

Dither

This is probably the last entry for the 18th Apache Chamberlain's Sunday, April 30. Apa-V Distribution on launched at 2200. Ross can usually be reached at 2227. Las Vegas, NV Ft. Apache Rd., phone: (702) 228-2850 or 228-2600. E-mail: RChamber@Wbzd.com

This edition of Dither is going to be shorter than I'd prefer, because I wasted—*wasted!*—a lot of time on a bunch of other things. And I've managed to misplace last month's Apa-V distribution.

The good news is I'm up on Internet, now; the bad news is I spent much of my time over the weekend, that could have been used for better things (like fanac), futzing around trying to get Netscape up and working. I finally did, after cleaning WIN32s off my system. It was added

when I loaded C++, but I've never gotten around to pursuing that programming language—or Visual Basic, which I also have. Initially, when the installer for Netscape balked at doing its thing because my version of WIN32s was too old, I tried downloading the newer version. I'd have kept it on, too, if that had worked, but it didn't; despite what it said in its README file, it included no setup file to load it in with.

When I did get on-line, using Netscape and News Express and a couple of others, it was a case of muddling about among the newsgroups and stuff, reading the endless hypertext files in Netscape's own home page, and just trying to figure out how to do things. I've sent off a couple of e-mail notes so far, all but one just testing out the process.

I've had good offers from good people to help me with all this; I just need to mess around a bit and learn what I can and then, when I'm frustrated or in trouble, will sheepishly ask...

The topic for this mailing, if I recall correctly, was to be "Corfluvium." Thinking that this suggested the unwanted wastes from Corflu, I went back to check my dictionary, under the root word **effluvium**. I was partly pleased, partly amused, to see that the primary definition is: "a real or supposed outflow in the form of a vapor or stream of invisible particles; aura." Aha!

Okay, the secondary definition is: "a disagreeable or noxious vapor or odor." No, I don't have any feeling that the latter applies. I'm not sure about the Plaza staff.

The former? Well... Okay, the long weekend was certainly aglow with good spirit and well-being—thank Ghu that Burbee's accident was no worse than it was, though it led to the disappointment of his leaving early. Other positive elements abounded, from Aileen's fantastic implementation of the ever-filled food supply in the Con Suites, to the camaraderie of the meeting room and its terrace (with the events that occurred there), to the wonders of the And Smoking department and what came to be heralded with cries of "Sidebar!"

Of course, I was slow on the uptake on that

one, even while joining in. One of those "Oh, *that's* what they meant..." things. I won't even give more than passing mention to the incredible egoboo incurred by reactions to the teeshirt and covers for *Fanthology '91* and *Wild Heirs*. Heady stuff.

Most of the positive aspects for me were just seeing long-time friends and acquaintances like Ted White, Dan Steffan, rich brown, Mike McNerney, Jay Kinney, John D. Berry, Moshe Feder, Lisa Eisenberg, Stu Shiffman, Jerry Kaufman, Suzle Tompkins, Hope Liebowitz, D Potter, and even Alyson Abramowitz. And newer ones such as Geri Sullivan, Bill Rotsler, Andy Hooper, Len Bailes, Jack Speer, Art Widner and Robert Lichtman; and finally meeting the Busbys, the Gillilands, and Linda White and youngsters. Hard-to-place folks are Grant Canfield, Frank Lunney and Bruce Pelz, whom I met first years ago but never really got that acquainted with. Plus... more, whose names I'll later be embarrassed to realize I've left out.

I had a wonderful time all in all, though no specific moments stand out that epitomize it for me. Outside of the fanart and helping out with the *stinkin'* badges, I didn't contribute all that much effort to the convention. Certainly, though I tried, I did little Fruitful sketching. I did get some requests for badge art—only a couple of which I was satisfied with, though I don't think I did anyone too poorly. Just not too inspired. I regret telling a couple of people I'd do one later, and then never getting to it.

Not much as a con report, eh? Well, my recollections of Corflu are very much a montage. But I like montages.

That's it for this time, folks.

Ross