

# BLUE JAUNTE 1

is a fanzine extempore by Taral WM, 1284 York Mills rd apt 410 Don Mills Ont m3a 1z2 (416 449 8974). BLUE JAUNTE is made possible by the Gestatner display at BALTICON 10. (100 copies of one sheet free, additional sheets 1¢ each). Loosely available for trades, locs, whim, or (grudgingly) \$1. Future issues may appear spontaneously if the initial conditions of this issue reoccur (ie serendipity). Meanwhile DELTA PSI forges ahead as the geological ages unfold...

CHINA WATCHING - Toronto is not the same city, in the fannish sense, it was a year ago. A year ago it was a club city. The zine fans of a by-gone days, Mike Glicksohn, Susan Wood, Derek Carter, Don Hutchison, and Rosemary Ullyot, were only tenuously connected to OSFiC then, or had severed their connections altogether. All fannish activity was confined to the local club, and to a new central group of fans had come to the fore. This new group came to be the Toronto Derelicts, myself, Phil Paine, Victoria Wayne, Bob Wilson, Patrick Hayden, Bob Webber, and Janet Small. The fracas over FANFAIR 3, its enormous \$3,200 profit, and a flood of fringe fans and fugeheads into the club, were the means to divorcing the Derelicts from OSFiC.

Of course, even before FANFAIR there were movements toward greater fannish contact, but it was in hand with greater club activity. And the club exists even now. Most of the Derelicts still remain members of OSFiC. But the Derelicts primary interest has shifted to fandom, while the club sinks back into pre-occupation with itself.

The Derelicts are much like any other faanish group. The club much like any other also. But a survey of club fandom in Toronto is in order due to the suspicious nature of upcoming events. Mainly, OSFiC's newest people have discovered the con. Not fandom, really, just the con. There will be at least four cons in Toronto over the next year, not counting a possible relaxicon staged by the Derelicts, plus a con in London Ontario and Waterloo Ontario. Not one of these will be pure sf conventions, let alone fannish. Most, such as ALPHA DRACONIS, are mixed media cons, mixing sf with comics, films, and fantasy. One in particular, and most "hated/"feared" by Derelicts, is the big Toronto Streckcon coming this fall.

Club fandom has unmistakably been bit with "equality". Its all the same thing - sf comics, film, costumes, horror, Streck, dealing, posturing, imposing, impressing, bragging, ad nauseum.

The main influence has been the major film club existing in tandem with OSFiC. Several of its members belong to OSFiC now (both our members joining their club, and their members joining ours), and with the power structure the way it is now, wield some unhealthy influence on OSFiC, and are familiarizing OSFiC members with fandom show-biz style.

Not all members of the club are going to be hopelessly corrupted. Mike Harper, the new editor of the club newsletter, has the stubbornness, if not the talent, to make an adequate faned. Jo-Anne McBride writes relatively well (probably better than I did when as new to fandom). And the Derelicts had found and befriended a young fellow named Bill Brummer, who seems both bright and interested in fandom.

If the Derelicts someday either gafiante in mass, discorporate as a group, or succeed to dissociate themselves from the city altogether, the next fannish generation in Toronto will be sparse, and not altogether ideologically pure. A THIRD ROME THEIR WILL NEVER BE... (ahem).

NEW GROUP OF SEVEN - The Derelicts are the only important focal point of Toronto fandom for those we admit are fans. That's a convenient definition, I think you'll agree. I'm sure, in fact, that a similar version is currently in vogue in OSFiC. No matter, Reality is only real insofar as it pertains to your personal relation to it. At BALTICON, where this one-shot miraculously received its existence, John Douglas and Jerry Kaufman and I at different times compared Toronto fandom to the fans in New York. Toronto now produces seven Derelict zines, (also two club newsletters, and the odd fanzine by a neo or fringe fan, which by my definition are insignificant and beneath the notice of this enlightened discussion). Jerry and John with difficulty matched this number for a city with ten times the population! My, we are active! I'd like to list the Derelict zines in some rational order, and the order of quality suggests itself, but frustrates the author. I might be able to make a semi-objective evaluation if I were not so wrapped up in the production and gestalt of each zine, with nothing more than individual bias to contend with. But each zine lives too vividly, in all their virtues, ideosyncracies, and faults, to ever divorce myself from them enough to even pretend objectivity. And each is so much a creature unique in its local ecological niche. One is very different from another. So order goes out the window. DERELICT DEFENISTRATION!

Most convention in its approach to fan publishing is Victoria Wayne's SIMULACRUM. Her zine's first two issues strove toward the ideal realization of the genzine philosophy. A third issue varied from this mean by being a letter supplement to the second, and Victoria plans a fourth SIMULACRUM as an experiment in diary format. So far, unless Victoria's genzine career is the shortest on record, a SIMULACRUM numbered three is still expected.

THANGORODRIM!, Patrick Haydon's, personal-genzine, is still more flexible in appearance than SIMULACRUM, but shorter and less elaborate. Highly opinionated and often tempestal intellectual content make it interesting and often infuriating reading. I feel more of the editor in this zine than in almost any other Derelict zine.

CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS is published by Patrick's roommate, Phil Faine. It is iconoclastic and encyclopediac. Its special touch is an unusual mastery of the ditto, counterbalanced by a frustratingly impossible machine.

BEHIND THE RABBIT? Two pages of personal matter by Janet Small. Pleasant, but admittedly the least of the Derelict zines, as Janet will likely readily confess.

Bob Wilson publishes a short, personal, sensawondazine called SCOTLI. Unexpectedly, Bob is a science fiction fan who still reads and talks about sf, even in his zine. In fact, books, just a little after Janet, are Bob's greatest love - all kinds of books - the first issue of SCOTLI spends considerable time on children's literature.

Another Bob in Toronto, Bob Webber, publishes PANTEKHMNIKON. So far it hasn't developed a distinct personality of its own, but trends towards superior graphics and gennishness. Bob has been taking good advantage of his knowledge of photography and mimeography to stretch the limits of fan pubbing beyond its present myopism.

DELTA PSI I can discuss later, and BLUE JAUNTE bears no discussion at all.

YOU CAN'T

EVEN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER - I taught an sf course. At first it seemed like a unique opportunity. I wasn't qualified to teach normal classes, but no other instructor was available. So I got the job, and an income of \$13 a week. Great, and fun to boot! I was very wrong. My students were not prepared for self-motivation I discovered, and certainly their principle wasn't. This came as a disappointment, since the school

is supposedly a "progressive" school. The students choose their own electives and set their own time tables within limits. Within limits is the key. The limits look wider, but in fact they are as restrictive as ever, and the students, satisfied with visible "progress" settle back into abject complacency. I originally envisioned a totally voluntary class, where my only function was to encourage and advise. No one would have to even read if they didn't want to, so long as he disturbed no one else. It didn't work out that way. The students were visibly confused when bereft of guidance from above. One, or perhaps more, actually went to the principle voicing her need for a more definite course. Ideal by cherished ideal went by the boards. (School boards of course.) I began using all the dehumanizing tricks perfected by countless teachers before me. Little ditto sheets with leading questions. Fiats on how marks would be allotted, and what sort of "homework" would be expected. I felt thoroughly disgusted.

But what, really, can you expect. The students might have had a choice in what courses they may take, but they have no choice at all whether they want to take courses, a rather more fundamental question. So forced to school they take what courses appear easiest when allowed. At this "progressive" school they were allowed to, and naturally no one was really interested in sf.

After about ten weeks of instruction I had begun to perfect my "technique" for entertaining a captive audience, but it was already too late. My godhood was questionable. Moreover I was imposing an impossible workload. Over a two week period I was asking them to read one book, and half a short story anthology. So interested were these students that of a class of about 10, usually 6 attended, and of those 6, usually only one or two had fulfilled their reading quota. Most disappointing was the one student who had read a significant amount of sf in the past. Why did he read it? His father used to read it and leave the books around the house. So he read them. When pater lost interest and stopped bringing home sf, the student stopped reading it also. When he enlisted for the course, he would only suggest old books he had already read, showing little interest in reading anything new. And so, after about ten weeks the students decided that they didn't have the time for a non-essential course and persuaded the principle to discontinue it.

I suppose its senseless to hope they all grow up to be insurance agents...

CAVEAT EMPTOR - In my last issue of SYNAPSE I described a comic strip I wanted to sell to a newspaper. At the time I was hopeful. There has been water under the bridge since then, and it has evidently been used to empty bladders in. The first strip was "Marion", a fantasy strip about a boy misplaced into a fantasy world, and a wooden doll he meets there. This proved to be so good it was too much work to expect to do five, six, or seven a week. So I put "Marion" aside indefinitely in favour of something simpler. That something simpler was "2020", an sf strip about aliens from Procyon and various Terrans in their company. A certain Captain Robert Hanlan gave me the most fun - he writes sf during his spare time from duty on a starship.

This, I thought, was eminently saleable. It was good, yet simple enough for LASER book readers. But, I overestimated the audience even so. I took the three weeks strips I had into one of the larger Toronto papers, the Globe & Mail. The man in charge of the comics page gave my work what seemed to be a sympathetic reading considering the amount of esoterica involved. He liked it. He said it was good. He said it was too good. I was not repeating myself enough. I was expected people to pick up information by reading it only once, and I was not introducing the characters obviously enough. Simply referring to a new character by name was expecting too much attention from the reader. An introduction had to be conducted along the lines "this is Dr. Fowler, he is the encyclopedist aboard the ship, and will teach you English". And the next day's sequence should re-introduce him "Dr Fowler the encyclopedist and language teacher". The 15 daily sequences were six months worth of material! I was told that if I stretched out what I had with roughly two strips between

each one I now have, the strip might be saleable. The man had no complaint for the subject oddly enough. In fact, he said it wasn't likely even necessary to make the strip funny, contrary to what I'd been lead to believe by other artists. However...

in the course of discussion, we talked about the comics in general. Sure he knew what garbage was being printed by his paper. That was what the suckers wanted it seemed. There was a policy whereby every strip was withdrawn from the paper once in a while. If after a couple or three days there was a complaint, the strip stayed. If not, it never reappeared. The reader thus actually has a significant voice in what comics will appear in his paper. But the public was showing poor choice mostly. A few good strips survived, but so did a great deal of crud, and really sophisticated strips just didn't have a chance. Not in the newspapers, at least. The fellow in charge of the comics page in the Globe & Mail was even considering dropping the few comics there were in the paper.

And so I am disenchanted for the time being with the possibility of selling a strip to a newspaper. I have the three weeks worth of episodes, however, and I will undoubtedly expand it, and try again. And for "Marion" I have plans that involve the pro OUTWORLDS. When the time comes I'll let Bill in on the details.

...THE SMELL OF COLD IRON - is a referance to OTHER BRANDS IN THE FIRE, a heading for talking about some opportunities I had at the time of the last SYNAPSE. The least of those opportunities was a television spot on a local tv station to discuss sf. There was no profit involved, and little egoboo. The man who phoned asking me if I were willing to appear on his show never phoned back though. No loss. Another soured opportunity was having my zine, SYN, immortalized by a library at Oxford university. They requested a copy.

FLASH! Bob Wilson has just been immortalized by not seeing an open bottle of American corflu sitting on a pile of blue American stencils. He pulled it off the table in order to read one of the stencils and has died the hotel carpet deep blue under my chair. It is hoped that vodka will remove the stain.

I sent them the requested copy eagerly. They didn't send it back, but did send a note that this was not quite what they wanted, thank you, you needn't send anymore. A final opportunity was a cover competition by Fabers & Fabers. I sent some mimeo offprints and xeroxes, and got back a packet of instructions, and a number of paragraphs excerpted from some stories. They were uniformly non-visual passages, selected, undoubtedly, for verbal effect, not visual. I made three half hearted roughs and sent them off. They came back. I have not yet made it as a pro artist, rats!

FLASH! The vodka is working, and so is Bob, carefully kneading the carpet with an alcohol wetted rag. But progress is slow. Bob's colour is returning just as slowly.

"THE RAMANS DO EVERY-

THING IN THREES" - And so does whoever is in charge of apportioning bad luck. Last year I had a kidneystone - it was painful - and ultimately had to have an operation. I had hoped this was a fluke occurance, but to be sure I was careful to drink enough water, and restricted my calcium intake. In vain. 13 months after the first stone a second appeared en route to a collating party at Victoria Vayne's. The ordeal that followed was comparitively mild and details can be readily had from Victoria. For me, its too familiar to hold sufficient interest for another recounting. That was problem number one. Problem number two came shortly after. Patrick Hayden, Bob Wilson, and I were

night walking in a Toronto park when we noticed that the sky was aflame with a pale auroral display. We immediately phoned Phil, but he had bigger news for us. The Dorsai Irregulars were suing Patrick and I for slander! The next day we spent hours on the phone trying to find out just what the hell had happened. The pieces were irregular and seemed unlikely to fit together to make a recognizable whole. One account was wild, with tales of RCMP reading fanzines and accusations against the Dorsai of fascism were hurting one Dorsai's security rating. Another person who should have been in the know, knew nothing at all, and thought the whole affair highly unlikely. We heard that Bob Passovoy had been a prime mover and had need to be restrained, so infuriated was he over the horrible things being said against the Dorsai. Bob Passovoy, however, remembers no such anger. The story is probably still incomplete, but it seems to be holding firmly to a certain shape. During the boot camp the Dorsai held over MARCON, a lunatic fringe of Dorsai held an extempore discussion over the possibility of suing various detractors. A lawyer, Larry Propp, looked over the material in question and decided it would make a case (a laughable one so far as I can see). The consensess was that a lawsuit would be poor fan politics though, so a mere admonition was thought all that was necessary. As long as criticism was kept out of newspapers or fanzines of over a thousand circulation, then the Dorsai were happy, but if not then legal action may be possible. One lunatic, Zilch, seemed to be a prime motivator, and had made earlier referrences to not suing me in print. It was his security rating that was imperiled; he had once worked as a border guard, a minor RCMP department. In any event only a token amount of damages would be sued for, say \$10... and court costs of course... That's as far as any of it got, as ludicrous it is in itself. While worrying over pseudo-lawsuits I was served with a real summons. From my doctor. As a confirmed unemployable making a bohemian living from art sales and luck, the kidney stone last year plunged me deep in debts. I paid off as much as I could with OHIP payments, but an unpayable residu remained. In the midst of negotiations with the doctor, his lawyer served me with papers. Hasty borrowing from Victoria and Janet Small (plus the money I made off the largest art sale I had made that year) quelched the lawsuit in the bud. Now I have only friends to pay off, and a new kidney stone... To add insult to injury, the doctor's lawyers are billing me \$14 for legal fees. I don't intend paying until they come up with compelling proof I'm liable for their fees. Without a court case I can't be liable to court costs. But thats the third disaster. I should be free now. But I was never superstitious.

CAPTIONS - On the way down to Baltimore for BALTICON, we stopped the car at several deserted spots for a leak. One such stop, at dawn, saw only Patrick leave the car and head for the woods. A wicked gleam came into the driver, Bob Webber's eyes. He spotlighted Patrick with the car headlights all the way into the trees and throught the whole operation. Patrick marched out, hands above head and returned to custody of his own free will.

Victoria drove us back from WONDAYCON in Detroit. One stretch of the novel route home that Phil Paine mapped out for us, took us through a lengthy stretch of dirt and gravel road. Victoria's new Dodge Swinger, "Terry Carr", is new, as you may or may not know, and Victoria was reluctant to expose it to the tender mercies of rural thoroughfares. Terry slowed, and soon began to creep. The car swerved to avoid saucer shaped depressions a monstrous 2" deep and 6" wide. For over an hour the speedometer held to twenty-five only excepting times when it was lower. Victoria was not the only person in Terry to be relieved when the pavement began again. Patrick had to go again also.

At WONDAYCON Phil and I decided to walk from a party at Paul Madiera's to the Wayne State campus. About a fifteen minutes walk at night. No sweat, not even in Detroit, we thought. Wrong! Passing by one dark store I smelled something, halted, and went back to take another whiff. Grass, smoking by the ton! Phil noticed a door jimmed open, and at that moment a man standing on the corner shouted at us to go away. Away we went. That was our last

excursion in that city at night.

Every 100 feet of the Wayne State campus has a rape alert telephone marked with an eye blurring blue light. Homey place!

On the way back from a medical centre, where I was talking with my doctor, I took a short cut through a creek ravine. Jumping down a bank I almost creamed a garter snake. Thinking quickly I made a lunge and ended up with a fist full of squirming snake. I was on my knees. When I looked up I was staring at two more garters a foot from my face. Thinking slowly, as usual, I stared longer stupidly. I managed to stuff all three in a paper bag I was carrying, and take them home. I managed to trade them to Mike Glicksohn for a box of electrostencil blanks. \$45 for 3 "barter snakes".

While photographically reversing an illo of mine through an electrostencil, Bob Webber discovered that masking tape rips heavily cut areas.

DE CAPO! -

Just because I'm taking time out for this flop of a one-shot, don't think that DELTA PSI has gone back into limbo. Nothing could be closer to the truth (I hope). Concrete details. About 50 pages. At least four sections, a personalzine HUBRIS, an imaginary world zine OUTREMERRE, a letter section, and an art section. I should have work from Terry Austin and Mike Glicksohn on Randy Bathurst, and a folio from Randy. With remarkable luck I can get dS out well before MIDAMERICON. And then a second issue in November, the anniversary of my fifth year in fandom (sort of). Depending on how my hand separations come out, I expect two, three, and four colour half tone art. Please don't judge DELTA PSI on the basis of this mess, though. This is composed on stencil, something I've never done before, and the difference between my unretouched prose and my polished prose is vaster than empires (and more slow).

... Gacilt<sup>1</sup>-achaeilin: Taral WM

