

CLEAR ETHER

personalzine of SEK3

for APA $\Psi^7(\text{ego})\Psi^07 = \text{SEK}^3 \pm \text{zh}$

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APA FROM THE TREE OF IGNORANCE OF ...

Late again. Abominably so. What's even worse, I am not blameless for this state of affairs. *Guilt* What's the point of being immaculately conceived if you are going to be sloppily executed?

Anyways, let us make sure EVERYONE has their zine promptly on Thursday, May 29. Ms. Goldsmith, our expatriate from Florida is expected in then and we shall have collation!

Let's get our fanasses in gear!

AMBER SOCIETY FORMS!!!

Write Tim Daniels, c/o HOPSFA, Student Activities, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, MD 21218. A zine is expected.

And apropos of that, here is the long-awaited to the "Nine Prints in APA" or the "Funds of Aurora." What else but...

SIGN OF THE LUNACON (Part I)

I must return to the Western Land. To where the Continent divides, on a rocky spine, lifting above where the dripping clouds must drop their burden to pass over, and where the water may go to the Ocean of the Peaceful or to the Ocean of Atlantis with no favour to either. There lies the Meridian of my upbringing, somewhat to the orient. To the occident, lies my destination, the city named after the Eldila in another tongue.

But Time binds me to the crumbling, decadent East, the capital of Liberalia, where limousines gleam through arbored avenues crossed by slutty streets of cockroaches impatient for their inheritance. Thus my dwelling here is uneasy, and I wander much.

Northward I will sojourn, in frigid February, to the cultural wasteland by the Bay, where the living huddle together at an Inn of the Sheratons, and hold court for the Barony of Nesfa. Ah, Boskone, snowflower of the East, are you harbinger of a longed-for Spring to this unhappy land?

Southward passed I, and with the Lady golden of heart and name returned I partway, pausing at Middling March's end in yet another bay city. If Boskone is a snowflower, then dear Balticon, you are a hard-sought mushroom, sprouting forth with taste and sustenance in a rotting soil.

Now are visible the signs of awakening April, and the Sign of the Lunacon. What will this one be, toadstool or crocus? I yet hope...

Reality grips my attention and I note the hour of five on a Thursday afternoon. This shade has served its purpose for now. Nyusfs beckons. I recall that last week I had arrived at what turned out to be only a numdane Shade of Fanland. Absurd affairs of food and drink preoccupied the somehow diminished beings, and I shudder to think I may return there.

As I walk along the fourth street, I work the Diagrams with greater care. Something is interfering! I can feel it as the annihilation operator whips me out of coordinate shade and hurls me through momentum shade. Never before have the operations of the Diagram been so obvious to me or so visible. I no longer can relate to the shades I pass through, flashing through potentials, appearing virtually on a loop, or popping in and out from point and moment. I see a hole in space of my shape rush backwards from where I was, mocking me by mimicing my gestures in reverse, and colliding with me to wink us both out of the space we could but visit.

Creation and annihilation in ever-varying time and space, configurations and combinations.

In still another space my shade-self, approaching, approaching. Will we collide? No, it loops past me; this design is more intricate. I gather my wits to re-exert control. My shade-self looms from above and--darkness!

I scream. Panic grips me--and I grip it back, hurling it with the strength of one approaching madness. I grab a parameter and set it to zero, and...images of me and my shade appear thrice and annihilate, four times, five, ..., uncountably many, and all control is lost.

The origin! Yes, axis met axis. And I have a fixed point, a frame I can refer to. My hand reaches to it and so did uncountably many hands from uncountably many directions, shades and brights mingled.

I am slipping away on an asymptote! I can reach ever-closer, but never there. Curse, imprecation, invocation.

Wait! I rise steadily upward, and that is just the monotonic I need! I unashamedly inflect and promptly discontinue--but jump to another discontinuity and fall back in the opposite direction. As I race past the origin again, I coolly raise my power and integrate to the limit.

Wham! I am passing through the origin and grab on for dear life.

Cut-off! Limits reached. Operations ceased. All the Shades meet all the Brights. Oscillations ever-more rapidly collapsing to a point and then expanding to the edge of the Universe.

And I am in Nothing, the Shade of Shades. Whatever had set my program into error mode had lost control. I switched sense. Now I am back in control, and I wait.

Ah, a particle of hydrogen pops into space and promptly leaves, unable to both be there and exhibit nothingness. When the next pops I grab the "shade" of the shade of it and I am infinitesimally away from the origin. I clutched my little

epsilon, as I arbitrarily called it, and snag a nearby delta. I am oriented.

Now I carefully trace through my Program. And the Bug appears.

The Scarab laughs. "You will never finish, never escape." Insect laughter, like the rippling of New Waves.

Squish!

Annihilation. And pairs of creation operators are reached and poof--the Nyusfs meeting.

"Am I late?"

"Nah, Richard hasn't arrived yet! He's been delayed in the Lab Shade..."

I seek the Mad Dwarf but he is out of the Room. "Let us summon him by the zine."

We gather around, the Free Marketeers being quickest to respond. Callchime, Coldhand, Shellman, Spinner, and Zap Grewso. Then Nail Beilows, Cuneifan, Fringefan, Fancy Coolornutty, Synthe Warring, Art the Tall, and Sigh, the Argentoid.

Someone pulls out an APAV and we turn the cover. Jest Grimshaw performs the o-penning.

"Cons abide," I chant impatiently. All join in on the next line.

"Let there be only Useful and Instructive Pros!"

All place their hands on the zine and we concentrate, picturing the figure in white labcoat, tubes boiling in vacuum, dials turning, lights blinking, quicksilver bubbling. More detail. An elbow hits a vial of something valuable and knocks it over.

"We have him," breathes Synthe, expert at such summoning.

Yes, it is the Mayor of our almost Heavenly City, but entangled. Tentacles wrap themselves around legs, arms, neck, and one pair even into the brain! Deadlines fall around him and Commitments cling.

"We need to cut him loose," notes Fancy.

"What have we got to cut with," asks Callchime practically. "If Yawn Pshucks were here with his tools..."

"The stapler!" I grab it and punch, punch, punch,...

Then we grab and pull him through. He has been stabbed, a staple protrudes accusingly. ((Continued next ish.))