

TADDLE CREEK



IN 1903 HE CAUGHT THE EYE OF PRETTY AIDA DE COSTA, A VISITOR FROM NEW YORK. MUTUALLY SMITTEN, SHE SAID SHE WANTED TO FLY, SO ON JULY 9TH AIDA TOOK TO THE SKY IN HIS NO.9 DIRIGIBLE WITH A HOMING PIGEON - TO SEND A MESSAGE SHOULD SHE STRAY OFF COURSE - WHILE ALBERTO CYCLED BELOW, SHOUTING GUIDANCE. HER FLIGHT WAS A SUCCESS, AND AT NINETEEN SHE BECAME THE FIRST WOMAN TO FLY A POWERED AIRCRAFT SOLO. THOUGH IT WAS A GREAT DATE, THEY WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. ALBERTO NEVER MARRIED, BUT HE KEPT A PHOTO OF AIDA ON HIS DESK FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, AND SHE WAS THE ONLY PERSON HE ALLOWED TO FLY ANY OF HIS AIRCRAFT.

DRINK STEAM WHISTLE PILSNER

MEANWHILE, AT THE ROUNDHOUSE



A CALL COMES IN ...

ring!
RRR-RING!



HOME DELIVERY JUMPS INTO ACTION!



DO ONE THING...

REALLY...

REALLY WELL...



STEAM
WHISTLE

HOME DELIVERY

steamwhistle.ca





Maybe it's less relevant now. Certainly the 21st century has brought on newer horrors and a fresher batch of difficult questions.

But to me, the world I was born into and grew up in began here, in this place, and on this date:

July 16th, 1945.



Here, at 5:29 am, the effort of 6000 men and women came to its conclusion.

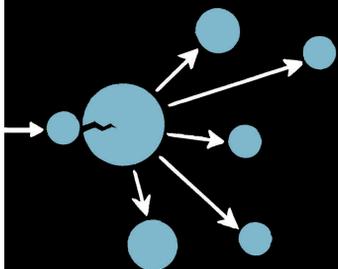
In a flash brighter than a thousand suns...



...and with the echo of thunder across the desert hills.

trinity

December, 1938: Fission is discovered by scientists in Germany, splitting the atom and unleashing undreamt of amounts of energy. As the news spreads around the world, top physicists immediately grasp the possibility of creating an atomic bomb.



August, 1939: Fearing that Nazi scientists may already be working on it, Leo Szilard convinces Albert Einstein to write to President Roosevelt, urging the start of an American-led atomic project.



December, 1941: Pearl Harbor plunges the U.S. into World War II, and the bomb program picks up momentum. Now code named the Manhattan Project, it's headed by General Leslie Groves; the man who built the Pentagon.



At a top secret complex built on the grounds of a former boys school in Los Alamos, New Mexico, the best and brightest scientific minds of the free world are assembled for the task.



Hans Bethe: principal theoretician, driven to join in an effort to stop the Nazis.



Niels Bohr: "the Great Dane", Nobel Prize winner and father figure to many of the assembled.



Enrico Fermi: chief experimentalist, who works on the atomic chain reaction.



Ernest O. Lawrence: inventor of the cyclotron, which produces fissionable material.



Edward Teller: the physicist who advocates the construction of a hydrogen "super" bomb.



And overseeing them all, **J. Robert Oppenheimer**, chief physicist and director of operations.

Oppenheimer is an odd choice to head the massive project.

Elegant and urbane, he speaks 6 languages and loves 16th century poetry. Before choosing physics, he considered becoming an architect or a poet.

A child prodigy, he graduated Harvard in 3 years, summa cum laude, and was awarded a rare dual professorship at Berkeley and Caltech by the age of 25.



Even from youth, he seems a man headed for a special destiny. His brother describes him as someone who needed to make everything he did seem special.

He was the kind of person who, "If he went off in the woods to take a leak, he'd come back with a flower."



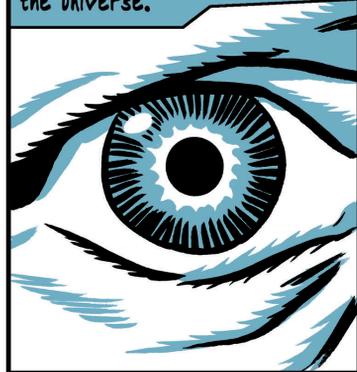
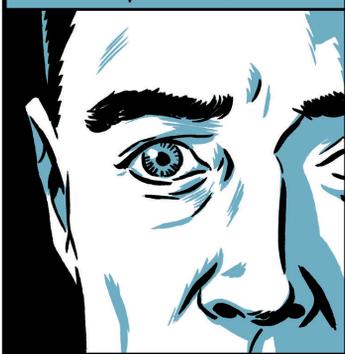
Though unconcerned with current events in his early life, the rise of Hitler and fascism in Europe awakens his political side.

On a train ride from Berkeley to New York, he reads all 3 volumes of Marx's "Das Kapital" in the original German text.

The Manhattan Project gives Oppenheimer the opportunity to use his intellect in the fight against fascism. It also presents what he calls a "technically sweet" problem.

It's an irresistible lure to the scientist - to transform ideas and theories into a working physical device. In hindsight, it's a classic Faustian bargain.

The U.S. Army gave him unlimited resources and Oppenheimer would sell a part of his soul for the chance to unlock and control the basic power of the universe.



At Los Alamos, the impractical lover of meta-physical poetry quickly transforms himself into the perfect administrator. The walled town is a strange, hastily built place, where liberal scientists mix with Army G.I.s.



The list of local attractions is unique: 2 dance bands, 1 soda fountain, boys and girls scout clubs, 1 cyclotron and 7000 fire extinguishers.

Equally unique is the egalitarian makeup of the scientific community. The senior scientists bring their brightest students and their families. There are no class distinctions. Nobel laureates and precocious protégés are all united in one purpose: to beat the Nazis in the race to build the first atomic bomb.



For the professors used to Ivy League corridors and comforts, it's a big change to walk muddy streets and huddle in parkas around coal stoves. There are only 5 bathtubs and water is in short supply. Once, when the taps run dry, they are issued a memo to brush their teeth with Coca-Cola.



For the young, the project is a grand adventure. They work around the clock, but hold many parties. Alcohol is scarce, so they make do with punch spiked with 200 proof lab alcohol.



For many, it must have seemed the best time of their lives.

From 1941 to 1945, as men die by the thousands across Europe and the Pacific, development on the bomb proceeds at a feverish pace. By 1944, Los Alamos has a population of 6000 scientists and staff.



The lab complex has 7 divisions:



Oppenheimer directs all of it, his immense intelligence encompassing all the minute details of every department.

With the inclusion of 2 giant plants elsewhere in the U.S. for the production of plutonium and uranium, the Manhattan Project becomes the single most expensive scientific project of all time. The total cost: over 2 billion dollars.



Finally, in March 1945, allied troops enter Germany, on the home stretch to victory in Europe. Soldiers begin raiding bombed out labs, and Army intelligence sees for itself the state of the Nazi atomic program.



The news comes quickly to Los Alamos.

There is no Nazi bomb.



The Germans weren't even close to completing it.

Now the scientists of the Manhattan Project are at a crossroads.

Should they stop work on the bomb? There's no chance that Japan can build one.

Or should they continue and finish building the most destructive weapon in human history?

The Nazi threat is over.
Only Japan remains as
the lone Axis Power.

But the bomb, or "the
gadget" as the scientists
call it, is only months
away from completion.

In the years to come,
many of them would wonder
why they didn't just stop and
walk away from the project
after Germany's defeat.
Some would agonize
over it.

But right now, it's just
not in the air.

For over 4 years,
the men and women
at Los Alamos have
been consumed by
their work.

And they're so close
now, so close to
unlocking the puzzle.

The machinery of war is
also still in motion.



There are sailors and
ships waiting to transport
the finished bomb.

Island airbases are being
built in the Pacific to
launch the raids against
Japan.



And bomber crews are
training in the U.S. to
deliver the world's first
atomic strike.

Against all
this, it would
take a
monumental
effort of
will to
stop the
project.

In the end, only a token
meeting is organized by the
scientists.

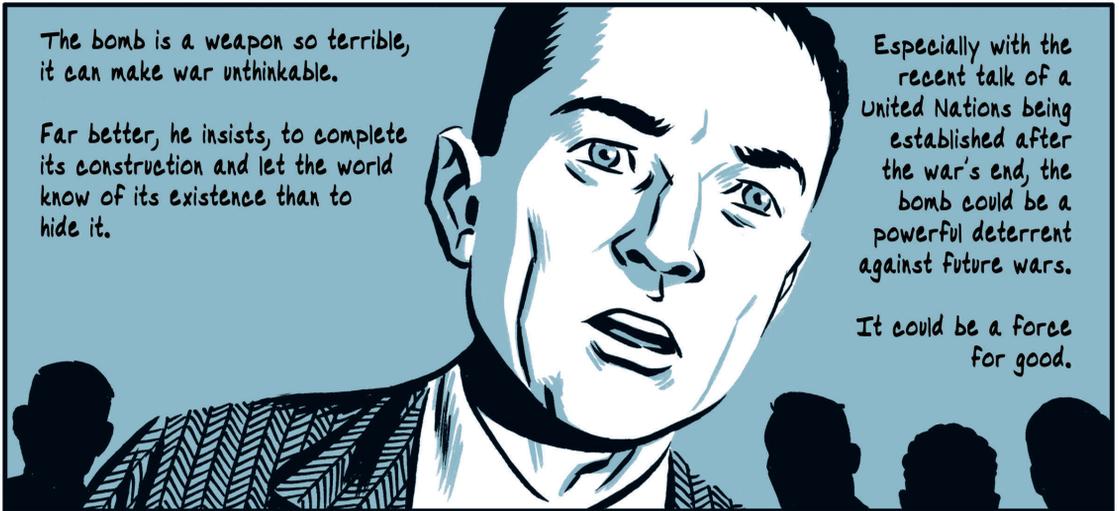
Less than 50 people
attend.





At the meeting, some suggest that it's time to abandon the effort. That it would be morally wrong to continue.

Oppenheimer argues otherwise.

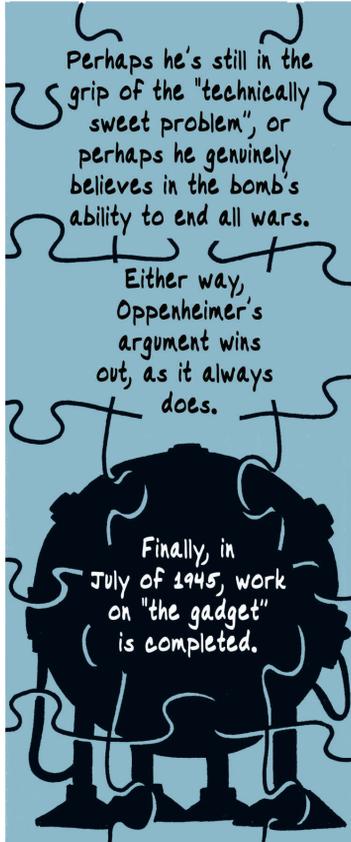


The bomb is a weapon so terrible, it can make war unthinkable.

Far better, he insists, to complete its construction and let the world know of its existence than to hide it.

Especially with the recent talk of a United Nations being established after the war's end, the bomb could be a powerful deterrent against future wars.

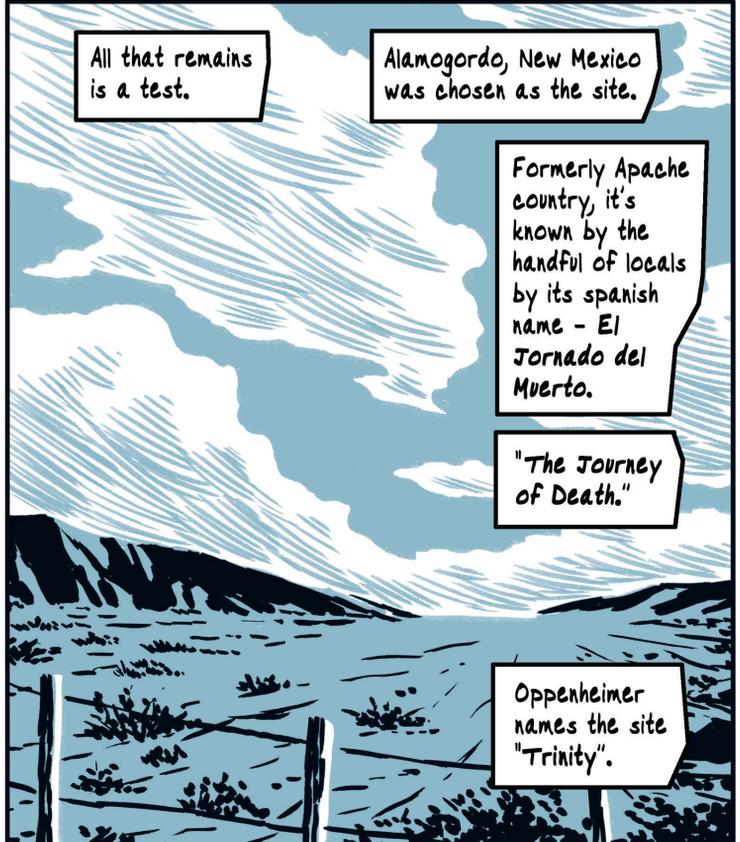
It could be a force for good.



Perhaps he's still in the grip of the "technically sweet problem", or perhaps he genuinely believes in the bomb's ability to end all wars.

Either way, Oppenheimer's argument wins out, as it always does.

Finally, in July of 1945, work on "the gadget" is completed.



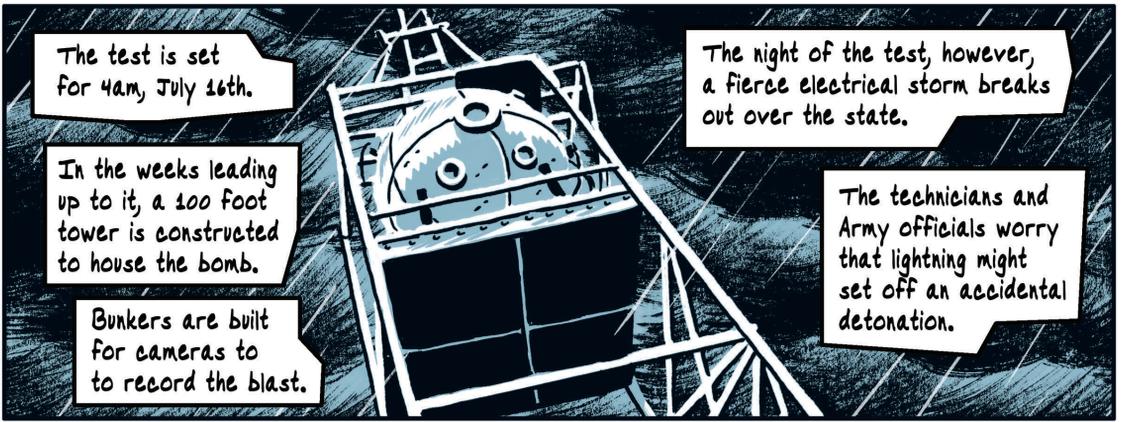
All that remains is a test.

Alamogordo, New Mexico was chosen as the site.

Formerly Apache country, it's known by the handful of locals by its Spanish name - El Jornada del Muerto.

"The Journey of Death."

Oppenheimer names the site "Trinity".



The test is set for 4am, July 16th.

In the weeks leading up to it, a 100 foot tower is constructed to house the bomb.

Bunkers are built for cameras to record the blast.

The night of the test, however, a fierce electrical storm breaks out over the state.

The technicians and Army officials worry that lightning might set off an accidental detonation.



As they wait out the storm, the scientists amuse themselves by wagering on the results.

It costs 1 dollar to enter the pool. Edward Teller bets on a blast yield equal to 45,000 tons of TNT.

Oppenheimer bets lower, at 3,000 tons.



Enrico Fermi takes side bets on whether or not the state of New Mexico will be accidentally incinerated.



Finally, in the early morning, the countdown resumes and the scientists don their protective lenses.

Five.



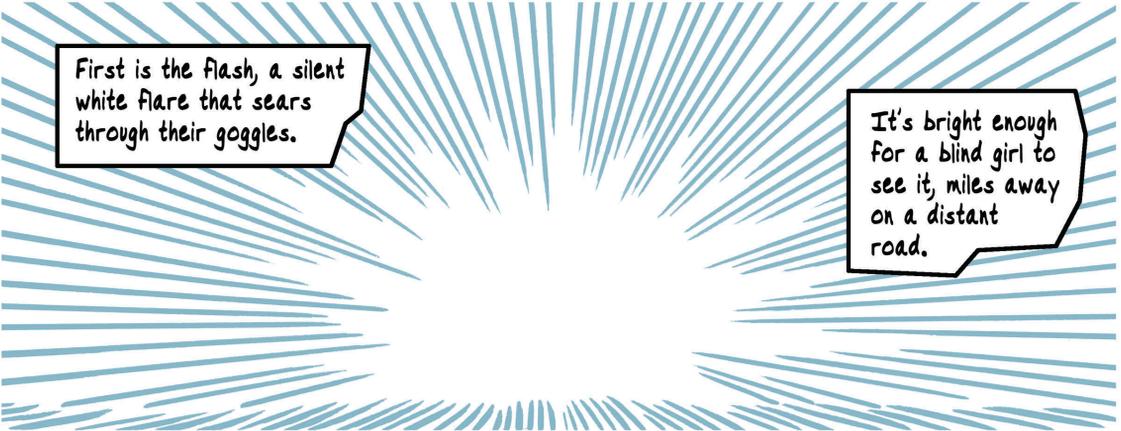
Four.

Three.



Two.

One.



First is the flash, a silent white flare that sears through their goggles.

It's bright enough for a blind girl to see it, miles away on a distant road.



Next is the blast itself, which shakes the earth and reverberates like endless thunder over the hills.

The heat flash follows, burning the hair off the hands of scientists in the bunkers, 5 miles away.

A local rancher looking out his window wonders why the sun is rising in the wrong direction.



Finally, the great cloud rises up into the air, dwarfing the landscape and making even the mountains look small by comparison.

To the observers, it seems to take an eternity.

And everyone who sees it is forever changed by the experience.



It must have been an awesome sight - in the full sense of the word. A moment of biblical intensity, both terrible and beautiful to behold.

The cloud that churned in the sky over New Mexico that day was filled with vivid colours, green and orange flashes, announcing the birth of the modern world.



For me personally, that explosion at Trinity summed up everything about humanity and human history. In that cloud was contained all of our aspirations and achievements, both good and bad.

That we could unite to work miracles.

That we could destroy the planet.



That we could aspire to the knowledge and intelligence of a god.

That we could be as shortsighted and narrow-minded as animals.



That we could harness and control the primal force of the universe - the same force that powers the stars.

And that we could turn it into a weapon.

Oppenheimer later spoke about the reaction of the scientists as they witnessed that cloud:

"We knew the world would not be the same."



"A few people laughed. A few people cried."



"Most people were silent."



"I remembered the line from the Hindu scripture, the Bhagavad-Gita. Vishnu is trying to persuade the prince that he should do his duty and, to impress him, takes on his multi-armed form and says:

'Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds.'



"I suppose we all thought that, one way or another."

He said that years later, near the end of his life.



It's a famous quote, but I don't know if I entirely believe him.



Oppenheimer was capable of playing many roles, including that of martyr.



Others who were there that day say that his reaction was one of pride at his accomplishment.

What I do know is that the events that followed were complicated.

But the bomb did that - made things complicated.



Within a month, the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, killing over 220,000 civilians and condemning thousands more to a lifetime of suffering.



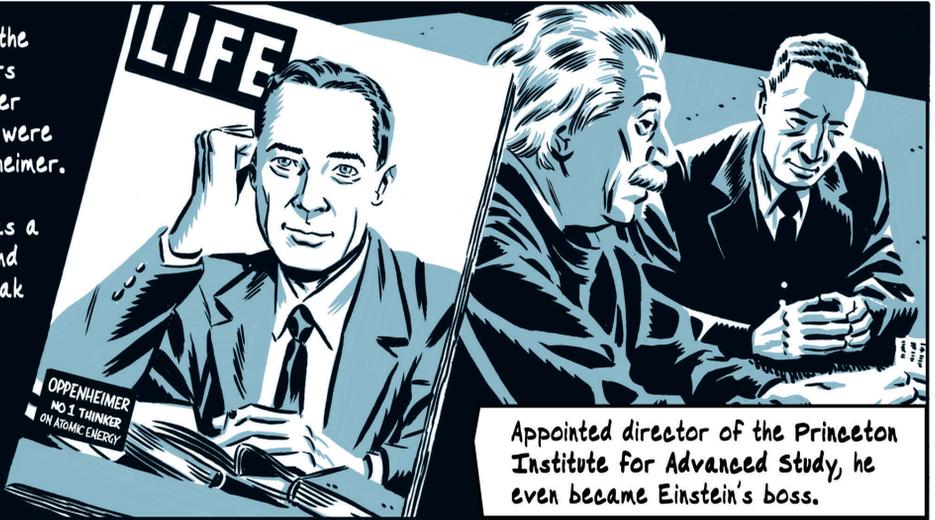
But it ended the war.

The alternative, a land invasion of Japan, would have cost 500,000 lives.



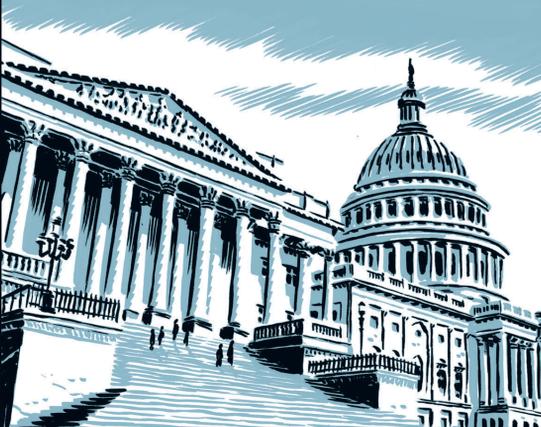
Regardless of the ethics, the years immediately after World War II were good to Oppenheimer.

He was hailed as a national hero and reached the peak of his profession.



Appointed director of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, he even became Einstein's boss.

Now a man of great influence in scientific, military and political circles, he set about advising Washington on arms control, with the hope of finally using his creation as the force for good he intended it to be.



But then in 1949, the Soviet Union shocked the world with its own atomic test and helped usher in the start of the Cold War. Suddenly, arms control became the furthest thing from the minds of anyone in government.



The 1950s brought America into the paranoia of the McCarthy era, and soon anyone with liberal sentiments was suspected of "working for the reds"

Eisenhower Urges Anti-Red Crusade

Expose Poisonous Propaganda, President's Plea to Publishers.

NEW YORK - Mr. Eisenhower in President Eisenhower's first message to Congress today urged publishers to expose "poisonous propaganda" and to "warn the public against the influence of the reds."

Rosenbergs, Doomed, To Appeal Jury Verdict

First U.S. Traitors Ever Sentenced to Death by Civil Court; Judge Denounces Deed



Red Foes Face Abuse Always, Hoover Says

FBI Head Tells DAR of "Vile Attacks on Those Speaking Out"

WASHINGTON - J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, today told members of the Defense Administration Reserve that "vile attacks" are being made on those who speak out against the "reds."

Red Channels

THE REPORT of COMMUNIST INFLUENCE IN RADIO AND TV



Oppenheimer wasn't exempt from the witch hunt.

FBI J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER SURVEILLANCE FILE



His communist sympathies were a matter of F.B.I. record, and it wasn't long before he was brought before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Despite testimonials from military and scientific officials, he was seen as a possible threat.

All his security clearances were revoked.

Now he would no longer have any say on arms control. Now no one in Washington would have anything to do with him.

All his power and influence were gone.

And he would never work on nuclear projects again.

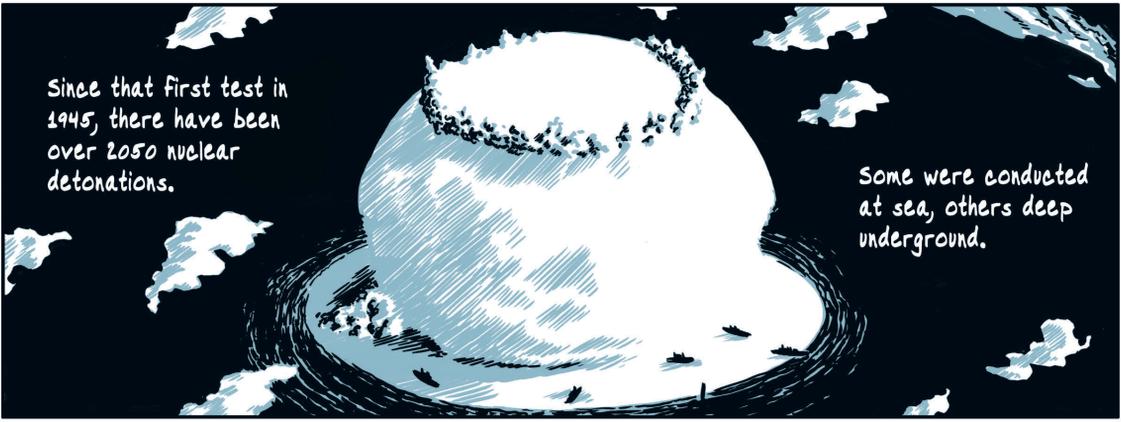
In many ways, that loss of influence must have broken his spirit. He was, after all, a man used to being listened to.

A man whose whole life had been evidence of a rare and special destiny.



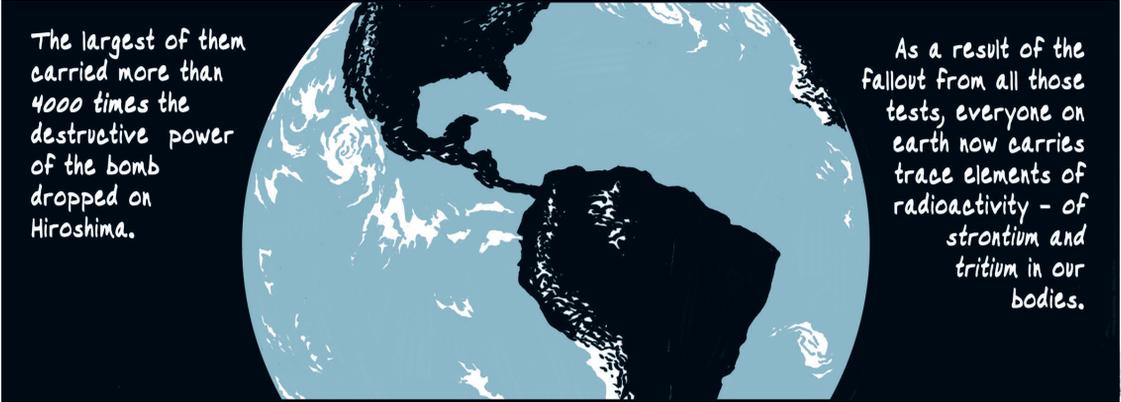
Now, as the U.S. continued development on newer and more destructive weapons like the hydrogen bomb, he had become irrelevant.

Haunted by his past, Oppenheimer aged quickly and died in 1967 of throat cancer.



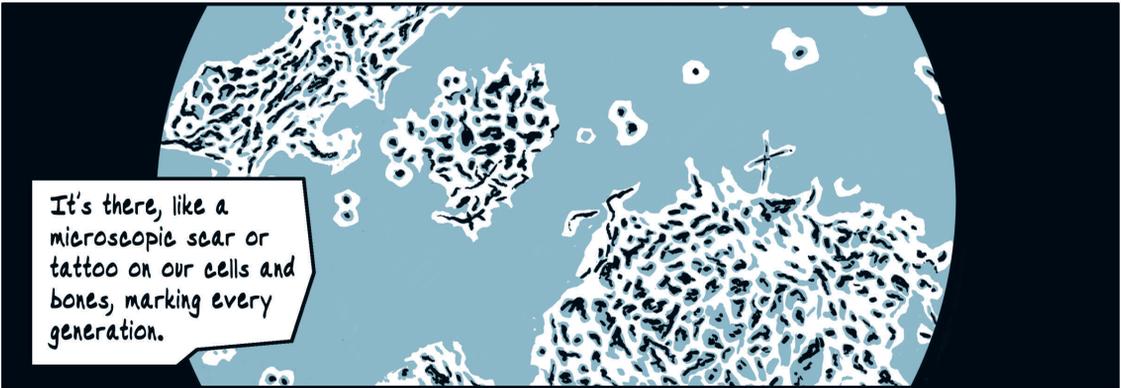
Since that first test in 1945, there have been over 2050 nuclear detonations.

Some were conducted at sea, others deep underground.

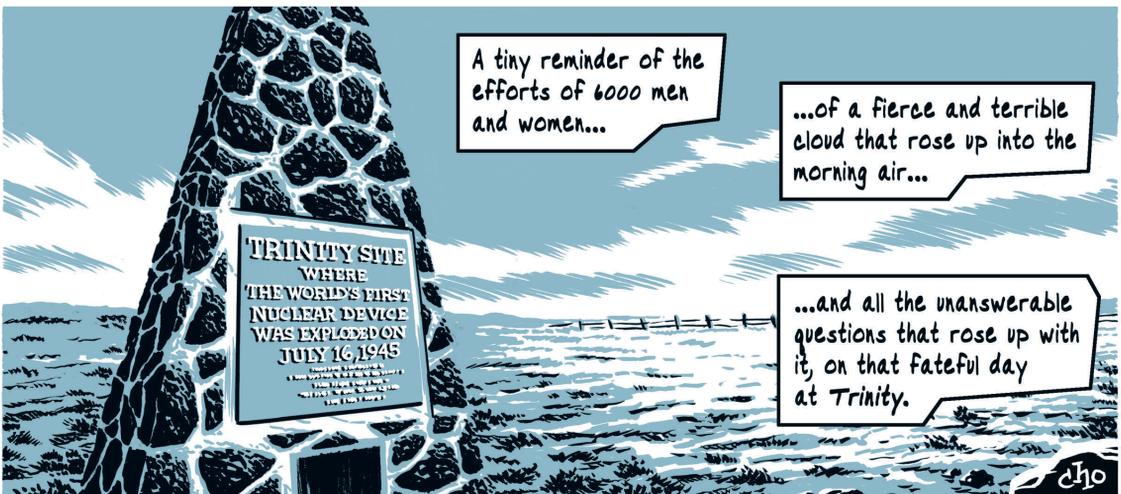


The largest of them carried more than 4000 times the destructive power of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima.

As a result of the fallout from all those tests, everyone on earth now carries trace elements of radioactivity - of strontium and tritium in our bodies.



It's there, like a microscopic scar or tattoo on our cells and bones, marking every generation.



A tiny reminder of the efforts of 6000 men and women...

...of a fierce and terrible cloud that rose up into the morning air...

...and all the unanswerable questions that rose up with it, on that fateful day at Trinity.

John

Goddammit! this fucking strip just doesn't work! i wasted the entire day on this strip! fuckfuck fuck!



now i'm sitting here ... it's literally the eleventh hour and i've got nothing!



so what am i going to do?

hmm.



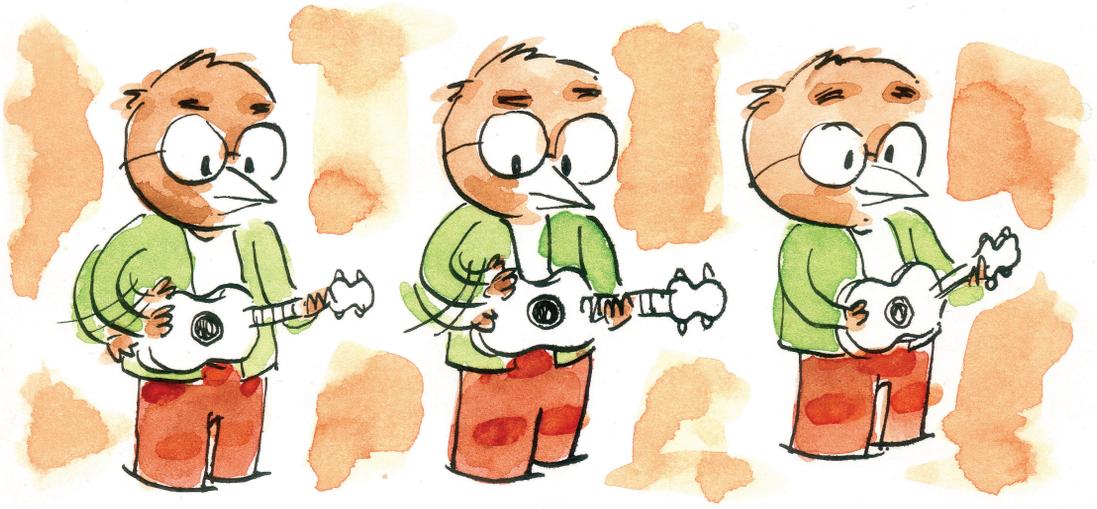
what came first? the chicken or the egg?



i'm really not sure what that means, don't be like that, okay? i'm not in the mood.

≡sigh≡





So what did your "chicken or the egg" comment mean? it was pretty -uh- out of left field.



i was just trying to make you think.

about what?



what came first?

the chicken or the egg?

the idea or the execution.



you mean the word or the idea?

more or less. so?



well obviously the idea came first. it's silly to think anything came before that.

well, no... you had to have seen something to give you that idea. it didn't come out of nowhere.



you don't think an idea
can come from nowhere?

no i don't

how did fire come to
be for the very first
time? how did those
dumb fuck cavemen
come up with that one



fire can start in nature
without the help of man.
lightning strikes and
starts a fire.

what about cooking
animals. what about
cooking rice?

you're straying
from the topic.



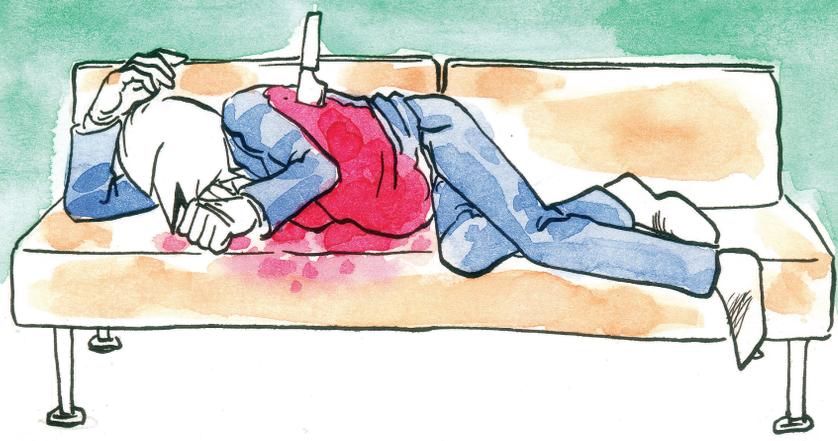
which was?!

why your strip
didn't work.

oh! hold on i'll be
right back.

SURE.





afterlife

by j.bone









FOR KIMBALL 09

LEARN
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CARTOONING



LETTERING



at home in your spare time

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CHO TRAINING PAYS OFF!



"...became an ART DIRECTOR"
Atlanta, GA.
"I rose to ad agency Art Director. Now I go to HOOTERS every lunch hour. C.R.E.A.M., y'all!"



"...won CARTOON CONTEST"
Pork Bend, Uta
"I won 5th place in a contest for my webcomic about cats. That'll show mom and dad! Thanks, CHO!"



"...have my OWN STUDIO"
Springfield, Ill
"I make batik prints of faeries and celtic symbols to sell on the promenade...Hello? Are you still there?"

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SCHOOLY CHO SCHOOL OF "ART"
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Send me without obligation your Free Book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit," with full information. (No, salesman WILL call.) (Please Print)

Name: _____ Size: _____

Group Affiliations: _____

Tattoo(s): _____ Dance Style: _____

I am interested in your TRIAL PLAN I am ELIGIBLE GI VETERAN

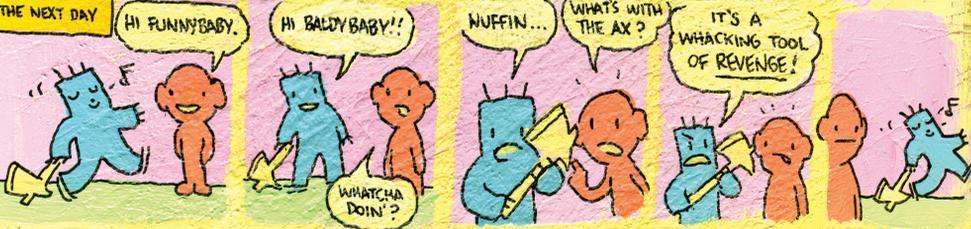


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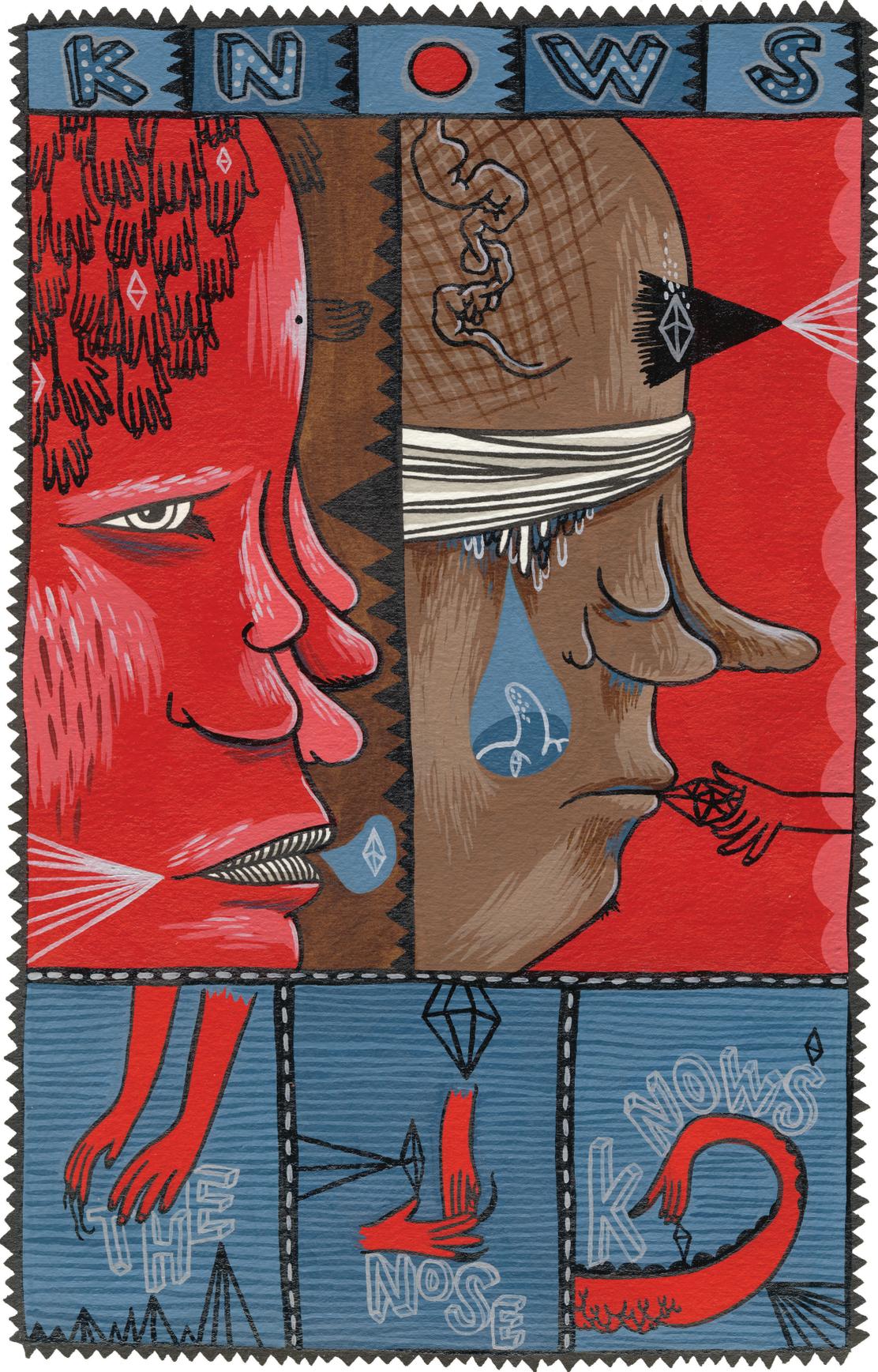
FUNNYBABYLAND™



FROM THE BRAIN MEATS OF
STEVEN CHARLES MANALE
nope!



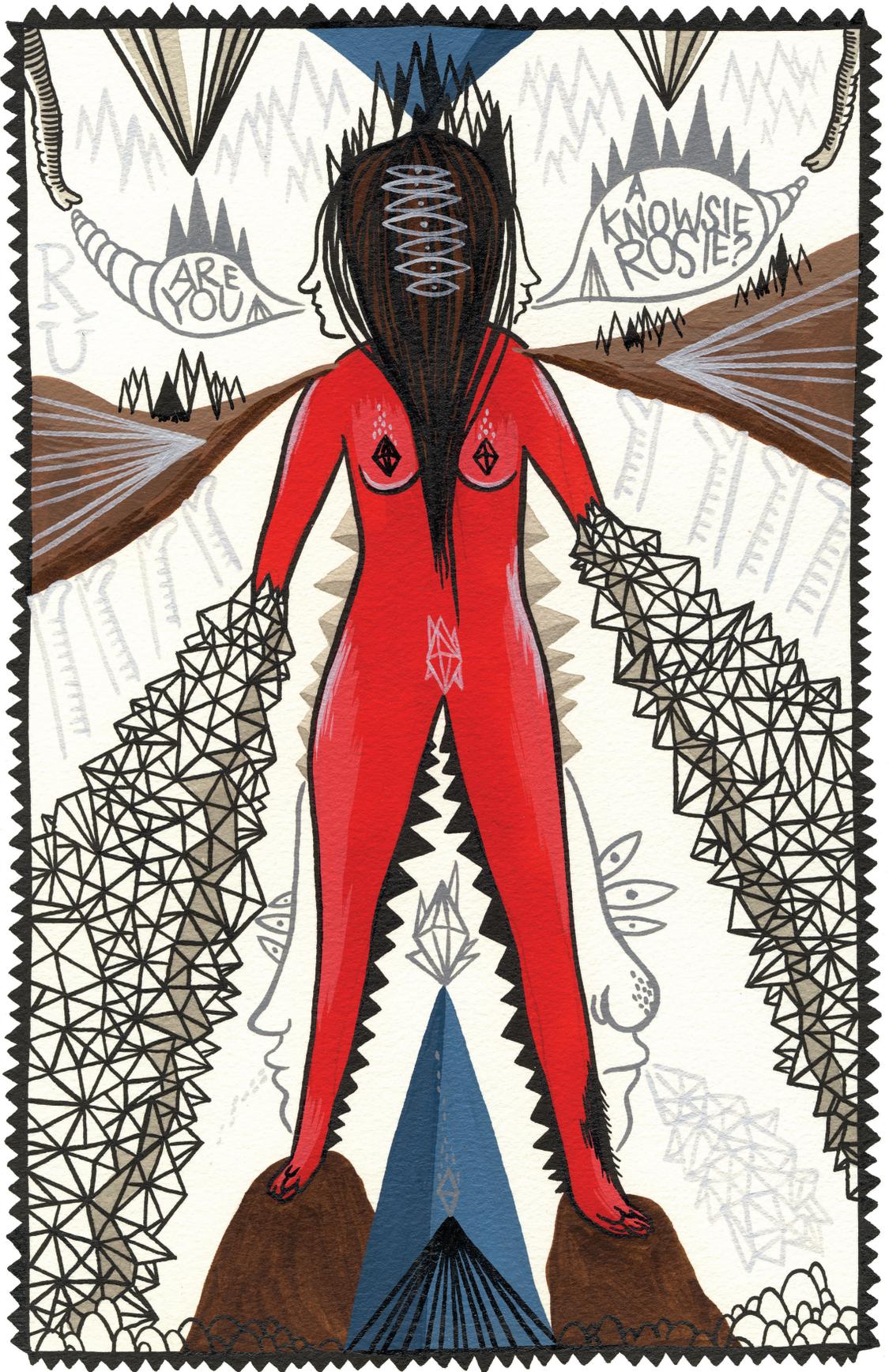
MANALE '03





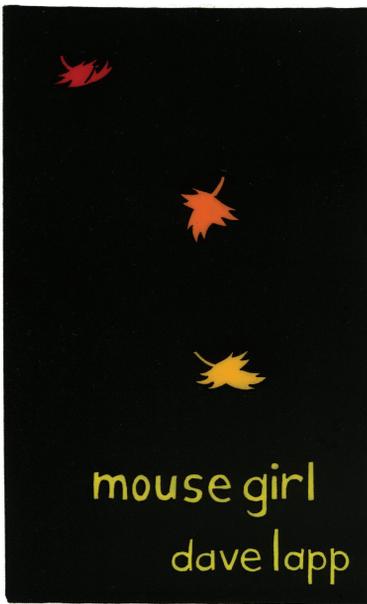








xFLONASMYTH09



mouse girl
dave lapp

There was a little girl with mouse skeletons under her bed.



When she was asked why her mom and dad didn't make her clean them up she said:



The answer did not sit well with the man...



HM... SOMETHING DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...

The man pondered, and pondered, and pondered...



WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE CLEAN UP THE DEAD MICE?

WHERE ARE HER PARENTS?

A week passed... then he got the chance to ask the little girl some more questions.



ARE THEY ALL BONES?

YES.

HOW MANY ARE THERE?

I DON'T KNOW.

WELL... ARE THERE ALOT OR A FEW?

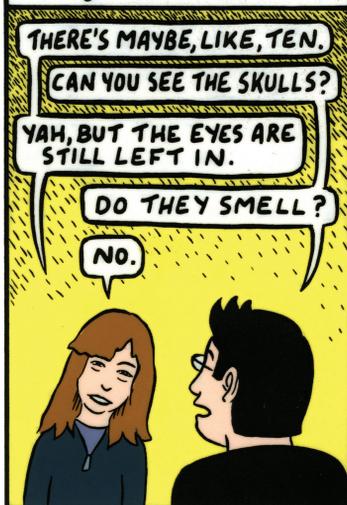
WHY'RE YOU ASKING SO MANY QUESTIONS?

The man felt sheepish, so he answered truthfully...



I DON'T KNOW... I'M CURIOUS. I GET A PICTURE IN MY HEAD, AND I WONDER WHAT THEY MIGHT LOOK LIKE, AND ONLY YOU KNOW.

She looked at him with her head tilted, then the mouse girl told him.



THERE'S MAYBE, LIKE, TEN.

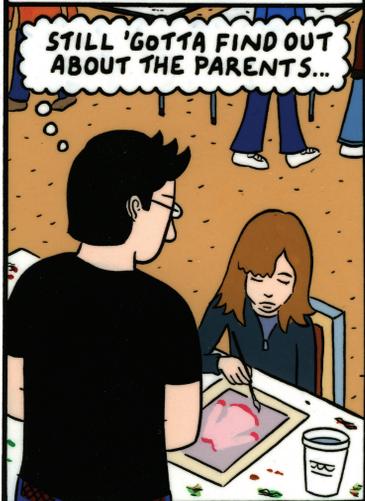
CAN YOU SEE THE SKULLS?

YAH, BUT THE EYES ARE STILL LEFT IN.

DO THEY SMELL?

NO.

Satisfied with this knowledge the curious man knew not to press on... enough for now...



STILL 'GOTTA FIND OUT ABOUT THE PARENTS...

A week passed, then there she was... playing with a little fabric creature dangling on a piece of string... but there was no chance for the question.



Another week passed, and the next time he saw her she spent most of her time dressed as a princess... and so the question waited...



Another week... and this day she made a huge, messy painting with her hands... and still the question waited...



After all the kids finished painting, she helped him clean up, and he was grateful.



She tried to wipe the paint from her face with her sleeve, but she couldn't get it all...



The man cleaned all the paint from her face and after he finished with her little nose he said:



More weeks passed... enough time for the question to leave...



She was just a kooky little kid again.



So the curious man and the mouse girl played 'catch buggy', tossing the squishy rubber blob back and forth.



Eventually she went away... Then some other kids came over and talked about the Toonie Lady.

SHE'S GOT A WEIRD VOICE.

THEY SAY SHE USED TO BE A PROFESSOR.

SHE LOOKS LIKE A GIANT BABY!

THEY SAID SHE WAS DEAD, BUT SHE'S BACK.



The kids wandered off and the mouse girl returned.

WHAT WERE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT?

OH... ABOUT SOME OF THE STREET PEOPLE AROUND HERE...



... and spoke of the witch!

OH! YOU MEAN THAT OLD LADY WHO ALWAYS HAS HER HAND WAVING IN FRONT OF HER FACE?

YAH! SHE'S ALL BENT OVER WITH SCRAGGLY HAIR AND THAT LONG BLACK CAPE!



So they talked about the witch, then out of the blue she said:

I'M GOING TO BE A SINGER WHEN I GROW UP.

REALLY?



The curious man wondered if she really had a chance... he asked some obvious questions...

SO, UM... WHAT KIND? ...LIKE COUNTRY?...ROCK?

I DON'T KNOW... A SINGER. WAN'NA HEAR ME SING?

SURE!



She sang with her tiny, sweet voice, but his old ears couldn't hear everything...

♪ I www ooooo ♪
♪ I www ERRR ILLE ♪
♪ DON'T YOU www ♪
♪ SHA-LA-LA-LA ♪
www ooooo ♪



... he had to know the words... he couldn't risk guessing.

WOW, THAT WAS REALLY NICE! WHAT ARE THE WORDS?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT'S NOISY IN HERE... I COULDN'T HEAR EVERYTHING.

OH, OKAY.



She spoke the words to him and the question returned.

I MISS YOU, I MISS YOUR SMILE, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? SHA-LA-LA-LA I MISS YOU... THERE'S NOT SO MUCH... I KNOW...

THAT'S OKAY... EVEN THAT LITTLE BIT...IT HAD... SOUL...



Oh the mouse girl's smiling face... and he has to know...he has to ask the question.



He has to know...the curious man presses on...he must know.



She's answering a question with a question, and the man feels awkward...he decides to let the question go... again.



The curious man knew it! Her mom's probably away, so she made up a little song... Sigh... messy house...not so bad. A couple more questions...



The curious man does not know. He doesn't know, and it's too much, but he keeps asking questions...sinking...



I SAW HER WHEN I WAS BORN, THEN SHE'S GONE, THEN SHE COMES BACK, THEN SHE'S GONE, THEN SHE COMES BACK AGAIN, NOW SHE'S GONE.



SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT IT'S CLEAN UP TIME.





TADDLE CREEK

*The lit-magazine hater's
literary magazine.*

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

Michael Cho ("Trinity," p. 1) lives in Little Portugal, where he works as a cartoonist and illustrator. His work has been published in several Marvel and DC comics, the *New York Times*, *Nick Magazine*, *Owl*, *Now*, and *Maclean's*. He is currently writing and drawing various graphic novel and art-book projects, in between posting stories for his Web comic, *Paper-cut*, and updating his sketch blog.

Zach Worton ("Chicken or the Egg," p. 15) lives in Seaton Village. His debut graphic novel, *The Klondike*, will be published this fall by Drawn & Quarterly. He is also writing a graphic novel for kids called *Barbarian for Hire*, with the illustrator John Martz.

J. Bone ("Afterlife," p. 20) lives in Downtown Toronto. He is the regular cover artist for the DC comic *Super Friends*, does occasional work for the children's magazines *Chirp*, *Chickadee*, and *Owl*, and is "Google-able."

Steven Charles Manale ("Funny-babyland," p. 25) lives in Trinity Bellwoods with his E-mail-order bride, Diana McNally. A regular contributor to *Chickadee*, Steven draws monsters and robots, for business and pleasure, respectively. He is the creator of the kids comic *Superslackers*. Outside of print, Steven prefers to be called "Steve."

Fiona Smyth ("Knows Swonk," p. 26) lives in Dufferin Grove. She has been rawking the brush since 1986, most notably in *Exclaim!*, *Vice*, *Ben is Dead*, *Snipehunt*, *Bust*, and the collection *Twisted Sisters 2* (Kitchen Sink, 1995). *Cbeez 100*, a collection of her *Exclaim!* comic strip, *Cbeez*, was published by Pedlar in 2001. Most recently, her work appeared in *Hell Passport: Volume 2* (Perro Verlag, 2006).

Dave Lapp ("Mouse Girl," p. 32) lives near the Church-Wellesley Village. He teaches cartooning to children. His first book, *Drop-In*, a collection of his *Window* mini-comics, was published recently by Conundrum and was nominated for a Doug Wright Award. His slice-o'-life comic strip, *People Around Here*, has appeared on the magazine's back page since 2004.

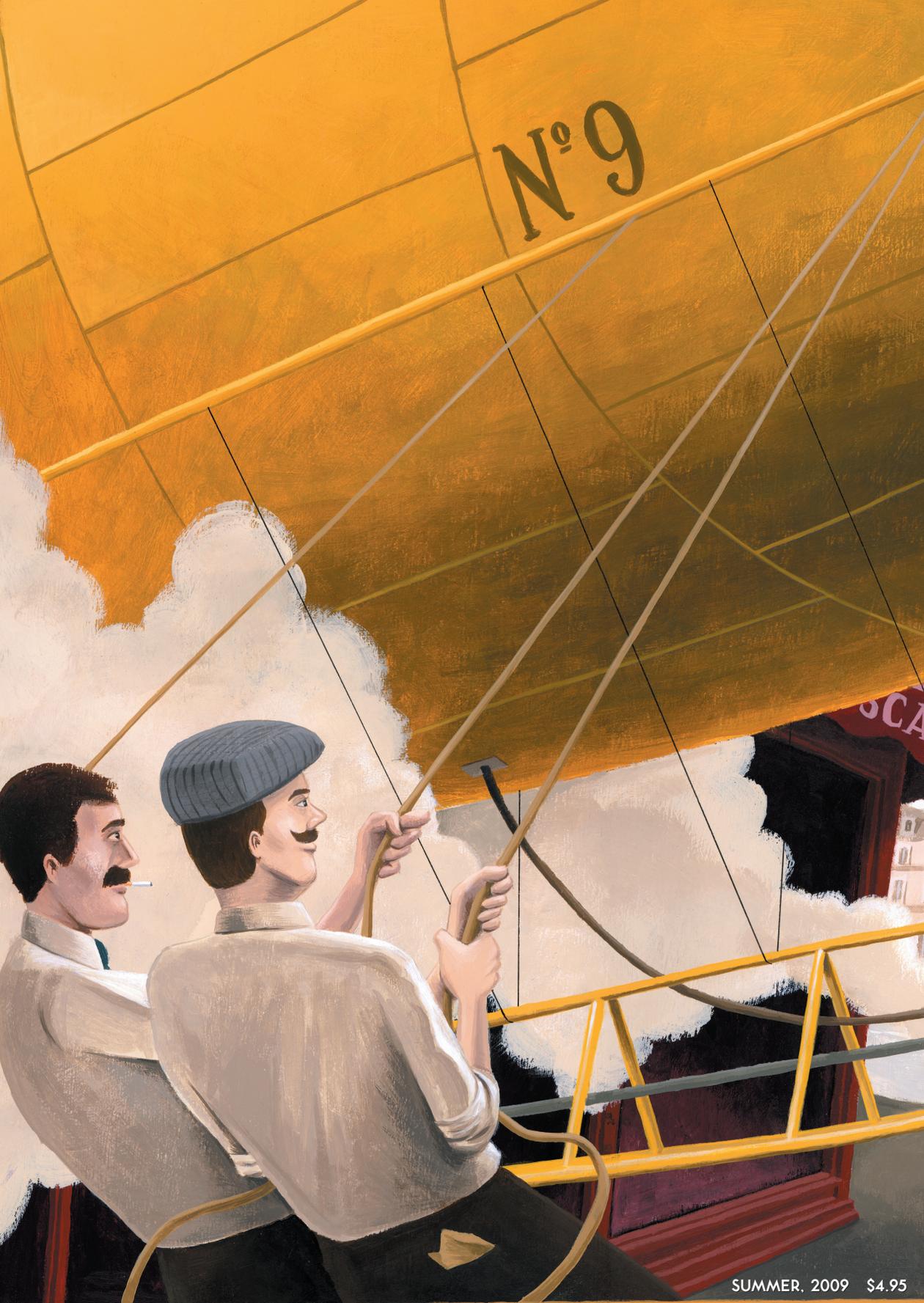
Steve Wilson ("Great Date: Paris, 1903," The Cover) lives in Trinity Bellwoods. Born in the dark years (the early seventies), he has been gainfully employed for some time in various design-related positions, including, but not limited to, photographer, comic artist, interior designer, children's-book illustrator, TV-channel designer, painter, graphic designer, animation director, editorial illustrator, and character designer. Steve also likes Belgium.

TADDLE CREEK (ISSN 1480-2481) is published semi-annually, in June and December, by Vitalis Publishing, P.O. Box 611, Station P, Toronto, Ont. M5S 2Y4 Canada. Vol. XII, No. 2, Whole Number 22, Summer Number, 2009. Submissions of short fiction and poetry may be sent to the above address, provided author resides in the city of Toronto. Please view guidelines at www.taddlecreekmag.com/submit before submitting. Subscription rates (four issues): In Canada, \$12. In U.S., \$32 (U.S. funds). Overseas, \$52 (U.S. funds). Canadian Publications Mail Agreement No. 40708524. PAP Registration No. 10688. Occasionally, *Taddle Creek* makes its subscriber list available to like-minded magazines for one-time mailings. If you would prefer your address not be shared, please contact the magazine. *Taddle Creek* acknowledges the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Publications Assistance Program and the Canada Magazine Fund toward its mailing, editorial, and production costs. The magazine also acknowledges the financial support of the Canada Council for the Arts and the Ontario Arts Council. *Taddle Creek* is a member of Magazines Canada. Printed in Canada. © 2009 by Vitalis Publishing. All rights reserved. Rights to individual works published in *Taddle Creek* remain the property of the authors. No part of this periodical may be reproduced in any form without the consent of *Taddle Creek* or the individual authors. In the case of photocopying or other reproductive copying, a licence from Access Copyright, (800) 893-5777, must be obtained. To inquire about advertising, circulation, subscriptions, submissions, and single and back issues, write to the above address, E-mail editor@taddlecreekmag.com, or visit the magazine's Web site, at www.taddlecreekmag.com.

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SMUT! AM I ALLOWED TO SAY SMUT? BECAUSE THEY HAVE IT! LOTS!
GOTHIC & LOLITA BOOKS! TATTOO BOOKS TOO! A FEW TOYS, NOT TOO MANY!**

**BUT HONESTLY, IT'S MOSTLY COMICS AND GRAPHIC NOVELS. THEY HAVE EVERYTHING! YOUR EYES PROBABLY
WON'T BE ABLE TO FOCUS AT FIRST, BUT TRUST ME, THAT'S A GOOD THING. JUST TAKE IT ALL IN, YOU KNOW? THERE'S
SO MUCH COOL STUFF HERE YOU'LL PROBABLY NEED TO MAKE A COUPLE OF TRIPS ANYWAY, WHICH IS FOR THE BEST REALLY. I'M SURE THEY'D
APPRECIATE YOUR REPEAT BUSINESS. OH, WAIT, DID I MENTION THAT THEY HAVE A COMPLETE SET OF FIRST EDITION
SANDMAN HARDCOVERS? THEY DO. I THINK THAT'S MORE-OR-LESS IT.**





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