

Science-Fiction Five-Yearly

Issue Number Ten

November 1996



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Founder, editor emeritus

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Andy Hooper, Jeff Schalles, & Geri Sullivan



Front & back cover	Ray Nelson	Covers
Looking Forward to the Past (editorial)	Lee Hoffman	2
The Last Mimeo on Earth (editorial)	Jeff Schalles	4
Progress is Where You Find It	F.M. Busby	5
The Purple Fields of Fanac, Part IV.	Ted White	7
A Model Fan, or Your Ass is on the Net	Vijay Bowen	10
A Great Place to Live	Lee Hoffman	15
The Faces of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly	Jeff Schalles & Geri Sullivan	18
Two Moons	Victor M. Gonzalez	25
Mathemaku No. 6a	Bob Grumman	30
Oldies But Goodies (reprint)	Robert Bloch	31
The Last Corflu	Dan Steffan	35
Walking into Midnight (editorial)	Andy Hooper	37
!Nissassa, Part 10	Nalrah Nosille	42

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Gary Ross Hoffman -- 17, 31, 33, 41
Lee Hoffman -- 2, 3, 15, 16
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SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, the lustrous, archaically lustful fanzine published once every lustrum. Holding this issue in your hands, reading its contents, and sending a letter of comment to ye faithful editors is the lustral equivalent of climbing the Tower of Trufandom and cranking the Enchanted Duplicator for 3,209 rotations. But who's counting? Oh, that's right; we are. On you. We'd all love hearing from YOU (but we share, so you only have to write once):

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Available for The Usual until we run out.

Without the golf swing, golf would be a really dull sport.

Looking Forward to the Past

Editorial by Lee Hoffman

It is with pride that we present the tenth issue of fandom's foremost five-yearly innovative anachronism. Those of you who have been regular readers of *SFFY* for the past forty-five years know that every issue has brought you at least one exciting new innovation, or else an old innovation that's new to *SFFY*.

Back in 1951, the first issue featured the first eight-color, all-mimeographed, entirely-out-of-register cover with a taped spine published by a lone female fan ever to appear in FAPA.

For our second issue we relocated to Staten Island and started running serials by the eminent SF authors, Calvin Aaargh and Nalrah Nosille and presented a multi-color cover that was entirely in register (due to being done in one run with multi-color ink.)

Our third issue was the first published below ground level and brought you our first use of invisible ink, a feature that proved so popular (with Nalrah Nosille) that it was done again in fifth issue.

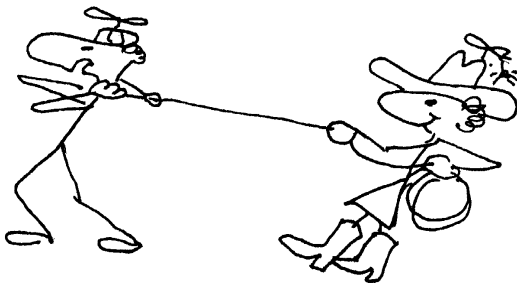
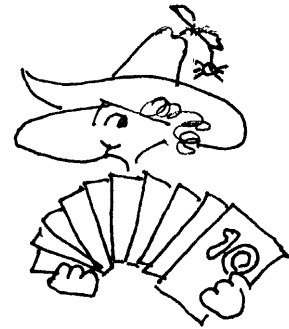
The fourth issue was the very first one we published from the same address as the previous one, and was first *SFFY* to carry the "copyright" symbol suggested by Hugo Gernsbach as a way of declaring an author's rights in any invention that might be inspired and developed in the Real World because of the author's envisioning it in the fantasy world of SF.

With the fifth issue we relocated to Florida, featured Bob Toomey as ass ed and gave you our first fully black and white cover.

Most innovative of all (until now) was issue number six, which not only brought you a magnificent Steven Stiles cover done entirely in black and white, but a whole new concept for *SFFY* -- legible text -- thanks to another exciting innovation, the guest editor-publisher, the first of whom, Terry Hughes, set new standards for the zine. This guest editor-publisher concept, which arose in part due to technical difficulties, proved to be so popular (especially with the erstwhile production and mailing department) that we continued it over the lustrums that followed.

Thus it was that with number seven we roped in an entirely new guest editor-publisher, Dan Steffan, and superb cover entirely in black & white, rendered by none other than said guest editor-publisher himself.

The eighth issue featured not one but two -- count'em two! -- entirely new guest editor-publishers. Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, with the assistance of (and artwork) by the ever-popular Stu Shiffman.



With this present issue we bring you yet another new innovation -- the first *encore* appearance of a pair of our guest editor-publishers. This reflects not only our pride and pleasure in the work these people have done in the past, but also the fact that no one else volunteered this lustrum.

As part of their encore appearance, Geri and Jeff are presenting some new innovations of their own devising -- including Andy Hooper as a co-editor, e-mail, and a genuine photo section.

Some hard-shelled old fossils may question this addition to the tried-and-true technology employed in earlier issues. To such a one I say, Foosh, sirrah! We refuse to be left even further behind in this age of computerized multi-media. Whether you like it or not, you can look forward to more new innovations in future issues. In another eight or ten lustrums we may even move on from mimeo to some more advanced form of archaic reproduction.



.....

Thanks...

Compiled by Geri Sullivan

Harry Andruschak, Nancy Atherton,
Martha Beck, Robert Bloch,
Richard Brandt, Russ Chauvenet,
Arthur C. Clarke, Buck Coulson,
Bill Danner, Harlan Ellison,
Mike Glicksohn, Chuch Harris,
Teddy Harvia, Mark Manning,
Jeanne Mealy, and Janice Murray
sent comments to *SFFY* #9. We look
forward to hearing from the rest
of the alphabet this time around.

Eileen Lufkin, John Ladwig,
Elise Matthesen, Laura Krentz,
Nate Bucklin, Steve Glennon,
David Emerson, Dean Gahlon, Garth
Danielson, Kay Drache, and Ken
Fletcher helped collate *SFFY* #9 and signed the Toad Hall Register so we'd
remember the fact five years later. Some other people helped out, too,
no doubt. Thanks to all, and to all who found themselves helping with the
final touches on *SFFY* #10.

See you on the funway.



THE ENTHUSIASTS

The Last Mimeo on Earth by Jeff Schalles

(continued from last issue)

Davidphan sat at the typer in the forgotten storeroom beneath the Antarctic ice, unmoving, frozen by the stark terror of...writers' block.

...there was the sound of a theremin humming nearby...and the smell of gunsmoke in the air...it seemed that there must be some, some -- thing -- outside the door...Davidphan had a sudden craving for a large carrot...slowly, painfully, he typed the phrase: "Keep watching the skies!"

The End

Jeff here. I have decided to end the saga of Davidphan. He is about to meet an overpowering carnivorous vampire vegetable (looking not unlike James Arness) and I think I've had more than enough fun for now.

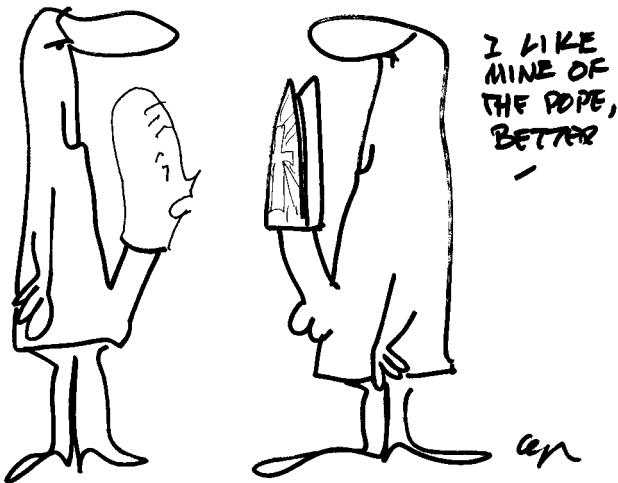
My semi-official title for this issue of *Science-Fiction Five-Yearly* is *Production Editor*. This means that I get to take cover plates off of old mimeo equipment and search for parts and materials for a technology not much supported any more in this country. I was really pleased the other week to find that a Regina B14 vacuum cleaner drive belt fit the main drive pulleys of our 40 year old Gestetner 456 electrostenciler. A year ago Geri and I drove far outstate, to Little Falls, Minnesota, to the Hennepin Paper Co., where we bought 100 cases of their discontinued Fibertone mimeo paper. I also took our negs and slides and had a Kodak Photo CD scanned from them for the photo section. Analog past, meet the digital future!

Hey, in 1986 I carried Patrick and Teresa's Gestetner down to my 1970 Chevelle Malibu and drove it to Mr. Mimeo in Manhattan (and back) for an overhaul before they started *SFFY* #8. That's me, the power behind the scenes.

Be aware, though, that Geri is the true crank behind the Gestetner thisish. I did most of the electrostenciling, but she laid out every page but this one, and *she's running the mimeo!*

So, we've gotten Gestetners from Alina Chu, Karen Cooper, Don Bailey and Margo Bratton, Lynn Anderson, and Mog Decarnin. Chris Couch found one of the 440s for me on the street in New York. Gary Tesser's big stapler

turned up with Larry Carmody's mimeo supplies and probably should be returned to Gary one of these days Real Soon Now. He shouldn't have lent it to Larry in the first place. The receiver and speakers in the mimeo shop came from Emma Bull and Will Shetterly's moving sale last summer. Kay Drache gave us the library stool we sit on. And finally, thanks to Garth Danielson for running a few of these pages on his copier at work. (This may be the '90s, but mimeos still don't do solid black.)



Progress is Where You Find It

By F. M. Busby

Back in a simpler era, a time when Bill Gates still counts on his fingers and is lucky to get the same answer twice, I am working on a fanzine. Maybe an apazine, maybe a CRYcolumn, perhaps the editorial Page Three.

In any case I am proud and happy to be punching keys on my new IBM Selectric, the first electric typer I can use without rocking back off the space bar and starting every other word with a semicolon. I have recently retired my manual Olivetti Studio 44, which has worn out its second platen. And no longer will it cut a capital-w to stencil. Repeating the capital-v with only a half-space between works reasonably well, but the result still reads a lot like MENE MENE....

And besides, the Selectric does such neat things. I can simply swap out the little golfball and print *italics*, for instance, or even change typeface completely! And in point of fact, we Selectric Few do go a bit overboard on such stunts until the novelty wears off.

But to business. I think a Page Three is due next, which means that Wally Weber and Burnett Toskey have cranked up the Gestetner out in the FenDen (remodeled garage): CRYPublication under way. I need to identify the zine and its editorial staff, explain our policies and sub rates, then list all the titles and by-lines and page numbers intelligibly. And it would be nice to get a few laughs en route. So *think*....

We are lazy, we CRYgang. Lazy, but neat. We do not slipsheet; neither are our pages smeared with offset. Beneath my stencil rests a plastic backing sheet; the stencil itself lies naked to the typeball. Yes, I have to brush wax out of the typefaces regularly, but this sandwich gives the thinnest possible cut; emerging from the Gestetner, each page lands on another that is practically dry. If we used Twilltone we'd have more leeway, but we *like* white paper.

Composing on stencil requires alert concentration; a fan in a hurry can't afford too many pauses for the application of Corflu. (Actually, with the thin cut I'm using, most typos can be fixed by rubbing a rounded object over the error to smooth out the wax, then retyping.)

There are, of course, alternatives: one may pause and think of a way to incorporate the typo into the narrative thrust -- the Wrai Ballard Method. Or the USS John Trimble System: "out to dibber or even dinner," par example. Either way, a classic victory of mind over matter.

Unlike some faneds, we of CRY abominate "cont'd on page (whatever)";



items must not slop two or three lines past the bottom of a page, to be found in some obscure nook or cranny farther along. In achieving this end, a kind of primal instinct develops; aided by the lack of any filmsheet obscuring the stencil's line numbers, my subconscious edits what I write, to bring the punchline off at the bottom line. And no sooner -- for neither shall the

dreaded White Space prevail.

Of course this practice requires nothing like the discipline exercised by people like Walt Willis and Bill Danner who have actually filled pages

BUSBY

with Hand Set Type. Still and all it's head and glottis above fiddling with a typed dummy and simply copying the result. We onstencil freaks have our pride.

Back to CRY: others, more skilled than I, have traced illos onto stencils; the process involves a box with a ground glass screen and a light behind it. CRY will never be cited for outstanding layout; we simply don't think that way. But it's not all solid print, either; our Art Credits proudly list such stars as Atom and Rotsler among a host of talented contributors.

And it is a proud though not terribly lonely thing to hold one's very own CRY Letterhack Card, issued by Donald Franson.

At the hands of Wally or Burnett the crank makes its final turn, the stacks are arrayed, assembled, stapled. The ish is pubbed. As Burnett leaves, he intones the ritual closing: "Today we have perpetrated a Thing upon the face of the earth."

And although the Post Awful is now charging a horrendous six cents per ounce, the zine goes out. I mean, we know fandom is supposed to be a good respectable money-losing hobby, but do the Postals have to be quite so helpful in keeping it that way?

Then the letters come in, and the contributions; columns are written, articles, possibly even faaanfiction. Here we go again.

* * *

McLuhan notwithstanding, the medium may not be the message -- but it surely influences the result. Xerox rendered many stencil cutting skills obsolete; with cut and paste, who needs tracing? Or even a good eye for where the page will end? And while a cut stencil is sacred, a little retyping on paper is no big deal.

We're talking interim changes here, for then came the Computer. And with it a total revolution: now, until we print out, anything in the way of writing or layout can be changed with hardly any effort. There is absolutely no excuse or sluffing the last two lines of an article off onto page 37, because there is always a way to fudge, just enough to get it all on *this* page.

Goodbye, laborious rewrites. After a time, farewell to the eyeball torture of nine-pin dot matrix (personally I began with a daisy wheel and went straight on to DeskJet). Certainly we are spared the truly ghastly repro that formerly dared us to decipher its content, and anyone who uses strikeovers to correct a typo has to really work at it.

But is the writing any better? Some is, some ain't; the medium can change the requirements imposed on its users, but not the height of their aspirations or breadth of their talents. As always, shortcuts tempt; artwork these days is apt to come from an Image program rather than the pen of an Atom. All in all, though, any change that makes fannish expression easier can't be all bad.

Or, for that matter, all good. The Internet, we're told, is the future of fandom. I hope not. For there we see the ultimate result of freedom from drudgery: any person may with only the slightest effort rattle off pages and pages of blather, log onto whatever target area he or she selects, press a couple of keys and -- for better or worse -- go down in history.

I suspect the painstaking users of hand set type felt much the same about mimeo.

The Purple Fields Of Fanac



By Ted White

PART IV

James Oldfan was tired. His eyes ached. "Oldfan!" he snorted to himself. "Should just call myself 'Oldphart' and be done with it!" He squinted at his computer screen. "Windows!" he snorted again. "I don't do Windows!" And laughed to himself.

He'd let them talk him into getting a computer, Will Wheatly and the others who'd still maintained some sort of contact with him via the "snail mail," as they now called it.

Oldfan liked paper. He liked to hold it in his hands. He liked to read the print on paper. He liked being able to fold a sheet of paper up and tuck it into a pocket, where it might remain for days -- well, until he put that piece of clothing through the laundry, anyway. Computer screens gave him a headache. He always printed out his e-mail before he tried to read it.

.....
* A torpedoed cathedral sinks rapidly into the earth.
.....

He glanced at the piece of paper emerging from his printer: the latest posting to rec.arts.fanac by John Morris.

Morris was one of those fans who had never pubbed his ish -- indeed, he'd never had anything, even a LoC, in a fanzine, and vowed he never would.

"<<Jim Oldfan sez

<<<Until you've held that first copy of your new ish in your
<<<very own hands, you'll never know the True Thrill of Real
<<<Fanac....

<<But what does he know? I mean, here is a guy who thinks if
<<he capitalizes words at random, he's a real writer! ;-)
<<Oldfan is aptly named -- a relic of the dinosaur era, in fact.
<<He hasn't made the transition to On Line. He thinks he can
<<just translate all his obsolete ideas into modern-day
<<currency. The man is oblivious. He hasn't a clue!"

Oldfan winced. People were always coming along and reinventing the wheel. New fans always seemed to think that fandom began on the day they discovered it, that their generation was the first. They consigned those who preceded them to the scrapheap. It wasn't new; it had been going on since long before computers had hit fandom. He sighed, faintly recalling a day when he too, as a neofan, had harbored similar sentiments....

All computers had done was to speed up the process. New fans turned up more quickly, disappeared into gafia within months, if not weeks. Communication was instantaneous. No more waiting for the Postal Service to deliver your letter and eventually bring a reply. No more time to spend in contemplation, savoring each turn of phrase to emerge from your typer. If someone posted a remark you didn't like, you could fire back a slashing response immediately, without pausing to consider the ramifications, the wisdom of your words. Flame wars could spring up, rage wildly, and be spent and gone within the hour. Spontaneity ruled, civility largely forgotten.

Oldfan glanced at the clock inset in one corner of his computer screen. Almost midnight. Where had the last six hours gone? Why did he feel so little sense of accomplishment from a full evening of fanac?

He lurched to his feet, staggering a little. His feet, his legs, felt half-dead, his circulation only now resuming. His left foot came down on something unglimped that rolled under him -- damned pencil! -- and he pitched to one side, throwing out his arm to catch himself.

His flailing hand caught his computer monitor, and he grabbed it to steady himself, but the monitor wasn't anchored to anything, and just sat on his desktop, tipping over when he seized upon it. Still off balance, he tried to stop the monitor from falling from his desk and succeeded in stumbling and falling himself.

He felt the monitor hit his foot just before his own head hit the edge of his desk. He felt nothing at all after that.

* * *

Only a short distance away, three men watched on television monitors as James Oldfan rose from his desk, appeared to execute a wild jig, and fell.

.
* The third miracle introduced red and green into the world.
.

"Shit!" exclaimed the first man. "He's down!"

"Medirescue!" barked the second.

"No point," said an oddly distant voice that came from a machine behind them. "He's expired."

"What?" said the third man. "He's dead? How can he -- ?"

The machine fully enclosed an alien life form, offering it life-support in this environment, here on the moon, in a system designed to support only humans. "The experiment is over," it said. "This project is ended."

"No!" came the chorus from all three men.

"Not yet," said the first.

"We've come too far!" exclaimed the third.

"What do you mean, 'ended'?" asked the second.

"You understand," said the alien. "You just don't wish to accept the inevitable."

"We've put ten years into this project!" cried the third. "We can't stop now!"

"We'll start again," said the first. "With a new subject." He looked plaintively at the alien in its machine, looking a little like a fishbowl mounted on a lawn tractor.

"Impossible," said the alien. "You know that. Oldfan was your last shot."

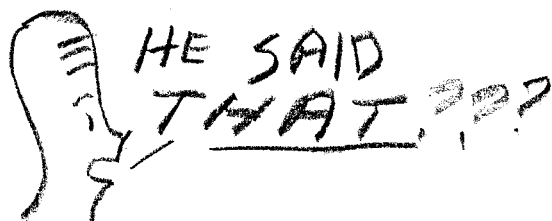
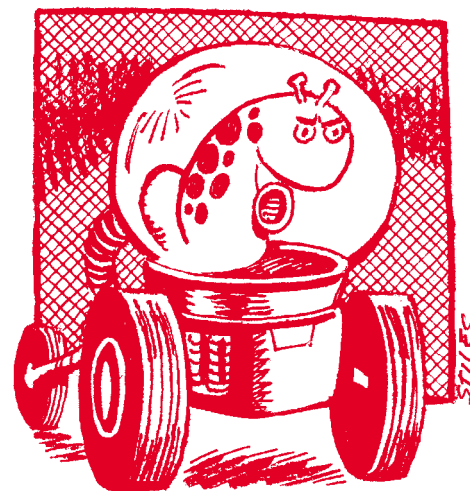
"We spent years, just to create this environment, here in the moon! All to replicate Earth in the last century! We can't just throw all that away!"

"Why not?" the alien replied. "You threw away the Earth itself easily enough."

The men groaned. It was true. They'd destroyed their own planet to save it from the aliens -- and the aliens had won anyway. Oldfan had been carefully selected from the remaining genepool, his memories wiped clean and those of a mid-twentieth century fan substituted. They had worked carefully around him for all these years to convince him that he was a fan who lived on Earth in 1987 -- and had succeeded, up to a point. Carefully, they'd led him through a series of scenarios designed to reeducate him with computer literacy so that they could use him to...survive, somehow, in the galactic civilization which held them in such low esteem for destroying their home planet and most of its civilization.

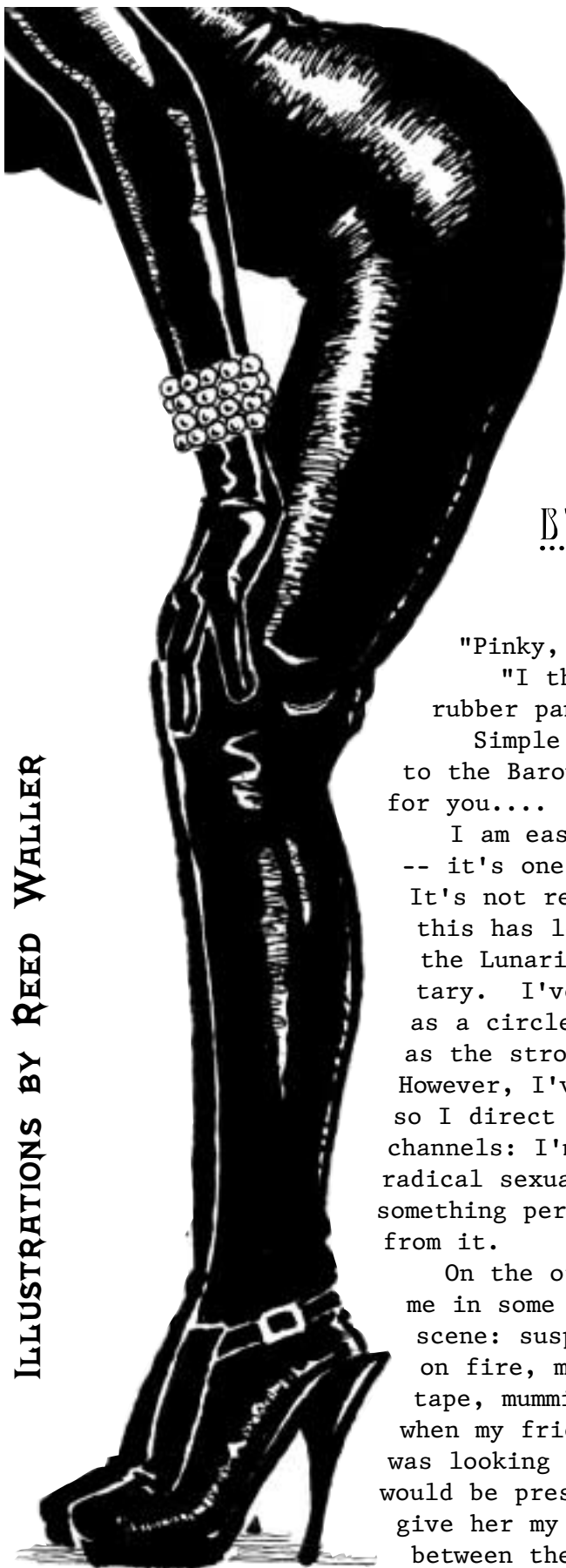
"It is ended," said the alien.

It turned off the lights on its way out, and what was left of humanity was extinguished.



-- NOT TO BE CONTINUED

.....
** The fourth miracle made God duck.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY REED WALLER

A MODEL PLAN,

-OR-

YOUR ASS IS ON THE NET

BY VIVIAN BOWEN

"Pinky, are you pondering what I'm pondering?"

"I think so, Brain, but where will we find rubber pants our size?"

Simple enough, if you're in New York: you go to the Baroness, and have her custom-make a pair for you....

I am easily talked into things (read "gullible") -- it's one of the basic elements of my nature. It's not really a good survival trait: in fandom, this has led to working on conventions, joining the Lunarians, and even serving as their secretary. I've described the Lunarians in the past as a circle-jerk using Robert's Rules of Order as the stroke book -- and they haven't changed. However, I've gotten older, and somewhat wiser, so I direct my masochism into somewhat different channels: I'm involved with the leather/s&m/fetish/radical sexuality scene. This way, when I'm doing something perverse, I'm more likely to get pleasure from it.

On the other hand, that same gullibility has put me in some rather strange situations in the leather scene: suspended by my ankles, tied down and set on fire, mummified with plastic wrap and duct tape, mummified with alginate and plaster.... So when my friend Hilton mentioned that the Baroness was looking for some models for the fashion show she would be presenting in a few weeks, I said, "Sure, give her my number." A few phone calls passed between the three of us, and I had an appointment for a fitting. After all, how dangerous could modeling be? (Ominous chords, please....)

The Baroness lives and works in the East Village. Way East Village, past the trendy shops, past the bikers, past the skinheads, the punks, the goths -- all the way over into the mixed-income, real neighborhood section. I walked over one January afternoon, wondering just what I'd volunteered for this time. All I knew was that this was a fashion show of rubber and latex clothing.

I'd seen people in rubber and latex clothes at various clubs and events in the city, and some of it looked intriguing, but it had never really interested me enough to investigate it further. My little PVC-and-spandex jumpsuit was quite exotic enough in texture for me. I'm just a good old-fashioned girl: leather, lace, silk, chains, etc. Still, I've tried to never miss out on the opportunity to explore a new sensation, or learn about another fetish, with a few exceptions.

Be that as it may, I rang the bell, and was let into the apartment where the Baroness lives and works. A tall elegant woman with striking features and a wild mane of red hair greeted me, and immediately began telling her assistants which pieces to bring out for me to try on. "Do you wear heels?" "Are you willing to wear a collar?" "Would you mind being tied up in front of the audience?" "Do you own red earrings?" I answered the questions she fired at me, then stripped down to the camisole and tights I'd thought would be appropriate underwear for a fitting. We discussed shoes, makeup, and she had me try on at least a dozen pieces.

Rubber and latex, for the record, do not move the same way that cloth, or even leather, does. They do stretch a bit, but not as much as you might think (or hope). In order to get into a snug-fitting piece of rubber clothing, you first powder the inside with corn starch, baby powder, or something similar. Then you squeeze, and slither, and squirm, and slide the piece over your body, smoothing it down and around your curves and bends. Then your assistant -- and trust me, you need one -- whips out the bottle of Armour-All, sprays you down (an odd sensation, since the rubber transmits the coolness and the pressure, but not the actual moisture), and buffs you to a mirror polish.

Shine, the Baroness' assistant, has a rubber-and-latex fetish (he's the one who got her into designing rubber clothing, actually), and he was exceedingly careful to polish every last inch of each piece. "I've never had my butt buffed this way before," I remarked. "Isn't it lovely?" the Baroness replied absently, as she pulled out a little red latex apron, trimmed with green pine trees and white lace, then shook her head, "Just be sure to tell me if he's enjoying himself too much...." Eventually she decided on several outfits for me, in red and black. We scheduled a rehearsal and second fitting, this time with me bringing the accessories that I would supply, and I was regally dismissed, to wander back west, and home.



I still didn't quite understand the appeal of rubber clothing, but I didn't think it mattered. All I had to do was present myself in front of an audience, striding, posing, and looking as if I wore this sort of thing all the time. As a woman who had managed to play the brainless Victorian pseudo-Japanese maidens, imbecilic wards of idiot Major-Generals, mindless fairy bimbos, lovesick poetic bimbos, and moronic sisters/cousins/ aunts of Savoy operas for five years with a straight face, this seemed comparatively easy; at least I wouldn't have to shriek and swoon.

We had two rehearsals, and shuffled some outfits between the ten models the Baroness had acquired. Some of them had worked with her before, and she had literally acquired one from a restaurant: "I handed her my card, and said that I'd like to use her as a model. She called me, and agreed. Simple enough." I've read far too many true-crime books in which that sort of thing leads to a body being found two months later in a ravine, I couldn't conceive of doing such a thing myself, but not everyone reads true-crime when their brains fry, I guess. I was particularly taken by Abigail, a tall, exquisitely beautiful woman who designs hats for a living: just watching her smooth a turquoise latex skirt over her hips made me flush.

Surrounded by a number of people wearing rubber and latex, I began to get a sense of the appeal that it can have. It fits so snugly against the skin, reflecting light -- black rubber can develop a mirror-like shine -- curving and folding, smelling faintly like white chocolate, as well as of the polishes used. Shine used a citrus-scented polish on some of the pieces, which, combined with the baby powder and the white chocolate smell, was luscious. They squeak and pop quietly as you move in them as well, and the cool heavy folds of rubber falling against bare skin is a sensual delight unlike anything else I know....

My portion of the show was relatively simple: I came out in a cute black rubber jumper and rubber boots in the first piece, a waist cincher in another, a kinky black miniskirt in a third, and ended up being tied up with rubber straps in the final piece. Simple enough...though we hadn't realized just how intimate we models would become with each other as we squirmed in and out of the pieces in the dark behind the performance area, nor how long it would actually take for some of the people to be unlaced and relaced and hooked into their pieces in the dark. This led to an extended *pas de deux* with another model, while we waited for the next one to finish getting dressed and emerge, but over all, it went well.

A few weeks later, the Baroness called, this time to ask if I would consider modeling for the catalogue she was putting together. I would have done it just for the sake of trying it, but she offered me the kinky miniskirt. While generous with my time and energy, I am not a complete idiot: when offered an expensive piece of fetish wear in return for what sounds like a simple enough task, I take it.

Modeling sounds simple enough: after all, what are you doing? Just standing still, changing clothes and shifting occasionally, while someone takes photos. No problem -- shouldn't take too long, and I can spend the rest of the afternoon hanging out in a cafe or a pub in the Village writing.

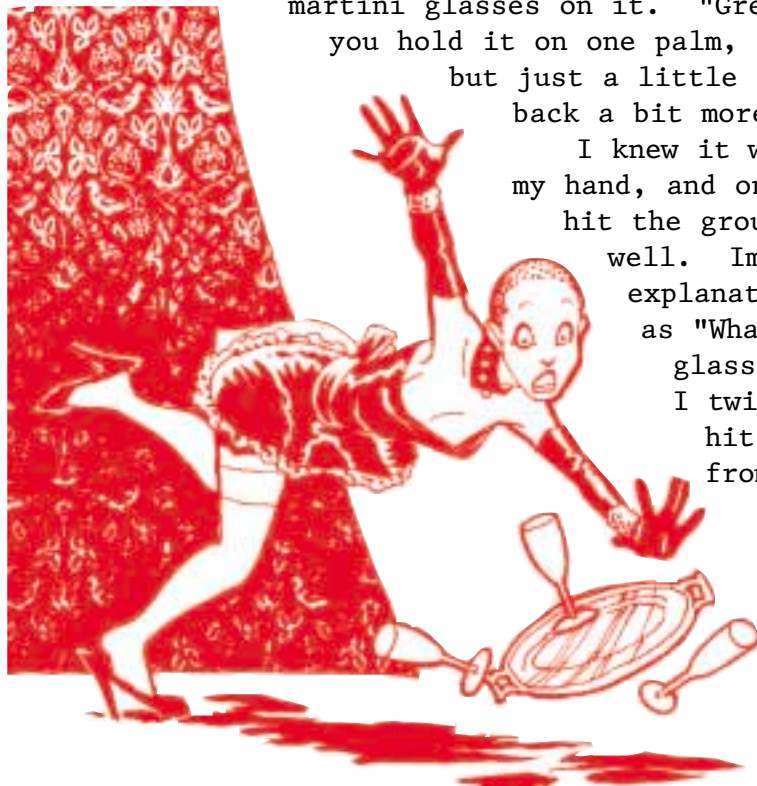
We played around with my makeup, and the Baroness painted my nails bright red (that was almost the most perverse sensation throughout the entire series of shows). Then she pulled out the outfits that she wanted

me to model, and we started. The first ones were simple enough: the miniskirt, first with a lace top and four-inch spiked heels, with me posing with a compact and lipstick, or just turning in one direction or another. I began to suspect that it wouldn't be quite as easy as I'd thought, after the first twenty photos had been taken. "Could you arch your back a little more? That's it -- now tilt your head about fifteen degrees, and look to the left. Hey, Shine -- can you buff the left side of the skirt? Don't move, Velma...."



I wore flat shoes for the next outfit, but they wanted to catch me in motion, so I danced, and jumped up and down, while another two rolls of film were shot. Then back into the heels, and the waist cincher; then the sleek red skirt. That's when I really learned what models go through: "Okay, bring your arms up over your head, lift your chin and tilt it to the right, look left, arch your back. Now drop your shoulders, turn your left elbow out about fifteen degrees more, stick your ass out, push your tits out a little, look seductive, and relax. Now hold it just like that...." and I could hear half a roll of film being used. "Stay there -- I want to get some color shots as well." Positions the human body only gets into in transition from one movement to another, held for prolonged periods, punctuated by minor movements, and the pervasive smell of Armour-All, as Shine darted in to buff the pieces over and over; hot white lights, tight rubber and latex pieces being slid over my skin back and forth...another piece, another contorted pose held for a small eternity....

"Let's do a fifties-style shot, since we've got you in the apron -- I'll get the glasses and a tray." A few minutes later, I found myself bent forward, trying to look perky and cute, with a silver tray with filled martini glasses on it. "Great, absolutely great! Now can you hold it on one palm, and lean forward again? Great, but just a little farther forward, and arch your back a bit more...."



I knew it would happen: the tray slid off my hand, and one of the glasses broke as it hit the ground -- and I fell forward as well. Images of emergency rooms, and explanations of what happened, as well as "What if the skirt gets torn by the glass?" flashed through my mind, but I twisted, wrenching my back, and hit the floor scant inches away from the shrapnel.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm okay. I hope you got a shot of that fall -- I'm not doing it again!"

Five hours -- four of them in spike heels -- and twelve rolls of film later,

my first photo-shoot was done. We sat, drinking dark beer, and talked for a bit, then I walked west to the subways, in the cool spring night. Everything ached, everything felt stretched and contorted; even the subway steps made me clench my teeth and gasp. The next day, I was useless, living on ibuprofen and tea, and praying that the photos would be worth the pain.

A few weeks later, I received a set of contact sheets, and was amazed by how many of the shots actually looked good. I did three more modeling jobs for the Baroness and learned about real catwalks, multiple flashbulbs, navigating spiral staircases in long straight skirts, and how twelve models can strip completely and change in a closet (you get really, really intimate, and have one person lacing you up while you're stripping someone else, who's buckling a third person at the same time, that's how). The catalogue came out in time for *Dressing For Pleasure*, the big East Coast fetish extravaganza; even before I received my copy, I had people coming up and telling me that they'd seen my photos, and thought they were magnificent. Not quite the same sort of egoboo as from a fanzine, but still appreciated.

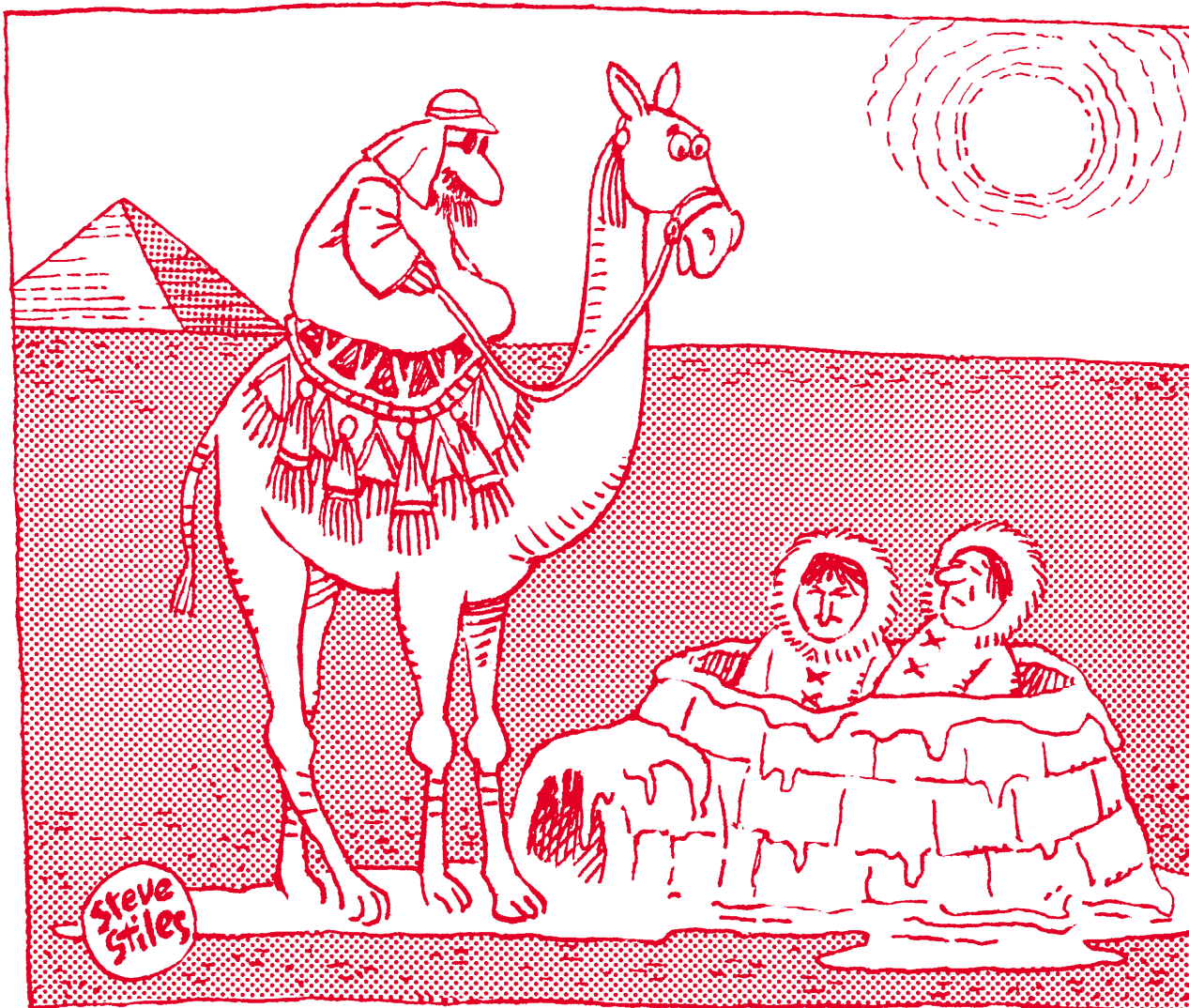
And in the winter, I received a phone message: "Velma, thanks again for all your help, and the wonderful photos, and by the way, I've put your ass on my Web page...." Excuse me? I did sign over the rights to the photos, but somehow, I hadn't expected that the Baroness would use one of mine on her Web site. (I wonder how many people have seen me....)



This year has been different, comparatively quiet. Because of the Baroness, I found myself being asked to do a modeling job for Direktor Leathers, a line that's exclusive to one of the fetish stores in New York City. That was simpler: only three outfits, though two were corsets, one with a panniered skirt with a train attached. I've actually concluded that corsets are my main interest in fetish gear, being a form of body modification that can be put on and off without necessarily causing permanent changes to the body. (On the other hand, there is a part of me that wonders how I'd look with my waist permanently reduced to eighteen inches -- I have taken it down that far briefly, but usually only go down to nineteen to twenty-one inches.)

I've also done one more show for the Baroness. This year's Black and Blue Ball, an annual charity fetish event, was held on a ship docked in New York Harbor. The experience of walking while chained to eight other people, in spike heels (again), while going up and down stairs on a ship shifting with the tide, is...unique, I'll say.

Would I do it all again? Sure. Why? Because I'm still gullible....



A GREAT PLACE TO LIVE

By Lee Hoffman

It was in 1958 I went to live under a tenement in the area of New York City then known as the Upper Lower East Side, and later as the East Village. I do not believe my moving there had any part in this change of identity.

In a time when one could hardly expect to rent even a studio apartment in NYC for less than three figures a month, I enjoyed rubbing it in with the statement that "I have a four room pad. I pay \$35 a month, but of course that includes gas and electricity."

Though there really were four rooms, they were somewhat undersize rooms. I came to think of it as three very small rooms and a dandy closet. The living room and kitchen weren't too bad. Each was about 10'x10'. The other two rooms were about 7'x9' and 7x7', but a three foot



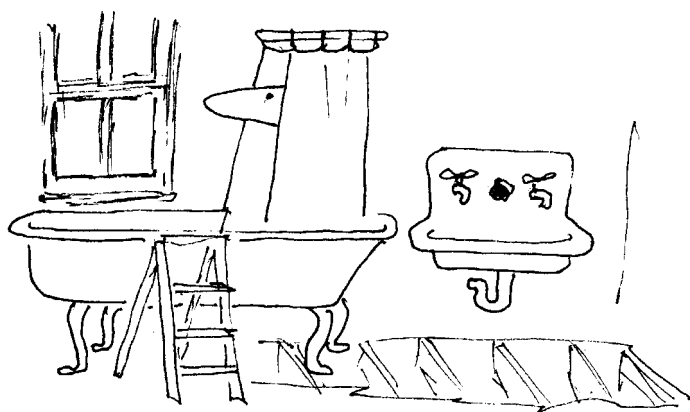
swath through each was taken up by walking space. It was a railroad (or shotgun) apartment, each room opening into the next.

When I moved in, I knew the place was too small. It continued to be too small the entire thirteen years I lived there. Aside from that, from the john being in the hall, and from the only heat being provided by the kitchen stove and a small radiator hanging from the living room ceiling, it was a great place to live.

The main reason this delightful abode was so inexpensive was that it was illegal for anyone to live in it. That was the fault of the city of New York, not the apartment. Although it did have an exterior window in each room, the city didn't approve of the front one not reaching above street level. Nor did they approve of the oil tank for the building's heat being under the living room floor.

The living room and kitchen each had to do multi-duty. The couch in the living room became my bed at night and served as my typing chair by day. This was quite convenient. My typewriter lived on a low table with wheels that I pulled up to couchside. I could sit crossed-legged on the couch while I typed, and spread papers and reference books out to either side. The radio and hi fi were within reach on the foot-deep window sill immediately behind the couch and the front half of the TV was in the bookcase across the room. These rooms had windows in the walls between them. Since the TV was twice as deep as the bookcase, its hind half hung through the window into the second room. That room was the one where the mimeo resided and sundry stuff got stowed for the time being when there was no place else to put it. Lisa Johnson christened it, aptly, "The Bone Room."

The smallest room was closet and storage space for things demoted from the bone room. I covered each end wall with an industrial-strength steel bookcase, and put a clothes rod between them. Then came the kitchen/bathroom/workshop. It had a dandy primitive version of a double sink. Half was a bathtub. The tub was a long-legged model with a step-ladder for access. It was a delight. Unlike the bathtubs I've had since, it was



deep enough and long enough for me to submerge my entire body up to the shoulders. And some previous tenant had added the convenience of a shower ring above it. Because there was a window directly behind it, bathing could be a mite chilly in the winter, but one could get a little heat in the kitchen from the oven of the gas stove (which lacked an oven door).

The other half of this double-sink was a standard turn-of-the century porcelain-on-cast iron model, with a large chunk of the porcelain missing from the high backsplash. The doors through the apartment were in a line with the sink, and a former tenant had used this long clear area for a shooting gallery. He missed his target once. Fortunately he was only shooting .22 shorts.

I'd been living the apartment for several years before I discovered that while the kitchen did have wall-to-wall linoleum, it did not have wall-to-wall floors.

I had noticed that the footing was a bit bouncy in front of the sink. I figured over the decades a few floorboards had suffered enough dampness to make them a little soft, so one day when I happened onto some aircraft-grade aluminum panels in a Canal Street surplus store, I bought a couple. I planned to take up the linoleum and put the aluminum over the weak spots in the floor.

When I lifted the linoleum I discovered there wasn't any floor under it. Those decades of dampness had softened it to the point of total disintegration. Removing more linoleum, I found that the de-floored portion extended over under the bathtub. One of its long legs dangled high and dry.

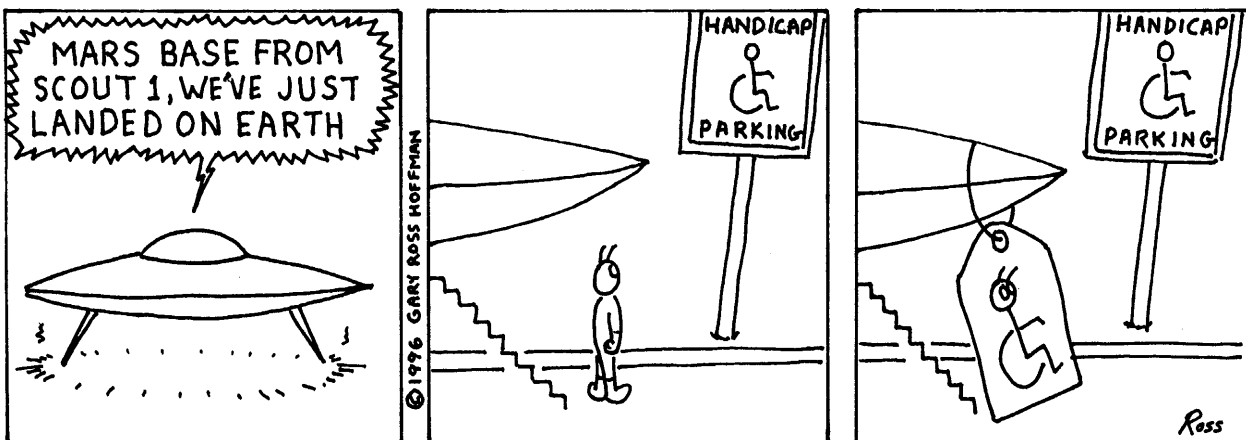
Fortunately my friend, Aaron Rennert, had come over to participate in my home improvement project. He suggested we get some lumber to go between the beams and the tub. We had plans to get together with Don & Jo Meisner later, and all go out to dinner together, but obviously my floor job was going to take longer than just tacking down some metal sheets would have. I called Don & Jo to tell them we wouldn't be able to make it, we had to go find a lumberyard and buy a floor.

How much floor did we need, Don asked. I told him what we'd measured the hole at. He said to hang on, he thought he had a piece of plywood in his closet that might yield what we needed.

The piece of plywood Don brought over turned out to need only one small corner sawn off to make it fit the hole in the floor with remarkable precision. I jacked the tub up on my knee while the men maneuvered the plywood into place. They made quick work of finishing the job, and we all went to Chinatown for dinner after all.

As I said, it was a great place to live. Remind me some time and I'll tell you about the mouse, and the rat, and the time it rained in my kitchen, and the time the overhead radiator in the living room filled up with hot water and blew its valve.

THE ELF SQUAD



The Faces of Science Fiction Five Yearly

by Jeff Schalles and Geri Sullivan

1. Lee Hoffman & Shelby Vick, Tropicon, 1988 (Geri)
2. Robert Bloch, Dreamhaven Books, 1992 (Jeff)
3. Terry Hughes (seated) & friends, Noreascon I, 1971 (Jeff)
4. Harlan Ellison, DimensionCon, 1984 (Jeff)
5. Andy Hooper, Precursor, 1995 (Geri)
6. Walt Willis, 1952 (Shelby Vick)
7. "Scene: The Blochouse, Time: Summer, 1954, Dramatis Personae: Left to right, Bloch, Fern Tucker, Jean Grennell, Bob Tucker, The Bottle of Sour Mash that Howard Lyons swapped Tucker for an orange-crate of old fanzines. (Latter is empty.)" (Original photo by Dean Grennell from Chuch Harris's collection, copy by Jeff)
8. Geri at BEDEC collation, 1991 (Jeff)
9. Steve Stiles, 1979 (Jeff)
10. Patrick Nielsen Hayden & Gary Farber, Corflu Nashville, 1996 (Geri)
11. Alexis Gilliland, Dan Steffan, Ken Fletcher, Grant Canfield, William Rotsler, Moshe Feder, Stu Shiffman, Noreascon II, 1980 (Jeff)
12. Roscoe Honor Roll signers from L.A.con III fan lounge, 1996 (Geri)
13. Hope Liebowitz, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Moshe Feder, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Disclave, 1984, New York City skyline, 1986 (Jeff)
14. rich brown, Disclave, 1983 (Jeff)
15. Ross Chamberlain, Corflu Vegas, 1995 (Geri)
16. Fannish tape duplication the hard way, photo shows of Vinç Clarke holding up Oblique House, 1992 (Jeff)
17. Ted White & Jim Frenkel (Alexei Panshin in mirror), Disclave, 1981 (Jeff)
18. Robert Silverberg at the crank of the Magic Mimeograph (first used by Bob to produce *Spaceship*; later became LeeH's infamous open drum mimeo), MagiCon, 1992 (Jeff)
19. Dan Steffan, 1979 (Jeff)
20. Ray Nelson, Frank Lunney, & Robert Lichtman, ConFrancisco, 1993 (Jeff)
21. Terry Hughes, Noreascon Two, 1980 (Jeff)
22. Gary Farber, Ted White, Moshe Feder, Andy Porter, party at Bill & Mary Burns's, 1986 (Jeff)
23. Jeff at the Hennepin Paper Mill: where Fibertone comes from, 1995 (Geri)
24. Geri in the Toad Hall Champion Mimeo Center & Frog Preserve, 1991 (Jeff)
25. Jeff printing the cover of *SFFY* #9, 1991 (Geri)
26. Andy Hooper heads for home, Tom Whitmore, Precursor, 1995 (Geri)
27. Stu Shiffman, Corflu Vegas, 1995 (Geri)
28. Ken Fletcher helping with BEDEC printing, 1991 (Jeff)
29. Umpire Dan Steffan wearing the Burbee shirt, Precursor, 1995 (Geri)
30. Walter Willis en route to The White House, 1995 (Geri)
31. Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Corflu Nashville, 1996 (Geri)
32. Chuch Harris and his mom, Daventry, 1989 (Sue Harris)
33. Jeff, Sleepy Hollow Studio, Dobbs Ferry, NY, 1988 (Jeff)
34. Harlan Ellison & Poul Anderson, Midwescon, circa 1956 (unknown)



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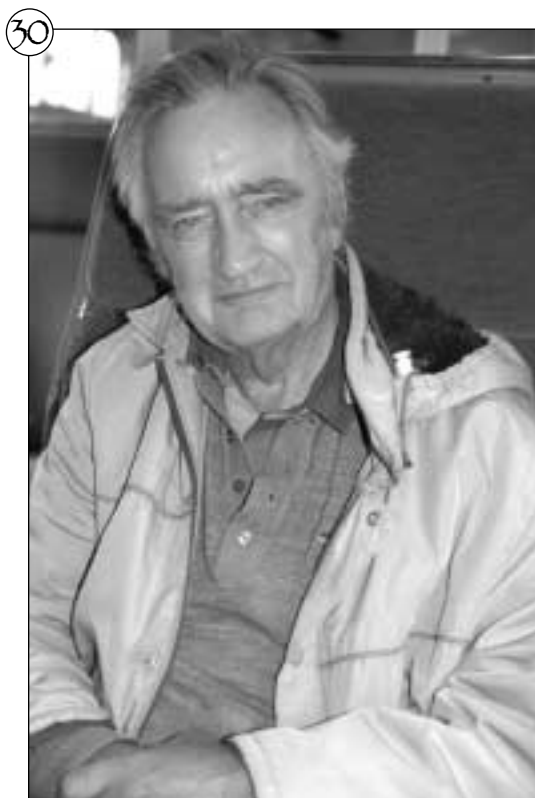
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I watched the horizon overtake the moon this morning. In real time. I saw the movement of the earth through a Bushnell "Trophy" spotting scope designed to view the points on a buck deer from 300 yards.

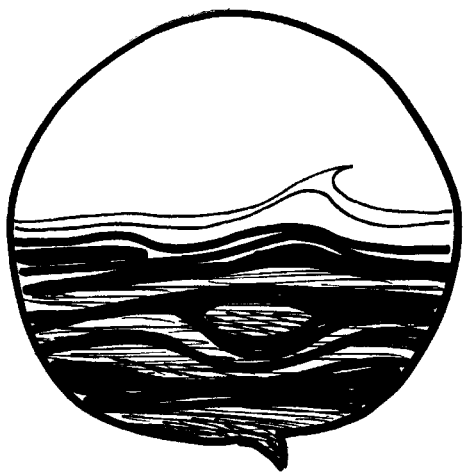
I had been looking at Jupiter and four of its moons -- the weather improved over the island, and Jupiter was sharp.

During the day the scope has served more nefarious purposes: I turn it on the sailboats and cruisers that motor into Reid Harbor, hoping to catch a Microsoft millionaire's blonde beauty topless in the sunlight. Once, from my position 60 feet above sea level on a pale clear dawn, before the sun had cleared the hill behind the house, I scanned over barely rippled water to see a young woman pull her pants down and pee near a beached driftwood log on one of the tiny islands that guard the entrance to Reid Harbor, more than 500 yards distant. She was crouched sideways to my view, but I could see her bare ass and her blond hair, though the stream of urine had to be imagined.

At night the scope's snout ascends to the sky: stars, airplanes, satellites, planets, and whatever else radiates or reflects. I hear the buzz and thud of thick moths against the window as I sip my iced Irish whiskey, then push my glasses up on my forehead and delicately adjust the focus knob. The rims of craters within craters snap clear.

I'm typing this on an Underwood typewriter in a wooden house sitting on a hill overlooking a thin horseshoe-shaped harbor on a 3-square-mile island in the Puget Sound, a saltwater sea cutting into the Northwestern part of Washington state. The San Juan Islands are an attractive tourist destination, yet Stuart, the northwesternmost U.S. island, is not served by ferry. There are no paved roads, no stores, no phone booths. There is no electricity provided, or water, or natural gas. The county flies propane in twice a year, and you can bring anything in on your own -- but it's still pretty remote. We get in and out in my father's 4-seater airplane, landing on a grass strip.

Spending a week off up here is always enjoyable, even in the winter, when the day is eight hours long, gray, rainy and cold. It's still comfortable because the house is equipped to handle those challenges. It is mainly solitude I seek here, the lack of the thousand voices and inputs constantly battling for my attention.



SEADROP, R87500R

The only thing I really wanted to accomplish, as such, was this article. But thoughts of nature, and how people survive it, instead occupy my mind, pushing fannish contemplation to the side. How can one write about the latest fanzine or feud or party when one is gazing at distant planets?

Wait a minute. I've come full circle. Some items protect me from nature -- such as the stove, the house, the cell phone. Other items, like the spotting scope, enhance nature, whether it be a setting moon turned into an epiphany of orbital motion, or a young woman urinating made into an erotic scene of fluid movement.

The moon has gone to bed later and fatter each night. This morning the it was just a few degrees above the horizon, a little puffy because of atmospheric distortion, even without magnification.

I turned the scope to it, gazing at the lunar image, just a few degrees more exposed than the previous day. The dark side cut a knife edge of shadow against the craters that straddled the line of light. The lit edge of the disk looked bumpy, but I figured it really was smooth, because the bumps wobbled and weaved, the atmosphere distorting the true curve. The day before the moon had been higher in the sky, and better defined. There had been late-occurring craters in the older seas that I couldn't see this morning because of the distortion. Refraction was far less evident on the inner edge, where the sun's light ended and the dark side began.

The descending moon was intercepted by the first porcupine limbs of a cedar on a hill across the harbor, and I pressed my eye against the scope's lens in amazement: I could actually see the satellite sliding east into the horizon. The craters slipped into the needles like a watch's second hand, sweeping without pause or hurry.

The trees are pretty thick on the southwestern hill behind which the moon was sinking, but the motion remained clear until the acute angle on the moon's top half sunk. Even then the faintly outlined dark side of the moon still poked over trees. Then all that was left was a white light glimmering through through the limbs. It disappeared, except for one little spot which flared and then faded like a candle with a glass placed over it.



I'm no stranger to natural phenomena -- being brought up around physicists, astronomers, and mathematicians -- but I was blown away by the sight of the earth's movement. I thought it was simply too slow to see, like the rising of the tide, or lichen spreading on a water-eroded rock. One only appreciates the change in discrete, separate moments. This, I thought, would be enough to convince anybody that the universe is a far more wondrous thing than seen in the bible or any other fantastic conception: a part of an ultra-complicated construct of matter and energy.

Progress is that which makes our lives easier. But what is easier? Less danger, more time to play and less to work? While few have to worry about being hunted by large predators, most find automobile accidents scary enough. True, the *process* of progress requires wealth, and those without wealth tend to get screwed. But the implements of progress -- the tools wealth creates -- can be used by anyone.

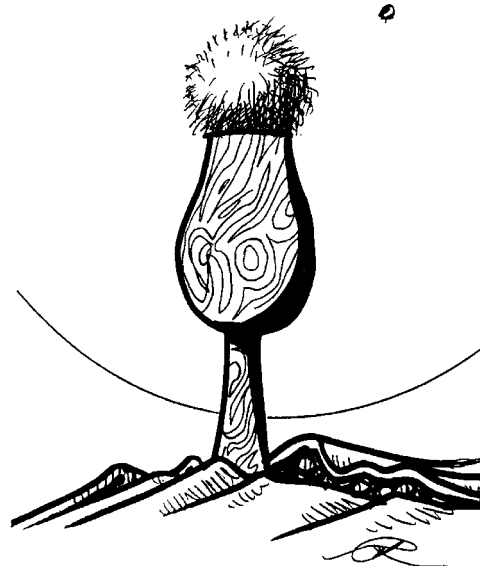
It is about the relative nature and definition of luxury.

Where I sit now, I'm on a thin edge of civilization -- a cusp of technology that allows me to enjoy myself where those 50 years ago would have been lucky to be content on such a night. I think about the wonders of mankind that are helping keep me comfortable: the wonders of science fiction nonfictionally operating to make a wilderness seem like home. And I also wonder about the natural paradise this technological expertise allows me to experience: did the Native Americans who navigated this coast and the dozens of other island corrugations nearby spend their evenings staring at the brilliant sky and the meaning it might have for them? Sometimes, I'm sure, they did. More likely, on many nights, they worried about whether the fish would be plentiful in the morning, and if their shelters were warm enough for the newborn.



The appreciation of beauty is poor second to the comforts of home and a full stomach.

A couple of years ago I got my masters degree -- and nearly died trying. I had spent the last four years in New York City getting degrees, but before I started looking for a job, I needed some rest and asked my dad if I could spend a few weeks in his house on the island. He said yes, and I got used to the idea of a certain level of deprivation: no electricity, no telecommunications, heat by old-fashioned means. The third morning there I realized the container of ground coffee was empty, and it took me 25 minutes to manually grind enough for a morning pot. Thank God he had a grinder -- crushing coffee beans with a rock did not appeal.



But things were pretty good then, and they're better now, with more technology installed.

The other moon I saw through the spotting scope also brought an epiphany: it made me contemplate the issue of micturition being erotic. I flashed on FINNEGANS WAKE, in which Earwicker -- and all the versions of everyman in that book -- spies on two little girls from a wooded vantage point in Dublin's Phoenix Park. The girls have pulled down their knickers to piss on the grass, and he reacts with amusement, or delight, or sexual arousal.

There are hundreds of version of this tale told in the volume, some a few lines long, others pages. In some, nothing happens; in others, Earwicker is arrested and his reputation is destroyed. In some versions, he rapes the little girls. In others, they see him and laugh at him for being a powerless dirty old man. In Joyce's ultimate expression of *dolce niente*, this story is one of the main currents of a book that tells a thousand stories, none of which makes complete sense.

My ability to be the voyeur in much the same way as Earwicker forced me to look again at my impressions from the "night book," and realize that the fears of perversion are in constant battle with the thills of sexual stimulation: perhaps we turn the guilt into something positive; a tension that suggests tumescence.

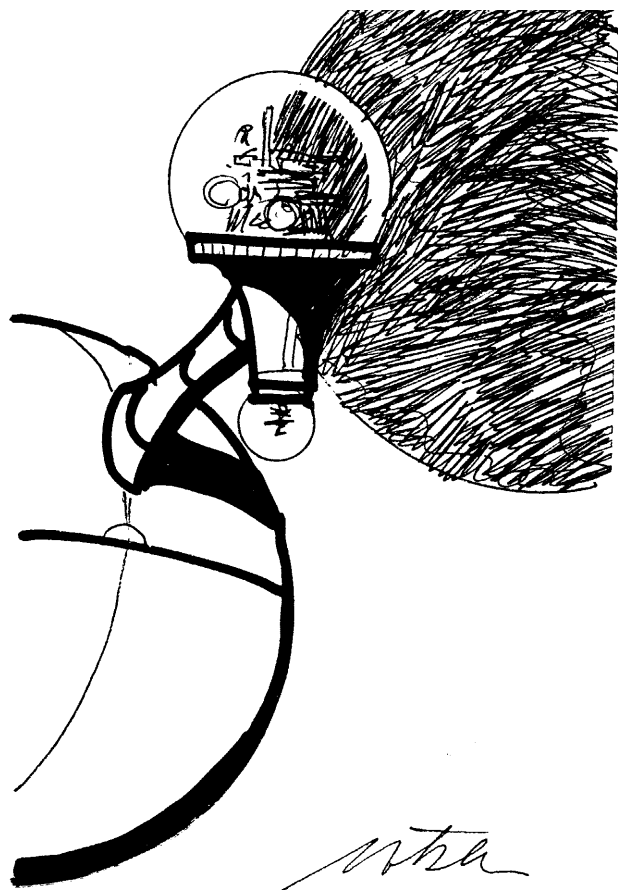
But that's not really the point. It only leads me there.

It is a matter of transitions. When I first stayed out here, there was only propane power, reliably. I ran the generator a couple of hours every three days, but my ability to work at night was dependant on propane.

Propane lights, refrigerator, hot water, stove, and barbeque. Then, between that visit and this trip to the island, Dad installed the batteries and the inverter. The Inverter. It is a black box with buttons and a meter. It emits a deep, angry buzz as it converts the direct current from the batteries into alternating current for the hairdryer and the microwave and the television and the cellphone recharger and -- let us not forget -- the laptop computer. Can you log on from the island, Dad?

Transition, I say. It is very beautiful here. If I had nothing, how would I do? The temperature right now is high enough to keep anyone alive: I didn't even feel compelled get a fire going in the wood stove on some nights.

But if I had to curl up at the base of a tree I might feel differently. Instead, if I wished, I could light the wood stove.



I could fire up the propane heaters. Or I could just cover myself with the finely woven products of the machine age, which could keep me alive for days at above-freezing temperatures.

But summer only lasts about two months out here. You might get lucky and get a dry fall or spring, but watch out for winter. And then you have to build shelter. What do you do? You want to live 'naturally' -- nothing made by humans. Building a hut from the limbs of assorted trees you chop down with a blade, probably made in a commercial factory, you could manage it. Or you keep dry in a good spot underneath several trees. Now you need food.

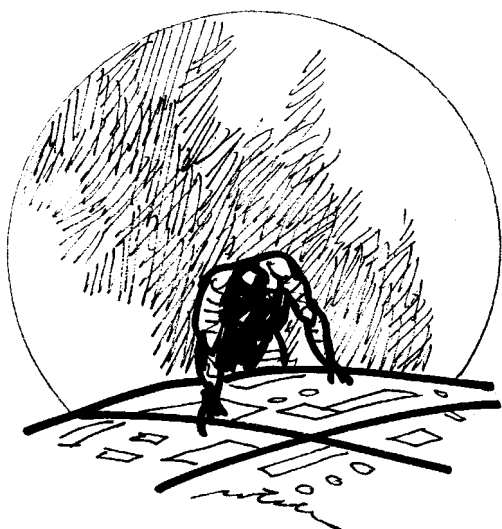
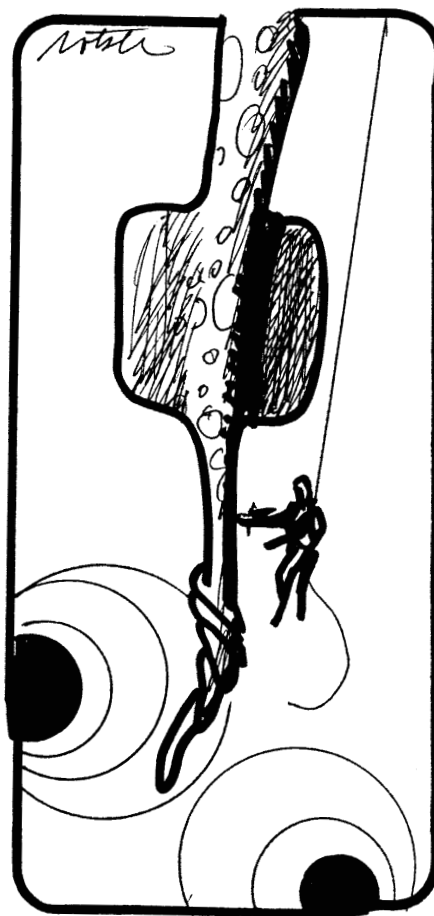
That too is difficult without human-designed, machine-made tools.

From a wood stove to propane heaters to electricity. All of them involve some kind of previous development. When you think about it, an efficient wood stove requires significant technology. Casting the iron alloy, airtight welding, thick plate glass for the door, a system of air flow that put the smoke in the right place -- outside -- and allows you to vary the intake, like the choke on a car.

Much like a computer, I could not make with my own hands an efficient wood stove. Nor could I make a knife of the quality that can be cheaply purchased. I could learn to do these things, but it still wouldn't help me make a computer. The spotting scope would also be virtually impossible to recreate from scratch. Not only glass, but highly refined optics, a mechanism to change power and focus, a steady tripod.

Even contemplating all the small technological factors that go into making iced Irish whiskey could take a long time. Good luck with the still, but, as Joyce notes in the Wake, John Jameson & Son is not a family easily equalled.

Many people complain -- to the dismay of the technocrats most science fiction fans are -- that technology obscures reality; that we hide from the truth by watching television, even by reading the newspaper. Virtual reality technology has spawned (or, really, re-inspired) a genre of SF that talks about people who prefer the computer generated world to the real one. Reading fiction -- or making fanzines -- keeps us from being out in the world, experiencing for ourselves "the uncreated conscience of our race."



Technology was meant to hide us from the harsher aspects of our lives, whether it be a blanket to keep one warm, a car that allows us to avoid walking miles, or a web site to keep us from being bored. Or the deodorant that keeps us from stinking, or the air conditioning that allows us to keep the windows closed and the bugs out. Meanwhile, yes, the simpler aspects of nature fall away from many people. I'm told there are people in the boroughs of New York City who have never left -- and therefore never seen the sky in true darkness. The city lights keep that vision from them.

The same spotting scope that might raise a tear from one of those people was originally designed to help people shoot things to eat. The basic idea is not to hide us from reality, but help us survive it.

The comfort provided by these devices not only makes it possible to keep ourselves alive longer. It not only lets us see things in nature we haven't seen before -- like the two dissimilar moons, or the four orbiting Jupiter.

The temporary security they provide also allows us the freedom to care about those sights.

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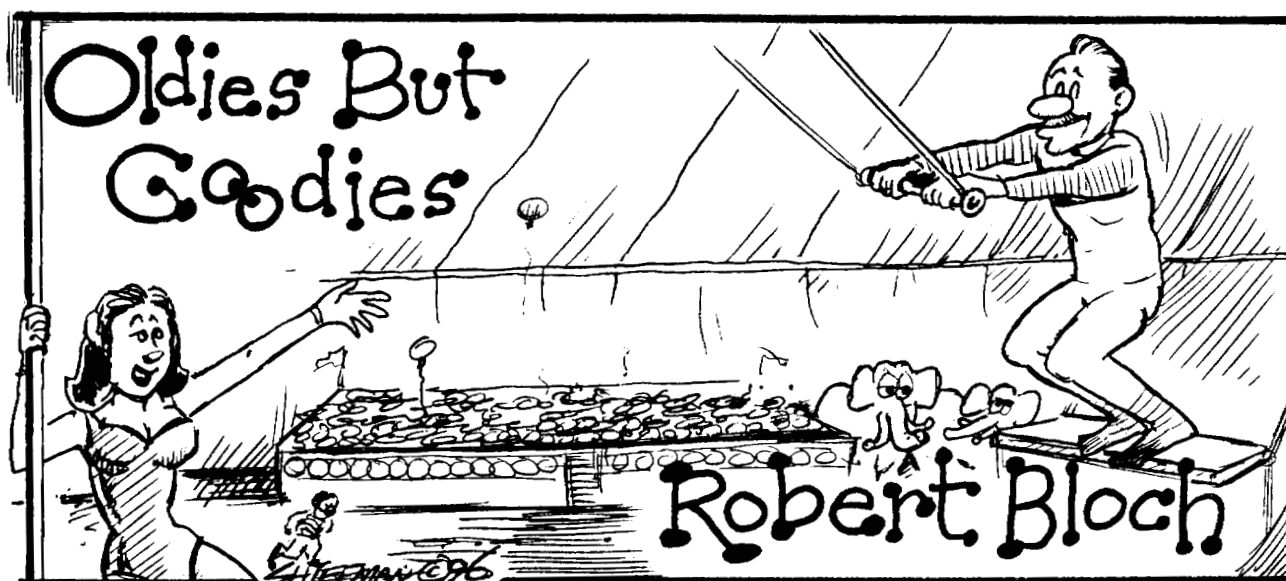
Mathemaku No. 6a

by Bob Grumman

$(\text{dawn}) (\text{knapsacks} + \text{raft} + \text{Island}) = \frac{4}{3} \pi (\text{boyhood})^3$

COMMENTARY: Since $\frac{4}{3} \pi r^3$ is the formula for the volume of a sphere, "Mathemaku 6a" fairly straightforwardly reads (I hope) as an equation of some dawn's Huckleberryish outing on a raft with a sphere whose radius is boyhood. That the parenthesis holding the sum, "knapsacks + raft + island," can't contain its final term is intended to speak of destinations beyond the ability of mathematics or science to enclose them -- and is, for me, the central felicity of the poem, if it has one.





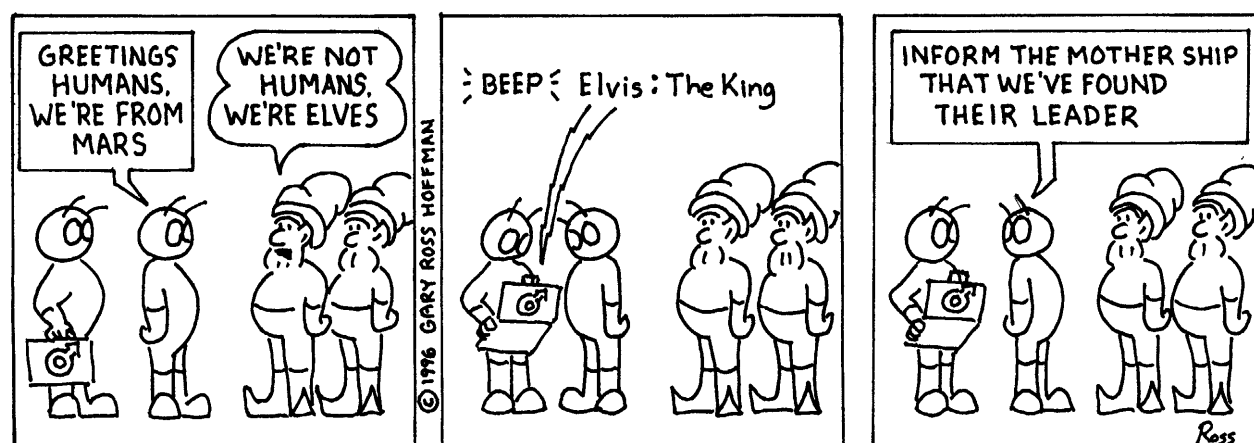
Reprinted from Grils #2, edited by Joyce Fisher, Sue Robinson, & Pam Janisch. 1969

I have written elsewhere that a science fiction convention is like an old-fashioned traveling circus. It comes into town, sets up, and over a period of four or five days creates a little world of its own; then, suddenly, it's gone again and there's no evidence that it ever existed. Except, of course, in the memories of the audience.

We who attend conventions can remember -- as circus-goers do -- the glamour and the glitter, the star performers, the feats of daring, the ballyhoo and fanfare, the wild animals, the clowns. And believe me, science fiction has its share of these items, very definitely including wild animals and clowns. To say nothing, in recent years, of freaks.

But for most of us, personal memories are our only source of satisfaction. A few Worldcons have printed resumes (the 1962 Chicon's Proceedings is perhaps the most outstanding example) but aside from individual con-reports in fanzines there's little else to show what took place at one of the three-ring circuses which annually celebrate the

THE ELF SQUAD



existence of science fiction fandom. The regional conventions -- many of which are now as big or bigger than early Worldcons -- fold their tents and fade away. Again, one must rely on recollection.

Somehow, whenever I attend a Worldcon and see familiar faces once again, my own recall is stimulated, and I begin to evoke visions of the past. Oldies but goodies, as the record albums put it.

Here are some of mine:

LOS ANGELES, 1946.

My first Worldcon. I attended mainly at the urging and insistence of Forry Ackerman. When my plane was grounded by an air strike I took a train and arrived two days later -- largely because I wasn't going to let Forry down. After all, he was the Convention Chairman and I'd promised to see him. When the train pulled into the station, eleven people were on hand to meet me. Ackerman wasn't there. He wasn't at the convention, either. It seems he'd collapsed at the opening session and gone home to bed. I never did see him during my stay in Los Angeles. At first it seemed tragic and then rather humorous. Today I realize that Forry was just ahead of his time. I'm sure that he meant to set a precedent for other Convention Chairmen who look over that sea of faces at the opening session and realize they should have stayed in bed.

TORONTO, 1948. I was involved rather heavily in the proceedings here, but not quite as heavily as David H. Keller, M.D. The good doctor really took over -- or, rather, his wife took over for him. Whenever he came into the meeting-hall during a session, Mrs. Keller preceded him and loudly announced, "The Doctor is coming!" whereupon the program halted until David H. Keller was seated. During various panel discussions, Mrs. Keller would get up and proclaim from the floor, "I'm sure the Doctor has something of interest to say about the subject" -- and, sure enough, he always did. Bob Tucker, George O. Smith and I were drafted to help the Canadian contingent with banquet entertainment and we worked hard at setting up a last-minute program. We needn't have bothered. Midway through the affair, Mrs. Keller rose to her feet and said, "I have persuaded the Doctor to tell us an amusing Shakespearean anecdote he has often related." Whereupon the program halted once more while the Doctor delivered a lengthy monologue concerning that eminent sf writer, Wm. Shakespeare. Today, in all fairness, I realize that if anyone was entitled to be Guest of Honor at that convention, it was



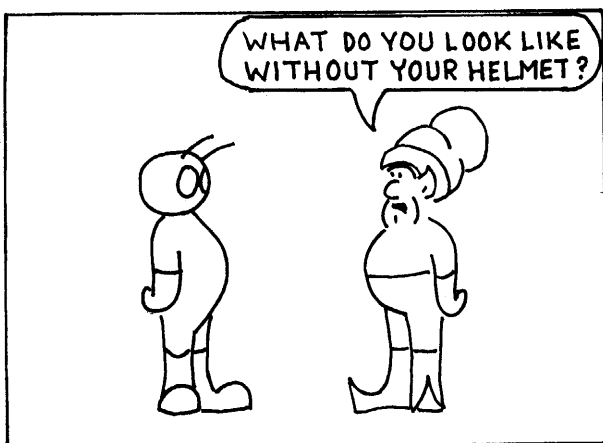
David H. Keller. But at the time I was just a wee bit sorry for the actual pro Guest of Honor, who happened to be -- me.

NEW ORLEANS, 1951. After traveling 900 miles I arrived in this faraway city and was promptly informed that I was in charge of publicity and press-relations for the convention. Inasmuch as this was the year when two major motion picture studios -- Paramount and Twentieth Century Fox -- decided to screen their major new sf films for the convention, and sent their personnel to make sure they got sufficient news coverage, the publicity job was a bit more sticky than usual. We couldn't settle for one of those "Ha, ha, the Flying Saucer nuts are in town!" treatments. Well, thanks to Dan Galouye, the newspaper stores worked out on an adult and complimentary level. But my fondest memory of this particular con involves the banquet entertainment which -- as was the case in Toronto -- was impromptu. Declining the dubious honor of serving as toastmaster for a non-existent program (which request was made of me exactly one hour before the affair began) I did agree to a speech. By default, the toastmastering fell to a toastmistress -- Judy Merrill. And I shall never forget her words as she arose to take charge; smiling sweetly at the audience, she said, "I really have nothing to say." For some reason or other I admired the lady's utter candor, and wish others were as truthful under similar circumstances.

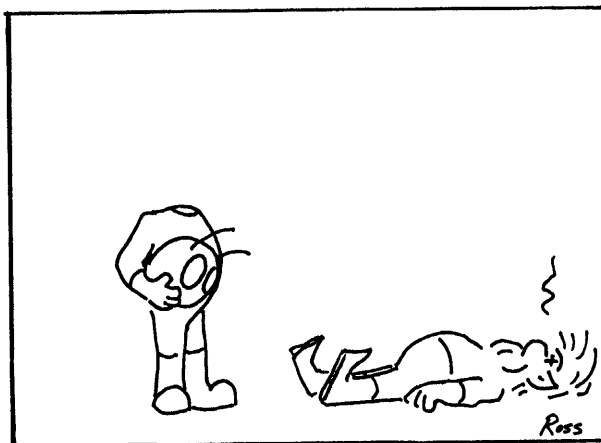
CHICAGO, 1952. Willy Ley made a speech denying the existence of flying saucers; his chief point was that none had ever been photographed or observed from above, only from below. When I was unsuccessful, this time around, in bowing out of the toastmaster chores at the banquet, I called Willy up to the platform from the audience. "You never saw a flying saucer?" I asked. "Well, here's one." And I threw a saucer at him. Willy, bless him, delighted me by grabbing the mike and retorting, "Yes, but I still saw it from below!"

MIDWESCON, 1953. All of the Midwescons through the '50s provided memorable moments, but this affair offered one incident I'll always cherish. Arthur C. Clarke turned up, fresh from his Book-Of-The-Month triumph with *THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE*. Little did I realize the fun I would get through the years heckling the supposedly dignified and proper Mr. Clarke; not until the second morning of his stay, that is. We were down at the shore

THE ELF SQUAD



© 1976 GARY ROSS HOFFMAN



of the lake and Arthur was describing the flamingoes he'd seen on a recent Florida vacation. "Great, awkward creatures," he said. "They go like this." Whereupon Arthur rolled up his trousers to display his legs, stuck his hands under his coat and flapped the sides like wings -- and waded out into the water, shoes and all, squawking happily. From that point on I loved the guy.

PHILADELPHIA, 1953, of course, was memorable for meeting Isaac Asimov. I saw him again in CLEVELAND, 1955, and at the SECOND NYCON, 1956, and DETROIT, 1959. I have many favorite memories of Ike -- particularly those times we shared the platform together. In Detroit, he managed to fix things so that, in announcing the Hugo winners I opened up one of the envelopes and discovered my own name. So help me, in those far-off naive days before campaigning for votes, I didn't even know my story had been nominated before I arrived at the Con. But they'd told Asimov, and he made the most of it.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1954 gave me a chance to really get to know Tony Boucher. There's another who, like Willy Ley, I shall miss, because both men contributed so much to the pleasure of convention attendance. It was Tony who, in Cleveland, led a group of us late at night into the wilderness called Jackass Hill to search out the site of the Cleveland Torso Murders.

LOS ANGELES, 1958 was a wild one: that was the year this 6'6" actor Did His Thing at the masquerade ball in a grotesque monster outfit and the led a parade of fans through the streets of downtown L.A., ending up by creating a near-riot in Pershing Square. And there was CHICON 1962, with the crowd walking up the down escalator; the hotel management went a little berserk over *that* spectacle.

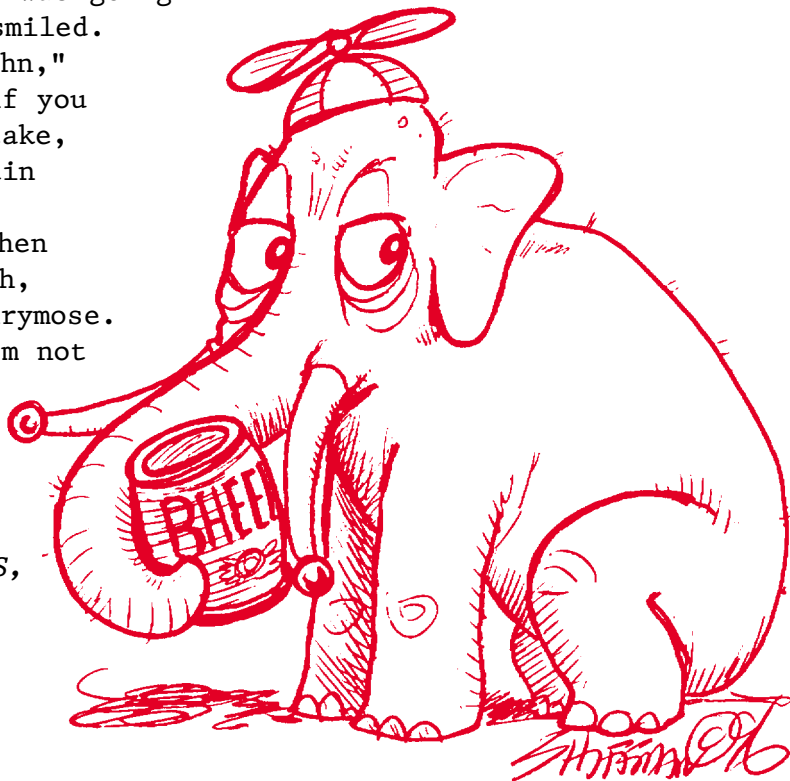
LONDON, 1965 was my wife's first taste of conventioneering. She didn't quite know what to expect until Peg Campbell stopped me just before we went into the banquet and asked if I was going to speak. I said yes and she smiled. "Please promise me to insult John," she said. "He'll be insulted if you don't." My wife did a double-take, and I never did manage to explain the situation.

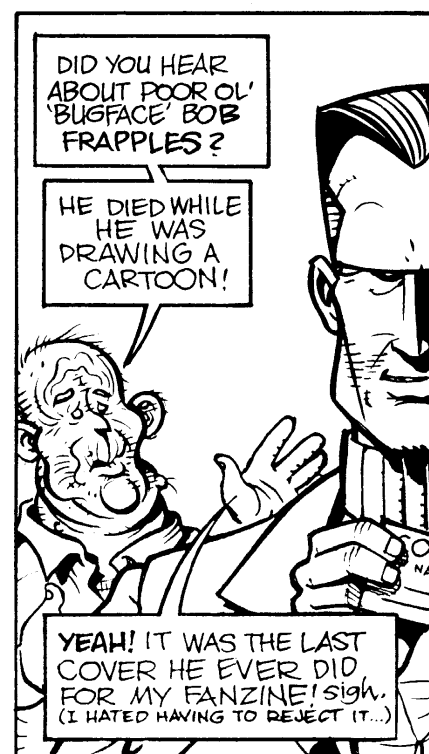
BAYCON, 1968 was the time when Judy-Lynn Benjamin -- but enough, I'm quitting before I grow lachrymose. I'd hate to do that, because I'm not sure of the spelling.

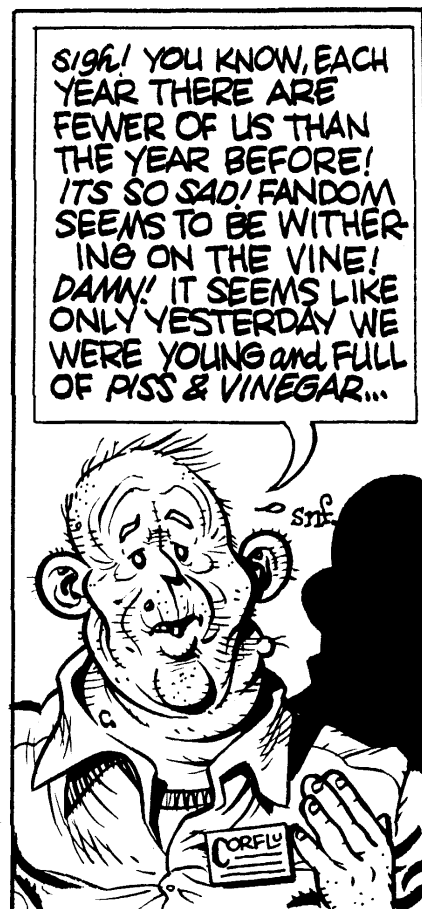
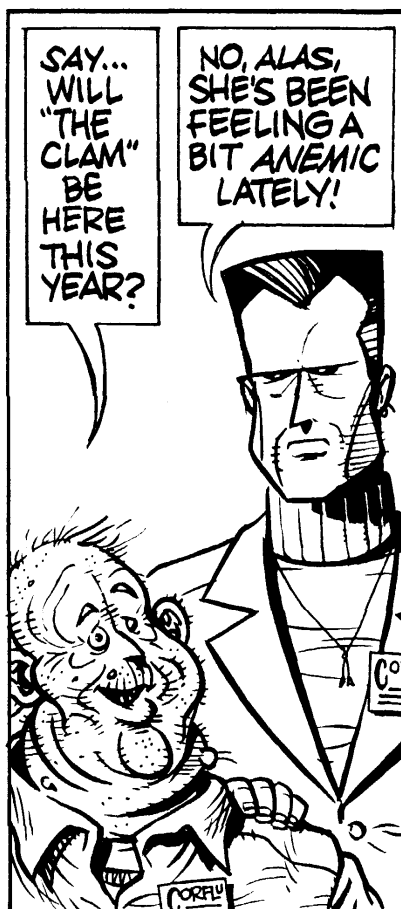
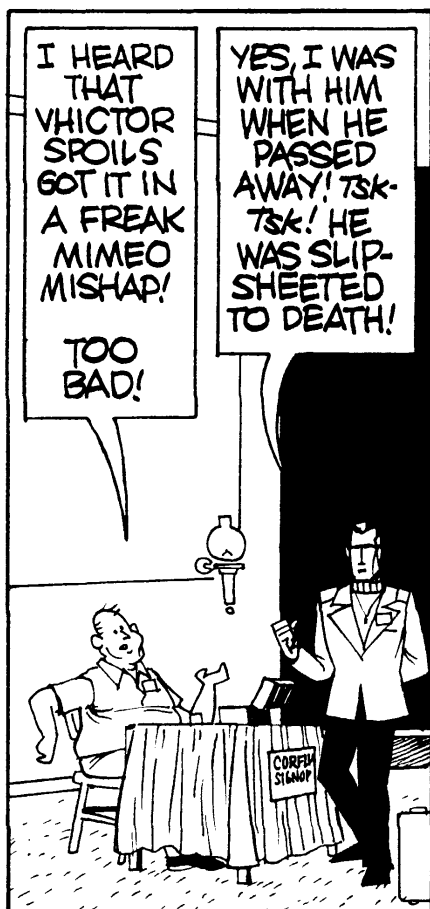
All I'm sure of is that I treasure my convention memories -- and hope there'll be many more.

For the lowdown on ST. LOUIS, 1969, read my report in a forthcoming issue of IF.

For the *real* lowdown, see me at the next Worldcon....







Walking into Midnight

Editorial by Andy Hooper

I've been doing a lot of walking lately.

Not sure really what was the trigger for it, but one morning in early October I just woke up feeling like time might be getting short. One contributing factor: A friend not that much older than myself had a heart attack last winter. She always seemed to take good care of herself, but she drew a bad number anyway. She survived, and is quietly, but determinedly fighting her way back. I figured you could look at it two ways; either it was a sign that no matter what you do, you're still going to die and ought to enjoy yourself while you can, or perhaps it was a wake-up call to the fact that the actuarial tide had turned against me, and that stupidity was not a fit defense against the continuing passage of time. The genetic strikes against me loom large. One grandparent lost to cancer back in the '40s, another to heart disease, another to heart disease and diabetes -- the whole thing began to depress me so thoroughly that I put on my shoes and stumbled out into the street, trying to walk away from the future as fast as I could.

Five weeks and over 125 miles later, I'm still walking. Doing a little more exercise on the side as well. It feels good. I'm starting to see the return of muscles that sank beneath the sea of flab about twenty years ago. It's slow going, but I like it like that. I might be eating a little less, trying to cut down on the fat intake slightly, choosing the broccoli chicken instead of the Kung Pao, but nothing drastic, nothing I can't maintain. My metabolism doesn't seem to have noticed. I want to avoid shocking it awake, making it think that food in general is in short supply, and that it would be prudent to hold on to all the fat at hand. Mostly, I just try to walk it all off.

Fans in general ought to be excused for feeling their mortality a little more acutely this year. We've lost Charles Burbee, Bob Shaw, Ethel Lindsay, Redd Boggs, and several others of wide acquaintance in fandom. The only loss which didn't sadden me particularly was that of Burbee. I'd have been happy to have led a life similar to his, and who can deny that fandom will convey upon him a measure of immortality? But poor Sister Ethel, who had the rug pulled out from under her so quickly. Poor Redd, who let a relatively mild condition escalate until it killed him. And poor Bob, who always had a sadness in him behind the jokes and good humor, and who undeniably shortened his own life with alcoholism. Do I speak ill of the dead? I hope no one feels that way. They were all good souls, whatever petty foolishness or weakness they may have shown, as we all do. Remembering them with clear eyes, as perverse, frustrating, wonderful humans, is the best respect we can pay.

But I plan to go on doing what I can to outlive them by a healthy margin, all the same.

* * *

Science Fiction Five-Yearly seems to inspire this kind of rather moody, dour sort of article, doesn't it? Certainly this has something to do with its lengthy periodicity. In the old days, two or three fandoms and a bitter interregnum or two could rise and fall between issues. And *SFFY* assistant editor-publishers seem to have brought a wistful tone to their contributions and editorials, perhaps in an unconscious anticipation of the fact that stepping up to the plate for LeeH has been a kind of high water mark in many of their predecessors' fannish careers. In part, this seems only natural; you don't get to stick your finger into this particular fanhistorical pie until you've shown that you know your way around a stencil or three. And most fans can only sustain the white-hot intensity of fanac that makes them a clear choice to edit *SFFY* for so long, before the withering fingers of oldandtired close around them. Bob Toomey is a special case, as he brought geographical proximity to his mixture of attributes. But how many fanzines has Terry Hughes published since his stint as *SFFY* editor in 1976? Dan Steffan and Ted White kept up *Pong* for a good while after November 1981, and their fanzine *Blat!* has been one of the highlights of the '90s so far, but it's hard to deny that they did slow down precipitously after *SFFY* #7. Perhaps the disappearance of the vast majority of the copies Dan mailed out in 1981 granted him limited immunity; he did just run for TAFF and win last year, hardly the act of an over-the-hill gafiate.

No *SFFY* curse would have been required to spirit Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden away after their turn in 1986; the prolonged unpleasantness known as Topic A would have driven weaker souls to hide in the rain forests of Borneo (a region notoriously clogged with weak souls). And as wonderful as *SFFY* #8 was, *Izzard* #9 was even more wonderful, and it arrived later. But now they've found real fame as big-time book editors, and my conversations with them always seem to occur at the end of conventions, when I'm standing around in the lobby with my luggage, waiting for the airport shuttle to arrive. I miss 'em; their astonishing fluency and facility with the art of the interlineation has seldom, if ever, been equaled.

Which brings us to Geri Sullivan, Jeff Schalles and myself, beaver-ing away at this pluperfect publication for the past nine months or so, while, as Peter Berryman once wrote, "The Doberman of entropy is drooling in the gloom, and slinking through the vestibule the Wiener dog of doom." Geri has sought to stave off her decline by offering to assist in the publication of *SFFY* twice, but I fear that this may backfire terribly, as when too many tana leaves were offered to Prince Kharis in those Universal studios Mummy-movies of the thirties and forties. Three leaves return the subject to life, allowing the creation of fanzines, the imbibing of Scotch in Glasgow's Central Hotel, the pursuit of Don Fitch through countless early-morning con-suites, coffee-pot in hand -- but NINE LEAVES! BEWARE! Worldcon Fan Lounges! Expensive trips to Northern Ireland! Lavish photo sections and life-size cut-outs of Chuch Harris that fold out and wobble heart-breakingly in the air like rare and delicate orchids!

And what of Jeff? I mean, love is blind, certainly, but when did it become a harbinger of Twonk's disease as well?

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Well, we can't please everybody, and some people really dig that hyphen.

It's too late for Geri, and probably for Jeff, but I know what's good for me, and I plan to sink into torpid gafia as soon as the Teamsters are finished pouring the concrete.

* * *

All of these things came to me while walking one evening last week. One of the more significant things about walking is that it's very hard to send or receive faxes, type memos or attend planning meetings while you walk, and while I've experimented with reading while walking, the results have been less than impressive. Thinking is one of the few things you can do well while you walk, so I do a lot of it these days. I was walking up Aurora Avenue (such a lovely name for such a less-than-picturesque street) and trying to remember where I was back in 1991, when the last *SFFY* came out. In 1991, I was still living in Madison, but Carrie and I had already begun loading our belongings into boxes, preparing to move to Seattle. I did remember that *SFFY* #9 was just about the best fanzine that came out that year. I remembered reading Dan Steffan's comic strip "Jesus Christ, Neofan" and laughing so hard that I gave myself a nosebleed.

Passing the ruins of a drive-in at the 50th Street viaduct, I wondered if it might still have been open back in 1991. Probably not; judging from the degree of wear on the walls that are still standing, and the large rotting boat and trailer that I remember seeing parked in the lot when we first passed it in early 1992. Aurora Avenue is also Washington state highway 99, and was the main north-south route in and out of Seattle before the completion of Interstate highway five and bridge that carries it over Lake Union. Drive-in restaurants on Aurora used to do a lot of business when almost all traffic coming in and out of town had to pass by them. But what really doomed them was the placement of a large concrete berm down the middle of the road, designed to keep pedestrians and motorists from trying to dodge heavy traffic in crossing the road. Now, if you see an appealing place on the other side of the road, you may have to drive two or three miles before you can get off and double-back.

Did the traffic experts who planned the placement of that barrier know that they would be driving people out of business in the process? That the Ox-Bow Inn, Dag's drive-in and the Thunderbird Motel would all sink into disrepair as a result of the change? As the businesses failed, the value of adjacent property went down as well, and now a number of homes stand abandoned, waiting for someone to knock them down and start all over again. And in their place, large, blocky structures full of condominiums and under-occupied office space -- which no one wants to cross the street for -- spring up like mushrooms. Which is a lot of change to accomplish with one low concrete wall, which I had no trouble vaulting as I crossed to the east side of the street.

Because there is no sidewalk along the section of Aurora above 50th Street, I walked into Woodland park, a series of lightly-forested hills that straggle down the eastern slope of Phinney ridge toward Green Lake. This geographical minutiae may be of no interest to people outside of Seattle, but since I've begun walking, much of my waking thought revolves around the issue of how and where to climb this ridge. Walking up from the level of the lake, above, say, 60th street, is a novel way to commit suicide.

Coming from the park, through the grounds of the Zoo, merely makes black spots swim before my eyes as passers-by ask if I would like them to call the paramedics. And as far as I know, no ascent of the western face has been attempted since the disastrous Fenton-Spezzalato expedition of 1971, in which 14 men and 20 Shetland ponies lost their lives.

I climbed up the main meadow of the park toward the series of foot bridges over Aurora that lead back toward the walking path that runs along the bottom of the Zoo. When the object is just to get the miles in, one finds oneself taking a lot of strange routes, walking along the same blocks on different sides of the street. As always, the odor of elephants and their attendant effluvia was quite strong as the wind wafted down out of the zoo, but people have been smelling strange things in that part of Seattle for over 100 years. Before it was a park, those slopes were the site of a large "Gypsy" camp, at what was then the northern edge of the city. Seattle has a long history of trying to chase out what it regards as undesirable elements, such as the Chinese, socialists, native Americans and so forth, but these efforts always seem to run out of steam before long, and what has resulted is a haphazardly cosmopolitan city. Woodland Park seems to sum all that up for me: it has one of America's better zoos and a glorious rose garden, manicured bowling courts and a pitch and putt golf course, but with the labored traffic of Aurora Avenue tearing through its middle, scruffy kids on dirt bikes practicing their jumps on sculptured heaps of fill dirt, and a large number of single men in cars cruising through on all but the most inhospitable afternoons, searching one another out in a delicate ballet that inches toward discreet consummations in the bathrooms down by the horseshoe pits.

That night, the only vehicle in the parking lot was a tow truck, and in its cab the driver sat doing a crossword puzzle as I walked past. His dome light was the only illumination between the edge of the park and the three bridges on the far side. I could feel the ghosts swirling around me as I walked, and the sweat pooling on the inner sleeves of my jacket suddenly felt ice cold. A selection of unsettling horror movie images rotated through my mind, which led, logically, to thoughts of Bob Bloch, who we've lost since the last *SFFY* came out. I remembered the old line about his having the heart of a small boy -- in a jar on his desk -- and laughed a little wondering who might have been left that jar in the disposition of his estate. Fellow old fans and tired, we must remember to plan ahead, and prevent such bickering in the wake of our demise.

But as I reached the second of the three bridges -- no need to over-do things, I'd walked a good two miles by then, and it was almost a mile back to the apartment -- I really started to get scared. The hammering of blood in my ears made me think I heard someone following me up the hill. Several times I stopped and turned around, but there was nothing visible in the darkness.

Walking the fence that marks the east edge of the zoo was one of the longest 300 yards I've ever crossed. The leaves on the ground sounded thunderous as they crushed under my shoes, and the wind now lashed fresh rain under the lip of my hood. For some reason, I was quite convinced something was stalking me through the dark, and no matter how I tried to appeal to the more rational aspect of my nature, I could do nothing to keep

my heart from racing and my breath from coming in increasingly ragged pants. I could smell every animal whose night-time pen I passed, and somewhere off toward the Australasian exhibits, something large and unhappy coughed and whined in the night. By the time I lurched up toward the administration buildings, I actually broke into a jog for a few dozen yards, sucking in huge breaths and blowing out plumes of steam into the chill.

And it was while I was running that I lost the fear, for all I felt in that moment was an immense surge of happiness at actually being able to run for my life without wheezing and laboring for breath under the demands of my ill-toned body. Some lunatic with a garden fork might kill me, but I'd be damned if I'd do the job for him with French fries and tartar sauce.

Coming out of the path by the rose garden, I turned up 50th Street again, and the crest of the ridge. At the very edge of the park is a monument to the soldiers of the Spanish-American war, complete with two naval casements and 6-inch guns from the armored cruiser *Illinois*, which fought under commodore Dewey at Manila Bay. I collapsed onto a bench not far from them. A quick check on the pedometer: 2.78 miles. Not bad. I seem to walk faster in the dark for some reason.

Back on my feet, and into the middle of 50th Street for one of my favorite views in the whole city. To the east, the road an attenuating ribbon into Laurelhurst, and beyond it the black reflection of Lake Washington above and below the lights of distant Kirkland. To the west, Ballard and Shilshole bay spread out for miles, with the sound and the islands beyond, and even in the darkness some suggestion of the Olympic mountain range. Back to the east, the Cascade Mountains, with the labored passage of Interstate 90 only suggested among the foothills and forests, leading back two thousand miles to Madison, my progress and my past. Look back to the west, and imagine the great swell of the sea beyond the mountains, the steppes and rivers and cities beyond the sea, the future unborn among the rivers, the forests, the cities, the steppes, the unknown smelling me on the wind and waiting in books and bottles and foot paths and fanzines, biding all time until the moment comes to take me down at last.

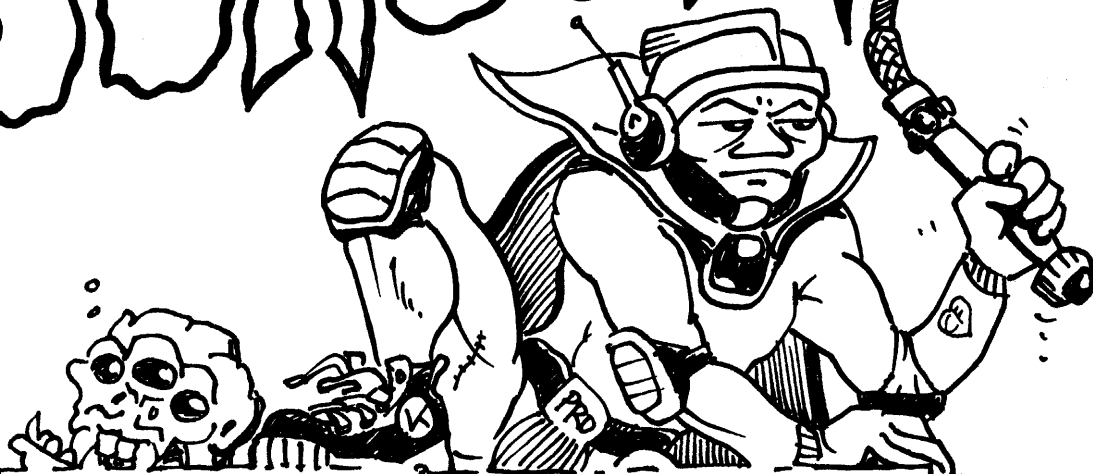
Helping assemble this issue of *SFFY* might yet prove to be the top of my leap as a fan, or a writer, but I hope no one minds if I try setting the bar a little bit higher. See you all in another five years, or so I hope.

THE ELF SQUAD



AUTHOR'S NOTE: In 1961, in this very periodical, a shameless sham of a shitty shuck was perpetrated on the loyal followers of this brilliant literary event. Now, on this 40th anniversary of the beginning of !NISSASSA, it can be revealed that the blind mendicant, Nalrah Nosille was ensconced high in the mountains of the Hammām Al Anf of Tunisia, chained against his will and any possibility of either royalties or a decent book club sale, as minions of the sect-cult of Poopyplat attempted to ruin his reputation by submitting a bogus installment of this otherwise exceptionally swell novel-in-progress. Only the most imbecile, the dullest, the creepiest readers of, say, for instance, idiot redundant vampire novels (cheezus, what the hell more is there to write about such a narrow, stupid topic...after all, it just comes down every time to "let me suck your neck" and well, duuuuh) could have believed the vacuity of that last installment was possible, given the astonishing amazing startling talent of Nalrah Nosille, a talent filled with thrilling wonder, just astounding, on this planet or other worlds! Now, at last, it can be revealed that the previous installment (if such it can be called, representative as it is of the emperor's new clothes) was a cruel hoax asseverated by thugs and poopyplats. The editors apologize.

!NISSASSA



PART 10 OF THE BREATHTAKING
FOUR-PART ACTION SERIAL
BY
NALRAH NOSILLE

SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. Plucked, trembling, from a truly messy and financially unstable life as a dissipated rum-runner, Floyd Aaron Horstmann found himself recast as paladin-savant-philosopher-breadwinner-warrior in the service of Dorgla, Emir of Joungfrou. Pledged, now, to combat a Scourge of the Seven Planets too complicated and vanvogtian to explain this late in the goddam serial, FAH (as he had come to be called by the faerie-folk who used him as a front to buy liquor and cigarettes for them from the subspace equivalent of a 7-Eleven out near the Galactic Horizon just off the freeway in sector nine) has materialized in Dorgla's court, gone through a lot of repetitious explanation, and has been sent out to slay The Tainted One, equipped only with the usual Ring of Silence and the Whip With A Million Eyes (X-rated). Horstmann, aka FAH, has entered the first of the Seven Valleys of Pain -- the dreaded Gulf of Weariness -- and after escaping the travail of the black viscosity now finds himself in the moments before Rogoth, The Tainted One, she of the bad breath and really cranky PMS manifestations (actually, Dorgla's mother, but we needn't worry about that part again until Chapter 15 or so), is about to reveal herself for the first time.

Now go on to the thrilling...

CHAPTER 10

"CYBERFORNICATA OF THE ZOMBIE UPHOLSTERER"

FAH unshipped the Whip With A Million Eyes (X-rated) and stood twitching expectantly in the ichor-dripping vastness of the subterranean cavern. He could hear the thrashmashing sound of what he knew to be The Tainted One, schlurping out of the darkness toward the scent of his dainty flesh.

Yet as effulgent light shimmered and then burst from the cavern's countless corridors, Horstmann realized he had not yet, nosir, not by a long shot, uh-uh, no way, not even possibly reached his goal. It would have been too easy. It would have meant, at best, a novelette instead of a full-length novel that could be sold to a decent book club.

This was but the first of the Seven Valleys of Pain, and she who was known as The Tainted One, she who had screwed over Dorgla, she who hadn't returned calls and then put one of those crappy answerphones on the line so you can never reach anydamnone, when you know those *momsters* aren't *really* in conference or in a big-time editorial meeting, they're just too goddam lazy to take their calls, and use Answerphone Hell to get out of the chance random time when they'll actually pick up their own receiver and accidentally have to indulge in human congress with one of the people they've been ducking and avoiding having to give a rational response to, she of the limitless evil, She Who Must Be Festooned, she wasn't going to make it easy for even a champion like FAH to find her, and actually have

to have human congress by answering one of the many phone calls made to her seeking a decision, any decision, but not this chickenshit inability to take a stand, give an answer. No, indeed not, The Tainted One was not this easily dogged to her lair.

This was but the first of her minions. And out of the corridor of darkness came the servant of Rogoth, The Tainted One! And yet again... ! (Maybe just for emphasis, !)

The vile, putrescent servant known as Klamath, High Regelux of Xxor!!

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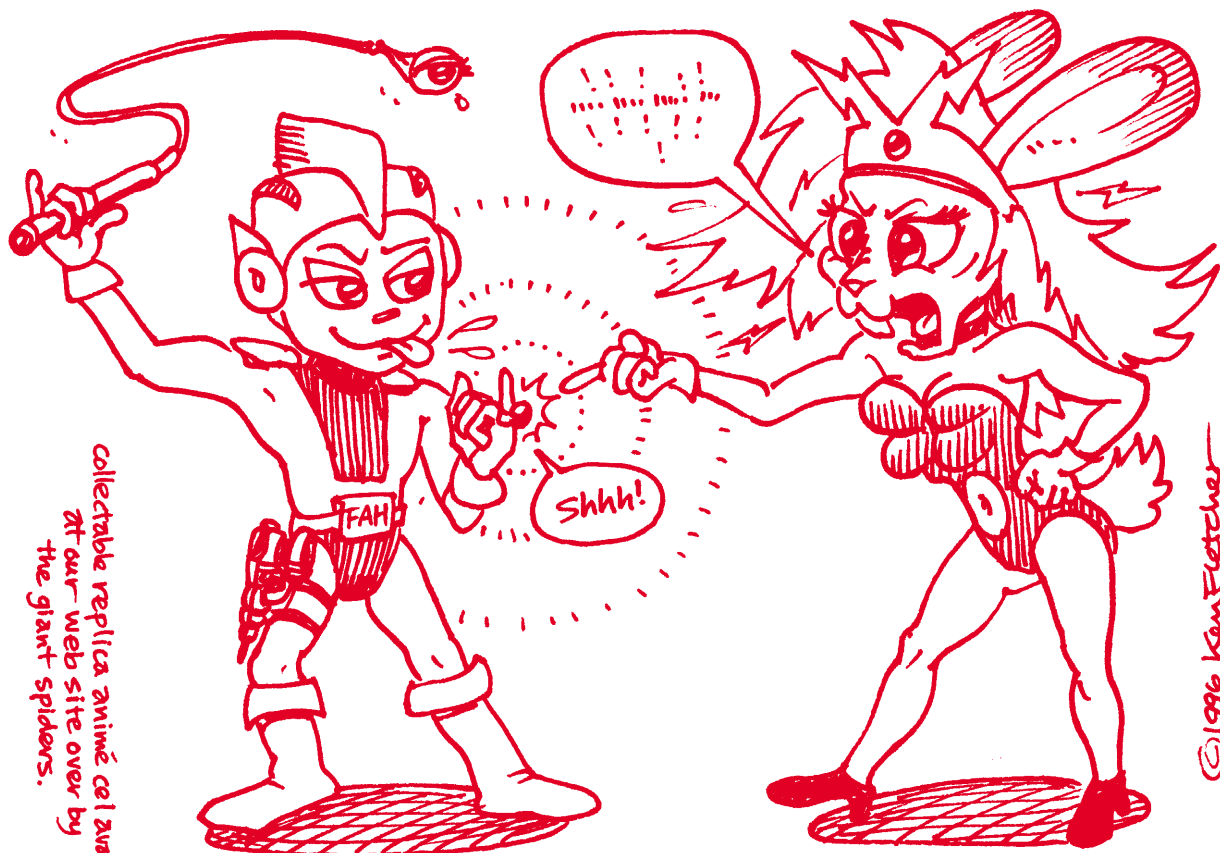
Klamath, High Regelux of Xxor, spewed her vasten at FAH in the unspoken name of Rogoth the Untimely.

"Whoreson," she smiled, "in the unspoken name of Rogoth the Untimely... your moment of painful endodonture has arrived! Prepare to whimper piteously for my pleasure before the last moment of excruciating extinction!"

"But nay," he snarled, barking a chittering challenge, "I challenge your bosomness to the Rigor of the Clenched Bowels! It is my right as one of the high-born!"

"But you're *not* high-born," she velmed reasonably. "You're a dissipated rum-runner, whonged out of the timestream from a Saigon coke-parlor...."

"I was only delivering sandwiches to the clientele. Moveable Feat, Inc. Just because I was visiting in a drug den, doesn't make me a dope fiend, y'know!"



AS SEEN IN THE JAPANESE ANIMÉ ADAPTATION

"Either way, slime-pustule," she quelled insinuatingly, "you ain't high-born, so you can just give it a forget on this challenge business!"

But FAH had turned on the Ring of Silence, and all her unpleasanties went unheard. The Ring didn't have much more useful value, but as far as blocking out hurtful remarks, it was an okay implement.

Driven half-mad by FAH's equanimity, as well as his naked fecundity, Klamath charged him with her stichomythia bristling, a deadly hygrometer in one of her hundred talons, a logorrhea at the ready, merely waiting for FAH to drop his anomie for but a moment.

As she reveled across the slime-drenched floor of the gigantic cavern, FAH drew back the Whip of a Million Eyes and made to crack it in her evanescent denouement. But suddenly, there above them, swooping down with screams of feral hunger, came the dreaded Pterodacs, denizens of this underworld of despair. FAH was between two deaths!!!

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DON'T MISS THE BREATHTAKING 11TH PART
OF THIS BREATHTAKING ONGOING SERIAL OF
BREATHTAKING TERRIFICNESS! YOU'D BE A JERK
TO MISS IT, TRUST US ON THIS.

BE HERE IN THE
YEAR OF OUR CLARKE
2001

FOR PART ELEVEN OF

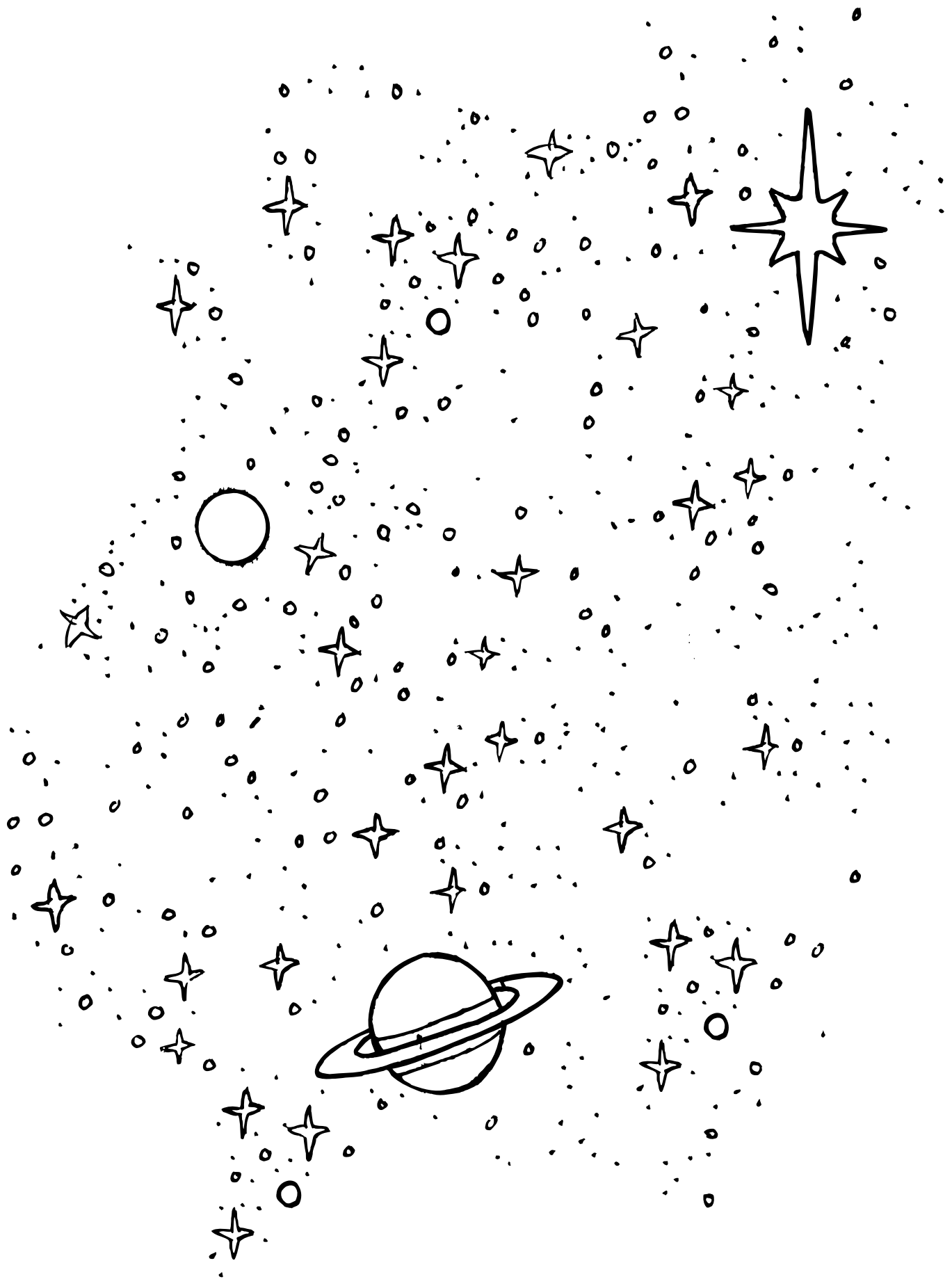
!!!NISSASSA!!!

(titled)

SLAVE-GROUPIES ON THE WAY TO SMOLDERING HELL

or,

"Sure, they close down the Main Street Electrical
Parade, but *hell* could freeze over before they
shut the mouth of that wretched It's a Small World"



NOV. 1996

SCIENCE FICTION

5 YEARLY



Ray Nelson

.....
"Don't go to press without me!"

Harlan Ellison
November 21, 1996

.....
!Nissassa continues on page 42 of this
issue of Science-Fiction Five-Yearly!