





# COLOPHONIC VERITIES

DNQ 10 is just-for-the-hell-of-it a special issue. The 10th, or DECADISH. It doesn't represent a change in policy or direction on our part, nor the establishment of regular practice. We won't have special issues every 10th DNQ. In fact, not until our first anniversary, next April, will we do anything like this again. (The Liblish.) However, this issue does presage change. Let us apologize ahead of time for one change, but it is forced upon us. Upon re-examination, DNQ proved to still be costing us money. In fact, no number of subscriptions would allow us to reach the break even point. Like the light barrier, we can only more and more closely approach a break even point as we approach an infinite number of copies. So change number one is the announcement of new subscription rates. Henceforth 3/\$1. (Still nearly 4 and 2/10¢ cheaper per issue than FILE 770, and it's cheaper to subscribe!) With this measure we break even at a little above our present number of subs, and if the local club deal goes through we will have enough extra for long distance calls and letter verification. Change number two involves reducing our schedule from once every three weeks to once a month. It isn't time or devotion lacking that makes this change necessary. Finances again. It will make the club deal more likely to succeed, and, if not, a monthly loss is obviously more lightly born than a loss every 3 weeks. Neither of us is in a position to fritter away our limited purses on DNQ. One way or the other, a monthly schedule has definite monetary advantages. And it will be a relief of the demands on our time, though this was not our primary motivation. Change number three. To some degree it is in our interests to give away many free copies - we like egoboo as much as anyone, but can't get everyone to subscribe. We also both have many trade obligations that, frankly, we're reluctant to acknowledge. We both like to receive any fanzine we get. But we can scarcely afford to trade a zine that costs us almost \$2 per copy for a 10 page, poorly printed, personalzine by some total stranger. Of course, we are not obliged to trade. But we're both soft hearted beneath our crass mercantile crusts, and hate to refuse. And there are a thousand shades of quality between the proverbial crudzine and the obvious gems. It gets tougher to refuse the better the zine is. No matter how touch we be, there are always more zines we'd like to get than we can afford to trade for. Trade Delta Psi or Simulacrum, that is... There is always that matter of distributing DNQ to consider. Synthesizing the two problems creates a solution. We will trade DNQ on a one to one basis for most zines, which means actually two succeeding issues of DNQ for one copy of your zine for each of us (separate collections - separate copies). This ought not to imperil our endless drive for subs, nor offend anyone mortally. And it makes the responsibility of deciding who gets whom copies of DNQ Lady Luck's, and takes the decision off our none too firm shoulders. A last matter of some importance to subbers. Although this is not a "double issue" in the sense of being number 10/11, it nevertheless counts as a double issue on your subscription. It is doubly long, (and, to be honest, will wipe out some of our past deficit). We offer crocodile tears in sympathy at a cut rate. Next issue will feature the return of fanzine reviews, whatever good scandal that turns up at Philcon, the World Fantasy Con Awards, and a logo by David Vereschagin. DNQ 12 will be a "history issue" (relax, it won't cost you more), with an article by Ted White on fanhistory, hand stenciled art and graphics, and whatever else we can think of that fits. Number 13 will see that last of the 2020 episodes, and beyond that, the form and content of DNQ recedes into the mists of the Unknowable. We'll think of something, be sure. (Watch for Derelict Trading cards, the DNQ anti-poll, special guest contributors, and other bonuses.)

T\*H\*E R\*E\*A\*L C\*O\*L\*O\*P\*H\*O\*N! DNQ 10, the Supreme Moment of the Cosmos on Twiltone, subjective news, opinion, strangeness, and fun, published monthly as a Derelict House Koan, c Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 Stn D, Toronto Ont, m6p 3j8, (416) 787 7271, and Taral, 1812-415 Willowdale ave, Willowdale Ont, m2n 5b4, (416) 221 3517. Saturday/Sunday 22 Oct 78. Subs are 3/\$1 US (or \$1.20 Canada), overseas copies going by surface mail. Other ways to collect DNQ include 8 issues for a ream of twiltone (2 reams of a colour preferred), art and contributions we use, arranged all-for-all newszine trades, one-for-one trades for most other zines, old fanzines, valuable commodities, wishes-come-true, or even 35¢ each. TYPO appears in DNQ from time to time as a letter supplement, and riders are encouraged, (although check with us first, please). Flyers are also accepted at \$10 per print run (we print), or \$7 if you print. We retain the right to refuse advertising for any reason.

ART CREDITS - all art thish by Taral & Saara. Thanks to Bob & Janet Wilson for slave work.

When we began DNQ it was under the illusion that it would be a lot of fun. Not that there haven't been pleasant moments, but pubbing a frequent newszine hasn't lived up to what we expected of it. The image of a properly developed local fandom - a group of fans sitting around deslipping and collating, munching chips and cracking jokes, putting together a group zine that they have all contributed to - had been on our collective minds in Toronto for a while. Not so much that we were prepared to begin such a project as a reformation of Toronto fandom, but we were talking about why the Derelicts hadn't developed as a normal local fandom might have. Normally there is but one central vehicle in which everyone invests their energy. At an earlier time in Toronto fandom, it might have been SYNAPSE, but that was too early. We were painfully neo-ish, and SYN, as a clubzine, had built-in limitations we weren't aware of at the time. We became aware of them eventually. By that time we were more worldly, and SIMULACRUM could have been a rallying point without the limitations. Now it was too late. The Derelicts had become an independent bunch of cusses who wouldn't be satisfied with chewing cud in somebody's stable of contributors. So instead of a center of gravity of Toronto fandom, SIM was just the fanciest of a large number of local zines, with only limited cross-involvement. Abnormal development.

This sort of thing was in the air months before DNQ. Also topical were the shortcomings of fandom in general. It was believed that a frequent, newsy and fannish zine would help rectify some of the undesirable trends in fandom, such as compartmentalization, and just plain apathy. Unrealistic though they may be, these were the aims we had in gestating DNQ. And it was thought we'd have a lot of fun...

Needless to say, these hopes are not yet realized. On the home front, while Janet and Bob Wilson have been willing slave labour, there hasn't been quite enough of a Toronto fanzine fandom for DNQ to become a centre of. The foreseeable future only promises further disintegration of the Derelicts as in time both Janet and Bob move back to Bob's ancestral home, and as some of the other minor actors eventually leave. In fandom itself, DNQ has not yet made any large impact, and realistically, cannot be expected to. Fandom is too large and into too many diverse interests for any one zine to cater to all even if we wanted. The fanzine fandom that is our real goal in reaching has proved unexpectedly difficult to reach however.

So far, our reward for pubbing 10 issues of DNQ has amounted to: Ten evenings of applying ourselves to typer and mimeo, often well into the next day, with varying degrees of sociability and enjoyment of the work. Some sessions, where little was prepared ahead of time, condemned us to long hours of being short with one another and groggily supervising each other so that pages aren't printed wrong end up, or that people don't get both subber's and contributor's copies. Other sessions were short and sweet, usually with Bob and Janet helping and keeping us company. But the ideal of a party like pubbing night every three weeks is far from accomplished, nor has there been any local involvement in the creative aspects (other than the occasional theft of one of Bob's doodles.)

Complaints. We've printed some of them. The nature of one type is along the lines that we're not as good as the Old Days, and that it's tacky of us to try to compare ourselves to this Ancien Regime. Maybe so, maybe not. Certainly DNQ isn't trying to imitate either FOCAL POINT or FANAC, as has been suggested. But the issues we've seen invariably lead us to comparison, and not unfavourable ones. And since we believe our judgements as sound as anyone's, when we receive outside comparisons of an unfavourable nature (which imply to us that we are to imitate our

predecessors) we blow our horn a little louder, fearing the music isn't speaking for itself clear enough. Which starts the round of criticism again. If we're a little sensitive in Toronto, it's because we've become skeptical in the face of a fandom that is both way too easy to please and impossible to please.

Subjective complaints are joined by the concrete kind. Some mutters and some direct remarks have touched upon our accuracy of reportage. To say that our accuracy has been in line with any of the other extant newsletters is a poor excuse. It might help if you understand that our first conception of DNQ was not meant to cover the news in any serious way. Since people seemed to want news, and since news was practically falling in our laps, we drifted away from our Derelictcentric orientation. The move was unexpected and unplanned. Both solvency and growing experience will improve matters. Claiming the standards of other newszines is not the same thing as a newspaper. In the mundane world, news must begin and end in a fixed state, and must be correct in all details for its sole appearance. In a fannish newszine I believe news should be expected to be fluid. We read not a summation of known facts, but the process of discovery of the facts. Matters are introduced, discussed, and resolved in subsequent issues, so laxity is not merely permitted in a newszine, it becomes part of the process when treated with common sense. Ite missa est.

If everybody wants a newszine, nobody seems to want to be the news. This is probably an old adage in the newspaper business, but we've been appreciating it only just recently. On three or four occasions we have been informed that our reportage was uninvited or unappreciated. (Although, one occasion was quite justified.) This problem admits no solutions we can think of. No one wants bad publicity, however well deserved. If DNQ is to be a newszine, we must submit to outrage, venom and spleen, whenever we've flushed a culprit. Or we can write fantasy-adventures for Dell instead. (Hmmm... MASTURBATOR OF HAWKS, or SPIELSTONE OF SCHALLES, good titles...)

Meanwhile, insofar as DNQ goes, we starve for egoboo. We have only had a couple of paltry reviews, while Susan Wood plugs our competition in ALGOL... (at the same time we face a potential strike that can cripple us. We may starve for subscriptions too.) I think we both hoped to show that good, light, fan writing wasn't a monopoly of ninth fandom's survivors and the English. We wanted to bring together fanzine fans who had drifted apart in the expansion of the fannish universe and give them a centre of gravity again. We would involve our readers in DNQ by feeding them back the response we expected. As usual, premeditation in capturing the popular fancy is never wholly successful. The indifference on the part of fandom is disappointing. To be financially viable DNQ must maintain a large number of subs, and it seems to be a taboo of the faanish heritage to pay for any fanzine. (A view I shared myself once.) In effect, many of the fans we'd hoped to reach have put themselves in a position where they're unreachable. Who, after all, can afford to subsidize a mailing list 17 times a year just because it's so admirably faanish? Our sympathy for the faanish cause is small considering that others are willing to pay good money. At the same time, there is little satisfaction in subscription money. Grateful as we are for subs, pubbing as an altruistic service for Little Known Fans wasn't among the *raison d'être* of starting DNQ...

While we may suffer from existential angst over the problem of distribution, we are not at an impasse. We can give free issues for trades and letters, and send whim copies on an irregular basis, thereby bringing us to the occasional attention of the recalcitrantly trufaanish. Many who subscribe are faanish fans, and I believe most of the rest would gladly sub to more zines, if there were zines to sub to, and gradually become an established part of "fanzine fandom". (...and possibly solve the present credibility gap in the Hugos. 800 people voting in the Hugos might not want to have seen only the 3 or 4 zines whose circulations were high enough to meet the demand.)

And if Derelictdom is a thing of the past, there is a new generation in OSFIC who might form a new local zine fandom. DNQ has been getting T\*H\*E B\*E\*S\*T artwork, and we have tentative promises from no less than Bob Shaw and Tom Perry for irregular columns. For a despondent editorial, I can end it with a note of optimism. DNQ is in only its 10th issue, after all. There are many issues to come, and we will see what we have to say about It All in our first anniversary issue.

-- Taral

## ~~VICTORIA~~ SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE PUB

...Taral, on a folding chair next to the typing table, sheet of plate glass balanced on his lap, is cementing in electrostencils. Bob Wilson is admiring his afternoon's book purchases and makes an occasional remark about what good bargains he's gotten. Janet, on the floor near him with a portable typer on a box next to her, is typing the address labels. Saara has set to work typing the remaining stencils after Victoria rebelled at typing any more from Taral's single-spaced roughs. Victoria is pacing, trying to plan out the logistics of running this issue off.

**Victoria:** We have only 200 sheets of grey twiltone left, and less than 150 of buff. But we have five reams of lime. There's only tube-ends left of Congressional Blue, Red, Green or Violet ink, but we have a whole tube of orange. But that'd be hard to read. Not enough Brown for an entire issue. It'll have to be black on lime twiltone again, same as last time. Maybe we can use the grey for the front cover and that'll show up your logo, Taral. If you use black ink it'll have to be on the 120 because I don't want to crap up the spare rollers with cheap ink again; I just used up all the Hai Karate cleaning them. And if you want the purple, orange and green as well as the black in the logo all in tight register I'm going to have to do four colour changes on the 466, or if any colour isn't critical someone can do it on the 300. Unfortunately the 300 is in red right now so it'll still have to be changed, but before you do that you could print some interior illos in red...

**Taral [resigned]:** You work it out...

The fun begins. Victoria gets the green ink gun out, not realizing immediately that the black has to be printed first, and drops it on the carpet, spattering ink all over. She curses vehemently for a few minutes, then goes off to get the extra bottle of Hai Karate from the car, and tries to clean it up. Bob, overcome by the fumes, goes to the back room, leaving a stencil on the 120 half run off. The phone rings.

**Bob Webber [on phone]:** Of course, if you leave the stencil sitting on the machine too long, the ink seeps through by capillary action and the first few copies afterwards will be heavily overinked. Better add some crudsheets and reset the counter. You see, liquids have a tendency to rise up in very narrow tubes; you see this in celery in an experiment with food colouring everyone does in grade two; and although a cut stencil isn't a tube, there is still seepage...

Janet goes out, and returns bearing pop and munchies for the assembled multitude. The printing is going well for the moment and everyone takes a break.

**Bob Wilson [making a face]:** God, this Coke is foul. Completely flat. Must date back to the era of ten cent cans or something. You can taste the dissolved cadmium and mercury in it. I've never even seen a can like this before.

**Phil Paine:** It's Diet Sport. Aaaugh!!

**Moshe Feder [rushing in excitedly]:** No, it's Coke and I haven't got a can like that in my collection. Can I have it? Do you have any like that unopened? Is there an extra one I can take for Lise?

The phone rings.

**Bob Webber [on phone]:** Of course, if Coke has been sitting in a can for five or ten years, it tends to lose its carbonation. Carbonic acid can be formed, which leads to foul tastes, and it accelerates the dissolution of metal ions from the walls of the can, which furthers the foul taste.

The group returns to their printing, those who partook of the Coke feeling slightly unwell. Taral drops a stripper card dripping with ink from the colour changer onto the carpet; those watching Victoria in hopes of another outburst from her are disappointed--she looks, shrugs, and turns back to her work on the logo printing.

**Saara:** Ta jaln stencils.

Saara has finished the typing, annoyed at the tendency of the IBM to jam whenever she'd put on a burst of speed. Bob accepts the last stencils from her and prepares to run them off.

Victoria [looking over his shoulder]: ARRRGH!!!

Taral: What now?

Victoria: Saara typed her column using a Kjolá Dual Gothic element! In Kjolá yet! No one will be able to read it!

Taral: I will be able to read it, and that's the most important. [Looks at stencil and grins evilly] Pity you can't read it--it's a very objective look at this year's FAAn nominees. Learn Kjolá, Victoria. That's also the only way you're going to be able to read DELTA PSI 5 by the time I get to that issue.

Bob [aside]: By around 1986.

Taral: By around the time PLACEBO 6 comes out.

Jim Allan [rushing up to the typewriter]: I WANT THAT!!! Now, if I can only get the same typeball with the two diphthong characters I need, plus the same thing in Courier Italic, and perhaps in Script, with ligatures added, and another one in Script to get the accent marks to match...

The printing proceeds. Janet checks completed pages for blank sides, Taral finishes adding coloured illos to some of the pages using the 300, Victoria's work on the logo proceeds with only minor problems. Bob, feeling he can use a break, picks up a book and heads for the can. The phone rings.

Bob Webber [on phone]: Do you know that toilets are made up of five separate pieces?

A short time passes, and all but the last colour of the logo has been completed. The others, unable to start collating until that is finished, sit around and heckle Victoria and make small talk.

Janet: I had to take one of the cats--Fred--to the vet yesterday; he had an infection on his hind leg where Myrtle bit him.

Bob Wilson: Although sometimes I think the place could do with a few less cats... about four fewer, I would say.

Taral: You only have four. I just hope that my mother doesn't pick up any more lost kittens. Every time one of them gets old enough to spray or go into heat, I have to borrow Victoria's car and get up at some ungodly hour to take it down to the Humane Society to have it fixed. That always wrecks the rest of the day.

Bob Hadji [looking for all the world like Stan Laurel pleased with himself]: One thing you can always do with a surplus cat is boil it down and bury it for a couple of months; you can get a really nice clean cat skeleton that way. [chortles evilly]

The final stencil is ready to roll, but the first trial sheets get caught by the strippers and are destroyed. After the machine eats a couple more sheets, the cursing begins. The phone rings.

Bob Webber [on phone]: But once you've already printed three colours on the page, the paper is pretty soaked with ink and it buckles a little, and maybe that's what's making it catch on the strippers. Maybe if you try taking them off, if the last part isn't to be too heavily printed so it'd stick. You see, twiltone is pretty porous, and you always ink your illos rather heavily, so that each page would be loaded with quite a large amount of ink. And it gets right into the fibres, by capillary action, and distorts them...

The first successful proof of the logo in full colour is produced and handed over for all to admire. It's immediately obvious that in its completeness, the logo is not only an outrageous visual pun, but very gross besides--something that was not apparent when it existed only as a set of colour separations.

Steve Muhlberger: That's grotesque!

The rest of the logos emerge from the machine without further incident. Others grab the pages as the stack forms in the out tray, before the run is even complete, and take them to the other side of the room, where all indulge in collatio. The phone rings.

Mike Glycer [on phone]: Now, wouldn't you all really rather be reading FILE 770?

## HEISENBERG UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

Alan Bostick, Patrick Hayden, Teresa Nielsen, Phil Paine, Bill Patterson, Roger Patterson, and Kathi Schaefer -  
2287 47th Ave., San Francisco, CA  
94117 (415) 665 3348

Pat Mueller - PO Box 1072, Phoenix, AZ  
85001 ("for now")

Bob Webber - 4 - 6 Bradbrook Rd.,  
Toronto, Ont. M8Z 5A3

Tim Marion - 300 Lindenwold Ave.,  
Ambler, PA 19002

Rich Coad - 781 Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

## PLUGOLA

A catalogue of fanzines we have for sale from Linda Bushyager's collection will be available in late November. The zines are mostly from the period 1976 to date, with an odd older item. Write to us at either address with a sticky quarter for postage if you would like a copy--you may find what you're looking for to fill in gaps in your collection.

## F.Y.I. ABBREVIATED EDITION

\* Brian Earl Brown didn't review or mention the latest couple of DNQs in WHOLE FAN-ZINE CATALOGUE 2... Wha'happen, the post office fuck up & you didn't get them? We'd rather know about these kinda things...

\* FAPA election results: Bob & Peggy Rae Pavlat, President; Mike Glycer, Vice President; Jack Speer, Sec-Treasurer; Harry Andruschak, Official Editor.

\* Guy Lillian III, not PRUNECON, won the Best Fan Hoax Hogu. (You knew that we made up our list of Hogu winners, but now you have your name in print too.)

\* New apa, SCAPA FLOW, to accommodate fans wanting to communicate with LA fandom who got squeezed out of LASFAPA, from Beverly Kanter, 6933 N. Rosemead #31, San Gabriel, CA 91775. First deadline is 24 Nov. 78, minac 4 pages every other; mailings bi-monthly, copycount 40.

\* SEACON accommodation is expensive (\$60 for a double at the hotel) but cheaper rooms are available in the neighbourhood. Whatever you decide you want, BOOK NOW!!! (Forms have been sent.)

2020 *By Taral*

You must sometime explain to me, Jock, what a strike is...

"but yes. My species' reactions are faster than Man's, and with our eidetic memory we've learned the handling of the ship's helm."

Then you can take the Apollo in for Re-entry!

Re-entry? *Yorbs?* If we'd already landed why did we leave?

# DO YOU GOTTA SUFFER (HOW TO SURVIVE AS A FANARTIST)

By Tana

One statement cries to be made at the outset of this advisory. Although you presumably want to be a fan-artist, keep in mind that you may be no damn good!

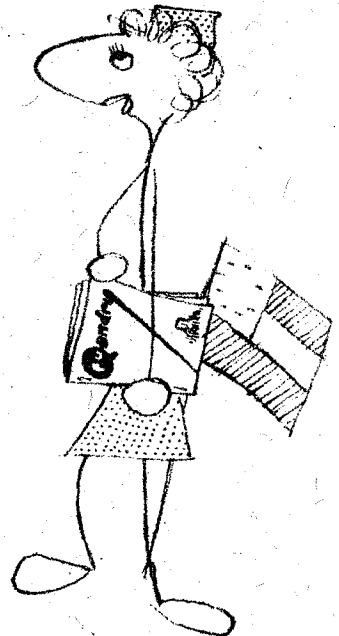
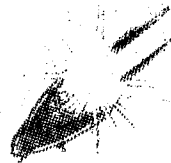
Moreover, the persons you are sending your art to are probably no better at judging artwork than you are at creating it. In most cases these deficiencies equably cancel each other out, but there will be occasions where the results will be more humorous than satisfying. Let's go on to business now that we've settled the basic philosophy of fanarting...

So you are a beginning fanartist; what should you do? First you should draw. There is nothing in particular you should draw, but you will find some things will go over big, while other things will receive an oh-hum response. In science fiction fandom, pictures of Captain Kirk aren't going to be appreciated fully, and neither are renditions of Christopher Lee, or The Batman. This is only common sense. While I've said there is nothing in particular you should draw, there are obviously some subjects dear to the fannish heart that are more likely to be accepted if you submit them than others. For instance, fans dearly love to publish cartoons of themselves. Almost as good, from the fan editor's point of view, are cartoons of other fans, or cartoons relating some in-joke of faanish jargon or happenstance. As a beginner, you are likely unable to patronize the faneditor this way, but as you pick up familiarity with fannish ways you will find this the surest was to a FAAn or Hugo.

In the mean time you can draw anything of a generally sfnal, fantasy, or humorous nature and get away with it. (Failing that, nudes will sometimes have a surprising attraction for some faneds, providing you softpedal the porn angle and be wary of offending the feminists.) In general, if serious or "non-humorous" art is your aim, diversify. Just one artist could easily over-supply all the fanzines in the world with space ships.

(And, if you are a genuinely monomaniacal artist obsessed with one thing and one thing only, you may be doomed, but that's no excuse for giving up.)

Before you put pen, pencil, brush, quill, stylus, felt-tip, charcoal, airgun, finger, or whatever to paper,



Lee Hoffman<sup>78</sup>



give a thought to how your art is going to be reproduced. Most often, fanzines are published by mimeo, a restrictive medium. The printing is done by typing the text on a waxy stencil that duplicates the text on sheets of paper as the pass one by one through the machine. There are two ways of transferring your art onto stencil. In the first, your drawing is traced directly on the stencil itself, using special tools or makeshifts. If you happen to be familiar with silk screening techniques already, then you may be a natural on-stencil artist - a vanishing breed now that electrostenciling is common. Electrostenciling is the normal way art is adapted to mimeography. Instead of drawing on-stencil, you draw as usual on paper, and a device with a photocopier cuts a vinal stencil for you. This can be run on a mimeo just as the normal wax kind can be, or pieces can be cut out of it and patched into a regular stencil with a special cement. This is the probable method your art will be reproduced by if you contribute to a mimeoed zine.

There are a number of things you should avoid in your artwork if it will probably be electrostenciled. Avoid drawing on thick stock. Artists love thick stock, but cardboard will buckle if it is wrapped around the scanning cylinder. The inevitable result will be both a spoiled stencil and spoiled artwork. Since the photo eye of the stenciler detects only black and absence of black, ink drawings reproduce best. Pencil or charcoal, if the contrast is high enough, may also reproduce, but likely with inferior quality. There are machines and techniques that can cope with continuous tone drawings, but they are rare, and have limitations of their own. By and large, a continuous tone electrostenciler or a half-tone screen, will darken your art, close up details, drop out the lightest tones, and cause the appearance of the greys to be a bit grainy. With some artists, the effects of continuous toning will be acceptable, but with others maybe not. In any case, don't expect the faneditor of your choice to have access to such resources unless you have good reason to.

Offset zines are almost every bit as common as mimeoed zines these days, but in general the capacity of an offset is no more than that of a skillfully mimeoed one, and sometimes even less. Normally a cheap paper or plastic plate is made by the printer, and this kind of plate cannot capture tones, so you are just as restricted to line drawings as you are with mimeography. Some fan editors will pay the extra cash to have a metal plate made, and a half tone negative, capturing shading, large areas of black, and fine detail. Check on this before you send somebody a wash. The extra outlay is in the neighborhood of \$15, and the faned may not be willing to spend the money, or may ignorantly try to print your artwork by inadequate means.

Whether by offset or mimeo, you are best advised to avoid tinted papers, colour inks, and paste-ups. All of these will hinder electrostenciling and offsetting alike in forming clean, clear images. Large black areas, though attractive, are usually beyond the capacity of most fans to print, and can hardly be better handled by offset without resorting to a metal plate. They are best avoided also.

Look around and see which editors print the kind of work you draw. Give them first pick, (if their reproduction is up to par).

Look around and see which zines are best printed. Give them first pick, (assuming the written contents are reasonable).

If you have no way to see fanzines, then choosing who to contribute to is going to be difficult. Fanzine reviews, if you can find them, can give you many addresses to try, but few reviews make



much mention of repro quality or the sort of artwork present. If you know a local fan, ask for recommendations. (Chances are you'll be misguided, but if this is your only contact with fanzine fandom, you hardly have a choice.) If even that isn't possible to you, you can find addresses for fans in the letter column of ALGOL, SFR, etc, and they, at least, should be able to direct you to someone who can help. Never fear asking; you can only have your ego shattered, and it's the only way in the beginning. If all of these avenues are closed to you, I can only wonder how it is you're reading this advisory, subbing to DNQ, or even know about fandom at all...

What can you expect from sending your artwork to a fanzine? You can expect never to hear of it again. You can expect to have it sent back damaged. You can expect to have it printed badly and placed awkwardly. You can expect to have your name misspelled in the credits. You can expect no comment on it in the next issue. You can expect the editor to then ask you for more... If you're lucky.

There's little you can do to prevent all the above. A bit of corrugated cardboard in the envelope, and marking it on the outside "Do Not Fold" helps a bit, but nothing can help if the Post Office is determined to damage your artwork, or, if in an especially inventive frame of mind, loose it altogether. If you can, xerox the art for your own files, and you may even be able to send the photocopies instead of the originals if the copies are good enough. Photostats are another alternative, but are more costly. . Because it was convenient for me, I used to get art electrostenciled, and sent out the stencils instead, but this won't be feasible for many people. In most cases, artists just accept the chance of loss or damage, since the illos they send are usually not art treasures anyway.

As to the damage the editor can inflict on your work, you have to learn by bitter experience which will handle your art with concern and which won't care. If you get art back from someone in damaged condition, don't send more. In fact; complain! Legal action, though satisfying, is not advised.

Typical damage to artwork includes folding, trimming the edges, unauthorized tampering, and spills of coffee and corflu. There may be rips caused by removing tape the editor has used in amateur paste-up. One favourite method of paste-up, rubber cement, leaves invisible stains that will inexorably yellow as the years go by. Some editors won't remove tape at all, and will even lay it over the drawing itself, making its removal virtually impossible. So much for physical damage, but the editor can cause injury to the spirit as easily. Your art can be printed with too little ink, making it faded or blotchy. It can be improperly stenciled so that details blur together or disappear. Spurious lines and spots can appear in your art if the stencils are prepared sloppily. An accidental drop of corflu on the stencil can blot out part of your work. Even less palpable damage is done by careless alignment, bad layout, or mismatching with the text.

Randy Bathurst





To be spared these deprivations is probably too much to expect of most faneditors, although even a faned can learn.

Always keep a lookout for better fanzines to send your art to. They exist. Honestly, I paint a bleak picture, to indulge in metaphors, but there are always a few zines around that will be perfect in almost every criteria of concern to an artist. Finding them is not all that hard, once you have familiarity with the field, but getting your art accepted by them is. They can afford to be choosy, and there are lots of reasons why they may not want your art. They may be glutted with art; may only want illustrative art; may not like certain styles; or may legitimately think you need improvement. It is not likely to be anything personal if your art is rejected. Keep trying, ~~and secretly plot your revenge~~.

Once your art is accepted by a good zine, what are your rights? Generally, a fanzine copyrights its material and returns the rights to the contributors. In this case the editor is through with your art, and needs your permission to publish it again. Not all fan editors follow this practice though - read the copyright notice to see if there

are any qualifiers. Other fan editors neglect copyrights altogether, and what this does is to put your art in the public domain in the States, and in Canada the rights go by commonlaw copyright to the publisher. Be wary. A few faneditors copyright in their own names and no nonsense about returning the rights to the contributors. You should expect the return of your artwork after it has been published. At one time this wasn't so, and then the practice of requesting art back grew among artists. Now it is commonly understood that the art should be returned except among a few miscreants you may never encounter. You will get a copy of the issue your art is published in, and you should complain vigorously if by some accident you do not. It is also a courtesy for you to receive the following issue to see if there was any comment on your art, and a free copy is the best way your art should be solicited, but don't bank on either.

You have obligations too. Normally you shouldn't submit the same art to two or more zines at once, but if you do, be sure you have made this clear to each editor looking at your work. Be sure to tell the editor if your art has ever been printed before. Also, even if the rights are yours, it is courteous to ask a previous publisher if you can reprint. (And then, if the answer is no, ignore it...)

It's not unusual for your art, once accepted, to remain in a faneditor's file for upwards of two years. (Although in some instances it can be published almost immediately). While this should definitely not be encouraged, it seems there is little or nothing that can be done about it. Pester the editor at regular reasonable intervals, (say every 6 months), and when your patience runs out ask for its return. Then find another editor. If you're any good at all, someone will like your stuff enough to use it up in a reasonable time.

At this point, there should only be one question left in your mind. Can I use fandom as a stepping stone to professional illustration. Probably not. By this I don't mean that few fanartists sell to prozines. A goodly percentage do, but there is a world of difference between selling a few drawings to GALAXY and earning your living from pro sf art. The chances of you being the next Freas or Sternbach are low, even if you are as good. First of all, some of the prozines prefer to deal only with near-by artists, and if you don't happen to live in commuting distance of New York city so you can be hauled onto the carpet at the editor's whim, then you have one strike against you already. Second strike will come if you are a black and white artist only. Pro editors usually deal with



artists who can paint a cover if called upon to. If you can't, you are at a disadvantage, not an impossible one, but a crippling one if you want to make an income from pro art. Strike three, the one that puts you out, can come from any direction. SF is a small field, and inbred. You need only offend a half dozen people and you'll never sell your artwork anywhere. Nor need you offend them. You need only be an artist with an unusual, non-commercial style and they'll be as good as offended. The average reader wants comic book pictures of people and happenings in the story being read. Surrealism will be an instant turnoff. Even if this weren't so (and there are exceptions), this seems to be the belief of the average editor. SF art is conservative. Finally, even if all other things are going for you - you live in Brooklyn, you draw just like Steve Fabian, and you ooze with charisma so everybody likes you - Ben Bova has never heard of you... If you live in Brooklyn indeed, this problem will be minimized. You can simply march into his office with your portfolio, if you must. But if you happen never to be able to cross paths with him, you'll have to mail a folio to him and hope for the best. Just having to resort to that expediency will tell him that you're not at his beck and call, though, and on those grounds you'll probably strike out. Things are as difficult as they are basically for the reason that the field is small. A half dozen or a dozen artists are relied on for almost 100% of the art published. You simply aren't needed, however good, and you have to compete with proven popular artists even to give Ted White art free of payment... However, each of those established artists has had to battle with the same odds that deter you. Obviously success is possible. How many would-be Jack Gaughans are there for every one that appears regularly on a prozine cover, though? No-one will ever know. Good luck.

## *A Sketchy Fanart History*

Little can be said by me of fanart in the thirties and forties. I've seen perfectly good art in forties fanzines, but I doubt there are many remembered names until the fifties came along. The best art seems to have been largess from pro artists like Bok, or Finlay.

I don't have a large enough collection of fifties zines to call a "representative sample", but the mainstay artists of the early fifties seem to be ATom (Arthur Thompson), Bill Rotsler, and the anonymous DEA. Richard Bergeron, who later published WARHOON, and Jack Harness, both appeared regularly. Perhaps the best loved fanartist of the period was more on account of sentiment than skill. Lee Hoffman, editor of QUANDRY, the most fannish zine of the time, drew for her own zine as well as for others before she devoted herself to professional writing. Later, in the decade, Bjo Trimble and Ray Nelson began appearing. Ray was an acid sharp cartoonist before he too became better known for his fiction. And Bjo, one of the founders of Star Trek fandom, had a monopoly on characterising Ron Ellik in his squirrel incarnation - an in-joke about his constant activity and excitement. Bjo too has gone on to more professional things... a pattern is establishing itself here.

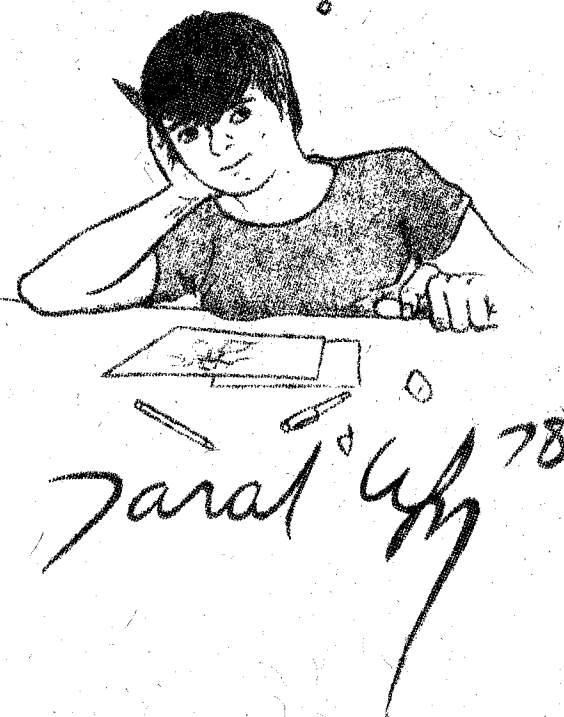
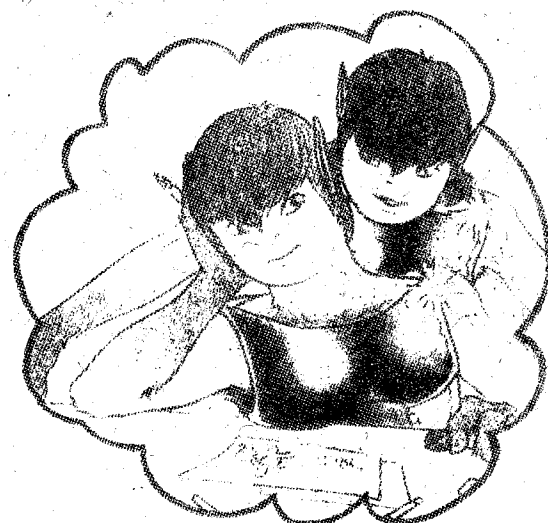
Things didn't change all that much in the early sixties. By and large the same artists, Rotsler, ATom, Nelson, and Trimble continued into the next decade



without competition. There was an interruption in fanhistory caused by an unsavoury affair called the Breen Boondoggle, and it isn't my business to go into it in an account of fanart except to say that it split friendships and caused mass gaffiations in fandom. The growth of fandom was stunted for years by this tumultuous event in 1964. By 1966 fandom got a new start in the form of Richard E. Geis's second incarnation of PSYCHOTIC. Soon, other fans were publishing, and a predominantly serious fandom was underway. Although the old artists had not all disappeared, ATom and Rotsler were still very active, a slew of new artists appeared who are either still active in fandom today, or compose a large segment of today's pros. Notable were Alexis Gilliland, Jack Gaughan, Mike Gilbert, George Barr, Steve Fabian, Tim Kirk, Jim McLeod, Terry Jeeves, and, um... er, Robert E. Gilbert, or REG. REG was never a good artist, but was widely published anyway, and one can only wonder why in retrospect. The very late sixties and very early seventies were probably the best times fan art ever saw. Barr, Kirk, and Fabian were at the height of their fannish careers, and were joined by newer artists like Alicia Austin, Doug Lovenstein, Freff, Grant Canfield, Derek Carter, Connie Reich Fadis, Vaughn Bodē, Jim Shull, Steve Styles, Dan Steffan, Terry Austin, Dan Osterman, Randy Bathurst, and too many more to mention all. The best part of it seemed to end about 1973, when many of these artists either went mostly pro or gaffiated. Some of the others are still with us, but not nearly enough, and all indications are that even they, like Shull, are leaving us.

The later sixties were important in fandom not only for the flowering of fanartists, but also for a revolution in technique. Previously, most art had been drawn on-stencil, and a tiny minority were expensively offset. The natural tendency of tracing was to encourage the artist to devise simple outline styles, and Bill Rotsler's free form cartoons are the best example of the influence primitive technology had on early fanart. Even when electrostenciling became common, most artists developed a simply style suitable for hand tracing. But when, in the late sixties, faneditors turned increasingly to using electrostencils for the art in their zines, some artists dared more difficult styles. Neither George Barr's nor Alicia Austin's difficult work could have been hand traced with much success, nor would a Steve Fabian been possible in 1964. In 1968, though, almost anything could be done, and, sure enough, there were some people doing it. No doubt, not only the increase in scope of fanart increased because of the electro-stencil, but also the number of artists.

As much as I hate to admit it, fanart in the middle and late seventies isn't as brilliant as it was six or seven years ago. There are still very talented people active, but mostly they produce too little. In my opinion, the best new artists working today are Ken Fletcher, Bonnie Dalzell, Stu Shiffman, Randy Mohr, Stu Gilson, Al Sirois, Phil Foglio, Jim Barker, Marc Shirmeister, Harry Bell, Jim Odbert, and, I like to think, myself. Some of our predecessors are still active in fandom, but mostly they produce too little too. On the average, while I have nothing



but the highest respect for some of these people, it would seem a less brilliant generation than the one before. Such is the state of fanart as you'll find it today.

## *How to draw better...*

Frankly, I can't tell you in a single paragraph. I can only offer a brief hint or two. Look at what you draw, and think about whether it really looks the same as what you're trying to draw. Set it aside and look at it tomorrow if you have trouble with objectivity, as you probably will. Almost everyone does. Learn anatomy if you want to draw realistically. Learn anatomy anyway if you want to be a cartoonist - it can't hurt to know what is being distorted for humorous effect. Put aside five years to practise if you haven't already spent five years practising. You may need another five years anyway. An artist really spends his or her whole life practising. Study other artists' work. Try to understand how their style works with their subject matter, and think about what you're trying to do with your art. Things like composition, balance, mood, movement, and pattern may sound like high-school artclass pomposity, but they're real and important, and you had better pay attention to them. If you look at the best artists' work you'll find they've mastered all of these elements and more. And while sometimes unconsciously, most often not. Listen to anyone with an intelligent opinion. (If it helps, intelligent people more often have intelligent opinions.) Compare opinions with each other for the common denominator, and experiment on that basis. Use knowledge of other artists' work so you can usefully sift through people's remarks for appropriate criticism. A common failing of critics is to use one set of standards for all art, and you could just be an artist developing an Art Deco style while those around you expect, and judge you on the standards of, Marvel comics. Be confident of yourself, but until other people are as sure of you as you are, act modest. When you outgrow false modesty, try to be objective. Don't give up. Don't let fuggheads upset you. Art can be for its own sake if it must.

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*NB* This article was originally written as a hand-out meant for the neo-fan's room at Iggy, but troubles with the mimeo and problems with collecting other material prevented the hand-outs from being published. Rather than shrug my shoulders and crumple up the ms to toss it in the waste paper basket, I rewrote it in a few places so that it wasn't as basic in its terminology or explanations, and ran it here in DNQ. If it still seems a bit elementary in the early parts, it is unavoidable without a complete rewrite, a task I was ill prepared to take on. In this form, however, it is still useful as a guide to neos, and might sometime be republished if I can find a taker.

It amuses me to note that in the past I have broken each and every "rule" I have made in this article, and will doubtless continue to break them in the future... Rules aren't "made to be broken", but they are only meant to be applied when appropriate or when no other guide lines exist. YOU GOTTA SUFFER should be taken in that spirit.

Finally, my "experience" or lack of in pro matters may very well invalidate my observations on becoming a pro artist. May I reassure you that I sincerely hope so?

"I draw the landscape of my mind, and there are many things living in that landscape. Sometimes it is tragedy, sometimes bitterness, silliness, heartache, detached observations, sometimes irony" - Bill Rotsler, DELTA PSI 1, March 77.

"In my work there is something that gives me a great joy, and it's becoming too big to keep to myself. Whether it's me expanding, or my art, doesn't matter. I want others to love it too, and to understand it properly." "My art is to make what I imagine real, and to play with how real things and created things interrelate. I try to bring it out with sensuousness, or sometimes humour. Always I strive for presence. It must seem to be there in front of you, in your dreams, or in your memory. I fail in as far as my art is beheld as art." - Taral, THE WORD FOR THE WORLD IS TWILTONE 1, Sept 78.

"Art is the best thing I can give back to the world for being so strange and beautiful."  
- Saara Mar, ICE WATER MANSIONS, July 1977.

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"Well, it's no Plato's."

"It's not even a Davenport Gardens, for that matter."

"It used to be Plato's, that's why Taral said here."

"Well, here we all are."

"It is indeed like the old days, I remember the joke, and shut up already about it."

It wasn't Plato's and it wasn't DPG, but it was a Chips and Coffee again. The first in 4 years since Taral and I left Earth. The restaurant was a curry joint with slight pretensions of class. Its sole recommendation, Taral said, was that it was the site of the original Plato's Symposium, where the bunch of people crowded into two booths near the window collected regularly every two weeks for Chips & Coffee just as they were now. Their purposelessness had become an ilaidl, a source of self-humour, and the traditional fare of conversation when talk was slow. As it usually was. A many year's absence had its effects on more than the heart though. The wit grows keener too, and there is much to talk about this time...

Bill Brummer, in the window booth, had come in from Chicago. Bob and Janet Wilson were from San Francisco. Bob was toying with a plain brown paper bag containing not pornography (though he claimed it did) but copies of his newest book, his collaboration with "Chip". (I DAEDALUS, Dell, 1985, 302 pgs, \$4.75, cover by Roger Dean.) Janet across from him played with her cigarettes. Victoria Vayne sat across from Bill and beside Janet, and seemed sulky. Bill, who hadn't seen her in some while remarked in surprise that she had come in a short silky dress. Bill, before he gafiated remembered Victoria's preferring death to frockery, and knew nothing of the gift I made to her of a Kjolalike costume. Phil, sitting behind Janet in the next booth hadn't seen any of the others since he left Toronto in 74, save Patrick. He had been in the Yukon (looking for fossils in the ranges near Whitehorse, without success), Arizona, California, and a number of other places, but was most recently living in New York, where he had written several Heinleinesque juveniles, and started his own small publishing house too. Bob Webber, behind Victoria and next to Phil, was the only Derelict still living in Toronto, and taught high school physics. He was busy dividing an indivisible hair over a minor point of physics Phil had unwisely brought to WebBob's attention in one of the number of pamphlets disgorged from his dilapidated duo-tang. Same table, across from Phil, sat Patrick Hayden, who seemed to be snorting about pedantic engineering graduates.

"That isn't the same ash tray you used to carry around, Janet, did you lose it?" said Victoria.

"Well, no, not exactly. Isotopic spin only affects temperature in certain kinds of chemical bonds, most compounds for instance, but not in ionic solids such as metals," said WebBob.

"Who said Brummerizing? He's Webberizing," said Bill.

"When Saara threw Patrick in the reservoir that time, he was playing with it and still had it in his hands when he hit the water. Splat! And he dropped it!" said Janet.

"She seemed rather impatient for some reason. I wonder why?" Patrick continued, laughing.

"Because you're fulla shit?" suggested Bill.

"No, because I was on fire, you jerk," Patrick replied.

"Like the time you burnt yourself under the thumbnail while playing in your pocket with a match?"

"No, because he dropped his pipe in his coat pocket while still lit!" WebBob triumphantly Webberized. "At the time, we thought Saara had found a new way of ending an argument."

"Being thrown 20 feet through the air into a pond is a great way to close the subject, as I can now say with first hand experience. There must have been a better way of putting my coat out, so I'm still not sure I was dunked just to put the fire out."

Bob Wilson was peering into his paper bag and rustling it to attract attention. Janet said, "We'd flatly refuse to believe you have pornography in that bag, even if we were interested..."

Taral hasn't come yet." His cue.

"Yes I have." Scenes such as followed are touching, but a nuisance to write. Hellos and questions come like hail, and you field what you can and the others sail into the void and are gone.

"Where's Saara. I thought she was coming?"

I was, but Taral wanted a few minutes with old friends by himself, and I agreed to come later.

"She is, later. Patrick, haven't you bought a new coat in 5 years? I still see the ink smears on your pants you got when we were printing THANGORODRIM! on the 50¢ Monster. Hi, Bob, Janet. Glad to see you haven't gone back to your kneeless blue jeans, Victoria, and I see Saara's hair straightening hasn't grown out, as she promised it wouldn't."

Bob's mouth gaped. "My god, Taral, you sound like a viking with a lisp, or a Swede with a mouth full of anaesthetic..."

"It is Taral, isn't it?" WebBob was asking with mock scrutiny. "All these Kee-ola look alike."

"Ha Ijo kathalthaalai Human - same to you!" He gave his thumb a downward shake (a negating gesture). "I haven't spoken a word of English in 4 years offplanet. You'd have an accent too, if you were even literate in Kjoia by then. It'll go away in a few minutes as I get used to your heathen tongue again."

"Yeh, but what does that gibberish of yours mean? Are we insulted?" Janet persisted.

"Why did Saara throw me in the reservoir?"

"Ask her. Besides, I can't be made to testify against my spouse."

"I think he said PoonBob has a big nose, like to draws himself," added Phil helpfully.

"You stay out of this. I don't see where he should talk - he hardly has any nose at all. What did you say about my nose?" He rustles the paper a little louder.

"I think your nose is just fine," says Janet. "Both of you. Now what did you say?"

"I didn't say anything about Bob's nose. I was commenting on WebBob's probable last rewards. Is that mimeo ink on your clothes too, Victoria? On Saara's dress? Shame."

"Where? I don't mimeo in it, I keep it for special occasions. It couldn't be ink."

"If you still keep house in New York like you kept house in Toronto, it probably got inky when you threw your jeans over it on the dirty clothes pile on the floor." WebBob's turn to be helpful...

"Never mind." Taral made an unnecessarily theatric gesture of pointing at the spot and - it's gone. Lucky Saara didn't see. She'd have made you wear it at your first GoHship."

"I already did. At Balticon 17. And Autoclave 10. And at most cons I go to just as a fan. I won two FAAns before I folded SIM too. Eat your heart out Taral!"

"Can I help it if there's no regular mail service over the paltry 450 light years between here and Kjoia? I've got stacks of Delta Psi's I pubbed on Kjoia - 5 issues, 1000 copies each, that're all ready to be mailed and win a Hugo."

The conversation went on something like that for another half hour or so before I arrived, somehow never getting around to anything sentimental. Just joyful. Derelictry has its virtues too...

One tradition of Plato's that didn't seem to have changed along with changes in ownership and cuisine was slow service. Food ordered before Taral's arrival was being brought out only when I arrived. Steaming plates of curry and a couple of bourgeois cheeseburgers were dumped on the table by a waiter who gave the impression he was only passing through by chance. Taral slid into the window table across from Bob and Jan, and was expecting a menu any day, but nothing, not even my materialization sitting in a half lotus on the table, seemed able to catch the waiter's notice. So we apportioned our own food; to hell with the menu. (We did, however, get billed for Taral's pizza, and for three dishes not made on Earth even. We paid for the use of the table I guess...) Somewhere a god smiled on Phil, though. Whenever he wanted coffee, there was an obedient waiter waiting for his order.

It didn't take long for Phil to drift over to me and spread out an enormous top map of the Ogilvie range on my table. Mt. Campbell (8,200 feet) squatted resolutely over my plate, and the source of the Klondike was approximately coincident with a spot directly over Taral's left pizza crusts. WebBob had gotten into a discussion between Victoria and Patrick about old fanzines, more because he was nearly on a line between them than any intrinsic interest, but he also had his honour of old as a mimeocrat to protect. Bill and Taral were talking about Bill's writing. I kidded him about following the footsteps of his favourite author, John Fowles. Since 1978 though, there were other favourite authors I was out of touch with. While a novel was the furthest thing from his mind, Bill had sold two short plays to minor companies in the last year. Somebody said, "I remember punk rock," and Bob and Taral were immediately making up imaginary groups. The Bishoprick. Pay Toilet. Boogers. And Hulk, (whose performers, dressed only in torn pants and green makeup, grunt "Hulk hate, crowd smell like sweaty socks, Hulk kill!" and stomp and leap on huge bongos for musical accompaniment.)

From discussing old fansins (specializing in ninth fandom zines from New York), Victoria, Patrick and WebBob in the middle, had moved on to enumerating the ten most important fans in Toronto before everyone moved away. Victoria counted herself, Taral, me (but I disagree - I was only a fakefan, albeit an active one), Mike Glicksohn, Derek Carter, Jim Allan (in fantasy), Steve Muhlberger (SCA), and Ginnie Locket. Patrick and Bob were arguing that Jennifer and Amanda Bankier, Barry Kent MacKay, Mike Harper and maybe even Elizabeth Pearse ought to be included. All the while Janet was doing her best to appear as if she hadn't noticed her own conspicuous omission.

"He-ey, what about her?" I spoke for her in my best imitation Janet voice.

Bob was steadily becoming more obvious about his bag of books that everybody knew were books and refused to notice.

"Gimme that bag!" Janet said for herself. "Does anybody want to see one of Bob's con-founded books so we can get back to our meal?"

"Maybe we can use them to build a Wilsonstruction," said Bill, grabbing two or three of the paperbacks.

"NO!" But one had already fallen into a half eaten plate of spaghetti.

"Janet, make it gone."

"Give it to Saara, or Taral, I don't make things gone."

"It's gone."

"Not the whole book, Saara, make him give it back!"

"Don't you want to read it?"

Phil, meanwhile, had himself noticed the vast quantities of coffee he was drinking. Since I arrived he seemed to have redoubled his efforts, and drank more furiously than ever.

"I don't understand it. I'm not thirsty. I'm not dozy. But it's like a voice in my



head keeps saying 'coffee, coffee, coffee', so I want more coffee."

"Phil," I said, "it mightn't be a voice; mightn't it be that you smell coffee all the time?"

"Now that you mention it..."

"We've been handing our heads together over this map for some time, and I smell like coffee. All Kjoia smell of coffee beans."

"Oh."

It was obvious that the restaurant considered itself quit with us. Either Phil's bribe money or coincidence had run out. Waiters came near us no more that afternoon. The moment came to leave, or the circle would begin again as dinner time approached. Foot festing began, as usual, with one person standing up (probably to visit the can), and all rising instinctively. The door acts like a safety valve, herding us outside, back pressure from the one stall washroom being the force acting on the confused crowd. In less than no time everyone is buzzing around Phil out on the street.

"It is traditionally your responsibility, Phil, to pick out a direction," I say to him.

"Me? I don't know where to go. I left because I ran out of places to go."

So PeonBob and Taral insist we make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Phil's first apartment. Phil wouldn't have it, but was overruled by the others in a show of feet. People just started walking in the direction of Bathurst and Saranac Boulevard. Between a choice of standing alone outside Plato's (for such it must always be) and tagging along, Phil gave in to the group will with good grace. It was, anyway, a day for remembrances. Along the line, all the old jokes came into play. There was chrome, George L. Clark, "what the fuck", crumpets, anvils, journals, 50¢ Monster Gestetners, Fonz stickers, \_\_\_\_\_ (which after all stood only for Thomas) \_\_\_\_\_, bhowling, chocolate chipmunks, "that's the way I am", South Porcupine, and a couple of thousand others of like memorable insignificance.

Taral and I left Earth for Kjoia, my home, in '81, but the Derelicts had been a thing of the past even then. Phil, Patrick, Bill, Bob and Jan had all left Toronto more than two years before that, breaking the charmed circle by their flight to beckoning places and parting destinies. Although I myself didn't become a part of the group until around TORCON, missing the beginnings, I heard through Taral all the old stories. As a group, the Derelicts scarcely existed until nearly 73. I guess, before the Worldcon, the Derelicts were club members only slowly recognizing their bond of commonality, but still dependent on OSFiC to see each other. I joined the circle when it was fully formed even though Taral was in at the beginning and I had known him all that time. (In fact, it was I who put Taral on to OSFiC in the first place, when I was too busy to attend their invitation.) But, if I was a latecomer, so were some of the others, and I'm overjoyed to have been there when most of the exciting things were done. I had fun washing the mimeo ink out of my fur after the first all night printing party. I added jokes over Taral's and WebBob's shoulders to ORODRUIN. I raced Taral in pizza eating contests. There were the sand piles sculptures, the bean gun wars, the explorations with the Royal Anthropological Society, Phil's lectures, Patrick's one-shots, all nighters (with Saturday morning cartoons) at Victoria's, Bob's book hunts, Janet's puppets, Taral's mud baths, and the trips we all took in my aircar or Victoria's Volks. It was a great time. Did it have to end?

The answer is yes, I know. All things people do end sometime. The Derelicts did not exist long, only about 6 years, but it was long enough to do many things. Among Kjoia, ties of affection are strong, and people stay together much longer than 6 years. It is more in our nature to accrete more and more things to our lives than to have a small constant number of things in our lives changing. But even in our long polysynchronic lives change comes, and it is wrought with bittersweet memories and melancholy. Only when the end brings nothing new should there be sadness, stark and simple. The Derelicts are gone, and the people have lives too divorced from mine to continue even, in many cases, on an individual basis, but there is Taral and we have this entire world and many others. There will be new things to be as dear to me as the past.

And the past will always live with me.

DNQ 1C

*Decadish*

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