

# Dither

Maybe Ross Chamberlain's fanzine  
for Apa V #7: May 1994

THE SAD THING IS that my Memories of SilverCon 3 were pretty much blurred and indistinct while it was still going on. Oh, I remember the delight of seeing old friends Ted White, rich brown, and Dan Steffan, a triumvirate I'd last encountered at Corflu 7 in New York. And it was good to see Robert Lichtman and Art Widner, both of whom I first met last year, and Greg Benford, whom I'd last (and first) spoken with at Nor-eascon in Boston substantially over a decade ago. And Bill Rotsler. And...uh...

...Not to mention many others. I can't. My recollection has blanked them into a fuzzy sea—faces and voices that would (or might) briefly clarify if someone would mention a name: "Oh! sure! Good ol' —!"

But unlike Arnie and others who take Copious Notes while it's all going on (which is of course a Ghod Habit and one to be both commended and recommended), I tend to Enjoy the Moment and Let Tomorrow Flit with Yesterday.

Much of this I suppose has to do with the sercon attitude I adopted during much of the long weekend, which is non-standard for me and therefore particularly affecting. The thing is that large portions of the convention were spent Waiting Around, not particularly sercon or otherwise Attitudinally Adjusted; checking the video room to see if anything but Old Movie Previews were on; checking the Con Suite to see if anybody I knew was there (happily, there often were). When there were the occasional Gatherings of the Clan at Arnie & Joyce's suite, the Mental

State varied but seldom could be described as Seriously Constructive. There were too many conversations all going on in earshot and I rarely was able to

absorb a complete chain of thought from any one of them.

The cartoon jam was fun. I hope my contributions made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Retrospectively, examining *Three Ring Circus*,

I feel that I could have done better last year.

This time made my third all told, and the third with Bill Rotsler (back at Nor-eascon). Can't say as much of his talent has rubbed off on me (either for wit or productivity).

I wish that Joy-Lynd and I had better understood about the price/time structure of membership. It's my fault for not picking it up somewhere, though since we never joined SNAAFU we didn't see the bulletins or *Sit Norm*, and when I'm at the Katz domicile it's almost entirely in connection with EG. Such fannish

topics as come up in non-business-oriented moments rarely deal with matters of presumed Common Knowledge. We'll know better next time.

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## Enchanted Engine

Don't you hate it when a train of thought  
derails  
And plummets down the cliffides of  
oblivion—  
Dreams are like that, which sometimes  
Explains (or makes) the dreamlike state we  
wake to.  
Good or bad, you miss it like a lover.  
That lonesome whistle haunting like a  
distant call—  
Long distance: the voice of one you used  
to snuggle to.  
Sometimes she flirts and flits—it hurts  
As she turns her face (and waist) away  
again.  
A waste of one good thought, you think  
And think again some ramifications of that  
thought  
Which multiply like rabbits—  
Or echoes in the canyon, of an old refrain:  
That train...

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**The Uagrant** Laurie asked me what number issue of *Dither* that was. I fear I inadvertently told her wrong. *This* issue will be the fifth, I believe...

**Implosion** In my years at 50 East First St. in New York, at the edge of the East Village and on the wrong side of Houston for what would later become SoHo, I lived among the fringe. This was in the late 60s, and I had a kind of idea that I was among hippies and flower children, but at the same time knew better. They were part of the counter culture. They were street people for the large part; a couple of them were (I gathered later) outright thieves, one of whom used to borrow my SF books. He was stabbed to death for stealing motorcycles from a local Hell's Angels chapter. There was a porn actor—Jack Rader, if I remember right; I saw one film he was in, called *Barbara*, based on a Grove Press or maybe Lyle Stuart novel. One young woman did some skin-mag model work, I heard (I never confirmed this one). Some were left-over bohemians and the rest were misfits. I suppose that other than in the latter category I didn't exactly belong. I'll have to write more about this period some day.

I guess the one common thread among most of my co-residents was that they were out for number one on one way or another. And I remember at a party quite seriously discussing with one of them, whose name I forget (he resembled Howard Hesseman as Johnny Fever), the idea of creating and establishing a fake religion of some sort. So we were both high on grass and cold duck. It still seemed like a profitable concept.

I know, I know, Arnie—all that buildup just to tell you I once had a similar idea to the one you almost discussed with Whitney Schreiber.

**Up Close and Personal** There was a novel I read in a magazine, once, possibly serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post* (it was that long ago), that postulated a plot to

create a global warming effect by means I don't remember—quite possibly a super bomb of some sort. Clues to the nature of the plot were some mysterious maps that didn't appear to match any place on earth, yet looked mysteriously familiar. Eventually, the hero figured out that they would be the outlines of the land masses remaining after global flooding to a certain level. I think the title was something like *The Secret Masters*...I don't remember the author.

**JoHn:Re** Okay, sezee, rolling up his sleeves and flexing his muscles—y' wanna fight? Tai Chi or no Tai Chi, by gum, this DOS bashing has gotta stop! Sure I have my hassles with DOS and with Windows, but Apples—most specifically Macintoshes, since ah don' know nuthin' 'bout those other kin'—give me all kinda hassles too. Disks have to be ejected by *software*, fer krissake! Any kind of error crops up, any work you've done on that file is *gone*, man—no recourse. Gotta restart the machine. The whole system has to be reset! No provision for rescue! Sheesh!

**Off the Cuff** The Fork of April? The *Fork*?? Nahhhh...Not even Robert Graves would go for that, and he was that other source for *I, Claudius*, wasn't he?

Hey, just because I wear sneakers all the time these days doesn't mean I take it literally. Might as well accuse Slugger of pussyfooting...

**PowWow** A pun, my word. Yours, actually. Word play, that is. But..comment? Sorry, Joyce...I'm overwhelmed.

**No Offense Taken** Ray, I had a deep-probing critique of your literary effort all ready to insert in this journal, but I was afraid you wouldn't take it seriously...

**Sorry, Tom, Harl, me, Hen...Too late, now! Bye, all!**