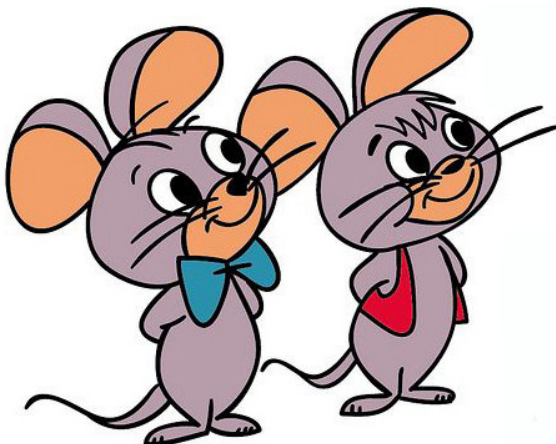


The Litany of Loss

Over the last few years, I've lost a number of friends for various reasons. One of them I had known since we were snotty-nosed know-it-alls of 20-or-22 years of age. We thought we had all the answers to the world's problems, and if anyone ever asked us for those solutions we would surely shake the foundations of the world as we knew it. Of course, nothing much came of our radical passions. I eventually figured out that I was neither Shakespeare nor Rembrandt, and I settled into being who I was.

I'm not sure that was true of my boyhood friend, however, who I think continued to believe that he was destined to remake the world in his image. A good many of the doubts I felt about my friend in later years were due to that disconnect from reality. To listen to him, he was not only one of the most brilliant thinkers of his generation, but was also a world traveler and adventurer. He retired last year ... a glorified delivery boy. Though I have a few illusions about how I've spent my own declining years, at least *my* modest accomplishments are easily put into perspective. Ultimately, though, it was our different perceptions of ourselves that led to the end of our friendship. I had simply heard enough of his lies, melodramas and exaggerations, and could no longer excuse them. When I called it bullshit this time, I wasn't backing down.

One person I once counted as a friend had even more deeply seated problems. We managed a precarious friendship in spite of it. With a few allowances made it, was possible to keep up a rewarding friendship that lasted until a few years ago. What happened then, I have no idea. He grew increasingly hostile, sarcastic and suspicious. He became abusive, sending angry emails when he got drunk. He insulted me, belittled my work and made fun of my fictional characters, which



Rat Sass 9

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and Art 319 - For Rowrbrazzle 138 - July 2018

really was hitting below the belt. I forgave him at the first, because he was drunk and he seemed to be sorry later. But then he did it again. After the second time, there seemed to be no reason to invite a third attack, and I cut off his access to me. Now and then, I hear about him through third parties, who tell me he only grew more paranoid with time. In his imagination, I've apparently become a wheedling and pathetic figure who was after his money. He buttonholes strangers at conventions, and bores anyone who will listen to his nonsense on the internet.

I lost a friend in California last year over the election of Donald Trump. I wouldn't have made an issue of his right-wing views, *or* his unenlightened view of the world, but he made a bad choice when he phoned me long-distance on election night to crow over Trump's victory. I had expected him to vote for Trump, naturally. He had all the same knee-jerk ideas that appeal to the Trump Nation – particularly toward Mexicans and immigrants – but he had the really, *really* bad judgment to brag about it to me. He knew my beliefs as well as I knew his, and he had to realize that this was not a good time to rub it in. That was the moment when it all fell into place in my mind, that he didn't understand me at all ... never *had*, never *could*. Talking with this man in future would be a total waste of time. But I later wrote to him one last time, to explain that *how* he voted hadn't been the problem – though certainly that was bad enough – but what he seemed *unable* to understand was that it would make me angry, if he bragged about it! The loss of his friendship was certainly regretted, but I think he never did have a clue.

More recently, I was blind-sided by an artist I had once worked well with, and as far as I knew was on perfect terms with. There was no warning, just a spat of patronizing and bad-tempered criticism, that was later repeated for good measure. Clearly, that relationship was at an end. I can only speculate about why ... so it is wiser that I keep my thoughts to myself.

You might call this journal an exercise in masochism. It would be easy to conclude that I have frequent disputes such as these ... and others that haven't come to mind. I assure you that I give a good deal of thought to such things, and worry about whether I'm some sort of dick who doesn't get along with people. Does it seem that the handful of soured relationships I've mentioned is an unreasonable number?

Perhaps there is a way to settle the issue.

Some years ago, I got to know one of the local artists. It turned out that we had a number of interests in common, and shared a lot of opinions. One or two Saturdays every month, we got together to sketch, talk and watch movies. Then, after a few years, we grew increasingly out of touch. There were signs that our friendship had been changing. He wanted to go out and do different things, but I was increasingly content to just hang around the apartment. The fact is, I was already beginning to find it more difficult to get around because of my physical condition. One day, as abruptly as he had departed, sent an email to say that he would not be likely to come around again, giving no clear reason.

There was no actual break between us, no argument or fatal disagreement, but I didn't see or hear from him again.

Until last year, that is. One day, as abruptly as he had departed, he sent a email saying that he missed our old talks. At that point, a few years had gone by, but it was almost as though there had been no interruption in our friendship. Perhaps, also, a few of our rougher edges had worn down, and we had both mellowed a bit since then. I only seem to hear from my friend every couple of months, I guess, but my life has slowed down in *all* ways. The slower pace of our friendship now is ideal.

So, is life nothing but a trail of broken relationships and lost comradeships? Not at all. It's true, that if your are like other people, you win some and you lose some ... but in reality you win more than you lose. Those you lose are unfortunate, but you should always be aware of the possibility that it is not *you* who is being the dick.

In fact ... now and then, you *win* one you didn't expect!

A message from the publisher. As a reader, you are probably the last person to have a clue about what's going on. I thought it might surprise you that I have no definite plans to continue publishing *Rat Sass*. To be more accurate, I never had any plans to publish *Rat Sass* at all ... but Edd Vick wanted to recruit new members in 'Brazzle, and hopefully infuse some much-needed new blood. Although I had been a member from the first mailings, I dropped out around number 30, and had felt no desire to rejoin. Edd talked me into it, for the most sensible of reasons ... I simply could not resist as provocative a title as *Rat Sass*. The publisher has spoken.

THE VIEW FROM BELOW

You can be forgiven for seeing things from a different perspective than mine. You're up there, after all ... and I'm down here.

I used to be up there with you, but in my fifties I began to experience unexplained back pains. Then my legs grew weaker. I had no idea what was happening until, finally, a few years after the millennium, the lid over my left eye began to droop, interfering with my vision. I had to fight with my doctor to see a neurologist, who delivered the verdict: myasthenia gravis. Later I changed doctors to one who was more concerned about looking after my health than scheduling lucrative routine visits, but that's a different complaint, one that I've made many times before.

Myasthenia gravis is a condition belonging to the large family of poorly understood autoimmune abnormalities. A hormone whose name you don't need to know, mops up a neurotransmitter whose name you don't need to know, that passes a signal from nerve endings to muscle strands. In effect, my muscles are told to knock off working before the job is done, and I'm left as weak as a kitten after very little effort. To combat it, I take a pair of drugs – one that reduces the amount of the hormone secreted, and the other that suppresses my immune system generally. There is a slightly elevated risk of cancer or infection, but I've had plenty of opportunities for infections without any apparent repercussions. And I'll just have to risk the cancer, since living with legs that won't carry me, hands that won't type, and eyes that

won't open enough to read a book is *not* an option!

It is Traveling Matt that makes it all bearable. Matt is no ordinary wheelchair, that would force me to develop muscles like Popeye to get around. It is because I *cannot* develop my muscles that the Ontario Disability Support Program decided I had to have an electrically powered chair that is controlled by a small joystick. Matt is powered by batteries that can easily carry me all the way downtown, and back, at a rate of speed somewhat better than a very fast walk by an impatient thin man. Matt is comfortable, too. At a time when I was having trouble with my sleep – yet another complaint about which I have written endlessly – I was able to nod off while sitting upright in my power chair. In fact, the degree of freedom that Traveling Matt confers upon me is such that I can say that life is almost as good as it has ever been.

That is, if it weren't for one thing. That is, except for all you pestiferous *people!*

People! People! People! They're everywhere – in the streets, in the stores, in restaurants, in the mall ... and wherever they are, they are always in my damn way!

It's not like I'm hard to miss, either. Matt is no bigger than Sweeny Todd's barber chair, and as black as Trey Parker's sense of humour. Then there is me, squatting between its arms like Lewis Carroll's caterpillar with a bush hat and pink t-shirt. How could anyone *not* see me?

Yet they usually don't. It's bad enough when I'm in a crowd, and people to either side never think to look down, so assume the space between them is empty, and squeeze in on me. Worse is when I'm going at a fair rate of speed and there are people ahead who don't seem able to hear my coming, despite the clump-clump-clump of Matt's wheels hitting the grooves in the sidewalk. Invariably, they saunter along at half-pace, while sprawling across the entire width of the concrete, so I have to drop to a crawl behind them. I've learned a good deal of patience this way, but eventually I installed a bicycle bell on one of Matt's arms, and resort to its metallic clatter to get their attention if they hold me up for more than about 30 seconds. I don't like doing it. It seems nasty. But it can't always be avoided.

Worse still, people sometimes come to an abrupt stop just ahead of me. I suppose they assume that anyone who is behind them would be walking, and can stop just as abruptly. But they don't count on me, in a powered chair of considerable mass and reaction times that are not instantaneous. If alert, I come to a stop in about three feet at moderate speed. At high speed, the distance is likely closer to five feet. This means I could run them down and come to stop just about dead center over the small of their back. But it never, just *never*, occurs to anyone that people behind them could be moving at more than a saunter.

It's far worse in malls or other pedestrian areas where everyone isn't moving in the same directions – toward you or away from you. You can be cruising along so smoothly you could almost fall asleep ... but then suddenly a man will dart into your way from the right or the left. He may have some perfectly good reason, such as person in front of him who has come to a sudden stop. It doesn't matter if it's not *their* fault, because *I* can't stop regardless. But such incidents are not always so explicable. On occasion, people have erupted out of stores as though shot from a cannon, right into my path. They see no one at head level, so assume the way is clear.

Another favourite nuisance of mine are people using cell phones or wearing headphones. A polite "excuse me" produces no results because they are paying no attention to the world at all, or simply cannot hear

me. Not even my bicycle bell is reliable at such times, and I'm reduced to waiting for a wider stretch of sidewalk to go around them.

People in dense crowds will simply not see me at all, down there where there should only be belt-buckles and hands, not heads. They crush in on me until they are literally stopped by Matt's steel frame. I don't mind that so much as people's carelessness with their feet. They shove them well into reach of Matt's six large wheels, so that with the slightest movement on my part all 500 pounds of Matt and me can easily roll over exposed toes. On one embarrassing occasion, I didn't mash any toes, but I did manage to pin one man's oversized sandal to the floor!

But nothing chills my blood like children! Children are not merely erratic, they are stone crazy. Some stand in the way and stare at the man in the funny moving chair who is desperately trying to get by. Others scream as though a runaway locomotive had suddenly appeared, bearing down on them, and they were about to be crushed beneath churning steel wheels. The ones who are the most worrisome, though, are the wunderkind whose faces light up with joy as they rush toward me ... apparently to fling themselves under my tires in a fit of ecstatic sacrifice. Their mad suicidal rush scarcely gives me more than a second or two of notice, and remember ... I can easily move five feet in that time. More than enough to make tomorrow's headlines, if I'm slow to react.

In a very odd twist of fate, sometimes it's actually people who *do* notice Matt and me who are most exasperating. They often want to help by holding a door open for us. Now, sometimes this is fine. Some doors are difficult, and really ought to be held open for me. But I have the numbers of most doors I have to enter, and can hold them open for myself. In some cases, it's absurdly easy, in fact. Except when a do-gooder comes by and insists upon holding the door open *for* me. Whenever that happens, the do-gooder is half in the way, and I'm not in the right position to go through a partly-blocked doorway. Half the time I have to make two runs at it, or collide with the doorframe, which can do things to Matt's frame that I don't like to think about. I've done things to *my* frame that I don't like to think about. (The remaining option is to run into the do-gooder, which tends to reduce their feelings of benevolence.) Security bars on glass doors are a hazard to someone like me that I can't exaggerate. I don't know how many times I've ripped a shirt or my hand on those damn bars! Those occasions are the only times when I really appreciate help with a door ... and naturally when it is least often offered.

Well, if the world doesn't understand me, at least there are other people in powered chairs, or mobility scooters, who are so familiar with such experiences that we could almost share them by telepathic communication. Right?

Wrong. Apparently there is no more honour among the disabled than there is among thieves. We honk horns, cut each other off, steal parking (and recharging) spaces and swear at our own like sailors who never learned to dance for the movies. I remember one miserable old coot who lives in the same building I do. It was late, and only the two of us were waiting for the elevator in the lobby. It opened, and he, being there first, motored into the elevator and came to a stop as soon as he was in. I said, "If you turn a half circle, you'd be in the other side of the elevator and make room for me, too."

"Fuck off!" he screeched at me, as loud as he could. "I don't hafta do nothin'!"

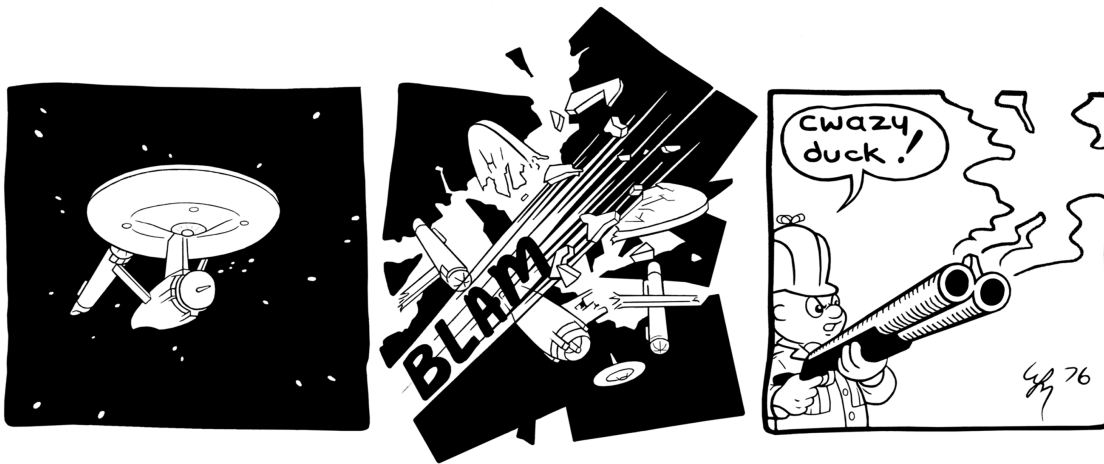
"Hey, I'm in the same boat you are, Charlie."

"Fuck off! Fuck off! Fuck o..." I couldn't hear any more because the door had closed after him, but pointlessly swore, "*You* fuck off, too." I never realized what vicious bastards the disabled could be ... and

then remembered all those times old guys like him had only narrowly missed hitting me on the sidewalk. Were they even *trying* not to hit me? I wondered.

Not everyone I've met on a scooter or in a chair hates the world and everyone in it. Since acquiring Traveling Matt, my own attitudes have mostly changed for the better. I've not only gained a degree of freedom that I thought I had lost, years ago, I've become adept with the joystick to the point I don't even think about driving. It's almost like just *thinking* where I want to go or what I want to do. I've become more patient, perhaps even a little more situationally aware, and I've met others who seemed to have adapted to the challenge of a disability with the same positive spirit. While those who met adversity the way my elevator buddy did ... I suppose they were crippled in more than just *one* way.

*This is **really** old...*



Shmoozing

Jeff Wood – Never saw an episode of *Fraggle Rock*? I can't say I'm surprised ... it was a lot of years ago, and after its run on HBO, it was available in the US only sporadically. But it was a big deal in Canada. Since then, *Fraggle Rock* has been shown on Turner, the Disney Channel and other venues, but premium cable access has always been self-limiting. • The cover on *Brazzle 136* showed a character named Kiki, who is – as you have guessed – a Fraggles. Although I could have drawn Fraggles as they appeared on the Henson program, they seemed too obviously puppets. As long as they talked and moved on the screen, that was beside the point. But drawing them “as is” only seemed to make them static, transparently artificial creatures made of felt, with ping-pong balls for eyes. So I redesigned them as fleshed-out, “real” creatures. Kiki is a Fraggles I created to add to the many others who have actually appeared on the show, and who is featured in a continuing storyline involving a “Silly Creature” who became a Fraggles. I've written three out of several stories about Kiki and Darl, and plan to write their “origin” story when I get around to it. For a number of reasons, it will probably not be the next one, as it will be tricky to represent both worlds. • My only regret regarding the *Muppet Show* is that they only produced the first three years on DVD, and abandoned the rest! Surely there is enough interest? • The art by Charia Baustia is unusually good.

Greg Breshears – Sale! Ha! Next time I'd like to be paid... or not have to buy my own copy. But

these days, “publishing” includes everything from being reviewed by *the New York Times Review of Books* and collecting royalties, to paying to have ten copies of your own book printed by *Lulu.com*. My appearance in *The Yellow Booke* was a lot closer to the second than the first. I can’t take it very seriously.

William Earl Haskell – Once it became possible for cheap lithographed prints to reproduce artwork for the millions, fine art ceased to be the preserve of the wealthy, who could afford paintings and murals. Unfortunately, that was almost the last time artists were able to count on making a decent living from their art. A few were able to capitalize on their work, and there was never a time when a lucky Crumb or Picasso couldn’t finance a nice home on the Riviera and a Maserati in the driveway, if that was what he wanted. But the rest of us had to make do with begging at Big Boys while drawing on table napkins. Writers may go the same way, soon. • Doubtless, a lot of art that was eagerly copied and recopied from hand to hand in the early days, has now lost most of its significance. The sheer glut of furry and anime art is beyond comprehension ... no one could escape the realization that most of it was depressingly similar. I used to keep digital files of anything I found interesting on the internet. Now, some years later, I find myself deleting them. Who had time to ever look at any of it again?

Robert Alley – I think I’ve always been somewhat inhibited about writing SF. The most heinous thing you can be accused of in SF is just writing a fun story that isn’t necessarily original or mind-boggling. Doing so is almost tantamount to confessing to a failure of imagination ... or worse, *relevance!* On the other hand, in the horror genre, nobody seems to give a damn. If you can create an atmosphere of mystery, malevolence or strangeness, then you have found your creative spark! • No matter how many times a text is proofread, it will always have more typos. I sometimes think that there is an equivalent of the uncertainty principle in writing – if you correct too much, new errors will spontaneously appear from the quantum field. • I suspect Darl would not become Story Teller himself for another hundred years ... the current one will still have the job for some time. And it makes perfect sense of his former life.

Kjartan Arnorsson – Whatever happened to Kevin Duane? I suppose it depends on how much he wants you to know... He ran out time and never completed his immigration attempt, then ran into trouble with his wife, who let him be deported. Since then, he’s been living rather quietly in Philadelphia, doing marginal work demonstrating products. More recently, he moved from Philly to Florida, where he could assist his aging mother. There’s more, but you don’t really want to hear it all. We keep in touch now and then, but he seems like someone who has run short of options, and as far as I know he has no ambitions regarding fandom. I think his greatest ambition is to re-enter Canada someday, and not die in misery without any sort of health care coverage in America.

*This too is **really** old...*



Everything Must Go

What this means is that everything *must* go! Not tomorrow, perhaps, and not in the epistemological sense that all things must change, even nations, mountains and entire planetary systems ... although of course, those things will change long after it matters to me anyway. But in the shorter term, I have far too much *stuff*, and over the last couple of years have had to face up to the inevitability that I will not be able to *keep it forever*. In fact, I have realized that it might not even be desirable to keep this much of it as *at all!*

As a starting point in lightening my load, I began to give away toy cars. It wasn't that I didn't *want* them, because I still love each and every one, in its own way. But some were *less* interesting than others that I wanted to keep *more*. There was little reason to continue to clutch them all ... as though I was the obsessive hoarder that I marginally am. I gave away some toy cars to children of my social workers, for instance. It turned out that Winston, a man who maintains the building I live in, also has a taste for toy cars. I was willing to give them away, but he wanted to pay, so I sold them at a fraction of their value. Since all I wanted was to give them a good home, it seemed like a good deal even if all I got out of it was a pizza in exchange. I am also giving away some of my Airsoft toy pistols ... also toy figures from animated movies, unneeded art supplies that turned out to be much more than I could use in a lifetime, and – sadly – hundreds and hundreds of books. I moved mountains trying to sell the books, but they are all but unmarketable. It was possible to sell a few at a pittance, mostly the science fiction and mystery books. The last resort for the rest is the donation box at Value Village, where at least they will go to a home ... and not the dumpster.

Every bit as problematic to me are my comic books. *Especially* the furry comics. Nobody seems to have any interest at all in them – certainly not the people who read regular comic books – but it seems that even furries are no more interested in furry comics than anyone else. There was probably *never* any great demand for titles like *Shanda the Panda*, *Furrrough*, *Captain Jack* and others. But, two or three thousand copies were sold at conventions and comic stores at one time. I think indie comic sales have disappeared along with the comic stores, however, and most furry comics have disappeared as well. In any case, although I don't want them any more, no one seems willing to buy them from *me* ... which is my point. They take up far too much of the limited space I have, and they are difficult even to locate to read. To be even more blunt about it ... I hardly know why I ever wanted them in the first place.

Let's face it, the majority of furry comics weren't very good to begin with. The problem wasn't the art, which often tended to be the strong point of these comics. Their weakest point was usually unoriginal writing and amateurish prose. I recall one critic who commented to me that – as a writer – he would *never* presume to draw ... but comic artists who entirely lacked the aptitude for writing routinely wrote their own stories. Why is it assumed that simply using proper English is the same as writing *well*? Yet, by far the preponderance of furry comics featured stories which were either warmed-over *Star Wars* or pointless, slice-of-life soap-operas. Very few had any real point to make. As far as I could tell, they were mainly a case of an

oversupply of enthusiasm in beginning artists seeking an exciting new form of self-expression that had few bars to hurdle.

I don't think that those who believe in self-expression are mistaken in their beliefs. Theirs is a different set of assumptions about art. What is important to them is that everyone gets a turn at the wheel, even if they are in last place across the finish line. Win or lose, it is all the same. The point is, "they tried" and "they had fun."

I don't dispute this point of view ... but it is not mine. I prefer things that are well done rather than merely well-meaning.

Getting back to my original point, I had collected an awful lot of comics, particularly furry comics, in which I no longer had any interest.

The question is, why did I buy all that crap? The only answer I can give is that it seemed to matter a lot to me at one time. I was involved in making some of these comics, and personally knew a lot of the people who were also writers and artists. Sometimes I was given the comics, but other times I bought them to be "supportive" ... and now they often seemed a lot better then than they do now. I was also an unconscious victim of the "completist" fallacy – the belief that if you kept buying comics, eventually you would have them *all*. But you *never* had them *all*. It was a delusion to think that you could. If there had ever been any chance that it was possible, some publisher would redouble his efforts to publish *more* comics, and then publish even *more*. If you could not sell more than 2,000 copies of any one title, publishers reasoned, then you could increase your sales by doubling the number of titles in your catalog! It was a mug's game that I fell for, again and again. I did eventually realize that I was acquiring more hundreds of comics than I had ever intended, and also that I didn't want them all. In fact, I didn't want *most* of them, really. Even the better ones were still not the sort of thing I would have read if I had never heard of furry fandom.

But what I found dismaying was that nobody *else* seemed to find them interesting, either. What was I going to do with them all? They filled box after box, row after row, enough to fill the trunk of a small car. I had tried offering them free if people would take them away, but no one seemed very interested. I even asked people who had published those comics in the first place, and *they* didn't want them back! They said they had the same problem that I did, and couldn't get rid of furry comics anymore. I had to accept the fact that the vast majority of furry fandom had no interest in furry comics. It seemed those old comics were only useful for lining bird cages, nothing more.

What in the world am I going to *do* with them? I don't have the time to retail all this crap on eBay myself, nor is it easy for me to cart packages back and forth to the post office ... especially as furry comics are only worth pennies on the dollar. It is beginning to look as though the least troublesome means of dealing with this detritus of unwanted paper is to consign it to the dumpster.

So much for our five minutes of fame, as won by the creators of so many deservedly forgotten comic books.

So there you have it ... everything *must* go ... unless it can justify the space it takes in my home. If there is something you have always wanted, that I might have and be willing to see getting a new home, this is the time to mention it. Don't tell me six months from now that "If *only* you knew!" *Now* you know. I will be making an effort to find time to sort the comics I want from those I do not, but the odds are good that I may find that I can live without my collections of *Stinz*, *Omaha*, *Captain Jack*, *Dope Comics*, *Jim Woodring*, *Nervous Rex*, *Usagi*, *Dreamworks*, *Neil the Horse*, *Mad Raccoons*, *Cutey Bunny*, *Gallery*, and who knows what else ... but it has to be done, sometime. Anything might be negotiable if a little money sweetens the deal, and the amount need not be crucial ... just so long as *I* am not out of pocket.

My paying to haul the comics away is *not* going to happen.

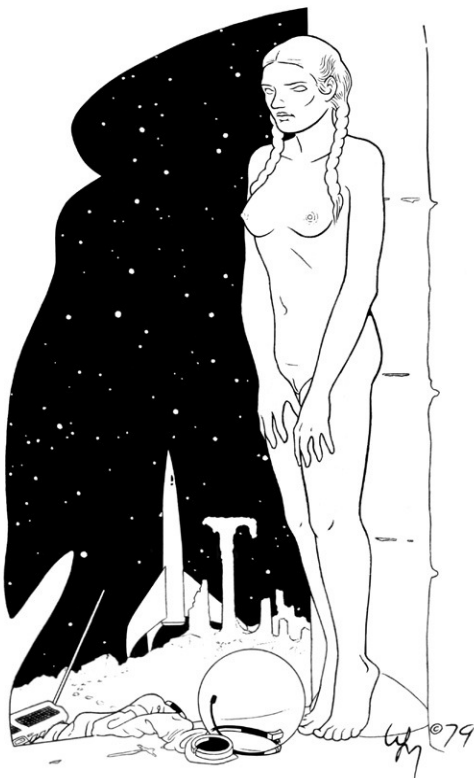
My sisters are eagerly looking forward to tossing a lit match into my apartment to clear everything away after I am gone, and they will value *nothing* from my years of obsessive collecting. They might rake through the hot ashes to gather up the ancient coins, and the rest will be history.

If you want it, speak up now, or forever hold your peace.

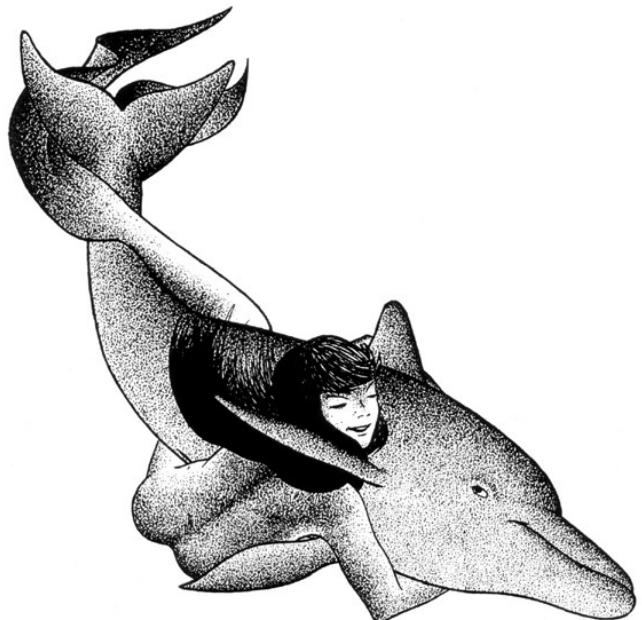
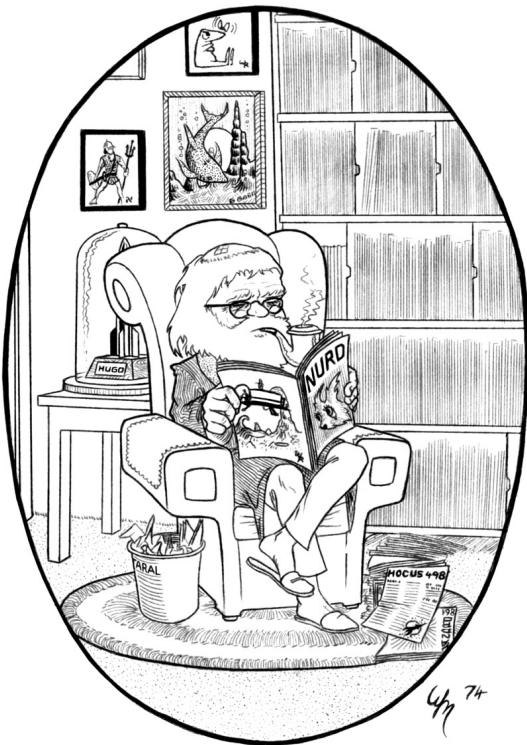
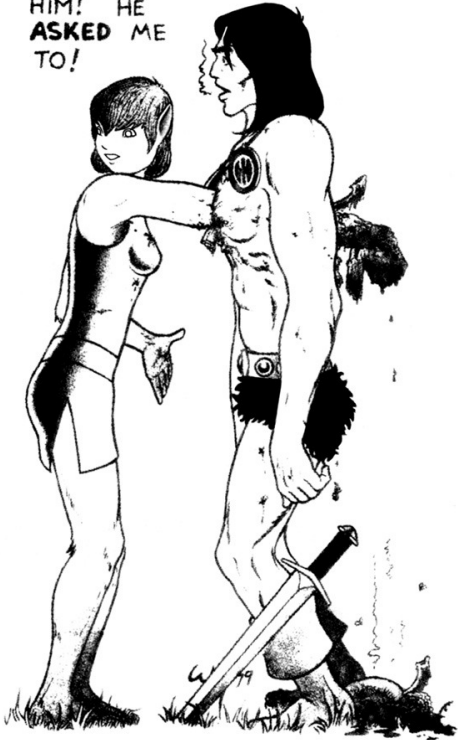
A Selection of Vintage Art

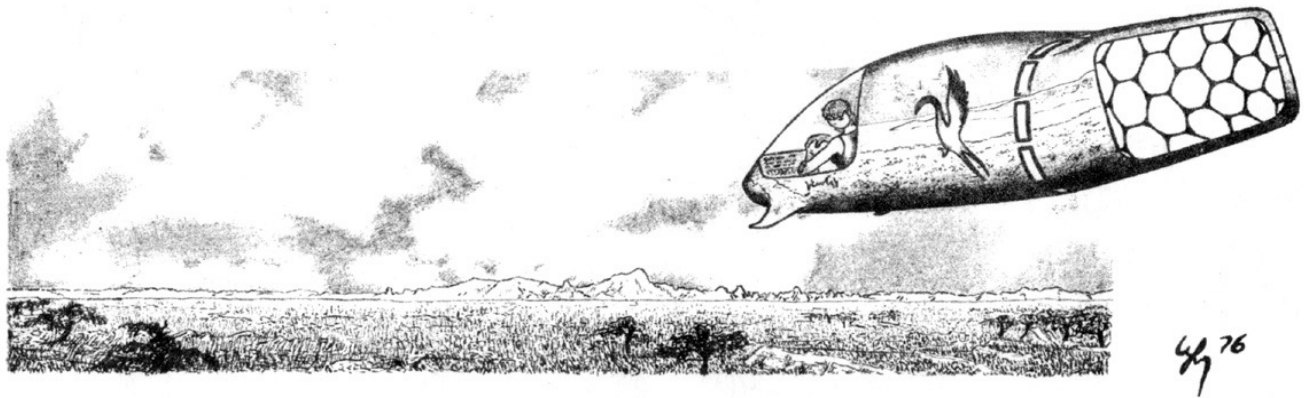


I drew this during the final missions to the Moon. It says "Apollo 16." Originally there were supposed to have been 25 missions, but Richard Nixon decided the Russians had been beaten and there was no reason to spend the rest of the money ... he was fighting a war in Asia that he was more interested in.



ALL I DID
WAS **PUNCH**
HIM! HE
ASKED ME
TO!

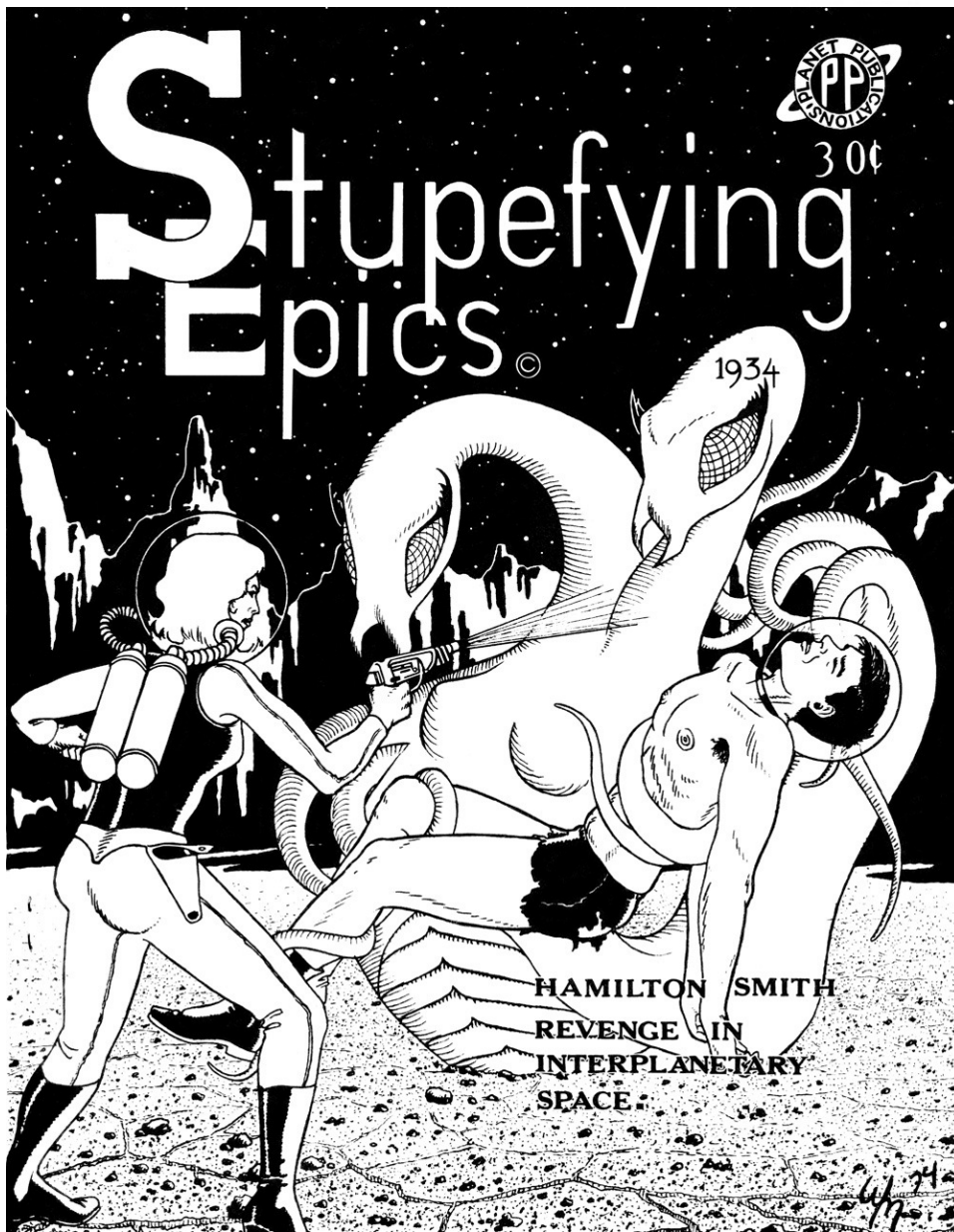
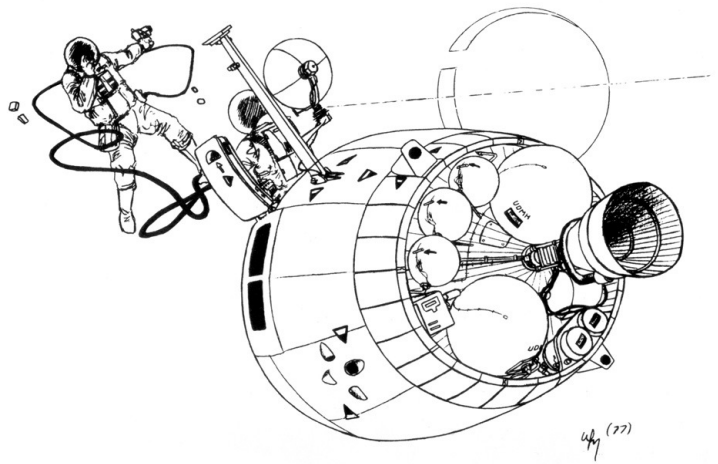




The art for this Kjola starship is all hand-drawn with a lightly held pen, pressing gently to create different tones. The reflective ship surface and bird-like markings go way back to my beginnings as an artist, and the designs have changed very little over the years. This is a small two-seater.



This half-toned drawing was for the 1976 World Science Fiction Convention. It was a difficult piece that I did with lightly held pens and a spray brush. I don't mean Photoshop, since digital rendering of any sort didn't exist yet. Unfortunately, the art has not fared well. I had no way to know that airbrushed white acrylics would fade almost completely away with time. I did retouch it again, but I fear that I will have to do a complete restoration with Photoshop before I can be satisfied. As the official artist for the con, I had many other drawings in the publications, including part of the design for that year's Hugo Award, a t-shirt, nametags, labels and even the U.S. Post Office cancellation stamp!



Parody of a 1930's style science fiction magazine cover, for a parody of a 1930s science fiction story written by some friends ... "Hamilton Smith."



"The Fall of Earth", for a fanzine cover. I don't know what meant, if anything ... but it was awesome.

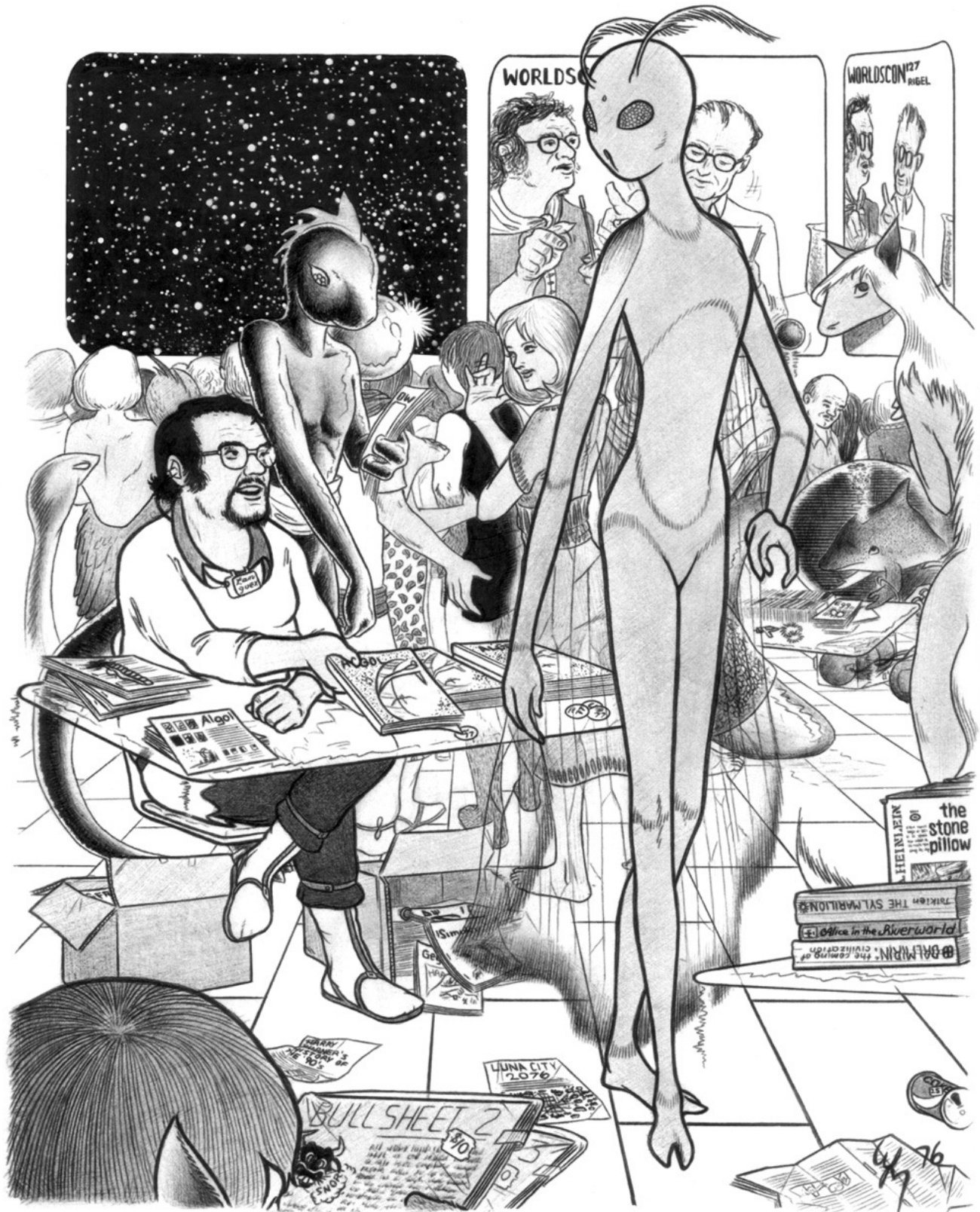


A titanic struggle in space, or is it only seen against the moonlight?



I actually painted two or three thousand stars so that the engine section of this ring-ship would only be visible by silhouette.

A future Worldcon, presumably around 2070... Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clarke and Robert Heinlein may appear to be at the con, but in reality it isn't particularly likely they'd still be alive after all that time.



End of Tour!