



AWRY 5

July '73

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Gestetner ... Courtesy of Ed Cox

AWRY is a fanzine devoted to the cause of obtaining higher pay for stunt-women in pornographic movies. Published about as often as it comes out, AWRY is available through accepted contributions, sterling and frequent letters of comment, selected trades, or because I enjoy drinking with you. One sample copy may be obtained for "six 8¢ stamps" (and the next reviewer who ignores or misquotes that will be personally responsible for my absconding with any cash, checks, or weird denominations of postage which arrive here).

Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may be the greatest thing since piggyback science-fiction novels.

Just to show you that I have a little class (or that I, too, can be a flasher), reading THE ALIEN CRITIC has inspired me to emulate the 'diary' type of editorial. Just this one time. So I'll try it for part of a page, and send a copy to Geis so that the tears can roll down his eyes as he sees the sheer brilliance of my execution.

MAY 5th, 1973

Today is my 29th birthday. My first thought upon awakening this morning was... well, my second thought

cast me back to that day as a teenager when I was getting a physical examination by a doctor who was neither very good nor very careful (he got caught giving beef injections to someone else's wife and wound up with a bad case of shell-shock). After examining me he commented that I'd be lucky if I lived to be thirty.

His diagnosis was all wrong, of course, but it scared the crap out of my parents (and it was a hell of a thing to tell a kid 13 or 14). But anyway, that's what I thought about on the morning of my 29th birthday.



Well, as the guy said after jumping out an 18th floor window and while falling past the 10th floor: so far, so good.

MAY 6th Nothing interesting happened to me on this day. I didn't get up.

MAY 7th Today was a very interesting day. Neither my wife nor I got up.

MAY 12th Today I didn't have anything planned, so I fooled away the time by rewriting the Bible in iambic pentameter.

MAY 14th Three fanzines in the mail today, received in the usual beat-up condition. Tomorrow I'm going to bite the mailman.

MAY 15th Today I was visited by the police and a man from the animal shelter.

MAY 16th Today was a rotten day. I didn't get layed.

MAY 17th Today my wife posted bail. Just in time, too; a sweet little old lady was trying to make up her mind between buying me or the french poodle.

MAY 18th Today is the first day of the rest of my life.

What a rotten start.

With this issue I introduce two columnists to you. Dean Grennell had an article in the last issue which he had labelled as being a "column", but I didn't take him seriously. Now that he has submitted two articles in rapid succession, labelling each of them as being "a column", it begins to dawn upon me that perhaps the man is desirous of doing a column for AWRY. I therefore lay it on you that AWRY has a new columnist: Dean A. Grennell. And now that I have recognized this fact, announced it, and even revelled in it, chances are that I will never see another manuscript from him again.

But if I do, it will be the next installment of his column.

I am also much pleased to introduce Milt Stevens' first installment of his new column. I don't know whether all of his installments will be as gut-busting as the one in this issue is (don't let the first page fool you into thinking this is a semi-serious article), as Milt is rather versatile in his choice of subject matter and treatment, but whatever he writes about will be well worth reading, I'm sure. If I'm wrong let me know, and I'll throw the bum out.

Tina Hensel, that well-known connoisseur of warm, flat beer, is back with another installment of her column (with so many columns, this fanzine should be self-supporting). As it turns out, she didn't help us collate the last AWRY after all. She got back from camping-out in the mountains and discovered she'd left some of her keys up there. Being as near-sighted as she is, several hikers mistook her for a snake when she was searching through the grass and leaves for her keys. Despite her protests, the hikers insisted on beating her with sticks because, they insisted, nothing travels that close to the ground unless it's a snake.

Coming up, as they say, in future issues - which probably means in #6: Ed Cox promises to return with another installment of DRINKIN' THRU THE RYE. He missed a couple of issues because he's been drinking bourbon lately. Also, Cy Condra, Charles Burbee, and Dave Hulan have indicated that yes indeed they will be writing articles for AWRY. If they, and the columnists, all come through in time for the next issue I'll print everything even if it runs as many as 10 pages. The sky's the limit.

Based on AWRY's frequency to-date, the next issue should be out in November. That would make the deadline the first of October. This information is for those of you who like deadlines; or just in case you wanted to know.

As announced elsewhere (including in AWRY #4), with issue #6 we shall journey into the twilight zone of letter-column formatting as I experiment with a different way of doing it. I am certain that everyone will be sufficiently thrilled, and will promptly jot me a missive saying that the whole thing is a bit awry. As with groaning over a bad pun, I will thank them.

Herewith consider yourselves reminded that guest reviewers are sought for VIEW FROM UNDER A 60-WATT LAMP, as an earlier such announcement drew only one guest reviewer. So I must remind you again. Go and read a book, and send me a review of it. If you cannot read, have someone read the book to you and you or your reader can then send me a review of it. Even if you cannot read I presume that you can follow this instruction, as I am phrasing it very simply.

And now for the serious part of my editorial.

Today I was taking a shower when I heard someone knocking quite insistently upon our apartment door. As I am a very apathetic individual while in the shower, I found it the task of but a moment to soap my ears and wash away my otherwise ingrained sense of curiosity. Humming contentedly, I gave my body a preparatory rinse and then covered myself with the good lather of Irish Spring. As I reached up to swivel the shower-head my way again, the water-pipes started vibrating and thudding and the water started coming out of the nozzle in short machine-gun bursts. This lasted all of perhaps five seconds, during which the 5'8" pile of lather stared in wet-eyed amazement at the whole occurrence. Then it was over, and there wasn't any water at all coming from the shower-head except an occasional drop or two. With an additional 25 pounds of lather encumbering my movements, I leapt from the shower to the bathroom sink and twisted the hot and cold handles with my foamy hands. The faucet coughed at me, and spit up one rusty drop of water.

I then sloshed to the bathroom window and peered out. The window faces North, but with some effort I peered East anyway. A city truck was parked out front, and two men were busily working with something (I presumed water pipes) just underneath where I knew one of those square sidewalk-covers to be. So much for curiosity.

By this time I was no longer covered with foam. I was covered with dried lather. I briefly considered shaving my body, but dismissed the idea as I didn't know how safely I could do it without a sufficient number of mirrors.

Thankful for the fact that we drink instant coffee, I used the half-pot of water to rinse off my face and hands. That fixed-up my face and hands, but the rest of my body was white with dried soap. And it was cracking. I tried to peel it off, and got my hands all soapy again.

I was now in a minor state of panic. I went back into the bathroom with a dim idea at the back of my mind, but upon lifting the toilet seat I observed that our 5-year-old had neglected to flush the john again. I made a mental note to talk to him about that, and went back to pacing up and down the hallway.

Then another inspiration hit me, and I went to the kitchen to get a pan. Taking it into the bathroom I lifted the lid from the toilet tank and peered inside. It was full. Joyfully, I scooped out a panful and hopped into the shower. Carefully, savoring every drop because the tank doesn't hold all that much water, I rubbed the dried lather back into foam on a selected part of my body and then rinsed it

off. Leaving the shower door open, I hopped back to the tank for another panful of water and repeated the act on another section of my body. The water was ghastly cold, contained rust, and was blue in color, but one cannot be too choosy when he has been encased in soap.

I was making my fourth or fifth trip between the tank and the shower when I noticed that my wife had returned from shopping and was standing at the bathroom doorway, watching me in strained silence. I dipped another panful of water, said hi, and jumped back in the shower.

"Would you mind rinsing my back?" I asked. "Be careful, though. There's not too much water left in the toilet."

"I can't right now," she told me, her lip quivering. "I have to make a phone call."

"Can't it wait?" I pleaded, leaning out of the shower with the panful of blue water in my hand. "This is important."

"My phone call is important, too," she informed me, staring at my pan of water. "I'm going to call some people to come and get you. And take you and your pan of toilet water into a padded room somewhere. Honestly, Dave, this is too much."

"I don't think you understand," I said indignantly. I was about to illuminate the entire sordid story when our son came rushing into the bathroom, stopping next to his mother. He, too, stared at my pan of blue water.

"What's that for, Daddy?" he inquired, in an irritating tone of voice.

"I'm going to boil some vegetables. What else?"

"Brian," his mother said, sternly, "your father has lost his mind and I don't think you should see this spectacle. Run along."

I spoke up. "Wait a minute, Brian. How many times have we told you to flush the toilet after you've gone to the bathroom?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy," he said. And then he reached over and flushed the toilet.

"NO!" I screamed, in outraged anguish.

But it was too late. The water in the tank drained away in one big gurggle, and didn't fill back up again.

"Why isn't the tank filling back up again?" my wife inquired.

"Because they turned off the water," I sobbed.

She giggled. "And you were right in the middle of your shower when they did it?"

"Yes," I sobbed.

She giggled again.

"Now I'll have to stay like this until they turn the water back on again," I moaned.

"Well," my wife said, as she hauled our son out of the bathroom and was closing the door, "if you want to cry about it, maybe you can rinse yourself off that way."

THAT OLD TIME RELIGION

As I've mentioned elsewhere, I'm somewhat of a fan of obscure history. I'm the sort of person who would be bothered by not knowing where the Empire of Trebizond was. In fact, I was bothered by not knowing where the Empire of Trebizond was for about two years. The place was slightly referred to in a 13th century dispatch to the Doge of Venice outlining the comparative military strength of the various Christian powers of that day. From context, I could tell that the writer was the sort of person who nowadays would work for the State Department and worry about the military impact of Luxemburg. Obviously the Empire of Trebizond had no impact on history before, after, or during its own time, so its location would most certainly arouse my curiosity.

A couple of years later I became interested in some of the Crusades which never managed to find their way to the Holy Land. There was one in 1244 which managed to miss the Holy Land entirely but did manage to conquer the Byzantine Empire. The Byzantine Greeks took to the hills to get away from the Latin Knights and set up a number of empirelets in adjoining territory. While I was studying a map of the resulting mess, I noticed a strip of land along the Black Sea which was labeled "Empire of Trebizond". That seemed like a suitable place for an utterly obscure state to exist. Of course, it didn't exist there long. Just about as long as it took its neighbors to notice it and consequently gobble it up.

Like fans in other fields, obscure history fans have to search out publications to satisfy their hobbyistic urges. Some fans do it one way and some fans do it another, but my choice is the remaindered sections of large bookstores. Certainly no obscure history fan worthy of the name would mess around with best-selling history. Just anybody might read that sort of stuff. But in the remaindered section, you find all the good material like complete histories of the Second Balkan War and essays on the effect of the mold-board plow on agricultural technology in the middle ages.

One day as I was hunting amongst the dust and the clutter, I came across a book which surpassed the run-of-the-mill in obscurity. This was THE GOD-POSSESSED by Jacques Lacarriere, a history of the anchorites in the middle-east during the third and fourth centuries. Since not one person in a million would want to read a book like that, I naturally put it on the top of my must-read list.

Some of you out there may be even wondering what anchorites were. Some of their contemporaries wondered the same thing. Anchorites were religious types who believed in rejecting all things worldly including humans. Especially humans. They were a real gang of full-bore drudges.

The founder of this Craze for Christ movement was an Egyptian named Saint Anthony. Even in third century Egypt, Saint Anthony was a pretty odd name for a kid. It was probably twenty years of being kidded about his name that finally drove Anthony to religion. One day someone mentioned his name and he developed the impression that it was God. Anthony immediately rushed off to a tomb to think about things eternal.



column by

MILT
STEVENS

Presuming you're still living yourself, that's about all you can do in a tomb under normal circumstances. However, Anthony's circumstances weren't quite normal. Since he was seeking solitude, he was immediately attacked by a horde of evil spirits in the forms of kangaroos, giant cockroaches and insurance salesmen. Grunewald did a painting titled "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" even though it doesn't look the slightest bit tempting to me. It sort of looks like what you might see if you booked coach on an acid trip.

Being treated like a hockey puck can get to be a little bit wearing even for a saint. Besides, Anthony caught a lot of colds down there in that tomb. So centuries before Palm Springs became popular, Anthony decided to leave his infernal roomies and his post-nasal drip with a move to the desert. Thus he became the first of the desert anchorites.

There is tremendous egoboo to being the first anything. This usually encourages the second through the 3,928,317th members of the species. As all fans should know, people will do anything for egoboo. Soon after Anthony's time there were all sorts of people out there in the desert fasting and praying. Suffering a lot was also a popular past-time. It wasn't long before some anchorites realized that they could suffer more than their neighbors. If one anchorite could live on a dry bread crust a day, another anchorite could live on a dry bread crust every other day. Undoubtedly some anchorites found that they couldn't live on the amount of food they were eating and starved to death, but every enterprise has its risks. Starving wasn't really considered a risk in the anchorite philosophy but pride was. So it was necessary to put limits on such things as fasting in order to avoid having individual anchorites develop a more ascetic than thou attitude. At one point it was decided that six olives a day was the

correct amount to eat. Therefore, five olives a day became pride and seven olives a day became gluttony.

Any activity can continue only so long before specialization sets in. So after a period of time there were groups of anchorites who split off and practiced specialized forms of asceticism. These groups included the Browsers, Statics, Dendrites, and Stylites. Each of these groups kept the basic objective of rejecting all things human, but they each did it in their own way. The Browsers, for instance, emulated animals and could often be seen in nearby fields grazing. After trying to live on six olives a day, this might not seem like such a bad idea. The most eminent member of this group was a fellow named Aphu the Buffalo. Aphu spent over thirty years living with a herd of buffalo. According to contemporary stories, Aphu was bothered by evil spirits less than any other anchorite. People didn't come around him too often, either.

The Statics specialized in staying in the same place but leaving. A Static would find some remote location like the main street of a small town and stand absolutely motionless while contemplating God. The Static might stay that way for days or even weeks. If it got much beyond a few weeks and the Static gave the appearance of having given up breathing, he had to be presumed dead. Then it was a choice between burying him or gilting him over and declaring him a national monument.

As the name might imply, Dendrites lived in trees. Sometimes they lived in the branches of trees and sometimes they lived inside hollow trees. In either case, they were a great nuisance to the local squirrels.

The following is the description of one Dendrite: "In the village called Ir'enin, there was an old cypress in which lived a man of God. The devil, who always hates good actions, did not cease from attacking him openly and in secret, and often he knocked him down from his tree. At last, the saint made provision against such a happening by obtaining an iron chain and fastening himself to the tree by his foot, so that when his enemy Satan threw him down he remained hanging by the chain and people from the village would come and put him back in his place." Being fumble-footed could be a great liability if you were a Dendrite.

Thinking about the Dendrites, I can envision a scene of two travellers passing a tree.

"Come let us seek a blessing from the holy man in yonder cypress."

"That's no holy man; that's a chimpanzee."

"How strange, the hair shirt certainly makes him look like a holy man."

From the Dendrites it was only a short climb to the Stylites. A fellow named Simeon was the first Stylite. Which accounts for him being called Simeon Stylites. Simeon was one of the more literal minded ascetics and he took the injunction that men should come closer to heaven quite seriously. He spent thirty years on the tops of various pillars. He started out on only a sixteen foot pillar but later worked himself up to pillars that were 20 then 36 then finally 80 feet tall. Unlike our Dendrite, Simeon did not make falling a habit. I'd heard of Simeon Stylites before, since Gibbon devotes a fairly long section to him in DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Gibbon considered Simeon a prime example of the sort of decadence that Christianity had caused.

To make an obvious comment, Simeon didn't start at the top in his line of work. Simeon started his career at a monastery; however, he was eventually thrown out for

excessive austerity. Upon leaving the monastery, he crawled down a dry well and stayed there for five days singing the praises of God. Monks from the monastery which had ejected him eventually rescued him from the well and may have advised him to be across the county line before nightfall. Next, Simeon had himself walled up in a hut and tried fasting entirely through Lent. Forty days later he was revived in extremis and apparently even he felt that he'd better find a slightly less wearing form of asceticism. So he built a circular wall and chained himself to a large rock in the middle. This was good asceticism, but not great asceticism. It was by climbing up that first pillar that Simeon really made a name for himself in the asceticism business. Of course, he didn't just sit on top of a pillar. One of his favorite acts was to bow down to God and touch his forehead to his toes. Since he only ate once a week, this wasn't too difficult. He performed so many adorations to God that people in the crowd around his pillar would make sport of keeping count. One observer counted one thousand two hundred and forty-four in a day before he got tired and stopped counting.

Stylitism wasn't the sort of thing that would be practiced by a large number of people, but it did survive as an institution of sorts as late as the 16th century. In the tenth century, there was reputedly a colony of over a hundred stylites near Gethsemane in Palestine. In the sixth century, there was one area which had two stylites, one orthodox and one monophysite. The two traded insults for over thirty years which must have made quite a tourist attraction at the time.

Even in religious enterprises there are those times when things don't go according to plan. For instance, there was one Stylite who stood on top of a pillar wearing a coat of mail which shone like silver in the sun. This resulted in his being robbed and murdered by passing brigands. There was another Stylite in Mesopotamia who was struck by lightning. One can easily imagine the spiritual crisis this must have caused, not to mention the economic panic among relic dealers. If there is a future life, there's certainly at least one really pissed-off individual in it.

As I mentioned earlier, anchorites worried about creeping vanity. Even if an anchorite had hidden in the desert for the past fifty years, he might be proud of having done it. There was only one sure way to avoid that sort of pride and that was to not show any visible signs of virtue. To go one step further, an anchorite would develop a complete disregard for the opinions of humans and possibly even welcome their contempt. This line of thinking sometimes made it rather difficult for the average citizen to distinguish between a saint and the town idiot. One may speculate that several idiots were probably canonized somewhere along the line.

However, a number of anchorites were able to engage in non-saintly conduct and still keep people informed that they were holy men and not idiots. There was one case of a holy man and a holy woman who demonstrated their disregard for public opinion by walking down the main street of a town naked. Certain other anchorites were noted for hanging around low dives and consorting with prostitutes. This begins to sound like a form of asceticism I could live with. It certainly beats the heck out of consorting with buffalo.



T A F F N E W S

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FAN FUND was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to the USA and sent American fans to European conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world and each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than one dollar. These votes, and the continued interest of fans are what makes TAFF possible.

NOMINATIONS for the next TAFF race are now open. The closing date for nominations is August 15th, 1973. In order to nominate a candidate the following must be in the hands of one of the current TAFF Administrators before the closing date:

- (1) \$5.00 as a bond that the candidate is serious about standing for TAFF along with a statement that he or she will be ready, willing and able to make the trip if elected.
- (2) A brief platform (100 - 150 words)
- (3) Signatures of five nominators (3 from Europe and 2 from host country, in this case, U.S.A.)

Nominations may be sent to any one of the Administrators, whichever address is most convenient:

| | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Mario Bosnyak | Eddie Jones | Len & June Moffatt |
| 1000 Berlin 62 | 25 Mount Way, Bebington Hall Park | Box 4456 |
| Merseburger Strasse 3 | Higher Bebington, Cheshire L63 5RA | Downey CA 90241 |
| WEST GERMANY | ENGLAND | U. S. A. |

We would like to print and distribute the ballots in time for the TORCON, i.e. before August 31, 1973. Deadline for voting will be Easter, 1974.

The winner will attend the World Science Fiction Convention in Washington, D.C., September 1974.

DONATIONS TO TAFF are acceptable at any time. They can be in the form of money or items that can be sold or auctioned to help keep TAFF solvent.

THE MOFFATT HOUSE ABROAD will be the title of the 1973 TAFF Trip Report. We have finished transcribing our notes and are now working on the first draft. We hope to illustrate the report with photographs--and we expect to publish it this year.

FANZINE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS, CLUB OFFICERS, ANY AND ALL FANS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP: Please publish or help circulate the information in this news sheet. We simply can't afford to send a copy of this to each and every fan all over the world so we need all the help we can get in the distribution of TAFF news and publicity. Please treat this sheet as a "press release" for reprinting in your fanzine, announcing at your clubmeetings, telling your fellow-fans about... Pass the Word! TAFF is alive and well and will stay that way if we all give it our help and support in nominating candidates, being candidates, voting, and donating.

We thank you on behalf of TAFF.

Love and Best Wishes,

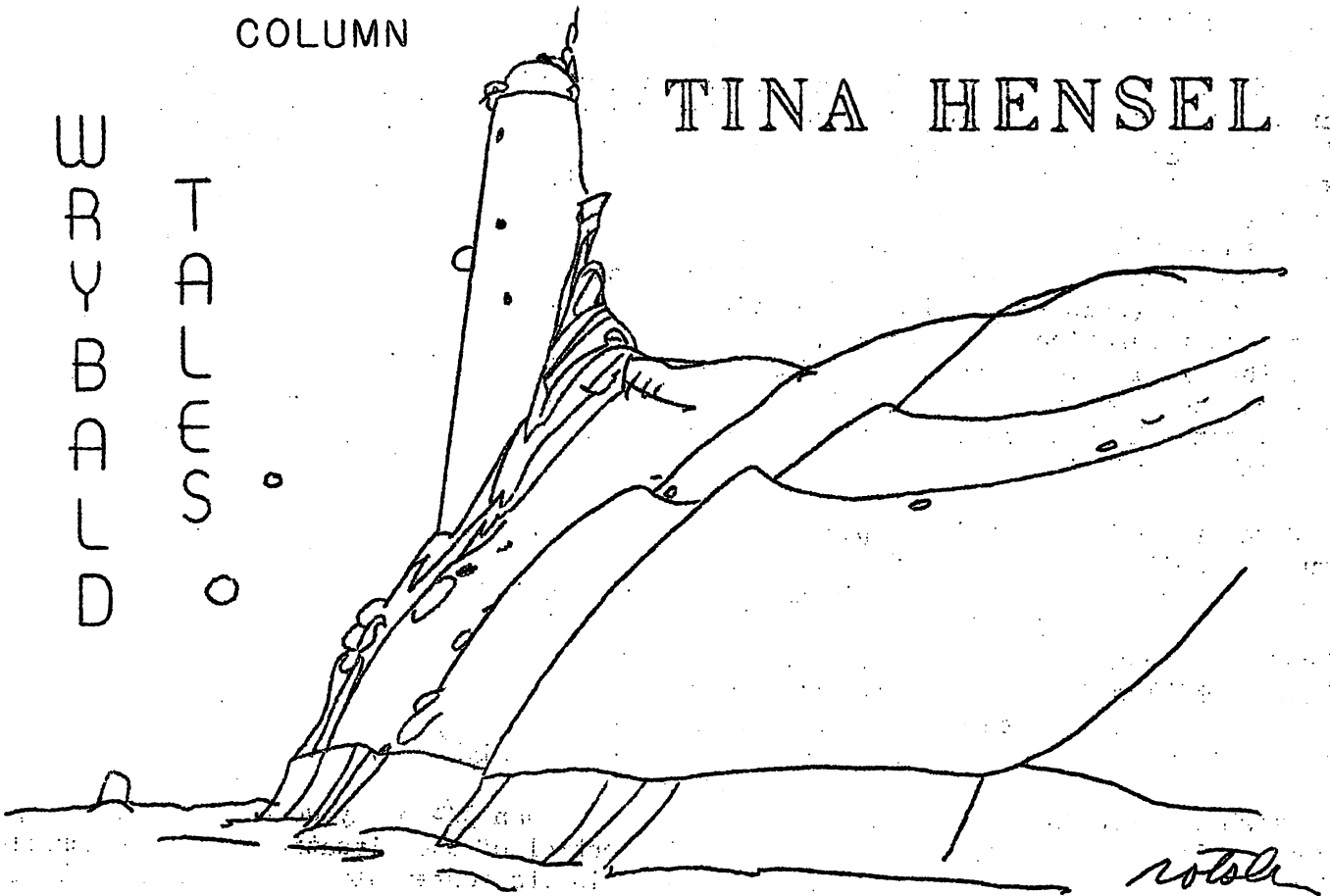
Len & June
Len & June Moffatt

COLUMN

TINA HENSEL

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"Once upon a time, there was this little, tiny puppy with these great big feet.

"Are you sure he won't grow up to the feet?" I inquired somewhat doubtfully of the traveling Arkie. "I don't really want a big dog."

"No Ma'am," he assured me. "About what size dog did you want?"

"Oh, I don't know. Say, something about the size of a Beagle." I indicated about mid-calf level with my hand. "No higher than my knee, certainly."

"Well, he won't get that big, ma'am. Maybe a smidgen bigger than a beagle, but nothing near knee size. He's a breed, you know. Way, way back, his grandmammy and grandpappy was a Springer and a German Pointer, respectively. But the breed's runted down considerable. You don't need to worry," the artful Arkie attested.

"But what about the feet?" I inspected the three-inch wide paws again.

"See them toes, ma'am."

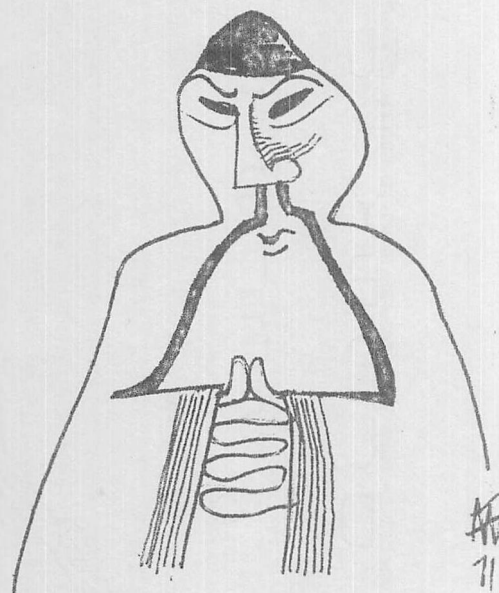
I doubtfully examined a toe about the size and shape of a quarter. "Yeah, what about them?"

"They's webbed. That's what. Means he's a retriever. Dogs that swim, gotta have big paws. It don't mean nothing about how big they gonna grow."

"All right, if you're sure." I took the puppy and handed over five bucks, as the son-of-a-bitch climbed into his truck and disappeared into the sunset.

I AM HONORABLE
CONFUCIUS-FREAK

As Achilles grew, he ate - just about everything and anything. And as he grew, it became painfully (to my budget, that is) apparent that he wasn't going to stop at midcalf level or even knee level. Calf (yearling) was more like it. In desperation, I began feeding him people food. As a result he developed quite a taste for kosher pickles, tossed green salad (undoubtedly due to the vinegar), peanut butter sandwiches and grapes. It isn't every dog that rolls over on his back with open maw awaiting clusters of grapes. He prefers Thompson Seedless, since he has trouble spitting out the pips of the other varieties.



Generally speaking, Achilles prefers prepared food, but he isn't one to turn his nose up snobbishly at food on hoof or claw, since he's always hungry. He's supposed to be a bird dog, but I've never taken him hunting, because he's gun shy. Somewhere along the line, Achilles decided that it was incumbent on him to scrounge his own snacks, and he began to cultivate a "bring 'em back alive", or dead, as the case might be, attitude.

I weigh 110 pounds and Achilles is slightly less than 3/4 of my weight, so when we go for a walk, it's questionable as to who has control of the situation. I took Achilles down to our local park (which has a duck pond in its center absolutely chock full of great masses of tame ducks). Achilles took one look and leaped into the water. As I let go of the leash and sloshed out of the pond, I recalled the words of the artful hounddawg man: "...he's a retriever". Sure enough, he was. Achilles fastened his teeth firmly into the port wing of a domestic duck and began swimming back to shore. He's quite a strong swimmer. Despite the duck's vociferous complaints, vicious pecking, and beating Achilles about the head and shoulders with his free wing, he was dragged, protesting, to my sodden feet.

After I paid the vet bills for the perforated duck, Achille's lacerations, the fine for molesting park property, and the fine for having an unleashed dog on the premises, I took Achilles home and smacked him around. I foolishly supposed that he had learned his lesson. Not so.

Two doors down from me lived two children with their pet mallard, named Hector. Having read about the Trojan War I should have realized what was ordained. But I didn't. You see, the significance of the names escaped me.

Hector was a dear little duck. You'll notice, I say was.

Achilles slew Hector. This, despite the fact that two (count 'em, two) six-foot high fences separated them. Achilles is a clever dog. Having been told that he wasn't to dig great gaping holes in the lawn, he simply utilized the springs (where his leg muscles ought to have been) in his feet and dropped from above upon the unsuspecting Hector.

The first I knew of the evil deed was when several tearful little children came pounding down the street after Achilles. Since I'm rather nearsighted, I didn't immediately

realize what the red and green bundle in Achilles's mouth was. Accordingly, I cried out "good dog!" in a jolly voice and patted Achilles approvingly, as he proudly deposited the corpse at my feet.

"But that's Hector!!!" the kiddies cried in doleful accents.

Upon bending down and inspecting the bundle, I could, indeed, see that it had once been Hector. However, somewhere along the line he had managed to misplace his head - beak and all. Achilles wagged his tail proudly and gave me a toothy grin. I didn't have the heart to kick him in the slats, he was so proud and happy. Besides, I'd already told him he was a "good dog", and didn't want to confuse him and spoil his obedience training. So I tried to help the kids find Hector's head - the wanted to bury it along with the rest of the body. However, it was necessary to intern Hector sans head. It had disappeared, unaccountably, I thought at the time.

There now being a dearth of ducks in the neighborhood, Achilles turned his attention to cats. Achilles isn't a Huge dog, just large, but he does outweigh the average cat by about 65 pounds. Since cats don't make a practice of ganging up on dogs, the cat versus Achilles contest was very one-sided. Accordingly, Achilles developed a nasty, smug attitude and began picking on small dogs.

But all this changed drastically, when I took him camping. You see, there aren't any really LARGE cats lurking about in a well-settled neighborhood. But there sure are in the forest. Achilles met a bobcat.

Bobcats aren't only nasty, mean, unprincipled and vicious, they have these sharp claws (good for gutting their opponents). After visiting the vet and having his poor, lacerated stomach sewn up, Achilles ceased to charge cats on sight. He seems to have lost his elan and joi de guerre. Now, when he sees a cat Achilles sits down, cranes his neck and counts the scars on his belly before deciding that he really didn't want to eat that particular cat.

Unfortunately, however, Achilles hasn't been completely cured of his peculiar appetite for other people's pets. He has a kind of mania about German Shepherds (perhaps, because he's never managed to best one in a fight). In spite of lacerated ears, gnawed paws, punctured shoulders, et al, he still persists in attacking.

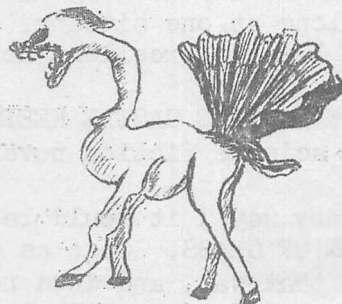
And despite his particular bias, Achilles is a smart dog. Being wise enough to recognize that he can't win in conventional-style dog warfare, Achilles has come up with a new wrinkle in tactics. He has developed the surprise aerial attack.

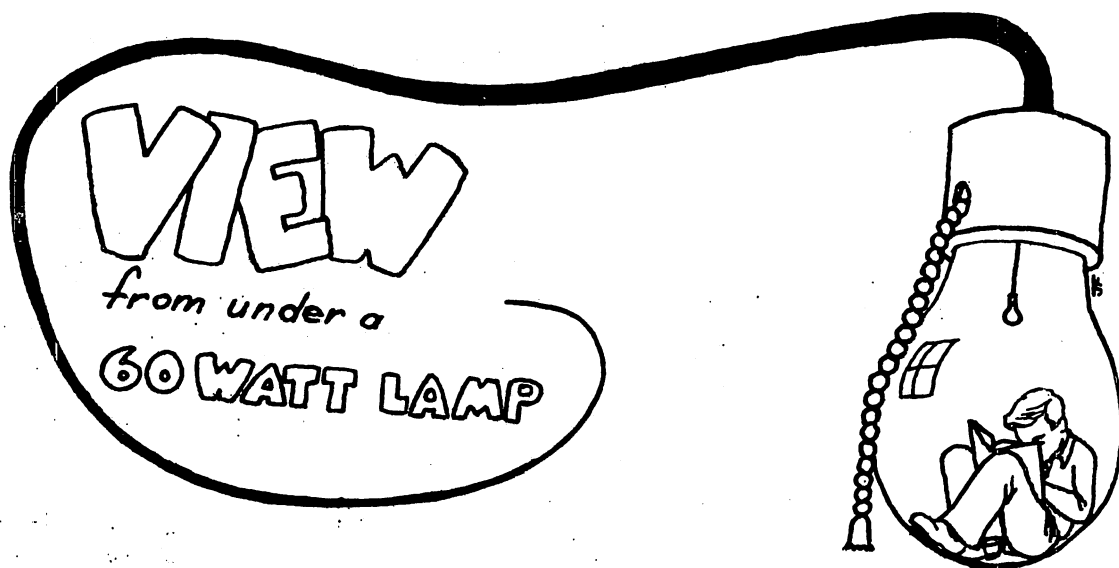
He sneaks up on a German Shepherd from the rear and leaps upon its back. Fastening all four feet in its fur, Achilles vigorously bites it all over the back and the neck. However, since Shepherds have thick fur, he doesn't accomplish much in the way of wounding his enemy. Also, since his opponent invariably goes hopping off stiff-legged down the street (like something demented mounted on a pogo stick for four-footers), Achilles is always dislodged from his perch.

That's when he loses the battle.

Every time.

I'm beginning to give up. I doubt if he'll ever learn. You see, Achilles turned 15 in September of last year, and you know what they say about old dogs and new tricks.





THE CASTLE KEEPS

Andrew J. Offutt Berkley Science Fiction #S2187 \$0.75

I've always had a fondness, deep in my library, for after-the-devastation stories. To write about people moving through a world gone slightly awry, and make it convincing, takes a writer of no mean ability (whatever that means). You are taking the familiar and you are warping it for your setting, but letting the familiarity remain. You are taking people whom everyone knows and you are showing how they act when the dross of civilization is stripped away from their personalities, but if you are anything less than a very good writer you will create nothing but very shallow people. When done with ability, and with care, the after-the-devastation theme makes some of the richest stories in science fiction.

Tucker's *THE LONG LOUD SILENCE*, Budrys' *SOME WILL NOT DIE*, and Cooper's *ALL FOOLS' DAY* are prime examples of how to do this kind of thing and how to do it right, and each is an altogether different story from the others. *THE CASTLE KEEPS* is not an imitation of any of these three. Neither is it of the same quality, although this is a faint damn and is in no way to be intended as a put-down of what is a well-written and engrossing novel.

Offutt has taken the after-the-devastation theme and has played it in a low-key manner. He has kept the pace up despite this, and despite an extra-heavy dose of remembrances of the world as it was before-the-devastation. The pace slows down only when he preaches, and although he does so quite frequently he does not, thankfully, do it for too long at one sitting. But the preaching is overdone, and flaws what might otherwise have been an excellent novel.

As it is, *THE CASTLE KEEPS* is a very good novel. One of the best of 1972. One of the best science fiction novels to be written so far this decade. IMHO.

In many ways, it would be more accurate to compare this execution of the theme with *NO BLADE OF GRASS*. Just as the back-cover blurb has done. But this is even more low-key than that was, and does not try to cover as much ground as Christopher's novel. It is also much better handled, within the scope of its own presentation. Offutt concentrates on the problems of two families, and moves his location only between the home-ground of

each. He gets more depth than Christopher, and covers what is happening in other locales by means other than the physical travels of the story's characters.

Definitely an "A" rated book.

THE BOOK OF PHILIP K. DICK

Philip K. Dick DAW Books #AUQ1044 \$0.95

Some of Dick's longer short stories, from his early-to-mid-fifties' period. I've read a number of these before, and I'm not altogether sure that I read them in their original magazine appearance. If you are a Phil Dick fan, you've already gotten this by now (or if you haven't, you will without being asked to). If you aren't acquainted with his writing, why the hell aren't you? Put down this fanzine and read something great for a change.

TOMORROW LIES IN AMBUSH

Bob Shaw Ace Books #81656 \$0.95

A collection of Bob's short stories. They range from very good to excellent, as the short story is Shaw's forte. This is a display of his versatility of style and story. If Bob can turn on my sense-of-wonder, maybe he can turn on yours. Get it.

THE BLUE KNIGHT

Joseph Wambaugh Dell Publishing Co., Inc. #440-00607-175 \$1.75

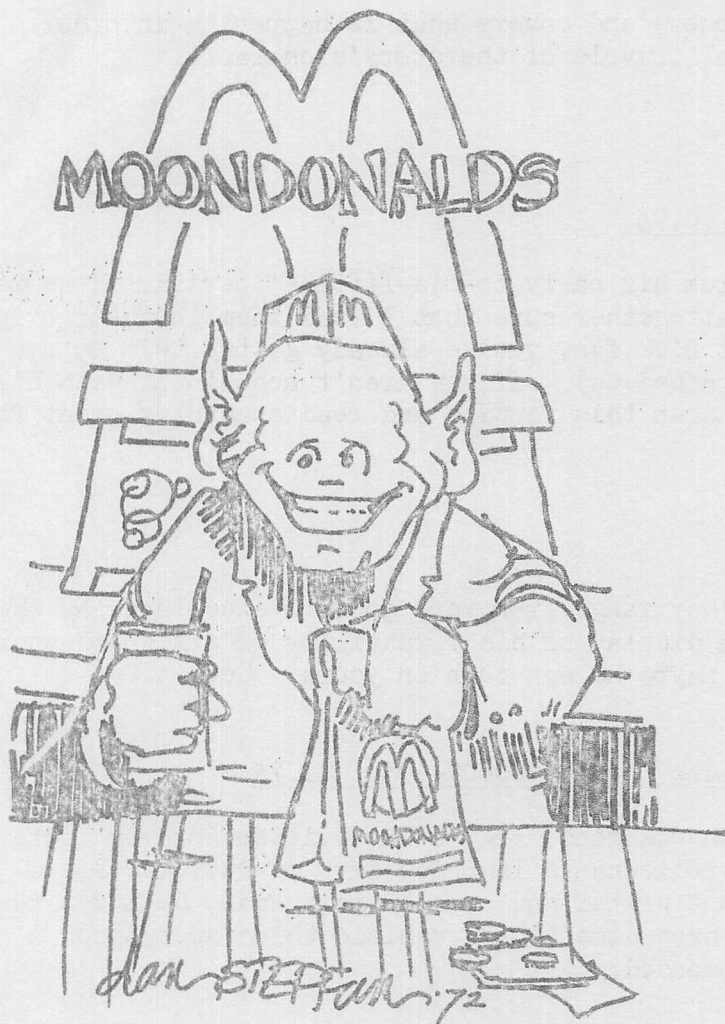
Wambaugh wrote THE NEW CENTURIONS, which was good, and he has written an even better book here. This is a story of an L.A. policeman's last few days of duty before retiring. As Wambaugh is both an excellent writer and an L.A. policeman, he makes the action and the people come alive in a three-dimensional vehicle which sweeps you through to the end of the story. Recommended.

FIRST PERSON, PECULIAR

T. L. Sherred Ballantine Books #02469-9-095 \$0.95

A beautiful collection. I had not previously been acquainted with Tom Sherred's writings, although I had heard them praised whenever his name was mentioned. To me, his name was always mentioned with reference to E FOR EFFORT, which is the lead story in this collection.





Each of the four stories in here is as fresh as a mountain stream, and just as invigorating. E FOR EFFORT was first published in 1947. Two of the others in 1953, and the fourth in 1954.

E FOR EFFORT is about the machine which can give you moving pictures of any past or present event. CURE, GUARANTEED is about the machine which can cure the common cold. EYE FOR INIQUITY is about the man who makes exact duplicates of paper money, even down to the same serial numbers. CUE FOR QUIET is about the man who can stop any piece of machinery with mind-power.

I would liken Sherred's writings to those of Wyman Guin. High praise, indeed. Sherred's novellettes are among the best I have ever read. By all means, get this book.

THE ALIEN CONDITION

edited by Stephen Goldin Ballantine
Books #03212·8·125 \$1.25

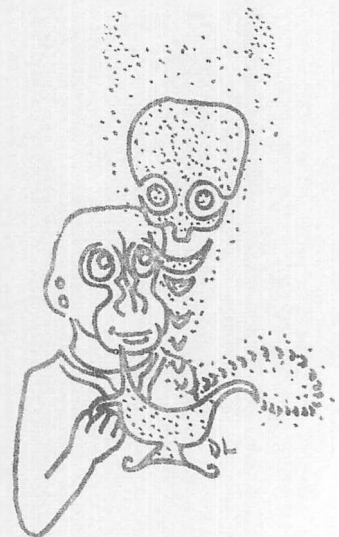
Definitely the worst collection of science fiction stories I've had the displeasure to run across. There are more stories in here that I

couldn't finish reading than I've encountered in any other single anthology, original collection (which this is), single-author compilation, or single issue of a science fiction magazine. But I'll quit pussyfooting around. What I mean to say is that this book is bad... As a collection. On an individual-story basis, things are sometimes a bit brighter.

There are twelve stories in this collection, six of which I couldn't finish because they were too dull or too screwball. Another story I finished reading only because I just couldn't believe that anything that godawful could be professionally published (GEE, ISN'T HE THE CUTEST LITTLE THING? by Arthur Byron Cover). Cover's story is only superficially a piece of fiction; in actuality it reads like a fanzine editorial written by a poor man's Lou Stathis or Dave Hulvey. It's definitely a low-grade fan-type piece of writing with fictional overtones, and I would have been surprised to see such a thing appear anywhere except the most lowliest of fanzines.

Of the remaining five stories two are fair, two are good, and one is interesting for the manner of its presentation.

The two fair stories are DEAF LISTENER by Rachel Cosgrove



Payes and THE LATEST FROM SIGMA CORVI by Edward Wellen. Payes' story concerns a scouting ship

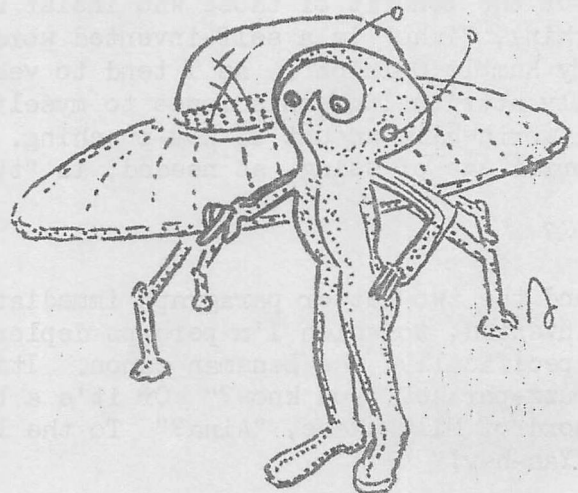
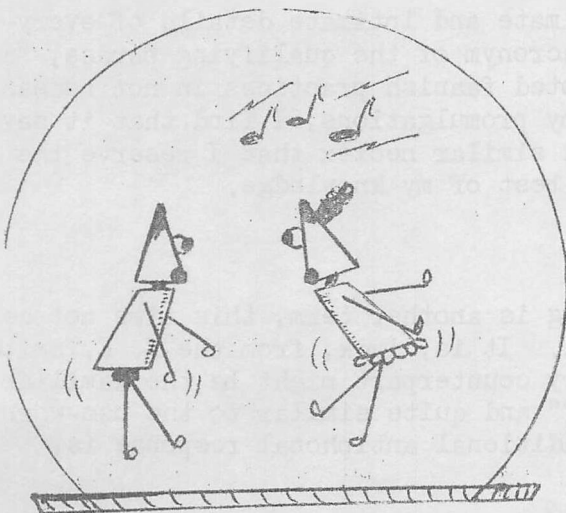
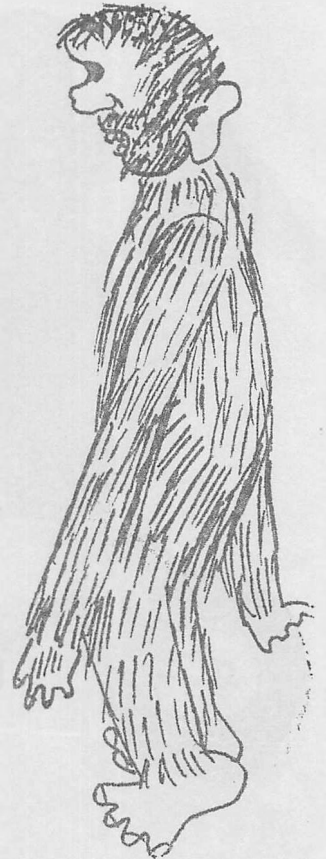
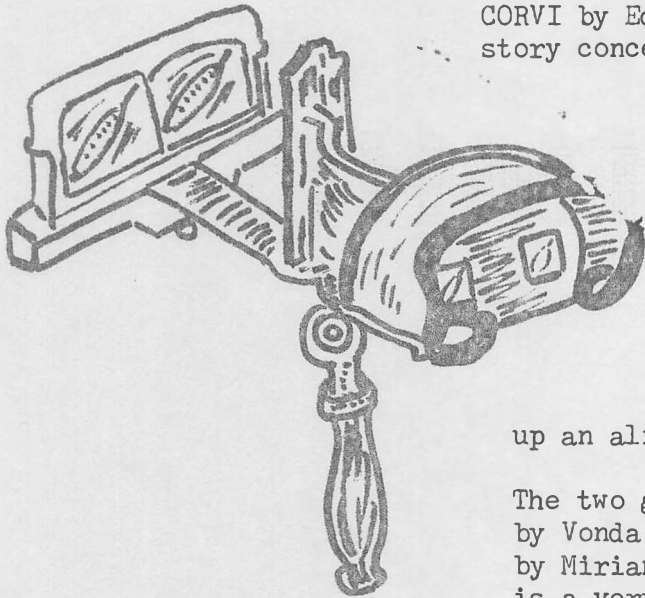
which fails to detect life on a planet prior to attempting to land on it, and Wellen's is a fifties' type of story about a radio announcer whose teletype

accidentally picks up an alien news story.

The two good stories are WINGS by Vonda McIntyre and A WAY OUT by Miriam Allen deFord. WINGS is a very touching fantasy, and beyond that I won't tell you more. deFord's is a humor-

ous story of an alien ambassador who is trying to figure out how he can get relieved of his post on Earth so that he can get back home. It's the most professional story of the collection, and the best.

The interesting story is NOR IRON BARS A CAGE, co-authored by Our Very Own Tina Hensel (under the pseudonym of C.F. Hensel...) and Golden. I say it is "interesting" not because I'm trying to be nice since Tina wrote it, but because it's an experiment in trying to find a better way of conveying a group-mind communication. As a story it is fair. As an experiment it is interesting and successful. You may find the telepathic exchanges rather bothersome at first due to initially being slowed down in your reading by the technique of their presentation, but you should quickly learn to be aware of the technique as you would be aware of a quotation mark - thereby allowing yourself to mesh with the pace of the story rather than being overly bogged-down by the gimmick. I wish to note to Tina, however, that I liked your previous story much better (it was a "good" story), and I would suggest that you refrain from dilluting your talents by co-authoring stories with people who cannot write as well as you can.





imho

The winds of Hell have a sulfurous smell,
Says a card from the late Iago
And the thin blue haze on the hotter days,
Reminds him of Chicago (...)

--from "Nostalgia For Never-Was"
by Eldrin Fzot

For the benefit of those who insist upon the ultimate and intimate details of everything, "imho" is a self-invented word, being an acronym of the qualifying phrase, "In My Humble Opinion". As I tend to veer from accepted faanish practices in not necessarily attributing omniscience to myself in all of my promulgations, I find that it saves a worthwhile amount of key-punching. Another and similar neolex that I reserve the privilege of using, as needed, is "tbmk": to the best of my knowledge.

QX?

And the two-letter paragraph immediately preceding is another term, this time not self-invented, to which I'm perhaps deplorably partial. It is, iydk, from the E. E. Smith, specifically, the Lensman canon. Its contemporary counterpart might be the familiar buzz-phrase, "you know?" Or it's a bit like "OK?" and quite similar to the use-worn word of Milwaukese, "Aina?" To the last, the traditional antiphonal response is, "Yah-hey!"



a sometime column by

DEAN GRENNELL

Milwaukee is a singular tongue, deserving that a gaggle of doctoral theses be lavished upon it - but relax, si'l vous plait, this is neither the time nor place. The preponderance of the state of Wisconsin, along with several other backwaterish places, was heavily settled by Teutons and they retain an aura of insularity that is admirable if you go for that sort of thing. I may note, with my total heterogeny of ethnic backgrounds, that it is a thorny milieu to grow up and live in if you didn't happen to have the foresight to be descended from 99.4% Aryan stock, but that is topic matter for some other rainy night.

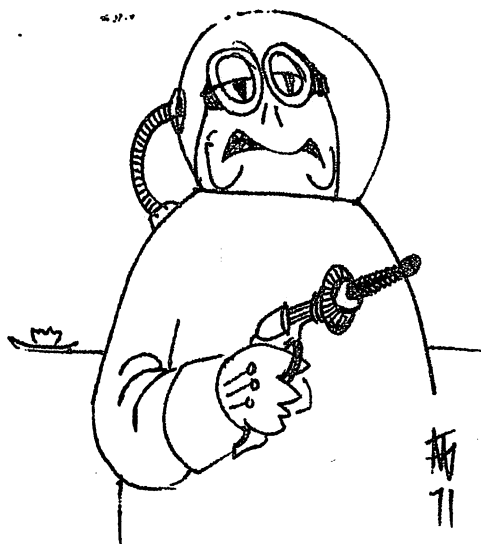
The pure High German - assuming any of the colonists knew it in the first place - has been grievously corrupted through the generations to the point where a recent emigre from the Vaterland, even with an excellent familiarity in English, would be hard-put to decipher one word in six. "Aina?" equates approximately with "Nicht wahr?" and "Yah-hey" with "Ja wohl".

I'll concede that, in this time and place, it's more anachronistic than merely somewhat to voice any nostalgic fondness for any of the Doc Smith works. If ever a stefnal prophet has been repudiated, Kimball Kinnison's creator would have to be a ranking contender. For, you may recall, in the Lensman series, drug-pushers were the prime bad-hats and we have entered an era - tbmk - in which, if Smith were writing today, with any hope for popular acceptance, Kinnison would have had to be the Capo Mafioso of all zwilniks, fighting intrepidly against the dastardly marks. And, if Heinlein had included that in his prognostications of the early '40s, who of his readers could have stifled the incredulous catcall?

For much as Fate has play'd the Infidel
And ravish'd my Naivete, as well,
I wonder often what perfumers buy,
One-half so treacherous as the stuff we smell!

--from "Rubiyyat of PseudOmars"
by Eldrin Fzot

A phenomenon of our latter days, upon which - tbnk - few have remarked, in the faan-press or elsewhere, is the manner in which the mass media generates its own future copy, in a manner that may smack of partheneogenesis, incest or sour-dough bread; I'm not at all certain which.



I refer to the manner in which an aberrant concept is plucked from one vector of cerebral gangrene, cultured in a sort of journalistic agar-agar and then tenderly transplanted into a much larger number of hospitable festering-spots.

Any of several examples would serve to illustrate the effect, if not to explain the rationale. For example:

The fake bomb scares ... some twisty type got the bright idea of phoning in a warning that a time bomb was about to go off in a public building, which was promptly evacuated amid vast furor. This was reported in banner headlines, thereby triggering uncountable emulations and imitations across the land for years to follow.

The sniper/mass murderer syndrome, wherein Lee Harvey Oswald begat the psychopath in Austin, Texas and, by a slight billiard effect, the chap who slaughtered the bevy of nurses in Chicago and the other one who executed the habitues of the beauty parlor in Arizona or perhaps New Mexico.

The idiot who got the bright notion of lurking on a freeway overpass to shove a good-sized boulder off the railing into a passing car. This was trumpeted to the avid public in scare-sized, banner headlines and, quite predictably, the next few months saw any number of other psychopaths - who hadn't the ingenuity for dreaming up such an idea on their own steam - shambling forth to sample the potential thrills of following the leader.

And then we have the matter of the first bloke who got the bright idea of hijacking an airliner, to blaring fanfares of publicity and we've not yet gotten to the end of the aftermaths of that particular bit of journalistic indiscretion. Along the way, we've had an author and a system of film producers and television networks who dreamed up the idea of planting an aneroid bomb aboard an airliner. This was duly inoculated into the mass consciousness and, quite predictably, we've now had at least three instances - that I know of, and I don't read the papers all that regularly - in which real-world pus-brains have pulled the same cute trick, without so much as offering to pay royalties for the suggestion.

Freedom of the press is a wonderful thing and I'm in favor of the idea, wholeheartedly. But, as with any other freedom, it is a privilege and that - imho - is but one side of a two-faced coin, backed by responsibility. When newspaper publishers and the

gauleiters of films and television start demonstrating responsibility, I will know that the millenium is near at hand.

If you happen to travel anywhere by air in the here and now, you may wish to send up a quiet curse to the first hijacker and to the mass-media nabobs who made certain his misspent ingenuity would not perish for lack of exposure. In this time and place, getting anywhere close to the embarking/boarding areas for airliners involves going through a fairly rigorous shakedown routine.

Stepping aside a nonce or two for a speck of totally subjective comment, this shugs the bit out of me. Time was, it was my slightly non-reg but innocuous custom to secrete a flagon of bright-eye into my carry-on luggage. Then, when the lithe and nubile steward came down the aisle with their libations at a buck a throw, I'd buy one soon after takeoff and, mysteriously, it would still be fairly hale and hearty as we began letdown for landing at our destination and I would be radiating fair cheer that could be sensed from twelve feet off in cool air. When the aerial buck-shot went to \$1.50, this particular stratagem became even more rewarding.

Any more, foh-gitt it, friendly! The boarding shakedown, thanks to the fornicating hijackers, has made it impossible - or at least, grotesquely impractical - to sequester a bottle aboard an airliner.

Once, long ago, mostly to prove it could be done and to flaunt personal initiative in the face of authoritarian thou-shalt-nots, I taped a pint of bourbon to the calf of my right leg, ran a length of surgical tubing up my pants, under the loosely-cinched belt and out via my shirt sleeve on the left side, clipping it under my wristwatch band so that I boarded a Greyhound bus in Reno, reasonably cold sober, made the run to Tonopah and debarked in a state of incomparable roseate euphoria. It was a gratifying triumph of integrity over reg's but, I would have to admit, there is something about drinking a whole goddam' pint of bourbon through surgical rubber tubing that makes it taste even worse than usual.

It was one of those stunts that you might pull once, simply to prove that it can be done, but there's no point in encores.

Suffice to say, in this latter day, I pay their exorbitant tabs and I don't fetch aboard my own supply. Which is not to say that I don't fume at the hijackers and the press-barons who made their number legion to the delight of circulation managers.

Having a job that now and then entails moving from Point A to B with minimum delay, I fly the airways with fair frequency. Perhaps, even as you, I've often wondered if the magic portals really could detect the concealed presence of one of the redoubtable equalizers as manufactured at Hartford, Springfield and similar places. Are these electromagnetic arches viable and valid or do they merely serve to discourage the faint-of-heart?



Well, not to keep your breath on baited tenterhooks, recently I had a chance to find out. I was at the airport in San Antonio, Texas, about to launch my corporeal being through the atmo/tropo/stratosphere in the hopeful direction of good old LAX and I was accompanied by a friend who happens to be a badge-toting minion of the SAPD.

As prescribed by departmental reg's, he was packing iron in the form of a Colt Python .357 magnum with a six-inch barrel, even though off-duty at the time. We had lingered at the San Antonio airport's public taproom, inhaling Irish and sodas until boarding time was nearing so we paid the tab, arose and shuffled toward the shakedown area. I was smitten by a fierce hot yen to see what would happen when pistol-packing Ferg went through the metal-detector and confided as much.

So we got there and I passed through the arch with a clean bill of health and Ferg stood back till that was taken care of. There were some San Antone cops present and, to avoid unseemly consequences, Ferg first identified himself and told them that, per regulations, he was carrying a loaded handgun in a belt holster. I stood behind the guardians at the portal and watched the needle on the meter as Ferg made the grand entrance.

Nothing happened. But absolutely nothing. The needle on the meter didn't so much as quiver. No ominous buzz, no flashing lights, no nothing. The operator of the widgeit looked suitably thunderstruck, since Ferg had shown him the gun in its holster before walking through the arch.

Then, with flaming-cheeked consternation, he reached his hand out and clicked a little toggle-switch to its "On" position.

"Would you mind going back and trying it again?" he asked.

Ferg did so and, this time, everything worked splendidly. The meter needle swooped across the dial, nearly to bend its tip on the peg, two small amber lights flashed urgently and there was a warning buzz like an aroused sidewinder.

The operator smiled in sheepish relief, turned to me and asked, "Would you mind going through again, now that we have it turned on?" I said not at all, went through again and, once more, passed as appropriately innocuous for flight.

If you had wondered, the gadgets they use do not necessarily react to ferrous metals, excluding all others. If this were the case, they would not be of much help, since several firearms employ high-tensile aluminum alloys extensively and thus would not make much of a ripple as to magnetic disturbance.

Shakedown procedures vary considerably, depending upon the airport. The set-up at Denver is sufficiently sensitive that an associate was held up until it was verified that the offending metallic object on his person was the aluminum foil wrapping around a roll of Life Savers in one of his pockets.



As no one could figure out how he could hijack the plane to Cuba with a roll of Life Savers, he was permitted to board and depart.

At LAX - Los Angeles International Airport - the screening installation is located just before you get to the long corridors that lead to the boarding areas and any small blip on the meter gets you shunted aside to be gone over by a guard using a hand-held detector. Hardly anyone is sufficiently non-metallic as they walk about to avoid being given the final going-over.

A conventional-sized jackknife will be detected and you'll have to surrender it to be put in a manila envelope to be restored to your possession upon landing. My little penknife, with its murderous 1-13/16" blade, has passed through the screening at LAX on at least two occasions now but I doubt if I could board with it at Denver.

If you happen to have need of transporting authentically lethal hardware, if it's small enough to be contained in a conventional suitcase, it can be checked through the luggage system with no apparent qualms. If it's too big to smuggle, they'll ask to be assured that it's not loaded and then it can be checked through in the non-accessible luggage area with no sweat.

On at least two recent occasions, I've boarded with small amounts of ammunition in my possession. On both occasions, this made modest ripples of dismay at the shake-down counter and, both times, they decided that, since I hadn't any gun to fit the stuff, it was okay to allow me to retain possession. If it sounds as though I'm going to unusual extremes to bait the watchdogs at airports, I should explain that I earn my paycheck writing about ballistic topics and all such matters are in line of duty.

The sad part of all this is that, when you check your luggage trustingly through into the bowels of the aircraft, it becomes a trifle iffy as to whether or not you'll recover it intactly if at all upon arriving at your destination. I used to pack my camera kit as carry-on luggage but, after having to watch helplessly while a few security personnel pawed through among the film and lenses and stuff, I've taken to checking it through as luggage, albeit with fingers crossed hopefully.

It affords an amusing sidelight on the whole matter to note that, when the airports first commenced the wholesale screen-and-search routine, there was mention in the press of airports finding some pretty improbable items discarded in their waste receptacles: stuff that people normally would have carried aboard in secretive privacy but decided they'd sooner jettison than have it exposed to the speculative eyes of security personnel and fellow passengers. Such sheepishly shuffled off supercargo included items on the order of small live boa constrictors, dildoes and paperbound books by Wilson Tucker.

And thus wends our world, steadily, predictably, from bad through worse and insufferable to intolerable and so on. But it's better than nothing. Aina?

On a plinth below Upper Sandusky
There stands a stuffed sled-dog, or husky.
But don't go too near:

The stuffing is queer.
That Sandusky husky is musky!

--from "Limburgericks On The Grass, Alas"
by Eldrin Fzot



WRITING IN



000 Editorial comment set off thusly. As I promised you last time, this issue will have a 'straight' lettercol. Let's see who writes in to say they like it better than the segmented version. 000

DON D'AMMASSA

East Providence RI

Although AWRY #4 came addressed to my wife, she was kind enough to let me read it. This, in the natural course of events, resulted in my reading Jackie Franke's article on the space program.

Although the article claims that the subject is being "objectively studied", I notice such biased terms as "penny pinching portion of the public", "perennial Doubters", "Anti-Progress faction", etc. Needless to say, the article is not objective; in fact, it's essentially a whining complaint because people don't love the Romantic Boondoggle any more.

Obviously I'm a penny-pinching, anti-progress, perennial Doubter, because I find the prospect of making the earth truly habitable a lot more exciting than exploring outer space. It's not as easy to accomplish, but that should make it more of a challenge. I find much more excitement in the apparently sentient dolphins, undersea exploration, new advances in computerization, experiments in government, and so on.

Jackie also failed to point out one of the most popular arguments of the pro-space people. Pointing to the many technical advances with practical applications that have arisen from the space program, as a by-product, they claim that it is actually improving the human condition. The fallacy is, I believe, obvious. Had all those billions of dollars been invested directly in humanitarian research, we could have had all these discoveries and more. If we had to have space travel, we could have done it by remote control.

As far as the "dream" is concerned, NASA has done more to destroy it than every opponent in the country. The astronauts are carbon copies of each other, barely human; the TV coverage was so unimaginative and protracted that it rivaled Tricia Nixon's wedding. It will always disturb me that the first words spoken on the moon were so obviously the product of a public relations effort, rather than something human like: "Goddam, we're here".

Practically speaking, I can barely afford to eat meat, the gas company wants me to conserve fuel, gasoline may be rationed shortly, Nixon's establishing a monarchy, and now I read that 60% of the fish eggs sampled off the Atlantic coast have been found non-viable because of plastic effluent lodged in their nuclei, and the plankton count is down by an even larger percentage. Why look for more ways to get into trouble when we have such a backlog? If we can't learn to live on this planet, another one isn't going to help.

I like having the letters broken down by subject matter. It makes it much easier to keep a single subject in mind at a time. Also enables me to skip the dull parts.

Not being a publisher, I have no authority on which to base my remarks, but it seems to me that I'd prefer to pull out the insert than pay an extra nickel per issue.

000 I'm afraid you're wrong about the fallacy. Too many discoveries are unrelated to the research which brought them to life; direct research is certainly valid, but it often takes poking around in one area to create insight concerning another. However, the "fallacy" still exists that we could have had the spinoffs, and more, had we only ignored the space program (the point being that it was the development of space-program techniques which allowed these by-products to surface. Direct

research would seldom do the job. And it's pretty hard to apply direct research to achieve a given set of by-products prior to knowing what by-products you're looking for....

But this isn't going to convince you, as we're concentrating too much on details. What may convince you is that you're missing the whole point of exploration per se. Not just space exploration, but exploration of any type. Despite the teachings of history, people insist on judging the new frontiers based on face value only. It is certainly hard to place a true value upon the unknown before you get there, as the total effect of consummating that exploration can never be predicted.

But let me turn you over to the words of a man who is much more knowledgeable of the subject, and can speak better of it than I can. Chad Oliver has graciously given permission to use the following quotation from AFTERTHOUGHTS which appeared in THE EDGE OF FOREVER published by Sherbourne Press.

"...the whole question of space exploration has gotten tangled up in a debate involving priority allocations of economic and social resources. Like most debates, this one is long on wind and short on facts.

"I find that I still believe in the vision of man's expansion into space. I do not believe that the money and the skills that we have invested in the exploration of space would have cured our social ills if they had been spent differently. I think it is a false opposition and a phony argument. If we had waited to solve all of the problems of primate living before trying anything else, we would still be swinging through the trees. If we had tried to cope with all of the difficulties inherent in a hunting band before moving on, we would still be living in caves.

"Callous? I don't think so. Each new advance in the socio-cultural evolution of mankind has a way of rendering obsolete the problems of the past. If you have crops in the soil you do not have to abandon the elders to die as you sometimes must in a hunting society. If you have a modern industrial economy, slavery is a dead duck.

"I think it is possible that we will equate "primitive man" with the time when man was confined to only one planet. I think that it is possible that the changes that will come from our expansion to other worlds will dwarf anything that came out of the so-called Neolithic Revolution. I can see a new plane of human existence in which racism and poverty and urban tensions cannot survive. I think that we should not turn back now. We can succeed in space. It is in large part a technological problem, and man is good at solving technological problems. I do not say that we should just shrug our shoulders at current social evils and wait for the future. I merely suggest that the wrong way to tackle these problems is to emasculate the space program. That is simply attacking a symbol, and it is a symbol that does not represent what many people think it does. We could use a dream or two in this world of ours."

Chad Oliver is, by the way, Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Texas. From the viewpoint of knowing the reasons for mankind's development through the ages, as he certainly does in detail, it will always cause a great deal of concern to hear people who would eschew the thrust which carries mankind forward. Of course, there have always been such people and there always will be, and it is at least comforting to realise the thrust has only been slowed and never stopped.

I propose a toast: to the dreamers! 000

Glicksohn rambles on, with sound and flurry, signifying...?
MIKE GLICKSOHN Toronto, Ontario, Canada

A copy of AWRY #4 sits beside the typewriter, an hours-old dessicating snakeskin hangs over the edge of the table, and a glass of fine whisky rests near at hand. And I've got lots of things I should be doing so why am I writing to you? I'll tell you why, Meyer. It's because I feel a sense of obligation to do so. Because you've put a lot of time and creative effort into this product and you deserve to know that it has been enjoyed and appreciated at this end. But there's something I don't think you quite understand when I say that. I do not feel obligated to write locs to fanzines I haven't enjoyed. I am not (intentionally, at least) forcing myself to write letters out of a sense of duty. Before beginning this eminently forgettable missive, I went through my accumulated pile of fanzines and put six or seven away in a box because I felt no desire to write to their editors about anything. I had nothing to say to them because their fanzines had had nothing to say to me. I do have things to say to you, even if it's only that I enjoy what you're doing. To me it's important that I let you know that your efforts have been worth it as far as I'm concerned. But I'm not forcing myself to think of things to write you about. What my sense of obligation is doing is forcing me to give up reading one of the many books I have on hand; it's making me postpone some television watching; it's compelling me to leave making up a geometry test until Sunday night. But that's not too much. I want to write you a loc, and I have some things I'd like to communicate, so my s.o.o. makes me choose letterhacking as my nighttime activity rather than one of the many other things I might have done. If the letters come out dull and uninteresting, that's just my deficient writing skill or intrinsically uninteresting worldview. But I would like you to understand a bit better how I consider letters of comment.

As far as ENERGUEN is concerned, I'd have to agree that my misunderstanding but widely discussed attitude towards response to a fanzine has produced a fair number of dull, forced letters. But at the same time it has resulted in some very fine responses from people who might otherwise not have made the time to let me know their reactions. I think both our readers and myself have benefited. And for those who didn't understand quite what I was getting at and wrote us a page or so that said nothing, well at least we knew they considered NERG decent enough to try and get the next issue. But, what the hell, we all do what we want to: I won't defend my attitude, but I would like to clarify it a bit.

The discussion on the nature of your lettercolumn seems to have covered all the ground it's capable of (after all, it's just the editor's preference and little else) but I find myself wondering just how much the format of a zine's lettercol might influence the response it gets? I see fans all over America deliberately couching their locs in epigrammatic terms so as to appear at their best in your compartmentalized pages. You may singlehandedly bring about a fannish return to terseness, which considering how long it's taken me to say what little I've said so far would be a truly significant contribution to the field.

(((Yes, you are a bit wordy tonight, but I wouldn't have minded that so much if, in explaining your viewpoint, you had indeed managed to "clarify it a bit". I'm afraid I don't know any more about your viewpoint than I did before you wrote.

And I think you're confusing AWRY's lettercol with TITLE's. In issues #2, 3, and 4, I merely segmented the letters by subject matter. I did not then edit the prose to the point of terseness, as Brazier does. If any of AWRY's letters appeared terse it's because they were written that way; the manner of their presentation had nothing to do with it. (((

Well, I said I enjoyed the issue, and perhaps I should tell you why. (Am I obligated to...?) It certainly wasn't for the cover. I like Alexis. I've used his cartoons as fillers. But a full page offset cover? Well, there's your personal taste again. (I'm looking forward to your folio of silkscreened Jeff Schalles cartoons...) I really shouldn't say things like that; some people take them seriously. And I shouldn't mention the ghodawful set-off in the issue. To all but three people in fandom that doesn't matter in the slightest. So I won't mention it at all.

(((Your problem is that you cannot disagree, or state dislike,

Piper signifies exquisite taste.

without giving in to the urge to insult or ridicule. We all have that failing to some degree, but I presume you realize that you have it 360 degrees. (((

And lastly it wasn't for the design of the lettercolumn for which you may enter another vote on the negative side. What it was for, of course, was the high quality of much of the writing, the many interesting things that were said by the letter writers, and the very fine design of much of the rest of the magazine. So there.

(((I think you meant to say "positive" instead of "negative" up there, old shoe. (((

Jackie's eloquent article will doubtless inspire much comment, but I find most of what she says to be rather old hat. No, wait. That sounds like a put down of the article and it isn't meant to be. It's a fine article, but essentially it restates a familiar problem and asks some often-heard questions, although in a highly intelligent, well-expressed manner. Few fans have to be told that the interconnection that should be made is not between the space program and Biafran babies but between the "Defense" budget and those emaciated corpses. But space may be cast down by the great god Expediency. The question isn't "Does it have to be?" but rather "Can we stop it happening?" My cynical answer is "Probably not". STAR TREK we could save, but then, that wasn't very important in the first place, was it? Strange how the things that don't really matter seem to be the only things you can do much about.

Tina's column was indeed a joy. I'm hoping that besides being written in a truly amusing style, it's also entirely true. I'd shudder to think that a mind capable of inventing such things was loose anywhere in the western hemisphere. I look forward to meeting Tina if I make the Westercon this year.

DAVE PIPER Middlesex, England

There are a lot of good lines and throw-away remarks in AWRY #4 (for which many thanks) and most of them, in my opinion, are yours. For instance, your comment about the hampering of your social development due to your discovery that one should not put one's hand into strange places. That kind of tossed-off remark (if you'll pardon the expression) is, I guess, one of the main characteristics of those fans whose writings I most admire. I have nothing against the built-up-convoluted-slowly-developed-endinapunchline-type of writing but I much prefer the casual-almost-as-an-afterthought type. Such as yours, and Bangsunds, and Coulsons, and Cagles, et al. 'Course you'll no doubt kill this theory of mine stone dead, but I get the feeling that you typed the preceding bit about the socket and then the line about social development suddenly hit you (thwack) and you typed it in. Go on! Spoil my 'ole day and say that the piece all led up to that planned line. Go on! I find such off-the-cuff asides delightful...as is the greater part of your material. You're your own best writer, Dave, and anytime you wanna extend the editorial to about page 20 you have my unqualified support and approval.

(((You're right about the creation of that particular line. Sometimes, though, I'll come up with a couple of good lines and then write a story around them. My material is best when I've a genuinely funny incident to relate, second-best when the lines develop themselves as the story evolves, and third-rate when I write the story around the lines. And genuinely unreadable when I write a story without lines and fail to come up with any as I'm writing it...

And thanx for your egoboo. I have placed an asterisk beside your name on my mailing list, to signify that you are a person of impeccable taste and judgement. (((

I quite like your splitting up the lettercol into subjects but the actual layout this issue was, um, er, well, not to put too fine a point on it, rotten. Difficult to read. I didn't know whether to hold it open by the sides (top & bottom, normally) and thus put a crease in it Beyond Recall or hold the top (right hand side normally) with my left hand and hold the bottom (the left hand side normally) with my right hand. Or vice versa. This position induced extreme pain in my shoulders and arms and also a crease Beyond Recall. I solved my problem with Typical Stiff Upper Lip English Savoir Fair (which is, of course, a circus covered in herbs) by not reading the lettercol. Now, of course, I'm sitting here biting

[illegible]

AWRY has very rapidly become one of my favourite magazines.

Beecher IL

000 Like I said in #4: "Success has not gone to my head. I will not fold this fanzine". 000

Enjoyed Dean's article on the less-than-eternal quality of humor. Now, why doesn't he sit down and explain what makes a joke last...describe the qualities which enable a funny sketch to remain humorous through the ages, far past the Clemen's cut-off. I was old enough to appreciate the Grace Kelly story, but know that my children, were they my age, wouldn't. But they tell me jokes that went the rounds when I was in their grades at school, so obviously some are capable of enduring through the decades. (Unfortunately, they seemed to be uniformly lousy jokes...slapstick humor, nearly every one. I prefer witty words, not gross guffaws)

If we have to have war, we could at least be civilized about it...

Before you get crawled all over for your letter column aberration, may I say I had no objection to the reduced print. However, knowing how irked fen get when forced to hard physical activity, like turning a zine sideways in order to read it, may I make a suggestive query? Is it possible to type up the lettercol pages sideways themselves? Or isn't your carriage long enough? In that case, you could fold the sheet in half and do it in columns. That way, you still could get 50% reduction, yet the abused reader wouldn't be forced to *gasp* exert himself. In any case, I certainly appreciated you enlarging the content of the lettercol. For 26 pp of letters, I'm willing to put up with the laborious chore...if you don't care to take up my suggestion, it's quite all right with me! Extra material is extra material, after all....

000 It's 65% reduction, but thanks for your suggestion. I'm

00

Is Dave Hulvey still on his bandwagon? Let us all simply agree that everything is a political statement 'cause Dave says it is and then drop the subject. Frankly, he bores me to death. Let him join whatever scene he wishes, but do we have to read his rationalizations for hedonism? I have far more respect for a Head that claims no other basis for his way of life than it appeals to him...but for a person to attribute political implications to matters which he admits are only personal gratifications is sheer hypocrisy in my eyes...and this New Generation is just as full of hype as the old, and just as blind to it.

I think Loren MacGregor touched on a good point, the use of so-called obscenities appalls me in fanzines, not so much because they are offensive, but because I expect a more creative flair from a fannish mentality. Literally speaking, those terms are as mundane as all hell... Where is the writer's imagination? "Far-fucking-out" scarcely qualifies as an apt description of one's feelings of awe or amazement. Grade-school kids use it all the time because their vocabularies are too limited...surely a more nimble mind can concoct better verbiage than that!

I'm glad to see that you reminded Hulan of the purpose of prophalactics...disease prevention. The age of the Pill has brought a galloping increase in VD simply because the guys are content to let the gals worry about birth control, completely forgetting to read the little package their rubber devices come in. The Pill does nothing to combat VD, it only eliminates the less-likely complication. After all, fertilization is dependant on coinciding with the proper point in a woman's menstrual cycle, and catching a Dose isn't...

She is in error about the casting of Roddenbarry's latest, though. Barrymore will not be resurrected for that part; Ghod didn't think it merited the special effort.

000 Meaning that I am? 000

Norwich, Ontario, Canada

000 As it turned out, after I wrote last issue's editorial I discovered that AKRY was eligible due to a rather liberal interpretation of the rules by the Torcon group. Maddeningly, several fans wrote me to say which fanzine they were voting

Locke falls flat. Black Label falls flat.

for based on the fact that I'd said AWRY was not eligible.
sigh 000

Between the reading of Grennell & Hensel in this issue I realized what other fans meant when they complained about the narrowness and ingroupness of the faanish fanzines, as in Arnie Katz & Co. I could never really understand what these other fans meant, and I now realize it was because I had no basis for comparison. I am not casting aside faanish zines, having outgrown or outlived them, but I see the distinction between them and AWRY. (I don't know exactly what to label AWRY; if you lived a little farther north I could give you a Black Label.) AWRY is very distinct in fact because I can't think of another zine in the same category, that of publishing essays of wit and grotesquerie which lack the faanish background, the in-group words and phrases. I don't doubt that there are some of recent vintage, I just can't think of them or have never come across them.

000 Carling's Black Label was sold in New York state. I believe it was the largest-selling beer; at least upstate. Ghastly stuff. I think they ran it through the kidneys of a wolverine before bottling it. 000

You get everyone's opinion in your letter column, as in a group conversation, but you also get a dilution. Rather than having two opposing opinions to engage the interest you have six of one shade and half a dozen of another and, I think, the repetition cancels them all out. I don't know what you hope your letter column to do; if you hope that it will entertain, it does, but at least in my case it doesn't provoke comments. I stress "my case" because I don't know how to explain away all those other people! I do know that I will remember your fanzine for its columnists rather than its letter column. Also for your wit. Most of your asides either enhance or combine with the reader's words; most, not all; you do fall flat in a few places.

000 Ridiculous... I never fall flat. I must have said something that you disagreed with... 000

Congratulations: I thought until I consulted the credits that your illo on page 5 was a McLeod. Schalles has good ideas but has a style which, while not exactly ugly, has no positive characteristics, no attraction, nothing to engage the viewer.

I have no objection to the reviews as long as they stay in a minor position in the fanzine. I don't know if it is such a good idea to keep that same logo for future issues. If Jackie can do that well first time out, think of what you might be depriving us of by denying her the right to do more?

000 How does one keep reviews "in a minor position in the fanzine"? If one wished to put reviews in a minor position, what part of the fanzine would he put them in? Shall I photo-reduce the reviews and hide them under the postage stamp? Shall I use them as interlineations at the top of each page? Where?

If Jackie, or anybody else, can come up with a more appropriate logo for 60-WATT, I'll be glad to use it. This one's perfect. But I use every illo she sends me, anyway, so the repeated use of that logo isn't displacing anything. 000

ROBERT BLOCH

Los Angeles CA

Thanks for AWRY #4. My acknowledgement is brief because this is the first week of the Writers Guild strike and I spend a good deal of the time picketing - unlike most of my colleagues who are doing nothing since they can't work in the studios. I have two novels to get out, so the picketing really fouls up my schedule for other items such as eating, sleeping, and correspondence. But I did like the issue, particularly the Hensel and Grennell items. The latter brought back memories; tonight we're having dinner at the home of the man who was M.C. of the panel show he mentions. Tell him for me, though, that the cartoonist's name was Sid Stone.

JAY KINNEY

San Francisco CA

AWRY was quite enjoyable. It was delivered to me in bed by my roommate (I always wait to get up until he goes for the mail...) and I lay around for a good 45 minutes acquainting myself with the unique reproduction (front & inside front covers = offset, blue paper = gestetner, lettercol = Xerox, right?) and enjoying your editorial and reviews and Dean's

Kinney's final-final word. Deckinger punches out. Reduction.

funny column. By hook or by crook try to get him to do another! It was real tasty.

000 I got it. Break out the wine. 000

As for the space program, I figure something will happen such as finding life on Mars or having a UFO crashland in Queens, or even the U.S./Russian space coupling which is supposedly coming up (no? -- this is all hearsay) that will revive everyone's enthusiasm for the space program again. It's interesting that Nixon has succeeded in ending the war and winding down the space program while upping the defense budget and crippling the domestic programs even more. I am saving Tina's article for later when I feel my Scotch-Irish blood stirring and am on the lookout for a choice celtic piece of fanwriting.

000 Tina appreciates your comment. 000

Enclosed are several doodles. One of them I intend as the 'final-final' word on obscenity.

000 Ok, but that's it... 000

I just noticed that I failed to comment on the art - a common failing with me despite my being an art producer. It was all enjoyable with particular kudos to Rotsler, Steffan, Gilliland and Brian.



MIKE DECKINGER

San Francisco CA

I realize that I may be the only person to have noticed this, but while I hate to be responsible for calling minor problems to your attention, it would be appreciated in the future if you wouldn't reduce the type-face of the letter section quite so much. I'm sure that with a slightly stronger reduction you could have easily fit all the great books of the western world into those 13 pages.

000 I'll pass your idea along to Ed Cox. He's desperately seeking a way to get more books into his library. 000

In a recent issue of F&SF, Ed Ferman responded to the question of ad inserts by pointing out that to deny the inclusion of cigarette advertising, would be, in effect, enacting a type of censorship over the readers. I wouldn't quite call it censorship, to limit the flood of ads that practically every periodical and pb has now been bound with, but I suppose that enters into the picture too. There must be someone, somewhere, who gets his jollies by reading that claims of Ken, or Winstons. Ferman also pointed out that the ads were a necessary source of revenue to the magazine - which is a far more reasonable defense. With the Nixon administration out to whittle the media down to a few complacent yes-men, magazines need all the support they can get.

Actually, I'm surprised no one has come up with the scheme of punching perforations on the ads, close to the spine of the magazine. That way you could easily remove the offending ad without doing any damage to the publication. The first publisher to do that deserves to be enshrined in the hall of fame.

000 It's been done. I recall seeing it back around the mid-sixties. That's when I quit buying new science fiction, and when I started buying it again about 1968 I saw they'd done away with the idea. 000

Jackie Franke presents the crux of her article quite succinctly when she states: "There has to be a middle ground; compromise exists somewhere". It obviously does. And that's the only way the ecology vs. technology squabble will be resolved. It's nice to preserve California woodlands by sharply restricting R&E's construction of power stations, but what happens when power reserves become critical and it's a question of defacing the landscape or suffering energy shortages? Of course this could be an academic question; by then it may be too late

Ed Cox gets violent.

to do anything about it. ICAR has been notoriously stupid in some of its proposals as well, such as attempting the construction of a nuclear power plant almost directly over the San Andreas Fault.

Dean Grennell's column (I use "column" in the wishful tense) was the highlight of the issue. I wonder how many younger fans won't be able to fathom the "Princess Grace" joke. And when it comes to fathoming jokes, I was surprised to see so many questioning Tucker's reference to the "ball-bearing mousetrap". People are becoming less educated these days, or they don't go to the right school, or something. I'm equally curious as to how many are aware that the ploy originated with George O. Smith who was generally not known for his sense of humor in his fiction.

I don't mean to infer that it is only the readership of AWRY who are uninformed. Last year, a discussion was held at a Little Men meeting to put forth nominations for the annual "Invisible Little Men" award given out at the Westerncon. One of the choices was Wilmar H. Shiras. "Who's he?" nearly everyone chorused. "She first appeared in ASTOUNDING about 25 years ago with a pretty good novелlette called IN HIDING, Ben Stark explained. This satisfied the few who might have heard of her at one time or another, but everybody else wondered if she had ever written anything else - any books, perhaps.

(((You're starting to sound a bit superior in your old age, Mike.)))

ED COX

Arleta CA

I don't know whether you should feel honored, sickened, or what, but this is the first LoC I've written in a coon's age. Unless you're integrated. (Written to the strains ((or perhaps it is quite easy for the members of the Philharmonia Orchestra)) of Brahms "Variations on a Theme by Haydn").

ALIGN & TILT just goes to prove that you are your own best writer and that you don't really need many columnists; really fine reading here. Well, since I didn't want to have you hold the phone, I can now go dig out the exact dates of those SHAGGYs with the segmented lettercols. Oh shit, the first thing I notice is that I was still editor of the lettercol (assistant editor of SHAGGY even thru 1960...). Okay, I see that my mammary...where'd she go?...oh, anyway, my memory was not quite with it. To get to the goddam point, then, Len took over the lettercol in the March/April 1961 issue (#55 of the fab SHAGGY Era). In that issue he segmented the letters by topic, but he also, at the very beginning (the absolute outset, the final first, the crashing commencement, the instant incipience...and all that shit), he listed the names and addresses of all the writers (of the letters). Go thou and do something like that.

(((I've always listed the names of the letter-writers. You just haven't been paying attention...)))

Jackie Franke, an otherwise cool and perceptive chick (I read her comments on my column) errs slightly when she figures that we (old-time, graybeard types, back then...) felt that Sputnik, or any orbiting satellite, was the first step. Dammit, we knew that the only way it was going to be was some guy, some dumbass prof who didn't know what to do with girls, would build a shitcan with a rocket on the bottom in his backyard and blast on straight to Venus and save the civilization there, as the natural first logical step to outer space. Orbiting satellites? Wha' that? Science fiction had almost completely overlooked them. But that's okay, Jackie, I still think you are keen people.

Dean Grennell has hereby probably written the one single best piece (if you'll pardon the expression) of work yet to appear in the unfrosted pages of AWRY. A hellova damn fine item this is and bears no further comment. After all, why put frosting on frosting?

Goddammit to hell and back and I just got the goddamn book (TIME MASTERS) from the Book Club today after hearing how fine a work it was by Tuck, revised and all that so I threw the sonovabitchin book across the room to somewhere until I find the paperback...somewhere...hell, it could already be in this house somewhere among all the shit stacked up around here. Actually, now that I've cleaned out some of the stuff from

Eli Cohen gets more accurate horoscopes.

the den, you can now smoke a pipe in the den with no trouble, which comes as good news to Larrys Shaw and Niven...

ELI COHEN

417 W. 116th St., Apt. 63, New York NY10027

I want to tell you how much I enjoy AWRY - it's just the kind of fanzine I'd like to produce, full of interesting, entertaining writing.

Yeah, science classes can be fun. I am reminded of my first General Science class in 7th grade, with good old Mr. Bleeker. He began the term with a practical application of the scientific method, just to show us what it's all about: You drink scotch and water and get drunk. You drink bourbon and water and get drunk. You drink vodka and water and get drunk. You drink rye and water and get drunk. Conclusion - water is intoxicating. Having convinced us of the power of the scientific method, he proceeded to demonstrate how long it would take to write out a googplex (i.e. 1 followed by 10¹⁰⁰ zeros); with our general powerlessness thus abundantly rubbed in, he felt he could begin to teach us science. The only actual casualty that term, though, was the student teacher who tried to demonstrate convection currents by blowing cigarette smoke into a specially designed box. Poor thing, she didn't smoke, and I'm afraid the cigarette was just too much for her. When last seen she was pale green and racing for the bathroom.

(((Conclusion: blowing smoke into a box is dangerous to your health.)))

Of course, then there was high school physics and the static electricity experiment. You rub this rubber rod vigorously to charge it and bring it towards an electroscope, inside of which are two strips of gold leaf which then repel each other. The teacher just couldn't understand why the class cracked up whenever he brought the stiff rod near the gold leaf and the two strips spread apart.

(((You win the award for the wryest story of this issue.)))

Speaking of lightning (well, get a hearing aid), in Hopi, as everybody knows, lightning is a process, not a noun. Much more sensible. Being struck by lightning is as meaningless as being struck by a fire. (Though being struck by a fireman happens all the time in New York City -- also being struck by sanitation workers, transit workers, police, teachers, and falling pieces of the sky.)

As to Jackie Franke's piece: The space program had lousy PR. I always found the moon dull, and my reaction to Sputnik was "it's about time - maybe now we can get on to the real stuff..". So if I was bored by it, why expect the common American taxpayer to care? The problem was the clod on the street doesn't see the Sense of Wonder in star travel, and the FR didn't even show them the hard cash benefits that exist. They should've pushed the advantages of satellite technology, of technological fallout, even the pure science aspects - boon to astronomy, hell, how about more accurate horoscopes? But instead they stressed glamour and beating the Russians, meaning that as soon as Apollo began to look like last year's re-runs, and the Russian space effort died down, the space program was dead. Anyway, the U.S. doesn't understand the effects of pure research (as witness Nixon's cuts in the budget); in 20 years when Japan and Germany (not to mention China) are the world leaders in sophisticated technology (one of the few areas, I might add, in which our exports exceed our imports these days), and we have no base for breakthroughs, they'll see.

(((Very well put.)))

Tina Hensel and Dean Grennell are superb. The type-size in the lettercol is too tiny, but well laid out for that size. Keep up the good work.

(((Eli's full address is shown because he is the editor of the infrequent but excellent KRATOPHANY, which is one of my favorite fanzines. Eli is too modest in his first paragraph above. I have just received his third issue, and read it, and AWRY's readers (sounds like a commando outfit, doesn't it?) are recommended to dispense with 50¢ for a sample copy.)))

HARRY WARNER, JR.

Hagerstown MD

Are you certain that lightning travels at 186,000 miles per hour? I know that the visible part of the lightning flash

reaches your eye from the source at that rate. But I don't see why the electrical procedure which creates lightning should necessarily travel at the speed of light. I seem to have memories of seeing a chain of lightning streaks start in one part of the sky and zip across to another part of the sky, very rapidly but certainly not at the speed of light unless the flashes were originating somewhere around the orbit of the Moon and were traveling tens of thousands of miles while I watched.

I liked Jackie Franke's summary of the space predicament. I know one way in which I could create a lot of hilarity and scorn, if I put one thought into a loc. This would happen if I speculated about the possibility that the anti-space movement in this nation was Russian-inspired. This would smack too much of the way McCarthyites saw Russian origins for every difficulty which assailed the nation or any of its righteous conservatives. But it's highly unlikely that Russia doesn't do anything at all to sway public opinion in this country, just as it's improbable that the CIA exists solely as an inspiration for television series like GET SMART. If space, the planets in this solar system, and the stars are as important to the future of mankind as I think they are, it would have been of the utmost importance for Russia to do everything possible to stay ahead in the space race. Stirring up the class struggle, causing congressmen to think about how numerous are the votes from the low-income group, might have killed the moon project before it became successful, if history had been a little different and one Apollo flight had ended disastrously before the first lunar landing. I believe Russia would have claimed the Moon as her territory if Russians had gotten there first, just as I think the United States will attempt to control happenings on the Moon if manned landings should occur containing Russian spacemen.

000 I don't know. Let's try it, and see. 000

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This issue of AWRY reaked of more personality than the last - I think by Jove you've finally got the hang of writing Tina Hensel's columns for her! And a most delightful Celtish tale it was. Or was it a lament...

Chris Walker doesn't want E.T.s to catch the common cold.
~~~~~

Glad that the Grennell was cornered and bagged. Damn the expense - go bag him again! I'll contribute a quart of scotch meself.

000 Ok, he's been bagged again. Where's that scotch? 000

Dean Grennell will undoubtedly go down in history for something... His humor is most enduring and I even liked his limerick, too. Wonder if he ever wrote any more? You may not believe this, but I seem to recall someone having quoted that same limerick...

CHRIS WALKER

Bloomington IN

A propos of Jackie Franke, I must unhappily confess to being one of those fans who, somehow, in the years since Sputnik One, have more or less lost interest in the NASA program. The concept still excites me, but the peripetia of astronauts have lost the ability to thrill. Can't offhand say why; part is undoubtedly that we have no television and take none of the "shiny" magazines, 000 The word is "slick", old bwah. 000 so we don't see much of the showier publicity; a newspaper account of blastoff is measurably less stimulating than a film of it.

But that's not speaking to the more basic cause of my disinterest. After all, I could if I were interested enough arrange to view blastoffs on a neighbor's tv, and I could make a point of picking up newsstand copies of TIME covering space voyages. But I don't. I think the basic reason for my disinterest is simply the preponderance of other news that engages me more directly. I take enormous interest in the news of the day and in our immediate problems. My attention is devoted to issues like pollution, population, politics, sexual and racial discrimination, and that sort of thing; space takes a back seat. Not having the mind of a polymath like Maldane, I find it necessary to make some choice among the various fields of interest; there are simply too many stimuli flying at one from all directions; I can't absorb everything. Space exploration has edged to the periphery of my field of vision.

000 Those are important issues, of course. But you're in the position of wanting to solve all the problems of primate living before moving on to something else... 000

Finally I have at least one theoretical reservation about the space adventure. Suppose, for a moment, that we pull that slim, slim chance we've all been waiting for. Suppose we run into sophisticated life soon - within the next couple of centuries. Are we ready for it? Suppose we discover a race of living creatures about as intelligent as dogs, but physically unattractive to Terran eyes. How well are they going to fare? If they are very, very lucky, human beings will manage not to infect them with Terran disease, and will establish a "protectorate" relationship with them, something like the relationship between Portugal and Angola, Mozambique, etc. This means, specifically, exploiting the hell out of the land and resources of the planet and suppressing the native populace, while throwing them perhaps some quantity of inexpensive "benefits" rendered necessary for the comfort of colonists - Portugal built Angola a fine railroad system; - of course, native Africans must ride in separate cars. Anyway, you get the idea. Suppose we run into a race of sentients roughly equivalent to humankind in intelligence (whatever that is). How well are we likely to get along with them? Here on Earth humans are unable to cope with quite insignificant differences among themselves: genetic differences like race, environmental differences like religion, sexual preference, language. How would you like to try explaining to a sentient mushroom from Tau Ceti the difference which makes an Irish Catholic workman willing to murder an Irish Orange laborer? Or the reason William F. Buckley hates Gore Vidal?

Or suppose we met a "superior" species? Do you feel, at this point in human history, very proud of the human race? How are you going to explain Christianity to a rational animal? Whatever kind of life we might meet, I don't think we're ready for E.T. contact. Not by a long shot.

000 If Mankind always waited until it was "ready" to do something new, Mankind would never do anything at all. Experience has always been the best teacher, and you can't very well get experience if all you do is stare at the ground. I recognize what you're saying ("Clean up the bathroom before company arrives"), but you're asking for the impossible. We don't have any fewer problems today than we did a hundred or two hundred

Ken Ozanne speaks, and I obey.  
~~~~~

years ago (today's communications media only makes it seem that way), but we have different problems. We don't have many of the old problems because progress has eliminated them. And many of the new problems have been created as the result of the progress. Problems are never eliminated; they are only replaced. And unless your race of E.T.s have a group-mind, they have just as many problems as we do. A race consists of a lot of individual minds, and that race's problems are as numerous as the number of possible interfaces.

I'm not saying we'll welcome the E.T.s into our house as we would sons and daughters; but we needn't fear shocking them over the fact that such things as dirty bathrooms exist. They'll have their dirty bathrooms, too.

And if you really want to resolve conflict over petty human differences, I couldn't think of anything better than an E.T. contact. I would share your concern that the differences between them and us would not provoke a too strong "them and us" attitude. But the passage of any given number of years would do little to soften the impact of such an encounter. This is presuming that we discover them on an exploratory mission. If they discover us, here on Earth, there's no telling what effect UFO stories and "Sci-Fi" movies will have had upon the person(s) their initial contact is with.

One can only hope for the best. But I don't feel we'll be any more ready a hundred years from now than we are today. We might be less ready then. When such an encounter takes place, we should hope for the right circumstances and the right people. For both sides. 000

KEN OZANNE

Faulconbridge, Australia

Jackie Franke asks: "Does technology by its very existence threaten the continuation of the world in which we live? Or is it possible to control its damages?" Answers: Technology makes possible the society in which we live. Technology does not cause damage, its misuse may. Like it or not, the only possible solutions to current and future world problems are technological in nature. Anyone who imagines otherwise is merely refusing to face reality. Remember the ostrich!

Those gaelic battle tactics would seem unlikely to succeed against any really disciplined enemy. I mean, the psychological part is fine, but the charge and subsequent break up into numerous small group fights just doesn't work if you are up against something like a Macedonian phalanx. Not, I suppose, that there were many Macedonian phalanxes in Ireland at the time. Lack of discipline in the ranks seems to have been a common problem for the Scots in their numerous wars against the English as well.

Interlinos: I like interlinos, so long as they do not break up the flow of major text items. Would sooner see them separating topics in your cut-up lettercol than at the head of pages. But I do tend to expect a higher standard of wit than you achieve in those you print. You could prune by about forty percent methinks. (But then maybe you would cut out my favourites. The obvious solution would be to send me all you get and I will decide which ones you are to print. Then you will achieve 100% rating for my taste. OK?) I suspect that this is an area where there will be considerable cultural variations - something that tickles the humour of a US fan might well mean nothing at all to me and vice-versa.

000 If 60% of my interlinos were a hit with an Australian fan, I think that's batting pretty good. I hope you're not too disappointed that the interlinos have disappeared altogether in this issue. I decided to give myself a rest... But, Ken, just for you - 000

While travelling through central Australia, one tends to get bushed.

I'd prefer a lettercol with reasonably complete letters to what you are doing. But, obviously, if you are prepared to go to so much extra trouble to do it your way, you are not going to pay any attention to my requests in this department. (sigh. Oh to be a SMOF!)

000 You have spoken, oh mighty SMOF, and your wish is but my command. I have delivered up a lettercol with reasonably com-

Jack Wodhams talks above his beloved progeny.
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plete letters. It is so... 000

JACK WODHAMS Caboolture, Australia

I very much enjoyed Dean Grennell's article in AWRY #4, and his excellent, unloved but superb little filler about lighters is almost as good as this much-rejected one of mine -

The sanctimonotonous preacher expounded,
his droning exhorterpretation propounded,
and long before his verbosoliloquy closed,
from dozing comatosely, quite frankly, I snozed.

One of the most frustrating things about writing is, of course, trying to find the means whereby one may generously share one's brilliance with the world.

Dean was right, surprisingly, for once, about time, in remarking jargon outdated - skate-key becoming removed to the limbo of odds-bodikins, and gadzooks, and suchlike. Not 'suchlike', fool, which is still with us, but suchlike 'varlet', and suchlike 'fountain-pen'. The ballpoint has much to answer for.

"What's a pen-nib, daddy?"

"Shut your mouth, you little bastard."

'Black' is getting to be a hard word to describe, know that?
'Black... as pitch.'

"What's pitch, daddy? Isn't that what they play football on? But that's green, daddy!"

"You smart-assed little bastard, pitch is a goo like tar."

"What's tar, daddy?"

"You nosey little bastard, why don't you go and read your comics?"

'Black... as ink.'

"What's ink, daddy?"

"You pestering little bastard, it's the stuff you write with, in pens."

"But that's blue, mostly, isn't it, daddy? Or red, sometimes, or..."

"You aggravating little bastard, go screw yourself into your Meccano."

'Black... as a nigger.'

"What's a nigger, daddy?"

"You nagging little bastard, it's an un-desegregated no-good coal-colored layabout."

"Mom says you're a no-good layabout, but you're not black, are you, daddy? And what's coal, daddy?"

"You cheeky little bastard, get out of here, willya? And let me watch the goddam game in peace!"

Liked the Celtic Twilight piece. Not bad, for a woman, Jackie Franke's article wasn't bad, either, despite her being a girl. Sheryl Birkhead's (Birk-head? English readers, resist) illos were fair, too, for a female, almost as good as the one by Brian Locke. I think your chopped-up letter method stinks.

Cobblers, old matey.

000 What are cobblers, daddy? 000

SHERYL BIRKHEAD

Gaithersburg MD

Here's one more way to make a light table. Take a picture frame that is about 1" deep and put two layers of glass in it with a sheet of tissue between (to create the frosting). I used an aquarium light for my source and prop the far side of the frame up on a phone book for the proper angle. I have only wanted to use it a few times, but so far so good. It isn't (the one I made) big enough to accommodate a T-square, but a bigger frame would settle that - oh yeah - use masking tape to hold the glass in and cover the rough glass edges.

DENIS QUANE

Commerce TX

The best thing in AWRY #4 was Jackie Franke's article. Well do I know the feeling of discouragement and doubt she describes - not that I have any doubt that the space program has been a

Denise Quane thinks AWRY should be about SF, dammit,

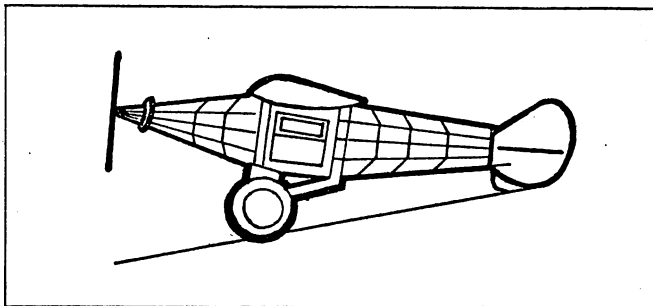
glorious achievement. There has been no disappointment that the dream foretold by Heinlein, Asimov and Clarke has been fulfilled in a mundane manner. I have only to look again at the photos taken during the Apollo missions, or page through the NASA collection THIS ISLAND EARTH to realize that even Heinlein had not made me fully realize how glorious it would be to live through these times. Nor do I doubt that the only hope for man's future lies in space. No, what gets me discouraged is my inability to convince anyone, particularly anyone younger, of the above. Last fall, an entire class stopped listening to me about two-thirds of the way through the semester, because, I suspect, they had written me off as a propagandist for NASA.

This semester (I teach a survey course, at East Texas State University, on science for non-scientists, based on Shklovskii and Sagan's INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE) I managed not to lose the class, but it's an evening course this time and most of the students are older than me. Last fall's class was an Honors Freshman group, brighter than the evening students, but even less willing to listen to any opinion that conflicts with the conventional wisdom of their generation. To them, sufficient proof that the Apollo flights are evil can be found in the fact that the material left behind on the moon is not recycled. The dogma "man shall not interfere with the environment" is sufficient refutation of a proposal by Sagan for seeding the atmosphere of Venus with photosynthetic algae, so as to make the planet suitable for life.

000 On a grander scale, that is the same as reclaiming swamp or sea-bottom for the purpose of growing crops or to build houses. I presume none of your students would ever build a house - to do so would mean that trees must be turned into lumber (damn few buildings are made without using wood somewhere) and the ground that the house would sit on must be covered with concrete. Presumably they will buy existing houses, or rent apartments, and feel that they are accomplishing something. 000

As to the rest of the issue, I enjoyed it, even the letter-column, despite my principles. A science fiction fan magazine should be about science fiction, damn it. The fans may be interesting people, their doings and feuds may be amusing, but what does it have to do with science fiction? But I do enjoy reading it, I have lots of vices that way. My principles being what they are, I ought to say that the book review section should be expanded. But my test for a good review column falls me in this case. A good review column ought to make one run out and read, (or reread) the books recommended, but the one review that might have made me feel that way, was the review of WHEN HARLE WAS ONE, and unfortunately, I had just read that, and not liked it - and nothing in the review brought out anything that might have made me change my mind. Heinlein did it a lot better in THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS. Now that I think of it, is everything that Gerrold writes based on something by Heinlein? Have just finished reading THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES, and the resemblances to the Martian Fat Cats in THE ROLLING STONES are so pronounced that Gerrold is forced to comment that it must of been his subconscious. In the same book, he presents a story outline that he submitted to STAR TREK which reads as if he is just projecting Captain Kirk into the story situation of UNIVERSE (also published as part of ORPHANS OF THE SKY). I'm probably leaving myself wide open for a libel suit, so I had better not continue that line of thought. Any thoughts from anyone who has read more of Gerrold than I have?

000 I don't consider AWRY as being a "science fiction fan magazine". I consider it as being a "fanzine". Science fiction was the reason that fandom came into existence, decades ago, but SF is no longer the prime subject matter of fan discussion.



Aljo Svoboda advocates alien invasion.

This is so because such kindred spirits as Fans discovered that they had other interests in common. Today you will find fanzines. (AWRY often included) where the only science-fictional element will be the illustrations (with a few exceptions, such as Rotsler and Gilliland, most fan artists still restrict their subject-matter to SF or fantasy). Frankly, I have no interest in producing a fanzine which has any significant dealings with science fiction. I don't consider the subject important enough to devote a lot of time to it. Or interesting enough, either. I appreciate reading science fiction, but let's say that I don't consider it a spectator sport.

I don't think that David Gerrold is going to haul you into court for drawing the parallel to Heinlein subject-matter, but as he is on AWRY's mailing-list he might be interested enough to comment. He'll receive space, if he wishes to do so.

And now onwards to that crazy mixed-up Aljo Svoboda. Has anyone noticed that Aljo writes like a Harry Warner who is slightly sloshed? (XX)

ALJO SVOBODA Orange CA

AWRY, the mimeographic circus, is still off-balance enough to put off even the most depraved neofan. And I notice the appearance of large numbers of the depraved doing strange things in this issue (at the moment, I have only one Issue at Hand), degenerating on the spot as part of the show. Well, you maintain your unreality well, and there's nothing at all wrong with a little good clean degeneracy.

000 Well, as Calvin Demmon once said: "Think clean for mental hygiene". 000

I'd be careful about the Revival of Fans Past if I were you. . There's nothing wrong with a little good clean Grennell or two, but if you go much further than that, you'll inevitably get several clever locs warning you that any issue now, Claude Degler will return to fandom via AWRY. He never does, of course, but these people will donate their clever "warnings", only slightly used previously by Ian Maule, Mike Glicksohn, Donn . Brazier, and Claude Degler, and maybe others. If Degler were to appear on the edge of our little collective cosmic consciousness again, his myth would blow away, so it's best for all that he keep away. I mean, can you imagine Claude Degler as a Real Person, really?

000 I have enough trouble just trying to imagine you as a Real Person. 000

A Grennell is all right, though, like I said, especially when he writes as he does here, in the classical tradition. Charles Burbee's humor has lasted thirty years, of course, and he is one of fandom's own. But maybe that's only so because he stands for Tradition. Before we read him, we're prepared for something funny, at least witty, by the nostalgicians among us, and maybe that's what makes it interesting. And then it might just be that he's funny, and with a tinge of "fanachronism" about him. (I don't mean now, I said noticing the Burbee loc in this very Burning issue of AWRY, I mean then - like, thirty years ago) Generally, of course, Dean Grennell (it's always good to have a college man around in fandom) is right. Humor is funny the first time, nauseating the second; by the third, it's a symbol of Tradition (or, as we said after that last repair job on our podium, the Glued Aulde Dais), and almost funny again. But anyway, fandom will last forever, and cosmic minds produce cosmic humor, guaranteed for at least thirty years. We don't need to worry.

000 You should worry, Aljo. The men in white coats are going to come and get you. 000

Roy Tackett and I seem to be strangely fannishly attuned, somehow, we both came up with the same awful ersatz pun, inspired by your liverwurst, or cover (depending). After that, he realized that my maturity and insight are beyond many of our very own Strange People in fandom. I return the realization - Roy Tackett has more maturity and insight than all the Aljo Svobodas put together.

Ever since I learned of the secret Government Project to build a sheer can tower, or something, to the moon, I've grown increasingly disillusioned with the rest of the space program - they just don't seem willing to innovate and explore any more. What we need, of course, is another alien invasion (from outer

Donn Brazier knows nothing about segmented LoCs.

space, like, not out of fandom) to get us rolling, like in the B-movies they used to train astronauts with, way back then.

As for the cover, sure, I'm all in favor of Dinosaur Lib, and Up the Revolution. Tyrants (and this is just a symbol, you know) deserve their rights too. But who is that platypus in the background with the hat and gun? This time, it looks you got a little too heavy, even for me. What does this all mean? Is it art or fanatic?

000 It's a little bit awry. 000

Science may eventually do many things, but it will never eliminate typos, or the universe. Well, the latter maybe, but typos are forever. To make it clear, $C=TC^c$, where C =quarts of conflu, T =typos per second, and c =lines per hour, typed with one finger. Or something similar.

BRUCE D. ARTHURS

Fort Lee VA

With the last issue of AWRY, I wrote saying that I couldn't find any comment hooks. I appear to be just about the only person in fandom who had that problem, since you've got one of the longest letter columns I've seen in a long time, in any fanzine.

You say of Shaw's novel, "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?" This is the very argument that spoiled the book for me. Why would the blind wife have lenses with a twenty-four hour time lapse? Remember, slow glass can be made for any particular period of time. Why not for one second? Or a tenth of a second? Or a hundredth? There is no sensible reason for a blind person to use twenty-four hour lenses, when it would be just as easy to use lenses with such a short time lapse that they would be unnoticeable. This is such a glaring error in logic that I almost feel insulted by Shaw for doubting my intelligence.

Segmented lettercols: The first use of it I ever saw was in the early issues of the British zine CYPHER a few years back. One more for the list.

DONN BRAZIER

St. Louis MO

I know nothing about segmented LoCs. The system seemed logical to me, independently arrived at by the way, and would seem to provide more editorial "fun" than simply copying on stencil. Between the years 1950-1970 I had no fanzine contact so I can't help on the history of segmentation.

ED CAGLE

Leon KS

Dear Brian.

I saw your picture in AWRY and liked it very much, I bet you'll grow up to be a famous artist someday and people from all over . will come to buy your pictures. Then you'll have a lot of money to buy ice cream cones and bicycles and dune buggies and stuff like that.

How much did your father/dad/daddy/pop/Dave/Numnum/etc (fill one in, Dave!) pay you for the picture in AWRY? I have a job where I tell people how much money they should get for their pictures, and I think your picture was worth at least 10 dollars. If your _____ didn't pay you at least 10 dollars, he cheated you. If he didn't pay you anything at all for the picture, you'll just have to forget it, since he's your _____ and is supposed to tell you what to do all the time. But when you grow up and get rich selling your pictures, you can get even with him by refusing to pay for having him sent to The Old Humorist's Home. Make him put up a tent and sleep in the back yard.

000 I came home from work and Brian was waiting at the door with your letter in his hand, demanding \$10. We negotiated, and I am now under contract to pay him a box of Cracker Jacks for each published illustration. As part of the terms, however, the prize inside is mine. 000

JAMES NYLE BEATTY

USS Guadalcanal

I was impressed with your zine because of its volume. It really pisses me off to find that most fanzines can be read from cover to cover in less than 30 minutes. This I found was not true of AWRY. In fact, I read, and read, and read.....

Paul Anderson talks of "small" fmz, with under 500 copies....
XX

Your format is very effective and a pleasure to read - again something not found in most zines. I very much like the way you have organized comments from your readers, plus the fact that you use a great many letters. It allows one a greater outlook on both fandom and issues under discussion.

Jackie Franke's article was most interesting. I have always been impressed with her work and found this article in keeping with her standards of quality writing. It came to me the other day, that I would very much like to see her write fantasy (if she has, I am ignorant of the fact).

000 Jackie, I'm not sure whether this is a compliment or not. After reading your article on the space program, he feels that you would be good as a fantasy writer... 000

I for one like book reviews and therefore found VIEW FROM UNDER A 60-WATT LAMP quite informative. It's my opinion (as far as books are concerned), that one should review books which should be read, not books that shouldn't. Unfortunately there are those who disagree. I base my opinion on the simple fact that once you tell someone what not to read, you still haven't helped him find something TO read!

000 I prefer to review books that I like, but I'm not against panning a book if it bothers me enough. However, in reference to your last sentence, I've never seen a review column where all the books were panned. 000

PAUL ANDERSON

Hawthorndene, Australia

I have strong doubts as to whether you would have a sufficiently large circulation to get you a Hugo nomination or even give you a very faint chance of coming close to the giants of LOCUS and the new Geis zine. Maybe there should be a category for those fmz that have a circulation of less than 500 or some realistic figure, and then we might get a Hugo going to a FANzine instead of the situation at present.

000 An interesting thought. My circulation fluctuates between 100-150 copies (depending on requests for samples, which sometimes run quite heavy), and I know that I'm not going to boost that for the purpose of trying to cop a Hugo. That basic 100 is a very hard-core response-group, but I've no objection to increasing it provided that the additions are just as active. As you know, I don't accept subscriptions and this tends to ensmall my mailing-list more than anything else. But I've already explained my aversion to subs, in detail, elsewhere. I think I have as large a circulation as any fanzine can get, based on the policy of 1) no subs, 2) sterling LoCs, 3) selected trades, 4) frequent response. If I were disposed to make a serious try for the Hugo I would eliminate #1 and relax on #2 through #4. 000

I assume of course that you have read the excellent articles on A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (Burgess/Kubrick) by Gillam in SFC and Joelle Brink in GRANFALLOON. 000 Yes, and thought they were both hogwash. 000 Again, as in the brilliant 2001, the main plot is not in the actual surface story such as it is but is more in the depicting of the workings of the society of that time and the effects on the members of it. The first half of ACO serves to show the sick society from the viewpoint of the actions of one of its delinquents or Hell's Angels while the remainder is to show how the mainstream, so to speak, of the society is just as violent in its own way. The first half could have been done by the like of Peckinpah (STRAW DOGS - supremely boring) and Ken Russell but the film need a slight change if Burgess' story was not to be tossed out of the window completely. The plot concerned the depiction of a society that would not worry about the ethics of using the infamous Ludovici technique. The pain aversion method of controlling the actions of a person is a remarkably sadistic method in any case. This technique was refined to a point where it was successful in preventing him from committing similar crimes to those in his past but he was reverted only because it suited the new government party of the time. The impression is left that if it suited them again politically they would reinstate the practice of "curing" people - indeed if they ever ceased. The bad press was not so much a cause of their "curing" Alex but it was more a tool used to arouse public sentiment to enable them to displace the previous government. If necessary it would be used to undo the damage done before the election. I enjoyed - if that is the correct word - the film by itself but I have the idea that Kubrick has merged the society of his 2001 with that of the Burgess novel.

Ned Brooks speculates on subsidizing fanzines.

XX

I also saw SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE after having read the novel about a year before and quite enjoyed it but I was most disappointed in the treatment given it by Hill and Monash. It was obvious that they did not have the faintest idea of what Vonnegut was trying to do in his novel. The philosophy of the Tralfamadorians was butchered beyond recognition for a large portion of the film. I loathed the pedestrian strict chronological sequence of the past and future events. It was in the cause of making it easier for the audience so that those that had not read the book could follow the story lines but the book remained intelligible without the requirement for such concessions! I have not seen SOLARIS unfortunately but I would possibly place that above this on the Hugo ballot. Unfortunately I went to see SILENT RUNNING, and no longer think that Brunner has any taste or knowledge of films. About halfway I wanted to throw rocks at it - not Golden Asteroids or any other kind of award of merit. Trumbull's special effects were good but I still do not like to see and hear spatial nuclear explosions.

000 Your prejudices are rather contradictory. You object to noise in a vacuum (to the point where it ruins for you what is otherwise an excellent movie), but without water you'll swallow the "conditioning" that Alex received in ACO. Amazing. And after reading through your comments three or four times I don't understand what point you're trying to make about ACO. My statement was that the movie did not have a point to make, and it did not have a plot to follow. I have not read the book, as you obviously have, and perhaps you're confusing the two. If the book had a point to make, (in the absence of having a plot) the movie did not. 000

NED BROOKS

Newport News VA

Your repro is still pretty much impeccable!

Perhaps young Benny Ordway wasn't all that fast... A recent speaker at the NASA-Langley Colloquium series said that her researches into ESP showed that not only was it independent of distance, but also of time. That is, she had subjects guess series of Rhine cards that were arranged according to random number lists that had not yet been generated. The improvement over statistical expectation was just as good, and for the same subjects, as in the case of series in existence at the time the guess was made. As for the tin cup of water - obviously the water would vaporize, thus absorbing the energy of the bolt...

I wish you would find out why that ice sank, that worries me... If for some reason the lake was very muddy when it froze, and then clean water came in under the ice in the spring, maybe the ice would sink as it broke up.

The nuclear rocket program, it is said, would have produced by 1980 a propulsive unit capable of taking a manned ship anywhere in the solar system. The program was on schedule, had had no failures of any consequence, and had not over-run the predicted cost.

Dean Grennell's beautiful article gave me an excuse to look through my set of HELF, the best humorzine of all time I think. I think Mark Twain succeeded better than most in writing lasting comedy, at least I can still read it with pleasure. It is not so much the loss of images in common with the modern reader, such as stove-lids that makes most writers of the 1800s unreadable today, as it is the change in literary style.

I would have nothing against ad inserts in fanzines... Normally they would probably be for some publication I might want to know about - and if you can get Pall Mall or Schlitz to pay for publishing your fanzine, good for you! Even if it were an ad for something I personally found offensive, I would not think it wrong for you to run it.

Evidently F&SF has gotten a lot of static over the glossy cigarette ad inserts. Ferman took up half a page in the latest issue justifying it, ending with "Finally you can always tear the thing out and throw it away". What, and have an incomplete copy? I see too where a complete run of F&SF is available on microfilm, for only \$200 - wonder if it includes the cigarette ads?

NORM HOCHBERG

Queens Village NY

The discussion on ad-inserts is interesting, and conjures up the delightful prospect of a future s.f. anthology - say ORBIT 57 - in which there are three stories and 100 or so ads. I can just

Norm Hochberg likes Sanka coffee.

see the reviews of it: "Piers Anthony's story is not as good as the Sanka coffee ad". Humph,

Jackie Franke is, frankly, quite fine and one of your best moves is to use the 60-WATT illo as a permanent header. You get quite a spiffy, clean look in AWRY which is complemented by your artists. And you, Your headers are also quite good. Alexis' cover was a usual Gilliland. I rarely like his 'straight' things since I think his humor outweighs his artistic talent.

Faulconbridge Australia

I see some comments on page 32 about sending (or not sending) reply-paid envelopes back with bricks in them. It could work (if enough people did it) by costing enough to stop the company doing it, however I noticed in another place that the person receiving the letter can refuse to accept it, this leaving the post office (and thus the normal postal service user) having to pay the costs involved in carting the thing all over the country. I'm in favour of sending back the letter with the advertisement, but not the piece with your address on it (unless you just want to be left off their mailing list, in which case sending back the address and a protest can sometimes help).

000 You're right- mail can be refused. But not "postage guaranteed" envelopes and reply cards. The company sending them out has to accept them back. But there's no way in the world "enough people" could return these envelopes empty, or wrapped around a brick, to cause any real dent in a company's profit. You'll accomplish nothing more than to label yourself as being a crank. 000

Eric Lindsay thinks everyone can be made to be happy.

I remember my own feeling when the first satellite went up was one of triumph - no longer would the kids at school be able to poke fun at me for dreaming of that very thing. About a week after that the feeling had vanished because I had acquired the nickname "sputnik". As for space flight, I can agree in part with people who want to reform the earth first, and I have been listening to that argument for as long as I can remember, however the same people who cry for this do not seem to be doing much to achieve anything better on the earth. I think the human race needs an outlet and a challenge whether rational or not, and space is the easiest one we can find at the moment. The hard challenge would be to change human nature to produce a better life here. It could be done, everyone could be made to be happy, but such a solution is, to me, an unthinkable alternative. If we change the earth, and I think it would mean tearing down almost every existing value, then I believe that it has to be in the direction of greater tolerance, greater freedom, and greater individuality, and these are unfortunately the least likely outcome of civilisation today...

000 I give up, Eric. Tell me, how can everyone be made to be happy? Let me in on it,

I think the real problem today is to make technological progress with insufficient budget, in this age where it takes a lot of hard cash to do most anything. I don't know whether everyone realizes it or not, but scientific advances have made this the most livable age of any thus far encountered; and, barring those one-shot incidences such as war or depression, all future ages should be even more livable due to further scientific advances. My only personal regret is that I don't live in an age where interstellar travel is as commonplace as freeway travel. So it goes. 000

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