





I had notes on things I meant to say in my second Vootie contribution, but they've become lost. I don't know how — I have a docket made up for apazines in my file drawers, but all that was in the docket a totally irrelevant paste-up for a zine I did for an apa I quit a year ago.

One of the items I'm sure I had down for discussion was a step by step description of my working methods. Like any other monomaniac I've always wanted to say everything that could be said about my art. However, I've always — or almost always — had the good sense to know that this would be unendurable tedium for other people. Finally I've been asked to do the very thing I can barely restrain myself from doing. And I think I can be sure that Voots who want to know my working habits are more than showing a polite interest.

The cover for **Glass Houses** is as good a piece to dissect as any.

It was commissioned for a lousy \$15, by a friend of mine who has a nervous twitch that causes him to list all the science fiction and fantasy books he can and publish a bibliography. He wanted a special cover and paid me the fifteen lousy bucks for the one-time publication rights, which isn't such a lousy deal after all.

# GLASS HOUSES

Glass Houses 2, a second Vootiezine done by Taral Wayne, January 1983, at 1812-415 Willowdale Ave. Willowdale Ontario, Canada M2N 5P4.  
Phone (416) 221 3517 (usually home weekdays after 12pm.)  
© A Taralble Mistake 138, an edition of 125.

Stop Motion (Aug. 82) is retroactively Glass Houses 1.

"Pinocchio began to kick and bang against the door. At the noise a window opened and a lovely maiden looked out. She had azure hair and a face white as wax."

The idea is a return to a piece I did for Mike Glyer about two years ago. That time I drew a breached spaceship releasing a cloud of fanzines. It was a smaller and simpler illustration that entered the title of Glyer's zine into the illo by making it the nearest free-floating zine. This sort of self-referential thing I do a lot.

This time a starship is breached and a cloud of books is freed from the hold. The nearest thing to a self-reference is the name on the ship — Bakka — which is also the name of the SF store in Toronto. Also, my signature is concealed as one of the covers. The paperbacks are all real books, though the scene is imaginary, and rather similar to the cover of my previous Vootiezine, nearby objects are drifting out of the frame of the picture.

The general layout of the illustration was formed in my mind, then sketched in lightly with a pencil. The act of sketching defined the spatial relationships more precisely, and working up the details fixed them exactly. The ship began as a circular area indicated in the upper left hand corner. I drew a sleek hold, but then thought it'd be better to get away from the streamlined forms that came natural to me. I added a ship-like bridge to the forward end, thought a minute, and drew a cross-beam to which I fixed the main superstructure. Then the gun and instrument platforms. A few more baroque details and I was happy, even if it does look a bit like an out-board motor attached to a sled.

The books are books I like that are photogenic. You'd be surprised how undistinguished most book covers are. Only a handful stand out as well as even as well as the back cover of a Heinlein juvenile. (Bottom left.) A couple of paperbacks were allowed to float out of the frame to suggest that the edges of the picture don't bound the expanding cloud of books. And also I hoped to achieve greater three-dimensionality by letting foreground objects seem to lift out of the page.

The last element in the drawing is the figure of Saara Mar. Note how distance can be judged by the relative size of the books to her, and also by her own foreshortening. Saara's figure is something of a compromise — I haven't drawn her in a completely realistic style, but neither is she a cartoon. A convention I sometimes use to imply shiny metallic surfaces is added to a more elaborate shading technique, neither of which is successful by itself but fuse well for the purposes they're put to this one time. That Saara is half cartoon-half real in this drawing is largely a compromise as well. The books are only sketches of books, not accurate reproductions, and it would have looked more like Saara grabbing up fakes than real books if she had been too realistic in comparison. Nor was it worth doing the paperbacks more realistically. It would have trebled the amount of work on this drawing for little added effect. And it isn't a very serious piece of art.

For some, my art has obvious sensual qualities. Soft fur is itself sensual for most people — brief costumes too, especially if made of pliable silver. But also, I should think, you can live vicariously through Saara and experience vacuum and zero-g. (This is why I insist I'm a science fiction artist and not a fantasy artist. My imagery and sensory focus is stefnal.) For me there is the added turn-on of Saara's personality, and the act of carefully moving a pen over and over her legs and breasts and... well... it gets like caressing a lover. No one needs wonder at the sexual undercurrents running through the Dalmirin universe. The only oddity is the way it flows in both directions.

(And Al wants me to give up shading for something "better"?)

There's little more to be squeezed out of that drawing, except generalities about all my work — maybe I'll leave that for another time. For the moment, take a look at the back page, "Saara's Con Party". There are a lot of in-jokes there, nearly hidden by the murky mimeo. Real people are mixed into the fantasy-fandom Saara knows. Some are just types — such as the Dorsai Irregular, the milquetoast, the medievalist, and the funny hat covered in buttons — each of those types is based on someone I know, but isn't only him. In the first panel I depict an unusual con party, to say the least. Or have I been hanging out in the wrong places at conventions? No party that I've ever been at has had Robert Silverberg, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, and Phineas

Freaks there. Nor is it usual for a component stereo to be present. It would have been more plausible for there to be a ghetto-blasters, but for some reason I didn't think of that then. And I did just then acquire a new stereo and started buying all sorts of records. Getting as much as I can of my real life into my art isn't just a device, it's more like autobiography. The self-referential thing too.

At about that time, new-wave music was getting out of the clubs and onto vinyl. I'd only just overcome my prejudices against rock and had none against minor stylistic differences in the genre (yet), so my taste easily encompassed Yes and Elvis Costello. It's Elvis, in fact, playing in panel one. "Come and tell me about the mystery dance..." he asks in metaphor for the sex act. Albums found in the mythical Room 770 (where fannish belief places the Perfect, Perpetual Party) include other contemporary discoveries of mine: Devo's Are We Not Men? and Freedom of Choice, a collection of The Doors, Costello's Armed Forces, Pink Floyd's The Wall, ELP's first, and the Beatles' White Album. It was about that time too that I discovered that I liked brandy liqueur, so alcohol other than "bheer" and "blog" (which I didn't drink) entered my universe. Dope, as of this writing, still hasn't.

(Except maybe the couple of times I've been hospitalized. Sedatives and pain killers will make you buzz the aerodrome a bit... )

More real people in panel three, but only two. People have wondered who the hippie was with the roach-pin, but he's an invention. There's only Bob Tucker collapsed against the lampshade, and myself, cunningly disguised by the female gender, and partly concealed by Saara's foot in my face. Rock & Roll is out of the picture now, and the Sex & Drugs are taking over. Now you're probably wondering as much as I am where to find this party, but I don't think you can. Saara has nearly as many bodily taboos as a cat and could probably gratify herself at a session of Congress without raising comment. (If we could imagine there was ever a reason for her to be at one.)

In the last panel, everyone has drifted off to Cloudcuckooland. The room is nearly full from top to bottom with (invisible in this reproduction) clouds of marijuana smoke. Saara is disrobed, but her petting partner is asleep. She's snuffed, smoked, and "et" dope, but it might as well be sugar candy for all the effect it's had. (In fact, for her, sugar is a mild intoxicant, which is why she wishes for a Coke or Hershey bar.) The music's over, and Saara is once again aware of her limits as a participant in human culture. Or in less serious words, "Rats, I'm wide awake and sober."

One of the things that most delight me when I can pull it off is to construct Chinese boxes of what's real and unreal. Saara and the con party in Room 770 are plainly unreal, but there are real people in the strip. There is also an unreal character from another artist's strip, who's so stoned he thinks Saara is a pipe-dream. That is, unreal to him. But in the reality of the party, he comes from a cartoonier world than Saara's himself. Furthermore, the universe of the party is close to but not precisely the universe of Dalmirin, where things like that don't happen, nor do I have an analog who's a young girl. It's a universe that exists only for the purpose of this one story.

Perhaps next issue I'll talk a bit more about mechanical technique. How to move the pen on the paper and that sort of thing. Right now I've gone on enough about how I draw, and I've other things that've come to mind to finish the issue with.

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A while ago I almost got the break in my career that I was waiting for. Through a contact I had with the Royal Ontario Museum and McLaughlin Planetarium, I heard about an opening to work on a display about radio astronomy. Canada is mounting a Very Long Baseline Interferometry project, using two dishes at opposite ends of the country simultaneously. The information would be integrated by a computer, and it would be as if the experiment were conducted using a single dish 3,000 miles wide. As usual with anything the Canadian government is behind, it was stage-managed like a breakfast cereal advertisement. And the government is Kellogg's for whom the cereal exists to glorify. At the very least, the opportunity couldn't be allowed to pass



to put a mere scientific experiment to some good use such as PR, and that's where I came in. To promote the project, a road show was being designed that would travel from city to city, and be displayed in museums and planetariums throughout the summer. Something like ten large panels and some audio-visual accessories were the core of the show, and the sequence would educate the lumpenproletariat through a simple storyline. Art was needed as well as the photo montages and usual visual rhubarb.

Through my contact I submitted a portfolio. I picked about 30 pieces, chosen to show a variety of subject matter, including pertinent astronomy and hardware. It was also chosen to show flexibility of treatment. Xeroxes were perfectly adequate, though I coloured some to show that I could, and a few of the drawings were screened to preserve the shading. Others were ordinary black and white, some were cartoons, some were pastiches, some were graphic, some were maps, some were outdoors, some were indoors, some were several things, and so on. A brief and badly spelled resume was included. I was given an interview in spite of it.

The interview went well. It was settled quickly that I would do about ten main pieces of art for the show, and could expect more than a thousand dollars for it. I said to the designer who was interviewing me that I thought the work was worth more like \$3,000, and she agreed it wasn't unreasonable. She said she'd pass on my request with her budget. I might have to settle for a little less if the planetarium director felt like being frugal, but unless the project were cancelled I was sure of making a couple of thousand dollars.

I wasn't greedy in asking for three times the designer's suggested thousand. She wasn't sure how much artists were paid and wanted me to set a price, and I wanted guidance from her. But an earlier assignment I heard about had been given to a woman who was asked to do a simple map of the Islamic world. She was paid \$300 for the one map, and I was asked for ten pieces. And at that, her map left out Afghanistan and couldn't be used. This is apparently a problem with getting that sort of work done — finding artists who won't make mistakes stemming from their unworldliness. I think any SF artist such as myself would have an omnivorous background, but institute artists seem to know little more than how to hold a brush.

We talked over the storyline. Most of the ideas were supplied by my contact, who was also at the interview. Then I had to suggest illustrations to go with them. My first idea was to use an entire panel as a "hook" at the entrance to the show. Something colourful, germane, and "scientific" was called for. Borrowing an idea here and something I once saw there and putting them together; I said the first panel should show two people silhouetted on a hill and looking into the night sky. Instead of stars overhead, though, I'd paint a diagram of Cygnus X-1. The accretion disk and event horizon and radio bursts would be stylized just as I remembered them in Scientific American...

Similarly, the end of the show would have a panel to itself — a visual exclamation point. My thought was that I could do another diagrammatic illustration, showing the universe as presently conceived by astronomers. It would be an Escherian lattice of time-space lines, fading into grey infinity. Instead of planets and rays moving through space, I'd depict disturbances manifesting themselves as ripples in the metric. A corner insert would show the old-fashioned view of blackness and galaxies.

Inbetween, I had a number of ideas I'm quite proud of, though they've never been realized. For instance, I wanted to demonstrate the principle of the spectrum. The usual method is to show how light is split up into different colours by a prism, but I felt that that was too removed from common experience to be instinctively understood. Better, I said, to show a piece of metal heated in a fire, or a stove element. It'd glow red, orange, yellow, and, in principle, after that blue and violet as it grew hotter, and would relate colour to stellar temperatures. Similarly I objected to the usual cliché used to show how interferometry works. Two radio antennae are shown at corners of a triangle and pointing to a common target. "So what?" you can hear the techno-peasant say. "I still don't know what they're doing." My idea was to use a stereo-viewer to really show how an object seen from two angles

was three-dimensional. From each eye-piece an arrow would lead to a picture of two telescopes and the slightly different view seen from each. This isn't exactly what radio interferometry was about, but it was analogous and plain to anyone.

The most important series of illustrations were to have been three views of a single room, each in a different wavelength. The first would be seen in ordinary light, naturally. In the room there'd be a steaming kettle, a radio, a fish tank, a table and chair, a picture on the wall, and a window. Outside the window would float Jupiter. In the second illustration, the illumination would be in ultraviolet. The cloud of steam over the kettle would become opaque, and the fish tank a solid cube. The picture on the wall would also become solid black. Outside, Jupiter would be shrunk, dim, and indistinct around the edges. Its belts would have changed. Stars that were bright before have faded, others that were dim are now bright. In the third illustration, the wavelength lighting the room is radio. The steam has disappeared altogether in this room, and the water in the tank is translucent. The painting on the wall is blank. The radio set is hazy, but some of its interior parts, such as the antenna, are solid. The table and chair are solid, but fuzzy around the edges and show colour diffraction. The fish in the tank are invisible except for shadowy bones. Outside, Jupiter is gone altogether, and in its place are brightly coloured rings of charged particles. Once again, different stars show bright or dim in the sky. They are rather few, and the sky is fogged.

A commentator just outside the frame of each illustration was supposed to spell the idea out for people. It was suggested that the commentator be a cartoon alien scientist, but not too alien that people wouldn't recognize him for what he was. There were a couple of other ideas for illustration, but I've begun to forget. That, as much as anything else, is why I've troubled to put the best ones in print.

The possibility of getting this job existed for two months, and I carefully refrained from telling most people. A few closer friends were told, but I hastened to add that it was probably too good to work out. Then the job was mine and I was to provide sketches by Christmas. I spread the news. A week later the entire show was cancelled. Deep as my pessimism was, it still wasn't far-reaching enough, and I was again taken in by hope springing eternal.

...and yet the show might still be revived. Ottawa never ceases in its effort to educate the public in its goodness and wisdom.

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It's my custom at the end of the year to review my annual output. To do this I lay everything out on the floor, something I've done with records, books, trading cards, and anything else I had more than one of since I was a kid. That way I can take in the entirety of whatever I'm admiring in a single glance. The number of books and records I have now prevent this contemplative process. There's no chance, however, that I'll ever be so productive as an artist that a modest amount of floor space won't suffice for my drawings.

This year's takes up about 25 square feet. Put another way, that's about 50 pieces, varying from full page to a few inches on a side. Some are one of a series of illustrations that I count as only one. Some take two pages and count as one. Consequently I record only 35 titles in my files. At one time this would have been a poor year, but since 1979 I've slowed down so that 35 titles is about average. More important than mere quantity, of course, is the quality of the art. And since 1979 there's been an overall improvement. Every year there are a few drawings that could have been done better, that should have been done differently, or shouldn't have been done at all. I had to take it for granted that some of my year's work would be an embarrassment. I was wrong to. Every year there's been less excuse to let anything be less than perfect.

There've been several developmental stages in my art over the last ten years. They may not be apparent to the casual observer, but if you were to see a sampling from each year's file I think you'd see that for a while I experimented in alternatives to shading. I did astronomicals one year, and next year pastoral landscapes. The appearance of Kjöla changed gradually. Then I became concerned with everyday objects such as Coke



cans, pizza boxes, books, and toys. Then came along music, and I added records to the backgrounds of what I drew. Saara was "recorded". There was a long while when I mixed Dalmirin and fandom, such as one prized drawing of Saara bidding a thousand dollars on a piece by Schirm. Last year I spent my time exploring cartooning styles. To an extent, it wasn't voluntary. The impulse to depict Saara more cartoon-like guided my hand more than my volition did. The impulse probably came from my fascination of cartoons of Saara drawn by other artists, especially those by Jerry Collins. (Jerry's sister Anna, Schirm, Stu Shiffman, Mark Merlino, and a few others have also added to Saara's gallery.) They showed me numerous different ways of looking at the same woman. The year long experiment has been well worth it in a number of ways.

Just in one way alone, cartooning has been profitable. The first time I looked for alternatives to shading with a pen I was unsuccessful. I gave up stippling and cross-hatching completely. Once I acquired the feel for cartooning, though, my unshaded work was no longer flat and lifeless as it had been. I took up cross-hatching to great

effect in the cover for The Miscarriage of Heaven & Hell, (which I should reproduce for my next Vootie-zine so that you can judge for yourself), and I've used it for backgrounds in a couple of strips. (Which I should also reproduce next time.) Whereas I was usually embarrassed by cartoons and fannish illos later, now suddenly I had the power to make them quite slick, and still distinctively mine.

But apart from finding a simple and still effective way to draw, I've also found that now I'm more expressive and more fluid when doing serious work and using my shading technique. That was the most precious gain made last year.

Also, in recent years I've increasingly wanted to work with light and dark spaces alone, using them as background and form. In the past I'd outline all the trees or dials or books in the background, and the detail would compete with the foreground for attention. It took years to realize that when we are looking at one thing, we don't see detail elsewhere. Now I know it would be more effective to suggest background as much as possible, rather than to be as explicit as I used to be. The cover I may use for **Glass Houses** next will probably show what I mean. Although this awareness has grown up on me over the space of two or three years, I'm only just now taking advantage of it.

For the first time, the year's work includes nothing I feel I could have done significantly better. This might be because if I thought it could be done better, then I did it over before finishing the first try. Nevertheless, it was enormously satisfying to look back and see this quantum jump in authority spread out on the floor. Just as depressing as the art was satisfying was knowing how little of it had ever been seen by other than a handful of friends. About half the illos I did last year that were seen were seen by Voots in **Stop Motion!** A few more pastiches of ATom appeared in a trip report by John Berry that I published. Not too many copies were sold. The rest appeared in one-shots, a punk music zine, and Glycer's newszines. A couple were stationery done on commission. One was commissioned for the menu of a Chinese restaurant, but not used. That accounts for about 15 of 35 titles. The others, including most of the best, are unpublished anywhere. A few of these will certainly appear sometime in the next few months, in various fanzines I've written for. A dozen from '82, and some others from '81 will appear in the last DNQ's. The remainder might wait a long time before they turn up anywhere. There are still pieces —

such as Saara's Con Party — from as far back as nineteen-seventy-fucking-nine that I'm still trying to find a place for in a good fanzine. Inevitably the zines I try have a "look" of their own that their house artist provides, or want some fannish thing scratched on a stencil that's more wit than art.

Sometimes I have to wonder why I like those zines best though the feeling's not mutual.

I wish it were possible to reproduce my floor, covered with the year's illos. The next best thing is to run some of the best through Vootie over several issues, which I can do. And third best would be to do a commentary on every one. I've indulged myself quite enough already though, and there're some other things to mention on this last page of discourse.

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If Reed lowers the copycount of Vootie to 50 then I can run through copies of NFS, the folio I did a couple of years ago, as my 100th zine. I have about 80 copies, and I'm not willing to send 75 of them to Reed, leaving me only with a few to sell.

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund race drew to a close December 18th. The campaigning was feeble, and there were only about 135 ballots. I don't know how this compares with other recent years, but apparently 180 were cast in the first two years of TAFF, and 360 were counted in 1959. The results were inevitable with the change in fannish fashion that brought a new axis of fans to the fore, and the small profile I had in 1982 probably didn't affect Avedon Carol's winning by a sizable majority. I was a little distraught by coming in fourth of four candidates though, with only 14 first place votes out of 135 ballots. Grant Canfield, also an artist, got three more votes. Larry Carmody was a dark horse in the race but surprised a number of people by finding 32 votes somewhere. Avedon had a plain majority of 69. When I decided to run for TAFF, a year ago, I faced up to the possibility of a poor showing, and was prepared for the worst. I'm not agonizing over it now. Yet I can't help wondering if fandom isn't telling me something.

Sometime next summer I'm likely to have a relaxacon in Toronto when Marc Schirmeister is here. I haven't any definite plans about this, but it would be a nice occasion for one. When I know for sure if there'll be a relaxacon, Voots will be among the first to know — assuming reliable mailings — and I hope some of you will be able to come up to Toronto. If not then, there's a later chance, in July. Ken Fletcher will be the fan guest at another Toronto convention. It's a larger con, with programming. I'll be doing the program book so I can do a good job for Ken, but apart from that it has little to do with me. I have ambiguous feelings towards the people running it and the expected attendees. It's a special event for Ken, though. Talk it up Ken.

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I wouldn't want anyone to suspect I regard Vootie as a marketplace, but... For sale:

**NFS** — meaning Not For Sale, is in fact available for \$1 and 50¢ postage. Its a mimeographed folio of 15 drawings of mine, from 1975 to 1979. The repro varies from bad to mediocre, and the art was treated so it could be coloured. This has destroyed a great deal of subtlety, but the bare bones are intact. There's also several pages of commentary and a bibliography.

**RED SHIFT 7** — is a personalzine in which I talk about my roots as an artist, childhood culturata, the comic strip Skippy, music, and I write a short vignette based on meeting a fannish witch. There hasn't been an issue since 1980, but I'll be picking the title up again this year. There are back issues for a dollar and postage.

**GALAH PERFORMANCE** — This 26 page report of John Berry's trip to Australia in 1981 was published by me to raise money for TAFF. Illustrations were done by ATom (Arthur Thompson) who did all John's illos in the glory-days of the 50's. I did additional illos in the same style. It's \$2, and 50¢ postage.

**DNQ Back Issues** — This is the newszine I co-edited with Victoria Vayne. There were 33 back issues of which we still have copies of many. Aside from the news, which is admittedly dated now, there were humorous articles, fanzine reviews, and my editorials. The 25th issue was a longer, genzine issue, with a "record" insert.  
(cont. p 10)



# CASTING STONES

REED WALLER —

I knew it. I do kill apas. I join and \*phht\* no Vootie for months and months, and all of a sudden everyone starts to minac.

GREG BEAR —

You didn't by any chance grow up a poor south'n sharecropper's son did you? Or is Ralph a deep sociological commentary on poverty in our times? (Now that I've been ambiguous, I'd better state what I really mean — which is, what's behind your doing your charming but impersonal stories for Vootie? Are you doing Ralph for us, or is Vootie only benefiting from the fall-out of your creativity? Who is Ralph for, then?)

LARRY BECKER —

By and large you're right about mailing comments being superficial. In moderation, though, small talk can bind an apa together. Instead of Vootie being a collection of unconnected strips, I'd like to see a bit of cross talk between characters, pastiches, spin-offs, and feedback which mailing comments can provide in part. Admittedly, among visually oriented people it may be hard to encourage thoughtful mailing comments. There are several members, however, who are quite vocable. And an insightful comment need neither be long nor serious. The problem I have in trying to make meaningful comments is that many of the strips seem so impersonal to me. They are read, and much like a Bugs Bunny comic, I'm uninvolved and have little to say. It won't mean that I won't like the strip. I do what I can. Go and do thou likewise, fellow Voots.

AL SIROIS —

Since Beck has challenged us to make an effort at criticism, I'll try and say what I've never said before about your art. Mr. Whizzo is a good place to start, since it seems typical of you, and it isn't obviously a slap-dash job. (Which we see a little too much of in Vootie, I dare say.) From the beginning I've admired your work, but I think your strength is in backgrounds and detail. Early landscapes showed fair ability to compose interestingly as well. When you do strips like Mr. Whizzo, though, your strengths don't come out. Foreground and background merge in the welter of detail, though there are tricks you could use to make characters and foreground objects stand out. (Bolder lines, contrasting blacks and whites, or density of detail, isolating objects through composition or leaving a margin around them, differences of size, perspective, etc, etc, etc.) The two most successful examples of artists who drew "cluttered" worlds like yours were Wally Wood and Will Elder (whose work in the EC Mad continues to impress and delight me). Their cluttering is still easy to "read", unlike yours, I think, because they give thought to making the important things stand out. The other criticism I've held back is so vague I'm not sure I know how to formulate it. It's more in the nature of style than technique, but I've noticed that often your characters look ungainly. Some of this might be attributable to stiffness, but I'm not sure that's altogether the cause of the inelegance I often see in your strips. The alternative to my criticisms is that we simply have stylistic differences, and what you do differently than I isn't necessarily bad. What I look for in art isn't necessarily the only good.

On a more general level, Mr. Whizzo reminds me of some political cartoons of Jay Kinney's. The danger of this sort of thing is that it can become so "message" heavy that the humour only plasters over an attitude that essentially has no humour in it. Cartoons may legitimately be serious as well as humorous, but I feel that bitter ones need hardly have been cartoons at all — they pass into the realm of serious art or just propaganda. Kinney was close to propaganda — I don't think that Mr. Whizzo goes that far, but it's clearly headed in that direction.

Whoops, I confused Robert Crumb (the underground cartoonist) with George Crumb (the underground composer). Do I feel embarrassed to have it pointed out to me. Touché. But it's a natural mistake... Now both are in the music business.

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Relegating Al to the third person, we did indeed talk at the World Fantasy Con, and he did indeed try to talk me into trying some strips. Why, I'm not sure, since I've never been a comic artist. I do stick out in Vootie, but neither do I feel out of place doing single panel art and wordy zines. The facts are that I have done strips, and become proficient in them at least. The most recent included a strip I did to campaign for TAFF. Unfortunately, I somehow approach a strip like "x"-many full page illustrations, and it takes me nearly "x"-times as long to do a strip as any full page drawing. Al identifies this problem with my ball point pen technique, and he has a point. But my recent strips have been ordinary black and white, without laborious shading, and take a good deal of time anyway. Why? I do careful pencil sketches, full of detail, and try to control every movement and expression, the composition, over-all balance of the page, and several other qualities to the fullest of my ability. Anything hastier isn't as good as it could be. Finding a suitable black and white style speeded the work up, but it's still too time consuming to do expressly for Vootie. Even late mailings of Vootie... I also have the perhaps regrettable attitude that my cartooning is a good deal less important in the Cosmic Scheme of Things than more demanding work. Vootie might be an inadvisable place to breathe such heresy, but there it is in print...

The most ridiculous example of my taking a serious approach to cartooning was a strip I did for Garth Danielson a couple of years ago. He asked for art relating to his upcoming Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll issue. The issue vanished into that spacious limbo set aside for fannish projects that are fated never to be, but the strip got done. Six panels, each intricately drawn and painstakingly shaded, taking months of discontinuous work. I still haven't found a publisher for it. A hundred copies were run off once at Denvention. I finally have a use for them, as a back cover for Glass Houses. (I wrote these mailing comments before I wrote the analysis of Saara's Con Party earlier in the issue.) The repro is so-so, but it's ingratitude enough that I've forgotten who ran them off for me in the fan room while Fletch and Schirmeister and I and others liesurely jammed. Thanks whoever you were.

Al also suggests I use Vootie for experimenting in. There are artists whose approach to art is to plumb the depths of their medium. I'm at the other extreme, and hardly take an interest in the tools and materials available to me at all. The content and style is all. So I'm quite likely to never leave ball point and felt tip, but do play around a lot with what and the way I draw. One admirer remarked that he'd never noticed, since I successfully subsumed my experiments into my own idiom, how versatile I can be until he'd gone through a xerox portfolio I'd made specifically to enhance that virtue. Enough horn blowing though. Let's get on to another of my many deficiencies.

Al feels I've little interest in animation. There must be some truth to it if he gets that impression. All the same, I've watched animated cartoons since I was a child, and I still get a special kick out of a good realization on the screen such as Robin Williams' Popeye. But I'm probably not interested in animation per se. Bad animation, even mediocre animation, holds no fascination for me. I hated Bakshi's Lord Of The Rings, had a blase reaction to The Secret of NIHM, and thought nothing of the Americanized Battle of the Planets. (I've never seen pure Japanimation.) On the other hand, Disney's Pinocchio is incapable of anything but inspiring me. Animation has left an indelible impression on my drawing style. I'll pass over a drama or sitcom for an animated cartoon anytime. I'm afraid I can't explain my ambivalence any better than to suggest that I may regard animation as a medium, and not relevant to me as such.

**Limited Edition, Special Collectors' Item** was a reprint I did because it was easy to do and would expose Voots to my fannish, word-oriented side. The original run were folded into urine sample containers with a sterilizing pill.

Al asks if I plan a series of "Dalmirin" novels in the future. It's a question I hesitate to answer for a number of reasons. Mainly, of course, because I might

never write a publishable word. From that evasion you can guess that the general answer to the question is "yes". From there I'd be afraid of spending two or three pages briefing Vootie on my plans. I've been that injudicious in the past, but these days I feel less willing to show my pretensions. All I'm willing to divulge is that I'd like to try shorter fiction, and then when I see how well I can write, I might start on Dalmirin. If it all works out, I have plenty of things to write, in and out of the Dalmirin universe. A premature worry I have that you may find interesting is that I'd rather not develop a cult following like those of Darkover or Star Trek. I also hope never to see a Kelly Freas Kjola — at least not if he's never seen how they should be drawn — or anyone's but my illustrations with my fiction. I'm taking my time to get it all right, or like those thousands of pathetic fans with a novel they're going to write I'll never do it at all. Don't hold your breath to see...

**JAMES SCHUMEISTER —**

(First "Cram" and now this... Schirm knows what I mean.)

I may be overstepping myself, but I don't think it counts to run strips in Vootie that've already been in a public newspaper. At that rate we could recruit Mort Walker as a member just by xeroxing some Beetle Bailey's ourselves. Also, John Cawley's remark on the suitability of Life At Top Volume in a funny animal apa has to go double for Levy's Law, which isn't even underground.

**JIM CAWLEY —**

I have to agree with your criticisms of Vootie, one and all. 75 copies does seem excessive for an apa with 40 members, and it imposes a bit of a financial burden on me to mail that many. I wouldn't wonder that some other Voots don't also mourn a precious five when it's spent to send 75 copies of their Vootie-zine to Reed. Not to mention most members photocopying or offsetting their contributions — I, at least, can mimeo my zines at next to no cost. (As long as my inexpensively come by ink and stencils last.) What's to be done about it? I cast my vote for a copy-count of 50, but what about the other problems you mentioned? Are the members burned out? (Let's hear from you if not!) Is the apa mismanaged? (How do we galvanize Reed or find another OE if it comes to that?) Or is it synergistic? (In which case Vootie might well be lost.) I just joined — don't kick off now.

I don't know how to accomodate your request that I do funny animals. I've always been a marginal funny-animal artist, doing some human-like animals, but mostly I've been fascinated with animal-like humans. When does one become the other? Where do Bambioids cross the line and become Kjola? Wondering if I belonged in Vootie was one of the reasons I evaded joining for many years. But then I was led to think that Kjola were at least honorary members of the funny-animal kingdom. (Saara is looking over my shoulder and says "I have funny-animal feet — look! three toes — and I don't wear any pants!") I'll see what I can do, though, to be more ideologically pure.

**JOAN HANKE-WOODS —**

Big Mickey is more than a joke. Disney is Mini-Art. Looking back on my comments to you earlier, perhaps I was too harsh in dismissing your illos. as the usual dragon fantasies. There's usually something else to your things that save them from banality.

**MARC SCHIRMEISTER, JERRY COLLINS, and WHOM-IT-MAY-CONCERN —**

the first page is obviously you and Jerry collaborating, but who did page two? Goofy Goat doesn't look like the work of either of you. Page three was thoroughly yours, but page four is someone else again. The contents page isn't helpful, crediting the entire sequence to you and Jerry. Or is it accurate after all? Whatever the truth, the idea and follow-through of the Marvel Man-Goat was perfect.

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(DNQ back issues for sale, cont.) Issue 10 is also longer than the average 10 page issue, and includes a history of SF fanart. Issue 40 (base 8) is an alternate world issue. A couple of complete sets are available, but if you're interested in only a few copies, write and ask for what I have and how much I want for them.

DNQ'S 33 & 34 — The Penultimish and Ultimish. (Continued page 94.)

