

RAG

The First Costume Fanzine
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The First Costume Fanzine

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Send Letters of Comment to:

Jon Dillinger
P.O. Box 2938
Anthill, CA 91628

From left to right,
back to front:

Howard Abertam,
Michael Bundz,
Phyllis Cheddar,
Anton P. Quesillo,
Renee Asiago,
Michelle Provolone,
Linda Camembert,
Christina Limburger,
Jo Gouda,
Mary S.
Laura Edam
Rupert Wensleydale,
Jonathon Jack.



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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

It has come to my attention that some of you are unhappy with our practice of defending our copyrights by having our lawyers consult anyone who forges, distributes, mails, receives, or mentions our fanzine in a public forum such as the internet, conventions, book signings, or restaurants where other fans may overhear.

As the candyman said when giving a lollipop to a child, you can suck on it.

I don't understand why so few of you plebians understand we're not doing this for public distribution. This fanzine is for us and our friends alone. The very notion you would spread our personal lives on the internet where anyone can spy on us sends a chill through my nethers. What kind of communistic bullshit do you people claim to believe in?

When I started Rag thirty years ago, there wasn't a single costume fanzine out there. Now I get literally thousands of requests from imbecile teenagers telling me we inspired them to wrap trashbags around their faces and dance around to Japanese pop music while some stay-at-home dad going through his midlife crisis charges them a hundred bucks per head for the pleasure of it.

And I ask them all the same thing: How did you find me, and is this the first time you've seen a shotgun?

I'm a reasonable man. I come from solid, intellectual stock. My father raised us to believe you can make anything of yourself. I taught myself there was no point giving something away when you can get paid for it. In my sixty seven years, I have never taken one hand out, 'gimme', 'donation', 'kind word', or 'plea bargain'.

In short, you are all a bunch of worthless scum, and I hope you die. I send special rays of hatred to that new costume fanzine acting like they invented the format. It was very cute of them to sidestep the whole problem of running for three decades before they could publish even one issue by calling themselves the 'costume fanzine of record'. What, pray tell, does that mean? From the looks of things, the entire affair is some atrocity you can't even print on paper.

I do not say that to be even slightly hyperbolic. Linda tried for three days to print out one of those eyesores and ended up putting the laser printer through an assisted suicide. Here's a newsflash for you, kids: If you can't make a hard copy of your work, you can't call it a fanzine. End of story

Suck on it,

Jonathon Jack

EVERYONE IS WRONG BUT ME! by Michelle Provolone

Dear Readers, (except for some of you, and you know who you are!)

Boy has it been a busy year for yours truly as a costuming authority, except of course I had to scrap most of the fantastic projects I had planned, but more about that later.

As everyone with any costuming credentials knows, the costuming year officially starts around the vernal equinox, which meant that the first event of the past year was the Waterwheel-Deathmetal convention Nouveaux Albino, which always likes to keep out the worst riff-raff by switching venues annually. Still, SOME people complained about the venue this time, but I personally felt that the constant vibrations from the nearby train tracks added a much needed sense of realism. To add insult, they had the gall to complain about such things as blood stains on the carpet and burn marks on the blankets, when they should damn well know that those things make this event REALLY AUTHENTIC! I expect such ignorant behavior from the numerous amateur outsiders that keep showing up these days, but when not even the semi-acceptable old-timers can handle the realism, I might as well stop going.

To top it off, the masquerade was barely acceptable, people are just not trying hard enough. True, there was one or two semi-decent costumes, that is until you got up close enough, and then they were all maddeningly inaccurate. There was a Phoenix Swamp Bunny rethread that couldn't even be bothered with real Dutch wooden clogs, and had bought some cheap Swedish knock-offs that might as well have been plastic for all I care. And don't even get me started on the Best in Show winner, which was a seemingly adequate Alaskan Mountain Hag, until I noticed that she had used Lavender color Polyester thread instead of what should have been Cotton Covered Polyester in the Wild Iris hue. The horrible banshee of a costumer that claimed her work told me that IT DIDN'T MATTER when I deigned to help her with her issues, but I shut her mouth when I pointed out that I don't use Pantone charts for nothing, and there was no pulling the wool over her eyes!

I would have blown them all away of course with my incredibly accurate Metal-Plated Canoe Vixen recreation, but I looked EVERYWHERE for the right gauge platinum wire for the shoe covers, and I tell you, some places just don't want my business! Their loss, but of course I had to put the project aside, until I can find some proper metal working professionals that know how to treat a customer!

CALL CAROL BACK
949-186-9273

WRONG



Next in my calendar was AmazementCon, the media convention dedicated primarily to Pseudo-Archetype Voodoo Comics. Yes, I know what you are going to say: that event has become so incredibly mainstream these days, but I would let people down if I didn't show up and dazzle them with my creations. Of course, I might as well not have bothered because my fabulous creation of She-Armadillo was sadly missing from the convention this year. As I told the people at the convention, that costume MUST be made with real authentic Amish glue made from actual Armadillos, or I would bring shame to my costuming guild. It is very sad that people were bereaved of it as I was very nearly done with it, but it can't be helped. If you can't do it right, then you might as well not bother. That is also what I told the two very sub-par She-Armadillo's that I did see flaunting their grotesque creations all over the dealer's room. One had used plastic ear rings, which is so out of character for that costume, and the other didn't even know about the extra set of studs on the heels. I was very nearly at a loss for words from the sheer ignorance!

While we are on that topic, let me tell you, that the costumes at this years convention were appalling in general. I have said it before, and I will say it again: Spandex is not a right, it is a privilege! I am referring of course to the abundant use of anything other than reinforced Silk Spandex. What super hero in their right mind would use Cotton Spandex, I ask you!

Other than that, there was not much of interest going on, although I did manage to pick up a nearly accurate shoulder patch for a Martian Salmon Trooper (I have the right make and color thread, so I am going to rip off the seams that are the wrong color and re-embroider them with the right one), so now I am only missing 2-3 parts of that costume. I also picked up volume 4 and 5 of "Costumes from Algerian Films of the 1970's" for a surprisingly low \$235, so now you have a hint for what I am working on for next year!

After that there was a brief breather before NextToThePeninsulaCon, where I was back in force. The convention chairman had absolutely begged me to finish and bring my sublime version of Spider Tramp, but as I told him, that would be like pearls before swine. The number of digital cameras at this event are so numerous that I simply refuse to lower myself to such degradation. Anyone with half a clue knows that the subtle coloring of the Llama hair apron must be photographed on correct time period Dagerrrotype plates, or it will be an insult to the person wearing it. And I was going to have none of that after the fiasco that happened last year, I will say no more, because I am becoming incensed just thinking about it briefly.

The clueless amateur photographers were happily snapping pictures at a simply awful group of 15 identical-to-the-point-of-seeming-cloned Fairy Hyper-speed Flight Attendants. Identical one and all in the incorrect use of BEIGE velcro shoulder strips! I was feeling in a good mood, so I just laughed and shook my head, and let them labor under the misapprehension, but we all know what THEY are going to look like in those cheap digital pictures. Of course the backdrop the photographers used was almost 2 shades darker than the approved neutral grey of the International Incredibly Accurate Photographers Guild post-masquerade photography rules, (see section 143.6/B). They can forget getting credited for anything anyway, even if the judges are blind enough to hand them a Journeyman Honorable Mention Presentation award.

Next I went to WestNorthWestercon where I had intended to debut my version of the Pale Blue Mood variation on the Cyber-Assassin Fishing Maid from the legendary 1980's Science Fiction series "Flaming Freefall", but disaster struck. I had finished everything and all I had left was to crochet the back of the laser turret knee holster, when I discovered that I had inadvertently bought yarn that was 25% Acrylic instead of the required 30%, and since I had already spent 3 months on the back piece, I was so disgusted by the inaccuracy that I took the entire costume, threw it in the shed in the back yard, and burned the whole thing down. I then

buried the ashes 8 feet deep so there would never be any proof of it. So I had to go to the convention without being able to enter the masquerade. It was really too bad, because I had pulled some strings to get the former keyboardist of Men Without Hats to write a special soundtrack for my masquerade entry called "Blazing Bazookas of Baltimore". It cost me a pretty penny, and I know the masquerade is technically all about the costumes, but if you know you have perfection, then you must present it in a perfect context. Don't forget about 1992 when I realized that the music track was 2.4 seconds too short for the exact choreography required to show the inner hem of the Bermuda Shorts of my Brazilian Gunslinger costume, and I had to withdraw within minutes of going on stage.

Anyway, back to last years convention, where I decided to watch the masquerade despite my misgivings, and Oh what a parade of unfortunate things I was treated to. We had a mad costume malfunction when not 1 but 2 separate 1/2 inch threads dropped off of a Prohibition-era Minnesotan prom ball gown, very sloppy! Then one of the 3 costumers in the Demon Roller Girl Laser Sword Fight entry missed a step in the choreographed fight, and failed to show more than 345 degrees of her costume. The cherry on top was the 5 years old girl who had made her own original robot "costume" that was a complete mess with several pieces of tape showing, and the whole body section was clearly disproportional!

Next would have been my normally annual attendance at EverySingleThingInTheWorldCon but after the judges giving the Best in Show to an entry where the corset was clearly 3 millimeters longer on the right side compared to the left, I felt that there was no point, and besides, I was still missing the correct length custom red and brown striped nylon stockings for my Laser Manta-Baboon costume, so it was pointless for more reasons than one.

So I had a lengthy break before my last convention of the official costuming year, the highly specialized media convention: "Poosh -1", a small convention dedicated to the long running soap opera "Professor What!". Costuming here is comparatively competent, but then look at what we're comparing it to earlier in the year, so I guess that isn't saying much. And this year wasn't exactly a high mark, let me tell you. I was going to be in a 37-person masquerade entry re-enacting the professors 57th complete face transplant, where I was going to be the ever important "Third Blue Priestess in Waiting to the Plunger Arch Duke", but priestess number one had clearly chosen a rip-stop Nylon in Pantone 288 over Pantone 288, and it looked garish and tacky, so obviously I decided to pull out of the group the night before and by default also the masquerade. Yes, it is true that neither my under robe nor my earlobe straps were completed, but anyone who can't whip those out overnight in their hotel room just isn't a proper costumer, and I would have been done on time, if my fellow so-called contestants had been a little more professional!

So that was my year. As in my past 17 yearly chronicles, a complete let-down and mostly a waste of time, but that is what us REAL costumers have to suffer through year after year. I don't care what sort of "good intentions" and "best effort" excuses you come up with, if it isn't perfect, it just isn't good enough.

So before I leave you to another year in my absence, I feel I need to give a few words of advice, since there are clearly so many of you that need it. There are a ton of resources out there if you are going to bother making a costume. I understand if we can't all be perfect, but omitting obvious details because you just couldn't be bothered, or didn't know how to do it, or aren't super talented, that is just unforgivable! And let me tell you, if you truly aspire to be a REAL costumer, then you can't expect people to overlook immense flaws in such vital areas as wig cap density, undergarment fitting, shoe lining, bra piping, under-corset stitching etc. I KNOW they can't be seen, but this art form is all about how you FEEL, and if you can't get such simple details right you are going to feel just as bad as if you bought some hideous cheap manufactured Barney costume at the local Halloween store, and then put an adult diaper on top. If you fudge the small details, you make yourself a laughing stock! And as we have found out in yet another year in review, everyone is wrong but me!

Mary Does Not Approve

by Mary Stilton

I saw the best costumers of my generation destroyed by madness, ranting hysterical naked

Dragging themselves through the lettercols and internet forums looking for a flamewar, obsessive crafsters wishing for some explanation as to the difference between costuming and cosplay,

who just want one single definition of steampunk already, preferably contained to one historical era, if at all possible the Victorian-era, please.

who are pretty sure that whatever is going on at San Diego Comic-Con is not that important, since surely if it was they would be there, duh.

who don't particularly think the title of "judge" really imbues someone with the capacity to, well *judge* the brilliance of their creation

who set up academies, groups, organizations and hermitages in the vain hope of finding a rarified enough atmosphere for their genius, yet failed.

who sighed in hotel rooms in their underwear, their costume complete but the unwashed masses outside not up to the task of recognizing their brilliance.

who grew the perfect period hairstyle and had to suffer knowing that all around them was a sea of Lacee wigs.

who suffered in thousand dollar corsets while around them some upstart in a pinned-up skirt looked far too comfortable to be accurate.

with sergers, with darts, with sleep deprivation, encroaching madness, jealousy and frustration.

incomprehensible new trends coming up and inflaming the amateur masses with etsy-infested delusions of craftsmanship.

spandex monstrosities in Hall H, Silver age purple and green, Spirit Store knock-offs in the dealer's room, boutique stores selling knick knacks labeled steampunk goth burlesque and the hipster zines lapping it up and laying it out in two page spreads

who moreover can tell the difference between a handmade shirt and something that was picked up at a RenFaire booth and die a little on the inside when it is combined with a top hat and goggles

who are fortunately for the integrity of fandom and your own immortal soul not shy about sharing this knowledge with you plus the fact that the hundred dollar boots on that outfit are quite clearly not the four hundred dollar boots that should really be used with it.

who broke down crying in when asked what their own costume was, not because they expected anyone to recognize a Flemish front-lace Tudor gown but rather because of the sheer loneliness of being a genius amongst the rabble.

who don't have anything against closet cosplay, you understand and certainly understands that the effort and skill involved aren't for everyone but

who slaved away at a perfect replica only to see someone in a half-assed attempt made by their cousin getting compliments because, frankly she cut the skirt up and corset down and its not how you look in the thing its how good a match it is to the movie.

who sank all right into a brown study, bereft at knowing the only source of the exact matching material needed is lost to a regime collapse in some far off country

who talked continuously for the entire drive down to Costume College

a skill incredibly lost only briefly when confronted with a child who bafflingly did not know the correct term for the skirt she herself had made and was wearing, what do they teach kids these days

whispering facts and references and anecdotes from sources even more expert and well-regarded than themselves

whole intellects disgorged the consuite parties panels for three days and

nights without eye contact but plenty of opinions

who vanished back to whence they came for the year leaving a trail of unhappy forum posts until the work on their next big project was done

suttering midnight tweets and dissatisfied Facebook posts complaining of carpal tunnel brought on by sewing and restless migraines under costuming-withdrawal in their cat infested room,

who wandered around and around at Michaels in the yarn section wondering what to work on next, and went with the latest Tim Burton film, surprising no one,

who lit e-cigarettes finally having something that wouldn't risk setting ablaze their entire apartment stacked high as it is with noxious chemicals science cannot name

who studied Homespun Made Woolen Textiles in America 1776-1876 because the how hard can raising their own sheep be really?

who wandered through the streets of the Los Angeles Garment District seeking an woven pinstripe cotton that was an woven pinstripe cotton

who thought they would go mad when a second trip back to the fabric store yielded no more matching bolts to complete their project

who therefore spent far more that should have been necessary for expedited shipping from an online source and tracked the package on each of the stops of its journey from China

who sat up suddenly hungry and realized it that sound was the garage trucks making their morning rounds after theyd been handsewing buttonholes all night

who without humorous intent took on a project which those around found hilarious and then finally worn down and insane

realized why months later when every single step of the project pushed them to the brink of madness but never considered the alternate option of not doing it,

unaware that there was in fact such an option as not suffering through the learning curve and the crankiness and eventually disappointment with the finished project, fanciful designs turned to simple clothing at the end of it all.

and rose to the occasion anyway in the satisfying knowledge that even with every stitch of cloth removed from their limbs, laid bare before the world and the judges they would always and forever look better than any of these other idiots in their pick-your-pet-hated-subfandom-of-choice uniform.

Editor's Note: Howard's back for the first time in nearly six months since his surgery. The entire staff know you will enjoy his insights into costuming even more due to this long absence, but please keep in mind he is still on the mend, heavily medicated, and likely under supervision should you choose to respond with any letters, presents, or pictures.

According to Howard's wishes, this article is presented in its entirety, unedited.

Thank you,

Jon

Q-TIPS
TOILET PAPER
CUCUMBERS
SOFT CREAM

It Started With One Startling Discovery And Ended With A Monkey Stifled
Pebble Hammer

by Howard Abertam, BPD

I woke up the other night wearing a lemur costume not of my design. I am not a furry, nor do I have friends who are furrries. Where did this costume come from? Did someone drug me and have their way with me while I was in an unconscious state? Would I find myself giving birth to an oversized lemur cub nine months from this moment? Do they even call them cubs? What is a baby monkey, anyway? No one ever tells you what to call them. We just always say "baby monkey" and point while its mother tries to hide it and fling poop at us.

Terrifying.

I am afraid of many things. This may be why I costume: so that I can hide from everything in the world wishing to do me harm. There are a lot of those. The man who lives across the way keeps giving me strange looks when I take out the feather duster on the balcony. I think he knows what I do. I don't like that he knows, but he knows now, so what can I do? I can hide and make more costumes, but the costumes don't work so well if they draw so much attention. Why do they always have to draw so much attention? Why are all the fabrics so bright and colorful? Can I not find an assortment of mild variations of taupe, cream, and beige to let me better blend in with the walls?

Costuming.

It's always satin or velvet or things that shine and glitter and draw people's attention so they look at you and wonder where you got that outfit. Then they come over and talk to you, and you give them an address that may or may not be the right one because you don't really remember, and this person's a complete stranger you'll never see again, so why would it matter if they didn't find the place and got mad with you, right?

But there was that one time. This man. I forget his name. This man came up to me at a convention and said he loved my costume and what series was I from. I told him I was wearing my work clothes, and he started saying he thought it was great I could stay in character like that, but I really was wearing the clothes I had on at the office that day: a beige, cream, and taupe pantsuit I designed to help me blend in with the wall behind my desk. It wasn't working, but I thought that might only be because people saw me moving. If I stopped moving, they couldn't see me. It's just my luck I have an itchy nose because I always have to scratch it, and then people see me. Then they come up and ask me where the bathroom is or if they're late for their appointment, and I get scared and don't know what to say to them.

Five days have passed since I wrote the last seventeen paragraphs. They tell me writing is therapeutic, but you do not see therapists doing it much. Do you? I don't know many therapists. That's not true. I know many therapists. They all have air purifiers in their offices and wear grey. Grey is not my favorite color. Grey is not really a color at all. It is what you get when you lighten up black and black is the absence of all color. White is all color. Thinking hard, I realize that adding all color to no color should produce at least half of all colors. At most, half of all colors.

I lost my train of thought. I don't like riding on trains.

Costuming.

Costuming is good. I used to costume a lot more before the world got so bright and hurt my eyes. Now, I costume less. I see more. It is very warm in here.

I was writing about a lemur costume. I see that because I read the things I wrote before. I really have no idea what I was thinking when I wrote those things. It is highly possible I was medicated when those things were written. I am not entirely sure. There is a large kangaroo sitting at the foot of my bed.

When I started writing this article, I think I was tryign to demonstrate the difference between something and something else. Comparing and contrasting makes for good something. Lemuers and kangaroos are not entirely similar. Both have fur. This has many applications in the world of costuming and this is the place I write about costuming since I

The knagaroo winked at me.

He is a wiley beast. The doctor tells me it was not the kangaroo who ate my clementine oranges, but I know he is a lying saxon pig. What else would explains that audacious moustache? No man living has a moustacke like that. You have to drink marbles and shrinkwrap like a professional if you wish to maintain such plumage indefinitely not.

I apologize for the earlier rantings. It is very hard to focus through the orange slush fund triple your value in only five days using my patented method for

They turned the TV on again and I started typing what it was saying. I apologize. Anyone who has not fielded artillery of such great varieties as the ones shown on History Channel in the middle of the day surely was never in a war. The uniforms leave something to be desired. No fur or kangaroos to be seen I swear the damned thing just moved again these pills are so good. I have not felt pain in weeks. That was how long ago my last surgery was. I cannot reliably state what it was they took out, but I am reasonably sure it was large and oblong and resembled sporting equipment.

To anyone reading this, the pills no longer seem to be as strong as they were three paragraphs ago and I can write more clearly now. I would like to use this opportunity to ask anyone reading this if they have medications of their own and would like to try trading them so I can hit that peak again. My address will be located somewhere, but they do not want me using the name of the hospital because they think it is a bad idea. I will simply say the hospital is located in Texas, named after a saint, and adjacent to the only Greek restaurant in a 40 mile radius.

If you would like to trade pills in person, I believe several buslines run to the hospital.

Costuming.

Costuming is where I find my escape from the regular world. It allows me to become something I am not. Something I could never be in my real life. I have dressed as pirates, space marines, elves, and many other mythical creatures. This is my contribution to fandom. What have you ever done that is so special?

I've seen things you people would not believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I have watched c beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhäuser Gate. All those ... moments will be lost in time, like tears...in rain.

Sorry, the TV is on too loud again. The nurse is saying she will take away the typewriter if I don't use it less. She is not a good friend. I will fire her when I am monarch.

In collusion, costuming.

Thank You.



Quantum Entanglement Effects on Semantic Quantum Mirage Expression of the Futuristicostume

Disapprobation for individuals displaying inadequate cognizance of the social maladaptation demonstrated by wearing and displaying sfnal wardrobe elements at inappropriately public venues can be documented as far back as the original World Science Fiction Convention held in New York City in 1939, when elements of the Futurian Society contemplated barring Forrest J Ackerman from attending in his futuristicostume inspired by theatrical release of the feature Things to Come[1]. Such disapprobation remains evident; in the 1980s an adult beverage was awarded gratis by members of a certain fannish "clan" to the first of their members to identify "Some Nut in A Cape" as they approached a conference venue[2], and a recent proliferation of Amelia Pond facsimiles prompted serious and extended discussion on the appropriate collective noun for such multiplicity[3].

Casual observation of these occurrences would suggest that they are isolated incidents exhibiting a simple internalized social dread of dyscontemporary external presentation. On more rigorous examination, however, we demonstrate via quantum chromodynamics and superstring theory that all such incidents are in fact entangled quantum mirages of the original FJA social discontinuity, reverberating through the semantic and epistemological D-branes and manifesting in the 4D spacetime of the local sfnal region in the 11-dimensional M-theory model of the psychohistorical universe. Simple extrapolation demonstrates, as well, that cosplay represents echoes of such manifestations after experiencing successive nonholomorphic translations through multiple Riemann surfaces back into local spacetime.

The concept of entanglement was first identified by Einstein, Pdolsky and Rosen in 1935, in their joint paper in which they formulated the EPR paradox, a thought experiment which demonstrated an apparent inconsistency in quantum mechanical theory.[4] However, they did not coin the word nor generalize the special properties of the state they considered. This was the work of Erwin Schrödinger, who shortly thereafter published a seminal paper defining and discussing the notion of entanglement. In it, he recognized the importance of the concept [5]. Simply put, Quantum entanglement is a property of the quantum mechanical state of a system containing two or more objects, where the objects that make up the system are linked in such a way that the quantum state of any of them cannot be adequately described without full mention of the others, even if the individual objects are spatially separated. By extending the tenets of entanglement into the additional orthogonal spacelike dimensions of the superstring M-theory model, it is readily apparent that appropriately entangled objects cannot be adequately described without full mention of the others even if the individual objects are temporally separated.

By combining the quartic integral representing the brane extension of superstring theory with the appropriate representation of the Hilbert space of the entangled objects and the resultant entangled state

It is left as an exercise for the reader to demonstrate that such entanglement is equally probable along the timelike dimensions as it is along the spacelike dimensions of a string representing the topological intersection probabilities of the branes expressing the appropriate psychohistorical wardrobe/behavior multiverse.

As with any D-brane formulation representing the anthropocentric psychohistorical deconvoluted eigenspace, exact solution of a specific instance of the resulting topological parametric integration series is restricted by our limited detection ability in the 11 to 27 dimensional axes orthogonal to our local 4D spacetime. We can, however, take a starting point from the endochronometric measurements of the spatiotemporally delocalized carbon radicals in thiotimeline[6], and by rigorous application of perturbation theory, approximate a solution, compare it to measured expression of objects in our 4D locality, and thus confirm the quality of the approximated 11-n-dimensional construct.

The perturbation in question is quite straightforward; M-theory supposes a supersymmetry between opposing classes of particles. In the semantic/epistemological psychohistorical model of the sfnalverse, this oppositional supersymmetry is expressed between bozons and fritterons, which may be transported from one class to the other by operations involving appropriate applications of chironic energy. The quantum chromodynamic subset of this theory postulates the most common transport occurs by the application or emission of high energy dramans. These normally short-lived energetic particles have been observed to occasionally have remarkably long half-lives, on the order of decades. More recent measurements have discovered that they are a subtype of the larger class of llaman particles. These particles are not exclusive to either supersymmetric class; both bozons and fritterons have been observed to express draman llamans on numerous occasions.[7]

The environment at Caravan Hall (site of the 1939 World Science Fiction Convention) was awash in both high energy bozons and fritterons. This was apparent in the manifestation of the Great Exclusion Act, wherein one half of the convention attempted to bar the other from entering, a high energy interaction which collapsed spontaneously resulting in the creation of a high-intensity chironic field. (This sort of environment is one quite familiar to quantum psychohistorians, with decades of documentation on hand in the Masonic Semantic Epistemology archives.)

Added to this, however, was the perturbation of Forrest J Ackerman arriving wearing his "Star Pilot futuristicostume," accompanied by Myrtle R. Douglas in her costume. The pair were a double perturbation to the excited-state environment of the Worldcon: consternation over the social appropriateness of public appearance in dyscontemporary wardrobe in apposite tension with the improbability of the obvious pair-bonding between them. The burst of high energy dramans induced by their appearance resulted in the emission of metastable superdense bozon/fritteron pairs bound together in the local chironic field. The highly excited D-brane locality was stable in 4D spacetime but not along other orthogonal axes, with the result that the 4D metastable system formed an fully stable 11D oscillator: bozons along one brane chirality, fritterons along a second, and the complex draman-llaman cloud moving along others as necessary to balance the system.

The resulting oscillating bound objective complex (BFDLO) is peculiarly

sensitive to the local psychohistorical wardrobe space; a local excess of one particle will cause the other modal chiralities of a BFDL system to contract and manifest in the 4D brane: an excess of low-energy bozons results in the appearance of high-energy fritterons, and excessive local coalescence of dramans (or other llaman-class particles) can result in either a significant increase in both bozons and fritterons, or the complete absence of their presence.

This is readily observable in the everyday 4D brane at most sfnal gatherings and conventions with the appearance of silly costumes in counterpoint to overly serious programming, and the overall increase in "sturm und drang" at such events when costumed attendees increase in density and self-importance. In fact, mathematically, all these costumes are simply quantum mirages of FJA's original costume; there has only ever been that one costume in evidence in the sfnal psychohistorical universe.

An interesting sidebar to this phenomena is that of cosplay. Again, it is left as a simple exercise to the reader to demonstrate that if a BFDLO oscillator is transformed non-homologically into the complex plane of a Riemann surface, and then again a second time along a timelike path back to local 4D space, the resulting object, BFDL' will manifest locally in exactly the same manner as an untransformed BFDLO oscillator with a temporally retarded behavior distinct from that of the general BFDLO population. Such a dual transformation began in 1984 when Nov Takahashi attended the LA Worldcon and wrote about his experience. The first antinode of the resultant transformed BFDL' oscillators occurred at Comiket, and the antinodal manifestations of the doubly transformed oscillator began in North America some years later. An interesting side effect of the non-homological nature of the transforms is that quantum psychohistorian observers of the original oscillator population can track effects of that BFDLO into these BFDL' populations, whereas experimentalists limiting themselves to the BFDL' oscillators have so far generally been vehemently unable to observe any correlation with the original BFDLO objects.

Recent advances in wardrobe fabrication technology have injected new energy into the BFDL energy continuum; it is possible that an actual population inversion might occur in local 4D in the near term. Should that eventuality occur, the FJA futuristicostume may finally diverge into multiple coherent tangible manifestations, generating n-fold new metastable BFDL configurations. At that point, sfnal wardrobe creators will finally be able to do something original, producing new semantic eigenvectors for future generations.

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Disapprobation for individuals displaying inadequate cognizance of the social maladaptation demonstrated by wearing and displaying snafu wardrobe elements at inappropriately public venues can be documented as far back as the original World Science Fiction Convention held in New York City in 1939, when elements of the Futurian Society contemplated barring Forrest J Ackerman from attending in his futuristic costume inspired by theatrical release of the feature Things to Come[1]. Such disapprobation remains evident; in the 1980s in the adult beverage awarded gratis by members of a certain fannish "clan" to the first of their members to identify "Some Nut in A Cape" as they approached a conference venue[2], and a recent proliferation of Amelia Pond facsimiles prompted serious and extended discussion on the appropriate collective noun for such multiplicity[3].

Casual observation of these occurrences would suggest that they are isolated incidents exhibiting a simple internalized social dread of dyscontemporary external presentation. On more rigorous examination, however, we demonstrate via quantum chromodynamics and superstring theory that all such incidents are in fact entangled quantum mirages of the original FJA social discontinuity, reverberating through the semantic and epistemological D-branes and manifesting in the 4D spacetime of the local

sfinal region in the 11-dimensional M-theory model of the psychohistorical universe. Simple extrapolation demonstrates, as well, that cosplay represents echoes of such manifestations after experiencing successive nonholomorphic translations through multiple Riemann surfaces back into local spacetime.

The concept of entanglement was first identified by Einstein, Podolsky and Rosen in 1935, in their joint paper in which they formulated the EPR paradox, a thought experiment which demonstrated an apparent inconsistency in quantum mechanical theory.[4] However, they did not coin the word nor generalize the special properties of the state they considered. This was the work of Erwin Schrödinger, who shortly thereafter published a seminal paper defining and discussing the notion of entanglement. In it, he recognized the importance of the concept [5]. Simply put, Quantum entanglement is a property of the quantum mechanical state of a system containing two or more objects, where the objects that make up the system are linked in such a way that the quantum state of any of them cannot be adequately described without full mention of the others, even if the individual objects are spatially separated. By extending the tenets of entanglement into the additional orthogonal spacelike dimensions of the superstring M-theory model, it is readily apparent that appropriately entangled objects cannot be adequately described without full mention of the others even if the individual objects are temporally separated.

By combining the quartic integral representing the brane extension of superstring theory with the appropriate representation of the Hilbert space of the entangled objects and the resultant entangled state.

It is left as an exercise for the reader to demonstrate that such entanglement is equally probable along time-like as it is along the spacelike dimensions of a string representing the topological intersection probabilities of the branes representing the appropriate psychohistorical wardrobe/behavior D-branes.

As with any D-brane formulation representing the anthropocentric psychohistorical deconvoluted eigenspace, exact calculation must be

Quantum Entanglement effects on Semantic Quantum Mirage Expression of Futuristicostume

Jon Dillinger

P.O. Box 2938

Anthill, CA 91628



Amelia Fruitbat

10923 Wakaod Way

Springfield, CT 32740