is Coulson a fan?

Raeburn: Well, he puts out a fanzine and reads fanzines and makes comments

and all that...

Don Ford: Aw, you're just these British fanzine publishers to whom the

collectors, convention-goers, local club members etc. are not

really "true" fans.

Lyons: You overlook the fact that in Britain most of the convention-goers

and club members ARE true fans.

Kent Moomaw: Yeah, they don't have the mass of fringe-fans we have here.

Walt Willis: Admittedly there are some very worthy people who can rightly

claim to be fans in the usual sense of the word, by virtue of participation in the affairs of a local group or by private correspondence, but as far as fandom is concerned they might as well not exist, except for three days a year when they may appear at conventions. The fact that they have no interest in fanzines means they have neither interest in nor knowledge of fandom

outside their own local group.

McCain: Don Ford probably wouldn't recognize a fanzine if it walked up and

bit him on the leg.

Elinor Busby: Fringe-fans don't now they're fringe-fans. They think they're just

as fannish as anybody. Only actifans can tell the difference.

Willis: Apparently in America there is this ghost fandom which walks only

at conventions. People like Kyle, Moskowitz, Madle, Evans and so on, who are never heard from for 362 days in the year and who if they take part in national fandom in that period must do so under assumed names... come convention time they spring to life and are seen right in the thick of it, speech-making and organizing and intriguing and politicking just as if they were the very core of fandom, carrying on just as they did in The Immortal Storm and

ignorant of everything that has happened since.

White: But Madle is a true fan. Eney says so.

Madle: In America eney is a comparatively unknown fan.

Eney: I am as a planet rending its garments and crying, "Ah, sharper

than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful satellite."

Larry Stark: All this is fascinating, for I attempt to look at fandom as an

area of human experience out of which logical and sincere and

important story material can be constructed.

Raeburn: Stories which you then present as fact, huh?

Stark: Does it matter? Does anything matter but silver slanting rain on

the cruel lilacs and compassion in the heart's deep core?

Kidder: Don't let Stark puzzle you. That's the way they talk in that

group in Cambridge.

Allan Dodd: It's beyond credence.

Andy Young: No, near Boston.

Wm. Deeck: Compassion? In fandom? I find in fandom an inherent viciousness.

I've been told that I'm wrong, but that's my view.

Stark: You should lend your eye a moderate aspect. Let it beam through

the aquarium of your head like a dead codfish.

Hitchchock: Ugh. Stark, why are you always so morbid?

Start: Ah, the emotionalism of youth. I trust you grasp the dangers of

adolescence?

Hitchcock: Oh yes, with both hands.

Trina: That's the awful effect of Freud on the middle classes. They

think they've a moral duty to say whatever dirty thing comes into

their minds.

Holleman: You oldies are always putting down us teenage fans. I believe

you're actually frightened at the thought that teenagers are constantly coming into fandom and publishing zines of their own and doing what they like, but someday you'll hear that my zine Quirk was named the outstanding zine of the year. Yes, someday

I expect to be up among the great ones.

Lyons: Well, we all have to go sometime.

Holleman: One thing my zine won't have is stuff by Jean Young, because

things like her "Mostly Mesozoic" stink and degrade a fanzine mucho.

Kidder: Hey, where IS Jean?

Raeburn: Gerald Steward's taken her out in his car. He wanted to prove he

doesn't always end up in the ditch.

Andy: My wife has been taken from me. Quick, bring me my bicycle.

Kidder: Very well, if you insist, but it makes a very poor substitute.

9



I called Mike Glicksohn last night to gasp in awe at him at the stunning apparance of Energumen 14 which had just arrived. I was commenting on the appearance, because as it had only just arrived and I had had time to read only a little of the contents. I did note, though, that Rosemary Ullyot's column was a change from her usual themes.

"Hey," I added, "I'm going on vacation in a couple of days, and unless I produce four pages for FAPA, I'm out, and I don't think I'm going to be able to write four pages for FAPA in the next couple of days. And after all, if I can't dash off four pages for FAPA, should I really stay in the group."
"Ohgeewhiz," said Mike, "all you people are dropping out, and You People are why we got on the FAPA waiting list in the first place. By the time we get in you'll all be gone. Aw shucks. Why don't you write some more travel stuff?"

But first: Some of you who read fanzines will be familiar with the Will Straw thing. For those of you who don't read the relevant fanzines, Will Straw a while ago started writing letters to fanzines, and showed a deep knowledge of fandom. His address was in Fort Erie, Ontario, which is across the river from Buffalo, N.Y. A number of fans couldn't believe that somebody would pop out of nowhere in a small town and show a deep knowledge of fannish things past. He Must Be A Hoax, they cried, some even going so far as to claim it to be Harry Warner in a clever plastic disguise, as though Harry didn't do enough letterhacking under his own name.

Those of you who read Energumen will have read the story of the visit the Glicksohns and I made to Fort Erie in the course of a country drive to Find Will Straw. (He was Out.) And then Will Straw went to Ottawa to take a journalism course at Carlton University, and when next I visted the Clarkes we unearthed Will Straw Himself, a mere strippling of a fan, and revived the Queebshot for the occasion. Will Straw, this strippling fan, sat in the Clarkes' living room tossing off fannish references as though he had been hyper-active in the Microcosm for years.

"How do you know all this stuff, Will Straw?" we asked. He had bought a great pile of old fanzines from somebody and read them. And then he sat down at the typewriter to participate in the Queebshot. he queebshotted away as though he had been doing that for years. We could just see it: Will Straw is too a hoax, and the Clarkes and Raeburn are just carrying it on. "Are you planning to go to Torcon II?" we asked him. "Yes, definitely, unless by the time it comes I'm too cheesed off by people refusing to



believe I'm real." Even if he turned up at the Torcon, some people probably would assume that he was somebody else pretending to be Will Straw.

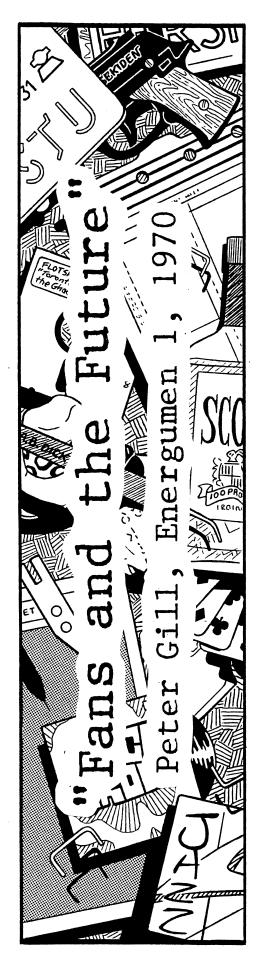
I empathize with Will, because before I had met many people in fandom, Gerald Steward wrote an article claiming that I was a hoax, and all the material which had appeared under my name had been written by himself, Ron Kidder and Howard Lyons. Some people refused to believe it, but Karen Anderson threw me off the SAPS Waiting List on the basis of the article. Couldn't have hoaxes cluttering up the SAPS Waiting List.

On a subsequent visit to the Clarkes, we again contacted Will Straw. We found that he had just got out of hospital and was on crutches, the result of having a leg broken by a motorist going through a red light and knocking him off his bicycle, and was going slightly stir crazy. So we picked him up and took him on our Traditional Saturday Afternoon Round, which consists of Nate's, the Byward Market, and the Savoy Hotel taproom.

Nate's is a Famous Ottawa Delicatessen, (I guess non-Kosher, for Meat and Dairy climb all over each other), where we drink draft beer and eat klunky Jewish food. Well, we've pretty well excluded the Klunk, for we've tried the kishas and kashkes and veronicas (or whatever) and and all those weird things, and we've pretty much settled on chicken soup with matzoh balls and/or kreplach all round, and a smoked meat sandwich for me, weird cabbage rolls (made with what looks and tastes like sweet corned beef) with sour cream for Gina, and oninon rings (great onion rings) and various other stuff for Norm, who hungers mightily, orders all this stuff, then can't eat it, so we help him finish it. And dill pickles. After all these years I have finally learned to appreciate the dill pickle, and Nate's dill pickles are really great.

My introduction to Jewish chicken soup was in Montreal. I was out with Les and Trudy Nirenberg: we went to a nearby restaurant where they could get Weight Watchers diet meals, and it happened to be a Jewish restaurant. Aha, I would try Real Jewish chicken soup, which I had never tasted. I had heard much of this wondrous elixir. It came, watery and bland. "Huh, I thought it would have matzoh balls in it," I complained. "Bring this man a matzoh ball," Les commanded the waitress. She dropped in my soup a white Thing the size of a tennis ball. It had about the same flavour and consistency. Pfah on matzoh balls. But a few years later Norm Clarke whipped up some matzoh balls, and they were all light and fluffy and delicious. Yeah, but they were Goyische matzoh balls. Sure enough, the first time I had matzoh balls in my soup at Nate's, they were clunky, but the kreplach was a delight. Next time the matzoh balls were light and tasty, and the kreplach was clunky. Nate's is marvellously inconsistent.

We used to play a game at Nate's. I say "used to" because it came to an end on our last visit. Nate's has pastrami all over the menu, including pastrami sandwich. So every time I would order a pastrami sandwich, and after a while the waitress would come back, and say there was no pastrami, so I'd say "O.K. I'll have a smoked meat sandwich." On our last visit there, Norm said to me, "You're not going to pull that again, are you?" "Sure," I said, "as long as they have a pastrami sandwich on the menu, I'll keep on ordering it." So we all placed our orders, and I ordered a pastrami sandwich, and Jenny who had come along with us ordered a smoked meat sandwhich, and we waited, and the waitress didn't come back to tell me there was no pastrami, and after a while she brought all the food ordered except the two sandwiches, and we waited some more, and she brought the two sandwiches, and mine was different from Jenny's, so it must have bee pastrami. And I didn't like it nearly as much as the smoked meat. So the game is over.



It has always seemed odd to me that science fiction, that most forward-looking of the genres, has never, to my knowledge, turned inwards and tried to predict what will happen to its own specialized field of fandom, or more particularly to the fan and the convention. As it is impossible to delve into both peculiarities in one article, I will concentrate on the fan and leave the convention until another day — or another writer.

At first glance it seems almost impossible to predict the future of something as undefined and often undistinguishable as a science fiction fan, but when broken down properly the task proves easier. After all, there are certain traits essential to any fan, as opposed to an SF reader. These include a love of SF in at least one of its fields, a desire to communicate on one or more levels with other fans and/or writers, and an enjoyment of reading often bordering on a compulsion. Other traits such as those which produce the hero-worship fan or the social fan are not significant factors, and will be ignored in this article, although continued growth of convention sizes in the next decade could make a liar out of me.

One of the most important trends in modern fandom, and one of the easiest to observe, is that of the travelling fan. Once almost completely the province of the rich, travel is now readily available to all groups, and rich or poor, student or housewife, think nothing of packing up and heading across country, indeed across the continent, to catch conventions they would never have dreamed of attending as late as 1960. Airlines, with their student rates, excursion fares and charter flights, are prime movers, but hitch-hiking, buses and car caravans figure largely in the plans of students and poorer fans. For these reasons and others it is starting to be increasingly popular for fans to visit and even stay with other fans while on vacation. Even with fans they have never met, or at best have seen only briefly at a previous convention.

Mushrooming fanzines and their correspondance-stirring letter columns are also aiding in this regard, as more and more widely separated fans get to know each other through their writings.

The travelling fan, holidaying and friend-making rather than convention bound, will provbably be a phenomenon of the 70's as the giant cons have been of the 60's.

Conventions will continue but with declining

attendance, a fact which will be temporarily balanced by the increasing number of out-of-country fans who will be attending cons. Fans will be in the forefront of the travelling boom, and we can expect them to head off across the oceans to European and Asian conventions in increasing numbers, followed a few years later by the vacationing-with-foreign-fans version of the present trend.

By the late 1970's and early 80's it will be normal and even common for a Canadian fan to visit an Australian, German and a British fan before coming home just in time to open his house or apartment to a couple of travellers from Los Angeles or Tokyo. Conventions by this time will no longer be THE meeting ground of fans, although possibly blocs of them may travel to various countries creating French/American or German/Australian cons, and hence slowing down the inevitable end. However, by the late 80's conventions will have changed so greatly they will in effect be dead, along with the Hugo awards, which will have been phased out only a few years earlier.

Fanzines on the other hand will flourish for at least another twenty years, with more and more specialized groups publishing on a world-wide circulation basis. The present disparity between semi-professional and rank amateur publications will continue, although to a smaller degree, and the whole field will be moving quickly upwards. Offset printing will be the rule, and four colours slicks the exception. Within ten years you will be able to pick up, or at least order, a copy of "Trumpet" or its successors in most major book dispensers in North America, and only to a slightly lesser degree in Europe, Asia, or Australia as well. Pro magazines as they now exist will be gone, or almost gone, by this time, and outside of paperback-books fanzines will be the only major market for the SF writer. Slicks and general anthologies will continue printing the occasional piece of science fiction, but as the short story field dies this will also come to a halt.

Because of all the "special interest" fanzines and their specialized readers, fandom as a comprehensive force will die, reaching an organizational peak around 1975, and dissipating completely in the following decade. Science fiction fans, and with this label I am including all the forthcoming splinter groups, will have ended any sort of official groups, clubs, societies or regional organizations, and these will have been replaced by ultra-casual get-togethers with visiting fans and writers, and the occasional special purpose meeting.

Fans then, in the following decades, will become a more talented group than at present, taking over most if not all of science fictional publishing, and a large percentage of the writing as well. Although our numbers will be far smaller than present trends indicate, our influence on the field will be immense because of a much larger active participation factor. We will have become completely disorganized on any small scale but world-wide in our attitudes, feelings, and friends.



"Darling," I said as we stood with our hands clasped on the cake knife, waiting for the photographer to focus, "now that we're married, I get to be co-editor, right?"

"Wrong," said my beloved.

"But dearest, we just promised to share our wordly goods."

"Sure. You get the dishes, the pots, the electric frying pan, and the box of soap and scouring pads your mother gave you. I get Energumen."

With great self-control I refrained from pouring Ontario champagne over my True Love's first-ever suit and pretty lace shirt. Muttering "male chauvanist pig", I smiled at the camera lens and flounced off to pass the cake. (You can flounce marvellously in ten yards of skirt.) I resolved to deal with this little marital crisis Real Soon.

Five days later we arrived at Rosmary's unheated garret to deliver five tons of books and a fryingpan. (My oblighing brother Bob had trundled our stuff and her stuff down to Toronto in a bloody big U-Haul van, the kind you change gears in by jumping off the seat and onto the clutch pedal. We moved on a Sunday, in the rain. It is illegal, in Ontario, to move on a Sunday. It is nervewracking, in a fannish household, to move in the rain. All those cartons of soggy books...)

"Aha," I thought, as Rosemary swore because we'd left all her clothes behind, "an ally in the fight for liberation!"

"Rosemary, Michael won't let me be co-editor."

"That's nice. Now, Michael, if we can get George to do an illo for page four of my column..."

"Rosemary," I began again, louder, "Michael promised to share things with me. I want some egoboo too!"

"But sweetie, we are sharing things. I told you -- you scrub the pots, I create Energumen. From each according to his ability..."

"That's a repressive, unliberated attitude, Michael, darling. It's mean and cruel, too, " I protested.

"It's a logical attitude," he replied calmly. "I know all the artists. I get all the letters. I get

all the zines."

"Yeah, piles of crudzines all over my bedroom!"

"Our bedroom. Anyway, when was the last time you wrote a loc?"

"But you won't let me read the zines in case I get eyetracks on the art."

"Oh boy! A fight! Look everyone, Susan and Michael are having a fight," chortled Rosemary. "What a great column this'll make!"

"Shaddup, Rosemary."

"This, Rosemary, is not a fight. It is a logical defense of my position to my misguided little spouse. I am Top-Secret Underground Master of Canadian Fandom. I am the editor of Energumen. Susan, as my wife, may bask in my reflected glory, but she may not presume to handle my responsibilities."

I snorted.

"Well, you can't. You didn't even get your article for #3 done!"

"I was typing my thesis. Besides, I told you that you could print all 187 pages of 'Myths of the Land in English Canadian Prose' if you wanted to."

"Yech."

"Shaddup, Rosemary."

"Sure," responded my Noble Lord sarcastically. "And I have to make the coffee in the morning because you never get up 'til noon. The way you burrow under the covers, anyone would think I've married a mole!"

"I'm not a mole; I'm a WASP."

"You're both off the topic."

"Go away, Rosemary."

"It's my house, Susan."

"And it's my fanzine," yelled Michael. "Energumen is my child. It doesn't need a mother."

"But, Micheal, reproduction..." said Rosemary who works in a lab and peeks at the medical books.

"I know all about reproduction," I added brightly. "Put the ink in the Gestetner, push the buttons and turn the crank. I can do it!"

"NO!!"

"Please?"

"She's wailing again," observed Rosemary.



"I am not. And if you really want to know, I want to be co-editor so I can edit your column. All of fandom thinks I do nothing but wail all the time."

"Well, sweetheart, sometimes you whine, too."

* * *

I have always dimly suspected that mathematics involves a creative process.

As a grade-school child, I whizzed through arithmetic, mostly so I could get on to the interesting stuff, like "reading". I figured that "rithmatic" was probably useful for looking after my bankbook, just as grammar was useful in writing -- but dull, dull.

Then I hit high-school math. Or it hit me. Arithmatic, you learn. $2 \times 2 = 4$, 2 + 2 = 4. Memorize it. Use it. Math, I discovered, you have to understand. Oh, I learned how to do math, eventually, sort of. I sat at home Saturdays, memorizing theorems and sample problems along with Latin conjugations and the uses of the ablative absolute. And finally the day came, after about four years of memorizing, when I knew I understood Latin, not just the meanings of the words, but their sense, and could appreciate the formal beauty of Cicero's perfectly balanced sentences. Math, they told me, was like that too: but I never understood it. It appeared to be intuitive, almost, and certainly enjoyable, this understanding of mathematics; it seemed to be closely akin to my almost-intuitive understanding of poems or novels, and the delight I could take in exploring their symbols or images or themes.

It seemed creative.

I passed math, passed it quite well on memory and work and a kind of faith — teacher says if I do this problem this way, I will get the right answer. With relief, I left math behind to explore the creative processes I could understand. Then I ended up, almost inevitably, marrying a mathematics teacher—to—be, the son of the chief computer programmer for Toronto. Math people!

"Of course you can understand math. You just had bad teachers," said Michael Glicksohn.

"You've just convinced yourself you can't do math," said Father Glicksohn.

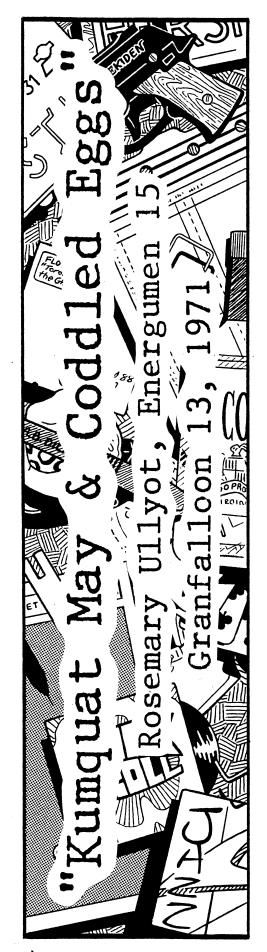
"No, I had good teachers. They had to be good, to teach me the little they did. All I'm saying is, I cannot understand the creative basis of mathematics. I can barely tell a piccolo from a piano, either; and you could train me for years to talk about music and chatter learnedly about the first movement of Mahler's second symphony, but I still wouldn't have the slightest understanding of what was really happening when you played the record. Michael could tutor me for years... "

"No. NO!! Not for all the beer in Balantine's brewhouse!!!"

" ...and I'd never have a mathematical mind, any more than I have a musical ear."

"She's right, Dad. I came rushing home with a really elegant proof of the irrationality of the base ten logs of the integers from 1 to 9, and she didn't even care!"

"New proof? Let's see it, Mike." And they forgot about me.



Canadian Fandom is well known for its idiosyncrasies. You all know about Susan's Gaughan, the Richard Labonte syndrome and Rosemary's mouth. Now, kiddies, you are going to hear the sad bitter-sweet tale of Glicksohn's jeans.

On November 8, 1969, Susan and Michael bought Michael a pair of denim blue jeans as his old ones had worn out. They were spending the weekend with Alicia (Austin) in our new apartment as I was going to New York to see "Hair" with the Langsams. Susan was going to use my sewing machine to turn the hem on the jeans as they were too long for Michael's stubby little legs. Of course, the first (and to my knowledge, only) time they were washed, they shrunk and now hit him about mid-shin. If there's ever a flood, Michael will be ready for it.

I was over at Susan's just the other day. "What are you sewing?" I asked, eyeing the grubby blue material.

"Michael's goddam jeans," she snarled. "He keeps wearing them out in the crotch."

"Oh really?"

"Never mind, Rosemary!"

"Uh... Susan, isn't that a coloured, flowered patch?"

"Uh-huh."

"Don't you think that that patch in that particular place will look a little odd, particularly when there's a chequered patch there already? I mean, after all, Susan, you're not impoverished. You can afford six dollars for a new pair of jeans."

"Oh Rosemary, stop!" Susan wailed. She put the jeans down to thread her needle. I very carefully picked them up.

"When were these things last washed?"

"I don't remember. It's all I can do to get them off him to mend them so his manhood doesn't hang out."

"I really don't think he has to worry, dear."

"ROSEMARY!! Rosemary, where are you going with Michael's jeans?"

"I'm going to do what you should have done ages

ago, I'm going to throw them out." I walked towards the door, the jeans extended before me.

SNATCH!! GRAB!! "Just what the hell do you think you're doing with my jeans?" yelled Michael, rushing in from school while pulling off his suitpants. (He hates to be separated from his jeans for longer than is absolutely necessary.)

"I'm going to throw them out," I said, snatching them back.

"If you throw out those jeans," Michael said, throwing his body across the doorway, "you will not be welcome again in this house!"

"Is that a promise?" I asked, swinging the jeans.

"You'll never appear in Energumen again, I'll take all those compliments out of the lettercol and make up insults instead, I'll not vote for you in the Egoboo Poll, I'll take out an ad in Locus telling everyone you don't write the column, Susan does, I'll... "By this time, he was getting red in the face and his beard was bristling.

"Michael," I said, "put your pants on. Your red face clashes with your chartreuse jockey shorts. Susan, can I have a cup of tea?"

April was a wet, nasty month in Toronto. Winter and spring were combining forces to give some of the most miserable weather in the history of Muddy York. I had just moved into a hateful new apartment and my bed had not arrived. Never believe the promises of department store salesmen.

I had been sleeping on the floor for ten days. As a consequence, my whole body ached, my love life suffered, and I was having trouble sleeping. After the third sleepless night, someone suggested I try a mixture of port and brandy as a sleeping draught. "What a terrible thing to do to good brandy," I thought. "On the contrary," the gentleman, a doctor, assured me. "You buy mediocre brandy and Canadian Rot Gut port, mix 'em, heat if you like, and drink. I guarantee you will be carried off in the arms of Lethe."

"Lethe was a river and I want to sleep, not forget," I grumbled. Because I have a horror of sleeping pills and because my work was suffering from lack of sleep, I decided to try my frustrated poet's home remedy. I went out and bought some good brandy and Spanish port. "Just because I can't sleep doesn't mean I have to ruin the palate my father tried so hard to cultivate," I thought.

Brandy is a marvelous drink. Fine at the end of a sumptuous dinner at an expensive restaurant, but better when you're at home with your loved one sitting in front of the oven, pretending it's a fireplace. Port, on the other hand, is a beautiful, ruby red spirit so sweet it is guaranteed to make strong men vomit and women sleep. I mixed the ingredients in a large snifter, put them on to heat and dug up an old copy of THE TENANT OF WINDFELL HALL from a crate. I drank the mixture, finding it quite palatable (the brandy cuts the sweetness of the port, or something) and fell asleep just as Mrs. Graham was telling Gilbert Markham of the horrors of strong drink.

I was rudely awakened by the jangling of the telephone. I fumbled for my glasses, stumbled to the phone, and croaked a hello.

[&]quot;Oh Rosemary, Rosemary, guess what!!"

"God damn it Susan," I roared, "it's two o'clock in the bloody morning!"

"Oh who cares," she chortled flippantly. "Rosemary, Richard just called, we're on the Hugo ballot!"

"Good for you," I mumbled.

"Aren't you glad?" she asked.

"Ecstatic," I snarled.

"You don't sound very happy," she pouted.

"I'm happy, I'm happy. Look, can we gloat about this at dinner on Sunday? I want to go back to bed. And I'll probably have to drink that whole bloody bottle of port and read all of Anne Bronte's rotten book before I can get back to sleep. AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!" I concluded loudly.

"Go to bed, Rosemary," Susan soothed. "Oh, and by the way..."

"Yes...?"

"You didn't make the ballot."

I said several unprintable thins to the dial tone.

The next day was Saturday, and miracle of miracles, the bed came. I spent most of the day in it. Sunday, Susan and Michael came for dinner.

"Aren't you honoured and proud to have the Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom and editor of a Hugo nominated fanzine gracing your humble abode?" Michael queried.

"No." I answered, putting more glaze on the ham.

After dinner, while Michael was watching the hockey game and Susan and I were washing the dishes, I asked her what she and Michael were going to wear to accept their Hugo, should they win.

"I don't know. Tweetie, what'll we wear to accept our Hugo?"

"What do you mean our Hugo, Woman," Michael answered, turning from the television set. "Remember, it's my fanzine."

"But I'm co-editor," Susan wailed. "It says so in the masthead, so it must be true."

"Yes, but it's my fanzine," Michael reiterated.

"You publish it with her Canada Council grant," I pointed out.

"Yeah," Susan crowed, "what do you say to that?"

"Go back to the kitchen and finish the dishes and let me watch the hockey game in peace," he answered.

"Male chauvinist pig!" I snarled, throwing the dish cloth at him. Just to get even, Susan and I didn't give him any of the brownies we made.



Just a little while ago, I wrote a fanzine article. So what, do I hear you say? Happens all the time? Well, not around here it doesn't. Around here it is a pretty rare event. And I'm sorry NOW that I wrote that article THEN.

Because that article started out with a remark about how everybody and his baby sister was into publishing monthly personalzines, and today in the mail I received the first issue of Linda Bushyager's first personalzine, and sure enough it's monthly and features her baby sister. And on the first page of the very first issue of Linda's very first personalzine, Linda asks for humour articles in the Mike Glicksohn vein.

Hell, I can write in the Mike Glicksohn vein. Why, I probably write as well in the Mike Glicksohn vein as anyone in fandom. Except maybe Loren MacGregor, and he writes the way Mike Glicksohn would write if he knew how to write. But I've gone and foolishly wasted my annual quota of Things To Write About.

As it happens, my annual quota of ideas for fannish columns turned out to be based on the fact that as many uninteresting things happened to me as to any other fanwriter around, and I saw no reason to let lack of talent stand in the way of turning them into instant fame and fortune. But once it's been done, it's been done.

So I wrote an article about baking bread. It was rye bread, and it was a scotch article, but someone accepted it. And now, mere days later, Linda Bushyager, BNF, Hugo-nominee, voted Miss Long-Distance Sweetheart by west coast fandom, wants an article in the Mike Glicksohn vein... and I'm bled dry.

So I'll tell you about the time I tried to make biscuits. To fully understand this vignette (that's what we call something too short to waste a whole column on) you have to know me. (You don't have to love me, just know me, but for those interested, contact the editrix of this fanzine for details... of my address, that is.) You have to know that I do indeed consume large amounts of Scotland's finest product. And the fool who's thinking about oatmeal can reread his Johnson! Some evenings, as a result, my mind is pleasantly indulging itself in joyous flights of fancy. (Not to be in any way confused with "falling down drunk," a state reserved for neofans in their first free bidding parties, and for established SF pros.) (This article, for example, is one such flight of fancy: while it may not be

amusing, clever, or diverting, neither is it incoherent, squabblish or flandling in the perangulor... ocops, sorry... that happens occasionally...)

So one day last week (as I type this, not as its eventual publisher stencils it or as you read it, to invoke Einstein's Simultaneity Paradox for a specious air of scholarship) I realized quite late at night that I was a) suffering from a particularly violent attack of the screaming munchies and b) living in a flat almost entirely devoid of edible goodies. Surfeited with a newfound confidence in my culinary callisthenics (remember the bred?) I decided to create something to alleviate the situation.

A quick check of the kitchen cupboards revealed the perfect solution. A package of Bisquik left over from the days when Susan and I lived on Maynard Street, complete with a recipe for biscuits in a mere eight minutes. Voila! I hadn't used the stuff in five months, but at the time, nothing was beyond my cooking capabilities!

With gay abandon, I measured the required amount of white powdery stuff, added the small amount of cold water, and began to stir as directed: while my mind wandered ahead, to the day that this very scene would be the source of a major fanzine triumph. Still, while my mind may wander, some part of my brain remains a hard core realist. And, like the dwarf in "Something Wicked This Way comes", (a marginal SF reference for you purists in the readership) it starts to evaluate things, albeit with a decided time lag. That evening it went into action, although having the decency not to interrupt my merrily meandering digits. "Hmmmmmm," said my brain to itself, "I wonder what those little black spots in the dough are?" Stir, stir, stir, went the fingers (clang, clan, clang went the bell... ooops! Sorry again...) "Double hummmm," said that ever-alert gray cell. "And I wonder why those little black spots are moving about like that?" And after a decent pause for contemplation, the brain ordered the eyes to look into the batter. And the eyes did so, and found BUGS! Horrid, nasty, wriggling black science fictional bugs! In MY biscuits! Without as much as a ticket or an invitation among them. (Although they did have the sense to come in black tails.) I ask you, is this fair? Is this cricket? (No, it's BUGS, dummy!)

And therewith ended my romance with the biscuits. I don't need protein quite that badly. Besides, I'd lost my appetite. But I found a topic for a fanzine article. It's an ill bug that blows no one good, I suppose. Why did I bother to write this? Well, I needed a topic for an article, however short, so I went right to the top: I asked a professional. I asked Joe Haldeman, over the telephone, of course. I figured, he's a writer -- he'll tell me what to write about; he'll know what the public likes to read. And he told me. Plainly. In a brown wrapper.

"When you've got nothing worthwhile to write about," he said (well... I think he said that; it was a very poor connection), "write about SEX. That'll always grab 'em. Be daring! Break fanzine taboos! Write an article about insects..."

And this is the only thing I could think of.



We stopped the car, Taral Wayne and Bob Wilson and I, at a rest-stop on a desolate stretch of road between Toronto and Kingston. With over a hundred miles still to go before we reached the beach, we sought replenishment for the drive ahead. And there was pop and candy and chocolate abounding to hearts' content. And in the Olde Gifte Shoppe there were plastic tubs of fudge for sale, labelled in a quaint Gothic face, "Tub O' Fudge."

Now I like fudge. I make valiant efforts to manufacture it myself, generally failing. Sometimes I splurge and buy a can't-fail commercial convenience-food version. On occasion I have bought it at fairs and not been disappointed. But here was heaven: a sizable container chock full of large chunks of nectar of the ghods, in a choice of vanilla or chocolate.

I suggested to Taral and Bob that we acquire this delicacy. We could split the cost three ways and snack happily all the way to the beach. The bargain was thus duly negotiated, sealed and delivered, and we were off with our "Tub O' Vanilla Fudge".

"This confection," Bob read from the label, "is made to homemade standards from a traditional recipe of early Ontario. Only the finest ingredients are used, and our quality is checked and assured at all stages of the making; we do not pee in our vats."

"Does it really say that?" I asked, aghast. For we had been talking bout foot processing and pissed-off employees who vented their frustrations in exactly that way not too long before.

The container-top was pried open with difficulty and all three of us took a sample. I made sure I got a big piece and, panting with lustful anticipation of sensory delight, bit into it with gusto.

"Hmmm, chewy fudge," I stated uncertainly, my passion somewhat cooled.

"Ghod, this is foul," Bob said.

Taral said nothing, but to him anything other than pizza or Mexican food would be less than utter perfection.

We had a second piece, but the old eating eagerness of Toronto foodfandom was gone.

"This crap is eighty percent Carnauba wax," Bob announced. "Here, Taral, have another piece of Carnauba wax."

Taral chewed bravely on, and said that he'd already had his third, but that putrid or not he didn't like to leave uneaten something he'd paid for.

I started to feel mildly unwell, and the fudge smelled rather strongly, and we soon closed the container, and opened the windows. We drove on some miles further.

But hunger soon struck again, and Bob re-opened the tub. And re-closed it pretty damn fast.

"Give me that," Taral said, reaching for the fudge. "If I hold my nose maybe I won't taste it."

The aroma quickly pervaded the entire car. So the tub was opened no more during the remainder of the trip.

At the beach we commandeered a hibachi, and in the process of getting the charcoal lit, found that the fudge did not burn.

"Can't even use it for fuel," Bob said.

Later that night, all during the return to Toronto, the fudge lay forgotten. Forgotten until I delivered Bob home. I suggested he take it for the cats, Taral having already turned it down. That he did, reluctantly.

"It'll spoil in the car," I said, as I certainly wasn't going to take it myself. "Then we'll never be able to drive it again."

As my car is virtually the only fannish transportation in Toronto, I won my case. After all, we all still remembered the Citronella Oil that had been spilled in my old bug, Siegfried. It had clung till the day I traded it.

A week later I had forgotten the fudge completely. Bob came over one evening with a few other friends, and presented me with an art eraser.

"Hmmm, where did that come from?" I asked, remembering that Barry Kent MacKay had left one at my place some time earlier.

But it was not an art eraser, it was a piece of killer fudge. It did have an uncanny resemblance in appearance and texture, alas not in odor, to an eraser though. It was suggested that perhaps it could be given to some artist as a hoax.

Bob sat on the couch and started modelling, and soon the fudge, made pliable by the melting of the wax by his body heat, took on the shape of a penis. A dramatic demonstration of loss of interest in the male sex proceeded.

There followed, then, various attempts to make the material more tasty by the addition of cigarette ashes, ground-in dirt from the rug, and mimeo ink. It was at one point shaped into a ring and hung from Patrick Hayden's nose. Attempts were made to see if it would pick up print from a newspaper, so it could be pulled and distorted like silly putty. Eventually it got shaped into a cube once more, and wrapped in an old caramel paper.

Taral was expected any moment. It was suggested that the experimental product be handed to him, to see what he would do. Someone said, "He'll probably eat it."

However, remembering what had been added and what it had been through, we decided that it might be better to stop him at the point of ingestion, lest Toronto lose its premier fan artist.

When Taral finally arrived, he looked at the wrapped confection with a mixture of suspicion and distaste. "What is it?"

"Try it, it's good," he was told.

Taral unwrapped the foil, and bit off a piece.

Consternation reigned, amidst cries of "He's EATING it!!!" and "Stop him, quick!" and "Spit it out before it attacks!"

"I had to have a taste... " Taral said.

"And?"

"It hasn't been improved."

On a trip a few weeks later, we discovered more of the killer fudge in a different freeway rest-stop. But we knew better. In the meantime, my own homemade fudge is still failing to work. Maybe my dentist is telekinetic... I'm going back to chocolate bars anyway. At least they don't vary (much) from place to place.

CAN FAN PERSONALITIES NO.9 -- JOHN MILLARD

November 1917 brought with it an advance-Christmas present for the Millards of Toronto, in the form of one John L. Millard, now a six foot, blue-eyed "old time" fan. The family moved to Michigan in 1919, so that when young John turned to science fiction in the late thirties he naturally gravitated to the circle of acolytes about Doc Smith. Becoming active at the Chicon in 1940, he helped organize the Galactic Roamers in January of the following year. The GR's later became famous as the group that helped Doc Smith with his "Lensmen" series. After attending the Denvention in '42 John joined the RCAF, serving with distinction in both Canada and England. While on the other side, John had many meetings with Anglofans and attended a full-scale con in London in the Spring of 1945. He returned to civilian life in '46, and is not more or less permanently located in Toronto.

He attended the Philcon in '47 and helped bring the con back to Toronto in '48. He was a major factor in the success of the Torcon, and any of you who did not have the pleasure of meeting him there will have the pleasure to do so at the Cinvention this fall.

Leans toward ASF as the "most interesting" mag, although the sight of a copy of Unknown stirs nostalgic memories. A steady and hard working member of The Derelicts, his presence at The Wreck on Sunday afternoons has been mainly responsible for much of the work done there.

Although philately is his first love, he has more than a passing acquaintance with radio and electronics, polar (particularly antarctic) research, photography and related subjects.



Three strikes: it's a grey day, a wet day, and a Monday. Lousy weather for anything except maybe reading and typing apazines. Thus, this...

Yesterday was nicer. Yesterday was Sunday and sunny and relatively warm, maybe seven or eight degrees Celsius. Not picnic weather, but nice for a change. I had an immense lunch at a Chinese restaurant with Taral and Janet and the local SCA bigwig, Steve Muhlberger. Following that, Steve and Taral and I wandered off through the soggy wilderness of High Park stalking the wild egress.

Steve and Taral talked mainly about history; Steve is an ace student of things medieval and Taral is just plain curious. My grasp of history is more basic than theirs -- like, "In the 13th. century many people were alive who are now dead. Some of then got to be famous..." My end of the conversation limped.

We approached Grenadier Pond, so named because a bunch of Grenadiers once tried to march across in winter on thin ice; they fell through and the majority of them croaked and they lost some battle by default. (See what I mean about history?) "Hey," I said, determined to draw the conversation down to my own level of expertise, "let's go play in the water."

We did. We made boats.

The materials we used were pretty rough-hewn and not very promising — mainly Dr. Pepper cans and newspaper. Sticks made nice masts. I managed to rig a fiarly effective coracle that moved across the water in a kind of drunkard's walk. Taral unfortunately bested me with a cardboard sail and a twig for a rudder; the better-engineered Dr. Pepper can overtook mine fairly quickly. (It only fell behind when the sail waterlogged and dropped off, which Doesn't Count.)

We had to raid a trash can for more materials. Taral got kind of discouraged -- neither styrofaom cups nor milk cartons are very stable all by themselves. He faked up something feeble. Opportunity, I thought. The ego thrives on competition. And damned if I didn't build a better boat...

I used a quart milk carton for the body, half-flooded styofoam cups on a kind of axle for pontoons, and a piece of newspaper stuck on a straw for a sail. Genius. Not only stable, but it caught the wind... it moved visibly, which was a real engineering triumph.

Grudge fight won. My schooner sailed off into the sunset, triumphant.

And that, Taral, is a kind of reparation for the bean-gun war you narrated in Delta Psi. I may be dead but I won't lie down...

* * *

A DIALOGUE

(The set is vague limbo, lots of dry ice offstage; the characters are GOD, portrayed by Charles Laughton in a toga; SELF, portrayed by Jack Nicholson discreetly nude; and, later, a GOOD ANGEL, rather like a benign Dustin Hoffman.)

GOD: (Frowning) Next!

SELF: (Steps in self-conscious from limbo) Me? You mean me?

GOD: You. (Looks up from a sheaf of papers) Aren't you a tad young?

SELF: I guess. Don't you get all kinds?

GOD: There's demerit points for irreverence. I could find you in contempt of a numinous possibility of being. Answer questions "yes" or "no", please.

SELF: (To himself) Christ, I'm up for judgment with Joe Friday.

GOD: And watch your language. (Consults papers) You denied me.

SELF: Well --

GOD: You were eleven. You were a devout Baptist for -- three weeks?

SELF: They had a black-light display in Sunday School. I thought it was God. Turned out not.

GOD: I don't do summer stock. You denied me?

SELF: Oh, well, yeah.

GOD: Cute. "Oh, well, yeah." You're not taking this seriously, are you?

SELF: This is Judgment?

GOD: You guessed.

SELF: (Nervously) Is there a jury?

GOD: Oh, deliver me from bourgeois Western idealists. "Is there a jury? Give me Europeans. Give me Asians. They understand these things. They don't ask incessantly for juries. Does Judas Iscariot ask for a jury? I know your type. NO, Clarence Darrow, there is no jury.

SELF: This looks a little bit grim.

GOD: Are you scared?

SELF: Mm-hm.

GOD: Good sign.

SELF: What is that supposed to mean?

GOD: You denied me.

SELF: Is that a crime?

GOD: (Nods)

SELF: So what am I supposed to say? Guilty. There were extenuating circumstances.

GOD: What?

SELF: Common sense.

GOD: (Irritated) You're a right little cynic, aren't you?

SELF: Who said you could call people names?

GOD: I'm the lord of the universe, you ferret-brained idiot!

SELF: You've never heard of noblesse oblige?

GOD: Don't lecture me on etiquette!

SELF: Ah, well, I guess Emily Post must be burning in hell these days. (Angry now) Listen, you want me to answer your questions you're going to have to be polite.

GOD: Forget it! You're in mortal jeopardy up to your earlobes! (Thunderously)
YOU DENTED ME.

SELF: So what? I denied you. I denied you. Who in their right mind believes in God these days? God is for scaring people -- which you seem to enjoy. I don't want to live in a universe run by some sadistic immortal with half the sensitivity he gave a newt!

GOD: (Screaming) Bailiff!

SELF: Leave the bailiff alone! You're so omnipotent, YOU throw me out!

GOD: You're in contempt --

SELF: And you're contemptuous! YES, I denied you. You want to know something else? I STILL deny you!

(Thunder. Lightning. The firmament divides. GOD vanishes; SELF faces in his stead a much younger man, a GOOD ANGEL, grinning)

SELF: (Surprised at his audacity and taken aback by this new development) Who you?



ANGEL: Does it matter? You're in.

SELF: In what?

ANGEL: The Happy Hunting Grounds. Heaven, if you insist. You passed with honours.

SELF: What about God?

ANGEL: Somebody pulling your leg. Forgive that whole Zen ritual there... a kind of koan. For new arrivals. But this is a very egalitarian set-up, no Boss. That which was, is. Come on in.

(Pearly Gates materialize from limbo. Beyond, the sound of laughter)

SELF: No clothes? I feel -- naked.

ANGEL: You are naked. Don't be ethnocentric.

SELF: Is there sex?

ANGEL: I should hope so. Eternity is a long time.

SELF: Houris? All that Moslem stuff?

ANGEL: Don't be sexist. (Sighs) My son, you have much to learn...

(Exeunt all)

NO.4 IN A SERIES OF SHORT SKETCHES OF CANADIAN FEN -- ALBERT A. BETTS

Toronto fan and one of Canada's foremost fan artists. Readers will know him in this latter capacity from the work he has done in the past, and on the present issue, for Canadian Fandom. Largely self-taught, Al has built himself an enviable reputation as one of fandom's better artists.

Although 18 Wascana Ave. is his address, it is seldom that he is to be found there for any length of time. Al is probably the most widely travelled of Canadian fen. His excursions in the merchant marine have carried him far and wide over the face of the Earth. In addition to this, he spent some time in British Columbia, and is at present in Kapuskasing, Northern Ontario. His ambition is to someday reach, and live, in Los Angeles.

Statistics about Al are not available. He is dark, quiet but interesting and easy to get along with. He's fond of music, especially boogie, and in Toronto, a fan gathering without Al, if he's available, is definitely not a success. His only known alias, and one which has not been seen much of late, is "Alabe". He confines his collecting activities to Astounding and Famous Fantastic.



Dear Gestetner 460,

I thought I should write and explain why you haven't been seeing me in your part of the office lately. It was not my decision — the bosses decided I should be spending more time at the typewriter, and that someone else should do the mimeography. I know you will get along well with your new operator; he understands mimeos and is kind to them — then, too, he's younger than I am and more adaptable.

I would suggest, though, that you treat him carefully, and act a little less temperamental than you did with me. I don't think he's going to be quite so patient with your habit of running well till your operator happens to turn away for a moment, and then making a childish bid for attention by jamming, or flooding with ink, or both. Remember, he doesn't know you as well as I do; you haven't been through so much together.

Remember the times when somebody would bring in a whole sheaf of stencils, demanding five hundred copies of everything by the day before yesterday? I don't know about you, but it just about made me lose interest in printing altogether. For a fan, that's disasterous.

We had some good times, though, and for a while we led quite a double life. Forty hours a week we were a mild-mannered, hard-working team of establishment employees, turning out brochures and letters. But early mornings, lunch hours, and the occasional Saturdays we turned into the underground fannish press. Remember how I used to keep one eye on you and the other on the door, expecting the secret police (represented by my boss) to break in at any moment and haul me away for unauthorized publishing?

Not that we were turning out inflammatory propaganda (mimeos of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your serial numbers) but anything we did without official sanction would have been quite bad enough. So I lurked, and skulked, and cast furtive glances over my shoulder, and almost collapsed with relief when the job was done and the mission accomplished.

Somehow it made printing seem more adventurous, more exciting. But it was hard on my nerves, and all that stress and adrenalin really wasn't good for me, so perhaps it was for the best that we parted.

But you know me well enough, don't you, to understand that I couldn't give up printing altogether? Yes, you're right -- there's another

mimeo in my life. I have a Gestetner 105 living with me now -- only a toy compared to you, but a sweet-tempered little thing. Now, when I have printing to do, I just walk into the next room -- I don't have to pack up any supplies, or travel on the subway, or even bother to put on my shoes. It's far easier for me.

But I admit that it's much less exciting. Don't misunderstand me, I'm very fond of my 105, but our relationship just doesn't have the glamour of my illicit assignations with you. In fact, no other mimeo that I may meet in the future will mean quite the same to me as you did.

I don't think I'll be sneaking into the office early or coming downtown on Saturdays, though. I'm getting older, I guess, and I just can't work up the enthusiasm for gong downtown when I have a mimeo at home. Then, too, I don't want your new operator to notice anything different about you when he sees you in the morning — it just wouldn't be fair or even safe.

So I guess this is it. I know you'll be happy together, and I'm sure I'll be happy with my new mimeo. I know it's for the best -- but I just wanted to tell you that it's been a good relationship, even though it was a bit stormy, and I wish you luck.

Love, Janet.

* * *

Not very long ago, fandom woke up one morning and Canada wasn't there.

It could still be reached by phone, mind you, and anyone who ventured across the World's Longest Indefensible Border found it in its usual position between the U.S. and the north pole. But as far as fanzines, locs, and just plain correspondence were concerned, it might as well have been removed from the planet.

This was no great disaster for U.S. fans. After all, comparisons between the two countries are largely a matter of moving the decimal point. There is roughly ten times as much of everything thing (except snow) in the U.S. as in Canada. For every vanished fan, there were at least ten still reachable by mail.

In Canada, though, it was a different matter. For all practical purposes, the world had suddenly narrowed down to the people we could visit and those our financial position would allow us to call. Canada had disappeared, thanks to the post office strike, and so had everywhere else.

Fortunately, we could phone people across the border, and civilization was still functioning there. But the alarming part was that there was talk of a similar strike in the States. And who knows -- it might have spread even further. Now there is a fannish doom.

There we'd all be, marooned with our paper and stencils and ditto masters -- and no way to send out a zine. Nothing to loc. No apa mailings to comment on. No news to report. We could hand things out locally, but all the local fans would already know what we knew, and vice versa. It would be downright incestuous. Our zines would wither and weaken from stagnation of their gene-pool.

And because of fandom's constant evolution, when some traveller did bring us a zine from outside, we wouldn't understand a word of it. W'd have broken down into isolated little tribes. (It's bad enough now when the local in-jokes get going.)

To communicate at all, we'd have to depend on the phone, which would at least enable us to stop every few words and yell for an explanation.

Our fannish descendants would read our old zines (as best they could) and marvel at the quaint, leisured, unhurried pace of fandom back in the post-office days -- discussing things over the course of months, taking up to a year to finish off a fannish controversy, working so carefully to get our zines looking right.

Some of them would go on about the lost art of written self-expression, and a few creative anachronists might try putting an occasional zine on paper for their friends, but the rest would just sit there in post-literate smugness and wonder why we bothered.

After all, we did have the telephone, so it didn't make sense to do all that work when a short call would have got across the gist of our information, and if we didn't express it just right we could have corrected any misunderstandings right away instead of getting the fallout a month later. Imagine -- first-drafting! Things sure have improved, they'd say, congratulating themselves on their progress.

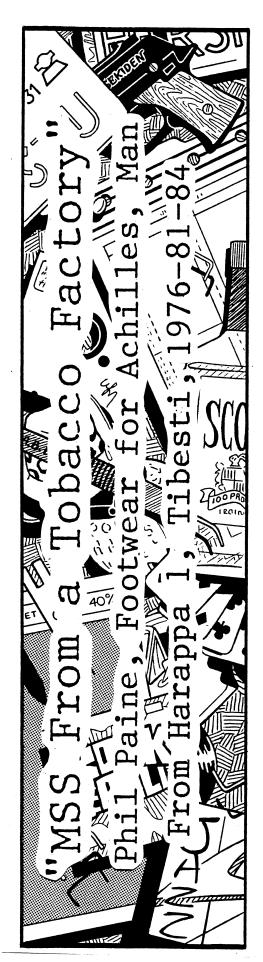
And the the phone company would go on strike.

CAN FAN PERSONALITIES NO.8 -- BILL GRANT

Bill works so close to the movies all day that he just had to make himself look like a movie star, but why he had to choose Lassie for a model I'll never know. Born August 2, 1923, Bill was a rather intelligent type. Possibly owing to several kicking duels between Wee Willie and the kindergarten teacher, he spent two and a half years in nursery school. But one wouldn't say that he was a backward child; as a matter of fact many people thought he was a little too forward. After passing through the usual childhood stages -- pyromania, house-breaking, window-breaking -- Bill finally reached his natural bent, Art. His mother, a very good artist whether it be black and white or oils, carefully nurtured her brat's talents and turned him from matriculation in High school to three years drafting, two years commercial, and a year in a card display shop. With the outbreak of war, Bill joined the RCAF and spent three years, one month, two weeks, four days, seven hours, thirty-six minutes and eleven seconds with His Majesty's Forces. He was glad to get home.

He was introduced to SF when he became intrigued with Roger's cover for Williamson's "Crucible of Power" in the Feb. '39 ASF. Although he started with ASF, he soon turned to FFM because of his dislike for serials. His activity in the fan field was nil until after the war. About a year ago he contacted the Toronto group, and every since has been doing the lion's share of the artwork in all the local publications. Bill is a master of the stencil technique and has done some really beautiful work on his new series in CanFan Classics of Science-Fantasy Fiction. His pictorial ads for the Toron have appeared in CanFan, Fantasy Advertiser, and several other mags.

As I write this, Bill is slip-sheeting the present issue, following the every turn of John Millard at the GAStetner, and the work of Beak Taylor at the Verityper. You will be seeing much more of Bill's work in the future, both on stencil and litho.



The Humber River winds lazily through the west side of Toronto. In places it cuts a deep ravine through layers of ancient beaches and exposed beds of paleolithic shale. As with many creeks and rivers in Toronto, this ravine is quiet and wooded, almost wild, even though busy streets and twenty story buildings surround it.

On an early autumn day, I went down into its quietest corner. I sat on a flat rock that protruded into the river, took off my shoes and socks, opened a book and read. The air was alive with October smells. The sun was warm. A school of minnows pace the current by the rock. I lost myself for a while in Aubrey Menin's fine retelling of the Ramayama, pausing only to look at the wind flicker the poplars or to skip a pebble. This has always been, for me, the best way to read a book.

By and by, I had company. It was a kid, a girl of eleven or twelve, I guessed, and she was hunting fossils. She knew what she was doing, too, because there are handsome trilobites, crinoids and cephalopods to be found in the Humber, and she was studying the shale with a keen eye. She carried a tack hammer, a whisk, and a canvas bag -- standard equipment. When she found something of interest she brushed off the dust, sometimes pried it loose or split if off with a quick hammer stroke, but always studied it intently and intelligently. The expression on any child's face when they are preoccupied in this way, is sublime. It's the true face of liberty. I watched her for five minutes, then spoke up: "I know something about fossils," I said. "Can I look at what you've found?"

We talked for a few minutes about the quality of her finds, about other good fossil grounds in the city. Did she want to be a paleontologist? No, it was just one of many interests. She spoke of books she was reading, of horses, of an impending trip to Prince Edward Island; then she went on her way.

I was delighted. There was something supernaturally good about her delight in the world, devoid of any visible desire to dominate or ingratiate.

Perhaps she should have been more cautious about speaking to adult males in ravines if she intended to survive in our wicked world. But that's just the tip of the iceberg, anyway. Vast forces are out to destroy a person like her, from jackasses in pick-up trucks to reptilian old men in the Kremlin and the White House.

* * *

I'd be very happy if anyone could supply a reasonable explanation for the following:

Two years ago my brother Marc walked into a smoke shop and bought a pack of cigarettes. The brand was Millbank, a flash-in-the-pan that disappeared soon after it was first promoted. Marc was then an undergraudate at U. of T. While sitting in class, he took out the third or fourth cigarette and almost smoked it. Almost.

It was covered with Egyptian hieroglyphs. Black, neatly drawn, three rows of them. Unmistakable Egyptian.

Now, it so happens that my brother was studying the history of Hellenistic Egypt. In the Hellenistic period most Egyptian documents were written in Greek, so his knowledge of hieroglyphs was too scanty to make anything out of it except that the glyphs did look reasonably accurate. Marc knew an Egyptologist who could have translated the cigarette for him, but for some unaccountable reason he kept forgetting. The cigarette was kept on his desk, always visible. An entire year passed. My brother graduated and, while we often examined the cigarette and spoke of getting it translated, nothing was done.

Last winter we showed the cigarette to Jim Allan, who at that time was working on a book on Tolkien linguistics for Ballantine. He knew someone in Florida who could translate the cigarette. He remarked that the characters were very well drawn (especially considering that the work was done on a cylindrical surface) by someone with a very steady hand. It probably represented many hours of work. The message, whatever it was, had to have been written after the cigarette was rolled because some of the glyphs crossed the paper seam. At any rate, Jim could photocopy it and send the text to Florida. We lent him the cigarette.

He never got around to it. The cigarette sat around his room for months. The man in Florida wrote and Jim replied, but he forgot to mention the hieroglyphs.

Early last spring Jim's room was gutted by fire. As Jim and I sifted through the ashes, rescuing selectric elements and what was left of the work on his book, we both thought of the cigarette -- but we found nothing.

No copy was ever made of the hieroglyphic text. We presume that someone in the factory was responsible, but what was the point of it? Has anyone else had a similar experience?

* * *

(Paris)

It took me a couple of days to adjust, but I feel comfortable here. Nevertheless, I have to move on. The next step is Dakar (when I get the visas for both Dakar and Bamako). I feel driven, driven, driven. A combination of academic curiosity and the fanaticism of sleepless nights. What is the greatest evil, the act of cruelty, or the failure to act? Let us say that I'm following a hunch. (Let's also say, to keep things above board, that I like to romanticize my own quest.)

I suspect that we are only outwardly scratched by even the most hideous positive acts of meanness, and it is the absences that suck the bone-marrow dry, then crumble the bones from within -- the lunatic preference of most of the human species for nothing. If you ask a child who has been set upon by battering



parents, scarred with cigarette burns, starved, beaten, dehydrated, splashed with boiling water (there are millions of them) -- if you ask them "what happened to you?" they will invariably answer "I was NOT loved, NOT admired, NOT attended, NOT befriended, NOT seen as valuable." In other words, the things that DID NOT HAPPEN will have made a more profound impression than any cigarette burn or any rape.

We should face up to the fact that a child who has been exposed to the passive nothing-worship of the human species, who has not been exposed to the intricate dance of creation-love-delight, is substantially no different from one who has been worked over with a baseball bat.

This is, I think, verifiable in the laboratory sense, but something we are generally unwilling to face. Integrating it into our world-view would threaten our preference for the Not. Religion with its arbitrary injunctions, Marxism or Libertarianism with their Tom Swiftian mechanisms, conservatism, and even the shallow rebellion of the cool McGoohan are all world-views in the service of the same Nothing. The same passive blank.

It's raining in Paris. I'm holed up in a "brasserie" facing the Place D'Italie. The 13ieme. arrondissement is the unmonumental, work-a-day Paris that I most enjoy. I get along fine with my rusticated French. The coffee and the wine are always good, (I am just now polishing off a bottle. This is written while pretty drunk.) The bookstores seem to stock every title in the universe (even Tom Disch's Prisoner novelization). When this is over I hope to be once again with my friends, those who have grace abounding. Here and there you find something better than Nothing. In the meantime, there is much to investigate.

One of the curious things about this decade is that it has seen the revival of the traditional slave trade. The treasure trove of people and documents in this imperial city are more than enough to find confirmation. Slaves for the market, slaves for the harem, slaves for the salt-mines of Taoudenne, and, perhaps a new twist, slaves for the organ banks of our respected leaders. Curious, but certainly not outside the usual tastes of human beings.

I believe that we make ourselves, create our own personalities. Each experience we have, good or bad, delightful or painful, can be used to create beauty and grace. There is no excuse for Nothingness, for seeking it, choosing it, or perpetuating it.

CAN FAN PERSONALITIES NO.3 -- BEAK TAYLOR

Presenting in profile that genial and pun whacky individual, Joseph W. Taylor Jr., known more intimately by his friends as "Beak". He is the owner, editor and publisher of that sterling fanzine Canadian Fandom, "still the biggest nickel's worth in fandom". (Quote used without the permission of Poll Kat Art Widner.)

In the pic, ye ed is smiling because, in spite of many delays and set-backs, he has managed to publish no less than ten issues of CanFan since his initiation into the Fan Publishing field in February '43.

Beak has varied other interests outside of fandom, and not the least of these is athletics. He is a great sports enthusiast and holds many cups, trophies and ribbons won on the athletic fields these past years at St. Andrew's college. He is now a freshman in the Arts course at the University of Toronto. Beak is also an avid record collector and owns stacks of jive, boogie and blues disks.

Statistics: Height -- 5' 11 1/2", Weight -- 155 1bs, Age -- 20,



As parties go, it wasn't much, but there's this girl.

A girl. She's that young still. And pretty, and articulate. The person I'd wanted to meet for years, but who always turned out to be a devout Battlestar Galactica fan, or interested in well-dressed men with beards and regular jobs who can afford discos. Sandra, on the other hand, didn't seem to mind a naked chin, had spent jobless summers singing for a garage band, had known about science fiction fandom and wanted to know more. We talk, and for once the conversation isn't wrenched away to Star Trek the Fourth Season, or to the latest in the unenduring saga of Darkover. Wyeth, Pizzaro, and Gaughan are on our lips as we discuss the petty bourgeoisie of fanart. Walt Willis is compared to Borges and found wanting. And yet we agree on the possibility of the perfect fanzine as great art. She wants to see my collection and artwork: how about next Saturday? I'm so happy I could croak.

"TARAL!"

"Huh, wuzzat?" I mumbled, waking from my dream in full command of my wits. "Are we there yet?"

"Look on the map! We crossed Interstate 81 three exits ago but I haven't found the exit for I-95 yet!"

Victoria Vayne sounded more than usually panicky, so we must be lost. "Jesus, just a minute." I scrambled for the map in the back seat, wide awake for real. In front of me, the map was 180 square inches, (or a little more than 1,161 square centimetres), of intransigent red and blue and black lines, among which are the two that in some point in their careers intersect: the object of my frantic search. The half-light of evening was no help finding the junction. But, there, near fateful Hershey Pennsylvania was the spot. The fourth exit from I-81 was indeed the one we wanted, and they were uniformly ten miles apart. "We want the next one."

"I know that. Where is it?"

"How far back was the last exit?"

"Two miles. But I haven't seen any signs at all. What do I do? Why don't they put up more signs?"

Ten minutes later, or maybe it was closer to an hour, but eventually Victoria believes we're on the right road, and that the highway isn't as poorly marked as she'd thought. I drifted toward sleep again.

Darker, the highway takes on a different character. The hills dissolve into the blackness, and the world becomes a neon display on the forward screen of the car. There's a DNQ to do when we get back. I think I'll have to write a review of THE MONTHLY MONTHLY, and tear into it properly this time. A surge: Victoria passes a collection of headlights, brakelights, and red beacon. Still haven't finished the Fapazine I owe either. And correspondence is piling up. I have to write to Randy, to Stu, to Jerry, to --

Lesleigh. I'd been deliberately starting correspondence with artists that interest me, and Les Dark's stuff immediately caught my attention when I first saw it in a fanzine. It was both stylistically and conceptually good. Unique, like schirmeister is unique, and personal like Collins. When I wrote, asking for illos, we started writing regularly. Lesleigh was also a fan of mine, it developed, and wanted to know everything about Dalmirin and the other products of my imagination. But I didn't know her sex until the third of fourth letter. Last month she'd done a special cover for me, a pastiche of my stuff, and added to the letter that her club wanted me to be fan guest at their next con. I'd have to write back, arranging to stay a few days at her place before the con --

"TARAL! Want to use the can? I have to fill the car. It's nearly half empty and maybe there won't be any more Exxon stations along the way. I can't use my card except at Exxons, Mobils, 76s, and Beaver Gas Bars you know. Why don't you fill the tank while I go over and pay with my card?"

She was gone before I could mumble out anything. Lesleigh? Who the fuck was Lesleigh though? I didn't know any Lesleigh. Damn the luck that all my artist friends were male.

sigh Back in the real world, with a gas hose in hand. Chill, bugs flitting around the overhead lamps, impenetrable darkness surrounding a little island of artificial light, and the smell of gasoline. The pump stoped: I rounded the amount out to \$12.50 (US). Victoria, who waited in the cubicle to "save time", finished the rest of the transaction with her credit card while I took my turn to wait. I squeegeed the bugs off the windshield instead. Then she was back.

"Want to drive?"

"No. Tired."

In the seat again, pillow propping up my head against the window, the car accelerated from the planet Exxon into the deep space of night. Trucks howled by in a stream of red and black lights until we matched velocities. Foot off the gas, the weight lifted off our backs. Then Victoria asked, "TARAL, did you put the gas cap back?"

Lesli's con was a pretty small affair even for the Pacific Northwest. But I enjoyed being the pro guest there more than if it had been a Worldcon. Staying at my most admiring fan's place was the bet experience of my life. I hadn't known that she was left a millionaire by a deceased father, and owned several square miles of coastal forest. It wasn't her father's place though. She had built her own, a rambling complex of structures and tents that were to greater and lesser degrees indoors or outdoors, to suit her mood. She hadn't published before, but she suggests we co-edit a genzine. she can afford what we need, and thinks it would be best -- for the zine of course -- if I stay as long as I want as her guest. I stay and have my things shipped from Toronto.

The fanzine idea is great, but not as great as the walks through the forest, the overnight camps, the swimming, and the growing fondness for each other. Who'd have guessed that holding hands would be this satisfying? And the pleasures beyond!

As the number one fan of Dalmirin and my Kjola, Lesli had more in mind than connubial bliss though... She has the Creator there at last, and the years of secret medical research she'd supported have set the stage. For a month she's gone. While I toy with another Hugo-winning issue of Singularity she's having her bones reinforced with aluminum cores, servo-mechanisms implanted in her muscles to speed her reflexes and strengthen her limbs, plastic surgery to reshape her face, and an artificial integument cover her natural skin forever. Some weeks later, I'm in the midst of typing stencils of part three of Harry Warner's 60's fanhistory for the next ish. Lesli appears at the door, swathed in robes and veiled.

She calls my name, and though it's her familiar contralto, it's somehow more exotic, as though produced by a synthesizer. When I turn to look, she lifts the veil. I'm stunned. Tossing the veil aside, she doffs one garment after another until a naked Kjola-oid stands there. I goggle.

"It can be done," she says. Two men appear at her side, "now it's your turn...
" They came for --

"TARAL!"

"God, now what? Out of gas again?" I don't wanta drive."

"We can't afford to send out Typo with the next DNQ."

"Why not? We haven't had a Typo for three issues now! People will stop writing locs. Why think of it now, anyway?"

"I just realized that the extra two sheets of paper will weigh two grams over the limit. You know I'm afraid of risking money. What if they notice the excess and return all the copies? I don't mind cheating, but I'm worried we'll get caught."

"No one'll notice, and so maybe a couple of subbers will get stuck with postage due. Don't worry about it."

"I can't stand it when people tell me not to worry. That's the way I am. I wouldn't worry if I had more money, but I don't get paid well. I never got paid well, even back working for Drug Trading Company. I was paid less than anyone in the lab, and got the lowest raises. It was a shitty place. The boss -- "

I don't think it was more than a half hour before Victoria came to the breath-taking conclusion of her adventures as the underpaid chemist at Drug Trading, five years ago. I imagine then she continued into episode two, The Best and Least Paid Typist for Go-Temp, but I was dozing again. A sign announcing the turnoff for Gettysburg drifted through my hazy awareness.

It was beginning to be light by now, and I could see the hills begin to emerge from the void. Cemetery Ridge rolled away to the right of us, and the tired lines of men lay asleep beneath our ship, protected by its silver bulk. Saara and I stand watch as the sun rises. The grey-clothed soldiers, tangled in the brush and stone breastworks down the slope and up into the defile of rock faces called Devil's Den, sleep a more profound sleep than the Union men. Beyond Devil's Den,



where Sickle's men had been annihilated the day before, lay a glazed and blackened pit. There we had caught the Time-Changer's ship and destroyed it before the Battle of Gettysburg had been irretrievably lost. All that day the Federal position had had need of our support, so weakened it had been by Confederate assaults aided by laser fire and airborne explosives. The Rebs fell back that night, and in the morning light Yankee possession of the field looks uncontested.

A breeze springs up, ruffling through our fur while early July morning heat dries the dew on us. After a day's fury, tearing limbs from young bodies, searing holes through defenseless flesh, and vapourizing whole columns of men who threatened our lines, it was time to heal. The hospitals -- where men in grey as well as blue lay groaning -- wait for our compassion. "I'll see grey ghosts for centuries!" Saara whispered, "marching even under alien skies..."

"TARAL!"

"WHAT!"

"We're at the con."

"Shit." And it was still dark outside too.

CAM FAN PERSONALITIES NO.11 -- GERALD A. STEWARD

Gerald A. Steward was born on December 16, 1932, and until he was seventeen he lived a normal life, growing up in the same neighbourhood. A few months before his seventeenth birthday his family moved. This was a very important day in his life because on this day he started reading science fiction. During the winter of the following year he made the mistake of writing a letter to a pro-mag. It was published, and through this another Canadian fan contacted him and he became an active fan. He started corresponding, and through this medium met a Fem Fan in the States. She was so involved in fan activities that she had no time for SF. Steward swore he would never get into this position.

The Fem Fan talked him into joining the N3F. In the meanwhile his correspondence grew to such dimensions that with the new activity he finds himself pressed for time when it comes to reading STF. He does the logical thing and reads only the best of the stuff. And Gerald A. Steward swears that he will never become a fan publisher. (Silly Boy.)

Several times he gets the urge to become an ay-jay, each time he reminds himself of his oath and quells the urge. Finally he decided that it wouldn't hurt to price a duplicator. So on a Saturday morning in the middle of May, 1953, at about 10 0'clock, GAS enters the office of the Gestetner Company on King Street. At about 10:30 he leaves the office, the proud possessor of a mimeograph. [The GAStetner -- ed.]

Now for a fan mag. What about Canadian Fandom? Hadn't Ned McKeown offered to sell his machine to the Derelicts so that they could revive the zine? Steward contacts KcKeown -- McKeown says okay. Can Fan becomes a Derelict Publication. Steward becomes a fan publisher. Now he swears he will never become a BNF.

Aside from fandom, GAS is equally fanatical about bowling, follows almost every sport via newspaper, radio and TV. Since becoming a fan all his free hours, when he isn't bowling, are spend on some fannish endeavour.

33



Some years ago, when I was younger and differently foolish, I consumed a fairly large (for me) quantity of LSD while I was in a bad state of mind. I couldn't tell you the dosage precisely now, couldn't have told you then: five squares of a blotter, I think, but how much was on those squares I certainly couldn't say. In any case, an acid trip isn't a thing of bookkeeping, of changes in inventory and cost of goods sold. The amount of acid one has taken is measure by the way one feels afterward.

At first I felt just fine. Hope and I dropped our hits together, and sat on our unfriendly couch, listening to Bach and waiting for the trip to start. First, there was the familiar little buzz, the feeling of being ratcheted up the roller coaster. The excitement and sense of exploration grew, and the furniture started to waver like kelp in submarine film. The light seemed to take on more of a greenish tinge, too, and I was feeling very comfortable and peaceful and enjoying the music. Then the room disappeared, and my vision was filled with twisting, writhing shapes, brightly coloured, shiny textured, and beautiful. "This is wonderful," I thought to myself as they slowly danced with the music. Then I felt my ego slipping away, but felt no regrets, no fear, just wonder. And then there was a time of nothingness, of unbeing. I had no reaction to it. had no I to react. When the world (or I) came back, everything was changed.

The Brandenburg Concertos seemed slow, depressed, filled with unutterable sadness and regret. Hope said later that the music made her think of death and decay, but that it was somehow beautiful. My thought was that every sound on the record was made, more or less, by people rubbing things on other things. Mostly, in fact, rubbing dead-once-alive hair on dead-once-alive intestine, and I found that very intimidating. I was thiking about this music, these instruments, the people and time which had produced them, about blood sausage and headcheese and brains on a plate. I started thinking about people from Eastern Europe, and their music, and traditional instruments. I started thinking about an Eastern European race whose name must have been Fnord, because they certainly weren't a solid part of the world we ordinarily perceive.

At the time, though, I didn't know there was any doubt as to these people's existence. They were a strange folk: their usual instrument, displaced by the more usual orchestral equipment around the time of Bach, consisted of varnished, inflated bladders which they played with bows. Different kinds of animal bladder were used, allowing a different range

of tones to be produced by different players, much like the violin, viola, cello, and bass. Their country was known for certain characteristic styles and qualities of manufactured goods, like Bohemian glass or Hungarian rocket-cars. Specifically, they were known for their skates, knives, (which had a characteristic and somehow disturbing handle shape), and a peculiar padded implement the purpose of which I did not know. I thought, "This seems strange. Those shapes and skates fill me with worry. The acid must be making me paranoid and bringing out my parents' anti-Continentalism."

I got up and took the now-finished Brandenburgs off the turntable. "Let's play something that isn't got at by rubbing something with something else," I suggested to Hope. She looked at me a little oddly, but then she was looking at everything a little oddly. She didn't seem to notice that I was trapped in a runaway train of thought, and I decided that I shouldn't talk to her about it since it would only worry her. I put on some electronical music, probably Tangerine Dream.

These Eastern Europeans were descended from a different branch of the mammals, and are closer to squirrels than to primates. That is why their knives (Knives! Knives!) have an oddly shaped handle, because their hands are shaped differently. While I was on my feet, I went out to the kitchen to check out the cutlery. paring knife looked strange (Knives! Knives!) and filled me with an odd foreboding. I picked it up, but it fit my hand properly. "Well," I thought, "my mother's mother always claimed she had a gypsy name: maybe I have some squirrel blood in me." For a while I couldn't figure out what made a knife work, but eventually I put it down and checked the fridge for some fruit. I always get the munchies when I drop acid; usually I'm lucky and there isn't anything lying around that's so disgusting I can't deal with eating after I've seen it. There was this one time I ran across a gnawed-looking lump of "Ukrainian sausage," and the world and my stomach hit a big pothole together. On this occasion I found an apple. I thought about slicing it up, but then decided against it and just bit into it. It tasted real good, but I couldn't help noticing how my cheeks bulged when I chewed. I noticed that I was holding the apple up to my face with both hands, and taking lots of small nibbles. It's silly, the idea that primates and squirrels, particularly flying squirrels (Hey Rocky!), would be on convergent evolutionary lines; maybe the squirrel types are from a parallel universe, and have interbred with people in our timeline through some sort of inter-dimensional slow leak.

The day progressed. I looked at some prints of paintings (try not to look at that Max Ernst book). I looked at the layers of paint on the radiators, and the different colours of paint behind the radiators. I got the chills and shakes, another common phenomenon for me on acid, especially during the winter. I thought about going outside for a while and getting some fresh air and exercise, but it looked a little too cold for that. It was quite beautiful, though, with fairly fresh snow still clinging to the trees, nicely shaped snowdrifts and plow piles. The rather ramshackle garages associated with the apartments looked picturesque: colourful doors and warm-looking red brick, with the disgusting gravel, dead birds, and lost tennis balls covered by the snow. That was a bit disturbing: ugliness and corruption hidden by a thin and transient layer. I wondered if the acid was dissolving my thin veneer of sanity and civilization.

I went into the bathroom, sat on the toilet and looked at the floor tiles. Those tiles always got active during acid trips: Hope and I would discuss how active the patterns were in judging what stage of the trip we were at. This time, they danced for a while then settled down to faces like Munch's "The Scream", trapped just under the surface. Several feet deeper into the tiles, other figures writhed and seemed contorted, twisted into strange bodily positions. It occurred

to me to notice that none of them had big fluffy tails. I decided I might be having a bad trip.

Time and records ground along their spiral grooves. Anything I could play was got at by rubbing vinyl with diamond, but these are simplified materials, carbon and carbon-hydrogen-chlorine-oxygen in a regular pattern, without the intricate curlicues and elaborate machineries of living or once-living tissue. Edison sold a great thing to the world in the phonograph. Edison. Tesla. Tesla was an Eastern European; maybe he liked high voltages because they made the fur on his tail stand on end. It was ridiculous: the notion of non-primates fitting into a society which couldn't even accommodate Jews without pogroms. Surely I could come up with something a little more definite for a name of a country, or a name of a people, if such a squirrel-race really existed. I reclined on a bean-bag and thought about it really hard, pushing the borders of Eastern Europe further and further into the east. Once I reached the Ukraine I thought it was safe to stop, for some reason. No squirrel people found: fine. But why was I convinced that they existed, then, if they couldn't be found on the Earth? I closed my eyes to think about it some more. That was probably a mistake.

It is very difficult now for me to recreate my thoughts, feelings and beliefs in the time I reclined on a bean-bag chair with my eyes closed. Somehow I came to the conclusion that I was actually a squirrel-person, rotated in from an alternate timeline, somewhat like the main character in "The Wheels of If." The notion seemed very real to me at the time, and I was convinced that if I didn't manage to lie absolutely still and stay calm, I'd miss my chance to be rotated back with my report on this strange, monkey-filled alternate universe I'd found myself in. Of course, I was confused and excited and rather tense, overall: this was not an easy conclusion to come to. I tried to reframe my attitudes, concentrate on fatalistic acceptance of the notion that I would either get back or not, that either I was too late and would have to accept that I'd never glide silently through the sequoia forests again or that I would soon be back among family and friends. I resolved to just wrap my membranes around me and lie quietly.

Then Hope started licking my knee. I opened my eyes, reacquired English, and croaked, "Is that something you might normally do?" In the instants it took me to return to the world of the communicative, the notion that I was lost and would never go home flashed through my mind. I decided that I shouldn't say anything about what I was feeling or thinking: it seemed connected, somehow, related to preserving my chances of getting out of here alive. I got up and looked out the window again, and suddenly flashed on an image from my childhood, of walking across a snow-covered field to an ice rink with my father, brother, and several members of a family from our neighbourhood, who were originally from Czechoslovakia. I went into the bathroom, and the people in the tiles were riding horses back and forth with perfect calmness and aplomb. I sat there for a while, thinking about the likelihood of an interdimensional leak or squirrel-like East Europeans as measured against the likelihood of fear from my childhood resurfacing.

I wondered if it was just me, or if other people have gone through similar processes: my social group started off as just my parents and brother, presumably with some visits from my grandparents. They're all English. For some years we lived in a neighbourhood where there were few or no other children, so even after I'd reached an age and ability to go out and wander around on the street by myself I didn't extend my socialization much. Once I was four years old and started school I had to expand my horizons a lot, and I don't think it was all that easy. People with strange names, different backgrounds, the notion of differing nationalities, all landed on me at once, and many of these strangers, a new concept



in itself, perhaps, were from Eastern Europe. How they became associated with cartilage and squirrels is another question, but it was a plausible explanation to me then and didn't require me to believe anything radically different from the rest of my society, so it would keep me safe from the loony bin if I really did end up stranded. You monkey people do strange and barbaric things with non-conformists, and its safer to hide if you're a squirrel.

I remembered that as a child I'd imagined that I'd been adopted by the people I'd thought were my parents. At first I thought I was an abandoned prince, but later I thought in science fiction terms and worked more in the framework of aliens, slans, or colonies of psionic psupermen. I finally remembered again that I'd dropped acid and that I could probably have anticipated that there would be some odd results in my thinking. I was beginning to be astonished at how real the squirrel thing had seemed, and realized that I was coming down.

Hope and I pulled ourselves together, got dressed and went out around then. We were meeting Victoria Vayne downtown for dinner at the Taco Bell (a nice piquant hot sauce just explodes in your mouth at the end of an acid trip) and off to a couple of movies at a rep. cinema. I forget the details of the particular collection of weirdos the transit people rolled out to make our journey more interesting (they usually come up with something when you've been doing acid), but Victoria seemed weird enough all by herself. On the train again after dinner I sympathized with her xenophobia more than usual, but felt badly that she felt she had to announce to all the people near her that she thought they were creepy strangers who were all too close to her. I started to feel sane again by comparison. When we got to the Kingsway Theatre and met the rest of our group, more sometime Derelicts, that feeling deepened.

We saw THE THREEPENNY OPERA and CABARET that evening, two movies I'd never seen before. The floor was sticky, and the idea that I was going to be digested by the theatre crossed my mind. The beginning of the first movie had apparently been lost to the Nazis, and the reconstruction was hard to follow and didn't make a lot of sense. Of course, the fact that it was in German didn't help, either. My most vivid memory from that movie is the news-teller (who sings "The Ballad of Mackie Messer") standing by an iron fence and singing the lines from "The Ballad of Human Inadequacy" about, "Go and make another plan, That one will fail too. Man is not good enough, Ever to be truly good... So hit him over the hat." Of course, the alternate version, with, "Man is not bad enough, Ever to be truly bad... " stuck too. He seemed to be looking right inside me as he sang.

CABARET was less strange and I was more down by the time it came on.

The train ride home was just long and tedious. I looked at my friends through a burnt out haze and wondered how they would have reacted if I'd stuck with that squirrel story. Fans are a pretty tolerant bunch, but there are, presumably, limits. I decided that I didn't want to find out and that I wouldn't try to put myself back into that frame of mind.

I guess that was about the most profoundly disturbing acid trip I've had; on a later occasion I started thinking of evolution as a process by which lazy worms had figured out a way of being carried around by peripheral hard structures, but that didn't last as long and I had the delusion of seeing the atoms in the walls to distract me.

It's hard to be precise about amounts and times: I wasn't in much of a position to quantify or remember the dosage once I'd taken it, since even counting up to



five took a longer attention span than I had for quite a while thereafter. It might have been six, but I would never have been able to carry the counting over to my other hand. How much is that in mikes, you ask? Who knows? It was more than enough, and getting it right in micrograms is fussy and boring, even if you think you're a lab balance for a while.

I didn't think I was a balance during this trip. An unbalance, perhaps: on the way back I successfully rounded the Horn of Too Much, but on the way out I was trapped like Magellan in the Straits for far too long. If I'd stayed any longer, I'm afraid they'd have given me a souvenir jacket. I'd like to go back there and try again, though.

CAN FAN PERSONALITIES NO.12 -- BOYD RAEBURN

Boyd Raeburn was born in 1927 in a city called Dunedin in a country called New Zealand. For the benefit of the uninformed, New Zealand is way down under in the South Pacific, is larger than a lot of European countries, including Great Britain, stretches from north to south more than 1,200 miles, has a climate ranging from sub-tropical to damn cold, and is one hell of a long way from Australia.

Boyd started reading science fiction in 1935, and in 1943 produced his first fanzine. Being of the true blue, it was naturally printed on a Gestetner. Boyd's fanzine was a great success with the readers, and even more surprising, made what to him at that time was a large profit.

At the beginning of 1947, unable to stomach any longer the people, climate, and general atmosphere of Dunedin, he headed north to gay, sunny, cosmopolitan Auckland. Once settled in Auckland, Boyd began widening his circle of fan contacts, and started a system of fen around the country loaning prozines to each other. There was nothing organized, and probably because of this the system worked very well. As it was rather difficult at that time to obtain prozines, it meant the fen could read material they would not see otherwise.

Contact with North American fandom was slight, distance and currency regulations making it difficult to obtain American fanzines. The N3F made a sortie into New Zealand at one stage, but that useless organization did as little for New Zealand fans as apparently it does for fen anywhere. Early in 1952, having a gut-full of The New Zealand Way of Life, and lured by the call of cool sounds, Boyd set out for North America. After a general tour through the United States, he settled down in Toronto, a few months before the first revival of the Derelicts, through whom he started to get in touch with North American fandom.

His main interests are music, science fiction, literature, and sports cars, and he possesses a minor interest in art. Dislikes: flag wavers, serious constructive fans, idiots, and "good music". Favourite composer: J.S. Bach. Favourite artist: Dali. Favourite prozine: F&SF. Favourite fanzines: Grue, Skyhook, and Psychotic.

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