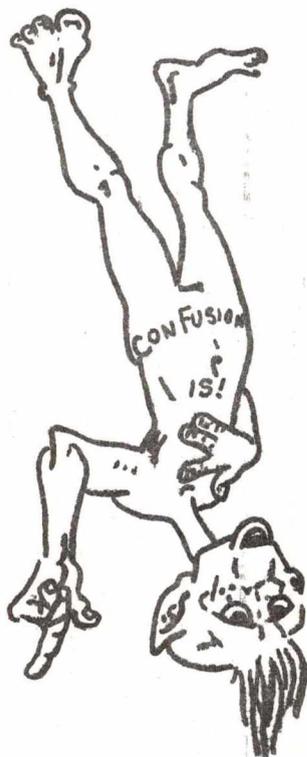


# WE DON'T KNOW YET

vol. II, no. 1

,700

★ SPECIAL ★  
CONFUSION 14



I THINK BATHURST  
IS GETTING TIRED  
OF ME.

YEAH? A LOT OF PEOPLE  
THINK THEY'RE GETTIN  
TIRED OF ME -- BUT  
I AIN'T LEAVIN'!

inside, you're gonna find:

fiction by TED REYNOLDS,  
LLOYD BIGGLE, JR.;

book reviews by JAMES  
A. MARTIN; also

DIMBO THE FLYING SQUIRREL  
at ANONYCON,

UNCLE ALBERT  
in the OZONE,

and some  
other stuff, including  
the first article of a  
special series on

VIDEO in FANDOM!!!



4/17

WE DON'T KNOW YET, ish #2, January 1977, Vol. II, no. 1

price: 50¢ or the ~~usual~~

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contents

SKID MARKS IN THE SKY - editorial by Larry Tucker	2
TALES FROM THE HOODED AARDVARK INN - fiction by Ted Reynolds	8
J.A.M. SESSION - book reviews by Jim Martin	10
ROSES AND SUCH - fiction by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.	15
PHYSICS IS PHUN - science column by Uncle Albert	20
VIDICON - series by Larry Tucker	23
INFORMING SOURCES, TAKE 10/22/76 - con report by Dave Innes	27
ENTROPY - poem by Zita Kutkus	34

illos

Randy Bathurst: 3, 5, 7, 14, 29, back cover

Larry Tucker: front cover, 2, 8, 20, 23, 25, 27

Zita Kutkus: 34

WE DON'T KNOW YET is the official zine of the Ann Arbor Stilyagi Air Corps and is edited by Lawrence K. Tucker. Address all correspondence to:

Lawrence K. Tucker

2785 Page

Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

The brakes of the Stilyagi Air Corps

# SKID MARKS IN THE SKY



Yeah, this is WDKY #2. It would not be very unusual if you missed our first ish, since we had a very limited distribution. Outside of the Stilyagi Air Corps and the people who attended our ConFusion parties at WindyCon, ain't nobody seen WDKY #1. (plug plug - - you might be able to pick up a copy of our first ish in the hucksters room at ConFusion 14 - - hint hint)

For those of you who did get a copy of #1, you'll be happy to notice that I've learned a little bit about photocopy repro since then. How d'ya like our front cover, eh? For our new readers, a brief word about how we got our name...

SCENE AT DETROIT HOJO - AUTOCLAVE CON SUITE. ANN ARBOR FAN APPROACHES GOH GENE WOLFE.

A<sup>2</sup> FAN: "Thanks for your contribution to CAP'N RO'S WHAZ-BUNG.  
By the way, we're going to be putting out a new zine soon."  
WOLFE: "Oh, yeah? What're you going to call it?"  
A<sup>2</sup> FAN: "We don't know yet."  
WOLFE: "Hmm. I like that."  
A<sup>2</sup> FAN: "Oh, yeah?"

... thus, history was made.

Last ish, we started off with a bicentennial special. For those of you who are still having a hard time figuring out what the cover had to do with anything, ask somebody who's read the Illuminatus Trilogy (I am not necessarily recommending you read the books, mind you). For Jim Martin, who reviewed the trilogy in WDKY #1, I still recommend Pynchon's The Crying of Lot 49. Lastly, for Cap'n Ro, who started the whole thing by giving the Air Corps the homework assignment of reading the things in the first place - Oh, never mind. He's already living in Cleveland. That should be punishment enough.

As you may already have noticed (depending on the angle from which you looked at the cover), this time we're doing a ConFusion special. Appropriately, most of the authors in J.A.M. Session

this ish will be attending ConFusion 14. On the other hand, it is unfortunate that most of the authors attending the con have not been mentioned in Jim's column, but that's not my problem. I didn't tell him who to do (far be it from me), with one exception - but, then, I didn't tell him what to write about that exception (jeez, Jim, you tryin to blow my chances of ever gettin mentioned in a book dedication again?).

And speaking of ConFusion - as of the first week in January, we had sold over 250 con memberships, an 150% improvement over last year. The Ann Arbor Inn has been booked solid (125 rooms blocked and filled, the remainder of the rooms on the top floors having been promised to airline pilots - so for crying out loud, don't go looking for parties on the top floors!) and we're dealing for more rooms in a couple more downtown hotels. We're really playing it by ear now, but everything seems to be working out quite nicely, thank you. Y'see, Cap'n Ro never told us what to do in case of overflow, probably because he never really had to deal with such a problem before (although it's only fair to point out that this year's soaring attendance rate is probably due largely to the reputation established at previous ConFusions).

In spite of the fact that the Air Corps is, basically, an anarchistic group (which means that everybody's got to assume the responsibility for anything we try to accomplish 'cause we got no one person to blame for screwing things up - although the university thinks that my mother is our presiding officer, but that's another story) things have been running smoother than slipping into a bathtub full of lime Jello. It is gratifying to be a part of something like ConFusion and a reaffirmation of SAC's conviction that fandom is, as it should be, one big family, not an organization.

Ah, but as in any large family, there are bound to be squabbles. Referring once again to our current cover - half of that illo, of course, has to do with the con. The other half has to do with something we're going to



have at our con, as well as with the first of a series of articles I will be presenting here. The series is about video in fandom. The idea for the series was prompted by a cartoon in the current ish of a well known, Ohio-based zine. The caption of the illo in question suggested to me that it is way past time I took a stand on something I feel to be of no small importance. I have been working with video for over four years. In that time I have taped and edited hundreds of hours of videotape for a number of groups in and around Ann Arbor, including the Program for Educational and Social Change and (most extensively) the Program for Educational Opportunity. When I had access to the right kind of equipment, I also made a number of tapes for myself - to experiment with the medium, to try to express some ideas (admittedly, in a manner most casual viewers have found too obscure or complex to follow) and, mainly, because I found that working with a progression of increasingly more complex arrangements of video components to be exciting and one hell of a lot of fun.

I've done a lot of different types of video, some of which I've shown at cons. Some of it, like "City Limits" and some segments of "City Limits, Too", is in the nature of experimentation with video as an art form. Other tapes, such as "Big Bird Eats Moon" and Uncle Albert's "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Fandom", were done just for the let's-make-some-funny-home-movies enjoyment of it. Tapes like James Gunn on "SF and the Media" and Cliff Simak's talk, "Myths, Lies and Chickencoops", were for the archives (for more on this, be sure to check out Lloyd Biggle, Jr.'s oral history conference at ConFusion). I think it's a damned shame that more fen aren't into video. Hopefully, the series I'm working on will be able to interest a few more potential fannish video freeks (no, that's not a typo - that's "freeks" as in "free").

I am inviting readers to send me their comments on video in fandom, whether you agree with me or not. If you send me clean enough copy, I might even include your contributions in the series. Try to keep it down to five typewritten pages, at the outside. The way you want to space it is your business, but try to watch your margins. I want to be able to run the stuff you send me for the

video series as is.

And speaking of running things as is - the first loc we received was from that same helpful person who supplied us with a name for our zine. So, without further ado (man, that phrase is so trite) I give you OUR FIRST LOC (fanfare)!



Dear People,

It was very flattering to receive your promising infant, and if it hadn't been for the flu (chicken) I would have located it sooner. Nice cover! I'd suggest that you include your address inside the front cover of future issue, though--makes it a little easier on people who want to include you in lists. (You know: 5 prs sox, 3 shirts, WE DON'T KNOW YET, 1 prs shorts...) Get all the art from Randy you can steal. You should definitely work on your layout, making it worse. Good layout will kill a great many locs you would otherwise receive, since the loccers have nothing else to talk about. (During their school days, lockers could stay happy and bright all day saying things like: "What have you got?" "A banana, and two peanutbutter 'n jelly. What about you?" "An apple, one salmon salad, and a thermos of chocolate milk!" But they have outgrown that now.) Think of the wonderful response Title gets--then open it and you'll see why: Donn is a master of layout! Keep ever before you what the Zen masters say: "Even an empty ricebowl can write plainly; an eggro

Faithfully,

As Zita warned him in recent con related correspondence, I have run his loc as is. It didn't really screw up the layout the way I'd hoped it might, even though you might have to loosen a staple trying to figure out what happened to the last line. Since I know it won't come through in repro, I feel I gotta tell ya, man, the thing was lousy with corflu. Makes me wonder how much of the stuff the man goes through when he's writing a book.

The next loc we got was from a very dear friend of ours. He's the guy who, through his very gracious help and encouragement, has been instrumental in insuring that this year's ConFusion will be the biggest, most exciting con Ann Arbor fandom has ever had. The loc was accompanied by a contribution that appears here in a few more pages.

Dear Larry - - -

Some years ago I was amused by an abrupt and unexplained change of a fanzine's name. So I wrote a piece about changing fanzines' names and sent it to that editor, and he published it. I understand it occasioned some discussion in fandom among fans trying to figure out what fanzine I was referring to. Neither they nor the editor suspected that the fanzine it appeared in was responsible.

Considering the new name for the Stilyagi fanzine, a resurrection seems appropriate.

Best,  
Lloyd

Lastly, we received the following loc, addressed to our science editor, from a friend of ours in Kalamazoo.

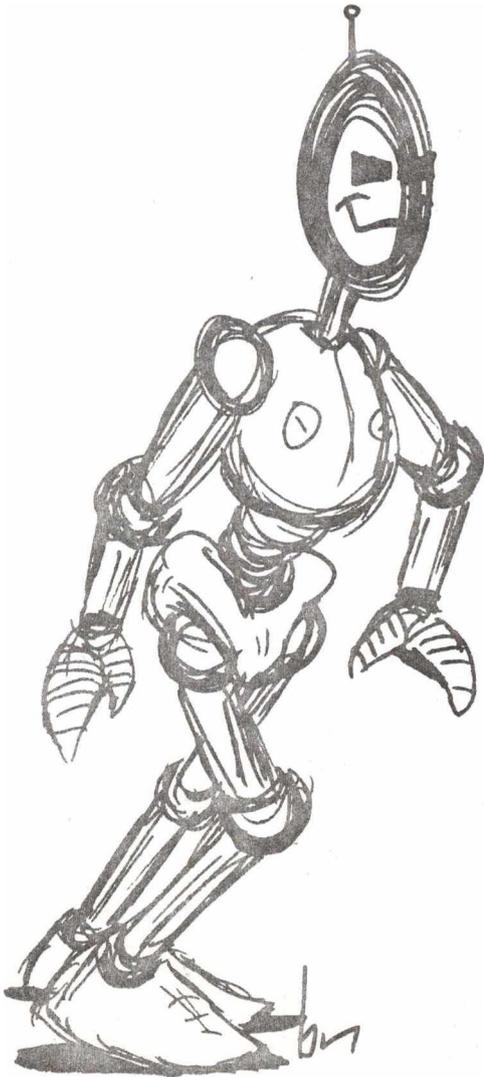
Dear Uncle Albert,

Thank ghu the Bicentennial is about shot. Take comfort, Mr. Tucker; Stilyagi's latest offering is still yaggy - - no worse, anyway, than under Cap'n Ro's ~~whip~~ tutelage. How the hell did you print this, Xerox? It's clear, but next time

tape the illos down all the way around.

Oh well. I have always enjoyed Jim Martin's reviews. Actually there are a lot of points of continuity with the old WHIZZ: Randy Bathurst, the Tales from the Hooded Aardvark Inn, the Hooded Aardvark, Ted Reynold's stuff, everybody's movie review, ConFusion, and Randy Bathurst. An A<sup>2</sup> product wouldn't SAC properly without them, and they are up to their so-called standards. Actually, WDKY (music radio...) was fun. Altho one has seen two dozen CONvoy ripoffs in the way of verse or visuals, or both, MAC was no worse than most, thankfully leaving out the rhyme scheme. The art was generally lousy, but then, why not? And Howard the Duck was always good for a cheap laugh. "Jolly Starship Troopers" probably best of show. Such as it is.

Pickily yours,  
Paula Smith



Before I turn you loose on the remainder of this zine (stupidly assuming that there may be some of you out there who actually read the editorial first) I'd like to publicly acknowledge my appreciation to Ted for submitting his Hooded Aardvark Inn yarn to me first. His second choice, he has confided to me, would have been ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE. I don't know if Scithers would have bought it, but if I was the editor of a zine with a name like that - well, after you've read it, I'm sure you'll see what I mean.

- - Larry Tucker

# TALES FROM THE HOODED AARDVARK INN



"Yes, I can tell you how it all started," said our new drinking partner, GO-Y. "It's obvious in hindsight where we went wrong, but it seemed the logical thing at the time." The dim light from the bar gleamed mistily through his plastoid gearcase.

"We were all GO-series robots," he continued, "constructed for optimal functioning in GO-type solar systems like yours. Physically there was no reason we shouldn't go on forever. But emotionally, we were in a bad way. You see, all the Masters had perished when the swarp whirled. We were heavily programmed to serve the Masters and prevent them from all harm. Their deaths weren't really our fault, but we couldn't help thinking that if we had only done a little more, tried a little harder...you see?"

I said I saw.

"So there we were, ship down for good, no way to get back to the worlds of the Masters, no rational Masters to serve and protect... it was pure Chaos. And then one of us--- it was GO-V, I think," he pronounced it Jee-oh-vee, "had The Great Idea."

His metal fingers tightened on his mug as he recalled. "There were all these ugly little primates running around, fairly cunning brutes on the whole. Of course, in the usual course of events, they'd never have evolved any further, but GO-V's scheme was to take them in hand and improve them; in fact, to develop them into a new set of Masters for us to serve.

"Well, that sounded pretty good to all of us, and we looked into it. Found out it could be done. Examining those apes, we found the lobe of the brain that engenders rational thought was hovering on the verge of abstractive capacity. We all worked on the task of fully lobotizing this primate. We restructured the rational lobe, synched it into the intuitive one for mutual feedback, modified the glandular secretions for accelerated

emotional drive, and led these creatures to face a series of challenges which sped up evolutionary change drastically. Then we sat back to await the outcome of the lobotization process.

"It was only then that our most expert lobotizer, GO-D, a brilliant worker, if an erratic one, told us what else he had done. 'I have arranged,' he said, 'that the new Masters will be even more noble and magnificent than the old ones.' We found that hard to believe. 'Compute this, then,' said GO-D. 'I tied both temporal lobes of the brain through the thalamus into a permanent causal gap. In other words, they will be capable of Free Will, undetermined by material causative factors. They can choose between Good and Evil.'

"'Incredible,' said GO-V.

"'Our minds, like those of the Masters and other species, work out rationally the right thing to be done, and then are necessitated to act upon it. These new Masters, however, after working out the right thing to be done, would still be capable of doing the wrong thing. Of course, I'm sure they'll do the right thing anyway, but because they choose to, not because they have to. Isn't that grand? Why, we've introduced morality into the universe.'

"It was an amazingly attractive idea, and we all grooved on it. You understand, we ourselves were so fixed into our own necessity of choosing good that we couldn't even imagine anyone, given the choice, preferring to choose evil. Well... we learned. All human history is a comment upon our error."

He sighed, finished off his mug of 3-in-1, called for a refill.

"Yes," he ended somberly. "Without a doubt, making a human being capable of causing harm to others was the Worst Flaw of Robotics."

# J.A.M. Session

BOOK REVIEWS  
by  
James A. Martin

MICHAELMAS, Algis Budrys  
 FARTHEST STAR, Frederik Pohl & Jack Williamson, Ballantine, \$1.50  
 MINDBRIDGE, Joe Haldeman, St. Martin's Press  
 A GALAXY OF STRANGERS, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Doubleday, \$5.95  
 THE MIND RIDERS, Brian M. Stableford, Daw, \$1.25  
 THE TIME MASTERS, Wilson Tucker, Lancer, \$.95 (old copy)  
 OMNIVORE, Piers Anthony, Ballantine, \$.75 (old copy)  
 STAR PRINCE CHARLIE, Poul Anderson & Gordon R. Dickson, Berkley,  
 \$1.25

First the good news--assuming that this review appears before *Confusion* 14, it might help save my life when some of the convention-attending authors listed above read the review. MICHAELMAS, by Algis Budrys, is one of the finest science fiction novels to appear in a long, long time. (It appeared in serial form in the August and September 1976 F&SFs. I have not yet seen it between two covers.) The novel has a few weaknesses, so don't look for THE novel of the last ten years--but look for one of the top ten.

A Walter-Cronkite-type newscaster shares only with a computer the knowledge that he comes closer than anyone else to running the world. His power is based on interference with the worldwide communications network, assisted by his computer. The power is effective only because it is not known to those who could fight it. The exercise of the power is based on a laissez-faire philosophy that people know best how to run their own lives. Michaelmas interferes only to head off the bad guys, generally by giving the bad guys an opportunity to hang themselves.

It is dangerous to attribute to the author the conscience of his characters, but I can't help suspecting that Michaelmas is the kind of "dictator" that Budrys would be, or would like to be, if he were dictator. Of course that leaves the old adage that absolute power corrupts absolutely. The novel does not address that issue, but I suspect that Michaelmas would have an answer. His personality and character are so firmly established by Budrys that the reader can't help but think that Michaelmas lives, and thinks, offstage as well as on. In short, the characterization in MICHAELMAS is masterful. I have not felt such reality in a character since reading MR. SAMMLER'S PLANET by Saul Bellow.

The plot to MICHAELMAS is simple and is unfolded nicely. I was disappointed at only two points: first, where Michaelmas' computer reports vague, uncomputer-like reactions to a mysterious phenomenon (with Michaelmas unbothered by such atypical behavior); and second, the final plot resolution, which seems much faster-paced than the remainder of the book. Minor points aside, I see MICHAELMAS as a strong Hugo contender and an even stronger Nebula contender.

FARTHEST STAR is a major disappointment. It is not

terrible--just a major waste of talent. Like buying a Volkswagen for \$100,000: You don't end up with a lemon, but that doesn't make you feel good about your purchase. For one thing, there is a lot of sloppiness in the book. It might seem nit-picking to point out the use of "other alternative" at page 185, but professional authors should know that that phrase is redundant. Worse yet is a sentence that appears at page 97: "He flew steadily and low, saving his wasted energy . . . ." How do you save energy that is already wasted? A fault that can't be blamed on the authors but emphasizes the I-don't-care impression the book creates is the heading to chapter XVI--it's upside down!

And shouldn't we be able to expect accurate science in our science fiction? At page 156, one of the characters asks herself about the Dyson sphere she is investigating, "Did it rotate? Yes, in a manner of speaking--to Zara the question was confusing, coming down to rotation relative to what?" Rotation is not merely motion relative to something else. Try standing on the surface of a globe rotating fast enough to make its surface centrifugal force greater than its gravity, and ask "relative to what?" as you go flying off. Similarly, at page 160, a "violently corrosive slime" is said to be that way, though whether "through chemical or radioactive reactions we are not sure." What? What radioactivity is violently corrosive? Why don't representatives of advanced civilizations find out rather quickly? Why don't writers feel embarrassed when they ask readers to put up with such rot?

If you're still not convinced, check out one of the cliches--a description of the bad guys: "For fingers they had short, boneless bundles of what looked like squirming pink foodworms. . . . They emitted a foul odor that struck him in a suffocating wave." Not hard to figure out that these are the bad guys.

And yet, the real failure of FARTHEST STAR is the failure to make use of the ideas it contains. The story tells about the exploration of a huge, low-density object approaching the galaxy at great but sublight speeds. It is two astronomical units in diameter and, it turns out, supports life on its obviously huge surface. (If this gives you a sense of déjà vu, think of Ringworld rotated around its diameter to form a huge sphere. This is bigger than Ringworld by a very large factor.) Travel to this Dyson sphere is accomplished by way of probes that were sent out at random eons earlier by an extremely exploratory race, carrying receivers for ftl transmissions. The system involves scanning the object to be sent and transmitting tachyon waves carrying all information about the object at ftl velocities. (Tachyons, you may recall, are "permitted" to travel faster than light even in Einsteinian physics.) A receiver, using matter at hand and incoming tachyon-carried information, reassembles the object.

The hitch is that the original object walks (if it's alive) out of the transmitting booth, while the copy walks out of the receiving booth. Two virtually identical objects are present where there was only one before.

That process, applied to people, produces some obvious and intriguing problems. Examples: When the original person stays safely at home, is it moral to send a copy to sure death? What are the psychological effects of such doubling? Can the transmitter work at short range (e.g., on a planetary surface) so that lots of John Smiths and Mary Does could be running around on the earth? If so, are there any legal restrictions on the use of the device? Must the scanning signal be used right away, or can it be stored and used later, ready to make a new person in case of fatal accident? Or in case of painful memory?

You get the idea. But with the exception of some superficial treatment of the psychological problems, none of these intriguing questions is even mentioned, much less explored. In a first book for a budding author, these and the other lapses might be looked upon indulgently, but these aren't budding authors. A \$100,000 Volkswagen. By the way, watch for a sequel--many matters are deliberately left hanging.

On to some shorter reviews. MINDBRIDGE is top-notch Haldeman, and you know how good that is. The style is similar to that of THE FOREVER WAR--almost too similar. MINDBRIDGE involves exploration by a bizarre means of ftl travel (it seems to be the year for it) that turns up an apparently simple creature capable of bestowing telepathic powers on those in contact with it. A truly alien race is encountered, and the mindbridge proves useful in communicating with it. The writing is as good as FOREVER WAR, and ideas abound, but somehow the package is not quite as good. The ftl travel is too bizarre; the secret behind the mindbridge a little bit too strange; and the aliens' alienness a bit too pat. But these are in the nature of quibbles--it's still an excellent book.

If Lloyd Biggle weren't the nice guy that he is, I would just shut up and not dare say that I didn't care for A GALAXY OF STRANGERS. The book is a collection of stories, most of them gimmick stories (with the exception of "First Love," which I enjoyed). I have nothing against gimmick stories per se, but these seem to be gimmick stories intended to Make a Point. I have reservations about any stories that are intended to make some point, but gimmick stories shouldn't--the gimmick means that things are too pat, and serious points depend on showing how things really are (or might be). My favorite story was "Round Trip to Esidarap" (read it backwards), the one story I was sure was not trying to make a point. We'll just have to go back to those deep piles of excellent Biggle books . . . .

Brian M. Stableford is an author whose books I have just

begun to read. His "Hooded Swan" series (including THE HALCYON DRIFT and RHAPSODY IN BLACK) are very well written and very entertaining. Stableford writes in the first person. His "Hooded Swan" character, Grainger, is a cynic who slowly emerges from that state as the books progress. Since the progress spans several books, which are not all carbon copies of each other, it seems likely that there is a master plan, not simply a series of adventures. Grainger shares his body with an alien mind, picked up in the first book. The relationship between the two grows as the books unfold, and it is very well handled. The weakness of Stableford's writing lies in some slowness of plotting and insufficient adventure in what are basically adventure novels. The emphasis on Grainger's adjustment to his involuntary mind partner and the rest of the universe also seems to make for two-dimensional characters other than Grainger.

THE MIND RIDERS is not in the "hooded Swan" series. It tells the improbable story of a future boxer, future computer-assisted boxing, a promoter who had the hero blacklisted for eighteen years but now needs him, a psychiatrist who helps the hero win an internal battle --all put together rather well. The problem is that the single story line--preparation for the Big Fight--just isn't interesting enough to carry the weight. Only the skill of characterization (again, only of the hero) carries the book through, limping at the end. I would like to read a Stableford novel in which the author deliberately concentrated on plotting and wrote in the third person. I'll bet it would be a real winner.

An oldie that I recently read for the first time is THE TIME MASTERS by Wilson Tucker. It is an old-fashioned (but updated) and very satisfying novel about aliens on earth. The plotting is steady and engrossing, and the book is aptly described as the kind you won't want to put down until you finish it. A second oldie that had previously escaped my omnivorous eyes is OMNIVORE by Piers Anthony. It was good, but somewhat flat. It struck me as the kind of book that an author might produce after reading a book on mycology and another on pop psychology. Everything is carefully worked out, with some nice scenes on an alien planet having fungi as the dominant life form, but the psychological resolution is a bit too simplistic. A little like the 1930s movies in which the psychiatrist finally gets the heroine to open the door that terrifies her in her dreams, whereupon everything becomes clear. The worst part is the beginning, incidentally, with some embarrassing writing about Simple Mountain Folk. If you can get by that, you ought to enjoy the rest.

Last but not least: STAR PRINCE CHARLIE by Poul Anderson and Gordon R. Dickson is a bit of fluff--but good fluff. The plot is utterly predictable except in detail, and quite

enjoyable. The characters are engaging as well: There is Charlie, a lad of Scottish ancestry, whose father happens to be a starship captain who wants him to see the Universe and get away from all those books. There is a teddy-bear-like Hoka, who gets Charlie in trouble because Hokas love to adopt characters from earth's past and this particular Hoka decides to be a Scotsman devoted to his Bonnie Prince. And there's Dzenko, the villain, who is cold and cunning, and wants to use Charlie to become king and then get rid of him. No surprises, but good light entertainment.

- - - James A. Martin



And speaking of good  
light entertainment,  
Don't miss the opening  
extravaganza  
lightshow  
staged by  
**ILLUMINATUS**  
at  
**CONFUSION 14.**

# ROSES AND SUCH

## (or, A Fanzine by any Other Name)

A correspondent writes to me, "Pete Particular is putting out a pretty good fanzine. It's called DOOM. I'll ask him to send you a copy."

By this time I have learned to ignore such threats. When I was younger and more sensitive, I several times forwarded them to the Postmaster General, but so far as I could determine nothing ever happened that could not be attributed to the usual vagaries of the U.S. Mails. So I tear my correspondent's letter into very small pieces and with almost no effort at all I forget about it.

Nine months later ( a proper period of gestation for an issue of a fanzine) I receive a package festooned with postage stamps of irregular denomination and faint linear designs that better imagination or eyesight than mine probably could resolve into artwork. Because the package is too flat to contain explosives, I open it without soaking, and there I find . . .

"DOOM?" you ask eagerly.

Wrong. ANNIHILATION. The editor-publisher-lackey, though is named Pete Particular.

Now as fanzines go, or even among those that haven't gone yet, this one strikes me as being decidedly above average. So, blunt fellow that I am, I dash off a postcard and say so. "But why," I ask, "did you change the name? DOOM is a good name for a fanzine."

I take this epistle to the post office and drop it into the mail slot, and then I walk over to my post office box and there I find a reply from Pete Particular. He is delighted, he says, that I like ANNIHILATION. He explains

that he changed the name because he wanted something more active than DOOM, and it would please him very much if I would ease his editorial burdens with a contribution. A 20,000 word serial would be grand, but he would be glad to have a short story, or an article, or a book review, or a brief comment on what I'm working on at present, or even an old laundry ticket or two, if I have any available.

"And by the way," he says in conclusion, "ANNIHILATION is now called BLITZ."

I reply that, a writer's income being what it is, I cannot afford laundry tickets. When my socks are able to walk off by themselves I knit a new pair, and I do my own underwear. "But why," I ask, "are you changing the name? ANNIHILATION is a good name for a fanzine."

He answers that the fellow who does his covers got tired drawing so many letters and issued an ultimatum. BLITZ, he thinks, is just as active a word as ANNIHILATION, and he wonders if I might have an old laundry ticket or two left over from before I became a writer. I haven't, though I am very tempted to canvass the neighborhood and borrow one for him.

Six months later the next issue of BLITZ arrives prematurely, and the name has been changed to CRASH. This time I do not have to ask why. Particular explains editorially that he had planned to use BLITZ, but another fan, Stan Standoff, brought to his attention the fact that a fan in Samarkand has been publishing a fanzine called BLITZSKY for the past twenty years, and naturally it won't do to confuse fans with a similar name. CRASH is slenderer than ANNIHILATION, but this is only to be expected of a premature issue, and the quality is still above average. I write again and tell Particular this, but he doesn't answer. He is miffed, probably, over not getting any laundry tickets. He also removes me from his mailing list, though I do not find this out until much later. I merely assume, when I receive no more CRASHes, that CRASH has crashed.

Then, long afterward, the name Particular is mentioned to me at a convention.

"Oh, yes," I say. "I had some correspondence with Pete. He published a fanzine--let's see--called . . . "

"DOOM. He still publishes it."

"Just a minute," I say. "It was called DOOM, but then he changed it to ANNIHILATION, and then to BLITZ--no, he was going to call it BLITZ but didn't--and the last I heard, it was CRASH."

"Well, it's DOOM, now. I don't know about ANNIHILATION and BLITZ and CRASH, but for a few issues it was RUIN, and then it was SABOTAGE for awhile, and then PANDEMONIUM, I think . . . "

"Impossible," I say. "The fellow who does his covers wouldn't tolerate PANDEMONIUM."

"He does his own covers, now. Anyway, it's called DOOM."

"Good name for a fanzine," I say.

A few weeks after the con, a person I met there writes to me. "Pete Particular is putting out a pretty good fanzine. I'll ask him to send you a copy. It's called DISASTER."

Naturally this gives me a queasy feeling, unaccustomed as I am to sitting around waiting for disaster. But Particular has had enough of me and my non-laundry / <sup>tickets,</sup> and DISASTER never arrives. And unbelievable as it may seem, this begins to bother me.

A question slips into my mind at odd moments. "Is it still named DISASTER?" I find myself greeting each bright new morning with a bleary query: "What's Particular calling it today?" The suspense builds. I send out postcards to a few fans who may be on Particular's mailing list. "What's the name of Pete Particular's fanzine?" I ask. "DOOM," replies one. "RUIN," says another. "CRASH," exclaims the third. "The last I remember, it was DISASTER," says the fourth.

None of this solves my problem, and I go around muttering, "A name is a name is a name." I ~~can~~<sup>actually</sup> consider sending Particular some subscription money, which shows you the depths to which even a pro can fall, since normally he has problem enough in buying the prozines that contain his stories.

But I must do something, so I write to a correspondent on the west coast who is also an attorney, and he sends a letter to Pete Particular, nicely typewritten on his firm's stationery and reading approximately as follows:

"Dear Mr. Particular: It has come to our attention that you are publishing a fanzine that bears the name DISASTER. Since DISASTER is the copyrighted name of a fanzine that our client, E.Z. Yoik, of Istanbul, has been publishing since 1937, he has instructed us to take such action as we deem appropriate."

Particular's reply, which is duly forwarded to me, is replete with apologies. He was not aware, he says, of any other fanzine named DISASTER, **but if the law firm will give him E.Z. Yoik's address he would like very much to trade with him.** His own fanzine was only called DISASTER for one issue, which seems to Particular to be an insufficient basis for a law suit, and anyway his present total assets consist of one fourth-hand mimeograph machine and a small quantity of ink, and his fanzine is now called CALAMITY.

I then write to a correspondent on the east coast, and he sends off this letter: "Dear Mr. Particular: I am reliably informed that you are publishing some sort of magazine under the name CALAMITY. I regard this as a malicious invasion of privacy, and I am instructing my attorney to take appropriate action." It is signed, "Jane."

Particular never replies to this one, but I finally have established reliable communications with someone who knows someone who knows someone on Particular's current mailing list, and I hear, via this fanvine, that the fanzine now is called ADVERSITY. Some small prodding on my part results in

his receiving letters from people in New Orleans and London claiming prior right to the name ADVERSITY. He changes the name to BLIGHT, and I arrange protests from Madrid, Tokyo, and South Whiffletree, Rhode Island. This same procedure follows through JINX, CURSE, SETBACK, MISFORTUNE, CATASTROPHE, and DAMNATION, and I am beginning to worry that I might run out of cooperative correspondents before Particular runs out of names. Also, I have developed writer's block and had to borrow money for postage.

Then, quite by chance, I encounter a veteran fan, and he says, "Ever hear of a fan named Pete Particular?"

"Has he committed suicide?" I ask hopefully.

"Pete? Good God, no! Pete's the last person I'd expect to commit suicide."

"That's what I was afraid of," I say. "What else has he done lately?"

"Well, he publishes a fanzine. Darned good fanzine, as a matter of fact."

"DOOM?" I ask hopefully.

"I believe it was called DOOM once."

"What's it called now?" I ask, with my fingers crossed.

"That's just it. He's come up with the cleverest idea in the last twenty years. Ever since I saw it I've been wondering why I never thought of it myself."

I sigh and cross more fingers. "What's it called?"

"Nothing."

"NOTHING?"

"No--nothing. No name at all. He just leaves a blank space at the top of the cover, where the name should be. Most ingenious thing I've ever heard of. What do you think of it?"

"It sounds," I say, "like a very good name for a fanzine."

(Note: The fanzine names in this story are fictitious, and any resemblance to the names of actual fanzines, living or dead, is purely detrimental.)

--Lloyd Biggle, Jr.

# PHYSICS IS PHUN

with **UNCLE ALBERT**



On my TV series for the Child Education Department at Gargonzola State University, I have heretofore dealt with problems in elementary physics (a ship accelerating at 3 G's will collide with Alpha Centauri on a Tuesday) and celestial mechanics (my theory concerning the upcoming conjunction of the planets -  $\sigma = 2BP + eb$ ). I'd like to begin my career as science editor for WDKY with something a little more down to earth. Herewith, the first in a series of articles in which I will single-handedly solve some of the most serious, confounding problems of the day.

The first problem to which I will address myself (and my not inconsiderable, highly superior intellect) is that of the depletion of our beloved ozone layer. Yeah, you might not think you love it, but I suspect you might change your mind when it starts leaking, letting those nasty, invisible cosmic rays 'n things get at your precious little body.

Scattered groups of ozone sympathizers have been doing virtually everything in their (admittedly) limited power to avert the very real and dangerous threat of leaky ozone. The efforts of some of these people have been of an appreciative, consciousness expansion nature. In fact, I have had some firsthand experience with some of these people, when I participated in an Ozone Parade in Ann Arbor a few months ago.

The Ann Arbor Ozone Parades started a few years ago when the University of Michigan decided to forego the hassle of homecoming parades. In an effort to fill the cultural gap, the A<sup>2</sup> White Panther Party (or whatever they were calling themselves that week), led by John Sinclair, staged a parade of their own featuring Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen and a small army of local freeks. Since then, the counter-cultural Ozone Parades have become a yearly tradition.

Every year, the parade adopts a different theme. This year it was "Buy-centennial now, pay later". Participants dressed up as their favorite obsolete institutions. Uncle Samuel and Dame Liberty were there (as always), as well as a green faced American Legionnaire who wore a surgical mask and coughed a lot. There was also a 1940 vintage Buick with a machine gun toting moll riding on a front fender and signs taped to the doors that read "Vote for Sam the Man, or else!" My favorite entrant was a walking pyramid, put together by the Illuminatus Light Show, that bounced around a lot. Periodically, Illuminati crowded into the pyramid to perform some sort of secret ritual. Although I really have no idea what

they did in there, I did notice a thin stream of smoke issuing from the apex of the pyramid and caught a whiff of something that had a smell reminiscent of burning leaves.

Anyway, it wasn't my intention to devote this entire column to the antics of Ann Arbor zanies. I only mentioned the Ozone Parade because it was there that I received the inspiration for my own wonderful solution to our ozone problem. As I'm sure everybody knows by now, researchers at the University of Michigan and elsewhere have determined that, due in part to the widespread use of certain aerosol propellants, our precious ozone layer is being depleted. Although steps have been taken to ban the use of fluorocarbons in spray cans, we must ask ourselves, is this enough?

So - is this enough?

I don't know, but why take chances? I suggest that we take steps toward the repletion (replenishment? - whatever) of our ozone layer, lest at some future date we discover that it is too late to replace the beneficial blanket that keeps us all from turning into Kentucky fried children.

Some communities are already considering taking affirmative action toward the desired goal. I don't mean like the Ozone Parade, although I do mean Ann Arbor. Aside from the well meaning (though hopelessly deluded and confused) freeks with their delightful marching, there is a group of local citizens who are, unwittingly, doing their bit for ozone. They are advocating the return of urban trolley service. That's trolley, as in electric, kids. You know, riding on ribbons of electric blue rails, humming noiselessly down the street, save for the occasional clanging of the bell and oh-so-infrequent yelping of a careless dog or other pedestrian who happens to get run over (so be sure to watch both ways before crossing the street, gang) and shooting off electrical sparks. Ozone!

Yes, kids, there's ozone in them there sparks. Maybe one little trolley car shooting off sparks isn't gonna do much. Maybe even a few thousand ditto won't make much difference, but it's a start. "What next, Uncle Albert?" one might ask.

What next, Uncle Albert?

I'm glad you asked me that. Again my light show friends have inspired me. They've got a device that, when you plug it in, a little orange dial spins around on a black box and a spark travels upwards between two rods and you giggle and ask the people watching the thing with you what they think about old Boris Karloff movies. That's right, a jacob's ladder.

Now, the device they've got is kinda small - less than a meter high - but why not build a bigger one? Why not build one a hundred meters tall? Why not build a whole bunch of them? Then just plug 'em in and watch the sparks fly!

Of course, I have been criticized for these plans. People say it's not practical (or even very smart) to build jacob's ladders that high. They say that, even if they could be built, they probably wouldn't work and if they did work they wouldn't really do all that much good for the ozone layer. They also say I'm just a pathetic, funny looking little man with a big bionic nose and an

engineer's cap I stole from a guy who has since moved to Cleveland.

Well, phooey! I don't care what they say - much.

All other arguments aside, I can tell you how I propose these big muthas be built. I got the idea when I saw Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. on TV the other night. Now, I know that a lot of you people in fandom might have mixed feelings about Vonnegut, for a number of reasons (one of them might be that he strongly opposes the idea of building colonies in space) but, you gotta admit, he does come up with an interesting idea or two. The idea he voiced on that TV show that I found so intriguing has to do with his theory of how the pyramids and the giant stone heads on Easter Island were built. He totally discounts the notion of extraterrestrial intervention. It is his belief that humans were perfectly capable of building those things by themselves. After the applause died down, he went on to explain that the reason men had no trouble throwing those massive landmarks together is that gravity is not a constant force. He maintains that, during certain periods in our past, gravity was known to fluctuate from day to day. On bad days, everybody just sort of sat around feeling heavy. On good days, however, everybody got together and had picnics. During one of those days of light gravity it would have been possible for a man to through a switch engine into the next county. Unfortunately, Vonnegut observed, we have been living through an unnaturally long period of stable gravity.

Now, if it has been such an unnaturally long time to go without a fluctuation in gravity, then it stands to reason that, pretty soon now, we're going to start having those light gravity days again. That's when we throw up those monster jacob's ladders. Makes sense, doesn't it? It doesn't?

Well, there is something else we could try. I was holding off mentioning it because it's not really my idea. I got it from the same guy I got my engineer's cap from. He suggested we set up huge carbon arcs, with the elements in floating hot air balloons. Then, just plug 'em in and ZAP!

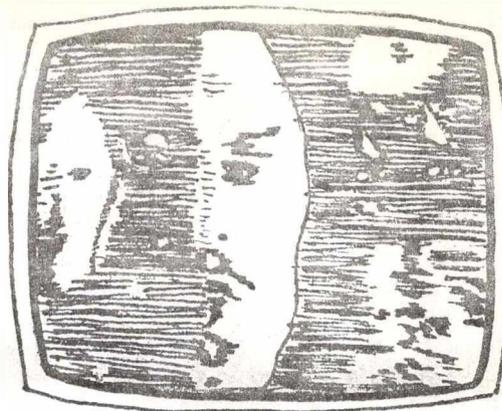
Okay, so that does sound a little risky. Those same crabby people out there who seem to object to everything else I say will probably take exception to this plan, too. They will say that any of these plans would be a foolish waste of electricity. Why waste juice on some silly ozone machines? We need it to run our air conditioners and electric can openers and micro wave ovens and toothbrushes and hot lather machines and air hockey games.

Okay, so use your electricity any way you want. I'm not worried, 'cause next issue I'm gonna show you how to solve the energy problem. And I'm not talkin' about fission or fusion, solar, tidal, geothermal, petroleum, wind, coal or any kinda hydroelectric. I'm talkin' about using some things that we've got a lot of, right here on earth. One of 'em is gravity (assuming that Vonnegut's theory really is just a lot of nonsense).

Can anybody guess what another one of those things might be?

# VIDICON

## VIDEO IN FANDOM



### PART ONE: VIDEO BEGINNINGS

I have been in fandom for about two years although, like most fen, I have been reading science fiction and fantasy stories ever since I learned to read. When I first discovered fandom I was overjoyed at the prospect of finally associating with people with whom I felt I had so much in common. Unfortunately, fandom is never what the neo expects it to be. My greatest initial disappointment was in discovering how trivia oriented most fen seemed to be. My second, and most lasting, disappointment has been that I have seen little evidence (Scott Imes excepted) of video in fandom.

Granted, video is new. I got into videotaping barely two years before I discovered fandom. Apparently, not many people in the world, let alone fandom, are familiar with video.

So what is video? It's an art form, a concept, an alternative communication system, a philosophy, a (dare I say it?) way of life. Now, try reading over that last sentence, only this time think of it not as it relates to video, but to sf. A superficial similarity you say? That may well be true, but I don't think so. Perhaps a better understanding of what video is all about - where it's coming from - may help.

Video was pioneered by such visionaries as Nam June Paik who, in 1961, staged the world's first video exhibition (forget about the first demonstration of TV at a world fair some decades earlier - TV may be recorded on videotape these days, but video is not TV). Paik's exhibition took place in Germany. Unlike television, video is participatory. There are no clear lines drawn between audience and producer. Paik's first exhibition consisted of video cameras trained on participants, feeding monitors that were electronically and mechanically altered to produce unique effects. By current standards this exhibition was primitive, but it was unprecedented.

In the mid- to late sixties, Sony marketed the first compact, relatively inexpensive video systems. During this same era, you will recall, there was a strong global counter-cultural movement. The two events are not unrelated. The altered consciousness of the counter-cultural movement came as a result of rapid technological growth. Watts, Ginsberg, Leary, McLuhan, Cleaver - virtually every so-called spokesperson adopted by or professing allegiance to the movement cited mass media, in general, and television, in particular, as a primary contributing factor to the new awareness. Of course, drugs were frequently cited as another important element, but chiefly as an effect, creating secondary and tertiary effects, rather than as a primary cause. Television, too, became part of a similar cause and effect cycle - a feedback loop.

Feedback. That's an interesting and integral concept of what I'm talking about. There's audio feedback, like the stuff the Jefferson Airplane and a lot of other popular groups of the sixties

started turning people onto. There's also video feedback, which is a fun, trippy sort of thing to do with a video camera and a monitor. Then there's biological feedback, which has to do with neural, chemical and/or other physiological imbalances that are an integral part of nature's preventative maintenance system. Most importantly to the point I'm trying to get across, there is psychological feedback.

Psychological feedback, or "the instant replay effect", occurs when a person experiences a vividly accurate re-creation of an event immediately after, or during, the event itself. It allows an immediate reappraisal of the event. It can be brutal - even traumatic - and may often cause dissonance (in this context, "dissonance" is the imbalance which occurs when the concepts a person holds to be valid are proven less valid than other concepts). Such an instant replay can force a person to view his actions as an observer and a participant, virtually simultaneously. In short, it's truth time.

In television, psychological feedback is accidental. It's like all those little side effects of technology that we've been reading about in science fiction all our lives. You know, like the mutated animals created by fallout from atomic weapons testing, or the killer bacteria introduced into, or from, an alien environment. The most vivid example of psychological feedback in television that comes to mind encompasses the events preceding, during and after (which we're still experiencing) the Democrat convention in 1968. In video, on the other hand, psychological feedback is intentional.

Like science fiction, video defies precise definition, although there are a plethora of motivating theories. In one sense, the "why" of video is simple - because, in the sixties, Sony marketed a compact, relatively inexpensive video system. On another level I'd say video is because, for over a generation, television has been playing with our heads in a most devastatingly powerful, unpremeditated way. Now that we're beginning to understand the psychological process a little better, and technology has afforded us the opportunity, it's time we became active participants in the game, rather than programmed spectators.

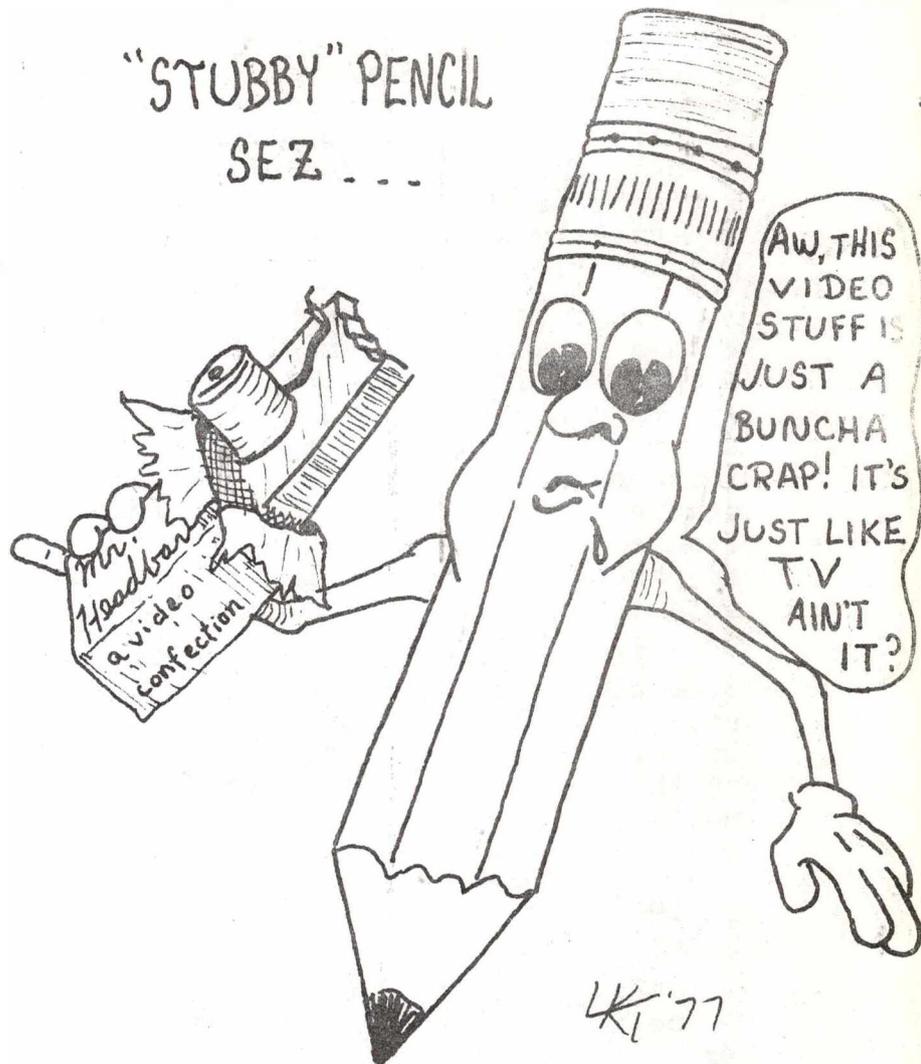
I've heard people in fandom - fen and pro's alike - lamenting that many of the world's problems could be alleviated, if only the mundanes could appreciate that, aside from being an entertaining diversion ("Buck Rogers stuff"), science fiction offers a philosophy of life as well. I've also heard people - fen and mundanes alike - griping about television. They say that TV, as a communication medium, has such great potential, if only it hadn't been perverted by commercialism.

Listen, the reason that TV is the terrible wasteland it has become is that, at first, the cost of operation was prohibitive. Big business adopted and exploited TV for the same reason that only wealthy governments are into space exploration/exploitation. It was too expensive for the private citizen. Video, unlike its fore-runner, network TV, is no longer so cost prohibitive. It is possible to buy a reasonably sophisticated, multi-camera video system at the same price it would cost to buy a brand new, midsize car. For the energy-conscious, it should be pointed out that a room full of small

format video equipment takes less juice to operate than the average electric range or washing machine. If you still can't afford the cost, see who's holding video equipment in your community.

I consider myself fortunate to be living in Ann Arbor. This town has one of the best, easiest access video systems in the nation. When the city drew up the franchise for the cable TV system, there were some individuals foresighted enough to invoke standing FCC regulations to insure that free access to video recording and playback facilities was guaranteed to every member of the community. The cable TV company, in conjunction with the city, operates and maintains public access TV channels. Anyone can get trained on the equipment for free and any recording a citizen makes must be played on the cable system without censorship.

If your community doesn't have a public access video system, check with your local schools or libraries. Most educational systems use video these days, although you might have to exercise a little initiative to get your hands on it. One important thing to remember, though, is that, to my knowledge, hardly anybody offers training on video equipment. Sure, a lot of universities offer courses in radio and TV that might sound like what you're looking for, but don't be deceived. With very few exceptions, these courses deal with studio procedures (not hands-on equipment training) taught out of books that are twenty or more years out of date, by instructors who maybe used to have something to do with radio or TV production but who have, in all likelihood, never had their hands on a piece of video equipment. I won't bore you with a long lecture on the part over specialization, unions and sophistication of equipment play in all this. I'll just point out that, in TV, only engineers are allowed to handle the equipment. In video, it doesn't hurt if you know a little electronics theory, but it is not necessary (except



in the long range sense that you should know enough, or at least know someone who knows enough, to keep your video equipment in good working order).

Anyway, all I'm saying here is that, even if you can find the equipment, you might not be able to find someone to show you how to use it properly. Be prepared to teach yourself. Don't be dissuaded. It's not that hard. I am largely self taught and I've also taught the use of video equipment to others, including a couple of kids, aged 5 and 7. Aside from the books I mention at the end of this article, another very excellent source of information are the Sony users' manuals. I can't vouch for the usefulness of the manuals put out by other equipment manufacturers, but Sony's are superb (aside from the occasionally humorous word combinations attributable to the translation from Japanese).

I've spent a lot of words here and probably gone off on a few confusing tangents, so I'd better try to bring this back home. I am of the firm belief, for reasons I've attempted to present here (and countless others I may have only hinted at), that video and sf fandom have a lot in common. I strongly advocate the use of video to everybody, everywhere, but particularly to fandom. As the man said, it's a natural. I am thoroughly disappointed and amazed - man, it just about blows me away - that people in fandom, advocates of a better world through prudent application of technological innovation, have not embraced the concept and uses of video. Video can be a toy, an art form, a tool, or just about anything else you want to make it. But first, you gotta pick it up.

For further information and possible addiction (yeah, video is habit forming), I recommend the following books. They should provide a good introduction to the "why", "how" and "who has" of video.

Guerrilla Television by Michael Shamberg and Raindance Corporation (Holt, Rhinehart & Winston, 108 pp., \$3.95)

The Spaghetti City Video Manual by Videofreex (Praeger Publishers, 116 pp., \$7.95)

Expanded Cinema by Gene Youngblood (E.P. Dutton & Co., 432 pp., \$4.95)

Petersen's Guide to Video Tape Recording by Charles Bensinger and the editors of Photographic Magazine (Petersen Publishing Company, 80 pp., \$2.00)

Next ish - VIDICON Part Two: Video Exchange

Video libraries: who keeps them and how.

Archives: a report on the Science Fiction Oral History Conference.

# INFORMING SOURCES

take  
10/22/76



A con report by Dimbo the Flying Squirrel  
ANONYCON II, Buffalo, New York

Friday, Oct. 22. Nite driving 'cross Canada on Route 401. Pulled into Buffalo at twenty after twelve after an eight hour drive. I feel almost numb, blanked out, entranced from those seemingly endless miles. But I feel much less the neo now as, in quick succession: I get my room key / unload my gear / get my registration badge / find the con suite / get a beer and, last but not least (that old cliché), a chance to talk to the GoH, Samuel R. ("Chip") Delany.

"What was he like?" people ask me. "Did he autograph your chains?"

Well, he's shorter than I am, about 5'6" or 5'7", getting a little stocky, wearing worn black work boots (two of them, one on each foot), green work pants, green work shirt and dark corduroy sport coat. And, marvel of marvels, this boy wonder who had his first novel, fer crissakes, published at 19 is, I swear to god, 34 years old now and going to grey at the temples.

"Yeah, but what's he like?" says a plaintive voice. "What's he really like, this man who wrote all those amazingly strange stories?"

Well, that's a deep subject (snicker, snicker, says the

voice). I think: jovial, unpretentious, open, friendly. Hmm. Images of Santa Claus and teddy bears. He laughs a lot, drinks beer. Likes to talk. Has a high tolerance level for alcoholic nonsense and bent-out-of-shape Delany freaks.

When I first encounter him he is surrounded, beer in hand, leaning gently into the gale of conversation. People are stacked around him two or three deep, trying to hear, hoping to gain entrance to the sacred circle and actually talk to him. I sigh and get another beer. Upon returning, I slip into the cloud, delicately applying elbows and stepping on toes, until I am close enough to hear my hero. There is this turkey, already drunk and getting drunker, asking him the most innane, socially embarrassing questions.

"Why aren't there any other blacks here? Do you really consider yourself black? Why are your heroes always black?"

Delany stands through all of this, like a rock in a river, smiling on occasion and sipping his beer. There is a svelte young woman in front of me, also listening to this drunk verbosity; she looks at me and raises a hapless eyebrow. We begin to talk. She understands Delany's work in much the same way I do (which does not mean that we understand Delany). We would both like to ask him Serious, Meaningful Questions like, why one shoe? Why brass? Stuff like that there. Soon, we are safely ensconced on a chunk of floor, deep in conversation.

I get another beer and we sidle up and into the thinning crowd (it being well after one o'clock now) around Our Hero. I get a chance to ask a question. Thinking carefully, I say, "How did you come to be called Chip?"

Indeed, that's a question he can relate to. He was at a summer camp when he was eight and they (yes, they) asked everyone, "What is your name and what are you called?" You know; my name is Horace Arnold Braithwaite the third and everybody calls me Spike. Well, young Sam thinks to himself, he does, I can tell these people anything, they'll never know (yes, he's been doing that ever since and they still don't know). Never having cared much for "Sam" ("My grandfather's name was Sam, my father's name was

Sam, my name was Sam," he sez, beer in hand), here was a chance to escape! He looks 'em straight in the eye and sez, "My name is Samuel Ray Delany and I'm called Chip." Been that way ever since. He nods sagely.

"Well, then," I ask, "do you like 'Chip'?" (Remember, I'm kinda drunk myself now)

"I like it a lot better than 'Sam'!" General laughter.

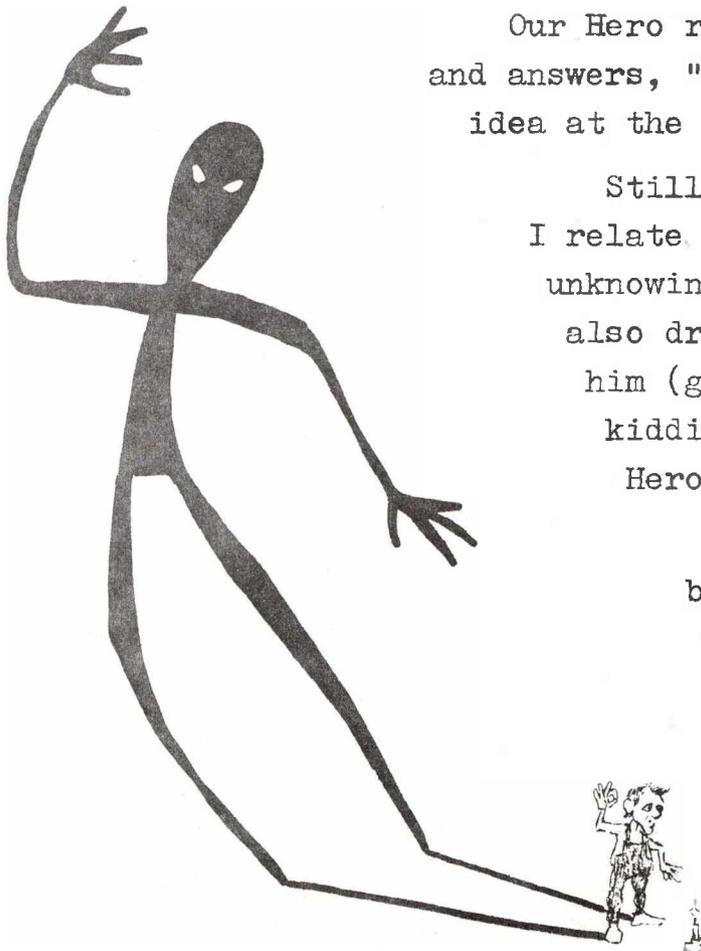
Did you know that Delany and Anne McCaffery share the same birthday (do you know what it is?) and both have Irish names? Isn't that just astounding? Really? What would you talk about if you were drunk?

A beer or so later I ask through the glaring haze, "Well, why one shoe?" remembering distantly a preposterous story concerning some obscure relative of his who, it is claimed, got popped in a raided brothel and who, when the family went to bail him out of the slammer, only had one shoe with him. Sic.

Our Hero reflects deeply for a moment and answers, "Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time . . ."

Still later, in the man's presence, I relate the preposterous tale to some unknowing stranger who is probably also drunk, concluding, "Well, ask him (guess who) if you think I'm kidding. Would I jive you?" Our Hero giggles into his beer.

Still later, I wander into a bathroom labeled "Beer Vault and Public Copulatorium" for one of the obvious reasons, with loosening premonitions in my gut concerning the morrow. When I return, the Star of the Show is gone, out to get something to eat. The Young Lady Who Likes Delany



has gone home (being a local neo) at the wee small hour of 3 AM. I sit and talk with the other hangers-on until we discuss politics (again) without touching on philosophy, humor, sex, dope or cheap thrills. I give up the ghost.

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Saturday, Oct. 23. I wake up fresh at the crack of noon and almost regret it. Dehydration and an accumulation of other forms of bodily abuse (I tell you, I could use a little abuse but cons, I hear, are notoriously unlikely places - although the statistics are improving) are having their telling effects. I stagger forth in search of coffee and food.

Highlights of the afternoon:

(Not necessarily in order)

Get this:

The art show and the hucksters room are both in the same room. Moreover, no Delany books, no new books at all, only used ones. A lot of comix and paraphernalia. They did have some interesting erotica, though. Well, maybe they'll learn. A point to mention here - ANONYCON only has 150, maybe 200 people. It's young and small (and cozy).

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The Legendary Cap'n Ro ("Who?" asks a queasical voice) and his better half dominate the hotel bar throughout the afternoon, with a not unusual entourage; Bowers, Glicksohn, Jeannine, AppleSusan and, I confess, me. Smof, they say, smof, smof. Egoboo, egoboo. What fun. But what's this? They're on their way to Toronto to see some of the Toronto fen and just stopped in on their way. Isn't Alpha Draconis in Toronto next weekend? Smof, you smof. Smof you.

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I have lunch with Fahfred the Dorsai (yes, you're right, that's not his name) and assorted friends, discussing costumes and upcoming cons. The food is nothing to brag about (yes, the hotel restaurant and bar) but they have nickel beer and pitchers, full size no less, for a quarter, I mean a whole two bits! However, the fluid looseness of my nether quarters warns me off. Still and all, it may, in part, explain the Captain's extended presence.

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Later, at the Jelly Bean Throw (would I jive you?), I again meet the Young Lady Who Likes Delany, who graciously accepts an invitation to the banquet. After a few minutes, as the jelly beaners are really rather boring, I excuse myself and go in search of an alluded to bottle of Tellamore Dew. Musing, curiously, why does the Lady wear a ring?

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Dressed for the occasion, bedecked in my chains and leather, in my familiar elementals once more, I stalk the halls, astray from the ruined city. Chains, did he say? Chains and leather? Chains and leather!!?? Well, yeah. I read this book, see . . .

People ask me sometimes, "Why do you wear those things?" (Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time . . .) "Are you into bondage or S & M?" No, no, no and no. I'm into F & SF, theatrical affectations and assorted egoboo. It's a hype, a game. Why the hell do the Dorsai wear those silly (excuse me) uniforms? It's a role, an identity, an alter ego (I'll just step into this convenient phone booth and . . .). It's a conversation piece ("Is that a chain you're wearing?" "Yeah, I read this book, see ..."). It's a way to get attention (snickers in the background) and cause some minor Confusion (\* Free Plug \*). It is not a good way to get laid. The Things I Have To Put Up With! Humph!

But, I digress.

#### The Banquet:

Enter in, choose a seat, have a drink? Not until after I've had something to eat, thank you. Sit and make small talk ("Is that a chain you're wearing?" "No, it's a kinky rubber hose in disguise.") The Lady Fair contemplates my collection of hardware. "I like this one," she sez, "is it brass?" "Yes," I say, "figured brass." "Yes," she sez, "I like this one best." "Indeed," I say and, carefully spontaneous, I remove it, place it around her neck and say, in my best stage tenor, "Come, join the nest." Recognizing the reference (it would take another Delany Freak) she smiles and sez, "Of course." (Ring? What ring?)

The Banquet proper starts and we file past the buffet tables, each at our proper time. A good spread of meats and cheeses, salads and veggies, deserts, hors d'oeuvres. Perhaps not the best banquet I've ever seen, but considering that some have been virtually inedible, I got no complaints. It was certainly worth the money. Besides, this is ANONYCON's second year. They're off on the right track and bound to get better.

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#### The Guest of Honor Speech

Entitled "An Experimental Talk", it dealt in fascinating, albeit somewhat obscure, verbal detail with (take a guess) GoH speeches. ("There are certain unfortunate deviant trends in Science Fiction . . .") Standing ovation, someone intoning staggly "Must be a type one speech."

This was followed closely by a presentation of "The Capture" by Bob (Yang) Asprin and Phil Foglio which, if anyone doesn't know by now, is highly amusing and provides much egoboo for embattled fen suffering from Life Among The Mundanes. If you haven't seen it, go see it. If you have, go see it again (free plug). (Leave the money in the bole of the old elm tree on the corner. Come alone.)

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Nextly: Da Movies!!

Later Saturday evening, we were blessed with a showing of Doc Savage, Man of Bronze. Doc, you're a brick. High camp and excellently produced. I'd give it three stars and a dog chain. Followed by the blooper reels from Star Trek, possible the best material the series ever produced. (Did You Know Dept.: There was an episode on the Saturday morning cartoon version which featured a battle between the Enterprise and a Kzinti warship? Look, would we jive you? Do you think I could get away with it?)

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Filksing:

Delany seems to be lost in the vast reaches of the hotel, so

we attend a filksing, where I finally encounter that bottle of Tellamore Dew. Now, what do you know about filksings? I had heard about them and thought, "Oh, great, trufans and trekkies sing jingly lyrics to the tune of Yankee Doodle Dandy. Whoopee." Ya know what I mean? Nudge nudge, wink wink, say no more, say no more . . .

Not so. The lyrics are excellent, the music is complex, the songs often derived from older forms, ballads, et al, from the British Isles and the continent. And the singing? Ah, the singing! The singing was - how to describe it? Good, touching, evocative. Sometimes there were tears in people's eyes, sometimes laughter. It was comfortable, friendly. There are a lot of times I don't feel that way at cons and wonder why I'm there.

Oh, and for those of you who may be wondering, the Young Lady Who Likes Delany is happily married (I told you cons are notoriously unlikely places) and has two kids.

Sigh. Well, one can dream.

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Sunday? Sunday was the typical wind down, things closing up, old friends saying goodbyes, new friends exchanging addresses and promising to write, fen settling bills, last minute autographs from the authors (I quote: "There's nothing I like better to sign than a well-read copy of Dhalgren." 'Bout made my day.), food for the body and the long trip home.

A final note: I have mentioned that ANONYCON was small. Small and easy going, relaxed and, according to some informal polls, a whole lot more fun than the world con, which was ten times its size. The more the merrier, it seems, is not necessarily true.

If I had this kind of experience more often, instead of that drunkt-out, burnt-out, bumner-downed feeling of Well-Why-The-Hell-Did-I-Come-Here? Well, I could see going more often. I suspect that's why some people become trufans. It could be habit forming.

# Entropy

Nirvana

I discovered it by  
not searching

You cannot search

You find it  
through stillness,  
quiet

Absolute quiet.

Some struggle  
to reach Nirvana

Extend themselves  
to high planes

Exert themselves

Live life in pain  
hoping for what is to come

Expecting reward for  
their effort  
their good actions.

Others expect  
an orgiastic experience

An exciting, charged state

A powerful revelation  
that would launch them  
into the hosanas.

Be quiet

Totally still yourself

Relax  
till you are unaware  
of relaxation, of yourself

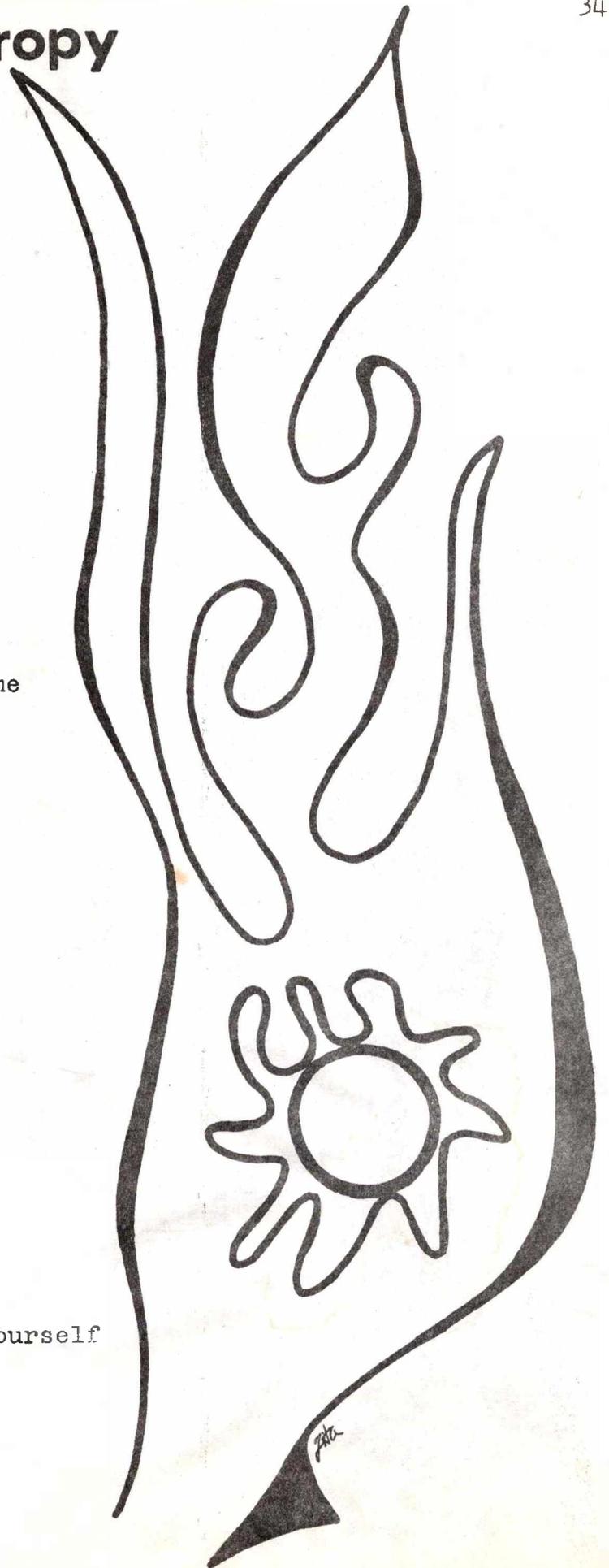
Let your body

your mind

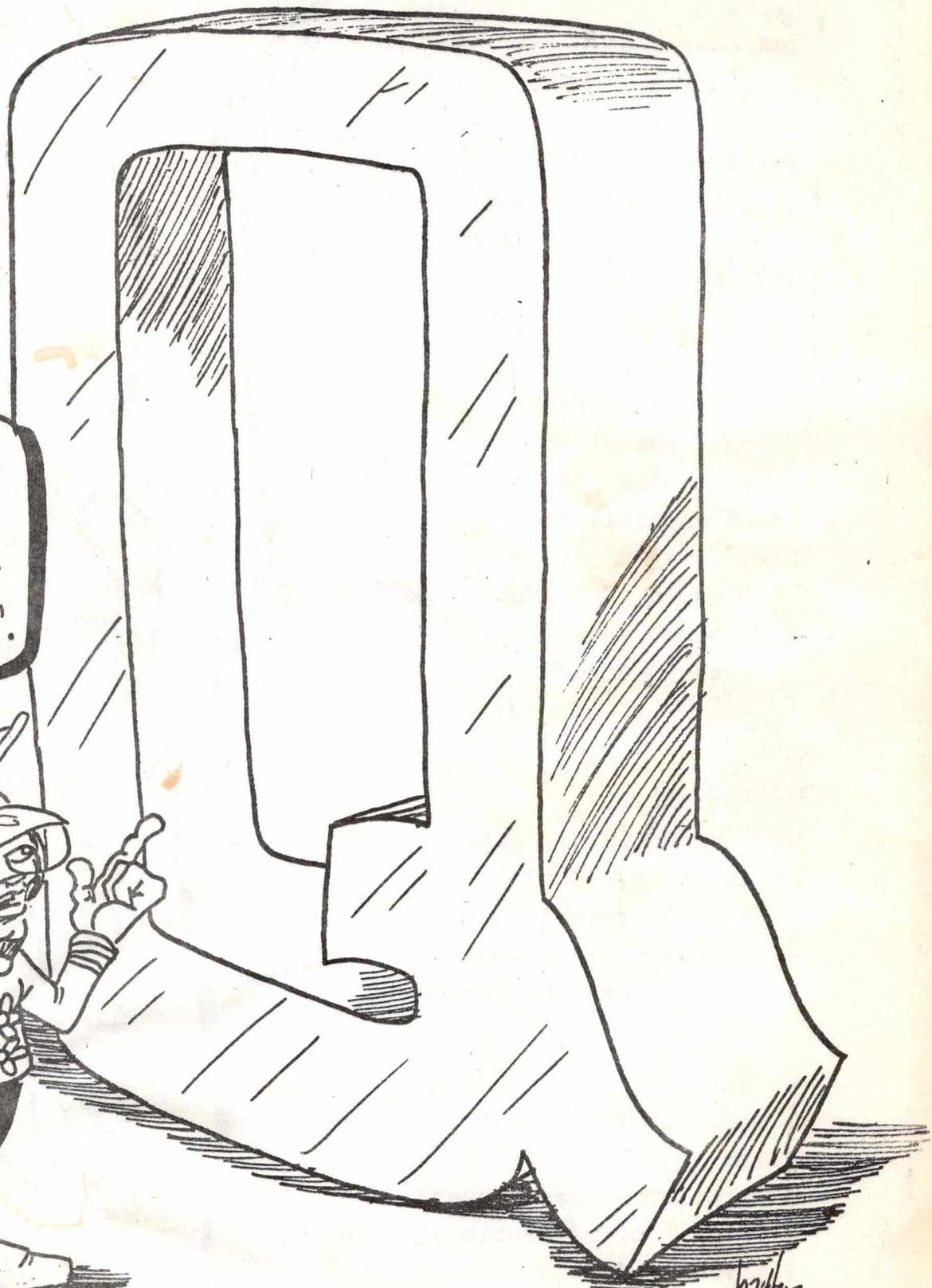
your spirit

Stop

Birute Zita Kutkus



THIS YEARS,  
CONFUSION IS  
BROUGHT TO  
YOU, BY THE  
LETTER "G".



katy