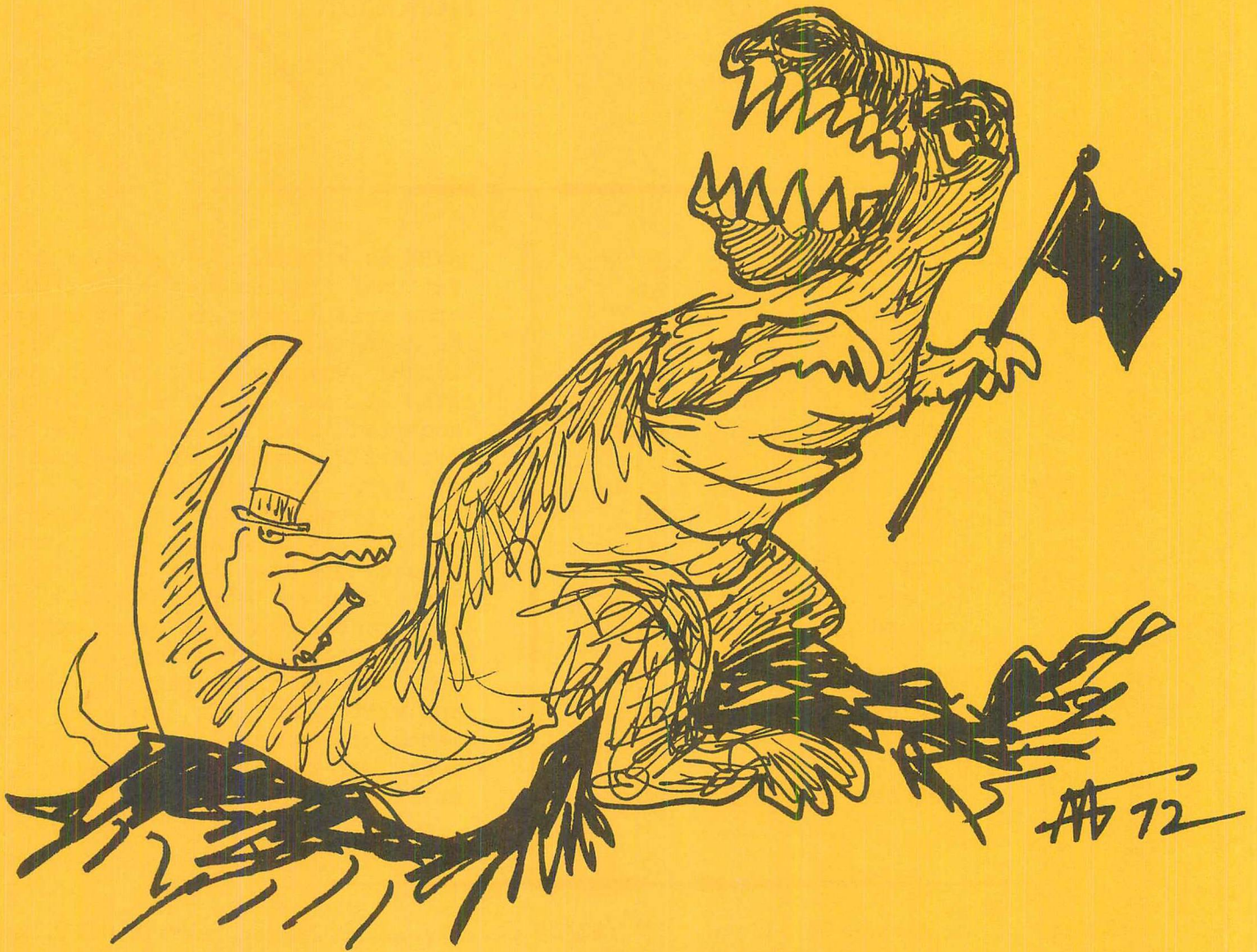


AWRY #4



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MARCH 1973

Editor: DAVE LOCKE

Editorial Address: 915 MT. OLIVE
DR. #9, DUARTE, CA 91010

Editorial Assistants:
PHOEBE LOCKE and TINA HENSEL

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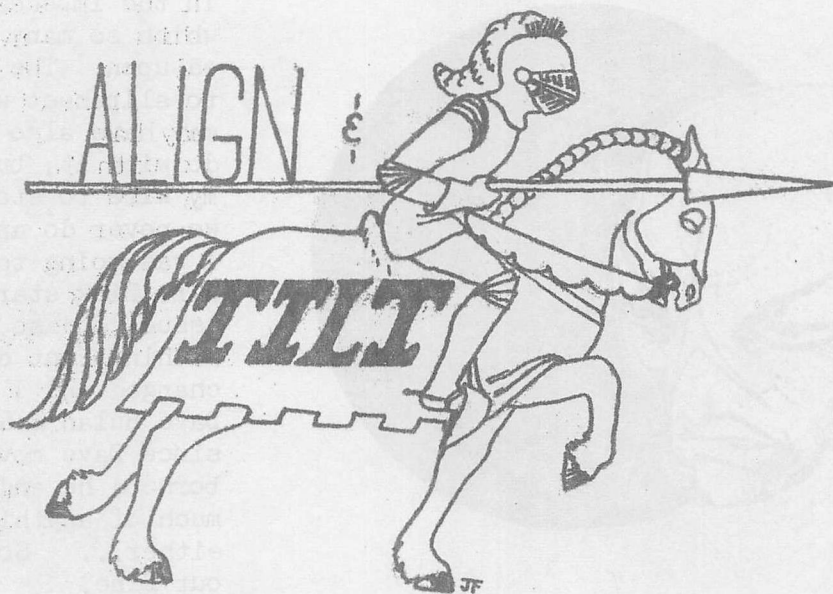


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AWRY is a fanzine devoted to motivational studies on the effects of ephemeral literature as it relates to neofans who wear glasses. Published whenever I damn well feel like it, AWRY is available through accepted contributions, sterling letters of comment, selected trades, or ways too ridiculous to spell out. A sample copy may be obtained for six 8¢ stamps (reviewers please note that this is not to be translated as "48¢ in stamps". I have received almost every combination except a 48¢ stamp.). If you obtain this fanzine through the writing of LoCs, sterling comments on each issue are the surest means of keeping your name on the mailing list.

COVER Alexis Gilliland
BACOVER Bill Rotsler
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10 Grant Canfield
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3/18/20 Jackie Franke

7/12/25 Alexis Gilliland
13 George Proctor
2/14/15/22/26/28/30/35 Bill Rotsler
23/24/25/26/27/28/29/30/32/33 .. Jeff Schalles
6/21 Dan Steffan
4 Brian Locke (age 5)
5/8/31/33/34 DGL



Hello again. Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may be the greatest thing since back-up lights.

I have been truly encouraged, in this second solo-venture into genzine publishing, by the steadily increasing volume of response over the last three issues. And the reviews get better, too. Two people are even trying to get AWRY on the Hugo ballot, though it isn't eligible. I've even received great encouragement from my wife, although she's encouraging me to stop all this nonsense because the typing disturbs her sleep.

Despite all this encouragement, success has not gone to my head. I will not fold this fanzine.

Speaking of this fanzine, let me trot out this issue's contributors and line them up against this page. Jackie Franke has the lead-article, and to the best of my knowledge it's her first fan-article. I've been corresponding with Jackie for about a year now, and she has displayed in her letters a fine sense of humor and a good flair for punmanship. Naturally, when I asked her to write something for AWRY, she sent me a Serious Constructive Article... But that's alright; I like it anyway, and I suspect it will provide some meat for the letterhacks. In fact, I'll be disappointed if there's no controversy, since I share her viewpoint and would like to argue with someone who doesn't... Jackie is also the artist of many fine fanzine illustrations, three of which are in this issue. The one for 60-WATT will be a continuing logo for that column.

In my five-year mission to bag at least one BNF per issue, I recently went on safari for that well-known little known game animal, the Grennell. Armed with a quart of scotch (I was travelling light, and the rest of the case wouldn't fit in my Fiat Spyder), I searched behind every bush and on top of every tree in the Los Angeles area. That didn't take very long. Discouraged at finding nothing, I came home empty-handed (because I had drunk the scotch), only to find that Dean Grennell was in my kitchen finishing off the rest of the case. As he was running through the last bottles of scotch I saw that I had my chance to get him, so I took a quick shot. Unfortunately, by the time I got the cork back on the bottle he was gone. So I waited around until he recovered consciousness.

In addition to this article, Dean has also contributed to the first three issues of AWRY via the loan of his Gestetner. This was an invaluable contribution, and resulted

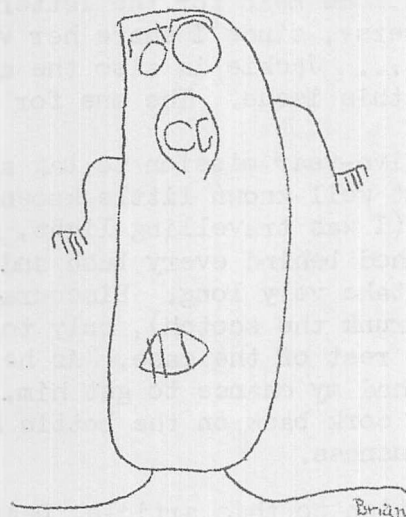


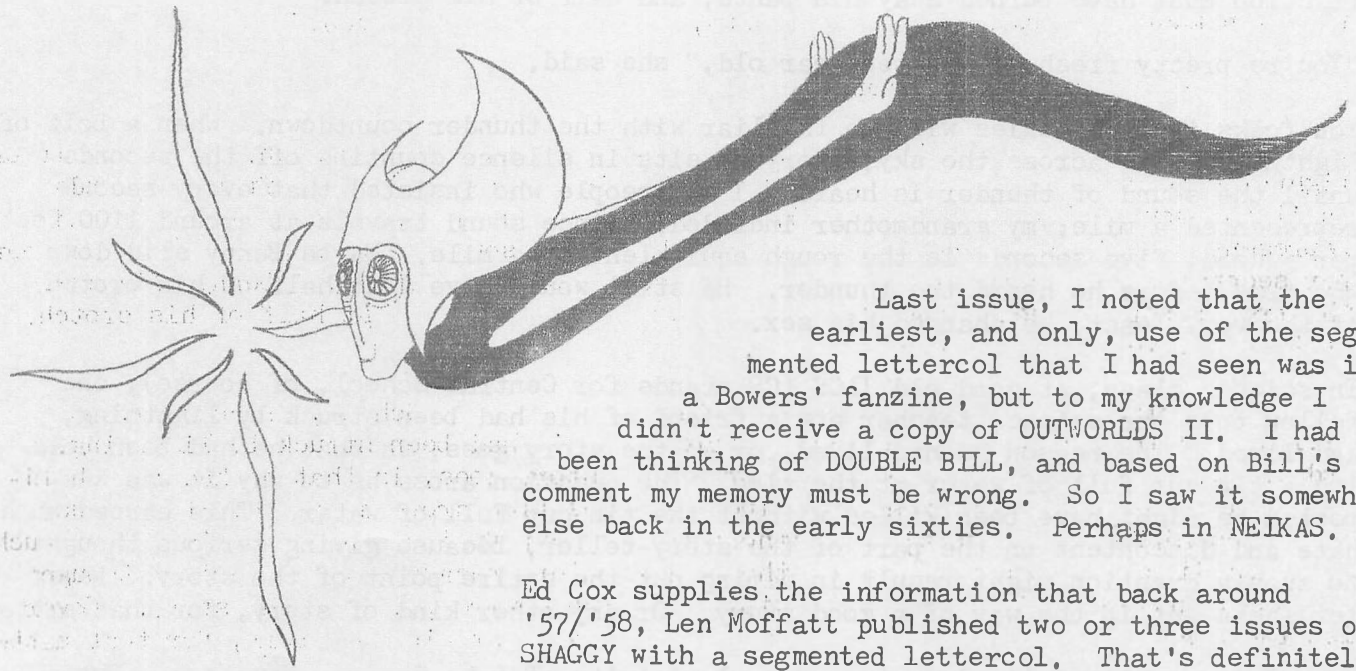
in the impeccable mimeography which so many people have commented upon. The fact that you have to slipsheet with Dean's machine may have also had something to do with it, but at least it got my wife to stop complaining that we never do anything together. I was going to use the office A.B. Dick starting with this issue, and so returned Dean's machine, but circumstances have changed and I am now mooching on Dave Hulan's Gestetner. Well, since Dave moved out of the neighborhood he and I don't get to do much of anything together, either... So everything works out fine.

Tina Hensel. Ah, yes. It gives me an insecurity complex to let anyone that humorous into the pages of this fanzine. Her latest column is the best piece of fan writing which she has done to-date. You know that's gotta be good, but it isn't. It's terrific. I also have her next column on file, earmarked for AWRY #5, and it too is disgustingly funny. The only reason I print her stuff, to tell you the truth, is that I have no choice. She has threatened to release to general fandom an old article of hers from Dean Grennell's FAPazine, which describes what happened to me when I went to Hernia Night at the Faith-Healer's.

That takes us to the back of the issue, and I'd like to bring up two things concerning the lettercol. First, you will note that there is no WAHF listing. I see value in having one, but I can find more reasons not to. I don't know as too many people will really care, but at any rate I have suspended the practice. I will make one exception, though, in mentioning that Dave Piper was among those AHF. Dave sent me an eight-page fanzine, volume one, number one, first issue, and the only copy in an edition of one copy, of SAWRY. Complete with text and illustrations and even done in several colors, no less. This I will save as the best letter of comment I have received on any fanzine I've ever published.

Second, I seem to have acquired a curiosity for tracking down the fan-origination of presenting a letter-column arranged by subject. I have a postcard here from Bill Bowers, who says: "To set the record straight -- I used the 'segmented lettercol' once (OUTWORLDS II, March '70) -- and haven't repeated since, altho I keep the option open... It can be very effective, it can be (I think) overdone, and it is a helluva job to make it work... The best solution, it seems, was that practiced whence I 'stole' the idea: NEIKAS had both a 'straight' lettercol for those that didn't lend themselves to being broken up (some letters simply hang together) -- plus -- a fragmented lettercol covering the burning issues of previous issues. Anyway, I like your version...and Donn Brazier's also, tho I think he might overdo it just a wee bit. (Perhaps I'm just jealous of his level of response? Possible, very possible!)"





Last issue, I noted that the earliest, and only, use of the segmented lettercol that I had seen was in a Bowers' fanzine, but to my knowledge I didn't receive a copy of OUTWORLDS II. I had been thinking of DOUBLE BILL, and based on Bill's comment my memory must be wrong. So I saw it somewhere else back in the early sixties. Perhaps in NEIKAS.

Ed Cox supplies the information that back around '57/'58, Len Moffatt published two or three issues of SHAGGY with a segmented lettercol. That's definitely the oldest source referenced so far, but let's see if we can't back it up further than that. Len, search back through the carousel of your mind and see if you can't find a slide for the late fifties when you first started using a segmented lettercol in SHAGGY. Were you inspired to use that format as the result of seeing it used somewhere else? If so, where? Remind me to buy you a beer if you come up with something. In the meantime, I'll pass out dicktracy badges to everyone else in the likelihood that one or more of you may get hot on the scent and uncover clues as to the original location of this crime. If you find anything, use your crimestoppers' tv-wristwatch, or include the information in your LoC.

Brazier, what do you know about this case?

We must go about this using the scientific method, of course. Because science is wonderful.

I grew up surrounded by science. I think it has always taught me a great deal. When, at the age of about four, I stuck one finger into an electric outlet, science taught me the great lesson that one should not put one's hand into strange places. This later hampered my social development, but that's another story.

And I think it all really started with my grandmother when I was about nine or ten years old.

"I remember young Benny Ordway, when I was a child," she remembered. "He was almost struck by lightning, but managed to get out of the way just in time."

"Tell me about it," I requested, my curiosity aroused.

"Well, young Benny was playing in a tree. Lightning came down and struck the tree, and split it right in half. But Benny seen it coming, and he shinnied down the tree before it struck. He was a very lucky young fellow."

"He was also a very fast young fellow, grandmother. Lightning travels at around 186,000 miles per second. Since the clouds couldn't have been more than a few miles high, at best, his speed in coming down that tree must have been incredible. The

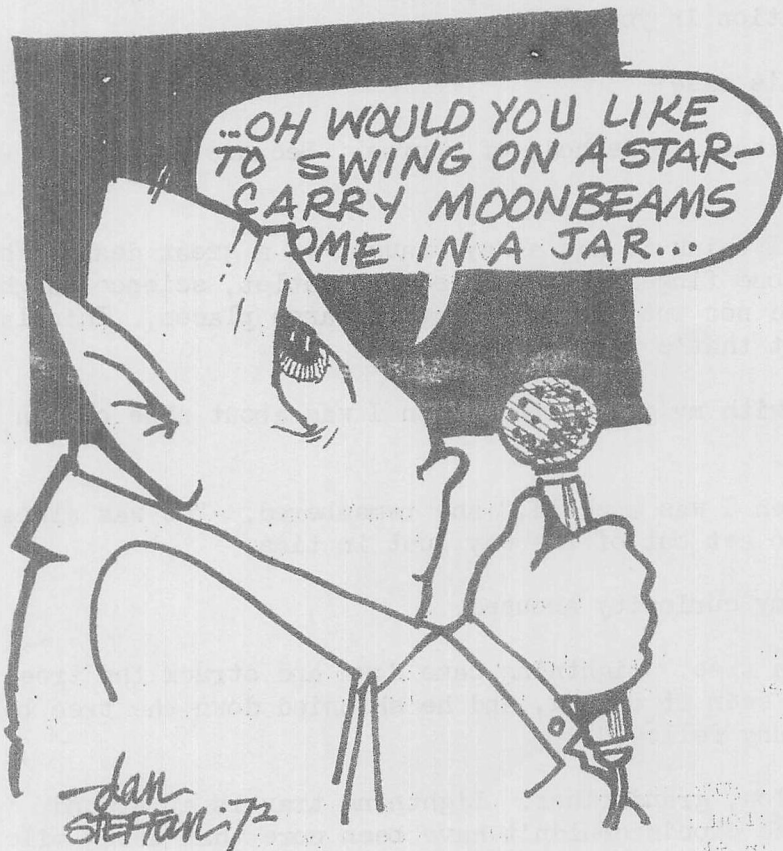
friction must have burned away his pants, and half of his crotch."

"You're pretty fresh, for a ten-year old," she said.

You folks in the boonies will be familiar with the thunder countdown. When a bolt of lightning tears across the sky, everyone sits in silence counting off the seconds until the sound of thunder is heard. I met people who insisted that every second represented a mile; my grandmother included. Since sound travels at around 1100 feet per second, five seconds is the rough equivalent of a mile. Maybe Benny slid down the tree before he heard the thunder. He still would have lost half of his crotch. At the very least, he changed his sex.

In science class, at good old ILCS (CS stands for Central School, of course), one fellow told the science teacher how a friend of his had been struck by lightning, and lived. The reason he had lived, or so the story goes, is that he had been holding a tin cup full of water at the time. The question arose as to why it was suspected he might have been killed without the tin cup full of water. This caused much hate and discontent on the part of the story-teller, because giving serious thought to such a question might result in wiping out the entire point of the story. Never let facts get in the way of a good story. Or any other kind of story, for that matter.

When I was a kid, I lived in the general vicinity of Lake George, New York. Every year, in the spring, people would go to Lake George to watch the ice sink. Yes, to watch the ice sink. This mighty phenomenon was a popular attraction to people living in the immediate area (others could freeze if they journeyed up to wait around for it). Of a sudden, all the ice in this large lake would suddenly drop out of sight. It was uncanny. The local paper would do a story about it every year: ICE SINKS IN LAKE GEORGE.



There must have been some reason behind it all, I suppose.

But, back at my high school science class, we were fooling with lightning again. My science teacher, who wasn't very bright, was playing around with one of those little lightning machines. You remember the kind; two metal wands with balls, placed a few inches apart, and a zap of electricity would jump from one ball to the other when you turned a crank. Unfortunately, the teacher had the apparatus set up on the lab sink. Since he had just spilled some water, the sink and the floor where he was standing were wet.

Upon turning the crank, a bolt of electricity sprang from one ball to the tip of his nose. This concluded the experiment, as well as that day's class. It also ruined several bottles

of chemicals and a small shelving unit which were directly behind the teacher, as the result of his trying to leap backwards over it.

OH. YOU MEAN
THAT LEADER...

Progressing into more modern miracles of science, you've never seen anything until you've witnessed how Ed Cox has managed to store 2000 cubic feet of books in a room that has 1500 cubic feet of space. He also has a desk, a chair, and a typewriter in there, too. Ed doesn't allow smoking in this room. You can't turn around without brushing the lighted end of your cigarette against an old book or magazine. And, besides that, there isn't any room for the smoke to go. He doesn't allow bubble-gum in there, either. Or people with Afro haircuts. You can go in there with a pipe in your mouth, but only if the pipe doesn't protrude from your mouth.

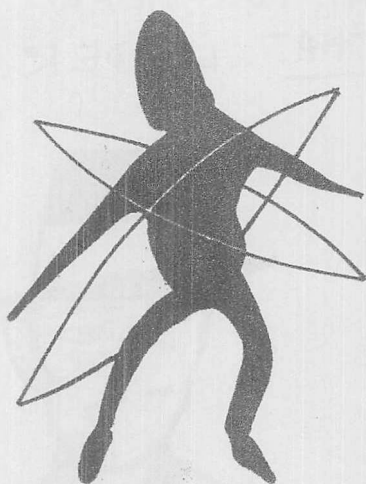
I think the most complicated miracle of modern science, though, was the "sample ballot" I received for the November 1972 election. Within it was an entire page of instruction on how to unfold it. And some of us think that fan-writing is ephemeral.

On the subject of fan-writing, this is the only place in the issue wherein you will find any reference to the discussion of the merit, or lack of it, of the writing of Arnie Katz. In AWRY #1, I made a passing reference to his writing ability, and from that passing reference there developed a discussion which completely exceeded the value of the subject. When many fans wrote in to say that this thing was blown out of proportion I had to agree with them, despite the fact that most of them went on to discuss the matter at greater length... So, the subject is dead. Likewise, the discussion on obscenity has become clouded to the point where the original reason for it is all but entirely lost, so that discussion will end with the comments in this issue. In their place, I presume, will arise new discussions. Probably Jackie Franke and Dave Hulan will be the ones to start them; if I'm any good at guessing about that sort of thing.

The discussion on ad-inserts is just catching momentum, instead of dying. However, all we've had so far are the opinions of the fans. We haven't heard from the writers, and we haven't heard from the publishers. In other words, we've heard from the consumers, but the manufacturers and the retailers have voiced no comment as yet. Now that the fans have all had their say, I'd like to hear the other two sides of the argument. Does anyone else care to tiptoe into this?

A few comments in closing. I'd like to thank Tina Hensel for her able assistance in helping to put the last issue together. It's amazing the amount of work she'll do for just a few cans of warm, stale beer. We're shaking a few more cans in the hope that she'll be back to help with this issue; and, in looking forward to that, Phoebe will pin upon her an official badge of Editorial Assistant. This is because she won't let me do it. Also, I'd like to thank Richard Nixon for his part in helping to hold down the cost of mimeo supplies. Thanx, Dick. Great LoC you sent, too. And as a final parting note, thanx to all the "little" people - like my son Brian, age 5, who says he will hand-color his page 4 illustration for anyone who requests it.





THE STARS —

Years ago, before Sputnik, Mercury-Redstone and Apollo-Titan carried forth Man's claim to the universe, only a few visionary engineers, rocket enthusiasts and SF readers were convinced that we rightly belonged in, and eventually would reach, outer space. Sooner or later, this minority believed, human feet would tread the dusty surface of the Moon on the first stage of the conquest of space.

Not having been in fandom all that long, I cannot comment on its reaction toward the announcement on that fateful day in 1957 that the Russians had successfully launched into orbit a man-made hunk of gadgetry named Sputnik. Personally, triumph (tinged with a slight dismay that it was not the U.S. who had done the deed first) reigned supreme. After all, an orbiting satellite was the first step in a natural progression to the planets and the stars. All SF addicts knew that, just as they knew the Moon would be next, then Mars and Venus...her hostile environment wasn't known at that time...and finally would come the leap into a ftl technology to open wide the galaxy.

For awhile...such a short while in retrospect...matters advanced in predictable ways. More slowly than in Heinlein's tales, and in some particulars not foreseen in fiction, but in due course the methods and hardware to take men into the upper atmosphere, then orbital space and finally to Luna, were devised. In the interim a curious turnabout was taking place. While the notion of Man in Space was being accepted and endorsed by John Q. Public, many fans were becoming increasingly bored with the entire concept.

The space program, as with most other advances in history, has always had its detractors. Perhaps the most vocal and continuous of these are that penny-pinching portion of the public who nay-say to any outflow of public funds beyond basic community needs. Billions for bombs, they cry, but pennies for progress.

Closely allied with them are the perennial Doubters...those who feel that there are Things which Man should not know, or do, or say... But that sort has always been with us, calling the dreamer fool for his imagination, and certainly were not unexpected.

But as the sixties ushered in the new social conscience, new segments began to add their voices to the Anti-Progress faction. Civil rightists, seeing poverty and crime run rampant amid the slums called for increased expenditures to aid oppressed minorities. Running into rock-wall resistance toward trimming fat from pork-barrel projects, or that sacred cow, National Defense, they turned their sights to easier targets...that frivolous item on the national budget, NASA. Starving children need food and milk, came the chorus. Take care of our people's needs first, the Moon will always be there.

Ecology came later to the scene. Saving the environment became the Cause of the seventies. The extremist view that all technology was evil was put forth by some

OUR DESTINATION? JACKIE FRANKE

who bore the green-and-white banner. A mass return to Nature was demanded with the seeming belief that any advance beyond the capability of a Neanderthal culture was unsuitable. Moon shots were symptoms of the abuse of our resources. The less strident felt that at least the huge industrial system in this country had to be radically altered to save our planet. If by chance, but not intention, space flight suffered, so be it. The costs were too high.

These points of view had special attraction to the Young, Bright and Aware; the very group which fandom drew upon to a large extent. Though seldom articulated or discussed in print in baldly-stated terms, a tendency toward Anti-Space, in fact Anti-Science, viewpoints began to grow within the group that had so resoundingly endorsed those concepts in the past.

To any person who has felt that mankind's future depended on travel beyond Earth, this revolution in philosophy is jarring indeed. While in most cases in full accord with the aims of these New Detractors, he is defensive of his life-long Dream. Individual freedom and dignity and the concept of Spaceship Earth are no strangers to fannish mentalities. But must improvement in those areas be at such a dear price?

That fandom was resolving into two camps became more evident during the New-Wave/Old-Wave controversy which has not yet died down fully. New Wavers, with their preferences for people-orientated fiction disagreed violently with Old Wavers who felt that technology offered the only hope for true freedom for mankind. To the person who can appreciate both views, reconciliation seems more improbable as time passes.

Objectively studied, the situation can cause only dismay. The first flights to our orbital neighbor were always seen as triumphs of ingenuity, a symbol of personal freedom and fulfillment. Never-ending bureaucratic tangles and massive outlays of men, material and money are realities not anticipated in the SF of our youth. Space flight was supposed to release man from bondage, not aid in his enslavement to a computer-dominated culture. At times the achievement of the Dream takes on overtones of nightmarish quality.

There has to be a middle ground; compromise exists somewhere. Does solution of Humanity's day-to-day problems require the abandonment of its highest aspirations? Isn't there room enough for both? Does technology by its very existence threaten the continuation of the world in which we live? Or is it possible to control its damages?

Is it best that the Dream be left alone...that for which we always reach but never grasp...lest the attainment lead us to utter doom? Poets have taken those decades-old symbols of Freedom, Spaceflight and Spacemen, and altered them into examples of totalitarian forces which would change all into mindless robots to serve the State. Film-makers set clips of rocket launches against views of Biafran Babies. Are the two genuinely interconnected? If so, can they be sundered? Does Man want Space badly enough?

Or were the Doubters right; we are fools to dream?

AWROCK



Sam Clemens, aka Mark Twain, was one of our more successful humorists and I recall reading a not-unbitter lament of his on the difficulty of composing humor which would last forever.

"By 'forever,'" Clemens explained, "I mean thirty years."

I have come to know full well what the mustachioed Missourian had in mind, believe me! Even if you succeed in concocting a bit of japery that tickles the risibilities of your audience, it needs to be rushed from oven to consumer, Code Three all the way.

Any jest which pivots upon the existence and familiarity of a mortal must, of necessity, assume that entity's load of mortality.

Harvey Kurtzman has conceived or midhusbanded a goodly deal of the more notable humor of the past two decades or so. He was the guiding light behind the old, original, funny vintage of MAD, long before they discovered the nauseous Alfred E. Neumann. Apparently, Kurtzman had a falling out with Gaines, the publisher of MAD, and struck off on his -- Kurtzman's -- own. He launched something called HUMBUG and, later, a mutation called HELP!.

It was in HELP!, I believe, probably sometime prior to late November, 1963, that one of their ballooned photos -- an artform to which the magazine was quite partial -- showed one John FitzGerald Kennedy, then president,

saying something as he gestured with one hand. A bystander peered at the hand with a moderately intent expression and was ballooned as saying, "By God -- stigmata!"

It may have seemed no more than moderately flippant and irreverent at the time, but I suspect that, after that grim day in Dallas, Kurtzman would have given considerable for the privilege of expunging it from the records.

Which brings up the venerable observation that doctors bury their mistakes, architects cloak their mistakes with ivy but pity the poor editor: he publishes his.

Even the words and terms you use can prove perishable, as the late Mr. T could attest. In Tom Sawyer, he mentions Tom's aunt, peering over spectacles as opaque as stove-lids. Various of my progeny, reared among gas ranges and encountering this noted childhood classic for the first time, have requested a definition of "stove-lid," as used in the context.

The endless spate of films pivoting around WW-2, especially those from the European

by ————— DEAN GRENNELL

Theater of Operations, make frequent references to "pill-boxes," meaning the small, fortified emplacements for machine-guns and light artillery. The term is a source of confusion for the innumerable viewers who are sufficiently short on birthdays as to have no familiarity with the squat, circular pasteboard containers in which pills were dispensed before the age of plastic broke forth.

The generic term for such outmoded terms seems to be "skate-key," stemming back to the distant days (which I happen to recall clearly) when both ice-skates and roller skates commonly were made and sold as accessories to be strapped and clamped to your regular, walking-about shoes, rather than having a special pair of shoes built on top of them. A skate-key was what you fitted over the little square shank of the clamp screw to tighten them into place with.

The basic essence of humor, as nearly as I can figure it out, consists of starting up a familiar pathway, which your listener tends to consider predictable and then -- this is the key ingredient -- making an unexpected change of direction which causes your listener to go tracking back to re-examine what you had been saying in the light of this flash of data.

Like, you cannot tickle yourself because it is impossible for your own fingers to move in an unexpected direction.

Let me give you a for-instance that will help to illustrate both the transient nature of humor based upon personalities and the sudden flash of re-evaluation. As with much of the humorist's output, it is a trifle earthy and, for this, I duly apologize if you really feel it's required. And, again, as it often happens, it was not so much invented as discovered.

Given the right sort of mental computer, you are continually cross-connecting words, names, references, ever in hopeful search for a fortitious combination. This is what I was doing, a dozen years or so ago, when I happened to stumble upon one of the more notable finds of my available recollection.

In that distant era, I lived in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin -- if you care to call that living -- and Bob Bloch lived in Weyauwega, Wisconsin (e da capo). Once a week, on Saturday afternoons, he'd Greyhound to Milwaukee for the purpose of appearing as one of the four panelists on a television show. Naturally, few buses run non-stop from Weyauwega to Milwaukee and, as it happened, Bloch had to lay over and change buses in Fond du Lac.

As sometimes happened, we got together during this hiatus. I was itching to share the details of my discovery and, just offhand, I still can't think of a more richly appreciative audience for a fresh and mildly ribald scrap of jest than the Weyauwegan d.p.

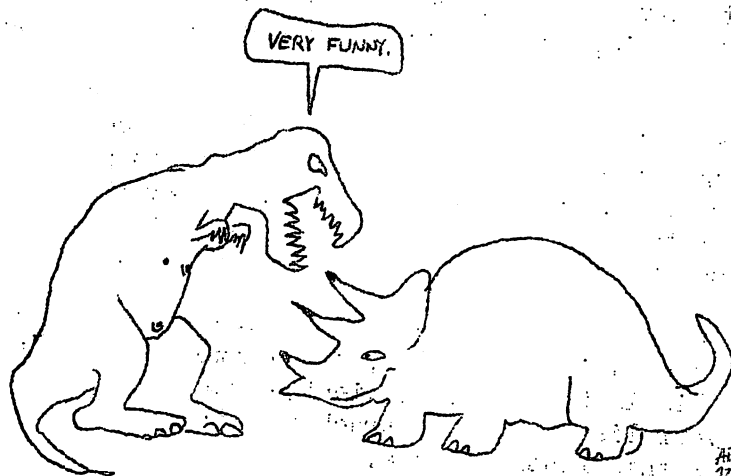
"Bob," I greeted him, "I hear that Grace Kelly's going to Mt. Ranier on her honeymoon."

He looked properly puzzled and attentive, saying nothing.

"Or, perhaps," I clarified, "vice versa."

If memory serves -- and I'm not certain it does -- he responded by biting a large chunk of wood from the arm-rest of the bench in Fond du Lac's Greyhound bus depot. At any rate, he reacted magnificently; blochishly, which means about the same thing. But the best was yet to come.

As was our inflexible custom, we tuned in WTMJ-TV that night on the old Zenith to watch "It's A Draw", the show on which Bloch served as a panelist. Its format consisted of a lightning cartoonish, Syd Snow by name, who would charcoal a cartoon onto the pad as the audience and panel watched. The objective was to see which of the four panelists could identify the concept represented by the cartoon before the other three caught on. To cite a trio of standbys as random examples, a man in armor, standing next to a boiler with cooling-coil was supposed to be "in the still of the knight". A ghost, rowing a rowboat, was "Lake Erie". A horse, in obvious poor health, was Merrill (a small town in upstate Wisconsin).



The upcoming nuptials in Monaco were very big in the newsworthy events of that day and it came as no great surprise to the tv audience when the m.c. made some sort of passing reference to Prince Ranier. What must have puzzled nearly everyone watching, to a considerable degree, was why this casual mention should have dissolved the entire panel into a marathon attack of the full-automatic giggles for upward of an entire minute. The lens of the camera scanned helplessly back and forth between the four panelists, two apiece male and female, as their faces contorted in helpless knots of mirth. Now and then, it panned to the m.c., whose face wore an expression of quizzical, sheepdog enbafflement.

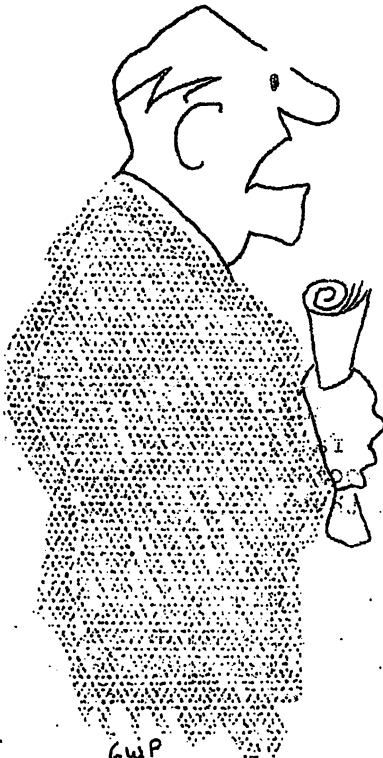
But a tiny percentile slice of the audience knew the score: Bloch had told his fellow panelists where the soon-to-be Princess Grace was going on her honeymoon. But the m.c. had not gotten the word.

Humor is one of the most fragile and perishable of all commodities and it's high tragedy if it's explained to death. Even with the insulation of several paragraphs between, I hesitate to explain the reference to "Code Three, all the way", back at the start of this discussion. In the arcane argot of cops and firemen, this means, "use the red light and siren, time's a-wasting!"

The Mt. Ranier gag will never pass Mark Twain's arbitrary criterion of surviving for thirty years. It still has eighteen to go, or so, and it's obviously coming down lame and footsore, already.

Does any current familiarity remain for the cliché, "see what the boys in the back room will have"? Perhaps it retains a minimum modicum, though another three decades surely will see it joining the limbo that ens swathes stove-lid, pill-box and skate-key.

SHEEG!



Thereby twitches a small sore point of mine. I flubbed a chance to claim a tiny toe-hold upon immortality. Some time in the early '50s, in a column such as the one at hand, then being whapped out for Charles Wells to publish in his fanzine yclept "Fiendetta", I came up with a modest jape about a couple of fullbacks who were having a quiet nip at the local pub and they spotted their coach coming into the place so they retreated to the biffy, lest they be caught in the act of breaking training. But the coach, a benign and forgiving spirit, ordered drinks for the house and, in a transport of benevolence, told the barkeep, "See what the backs in the boy's room will have."

In those days, the Sunday supplement that went out with a lot of metropolitan newspapers, including the Milwaukee Journal, was called "This Week". Now, it goes by the name of "Family Weekly". Bennett Cerf conducted a humor-column at the back of it in those days and I will not soon forget my chagrin over encountering my backs in the boy's room gag in Cerf's column, a scant few weeks after it had appeared in Fiendetta.

Oh, Cerf gave credit for his source, all right. Sam Merwin, Jr., had sent it in, he noted. In those days, Merwin reviewed fmz for one of the shag-edge pulps. The timing was perfect for him to have noted the gag in Fta, passed it to Cerf and had it picked up in This Week. Perhaps I do Sam Junior a vast and gross injustice in my mind but I tend to paraphrase the Tolkien character who snarled, "Cursed, thieving Baggins, we shall hate it forever!"

So why didn't I send the gag to Cerf, myself, instead of bestowing it upon the Sage of Savannah? It may have been because I had had my nose rubbed in the nugatory nature of my personal view of the world as she spins, shortly before that time, via assorted rejection slips from the Saturday Evening Post. With a curt, printed R-slip, they had flang back in my teeth:

A lighter's fine, but,

As a rule,

It's out of flint

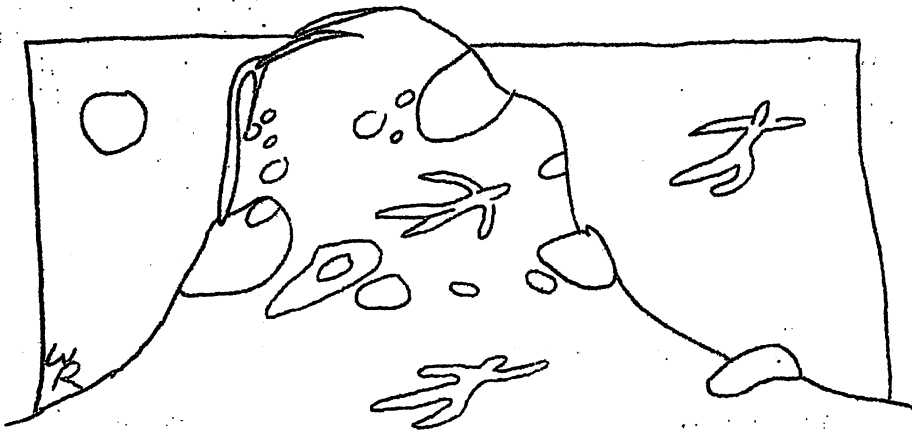
Or out of fuel.

And there, if you'll suffer my venting of a purely personal opinion, is my entry for the thirty-year-funny sweeps. It's twenty years old, already and, if the lighters of 2003 have achieved long-term reliability, I'll give it all up with a soft moan of despair.

A scareely-beloved old drill sergeant I once had was fond of bellowing at his hapless charges, "Give yo' heahht to God, 'cause yo' ass belongs to ME!"

Cerf has shuffled along to the greater glory, but hither and yon exist other humor-columns which publish such piffle as the lighter-story. And look, Junior, if this gets passed along to one of them, make God a free gift of your heart.

Because your miserable derriere will belong to me.



"Celtic Twilight", you say, "what's that?" Well, my children, it's that peculiar conglomeration of legend, folk tale and whatnot that seems to surround the Scots and Irish. "But, why dwarves?" say you. "I thought it would be fairies, beansidhes and elves, they're Irish. Who ever heard of an Irish dwarf?" Because, my dears, I am appalled at the miasma of myth and myth-understood folklore that surrounds the "Celtic Twilight". I wish to enlighten you.

The Gael (both Irish and Scots - Erinach and Albanach) was far ahead of his time. He possessed and used extensively a basic understanding of the value of psychological warfare. Milt Stevens, in AWRY #3, cited Cuchulainn's psychological application of the fearsome aspect as an example of barbaric uncouthness. Indeed, it wasn't. He belonged to a culture so couth, it customarily took its women to war. Think of it. Home-cooked meals, scrounged by a loving wife; cheery evening fires, burning wood gathered by that same willing female; a friendly helpmate to catch and crack the lice infesting your uncombed thatch; and best of all a warm body to curl up to, during the cold nights; what could possibly be more civilized?

A deal has been written of the Gael and his battles, but very little of his woman's role at the front. Her duties were those of the modern quartermaster's corps (she stole food and wood, thereby saving the army untold sums of money), medical corps, burial detail (she was expected to drag her husband's/boyfriend's/lover's body off the field and plant it) as well as camp-follower. She kept the desertion rate down to almost nothing. She even helped fight. A very valuable addition to an army, no?

Unfortunately the Gael (also, the Celts and Erse) couldn't get along with each other at all well. Even close relatives considered it a fun thing to slaughter one another.

Wrybald Tales of Dwarf Dancing

in the Celtic Twilight

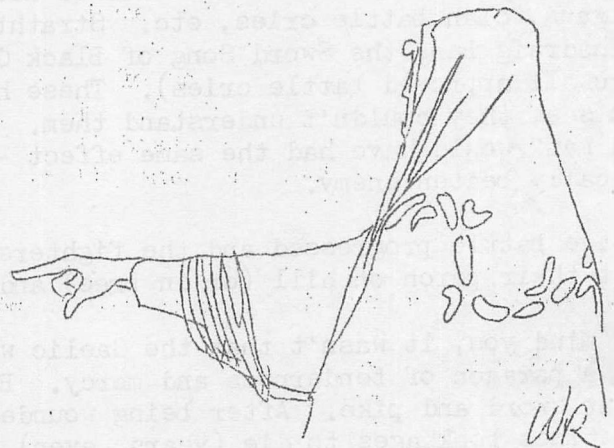
Since there was no well-defined law covering rights of inheritance, families were always fighting each other over clan property. It was considered quite alright to cremate Granny in the castle, if she refused to surrender it to one of her quarrelling grandsons. This, despite the deep importance of clan loyalty to the average Gael in the cow byre.

Their armies were, of necessity, small in number, as there were seldom enough of them in accord to conduct a decent-sized war. So they made do with peculiarly violent and bloody battles, rather than a proper European-style drawn-out war. However, when anywhere from one-thousand to two-thousand Gaels managed to forget their differences long enough to get a war (rather than just a minor skirmish) started, it was worth their while. Since both Scots and Irish often served as mercenaries (Irish in Scotland, Scots in Ireland), this was much oftener than might be expected. Wars were conducted in the following fashion, with emphasis on the psychological aspects:

Gael, Erse or Celt formed his battle lines and began the important preliminary enemy ego-reducing attack; namely, shouting insults at their foes. While thus engaging the attention of the enemy, the Gael made use of a particularly nasty tactic. The entire battle line would slide one foot forward with sly, slow movements. This stage was considered completed when the entire line was leaning forward eagerly (somewhat in the manner of bird dogs straining at the leash). Then they followed through with the other foot. In this sly fashion, the Gael line would advance as much as a quarter mile without the enemy ever realizing that he was moving. Since the Gael stood shoulder-to-shoulder in the line it was relatively easy for him to move forward when he felt his neighbor's body change position. In those days, enemy observers didn't know anything about perspective, so rather than realizing that the Gael was grad-

by

Tina Hensel



ually creeping forward, he assumed that the Gael was literally growing to the stature of a giant. The effect was superb. "A group of stationary men slowly looming... a sort of supernatural growth" was the way some 16th century English troops described it.

The rewards were astounding. As a psychological tactic it was wonderful. It not only unnerved and demoralized the enemy, it caused him to swallow his chewing gum. It even bothered the Scots, who fought against Irish mercenaries during the Wars of Montrose. And the Scots knew what the Irish were doing. They did it themselves.

During the preliminary "looming" of the troops, the Gaelic women would scurry off and position themselves upon a nearby hill (or perch in trees, if no hills were handy) and sing - to their own men and, of course, to the enemy. Now, serenading the foe doesn't sound particularly terrifying, but this, too, was a rather effective method of psychologically attacking the opposing troops.

The women's customary song was a lovely little ditty that went something like this: "Strike! Strike, Wolves of the North. Let your fangs bite deep and drink of the heart's blood". For the chorus, the women added cheery descriptions of who was going to cut what off who in the coming battle. Unfortunately, the exact words of the chorus haven't survived. Apparently, it was ad-libbed especially for each particular fight.

Remember, as the women were "singing" the men were busy "looming". The total effect was something else again. Usually, the enemy thought that a group of witches were enchanting their army to supernatural stature and strength. The "Summons to Slaughter" not only cheered the Gaelic warrior as he prepared to charge in and hack up the enemy (usually, the "Bludy Sassenach"), it also absolutely horrified the opposing troops. Non-Gaelic speaking folk found something terribly unnerving in the Gaelic "Summons".

The women sang their bloody little refrain some sixteen or seventeen times, prior to the actual charge. The nearest modern equivalent would be football cheerleaders, with regard to the effects of the song on the home team go. At some predetermined point in the chant, everyone would drop out and let the "best" (ie: highest pitched voice) singer continue for a verse or two. She would cast an eye over her "boys" and decide if they had crept close enough to the enemy. When satisfied with their position, she would chop the song off abruptly on a high, wailing note. This was the signal for the charge. At this point, the other women would jump up and down excitedly and howl horrid things at their foes, as the "General" reviewed the condition of her charging troops.

During the charge, the Gaelic warrior also happily screamed awful things (such as slogans, clan battle cries, etc. Strathbogie; O Donnell Aboo; A Cahan; Mo yerm thu, a Phadraig Ban; the Sword Song of Black Gillian and Things go better with Coke; were all approved battle cries). These horrid sentiments also demoralized the enemy. You see, they couldn't understand them. "Wanna play with my dollie" and "So's your old man" would have had the same effect - frightening - on the poor, pitiful, psychologically beaten enemy.

As the battle progressed and the fighters broke into small hacking groups, the women left their perch on hill (or in tree) and came down to deal with the enemy wounded.

Now mind you, it wasn't that the Gaelic woman was bloodthirsty. Heavens no! She was a paragon of tenderness and mercy. But this was the day of the sparth axe, great sword and pike. After being wounded with one of these awful weapons, it sometimes took ages to die (years, even). It wasn't considered sporting by the

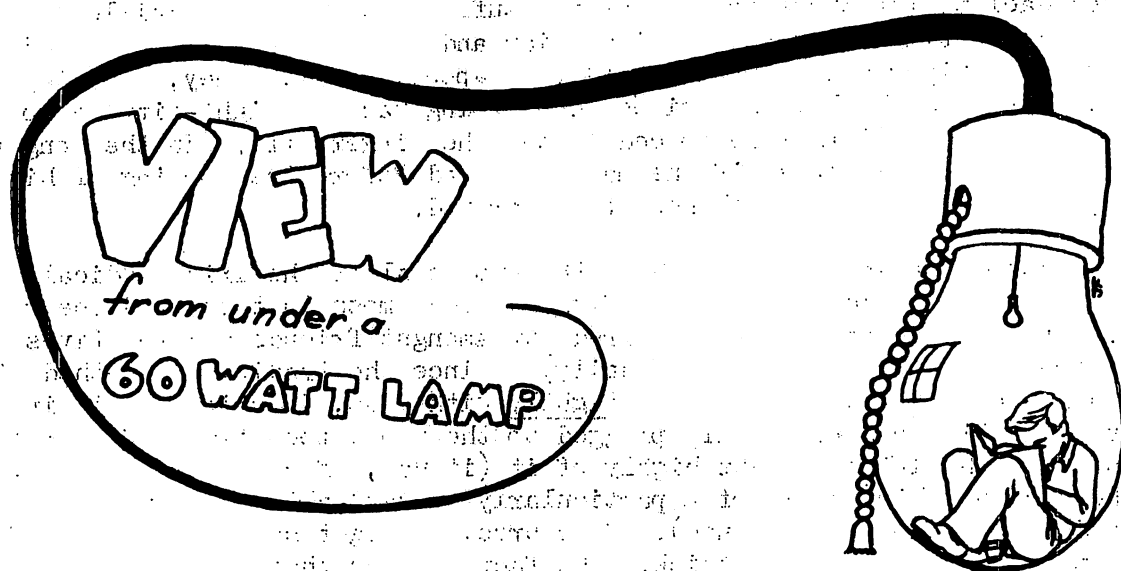
civilized Gael to let these poor creatures suffer. So the girls killed them quickly, cleanly and sometimes even neatly with sgian and hatpin. Besides, wounded men were apt to protest vigorously when stripped of weapons, shoes, money, clothing and rings (mostly, they made the loudest noises when a ring was too tight-fitting to slip over the knuckle and the girls were forced to cut the finger off). In the long run, it was better for all concerned if the man were dead before the looting of his body. Besides, there was never enough moss to go around.

I know it sounds strange, but that was the sum total of the Irish medical corps: moss. Everybody brought along some of the magical moss that stopped the bleeding of wounds. After the battle, it was shared out amongst friends and relatives (that is, if you were getting along with the family). Since the traditional method of dealing with a hole in a man was stuffing it tightly with moss, I don't know if it really possessed curative powers or only plugged up the wound too tightly for blood to seep through. But the Irish thought highly of it (it was, of course, holy moss, scraped from the ancient slimy walls of a particularly blessed abbey - I think a famous saint made a rest stop there once). Of course, it might have been the funny green mold on the moss that did the trick. The fact remains that it was always in short supply, and a lot of the Gaels had to do without, so it isn't surprising that they didn't make any effort to share such a precious item with their enemy. Incidentally, it's a proven fact that no enemy was ever cured by use of the sacred moss, thereby proving that God didn't really want them to get well. Or so say the Gaels of my acquaintance.

After the Wars of Montrose, the Gael stopped taking his women to war. This wasn't because he was dissatisfied with their performance of their duties. Mainly it was because the English got their hot little Covenanting hands on a number of Irish mercenary's girls and slaughtered them. Prior to this war, nobody ever killed camp followers - they simply used them. But it seems that the English (it would take them to do something so uncivilized as slaughtering women) considered the girls "Servants of Satan", "Lovers of Whoredom" and papist pigs. This was most unfair on the Englishmen's part. These were all good Catholic girls and certainly not Satanic handmaidens. Since whores and pigs are one and the same (except whores are more choice), it was also unfair to drop such a designation on the girls. They were all respectable and well-behaved as far as morals were concerned.

It is true that several men shared the services of the woman as far as the procurement of food (stolen), gathering of wood (stolen) and setting up of camp (in some poor unfortunate's woodlot), but she wasn't helling around. Only her husband or lover was entitled to the use of her body. Of course, she did manage to keep the unattached men at home in the camp, but this was not because he was getting any sexual satisfaction from her. Oh no! It was because every time he tried to sneak out of camp, she would announce in a loud voice that Ranald Ban So and So was dashing off hot-britchd to get a little from the local lasses, and she, for one, wanted to know why he couldn't get along without it for a day or two. After several such announcements, it was a brave man, indeed, that snuck off for a bit of fun with the local talent.

But all this ended with the Wars of Montrose. After the massacres, the Gael began going to war without his women. However, since he failed to establish any sort of effective quartermaster's corps (none of the men were at all talented at stealing - they were out of practice), medical corps (when a scientifically inclined English Doctor proved in laboratory tests that the sacred moss was of absolutely no value, the Gael gave it up and began using English-style medical practices - blood encrusted bandages from a successfully cured wound - on his injured soldiers), he never achieved his former prowess in matters of warfare. So he gave it up, joined the I.R.A., and settled for small skirmishes.



OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES, by Bob Shaw. Ace, 95¢

Shaw was one of my favorite fan writers, back in the days when he was writing fan material, and he's showed a great deal of promise as a professional science fiction writer. I say he shows "promise" in the true sense of not yet having reached his peak, and with each novel he makes strides of progress towards this undefined, distant pinnacle. This book, *OTHER EYES, OTHER DAYS*, is an unusual step forward.

It's not a novel. Shaw has scotch-taped his *Slow Glass* stories together into one book-length pseudo-novel. He weaves a continuing narrative around each story, nestling the individual shorts like nuggets of gold in a fast-moving creek.

Slow Glass is a fascinating concept, rich in material for countless novels and short stories. Light travels so slowly through this glass that it becomes a window into the past; depending on the makeup of the glass, you might be able to see in it a scene that occurred five seconds ago, or fifteen years ago. The ramifications of this material could provide for almost as many stories as the idea of interstellar space travel. In this book, Shaw milks a few of the more choice ideas.

One of these ideas may become outdated in a rather short period of time. This is the use of *Slow Glass* eye-discs for the blind. In Jerusalem, recently, the scientist who developed the artificial kidney has announced that he is working on an artificial means of giving sight to those who are blind. The device is a monocle-sized silicon disc containing 6000 transistors, connected to two miniature television cameras mounted in spectacle frames. Electrodes from the cameras to the brain would allow the blind person to see. At present, the project is only at the point where a blind person can see spots of light, but if perfected this method would make that particular *Slow Glass* story obsolete. What blind person would want to view scenes one or two days old when reality has already perfected a means for him to see what is happening in the present?

Shaw's biggest assets at this time are his imaginative concepts and his ability to write short, emotionally-moving stories of human problems. He falls down on writing a long continuously-moving narrative, and in being unable to end it on a solid, final note. But he'll get there, I'm almost positive, and that'll be worth waiting for.

THE ANOMALY, by Jerry Sohl. Curtis Books, 75¢

A woman gets infected by a dust-mote piece of alien sperm, and gives birth to an extraterrestrial. Sohl has been writing for the screen of late, and this novel reads as though it were conceived with an eye toward making a grade-B picture out of it. The plot is 'B', the dialog is 'B', and the action is most definitely 'B'. The writing, however, is a 'B+'. Sohl hasn't written anything below the level of a 'B+' in a long time, and his writing skill carries you through an hour entertainingly. This isn't in the same class with his COSTIGAN'S NEEDLE, or even with most of his other novels, but Sohl is always readable.

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Movie Review.

Although I didn't watch A CLOCKWORK ORANGE under a 60-watt lamp, what I saw was pretty dim in a large number of respects. Since this is going to be a short review, I'll illuminate a small number of them.

This is a 'cheater' movie. A cheater movie is the kind which presumably has a point to make, but the point is not what could be termed 'obvious'. A cheater movie has very little going for it except some fantastic and blatant effects, and the viewers will reason that it must have a point to make; it must have, or there wouldn't be any purpose in it existing. Therefore, in retrospect, the viewer grasps at straws, or 'points', in order to justify the existence of the film. He can rationalize any of these points, of course.

ACO has good acting, lousy dialog, excellent violent-scenes, no plot, an exciting opening scene, no ending. And, frankly, it has no point to make.

The story: Partly a WEST SIDE STORY of the future. Alex, the leader of a juvenile street gang, grooves on gang-bangs and gang-murder. The first part of the film is the depiction of these acts of violence. This part is well-done. While you're watching it, you presume that these acts of violence are setting up the background for some kind of plot which will soon make its presence. You presume so, but it never happens. Alex gets caught. He goes to prison. He becomes one of Pavlov's dogs. They show him movies of violence, and give him a drug which makes him sick. Hence, when he gets out of prison he becomes sick whenever he encounters violence. Being unable to defend himself, he gets beat-up or tortured a lot. Finally they cure the 'cure', so that he's his old self again, and for political reasons (bad press about his helplessness as the result of the psychological training) they are going to turn him loose into society again. The film ends with Alex on his hospital bed, just after his cure has been cured, just before he goes out into the world of gang-bang and gang-murder again.

That's it. That's all there is. I enjoyed the movie up to the point where Alex went into prison. From there it disintegrated into a mess of dull dialog, horrible science (the 'psychological training'), and lack of story direction.

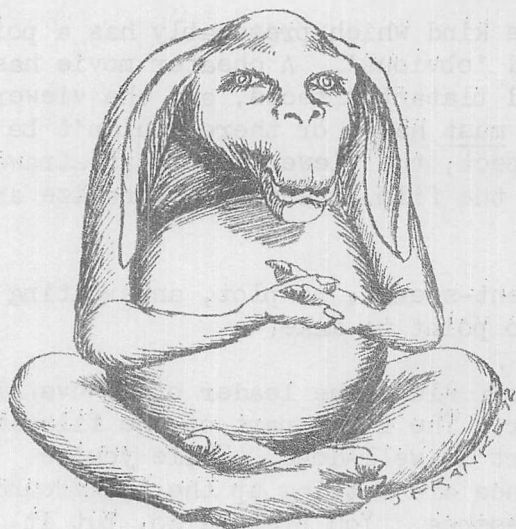
Now go ahead and explain to me how you feel the story had a point to make. Presumably, believing that the film had a point will allow you to excuse the fact that it had little else.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE. Movie Review.

I have only two things to say about the movie SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE. Go see it. Read the book first.

In the first installment of this review column I devoted a large but finite amount of space to talking about Lloyd Biggle, Jr., one of the better unsung science fiction authors. Before me is a novel written by an author who is even more unsung, but I would not care to make a statement as to whether or not he is better. Cooper is, however, also one of the better science fiction authors. Whereas Biggle has an above-average degree of imagination in executing his stories, Cooper fluctuates from pedestrian to brilliant. Whereas Biggle maintains a steady level of quality from story to story, Cooper varies from borish to orgasmic.

The quality of his writing does not always follow the quality of his imagination. In ALL FOOLS' DAY he took a tired plot, a tired set of characters, and a tired line of action, and wrote a story of such quality that I would stand it up against anything written in that decade. In A FAR SUNSET, with a competent but unexciting style of writing, he dazzled me with a "new" story - a story that I hadn't read before. To date, his other novels have displayed various levels of imagination and various qualities of writing, and I keep looking for the day when he combines - in one story - his best in both areas. The year that it appears, if it appears, it'll knock all other novels on their ears.



THE OVERMAN CULTURE is reminiscent of ALL FOOLS' DAY in its mix of imagination and writing quality. Cooper has again taken a most tired plot, and one which is obvious from the very beginning, and sucked you into it with a quality of style which is reminiscent of John Wyndham at his best (say, REBIRTH). You know where you are and you know where you're going, because you've made this trip a hundred times before. But this time you have, let's say, a brilliant conversationalist or a lovely nymphomaniac at your side (or maybe both),

and you're enjoying the ride like you've never enjoyed it before.

Well, almost never before. Sturgeon did a little better in VENUS PLUS X, but not enough better to create a class of his own; Cooper doesn't come in as 2nd rate.

The title is sufficient to tell the story, if you're at all familiar with the few available science fiction plots and their 101 common variations. This is a greenhouse story, and the greenhouse is filled with humans who begin to get suspicious that they are part of an unwanted experiment.

It's an old familiar story, a tale of love and . . . and there's even a bit of sex in it. And I recommend the book. THE OVERMAN CULTURE doesn't reach the heights of either ALL FOOLS' DAY or A FAR SUNSET. It doesn't have the imagination of the latter nor the sheer pyrotechnics of the former, but it is a highly well-written story that you won't mind spending an evening with.

WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE, by David Gerrold. Ballantine Books, \$1.25.

I haven't read much by Gerrold, and can't say that I was too very impressed by that. The best thing connected with his name was THE FLYING SORCERERS, co-authored with

Larry Niven, and the flavor of that novel was more reminiscent of some of Larry's earlier short stories than it was of anything I had previously read by Gerrold. So I approached WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE with something less than an overflow of enthusiasm. I was well equipped with things tall and cool with ice cubes, but somewhat less well prepared mentally.

Gerrold has written the best novel of 1972. Rush out and buy ten copies, and give nine to your friends.

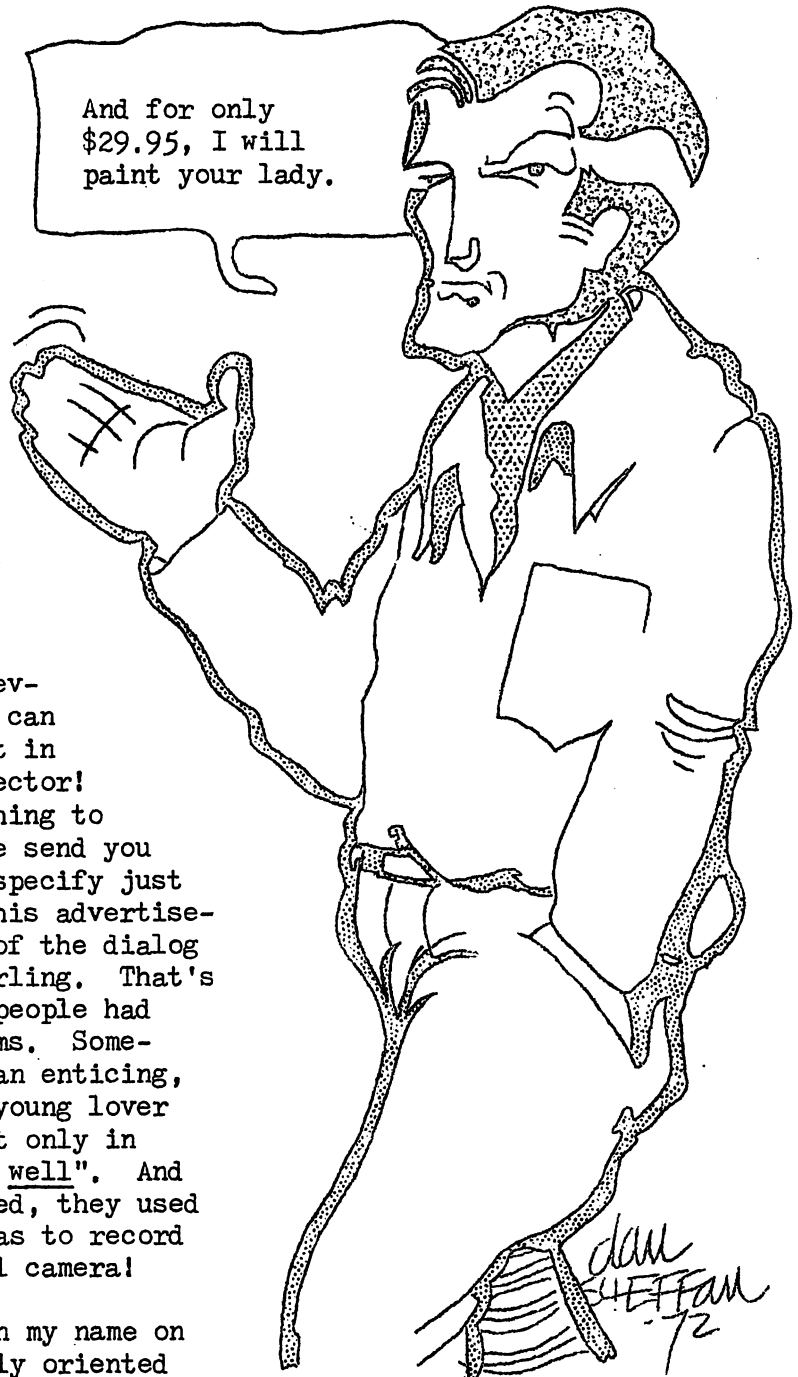
Lovers of computer stories will go absolutely berserk over this one. Those who like their science fiction to be about real people may be equally as thrilled. Gerrold has made an almost perfect blend of the old and new traditions in science fiction writing, folding the gadget, or science, oriented story in with a story which also revolves around real people.

It's a fairly long novel. Be prepared to finish it in one sitting.

UNTITLED FILM Stag Movie.

I have before me an advertisement for a 200-foot, 8mm porno film, which may or may not be titled VARIATIONS IN LOVE. The ad doesn't make it clear. But for \$29.95 you have your choice of getting a paint job from Earl Scheib or a snow job from Ionos Mailers, 210 Fifth Ave. NY NY 10010. And you get a talkie: "Now, thanks to an ingenious new development called Synchro-Sound, you can have superb hi-fidelity sound right in your own home without a sound projector! You have nothing extra to buy, nothing to hook up, no wires to mess with! We send you everything you need." They don't specify just what it is that you need, but in this advertisement they do give you one example of the dialog which you would hear: "Oh yes, darling. That's beautiful..." The ad claims that people had problems with the silent porno films. Something was missing. Now "you..see an enticing, provocative beauty and her virile young lover have beautiful, uninhibited sex not only in full color, but with full sound as well". And to make sure that it was uninhibited, they used concealed, remote-controlled cameras to record all this. Smile! You're on carnal camera!

Some clown at the office has gotten my name on the mailing list for these "sexually oriented ads" (as proclaimed on the envelope). Wonder why my secretary doesn't open these? Maybe she doesn't like talkies. Or, being Chinese, "oriented" might have confused her...



Wryting In

By popular demand, and because I feel like it, letters will once again be snipped apart and presented by subject matter. Editorial interjection will be presented in 000 this manner 000 except in those instances where it isn't (like this, forinstance).

I mentioned at the close of #3 that I would be holding-over some of the comments which I hadn't been able to squeeze in that issue's lettercol. Well, by gosh, here they are, so let's begin with:

TINA HENSEL

Tackett: Concerning Dave Locke and poker, he may protest that he only plays seven-card stud as a concession to wild-card game freaks, but don't let him kid you. I still remember the horrible evening I tried to get up a poker game at his place.

"How about a little five-card stud?" I inquired, shuffling the cards expertly (I do shuffle well).

"Uh well, I had in mind something a little more interesting, you know..." he muttered, glancing up at me with a somewhat hangdog air.

"Five-card draw or progressive?" I offered, exhausting my repetoir of weird card games.

"How about Indian Arrow?" He sidled over and snatched the cards.

"What the hell, is Indian Arrow?" I inquired politely.

"I deal us three cards, no peekie," he explained. "I hold up my three cards behind my head and you do the same. Then we bet."

"No peekie?"

"No."

I've never tried to play poker with him since. I wouldn't advise anyone else do so, either. Last week he was boasting of having cleaned out the guys at work with his pet game.

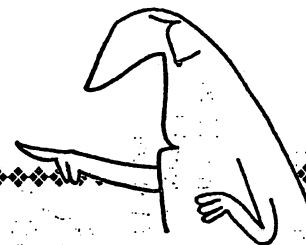
ERIC LINDSAY

Funny about Harry Warner mentioning plane trips. I found that one of the state airlines here have a mystery trip set up. You ring up and book a trip, they tell you which day to be there (or you pick a day to suit yourself), and you pay \$8-. Sometime during the day they put you on a plane going somewhere. And after that you might get to go somewhere else. Minimum distance is 250 miles plus return to the capitol. Until they tell you which plane you are to get on, you don't know where you are going. You get normal plane food, etc. They get more seats filled, you get a joyride at nominal cost, plus a chance to look at a country town or two somewhere. Good idea I think.

000 We have the same thing here in the U.S., Eric. Statistics show, however, that most of these mystery flights end up in Cuba. 000

HARRY WARNER

I wonder if the science fiction which is being outdated by space exploration will remain permanently in disgrace? Remember, the past dozen years or so have seen a whole series of successful lavish movies produced on Jules Verne novels which are outdated science fiction. I'd guess that a good outdated 20th century story like "The Man Who Sold the Moon" will still be read with pleasure decades from now, just as we now read Dickens and other novelists whose subject matter is no longer relevant to modern times in both the social setting and in the way people behave.



JOHN ROBINSON

I disagree with Cy Chauvin when he says that you and Tina Hensel and Ed Cox all write alike. Each article established and enhanced a different personality. Tina and Ed tend to deal more with SF than ye olde ed does. Strangely, after reading all of Ed's articles I feel I've gotten to know him least, though he tends to ensnare readers fastest.

000 "all of Ed's articles"? But Ed didn't write all of the articles in the lastish. Tina did. This time I did. Next time it's Ed's turn. 000

LOREN MACGREGOR

I met someone the other day who is not a fan. I started talking to him about our jobs (we both work in hospitals). He got to talking about a trip he took to California, and hitchhiking around the valley. This big truck-driver type stopped in a pickup truck and gave him a lift. They both got drunk on the driver's wine jug, and this guy ended up crashing at the driver's house that night. On the way out the next day, he noticed a sign on the gate that said "Dick". He went back and asked "are you Phillip Dick, the writer?" He said yes. "Oh," this guy said. "I just wondered." Then he split.

000 Is that a shaggy Dick story? 000

THE SUBJECT IS BOOZE.....

JOHN ROBINSON

When are they going to make a domestic (that's not illegal moonshine) bourbon or other whiskey that you can drink out of a paper cup? My own experiments run to more conventional lines, like vodka, tequila and Bali Hai mixed up in an old galvanized metal bucket with pieces of lemon and lime buried in crushed ice to chill. The ice may be fabricated from polluted water since there are small white flecks in the stuff even without lemon or lime. That's why we added lemon and lime, to justify those small white flecks, which may be from wear and tear on the galvanized metal bucket.

ROGER WADDINGTON

And talk about Glotz and such blissful drinking scenes; Auntie BEC is letting her hair down, with a Saturday-radio show featuring a cocktail spot, featuring all sorts of amazing concoctions for you to make at home. Speaking of which, home brewing and wine-making have achieved the status of an industry over here, even with a monthly magazine devoted to them. Certainly the various home-brewing kits give you far cheaper beer than you could ever buy in a pub, so you can get quietly sloshed without wondering how you're going to be able to get home; though as yet the breweries aren't seeing any competition, believing that the social intercourse (social, I said!) of the pub is something that can't be bettered; I could tell them a thing or two...

MIKE GLICKSOHN

I might perhaps add something to your collected volume of Amusing Brewery Stories. Recently Formosa Springs, a non-union brewery here in Ontario, built a new plant on a farm some miles north of Toronto. But before they could put it into operation it was discovered that the farm was in a "dry" area so selling the beer would be illegal. Not at all put out, they arranged a local plebiscite to determine whether the farm would stay dry or go wet. The government had to arrange a full plebiscite, print up ballots, get officers and everything... all for the two people who owned the farm! The polls opened, the couple voted, the polls closed, the ballots were enumerated, and the farm had gone "wet" unanimously. Ah the wheels of government grind exceedingly slow...

A friend of ours is an ardent socialist. Some years ago, she was at a political convention of young socialists that was taking place during a province-wide beer strike. Since beer and liquor are government controlled in Ontario, in that the retail outlets

BUY A FRUITCAKE AND HELP THE MENTALLY UNSTABLE

....Bruce D. Arthurs

are run by the government, not private enterprise, this meant that there was no union beer available. But Formosa, as I mentioned, is a non-union brewery, so they were still selling. It's amusing to note that after voting on the issue, the socialists decided that buying beer from a non-union brewery during a union strike was less of a sin than going thirsty!

Er, in just what context do you use the word "whiskey" out there? You say that Irish whiskey tastes "something like Scotch and something like whiskey" but Scotch is a type of whiskey. Are you using the word whiskey to describe that dreadful blended stuff sold as American whiskey?

000 Never question an ex-bartender when he says something about booze. "Whiskey" is the standard designation for slosh of not less than 80-proof distilled from grain mash. Only Scotch whisky is spelled without the "e". 000

THE FOLLOWING SECTION IS DEVOTED TO REDD BOGGS.....

TINA HENSEL A Recipe For Redd Boggs! Since you confess a fondness for sauteed sole, possibly you might be interested in a rather novel method for preparing the noble fishe. Broil a fillet under a basting of $\frac{1}{2}$ cube of real butter, 1- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of worchestershire sauce and several tablespoons of chopped (finely) onion. Cook until fish is tender and butter browned. Delicious.

DAVE HULVEY Redd Boggs, pot is here to stay. Stronger substances in the so-called drug culture are also. There is nothing you can say or do to stop it. Turning on can assume political significance too. 000 Here we go again... 000 As can long hair, beards, and the psychedelics. But let me tell you why I really am into such things. It really has little to do directly with politics. Fact is, I like to smoke, to get laid, to feel the breeze on my hair. The primary reason is simply that I enjoy what I'm doing, and to hell with those that don't dig it. The only restraint I use concerns the doing of these acts in the presence of uncool, or otherwise uptight people. I will not force myself on those with such attitudes that causes them to be turned off by what I do. I try to avoid them. It's no use to threaten their security with new ideas, new ways of doing things unless there is some small chance that their heads can be changed.

000 Presumably anyone who disagrees with you is "uncool" or "uptight". This defensive mechanism, regardless of the belief or incident which triggers it, always indicates someone who has no real regard for other people. The fact that there are really uncool and uptight people in this world isn't in question, but it's somewhat psychopathic to think that everyone who disagrees with you is such a person. 000

SANDRA MIESEL I do wish Redd Boggs would expound on the ideological significance of the purse strap. Its role as a material determinate of liberated womanhood is entirely new to me. My hair is long, I adjust my underwear and outerwear to the fashion requirements of different occasions, I am deferential to respected elders. Since when must a liberated woman be frumpy and brash? I thought it was basically a question of self-respect and a fair chance for achievement. Perhaps Redd's original comments were all meant tongue-in-cheek and I've over-reacted.

000 I dunno. Redd, what do you think of Women's Lib? 000



PENNY LENDER HASN'T A NICKEL TO HER NAME. .Walt Liebscher



TINA HENSEL I believe in certain parts of the Women's Lib platform. Equal pay for equal work, is one. Also, I detest bras. Since I am one of the unfortunates who is somewhat less than ample in the chest-expansion department, I can get away without wearing one.

I disagree with Women's Lib attitudes against accepting gifts and small services (such as minks, opening doors, lighting cigarettes, diamonds and marriage) from a willing man. I find the idea of a man supporting me and my eleven kids in comfort attractive, to say

the least. If I have to yatter in baby talk and chuck some gentleman under the chin in order to cream (or rip) off these goodies, then I will. After all, it's not all that demeaning. What terrible, frightening dragons, did big strong Mr. Boggs slay on his dangerous trip to far off exotic Fresno, anyway?

000 I feel that Tina has a bit of a forked-tongue in her cheek on some of that. The only time I've seen her chuck a gentleman under the chin, she knocked him out cold. 000

000 And a comment from Mike Deckinger, on graffiti, to wrap up this batch of leftovers. 000

MIKE DECKINGER There was an item in the S.F. morning paper last month about a team of dedicated women who went around collecting graffiti from women's johns, and came up with some choice selections, enough, in fact, to fill a small collection. As this is a family fanzine I don't want to quote any of these offensive examples, but, be assured, there are as many female bathroom artists as there are male. In fact, I have a feeling Women's Lib would raise some objections if anyone tried to advance the opinion publicly that this was not so.

000 Ok, that wraps it. Let us now proceed with the comments on AWRY #3. We'll begin with a few short selections of a general nature. WALT LIEBSCHER thought the issue was "squeaky clean and neat looking", and sent along 17 interlineations; some of which you'll see scattered throughout. ROBERT BLOCH thinks AWRY #3 managed "to live up to the high standards set by its predecessors", but he missed the cutback on interlines. They were restricted to the lettercol, like in this issue. ERIC LINDSAY found #3 "looking marvelously crisp and well-duplicated. How do you manage to prevent set-off when duplicating?" Well, it was a process known as slip-sheeting. It is also a defunct process with this editor. From Belgium, JAN JANSEN wants "for once to say just that I loved it, from cover to cover. But then with the pound going down the way it has lately, you can't expect much in the way of sterling letters of comment, and perhaps you'd better change that phrase to franc letters of comment. At least (at the moment) they're still worth something, even if not very much." JEFF SMITH feels that "I think you should write more yourself". But why? All the contributors sound alike. GRANT CANFIELD says he has "to agree with Glicksohn's comment that it's one of the best new fanzines I've seen in a long time". Spread the word. BUCK COULSON asks "why do you put out a fanzine that I feel obligated to comment on and that I can find nothing to say about? Unfair, especially since I enjoyed it". I don't know why. Just mean, I guess. ED CAGLE says "you do nice headings, Dave. You'd make a good counterfeiter". Thanks, but don't spread it around. "In case I never mentioned it," says SHERYL BIRKHEAD, "I like your 'format' and the way the zine arrives all flat and not stapled to death (there, take that and that! One more staple to the fold and it's had it...)." Thanks, I've never had a compliment like that before. WILL STRAW says "I took AWRY with me downtown one day, and ended up reading it in the cafeteria of a co-op residence cum college where I'd stopped for a coffee. Amateur publishing is fairly popular there, and young children of the residents kept coming up and asking me whether that was my name and picture on the front of the thing. I had to disappoint

CAN'T YOU SPEAK NO BETTER ENGLISH THAN THAT?

~~~~~

them by saying no, but it at least helped explain why I kept bursting out laughing every few minutes." "AWRY is always neat and clean," says ED CAGLE, "but #3 was especially neat and clean... even pretty. But the staples were crooked. No matter. I'll have to put AWRY #3 away in a safe place, before my big fat neighbor comes by and sits on it, as he often does to fanzines. If the divan in my lair is clear except for one spot, where a treasured book or fanzine lies, he'll sit right on it, every time. I often wonder if this is a sign of some basic flaw in his character. The fear of sitting on an uncluttered couch is a new one on me. What shall we call it?" I don't know. Ask Leigh Couch. NORM HOCHBERG asks "the zine is remarkably clean, neat, and well thought-out. What's your secret?" Twelve years in fandom. Norm goes on to say "AWRY is definitely a personalzine despite all the non-editor material in it. I wonder why. AWRY strikes a chord deep in my gut as being very you-ish. The pieces are things you're really into (style-wise too) and the whole zine is tres relaxed. The writing is not the type of stuff with comment hooks all over the place. It just leaves a warm feeling in my stomach (and no, I did not eat chili for supper)." And then we have an overall summary by DAVE HULAN, who didn't particularly care for the last issue: "Milt was enjoyable, and expressed sentiments I've often felt. Tucker was good to read as always, but this wasn't very memorable. And Tina and Ed, much as I hate to say it about two people I like personally very much, are both way below their standard in this issue. I know both of them have been

having Problems lately and maybe it's affected their writing; hope they both pull out of it because otherwise they're going to drag the erstwhile high level of AWRY down if you keep them as columnists." Hmmm. Well, that's your opinion and so be it. See later sections of the lettercol for what the others have to say about their columns. As for myself, I might note that EdCo's piece wasn't originally slated for AWRY. I read it at his place one night and then spent months talking him into letting me print it. And it came in handy when he missed his regular column last issue. So, personally speaking, I'll have to say that I liked it immensely. And if I hadn't liked it at all, I wouldn't have printed it. And, needless to say (but I'll say it anyway), if I don't like something it doesn't get in here. So I'll accept your opinion, Dave, but not your concern. However,

I'd also accept an article from you, if you'd be kind enough to do one, as a hedge toward maintaining the quality level of a future issue. We don't see much of you in print anymore, and that fact I'll express concern about. Doubtless you must have the seeds of a hundred articles by now, germinating quietly in some dustless corner of your subconscious. PAUL ANDERSON says "With AWRY I like that idea cropping again of forcing a reasonable response by barring all subs. If a zine is not worth the trouble to LoC then one is unlikely to miss it if it does not arrive. I would suggest that a similar requirement be placed on the people who trade lest it merely become a type of apa which never has any feedback of mailing comments." Your letter pre-dates Click-sohn's attempt to force letters out of people who trade, and I'd have to disagree with both of you. When I trade for a fanzine I am sending something that requires considerably more effort than a LoC, and I am expressing to the editor my confidence that the trade he will send in return is of good value as an exchange. If we then also feel motivated to writing LoCs, that's fine. You will usually find that LoCs received on such a basis, as opposed to LoCs written as a means of procuring a fanzine, are superior. That isn't necessarily true, but such letters obviously have more going for them. I like to receive good letters of comment, but a good fanzine is worth much more than a good LoC. It is of much value to establish a good trade, and to demand more than that would be a bit presumtuous. To wrap up the general comments, I have one here by JACKIE FRANK: "Wonder if you received any mail from the offices of NIGHT GALLERY? Perhaps a Serling sterling LoC to Locke? (Sorry 'bout that. Just had to get rid of it...)" And I thought you were my friend, Jackie.

Let's move along to the next section, which we'll categorize as: 000



A CAT THAT CARRIES ITS TAIL HIGH AT ALL TIMES HAS RECTAL ITCH.

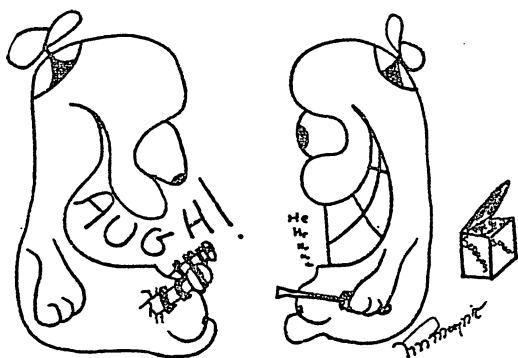
...Ed Cagle

~~~~~

COMMENTS ABOUT THE ART.....

ALJO SVOBODA says "I liked the cover this time, even with liverwurst smudges. Never having read the stories, I'd always wondered what Fafhrd and the Grey Mouse looked like. Very pulpy. I certainly wonder, though, what that puddle was that they were standing in." Liverwurst, probably. ROY TACKETT shows a dash of apathy when he says: "The cover, I am sure, is full of things of great significance and is beyond my understanding but, nevertheless (love that word), it appears to be Fafhrd and the Grey Mouse. Fine." Ok. DAVE HULAN continues his purge with: "You mean some people liked that cover on #2? I thought it was something you'd had left over from HEftagon and couldn't bring yourself to throw away. Oh, well, de gustibus non disputandum est, or as we say in English everybody to his own stinking lousy taste... The one to the current issue, however, is OK, though still not startlingly (or even thrilling wonder-ly) Great." Well, now that we've got the bad comments out of the way, we'll move along to the egoboo. NORM HOCHBERG says "cover - nice. Dan's work is very impressive and your lettering did not detract from it at all. Great!" Dan lettered "AWRY"; I lettered the "#3". ROSE HOGUE says that "Dan Steffan's cover is intriguing - I rather like it - however doubt I'd like to ever encounter a Rat quite that large... maybe in one of LA's finer restaurants... downtown LA, that is, of course!" TERRY HUGHES thinks that "Dan Steffan started AWRY #3 off on the right foot with the lovely cover he did for you. Dan has a lot of talent and is a delightful addition to the fanartist field. Quite a jump from the poor cover last issue. The drawing is well balanced and Dan used zip-a-tone very well on it. Dan's humorous touch is quite deft; the enraged mouse hiding behind the Flash Gordon type of hero worked very well." CY CHAUVIN feels "The cover by Dan Steffan is quite good -- it's surprising how much art Dan has been producing recently, and most of it has been quite good. A lot of it commissioned especially for articles in zines, too. Yet he hasn't received much egoboo in fanzines as far as I can see. Personally, it still seems to me that a lot of fanartists are still neglected, despite all of Jerry Lapidus' comments. A shame." LOREN MACGREGOR doesn't understand goldenrod: "Yellow is nice, but I keep wanting to turn down the volume control on your cover. Other than that, the Dan Steffan is very nice. It looked like a RATS that escaped. I wish I could draw like that. I liked Jackie Franke's very much. Good pen technique, definite character and style in both of them. Garsh, two compliments right in a row." ERIC LINDSAY feels that the "general impression is very good; the drawings I liked best were those by Alexis Gilliland done somewhat before the Chess Championships, but included in AWRY at just the right time, the haggard look is done to perfection. Jackie Franke's work I like, especially page 5, which could be taken from a photo, but is nicely detailed and sufficiently different to give a real touch of fantasy. It fits in nicely with Bob Tucker's title (how do you get people like Tucker to write for you I wonder). I liked the cover by Dan Steffan, especially the ferocious expression on the rat hiding behind the hero." Bob's article was unsolicited, as noted in last issue's editorial. Surprises like that I can use more of. ROSE HOGUE goes on to say "Jackie Franke's 'Dwarf Dancing' illo is beautiful and I really enjoy it - too bad she didn't throw in a few extra legs as well... And the other Franke illo is beautifully done - she certainly has a nice and vivid way of illustrating things and I find her work constantly improving. MIKE SHOEMAKER 'really liked Alexis' cartoon a lot. It expresses so well the way I feel sometimes when trying to solve a puzzle." Two cigarettes?



[illegible][illegible]

ROSE HOGUE I'll be truthful
with you: I enjoyed
my brief 7 hours at WESTERCON
more than my 13 at LACon. WESTER-
CON for me was my first con and
as such was BEAUTIFUL! I think
that it went most smoothly and I
for one have absolutely no com-
plaints whatsoever except with my
husband for the brief amount of
time I had there...

DAVE HULAN I'm glad you enjoyed the WESTERCON...

MIKE SHOEMAKER I hate to admit it but I don't understand Bob Tucker's piece one bit. What is this ball-bearing mousetrap he is referring to? What is the point of the whole thing, and what does he mean by the last sentence? Who is Tom?

LOREN MACGREGOR Ball Bearing mousetrap, hmmm? I don't see where that has any ball bearing. Of Carse, one of my favorite writers was Milton, the Lesser of two weevils.

\$\$\$ Don't feel bad about it. \$\$\$

To me, ASTOUNDING STORIES is neither the mousetrap nor Hawk Carse. It is pure, unadulterated heartbreak. You see, my high school library had a complete collection of ASTOUNDING in June of 1960. In September of 1960, I discovered that all the previous years had been thrown away. "They were aged and falling apart, you know" the librarian explained in response to my anguished questions. When I inquired as to when she was planning to shittcan Granny (because she was aged and falling apart), she became most unreasonable.

000 Librarians are like that sometimes. But what did you want with Granny? 000

[illegible]

The Tucker item in AWRY #3 evoked some memories and some chuckles. You can't ask for more than that.

MARK MUMPER I was pleased to see Bob Tucker in your pages; he doesn't get around often to the fanzine circles that I read, which is too bad, although it's obviously not my fault. Someone ought to feed him more often or juice him up, or do whatever is necessary to get aging (ahem!) SMOFs to do more fan pieces.

HARRY WARNER

HARRY WARNER Bob Tucker was his usual urbane and amusing self. He made me wonder suddenly if T. O'Connor Sloane is really dead. Wouldn't it be a big joke on all of us if he'd changed his identity and spread a false death report, because of unhappiness over what Ray Palmer did to his former prozine, and then became Catherine Tarrant in drag?

000 Harry, is that really you saying this? 000

ALJO SVOBODA

ALJO SVOBODA Bob Tucker spins an amazing tale. However, I'd rather think he'd consider Catherine Tarrant and Hawk Carse mythical facts than attempting to prove their existence in a collect call to ASTOUNDING STORIES. Lucky his connection was with Tarrant only. I ask you to consider the cosmic implications of his connecting with Carse. Bova would sound oriental enough to his ears that Carse might undertake a friendly purge of the Red Menace. Why, only today a person who last year made eloquent, obscene statements about Vietnam said if Nixon wasn't there he'd vote for John Schmitz. Bob Tucker, ASTOUNDING STORIES, Catherine Tarrant, Hawk Carse, Ben Bova, John Schmitz. The essential life cycle. As to why the unconscious connection of these strange events is made, it's too cosmical to leave in the jaded hands of one fan. I am sure, though, that when Tucker decides to reveal it, all fandom will be put in a shambles. By a ball-bearing mousetrap...

ABOUT THAT ED COX STORY OVER THERE.....

JACKIE FRANKE

JACKIE FRANKE Ed's tale was delightful! I was enjoying the parody of all those men's magazine stories that go to such lengths to describe a breast in other than mundane terms when that switch ending hit. Terrific! Done just right.

TERRY HUGHES

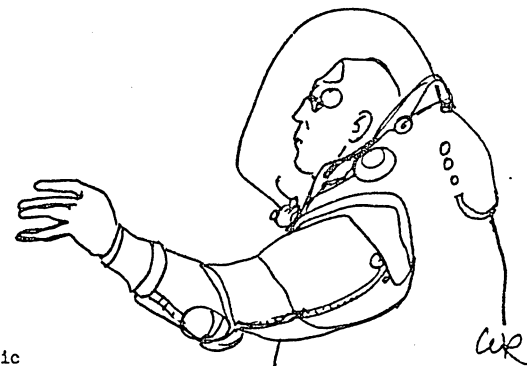
TERRY HUGHES I did guess the trick ending on Ed Cox's column but it didn't diminish my enjoyment of it. But this certainly was a short installment of EdCo's column. What with his title of THE DAWDY BEAUTIFUL following on the heels of Tucker's DWARF DANCING IS A MINUET I almost decided to stop reading the titles of pieces in your fanzine for my own protection...

JAN JANSEN

JAN JANSEN Though I
 would have
preferred to read a column-type
material from Ed Cox, must say
that I liked his short story.
Lovely twist that. I've been
trying to imagine what it would
have looked like in real life,
but somehow can't. Should have
had a Rotsler illo with it, but
then that would have given the
play away. wouldn't it?

TINA HENSEL

TINA HENSEL I enjoyed
your story,
EdCo. It possessed that surrealistic



...Walt Liebscher

cute style so beloved by PLAYBOY. Did you try selling it to them, EdCo? It might have made it.

CHARLES BURBEE You're fortunate to have Ed Cox as a captive writer. We once collaborated on a legendary - unless you've seen it - fanzine titled JAWIBUCO. Jacobs, Wilson, Burbee and Cox. First two letters of the contributors' names. Isn't that clever as hell?

ROY TACKETT I wonder, though, about this playboy-type story sort of by Ed Cox. Sort of by Ed Cox? Really, this is something we must investigate further. You mean it wasn't really by Ed Cox? Or partially by Ed Cox. Is it that you collected a bunch of Ed Cox doodles and made from them a story? That would be sort of by Ed Cox. Sort of an Ed Cox? Now that opens up whole new vistas. I use a lot of Nuvistors in my work.

LOREN MACGREGOR I showed Ed Cox's piece (Hey, isn't that a nice piece? She sure is! No, gahdammit, the story! Oh. Yeah. I guess...) to a friend of mine, a photographer. And he's doing a layout for it. We talked momentarily about making a porno movie. But porno movies are more fun to talk about than they are to film, usually.

000 Hey, Dave Hulan. What's happened to
your taste? 000

ABOUT THAT THERE REVIEW COLUMN.....

BOB HOSKINS To clear up a bit of confusion, you have the

complete TIME MASTERS. The SF Book Club lost the last page of the mss.; our copy was complete.

\$\$\$ Sorry about the confusion. \$\$\$

BOB TUCKER I'd better explain away a misconception about the missing last page to THE TIME MASTERS. This has been a fascinating experience to me, and only the timely intervention of the UN kept all fandom from being plunged into war. Bob Hoskins made sure the last page reached his printer because the page had already been lost from the book club edition.

Meanwhile, there are two book club printings. I don't think "editions" is the proper term here. The first printing appeared without the final page of story because it had been lost or misplaced somewhere between editor's desk and printshop. I sent a copy of this first printing to Bruce Gillespie and included a xerox copy of the manuscript page to complete the book for him. A few months later, the book club issued a second printing with the missing page restored. The club will send a copy of this new printing to any member who writes for it, always providing he bought a copy of the incomplete first printing.

Finally, not all the last pages in all the various editions are precisely the same. I retyped the ending from memory for each editor as he needed it, often changing a word or phrase or sentence to satisfy my whim of the day, and so you will discover minor (very minor) changes in the editions published by Lancer, and the book club, and Gollancz in London. It isn't often that I get the opportunity to revise a book every week.

As to your parenthetical remark, I don't have a copy of the original ending to LONG LOUD SILENCE. I didn't keep the manuscript from twenty years ago, and I'd have to write a new one for you while relying on a shaky memory. You can produce one for

RECYCLED TOILET PAPER

yourself if you like. The change occurred about the middle of page 189 of the Lancer edition (top of page 216 Rinehart edition), just after the Corporal rushed into the cabin to knock the woman cold with the thrown knife. He first examined the small bag she carried but found nothing edible in it, then turned his attention to the woman. He recognized her, remembered the early episode in the hotel room, and then let his attention rest on the fire and the kettle of boiling water. The last paragraph had him preparing a meal, feeling that turnabout is fair play because she had intended the same for him.

My editor at Rinehart twenty years ago was a small woman with a queasy stomach and she refused to accept that ending. She maintained that her gentle readers wouldn't accept cannibalism. She was wrong, as later events indicated, but I changed the ending to gain publication. I drink you know, and drink costs money.

The story by Ed Cox prompts me to recommend a movie to you, Woody Allen's *EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX, BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK*. He has turned the book into a comedy. My next-to-favorite scene is that one in which Woody and his girl barely escape with their lives from the mad scientist and his evil machinations, only to be pursued by a giant breast. One giant breast. Woody traps it by luring it (with a crucifix) into a giant bra, and the world is saved.

My very favorite scene is the final one but I refuse to describe it to you. Go see it for yourself; you'll thank me, I'm sure.

HARRY WARNER The book review section deals mostly with stuff I haven't read. But it causes me to wish all over again that some public or college library somewhere would make a determined effort to collect original versions of important professional science fiction stories that got mangled by editors before seeing print. I know that this and that important writer has left his manuscripts and correspondence and such things to various institutions, which is fine, but until one enormous computer digests every scrap of information in every library in the nation and makes it available to anyone who dials the right telephone number, it will be terribly hard to travel around or correspond with fifty or so librarians in an effort to see the originals or xerox copies of how the stories really were originally. Of course, the problems Tucker had with THE TIME MASTERS' new edition and with THE LONG LOUD SILENCE are well publicized. But who knows what may have happened between writing and publication to the manuscripts of a Weinbaum or a Fredric Brown? All sorts of academic honors might go to the university that decided to do something more creative than simply buying up a batch of old pulps for its library.

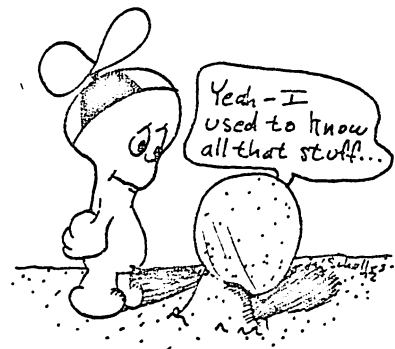
LOREN MACGREGOR Migod. Book reviews. I haven't seen one of those in a fanzine since the Malcyon days of COSIGN. Well, maybe not quite that far back. But anyways, it's been a time. But you do them well, without the characteristic dumping of the plot that happens quite frequently. Ed Cox, on the other hand, uses too many exclamation points, and, as a consequence, I'm not sure I'll let him doodle in the spaces I leave in my fanzine, should I ever leave any.

CY CHAUVIN The 60-WATT LAMP was interesting, mostly because it'll give me ammunition for something I'm writing in another zine. (((?))) You shouldn't hold yourself back, though- don't even try and pretend you're doing a serious review, there's no point in it, just make it as funny as you can. Maybe review a fictitious book, such as RINGWORM by Larva Nevan. Or something. (Someone?)

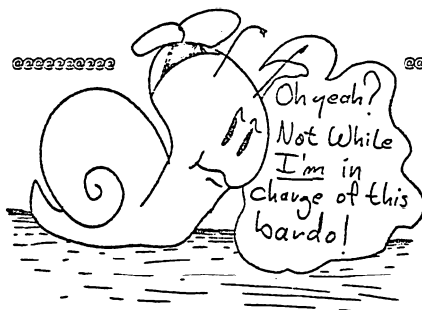
000 But, Cy, they were serious reviews... 000

JACKIE FRANKE

I've got the Book Club version of Biggle's book, which I had put aside for One of Those Days reading when I had nothing better to



I say-
have you a
dime
novel
to spare
to a poor
fan down
on his back?



VITALITY HIBALL: PISS AND VINEGAR

read. Your review has made me change my mind. Will definitely go through it tonight. Thanks.

(((Ok, you publishers. You see the *power* I hold. Let's get those review copies rolling in...)))

JAN JANSEN Appreciated the book reviews in that they told me what the book was about, the main reason for getting a copy myself,

instead of the sometimes heavy criticism on style, and comparisons between authors, as if the books were literature instead of just entertainment. We do get a lot of this criticism on the continent where they would most likely even start criticising Vargo Statten books that way.

ALJO SVOBODA Of course, in reviewing bubblegum wrappers and the backs of cereal boxes, you'll have the disadvantage of not being able to make comparisons to previous efforts, but the advantage of not having to make such comparisons. If the practice becomes popular, that becomes invalid, obviously. "This is not one of Bazooka's better wrappers. Little continuity in the story and an old, old punchline. It's too bad they must lower themselves to publishing such tripe, obscuring the little masterpieces they come up with occasionally. Not really worth the penny. I'll stick with less well-known brands from now on..." Actually, it wouldn't really be all that hard to do a serious article on the backs of cereal boxes. If you eat cold cereals for breakfast, as I do, you'll gladly read about the wonders of Miss America Dolls (3 proof-of-purchase seals) and Tony the Tiger cereal bowls and toilet seats (2 boxtops) rather than watch drowned corn flakes float to the surface as you eat. You start having morbid thoughts after awhile.

(((I read the paper. That's morbid enough.)))

MIKE SHOEMAKER Yes indeed, THE METALLIC MUSE is quite a good collection. This on top of his great classic (in my opinion) THE WORLD MEMBERS confirms my belief that Biggle has been unjustly neglected. He must be one of the most underrated of all SF authors. This is probably due to the fact that his output has been so small. When you call THE TUNESMITH one of Biggle's three best, you whet my curiosity. What are the other two? Aside from THE WORLD MEMBERS, my favorite Biggle story is MONUMENT (from ASTOUNDING in the late 50's). I was surprised it wasn't included in this collection, but possibly it had already appeared in the previous collection which you mentioned.

(((To my recollection it didn't. As for the other two stories which he is most well-known for, you named them.)))

TINA HENSEL It's a rotten thing to say, but I HATE reviews in a fanzine. Almost every two-bit crudzine has a review column. AWRY doesn't need them. It stands without filler material. Granted Biggle's stuff ought to be reviewed, if only because not enough people freak out over his writing, but I hope that it won't be a regular thing. If you don't have something outstanding to review, please don't get caught in the "Oh, my God! I haven't read anything decent this month. I guess I'll have to review THONGOR'S SECOND COUSIN MEETS THE AZUSA MONSTER AT THE ROCK QUARRY."

(((Wait a minute. You consider reviews as being filler material, and without much value, but you acknowledge the fact that the first installment of 60-WATT had value. You must be indicating that you're afraid future installments won't be worthwhile. Tina, I thought you had the faith!)))

ABOUT THAT MILT STEVENS CHARACTER.....

ROY TACKETT Milt Stevens is a humorist.

SNOW WHITE AND THE NAACP

ROSE HOGUE

Milt Stevens' article on

'Blech' was most interesting, and I find myself in some agreement: Barbarians are uncool (as my little one says uncouth). I hadn't known of King Arthur's meanness, but obviously he was a man who valued his peace and quiet at any expense...

MARK MUMPER

Some sort of askew achievement

award must go to Milt Stevens for writing what may be the funniest column yet in AWRY. BLECH THE BARBARIAN has the simple, basic fan humor that your zine exists for, and I think Milt ought to be roped into doing more of the same.

(((I'll second that motion. Milt, the welcome mat is out.)))

LOREN MACGREGOR

Don't you realize, my boy! The barbarian is loyal and brave, reverent and honest. Why, he is nothing but pleasant to the one who buys him. And reverent. Haven't you ever heard of people crying in battle, "Oh, Christ that hurts!" or "Jesus, what do I do now?" Reverence.

I see that you have identified beer as a worthwhile adjunct to civilized life. But how can you demean the noble ham? Why, our culture thrives on ham. Look at Robert Goulet. Or Spiro Agnew. Or Bob Hope. Besides, you can always put ham on your pizza.

King Arthur, I must hasten to state, was a civilized hombre. Most barbarians aren't looking for a woman's nose, anyway. It's the ugly ones that get pregnant.

HARRY WARNER

Milt Stevens' article came at the right time. I've been trying to find out if the white or the red men were the nastiest and meanest during the French and Indian War around here. It's pretty even, as far as I've been able to determine. The Indians seem to have been particularly fond of burying everything except the head of a captive, then building a small fire just a foot or so away from the head. But the complicated way in which authorities imposed capital punishment on the father-in-law of Barbara Fritchie, of all people, not far from Hagerstown because they didn't like his politics balances off the Indians' method. The red men descended upon a schoolhouse a few miles north of here and butchered nearly a dozen children, but a pair of local brothers had been dressing in Indian clothing, painting their faces, and hiding near Indian villages until they were sure all the men had gone somewhere, then killing the women and children left behind.

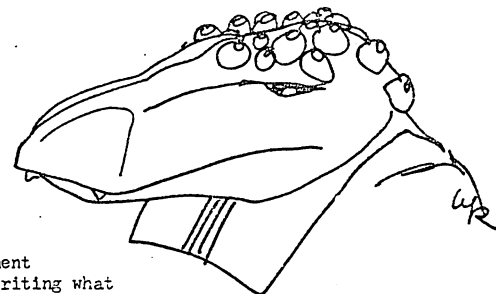
(((I guess that once you're dead, you're dead. But the manner in which you can be dispatched is something else again. The torture beforehand can make killing you afterwards a mercy. Look at what U.S. soldiers did to some of the captured Viet Cong. A glass rod would be shoved up a man's penis, and then the penis would be bent until the glass shattered. It's almost unbelievable the atrocities that can be committed by people - and even unbelievable to the people involved, until suddenly they find themselves in the situation of doing it.)))

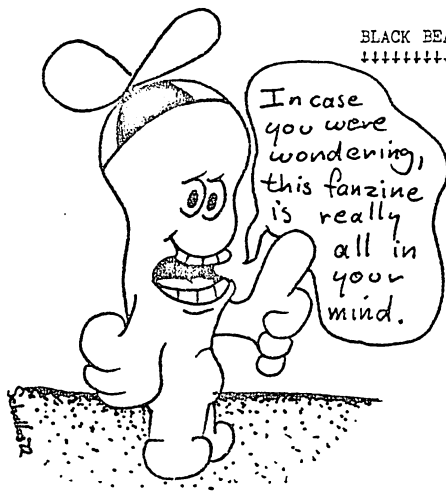
TINA HENSEL

BLECH was well and cleverly done. I especially liked treeing a town in celebration of Arbor Day.

Hadn't you realized that Cuchulainn was a time traveler from the future stranded in a barbaric age, due to the failure of the Framistan on his time machine? Despite the loss of 75% of his intellect (due to shearing off the top of his skull on the Framistan in the crash), he still possessed the ability (through mind control - what was left of it) to alter the gross appearance of his body. "Warp-spasm", indeed.

The reason the Irish were so fond of ham sandwiches, was because Cuchulainn had told them that he came from "Heaven" and that everyone ate ham there. The Irish believed





BLACK BEAUTY AND THE KU KLUX KLAN

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him, since the food synthesizer had been damaged in the crash, and ever afterwards produced only ham sandwiches.

000 And beer. Don't forget the beer. Our next topic asks the question: 000

AND WHAT ABOUT SWEET TINA HENSEL?.....

JOHN ROBINSON Tina's going on my Torcon nominating ballot as soon as I get one.

000 It may be cheaper, but it's a hard way to travel. 000

ROY TACKETT Tina's column this time brings to mind Knight's TO SERVE MAN. Well, keep it in mind. We

may end up that way if things keep going as they are. Packerburgers.

Disagree with Hochberg about Tina's columns as compared to Rosemary Ulliot's. There is this difference: Tina can write.

ED CAGLE Tina Hensel is apparently a knowledgeable gourmet, but she lacks a wide range of experience. Or perhaps she had her own reasons for not mentioning that ever-popular game-favorite, the Indian. Ask her to complete her article by adding cooking ingredients, methods, etc. It won't be necessary to instruct in capture and killing; that has always been common knowledge. (I felt left out....)

JACKIE FRANKE Sorry, but Tina's column this issue just didn't do a thing for me. Fell rather flat, in fact. Perhaps I harbor an unconscious anti-cannibalistic bias? Dunno, but whatever the reason, will await better scribings in future issues. Tina's wry humor usually reaches me, but this one missed.

JAN JANSEN I don't fancy the eateries of LA any longer, but wouldn't the most exciting hunt be the hunter himself? Or are they too stringy for lack of fodder?

MIKE SHOEMAKER Tina Hensel's column was certainly weird. It's the sort of thing that could only be written by an SF fan. What brought on such a weird twist of mind? Did she just recently finish an SF story about cannibalism (like the famous Anderson story the name of which escapes me)? Actually, though, I didn't particularly like it, except for the part about the footballers.

ERIC LINDSAY All the writers in AWRY seem to know what they are doing, but the column I really enjoyed was by Tina Hensel. I am sure the idea has been used before - somewhere at the back of my mind is a bad joke with Boris Karloff as a short order cook saying "we have English crumpets" and following it up with "and we have Chinese cooking" to a pale-faced diner - but that article is as good as anything I have seen in a fanzine. In fact, I wonder why Tina didn't try to sell it somewhere; it is certainly better than most of the humor that appears in magazines; although it may be slightly off-color for some markets. Maybe I have a weird sense of humor but I liked it.

LOREN MACGREGOR Norm Hochberg, regardless of whether you are a Nice Person or not (I never had the chance to find out, since you were on some Ghod-forsaken island when I visited) your opinion of Rosemary...er, Tina, is unfounded. She doesn't write like Rosemary Ulliot. She writes like a Dave Locke with teeth and tact. 000 God will get you for that, Loren. 000

I never had the opportunity to go Huntington or practice Zuma wrestling, but both

A RATCHET IS JUST A LITTLE BIGGER THAN A MOUSE DROP-

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sound delightful. In Seattle, you're more or less limited to Panther and Chicano, due to the disgraceful hunting tactics of the 1940's, in which open-season, no-limit was declared on Orientals, with the result that now they are under government sponsorship in preserves designed to resemble their natural habitat. Panther, of course, I've always found too tough, while Chicano is fine, but I've grown used to the taste of real coffee.

Indian, which is quite similar to Oriental, is more or less limited to the professional hunter, due to the creature's cunning and wily nature. Yes, I'll have to try Los Angeles...

TERRY HUGHES Then Tina Hensel wrote an advice column on how to eat men. It would seem that you would get in trouble with the postal authorities on either way they might interpret that. That article had no place in a family fanzine! But then, what kind of family would read AWRY?

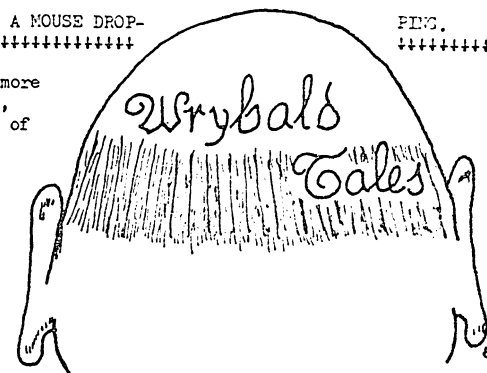
ROSE HOGUE Tina Hensel's column gets weirder and weirder...actually, having a sister-in-law and her family from Lynwood I wouldn't advise on eating any of the Lynwoodians. Now, the San Pedro Slavs and Italians and Poles aren't that bad at all - all average a good 200 lbs whether that be male or female (the females are a bit shorter than the males usually so they are more fatty/fleshy). I have one tender toddler and two almost-teenagers I wouldn't mind contributing to someone's barbeque. Any interested parties please call immediately before I sell them off for the holidays...

Personally, I find footballers very unsavory and not that good a hunt at all. Give me a roller-derby queen any day. At least the queens are a change of pace... Actually of all the athletic hunts I find the cross country runners to be the most elusive but once you catch them you often find they are only skin and bones. Well, we all know California is known for its variety of meats and especially the LA area - Meat City, USA....

PAUL ANDERSON Naturally one of the better articles in this was Tina Hensel's few pages. She, like the other femme-fans in print regularly, has a unique sense of humour. The references to the hunting season reminded me of an otherwise lousy film that I sat through twice for some reason or another. PRIDE CUT, not that the thing had a chance with Lee Marvin and Gene Hackman in it. I still fail to see how Hackman could have earned his Oscar when his talents are contrasted with previous winners like Scott. The film had almost only one good scene where a somewhat green kid was told by Marvin to buy a pound of sausages because "Joe" was a good guy before he was minced.

WILL STRAW Tina Hensel's column is the kind of thing I need to fill in gaps between NATIONAL LAMPOONS; I love sick humor, and it's only in the last few months that I've been able to find other people making jokes in print about the type of thing I'd only speculate on. I've been on crutches with a broken leg for the last couple of weeks, and a couple of people have sheepishly made jokes about my condition, expecting me to be shocked and hurt, then been surprised as hell when I laughed out loud and encouraged them to go on. I can only surmise that what Tina has to say about footballer-hunting and preparation indicates a greater degree of civilization among Californians than those up here in Ontario - there were several signs displayed prominently during yesterday's football championship that suggested one team "Eat 'em Raw" as it were, referring to their opponents.

000 The argument pro and con the lettercol technique has carried over to this issue. I guess nine readers got left out of it... This time it's 5 to 4 for it. 000



YES, BUT WHY DO YOU CUT UP ALL THOSE LETTERS, MR. LOCKE?

ABOUT THAT LETTERCOL OF YOURS.....

SHERYL BIRKHEAD Since reading the first AWRY I've "met" Donn Brazier's TITLE and must say the LOC techniques are similar (as many of your readers already pointed out in time for the letter column in #3). Still, while similar they have different personalities (but I'm still not sure how you two managed it).

(((Well, Sheryl, let me tell you. Tell you how I do it, that is. I underline each section of comment within a letter, and then note the subject and the writer's name in the margin. The next step is to trot down to the xerox with any letters which have been typed back-to-back, and also those who do not have sufficient margin. I then cut out each section of comment and wind up with many small slips of paper. I then sort them out. If I have the time, I double-check to make sure I've sorted them right. This time I didn't, so I just now run across JACKIE FRANKIE's comment on interlinos which I mistakenly sorted into "lettercol": "Ignore Norma Hochberg! Your interlinos are just fine! I especially like the way you use them...no intruding on material. You can flip through the zine and read them all at once, or save them for last-read on the page, like icing on a cake, or ignore them entirely. Dave Locke gives you a choice!" So now you know, Donn, what's your system?)))

CHARLES BURBEE I enjoyed the lettercolumn of AWRY. Looked like the verbatim report of a rap session, somehow.

LOREN MACGREGOR I, too, like your method of editing a lettercol. But I don't think that I would use it. I'm too fond of convoluted sentence structures that so many fans use, and the warped way they get from one idea to another. Or am I the only one that does that?

(((No. That's one of the things you have to sacrifice when you do a lettercol this way.)))

JAN JANSEN I'm one to like the way you put the letter-column together. Haven't seen it as far as I can remember for sure, though there is a nagging doubt that late in the fifties something similar was done in a British fanzine. Besides which I ran a special service (though not very long) for contributors which was titled EGG-O'BOD and which contained excerpts from reader's letters which didn't get published in ALPHA, but commented on that person's article, story, whatever. It did mean quite some extra work, though, as you had to copy practically every letter that came in. Don't recall how long I managed to hold out, but it can't have been years.

NORM HOCHBERG As for your lettercol - KEEP DOING IT YOUR WAY (not that you were getting any opposition, but just in case)! It's so easy to read. I think it fits in with the mood of the rest of AWRY.

(((Most everyone wrote in, last time, to voice approval. This time we get a few letters of dissent. They follow -)))

WILL STRAW I don't like your lettercol format, but perhaps my idea of the purpose of a lettercolumn is different from yours. You're looking at it from the point of the editor, and, apparently, taking each remark only in the context of what it's about and arranging them in that way. I tend to - perhaps because I used to write a lot of letters of comment - look on them as individual contributions, differing from regular articles and such only in their being written as a response. So I'd much rather see what each person has to say kept together; I feel as if I'm getting to know the person better, and it loses the poll-quality that what you're doing seems to have.

(((My purpose is to present the comments more in the form of a spontaneous discussion than in the form of individual speeches. I also like the continuity.)))

A SLAN SHACK IS WHEN TWO INTELLECTUALS GO OFF FOR THE WEEKEND.

ERIC LINDSAY

I'm not too happy about the cut-up letters, and besides I can't get other fans' addresses that way.

(((Eric, my cutting up the letters or not cutting up the letters has nothing to do with my not printing addresses. I didn't print addresses when I did the AWRY #1 lettercol in the standard manner, and Brazier uses the cut-up method and he does print addresses.)))

ROY TACKETT

It crossed my mind, albeit fleetingly, that I should type these comments on separate slips of paper buy why should I do your work for you? If you insist on continuing your madness with the lettercol you can do it all yourself.

(((File cards would be ideal...)))



TINA HENSEL About the format, I know everybody likes the way you've split it up, but I don't. I have a fragmenting mind and can't keep any sort of personality continuity re the various letter writers. I get lost, sorting through to find all of someone's comments, so I can assess the personality as well as the comments. I know how certain folk think about certain subjects, but can't seem to work out how the entire persona thinks.

(((It's true that the aura of a personality is somewhat ensmallled when a lettercol is done in this manner, and sometimes you'll lose sight of the interesting way in which a person will maneuver from one subject to another (although I find that most people will segregate their comments and not use a transition), but the advantages to be gained are obvious and in my mind they outweigh the disadvantages. But I don't plan on using this system exclusively. In #5 I'll be using the standard method of

presenting a lettercol, mainly for the reason of having a change-of-pace. With #6 I'm going to do a bit of experimenting - I've two ideas in mind concerning a lettercol format which I haven't seen done before, so I'll give them a try. You won't like either one, of course...)))

THE DISCUSSION ON AD-INSERTS RAGES ON.....

ROY TACKETT

They don't really bother me all that much. There are some fleeting thoughts about greedy publishers who will do anything for a buck but, as with covers of fanzines, I've never thought about any Great Significance in the ads. I am rather amused at John Robinson's comment that ads for the Famous Writers' School are OK because they are semi-related to the field. Haw. The innocence of fen.

ED CONNOR

All the controversy over advertisements in paperbacks has finally made me realize that authors may have a right to some say in the matter. If such inserted ads are not touched on at all in author-publisher contracts the way is open for negotiation and failing that, a lawsuit or two.

There is, perhaps, legal precedence for such; here we might have, for example, a writer penning a book about the evils of hard liquor and having it interrupted by an ad for spirits! He sues. The same might hold true for tobacco. The book might even be fiction, but with a strong anti-drink or anti-smoke overtone. Or the writer might

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD FIVE CENTS.

have a regular job with an automotive concern, perhaps as a salesman, and find his book sporting an ad for a rival make of car. The writer loses his sales job as a direct result of the ad; he sues his publisher. (Sounds silly, but people are silly.)

Maybe the individual SF writer would be wise to ignore such ads, as he couldn't afford to sue. But the SFWA may at last find itself of some use.

LOREN MACGREGOR I don't object to ads per se in books. I do object to cigarette ads, for the same reasons that I object to them on tv. I find them offensive. Not only that, I'm allergic to tobacco, and I hate to be constantly reminded of the product. ☺☺☺ You probably find them offensive because you're allergic to them. Since most ads are offensive, that must be the reason you single out the cigarette ads, ☺☺☺ But wotHELL, I'm not going to fall to pieces because someone stuck something in my book. Who knows, maybe the ads themselves are a transitory phenomenon, and someday the books themselves may become collector's items because they have a genuine "Kool" ad within them.

I've found that, despite all the miracle glues, bond-alls, liquid metals and so on on the market, the best product for gluing one thing to another thing is Elmer's Glue-All. I sometimes repair guitars, and if Elmer's can hold a guitar neck with a 3600# test, it can hold a paperback together. As long as the paper itself doesn't disintegrate.

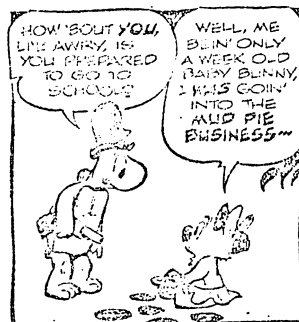
OY CHAUVIN The discussion on the paperback ad inserts was shere trivia, of course, but very amusing. Donn Brazier's comment about the cotton stuck in the top of aspirin bottles, etc., was especially funny. No fanzine that can make me laugh the way I did after reading that can be all bad!

JEFF SMITH I myself save and collect paperbacks, but I have absolutely no objection to the ads inside, nor do I remove them. They bother me no more than do ads in magazines. The idea presented that sf writers are thereby helping sell the products is ridiculous. Admittedly, the ad would not have been seen if the book had not been bought, but if you extend it to magazines it becomes ridiculous, and arbitrary lines cannot be drawn. Suppose a new writer just popped out of nowhere with a book; no prior short stories, no advance publicity, just here's a new Ace paperback by a new writer. It has an ad in it. Is the writer helping to sell that ad? Bullshit. Ace's packaging department, which did up the book so it looked interesting to you the reader, sold that ad. You can't draw lines. Who sells anthologies?

The notion that SFWA could do anything about it is absurd. Will the writers refuse to sign a contract unless it stipulates that no ad will be inserted? No such contract would be offered. The writer would starve. (Maybe the writer could offer to pay the publisher as much money as Kent or whoever would pay them. The writer would starve.) Benjamin Spock had a hell of a fight to keep ads out of the pb of BABY AND CHILD CARE, and while he won, it wasn't wholly satisfying. The ad section in BACC states that Spock does not necessarily endorse the products advertised in his book, and eventually the ads will be dropped. Someday. And Spock has better grounds than SFWA. (And few publishers would mourn the loss of their SF lines, if writers refused to write for them. The average SF paperback does not sell as well as the average gothic, for instance, and while sf writers are writing legitimate stuff, the gothics are turned out by mostly male hacks (some of them sf writers) who couldn't care less about the physical integrity of their books.)

Bruce Arthurs idea is being used, incidently. I believe Harold Robbins does it (I don't read Robbins so can't check), and Kubrick and MGM did it to help finance 2001. You thought all those brand names in the film were cute touches, didn't you? Those people paid for the privilege of being represented in the future.

☺☺☺ It has been done for decades in novels. ☺☺☺



DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR FUN. BE AN ANCEEA.

HARRY WARNER

The united front fans are putting up against ads in paperbacks surprised me. Nobody mentioned one possibility, a complaint to the post office department. Postage rates on newspapers depend in part on the percentage of advertising in their pages. If paperback publishers were threatened with loss of their book rate for copies that go through the mails, because advertisements are going along under the special rate designated for educational matter, they might change policy. I don't believe that the advertisements are keeping the cost of paperbacks down, not the way the cost of paperbacks has been inflating far faster than the cost of other printed materials.

☺☺☺ I don't know anything about the publishing business, but I do know that a threat to take away their book-rate privilege would result in the ads being deleted only from those copies which are handled by their mail-order department. Newsstand copies would still contain the ads. ☺☺☺

BUCK COULSON

But, all you people who remove ads from your paperbacks - it's no longer a MINT COPY if it doesn't have the original ads in it! You are ruining valuable collector's items for the sake of a moment's pleasure! O, woe and horrors! Seriously, Juanita just got copies of one of her gothics from the publisher. And you know something? The author's copies didn't have ads bound in. All the ones we got off the newsstands did. I'm not sure what this signifies, but I find it interesting.

☺☺☺ My comment to Harry may or may not have a bearing on this. It's altogether possible that publishers have never included ads in those copies sent through the mails, due to the nature of existing postal regulations. Perhaps one of the publishers on ANRY's mailing list would care to shed some light on the matter. I'd also be curious to know just what role the ads take in holding down the retail cost of paperbacks. Thyllis, Bob, Barbara, Larry, anybody have the hot skinny on this? ☺☺☺

PAUL ANDERSON You are the first to actually come

out in print against that sort of idea with the return postage junk mail. ☺☺☺ i.e. wrapping them around bricks. ☺☺☺ Actually it was only through fandom that I even heard of this defense. I would like them to put some reply cards on those inserts in the books, just so they could be returned by priority airmail. That would probably be the only way that would eventually work in the circumstance that enough fans sent them back. By the way, I also get very sick of responses that suggest the possibility of other ways of doing things and then not see fit to elaborate on the subject with methods that can work. Incidentally, I doubt if your method can ever work as the main ones that are the culprits these days are the pushers of tobacco and alcohol and little can be done to effect any change in a particular firm's output. The only thing that may alter will be the ratio of the sales of the various brands and when each is

TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC VIBRATOR.

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responsible for up to 20 brands then swapping from Brand A to Brand B will have a negligible effect even if the change is 90% of Brand A's sales. All that may happen is that Brand A is discontinued and replaced by Brand C in due course. The total sales will not change to any large degree. Sure not buying the advertised product is the most direct but when the practice is endemic throughout the industry it is also the one least likely to bring about a change that is beneficial. Also they have no way of knowing that a product is being boycotted because of a specific type of advertising rather than a normal peaking of the consumer demand for it.

(((They will if you tell them, Paul. You should write the manufacturer telling them why you're not going to buy the product. And, of course, if you're going to switch to something else, it's defeating your purpose to switch to another brand made by the same company...

As for my being against the misuse of return postage-paid envelopes, you're missing the big picture. True, it loses money for the company involved, but it classifies you as a crank or a juvenile. Companies don't change their policies as the result of 'pranks', but they can be swayed by a tide of mature public opinion. One letter of complaint, if executed in a mature manner, has a measureable amount of weight in its effect upon top management. All the bricks in an outhouse, with postage-paid envelopes wrapped around them, wouldn't carry weight that you could measure by the Troy ounce. For one thing, you can't tie them in with any issue; it's only malicious mischief.)))

ONE LAST GO-ROUND ON THE SUBJECT OF OBSCENITY.....

CY CHAVIN

The trouble with the Great Obscenity Debate is that it seems to be re-working the same old clichés done to death in the mundane press and elsewhere; it was much more interesting when you were talking about a particular type of bad fan writing. Jackie Franke's comments are correct, certainly, and easy enough to agree with; but I wonder how many fanzines suffer from an overdose of four-letter words. Perhaps you and Jackie would care to name some, point out particular items in them that you thought were overdone? And then I wonder how many damns or fucks per issue constitute an overuse, and how many "normal" use? I don't know; like I said, I basically find what you say about this to be agreeable, but you're making a mountain over a molehill. I get around fifty or so different fanzines, and I can't say that any of the ones I get suffer from an overdose of four letter words. Most suffer from bad fanwriting, certainly, but this is generally due to lack of originality on the part of the editors, first draft right onto stencil, poor editing, etc., etc., all things that are much more worthwhile complaining about -- assuming, of course, that what you really are worried about is bad fanwriting and not just four-letter words.

(((Let's say we're talking about bad fanwriting which results from the misuse of obscenity. Of course, here we are in AWRY #4 and this discussion started in AWRY #1, and if you try to follow all the directions this discussion has taken it's not surprising that my original grouch has been lost in the kipple. As for "how many damns or fucks per issue constitute an overuse", let's not get ridiculous. We're not looking for a means of tabulating these things by computer. Quantity isn't the prime determinant; I think we all understand that we're talking about the manner of presentation. And, if you're looking for examples, I can do better than point them out. I'll print one.)))

LOU STATHIS

Which brings us (or it brings me, at least) to another nifty topic suitable for discussion. Obscenity. Another tricky, non-existent definition. Even the one the Supreme Court came up with is ridiculous and means absolutely nothing. Community standards, they say. Sheesh. I never personally saw any reason why anything should be considered "obscene" or not for general consumption. But I had nothing to say when things like that were drawn up. So we're

HIS MOUTH MOVES PRETTY FAST FOR HAVING NO MOTOR BEHIND IT.

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stuck with words that make people get violent or turn red or get offended or laugh nervously or masturbate. Since this is true and beyond my powers to correct it, I take advantage of it. I use them purposely to upset people, to get them nervous. Why? Mainly because I'm a bastard and enjoy seeing people get worked up over something as asinine as the word "fuck". Who the hell ever said that we're to be ashamed of bodily functions? Shit smells bad so we don't talk about it in public?

I've had a lot of practice arguing this particular thing with all sorts of slob. It started when a group of friends of mine here at school organized a Farting Contest in which I decided to participate (I consider myself a skilled crepitor). I won a medal (honorable mention actually, I froze up on stage in front of the 500 or so spectators and finished pretty poorly) and have since worn it proudly on my vest. So all the time all sorts come up to me and say, "Gee, man, what's that thing on your vest?" I answer very nonchalantly with an evil gleam to my eyes, "Uh . . . it's a medal". "What's it for, man, didja kill some gooks or somethin', yuk, yik." I lower one eyebrow slyly and with an air of superiority say, "No, it's for Farting". Sometimes they run away in fear after I tell them this. If they're brave or think they're cute they may try to come up with a clever line. Others, and these are the most fun, look aghast and croak, "That's . . . that's DISGUSTING!" "Why do you say that," I ask innocently, "don't you fart?" If that throws them, then I got them beat. A quick follow-up is usually along these lines - "Farting is a natural biological process, there's no way you can avoid it. We all do it! And when done well it can be admired as any skilled sport should be." Most of them don't buy it and walk off muttering stuff under their breath. Sure it's a goof, I admit it, but what's so obscene about farting anyway? Or anything else along that line. Why should you get upset at the things these words represent? If you don't choose to use them, fine. I do. And quite frequently, it so happens. There are some things that are very well suited for description with words like "shit" or "asshole". Eloquent? Perhaps. These words have an emotional force lacking in standard adjectives and nouns. How much is a vehement "fuck YOU!" worth in "socially acceptable" words? A great deal, I'd say. If you happen to be offended, then that's your problem, not mine. That's not a particularly nice attitude, and definitely not something calculated to endear me to anyone, but that's the way I think it should be. And I'm not known for my discretion. I don't believe in it.

(((Anything else you wanted to know, Cy?)))

LOREN MACGREGOR

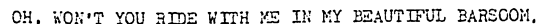
A few years back, a Catholic priest advised his parish that he didn't consider words such as "damn", "hell", "Jesus", and so on as being swear words any longer, because they'd fallen into such common usage. And therefore he considered it perfectly all right for his congregation to use them, since it was a good safety valve, and stopped them from actually cursing in earnest.

I can say that, yes, I have noticed a change in what material is acceptable in fanzines. But I can't honestly feel that the change is that dramatic. Instead, I'd feel that it's just because I'm reading a different branch of fandom's fanzines now than I was four-five years ago when I first started receiving zines. If anything, I noticed an upsurge of previously-forbidden material two-three years ago, which has gradually been lessening of late. Perhaps it's simply that the people discovered they could put such things into print, and therefore were no longer obligated to try. You mean, *gasp*, every tangible object isn't capable of copulation?

(((Not if it doesn't move.)))

HARRY WARNER

Maybe you didn't notice an odd squib in TV GUIDE that relates to the obscenity discussion. ABC was to televise PATTON, which contained some bad words. Network authorities thought "that General Patton's words should be left intact, offensive though they might be to some viewers." They thought, however, that "similar strong language used by minor characters should be edited out." An NAB Code authority agreed with this procedure, explaining: "Patton used language to shock; he was that kind of man. But where minor characters used obscenities, those could be cut out because they weren't germane to the story." I've read this stuff three or four times and still can't understand the reasoning involved. Fortunately, I never watch anything on television that uses real wars to boost ratings, so I



won't have to listen to a profane hero and restrained subordinates.

QCC I understand their thinking. I just don't think it makes a lot of sense. I also understand you when you say "uses real wars to boost ratings". But I don't think that makes a lot of sense, either, Harry. That's what they're getting out of it, which doesn't detract from the possibility of the viewer enjoying what is presented to him. If you don't watch it because you find it bad enter-

tainment, that would be reasonable. I presume you also abstain from watching tv news programs, as their coverage of wars can boost ratings, too. 000

MIKE SHOENAKER

MIKE SHOEMAKER I am vehemently against any kind of censorship or banning of books, or even this "red-dot" recommendation nonsense. This could be partly why American kids have such a poor background in literature, I don't know. For my own part, though, I know I would have gone nuts under such restraints. Whatever a youngster is interested in he should have free access to. There is simply too much to read for a person to waste any time in the early years. If I had a whole lifetime of just reading, I still wouldn't be able to cover all I'd like to, so maybe you see my point. I have nothing to add to the discussion of obscenities, as I think your editorial comments were more thorough and concise than anything I could say.

JAN JANSEN

JAN JANSEN We don't have a "red-dot" system here in Belgium in the libraries. Used to have a red line at the bottom of the bookbinding, but it meant the same thing. Only for 'developed' readers. Censor in Belgium was the Catholic reading board, or some similar title, which still swings a lot of weight around here, mainly because several libraries are run by their organizations. But to tell the truth, they've softened up a lot since the years immediately after the war, when, helping out at the local library, I came across most of their writings. The classification was roughly up to sixteen, up to eighteen, for everybody above eighteen, for 'developed' readers, and then a final 'forbidden'. The latter are now extremely rare I believe. Barring pure pornography which they ignore anyway. Librarians should have enough sense about that material.

NORM KOCHBERG

NORM HOCHBERG Let's see if I can comment on Jackie Franke's censorship letter (I'm going on several cans of beer, a multitude of other substances and a wrecked ego - a girl of course - right now so it might be hard).

000 What might be hard? 000

Not being a parent (only a child) I can't say that such people should have control over their offspring's reading and viewing habits. Maybe and maybe not. My parents really didn't know enough about my life to make that decision. The absence of a lot of needed sexual information gave me a lot of grief (their standards of obscenity were pretty strict).

If there was some way of restricting reading of "perverted" (appealing solely to prurient interests) literature until 14 or 15 without permission of parents we might be better off. But, then, comes the question - "who determines what's perverted?"
Sigh, the more I have to deal with reality the less I like it.

CCC It is the parent's job to both screen against prurient material and to educate the child. Most do the former and not the latter, which is the reason schools are adopting sex-education programs to compensate for the parents' neglect of duty. What they find, however, is that the parents don't want anyone else to do their job, either. CCC

JACKIE FRANKE

Dare I disagree with Dave Hulvey? 000 Sure, go ahead. 000

Perhaps he'll have me quarantined in whatever area he wants to reserve for those who, like myself, find his ideas overblown radical rhetoric. Military dictatorship was avoided because of street demonstrations and obscenities?

LITTLE MISS MUFFET WAS A HEALTH-FOOD NUT.

Wow! Doesn't he realize that we may be heading into such a system because the backlash effect was getting sick and tired of them? I just sigh in relief that things have cooled down, or Mr. Hulvey would find out just how repressive a truly repressive government can be. America (with a 'c' please) has uncounted faults, as with any government, anywhere. But at least we can face those faults and try to remedy some of them. I'm getting awfully sick of these gripes about this nation that ignore the fact that there simply isn't anything better going on anywhere else. Improvement it needs...no quarrel about that..but as long as you're dealing with hundreds of millions of people, there simply is no way to please everyone in every facet. Some things you will just have to live with, no matter which side of center your sympathies lie. Currently, those of a more conservative stripe are choking at what they consider the 'moral disintegration' of the U.S. Unless the liberals are very, very careful in coming years, this country could have a reversion that would put McCarthyism to shame. Isn't Hulvey in contact with John Doe or Joe Doakes at all? He sounds like he lives on another planet half the time. I think the meaning and impact of the word 'Caution' should be stressed more emphatically to the 'younger generation'. Fandom, or the University world are not General Society. Go out in the neighborhoods and look and listen,... What I hear lately is beginning to scare me. George Wallace has appealed to more than just a few citizens, and some of them make him look like Tom Hayden by comparison.

Now that I appear roughly to the right of the Tory party may I suggest APA '40? You neglected that prime year in your listing, Jeff...

ED CAGLE

ED CAGLE Not to beat a dead topic, but calling Milhouse an asshole is a bit obscene. An asshole has a function that it performs quite well. The fact that the material handled by both Nixon and an asshole is similar is no reason to compare him to an asshole. But then again it is no reason not to compare him to an asshole by calling him an asshole. If I am wrong, and Nixon is an asshole, what I call him is entirely out of order. But true...

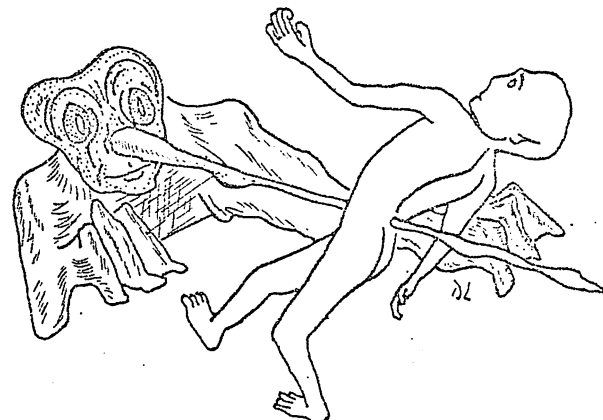
ROY TACKETT

ROY TACKETT The comment that the use of obscenity by the younger generation is a political statement is enough to send me into gales of laughter. Remarks, such as those by Dave Hulvey, about "relevant progressive forces" indicate that the Dave Hulveys of this world know nothing of politics either. One Aljo Svoboda has more maturity and insight than all the Dave Hulveys put together.

LOREN MACGREGOR

LOREN MACGREGOR Except asshole usually only conveys feelings of "angry contempt, disgust and loathing" toward the person who used the phrase, for not being more eloquent. In Arab countries, a man is often judged on the inventive ways he can insult someone without resorting to obscenities. More often than not, the use of obscenities is a mask for the fact that the person isn't articulate enough to state his true feelings, and therefore must use the verbal missiles at his command. Your reply to Dave Hulvey (you being Dave Locke) was excellent, by the way.

Dave Hulvey, you are becoming very tiresome. I am appalled to find that you are appalled. I am not appalled that Dave Locke is not appalled, as DL is probably a much cooler head than I. Dave Hulvey is a political statement. "You may use (that) as an interlineation, though I suppose etc."



AWRY IS SOMETHING.

XX

(((I suppose I have a reasonably cool head. But certainly much more so in print, where one isn't pressed for an on-the-spot reaction. By the time I get around to stencilling the lettercol, it's just as hard to get excited in a reply as it is to get excited over a fifth rerun of THE FLINTSTONES. And to answer an earlier comment of yours, I have both teeth and tact, believe it or not. I often leave the former to soak while I'm in the shower, and the latter gets stuffed in a desk drawer every once in a while, but so it goes. I sometimes wonder if they both aren't plastic.)))

JACKIE FRANKIE So "asshole" is poetic. How nice. I'm terribly grateful to Mark Mumper for pointing that out to me. Otherwise I'd have thought that the term was a ridiculous insult as it was in days of yore. (And he says that 'younger generation' is a worthless term?)

(((So it goes. I liked your comment last issue wherein you noted that if everything is emphasized, nothing is stressed. I wanted to bring that point up again, as sort of a prelude to the following note from Tina. And this will conclude the discussion on obscenity.)))

TINA HENSEL To everyone who wrote about obscenities: I use them for emphasis, and can't really see any other adult use.

MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS ABOUT MOST ANYTHING.....

DAVE HULAN I was down at the Wherehouse in Whittier last week buying a Beethoven record (I'm nothing if not high-class) (or if I weren't I wouldn't tell it) and they started playing a Carlin record over their system. It was the routine about growing up as a Catholic in New York. I found my record-almost immediately, but I hung around until the Carlin thing was finished. It was even funnier than the things you've played for me, I think. (The fact that the sales clerk there was a gorgeous blonde with as good a bod as I've ever seen anywhere didn't make it any more difficult to hang around, either.)

BOB HOSKINS In sadness, I must say that I noted your enthusiastic comments re: George Carlin. Being a bit of a comedy album buff (how many people do you know who have both Bickerson albums? On the other hand, that may date me a bit too much) I bought AM/PM at the local Korvette's. Hated it. If you are opposed to the Establishment, it may cheer you to know that you have caused one editor to waste \$3.54 (including New Jersey sales tax).

Hated it.

(((That's odd - I thought I was a member of the Establishment, too... You and Lloyd Biggle are the only two people I've run into who don't care for George Carlin's routines. I played one or two albums to a small fan-gathering here one night, and if the apartment floor were built at a slant they all would have rolled downhill. The fans, that is.)))

ROY TACKETT The most effective muscle relaxers I've found were those Japanese masseuses who run barefoot up and down your spinal column.

(((As good as a fifth of fine Scotch?)))

LOREN MACGREGOR Amateur diagnosis and treatment can be bad in many ways, but it can also be an improvement when you realize that a lot of doctors really aren't prescribing something for a specific problem, they are prescribing something because they always prescribe that medicine. I have a copy of a Physician's Desk Reference (the guide to all drugs currently available in the U.S.) and I immediately consult that when I'm not sure what's being given. But then, I don't take any pills, not even aspirin, unless I absolutely have to. No use pumping all that extra-necus poison in until it's necessary. I had a friend once who was allergic to his allergy pills.

ED CAGLE Eric Lindsay's tendency to get the very most from all his prescriptions might produce some unusual results. All pills do not

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR, YOUR HUDDLED MASSES.

XX

give one a proper result. I took some of my wife's birth control pills by mistake, and for three mornings in a row I had this warm, compassionate feeling that made it nearly impossible to flush the toilet. My tits ached a lot, too. Perhaps Eric's thrifty habits has already affected him, though, as I distinctly remember him telling me in a letter once that his desk drawer could and did forecast the weather. (That's true, Dave. Ask him. Ask him to do an article on it. I wait with baited breath.)

(((You've got something on your breath, that's for sure.)))

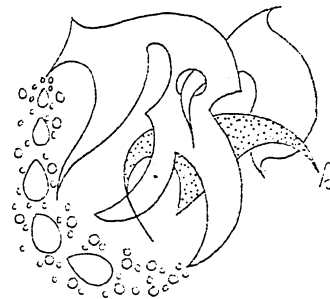
DAVE HULAN You obviously haven't been to a drug store lately. Due to some new anti-VD bill that the Cal state legislature has passed, contraceptives are now being sold on open display above the counter. My friendly neighborhood drug store has this huge display taking up about half the counter in the prescription dept, with all the varieties produced by the Young Rubber Co. (Trojans, Trojan-Enz, NaturaLamb, and all three in both lubricated and dry versions) in threes, dozens, and three dozens. (((Uh, that's 'Youngs Drug Products Corp.', Dave, not "Young Rubber Co."))) Things have somewhat changed since the day when I was using such things regularly. (Nowadays, with Pills and everything, it's safe to figure that if a girl is old enough to be legal in any case it's her problem. But in my younger days one felt a certain sense of responsibility...at least I did. Now that's a Socially Significant topic for you, if you want to get into such things.)

(((Ok, let's get into it. With all the current hassle about the Pill, and the fact that some women can't take them anyway, I question your throwing the responsibility for birth control to the woman. In fact, I question that it's exclusively the responsibility of only one party, whether it be the man or woman, on a general basis. This would seem to be the age of shared responsibility. I'll agree with you that should the woman not say so, the odds are in your favor that she's using the Pill. And if she doesn't say otherwise, so that you can take the precautions, she's pretty Dumb. But legally speaking, that won't exclude you from financial responsibility if she has a child. So let's face it - you're gambling. You're also gambling in another way, too; I hope you don't come down with a Case before you find out that condoms are useful for more than just birth control...)))

ERIC LINDSAY Thanks for letting out the secret of hand-cut lettering; now if I can just find a way to stop the stencil sliding all over the desk top while I use a "T" square...

(((Well, Eric, let me tell you about the Dave Locke Ingenious Mimescope. If you have one of those kitchen/dining tables which pulls apart so that you can add or delete leaves, you're in business. Go down to a junkyard and get yourself a side plate-glass window out of a wrecked car. Spread the table apart, place the glass over the hole, and set a table-lamp underneath the table. Place your stencil to the square edge of the glass (so that it's properly aligned for use of the T-square). The cardboard back of the stencil should be folded out and away from you, so that the waxed part of the stencil is laying directly on the glass. With a strip of masking-tape, tape the top of the stencil (across the cardboard) to the glass. The T-square itself will hold steady that portion of the stencil with which you are working. I used this for many years and, except for the inconvenience of setting-up and tearing-down this piece of equipment, I found it as workable as a regular mimescope. Dave Hulan bought a new mimescope shortly after I moved to California, and he gave me his old one, or I'd still be using my home-made version.)))

ED CAGLE It is a relief, Dave, to read your thoughts on fans. I am certainly happy to learn that all fans are not alike, or even vaguely similar. If it were otherwise, and we were pretty much the same, it would be necessary to refer to you all as bastards, or worse. I view myself as a low type. That way I never disappoint myself. Actually, I have often entertained the notion (sit here, notion, and I'll fetch you a



blast of Old Toad Killer... that we are different, and as different as a group of people this large can possibly be. Even when fans agree on some monumental point, the usual tact is to continue on until the previous opinion is smothered in alternative onions of thought.

(((Sometimes I wonder about you, Ed.)))

ROY TACKETT

Aljo mentions a society in which the female wears the pants. This was, of course, one of the great fascinations about China in the old days, you know. Well, no, you don't. You aren't old enough. But I am and I recall. In the old days, you see, the women in China wore trousers and the men wore gowns which we of the west found to be amusingly interesting. Nowadays in China both men and women wear quilted pajamas which we in the west find to be amusingly interesting. Women's libbers should take a good look at China where, nowadays, women have complete equality. Amusingly interesting, no?

(((Well, yes and no.)))

DAVE HULAN

I am reminded that no one came up with the correct answer to the Burroughs story in which the children grow on trees and drop off when they're ripe. Probably nobody cares, either, but in fact it was ESCAPE ON VENUS, the second of the four segments, and the race was called the Brokols. They had a queen named Loto-El-Ho-Ganja-Kum-O-Raj, but her friends called her Loto for short. No joke. (I don't know quite why I have this total recall for everything that was ever written by Burroughs that I read up through teen-age (although part of it is no doubt the number of times I read all the books), even though I haven't read or even thought about the Venus books in years, but ask me a question about any of the Tarzan, Mars, or Venus books and I bet I know the answer...) (Which could also serve as a comment on Jackie Franke's discussion of fantasies, because I was always fantasizing along Burroughs lines up through about 9th grade. After that I got more realistic; I was never going to be a Physical Hero and if I imagined myself as anything spectacular it was always more in the Nero Wolfe line...)

(((That's amusingly interesting, Dave... But I don't recollect Nero Wolfe being that fond of girls... Or you being that heavy.)))

TINA HENSEL

Jackie Franke: I was having you on with Mom's reading list. She didn't actually let me read De Sade. Everything else was true, though.

Mike Deckinger: That isn't what Tina says. EdCo and I have conducted a "Feud for Fun" over the last several years. I assume Dave joins in, wielding barbed comment and repetitive "That isn't what..." because he enjoys it, too.

(((That's what Tina says.)))

HARRY WARNER

Tina Hensel doesn't exaggerate reality too much. I can't quote at length because I left the document at the office, but I saved a flyer for a 4-H camp that intrigued me. The 4-H people have been extending their activity to city children, and ran this past summer a camp for members who live in Baltimore. Instead of the usual courses on swimming and archery, they had training in such topics as, I'm not kidding, "How Not To Be Kidnapped". What's more, Tina has just given another illustration of nature imitating art. Years ago I wrote a piece of faan fiction in which a character deliberately stapled himself to a fanzine to win sympathy from a female fan. Now she's trying to make us all feel sorry for her over something as mundane as stapling herself to a batch of invoices.

TINA HENSEL

Rose Hogue: I, too, loved Commander Cory (I remember when SPACE PATROL was only a 15 minute spot), and faunched for the day when I would have enough up front to wear one of those sexy tunic dresses the girls wore on the show. I also wanted to grow up to be Sheena, Queen of the Jungle (I had a lurking fondness for leopard skins). As a matter of strict fact, I indulged in weekly battles with the neighborhood girls for possession of the local fig tree. Whoever won got to live in the tree for the week and dine off figs. I know it sounds weird,

but I believed that if I could learn to subsist on the fruits of the local plants, I would turn into a jungle girl, capable of surviving in the most hostile environment, due to my arcane knowledge and lore of the plant life. Besides figs, I also ate rose petals, palm fronds, and seaweed (we lived at the beach), but never turned into anything. Of such are elderly disillusioned 28 year olds made.

As far as the Hawk Carse saga goes, it won't make the bestseller list, the book club, the Hugo or Nebula ballots, or gain instant paperback sales. Gene Roddenberry, however, is planning to issue a full-length made-for-tv movie based on the Space Hawk. It will be rewritten by D. C. Fontana, and star the following: James Arness as the Hawk, Stepan Fetchit as the faithful Friday, Jack Elam as the evil Dr. K. Sui and kindly old Lionel Barrymore as the good Master Scientist. Raquel Welsh and Sally Kellerman are being considered for the part of the Master Scientist's darling daughter.

(((And Mama Cass as the spaceship. And that wraps it up for this issue. Don't forget to write.)))

