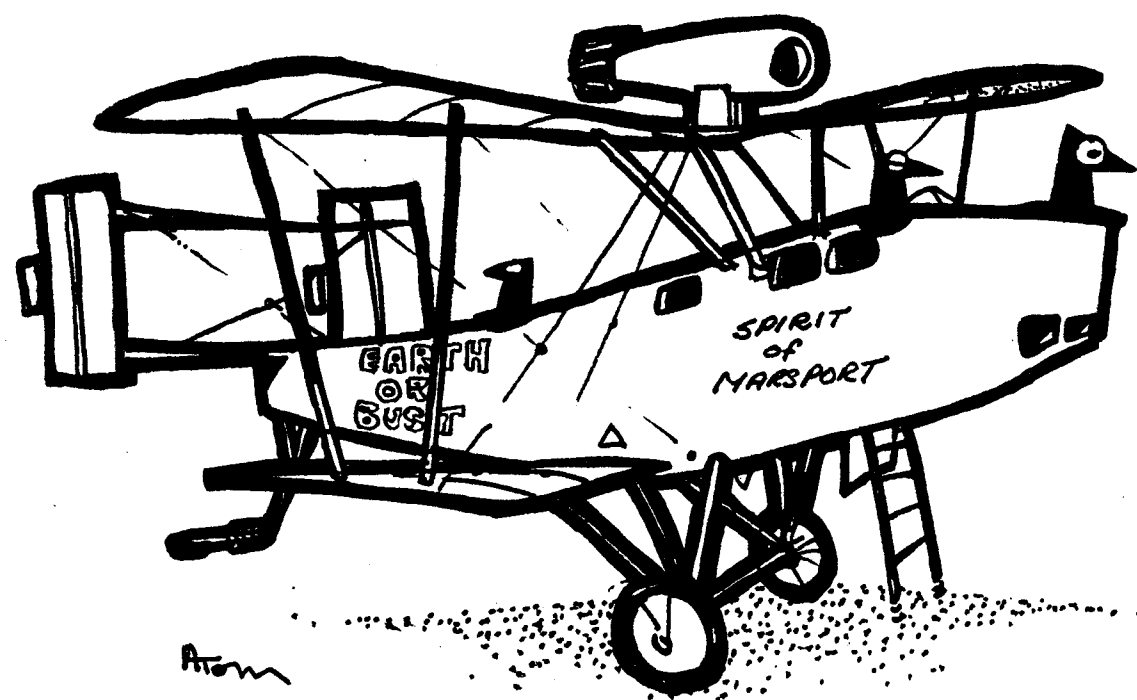


G L I T 1

Issue #2

AUGUST 1991



Arnie Rambles a Little

I've produced hundreds of fanzines, including the first issue of this one, under my own power, but there's an almost irresistible allure to the idea of a co-editor. Starting with this issue, *Glitz* becomes Joyce Worley Katz's fanzine, too.

This isn't the first time I have succumbed to the temptation of co-editing a fanzine. In fact, my very first fanzine, *Cursed*, was a joint venture with Lenny Bailes. *Cursed* became *Excalibur* and lasted a combined 10 issues. Then, in the mid-1960s, we started the faanish fanzine *Quip*. When Len's zeal began to falter, *Quip* added Lon Atkins. When both of them finally had to drop out, Cindy Van Arnam took their place for a couple of issues, before I took sole possession of the editorial chair for the last five issues.

That wasn't my last fling at co-editing. Rich brown and I co-edited the newszine *Focal Point* in 1969-1971, as well as co-producing an edition of *The Enchanted Duplicator* and *The Incomplete Terry Carr*.

When Joyce and I got together in 1970, it seemed inevitable that we would do a fanzine together. She, too, had a history of co-editing fanzines. She's done the Hugo-nominated *Odd* with the late Ray Fisher and then the frothy *What About Us Grils?* with Pam Janisch (Whittington) and Sue Robinson.

At first Joyce and I published separate zines. Her *Potlatch* and my *Focal Point* were mainstays in the early 1970s when the Brooklyn Insurgents seemed to be producing at least a genzine a week.

We couldn't say "no" to the delights of co-editing for long. We worked together on *Swoon*, a fannish genzine; *Fiawol*, a biweekly newszine; and *Tandem*, a FAPish genzine.

And Here We Are Again. Say hello to the newest Instant FAPan, Joyce Worley Katz!

I almost rushed a proposed constitutional amendment onto the ballot, but thought better of it in time to save myself a lot of effort -- and some FAPAns a bit of consternation. Far better to discuss my idea in the traditional leisurely FAPA way and, if there's support, vote on it at the next opportunity.

FAPA's traditions run deep. I would shrink from making this suggestion, which some members may find heretical, if it didn't involve a return to the group's Glorious Past.

In brief, I believe we should reduce the FAPA membership back to the original 50 from the current 65. This could be accomplished through attrition so that no current members lose their status except by the time-dishonored method of failing to pay dues or satisfy the activity requirement.

Some may argue that straight attrition is unfair to wlers. Possibly we could accept one newcomer for every two who drop to get down to the limit if FAPA again develops a wait list.

Why? I think fandom has changed significantly since FAPA raised the membership limit, and that a 65-person apa is overly large and somewhat unappetizing by current standards. Cutting down to 50 would still leave FAPA as one of the largest apas in fandom, but it would cut the copy requirement to a more manageable level. A smaller group might foster increased communication, too.

Glitz #2, Aug. 1991, is edited and published by Arnie & Joyce Katz (330 S. Decatur, Suite 152, Las Vegas, NV 89107) for FAPA.

I don't want to talk the idea to death, just open discussion. I'll be looking forward to comments in forthcoming mailings. Maybe this is a way to increase excitement, involvement, and participation, maybe it isn't. I'm sure a lot of you are gonna tell me which view is right...

Life as a new homeowner is filled with surprises. The most notable recent discovery was that we have an underground stream.

A college student knocked on our door one evening and told us that she and her professor were writing a paper about local geography, and that she thought there was a stream somewhere on the property. Joyce led the researcher to the backyard, where she verified its existence.

Water is always big news in chronically parched Las Vegas. Instant Water Barons! Up to that point, our proudest terrain possession was an increasingly sodden patch of ground, a marsh in the making, between the swimming pool and the semi-circular stone seat at the western edge of our lot. Our Land, as I thought of it now that I had aquatic assets.

The soaked grass and the underground stream turned out to be connected phenomena. Without a specific outlet, the water seeped into the surrounding ground. Fixing the water would dry out the swamp.

We had graduated from owning a Wet Spot to title to a muddy ditch. The American dream wins again.

Tim and Robben Langdon, whose resumés include "landscaper", offered to dig into the situation. There was still a chance that the water came from no more natural a wonder than a ruptured sprinkler pipe. Those who held this view inevitably expressed the hope that the busted pipe and its expensive contents, might belong to our neighbor rather than us.

"You've got a little stream," they announced after a couple of days of digging in the burning Vegas sun. A steady trickle flowed from beneath the stone semi-circle for at least 30 feet toward the front of the house along the western property line before reaching a pipe installed by a previous owner.

the ARNIE KATZ COMEDY NANOSECOND

Tim and Robben found that the stream had frustrated a prior attempt to harness its waters. "I hope there isn't a head at the other end of this," Robben said as he pulled yard after yard of a flexible brown something out of a blocked pipe.. It looked like a five-inch diameter snake.

Fortunately for Robben, if not for the excitement level of this piece, the 40-foot monster turned out to be a tree root! Mother Nature in Her Infinite Variety had blocked the pipe. The tree had died of an unexpected frost the previous winter and we'd already removed it, so I felt no special remorse over thwarting Mother Nature's Grand and Glorious Design. It made the water flow much better, too.

Tim offered to beautify the stream, so the brothers Langdon began dredging the next day. Then created a channel about a foot deep, 18 inches wide and 10 yards long. They lined the stream bed with wide, flat stones, and Joyce added marbles and colored beads. Making the stream run freely cut the seepage enough so that Robben could replace the quagmire with a bed of little purple flowers.

Now we were ready to show our discovery to admiring visitors. Plus a toad who liked to hop around in it.

Except that it didn't have a name. Joyce's first thought was to enhance our river by claiming kinship with a

more famous one. "We'll call it the Timmes," she told her English friend Terry, "like the one near London."

"We need a name that makes people think," Joyce challenged.

"How about Stream of Consciousness?" I said, deftly avoiding her return blow with the long-handled pool skimmer. My suggestion that we name it in honor of a currently popular movie performer died stillborn when we couldn't agree on "River River Phoenix" or "River Phoenix River". Besides, Joyce thought it might confuse people, make them thing her proudest possession ran through the sands of Arizona rather than Nevada.

I finally proposed a name so crammed with symbolism and meaning that Joyce could not reject it. "We'll name it the Crimea, so people will think of it as rushin' past the side of our house." She didn't seem convinced, so I drove home the clincher: "And it's a salute to one of your favorite singers of the early 1950s, the great Julie London." So the Crimea River it has become.

Joyce wanted me to be sure and mention the ancient legend she just invented.. If you throw a silver dollar into our Crimea River, good fortune will follow you all your days. She says it's also efficacious for writer's block and pattern baldness. We've expecting a heavy tourist trade.

Red Letter DAY

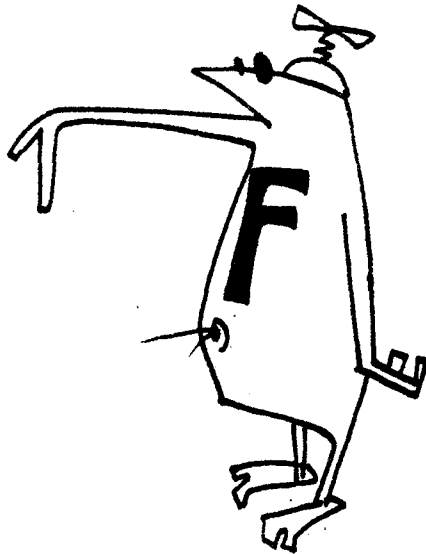
Please, Postal Delivery Carrier, Look and See...

No one wants to get a telegram, but everyone loves mail. Even curmudgeons who spend their spare hours campaigning against junk mail get misty-eyed at the sight of a pink envelope with delicate feminine handwriting and a hint of Chanel No. 5. Surprise mail can always prove a treat, but there is nothing to match the anticipated receipt of something wonderful.

I learned of the pleasures the postman could bring at a very early age. (This does not count my father's repeated insistence that I physically resemble the letter carrier.) As a regular "Captain Video" viewer in the mid-1950s, I had to have every trinket the Captain's obese assistant paraded in front of my innocent eyes.

The skill, reassuringly clad in the uniform of the Video Rangers, made it so simple. In exchange for several wrappers from Powerhouse candy bars and a quarter, they'd send something wonderful, like the Captain Video Ring or the Light Gun that wrote glowing messages in the dark. We kids even got to keep the candy.

All the gizmos, whatever their exact nature, shared certain features. Virtually all had "whistles only you can blow", most had a nook described as "ideal for keeping secret messages", and none of them ever worked as



marvelously as the show claimed.

That never stopped me. I'd chomp on those peanut-infested Powerhouse bars to collect the needed labels, rush them to the address shown on the screen, and then haunt the mail box every day until the bulky little package arrived. And barely would the disappointment at the latest Capt. Video premium fade from my youthful memory than the fat guy in the uniform would unveil some alleged new pearl of great price.

I expected the most important mail I got during my first stint in fandom. I knew it was coming, but I didn't know

whether it would dispense joy or despair.

I felt certain I would get a reply when I timidly wrote to Ted White, head and host of the Fanoclasts, asking for an invitation to a meeting. As I waited for his answer, I had every reason to expect a turn-down. The Fanoclasts seldom added members and were reputedly not fond of brash young neofans.

One mid-April day in 1964, I came home from the 11th grade to find a post card from Brooklyn atop the usual stack of fanzines and letters. I won't say that his reply brimmed with good fellowship, but it was patient and kind and showed great understanding of my situation. He invited me to the next meeting, Friday evening at 9:00 pm.

Rich brown and Mike McInerney later told me that they were present when Ted got the note and had spoken eloquently on behalf of toleration for bumptious neofans, but I think the lion's share of the credit still belongs to Ted. After all, he invited this young stranger to his *home*.

When I decided to resume participation in fandom, I wrote several letters to those who'd been most important to my fan career in the past. I just wanted them to know I was back, that I hoped to publish a little, and that I remembered them with fondness.

I was lying in the pool, trying to keep in line with the sun's passage across the afternoon sky, when the phone rang. After I dried and dressed awhile later, my assistant Becky told me that the manager of The Mail Box had called. We use a privately owned mailing center in preference to the United States Post Office, because they give large-volume mail receivers like us more attentive service.

'Alice called to say that you have a priority letter from a Mr. Walter A Willis of Northern Ireland,' Becky said. A letter from Walt Willis! And not just a common every day letter, mind you, but a piece of mail that had received special handling. I imagined white-gloved messengers tenderly carrying the good news from Donaghadee to Vegas.

Since Joyce had just returned from the mail center 15 minutes earlier, I knew I'd have to wait until at least the next morning to get my special Willis letter.

As I lay in bed that night, my sense of wonder ran wild. What would require such expensive postage? Perhaps he was so touched by my eulogy of *Hyphen* in the letter that he'd decided to publish another issue. This fannish saint, at no small inconvenience to himself, was going to give me one last chance to fulfill my fanwriting dream – articles in *Inuendo*, *Void*, and *Hyphen*.

It wasn't a likely prospect when I conceived this ambition in 1966, since all three had folded. Fandom moves in mysterious ways, its miracles to perform. I satisfied two-thirds of this goal before my gafiation, and I would've made it a clean sweep if only I'd responded to a Willis letter received during the depths of my disinterest in fandom. Maybe fate was about to give me the opportunity to atone for failing

to rise to Willis' invitation to contribute to the revered beacon of faanish fandom..

Or maybe Walt wanted to help relaunch my fan career by contributing to my new fanzine. What a guy! Wasn't that just like him? It might even turn out to be the first installment of a column.

It thrilled me just to think of it, a Willis column in my fanzine. A beatific smile illuminated my sensitive fannish face as I drifted toward sleep, trying to recall whether I'd actually told WAW about *Folly*.

With sleep came dreams. Perhaps Willis had not stopped at merely allowing me to contribute to *Hyphen*, not been content to provide an article or even a column for *Folly*.

Perhaps the reason for this unprecedented special letter was that WAW had decided to enter the new decade on a fresh note. In the 1950s, he co-edited *Slant* with a fellow Belfast. In the 1960s, his reached across the sea to join hands with a Londoner to create

Hyphen. Now in this era of computers, modems, and faxes, he would reach across the Big Pond for a co-editor of the 1990s. I was proud and humble to be that co-editor.

What a team we would make! His talent! His Wit! His brilliance! My word processor! Katz and Willis – all right, Willis and Katz! – an unbeatable fanzine force for the nineties. My heart swelled with pride as I saw Walt and I, standing on the dais, humbly accepting our first "Best Fanzine" Hugo.

"Thank you, thank you," I heard Walt say as Joyce shook me back to consciousness. She claimed I'd awakened her with my enthusiastic applause.

"It's time to go get your letter from Willis," she said. I flew from the warmth of my bed into the heat of a Las Vegas summer morning. Only the safety belt kept me from floating several feet above our red LeBaron as it roared down nearly empty streets to the Mail Box.

"May I have The Letter?" I said to Alice. She hurried to the back room and returned with my special letter from Willis delicately balanced on a red satin pillow. They don't get many overseas letters in Las Vegas

"Here It is," she bowed her head slightly, caught up in the majesty of the moment. I opened the bulky envelope, festooned with red and green warnings to treat it with respect. My fingers trembled.

There were three things: *Hyphen* #37, a print out of a Willis column from *Pulp* and a letter which began: "My, what a pleasant surprise! I don't often use exclamation marks, but I feel the need for one here to make up for all the backslapping and hugging which the Post Office are unable to transmit."

It was a wonderful letter – and the fanzine and column weren't too shabby, either. This special letter brought more delight than my wildest speculations.

Plus, it inspired this article. I thought I'd better have something reay incase it was a summons to contribute. Since a *Hyphen* isn't planned for the foreseeable future, I can publish it right here.



Under the Influence

"I've got a great idea for a fanzine article," I confided to Joyce as we cuddled on the couch and watched "Star Trek: The Next Generation".

"You do?" Joyce turned her attention from the latest threat to the *Enterprise*. Her chameleon eyes bored into my soul, trying to fathom my meaning. I couldn't figure out why she was looking at me like I'd just told her I'd taken a joyride on a flying saucer. She'd heard me say that a hundred times. Of course, I hadn't spoken that magic phrase for 15 years.

"Yes, a fan article," I repeated. It would be wonder, I knew. An article to restore my fannish reputation overnight. I could visualize the faces of fans too young to remember *Quip* or *Swoon*, or *Wooden Nickel*, delight and awe mingled in a sublime transport of ecstasy.

I could hear the wise old men of the microcosm shake their heads n wonder, nodding agreement to each other. "The kid's still got it," Jay Kinney would tell Lenny Bailes.

"Better than ever," Bailes, the sage of the San Francisco would write to Burbee.

"What's the title?" she asked,



snapping me back to our shared version of reality.

I wiped a tear of joy from my eye at the thought of bringing so much joy to the Katz-starved fandom of 1990. "'Under the Influence'," I announced triumphantly. Even the title said "instant classic".

"That's very good, Arnie.." He voice had the same approving warmth usually reserved for our cat Slugger, when the yellow fuzball hits the catbox instead of the wall behind it. "So you'll describe

the influences upon your fanwriting," she continued. "You'll tell the readers how reach influence massively affected your style. Of course, you'll write each section in the style of that fan."

Bullseye! She had described it perfectly! Ny only comfort was the sure knowledge that she was so gripped by Gafia that there was no chance that she would write it first.

My fragile confidence evaporated

like a puddle on a Las Vegas summer day. If a gafiante, even a former High Priestess, could guess it so quickly, perhaps anyone could conceive it. There might be six fans already writing that article. One of them might even be putting the finishing touches on their version, and I hadn't even begun to type the introduction.

Then a truly horrible thought struck me. What if someone had already done it while I was Away.

I smiled at my foolishness.

My fear was ridiculous. It was one thing for Joyce Katz to guess the premise after I primed her with the title. Could an ordinary fan have conceived this grand design unaided? I thought of the fans of my youth.

I sighed with relief. Not a chance.

Besides, in the unlikely event that someone had stumbled onto this surefire idea, Bob Lichtman would have mentioned the momentous event in one of his first letters. This one was mine, all mine.

"I'll bet you're going to tell them the story of your first worldcon, the Discon in 1963, when you read *The Enchanted Duplicator* and *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* back to back," Joyce said, Capt. Picard's impending doom momentarily forgotten as she warmed to the topic.

The Enchanted Duplicator! At the mention of the delightful allegory, the livingroom seemed to fade. Arphan had left the Mountains of Mundania. After many trials, he stood at last at the foot of the Mountain of Trufandom. He could see the top, but he was still too distant to make it out clearly.

"Thinking about the Magic Mimeo?" asked a gray little man whose nametag proclaimed him "Mr. Mac". "It's a very old-fashioned piece of hardware, you know.

"Perhaps it was perfect for Trufans at one time, but it's not state-of-the-art at all!" He pointed to a padded leather bag at his feet. "You need a computer to reach Trufandom!"

"Then let's travel together!" Arphan said as he looked longingly up the hill. "Oh, no,



my computer is too heavy to carry up that steep slope! Its expensive mechanism would never survive the journey<" the little man said. "I'll just contact it by modem!"

Arphan looked at his new friend, who was already unpacking his mammoth machine.. "I shall go there myself. Perhaps we will talk again."

"On the modem!" Mr. Mac called after him as Arphan began to trudge up the twisted pathway than led to Trufandom.

The Enchanted Duplicator converted me, heart and soul. I was an irredeemable fan, as mired in the morass as Willis or Shaw. But when I read *Ah, Sweet Idiocy!* my easily influenced psyche rebelled against the naive idealism. "Why don't *you* quit fandom?" I asked myself.

The next day, Bailes and I went to the banquet. Through Laney's eyes I beheld the fruitiest fruit I had ever seen

pranced up to me. "Oh," he trilled, "what a delightful young f-a-a-an!" My life had been sheltered, but even innocent young Arnie Katz knew what this person's long blond hair and fully, pouty lips meant.

"Do you want to go to a party?" he asked, pressing one effeminate hand to mine in a suspiciously limp handshake. "No, I'd rather join the N3F," I replied as I edged away. I didn't feel comfortable until I saw him leave the hall with his wife a few minutes later.

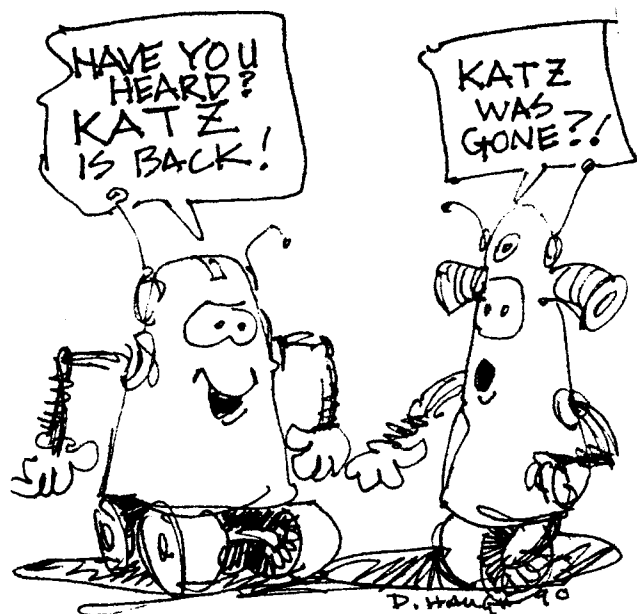
The Midwestcon in Cincinnati in June 1965 saw the unfolding of momentous happenings that soon reverberated throughout fandom. Wilson Arthur Tucker, who had become better known as Bob Tucker for his barbs in fanzines such as *Le Zombie*, which he began in December 1938 as a mimeographed publication, appeared before the young Arnie Katz. In his diffident manner, he asked if the husky New York fan publishers would like to buy back-date fanzines. At this time, many collectors prized fan magazines even more than professional periodicals and would pay fabulous sums of more than a dollar for a number needed to complete a run of a desirable title.

When Katz confided to Tucker his inclination to further enlarge his already impressive collection, the former *Astounding* letter-hack, whom that magazine's august editor had banned from its letter column due to excessive humor when it was owned by Clayton, conducted Katz to his van where he had cartons full of many of the most highly respected fan journals.

Tucker also took this golden opportunity to sell Katz *The Immortal Storm* in the original hardback edition. Despite the minuscule type in which it was set, the chronicle of fandom's early years instilled in the then-inexperienced fan an abiding love of fanhistory which did much to counteract the impression created in his mind by the previously mentioned work by Francis Towner Laney, who had earlier produced the prestigious *Acolyte*.

"Aren't you going to tell them about John Berry?" I fingered my luxuriant mustache as I tried to remember which John Berry she might mean. I went to the closet where I keep all my files. Unfortunately, the file marked "Berry, John:" was at the bottom of a vertical stack that towered to the ceiling and swayed alarmingly when I opened the door.

I began to f=pull folders off



of the top of the shimmering pile while delicately balanced on one foot on the narrow platform provided by a pressed cardboard lamp table.

I worked my way down to the oldest files, ripping aside cobwebs and scraping crushed termites from between the dusty pages in the cramped closet.

Dust motes swirled around me as I worked my way down the mountain of mimeographed matter. All at once, a dread feeling came over me. My hand flew to my nose, always much admired by fans and pelicans. but it was too late.

"Ah-choo!" The walls shook. My mustache whipped forward and back from the force of my nasal exhalation. I clutched the door jam as the tornado roared in my ears. Then I saw the stack leaning toward me. Then everything went black.

When I woke, I had a ghood-minton baton my chest and my wife was calling me to tea.

"And what about Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon?" Joyce said to

me. "He is a Fine Fan and a Definite Influence."

"This is true." Calvin Demmon published many *Flying Frogs* with Andy Main. They were very funny Fanzines. They did not Cause Warts. That made me love them, even though the druggist complained that I never came to see him any more. Or *Something*

Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon showed me Something New about fanwriting. something*. He chose his words Very Carefully and showed me the joys of Artistic Minimalism and Rampant Capitalization.

And now I want to talk about Ted White and the way he showed me how to be fabulous and fannish. I learned from Ted to be analytical as well as frothy. He taught me that fanwriting needs substance as well as form.

I believe he taught me well.

"After that, it was pretty much a case of synthesizing these influences," I continued.

"But Arnie, why are you telling me all this?" Joyce asked. "I'm hardly even a fan any more."

"I have a problem," I said, because I'd realized somewhere between Moskowitz and Berry that I had a problem.

"Problem?" I saw concern in her semi-sensitive, ex-fannish face.

"This article could run into trouble if no one realizes I'm doing pastiches," I explained. "I can't put a note in a box to alert fans to my accomplishment." It was a worry. "What can I do?"

"You've already done it," she said, returning to the crisis in outer space.

And, indeed, I had.

The Token AND THE The Talisman

Superstition doesn't count much with me. I have never worn a holy metal, carried a rabbit's foot, fretted about the 13th, or any of that other claptrap. Yet it came to pass that the only thing I carried with me into the operating room was a talisman of extraordinary fan-mystical significance.

The trufannish talisman came to me in a letter from the woman other fans call the Geri Sullivan of the 1990s. Walt Willis introduced us shortly after I resumed fanac, and she's become one of my regular correspondents.

Geri's gift betrayed none of its specialness to the casual observer. It was a smooth, irregular white pebble. Like Tolkien's One Ring, ordinary appearance masked the tremendous forces locked within its heart.

Geri found the rock during her trip to Britain and Northern Ireland, the details of which will shortly begin appearing in *Folly*. It comes from the hill on which the magic mimeo stood in *The Enchanted Duplicator*.

An unabashed admirer of *TED*, like me could not fail to be highly impressed. I carefully swathed the stone in bits of cardboard, taped the whole thing together, and slid it into a pocket in my wallet.

A hunt through my fannish momentoes yielded the perfect reciprocal gift. My next letter to Geri included a penny.

As I explained to her, this penny had a convoluted fannish history. It began life as an ordinary copper coin of no rare mintage. It entered fandom

as a contribution to the 1962 Willis Fund. The Fanoclasts decided Walter and Madeleine could use extra spending money, so they passed the cup -- or rather, two cups -- at a meeting.

Terry Carr took charge of the proceeds. To make things easier for the Willises, he counting the change and put the dollar amount into the Willis Fund.

The coins, in the matching pair of green cups, sat on a shelf in the Carrs' apartment for about a decade. Terry donated the pile of pennies to me for the Bob Shaw Fund (which brought BoSh to the Noreascon).

I put the cash value into the kitty, and the cups sat on a living room bookcase in Brooklyn Heights for another decade. Now the twin green coffers reside on a shelf in the room that serves as Becky Shayne's office.

I sent Geri one of the pennies. Her next letter agreed to my proposal that she serialize her trip report in *Folly*.

I had no idea that a WCS (Willis-Carr-Shaw) penny could work such wonders. If I had, I might have squandered them all during my first stint in fandom.

The faned's lust for contributions is insatiable. The temptation to convert each cent into an article, column, or series might prove irresistible. Doesn't that sound like the premise for a faan fiction tale? Perhaps a Nathaniel Hawthorne *pastiche* in which the fanzine editor sinks lower into fake fandom with each magic penny "spent" on a

contribution. I ignored the whispers which promised undying fannish fame, perhaps even a Hugo or seventeen, and put the coins back in their honored spot.

Now I have the Talisman, and Geri has the Token. I loll in the warm Vegas sun while she shivers in the perpetual winter of Minneapolis. The smmetry is obvious -- and necessary. With such selfless, herculean efforts is the precarious Balance of Fandom maintained. . .



INTENSE NOSE

Everyone follows a different star and dreams their special dream. This was brought home to me with some force when friend, partner, and agent Barry Friedman revealed his Grand Design.

The light of a True Believer danced in the eyes of this long-time resident of sunny southern California as he described the virgin land he owned by the big bend in the river in the frozen wastes of New Brunswick, Canada. Gingerly, because dreams are fragile, I raised the inevitable questions about isolation, frigid winters, and the availability of mass media. He fielded them with the practiced aplomb of a man who had heard it all before -- and who was sitting at poolside in his swim trunks in Las Vegas.

Nothing could blunt Barry's zeal to transfer family and business to his dominion in the Dominion. The Friedmans set July 1 as the official departure day. They'd summered in New Brunswick for several years, so it was logical to begin life under the Maple Leaf banner at the time of their annual Canadian retreat.

While wife Betty, their three kids, and secretary cum mother's helper Ellie crossed the country and the world's longest undefended border,

Barry stayed behind to conduct business and finish packing computers, furniture, and countless collectibles for movers' trailer.

Barry got as much as possible ready, but as might be expected, there were a few odds and ends that weren't quite suitable to entrust to the movers. He planned to driving to his new home, so he rented a giant Lincoln. At the last minute, he emptied the contents of their safety deposit boxes and a few mementoes which had especaped packing into the cavernous truck..

Barry's first stop after leaving California was Las Vegas, where we were suprised to find he was still puffing away on cigarettes as a furious pace. "Surely this cannot be?" I said to Joyce. "For this is Iron Will Barry, the man who was going to quit cigarettes cold turkey on his 40th birthday."

"How can I possibly quit?" was Iron Will's response between heavy drags on a coffin nail. "I had too many boxes to pack, too much pressure." Barry's go-getter lifestyle will lack pressure shortly after his funeral.

There were intimations during his stopover in Las Vegas that Barry had discovered that paradise was not flawless. Certain items, amenities, are

either not available in Canada or can only be had for an exorbitant price. Things like really *soft* toilet paper and cigarettes at less than \$20 per carton. Before hitting the road again, Barry went shopping and came back with some toilet paper, cigarettes, soap, and other luxuries which are hard to find in New Brunswick.

Apparently, this shopping spree continued as Barry traversed the country in his rented Lincoln. By the time he reached the checkpoint to cross into Canada, he had accumulated quite a bit of stuff.

"I think they noticed the hangers," Barry theorized when he told me this story. "Food hangers are hard to find in Canada." He had stuffed quite a few of them into the backseat of his car. He had more hangers than Joan Crawford. If Canada placed an embargo on fancy foreign hangers, Barry was prepared to ride out the crisis.

The checkpoint officer could also see that Barry frequently bought cigarettes by the carton. Thoughts of quitting constantly bedeviling his already agitated mind had turned him into the one-mansalavation of the American Tobacco Industry. Fearing that every chance to buy cigarettes

might be his last, Barry had repeatedly succumbed to temptation. He lost track of how many cartons he'd bought some place near the Mississippi River. With the innocence of the true nicotine addict, he kept buying cartons and stowing them in the capacious back seat.

Unfortunately, the Canadian government is more precise about such matters. They wanted to know exactly how many cartons Barry's mania had deposited in the car. And they had a law about bringing in more than two without paying the duty. By the time the tower of cigarette cartoons reached its full majestic height, Barry had made the agonizing journey in the guard's mind from tourist to suspect.

Things took a turn for the worse when the guard asked Barry to open his trunk. Barry's obvious reluctance to do so only whetted the guard's appetite to know what mysteries lay beneath the Lincoln's bylous back hood. This revealed a cache of jewelry of the type a Lincoln-driving desperado might carry. Atop this hoard of glitz baubles was Barry's pride and joy, his Dick Nose.

"What is this?" the female guard inquires as she points at the strap-on Dick Nose sitting on the pile of rings, necklaces and bracelets,

"Oh, that's my Dick Nose," Barry explains helpfully. "I sometimes like to wear it when I drive at night."

She looks at the dick nose. And she looks at Barry.

Dick nose.

Barry.

Dick nose.

Barry.

Time to call out some more guards.

They look at Barry. They look at the Dick Nose

Nods of agreement. The female guards add a little distance between themselves and the owner of this pink plastic paraphernalia.

Heads shake. Tongues click. Private thoughts about eccentric Americans reverberate in the Canadian woods. The guard in charge sends for more forms. Lots more forms.

And then someone notices the

heap of treasure lying beneath it.

"And where did you get all the jewelry?" the border official suddenly demands, coming to the point.

"They're my wife's. She likes jewelry. I'm bringing them to her in Canada." A lot of freeform disbelief, precedes a march to the Customs Shed so other female workers can examine the jewelry. People are saying things like, "Well, you must certainly love your wife to buy her all this jewelry" and looking at Barry like the star of a case history on "Canada's Most Wanted".

Barry fills out forms, signs declarations, swears oaths of allegiance to Queen and Country, and does anything else the guards propose. A miniature troop now rings the cornucopia of contraband that is the Lincoln. At this moment, KKW's contract whiz will sign anything. And does. Where do prisoners go in Canada? Better not to know, he decides, abasing himself before the Canadian authorities.

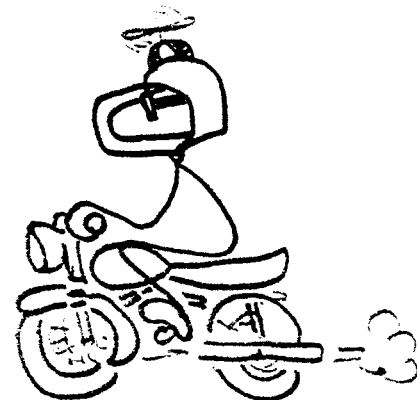
The guards begin pulling rolls of toilet paper out of the car. If there's one thing Barry can't resist, it's a special on soft fluffy toilet paper. His travels have brought him into contact with many such specials, and his car is stuffed with pastel-colored rolls.

"And all this toilet paper?" the guard begins. "Is that for your wife, too?"

"Nom we all like it," Barry replies. An unspoken comment about why a family would need so much toilet paper hangs in the air.

Barry attempts to ingratiate himself with the guards. He applies the full force of the Friedman charm. The world spins, the border sentries momentarily lose their normal positions in time and space. When the scene clears again, the guards are saluting Barry for his decision to immigrate to Canada. Everyone joins hands, sings "'O, Canada!' in English and French, and Barry rides off into the green vastness of New Brunswick. There will be hangers and toilet paper at home tonight.

He smiles in his triumph. His hand reaches out to the passenger seat. Time to put it on. Now.

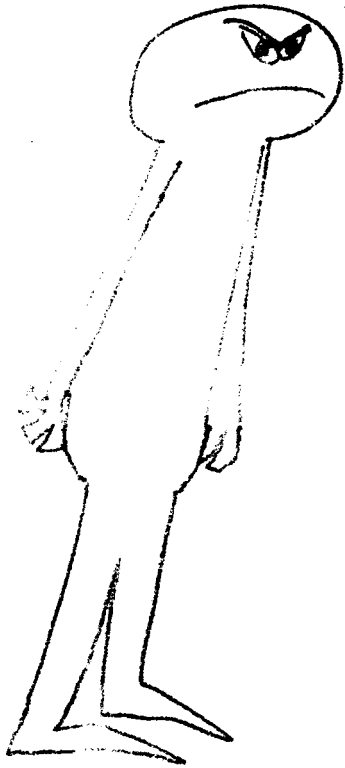


All written material is by Arnie Katz

Joyce is easing into her new status. She promises actual writing next issue.

Art Credits

ATom: Cover, 4
Brad Foster: 9
David Haugh: 8
Lee Hoffman: 11
Jonh Ingam: 6
Bill Rotsler: 3, 7, 12
Jim Shull: 5



IT ALL LIGHTS
UP AT THE
FLICK OF A SWITCH!

MY FANDOM
MY F
AND
OM
MY FAN
DOMIN
Y FANDOM