

*There is no now
There is no today
Only Tomorrow and
Tomorrow becoming
Yesterday*

...

*I live my life and watch the days of it go by,
each new season, each new year growing
shorter, gaining momentum as I
am rushed headlong toward a
destiny I can neither foresee
nor comprehend.*

How many platitudes and cliches can I stuff into here about the future? "The future is where we will all spend the rest of our lives." "The undiscovered country."

We all have a vested interest in the future, because that's the one thing all our dreams and ambitions have in common. Hope lives in the future.

It seems people have always wanted an inside track to what the future will hold. Oracles and seers and fortune tellers make a living mining the future, to give seekers some sense of knowing, and thus controlling, the future.

Our topic, The Future, will inevitably give rise to a dozen amateur prognosticators, but I'll take the jump anyway and join them in astounding you with Predictions for the Future. What does the future hold? About a gallon and a half.

The image is a little fuzzy, but peering deep into the reflective surface of the Mystical Coffee Mug gives me an image of diapers and baby bottles and a clock face showing 2:30 AM. I have no idea what these things mean.

Consulting another source of arcane knowledge, I asked my Magic Eightball™ "What is the future of Fandom?" Unhesitatingly, the Eightball replied: "Yes, Definitely." Even if you say it's just parlor tricks, I take great comfort in this glimpse into the future of Fandom. The Eightball said it, I believe it, and that settles it.

There's not as much to say about the future as I thought, but this is also the point on my

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template where I start running out of steam. In the future, I'll plan for this. (Not really, but that's another of the beauties and horrors of the future. It's always there, hovering out of reach.) Of course, it's a good idea not to take the future for granted; a

bad idea to believe that the future will always be there. There isn't time for everything, no matter how attractive it is to think so. Barring accidental death, disease, random violence and a wacky, unpredictable, fun-loving universe with a fondness for practical jokes, you might live to

be a hundred years old. There's no need for me to press upon you the insignificance of that span compared to the eternally unfolding canvass of the future.

Immortality is less curiosity about the future than fear of death, but it's also the most genteel, attractive form of time travel. Time travel

The Future Is Where You Find It.

in Real-Time. Of course, there is a lot of future left, if you listen to the physicists, and after 15 billion years I would be ready for a break from living forever. No wonder god plays practical jokes.

As we wind up this Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Ninety four, and I wrap this issue of JoHn: Re, let's pause for a moment in reflection of the year that was, and the year that will be, and all the others coming down the pike, whether we'll be here to see them or not. What the point of this reflection might be, I'm not sure, but it sounds deep doesn't it? Jeez, am I at the end of the column yet?

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