

# CLEAR ETHER

Personalzine of Samuel Edward Konkin III • A fanzine of the Amateur Press Association of New York University (APA-nu)

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## HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO APA-v!

Actually, it was well over a year ago that the Amateur Press Association of New York University began collating fanzines, and this is not even the thirteenth issue (which subsumes monthly publication-- most erroneously, alas), but we did get out 12 ishs as this copy proves. Volume II, Number 1 will be a farewell issue for many of us, and perhaps the transformation of APA-NYU to a mail-zine. I hope so. I for one will continue to send my copies to the OE as long as he has something to collate with. More on that and lamentations and optimisms in the next issue, then, and "Goodbyes a little like dying." For now, let me finish first things first. Such as...

## SIGN OF THE LUNACON (Part II)

Who then stapled the Mayor of Nyusfs, the Heavenly City in flight, and the Fandom of which all others are but Shades? I am walking through the halls of the Commodore, and around me are bills and notices bearing the Sign of the Lunacon. The deftness with which the weapon was wielded implies long practice and skill. Clearly it would have to be a femmefan, since the males have been proven incompetent or too sexist to have acquired that dexterity with the strange implement. Thus it would seem to be Judy Filkstone, Synthe Warring, Fancy Colournutty, or Tellurian Boarder. None else were present. Then again, some male fan could be holding out...

At the moment I am not sure I am in the right Shade. Can this be a true Lunacon? Much too enjoyable. Ah, but there stands the Mad Dwarf and Synthe, and the Dwarf at least is not duplicatable. But strange effects are at work with the Diagram, the images and manipulations of the operators of which we use to walk through Shades. I had nearly been an unconserved hole!

Seeking visions from the Sacred Rheer (which is sacred to Ghu, of course--Book of Long, Quertjuiop 8)

I find only a warm glow and a re-lubricated throat. But as the filks wane, and Filthy Pierre packs it up, I stumble out searching for a friendly vehicle, or to seek a subterranean shade (IRT will do). I pass through Shade after Shade, and Con after Con appears, Meeting after Meeting, encounter after encounter. And time and space flow on...

A clear vision at last? Andy the Thorned appears! How long he has been gone, nay, I cannot trust my perception! "Fear not," he says, "I have Returned!" Yep, that's the real Andy, all right. Must have Crossed Shades.

"So tell me, miracle boy, what are the Answers I seek?"

"Whaddya think I am, omniscient? What are the questions?"

I can see the vision is not going to be totally cooperative. "What is the force disturbing the Kosmos?" "Bad sense of life? Crummy epistemology? Book sales are down? Beats me?"

"Has the Mad Dwarf got to you? Well, I'll give you a simple one. What stapled Rich?"

"A metal thingamahooey, bends at right angles here and here..."

"Ah, I'll settle for the human agent..."

"Oh, that's easy. I read Zel---y and it's got to be Fancy."

"Eureka!" I exclaim.

"Far out!" he replies.

"Out of sight!" I come back with.

"Out of mind!" he pointedly notes.

"But why did she do it? I mean," I add hurriedly, not wishing to return to metaphysics, "what was her motive?"

"Beats me. Put him out of his misery? She was looking for some-way to get attention? Idle hands get into the devil's mischief? Rich grooves on S&M and they have a thing going? She's in league with the Meetings of Mundanity?"

"The last one sounds like it might further the plot best."

"It's yours, old buddy. Gotta report back to my Shade, but I'll catch you at the next collation."

I toss him an APAv so we can summon him up in the future with proper concentration, and focus my mind on the Diagram, going time-dependent. I tack a beta to a handy tau and annihilate, recreating and popping out at the hoped for position.

Another apparition? Swinging down from a Swamp-vine is Black Abby! Clad in nothing but a Karl Hess T-shirt trailing Clinging Fans and Vinos.

"Do you have any answers?"

"Hell, I'm sick of the questions. Where's the next Con? Where's the bheer? My place or yours...?"

"Kubla Khan Klave<sup>3</sup>, I'll buy, and the place is..."

I am being summoned. There must be a collation taking place at Nyusfs and the tugging is profound. The sky opens above us (reminding me of pythons and grails) and I see faces peering down at us: Cuneifan tracing out the strange symbols on a Clay Fanzine, Fringefan translating the symbols into binary and out again, Judy Filkstone trying to get harmony out of them either in or out of binary, the Mad Dwarf on the table behind dropping various articles of apparel in tune to the filking, Synthe trying to blank out Mouslow by sheer will power, Art the Tall reaching over and offering a hand to pull us in, Sigh the Argentoid game-theorying our chances, Nail Bellows bringing in reinforcements from the Burrow of Queens along with Pensive Spinner, Yawn Pshucks with Callchime, Shellman and My-housing fighting wars in other Shades, and Fancy with a stapler, and Rich...!

Abby and I each get a hand (Clap! Applaud!) and are drawn to the collation Shade. She is quickly distracted by several fen not of the free folk inquiring as to the significance of a Karl Hess T-shirt. She changes to an Emma Goldman, but that turns out to be even more obscure.

Click.

"Rich, how did you recover so fast... I begin, when I feel the familiar-- you guessed it--stab in the side trick.

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"Now we have control of the storyline at last," grins Genial Shellman. "Well done, Fancy."

"I still don't know why I had to be stabbed first," asks Rich.

"Throw him off guard; off course."

The train of thought has led to the Orient Express. Of course, they were all in it!

"Gotta stop those interlineations if we are going to control this plot." Genial Shellman warily watches the coming sentence constructions.

"That's the trouble with an omniscient author," notes Synthe.

"What else could you expect?" ask the Diplomats in Greek chorus (Pshucks has promptly taken over the Shade with Callchime throwing in the Jack).

"So now that we got it, what are we going to do with it?" inquires Abby. "Anybody here competent enough to finish this story?"

"Let's do 'Fuck You and the Unicorns You Come On'" suggests the Mad Dwarf, looking for something vaguely equine to commence the suggested act.

"No, the I Hate Unicorn comes first!" remonstrates the Mayor.

"Why don't we filk it?" offer Judy and Fringefan.

"Make it a newer testament..." ponders Art.

"New Wave!" "Old Wave!" "Plot!" "Style!" "Interrupt!" "Interrupt Mouslow!" And the courted chaos closes in.

Cuneifan looks at Abby, then both look at Richard, as the Meeting of Mundanity Shade darkens the crumbling Nyusfs.

The Freedman picks up his zine, concentrates, and appears in the Lab shade again, comes to the great En-Em-Ar (or enema) device and carefully pulls the plug. Once again Theory is unhampered by Experiment, and the interference with the Diagram and passage through Shades ceases. Mundanity falls back. "Might as well pull the staple," resignedly offers Phil. "Need an ending to this Godawful..."