



TALK 6 HEADS

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are we not fen?

D.N.KJOLA

A ONE-SHOT NEWSZINE OF SORTS

© Wm 79

1956
1957
1958
1959
1960

1961
1962
1963
1964
1965

AM A NONENTITY,
BUT I REMEMBER CLAUDE
DEGLER, HARRY WARNER (JR & SR)

AND PHIL
PAINE.



WHAT MORE
HAS LIFE TO
OFFER?

PHIL PAINE CREDIT ISSUE OF D.N.KJOLA

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Tara Wayne, 1812-415 Willowdale ave, Willowdale Ontario, m2n 5b4 (416) 221 3517 for Oasis 9 and DNQ. Contributors to the cause of saving Phil's membership in Oasis are myself, Tara, Bob Wilson, Janet Wilson and Victoria Vayne, with art by Alexis Gilliland, Bill Rotsler, and Tara. Being done this night, the 24th of February, a Saturday, at the various locales of the surviving Toronto Derelicts. Vi! te jaln eldjai hl ilaidl! Or may the world laugh with you; not at you.

yeah

BOB WILSON

I know this two-bit mage who works out of a storefront on a crummy part of King Street. Conjuring, time-binding and naval tattoos. He sold me a dusty tesseract from a back shelf. I dipped into February of 1968 and summoned myself.

What I got was this...this...youth, this anal-retentive 15-year-old with clunky plastic glasses and chubby thighs and all the elan of a severely wounded Canada goose. He demanded to know where he was.

"Ah," I said, "what you don't know, callow youth, is that this is the World of the Future."

"Prove it," he said.

"Son," I said, "I am yourself, grown older."

"Crap," he insisted. "If this is the future prove it."

"Here. Look at our popular culture..."

"What's the latest Beatles record, if this is really 1979?"

"Well, there aren't any...but here, listen to Paul McCartney. Listen to John Lennon." I played Speed of Sound and Shaved Fish.

"Crap," my younger self repeated. "Shallow cardboard imitation. This does not bear out the promise of Sgt. Pepper. Play something else."

I played Devo and The Ramones, explaining that this was the artistic avante-garde. My guest prepared to leave.

"Wait," I said. "This really is the future. Look, turn on the TV."

He switched it on. "What do I get, huh? Holos? Spaceships?"

The picture focused. A woman compared Tide to her regular detergent. A man preferred Coke to Pepsi. Several candy bars danced across the screen. A man had a Big Mac Attack. My guest said derisive words.

"Wait," I said, pulling my trump. "If you still don't believe me, look at this." I showed him a current newspaper. The headline said WASHINGTON URGES CHINA TO WITHDRAW FROM VIETNAM.

"You're kidding...you mean China has attacked U.S. troops in Vietnam?"

"Good lord, no. The Chinese are our friends. They're attacking the nasty Vietnamese."

"The South Vietnamese?"

"There are no South Vietnamese."

"You mean they're attacking Hanoi?"

"Blood all over the Friendship Bridge. Here, dip into these Time Magazines."

He flicked through the pages. Altamont...Sharon Tate...Jonestown...Cambodia... He looked at me, shattered. "But -- but -- Haight-Ashbury! Timothy Leary! The Beatles, dammit! We were gonna

stop all this stuff!"

I sighed.

"O spirit," he said to me, ashen-faced, "say it isn't so! Are these the shadows of things that must be? -- or only the shadows of things that might be?"

"You're stuck with it, kid," I said kindly. "Tough it out."

"Fuck that," he said. "Here, give me that tesseract thing. I've gotta do something."

It was a reckless gesture, but as he disappeared into the mists of time I had to admit that I admired him. He was a good-hearted kid. He really was.

Of course, it was dumb to try and change history.

If he wanted to do that, he'd have to go back at least as far as President Dewey.

VICTORIA VAYNE

Toronto fans seem to play Musical Possessions with everything imaginable. Not only that, they often own more than one of any given type of article in order that they may have something to play Musical Possessions with. Take typewriters, for example -- at Janet and Bob's place there must be at least four of them, including an antique kept because it is neat. (There are also four cats, but willing takers for a game of Musical Cats have not stepped up. Also, none of the cats are antiques.) Or mimoes. There are five, one an antique, at my place at the moment, and three, also including an antique, at Taral's, and some of these have been swapped around among fans, one of mine having come from Jennifer Bankier, and one of Taral's having come from me and another from Bob Wilson originally.

But the area where Toronto fans stand out is in playing Musical Stereos. These are swapped around as often as musical tastes change. Phil Paine sold his stereo set, that used to hide among the books at St. George St., to Taral when he left for Phoenix in 1976, and acquired a modest (to put it as diplomatically as possible) little tin box from Bill Brummer's brother upon his return in early 1977. His first record collection, easily the most unusual one among Toronto fans, with such gems as the Moravian Eskimo Choir, was dispersed among the survivors, and subsequent collections put together during later stays in Toronto similarly handed around. Unfortunately, as people are gradually acquiring better equipment, they are finding some of these records somewhat unplayable, as the peanut butter doesn't tend to be easily removable from the records.

Janet had a so-called "portable" set that could be fitted with spindly legs to simulate a console, and a collection that included old 78's, in book-like "albums". Bob had nothing of his own until someone sold him a set upon leaving town, in 1978. His record collection was victim to thieves not long afterwards, and the replacements included much Elvis Costello and other punk rock. At Christmas just past, he announced that he had upgraded the modest compact he'd acquired, and proceeded to display to his friends an elaborate brand new component set with huge speakers (and threats of death to any cat that dared to sharpen claws on one) that was capable of belting out Devo's "Jocko Homo" fortissimo to all the neighbourhood.

I had a fairly elaborate component set that included two turntables and a tape deck, which I sold to Bob Webber in 1977 during a financial crisis, and at a point where an overly fussy upstairs neighbour would never permit me to play it anyway. I kept back one turntable and obtained from my parents an antique 1938 Philips table radio with a dial showing all sorts of European stations in their native languages, to attach the turntable to. WebBob wound up with a replacement for his alleged "lo-fi" that he talked of on occasion but which no one had actually ever seen (because no one actually ever saw his room, let alone its contents); the "lo-fi" was thereafter lost to Derelict Ken. Today, over a year later, Bob has his eye on more modern equipment, and I'm reacquiring the set I had sold to him. In the meantime, I had found a rare bargain in a portable stereo in perfect condition in the want ads, completely compatible with the set I sold Bob, so that the return of the original set could be made piecemeal. As soon as the amplifier comes back, the portable can be detached from the system and made complete within itself once again.

Taral, in the meantime, was making do with Phil's old set, which was beginning to develop irregularities, and building up a record collection from found bargains and gifts that is improving even as the record player is declining. He'll be inheriting my portable soon, once it becomes free and available, which will be a marked improvement.

Loose ends...Janet acquired the modest compact that Bob replaced; Taral's mother acquires Phil's old set; the antique Phillips radio takes up residence in my back room. And interest in music is at an all-time high around here. The dreams don't stop here, though. Bob Wilson is entertaining thoughts of a tape deck to add to his system, I broke down recently and bought a hi-fi/stereo review magazine and am thinking of bigger speakers at some remote future point, a cassette deck and cassette player in the car; and nobody would sneer at the offer of a Betamax. Any contest that offers prizes of stereos, colour TV sets, or records is eagerly entered by certain of the Derelicts, and the faunchings after desk sized speakers and 500 watt amplifiers go on and on. Specifications of people's musical properties are compared as jealously as once were book collections, Bob Wilson was actually caught passing up a book store to look into the window of a hi-fi dealer; and "We are Devo" has been inscribed in the snow on my car (not to mention others besides) at many opportunities. This is sometimes referred to as "gafia"...I think.

JANET WILSON

There are fans who can produce something humourous and well-written on demand after a Saturday afternoon spent on a committee meeting at the office -- and then there's me. All I can do is a report on the damn committee meeting.

It's called the Publications Committee, which means it occasionally meets to wonder if we can afford to publish something and decide we can't. As resident hack writer I'm sort of a member of it, so there I was waiting for the others to show up.

Some of them did. Two members of the Executive (the folks who theoretically run the place) showed up and two didn't -- it seems there was a hell of a conflict at the Executive meeting this morning and the losing side went home to sulk. My immediate boss, Brant, showed up looking worn and torn. As top-ranking member of the hired help, he has to sit in on Executive meetings, and apparently a Navy career and World War II weren't enough preparation.

All I wanted to hear about the battle (though not all I was going to hear) was whether they'd agreed I could work shorter and less regular hours. They had -- if we acquire a secretary. There's the catch. We haven't had one for some time now, mostly because the Executive can't agree whom to hire. This means Brant's been training himself to act as his own secretary and I've been answering an awful lot of phones. He's learning typing skills and I'm learning to hate The Bell.

After about an hour's worth of who-said-what-to-whom, we finally got down to business and decided what we could publish in the near future -- a list of things we happened to have stencils for, just to prove we'd published something. By this time, even that seemed like an accomplishment.

By then it was time to come home, so I did, expecting to spend the evening in pajamas and self-indulgence. Instead I found we were going to spend the evening writing a one-shot. And that, my friends, is why I've just turned out the most irrelevant bit of writing I ever wrote. No wonder one-shots have such a reputation: they're a written show-up-as-you-are surprise party.

Well, that's how I are. And that was my day. How was yours?

TARAL

After thousands of years of mutual strife and genocide, representatives of the two stereoisometric races of Rhassimerh met to negotiate a peace between their peoples. The ambassador we shall call "Wright" ritualistically asked his counterpart, "Lefty" if his people were not mean, like his, to which "Lefty" made the ceremonial reply, "Are we not mean? No! We are levo!"

Though it has been nearly nine years since I came to Earth, only a few other inDalmirinla have followed. At present there are 14 here, some engaged in reforming public affairs, a few busy minding their own business, and others cuaght up in one thing or another like fandom, as I am. Only a couple of them, friends of mine, have come into contact with fandom, even in passing, but fandom has a natural interest in extraterrestrials. The mundane world itself is attentive to the comings and goings of aliens, and exploitation was not far behind my coming, lo these many years ago... Some current news in this vein:

SPIDER MAN vs KJOLA! Marvel comics has been promising this turkey for over a year, but Buscema and Alcalá have at last turned in the artwork. (There was talk of Steve Ditko or Jack Kirby on the art, but Taral put his foot down.) However, Buscema has everyone looking like Arnold Schwarzenegger, the muscle builder, even though it looks gross and utterly un-Kjola-like. The story-line is the usual feeble excuse to get the two contenders for the strongest-superhero title into a knock-down drag-out fight. The business of recruiting a harmless incognito alien into the superhero business by a grasping comics company desparate for a new line of comics gives the story humour it needs.

CRANK BOOK veteran, John Taylor, has enlarged upon the theme of his first effort with a new book, "Black Holes and the End of Galactic Civilization", obviously aimed at neutralizing any false hopes offered by Dalmirin... The science is quaint.

THE STAR TREK MOVIE forges ahead, with the crew costumed in full length pajamas. After twice deciding to use an actor in my place, Roddenberry has finally realized a Kjola suits the part better than an actor in a suit. All for a couple of minutes of spear-carrying, as if Kjola would be casual crew-members of a Federation StarShip. Dumb...

JALEEM SONTON seems to have become King of the Western Kingdom in SCA. Long interested in historical hand-to-hand combat, "Lady Dragone" had the distinct physiological advantage of being from the strongest and nearly the swiftest sentient species in Dalmirin. Their physical make-up, though not their shape, was the model for subsequent biological engineering for most other species in Civilization. She plans to be assassinated soon.

PHILIP JOSE FARMER has written a Star Wars novel on his own initiative, though the names are all slightly changed to avoid a lawsuit. Princess Leia = Lady Gaea, etc. He proves that Buck Rogers, Flash Gordon, and Captain Kirk are all ancestors of Luke Skywalker, that Obi-Wan Kenobi is a Vulcan (why else wear a hood?), and that Darth Vader is Doctor Doom. Farmer tries to explain the Wookie away as a Kjola of a different colour, but not very convincingly... And if inDalmirinla wouldn't have anything to do with a Federation, what would we think of an Empire, (or fascistic Rebels, for that matter?)

COMMERCIALS are an odd religious rite, but one must respect the beliefs of others, right? The completed film for a Hush Puppies has been put into the can starring my feet! The 60 second extravaganza shows a series of abused feet in various inadequate shoes playing tennis, splashing through puddles, and so on, and in the last frames I get to step barefoot into fresh cement at Grumman's Chinese Theatre while overvoiced an announcer hints that aren't there times when you wish you were wearing Hush Puppies? Not really, but doing a commercial seemed like a good idea at the time...

A MODEL KIT of a StarShip based on mine has been released by MPC. Little do they know StarShips aren't standardized and the markings are ideosyncratic. Neither do StarShips have one side transparant, but the tackiest aspect of the kit are the optional USAF decals. Ignoring that, it's not a bad model - 18" long - and almost worth the price.

BUBLE GUM PHOTO CARDS are available, with the usual hanky-panky with stickers to make collecting the complete set more difficult. They're even more boring than most cards.

POTATO CHIP SF COINS were suggested to several chip companies by Taral, and will be on the market soon. Taral remembered the silver-dollar sized plastic discs with hockey, and fighter plane pictures he collected years ago and designed a set of Dalmirin coins to compete with the buble gum cards. The whole set is 200 coins, many drawn or painted by Taral, but most are photos and 3-dimensional holos taken on other planets, out-classing the cards entirely...

STARLOG MAGAZINE had an article in the last issue on alien "superscience" and an interview with Tartharltatharlar durl Linild (etc.) - we call her Durl and the hell with it - a Cha Langla who, more than anybody, has been responsible for reforming terrestrial ideas about Cosmology. John Taylor aside. Not bad, but maybe we should write our own book?



REMEMBER WHEN A ONE-SHOT WAS
ONLY THE BEGINNING OF OUR FAN
ACTIVITY?)

