

# What Do I Do With the Rest of My Life?

## Face Book Album 5



### *Left to Right*

One of the unique features of Anticipation was this recreation of my apartment. While almost no-one turned up for the official tour, there was a constant stream of people going in and out. My guess is that people were curious, but satisfied that curiosity just by looking, and didn't need explanations. Toys and books. What's to explain?

The other side of the entrance to my virtual apartment was decorated by this four foot tall drawing of Saara Mar done by Marc Schirmeister as a surprise. I think it was a surprise to the people setting up the apartment too. But they found a workable solution. The stand-up is in my real apartment now, but so far I haven't figured out any good way of displaying it. (Every inch of wall space is already covered, as you can see from the photos.)

This is one of the photo enlargements, laying on the floor prior to being fastened in place vertically.

You may well see many photos of the virtual apartment in coming weeks, but I don't think you'll see many of it being put up.

I think the kid is frustrated he can't remove any of the DVD's from the wall...



### *Left to Right*

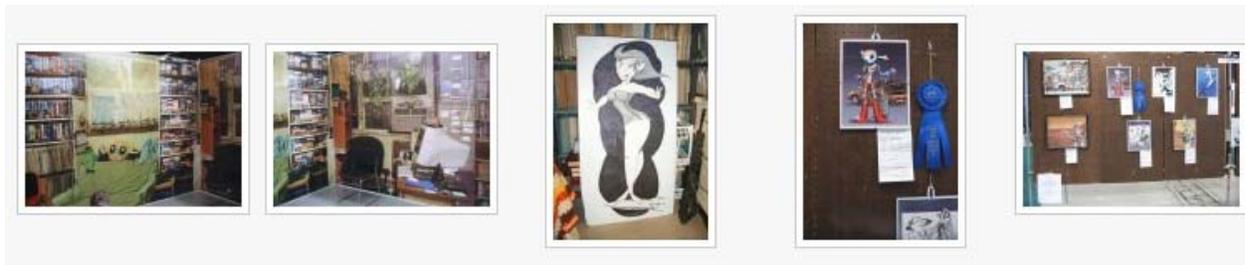
Another shot of virtual reality being created. With people present, the distortions of size and perspective are more noticeable. In fact, the virtual recreation was about 20 or 25% larger than

my actual place. It's hard to tell, until you realize that my cat (seen twice) is about the size of a large beagle, and a stack of "loonies" (one-dollar Canadian coins) look like beer coasters. A judgment call being made, I fancy. The gentleman in blue bears me a superficial resemblance, but I have no such shirt. [*The one in yellow with the ponytail I later learned is Kevin Grocock.*]

View past the wall to the outside exhibition area. My "minder" Alan Rosenthal is visible talking to someone I know, but for the life of me can't place a name to. [*Alan Stewart.*]

Steve Stiles and me in the finished apartment. Also another familiar face without a name. [*Steve says the other fan is Doug Fratz.*]

A pan of the books and other displays in my living room. Far left side.



### ***Left to Right***

Center part of the living room pan. Note the spurious second cat.

Right hand side of the living room pan. It's kind of spooky how the photos of the virtual room are hard to tell apart from photos of the real room. But then you notice that the computer monitor is the size of a bank vault, and doesn't actually stick into the room at all.

I took this photo of Schirm's stand-up of Saara Mar at home. So far this still where it stands, having no clue where I can keep it permanently. A photoshopped, smaller version that I added colour to, is posted in my art gallery -- "Worth a 1,000 Words" -- at the very end.

This digitally enhanced and coloured piece was used for the cover of Askance 8, and is one of my favorites of that year. Doing it showed me that I could use Photoshop my own way, and not have the work look like every other photo manipulated, fractal generated, texture filtered piece of computer art.

The blue ribbon is the first I've ever won, that I can recall. Although in 1972, Vaughn Bode did chose a cardboard stand-up of mine as "Judge's Choice." I got a small check and a chance to stutter sheepishly in his presence, but I don't recall a pretty blue ribbon I could show off. Putting together a display for the artshow was something of a last minute decision. I thought I might, but didn't put a display high on my list of priorities, considering how much else I had to do before the con. As it happens, it wasn't too big a chore. I used some cheap frames I bought at the Dollarama and brought no originals, only prints. Since many of the pieces were digitally coloured, there *were* no originals, not even inked black and white art. At first I thought I had

brought too many to fit the panels Anticipation gave me, but I see now that I might have brought two, three, or four more.

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### *Left to Right*

The cheap frames worked out so-so. The older type, with the plastic surround, came through like a charm. But the "frameless" type were another matter. The glass on two of them broke, damaging the print somewhat. (Good I wasn't bringing originals, what?) I think the cause was only partly the thinner pane. The main problem was there was no surround to absorb weight. Stress went right to the glass, and \*snap\*! Two more broke on the way home, and a final one while unpacking. I won't be using those for travel anymore, you can bet.

The Big Cheese himself, posing in front of his display. Note the droopy eye. I hope to have that fixed -- first appointment is in October.

I had a very bad attack of what may be sciatica, or maybe just a sore back. In any case, it was debilitating, so the con lent me this scooter to get around in. Otherwise I couldn't possibly have gotten around the immense convention center, and would have had to take a taxi to and from my hotel every time. Once I got used to it, the scooter was rather a lark. But you have to watch out not to run anyone down, especially when backing up and all your reactions have to be reversed. With people moving around you and others talking at you, staying in control is trickier than it sounds.

Dinner the first day at the con, at a restaurant in Chinatown. Reactions to the fare were mixed, and I was more than a little irritated by an outright demand for a tip! Left to right are Marc Schirmeister, Alan Rosenthal, and Jeanne Bowman.

At the other side of the table were Steve and Elayne Stiles. I'm afraid I've forgotten the name of the fan at the end. [*Bradford Lyau. A nice guy I never met before.*]

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### ***Left to Right***

SilverBob. Why did I take this photo? I don't know Silverberg. But he was there and I had the camera out. It was the first day of the con and I was still under the impression I was going to make a detailed photo record of the con. Alas! The other reason I had for taking this is because it shows my keen convention badge! (Though it was pretty washed out by the flash.) *[The fan in center is Daniel P. Dern, who I do not know.]*

I took only one other photo of anyone I knew during the con. It's this one of Andy Porter, looking well and garrulous as ever. It's only fair I post it -- he has pictures he took himself of the virtual apartment posted on his photo site. I sure hope other photos of Anticipation taken by other people turn up. I was hardly in any position to make a photo archive of anything I was a participant in, so I have no pictures of me at the Hugo ceremonies or any of my program items at all..

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