## CLEAR ETHER

## personalzine of SEK3

for APA  $\nu = \int \Psi \nabla (ego) \overline{\Psi} \partial \tau = SEK^3 \pm \infty \hbar$ 

A ASTRUM USQUE AD ASTER

I was correct in my prediction that AFANYU3 would be collated late, though only one week. Move over, Nostradamus. Anybady out there want to start a poel on when this ish is supposed to make it? (Note the above date—August 1). Now, it is not fair to bring up either

- 1) CLEAR ETHER 3 was not ready for collation on the ferry, or
- 2) NLN is behind schedule.
  Remember, that is decidedly
  unsporting and could be construed
  as UNFANNISH! Ghu has spoken.

Now I was describing typical NYUSFS meetings in previous CE's. However, the last meetings have been on the Staten Island Ferry followed by the conquest of the Brooklyn Bridge by Anton the Barbarian and the Grey Mouslow. a plot to overthrow the Secret Masters of Fandom (who shall go unnameless until we are Ready), a trip to see Fantasia (we have to visit the Real World occasionally), and most bizarre of all, a strange odyssey to the 2nd Avenue Deli, trapped by bookstores which dipped their literary fangs in us and drained us of our currency, leaving us only the husks of old paperbacks, finally arriving to consume some burnt sacrifice left over from early Judaic civilization (consult Rich and Phil for details). We finally came to the conclusion that the Cockroaches are properly slaughtered and not cooked in their mothers' milk so Rich could eat there with us.

Anyways, it becomes obvious that describing a typical NYUSFS meeting is comparable to describing a typical Science Fiction plot. Which is as it should be.

But fear not. I shall continue.

A public service reminder to all NYUfen: the next issue of APAv will probably be distributed at DisCon II. At least in limited quantities. (\*Heh, he, now they will all be inhibited and I shall rake in more egoboo, heh, heh, heh\*).

Update on my review of Baen's new editorship of Galaxy and If: second issue of If looks as good as the first, but Galaxy does not seem to have improved as much (Moslow's screams of Pangbern-worship notwithstanding). However, their subscription service leaves something to be desired. I have already phoned in one complaint to UPD and I shall report in the next issue (if then) when I finally started receiving the mags.

HUGOtime: I voted for Time Enough for Love for best Novel, and in order, The Man Who Folded Himself, The People of the Wind, Protector, and Rendezvous With Rama. Novels were good this year. Best novella: No award. Novellas were sick, sick, sick this year. Best novellette: one by Jerry Pournelle. Novellettes were forgettable this year. Best Short Story: who cares? Best film: Sleeper (and the first I ever voted for) Best Editor: Ted White (IT's about time, but nest year, Baen for sure) Best anzine: Well, neither NLN nor GE were nominated, \*sigh\*, so I settled for The Alien Critic.

And if you voted differently, well, this is tolerant, understanding, liberal attitudes fandom. And if you don't like it, Love It or Leave It! \*Poof\* (Say, that's a pretty neat trick, man, how did you...man...?)

On the other side, I will fill the gap lacking in a good famous publication. Why, fanfic of course.

OK, the deal is, I write the first chapter (or, until I wun out of space, whichever comes first) and all you talented if-only-I-had-a-break-I-could-de-better-than-(Asimov/Ellison/Heinlein/Clarke/De Camp/...) would be pro's write the next segment. I'll also continue it and we'll see how each of us handles it differently. (If you don't want to play the game, well, Cthulhu take you!) Here goes?

## THE ELDER GODS GO SENILE

The skies darkened, the dlouds gathered, the winds blew fiercely, and a shadow crept over the moon. Leathery wings flapped, and a shriek curdled the dank air. The musty smell approached decay and then went rancid. Somewhere a toad threw up.

The Woman was running, running as she had never ran before. Fear raked her mind, fear burned the soles of her feat, fear spurred her on, digging deep into her long, curvaceous flanks. She tripped, and Terror picked her up, Dread dusted her off, and Horrorgave her back her breath. Then fear overtook her again and she began running.

She stopped to gather herbreath.
As her panting died down, sounds behind her became audible. Rustling. Shambling.
Slithering! A basso profundo belch!

She hurled herself forward, felt the slimy swamp surround her feet, crawl up her thighs, tickle her bottom. She pulled herself out by a tree creeper, then began sliding back in as her grip was lost.

She hung onto the shore line, something squishy and fetid under her arms on which she buried her head, crying.

"Bad trip?"

She raised her head, whipped back her long, beautiful, swamp-dampened hair. Her eyes widened and her mouth formed an 0. "Who..."

The man was quite young, early twenties, perhaps, wearing Levis, a T-Shirt, and swamp boots. On the T Shirt was written New York University Science Fiction Society. He had a FIAWOL button pinned on the shirt.

\*Slup, slup, slup\*

He extended a hand and helped her climb out. Then he looked her over critically. She was roug hly the same age as him, swelte, light brown hair all over in the right places.

"Nude, of wouse," he remarked.
"Well," she flushed, perturbed
over his taking it so matter-of-factly,
"I am not in the habit of taking my
clothes off and running through
swamps, chased by gisnt tentacled,
slithering monstrosities."

\*Slup, slup, slup\*

"Why did you expect me to be nade?"

"This is a fantasy setting, isn't it?"

"It's getting closer," she whispered
as she huddled against his body. "Ch,
no. I think I can see it!"

"There, there," he said, putting his arm around her and patting her comfortingly. "Tell me all about it."

"Stop patting me comfortingly there."
"Hmm. Maybe this is hard SF."

"Well, it all started when I found out that Leonard Nimoy's ears weren't naturally pointed. I was so disillusioned with life, I took to reading Harlan Ellison. I came here to get away from that Sick Evil Malevolent Universe Out There."

"Sure picked the right place."
She ignored his laconic rejoinder.
"So when I told my friendly bar man my troubles, he told me about this groovy cult down the block. Well, they seemed to empathise with my wanting to give it all up, so I went along to their rituals. Then they stripped me, performed obscene acts, which I eventually objected to, and threw me to their pet monster in their basement, Cringerat, which I strenuously objected to. I mean, not that I had not gone through the rest of that at LASFS meetings, but they eventually drew the line!"

"Ah, not only beautiful, but of exotic origins."

"It's coming closer...it's got a tentacle round my ankle...it's pulling me into its orifice...won't you helppp...?"