

(Life In) Stop Motion.



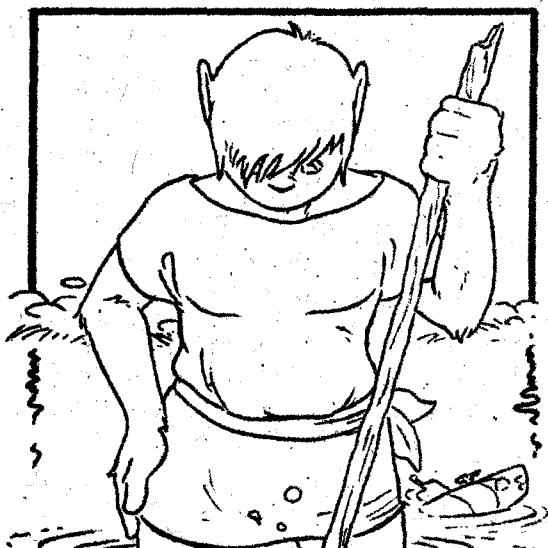
"Well, it's about TIME you showed up!" wrote Reed Waller when I asked about joining Vootie. He's perfectly right. I have a copy of Vootie's first mailing which either Reed or Ken Fletcher sent me on spec, and all this time I've meant to join. Somehow there was always something else that had to be done first, for six years... I had a fan empire to build, Hugos to win, all that sort of thing, and it's taken six years to find out that I don't fit into that scheme of things. I adopted a plan of strategic protracted gaffiation from all fronts that weren't actually vital to my war effort, and found myself doing more fanac than I had been doing before. Now that there is only time to do the things I want to do, I have time to join Vootie.

I sent Reed about a dollar's worth of US stamps, and a xerox of some work of mine that the rule's required

and Reed wrote back, "sending a sample of your work? You've got to be kidding. Perhaps there are backwoods sections of Mississippi where your furry avatar is unfamiliar, but they are beyond the perimeter of the Vootie publishing empire anyway." That was nice to hear, especially as my relationship to fandom as a fanartist has always been an ambivalent one.

On the one hand I was aware of being well known, but on the other hand I knew that fan art is an afterthought in most fans' minds. It fills the trivial role of decoration in most fanzines, and everything else is the domain of graphic wits such as Gilliland or Barker. Given that I'm not in the van of pursuit of either end, per se, I've never felt successful as an artist in fandom. Consciousness of the more glorified careers of Barr or Kirk, the only alternative to an inferiority complex is the traditional escape of misunderstood artists throughout history — "the fools don't appreciate me". I have an attitude of artsy superiority, I admit it. I know that what I'm doing is more than putting lines on a piece of paper in a pleasing arrangement. My opinion about art was put quite nicely by Charles Ives, the modernistic 19th century American composer, who said "Beauty in music is too often confused with something that lets the ears lie back in an easy chair. Many sounds that we are used to, do not bother us, and for that reason, we are inclined to call them beautiful." This is true of art too, particularly fan art, and I try to bother the eyes or mind with what I draw. Anything else is a mere "illo". But when I thought I was required to submit a sample of work to the OE, I sent it. As an egotist, at least, I have failings.

I was more than pleasantly surprised at Denvention when I proverbially walked into a room full of strangers who knew me through my art. I am heartened by Reed's welcome to Vootie. Why-ever did I waste so many years other than with artists?



Still, I'm not in the company of saints who've watched every moment of my mortal life and are waiting anxiously to receive me at the pearly gate. I feel perfectly justified in presenting some half truths for the larger portion of Vootie members.

I was born in Toronto in 1951.

To elaborate, I moved a lot as a child and grew up to be a loner. I spent more time in the presence of figments of my imagination than with peers. Then my family settled down for a decade, after living in and around Toronto all my life. We moved over an

animal hospital, next to a creek, in the older suburban west end of the city. The better memories cluster around that creek — shelling mud-puddles with rocks and straffing dandelions from my fighter-bike. But my environment wasn't stable. One thing led to another until my father lost his job to alcoholism. While men landed on the moon, I cut my education short to look for work, never found a steady job, endured isolation when we moved back into the country, went hungry from time to time, and learned to lock my door at night when the old man came home. I finally knocked him down. He left home, and I went back to school. By then we were living in Toronto again. Today my father is born-again, and believes God will forgive him. I don't feel as generous as God about it.

During the couple of years we were in exile from Toronto, I was mostly out of work and more alone than I'd ever been. I retreated into myself to escape boredom and regular bad experiences. SF is traditionally an escapist literature. While I had read a bit of science fiction along with Alice In Wonderland, Mehitable the Cat, Donald Duck, Huckleberry Finn, and 007, it wasn't until then that I began reading it voraciously. SF and alienation are probably the causes of my honing a boyish concept that would probably have been discarded with other broken toys until I had changed it beyond recognition, and it had become what I call Dalmirin.



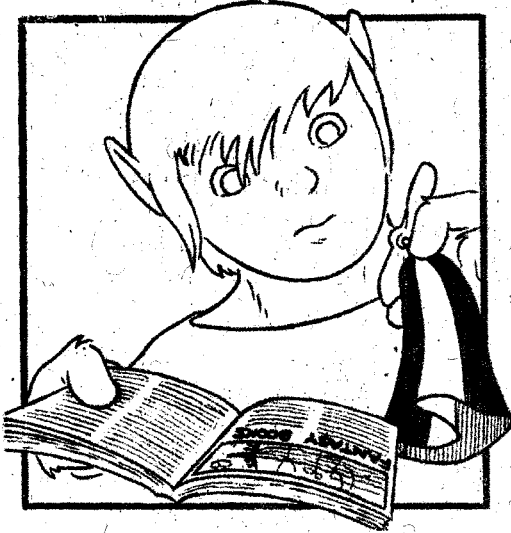
A last survivor and princess of a lost race turned into Saara Mar. The race grew fur and repopulated their planet, becoming Kjola. The desert planet oddly resembling Barsoom — I had never read Burroughs — was remade an ocean world of autumnal colours and mountains. It was only one world of many, in an anarchic interstellar community named Dalmirin, or "Civilization". The premise I envisioned was that in 1970 a starship landed on Earth not far from where I lived (and why not, a starship has to land somewhere). A friendship grew up between myself and the alien woman, Saara, who wasn't interested in the Great and Powerful. She had come to Earth to eat pizza, watch TV, learn to play the electric guitar, do rain-dances, and commit whatever other harmless cultural follies human beings were prone to. She was an acultural experientialist by trade, and would go home to

sing Beatles songs and give away copies of Lord of the Rings when she had seen and done everything. The Earthly Powers That Be were not pleased to be neglected, and ran the gamut of predictable reactions. It did no good. Saara left the Earth without telling either the Soviet Union or the US how to save the world from capitalism or communism (as the case may be). A few people, like myself, who knew Saara as a person rather than as A Representative Of An Advanced Race got answers if they had questions. So more people ate better after Saara visited Earth, and a few vexing enigmas in the physical sciences gave ground. The question I asked was — can I go with you, can I leave this damned species? ...and the answer to both was "yes."

There's more, far more. Details on language, culture, science, philosophy, personalities and enough else to fill several books. Which is about what I have in mind, someday Real Soon Now. I want to learn to write first, and I refine my ideas year by year. Why, only last year I would never have guessed that I would link entropy, the evolution of consciousness, the overthrow of causality at the end of time, and immortality. Five years ago I knew nothing about the split-consciousnesses and alternate perceptual realities of Kjola. I almost hate to think what I'll come up with before I finally put words to paper.

In the meantime I've explored my visions and feelings through my art. Most of what I draw is somehow related to Dalmirin, even if just to put a beanie on Saara as a fan cartoon. Other things I do are photographic in style and intent. Some are metaphorical.

I mix reality and fantasy, sometimes on several levels. Nothing I do relating to Dalmirin is straightforward. It is intensely personal at all times.

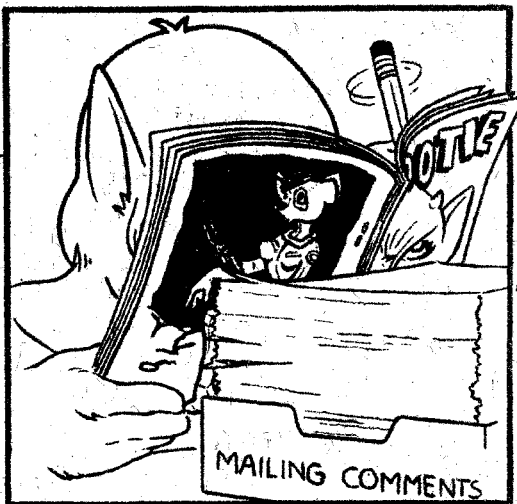


As I was recovering from my period of withdrawal, I discovered fandom. It was in a two line ad in the back of a used copy of Fantastic that I bought for a dime. I answered the ad and was invited to attend the next meeting of the local club, in November 1971. I had been planning to publish an amateur magazine for the abominable fiction I was writing then, but saw my first fanzine because of the club. Like a duckling seeing its mother for the first time, I was imprinted with an urgent need to publish fanzines, and I've been doing it ever since.

My fanac over the last ten years has obviously been ideosyncratic, and not to everyone's taste. Most turn a blind eye to my anomalies as a fan, some are turned on, and there are inevitably a few philistines who make fun of me. Fandom has

presented some interesting alternatives over the years — whether to become a crusty old bastard or a sentimental sweetie-pie, an elitist hyperfaanish FIAWOLer or a cynical disbeliever in the whole mythology, a cultivator of my own personality cult or an iconoclast. At one time or another I've advocated every possible position one can have in fandom, until now I'm not sure about anything to do with fans at all. I don't really think there is such a thing as fandom, in any meaningful sense of the word, and whatever sense of purpose I found in fandom has had to be put on a more solid basis. Fandom isn't a career surrogate for me any longer. It is merely a format for the amusement of myself and my friends. The rest of it — the funny hats, the Smoothing rituals, the Hugos, and catch-phrases — are just other people's fun and games, about as relevant to me as Adolf Hitler's table talk. I must be thinking something right — since new years I've been doing several times as much fanac as I did last year.

Some fans, of course, have instinctively known this all along, and people like me were sitting ducks for other people who use the rules of abstractions like "fandom" to their advantage. It took me something like 135 issues, 1500 pages, 450 illos, 8 apas, and 10 years to figure that out, and refuse to abide by the rules. Saara has been telling me this for as long as I've known her, but I wasn't listening...



CT — JOAN HANKE-WOODS

Your art-show difficulties weren't very clear to me when I read them. I gather that a painting of yours was either sold by mistake, or stolen, a name-tag was lost, and that half of the money owing to you was paid. The later, at least, isn't surprising. Often the show doesn't have the cash. At Disclave last year I sold a copy of some art of mine that I'd shaded and retouched by hand — not unlike the hand-coloured prints by Dalzell or Healy. It was marked as a retouched copy on the back, and I believe on the bid sheet too. (Though it's lost now.) Somebody bid \$17 on the piece, read the bid sheet or the back for the first time, and went hollering to the committee that they'd been robbed. The concomm reimbursed the plaintiff and returned the art to me with quite a nasty note. I thought it was high-handed of them to decide to make a refund for me, but calling me a fraud was

completely uncalled for, so I wrote to Alexis Gilliland, the chairman, for the \$17 and an apology. I got the apology, but not the \$17. Later, because I was short of cash and don't get to many cons, I sold the art for a meager \$4.

At least you sell your artwork, whatever other misfortunes you endure at convention artshows. Most of the "faanish" fanartists, though, like Dan Steffan or Stu Shiffman, who draw beavers with propeller beanies, rarely sell a thing. With the competition for space in shows as fierce as it is, the fees have gone up at most larger cons. I've boycotted the worldcon for the last two or three years, since you have to have a moderately good chance to sell one or two things to break even — if you call loosing one or two pieces for the chance of showing the rest "breaking even". It isn't feasible to only display your work at a worldcon unless you can afford to drop \$30 casually, and fanzine illustrations don't sell. Maybe you'll disagree with me, but I don't think con artshows are fan artshows anymore, and I don't believe that artists supplanting their incomes there are engaging in fanac.

Of course, I don't believe in fandom anymore, so what do I care? I guess I care because I'd like to show my work to people who are only used to seeing it badly reproduced in fanzines. Even the best printing loses a lot of subtleties, and mimeo reduces my labourious shading to scratchy blotches. But I don't like to pay for the privilege — or have to follow complicated rules. And when it comes down to parting with some of the all-too-little money that has to do me through the weekend, the \$500 sale of a Raiders Of The Lost Ark joke is bound to cause invidious comparisons with my own poverty.

I seem to see any given illo of yours about three times, in different fanzines. I wonder how you get away with this? Demand, I suppose. Unfortunately, you are one of several artists in fandom who, though I recognize as skilled and original, I've never taken an interest in. There are two drawings of yours that stand out to me in spite of my overall lack of interest. One I feel ambiguous about. The overweight trekkie throwing herself from a window since she can't have Spock. It breaks me up laughing, but then I think that it's precisely that sort of humour — mocking the weak and foolish — that I most dislike. The other piece I admire wholly, and that is your illustration of John Lennon and "Imagine" in Vootie 33. It makes up for what I miss in your other artwork — darker mood, a more profound image, auxiliary ideas, more realism and less stylization... Of course, I don't know how much of this I'm carrying to the picture, and how much you put in. My preference might only be based in reality on an interest in John Lennon, and veritually none in dragons and fairies and things you usually draw.



CT — REED WALLER

I showed Vootie to a friend who told me that he thought Omaha's story was too good for fanart. Who'd go to all that trouble just for an apa, even Vootie? (I've been known to do stupid things like that, I said.) I am disillusioned, crushed even, to discover that he was right. Omaha Nebraska has turned pro. Hope you make a million dollars, but continue to let Omaha turn the occasional trick in Vootie. (The only thing good it seems you can get in Toronto is the Freak Brothers and Crumb.)

Next question. Who does one bribe, threaten, or preform fellatio with to have an underground comic published? I understood, 11th or 12th hand, that the undergrounds have retrenched, and publish virtually no material from outside of ranks.

CT — MARC SCHIRMEISTER

Mightn't "Wir Woolf" be subtitled "The Schirm Turns"? I liked it; it was typical goof-ball humour, complete with the leering moon that is almost your trademark. A polished version would be great. I wonder, though, why werewolves come attired in loinclothes? Do they have formal affairs?

Also highly individualistic was the sheet of "cartoon music". I don't know any of the songs, but the titles suggest an underlying bonzoid aesthetic that seems behind a lot of what you do. I remember the tape you played while we drove up and down the Rocky mountains last Worldcon Sunday. Come to think of it, a lot of the things on that tape were on your cartoon list. Pity my taste in music tends to the grandeloquent and transcendently sacharrine — I can't do anything like you did for my favourites.

Your graphic commentary on "Nature Boy" Watt is, er... graphic. Have you ever thought of a career in propaganda? I understand that there are manifold opportunities in Argentina at the moment if you can draw fangs on pictures of Margeret Thatcher. I wouldn't worry much about American national parks though. After seeing Yellowstone and the Tetons, Saara annexed them all to her world and is quite prepared to defend them against the Department of Interior of some half-civilized third-world planet.

Perhaps your taste in music is catching. Not long ago I found and bought a used copy of one of the rare George Crumb "Cheap Suit Serenaders" records. I don't know whether to classify his stuff as jazz, cartoon soundtrack, or just plain crazy. Too bad you had a copy — I colour xeroxed the front and back of the jacket. Anybody care for it?

CT — STEVEN MARTIN

Rudolf The Red Necked Reindeer is gruesome in the fine old EC tradition, right down to the crowded and muddy penwork. Just when it's most important to see — when guts are spilling out on the floor or someone's head is on fire — the details blur into incomprehensible swatches of ink. Drat. (I also wonder if gay reindeers can also be red necks?)

CT — AL SIROIS

I haven't seen it in print anywhere, but I had heard that Wally Wood killed himself rather than linger on, ill and neglected. I think I remember you writing me a card about his death, but as I was out of the newsletter business I promptly lost it. If Wally Wood was neglected and underpaid, it is a vicious irony. Today Wendy Pini makes money selling an endless series of Elfquest comics that are suspiciously like Wood's Wizard King. (A la Bakshi.) I can't recall the Wizard King making much of a splash in its day, proving that it doesn't pay to be ahead of one's time.



CT — TIMOTHY FAY

Are we not men? Not in Vootie, I should hope.

CT — DENNIS WOLF

I like the use of the medium you put the shrinking speech balloons of Space:1939 to.

You're no relation to Ralph Wolf, right?

CT — JERRY COLLINS, COSGRIFF

A tearful robot isn't logical. But I very much like the feeling of that drawing, as I usually like the "feeling" of so much of Jerry's work. In it's free hand style, it's the opposite of my own, but in some way that I like so much the same.

CT — STEVE MARTIN II

Once, many mailings ago, I said that there didn't seem to be any sex in Vootie. Silly me.

REED WALLER asks for shop-talk. He specifically asks more about us guys. What size do we work in? What kind of board do we prefer? Do we collect photos for swipes? Do we prefer brush or pen? Do we have any studio tips? Why do we draw cartoons in the first place? How many of us have pets? (What was that? *How many of us have pets?*) I know that many funny-animal artists have fixations with dolphins, deer, cats, centaurs, unicorns, wolves, skunks, mink, squirrels, dragons, lizards, and Kjola, but do you think we'd merely draw these critters if we could act out our depraved fantasies on the

real thing?) I think I've adequately explained *why* I draw. As for the rest, I'd be happy to oblige...

Especially as I suspect that my answers will mostly be unorthodox and good for shock value.

What size do I work in? Once upon a time I read comic books, and though I knew that drawings had to be drawn, I couldn't get it into my head that some real person actually drew Superman as he hurtled between billiard ball-like planets. That was the first of many future misunderstandings. In the early seventies I had grasped the difficult notion that artists were responsible for comic books, but I couldn't figure out how they could possibly draw such incredibly detailed tiny pictures. I tried and tried, but the sheer crudity of my pen foiled me. No matter how careful I was, the line I drew was thicker than many of the details I wanted to put in. Though I coped, it never looked as crisp and clear as when Barry Smith did it. Then I found out that the art was *shot down* from some enormous size... Like the American space program, I benefitted by learning to microminiaturize, but I've never quite forgiven comics for misleading me all those years into drawing on 8½x11 sheets. I still do.

What kind of board do I use? Board? I use 8½x11 paper, remember? Ordinary typing paper until recently, when I splurged and bought \$4 worth of a slightly heavier grade of stock. Because it's 1982, I've heard of drawing board, but I can't draw on it. It's too slick, and I can't get the shading I want on it. There are probably satin-finish boards that would do the trick, but who has the money for art store prices? Besides, board doesn't wrap around an electrostencil machine's drum.

Photos for swipes? No, not often. Occasionally I'll be so taken with a particular photo or even someone else's artwork that I'll draw from it, giving it my own slant, but the majority of times I draw straight from my imagination. This usually means I have to know how a thing looks, by memory, or get it wrong. I think that's also why my drawing style has until recently tended toward being schematic. I'm only now coming into awareness of light and darkness as form instead of merely contrast. Someday I may work myself up to colour.

Brush or pen? Neither, as most artists would take the question to mean. I've never worked with a brush, except to paint models. I can do quite well at that — getting right the SS on the colour insignia of 1/35 Germany infantry. I've also painted with oils and acrylics, having moderate success when I'm prepared to put a hundred hours or so work into it. But I never use a brush for black and white drawing. Nor do I use a pen, if by a pen you mean a nib or rapidograph. I have quite a nice set of rapidograph pens that I was given as a kid, but I could never make them work. The ink clogs up the tubes almost immediately. Out of the hours of work I put into those pens I got only a few minutes drawing time, and I didn't like the scratchy line. I draw slowly, deliberately, and at times I'm not sure whether I'm laying down a line of ink or prodding a piece of thread into the shape I want it. I use white-out sparingly, and do the neatest pencils you ever saw. But what do I ink with? What, what? An ordinary, cheap, ball point pen that you throw away when empty. I have used Bics, and find that they blob too easily, and leave a reddish sheen that's spurrious. I've used Eagle black fine-points too, but they dry up so fast I can't use them for long. Now I only use them for shading, since when nearly empty I can achieve the lightest possible tones from them. For outlining I use a Papermate disposable fine-point, 69¢ each. Shading is done by carefully moving the Eagle lightly over the paper — just hard enough to leave a faint line. The shade of grey can be controlled by the pressure, and going over it again as often as necessary. The technique is a pain in the neck, but is capable of great subtleties otherwise impossible.

It's almost the same technique that George Barr uses. I didn't know it at the time. I'd always used a ballpoint pen, since I was a little kid, and stumbled onto shading with one around 1967. (Trying to imitate the shiney effect of metal.) Four or five years later, a fan told me that this George Barr person also drew with a ballpoint,

and I was rather upset that I wasn't unique anymore. Since then I've found out that Barr and I differ in a number of minor respects. Barr tends to draw discrete grey lines, and thinks of his shading as a form of silverpoint. I smudge my lines together, sometimes using the oil from my skin, and will shade in different directions to avoid linearity. My technique is more like working with pencil. Barr, according to one source, can't fix his work if he screws up or the pen blobs. I've learned to use translucent white acrylic as a cosmetic. Barr's effects tend to be pastel, and contrasts are usually subdued. I let my tones range from white to total black. Barr's shades are usually monotone, mine vary continuously. Barr resorts to rococo ornamentation to reduce the size of areas to be shaded. I often shade large impressionistic spaces. Barr then paints over his drawings with water-colour. The mere thought of possibly spoiling a hundred hours of work makes me feel ill. George Barr makes a lot of money, I make none. George Barr hasn't done anything interesting lately... *ahem*

I like the idea that Reed suggested. Publishing a Best of Vootie, of course, isn't exactly any of my business, seeing as how I just got in on the act. But I like the idea anyway. Certainly, a lot of very good material seems to be buried away in Vootie where no public will ever see it, not even much of a fannish public. There's enough here to supply a dozen fanzines with every mailing. And yet, little or none of what appears in Vootie ever seems to turn up again anywhere I'd see it.

What Vootie should be like is like crazy, man. It should be a little like EC Mad, with a bit of Da-da, Maxwell Parish, Vaughn Bode, and Carl Barks with mailing comments. In other words, about like it is, but more so.



MY PROSPECTS IN VOOTIE

I've belonged to eight apas, and I've quit them all except one. I didn't mean to be fickle, but either the apa bored me or aggravated the living daylights out of me. The most recent did both. I resolutely resisted joining an apa until I'd been in fandom for five years, then joined Azapa for no better reason than that everyone I knew seemed to be doing it at the time. I left with bullets whistling past my ears and the dull crump- ing of heavy artillery in the distance. Then I joined Oasis, which was formed partly as a reaction to the warfare in Azapa. I still belong to that one. It's easy to belong to Oasis since until recently it didn't have a minac rule, and now it doesn't have mailings... Warfare broke out in Oasis too, so I joined the waitlist of Fapa.

Unless I cough up \$12 before the next mailing, I won't belong to Fapa much longer. Given that 3/4's of every 300 page quarterly mailing is about as fascinating to read as last year's telephone directory, \$12 seems a little steep for the dubious privilege of belonging to Fandom's Oldest Apa. Among the Toronto Derelict fan group there was a private apa called Co-opd. It died intestate after only 7 mailings. I joined BCapa when it appeared likely that I might be moving to Vancouver with some friends. We didn't, and I let my membership lapse. Having read BCapa, it's probably just as well none of us got to the west-coast. Bo-o-o-r-ing. I tried to start an apa of my own. After one mailing I went broke. Then I joined a newly formed Toronto apa, Tapa. The Derelicts were extinct, and the latest generation of locals were as boring as their west-coast counterparts, and jack-asses in some cases. So I quit that. I have no intentions of leaving Vootie. But, you know, the odds don't inspire confidence...

What usually happens with an apa when I join is that I make a big initial effort. I publish an admirable first issue in which I write a biography and talk about my fanac. Next issue I do mailing comments. Soon, I find I'm only making mailing comments to

other mailing comments. Then only to those I disagree with, or to reactions to my reactions. The strain increases until I get into a fight with one or more people. When that blows over I don't make mailing comments anymore, since that would only pick new fights over issues I don't really care about anyway, so I write trip reports or some other impersonal thing until I'm ready to quit through sheer indifference. I've learned how to avoid fights, but now I go right to the bored withdrawal and quit, without passing go or collecting \$200.

I don't want to follow that pattern in Vootie, and don't think I have to. So far I've just made the big initial effort. A largish, lavish, first issue with the usual egotistical exhibitionism. I don't know what comes next, since in a real way all I have to talk about is me. If not my history, or my feelings, then my experiences, and isn't that all any of us have to talk about? I can hardly write my autobiography in Vootie though, so I'll probably have to advance to the next step of making mailing comments. The karmic wheel turns... Nevertheless, there is an option. I can talk about art. My art. Your art. Roger Dean's art. Art on soup cans, and vice versa.

Although I'd gotten into the slothful habit, lately, of typing apazines with no thought of layout or illustration, I've tried to put a stop to it. I don't know if I'll do more than I have for this issue. Frankly, there is a limit to how lavish I can get for Vootie. I have paper and stencils and ink enough to last me for years — I stocked up when times were better — but postage is another matter. I've more than once produced a zippy little one-shot for three or four dollars and never mailed it out because it would cost eight to ten times that much for the stamps. Vootie requires a large number of copies — 75 — and I can imagine it costing something like \$5 everytime I do an 8 page zine to mail to Reed. That, plus the value of the materials, is a bit daunting, and represents the upper limit of my plausible investment in the apa. The other limit is time. So far this year I've drawn a small number of ATom pastiches for a zine I published in January, two logos for Mike Glycer's newszine, a "last" Garfield strip, two drawings for Ken Fletcher's Space Varmint Comix, some odds and ends, a Dean rip-off that has to be re-done, and the cover of this zine. As I type I still have to do the insets. I'm working on three full page illos as covers for the last DNQ, and have several other full page works half finished from last year. In other words, I'm slow. I can't produce three or four pages of drawings for Vootie even every other mailing. I'll have to resort to running off copies of stuff I've done for fanzines, or of older art that hasn't been exposed recently. And one final limit. I can afford mimeo, but not offset, even if the art will turn out blotchy and scratchy. The xeroxed cover this time around is a one-shot.

And that was to have been all for this issue. Next time I thought I'd mention the t-shirt transfers and fanzines I have for sale, that I'm running for Taff, and other stuff like that. However, the real world intrudes into the kingdom of funny animals...

TIMOR MORTIS CONURBAT ME

On the last day of May I was admitted to North York General Hospital for an array of alarmingly familiar symptoms — nausea, muscle convulsions, and bachache. A centimeter long stone had dislodged from my left kidney and blocked urine from draining. Two days later I underwent major surgery that kept me cooling my heels at NYG until June 12th, and I'm only now getting back into fanac though I've been ambulatory since the day after the operation. Before the crises I had to abandon all fanac to cram for the convention I was running in May. I wrote all but this coda to (Life In) Stop Motion six weeks before I could get back to it. Soon, I hope, I can get back to the last DNQ with The Miscarriage Of Heaven And Hell, my art, other fanac, and start serious writing. Gaaltlahaaleen, *Toral*



WY 82