

INK GUN BLUES

#2; brought to you by Lenny Bailes, who has entered the subcreative realm of MS-DOS and will be attempting to swim up through the Micro-World in order to reestablish a connection between the soulstuff of the universe and the printed page. A) Interrupt: napzine bios

HONEYBUNNY TIME:

Goodness gracious sakes alive
The bees are buzzing in their hive,
Making honey strangely sweet
Such as bunnies long to eat.

So sang the star of Thomas Disch's hit musical in Wings of Song after tinting his skin black and simulating homosexual ardor for the castrati of 21st Century New York opera so he could keep his dayjob. I recalled this one Saturday night as Steve and Grania Davis were telling me about their downer-disease novel. It was too real to be published, and this precipitated Grania's genre switch to stories of Monkey-Gods, watersprites and eternal love (The latest of these, which she urges her friends to mention, is Moonbird available from Doubleday).

"It was so grim that no one would touch it," Grania said. "Five years ago they said our disease was unbelievable and now look at the front page of The Chronicle! Don't tell anyone, but we invented AIDS in 1978."

"No one writes any science fiction that's fun to read anymore," Steve sighed wistfully. Whereupon thoughts of Thomas Disch overpowered me and caused me to speak. Steve's face lit up with appreciation as I described the plights of the characters in 334 and Camp Concentration. Lots of ironic agony there to delight the dependable high-IQ set. I'd just been reading 334, myself, and was amazed by the bathetic power of the situations he creates.

We'll come back to the synchronicity of this later.

TERRY CARR'S PARTY: In accordance with Cafe Fandom's historically negotiated border treaty with WSFS, Inc., Fannish Group Leaders are being appointed in the main meeting room of the Worldcon to give new convention attendees a taste of what the parties are like in TruFandom. I arrive at the con at dusk, just as Patrick Nielsen Hayden is being assigned a scout troupe from the rostrum.

I stand there with my suitcase and watch Gary Farber and Amy Thompson sporting walkie-talkies in their belts, each leading a group in the opposite direction. Patrick leads his group steadily away from an illuminated open-party callboard and I pick up my suitcase and follow him. In the hallway he meets his wife, Teresa, and I stop and ask her for Terry Carr's room number.

"Terry's room number is secret," she says, "however he is throwing an open Lighthouse collating session in one of the side-convention rooms." I walk back down a service stairwell to the mezzanine and pass through a door which leads to the kitchen. ~~through a door which leads to the kitchen.~~ There I discover the Carrs and Lupoffs collating what appear to be swiss cheese sandwiches from a smorgasboard. I walk past them and see Moshe Fader and Lisa Eisenberg reviewing several other tables of food. I notice a huge map of the New York City subway system on the wall behind them. For some reason there is no West 4th and Sea Beach line. Moshe and I look up and reminisce about the Forest Hills elevated and how it used to run cross-town right to 339 49th street.

Moshe reminds me that no one takes the W.4 line because the cars turn sideways sometimes passing into Brooklyn. I recall the time Arnie Katz turned completely upside

down on his way to Face Paper Company and agree that we're all better off now.

Ted White and Jerry Jacks appear momentarily and announce that they're going out to a Sushi Bar in Japan. Jerry has just bought a Volkswagen which can travel directly through the center of the Earth so there will be no waiting in line at the restaurant. Outside, Amy Thompson is seating people in the corridor and Gary Farber is passing out staplers.

Terry Carr looks at his swiss cheese blintz and giggles.

Just then, I wake up and discover that I'm really in California, and all of this was just an incredible dream. "That's right," I remember, "it was Innuendo everyone was going to collate at the next CORFLU." I roll over and go back to sleep.

LETTERS

WALT WILLIS: Thanks for sending me Ink Gun Blues, and by airmail at that. I always say there's nothing like a sober comprehensible fanzine, and IGB was nothing like one. However, far from being affronted I find myself pleased with myself for understanding so much of it. For instance, I never even heard of an inkgun before.. obviously the art of mimeography has progressed since we used to squeeze the tube onto our hands, getting some on the roller...but I worked out it must be something like a mastic gun. Well, that's all right: there was nothing about Jophan having to get his hands dirty. Less pleased about "Oh muskrat..." ["Oh Muskrat smooth your rumpled coat and don't discard my tattered note" -- a coded plea to get my LoC's published, from IGB #1] Does this mean there is now a sort of Satanic fannish cult of Oscar, the Malevolent Muskrat, the anti-Roscoe? Tcc tch. I can imagine Art Rapp descending on California like the evangelic preacher quoted in that Australian fanzine. "Jesus is coming; and boy is he pissed off."

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JEANNE BOWMAN: But what Robert ["Trapdoor" Lichtman] didn't know was that the "massage class" was actually a very small convention and instead of leaving the convention to go out to eat or something, the real world was this resort "Harbin Hot Springs,." a timelapse community where people come to rest & hang out naked around the hot tub & swimming pool.

I laughed several many times through the Ink Gun Blues and I still want to hear the harmonica solo. ...I think that kind of aural, as well as print media is how your zines ought to run.

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And now a hush falls over Inkgun enthusiasts as the houselights dim and the action begins. The makers of Whistlestar finish their computer application seminar, pick up their guitar and burst into a song by that uniquely beloved band of hustlers, THE GRACEFUL DEBT:

(cadenza)

We can shave the workman, we can shave the time;
We can shave who we've got of yours, cause we done shaved all of mine.
Keep highrolling half a mind to go
My old buddies you're mooning in a show.

We used to plan for silver, now we plan for hive.
One's for greed, the other slave to its own jive.
Ain't no place a mind can hide
from silicon's green sum.
Ain't no bread can give us rest now.
You keep us on the bum.

(Thump-tump --- Graceful Debt instrumental anthem)

Leafing taxes, fourth day of You Lie --
sum so hard, clout so low
the equals fear the sty.
Crash for Detroit; lightning out of San Jose;
great modem out of Taiwan from spree designing spree -ee-ee-ee.

I just sold a walkman to someone in a tent;
took his brains for plastic chains,
now won't that pay the rent?
It hurts my ears to listen
and it hurts their eyes to see;
go to Manitoa, Shaman.
Tell him that you're free!

(Thump-tump --- Graceful Debt Anthem)

Last Straw from what you saw
sang his platinum round,
dug for you a shallow grave,
and furnished it with sound.
Half a mind to listen;
half a mind to blow.
My old buddies you're roofing us with snow.

We can shave the workmen, we can shave the time.

When I read Bill Gibson's Neuromancer, I threw the book across the room in disgust
and said just one word ... "bandwidth." -- comment at 1986 DISCLAVE panel,
New Carrollton, M.D.

HYPERBAUD MODE: I read about improvements in telecommunications devices as the 22 Fill-
more bus sped me home one night, discovering that orthogonal multiplex-
ing of signals will increase the number of frequencies a modem can use by stacking the
sine and cosine of each frequency at 90 degree angles. Several seats in front of me a
drunk sat coughing on the front seat across from a denim jacketed girl who was sniff-
ling quietly to herself.

I looked up, took in the scene and crinkled my copy of Microtimes. The
girl looked tentatively in my direction and the drunk coughed some more. "Carrier hum,"
I thought to myself, trying to visualize how the three or four fixed frequencies which
telecommunications devices currently use to communicate with would be increased to over
512 available tones by encoding information from each into one wave, or maybe two perp-
endicular waves.

Hum, hum, hum, $y = \sin x$. The bus crossed Market Street and began working
its way into the Mission.

Maybe, I thought, this mapping process has a medical application which can stop
the man on the front seat from dying of tuberculosis, though it does look like he'd

rather the miracle of bandwidth sent him a blues harmonica riff.

But if the drunk were in serious physiological trouble, maybe mathematics could patch him up and let him try again. Get the pins up again and let him go. There really could be a connection between what's around me and what I'm reading. Or else, why am I sitting on a bus studying logical compositions? Am I doing it so I can have a multipart fugue playing in my head as I review my understanding of the word "multiplex?" -- So aesthetic that I stop speculating on what the girl's boyfriend did or said to her right before she got on the bus? Should I lose myself in contemplation of a lazy "s" wave complementing a perpendicular script "v" wave with a big Doublemint style double arrow pointing towards a telephone receiver (which is beeping a Bach harpsichord piece)? This is the secret of being a Republican, I realize; just focus on this page in Microtimes until it becomes more real than the smell of the coughing man's breath as he lurches off into the night.

JUMP!: Van Dyke Parks is known to some as the president of Warner Brothers records, and others as the composer of Song Cycle, a record which made it into Ted White's "Desert Island Disks". Song Cycle was a true bit of Los Angeles Americana, with Randy Newman helping to build a strange avant-garde tone poem.

I haven't wanted to listen to showy Broadway musical tunes since the day I got my draft notice in 1968 and drank my first (only) bottle of Don @ bourbon. Before I passed out that night, I discovered Bob Dylan's basement tapes playing on an underground radio station. Now, after more than 15 years, I discover Van Dyke Parks again with a new unique musical comedy based on Joel Chandler Harris'

Uncle Remus. "Wastin' my time. Would be a crime if I climb back in the bottle again. Where a friend meets a friend, where the bowed ma, unbend. Where the fast is forgiven We get what we give in. And livin' is easy again."

So, hold on to your surplus rabbit suits gang, and maybe Van Dyke Parks and Thomas Disch, together, will send Cats back to the petfood store.

* * *
Whistlestar will appear again as soon as would-be contributors decide to place their energy in the phenomenological world.

Thanks to all who've sent fmz, esp. Brits. --lb 9/3/86

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return requested

TO:



MANY A MILE TO GO and promise to keep and
I'm fallin' asleep.
I don't wanna go to sleep I don't wanna.
I'm dreamin' this dream and it not very clear
The reason I'm dere or why am I here.
I'm thinkin' I'm sinkin' and I wanna know
when we're not here oh where do we go?
Where do we go?

DO NOT FORSAKE ME MY DEAR!
I let you go out when the coast become clear
To the wild blue and beyond I'd tell you more if
I'd been where no one been before

DO NOT FORSAKE ME MY DEAR!
I won't forsake you my son!
Be by your side that day my race had been run 'Til den
it all up to you
You take a part of my heart as you start to
slip through!

We find that faraway shore
We have to say "Goodbye" nevermore
We leave behind our certain-for-sure
To me it seem like dreaming.

Mine is but to do or die
And never want for the reason why
We jes set sail up into the sky
To me it seem like flying.

Why oh why the sky Why oh why is it blue
And why am I me tell me why are you you.
Why are you hoo?

Like why is there right and why is there wrong
And why duz the weak go along wid de strong.
Gotta git along. And why is it night. It feel like a fright
Oh and where is the light that wuz burnin' so bright
Burnin' so bright

Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Ah--
Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Ah--
DO NOT FORSAKE ME MY DEAR!

Lyrics: Martin Fodor Kibbee & Van Dyke Parks

AFTER THE BALL

"De gal, she make out, she did, dat
she did come down after a 'nt
er ruzsum. De jawered 'room'
right smart, en spate long and one
n'er. But Bree Rabbit, he got de
gal."

