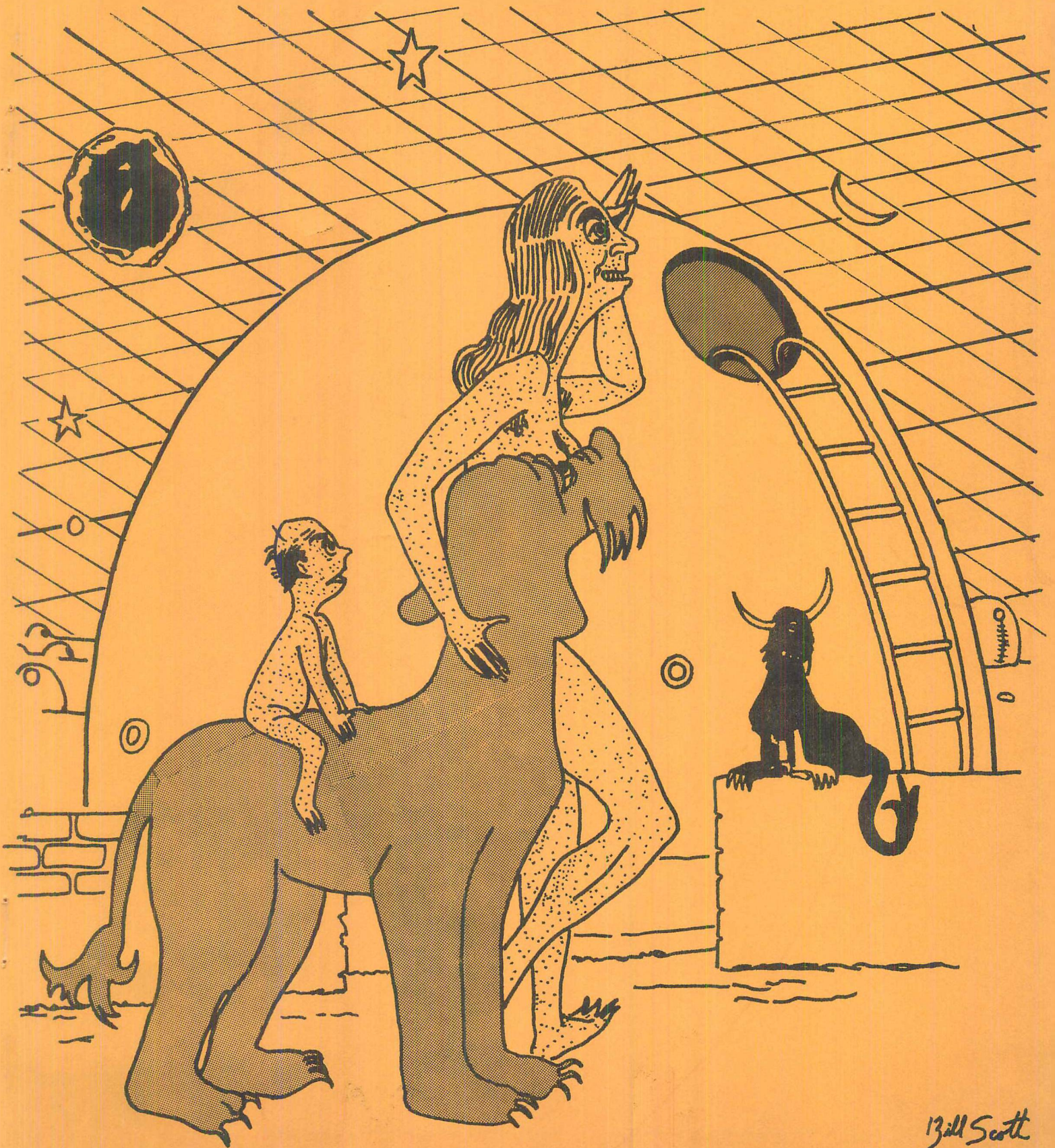


# AWRY 2







Editor: Dave Locke  
 Editorial Address: 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte, CA 91010  
 Editorial Assistant: Phoebe Locke  
 Printing Courtesy Of: Dean Grennell's Gestetnor 120, on loan

AWRY is a fan magazine devoted to all uplifting science fictional pursuits. Cross our hearts. Published irregularly, AWRY is available through accepted contributions, sterling letters of comment, selected trades, and two issues for one folding U.S. dollar.

## ALIGN AND TILT

EDITORIAL

This issue comes with a money-back guarantee, as follows. If you paid for it and don't like it, tear out the above colophon and paperclip it to the back of a two-penny postcard. Mail it to my attention, and if I receive it I'll promptly return your money. By the same means.

If you didn't pay for this issue, then staple a two-penny postcard to your upper lip and mail yourself to my attention. Upon receipt I will promptly apologize and then buy you a beer, after which I will spindle you. If you wish to be mutilated, you'll have to get all the beer yourself. If you're buying, I'll join you.

I hadn't learned the ploy of forward-dating. So the last issue, which was dated January, was distributed with YANDRO in March. Let's all presume that it was dated March and then go on from there. It improves my schedule.

I was having a spot of back trouble a few weeks ago, which is down to just a small dot at the moment. But for a while it was getting worse, so I made an appointment with my wife's doctor (she picked him). It was the perfect one-hour appointment. I waited in the reception room for thirty minutes, waited in the examination room for twenty minutes, and was with the doctor for ten minutes. He prodded a finger at various places around my back until I told him yes, that hurts, and then he told me to take aspirin and said they'd mail the bill. He also gave me a prescription, which is one of those things that I hate to see. I checked my wallet and saw that I had twenty dollars, so I decided to take a chance and go to the drugstore with the money I had on me. I walked out with eight dollars.

But while I was there I discovered the difference between doctors and druggists (the similarities would cover an article much longer than this is going to be).

The prescription was for a muscle relaxant, and I object to paying twelve dollars for an ounce or so of muscle relaxant when I regularly buy it by the fifth of a gallon for around half that price. At least this was in pill form, which is a lot different than the way I normally take it. The druggist pecked away with one finger on an old Smith-Corona, then

peeled the label from the backing paper and positioned it on a plastic vial. He came out to the cash register, started to hand me the pills, but then just held them in his hand and gazed reflectively at them. He lifted his free hand and pulled on his earlobe, pursed his lips, and squinted a little harder at the bottle.

I just stood there with one hand in my wallet, fingering my twenty dollars.

"Listen," he finally said, "the doctor wants you to take two in the morning and two before you go to bed."

"Fine."

"But I tell you what," he said, flipping the bottle up in the air and catching it in the other hand. "These may make you drowsy and sleepy. Tonight, instead of taking two before you go to bed, take them a little while before you go to bed so you can see what effect they have on you."

"Uh huh."

"Because in the morning you don't want these to make you drowsy when you're driving to work. How far do you drive?"

"Nine miles."

"Ok, well, if they're going to make you drowsy you'd better wait and take them immediately before you start out for work. Then you'd better hustle before they start to take effect."

I didn't care for the possibility of encountering an eight-mile pill on a nine-mile drive.

"If they're going to bother my driving," I told him, "then I'll just haul them to work with me and take them when I get there,"

He looked at me for a few seconds, pursing his lips again. Then he shook his head, snapped his fingers, and handed the bottle over.

"Never thought of that," he said.

-----  
The wheel and a whole lot of metals were discovered by a man named Ferris.....  
-----

One problem so often encountered at a Los Angeles fan party is the knotty one of knowing when to go home. I've had some success at solving this. Lately I've taken to riding to Petard Meetings with Dean and Jean Grennell, thereby shifting the onus of the problem to them. They seem to handle it quite well, or else are remarkably good at faking it. My other solution is to hold parties here, and that works quite well, too.

Sometimes my brilliance astounds me.

-----  
A portable typewriter leans to the left  
-----



"The Dating Game" is not a show for Credit Managers

XX

Goodness knows that one who publishes a fanzine should be careful about making comments regarding other people's proof-reading, so I'd like to make a comment about mine. Actually this is a comment about somebody else's copy-writing, but I'll disguise it as a comment about my proof-reading.

The Marketing Director at Bushnell Optical sent me a brownline copy of our 1972 catalog for proof-reading, with the notation not to make any comment about the copy-writing. I was just to look for factual errors. Sure, glad to be of service, so I poured through it. As fate would have it, I wound up with a comment to make about the copy-writing. So I disguised it as a comment concerning a factual error (you'll note how expert I am at disguising things).

For our Fish Spotter, which is an electronic depth finder, the copy contained the following line: "Friction-free motor design assures long life".

I sent the Marketing Director a note with the following comment: "A 'friction-free motor' is in the same category with universal solvents and perpetual motion machines".

The 1972 catalog has been issued, and it contains a Fish Spotter with a friction-free motor design. The Optical Laboratory Supervisor came up to me and said: "What's this horseshit about a friction-free motor?"

"Don't be an impediment to science, Jack."

"How can we explain to a customer about the effects of normal wear-and-tear on a product which is advertised as being friction-free?"

"Ask our copy-writer to prepare a statement for you," I suggested.

"Horseshit," he stated, argumentatively.

"Maybe we can say that the unit must be mounted with skyhooks, to prevent the effect of damaging vibrations from the boat's motor." I wonder how much a good copy-writer earns?

"Horseshit," he said, and walked away.

Some people just won't take anybody's word for anything.

# CONTENTS .....

3	ALIGN AND TILT.....	editorial.....	Dave Locke
6	WRYBALD TALES OF DWARF DANCING.....	column.....	Tina Hensel
9	DRINKIN' THRU THE RYE.....	column.....	Ed Cox
12	WRYTING IN.....	lettercol.....	The Readers

# ART .....

COVER.....	Bill Scott	8/13.....	Bill Rotsler
16/20.....	Patrice Duvic	25.....	Joe Staton
24.....	Jackie Franke	10/18/22/23.....	Dave Locke

# Wrybald TALES

COLUMN

## OF DWARF

Time was, I faunched madly for barbarians - any barbarian. Then I grew up and realized (by means of employing my new-found maturity) that normal 12-year old girls should have objects of adoration slightly more choice and socially acceptable than a skin-clad Conan. Frankly, I really don't see how a doting parent could find Elvis a more suitable idol (yes, Virginia, I really am that old, igneous, and unstratified), but apparently, mine did. Mommy said my hero was not only disgusting, he was perverted. Mother also told me I couldn't read GONE WITH THE WIND, because that contained perversions. But she let me read NEVER SO FEW, MOLL FLANDERS, and De Sade (even took them out of the library for me - they were red-dot books). I think, maybe, I have a weird mother.

Anyway, I bowed to circumstance, bade goodbye to my hero, and began looking seriously for someone else to love madly. For a while, I read Sabatini. But having been truly hung-up on Conan, even Sabatini's heroes struck me as slightly mealy-mouthed and not quite my cup of tea. I now had an insatiable craving for blood and gore - other people's, of course - and needed something stronger than the normal literary hero.

Since the fantasy genre had been barred, I started mining the rich science fiction lode in my local library.

And I found him! Gilmore's Space Hawk was truly a man I could adore with no reservations. There was lots of blood and gore, shoot-outs, Mad Scientists, Yellow Perils, and a negro named Friday. What more could any girl want?

Deep down under my sophisticated, elderly maiden, unmarried exterior, lurks the bloodthirstiness of that long forgotten 12-year old. I think that's why I haven't married. I could never hope to discover my hero coyly performing feats of daring-do in the environs of staid West Covina. Aryan hero-types (only five feet tall, which was about right for me at the age of 12) who have something unspeakable either carved or branded on their foreheads by the minions of an evil Eurasian Mad Scientist, are in somewhat short supply even in the urban centers.

I never could figure out why Hawk Carse didn't have the noxious word or words removed by plastic surgery, but finally decided that he was keeping it/them to remind him how much he disliked Dr. Sui. He did go so far as to grow his hair in long blond bangs, so that he wouldn't offend the eyes of squeamish folk.

I never did figure out what the Negro, Friday, was for. The author used him mainly for saying "Yah, Sir, Masta Carse" and expressing doubts about Hawk's ability to gun down five or six evil hardcases in a fair fight. Needless to say, Hawk always won. I think, mind you I'm not sure, but I think he was the stoker on the spaceship belonging to our hero.

The book was full of incredible things. At one time, the evil Dr. Sui had Hawk in his clutches, and he was trying to ascertain the whereabouts of the Good Mad Scientist (he wanted to take out his brain and use it in a primitive computer-type hook-up),



BY TINA HENSEL

# DANCING

and Hawk was holding up pretty well under torture and such. So the evil doctor decided to use the ultimate in horrible tortures. This turned out to be the equivalent of a modern lightshow. After two or three hours of this unspeakable torment, Hawk gave in and divulged the secret.

Later on, Hawk rescued the Good Doctor from the Evil Doctor, along with seven or eight other brilliant brains. Unfortunately, he had only saved the brains, as the evil doctor had disposed of the bodies or fed them to the dogs or something. Anyway, Hawk had to come up with spare bodies, quick, because the brains were dying.

Of course, this didn't faze him a bit. He immediately remembered the mindless hulks of some dope fiends (some of which are non-white. Gasp!) that were foraging for the drug in its raw state. What they were actually doing was wandering about cramming the leaves of a drug plant (alien, of course) into their drooling mouths and chewing this dilute version. Off Hawk went, to kidnap some of these inoffensive folk, to transplant the brains into their bodies.

He accomplished this by means of a top secret gas that forced the evil doctor to obey the wishes of anyone. However, Doctor Sui became resistant to the drug and managed to deflect the course of their invisible spaceship. Everybody got off except the bad doctor, although we are not sure that he has really burned up in the ship's plunge through the Earth's atmosphere. The author tells us that Hawk searched for him until the absolute last minute, and didn't find him.

In this fashion, the author cleverly leaves open the possibility of a sequel. I have been told that there was actually a sequel. I didn't read it.

I would've, if I could've, you understand. My library didn't have it.

Naturally, the above description of the book is not based on my childhood memories. I recently re-read it. Talk about disappointment.

I stayed up late to finish the book, hoping against hope that somewhere, on even one of the pages, I might find some redeeming social significance. Disgusted at my inability, I put the book down and went to bed.

Somewhere in the night I discovered myself inhabiting a dream ruled by the Evil Doctor K. Sui. I was only mildly concerned, for my sleeping mind recalled his ineffective nastiness. "You can't hurt me," chortled I. "I just re-read you. You couldn't accomplish anything even against an advanced Mongoloid idiot."

"You dare to insult my ancestry," hissed he. "You shall suffer the torments of a thousand tears."

"Hah!" says I.

Just at that moment Hawk Carse arrived on the scene, fearlessly dedicated to

"You may fold, spindle, or mutilate, but please pay this bill."

(((((.....))))))

protecting the helpless, weak, and stupid. "Fear not," said he, or words to that effect.

At that, I stopped everything and began explaining to them that neither one of them was anything more than a bit of undigested gruel, and that they couldn't do anything that was going to affect me in the slightest.

Hawk looked at the Doctor seriously for a moment and then turned his gaze back to me. "No?" he smiled, and it was not a nice smile, as he reflectively smoothed his yellow bangs. "We'll see about that."

Doctor Sui unobtrusively pulled a ray gun from beneath his white lab coat and regarded me with inscrutable oriental eyes. "Yessss," he hissed, pushing the sound lovingly between his teeth.

Then they both pointed their Sparkle-Plenty ray guns at me.

I couldn't help it, I started laughing, hysterically.

"You can't hurt me with those," I wheezed, wiping away tears of laughter from my streaming eyes. "They don't do anything."

So they zapped the unbeliever. I found the experience most distressing. As I slowly dissolved I kept pointing out that sparkles didn't hurt, much less dissolve, but nonetheless they seemed pretty effective.

ZAP! Once again, I was 12 years old, and everything seemed perfectly rational. K. Sui was bad, Carse was good, and I wasn't supposed to be here. Mother would kill me.

So, clutching my Elvis Presley album to my flat, childish chest, I fled screaming into the dream. Fortunately for parental discipline, my cries awoke me, and I had returned to the advanced old age of 28.

Strangely enough, the dream seemed as reasonable to my now awake and alertly functioning mind as did the thought that I had once admired the technique and writing style that produced Hawk Carse.

Pretty corny,  
wasn't it?

Well, back to Conan. Now, there was a man...





# DRINKIN' THRU THE RYE

COLUMN BY ED COX

THE GROTCHING HOUR DEPT. Damon Knight was right. Or James Blish. Even maybe it was Cyril Kornbluth writing in the FAPazine of one of the prior two, back in the forties, on the horrors of advertising. Like a method described with convincing horror by Bob Bloch in verse-form in a 1940's VAPazine, the method was airborne. Bloch's method was printing in the air. Kornbluth's, or whoever, method was also airborne but actually landed right on the eyeball. Somehow. The results were the same. You couldn't get away from the damn ads.

While marketeering has proliferated not quite to that utter depth, it's damn near everywhere except on the wall at eye-level above the urinals in the mens room. I expect some enterprising soul will think of that next. But already ads are appearing in a place that galls the hell out of me.

You've noticed them. With some degree of irritation, too, I'll bet. Those damn ads stuck, yea, bound in the paperback books. They started showing up a year or more ago. Usually one, in a page size. Now they're foldouts. And more than one per book. Aside from the purely inconvenience of those stiffer inserts in the book, I object to a goddam cigarette advertisement. I was mildly annoyed at the science fiction book club ads. There was at least consistency there. Then there were the Writers School ads. Now cigarettes.

What next?

The usual run of admonitions to the suffering human race, genus "reader" who is beset with several major categories of ills? He suffers from all manner of maladies, holds a low-paid job, if any, and in profound need for advice on marital and sexual problems (not necessarily synonymous).

Back in the days of the pulps, possibly some of these problems were real. It was the depression and entertainment had to be cheap. Hence dime movies and magazines. If the poor guy losing himself in vicarious adventure, no matter what the brand, had a buck or so, somebody was willing to buy space in the pulps to try to get it away from him. With or without benefit to the payee.

Some just wanted to help divert him. Like "BUNK - The Greatest Newest Smartest.... Humor Magazine. It's a tonic. Take a full-size dose every month and Forget the Depression". That was in 1932 but probably didn't help much. There were long, bleak years ahead. Smoking was always there. Half the back covers were full-page ads for Camels, Chesterfields, or Lucky Strikes. They often made flagrant claims. One of them made the smoker, or would-be smoker, think that his appetite would be improved....if he smoked that brand! It was long before the more detrimental aspects of smoking were pinned down (but called coffin-nails long before that). There were always the anti-smoking aids. "Tobacco Habit Banished!" was the way one of them went. That wasn't the only problem, of course. "WHISKEY HABIT Send for FREE TRIAL of NOXALCO" and so on.

Plus all the ills and ailments commonly found in the pulp-magazine reader. There were cures and relief offered for "GALL BLADDER Irritations and Distress", "Old Leg





11

Of course, Listerine was there to save the would-be romantic from halitosis. Later, dnadruff. One ad that always fascinated me back in those pulpzine days when I was too young to send for it (by parental decree), was usually a half-page column and was about as ubiquitous as Atlas, Coyne and I.C.S. That one that promised to reveal "FEMALE BEAUTY Round the World. World's Greatest Collection of Strange & Secret Photographs" contained in 600 large pages full of 1000 photographs. I didn't reflect on the fact that they were no longer 'secret', but I wanted that complete 5-volume set, bound in one volume, "The Secret Museum of Mankind". Perhaps it was that cut at the top of the column, showing a string, reaching into infinity, of unclad women of pleasant aspect...or body...against a backdrop of palm trees and eastern architecture.

The point is, they were in the magazines. A part of a low-cost periodical, throw-away diversion. I accepted them then with not a second thought and probably didn't pay as much attention to most of them then as I did today. But there lies the difference.

If the publishers want to earn extra money, let them expand to pulp-size, use pulp paper, add all the other gross ads, charge less for the thing, and I'll buy that. But not in the books! I suspect that any effort on the part of a person, or all fandom, won't cause the eleven major paperback publishers to void their agreement with the new agency which specializes in this new area for advertisements. But we can let them know we don't like it.

I don't know the answers. But I know that I'll probably stop buying new paperbacks. As long as they are cluttered with that junk. Even if the ads were easy to remove (goof and the binding goes), I still don't want to pay for the damned ads.

Do I overstate the point? I think not.

What do you think?

W R Y T I N G J J

LETTERSLETTERSLETTERSLE

+++ My garsh, lookit all the letters I've got here. And trades, and material, and subscriptions. Does my poor heart (lub-dub lub-dub) good. Let's see what it does for your heart, when you read some of them. When the editor cuts in, you'll see his comments enclosed by the sign of the sword. +++

+++ Just like that. Ok, the first topic should be the zine itself. Here's how some of you reacted to the appearance of the first issue. +++

REDD BOGGS

Thanks for Wry #1, which I thought was Pelf #10 for a while. I wonder why it wasn't. In the letter column Jerry Lapidus prefers Pelf to the New York fannish fanzines, and maybe so do I, in a way, if only because the spirit of southern California is brighter and lighter than that of dingy, crowded old New York. But Pelf -- er, uh, Wry -- isn't much different in content from the NYC fannish fanzines. It deals largely in anecdotes about an in-group, everybody contributing telling stories involving the other people contributing. Very chummy, but -- as Lapidus says about the New York fanzines -- after a while a bit tiresome. One can endure only a limited number of references, say, to EdCo's alleged "lechery".

+++ That's right. And we're trying to get him to shape up. +++

CY CHAUVIN

Somehow fanzines of AWRY's type leave my mouth half empty; I never know what to say in reply to them. Should I mention my own exotic adventures with a car that falls apart every time I turn my back, or a cat that gobbles down crickets and then climbs up a tree to sleep? Or perhaps I should argue with you concerning the nutritional value of green turkey sandwiches and off-white lettuce? Maybe I should just forget the whole thing, and skim over the material quickly, just mentioning that Tina was superbly excellent, Ed Cox was superbly entertaining, and you are superbly insane.

I think I'll just forget the whole thing...

One thing that sort of struck me about these columns, however, was their sameness. I'm afraid that if there hadn't been a different name at the top of each piece, I would have thought that they had been written all by the same person. I hope that in the future you will find some way to vary the style of your material a bit more, so as to give the fanzine more variety.

+++ AWRY will turn up with a variety of material, but the basic slant has been established by the zine's title. I'm surprised, however, that although you appear to have liked the material, you would prefer a more traditional variety. Isn't it sufficient that you liked it? And since most genzines offer a variety of material, isn't it odd that with one breath you object to the "sameness" of our material and with another you ask us to adopt the traditional variety format? I guess it's just a matter of what kind of "sameness" you're most comfortable with. Anyway, I'll try to vary my writing style more when writing under my pen-names of Hensel and Cox. +++

ED CONNOR

AWRY #1 received; obviously a PELF in disguise. The reason I use the term "obviously" is that it is obvious that if there had been no name whatsoever attached to the zine just about anyone who's read a "recent" PELF

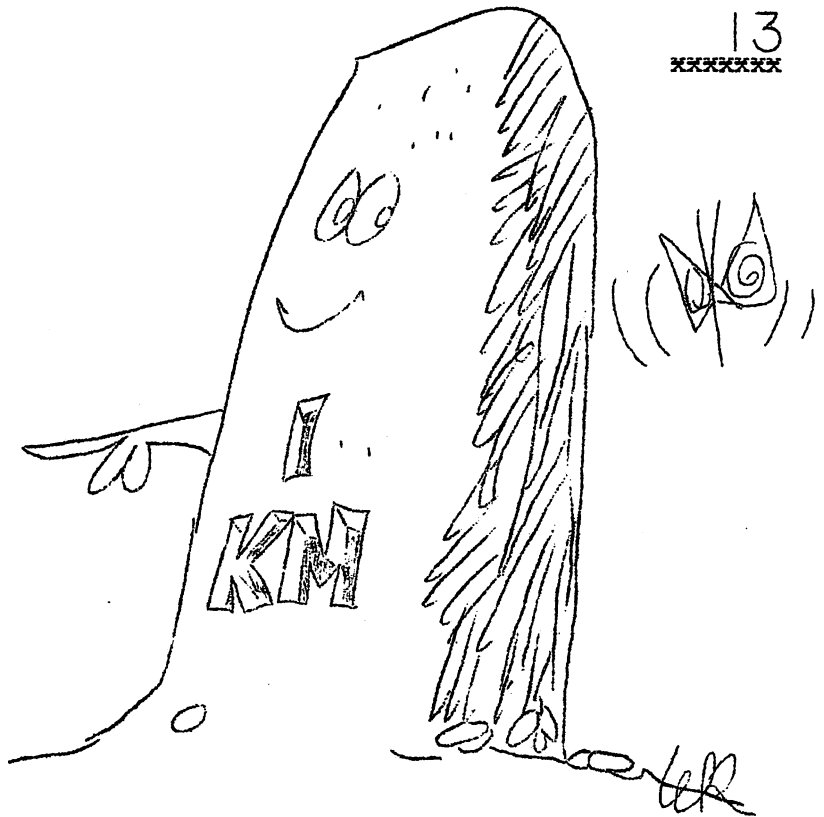


WE, THE AWRY, and other stories  
\*\*\*\*\*

13  
\*\*\*\*\*

would have "recognized" it.  
Thanks.

+++ You're welcome. There isn't much that's odd about the resemblance, Ed. Of the PELFs that you've seen, I did the layouts. I was co-editor of one zine; I'm editor of the other. Those two facts alone would cause similarities. Since two of the columnists for PELF are now doing columns for AWRY, I suppose the only visible difference is the title and the absence of Dave Hulan's hand (he lost it when his cufflink got caught on the ball of his Selectric typewriter). However, beginning with issues #2 and #3 you will start seeing more obvious differences. Maybe I'll even start telling my own stories instead of letting Tina invent them as material for her column... +++



HARRY WARNER, JR. AWRY was fun to read, just the right size and mostly free from the big words that slow down the reading process. My only problem was the interlineations that ascended to the page tops. I kept overlooking them, then when one came to my eye I would immediately stop everything and leaf back through all the previous pages to see how many I'd missed. Pretty soon it became compulsive, like the fellow who insists on telling you the same jokes every time he sees you, day after day.

I wonder if every fan will pronounce your title correctly. Maybe fans are wiser about words, but a surprising proportion of the general public thinks that the word is pronounced ah-ree and that it was invented by the people who create crossword puzzles.

TERRY HUGHES Many thanks for AWRY #1. It was a pleasant bonus to find with the latest YANDRO. I have enjoyed most of your writings in YANDRO and Ed Cox is always a treat.

+++ That isn't what Tina says. +++

JACKIE FRANKE I found AWRY to be a very relaxed, amiable zine indeed. Howsomer, was rather shocked to see so many references to Ol' Demon Rum (or his kindred actually) in a fmz that rode with YANDRO. Knowing Buck's absolute love for alcohol and those who indulge in same, the two facts don't jibe.

Could be he's getting mellower in his old age.

+++ No, it can't be that. +++

+++ About the Rotsler cover, HARRY WARNER said: "The front cover is an absolute masterpiece. It fits beautifully the way I have been feeling. But did Rotsler really do the little critter up in the left top corner, too? It looks completely out of style." A "critter"? So much for my logo. I agree the cover was excellent. It turned me on, too. The printer, however, asked of me "What is it?" I told him I didn't know. But wasn't it great?... JUNE MOFFATT says: "Interesting cover -- somehow it reminds me of those silicon-breathing-out critters in MARTIAN ODYSSEY -- the ones that breathed out silicon dioxide in neat brick form." Or is she talking about my logo? Concerning the turkey/lettuce piece in my editorial, June says: "I wonder if your greenish turkey could have been related to the hot turkey sandwich I once saw -- white turkey with greeny-yellow gravy." A definite maybe. MICHAEL A. JUERGENS admonishes: "You know, Dave, you should be ashamed for turning up your nose at the green turkey. A little mold never hurt anyone -- indeed, it probably would have made up for the nutritional deficiency of the white lettuce." I never thought of that. TERRY HUGHES wants me to "Please continue your (& Tina's) culinary tour of America. You could publish a handy guide for fans of where not to eat -- many is the time I wish I had had one before the restaurant had me." You're in luck, Terry. For real, the subtitle of Tina's column in AWRY #3 will be GOURMET GUIDE TO GOOD EATING IN THE GREATER L.A. AREA. Don't let that title fool you, though. Well, on second thought go ahead - let it fool you. Still on the subject of turkey and lettuce, Redd Boggs presses on with the following comments. +++

#### REDD BOGGS

Still, there were some amusing things in the first WRY. The restaurant story was a pleasant telling of an unpleasant incident. I'm not a bit surprised, though, since restaurants are going downhill in - as one might say - leaps and bounds. Spenger's, one of the tolerable places in the East Bay, is less good than it was eight years ago, when I first patronized it, though it has hardly reached the subterranean level of your coffee-shop. Spenger's specializes in seafood, of course, and has taken to deep-frying everything. I like some of this, but at times one longs for a fillet of sole delicately sauteed in a little butter. They won't change, though, because to a generation raised on MacDonald's hamburgers, theirs is high-class fare, and the Spenger's parking lot is jammed each and every evening and it's maybe an hour's wait for seating.

Since you mention Fresno -- "travelling west from Fresno to the ocean" -- there's a small coincidence in the fact that I have written an account of my experience in a restaurant on a highway west of Fresno and I hope sooner or later to get it in print in my FAPazine. The incident happened over a year ago, and the account of it is still unprinted. At any rate, I will send you a copy when I do print it, and you will find it's almost as grim an experience as yours.

+++ On the subject of newspaper clippings, a subject generated by my editorial, it's back to Harry Warner who forget to clip one of his own newspaper articles. +++

#### HARRY WARNER, JR.

I wish I'd clipped an article I recently wrote. It might have made a good companion piece to the Reader's Digest clipping about the brewery which piped its product to a nearby home. In Hagerstown, the board of trustees of the hospital were the owners of a brewery for years and years. Nobody can remember how it happened, but the hospital board somehow acquired a mortgage on a building that had been a brewery until Prohibition came. Then after Repeal the building was reconverted to brewing purposes and every so often the brewery company would fall into financial difficulties and once again the mortgage would be foreclosed and the hospital people would find themselves once more in full charge of

XX

+++ Now, on the subject of graffiti, we hear from Tina. +++

TINA HENSEL Women's bathrooms don't seem to suffer from a plethora of graffitists. At least, I've been in a awful lot of them and nobody else was smearing dirty words (in orange colored lipstick) on the walls, just me. I am forced to assume that most women aren't motivated in that direction. Of course, I could be mistaken. Perhaps, every Ladies' room has a resident female gnome-like creature that scurries out and wipes off the walls after a visit from the graffitist. But I don't think so. Last time I visited the Princess Louise, my last obscene limerick still decorated the surface of the mirror on "B" deck.

+++ I'll take your word for it that women's restrooms in the U.S. have unscriptured walls and mirrors, but apparently that isn't the case in Australia (no, this isn't another Springheeled Jack story). Here's a quote from the LA Times of 4/21/72: "Large blackboards and an abundant supply of chalk will be installed in women's lavatories in Wonthaggi, Australia, reports town chronicler Christopher Roraback. The innovation came after officials realized they were spending almost \$100 a month to paint over crude pictures and rude sayings. But no such plans are afoot for the men's chambers. No one knows why but in Australia they stay cleaner." There must be a witty observation to be gleaned from this article, somewhere. Anyway, back to Tina for another glitch story. +++

I've found something worse than Instant Coffee, Scotch, and Cool Whip. I give you the receipe so that you will be prepared in time for the next pagan party. You'll succeed in poisoning your guests yet.

Lay on some really strong, herbal-flavored English Gin, and lots of tea bags. A weird, globe-trotting friend of mine introduced me to It. He is one of these horrid folk who stew their tea (boil it for fifteen minutes, for those of you who are fortunate enough not to know a true English tea drinker), until it turns bright black.

"Groovy," said I, somewhat doubtfully, watching the scum form on the top of the tea.  
"Now what?"

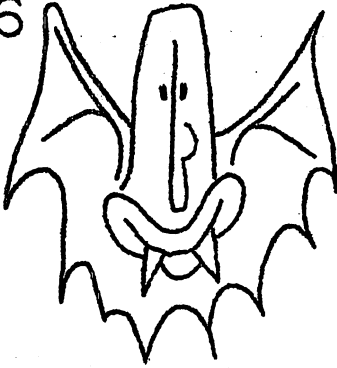
"Now," says this sadistic fiend, "we cool it, skim off the scum, reheat it and then put 1/3 glass of tea, 1/3 tin of canned milk, and 1/3 glass of gin. Then drink." He proceeded to hold his nose and pour down the noxious stuff. I followed suit.

After I got out of the hospital I went home for Sunday dinner, and conned Mom into trying it. She likes it. Glah!!!

So much for trying to poison people accustomed to stewed tea. Apparently the Gin actually improved it.

JODIE OFFUTT I've got a glitch story. We spent some time with friends not long ago and they had some homemade wine that we enjoyed very much. Very simply made, using frozen grape juice, sugar and yeast. And a special little top that allows the gas to escape during fermentation. I couldn't wait to get home and make some.





Where you keep your typewriter is called a typerspace  
~~XX~~

I ordered the tops (@ 59¢ each) and bought the other ingredients, then mixed up two batches at one week intervals. It takes two weeks to ferment. I counted the days till time to bottle it and when the first gallon was ready, lost no time in straining it into empty gin and bourbon bottles. But I thought it tasted funny. Then I decided it was probably the difference between being in a mundane place like my own kitchen and being with good friends.

Well, it came time to put the second batch in bottles and since my enthusiasm had diminished a little, I was in a little less hurry to transfer the wine from jug to bottles. What I noticed, as I took my time in the straining, was all this glotch in the bottom of the jug! All this sediment, that in my haste to taste the first fruits of wine-making I had poured right into the bottles a week before. So this time I poured the glotch down the drain and son-of-a-gun! This wine was clearer and much tastier.

We bought some Irish whisky for St. Pat's Day and I was terribly disappointed in it because it tastes so much like Scotch. And I fear it tastes too much like whiskey to satisfy our one or two Scotch drinking friends.

+++ A lot of fans out here really dig Irish. Afraid I find it in the same nowhere-land that you do. Something like Scotch and something like whiskey, but not enough like either. +++

TERRY HUGHES And your "glotch" story was a delight! I have heard strange stories about you West Coast fans, but apparantly they weren't strange enough. But that's what you get for hanging around with Ed Cox. You may ask what do you get for hanging around with Ed Cox. Well, drunk for one thing...

+++ That isn't what Tina says, +++

JUNE MOFFATT We are well acquent with your talent for humorous exaggeration, but your "Scotch and Glotch" story didn't require much of it. How does it feel to have something happen to you that is almost as wild as the way you write it up?

+++ Everything that happens to me is as wild as the way I write it up. And if it isn't, it should be. And now for a blast of comment on the "Curse you, Red Baron" piece that I had in my editorial. +++

JACKIE FRANKE Your comments regarding the abusing of our hallowed four-letter-words in fmz are true enough, but I doubt if anyone will pay attention. The fascination some people have with being able to say all those previously forbidden naughties seems to be too overwhelming for anything like common sense to affect. As long as they are able to get one reader to have elevated blood pressure and write shocked letters expressing their horror that such licentiousness is permitted in their pages, they'll keep doing it. Not everyone is totally inured as yet, and really doubt if every single person will (the Chicago papers still print an occasional letter condemning women in 'pants', totally ignoring the fact that slacks for females have been acceptable for over thirty years). Too many faneds get their kicks out of being screamed at. Masochism still has its adherents. But it is nice to read someone express their utter boredom with it all.

Did the Army issue those combat boots, or did you inherit them?

17

+++ The sad part about it, Jackie, is that a lot of these fans will mature enough in a couple of years to be bothered quite badly about the material they cranked out in the past. That lurking embarrassment may be strong enough so that fandom loses them just as they're turning into interesting people. +++

CY CHAUVIN

Re 'fuck': aren't you really complaining about one type of bad writing in general, rather than just one word in particular? I mean I could say "and me and this damn kid Harry went down to this damn shop, see, to pick up the shitty damn mimeograph stencils, but the ghod-damn car broke down and hell---" and that would be just as bad a type of writing as if I used 'fuck' or a nonsense word like moogoose and slipped it in each and every phrase.

+++ Of course. As I said: "a matter of timing", "conspicuous by volumn", "over-killing". +++

MICHAEL JUERGENS

I think your position on obscenity in fanzines could be a wee bit inappropriate. First off, you're either exagerating when you speak of fanzines with "pages upon pages of print where the word 'f---' out-numbers fandom's favorite word 'I'," or else you've been seeing some zines that haven't gotten to me. (Which is more than possible. And if such zines exist, I join you in your opinion of them.) But as I said, I haven't seen any such zines, and I suspect you're reacting against editors who use obscenity somewhat less often, though admittedly frequently.

+++ I've been seeing some zines that haven't gotten to you. I'm glad you thought of that. +++

Why this trend toward 'indecenty'? One explanation is that obscenity is an obvious and exploitable symbol of the difference in attitudes between the current generation and the over-50<sup>s</sup> who occupy the positions of power in this country. Face it: stating that Richard Nixon is an asshole is a powerful and eloquent means of expressing an opinion of the man, especially because Richard Nixon is unable to respond by telling his attacker to fuck off. So obscenity ceases to be a group of words describing things sexual and scatological, and becomes a symbol of the counterculture, and a means of affirming that one identifies with it. Of course, your prurient fanzine editor didn't sit back and decide "now I will articulate my socio/political position and attitudes by publishing a dirty picture". But he does know that people who think like he does use obscenity, and people who think like Richard Nixon are appalled by it. So nowadays, that graphic fanzine illo of a man sitting on the john isn't a "mimeographed masturbation", it's a political statement, even though it may not explicitly touch upon a political subject. If you're going to condemn it, Dave, condemn it for what it is.

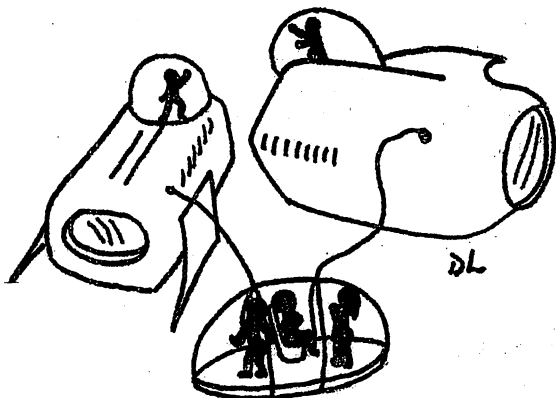
+++ I'll "face it", alright. The day when usage of the word "asshole" becomes eloquent will be the day I quit my job and let the janitor take it over.

Somehow I can't picture Richard Nixon becoming appalled by someone calling him an obscenity, nor do I think he will attach any political significance to the act. If he does react that way, however, let me know. I'll be appalled.

I've never considered my imagination as being anything less than above normal, but I'm still straining myself over your opinion that a fanzine illo of a man sitting on the john is a political statement. Or did you want me to use that as an interlin-eation? I never thought of that. +++

REDD BOGGS

While I'm not sure of the purpose of your "Curse You, Red Baron" piece -- Rick Sneary in the letter column says my mind is no longer "flexible enough to take in what someone means" -- I suppose it is largely a jeu, and not to be taken very seriously. After all, you use the term "shitcan" somewhere in your editorial. And if you are serious, I can't imagine where you see all those fanzines "with pages upon pages of print where the word 'f---' outnumbers fandom's favorite word 'I'." I haven't noticed any undue amount of what we used to call "obscenity" in any fanzine, but maybe I don't see the right fanzines. The word that outnumbers "I" in the fanzines I see is "pot" (or whatever they call it these days).

JODIE OFFUTT

I really enjoyed and agree with "Curse You, Red Baron".

I also have a little theory of my own having to do with our society's maturing process and its use of shock words. I would be willing to bet that when Clark Gable said his famous line using 'damn' thirty years ago, the oohs, aahs, and titters that went through the audience were exactly the same as when MASH used the big word just last year.

Which makes me wonder if the maturity level has been raised at all in all these years. The people are the same, only the words have been changed to shock the innocent.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

It's a good thing I have lots of experience in fandom. A mundane friend was glancing over this issue of AWRY and he got the impression that you were complaining about the use of bad words in fanzines. But I quickly understood and explained the real meaning of your article. You were reminiscing about how fans used to be dittoing and hectoing in print to create fanzines and now they're being too ostentatious by repeated references to their overly expensive foto-offsetting.

+++ You just tickled my sense of wonder.

And now forward with the comments on EdCo's column. And who better to start this off than kindly Tina. +++

TINA HENSEL

EdCo is paranoid. The Martians aren't going to get us. The Troggs hiding under the surface of the Earth will do it first. Actually, the Martians are good guys. They're going to do in the victorious Troggs, and avenge our passing.

What's the matter with watercress and sunflower seeds? I eat both of them. Nothing's better than a peanie butter, watercress, and sunflower seed, triple decker sandwich. On the other hand, I don't like Granola.

This might possibly be, because I'm allergic to milk products, and so must eat cereal dry or with water on it. Even Puffed Rice (my favorite) tastes kind of crummy with sugar and water. You should have seen what happened the first time I went off to summer camp!

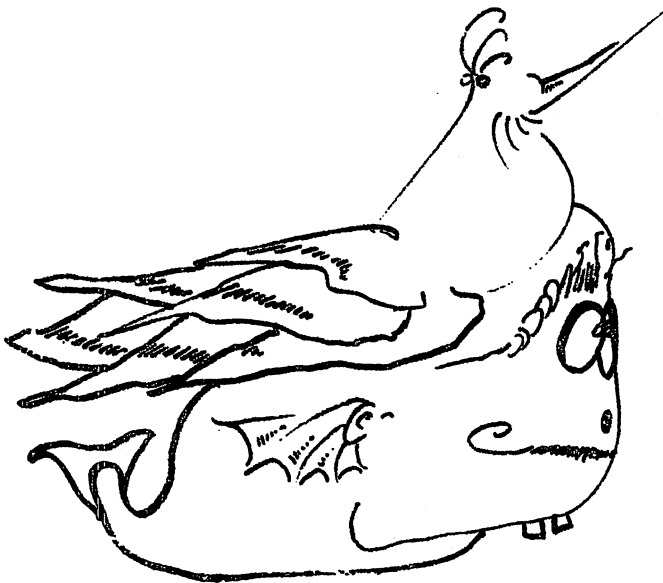




seldom by new discoveries in science. The frontier of this solar system was a topic destined for early obsolescence. +++

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I got much the same impression about the unlikely number of coincidences that were afflicting the United States and Russian efforts to photograph Mars. Even if the Martians finally did turn off the windstorm generators before Mariner ran out of juice, I remain unhappy about the way scientists are putting the worst possible interpretation on the results of the closeup photography. Those photographs which showed what looked very much like an extinct or actual river and tributaries were positively identified as unusual geologic formations which have nothing to do with water of the present or past. I don't consider this a very scientific way of doing things, when no two scientists can agree about the amount of water vapor in Mars' atmosphere or the surface temperatures or other important matters. I suspect that the center-of-the-universe belief is still irrationally nursed by a lot of people who know better intellectually and they are unwilling to consider even the slightest possibility that there are interesting things elsewhere in the solar system or universe.



MICHAEL JUERGENS

I don't know why you're so worried about the Martian invasion. In H.G. Well's book, the germs, on their own, defeated the Martians. But today, our armed forces have achieved great expertise in the use of biological weapons. The Martians won't stand a chance. By the way, if you really like granola, you should try making your own some time. It will be cheaper (35-45¢ a pound), and by all accounts better than the commercial variety (your average health-food store is a clip-joint anyway). Let

me know if you're interested and I'll send you the recipe.

SANDRA MIESEL

On granola and related treats: the stuff can be made at home and cheaper than the organic variety for those indifferent to the natural food fad. And granola's also good over cottage cheese. As for my own strange tastes - people sort of expect me to have strange tastes, don't they? - I confess to a base passion for a gruel of dark brown sugar and evaporated milk. And Ginjer Buchanan and I forged an instant friendship on the basis of a common fondness for graham cracker mush, an abominable concoction of graham crackers, honey, evaporated milk, and hot water (I sometimes crumble in a few ginger snaps for extra flavor).

JACKIE FRANKE

Was wondering why Ed Cox goes out and buys that health-food cereal. A pretty good imitation of the stuff can be whipped up at home, and for a lot less money. The fixin's are cheap enough, Lord knows. On our vacation last year to the Grand Canyon we encountered a group of the Now Generation at one of the rest houses on the Bright Angel Trail. Nothing like a shared plight to eliminate the cultural/generation gap. Everyone was pooped, and one girl pulled out a plastic bag of what appeared to be the leavings from the mule's feed bags from the

Fortunately, there is a Trader Joe's a few blocks up the street from my office - a fact that Alex had in mind when he told me about it. (I told you he was a man-about-town -- several towns, in fact.) I proceeded up to Trader Joe's the next workday, and found Granola in three (presumably) delicious flavors - Honey-Almond, Honey-Date and 7-Grain. Not being too crazy about dates, I tried the other two and haven't been sorry. (Len doesn't like it, though.). Incidentally, the next time someone fixes oatmeal at your house, try throwing in a handful of Granola just before it's done. Verrrry interesting!

+++ And now for some comments directed at or against sweet Tina Hensel. Who worse to start off with than Ed Cox, The next two stencils will self-destruct in Tina's hands. +++

### ED COX

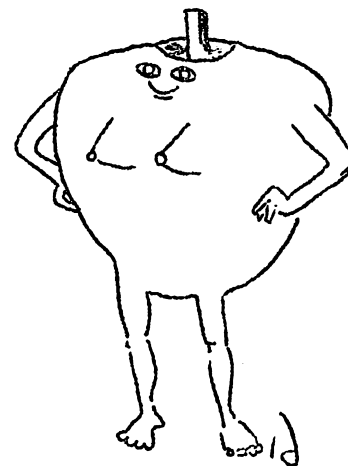
You must realize that I was momentarily thrown into a state of confusion, since last Sunday, when the first issue of AWRY arrived. Since it wasn't mailed, there was no mailing sticker to tell me whether it was my last issue or not or what I had to do to keep receiving it, since there wasn't one of those pages inside.

Then I looked inside and found out why I got it.

Tina Hensel has a column in it.

That's reason enough. For I realize that you realize that I realize, whether Tina realizes it or not, that it is my bounden duty to help set the poor girl straight (which is not easy...) and to notify the rest of the world of the inaccuracies and omissions in her written material. In her corporeal self, that is another matter and the Granny dress pretty well covers that. More about this later, however.

I must correct her hasty assumption, and refresh the memory of the young man (knowing Tina, he must've been young...and anybody compared to me, as the grossly over-exaggerated account in AWRY would have, is very young....204 indeed....). At any rate, Otis Adelbert Klein did not write THE APPLE MEN OF VONDOR. It was by Don Wontcox and appeared in the September 1940 issue of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES. The cover was a beauty by Robert Gibson Jones and featured, of course, THE APPLE MEN OF VONDOR as the cover story. Only it was an APPLE GIRL of the place (a planet revolving around another sun in a typical Don Wontcoxian science-fantasy setting). She was, strangely enough, all blue and in the moderate temperate-zone park-like climate, they needed no clothes and it was a nice Jones cover, allowing all that they allowed on the covers in those days.



The plot of the story, typically fantasy-like, strange, unreal for science-fiction, which, since it appeared in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, it really wasn't, concerned the idyllic existence of the Apple people. In keeping with the strange plot and imagination of Don Wontcox, these people did grow on trees and then drop off at maturity at which time they seemed to be assimilated into a sort of human-type societal structure, with the same values, jealousies, goals, etc., as we ourselves might have, all in this idyllic setting under the blue sun of Vondor.

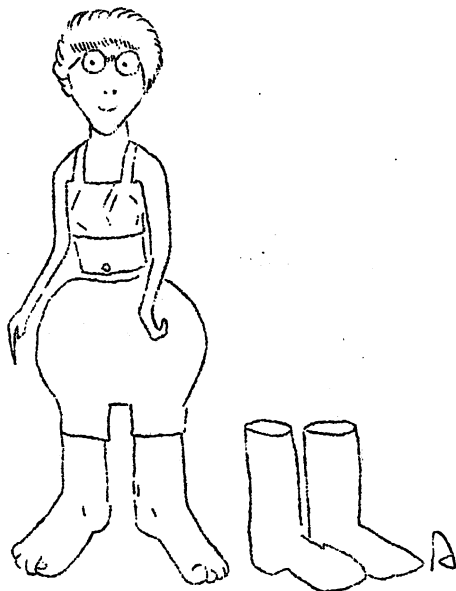
As we get the setting settled and all like that, get to know the hero and heroine, revolving about this same girl on the cover, Anit, Earthmen land in a rocket and proceed to disrupt the whole damn idyllic existence of the Apple people. Needless to say, as soon as the rapacious Earthmen found out the Apple people were indeed apple people, and edible, all they wanted to do is grab Anit and eat her...

Well, enough of that. It'll never appear in paperback anyway.

+++ You dirty old man. +++



Now to the matter of the Granny dress(es). Y'know, Buz Busby always struck me as a discerning person, among other things. It is to his credit, that, sight unseen (lovely phrase), he has determined that Tina Hensel has a weight problem. I didn't even realize this and I see Tina every so often at a PETARD meeting, committee meeting (WESTERCON XXV of course...have you joined yet?) and so on. Little did I realize that that warm Ballantines was having such an ill effect on her.



I should've suspected something when she started wearing Granny dresses instead of those keen bare-midriff, hip-huggers and all...like she was wearing in the days she seriously challenged the Belly-Button Goddess title-holder. Not only are these Granny dresses long, but they are rather concealing. A wearer's figure is sort of indeterminate. It also conceals a pair of combat boots quite effectively.

Other little clues popped out here and there, indicators of the type of problem that comes with overweight like a pilot-fish. Like, for instance, the first thing Tina did when I arrived at Dave's for a PETARD

Meeting there was to ask me to go into the bedroom with her. She was wearing the Granny dress. I didn't get the connection, then. At a committee meeting here, I believe, she wanted to talk to me, in the bedroom. I remarked on this repetition. So did Dave Locke. After that committee meeting mentioned in the editorial in AWRY 1, Dave, Alex, Tina and I set out to find a place to drink a drink or so. We drove south and then north on La Cienega, mile after mile. No bar. "There's a motel!" said Tina, helpfully. We thought,

After awhile, heavy girls have to take matters into their own hands or forever remain a wallflower. So with this in mind, I can be charitable about that remark she made about me in her column. I won't even dream of trying to count her ribs (if I could find them). ((Whoops, that was not charitable.)) In fact, to show her that we are still friends and all, I'll even let her sit in my lap next party we're at.

And you don't know what a sacrifice this is, either!

I've got a bad knee...

+++ You'll have worse than that. You're in big trouble. +++

TERRY HUGHES Tina Hensel is a new name to me (and mine to her) but I shall remember it so that I will read more of her writings. And besides I will be at LAcon and I've got to meet her and see if she's for real. But she said Ed Cox was "pawing feebly at my Granny Dress", and I bet he's not that old...he might (in fact, would) be pawing but never feebly. Except if Anne was around.

+++ You'd paw feebly, too, if you drank as much as Ed does. For his age, that is. +++

SANDRA MIESEL The story about the exhibitionist in Tina's column carried me back to my days at the College of St. Nebbish. The campus was periodically bothered by an escaped mental patient we dubbed Nude Ned. He'd pop out of the

shrubbery at the girls and fling open his raincoat. He was so persistent at his pranks that the students had to sign out to walk from the dorm to the library even in daytime. He once bicycled up the hill beside my house wearing naught but a baseball cap. Residents who'd missed the spectacle regretted it ever after.

### REDD BOGGS

Tina Hensel is certainly a funny writer. Possibly her only serious rival in her particular field is Rosemary Ulliot, and it is fortunate indeed that Tina is not Rosemary Ulliot because then I don't suppose she could spell her own name. Here she talks of "Otis Klein" and "Sidney", Australia. Tsk. Her column is good, if not as good as earlier installments under another title. In Rosemary's column everybody screams at everybody else; in Tina's column, people "gleep". On the whole, I guess I prefer screaming. I ended up preferring Ed Cox's column this time, though by a small edge, if only because Ed talked about ideas after doing the obligatory anecdote -- ideas handled in the usual offbeat, fantastic EdCo way. I can't quite picture a "bearded, longhair, mustachioed" EdCo, however, and it suddenly strikes me that I probably won't recognize half the people I used to know in Los Angeles, now that they've haired out. (The other half are female, thank god.)

Speaking of which, Rick Sneary's remark in the letter column about Tina being "liberated" but nevertheless an "all-girl girl" strikes me as analogous to saying so-and-so is a radical but nevertheless belongs to the Republican party. I don't know Tina, so leaving her out of it and speaking generally, if a woman still affects long hair blowing in her face, short skirts, girdles, dangling purses, nylons, high heels, etc., eats with such delicate gestures that one suspects she is trying not to touch her food with her lips and tongue at all, walks in a mincing way without bending her knees, and talks to men by saying "Ooooh, I'll just bet you had the nicest time in your trip to Fresno, Mr. Boggs" -- what's she liberated from?

+++ "I don't believe you," I screamed. "Besides, that wasn't an elephant story at all." Quoted from Tina's column in AWRY #1. Tina does scream occasionally, you see. In fact, she also really gleeps occasionally. On the whole, I guess I prefer screaming, also. With my ears, it's easier to hear a scream.

I know what Rick meant, but I don't feel like trying to explain it to someone. You'll have to meet Tina, and then you can try explaining it to yourself. Lots of luck. +++

+++ Part of a late LoC from: +++

### MIKE GLICKSOHN

AWRY is an interesting and enjoyable effort. Unpretentious but still attractive and of a length and quality that make it a pleasant reading experience. All of which, upon rereading, sounds disgustingly smarmy but wasn't meant that way. As you point out, there are too many monstrous-sized zines around filled with far too much junky writing so that a moderate number of pages of light chatter - inconsequential as it may be - makes for a refreshing change. And if AWRY is indeed the last known breeding ground



of the humour-flecked bewitted Tina bird then for that alone it deserves a continued existence. I much enjoyed her column (and her part in yours) and even though I'm not inspired to say more than that, I wanted to put it in writing. As a faned myself, I shrink from "I liked \_\_\_\_" type letters but sometimes an issue is enjoyable without provoking much comment. Sigh.

+++ And now several lines on the dull subject of Arnie Katz. +++

CY CHAUVIN

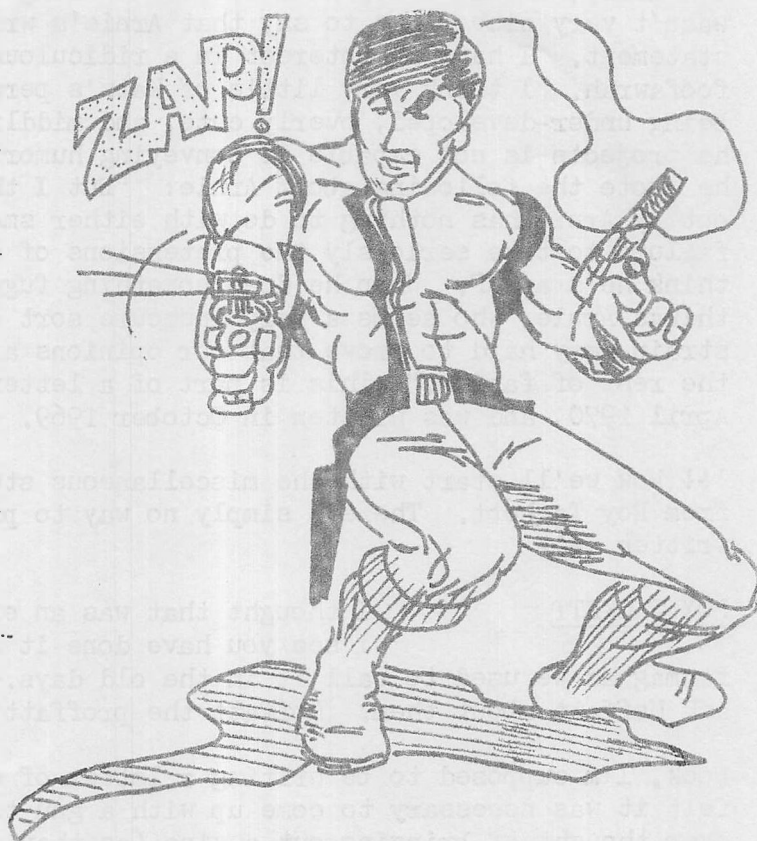
I think you're being a bit hard on Arnie Katz when you say that "at best he's unamusing". Often times he is not uproarously funny, but then neither is any of the material contained in AWRY; but some of his short fannish pieces have been nice, competent, and mildly amusing stuff. I loved his short little piece in Dave Hulvey's AFAN recently which made a fan president and then followed thru on his actions. Or his piece in BAB, "I Sing the Duper Electric".

They're not classic bits of fannish writing, but they offer an interesting contrast and variation from more normal articles, columns, reviews, etc.

+++ Yours is an old gambit, and somewhat unnecessary. It's easy enough to simply state you disagree that Arnie's writing is unamusing. Why tell us our writing does not possess a virtue which his writing doesn't possess either, and create an argumentative point over which there is no disagreement? +++

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I don't see why Arnie Katz should be singled out as a fan who writes the wrong kind of fannish stuff. Almost all his fannish stuff meets the requirements that Jerry Lapidus establishes for the personal writing he prefers: "a writer talking about his experiences, thoughts, feelings, about fandom and about life." Some people may have been turned off by the fact that Arnie published in other fanzines some articles which had appeared only a short time earlier in his own fanzine; this could have created the repetitive reputation that he seems to be acquiring. There's also the problem that four or five other people in his immediate circle are writing similar-style material about the same group of friends and their activities. But I suspect that the real trouble is this choosing up of sides between the LOCUS and FOCAL POINT supporters. Charlie Brown's writing is being misrepresented exactly as badly as Arnie's and people have been seeing their fanzines as more extreme examples of the sercon and fannish parties than they actually are. It is becoming as bad as the music world was a century ago when everyone was either a Brahms or a Wagner supporter and the Brahms fans were highly indignant when they found Brahms listening with pleasure to Wagner's music.



+++ Harry, I didn't say he "writes the wrong kind of fannish stuff". I suppose it wasn't very nice of me to say that Arnie's writings don't amuse me, but it was a true statement. I have no interest in a ridiculous LOCUS/FOCAL POINT, sercon/fannish foofawrah. I think very little of Katz's personality, and I consider his articles as being under-developed, overly cute, and middling uninteresting. The attitude which he projects is not capable of conveying humor. I think Dave Hulan said it best when he wrote the following about Arnie: "But I think the real sin of the LA fans singled out by Arnie has nothing to do with either smoking or drinking; their sin is the failure to take seriously the pretensions of one A. Katz. We laugh at him. We don't think he's a BNF. When he does something fuggheaded, we tell him so. And those things Arnie, who seems a very insecure sort of person, can't stand, so he has to strain very hard to prove that our opinions aren't worthy of any consideration by the rest of fandom." This is part of a letter that Dave wrote for CROSSROADS #8 of April 1970, and was written in October 1969. +++

+++ Now we'll start with the miscellaneous stuff, and I'll begin with an uncut letter from Roy Tackett. There's simply no way to present this other than exactly as it was written. +++

#### ROY TACKETT

I thought that was an exceptionally hefty issue of YANDRO and I see you have done it again. Come out with another phmz. Or fanmag as we used to call it in the old days. If you don't remember the olddays then ask Moffatt about them. Moffatt the proffatt he was known as in the oldaze.

Look, I'm supposed to be writing a letter of comment on AWRY. Tell me why it is you felt it was necessary to come up with a gnu title? No gnus is good gnus? Have you ever thought of bringing out a zine (as they call it in these gnudaze) called GNU? Or even Agnu? Why didn't you call it PHOENIX? Or, for that matter, DUARTE? Which was named after an old Roman who said "Et Du Arte?"

Nevertheless this is intended to be a serious letter of comment despite the fact that I seem to have slipped a cogwheel. Or gear as they are called these days.

Ah, Locke, old boy, there you stand revealed. Revealed, I say, as typical of all that is wrong with ~~middle~~ middle-class America - the Great Silent Majority (not a religious organization). Where else but out in the suburbs, such as Duarte, or San Mateo, or Georgetown, or Leavittown, or Rio Rancho, will you find Irish Coffee made of instant coffee, cheap scotch, and cool whip? Yes.

Also Urk! Also Ecch!

I'll bet you make Martinis out of vodka, too? And play something called nine-card lowball with one-eyed jacks, deuces and alternate threes of clubs wild and refer to it as "poker". Ha!

As I keep saying to the chaps at the Air Farce base - no wonder we lost the war.

+++ No suh, poka is poka. We shot a man yesterday for calling dueces wild in a game of draw poka. However, I do like very wet vodka martinis, which are the only kind of martinis I do like. And I don't like those very strongly. The curdle the cool whip.+++

This chap Ox, or Cox, or Ax or whatever has an interesting column. It is on the front porch of his house. Genuine San Fernando Valley original. Melted in the heat, you





one forcibly of H.P. Lovecraft, in that..." I then filled up a blue book with a dissertation on HPL's style, murky development and strange plotting. I got an "A". When I asked my instructor why an "A", he replied: "I grant you, you didn't discuss Conrad much, but your views on Lovecraft were quite interesting. Besides, I knew you'd done the work."

"Oh really, how?" I asked, absolutely fascinated.

"Because Lovecraft is such an obscure writer," was the reply. "Anybody who is as familiar with HPL as you are must have read Conrad."

So much for HPL.

#### SANDRA MIESEL

If people keep coming up to you at con parties to chortle over your boil, you could always squelch them by offering to show your scar. Not even in California you say? Not even at a California con? Your piece de resistance will have to be gas gangrene since pneumonic plague would be so incapacitating that you wouldn't be able to observe the amusing effects. Don't you have obligations to your public? John has been taking YANDRO in for his lab-mates to read and it's always well received. The boil column gained so much word-of-mouth reputé that one fellow who'd missed seeing it requested that the issue be brought back so he could read it, too. Just think of your fans multiplying among straight-laced Eli Lilly chemists.

+++ On my deathbed I'll write the funniest article you've ever read. YANDRO may get another Hugo on the strength of it, +++

#### JACKIE FRANKE

Concerning your never-to-be-forgotten masterpiece on Boils in Tender Areas and The Results of Same, I bet you're getting the same feeling in regards to that article as Asimov gets when thinking about NIGHTFALL...your readers will be throwing that up to you twenty years from now and saying that you can't beat it. Should have saved that story for your swan song from fandom...

+++ Arthur Clarke wrote about his frustrations on having his early novel AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT generally considered as his best work. He felt he was a much better writer than he was then. So he rewrote the novel and turned it into THE CITY AND THE STARS, and proved he was a better writer. That's one way to do it, I suppose. Raymond Chandler, among others, rewrote his better novelets and turned them into novels that earned him a hell of a good reputation. However, I do hate to consider the possibility that twenty years from now I'll be desperate enough to rewrite an article on boils just to prove that I can do funnier stuff at 48 than I did at 28. There must be more in life to look forward to than that. I'm sorry you brought the subject up. +++

+++ WE ALSO HEARD FROM Marty Helgesen, Chris Walker, Aljo Svoboda (who told so many puns based on the title of this fanzine that in sheer defense my nostrils swelled shut and my glasses slid off my nose), Gene Wolfe (with a Springheeled Jack story that I will pass along to Tina), a late letter on PELF #9 from Roger Waddington (trans-Atlantic mails are sure slow, ain't they, Roger?), Ned Brooks, Dale C. Donaldson, Arlee Grubbs, and a whole mess of fans with trades. I'd have printed some of these, and some more from the people who are represented herein, but this is it for 10¢ worth of postage. Hence a short editorial, too. Peace be with you, not on you. +++