





# AWRY #1

January 1972



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Printing Courtesy Of: Dean Grennell's Gestetnor 120, on loan

AWRY is a rank amateur publication devoted to rank interests, published irregularly, and is available for accepted contributions, sterling LoCs, selected trades, and two issues for one folding U.S. dollar.

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Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may turn out to be the greatest thing since ragged edges. For those of you who acquaint my name with PELF, a fanzine co-edited with Dave Hulan which has so far seen nine issues in just a little over ten years, let me hasten, slowly, to remind you that I also do a regular column for YANDRO and at one time published a monthly fanzine (PHOENIX, although after the second issue it reformed to quarterly). PELF was never meant to be more than highly irregular, whereas AWRY will be infrequently regular. It will probably be published four times a year, and possibly more. You may not remember the last time you saw PHOENIX, but the last time you saw PELF was just a few short months ago and that particular issue will not be the last. It will, however, be the last for quite some time, so with Dave Hulan's permission I'm printing a few of the more sterling letters here. I like fanzines with letter columns. Even first issues.

I bring this new fanzine to you as glut to the marketplace, where everybody and maybe even his wife or buddy or college roommate is offering you a similar commodity. I don't advertise to have the best product you can buy, and beyond that I don't particularly want you to pay for it anyway. There is no warranty on this piece of merchandise, either. If it doesn't amuse you, shitcan it. If you like it, you'll find it available by the usual means. The policy of AWRY is that there will be no policy. Format-wise, it will probably stick to a maximum of 26 pages which will include an editorial, two or three articles, and the balance in letters. Issue #1 rides with YANDRO. Read it through. If you want more, do something appropriate.

Appropriately enough, be it known that AWRY is nearly the sole sanctuary of Tina Hensel-ism. With her column, and EdCo's, I'll have to go out and bag only one other Ms for each issue. And I'll have to do that only if and when the spirit moves me. How incredibly groovy. How ridiculously easy. There are many advantages to the deliberately ensmallled fanzine. All you monster-zine editors out there, eat your hearts out.



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Restaurant pages overheard while waiting for a table.....

Speaking of eating, I should tell you the story about the green turkey sandwiches with the off-white lettuce. I don't usually do culinary pieces for fanzines, as my palate has as much sensitivity as your boss during a salary review. I'll let you in on my palate later in this editorial, as that's another story, but only if you promise to wipe your feet. Tina appeared at our door with her thumb stuck in her mouth, hitchhiking, so together we drove to a convention committee meeting near Culver City. My Toyota was having all its usual problems, later solved by a carburetor overhaul, but I got it started in a little under ten minutes and we arrived early in Culver City despite the fact that the car had all the poop of a dead cheetah. The area just north of Culver City has a great lack of eating and drinking places, maybe because people who live in that area can't usually afford to go out and do much of either.

While trying to find a place, any place, where we could fondle a cup of coffee to idle away fifteen or twenty minutes before the meeting, we became lost. I don't usually worry about getting lost in the car, because it's such a small car, but we knew we were definitely lost when we pulled up to a stop sign and found ourselves on the corner of Hillsboro and Hillsboro. I don't know just quite how to describe that moment. At a later date, reference to a map (the one which I had foolishly taken out of the car) showed that one was an avenue and the other was a drive, but the photographic recollections of either of us do not bring to mind that either sign noted this qualifying piece of information. You know you're lost, when you're at the corner of Hillsboro and Hillsboro.

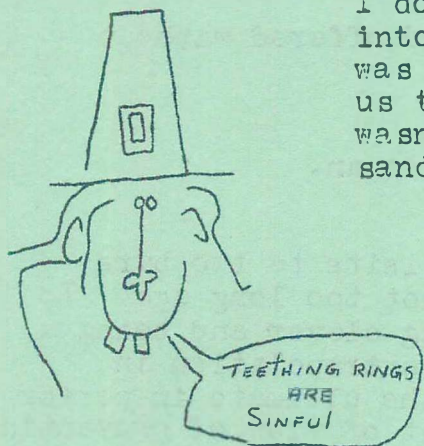
But we found our way to a coffee shop. I can't tell you what the name of the place is, as the sign was too dirty. But "Coffee -ho-" was legible, and we walked in because the windows were too dirty to see through when we attempted to make visual verification of what the sign seemed to be indicating. I won't go so far as to say the place was in a run-down condition, however, if I had a place like that I'd move out.

Inside we found tables, a waitress, and three old men bellied-up to a long counter. It reminded me of places I'd stopped at when travelling west from Fresno to the ocean. Inside, the windows were clean, but you couldn't see out any better than you could see in. If you could see out, I imagined, you'd see a couple of old buildings across the street and miles and miles of desert as far as the available view allowed. But no, it was really Los Angeles outside the window. I didn't know which was worse at that particular moment, so I took my attention away from the window and switched it to the rumpled waitress who was depositing two dirty glasses of Los Angeles water in front of us. This was like serving Brew 102 beer in a cuspidor, so I turned my attention back to the dirty window. Somehow it seemed like a poor second choice, so together Tina and I turned our attention to the three old men at the counter. Amid the interior decor of Early Dilapidated, they were talking about how the neighborhood was going to hell. The waitress was agreeing with them.

The menu looked like an April 1926 AMAZING just found in a cat-box.



"Chaste - party of one"....



I don't know how it happened, but Tina tricked me into joining her for something to eat. Our problem was to review the menu for something which would do us the least amount of harm. We decided that there wasn't much that anyone could do bad to a turkey sandwich and coffee, so we ordered and then stared at the dirty water until the waitress returned. We could have talked, except that it would have been a shame to disturb the atmosphere with anything which might turn out to be anachronistic.

Two plates and a pot of coffee were dropped onto the table in front of us, and in unison we lifted the top slice of bread from our sandwiches and stared at what was inside. In turn, the waitress stared at us. Also staring at us

were slices of greenish-colored turkey, and lettuce the color of a white wall which hasn't been painted in four years.

Tina said: "I have some chewing gum in my purse."

We sat there looking at each other, each holding a damp piece of bread. Then we turned and looked at the waitress.

"Well, the coffee is fresh," she said, and put our check on the table. Then she leaned on her cane and hobbled away.

"Young folks go out for dinner and they expect the whole world," she sniffled, marching behind the counter.

"The neighborhood isn't what it used to be," one of the old men said in an impassioned voice, pouring a packet of sugar into his coffee with the one hand and slipped three packets into his pants-pocket with the other.

I turned to Tina. "I can't chew gum. Do you have any lifesavers?"

She rummaged through her purse. "I have a sticky malt ball," she announced, "with lint on it."

"Give it here."

BEER, DRAGNET, and the MEN'S ROOM

I've a clipping here, I think from READER'S DIGEST, that

totally reactivated my sense of wonder. I'll quote it.

In Salzgitter-Bad, West Germany, Rolf Theuerkauf has installed a 300-yard pipe from his home to a brewery. The brewery sends him a monthly bill for the beer consumed.

- UPI



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Here's another one, this time from TV GUIDE, and offered without comment.

13 DRAGNET -- Crime Drama  
The police investigate a woman.  
Friday: Jack Webb.

Another thing that amuses me is the result of visits to two bars within the course of one evening and occurring not too long ago. To me this illustrates the difference between being clever and being a genius. It's the difference between brilliant extrapolation in carrying a typical solution into what must be the ultimate in performance, and looking at the problem from the point of view of preventing its occurrence.

I discovered that in the men's room of one bar, the walls were covered with a special paint. The walls could be written on with ball pen, graphite, felt pen, anything, and a janitor could spray them with a special solution which would dissolve the writing instantly. Very clever.

In the other bar there was no writing on the walls of the men's room. They had a blackboard in there, with lots of chalk. The janitor had the eraser.

Now that's genius.

Dean Grennell tells me that when he was in the service, they came close to this kind of genius. And then blew it. It seems that a huge sheet of paper was taped to one of the men's room walls, and after it became difficult to find room for adding suitable graffiti an officer would hang up a fresh sheet. The problem was that they filed the old sheets.

#### LOCKE'S STOCK of SCOTCH and CLOTCH

I was going to tell you about my palate, although maybe I already have, somewhat. This story harks back to a party at my place, where Tina loudly denounced me for the fake that I am. I was planning to fix a scotch coffee for myself, and got talked into making additional ones for Alex Bratmon and for Tina. The problem occurred when Tina came out to the kitchen and actually watched me while I was making them, and this was my total undoing. The next thing I knew, the tea-kettle was whistling and Tina was running through the apartment shouting: "Dave Locke uses instant coffee and cool whip! Dave Locke uses instant coffee and cool whip! I saw him. I saw him!"

Immediately I was the subject of much disdain, and I never saw so much nostril hair in my life as when I saw twenty people looking down their noses at me.

Len Moffatt walked up to me and grabbed my ears with his fists. "What kind of scotch are you using?" he demanded to know, while trying to lift me up in the air so that he might stare me straight in the eye.



"Triangle - party of three"....

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"A cheap kind," I said.

"That's ok, then," he grunted. He let go of me and wandered back to the living room.

Tina and Alex bounced into the kitchen. "Have you got it fixed yet?" she asked.

I looked askance. "Somehow I had the impression you didn't want any."

"She wants to pour it over your head," Alex disclosed.

"No, I want to see the glotch," she said. "Let me have my scotch coffee."

"The glotch?" I whispered.

"Yes," she gleeped. I handed her the steaming mug and she began stirring the brew until the Cool Whip dissolved into the scotch and coffee. Then she held her nose and began drinking it. Everyone came out and watched.

She was still holding her nose with one hand and holding the mug to her lips with the other when she began to fall over backwards. Alex caught her and she continued to down the brew while inclined at a 45° angle. She drained the mug except for a half-inch of liquid, whereupon she slipped out of Alex's grasp and thundered to the floor, where she bounced once.

Holding the mug upright, she pointed at it with a shaking finger and croaked: "See! The Cool Whip leaves a layer of glotch at the bottom!" We all leaned over to peer into the mug. She was right. There was a half-inch of glotch in the bottom of the mug.

"If you'd let it set a little longer," Alex observed, "there'd be a whole inch of glotch at the bottom of the glass. As it stands, there'll be a half-inch of glotch in you when you settle down."

"I did it for science," she gasped. "You're bound to make mistakes with a first experiment."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked, somehow feeling guilty about all this.

"Yes," she burbled. "Draft my will. I want to leave my stomach to Consumer's Union."

I haven't used Cool Whip since then. And I've switched to a better brand of instant coffee.

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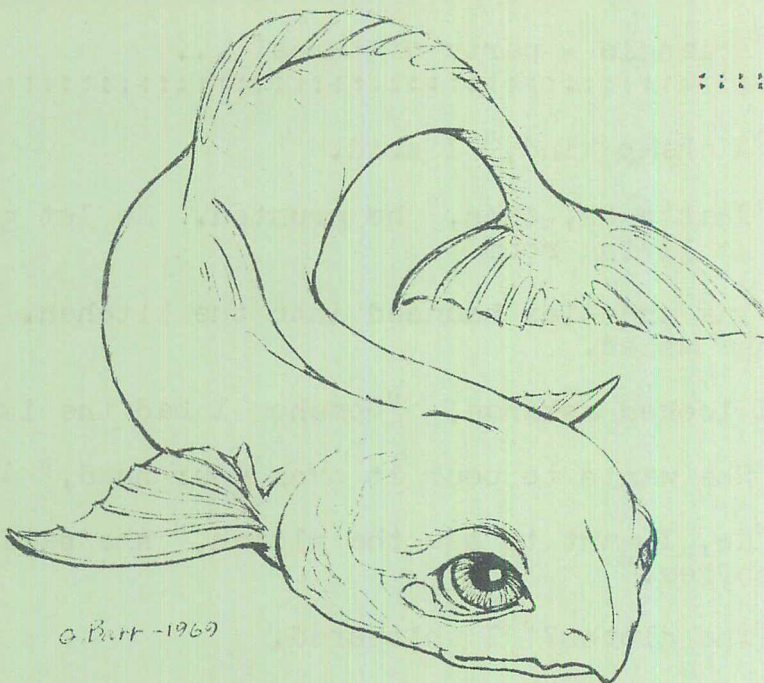
I took two lessons in ping pong, before the table broke - Tina Hensel

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CURSE YOU, RED BARONI'm  
into

my eleventh year in fandom, my twenty-eighth year in the herebefore, and most of the changes I have viewed in all three have been for the better. With a lead-in like that, it would appear that I'm going to launch into a few things that I don't consider for the better. Let me just aim at one, and scatter a little shot. Maybe at some of "you".



Ten years ago, "you" were d---ing and h---ing in print in a big attempt to show how daring and adult you could be. The adults at that time were d---ing and h---ing, too. And maybe printing an occasional bulls---. The difference, of course, was all a matter of timing. When the time occurred for a reasonable application of d--- or h--- or bulls---, the application was made. If such words were verbalized, it was only a natural reflex to commit them to print. They would have been conspicuous by their absence, just as they were conspicuous by volumn in the fanzines that you produced.

Today, you (a new generation of you) are again overkilling the freedoms gained as the result of an increasing social enlightenment. Now I get fanzines with crude drawings of people copulating or emptying their bowels, with cartoons where characters are saying f--- this or f--- that without trying to say anything humorous or significant, and with pages upon pages of print where the word "f---" outnumbers fandom's favorite word "I". This Dick and Jane type of approach, an immature exploitation of society's maturation, only serves to bring the men's room wall out into the lobby. Of course, if it offends somebody, that's their problem. And if it impresses somebody, that's also their problem. It neither offends nor impresses me or the fans I associate with, which means that it's your problem. So if I'm talking to you, keep your problem and your fanzine to yourself. There's more interesting written material in this world than I'll ever get around to reading, and I don't want my time wasted with your mimeographed masturbations.

If you grow up, start sending me your fanzine again.

Until then, f--- off.

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Tonight's the night - I can feel it in my bone

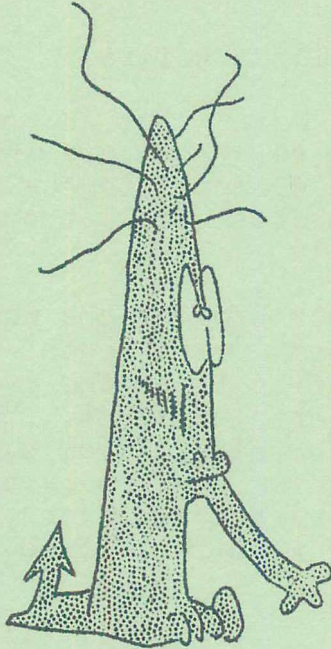
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# DRINKIN' THRU THE RYE

column

by  
Ed  
Cox



For some time, I've actually lost count during the publishing schedule, I wrote a sort of column for a sort of fanzine called PELF. In the last issue (which may be true), I discussed that publishing schedule. The next issue would've been somewhere about 1975 but as the universe turns, sometimes plans go awry. Therefore, I'm not writing this column for PELF, as any neo can plainly see. I'd planned on writing it early, but that went awry, too. So I'm writing it for this new fanzine with the bent title...

Which reminds me of one morning after a Pagan party when some of us crawled to life from under the naked bodies strewn snoring thruout the Lockes' apartment. Dave Locke and I eyed one another blearily, wondering where the whites went.

"Let's have some Irish coffee." I was ready to drink anything.

"That's fine," said Dave, "but Tina finished the Cool Whip."

"Then I'll have a screwdriver. Vitamin C, y'know." I was proud of my quick thinking. "What'll you have, Dave?"

"A rye."

That is not how this fanzine came to be.

## PROPHECY of the MONSTERS DEPT.

H. G. Wells was right! This may not come as a great surprise to most people, especially fans. But this truth in particular may come as a shock to you. Like it did to me. Yes, that's right. When I realized that THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was a prophetic novel, it got to me. That is, recently when I found out that Wells was only off on his timing by a few decades.

You see, it hasn't happened yet, despite what the book says. (Or even the up-dated movie, which comes closer.) You see, the Martians aren't



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quite ready...

I imagine they'll be delayed a bit because of the evasive tactics they've had to take in recent weeks. Consider this. About the early part of November, Mariner 9, approaching Mars for its orbital photo-mapping task, sent back pictures of a vast dust storm on Mars. So vast, that the whole planet seemed like a featureless ball. Unlike the first Mariner, this project would map 70% of the planet's surface. But this storm suddenly comes up. Unlike any ever before observed. "We've never seen anything like this before," is what the scientists said.

I can believe it. We never attempted to map the planet before.

So then the Mariner goes into flawless orbit about Mars. But the storm continues, not waning as expected. The scientists were not sure what factors kept the storm going but were considerably disappointed by the situation. The Martians, of course, didn't want photos of all those giant launching sites to get back, that's what.

But they can't remain entirely hidden. Mid-November brought the word that the infra-red detector on Mariner 9 located some "warm spots". Naturally, most kinds of life generate some sort of heat and the machineries employed in preparing the invasion fleet certainly must. Naturally, the scientists on the project think perhaps this is from maybe a volcano. And the temperature observed is only a few degrees warmer than the 55 to 73 degrees below zero which is the average surface temperature. But we know that the heat is leaking from subsurface factories. Right?

There was even one attempt to divert Mariner from orbit. Scientists blamed the locking sensor device. They figured that it locked on the reflected light from one of the moons. It later took a nice photo of both moons, historic first close-ups. They hardly seem like they'd duplicate the light-source as emitted from Canopus...

So, while all this was going on, time passed. And by the first part of December, scientists figured that there'd be another month of dust storm on Mars. Which pretty well covers the "prime time" of Mariner 9's best mapping and transmission window. It was also noted that this storm is the "largest ever recorded". Coincidental isn't it...

Meanwhile, back at the USSR, a Russian soft-landing mission gets to Mars and lands, softly. Then, TV signals are received. Briefly. They stop. Scientists conjecture that maybe there was a camera malfunction. Or maybe the storm caused the malfunction. Or the probe was out of view of the relay/mother-ship.

In any case, it couldn't transmit the data it was there to discover. Something like the experiments planned by the Viking landers, due in 1976, which will look for primitive life forms, etc. Maybe the Russians weren't looking for primitive life-forms but something found the Russian probe.



"Orgy - party of seven"....

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For the scientists were puzzled by the continued silence from the Russian probe. It was too "sturdy" to be damaged by the wind, yet they can't understand why it went dead. In the meantime, back at Mariner 9, trouble developed in the power system. Power usage increased and was matched by higher temperatures in the compartment housing the gear. A switch to the back-up system was made. They don't expect anything to go wrong in the back-up system, but then, they didn't expect anything to go wrong with the main system, which functioned perfectly all right all the way to Mars...

Do you see the pattern? It's obvious that the Martians are there all right. And they're getting ready to invade, but they aren't quite ready yet and don't want to cause suspicion by outright destruction of the probes. I don't figure they are worrying about future probes. They'll be here before then...

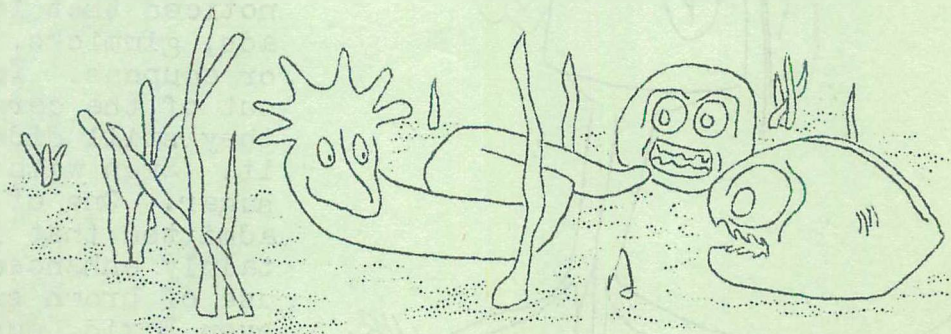
So it is up to us, fandom, to alert the world and carry the warning, Paul Revere-like, to the defense agencies. Why don't you put a call in to the Pentagon right now? In the meantime, I'll call Goat's Island, I think it is, and have them check out the measles virus supplies.

And then I'm going to run outside and watch for meteors thunking into the hills nearby.

#### HEALTH FOOD FAD DEPT.

I guess I've never really been able to fully participate in the usual fads, crazes, stylish apeings and whatnot. Sometimes I wait until it's too late (like those mandarin-collar sportshirts about 14 years ago) and try it about the time everybody else is losing interest. Or I entirely jump the gun. I grew a beard long before the bearded, longhair, mustachioed style currently "in". After it's over, I'll still have mine. Others are just too much. I didn't bother with them at all. Like, I never dug Elvis...

But there are some current trends, long with us, an integral part of the current ecology types' and others who wish to return as close to nature as possible. These ideas aren't new but they have gained fresh impetus in recent years. I probably won't more than dabble in this.





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I'm an admitted dilettante in certain instances. And this is one of those instances.

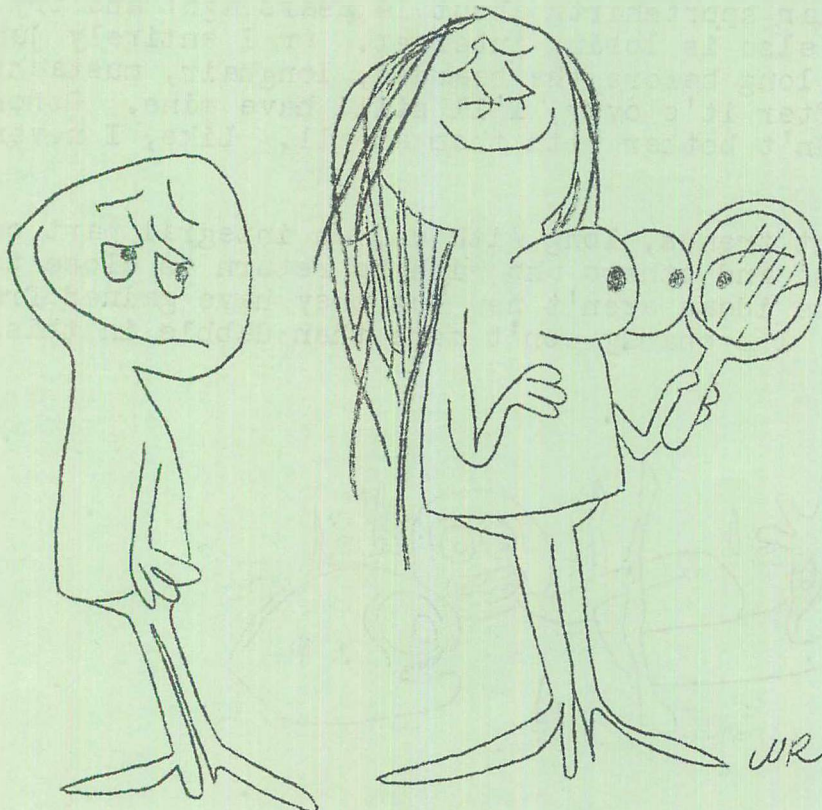
I'm not about to go to the table and eat watercress and sunflower seeds, to use a ridiculous exaggeration. But in the interests of eating a good breakfast, I decided to try something a couple of people at work had talked about and, yes, even tried.

A really good breakfast cereal. One type is named "Familia". A box of the stuff was brought in and perused. An illustration on the box showed what goodies awaited within. It looked like a seed catalog. Yet, later reports had it as being very good. It's imported from Switzerland and the title, I'm told, means "family". In Swiss, I take it. It costs about a dollar a pound.

I didn't eat any of that.

But not because of the price. Don't scoff at a buck a pound. Check out the per-pound price of those 8 or 10 oz. boxes of sugar-coated stuff they sell for the kiddies...

There was this other type that was also discussed, and duly tried by those same people. "Granola" it's called. Another grainy type. Grainy and oaty, apparently. I spoke of these things to Anne. Which led to her bringing home a plastic-bag package of it. Three pounds yet. For a bit less than a buck a pound. But, as the guys said, it's very filling. A little goes a long way and it is good for you. Okay.



One thing I immediately noted in its favor. There was no advertising on the utilitarian bag. No kids' gimmicks, enclosures nor coupons. I decided we would try it.

The kids immediately disliked it. Before it was even opened. They, too, noticed that it had no ads, gimmicks, enclosures or coupons. Trying it out of the cereal dish, they still didn't like it. Even with brown sugar. One of the guys admitted that it is certainly enhanced by the use of brown sugar. But even David, our younger son, who usually eats anything that can't get



Why does Buck Rogers wear a red anti-gravity belt?

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away, even he didn't like it after the addition of brown sugar.

I liked it.

This may be strange but I never did like the sugary slop, colors, shapes and all that other stuff they cram down kids while selling them something off the back of the box. I was a PEP man. WHEATIES, CORN FLAKES. That crowd. In recent years GRAPE NUT FLAKES has been about my speed, when I ate a dry cereal breakfast. When I ate breakfast.

So there I poured this heavy mass of darkish compact oatish flakes into the bowl. Pour milk around it. The milk takes a long time to soak in, you see. Then crumble some (old) brown sugar on it.

I try it.

It wasn't bad. In fact, the bag went comparatively fast, considering that only Anne ate much of it besides me. I got to like to munch that thick, oaty flavor. Sort of a grainy, oat taste.

I think it's something like a horse tastes as he muzzles into his feeding bucket and crunches a mouthful of oats.

I haven't eaten so much brown sugar in years.

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My brain knows where my fingers are going and I can't surprise myself.  
-- Dean Grennell, explaining why he couldn't tickle himself.  
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Dave Locke here. I've been thinking over the matter of New Year's Resolutions, but the whole subject frightens me. Every year I make New Year's Resolutions, and every year I break them. I think the biggest resolution I've been consistently making involves me, and that's because I'm too big. I need to lose more weight, because the more weight I lose the more I gain back. That's a gaining proposition.

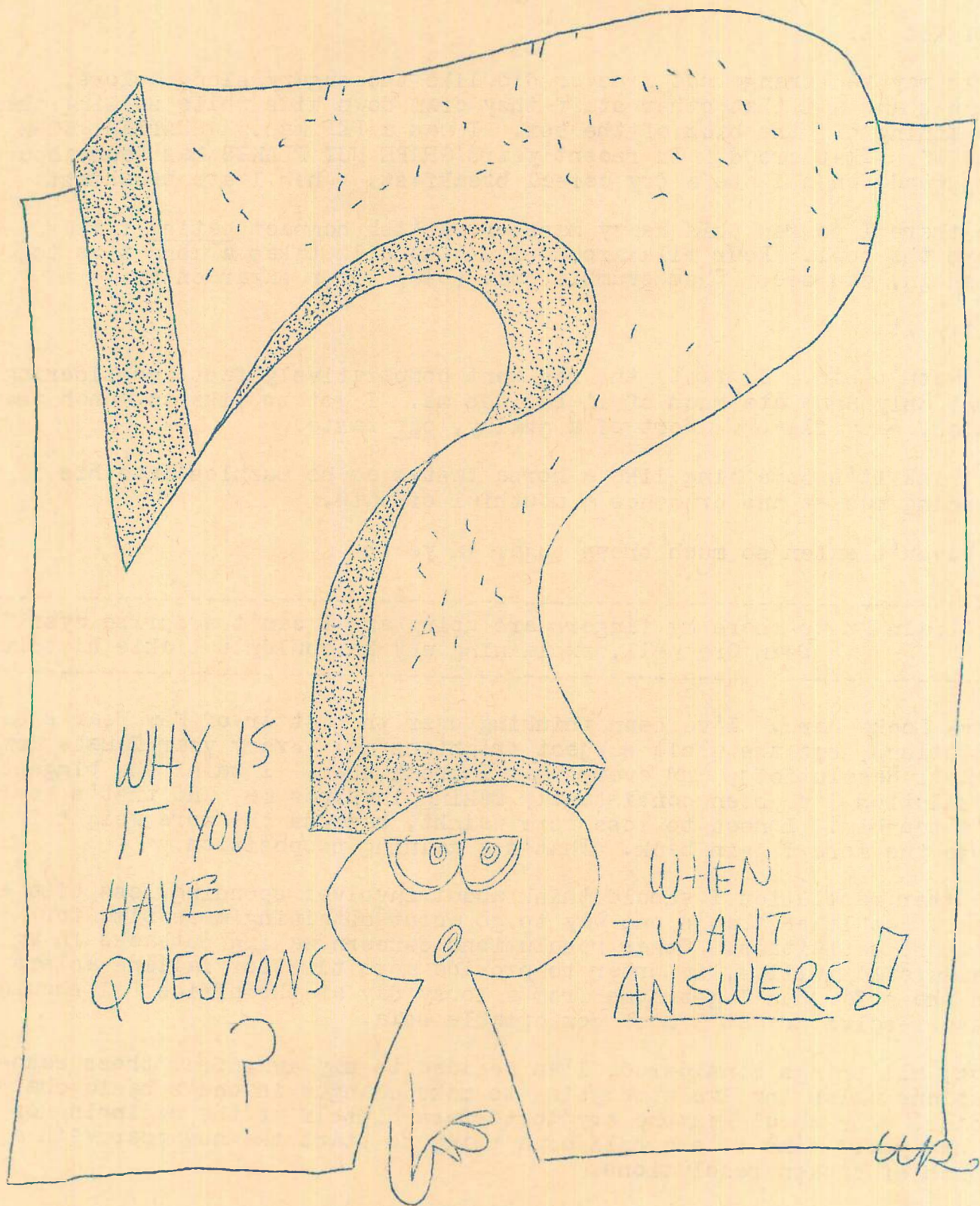
Another resolution I should think about involves spending less time at work. At least that's one way to go about obtaining more time for leisure activities. Other resolutions concern making cutbacks in my leisure activities, in order to provide more time for falling asleep on the sofa when I get home from a lousy day at the office. I should also resolve to get a more comfortable sofa.

But, all things considered, I've decided to shy away from those resolutions which involve attempting to make changes in one's basic character. Why should anyone try to torture himself at the beginning of a new year? And it's a hell of a thing to start the new year with a bunch of broken resolutions.

So, for 1972, I resolve just to be myself.

Now I can stop being fandom's new Charles Burbee.







# WRYBALD

## TALES

column

by

Tina Hensel

The full title of this column is WRYBALD TALES OF DWARF DANCING, which we will shorten to WRYBALD TALES for short. Next time we'll shorten it to DWARF DANCING, which is really for short. This column is done by that well known and beloved Tub of Lard, known to her intimates as Tina Hensel. Some one of these days I'm going to meet Buz Busby, and I look forward to that event with great anticipatory pleasure. I have a most urgent desire to inveigh, scream and generally make assorted and unpleasant noises at that mendacious and calumnious scoundrel for extrapolating upon my writing personality and deducing that I probably weigh around 400 pounds. On Luna. Because, you see, actually I'm a sylphlike creature, weighing in at a trifling 114 pounds. This ain't exactly grossly corpulent, when you consider that I stand a full 5 feet 6 inches in my combat boots. Anybody who's interested can come on over and count my ribs, excepting that well known Letch-About-Town, EdCo.

Yes, Virginia (surely there is a Virginia out there somewhere), I do realize that I picked a strange, not to say weird and askew title. Well, wry not? I made it up whilst drunk. That explains a lot. At the time, it seemed reasonable to assume that the wrybald story be included in every fanzine. You ask me wry? Don't. All askew. Wry askew? I wanted to pun-ish you. Sitting there, reading this, enjoying the life of wryly.

It was one of those kinds of drunks. Dean Grennell made the drinks. Gin and peanut butter mixed in the blender, as I recall. Anyway, if I'd waited to pick the name and done it sober, I would have chosen something less wrotten. A conglomeration of words that grabbed the reader's attention, and yet still had lots of inherent class. Something like GOD WILL GET YOU, or, perhaps, THE ATTACK OF THE APPLE PEOPLE.

Speaking of Apple People, I had a true fannish experience the other day. Wandering out of my apartment I noted that a strange young man was sitting out on the patio with his nose buried in a book. Thinking that he might be a possibly intelligent type, I grundled over and exposed all 38 teeth in a friendly fashion. "Whatcha readin'?" I inquired.

Marking his place with his index finger, he looked up and said in a defensive manner: "Science Fiction. Why?"



The Supreme Court ruled that right-hand margins weren't justified

Reassured by the delightfully hostile tones of a true fan, I grinned even more and let him see my wisdom teeth coyly peeking from the corners of my mouth. "Really? I read it too," I plunged in hopefully.

"Oh?" He beamed back at me and sat up in his chair in preparation for the traditional duel. "Then you must be familiar with ERB."

This boy was crafty.

I countered carefully. "I wouldn't say familiar. After all, he's dead. But I have read a lot of his stuff."

"Venus, Mars, Tarzan?" he inquired.

"Yeah." I perched gingerly on the edge of a chair and waited for the question that was coming.

"Then maybe you can help me. I've been racking my brains, trying to remember a particular title. Do you recall the one about the Apple People?"

I was sunk. Knowing I hadn't a chance of faking it, I did the only possible thing. I lied. "I believe you've confused him with Otis Klein," I said coldly.

"Klein? No, I don't think so. It was ERB. They dropped from the trees, when fully ripe, and skittered off into the forest. You had to chase after and trap them for training. Right?"

"Yes. THE APPLE MEN OF VONDOR, by Otis Klein," I argued in desperately definite tones, knowing that I had to buffalo him quick. "Published in 1932."

He brushed his hand across his forehead and frowned thoughtfully. "It has been several years," he admitted, hating my guts. "Perhaps you're right." So began a beautiful friendship.

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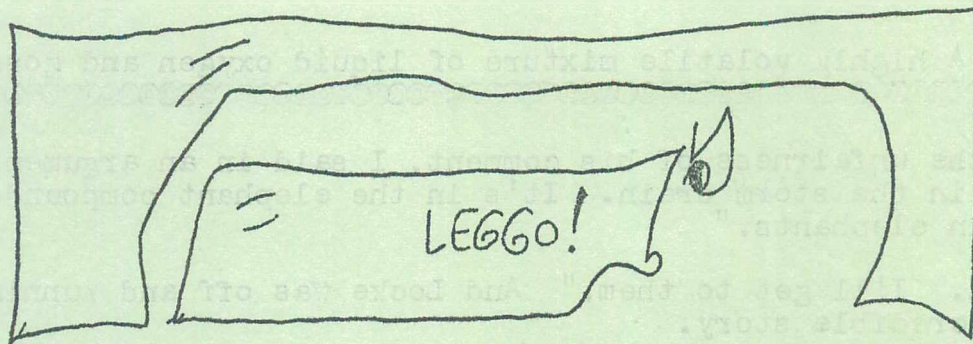
Gimme an "A", gimme a "W", gimme an "R", gimme a "Y". Awry! Wrah, Wrah, WRAH! Who's the sonofabuck who bent my baton?

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Those of you who are familiar with the awe inspiring saga of Hernia Night at the Faith Healer's are aware of the exquisitely delightful stories told by Dave Locke. A new Locke-ism has been born, a true Wrybald Tale as it were, and unfortunately once again I managed to be present.

We were all sitting around drinking a particularly noxious concoction of Dean's (100-proof vodka and Marguerita Mix, for those of you who masochistically enjoy removing the fur from the top of your tongue) and yattering at one another. Dave ambled over and ruthlessly (whatever happened to Ruth, anyway?) interrupted a conversation on the mating habits of sex-crazed elephants.





"I know what the tusks are for," I gleeped excitedly. "They're for holding the poor lady elephant down, so she can't escape from his lustful advances."

"That reminds me of a story I got direct from the wrinkled lips and toothless gums of an incredibly ancient Aussie," said Dave.

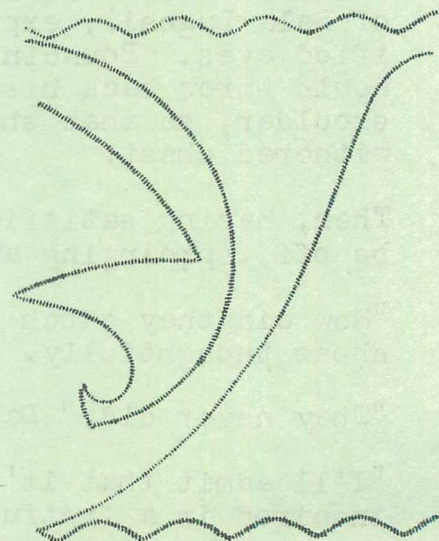
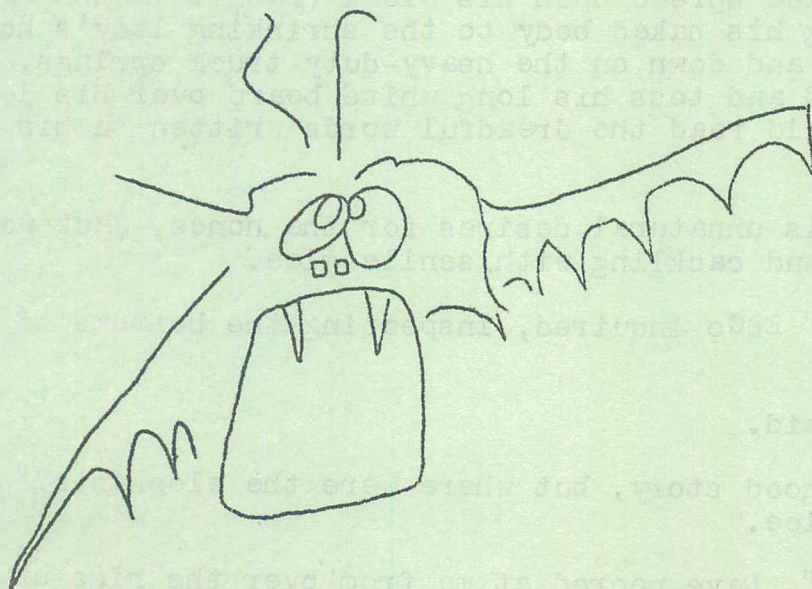
"Really? I didn't know there were elephants in Australia," I replied, intrigued.

"Of course there are," Dave said, obviously disgusted at my lamentably ignorant state. "It happened in Sidney, back in the old days, when women wore long, concealing gowns and men resultantly had some pretty weird hang-ups."

"Take it off!" EdCo muttered hopefully, pawing feebly at my Granny Dress. "You wouldn't want to be responsible for rotting my brain, would you?"

"Yes. What about the elephants?" I asked, anxious to improve my knowledge of such an esoteric subject, and also wanting to distract EdCo.

"I'm getting to that part," Dave said coldly. "Pull your Granny Dress down over your ankles and get your mind out of the storm drain."





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A highly volatile mixture of liquid oxygen and gossamer wings

Stung by the unfairness of his comment, I said in an argumentative tone: "It's not in the storm drain. It's in the elephant compound. I'm interested in elephants."

"Just wait. I'll get to them." And Locke was off and running with yet another incredible story.

It seems that there was once an engaging gent, known to the police by the fascinating name of Springheeled Jack. Jack was a Victorian pervert, living in the environs of Sidney. However, his was a classy perversion, and the residents of Sidney were proud of him, for he was original in his sin. Yes indeed, a dirty old man - with elan.

From somewhere this ancient little old man had scrounged a matched set of heavy-duty truck springs. Affixing them to the heels of his bush boots, Jack began a reign of Terror that was to hold the female population of Sidney in its thrall for over a decade.

For over ten years, every evening Jack would take off all his clothes and paint "Prepare To Meet Thy Doom!" on his chest in phosphorescent paint. Then, after wrapping up warmly in a long black opera cloak, he would put on his spring-heeled boots and sproing out into the night, looking for lonely ladies to molest.

Leaping 4 and 5 feet up into the air on each bounce, Jack began his nightly search for a deserted residential street that he hadn't used lately. One wonders why no one ever noticed that strange figure bounding through the night, but apparently he was never sighted on his way to a rendezvous. According to contemporary accounts, Jack was never seen until he leaped out at his prey.

He was apparently fond of lurking under bushes, for most of the accounts speak of his bounding out upon the hapless female and sproinging up into the air. When he reached the apex of his leap, the evil old man would chortle "Gotcha!" and spread open his cloak (rather in the manner of Bela Lugosi), exposing his naked body to the shrinking lady's horrified eyes. Bouncing up and down on the heavy-duty truck springs, Jack would throw back his head and toss his long white beard over his left shoulder, so that she could read the dreadful words written on his withered chest.

Then, having satisfied his unnatural desires for the nonce, Jack would be off, sproinging away and cackling with senile glee.

"How did they catch him?" EdCo inquired, inspecting the bottoms of his shoes thoughtfully.

"They never did," Dave said.

"I'll admit that it's a good story, but where were the elephants?" I inquired in a fretful voice.

"Oh, yes, the elephants." Dave peered at me from over the rims of his



glasses. "Well, it is believed that the old geezer in charge of the elephant compound at the world famous Sidney zoo was really Springheeled Jack. You see," Dave paused and sipped his drink theatrically, "both of them had long white beards. And after his death, a pair of bush boots, with huge holes in the heels, and an opera cloak were discovered hidden beneath the straw in the elephant house."

"I don't believe you," I screamed. "Besides, that wasn't an elephant story at all."

"No, not really." Dave added just a touch more vodka to his drink. "I only put that part in because you were so pushy about including an elephant," he said, and wandered off.

My shattered illusions tinkled to the floor, and we spent the rest of the evening walking on the brittle shards and cutting our feet.

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WESTERCON XXV WESTERCON XXV WESTERCON XXV WESTERCON XXV WESTERCON XXV

WESTERCON XXV will be held at the Edgewater Hyatt House in Long Beach from Friday, 30 June 1972, to Tuesday, 4 July 1972. Lloyd Biggle, Jr. is the Pro Guest of Honor. Len Moffatt is the Fan Guest of Honor. Larry Niven is the Toastmaster.

The Conference Committee: Dave Hulan is Chairman. Ed Cox is Secretary. Tina Hensel is Treasurer. Dave Locke is in charge of Publications. Alex Bratmon is the man to know. He's in charge of Hotel Liason now, but during the conference he's in charge of Open Parties.

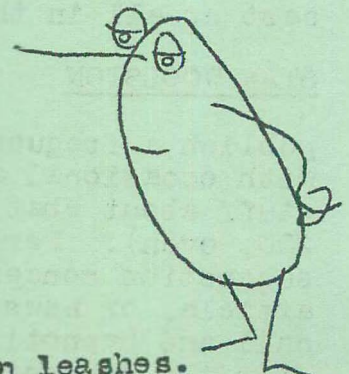
WESTERCON XXV is going to be an electrical gas. There's lots to say about it, so write in for membership and we'll send you Progress Reports #1 and #2 to get you started. Membership rates are \$4.00 through the 31st of May, and \$5.00 thereafter. It's \$1.00 for children 12 years or under.

Make all checks payable to WESTERCON XXV, and address all correspondence, checks, and materials to:

WESTERCON XXV  
14524 Filmore  
Arleta CA 91331

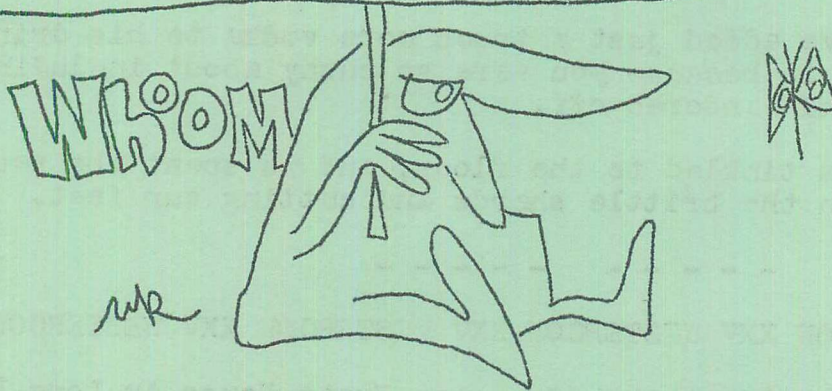
And don't miss the "Most Naked Lady" contest at the Masquerade. There must be a costume, though, or the gals don't qualify. A small snake would qualify a gal. Or if she comes in slung across somebody's shoulder, that qualifies. Or gossamer wings. Or a string beaded with Alka-Seltzer, with a finale of diving into the pool. Or butterflies on leashes.

So I DRANK CHAMPAGNE  
FROM HER SLIPPER  
AND WOUND UP WITH  
ATHLETE'S LIP.





# Wryting In



These are letters of comment on PELF #9. They have been suitably sifted and perfidiously panned for sterling content.

Editorial interjection is set off  
[\*Thusly\*]

Ed Cox doodle to the end of this white space.

DAVE HULVEY

Enjoyed your zine. It has a feeling oddly nostalgic about it. I hope to follow your grand traditions with my irregular zine.

Very nice hand-colored cover. Who spent all that time and effort to do it? Cruh-razy! [\*Rather not say. But damned if I'll ever do it again\*]

Your zine seems to be the place for ol', time-battered fans to enjoy themselves in a very free manner. Nice job you do there. There is something nice about the past, and your zine maintains that without being maudlin about it.

Your lettercol is incredible. Interesting letters from people who were fen when.

/\*Tina and I are in our late twenties, and Len Moffatt can't be more than thirty. Just because Ed Cox is 205 years old, you don't have to cast us all in the same wheelchair\*/

STAN WOOLSTON

Draft beer, not men. If I had contact with the fans I'd like to reach, and the incentive to publish a frequent fanzine, I'd probably design it as a columnzine with occasional articles and news. In the news category would be stuff about what would come from my massive group of readers (maybe 200, even). Perhaps I could send them a record with some hypnotic suggestion concerning volunteering their time and wit to a column, or article, or news. Or maybe it would be best to set up a party-phone call and hypnotise them all at once. With the latter I'd of course drop the suggestion that each recipient would insist on paying the bill themselves. Think of it - if I called 10, and not only got my columnists and news spies, but had each ask their operators for the cost and send me the full amount of the call, I'd be able, probably, to put out



Woolston be nimble, Woolston be slick

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an issue. Maybe even a 24 page issue.

But the books on hypnotism I have seem to be all on autohypnosis, with a few over-technical exceptions. Maybe I'll hypnotise myself and do it all, and save the middleman.

SANDRA MIESEL

As it turned out, a fan guest was the first in this household to read the newly-arrived PELF. I wondered why he kept going "chuckle, chuckle, guffaw." Then I picked it up and discovered why. [\*The Post Office had stamped it "Postage Due"?\*/ Very funny indeed! But then your YANDRO column leads one to expect that. (My husband took your most recent installment into the lab and several of his co-workers also roared over the boil problem.)

[\*Ok, so the editor likes egoboo, too. And I've gotten more damn ego-boo from that one column installment than everything I've written before and since. People have accosted me in correspondence, in the YANDRO letter-column, at parties, and on the street. One fellow took my wallet. And now one person talks about it in a LoC on PELF. I guess that's great, but what will I do for an encore? Gangrene? Leprosy?\*/

JERRY LAPIDUS

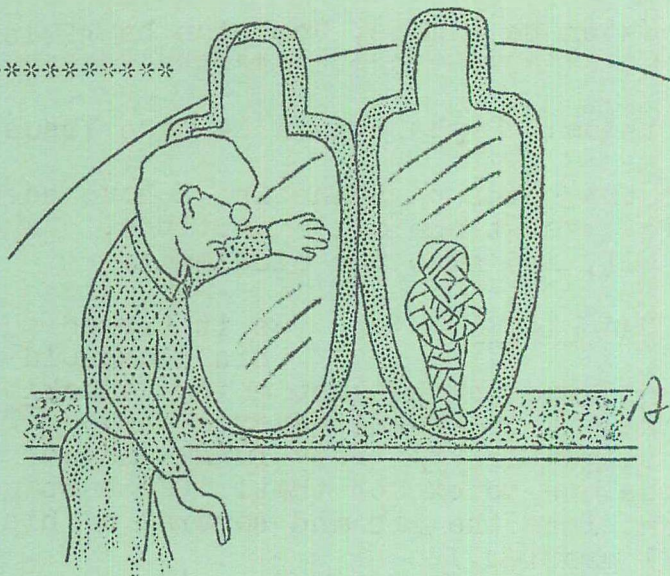
In a day which included a bunch of New York fannish fanzines (new RATS, POTLATCH, BEABOHEMA), yours (PELF #8 and 9) were as refreshing as pure air - and highly enjoyable all the way. I hope you don't mind, but I've been recommending the magazine to a few friends, and have mentioned it favorably in at least a couple of recent apazines. After the spate of so similar and so fannish NY fanzines, this struck me as such a refreshing change; as I said, you seem to print the sort of material Terry Carr reprints.

[\*Stop pussyfooting. Did you like the zine or not?\*/

I should mention my newly discovered maxim about "fannish" writing. Goes something like this. "Fannish" writing as such - writing in what is accepted as a fannish style, that semi-cute, semi-humorous style we all recognize - is always limited at best. Some people do it better than others, but with a lot of people straining to write this sort of stuff (typified by Arnie Katz at his worst), the overall feeling is a bit tired. Case in point is the NY fannish fanzines, all of which begin to sound the same after a while. On the other hand, we have what I will call personal writing; this is simply a writer talking about his experiences, thoughts, feelings, about fandom and about life in general. This sort of writing can never become tiring, because every writer is different - he has different experiences, he writes differently. It seems to me that most of the best writers in fandom write this sort of thing - typified by Greg Shaw, Terry Carr (usually), and Ted White in current fandom. And most of the writers in PELF, too. Obviously, there are better writers around, and so they'll be able to write this stuff better, too; but almost everyone in fandom is interesting as a human being, and can be enjoyable when just writing about his life, and not straining to be fannish or funny.



[\*Any form of writing is limited "at best". The "best", and the worst, are bordered by the author's imagination. Arnie Katz at his worst is indeed the ultimate in bad fan-ish writing. At best he's unamusing. And you place undue emphasis, twice, on the word "straining". Straining to be fannish. Straining to be funny. If you were a writer of humorous material, and providing you were any good at it, you'd realize that you



have to strain if you're going to be funny. It's when your effort falls flat, is unsuccessful, that the strain shows. It shows because the effort is there but the humor isn't. If the humor shows, the effort and strain do not. Except to another writer of the same kind of material. But I agree with what you say. It's often better to write about personal experiences and then weave the humor in as the situation allows. Then if the humor fails, the story might be enough to carry the readers' interest\*]

#### RICK SNEARY

I was talking to the Grennell on the Bell Telephone the other night, and remarking on how there were more fanzines coming out than I could keep up with, even with all my new energy and fannishness (I got a goshwowboyoboy transplant from a neofan who was run over by a rock band). The Good Dean mentioned as how you were showing signs of bringing out another issue in the current Fannish Age, and I likened as how I'd better get off a LoC if I wanted to keep a couple old buddies happy - rather than bring similar joy to a bunch of frisky and freaky fans in the far Feat, whom I've never met and aren't likely to buy me a drink in this lifetime. We takes care of our own....

Ok, I'll join your contest. But if I win, I'll be happy to accept only the smallest part of your Group. Earthy People Invoking Terra's Ancient Pagan Holidays. Now that has what I call a classy ring around it....err, about it..

The not-Kulan editorial was almost too much. It didn't say much, but it was interesting to try and figure out who was saying what. Oddly the style doesn't seem to change as much as it should, but the reference certainly does. Is Grennell "Matt Dillon", and why, other than an interest in guns? [\*Baggy pants\*]

Regarding old EdCo, he's right about the frequency of a column making a difference. From the old days when I was doing the same for Art Rapp, I found that the oftener I did it the easier it was to think of something to write about. Provided you have the time to write in the first place, the mind gets in tune for the job, and it is easier to fall into the groove. Also, the subconscious mind starts editing



RICK SNEARY WINS OUR GROUP..WE MEET AT HIS PLACE NEXT WEEK..

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everything that happens to you during the month for signs of ideas that can be worked into your column. (An aside, which stirs my sense of wonder - I just saw a school girl walking by with a ground-length heavy cape on...in South Gate!! And last week I saw a bi-plane. Oh. Times are a changin'.) I never cared much for Lovecraft or that style of writer, and I hardly think the Mythopoeic types would be comfortable with Lovecraft. I've never read any Williams, but one thing the stories seem to have in common is a polite terror, that wouldn't really frighten bright young ladies. They are stories of worlds one might be interested in visiting. No one would want to be in HPL's world, even if we are... There is probably lots of room for scholarly research on HPL, but if they won't accept Edison or Peake, that bunch of giddies are not apt to go for the spine crawling horrors that makes up old Loverly.

Pong-verb: "Fan publishing is only the refuge of the weak minds" is very good. I think. If it suggests as I think, the idea that people who can't write often try to publish. There being a number of noted fan editors who have never written anything of real note. Whereas there are a few good writers who have never gone into publishing for themselves. Let others grunt and groan to bring forth others' pearls.

Moffatt's account was interesting, having lost something in that I'd heard it in weekly installments as it had happened. But interesting. The nostalgia bug bites in the strangest places.

It is a little surprising to find people who are afraid of flying, in airplanes, in our forward-looking science fiction circles. Of course, since being told by Good Doctor A. (who there can be no more science fictioner) that he never flies anywhere I feel that no one else need feel ashamed to admit it. Being a good listener with good equipment for same, I generally eavesdrop in restaurants, too, though not with the interesting results Tina has. Well, the results are about as dull as the places I eat, so I shouldn't be surprised.

In reply to Boggs, I was being critical of middle-aged semi-gafiated Old Guard giving advice as to how fandom should be run. Merely being an Old Guard is not so bad, though the generation gap (not in age but in fannish periods) does make a difference. We can see trends and foretell the whether (that is not misspelled). Further on Boggs, we are quietly amused at the thought of any New Mexico politico trying to "slurped" Roy Tackett... And further, I sometimes think Boggs has sharpened his mind to a degree where it isn't flexible enough to take in what someone means, rather than the jot and dit of what they say. The remarks about Tina being an example. As an aside my impression has been that Tina, along with Bjo, are among the most "liberated" women I know (by what I mean by "liberated"), yet she is also about the most all-girl girl in our circle...

JEFF SCHALLES

I can see the fun Len Moffatt was having with his Boss and Britt Reid...you see, I divulged the fact that I am an active fan to a member of our English Dept who was a fan (sort of) for a very short time about 20 years ago, and



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knows something of what it is and all. And he is starting an advanced writing course, with one of the requirements being that each student must publish something, fiction or non-fiction, sometime in the course. SO, he asked me to provide him with a list of all the active fanzines complete with a notation for each one as to what kind of material they would take. So, if I go through with this, fandom is going to get a deluge of strange contributions from a bunch of people who know NOTHING about fandom, and couldn't care less, either....

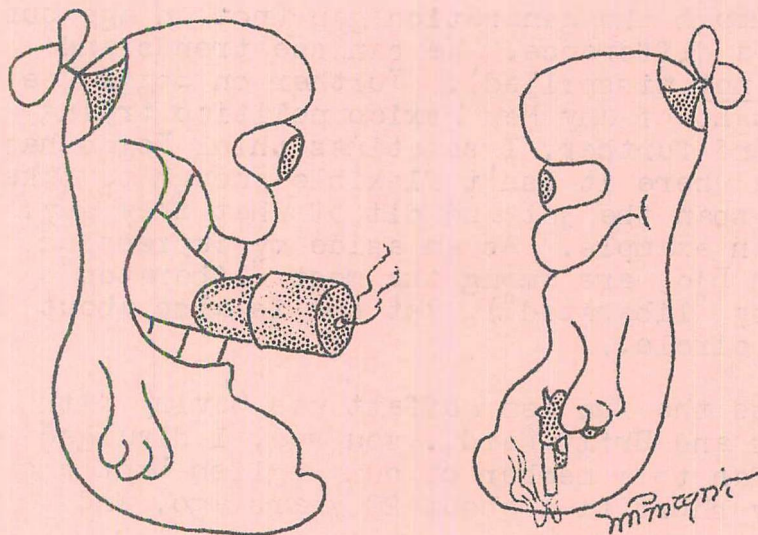
I really like reading your letter column. It's sort of like the feeling I get when I read old fanzines that were Before My Time (which means before March 22, 1968 to be exact) only it is in a fanzine (or an issue of one, anyway) that is In My Time.

[\*March 22, 1968 must be the day you were born\*]

HARRY WARNER, JR.

You can't wait another four years to publish the next issue of PELF because I want to know how that front cover was reproduced. It's in braille, I discovered while attempting to remove bits of the colors with a fingernail to prove my tentative hypothesis that someone had crayoned the colors by hand for each copy of the cover, explaining why it took so long to produce the new issue. I was wrong about that color-crayon matter, but it showed me that even my calloused old fingertips can feel every line and solid black area on the cover. This brings up all sorts of exciting possibilities in which fandom could again lead the national trend. Just think how exciting it would be to have pornographic pictures that you could even enjoy in bed with the lights out.

I don't believe your claim that an iambic pentameter version of the New Testament caused the long time between issues of PELF. You couldn't have gone very far on such a project without discovering it to be impossible. Bethlehem would never fit the meter. Or maybe you're unprincipled enough to bypass that difficulty by moving the scene of those opening chapters of the gospels to Burbank or Downey.



It's curious that Ed's column, which I assume from the reference to a movie to have been written at least two years ago, should have appeared just at a time when HPL is in the middle of a big revival. People who should know claim that he's becoming the big thing in French literary circles, and that could be quite significant, because the big shots in American letters didn't pay serious attention to Edgar Allan Poe until the French discovered Poe.



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I'm considerably past Tina Hensel's advanced age and I've also had my first airplane rides. I was worried about how I'd react, but never could have guessed the way I really did react when the event occurred. My first trip was from Hagerstown to Baltimore over what is known as the Hagerstown Commuter, which connects with flights to the big cities in Baltimore. Before I had time to become scared or nauseated or panicky, I reacted by knowing that I'd been through this experience before, and almost immediately I realized why I had felt that way. The Hagerstown Commuter reminded me very strongly of the Hagerstown-Williamsport trolley, which I last rode nearly two decades ago just before it was discontinued. The plane rode in just the same rattling and jolting manner as the trolley, the pilots wore quite similar uniforms to those the conductor and motorman used to wear on the trolley run, and the pilots had the same worried look on their faces as the trolley operators, who could never be sure that they'd complete the six-mile trip to Williamsport without suffering power loss or a broken rail. Even the seats seemed similar in the airplane to those I remembered from the trolley, giving the sensation of something lumpy and decomposing snuggling up against my posterior under the seat covers. By the time I was in Baltimore and ready for the flight to Boston, I was so pleased at the nostalgia evoked by the trip that I even stopped thinking about the 23rd Psalm from time to time.

Amen to Redd Boggs' remarks about how public officials pay attention to remarks about them in newspaper letter columns. I know one former educator whose career was destroyed that way. He wrote a letter to a newspaper voicing dissatisfaction with some aspect or other of the educational system in which he was rapidly working his way up, having recently been promoted from teacher to principal of a small school that served as training grounds for men ticketed as good possibilities to be principals of large schools. He'd used a penname but someone higher up in the educational system ferreted out the identity of the letter writer. The writer immediately found himself back to the status of teacher, this time in a remote, two-teacher school. He realized that he was a marked man and took a civil service examination and got a job in a government office and worked nights at another part-time job so he could finish raising his family.

But I still think there are some things in common between St. Luke and me as far as history goes. As I understand it, scholars believe that the four existing gospels are based on somewhat older gospels that are now lost, written within the lifetime of men who could have known Christ. I believe that two of these gospels have been tentatively reconstructed in part. I imagine that there's some basic truth behind the contradictions and extrapolations in the gospels, although proof is difficult without help of a time machine. Remember, only a century ago intelligent people were certain that all the Greek myths about Troy and labyrinths and so on were pure fiction.

[\*The cover of PELF #9 was xeroxed, and bore the fruits of an overly ambitious application of colored pencils. The circulation was under 100, so it wasn't all that bad, but my wife wound up helping me finish the job. Never again. Never, never. My wife can do it all herself\*]



A W B Y 1

J A N ' 7 2

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ARTWORK

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on page	3 - 12 - 14 - 17 top - 20 - 26.....	Bill Rotsler
	5 - 9 - 17 bottom.....	Patrice Duvic
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