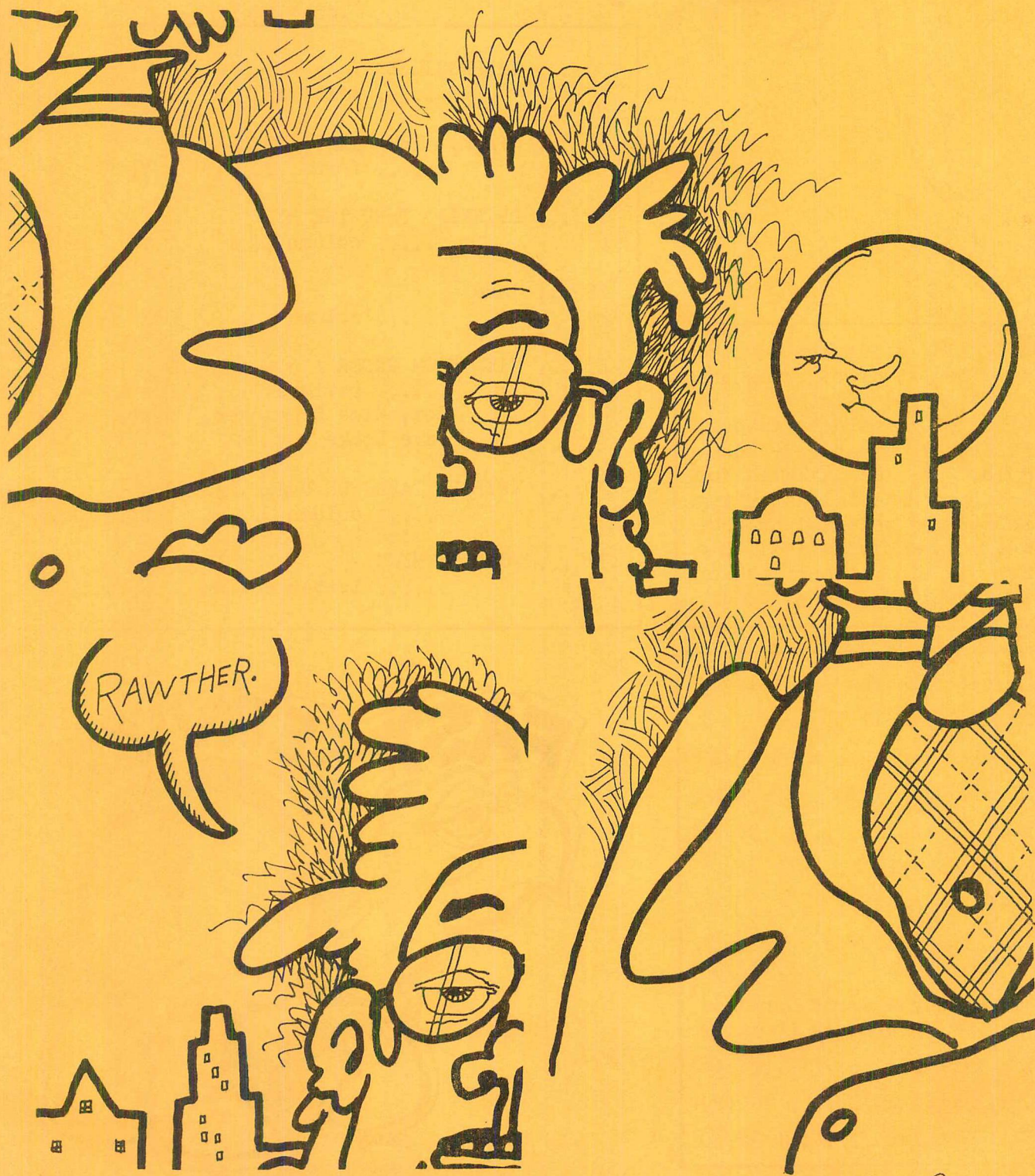
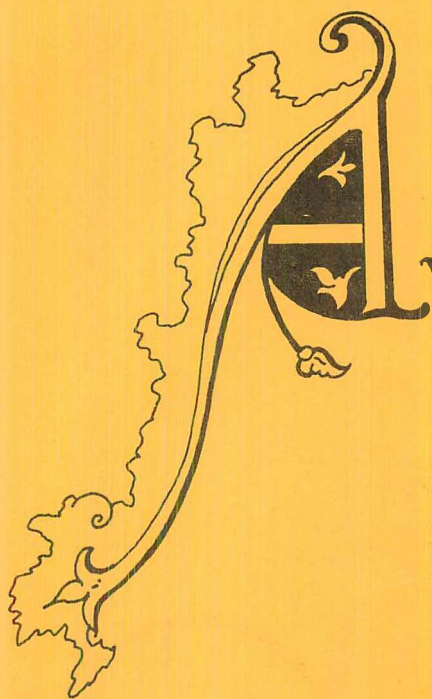


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Jay Kinney



Editor: DAVE LOCKE
 Staff Artist: JACKIE FRANKE
 Editorial Assistant: PHOEBE LOCKE
 Editorial Address: 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9,
 Duarte, California 91010

Awry #7

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IMPRESSIONS



editorial by Dave Locke

Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may be the greatest thing since W.C. Fields said: "Don't drink water. Fish fuck in it."

W.C. Fields was always saying things like that. He was a little bit awry.

So is this fanzine, obviously. I have learned, finally, to shut my mouth about what the next issue is "shaping up to be" because, up to the very last minute, it can turn out to be something else entirely. For instance, I had expected this issue to have all columnists present and accounted for in addition to a fair-sized article by Charles Burbee. Milt, however, got tied up with convention activities and couldn't make it this time. Burbee got carried away in a lurch of enthusiasm and wound up with a 9000 word mss which he says "is loaded with pencilled-in inserts and interpolations and notes such as 'see insert #1'" and is now trying to build up the enthusiasm to type the final copy. You'll see the article, but it may be a while... And, I can't even count on myself; I told Larry Niven I would be reviewing and praising his collection THE FLIGHT OF THE HORSE, and then I gave the book away before I remembered that I wanted to do a review of it (I give most of my books away - it keeps the apartment neater).

So, after 13 years in fandom (an inauspicious number, to be sure) I have finally arrived at the astonishingly brilliant piece of knowledge that one should not announce (by either print, pen, or voice) the contents of a future issue unless he has those contents firmly present and accounted for. It took me only 13 years to learn that. And, even though I give you the benefit of my knowledge, it will probably take most of you that long, or longer, to learn it for yourselves. This is because I feel that most fan editors are fully as ignorant as I am.

I feel this way because I must, after all, maintain some semblance of self-respect.

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS MEANT TO BE LIKE THIS DEPT.

Earlier this year I was the recipient of a special honor. Or at least I think I was.

I don't receive too many small, square packages in the mail, and I get few enough of them so that I usually know what's inside without looking at either the return address or the contents. Unfortunately, in this instance, I didn't know what was inside even after I'd opened up the package.

It was a disc of clear plastic, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. On it, sealed in plastic, was mounted a dog biscuit. Under the dog biscuit was printed "1st Annual Bow-WOW Awards - Dave Locke".

It looked like something Ed Cagle had dreamed up after spending the night inside a bottle of corn.

Finally, amongst all the wrappings, I found a note which explained the whole thing. "This is an 'award' (?) to say thank you for allowing me to read your publishing efforts throughout 1973. A simple loc just didn't seem to convey the gratitude I feel, so the Bow-WOWs were brought into being. The enclosed award carries absolutely no status, pull, money, or even honorarium with it - merely my sincere thanks." It was signed by Sheryl Birkhead.

Thanks, Sheryl, but what do I do with a dog biscuit mounted on a piece of plastic?

[illegible]

DEPT. OF OLD RESOLUTIONS

Those of you who are not fanzine editors may look somewhat askance at a 52 page issue of AWRY being dumped in your mailbox, when just last issue I made a big stinky scene about holding to a 30-page maximum in future issues. Fanzine editors are aware that the Post Office messed-up my plans somewhat royally when their new rates went into effect on March 2nd. You see, 30 pages of AWRY comes to three ounces. The new rates, however, are graduated in two-ounce intervals, which means that a three-ounce fanzine would have to bear the four-ounce rate. Consequently a three-ounce self-imposed limitation now makes about as much sense as buying one for the price of two, and to stick to it at this point in time would have all the deep significance of holding my breath until I turned purple.

On the 15th of February Ed Cagle sent me a very short letter announcing his gafiation. "I'm now officially a non-faned. K is dead," is part of what he told me. Although he considers himself a "gafiate" (his term), it appears as though he still has time for an occasional 'touch-base' letter or letter of comment. But K^WALHIOQUA has been slain, and the wealth of the Cagle humor has been withdrawn from the bank even though he may fling us an occasional dime from over his shoulder as he races away from the scene.

"Dear Ed - . . .

I have just poured myself a Margarita, and I now raise it in the direction of Kansas and proclaim out loud (even though no one else is in the apartment) that I shall miss you and your writings and your fanzine. I am frightfully envious that you are moving to Wyoming, but totally downcast that a kindred soul has contracted the dread disease of gafia. Consult another doctor.

And while you are gafia I will send you AWRY just to insure that you continue to itch. May your itch be short and may you scratch it early. Another toast. To Confuscious. I think he said that. If he didn't, he should have."

Bartender, another round please.

The latest of fandom's worthwhile projects is called THE TUCKER FUND, and its purpose is to send Bob Tucker to the Melbourne, Australia Aussiecon (the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention). If sufficient money is raised, they might even bring him back.

We have on hand a fine introductory article by Bob Bloch, but we are still in the market for fannish examples of Tucker-writing from throughout his fannish career. Although much has already been collected, we seek your assistance in providing us with a larger base of material from which to choose for this collection.

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If any of you can help us by providing items for this collection, your assistance will be highly regarded and appreciated.

Back in the olden days, before our company created the position of Personnel Manager presumably for the sole purpose of destroying the spirit of Christmas, we used to have pretty good Annual Christmas Parties. We would take over a restaurant for an evening, drinking and socializing until everyone had a surfeit of it. We did not have structured programs provided us by a Personnel Manager. We did not all sing SILENT NIGHT precisely at 8:40. We did not hire a geriatrics band to play Charleston between 9:10 and 9:55. We always chose a place with a well-stocked bar, instead of providing Champagne Punch in giant glass punch bowls (Champagne Punch is created by pouring one quart of Idaho Champagne into a keg of ginger ale). We used to have a pretty good - if unstructured - time.

Someone unwrapped a present and announced that it was a bottle of 1967 Chateau Mouton-Rothschild. All eyes followed that person as he clutched the bottle tightly and made his way back to his seat. Half of those eyes were waiting for the opportunity to make their way over there and exchange a rubber duck for that fine looking bottle of red wine. The other half were aware of the fact that the bottle had been emptied and refilled with Welch's Grape Juice.

That fellow's name was Nick. He had come to the United States from Russia some twenty years before, and he worked in our Optical Repair Lab. After twenty years in this country, he still couldn't speak English worth a damn. It took you an hour to hold a two-minute conversation with him. This was strictly his own fault; he never tried to blend in with the country in which he now made his home. He read only Russian newspapers. All his friends were Russian, and they spoke only Russian whenever they got together. He and his wife never spoke English unless they absolutely had to.

Nobody ever thought too much about it until, four years later, a coffee-break discussion turned to the subject of Christmas parties. During this reminiscence someone remembered the wine story and wondered how poor old Nick had taken it when he had discovered the fact that someone had neglected to ferment the grapes inside his wine bottle. We all chuckled. Then we saw that Nick had come down from the Lab for a cup of coffee, and was sitting over in the corner reading a Russian newspaper.

I can't write in a Russian dialect, and I don't have the space to print all of the conversation that was necessary to make him understand the question or to make his response be understood. If I may be allowed to skip over all of that, and get right to the heart of it, his response went like this:

He beamed a smile at the person who had asked the question, and then went back to his newspaper.



A forum, featuring:

Paul Anderson
Don Ayres
Greg Benford
Ed Cagle
Eli Cohen
Don D'Amassa
George Fergus
Jackie Franke
Mike Glicksohn
Dean Grennell
Marty Helgesen
Eric Lindsay
Loren MacGregor
Denis Quane
Darrell Schweitzer
David Singer
Rick Sneary

..... The Final Argument

As interesting and long-lived as the discussion has proved to be, this issue contains the final AWRY installment on the Space Controversy. With the publication of this issue's forum, there isn't anything significantly new which can be said on the subject of the merit - or lack of merit - of the space program. At some future time, providing that both AWRY and the space program are still active at that time, there might be a new wrinkle or two which can lead to our opening up another Pandora's Box of arguments, theories, and verbal assaults.

This time around, I am presenting what appears to be 13 pro-space viewpoints, 2 pro-space with reservations, and 2 anti-space viewpoints. Of those letters which were not excerpted from for this forum, none were anti-space.

DEAN GRENELL

Dana Point, California

call visiting LA on a 3-day pass, some time around the early summer of 1945 and getting about the downtown area on the streetcars and/or trackless trolleys then in service. They functioned reasonably well - as did several other things, in that simpler era - and they eased somewhat the need for the casual visitor to absorb a cram course in local geography. Any more, I tend to feel skeptical as to mass transit as a panacea to solve all or most of mankind's problems. Many random observations tend to reinforce this belief; things such as a clobbered Greyhound bus that hit a concrete bridge abutment upstate at better than 90 mph ("Go Greyhound and leave the driving to us ... driving to us ... driving to us," eh, Walter and Madeleine?). And the BART hardly had been heralded with proud trumpets when one of its cars went off the end of the track, or some such mishap.

Fuel supply commences to tighten and one of the first users to feel the pinch is - you guessed it - the present, quite inadequate mass transit system. Human nature being what it is, I suspect that if the day ever comes when most of the locals depend on mass transit, the Amalgamated Consortium of Ticketpunchers and Motormen (by whatever name then known), having fotten their fellow men solidly where the hair is short, will strike without mercy.

Thanks, Don but, as far as I'm concerned, they might just as well foof it away in space, where it's not so apt to bother me, as in mass transit research. Even if they perfect matter transmitters, I'll worry a lot about a short circuit in the works that might cause me to materialize inside the cornerstone at City Hall, instead of Gardena, Sunland, San Bernardino or wherever. Ever since I encountered the blue jaunts of Bester's THE STARS MY DESTINATION, that specter has been haunting me.

DENIS QUANE

Commerce, Texas

Bravo for your answer to Don D'Amassa! If we don't expand into space, our civilization just can't survive. Growth is too much built into the fabric of our so-

ciety to be suddenly stopped. It's all right to talk about "the limits to growth" and about "the saner attitudes of non-western cultures", but the members of those cultures are clamoring for the benefits that western materialistic culture can bring them. And if we are to continue to grow, the only new frontier, as you have pointed out, is space.

DON AYRES

Carbondale, Illinois

perspective we wouldn't otherwise have. How can we measure the effect the "this is our only home" speech had on the anti-pollution (not 'ecological') effort? It certainly benefitted from that statement far more than it had previously for all the speeches that had been made. Perhaps more concern would've arisen anyway, but we can never know that; we can only analyze the before/after effects in light of the astronauts' statement. Nor does the phrase 'spaceship earth' find its origins in SF so much as in our own space program. SF provides some further perspectives, it's true, but SF still affects a minority of the population and probably can never exert the influence that space flight has in that role. And this planet is painfully in need of all the additional perspectives it can find.

000 Your comments reminded me of something Fred Hoyle said, and I've dug up the quote: "It seems to me more than a coincidence that serious concern for the natural environment should have happened at exactly the moment man took his first step into space." 000

DAVID SINGER

Troy, New York

on the East Coast, who could be bothered by three astronauts finally coming down? You could tell how blasé people had become; the TV networks didn't even bother with live coverage from the New Orleans. I was unable to watch any TV coverage, being fully occupied with driving through the aforementioned snowstorm, but the radio coverage was best described as "brief". Later, during most of the 5-minute summaries, there were some retrospectives by the men who had been covering the space program, in most cases since its inception; they were regretful, but not overly so. Apparently no one seems to care that this country has decided to turn its back on space; maybe they're glad that the fuel burned by one of the rockets is being saved. I'm not sure of the current status of the space shuttle program; even though it isn't much, it at least represents some form of an ongoing commitment to space exploration. After all, the joint Russo-American missions set for next year are much more of a political gesture than they are a scientific mission. We already know that both we and the Russians can put men into earth orbit and can recover. Why not show that we can put men into Mars orbit?

Getting on to Don D'Amassa's letter, I find that you've made the comments I'd like to have made. This one planet, even with the oceans, is much too small for mankind. We've already exhausted its capacity for waste disposal; we're coming close to exhausting its non-replacable resources, such as crude oil. If we don't make the effort now - this generation - it may be too late. You can't get to the moon if you can't get to the rocket. If we don't hurry up, we won't have the tools to build the tools to build the tools; we'll have had to cannibalize them to stay alive ... end of space program ... end of technology ... maybe the end of all progressive civilization.

ERIC LINDSAY

Faulconbridge, Australia

not objective is meaningless. An objective approach is useful when you are working out the details of how to go, but when you are trying to decide whether to go it is of little use. I'd agree that selling benefits from the space program (spinoffs) is a good idea, especially important breakthroughs like the communications satellites. Who knows - the value of this sort of stuff may even cover the costs some day, although I suspect that it is a long way off. The reasons I'd support the program are because it is a first step in spreading the human race to the point where no single disaster could destroy it (I realize that such a state will not exist for several hundred years, even if the program were to continue as a priority item, but to give it up will delay the day of independent human communities out of reach of the world). The second is that I am sure that humans need a challenge, and basically the sea isn't a good enough one. It is not a sufficiently stimulating frontier, because it is not remote enough for the dreamers and the rebels. As for the advantages of dropping the space program: I live in a country that doesn't support one; as we have all the same sort of problems as the USA, an end to the space program isn't an automatic solution to the other problems.

JACKIE FRANKIE

Beecher, Illinois

the clearer they are expounded. D'Amassa, whose first rebuttal seemed a damning indictment of all those who feel that space is a worthwhile objective, now seems far more comprehensible; he's not damning but darning us now which is an easier position to defend if for no other reason than you're not attacked as viciously. Currently the discussion is at a stand-off. Don considers the space exploration as less important than other things, the majority of respondents treat it as an equally pressing matter. Not much left to quarrel about, is there?

000 By the time you finish wading your way through this 'forum', you'll realize that was a silly question. 000

I still tend to think that Don is missing all the spin-offs from direct space research that are being applied towards those fields he prefers. Better solar batteries, for instance. Just as when a boy walks across a field, the effort of crossing space will not only get us to the other side, but all sorts of discoveries will be made along the way that have nothing to do with the journey itself. All we have to do is keep our eyes open. Mankind has never advanced by closing off one area of study ... whether by saying other matters are more meritorious of study or labelling the undesirable region with "Here there be Dragons" sign-posts. The acquisition of human knowledge is not a logically directed, linear thing. And thank the gods that it isn't.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

Strafford, Pennsylvania

standbys as BONANZA and THE MOD SQUAD. Ratings were so low they cancelled it. I think it is very wise that they don't televise the skylab things; it allows the astronauts to get something done. I don't think they should have televised anything, except perhaps the Apollo 8 and 11 missions. At best they should have done hour long TV specials, like they do with Jacques Cousteau, which can be watched by those interested. The interruption of all programming forces the space program before the viewers, most of whom are too ignorant to understand what's going on anyway. This causes an exaggerated sense of what the thing costs. In truth the space program costs such a small amount compared to the national budget that it's not even significant. But it is the most spectacular expenditure, and people think of it first when they talk about government spending.

The whole publicity approach was wrong. It should have been played down greatly, and emphasised for scientific value. Just think, we may even learn some new laws of physics. We may learn how to run fusion plants in space. With better observation we may be able to figure out what powers quasars, which could completely revamp our present physical "laws". We're now told that some people think that "white holes" are collapsed stars re-emerging, and that they are connected to black holes. In other words, it goes in here and it comes out there. Hyperspace. If it doesn't require the power of a quasar to create the effect, we could have ftl starships. Of course if the galaxy were opened up man's whole existence would be radically changed.

But more immediately, there is a great potential for manufacturing of things like crystals in space. I once heard someone from Bell Labs give a long talk on this. He was expecting factories in orbit by the '90s, which would be specializing in industrial crystals, pharmaceuticals, and anything else that is better manufactured in zero g.

LOREN MACGREGOR

Seattle, Washington

suppose, that some people are still applying some thought. Even Don is thinking rationally, more or less, rather than emotionally.

I keep running into the people who insist that we should cut back to create new jobs, which is absurd. First of all, cutting back would eliminate more jobs than it would create. Secondly, a 'created' job usually is simply make-work - and the people supervising such a job, as well as those performing it, are well aware of the absurdity involved. The general result being no one is satisfied.

So okay, the space program involves a lot of waste; a good half of the budget so far has been expended on duplication of effort, since initially the program was attacked from a military standpoint and from a civilian standpoint, with neither consulting with the other. As a result, several rockets were designed and built that duplicated each other in all but minute detail. The point being that the space program could have been run more carefully and economically. Undoubtedly, if it had been, we would be further along. But the space program has reaped numerous benefits, many of which came about directly as a result of research into the problems of space travel. I mentioned some minor developments in my last letter; some other advantages involve better training equipment for the handicapped, massive improvement in the diagnostic care of heart patients, highly refined and sophisticated artificial limbs ... I use these examples to counter Don's argument that the time and development spent in space research could possibly be better utilized in medicine, for instance.

Space travel involves specific problems, requiring specific solutions. But once those solutions are obtained, it becomes fairly easy to apply those solutions to other fields, other problems. Again, the point being that only research aimed at solving specifically the problems of space would have yielded that particular answer.

PAUL ANDERSON

Hawthorndene, Australia

tion since any \$ left over would have gone to the all-consuming defense forces, I am not all that convinced as to the relative desirability of these other causes. Mass transit runs into the vested interests of Detroit and the oil companies so that would probably turn out to be an investigation into ways and means to get cars to go faster and how to get better and bigger parking stations. Weather control is fairly safe in that regard but would be put to nefarious use overseas in creating "natural disasters" where possible. Immortality is a good choice since most would at first want to get it for themselves - if they could afford the cost but the question of the recipients and the consequences on society mean that it would have to be introduced very carefully. Probably to avoid social disruption the project would be given a permanent "for your eyes only" classification and the public would never learn of its existence.

I am in favour of a continued space program which is carried out in conjunction with the Russians to avoid duplication of effort with our strictly limited resources. The development of an alternate energy source to the present oil/hydro carbon energy is essential to survival. Or at least one with a chance of space exploration. At the present rate of use our fuels will not last much beyond the end of this century and all the pure research then will not help at all if we can not find enough fuel to keep technology going. The trouble is that thanks to idiots in power we need to give priority to so many vital areas at once.

000 Loren mentioned early duplication of effort within this country concerning the space program, and your suggestion basically states that we should avoid duplication of effort on a global basis. Absolutely agreed, and any joint Russian/USA space efforts will be another toe-hold at furthering world communication. 000

The letters on the space program were interesting. I agree that the publicity was damaging. Essentially we had THE APOLLO SHOW, which could compete against such

I'm glad to see further comments about the space program, really; I was beginning to think I was the only one who was still interested in it. It proves, I

ED CAGLE

Leon, Kansas

transit systems, toodling cancer-free, infathomably content, excruciatingly equal human beings to and fro, into vast undersea recreation areas where they would feast on pickled kelp and boiled pilot fish. The entire west coast would be populated by decadent savages with predilections for primitive entertainment and intoxicating drink, while the relatively deserted interior would be reserved as a penal compound where civilized citizens found guilty of the Most Atrocious Crime - Provinciality - would be cast to live a short and wretched life. But more than likely someone would have put him to cleaning stables. He seems to have a natural talent for that particular substance.

000 I appreciate the humor in this short, barbed, and well-written paragraph, but presume you are not altogether serious in relegating poor Mr. D'Amassa to the stables. I have come to respect him because of his clear, lucid style of writing - despite the fact that I disagree with him over the subject of the space program. Possibly I will meet Don some day (even though it's quite unlikely), and I would like to take him aside - and into the bar - and argue the space program in a friendly fashion until we both fall on our faces. I feel that Don would be a quite interesting person to know, and not solely from the standpoint that our differences of opinion would make our discussions lively. 000

RICK SNEARY

South Gate, California

I feel rather odd in commenting on a serious matter to the foremost of the light humor fanzines of the day. However, as I can add another side to your so-far two-

sided argument on space exploration, I feel an obligation to do so.

My own opinion is much like yours, and I'm inclined to think it is a good thing that man moved into space when he did, as the current trends suggest that if it hadn't already been done that the effort couldn't be mounted now for a long time. And I agree that there probably is a basic drive within man to move ever outward. If you will even trace man's recent history in the Americas, from the first migrants in Alaska on to the late settlements at the tip of South America, you will see that man has always moved onward. While the majority of a community were always content to stay within the valley or area they were born in, there were those who wanted to move on over the hill. Even without economic necessity, this seemed true. And we can see this with our own ancestors such as Daniel Boone (well, a distant relation of mine, at least...). Just as the Naked Ape seems to have a territorial imperative, there seems to be a basic drive to move outward - at least in some of us - and space exploration seems to be the current answer to that drive.

As to money, probably not even a private family can save money on one thing and then spend it on something else. Certainly not a government... There was a great cry about all the good that could be done in this country with the money we were wasting on the war in Vietnam... Well, the war is supposed to be over and the military are getting just as much money as ever, to pay for their so-called "volunteer" army. I look on a large standing army of mercenaries as a great threat to the country than a President who is a Crook.

But there are other views, and one comes from an old buddy - and former LASFS Director - of mine who is a Progress Reports editor for JPL. He has just finished the report on the Mariner to Venus and Mercury (pre-flight report). I cannot hope to relay his views, but he has some very pessimistic ones about some aspects of the picture. A view which I suspect reflects those of others at JPL and the Mariner-Pioneer Projects - which may be slightly chauvinistic. But he has a very dim opinion of NASA, which I gather he feels is more interested in public relation spectacles and building their own Parkinsonian Empires than in purely scientific research. This in particular with relation to manned space ventures. Because, it has been done wastefully and with the wrong priorities. Most of the work was done with Crash Priority, which is vastly wasteful of time and money. The recent troubles with Skylab being an example of something put up before proper testing. But he also feels that in most cases the scientific knowledge we have gained could have been achieved by unmanned ships and at a fraction of the expense. It is the need to protect and keep alive the spacemen that makes the ships cost so much. The work the Mariners have done shows that they are able to adjust to changes and do more than they were programmed for. The more scientific approach would have been to send out the unmanned craft and learn all that was possible before man was sent out. As NASA seems to see no useful purpose in sending any other men to the moon for the next generation, it does raise a question as to just what good those we sent did from a scientific point of view - other than what we learned about man's reaction to being in space and being on the moon. As compared, of course, to what information could have been sent back by unmanned landers.

My pessimistic friend also has no faith in the concept of the shuttle-craft. The fact that the basic booster will not be reusable has already dimmed the whole idea, but he feels that the shuttles will prove so expensive to refurbish that two or three re-uses will be all they will get out of them, and building new ones will be almost as cheap.

I certainly hope he is wrong. One other thought: it might be interesting to find out how much of the GNP goes into the space program and how much of the GNP is a result of the space program. In other words, how much of the project is lifting itself by its own bootstraps.

000 My gosh! It's quite a feeling of accomplishment to publish an issue of a fanzine which results in bringing a BNF out of hibernation for the purpose of dusting off his typewriter and bashing out a letter of comment. It's bad enough that we hardly ever see you around anymore, but to add to the problem it's seldom that we see you writing anything. It's nice to hear from you, and particularly appreciated that you shed a few new degrees and shades of light on this particular item of controversy. 000

GREG BENFORD

Irvine, California

agency for scientists to attack each other's research as not relevant. Many of my colleagues assume that if they can run down research in some other area of science, the money will be released for their own particular interests. As you remark, this is a faulty assumption - almost always, the money goes elsewhere. Quite often, it goes directly to the Department of Defense.

What's more, the space program has paid for itself. The information acquired by satellites about weather, resource location, and agricultural changes has more than repaid the total investment. What's more, this will continue on indefinitely, giving us an immense profit from the space program. Sometimes in Congress this logic is accepted, but then exploration of the nearby planets is pointed out as a fruitless, pointless task. The only reply to this is that only through studying how other planets have developed can we possibly understand the evolution of the earth.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

arguments somewhat vague in spots. Essentially you seem to be saying that the things Don points out as benefits of the curtailment of the space program haven't materialized, therefore his view must be wrong. I really see nothing to warrant the assumption that just because the money saved by cutting back space exploration hasn't gone into other, more immediately fruitful, areas of research, there's something wrong with believing that it should have. I'm sure Don realizes that what he considers more useful areas for research haven't benefited from the supposedly newly-available funds. That wasn't his argument: he said they could so benefit, and he feels we'd be better off if they did. Your arguing that they haven't is scarcely germane.

(((That's not quite adequate for describing the viewpoints of either Don or myself. It was Don who pointed out that the funds cut from the space program were not being redistributed into other areas of research, but he felt that they should be - and on the basis that they should be he further stated that he favored additional cutbacks in the space program. Mike, it is strictly ivory-tower thinking that the other areas of research "could" so benefit from the space cutbacks (actually, 'should' would be a better word), and it has no basis in reality. Once a program is cut back, the money is up for grabs. There is no reason in the world to believe that it will be redistributed to any related fields of endeavor. Management thinking does not work that way. Management thinking is to take any such savings and to plow it into the then-current needy areas on their listing of priorities. That's the way it works regardless of whether you're referring to government budget or private industry budget, and to believe that it should be otherwise is both unrealistic and useless - not to mention the fact that such thinking is rather naive. There is actually no other logical way to handle such funds, and I think you'll agree with that if you think about it for a minute.)))

The other area of your vagueness, perhaps more understandable, is in discussing all these enormous benefits space exploration will give us. You seem to put Don down for not seeing the potential of space research without actually describing what that potential is. Okay, population control is a possibility, but you admit that that isn't for several generations at least. The eradication of poverty and racism seems to me to be rather farfetched: you may have a much higher opinion of humanity than I have. I'm not really arguing with you, and perhaps you simply assumed that far-sighted science fiction fans wouldn't need the obvious explained - but what do you say to Don, and to the man in the street, who needs a little concrete justification for the program? I may be playing Devil's Advocate, but Teflon 2 (one of the better cons) just doesn't cut the mustard with your average taxpayer...

(((I'll skip over the matter of Teflon 2 because the subject of valuable space technology spinoffs has been quite adequately dealt with already. Let me haul myself up by the shift key for the purpose of dealing with your quite valid comment that I failed to justify some of my "farfetched" claims concerning the benefits of the space program. You're right - I did fail to justify them. I failed to do so for the reason that I felt Chad Oliver had adequately justified those same claims in the previous issue of AWRY. If AWRY were a monthly fanzine I might have some basis for such an omission, but since it isn't you caught me with my pants down and with a bad case of time-binding (after all, the issues aren't so far apart from my point of view...). I will be more than happy to present those justifications now.

Racism and poverty. The former is already a dwindling element of our society, fated to die since the forward progress of mankind created the modern industrial economy and slavery became an obsolete issue. As communications shrinks the entire world and places it in everyone's back yard, people are no longer isolated from what might be considered the reluctant team spirit of humanity. Ignorance of mankind as an entity or gestalt dwindles. It's the harbinger of a new plane of existence, and such things as racism will not be able to survive. Space will present the highest challenge (excuse the pun) mankind will probably ever face, and once the forward motion of man's thrust into space becomes unstoppable and inevitable such problems as differences in skin color will become increasingly more ridiculous as mankind presses into the final frontiers. In the absence of a major goal, mankind turns inward and breeds sickness within itself; major issues such as war and racism are diseases that set in when man becomes relatively idle and entrenches within imaginary borders.

This "new plane of human existence" that Oliver referred to is totally realistic. History has shown this plane taking shape as mankind spread across his own globe, and to spring forth into the universe will be an immeasurably additive factor because it is an immeasurably greater challenge. Yes I admit that this "isn't for several generations at least" - with special emphasis on the "at least", because the longer we drag our feet the longer it will take us to move to the next stage of man's existence - with all that follows as a result of that. (((

ELI COHEN

New York, New York

I think we probably feel the same way about The Dream, but Loren MacGregor is right - your arguments would never convince anyone who didn't already agree with

you. 000 Yeah, but it's fun to argue anyway. And, provided no one feels he got hurt, the worst that can happen is that you examine your viewpoints a bit closer and sharpen up your debating skills. 000

What do you put forth in favor of the space program? Technological spinoff? We'd get the same thing from any massive research project of a certain type, say, cancer research. And the spinoffs from that would be genetic engineering, regeneration, and practical immortality.

Colonization? That won't cure overpopulation - even Heinlein pointed that out. (I think he used a figure of 100,000 people exported per day, just to keep a steady population. And look how much the population of Europe increased while the New World was being settled.) Colonies won't be self-supporting in our solar system for quite a long time, and going from interplanetary to interstellar travel is a much bigger jump than from Earth to interplanetary. Besides, genetic research gives you clonization.

000 Argg. But what's so wild about exporting more than Earth's rate of population increase? It may sound strange now - when we build only one or two spaceships at a time - but how wild will it be when Earth has one or two thousand spaceports? As for intra-system colonies not being self-supporting for "quite a long time", why do you feel that a time factor has any bearing on the validity of progress. I note a recurring theme of "but it will be a long time", as though that is justification for setting the problem aside and delaying progress even further. 000

You hint that space travel will solve problems of scarcity, presumably by importing raw materials from elsewhere. But that will only solve the problem if such importing is cheap enough. Space travel as technological spinoff from energy research, perhaps?

000 "Cheap" is relative. If you haven't got the most readily available cheap source of energy, then you have to pay a little more for something else. When you run out of wood to burn you have to spend a little more to dig coal out of the ground. Or you have to spend more yet to obtain oil. And when you run out of something that you don't feel like doing without, you're willing to pay more to obtain it elsewhere. It's the laws of supply and demand. 000

Any argument that is based on the benefits of space travel to people on Earth won't be convincing, because those benefits can always be gotten more directly once you've stated them. The spinoff argument works best, because it says that there will be unknown but guaranteed benefits. And the best spinoff comes from working on a complex, challenging, but solvable problem. (It's harder to eliminate poverty than to put a man on the moon. It might even be impossible; but it certainly can't be done with present technology in the current social setup.) Admittedly there aren't too many projects in that class, and space travel was the most feasible politically (thanks to the Russians). But it's not that feasible now. Politically, I think medical or biological research is easier to push these days. Or perhaps straight energy research. Most of the immediate, practical uses of space are concerned with near-Earth and unmanned space travel (satellites, military uses). Not what we're really talking about, right?

So why space? The answer for me, personally, is easy: Curiosity. There's more out there to discover, more that's unknown, than any other frontier you can name. (And I include "inner space", the only close second, because aliens are part of that "final frontier".) Also, I'm more interested in physics and cosmology than in biology and oceanography. But I doubt if I could persuade anyone to spend a couple of billion dollars just to satisfy my curiosity.

As far as I can see, the only objective argument in favor of the space program is the fairly nebulous one that space, just because it is so vast and unknown, offers more opportunity for serendipity than anything else available. And Lord knows we need serendipity now. Remember, Columbus was a clod who wasn't even using the most up-to-date information available about the size of the Earth, who would have starved to death for his miscalculation if a hitherto unsuspected continent hadn't serendipitously appeared in his path.

But all this is irrelevant. We can't have space travel - there's nothing out there to push against!

000 Right.... 000

GEORGE FERGUS

Chicago, Illinois

I would like to rebut what seem to me to be the three main arguments presented in favor of continuing to fund the space program at the rate which has prevailed in

recent years.

1) The Pragmatic Argument - says that the space program is one of the least objectionable ways for the government to spend money. If it were severely curtailed, the money would probably still be budgeted for the power and prestige struggle with the Russians and be used to build a few new aircraft carriers and bombers, instead of being used for useful research in a more vital area.

This may be true, but if we are going to assume for the sake of argument that we have the power to determine how much money gets spent for the space program, then we can with as much validity assume that we have the power to determine what it would otherwise be spent for. Since we have neither power, our discussion is purely hypothetical and should be based on the merits of the program itself.

Considering that the space program is being cut down considerably anyway, our choice even if we had the power would not be between retaining a large program or cutting it back. Rather, it has probably devolved to a matter of either increasing funds for the space program to previous levels or increasing funds for some other research program, or doing nothing at all. Which leads to the question of whether the space program of the past decade has been absorbing a "disproportionate amount of our research money" compared to medicine, oceanography, ecology, etc. I would suggest that the answer lies in what breakthroughs we have made in these areas. And although it is difficult and probably unfair to compare such diverse fields, did we put a man on the Moon and a laboratory in space, or did we find a cure for cancer and an immuno-suppressant for organ transplants? And does anyone even know what we've accomplished in ocean exploration?

(((As less money has been devoted to space than to medicine or oceanography, I find the return on the space program to be tremendously more impressive. But the funding for these other fields has no bearing on the funding for the space program. There is no validity to saying that a cutback in one field should result in additional funding to another field simply because that other field is in some vague way related to the field that got cut (in this instance, we're talking about fields of research). You don't take it away from Tom and give it to Dick. You take it away from Tom and return it to the kitty, and later you use it for whatever is the most pressing matter of that particular moment. Further, I don't read this debate as an exercise in playing a board game to determine how much money gets spent for the space program. I see it as an exercise in determining current fannish opinion on the general subject of the space program. If we followed your rules and made this a fictitious power game, we might come to the conclusion that the space program should be cut back to provide government subsidy of fanzines...)))

2) The Spinoff Argument - says that research for the space program produces new materials and devices that often result in improved products for the consumer. One can presumably include the creation of some hundred thousand jobs as another by-product.

Unfortunately, this provides no better an argument for shooting rockets into the air than it does for digging holes in the ground. We could keep lots of people employed in excavating a transatlantic subway tunnel, and the necessary geophysical research might result in the discovery of a surefire method for finding oil deposits, an inexpensive process for the liquification of coal, and a strain-relief procedure for the prevention of earthquakes, in addition to the possibility of improved techniques for public transportation. If you think it would make more sense to investigate these things directly, you're right. And yet NASA public relations people can't figure out why they aren't able to convince the public that it makes sense to spend a billion dollars for a non-stick frying pan or a pen that writes when upside down.

(((You're deliberately ignoring such minor spinoffs as the communications satellites, and trivia like that... And NASA speaks for NASA - it doesn't speak for me. I don't point to the spinoffs as justification for the space program. I point to a new plane of human existence and a boost to the maturity of mankind as justification for the space program. I point to the spinoffs merely to show that the space program is paying for itself along the way.)))

3) The Final Frontier Argument - claims not only that we have a duty to move out into space and colonize other planets, but that doing so would bring us together and solve many if not most of our major problems.

I begin to think that the space nuts ought to get together with the vitamin E nuts. Between them they lay claim to solving just about all the ills of mankind. This hypothesis that the space frontier will eliminate factionalism, racism, and poverty from our society remains to be proven. The history of the Western Hemisphere and Australia when their frontiers were operative does not seem to me all that impressive in this regard. Turner's famous frontier interpretation of American history is based on the encouragement of rugged individualism by the availability of free land where with a bit of work a person could survive relatively independently of support from the parent society. This is a far cry from what must prevail for our first pioneers in space, where exploration and colonization will probably use up more resources than they provide, for a considerable time to come. And I think it's a mistake to look too far beyond that and assert that events will follow a prescribed direction, since the future seldom turns out the way we expect it to. Planning for problems that may arise in the future cannot be likened to counting on the future for solutions.

(((Nobody said that events will follow a prescribed direction, but we do have enough history behind us to recognize the fact that society progresses as the result of a major thrust into a new frontier. Society's problems are based on levels of need and ignorance. A man who must hunt all day is too concerned with the matter of survival to make much progress in his overall life style. A society that depends totally on manual labor to produce its everyday needs will create a caste system - and perhaps even a slave system - which denies the rights of the individual and which places the mark of superiority or inferiority upon a person at the time of his birth. The rugged individual will have no place in the space program; it will take a hundred thousand skilled people, who know how to work as a team, to send one man into the unknown, bring him back, and evaluate what he has found. It will take teamwork to colonize new worlds, and it will take teamwork to throw aside the confines of this solar system and send the seed of man to the stars. Man has grown from the confines of the cave to the confines of the pack, the land which he can walk as he follows the migrations of the herds and the land which he can till with his own hands, the confines of the imaginary borders which his ruler claims for him, the confines of the continent, to the confines of the planet Earth. Now he must use increasingly more teamwork to work within the confines of his solar system, and especially to work his way to the point where his only confines are the universe itself. He will not be without problems at any stage along the way, but he will leave old problems behind (survival against hunger, predators, disease; living in a hostile environment; slavery; war which threatens to destroy his existence because he lives on one small ball of mud; racism; poverty; etc. etc., and definitely etc.) and exchange them for the new problems caused by his own progress.)))

In conclusion, it seems to me then that in order to provide the necessary support for our initial efforts toward colonization of the solar system, we must first strike a reasonable balance on Spaceship Earth with respect to the energy crisis, the food shortage, environmental pollution, recycling of resources, and so on. Some day our worries about these things may indeed seem trivial, but we can't expect to master the other planets if we cannot even master the one we are best adapted to. And, at least from the activities of our young people in these areas, this civilization does not seem to be stagnating in its little pond just yet.

Fans are understandably excited at the possibility of sf coming true in our lifetimes (altho, for some reason, we are more turned on by SANDS OF MARS than THE DEEP RANGE). But it isn't as if the Last Martian were going to die before we get there if we don't hurry. (That will come after we arrive and start polluting the place, if we don't watch out.)

There is no question that we will and should pursue some form of space exploration, even if there were not a single valid scientific reason for going beyond communications and weather satellites, and orbiting laboratories. But that it should so outpace the rest of our technology is unreasonable and unnecessarily expensive. The reason most of our prophets overestimated the time scale and underestimated the cost of space travel is that we've been going too fast and spending like crazy to keep it up. The admonishment to slow down to conserve energy applies to more things than automobiles.

It makes a lot more sense to me for major developments in our space program to be spinoffs from normal technological advances relevant to the world we still live on. The diversion of funds for a crash program to learn how to generate power by controlled nuclear fusion (with no radioactive waste to dispose of) would benefit the public at large and the results could later be applied to the elimination of inefficient chemical rockets for space travel.

We are in a rather traumatic period during which our nation must realize limits to its power and pattern of growth, and begin to learn to plan beyond the short term. It is not the best time to intrude with really long-term plans for the exploration of space, to which a few decades will really make very little difference. Postponing space travel hardly has the same effect as postponing pollution control. The stars won't go away, and I doubt that history will accuse us too strongly of dilly-dallying. The exploration of space is an attitude more than a matter of hardware, and can be adopted very quickly when the time is ripe.

A final comment on the space controversy (which I hope doesn't go on too long... THE RETURN OF THE SPACE CONTROVERSY is okay, but then you will start titling future episodes SON OF THE SPACE CONTROVERSY, THE SPACE CONTROVERSY AND THE OCEANS OF VENUS, THE SPACE CONTROVERSY AND HIS TRIPHTIBIAN ATOMICAR, etc.): We should be constructive rather than obstructive. If any of us feel that there are areas of research more deserving of funds than NASA, we should write to our congressmen in favor of these programs rather than against the space program.

000 I'll agree with your final comment. And even with the one before that - which is the reason I've titled this SPACE, THE FINAL ARGUMENT... But I don't, of course, agree with the rest of your conclusion, and particularly not with your belief that delay of space exploration is justified. I can see your arguments being used to hold up the development of the automobile on the basis that we should first concentrate on developing a better method of waste disposal to keep horseshit off the highways. I can see you being against development of the airplane on the basis that the sky "won't go away, and I doubt that history will accuse us too strongly of dilly-dallying". You fail to see the impact upon civilization of any such major breakthrough. With these breakthroughs come problems, of course, but in the meantime old problems tend to vanish and society as a whole always benefits. 000

DON D'AMMASSA
East Providence, Rhode Island

Although I ordinarily enjoy this kind of debate, even though I'm apparently a minority of one among your readers, I am rather disturbed by some of the comments

in this last issue. But let's take care of the main discussion first.

There appear to be several misconceptions about what D'Amassa believes about the space program. I cannot judge whether these are due to my inability to express myself clearly, or to the readers' inability or unwillingness to follow my reasoning. In either case, let me try to state what I feel are misstatements attributed to me.

Misconception One: D'Amassa wants the space program halted. This is not true. I only want other programs to receive equal stress. If this means reduction of the space program, so be it.

Misconception Two: D'Amassa feels that other research programs, like weapons research, are perfectly all right. Untrue. I did not single out the space program for this discussion, Jackie Franke did. Weapons research is an even worse waste of resources, in my opinion.

Misconception Three: D'Amassa feels that if we cut the space program, the money will be re-channeled into "more useful" projects. Totally false. I said it should, not that it would. This is a purely theoretical discussion.

Misconception Four: D'Amassa is totally unlikely to change his mind. Probably untrue. I was a staunch supporter of the space program until just recently, so obviously I have the capacity to change my mind. Neither am I so vehemently opposed that I have closed my mind to reason. My decision was rationally arrived at after a great deal of soul searching.

Misconception Five: D'Amassa endorses "a curtailment of funds to the space program at the cost of reducing the overall research budget". Where did I say that. I would be willing to pay a great deal more in taxes, not less, if research were being conducted in fields I thought were promising.

Misconception Six: D'Amassa does not feel that space exploration as such is a good idea. Utter poppycock.

Now let me go on to point out what I consider the fallacies in the arguments of the pro-space program contingent. Note that not everyone believes all of these, but most seem to believe at least one,

The Solar Civilization Syndrome: Over the next few generations man will outgrow his planet by spreading through the solar system, terraforming the other worlds. This is totally unrealistic.

- 1) The cost of the project could not be absorbed by our society as presently conducted.
- 2) Terraforming, even assuming we could develop the techniques and finance, would take generations of time to complete.
- 3) We don't have the techniques for this anyway, because there is comparatively little research into genetics, ecological engineering, life support systems under non-vacuum conditions, etc.
- 4) This would not solve any problems anyway, because a nuclear war would still destroy domed cities, because it would be impossible to bleed off population this way, and because a massive energy shortage on Earth would doom the project anyway.

The Faster Than Light Fancy: Refinement and advancement of our present space program would inevitably result in a FTL drive. I doubt that anyone with reasonable intelligence believes that interstellar travel will be accomplished by rockets, no matter how refined. FTL drive, if such is possible, will not be developed by a space program such as we now have.

The Out of the Puddle and Into the Universe Extravagance: The next logical step in man's evolution is expansion to other worlds. People who oppose space travel would earlier have opposed primitive man's departure from the tree tops. Not so. I prefer to view myself as the ape who said: "Before we drop to the ground to hunt for food, help me twist off this broken branch as a weapon, and let's set up a sentry system." Which is probably what did happen. We don't hear too much about all those apes who came out of the trees too soon, and were eaten.

The Martyrized Space Program Mythos: Most of the opposition to the space program is because the space program is so public. If people knew what other research money was going for, they'd realize that the space program is under-financed, if anything. There is an element of truth to this; the space program is the most obvious target for some critics. But just because some crackpot is against a program, doesn't mean the program is right. After all, a lot of dictators oppose Communism. But the space program does use a disproportionate amount of money, and much of it wastefully. Even NASA officials admit that much more research could have been conducted with less manned and more automatic flights. And if you've got to have men on some flights, as I freely admit, why not use highly qualified scientists, instead of training military men to exhibit a veneer of knowledge.

Since Chad Oliver has been thrust at me, let me parry with an authority of my own. Read WATERCLAP by Isaac Asimov, hardly an anti-technologist. Asimov brilliantly shows that while space travel is important, if it advances too far ahead of the rest of science, it will cut its own throat.

So much for the space program controversy. Now let's move on to the methods of some of its supporters. I would like to specifically respond to Harry Warner first. Rarely have I seen such a rude display of condescension in a fanzine. For a man of his stature to resort to this type of tactic is shameful and embarrassing to read. There have always been people who believed themselves to have an absolute corner on truth and right, and I suppose there's no reason to expect fandom to be exempt. But the implication that I am not only wrong in my criticism, but that I am to be pitied, and that I have no right to doom my descendants to eternal embarrassment, is intellectually dishonest and shockingly bad manners. I frankly feel that Mr. Warner has done himself a great disservice by this lack of common courtesy.

Then you, Dave, state that I am not "truthful", describe me as "selfish", and point to my "dishonesty". If you are really trying to convince me of the error of my ways, this is hardly appropriate language. I submit that if anyone is selfish, it is you. I have not advocated ending your dream; I've only asked that mine be given equal consideration.

You are probably correct that there are contradictions in my beliefs, there are in all of us. If you accuse me of imperfect humanity, I plead guilty, but if you say I have been untruthful in my letters to you, you are only demonstrating that you have allowed your emotions to overrule your reason.

I may very well be wrong in this matter. Space travel may indeed be the most worthwhile project for humanity at this time. But you might be wrong, too, and if the human race is wiped out by a war or plague because we didn't spend enough time dealing with problems on earth, or if we are reduced permanently to a one planet civilization because we exhausted our energy sources before we were able to colonize other worlds, who will then be the villains?

You see, Dave, I too have dreams for humanity. I'm a product of Western Civilization and I believe in the improvement of Man, if not his perfectability. I am morally certain that we will never establish a viable interplanetary society, unless we first create a viable planetary society on Earth. I don't mean a wish

fulfillment Utopia where everyone is happy and well fed. But there are certain accomplishments I consider prerequisite.

We must, for example, develop some means of controlling our population. Colonization is no answer. You must have read at one time or another one of the many proofs that spaceships would have to leave by the hundreds every day just to keep the present population level even. At the current rate of growth, all available energy will shortly be required for life support and industrial use here on Earth. That will kill your space program completely, perhaps permanently. And this is a very real, frightening possibility.

I believe we need to develop a means of supporting our economy without ruining our ecology. Have you any idea how close we are to making our Earth totally uninhabitable? Do you honestly believe that we will have time to colonize other worlds if we continue to pollute the Earth at our present rate? We must have clean, cheap energy sources, perhaps solar, nuclear, or something to be developed through research currently suborned to the space program.

We probably need a FTL drive. I cannot believe that stable cultures can be established in this solar system in the foreseeable future. We do not have the technology, nor do we have the necessary inducement. It won't solve our population problem, so why should the masses accept it? And, like it or not, we have to deal with the great mass of humanity.

We also need to make advances in the soft sciences. Man is the animal we know least about. One of the unique advantages that man has over the other animals is that man can study himself. If we fail to make use of this faculty, we may find ourselves just another of nature's failures. Man is still too much a creature of his primitive instincts.

Perhaps one day within our lifetimes, the situation may have changed sufficiently that we can discuss this matter in fanzines again, without the emotion laden remarks I've seen lately. I find it extremely distressing that even within fandom, people will turn an honest difference of opinion into personal abuse. If I might quote from Silverberg's DYING INSIDE:

"It was then that I knew there could be no hope for mankind, when even the best of us were capable of going berserk in the cause of love and peace and human equality."



"Listen to me! I tell you, if God hadn't meant for us Kortyzx to fly then he wouldn't have sent us all these unmanned rocketships!"

000 As you and I have been the main proponents of the discussion in these two 'forums', I've resisted my normal instincts and extended the courtesy of allowing you an uninterrupted (and unedited) say. However, the pressure that has built up inside of me has become somewhat uncomfortable, so now that you're finished...

Misconception One: I fail to understand why you're so concerned with balancing the government's expenditures. If you want more money spent on kelp farming, it would seem appropriate that you write your congressman and say "I want more money spent on kelp farming". Apparently, you would write your congressman and tell him "I want you to reduce the space program expenditures so that you can spend more money on kelp farming". I could write to my congressman and say "I want Kissinger to fly tourist class, so that you can spend more money on the space program", and to do so would be only slightly less realistic than your request.

Misconceptions Three and Five: "I said it should, not that it would. This is a purely theoretical discussion." And, as such, doesn't mean a damn thing. However, in an argument about the merits of the space program, you have said that space expenditures should be cut back even further because the money should be reallocated to other research fields. Reallocation doesn't work that way, as I've already pointed out and as you have already noted. Being in favor of reducing space expenditures does work, though, so you have had your small part in convincing the government to cut back on space expenditures. And you have done so to the overall detriment of research in general, because that money has been reinvested into the military and whatever other areas the government felt were needy at the time the cash appeared in their hands.

Misconception Six: "D'Amassa does not feel that space exploration as such is a good idea. Utter poppycock". Oh, really? Let me quote some of your earlier words in this regard. "Why look for more ways to get into trouble?", "space is not a valid frontier - it's a blind alley", "assuming we don't exert all of our exploratory efforts in fruitless space travel".

And, with these quotes fresh in mind, let me jump ahead to your comments about the methods used by some space program supporters. I said you were untruthful, yes, but I said you were untruthful to yourself and I used these quotations as evidence. You were saying 'space is ok, however', but while you were saying it your

freudian slip kept falling down and lines like "fruitless space travel" would be emblazoned upon it. You would say that space was certainly a valid pursuit, but in your own words you revealed that you really considered it a "public relations extravaganza" and an "international crash program to outface the Russians", and felt that we shouldn't "exert all of our exploratory efforts in fruitless space travel". You expended a great deal of wordage in your previous two letters on this subject, and the fact that you are deceiving yourself became all too obvious. It sounds better, when you're attacking something, to say that it is important but that it must take a back seat to higher priorities; but if you really don't think it is of value then that fact will come out if you keep talking about the subject long enough.

That your dreams "be given equal consideration" is not an issue here, Don. We're talking about the space program, and you can't quite get it through your head that the space program has no perceptible effect on the amount of money or talent which is channeled into your particular interests. You say you understand that, but you keep coming up with lines like the one just quoted.

Harry Warner's comment may not have been the most tactful one in the world, but while I'm sure he is dismayed to discover this fact it remains historically valid that opponents of technological progress and/or frontier-seeking have earned for themselves a somewhat undesirable aura. The fact that you take person~~exception~~ to his mentioning this does not remove the overwhelming likelihood that he will be proven correct. In all fairness, however, you must admit that he was not referring to you personally, but rather to noted public figures who took the wrong stand and made it a part of public record.

As for your Solar Civilization Syndrome, let's take a look at your points.

First, you say the cost of terraforming could not be absorbed by our society "as presently conducted". It never will be, either, if everyone thinks about the future based on the capacity of the present. You have to go a step at a time, and you have to develop your capacities to meet the objectives that you are working toward. In 1900 we didn't have the financial capacity to have an airport for virtually every city and an airplane to take off every thirty seconds to one minute at some of the major ones, but going a step at a time it wasn't long before we got there. Not a direct parallel, perhaps, but it provides illumination to the fact that you can't get a new Cadillac every year if you're content to wash dishes in the kitchen of a pizza parlor. Gear up, man, gear up.

Second, yes - it would take generations to complete. It will take even longer if we stare that fact in the face, shrug our shoulders, and say to hell with it.

Third, right - we don't have all the techniques yet. But we can sure develop them. And wouldn't it be nice if research into genetics, ecological engineering, life support systems, etc. got a good shot in the arm because it was necessary to execute this project.

Fourth, and last - thankfully - a nuclear war can destroy mankind quite handily until he has the capacity to be self-sufficient on other worlds. And don't tell me that will take a long time, because time isn't the issue here. If you want to make it an issue, then it's fuel for the fire of my contention that we shouldn't drag our feet in getting out of the puddle and into the universe - which leads us to the topic which you entitled:

The Out of the Puddle and Into the Universe Extravaganza. I'm sure you didn't intend anyone to interpret your 'apes who got eaten' story as meaning that the Martians will get us if we step onto their planet too soon. What you do mean, I presume, is that we have a little more cleanup to do at ground zero before we slap leather for the big frontier in the sky. From this I draw the conclusions that you presume we cannot perform more than one function at a time, should not dabble our fingers into "fruitless" activities because something else takes 102% of our concentrated attention, and that Don D'Amassa cannot climb a stairway and scratch his nose at the same time... It isn't my intention to ridicule you but, despite an occasional statement otherwise, you do tend to doggedly convey the impression that the world cannot rub its stomach and pat its head at the same time. This is a good point at which to pass along to what Marty Helgesen wrote in to say on this subject, and that will wrap up - for an age or two - AWRY's participation in the space controversy. 000

MARTY HELGESEN

Malverne, New York

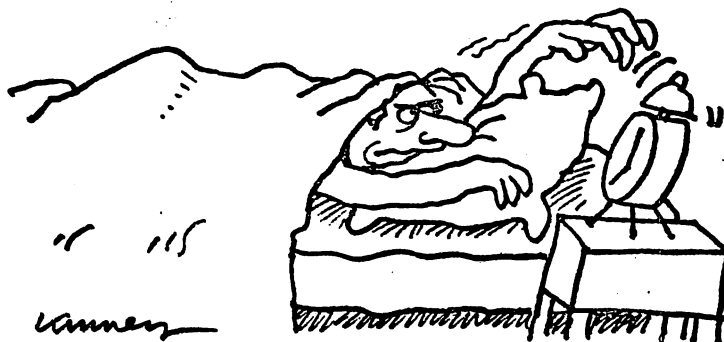
In 1939 C.S. Lewis gave a talk at Oxford entitled LEARNING IN WAR-TIME (published in his THE WORLD'S LAST NIGHT AND OTHER ADDRESSES). Obviously when Hit-

ler is threatening one's homeland one may question if there is any value in studying Greek drama or medieval history. "Is it not like fiddling while Rome burns?" Part of his answer applies to the space controversy: "Plausible reasons have never been lacking for putting off all merely cultural activities until some imminent danger has been averted or some crying injustice put right. But humanity long ago chose to neglect those plausible reasons.... The insects have chosen a different line: they have sought first the material welfare and security of the hive, and presumably they have their reward. Men are different. They propound mathematical theorems in beleaguered cities, conduct metaphysical arguments in condemned cells, make jokes on scaffolds, discuss the last new poem while advancing to the walls of Quebec, and comb their hair at Thermopylae. This is not panache: it is our nature." It is also part of our nature to explore new frontiers when they present themselves instead of waiting until there's nothing else to do.

000 Ah yes - words of wisdom ring clear and true. The basic nature of man always causes him to move forward. He may change his course, but it will be easier to get to his new goal than it would be if he had stayed back where he was. And his forward motion brings unexpected discoveries, and improves him, just in itself. I'll again propose the toast which I made in AWRY #5: To the dreamers! To the doers! And, to the frontiers... 000

DRINKIN' THRU THE RYE^{#3}

ED COX



I guess we're safe now. Nothing happened to us. The comet came and went. In fact, of all the dire things the nut-fringes predicted would happen to us...remember, it was 1973 when all these dire portents were predicted on the strength of what turned out to be the miserable flop of the astronomical century...the only good thing was that the gas shortage probably kept us safe. At least, the comet didn't ignite the oil here on earth and wipe us out. That was the prediction of Edward Ben Elson, head of the Church of the Odd Infinitum (based in McFarland, Wisconsin). Since that came out, there is some speculation that it was a big put-on. If not, I want to see the intergalactic spaceship he was selling passage on to save us all from the conflagration.

At only ten bucks a head.

I can't even fly PSA to San Jose for that!

Of course, it could have been worse. Jules Verne had the world smashed to bits in his story (HECTOR SERVADAC). H. G. Wells, in IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET, had the earth pass through the comet's tail and everybody fell asleep. Then woke up and started building utopia. I don't know if I'd want that, either.

What sort of irks me is - I never did see the comet. By the time it was supposed to be visible to the naked eye it got cloudy and rained to beat hell around here. When it didn't rain, it misted, drizzled, fogged and overcast...ed. After fuming about this, it was brought to my attention by a kind friend who hated to see me fume for nothing, that the comet never did become bright enough to see by the naked eye. I'm no prude, of course, but I guess that was just as well...

No, I mean, I got to thinking about THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. We might all have been blinded. And while there are no triffids around, something else might have taken advantage of the blinded multitudes. You know, like the oil companies might have sold us on an oil shortage or something equally unbelievable...

But then, I think I have a prediction. That is, if there are any other people around very much like me. I realize that statement may cause unease among most of you, but cool it just a minute.

It seems to me that science fiction fandom is going to take a great jump upward in numbers very soon now. I base this on the fact that astronomy, years ago (beyond Dave Locke's remembrance, Imightaswellbeathimtoit), got me turned on to science fiction. The comet Kohoutek turned tens of thousands of people on to astronomy. Telescopes were sold out all over the place (like Edmund Scientific with which ASTOUNDING/ANALOG readers ought to be familiar); people even filled an ocean liner to go out to sea to look at the thing; and so on. Now that this craze is over, they ought to start looking for something to fill the gap. Science fiction. Ghod, we could actually be inundated by hordes of new fans so that fanzines would have circulations of hundreds and conventions would even have thousands of attendees and become Too Damn Big to Enjoy.

But enough dire portents. We're safe...unless, of course, the earth is about to run through the comet's lost tail and no telling what might happen to us...

In the meantime, while awaiting that (I wouldn't object to running into some lost tail... (Dave, is this a family fanzine?)), leave us return to a topic that I considered in one form some millenia ago in an earlier issue of this august fanzine (or is this the 1974 issue? (or is it still PELF I'm thinking about? Isn't it time for this decade's issue...?)).

Where was I?

Oh, yeh. Advertisements. I had occasion to watch some television in the last few months. In fact, now that football is over, I appear to be writing for fanzines again. I'll explore the profound ramifications of that fact at some other time. In the meantime, it was found to be impossible to avoid watching some of the commercials. After all, I may drink beer fast and in quantity, but I don't have to run to the can that often!

First, I have to go back somewhat prior to this last futboll season for one that is worth remembering. One night, when I didn't know what else to do whilst preparing a home-made hamburger (I used beef, even so...), I turned on the television set (without benefit of drugs) to watch the evening news. I often watch the news while I eat because it accomplishes two things. I do two things with the same amount of time and it keeps me up to date on how strong my stomach still is.

I'd had the sound off since it makes for a comedy series really much more hilarious than the sitcoms, but recognized a familiar face. I raced over and uped the gain and, sure enough, it was Ray Bradbury. He was the guest on the Newsmakers segment of one of the network shows. At first I thought he was giving a plug for Equicon (which shows how long ago this took place). But no, once again he was solving all the problems of the world, the future and now. With which I do not take issue, of course. Among other things, he once again (for the Nth time) took umbrage with automobiles, everything about them, their existance, et al. Right after this came the break with the attendant commercials.

The commercial was for Ford LTDs.

I hoped, for his peace of mind, that it was live broadcasting and he didn't see it.

But it reminds me of some of the commercials these days. Oil companies on television and in magazines now admonish the driver on how to save fuel. Tips on driving, maintenance and, even, ugh, the business of walking, to save those gallons. Often, right after this (and on the next full-color slick multiple fold-out in the magazines), there is the blaring fanfare of the 1974 line of Cadillacs! Or some other equally gas-guzzling car, even the so-called "standard" sizes.

Strange how, years ago, we didn't have all these nice tips on tire pressure, jack-rabbit starts and steady driving to help save gas... Not that it was any secret but it sure didn't get national television commercial money in the networks!

From this we can go to the inane. One of the worst of these is that goddam silly prune commercial. I always like Stan Freberg's work. Even a lot of his commercials but not this one.

I don't think prunes are funny.

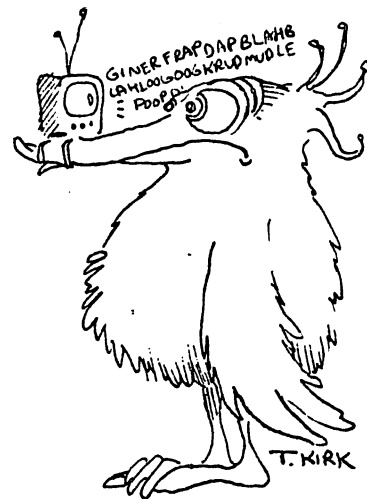
They makes lots of people crap. And I don't need that. Drinking lots of beer and eating beans will do that; in fact, it would save NASA a lot of money, and accomplish more than all the prunes in China or wherever the hell they come from. So much for prunes.

And SAS. You know, the Viking scavenger airlines. Them and their pillaging raiders over the pole and all that jazz. Navigators of the world...since it was flat. Do they really believe it was flat? The only thing flat I've noticed lately is a girl that just started in Aviation Customer Service a couple of weeks ago.

But she has great legs...

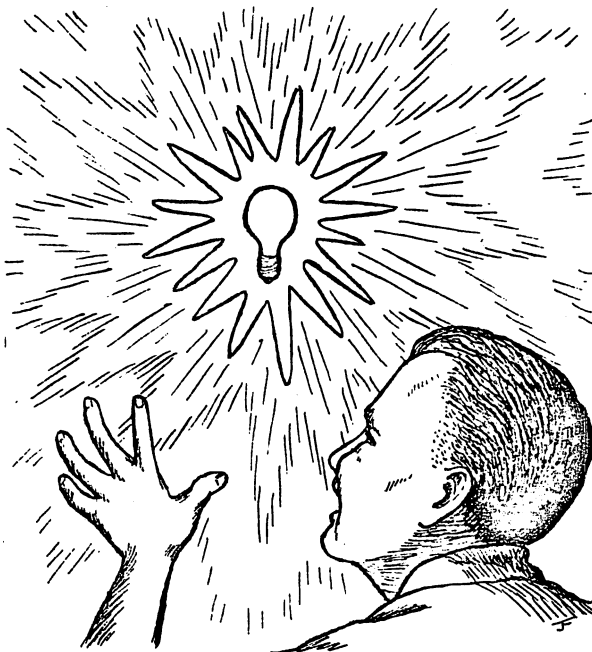
But there is always the problem of misrepresentation of product. All these claims that the FDA is always trying, finally, to counteract. Especially patent drugs and such crap. You remember the recent fiasco where all the aspirins, Excedrins and all that stuff came under fire for excessive claims? They were told to cease and desist from all the rampant claims and solutions to human ills. Which reminds me of a fraudulent television commercial for aspirin which I can firmly refute.

Aspirin doesn't do a goddam thing for my morning stiffness...



AUSTRALIA'S BAG IS TUCKER

I
M
H
O #3



Dean

Greenell

The stranger smiled, but not in fun;
His eyes were bitter blue.
"Don't speak to me of things you've done,
And I'll not speak to you!"

--from "I Read An Arkle In The Paper,"
by Eldrin Fzot

"If I have sincere, deeply held convictions on anything at all, it is that, if a person reaches the point where they have no other recourse than to commit poetry, they should go to the bathroom and lock the door."

Some families favor turkey for Thanksgiving but, for the past several years, we've had the Lockes and, in the more prosperous of these, a few bagels on the side. The promulgator of our opening pint of pontification was none other than the head of the Duarte Clan Loch, David Himself. Was he trying to tell me something?

"Dave, are you trying to tell me something?" I put it to him, bluntly.

"What do you mean: 'Am I trying to tell you something'?" he responded.

"Am I to interpret your foregoing comment as a suave and diplomatic effort on your part to request that I cease and desist from besmirching the sacrosanct pages of AWRY with my shaggy doggerel?"

"Huh?"

"Dave, you want I shoon't put no more poems in the columns I do for your fanzine?"

"Oh. Oh, no, that's perfectly all right, Dean. I never for a moment thought of those as poetry."

I'm still trying to cipher out if I should feel reassured or insulted.

A nose, by any other name,
Would very likely smell the same.

--from "Bouquets & Blunderbi,"
by P. Pomery Poisonbreath III
aka Eldrin Fzot

Putting aside the bombast and buffoonery for the merest nonce, I would fain load you down with some useful lore Useful, that is, if you happen to believe that cheese is among mankind's higher artforms. No, I'm not speaking of the likes of Velveeta. Once, groping to convey the impression of ultimately depressed economy of a community, I put it that the local super market displayed its Velveeta in the gourmet section, right next to the chicken feet.

Later, years later, a chain of Southern California supermarkets that happens to publish its own fanzine (yes, really) had a contest to supply captions for some illustrations; this being an artform at which the chain's owner, one Joe Coulombe, excels brilliantly. One illo showed an ancient Greek or Roman defending himself right manfully as a horde of attackers tried to do him in. Dave and I pondered this and it well may've been Dave who suggested, "If I'd known it would upset you so, I wouldn't have brought Velveeta to your wine and cheese party!"

At any rate, I sent in that caption to Trader Joe's and it won a check for \$10 and a flutter of regional ego-boo and I keep knocking out these columns for Dave by way of under-the-counter expiation. Now you know.

Getting back to cheese, I resided for several years in Wisconsin, a state with some reputation for production of dairy products. During an interlude when I was a member of a camera club in a small Wisconsin town, one of the other members was a pleasant young man named James Widmer. He worked at the family cheese factory - John O. Widmer & Sons - in Theresa, Wisconsin 53091.

I soon fell into the habit of stopping by to pass a few words with Jim, any time my travels took me through or near Theresa. They had a small retail sales counter, at which you could purchase the various types of cheese made by Widmer and they carried a reasonable selection of cheese from other sources by way of rounding out their stock: provolone, limburger, bleu cheese and Swiss, for example.

Although the Widmers are of Swiss origin, they didn't make Swiss cheese. Their major specialty was and still is the type called brick cheese and, if anyone, anywhere, makes better brick cheese, I've never had the pleasure of sampling same. Brick is available in a few basic variations: plain white brick, colored (yellow) brick and caraway brick.

One specialized variant I found almost addictive is the raw curds. These are fresh from the vats, of the previous day's batch. They put up a few small plioilm bags of the little cubes and, once started, it takes heroic self-control (on my part, at least) to stop nibbling at them. The cheesemaking process, as practiced by the Widmer family, consists of emptying the morning's intake of whole milk - purchased from certain of the immediate area's dairy farmers - into one or two large, stainless steel vats. The charge of rennet is poured into the vat from a pitcher and the electric stirring paddles are turned on to sweep majestically from one end of the tank to the other until the rennet precipitates the solids out of the milk into soft, rubbery curd. The remaining liquid, called whey (Cf. Little Miss Muffett) is drawn off and furnished back to the supplying farmers for purposes of feeding to the hogs, making a neat ecological circle of the whole business. I won't vouch that this is the exact *modus operandi* in 1974, but farmers fed whey to the hogs prior to the fall of 1941, when I severed my personal connection with agricultural activities.

Being something like a couple thousand miles from the Widmer plant, these days, I still obtain an occasional fix of fresh curds from them by mail. They do a moderate traffic in direct mail sales and would do a great deal more if a larger number of people knew of their activities. Apart from the various types of brick cheese, one of the really great house specialties is Widmer's own Colby. This is a bright yellow cheese, similar to cheddar - variously referred to in different areas as American cheese, rat-trap cheese, etc. - and it's put up in blocks roughly a foot long and four by four inches in cross section; that's a full block and half-blocks (about six inches long, same cross-section) are available, too.

Widmer's Colby is the prime ingredient for a toasted cheese sandwich that is memorably spectacular. Not only is it sinfully beguiling to the taste buds, but it poses a challenge when it comes to consuming the toasted cheese sandwich with dignity and decorum. The semi-molten cheese tends to resist shearing, stretching into tenacious, gooey strands as the main body of sandwich is moved away from the mouth.

Most North American supermarts carry cheese designated as Colby and most of this is not bad cheese at all, but Widmer's Colby is to such lesser Colbys as, for example, Chateaux LaFitte Rothschild might compare to Cucamonga burgundy.

The Widmers sell their cheese by the pound, weighing and pricing each package to compensate for minor weight variation. On request, they'll quote you an approximate estimate on a half-block of Colby, a bag of fresh curds, the various types of brick, or whatever. You can remit by check or money order and they'll refund the excess or, at last word, they'd be inclined to mail the order of cheese and bill the customer for the cheese plus mailing costs. I asked Jim if this didn't result in no-pay problems and he said it is a surprisingly seldom thing. Failure to pay puts you on their little blacklist and cuts off your future supply of cheese, not to mention setting you up for a federal rap as to mail fraud.

It seems likely that, somewhere out there in AWRYland, there are people who might appreciate being introduced to the Widmers' elegant art. Be soberly warned, however, that it tends to be habit-forming or at least psychologically addictive and, as Walter A. Willis once observed to me, it's pretty appalling to think of someone having a cow on their back.

You're putting the carte before the blanche!

Oh, tongues may wag and wags may tongue
Gags to gag a vulture:
The farmer's testy with his young.
But it's an angry culture.

Her girdle blew a connecting rod in the back stretch

CRUEL & INHUMAN ET CETERA

In the dozenade spanning from 1950 to 1962, I made my lair at 402 Maple Avenue and, toward the end of those years, the address (where it was was Fond du Lac, Wisconsin) came to be reasonably well known in fannish circles; perhaps, at times, a little too well known.

For instance, there was the morning - about 2:00 a.m. - when Delmington Willowware pounded upon the driveway door and, when I opened it in bleary stupor, he introduced himself and requested lodgings for the night, such as was left of it.

Delmington (this story is true - only the names have been changed to protect the incumbent against libel suit) knew of me, from having read a fanzine once. From my viewpoint, the distinction between Del and Adam's off ox wasn't immediately apparent, though it later came to be evident the ox might be the better bargain as a house guest.

Del, with his wife and offspring, were headed for the Big Apple (NYC) in quest of fame, fortune and similar goodies. They were content to regroup and refresh in Fond du Lac for a few days before forging onward. On their departure, we heaved a few grateful whooshes and reflected the impromptu visit had been better than being jabbed in the face with a sharp stick; probably.

Our relief proved a little premature for, in a week or so, the Willowwares turned back up in the driveway and, this time, there seemed to be no end in sight. On one of the visits, I forget which, Del accompanied me to my bank and cashed a check for \$50 on the strength of my unwary but grudging admission to the teller that I knew him. When the check came bouncing back, the various personnel of the bank often asked me about my friend, Del, and inquired solicitously as to his current whereabouts. In time, I ended the strained relationship by closing out my own account and leaving town, not without having helpfully furnished the bank with each new COA for our boy that I happened to note in the various incoming fmz. I doubt that it did any good, from the gist of comments made at the bank.

In other ways, the uninvited guests didn't wear too well, either. Mrs. Willowware, on being invited to participate in traditional family rituals such as washing the dishes, icily responded she did not *enjoy* doing dishes and did not care to discuss the matter further: a response that went over like cast-iron life preservers. Their small progeny would wheeble and bray with incredible output of decibels at frequent intervals, with accent on the sleeping hours. The Willowwares' philosophy on this was that it "did the kid good to get the crying out of its system."

But it was Del, himself, who stretched the cord of hostly patience to the snapping point. Those were in the halcyon days before the Heilemann Brewing Company gobbled up the Fox Head Brewery and, by way of thinning tough competition, terminated production of the legendary Fox Head Vat-Aged Lager; probably the greatest brew ever to purll across my appreciative tonsils. Del could waltz through a six-pack of the Fox in a single evening and come up faunching for more. This is remarkable in itself, since the stuff assayed around 12-14% vital essence and, with its smooth texture, had been the undoing of many a visiting tanksman in much smaller quantities, those days. As a fellow connoisseur of the Fox, I was impressed but, as the bloke who was maintaining the stores out of an ectomorphic wallet, not favorably.

I programmed increasing amounts of computer time to the problem of how to sever this uneasy symbiosis. True, I could have told them, with unequivocal bluntness, to get their derrieres off our turf, but that would have been crude and, in the confiding words of Don Marquis's immortal alleycat, "to hell with anything common has always been my motto archy".

I brooded over all this one evening, alone in the basement at 402 Maple. The Willowwares were upstairs, watching television; their chosen program, of course, and one for which the resident natives cared but little.

Thinking that a wee drap av th' craychur might help to loosen the scheme-muscles, I ambled over to the basement refrigerator, opened the door and reached for the fifth of Gilbey's gin that was stored there for snake-bites and similar national emergencies. Measuring the liquid level against the line of print on the label, I dourly noted that Del-baby had discovered the Gilbey's, too. My first reaction was a sub-vocalized obscenity, but this was drowned out a-borning by a commotion in the computer room as massive bus-bars crashed home amid spitting sparks and the hooting of klaxons.

I stared in awe at the glowing light bulb that had materialized in the thin air, a few inches above my head. Prior to then, I'd always assumed such things were purely a cartoonist's cliché, without counterpart in the Real World.

It was but the work of a moment to do the deed of deep-dyed dastardy conceived in that crisp crackle of cerebral crepitation. Wiping the glint of urchin glee from my face, from the inside, of course, I trudged nonchalantly up the stairs to join the rest of the troops in the living room in adoration of the boob-tube.

With neat timing, the tv program was interrupted for a brief word from the sponsor. In high probability, this was a Green Bay firm of furniture hucksters that rejoiced in the name of Findeisen-Greiser. I'll not swear to this, but it's probable. In those days, much of the central Wisconsin tv programming tabs were picked up by that partnership of sofa-shovers for the sake of drumming their uncommonly uneuphonic monickers into the public earbone. Ah, Findeisen-Greiser, I shall hate you forever.

At any rate, with the commercial break, Del rose to his feet and made tracks around the corner, through the kitchen and I could hear his brogans gallumphing down the basement steps in joyous anticipation. I smiled the invisible, secret, inside-where-it-doesn't-show smirk of the dedicated conspirator and maintained outward inscrutability.

The announcer was still extolling the virtues of his dining room tables, or whatever, when I heard Del coming back up the stairs. Footsteps speak a language all their own, if you've but perception to listen. A totally altered cadence, now; a lust to drive phalange and metatarsal through cringing linoleum and stairtread. Yes, I decided, now there are two of us who know what I did to that bottle of Gilbey's, aren't there, old boy?

Choleric clumping through the kitchen and around the corner. Re-enter Del with clenched jaw, features livid with fury. He transfixed his spouse with dry-iced agate glare.

"Go pack the suitcases," he told her. "We're getting out of here, right now!"

And decamp they did, in a remarkably short lapse of time. I managed to tip a wink to the lady of the house and we studiously - and pointedly - refrained from urging them to prolong their stay; just sort of monitored their departure to make sure a solid sterling candlestick or something didn't fall into a valise, unnoticed. We've never seen them again and the relief is so tangible, you could slice it and make sandwiches.

For the benefit of anyone so straightforward and undevious not to have divined just what it was I did to subtly inform Del that his personal welcome mat had gotten threadbare, I will spell it out and you're free to employ the technique without need for paying royalties, should the need ever arise and let's hope it won't.

Mindful it's a federal no-no to transpose the contents of distilled liquor bottles into other labeled containers for the same good stuff, I had hunted up a clean soft drink bottle and funneled the gin into that, secreting the Precious Essence (thank you, General Jack D. Ripper) among the jugs of photo chemicals in the darkroom. Then - excuse, please, this gets rather revolting and those with abnormally buoyant gorges are free to leave the room - I took the empty Gilbey's bottle over to the basement sink and, may I be forgiven, refilled it to the exact same level with (brace yourself) Fond du Lac tap water, replacing the desecrated flagon in the basement refrigerator to await its hapless victim.

Does anyone happen to know if Niccolo Machiavelli was, as I've often suspected, a Scorpio, too?

You read it in AWRY, the magazine of Dynamic Atavism

They needed a fourth for a game of bridge,
So one of them, with a grin,
Cut off his leg, below the knee
To let Gangrene set in.

--from The Trenchant Mouth,
an anthology edited by Vincent S. Angina,
aka Eldrin Fzot

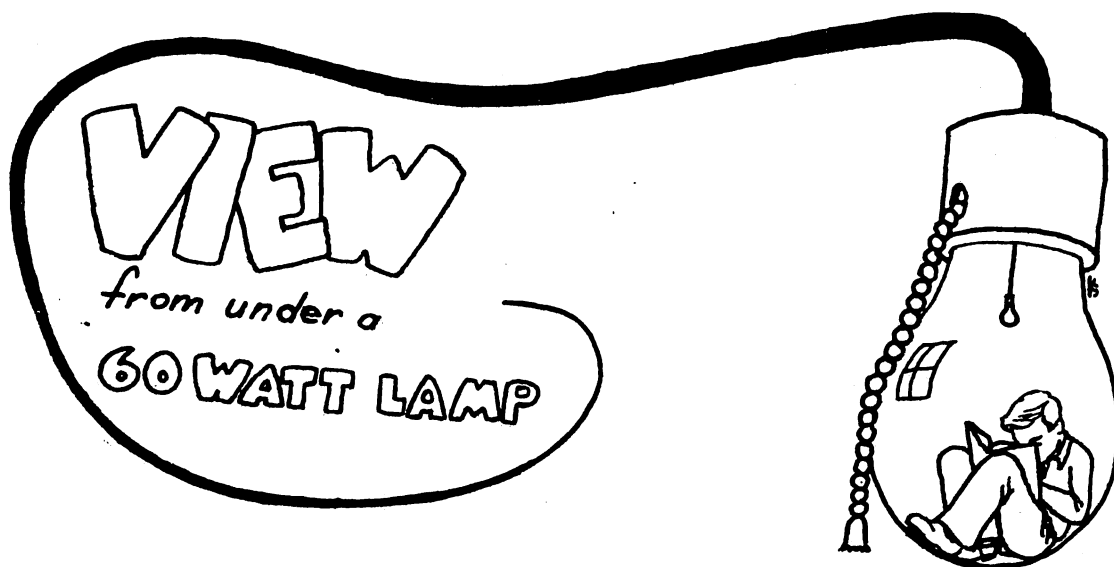
WRYBALD TALES -- Conclusion from page 31

- 7) Total time for registration should be about 30 seconds.
- 8) The only monies handled by the ConCom at the convention will be art and auction funds. That should make balancing the books considerably easier.
- 9) If, by some horrid quirk of fate, the ConCom realizes that registration will not live up to expectations, they have a whole three months to scrounge up free publicity and recruit enough walk-ins to balance. The con that runs in the red should become a thing of the past. Likewise, a con that would run a great distance into the black has three months to plow the excess income back into additional convention programming.

Dave and I happily make a present of the above suggestion to any poor fan on a ConCom who might possibly want it. We fervently hope it will be used.

It seems like a good idea to us.

What do you think?



When it comes to reviewing, I have a nature which is rather perverse in comparison to most others. In a den of reviewers, to coin an apt collective, the most tasty meat is that which is still on the hoof. If the blood is warm and the flesh pliable with the spark of life, the reviewers will leap with teeth and claws to shred that flesh and to strip that life force down to its last pulsation of sentient energy. It is not a new observance to make note of the fact that it is easier to pan a book than it is to praise it, especially in the context of writing a 'critical' review.

It is also true, and also not original, to observe that most 'critics' and 'reviewers' would prefer to pan a book not just because it is easier to do so but because they find it more entertaining to do so. If a book is disliked, it isn't uncommon to write several pages of critical analysis. If a book is liked, it is uncommon to write more than a paragraph devoted to making note of this fact.

I make no pretense toward writing lengthy reviews of books that I like, but I wish to make mention that I have a peculiar nature which bleeds in an unsavory manner whenever I have elected to execute a panning review. My tastes are my own, just as every reviewer's tastes are his or her own, and likes and dislikes in literature are as varied as likes and dislikes in religion or any other subjective and personal province. I have a choice between telling you why I liked a book or telling you why I disliked one. If I do both kinds of reviews I can appreciate that it will give you a better understanding of my scale of values, allowing you to interpret my likes and dislikes in terms of your own so that you can lay them on a sliding scale and find a conversion factor which will allow my reviews to be useful to you. If you can gain a sufficient understanding of the various pathes and quirks of a reviewer's tastes, you can use that understanding to guess at your own probable reaction toward something you have just seen a reviewer react to.

But I am not a reviewer. I do not have this High Purpose in mind; at least not to such an extent that I will lay all my taste buds across the printed page. If I like something, I want to share it with someone. If I dislike something, I would prefer to let it lie steaming within its own juices than to lift it - wriggling and screaming - into the public view. Books that I have found to be totally without redeeming value when slapped against my taste buds have, occasionally and with audacity, climbed a convention podium and swiped the Hugo from under the nose (flyleaf?) of what I consider a much more deserving book. But such outrages have been incurred by even the most sincere of fandom's reviewers and critics, which is by way of saying that I would seriously resent anyone venturing the undue comment that my taste buds have never peeked from between my teeth.

To draw this wordage into a conclusion, my tastes in reviewing are inclined toward writing the 'good' review. If the absence of being critical does not allow you a more profound insight into my reading tastes, I must humbly apologize for this deliberate oversight. My seeming lack of cooperation is really attributable to the nature of what I like to write, rather than to any deliberate scheme to minimize the usefulness of these attempts at 'reviewing'.

BOOK REVIEW "MONUMENT", by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, NY. 1974.
Reviewer: Dave Locke

There is a problem in reviewing only those books which mesh with my reading tastes. That problem is one of emphasis. If I review only those books which I like, it is a bit more difficult to make my reviews useful

(in the absence of writing about those books which I dislike) and I must be careful to denote the degree to which a specific novel tickled my thermometer.

With this book, I have no such problem. I can pull out all the stops.

1974 is young, and the coming months can conceivably give birth to the publication of a novel superior to Lloyd Biggle's MONUMENT. If I were Jimmy the Greek, however, I would lay odds of 10 to 1 against that possibility and I would cash in my portfolio of stocks to provide green for making book on the proposition.

Lloyd, a good friend, has obtained his greatest degree of success with his shorter works of fiction. His novels have been workmanlike in quality and have displayed the sure hand of a master craftsman; but without exception they have all previously lacked the spark necessary to be of Hugo calibre.

MONUMENT was first published as a novelet in the June 1961 issue of ANALOG. It was nominated for the Hugo, and although it did not secure that award I was impressed with the story and pleased that it gained the nomination. I happen to know that Lloyd has expended a great deal of time and effort in the course of turning MONUMENT into a novel, and the result of his labors is that this novel has broken free of his own writing mold. MONUMENT has more than the spark of life; it has the fires of greatness and I state unequivocally that I consider it one of the best - the absolute best - science fictions novels ever written.

John Campbell said much the same thing about Lloyd's THE WORLD MENDERS, but John was wrong. THE WORLD MENDERS was a very good novel and it turned out to be a very much unsung novel, but it wasn't even knee-height in comparison to MONUMENT. THE WORLD MENDERS had an excellent plot and a wealth of detail, but it had the flaws of most of Lloyd's novels: it had no characters toward which the reader could identify or be sympathetic with, and the entirety of the novel did not jell into a cohesive gestalt. It was a powerful novel in many respects, particularly in the force of its imagination and detail. But MONUMENT has it all, the whole ball of wax.

MONUMENT is 185 dynamic pages of plot, character, ideas, ingenuity, background, suspense, and forceful, driving purpose. I was literally overwhelmed at this perfect marriage of entertainment and sheer literary value. MONUMENT was read in one sitting, and the rest of the world disappeared around me as the story became my sole focus of attention. Have you ever finished a novel and, after turning the last page sat silently with the book cradled in the palms of your hands as you realized that your sense of all outside reality had been totally numbed by the story which you have just encountered? Not in a long time, you say?

The story? In the very briefest of descriptions, it begins with a man who has discovered one of the most beautiful and innocent of all possible worlds. As he realizes that he is dying, he also realizes that he cannot leave this planet to the almost inexorable fate of official discovery and everything that will ensue: the march of mechanized civilization, the wasting and ravaging of a beautiful world. In the short time left before his death he bestows the natives with a Master Plan to preserve the sanctity of their own free world. This story is of the implementation of that Plan - both right and wrong - as it is followed blindly by the natives of this unique civilization.

As good as modern science fiction has become, a novel like this stands like a giant in the field. The real classics, the cream of the crop, are not encountered all that often. A book like THE DEMOLISHED MAN is written only once. A story like MORE THAN HUMAN plays king of the hill over literally hundreds and hundreds of science fiction novels. And there are others - you all know which they are, and you chortle and revel in the ecstasy of letting them flow through your consciousness.

If you have, by some perverse twist of fate, the capacity to read only one novel this year - read MONUMENT.

If you don't feel that MONUMENT is a great novel, unquestionably of Hugo calibre, then your taste buds have never peeked from between your teeth.

BOOK REVIEW "A CHOICE OF GODS", by Clifford D. Simak. Berkley Publishing Corp., New York. 1972. \$0.75.
Reviewer: Mike Deckinger

I read this book on a five hour midnight plane flight from Hawaii to Oakland. Outside the cabin window you could not see a blessed thing. It was totally, impenetrably black. Part way through the book I decided it would be more interesting to look out the window.

As far as I'm concerned, Simak is a one book writer. The book: CITY. In the intervening years a modest sum of fiction has issued from his typewriter. The novels have all been competently assembled, a few were impressive, a scant few so wretched my toenails curled, but the vast majority have embodied the noticeable qualities that one has come to expect from Simak: self-assuredness, earthliness, a profound desire to stir the intellect with muted voice. None, however, has come close to matching CITY, and I'm reasonably certain that no future titles will.

Going by a synopsis alone, A CHOICE OF GODS sounds very much like it could be another CITY. Mankind has disappeared to the stars in some form of unexplained, inherited teleportation. A few humans, a few indians remain on earth, along with their robot servants, who placidly accept their own earthbound natures. The people return to the land, a few to conserve the records of the past. The robots construct a strange edifice. A wandering alien meekly visits the Earth.

You can add your own plot complications - you won't be wrong.

On the surface it has a tantalizing ring that seems to preface something quite memorable. But alas, the book never strays beyond the surface. For all its 176 long-winded pages we wind up learning little about the characters. They are talking puppets that plod on stage, effortlessly recite their lines, and then whisk off into the wings. Everyone talks the same and everyone winds up saying the same thing after a while and if the printer had stuck the wrong name after "said" a hundred times, you'd never have known the difference.

The book can't be said to move. It crawls, it creeps, it pulls itself along in diminishing strides on arthritic legs. Every pulpster knows the trick of stretching one sentence into twenty when he's being paid by the word. Simak has been in the writing business longer than most of us have been alive. He's learned the lesson well. Tragically he must inflict it on us here, probably in a situation where he is not paid by the word, as in shorter fiction, but by the book.

The book's ending is no ending at all, which is hardly a surprise, judging by what preceded it. It wheezes slowly to a halt, without resolving a thing or justifying its length. You may just view the ending as I did, with relief.

It's hard to properly assess A CHOICE OF GODS. My own opinion should be lucidly clear. I thought the book was overlong, dull, imaginative in many component details but most unimaginative in actual writing techniques. Fine, you may say, every beginning writer is guilty of this.

I have two rejoinders to that defense. First, every beginning writer may be guilty of it, but if the book gets into print the publisher must share the guilt. Such a book should be buried, head first in the Hudson River.

Secondly, Simak is no beginning writer. His own interests, his styles, his affectations are well known. He, if anyone, knows the rules of the game. In his case, the guilt is triple-fold, because not only has he given a bad book, he's produced a mediocre novel that could have been a great one.

BOOK REVIEW "FLASHING SWORDS #1", edited by Lin Carter. Nelson Doubleday (SF Book Club). 1973.
Reviewer: Ed Cox

In the past few years we've seen the yearly original anthologies (NOVA, ORBIT, et al) of mixed quality and direction. In another area of the field of original work (aside from the Hugo and Nebula and "Best Of 197-" collections), there has finally come the Sword & Sorcery element. Considering this segment of the spectrum, and its practitioners, it is reasonable to assume that something of value to the casual reader might result. To the aficionado, of course, anything is grist for his mill.

The first volume of the works from the members of S.A.G.A. (The Swordsmen And Sorcerers Guild of America, Limited), an organization that takes itself only semi-seriously in the same world that gave us S.F.W.A., is a mixed bag indeed. No matter what their intention, serious or otherwise.

First, it is difficult to take seriously the introduction by ringleader Lin Carter. Too cutesy, even if it does get around to giving us the reasonable premise for the existence of S.A.G.A.; a principle with which I am in complete accord. But passing over the rhetoric in the intro we come, mercifully, to the stories.

Here is both disappointment and fascination.

Fritz Leiber leads off with THE SADNESS OF THE EXECUTIONER, a Fafhrd and Grey Mouser tale, of course. It is the usual (and that is not used lightly) excellent work. But no sooner does the reader get into the story than it is over. A small morsel indeed. One's interest is hardly whetted and the thing is done. So I won't even go into an outline of the story. This was a disappointing bit, in all.

Following this is the Jack Vance "Dying Earth" tale, MOTTRION. This is indeed meat for the table of the S&S fan, not to mention the Jack Vance fans. In no way is it different or lacking in the rich description and involuted plotting to be expected of Vance. As always, one is immediately drawn into the plot and the richness of detail that builds to the whole that is so captivating in his work. Here the masters of the Guild of Magicians, in the time of the Dying Earth, go to the ends of the known universe to discover the fate of one of their number sent eons ago to complete a task. The whole story, as to be expected, winds in and out to a conclusion typical of that from Jack Vance. You don't know what I mean? Then you have not, indeed, read enough of Jack Vance and I hereby enjoin you to do so, at once, often. Including this segment of FLASHING SWORDS #1, worth the price alone of the volume (from the Book Club, at least...).

Following this is a story more sad than exciting - THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN, by Poul Anderson. I really don't need to go into the plot of this story but to recommend it on the sole basis of the fact of the byline. It is realistic, compelling in its emotional pull and based on the legend of Agnete. I hardly need mention more. Read it. It compounds the reason for acquiring this volume.

Bringing up the rear is a story of Almaric, by Lin Carter. It is basically a good, bread&butter S&S yarn. But it has one overwhelming fault. It tries too hard to be a good, solid S&S yarn. The place-names and such are too, too much. One's mouth runneth over with the multiple-voweled names and place-names, etc. It was sort of too, too much. Including some of the plot mechanisms, especially a *deux ex machina* re Almaric's staff a la the hero who the author, archetypal story, forgot to mention had wings - while being stomped on the fingers while on the edge of a cliff...

Yet there are certain satirical overtones here and there and, in general, it is an entertaining yarn if one can overcome the ever-present sense of it being deliberately an S&S story. Get what I mean? Read it. On the whole, it is an entertaining volume, and to frost it all there is a Frank Frazetta cover on the dust jacket.

BOOK REVIEW "FLASHING SWORDS #2", edited by Lin Carter. Nelson Doubleday (SF Book Club). 1973.
Reviewer: Ed Cox

This is the other half of S.A.G.A., this time with L. Sprague de Camp, Michael Moorcock, Andre Norton, and John Jakes. The four, with the introduction and notes by Lin Carter, somehow make a somewhat better volume than #1. First, the de Camp is - for him - workaday sword-and-sorcery with none of the elements that made the Harold Shea stories so great. Yet one gets a picture of a world where a wandering magician of dubious character lives by his wits and supports his family in a series of nomadic escapades that take him from one land to another. One might not mind reading of other such escapades. But wouldn't hold one's breath for the next.

First rate stuff is the Elric story by Moorcock. For most readers I'm sure that this is no surprise, nor would they greet a new Elric with anything less than joyful anticipation. For me it was the first Elric story and it has made me a follower. This segment of the saga of Elric and his Black Sword comes between THE SINGING CITADEL and THE STEALER OF SOULS, if that's of any help to the Elric fans. Once again we have a story rich in dark imagery overcast with the black doom that continues to follow Elric's path. THE JADE MAN'S EYES is neatly put together and is the first of a new series of Elric tales to fit into the interstices of those already written.

Andre Norton follows with a WitchWorld story, TOADS OF GRIMMERDALE. It is probably the best Norton I've ever read and I have been a reader of Norton tales since DAYBREAK - 2250 AD. Some were not as enjoyable as others; some downright fascinating; some sort of 'way out', like MOON OF THREE RINGS. None were as well done as this short work. A new depth, a more full dimension in this more "adult"-level yarn (especially compared to QUEST CROSSTIME which I had been reading concurrently). It would be to hope that she would turn out some full-length work of this stature.

Finally, the story that netted the Frazetta cover, John Jakes' GHOUL'S GARDEN, my first experience with a Brak the Barbarian story. This is like Carter's story in the first volume, lacking the polish and ease of the others but with a basic energy to their heroes that carries the plot along sans finesse. And sans a little editing here and there, as well. This, of all the stories, is most like the gusty pulp writing which found every sentence possible laden with excessive adjectivery and adverbs galore. Yet for sheer entertainment, it filled its place in the book as representative of one of the current S&S heroes.

All told, S.A.G.A. is alive and well. No telling what the future may bring. Most likely Dell paperbacks of these two volumes, for openers.

BOOK REVIEW "THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF", by David Gerrold. Popular Library, New York. \$0.95. 1974.
Reviewer: Dave Locke

David Gerrold has been writing some immensely entertaining novels of late, and this one is about as entertaining as they come. I approached it with both good feelings and bad feelings (I've got good news and bad news. The bad news is that this one is blurred as being "the ultimate time trip". Boooooo. The good news is that it's written by David Gerrold. Yeaaaaaaa). I suspect rather strongly that David read Heinlein's BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS/ALL YOU ZOMBIES - the acknowledged all-time-best time travel story - and said to himself: "I'll bet I can do it better. I'll bet I can take a hackneyed old plot like time travel and do it even better than Heinlein." Doesn't that sound like something that David might say to himself?

Well, there are probably quite a few people around who would staunchly deny that Gerrold has written a better story than BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS. But I'm not one of them. As a science fiction reader I am a time-travel junkie, and as much as I was thrilled to death by the Heinlein story I was even more thrilled to death by THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF. Although the book is rather thin for a novel (in word-count it probably fits the novella category, just like the Heinlein), I've never had a more entertaining Saturday morning breakfast than the one I spent gleefully slurping my way through his story.

I think the major flaw is that this book will appear to be rather skimpy for a novel. But it isn't a novel anyway, despite the fact that it is packaged as being one. I have already read several reviews which attack this story on the grounds that it isn't as good as the Heinlein novella and that it's much too thin for a novel. As it is too short for a novel, I think these reviewers are throwing up a straw man; if it isn't a novel, don't judge it as being a novel. As for the comparison with Heinlein, maybe that's sour grapes. I like them both, I like this one better, and if some people like the Heinlein better then I see little purpose in knocking this story because they feel it "isn't as good". It's not only good, it's immensely entertaining. Personally, while reading this I threw all thought of critical analysis to the winds and simply emitted a resounding "woweeeee!"

It's an old joke that there is a David Gerrold Fan Club and that it consists of one member: David Gerrold. This joke will undoubtedly get refueled as the result of this outrageously Narcissistic story, but I will state here unequivocally that I'll take it as a personal affront if my name is not prominently displayed on the membership listing.

Keep those books and stories rolling in, David.

BOOK REVIEW "ALIEN CARNIVAL", by Walt Liebscher. Fantasy House. \$1.00. 1974.
Reviewer: Barry Gillam

This first "Fantasy Reader" is a slim pamphlet containing ten short stories and several poems by Walt Liebscher. "Short story" may not be the right word. The range of form - from anecdote to parody to homage to long joke - isn't very wide. They are slight tales. And mostly old ones, although they are not derivative in a strict sense. They read like the dreams of someone who reads too much sf: pleasant melanges of incidents and plots. The only style that adhere is the exceptional - Lovecraft's awkward negatives, and the patina of individual speech that Bradbury and Sturgeon sometimes affect.

If the stories took themselves for anything more than sweet nothings, they might be offensive; but Liebscher seems fully aware of just what they are. The plots are familiar: a widow pays homage to her late husband, a pioneer of space; a spaceman tracks down an elusive alien animal, etc. I can't recommend the fiction, which is mostly just painless, but the last story does possess one of the worst puns I have ever found at the end of a long joke.

Liebscher's "pomes," like his recent fanzine articles, begin to show what's wrong with his writing. They are all, as one poem notes, "odes to Ogden". Nash, that is. Liebscher twists words into rhyme just as Nash did, but for Liebscher the sole reason is that they then sound funny. There is simply no justification for the odd phrasing and spelling. It's a party trick. Liebscher apparently never realized that Nash has a serious purpose behind his playful toying with words. This seems to be the limitation of all Liebscher's writing: he's fascinated by the mechanics of language but he has no interest in what words mean.

BOOK REVIEW "THE MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES", by Frank Jacobs. Lyle Stuart, Inc., New Jersey \$7.95.
-or- Ballantine Books, New York \$1.95. 1972.
Reviewer: Don Ayres

Suggested subtitle, "a whole bunch of things you probably wanted to know about MAD, but didn't have the slightest idea who you should ask".

This fascinating little volume succeeds on the sheer absurdity of the people it is about. For example, the publisher, one of America's earlier hippies, provides the massive frame about which this history of MAD MAGAZINE is (appropriately) loosely hung. (Gaines actually didn't start letting his hair and beard grow long until 1968, but I think he qualifies as a member of the counter-culture on principle.) The son of one of America's first comic book tycoons, Gaines showed an unexpected talent in assuming his father's business after the father's death, and began to produce the now famous EC horror comics. Meantime, one of his editors, Harvey Kurtzman, began a humor magazine titled MAD.

The book is a history of Gaines and his struggles to make a success of himself which finally found victory in publishing one of the most absurd magazines ever to exist. His staff is unlike any that has ever been assembled and many of their antics are here publicly documented to be used as evidence. If you like the type of person who can send a telegram to "Nick Meglin, Left Field, Schoolyard, Public School 209", then this is the book for you. Other examples of the episodes include Larry Gore's Obnoxious Parties, a Ten Commandments expert who professes to believe only the last five, and the original of Russ Meyer's insult-throwing log-dweller.

Gaines himself is perhaps one of the world's great eccentrics, a paternal character who makes his staff work the harder because he's such an appreciative audience. Indeed, if the book has a flaw, this is it: you can see the world of William Gaines and know that you can't participate as fully as you would like. Certainly, you can invade the fringes by purchasing the current issue of his magazine or one of the numerous paperbacks, but you can't go walking into his office and meet his staff in person, bantering back and forth with his own private clique of insanity. Can you take on the "Beard" and survive or sneak your own madness into the general confusion or steal Gaines' calendar and get away with it? These are essentially unanswerable questions because the opportunity can so rarely arise. The reading leaves you dissatisfied for precisely the reason that you are left an outsider who feels like he's on the inside. The artificial camaraderie is infuriating.

If you've ever read MAD MAGAZINE and enjoyed it, you should read this and find out that the staff is indeed as nutty as they seemed. But beware of getting hooked, because the family is a small one.

The hardcover edition has genuine photos of the Madmen; the paperback features a selection of illustrations from the Gaines Tripbooks, so the two are not identical.

FANZINE REVIEW "EARLY ENGLISH #3", edited by Dave Hulan, P.O. Box 1403, Costa Mesa CA92626. Feb 1974.
Available for LoC, trades by arrangement, or 3/\$1.00.
Reviewer: Dave Locke

Dave Hulan is back in town. I don't usually review fanzines (read: hardly ever) because, after all, who gives a good goddam? But it's great to see an old face back in the fanzine publishing game, and as Dave can play the game right along with the best of them I thought I'd take time from my busy drinking schedule and tell you about it.

Dave has never published a fanzine which would rate less than 'mighty good' on the entertainment scale. In the sixties he published, or co-published, three genzines: LOKI, AUSLANDER (with Ed Cox), and PELF (with yours truly). He also published about ten million apazines, and has continued his apa activity - on a somewhat diminished scale - into the seventies. Sometimes humorous, sometimes scholarly, and sometimes inbetween those

two ends of the writing scale, Dave's writings are always interesting. Even when he spends five pages discussing a subject which is basically so uninteresting that you would prefer to jump through a burning ring of fire than to read about, Dave can hold your interest nonetheless. There aren't too many fannish writers like that. And that's why it's good to see one of them active again with a fanzine for general fandom.

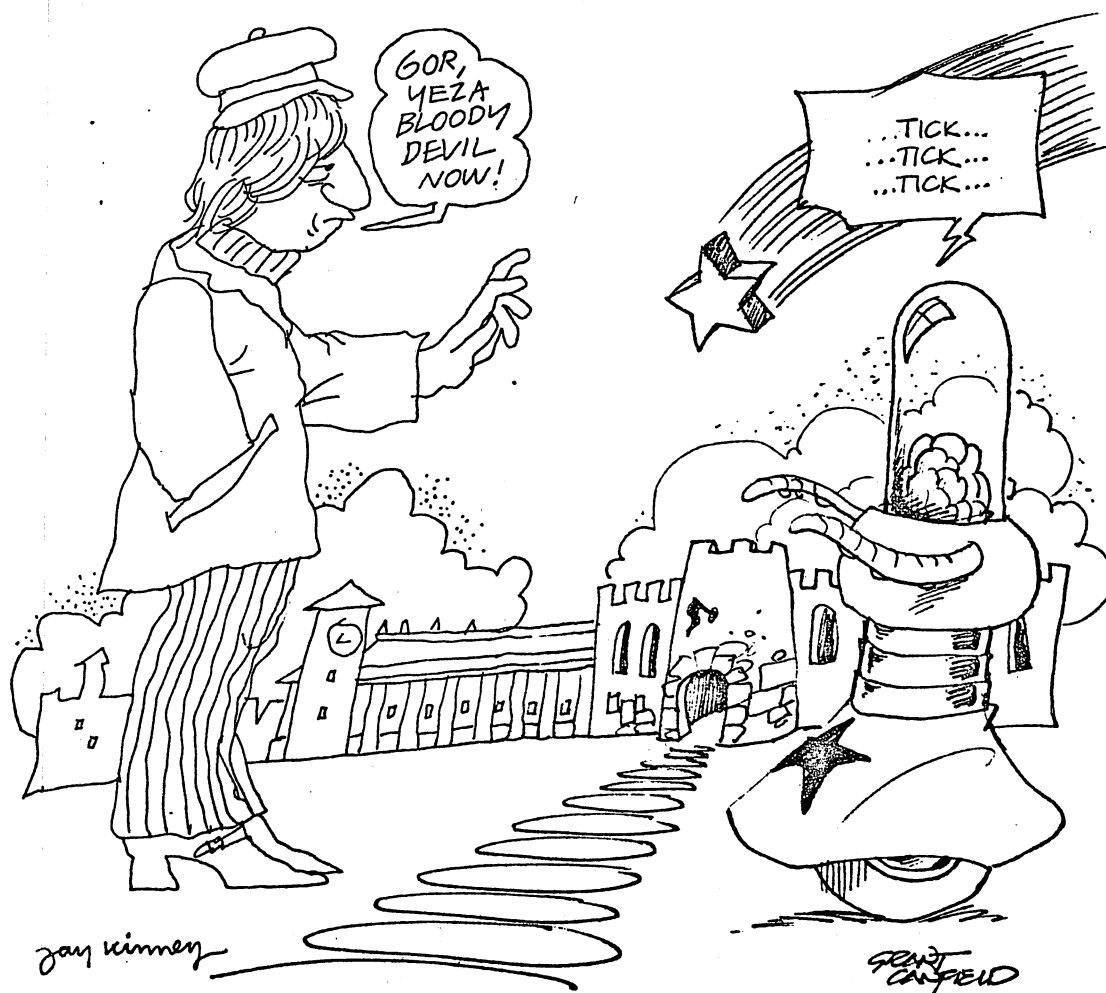
In the seventies Dave pretty much dropped out of general fandom and dropped into the Mythopathic Society (I know it's an old joke, but it's so true...). He maintained a slight minimum of apa activity, including one issue of PELF which we reincarnated as a FAPazine, and we would occasionally see him around here and there in LA fandom. But, in the general fandom of today, his name is probably an unfamiliar one.

EARLY ENGLISH is basically a personalzine, with an occasional piece of material by someone else, and with a lettercolumn. Issue #3 is impeccably mimeographed on the famous Dave Hulan crank-your-ass-off Gestetner, and runs 24 pages done on his elite selectric. There isn't so much as one single piece of artwork in the whole issue (there isn't even a cover), but the keynotes here are entertainment, intelligent discussion, and communication.

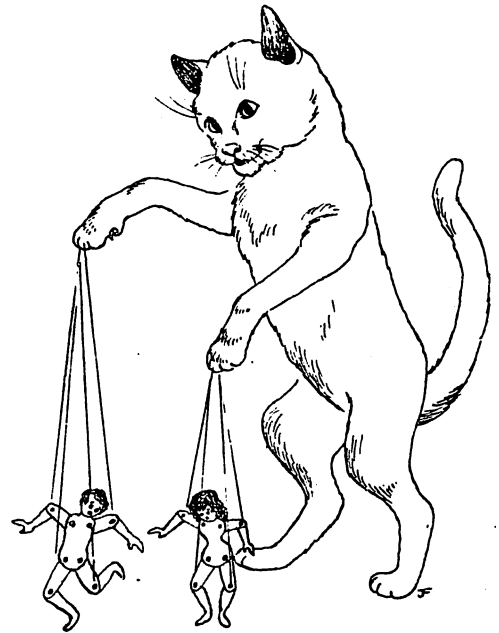
In this issue Dave touches upon the book WATERSHIP DOWN, music, and Christianity. In the lettercol the subject matter is about the teaching of reading and writing, the definition of the word "myth", religion, medieval literature, and a handbasketful of other topics. Dave tears a short piece out of one of my letters and publishes it as a musical parody. Throughout the issue, Dave's personality is In Control.

Dave is one of those fannish rarities: he is both a wit and an intellectual and an excellent writer. And he knows how to publish a good fanzine. EARLY ENGLISH is neatly put together, and a gas to read. Your \$1.00 in devalued U.S. currency will go far with this one.

At three issues for a buck, EARLY ENGLISH may be the best fanzine bargain in existence today.



KRYBARD TALES #6



Tina Hensel

I'm sitting here thinking: "Oh God. I have to write a column, and I can't think of a thing to write about." How to solve my problem? Well, when in doubt, consult the standard reference works. I did, and discovered that fanwriting tends to fall into three categories - what has happened to the writer, intellectual discussion, and fantasy.

So, we shall take the three ingredients and mix well and then pour out on paper, hoping for a successful recipe.

I recently got married to a Jones, and thereby acquired several items other than just a husband and new name. Chief amongst these objects was an animal which rejoices in the charming name of Meeser.

Meeser is a rather scroungy-looking cat that can't possibly weight more than $4\frac{1}{4}$ pounds. Nonetheless, there is a rather formidable personality packed in that meager poundage.

Meeser is paranoid.

When she arrived at her new home she immediately made a beeline for the comfort of the closet and assumed the foetal position in the comforting darkness. "Let her alone. She'll get used to you," my new husband advised. "Don't touch her. She'll rip you to pieces."

So I didn't touch her. However, Mees (as we call her) seemed to feel that I was directly responsible for her abrupt uprooting from house to home. She touched me. And, indeed, did rip me to pieces.

"I told you not to touch her," Ed scolded, taping the ruins of my hands together.

"I didn't," I protested. "I was minding my own business, reading a book, when she leaped out and began clawing and biting."

"Nonsense."

Meeser listened to this dialog from her hiding place in the closet, and decided that it was time to progress to Phase Two. So she consumed two pairs of Zoris and one tennis shoe. Now I know that $4\frac{1}{4}$ pound cats can't possibly eat four rubber sandals, not to speak of a canvas shoe. But she did. At least, I've never found the pieces, so she must have.

I showed the remains to Ed and inquired of him the proper way to discipline the ravening beast that crouched in my side of the closet - looking, for all the world, like a peculiarly bad-tempered Cheshire cat. "Don't touch her," he advised.

So I didn't. Exercising the patience of Job, I prayed to God asking Him to inflict me with boils if only he would take away the cat. Unfortunately, I kept getting a wrong number on that telephone-to-Glory. At least, he didn't remove the Mees. Oh no. Instead, he pointed her sharp little nose in the direction of the furniture.

Mees removed the upholstery from an 8-feet-long couch and its matching chair. Carrying the shreds triumphantly off, she duly constructed a comfortable nest in the depths of the closet. "We'll have to break her of that,"

Edward observed, surveying the remains of the furniture. So we constructed a perfectly lovely scratching post. Every time the cat began ripping at the furniture we picked her up and carried her over to the post. Of course, she bit us. But it worked. She quit tearing at anything but the post. So we decided we could get a new couch. But to be on the safe side we got a naugahide sofa, rather than a tempting tweed. It was delivered Saturday. She didn't even look sideways at it.

We went to work Sunday night (we both work Graveyard shift) and returned Monday morning to discover that Meeser had removed the two (count 'em, two) blankets that we had covered our lovely new couch with, and removed five leather-covered buttons as well as ripping both arms to shreds. The blankets were a total loss, as Mees had apparently tried to rip the couch through the blankets before deciding to remove them. We gave up and decided she could do whatever she liked with the furniture. Naturally, she now ignores it. But I know as soon as I put a new couch in the house, she will tear it apart.

Like the famed Morris of the advertisements, Meeser only eats a certain kind of cat food: Purina Cat Chow. However, she likes to be sure that she isn't missing out on any gourmet delights. Having springs where her legs ought to be, she leaps about at dinner time, breakfast, and any other time you might be eating, and samples whatever might be on your plate or in your glass. Having decided that your food is disgusting, she plops it back on your plate and takes off. I haven't managed to hit her yet, but it's not from lack of trying.

She also has a remarkable memory for an animal. If you should happen to do something that pisses Meeser off, she will bide her time. She usually waits until you are sleeping, then she creeps over and rips the hell out of whatever part isn't buried under the bedding.

I have taken to sleeping with my head under the covers. Since our bed is rather small (only six feet long), Ed's feet hang out at the foot of the bed. I needn't tell you the condition of his feet. Like Errol Flynn he wears socks to bed, but it doesn't help much.

Last, but by no means least, Meeser is a female of only $1\frac{1}{2}$ years. This means she comes into heat every three weeks like all female cats. Every three weeks? I'm not sure, but I think that's abnormal. At first I thought she was faking it, just to be bitchy. But she can't be. The males sit outside the door, making love-lorn noises whilst she encourages them with piercing yowls.

She got out once, and I watched in horror as a male attempted to mount her, having visions of standing outside the supermarket trying to pass biting, clawing kittens off on an uninterested public (Ed informs me that all of Meeser's litter mates were drowned, as their behavior made it impossible to give them away), but it was not to be. Oh no.

Mees turned on her admirer and ripped off his ear. Naturally, she keeps it in the closet along with all her other trophies.

I seem to have used two of the three promised ingredients in my recounting of Meeser's exploits, so I shall have to do something about intellectual discussion now.

Wrybald Tales Chapter 2: Dave Locke and the Electric Question

Dave Locke is weird.

Only he would rejoice in ownership of a game possessing the peculiar name THE UNGAME. Yes indeed, that's what it is called. It was mailed to him in a plain brown wrapper, I might add. Honest, I saw the box.

Like Dave, the game is weird, but fun. It's a kind of poor man's sensitivity training, group encounter, or therapy (if you want to be snide). The players roll a die, and tromp a marker around the board which is filled with orange, green, and white squares. According to the color of the square you either draw a card and answer the question on it, make up a question for someone else or make a comment about anything, or answer somebody else's question.

Doesn't sound all that weird, does it? Well...

The game comes equipped with questions such as: Share something that you fear; Complete the statement: "words can't describe how I felt when..."; Give one word to describe each person in the group; In what ways do you act like a child?; If you were told you only have one week to live - how would you spend it? (easy: consulting other doctors...); When was the last time you cried? Why?; If you wrote a book today, what would the title be?; What do you dislike most about yourself?; What was your first impression of the person across from you?; If you could give any gift in the world - what would you give to the person on your right?; Give three words to describe how you feel right now. And they even have a separate deck of questions just for little tykes, like: If you could become invisible, where would you like to go? Come to think of it, the kid's deck sounds ideal for fans.

One is supposed to answer honestly. This, obviously, makes it difficult. You'd be surprised at the number of questions I didn't want to answer truthfully.

I was surprised at the number of questions I didn't want to answer truthfully.

The other players are not really allowed to talk when it is someone else's turn, so you look forward to landing on a green square. If you get the green you are allowed to ask a question or make a comment, and this is wonderful because you are allowed to question previous remarks - thereby massaging that curiosity bump and finding out why people respond to certain stimuli as they do. At least you do if you are not Dave Locke.

The Locke is different. Weird, as I said earlier.

He waited in eager expectation and got the green. Disdaining questions relating to any previous conversations or comments, he makes up his own.

Dave's questions are the sort that would drive Socrates to drinking extract of pine cocktails, give Plato distemper, and shut Harlan up, permanently.

Since I'd never played the game before, Dave evidently felt that he ought to save his really rotten questions and address them solely to me.

After starting me off with simple ones about the difference between ethics and morals, and how many devils could be crammed into an empty corflu bottle, he got down to the hard ones.

Facing me with a disarming, babyfaced smile he inquired: "If you were the Chairman of a Worldcon, what would you do that has never been done before?"

"Do?" I repeated, giving him the benefit of a foolish grin. "I don't know. I've never been to a Worldcon, so I don't know what hasn't been done."

"All right. Make it a Westercon," he replied, fairly (Dave is always fair).

"Oh," I began, beating my forehead with the heel of my hand in the best stupid-Pollack-style and thought with furious rapidity.

"Well?" His smug, superior smile was positively disgusting.

"I'd only accept registrations by mail, with a deadline of three months prior to the Con," I answered, not nearly so dumb as I look.

"My Ghod!" Now it was his turn to assume the surprised expression of a pole-axed steer. "Why hasn't anybody done that before?"

Forgetting all about the game, we freshened our drinks and began considering the advantages and disadvantages of the scheme.

We could come up with only two possible problems.

Fans, being the stubborn, hard-headed, independent creatures they are, don't like to commit themselves. They prefer to decide to attend a con on the spur of the moment, and pile into the car in a great heaving body of confused befuddlement.

Also, fans would probably object to the loss of supporting memberships. There could be no conversion at the cheapie price.

But let's face it, most supporting memberships don't get converted. And the lousy two bucks never covers printing and mailing costs for the progress reports, program book, map, and tearsheets made up for possible con attendees.

The advantages are many, manifold, and - I think - outweigh the possible problems.

For instance:

- 1) The ConCom will have sufficient monies to adequately plan the con. No one will say: "Oh, we could have had films," two days into the con.
- 2) The ConCom will know how many rooms will be rented, and so will be able to plan on how many free function rooms will be available (at a regional con, one can safely figure on 1/6 of the attending members renting from the hotel).
- 3) There will be no question of losing money on the Banquet, as those tickets will be purchased at the time of registration. Freebies will be kept under control.
- 4) Knowing how many will attend, the ConCom will be able to dicker with the hotel on portable bars (how many and where), as well as place firm quantity orders on imported beer.
- 5) Neither the ConCom nor any poor, hapless fans will have to man the registration desk. Instead, the local Chamber of Commerce will provide the people to hand out the pre-assembled badges and program information. An alphabetical card will be pulled for each attending member and the membership number will be checked off a numerical list. At the end of the con, any left-over or unclaimed material will be mailed to the non-attending members.

WORDSMITHING



000 These symbols to the left are indicative of editorial interruptions. You will see one set when I begin to speak, and another set when I finish speaking. As there are always exceptions to the rule, however, truth in advertising forces me to tell you that this is not an editorial interruption. These opening words are known as introductory remarks, and the main thing that I wish to introduce is the fact that this is not the lettercolumn which I have been promising you. It is indeed true that I had yet another idea for yet another different manner in which to handle the lettercolumn, but it has been temporarily shelved. Maybe some other time. Maybe in #8. In the meantime, it could be said that the following lettercol is "different" enough.

Someone later on in WORDSMITHING will ask me to establish a rating system for LoCs, and to grade each letter that I publish. I haven't encountered such a ridiculous suggestion since the time that Dave Hulvey asked me to give serious consideration to the idea that an illo of a man sitting on a toilet was a political statement. But then, what can I really expect of Ken Ozanne - the fan who has asked for the LoC-grading system - when his idea of a good project is to do a WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM?

I will, however, state that the two best LoCs came from Ed Cagle and Dean Grennell, and just to get things off to a good start theirs will be the first two items of wordsmithing.

ED CAGLE

Leon, Kansas

Did you know that Jack Woodford, Geis' HERO and source of Great Philosophical Truth, once wrote a book - on order from an editor with a sense of humor - pre-titled

and actually printed as HOOF HEARTED? Catchy title, eh? No matter how great an effort to enunciate the darn title you make, you only make the thing sound more like WHO FARTED? Be that as it was, it often puzzles me why Woodford, a one-time partaker of some of the rock-like chemical substances and an all-around devotee of the slipshod approach to everything, could have become friends with James Branch Cabell. Obviously there is something I do not know about one or the other of the men. Making an even greater leap in logic ... considering the friendship between Cabell and Woodford, and their disparate literary productions, there is ample proof that their talents might have been combined to produce, if not a literary masterpiece, at least a book with a catchy combination title. HOOF HEARTED, THE WHITE STALLION. THE WHITE STALLION HOOF HEARTED. Only Grennell could make the proper use of this schtick, so I shall stop.

000 I've always thought that HOOF PRINCE would make a nice name for a horse. 000

Since MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED immortalized various and not entirely normal persons of a certain mechanical aptitude have designed and built variations of the ordinary garden-variety bicycle. In the main their approach consists entirely of a new or novel way to pedal the bicycle: over and under, side to side, wiggle and waggle; anything to avoid pedaling the machine in the simplest, most efficient manner, around and around. One technique consisted primarily of heat-absorbent reflectors which, when the temperature reached 187° F., would actually drive the bicycle without any effort from the operator. A solar bicycle. The idea was sound and the prototype vehicle performed magnificently, but only a few of the devices were manufactured, for a Belgian lizard farmer who disappeared in the Sahara in 1938. The interest and market for the solar bicycle disappeared with him.

The search for an alternative principle of locomotion for the bicycle goes on, though, and a new plan breaks surface with depressing regularity. It is my contention that a more effective principle is not to be had, but it might be possible to design a pedaling mechanism that, although it would not be more efficient, would at least have other redeeming qualities. Such as novelty values. Consider a bicycle whereupon Ye Rider perched in a face-down full-reclining position, and by dint of his exertions in the proper fashion didst utilize his musculature to zizz along merrily. I propose a transfer mechanism of mechanical nature which would, though gears and chains and assorted other clever things, transmit his gyrations to the driving wheel. Further,

She tied a yellow ribbon 'round the old oak tree and a National Guard unit set up a field kitchen in the garden
 ~~~~~ ED CAGLE

I present to you the simple fact that man exerts himself most willingly when he's having fun, or doing something that reminds him of fun, so why not affix the 'pedals' to his pelvic girdle and let him hump his way merrily over hill and meadow? I tastefully decline the honor of naming my invention, and invite anyone of such a mind to apply the title by which this inevitably popular device will forever be known to millions of lecherous people. But I would point out that when some hardy soul entered the Olympic Games on my bike, to win the face and the gold medal to an extent that the spectators would be totally unable to resist cheering him on, that when the crowd cries out: "Looka that bassard pump that bike!", .. the cause of accuracy in expression would be well served. In closing, I would like to restrain my urge to remark that, with my invention, there would be a new interest in a bicycle built for two, and that the word 'tandem' would take on new and never before dreamed of heights of vulgarity. I might add in an avoiding mode that such a machine would require the total re-tooling of the entire bicycle seat industry, and that sniffing bicycle seats would become vastly more popular, not to mention socially acceptable.

Such a pedaling mechanism would make it damned inconvenient, however, when you only wanted to pop down to the corner grocery for a loaf of bread...

Wife: Haven't you gone after that bread yet!! (peers out door at husband, who is standing ineffectually beside bike.)

**Husband:** No! I can't get a hard on!

Glad to hear you like Wyoming. We plan to move there in the not too distant future. Just a tad outside Grand Teton Park. Come up, we'll open up a keg of nails and chase meese. I'll teach you how to flip a snowmobile end-over-end without spilling your drink and other good things.

The difference between 'moral' and 'ethical'..... If you steal gas from my car it is not 'moral', especially if I catch you. If you catch me draining your gas tank, it is merely slightly not 'ethical'. The original definition of both terms meant the same thing, but as applied to different situations. Example: A 'moral' booboo usually involved sex, whereas 'ethical' was coined to explain and exonerate business irregularities; the latter type of screwing was deemed okay.

So you can see lightning strokes going from cloud-to-ground, eh? By golly there, Dave, them's quick little eyes you got! And that leader stroke, which can take as much as .02 seconds to make the circuit, isn't even the main bolt! I'll bet with a little practice you could trace the 600 ft. per microsecond main bolt and count the strokes in a single discharge. You must be an amazing physical specimen. If we could get your legs in as good shape as your eyes and teach you to hit a tennis ball we could match you with Billie Jean King and clean up! (Hey, if you can count lightning strokes, how come you couldn't find the electrical short under the dash?)

000 Because it only occurred while I was driving, and if you've ever seen a Fiat 850 you'd know better than to ask why I wasn't peering under the dash in an effort to find the location of the short. Had I made an attempt to do this I might have gotten momentarily stuck under there, at least until my car ran off the freeway and the force of impact knocked me loose. HH Well, I don't think I'm good enough at tennis to beat ole Billie Jean. I haven't even played the game since 1962. But I'll bet I could beat her at table tennis... 000

Dave Piper said he found your humorous writing predictable. So do I. But that's your strong point, so don't fool with it. The world is full of one-line comics, but few humorists. One Henny Youngman is enough. You can't play the violin anyway. (Let's not try to define humor. Trying to explain it will cause those people who enjoy a good chuckle to look at you with suspicion and distrust, not unlike a botany prof might view a student making an attempt to transplant a sycamore tree sapling from a clay pot into Mama Cass's belly button.)

And here's something on a different note: A minor.

That's my favorite key. I wrote a song in A minor, a lovely little tune about death and destruction and humping and fistfighting and bleeding and hurting. That was several years ago, when I was Papabearing a whole bunch of idiots and maniacs who were reluctantly building a rather large government flood control dam far off into the boonies, about whom the song soliloquized. I first sung it at a bar where they all congregated each night to debauch, where myself, one of the office bigshots, and two of the skimmers (operators) were gainfully employed, every evening they could catch us, as a "band". It was a very dirty song, which they liked, but made some pointed comments about their collective intelligence and moralistic posture, which they did not like. After their reaction to the song that first time, I sang it quite frequently, and often would hum it on the job when one of them came up to bitch about something inconsequential, like his earthmover having no seat, which I thought kept them more alert. In due time it prompted one adventurous skimmer to attempt to strike me in the face with his clenched fist, to which I objected strongly enough to be inspired to lean back out of the way and smite him in the balls with my boot. I didn't mean to hurt him as bad as I did, but once he bot his breath back he said one of the best lines I've ever heard, given the odd circumstances. He was holding his balls, bent over, grinning sheepishly, and said in a breathy voice: "That's a hell of a way to get a high tenor for your band, you bastard!"

That's about all I have to say about A minor.

[illegible]

But I had a real problem when I tried to put everyone's zip code numbers to music and find a recognizable tune that in some way makes a comment on the zip-codee's personality. Well, dang it, I worked on it a little, and it was a bit more difficult than I had expected. To tell the truth it was a royal bitch. I only play the guitar, and that not very whippy, so I had a lot of trouble at first trying to hear exactly what I was playing when I did get the numbers in sequence. But our oldest son Travis (no, he wasn't at the Alamo, I was. On the other side... Never did like that goddam Bowie) ... where was I? ... Oh, I enlisted assistance, and after much fumbling around everyone began to get annoyed, and decided it would be best to help me rather than to have to listen to all that pling-plunk-toot-toot for seven weeks. Oh yeah, they helped me all right. We were all a little tight, and some even tighter, but we did manage to agree that Gene Wolfe's zip code could be made to sound like "Teddy Bear's Picnic". That was the theme song for an old radio show called BIG JOHN AND SPARKY. I'll be damned if it has any significance as far as Gene is concerned. I guess you might ask him if it means anything to him, though. For all I know it may be his favorite song. The lyrics don't seem to have much meaning, either. A few go like this: "If you go out in the woods today... you'd better go in disguise... If you go out in the woods today... you're in for a big surprise!" That doesn't seem to pin Gene down too well as far as I can see, but then again he might actually live in the woods, and Bella Abzug might be lurking around out there, lusting for his bod. Personally, I think that if Gene is in danger of being attacked in the woods, it wouldn't be by Bella. Maybe Kate Smith.

Anyway, that's the best song I can come up with for your zip code, Dave, whether it applies or not. You're not by any chance part Italian, are you? Like chicken cacciatore? Oh well.

NO! NO! Wrong! That's not it! I just put that in there to be clever. Here's the real Buck Coulson zipsong:

ED CAGLE

Dana Point, California

(sic). As I'm sure your millions of readers have gleefully pointed out, in the first place it's spelled stochastic. In the second place, the definition supplied by Greg, as reported by me, is far wide of the mark accuracywise. Probably this is my fault, as I'm sure Prof. Bentforward knows the meaning of the word. It is my fairly solid conviction that if one is going to sport the William Harper Littlejohn syndrome - i.e., use big words - he ought to spell them properly and be on solid footing as to their accepted meaning.

Re Bloch's letter, "where the street car bends" is typical enough, but if you listen around Milwaukee with an attentive ear, you can hear things like no other place on earth. Example, roosting on a barstool in a dive on West Greenfield Avenue, one evening, I listened in awe-struck wonder as Bill Flintrop, from the gunstore next door, observed, "China has the largest amount of population per capita of any country in the world." Now, if you can sit down and synthesize something with that same sort of flavor, any place but Milwaukee, I will shake you by the hand in congratulation.

Enjoyed your trip notes. Aggravated air pollution can be pretty traumatic, as I found out last fall when I went sailing blithely into a bank of white fog laying athward the San Diego Freeway, just west of its intersection with the 605. Turned out, this was no mere dispersion of moisture particles but, instead, several million cubic yards of sulfur trioxide that had escaped from a ruptured pipe at a local refinery or chemical plant. It would have been miserable in a closed auto; on the 450 Honda it was purely dreadful. With my breath coming in short pants I hit the first offramp, ducked beneath the freeway, caught the onramp going back and fed the old mill all it would take. This put me back into the mist-shrouded traffic stream at right around 87 mph, indicated and generated lumps of pure adventure as I threaded through cracks in the flow of autos, most of which were going some 20 mph slower. However, that first deep inhalation of standard LA smog after I burst back into the sunlight was a most grokkable experience. Our ambient atmosfumes may not be the world's greatest, but they sure as hell are better than nothing; better than sulfur trioxide, too!

All Barsoom buffs know gargling with Listerine prevents sore throat.

Since last issue, returning from New Mexico on the airline we think of as Texas Supernatural, I made the grave strategic error of checking my camera bag through instead of clutching it in the usual clammy-cold deathgrip. The four days before I was reunited with it are among the most tense and anxious in recent memory. I had decided I was tired of security types putting fingerprints on the lenses and now I realize this to be the lesser of the two evils. The months before that, Hughes Air Worst savaged a couple of Browning shotguns mercilessly, despite being in a rigid, foam-lined gun case. The stocks look like they'd been used forty years as teething rings at an alligator hatchery. Watchit, Howie-fellah, or I will write you an autobiography myself, by way of getting hunk for this.

35

There are certain unpleasant aspects about being a plumber

That's  
for  
sewer

Tune in tomorrow when Pa Joad meets Ma Johngg.

**XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX DEAN GRENNELL**

And yet, not so many years ago, the glarpy Sunday supplement stuffed into many newspapers - it used to be called This Week, more recently, Family Weekly, I think - wrung its hands over the fact that a great many pets were being poisoned by a chemical that's readily available and apt to be found around most homes. It was noted that pets, of a certain species, find the material fatally delicious and then the nidding ant-brains went on, swelp me, to identify the specific chemical, so that anyone inclined to poison a neighbor's pet would know just what to set out. Is that responsible journalism? I don't think so and, having lived next door to two different neighbors who were pet poisoning freaks, I still feel justified in con-

demning irresponsible spreading of information that is more apt to be misused than useful.

I think you probably can take a sealed bottle of liquor aboard in carry-on luggage. I've never tried it. They might make you check it with the hostess for (hopefully) return on debarking (disembarking, if you prefer) (disemplaning?).

Without meaning to offend Harry Warner or others who toil in the vineyard of news media, I'd have to note that on those infrequent occasions when I've had first-hand contact with an event later covered by the media, the resulting accounts tended to bear little correlation with my memory.

Yes, I'd have to agree with Mike Glicksohn, for want of a better solution. I doubt if any government can afford to give in to terrorist/kidnapers for the sake of the dubious hope of saving the lives of the hostages. All it could hope to accomplish would be the endless proliferation of similar events. Bleak refusal to appease, on the other hand, might not prevent further terrorists from following suit but, at least, it would not encourage them.

While I don't appreciate the security search routine, I don't know a better solution and I'd have to concede the incidence of (reported) aerial skyjacking in this country has been cut quite sharply since the program went into effect. This despite at least one tv reporter who went to great pains to smuggle weapons through the checkpoint and then gleefully told his audience how it was done.

Yes, Bruce Arthurs, every once in an infrequent while, someone turns up who either encounters the sf faan in a gunzine or the gunwriter in a stefnal context. Not too long ago, I mentioned Betty Kujawa's husband Gene in a thingy I was pounding out on skeet. I met the "Bill & Lucy" to whom Heinlein dedicated TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE while doing a story on Bill for the gunzine.

Despite "David Grinnell" (who is, in reality, Donald A. Wollheim, wispy young man about town), there aren't all that many with this particular last name around and most of those don't know how to spell it. The nearest doppelganger I've yet encountered was a Cpl. D. D. Grennell who was in the same squadron with me at Hamilton AFB, near San Rafael, California, in late 1945. This caused minor confusion, since we'd be posted on the KP roster and we'd have to go into the orderly room to find out exactly which "Cpl. D. Grennell" they had in mind. I once heard there was a Dean E. Grennell living in Soda Springs, Idaho, and so far as to write him a note, but it came back marked "Moved - Not Forwardable".

When we lived on Mauna Loa Avenue in Glendora, there was a family of the common or gee-arr-eye Grinnells living about a block and a half up the street from us. They had a son named Bill, about age 20 when our Bill was around 4. This produced mildly hilarious confusion when sultry young feminine voices would call on the phone and ask to talk to Bill. We didn't discover the misspelled Grinnells till after this had happened two or three times. Usually, the caller just hung up, probably in a boiling snit. In those brash days, our phone number was listed for all to see and, on too many bleak Sunday dawns, after a strenuous Petard Society meeting the night before or some other all-out exertion, the phone would ring at six a.m. with some reader in Buzzard Crotch, Georgia, wanting my counsel on an obscure ballistic problem. All of which, these days, enhances my appreciation for my monogrammed post office box with its ocean view.

Mike Shoemaker's comment on Tina's DWARF DANCING is a prize example of the sort of thing that sometimes makes me wonder if other readers get copies of the given magazine with a totally different set of words than were in my copy. Without going back and looking it up in A-5, I can't muster the foggiest notion of what he's talking about. I would have to agree that the concept of a "viscious" dog is a little unsettling, even though I'm unfamiliar with the meaning of viscious. Given a choice, I'd probably prefer a viscous dog to a vicious one, since I could probably out-run the former and the latter might out-run me, despite my having once been the wonder of San Antonio Cadet Center's cross-country course. Fading remnants of that long-ago prowess, by the way, have kept me out of a lot of trouble and red tape down through the turbulent years.

That's the thing about mailing comments in apas, as a discrete artform. They tend to be meaningless unless you've freshly reviewed the thing being discussed and, sometimes, even then. Can you visualize an earnest young archeologist, say about year 7195 of the current system, who has (somehow) gotten his scholarly hands

DEAN GRENNELL

I demur quietly at cats being useless. Most of them work hard at controlling the proliferation of small rodents and, imho, that's socially useful activity. Vide George O. Smith's memorable reference to ball-bearing mousetraps in a long-ago issue of ASF. On one occasion, a tiny white Angora female we had - who could not have weighed more than six pounds on the fattest day of her life - chased a forty-pound Keeshond (that's a breed of dog) under the car and strode around it, daring him to come out for more battle and the dog whined in piteous supplication to be rescued. I admired it as an application of the doctrine of total ferocity.

(000 Pardon me for interrupting the master while he is cranking out what might well be the best LoC of 1974 (eat your hearts out Bowers, Geis, Porter, et al.), but as you have reached the end of this particular train of thought I don't consider it altogether discourteous to leap in with a comment or two. I must admit that you have banged the nail directly home with your note of caution in regard to Tina's "total ferocity" (indirectly implied, of course). There was a point in time when I was so foolish as to disagree with Tina directly to her face, all the while staring into those lovely eyes which present the fascade of a fun-loving but gentle person. I was presuming that she would take my disagreement in a friendly fashion, and either come back with a witty remark or proceed to argue the point on an intellectual basis. It would be somewhat of an understatement to say that I was surprised when her verbal response was "eeeeeeYAAAAAHHHHHHHH!" accompanied by a veritable snowstorm of karate chops. After she had pounded my face repeatedly against her coffee table, punched holes in her living room wall with the point of my head, and disturbed the upstairs neighbors by slamming my body against the ceiling, she became much more lucid on our point of disagreement. Further conversation, if I can recall it clearly, consisted of "HAI-YAHHH!", "AHHHHHHHH!", and "take that you son of a bitch!". After careful consideration I decided to abdicate to her point of view in consideration of the fact that she had presented an obviously superior argument in support of her own position. I present this humble story as sort of my boy-scout deed of the year, in case there are any innocent fans out there who have ever, or ever will, harbor the thought of disagreeing with anything which the Dear Sweet Tina has said or ever will say. Tina has recently been reading-up on medieval torture, and just the other day was making note of the particularly gruesome - and somewhat unfriendly - act whereby one end of a man's intestine would be nailed to a tree, after which he would be chased around it with a large bullwhip. Despite her basic interest in blood and gore, however, Tina is essentially an outward, fun-loving person. I want to make that clear. 000

Some years ago in GRUE, we explored multilingual epithets for a few issues and did not spread any vast quietus on the matter. We did turn up the esoteric intelligence that it's not wise to refer to a Netherlander as a dishrag.



Seattle, Washington

wool to be died in. Natheless, and disregarding my natural prejudice against Texans - I think it amounts to an instinct, like that of propagation of self-preservation - I decided to be friendly to him. He married my sister, and all that. So when I first met him, I went out of my way to be polite. I recall our first conversation well.



ED CAGLE

“ ”

"Th' only music Ah lak is cumtry westurn." Then he turned and walked off. He eventually found my only Sons of the Pioneers record, and played it over and over for two solid weeks. He'd play one side, turn it over, play the other, turn it over... To this day, Wagon Wheels sends me into hysteria.

To tell the truth, Seattle used to have that "Last One Out" sign that you speak of. There's a long story involved in that; it's one of the funniest stories about Seattle I've ever heard. You'd love it.

000 Well, dammit, tell it to me! 000

Dave, I have to take exception to your statement that cats are pets. You've obviously been hypnotized by your cat. Do cats come to you when you ask? Do cats sit in your lap when you are prepared? When you're reading your paper, do they sit at your side until you are through? When you leave a chair momentarily, do they wait until you return? The answer to all these things, of course, is no, unless you've got a cat that thinks she's a dog. (I utilize a Spanish form, and characterize all cats as female, all dogs as male, regardless of their gender.)

000 Those Spaniards - what do they know, anyway? I have an article upcoming in Bruce Arthur's GODLESS #7, entitled A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON MY WAY TO THE TYPEWRITER. As you may have guessed from the title, the article is about pets. Of course. So I won't duplicate any of that material here. I will, however, let you go ahead with your own ramblings about pets. 000

Dave, a cat owns you. Your entire life, assuming you are owned by a cat, is centered around providing for a cat's needs. The only reason you sit in a chair is to keep it warm on the offchance that the cat will wish to sit there. Any time you open a paper, it's an open invitation.

Dogs, on the other hand, are pathetically grateful for any show of affection; if none is forthcoming, they wait patiently until you're ready. At times it's somewhat sickening, all that sticky emotion waiting to play out.

The only dog I've ever had acquired the habit of clawing at the garage door whenever she 000 Aha! "she". 000 was outside, as a signal that she wanted back in. One time our family went out for a night, having forgotten that the dog was outside. When we returned, the house was freezing and the dog was sitting quietly on the living room rug; she'd clawed her way completely through the garage door while we were gone.

I wonder if I wasn't taken to a faith healer when I was quite young; you see, I was born with a herniated navel. I don't know exactly what it is, but it sounds terrible. I suspect that the navel, if herniated enough, causes you to turn inside out. Obviously I've been cured of that, since I have a beard; if I hadn't been cured, the beard would have grown inward, rendering me unable to speak or eat, and I would have starved to death long ago.

Your interlino about John Brown reminds me of a piece of graffiti I spotted in a local tavern the other day. I was just going in to use the rest room, you understand. On the wall was a note: "John Brown's body has mouldered, but don't worry about it". But that's not the note I had in question; it's simply that that piece of Americana was next to another: "Will Rogers never met Richard Nixon," which was next to a third which read: "If Millard Fillmore's picture was not on the \$10,000 bill, Harry Parsons would never know he'd existed."

Somehow, I can imagine someone whose entire knowledge of American presidents is capsulized by their pictures on bills. Something like my knowledge of Canadian officials, garnered from their bills - every once in a while another floats out from a previously undiscovered section of my wallet. The last relic of Torcon, surfacing for the fourth time.

DEAN GRENELL

Beecher, Illinois

So, in the future, include either the folder itself or a sticky quarter so the receiver may purchase one. Otherwise, the S.P.C.F. will be notified, and Steps Taken. This irresponsibility must be brought to an end, and if it takes drastic measures to do it, then so be it! Be warned.

000 Personal note to Wally Franke: Wally, keep the Southern Comfort away from Jackie until after she writes her LoCs to AWRY. 000

I enjoyed your trip report, and thanks for the Nice Words, but I do wish there were a few more pages of it. Five weeks of travelling and all you come up with is two pages of natterings? Most fans do more than that with a monotonous weekend spent collating 100-page issues of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY. I'd have expected much better from you, and feel more than a touch of disappointment.

000 All that I can say in defense of such a miserly act on my part is that I would have done more except for the fact that a 50-page issue of AWRY seemed, somehow, to be more than enough. 000

Can I cast my vote for xerox-reduction rather than more severe editing? The thought of an abbreviated AWRV lettercol is too repugnant for contemplation, but maintaining the same ratio of feedback to prior issues would mean no new material coming in for lack of room. Reduce the print, our eyes are already shot to hell anyway, we can take it. Only our optometrist will know...

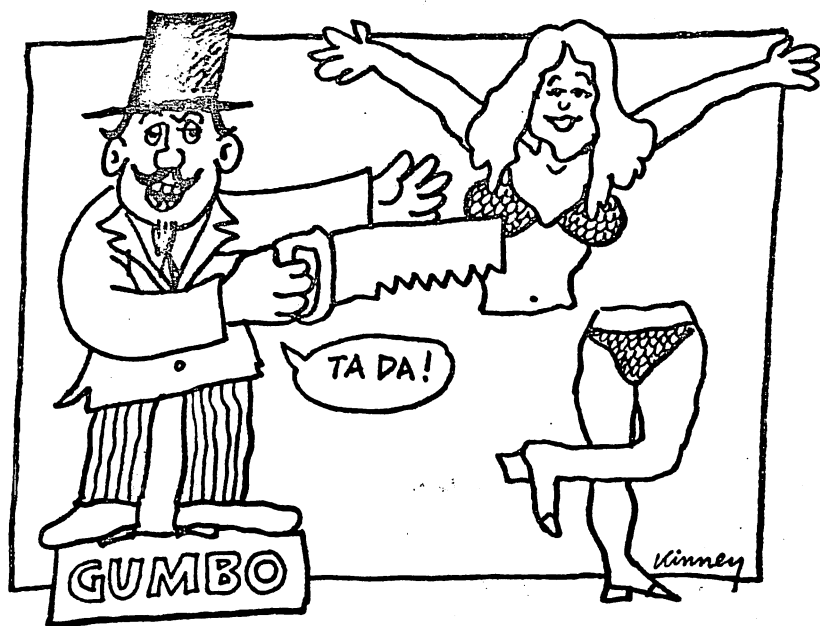
000 This is what you get if you don't want an abbreviated lettercol. I speak in relative terms, of course, because I don't print all letters and do edit most of the ones I do print. But the response to AWRY continues to increase, and naturally so does that portion of the response which is worth printing. So the xerox reduction has spread throughout the entire zine rather than just being confined to the lettercol. I am afraid, however, that xerox reduction is not going to be sufficient for future issues. I want to use more articles, and more artwork, and experiment with a number of features which will require space. All this means less room for the basic lettercol (by basic lettercol I mean that which is left over after extracting any sections for forums and features and whatnot), and I'm afraid the time is fast approaching to set a page limit for WORD-SMITHING. I don't mind spending a couple of extra dollars to send AWRY 4th Class, but I do mind putting out an overly large fanzine. 000

Dean's column (?) this time was a joy to read for an appreciator-though-not-a-perpetuator of puns like myself. Lovely, lovely. I ouchd my way through it with masochistic delight. \*sigh\* More? Please?

000 Deans wordsmithing is always welcomed with open arms, as you may have noticed from the volume of it in this issue. 000

I also appreciated his revelation of fandom's True Condition. We are all psychopaths. "Uncoordinated and useless information" indeed! If that doesn't describe the mental stock in most fen's cerebral warehouses, then I defy anyone to come up with one better. Of course, one of the other criteria for judging a person as psycho is the inability to adjust to daily routine and "fit" oneself into society. Does that have a familiar ring to it?

In case there is any doubt whatsoever, of course, all one must do is read all of Dean's scribblings and attempt to comprehend. If you do, then you're a fan and are a Lost Soul. If you can't, why then you're normal and hopelessly Mundane and what are you doing reading his writings in the first place?



ED CAGLE

EGOOO ROW is a great idea! Instead of merely arranging LoCs by topic, grouping them by column-remarked-upon and setting them apart as a distinct section of the zine works out marvelously. Of course, it cuts down a bit on fresh columns, but when it's done this well, who cares? Hope you decide to continue this pattern; I like it.

I heartily approve of the entire set-up used on AWRY #6. Separating pertinent segments from letters and setting them apart as distinct portions of the zine gives almost the same feel as TITLE had in its beginning issues; the Loccers themselves are an integral part of the zine, yet the lettercol format itself is not neglected since you put in whatever doesn't fit your chosen categories into that section. Best of both worlds, and all that. Are you keeping it this way or going to try something new nextish?

That's one of the likeable things about AWRY ... it has such a concrete personality. Similar to that of a demented chameleon...

BILL BOWERS

I enjoy the hell out of AWRY - and I was going to write a long brilliant LoC on the latest. Sigh, there's a lot of them there kind of LoCs that were

I applaud your stand on editorial independence. Perhaps I'm not following the rules, but I enjoy a TITLE as much as an ALGOL, an AWRY as much as an SFR/REG/ALIEN CRITIC. By the same token I refuse to accept the argument that I've got to restrict my 'likes' to one side of that almighty \$ sign or the other. As one who is permanently typecast as being in the 'pretentious' camp, and one who is headed more the Geis/Porter/Browns route than the Brazier/Cagle/Denton road, I'm naturally suspect - particularly when I've been quoted as saying I "was into fanzines for the money in it" (what I said was: I was into money for the fanzines in it). I've been getting the damn things since mid-'61, ranging from WARHOON & XERO to REALM OF FANTASY and everything in between, and I've yet to develop any pat formulae to relate 'money-spent-on-a-fanzine' to 'enjoyment-received-from-a-fanzine'. The only common factor I've found in the fanzines that I constantly enjoy is the fact that the fanned puts a bit of himself into it, and rarely worries about whether he is producing a 'proper' fanzine. I can understand a teenager or college student being a bit aghast at the amount of money I pour into mine - I came from poor but poverty-stricken folks myself - but I hold a 'steady (if modest; \$700 a month isn't what you'd call upper crust) job, and refuse to feel guilty if I spend every spare cent on books & fanzines, rather than fancy cars, clothes or tapes. The fact that WARHOON was professionally mimeographed, or that Reamy worked in/for a print shop didn't stop me from trying to produce the best fanzine that I could, one that was satisfying to me, and I can't seriously accept the argument that the amount of money I or Porter spend on our respective pride & joys is going to permanently warp or discourage fans just discovering the joys & sorrows of fanzine publishing. Those that will, will, and those that won't, won't. It's neither a sign of greatness nor insaneness to publish a fanzine; it's what some of us like to do. And the only 'crime' involved is when you're dishonest enough to yourself to the extent of publishing the one you're 'expected' to, rather than the one you enjoy doing. I'm Mean & Nasty, sure, but enough people whose 'work' I enjoy ... enjoy what I do. And that's what it's all about. End of Sermon.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

AWRY #6 is easily the best fanzine I've read this year, and that isn't quite as backhanded a compliment as it might seem, since despite the youthfulness of the fanzines. More to the point, however, I expect that



ED CAGLE

As it happens, my tortoise did cross the room today, his first movement in three weeks. It still lacks headline value...

Tina transmogrifies the tawdriest tale to titillating tintinnabulation. As Dean might say,

Jack Wodhams writes damn fine letters ... if only he'd write them in English. I wonder if he'll give me a quick course in the Australian language before the '75 con?

How dare you to say such things about Akron, the place where I was born! Even if they are true. Actually, my parents had the good sense to move away from Akron

I'm surprised that Bob Tucker didn't know that Arizona used to have camels. Back in the 1800s a bunch of them were sent from North Africa to see if they could be used in place of horses for cavalry out in the Southwest desert. For a number of reasons, such as the fact that ordinary horses had a tendency to roll over and die whenever they smelled a camel (if you've ever smelled a camel up close, you'd know why), the experiment didn't work out, so all the remaining camels (some had been used to put a little variety into the menu, you see) were let loose into the desert to fare as well they could. They lasted quite a while, but there aren't any left nowadays. The crocodiles ate them all up.

The story of the one-legged coffin salesman and the mortician's cross-eyed daughter is one of the trade secrets of the Faith Healer's Union, of which I am a member. However, I have managed to get permission to tell you, not the entire story, but at least the punchline:

If you ever manage to get ahold of the entire story, and should wish to dramatize it, may I suggest David



[illegible]

ED CAGLE

I note a couple of mutually contradictory explanations of "cobblers". Wodhams' I can't refute because I haven't got that far in understanding Australian; so few folk records use that sort of language. But MacGregor is clearly wrong; cobblers are potatoes and obviously you can't raise potatoes in cobblestone streets. (Then, of course, there is another derivation; I'm sure Grennell will tell you all about the childhood game of "cobblers and rops" if you ask him nicely.)

000 And it's appreciated muchly. But you're on my permanent mailing list, so it's appreciated even more than muchly. 000

I have a source for the use of excerpted lettercols which goes farther back than any of the instances that I have yet seen proffered: Richard Wilson's ESCAPE of from the December 1939. Vol. 1, #6 issue, p. 4.

Knowing the Wilson technique of excerpting letters, I think I'll foil you and send you excerpts in the first place....Chet Cohen's cover for issue 5 easily the best yet....qwertyuiop not quite so peppy this time; try again....cheer's for Cyril's 'Saracen on the Stairs'; I would miss the apparition on account of because I was out cold upstairs at the time it appeared....Glad to see you got Don to escape a bit with you: 'If I Must Flee' is as neat a bit of humour as I've seen ....eh biem, I'd comment at length but by now you've probably just a wee bit of space left for communications as is....see you anon when I move in; hasten, oh hasten ye 22nd of December!

I feel frustrated when I can't write a LoC, not because I feel that I specifically owe the editor a debt in return for his labors but because I know that the production of a good LoC gives me a person feeling of accomplishment, achievement, and pleasure in my own creativity. Of course, there are good reasons for not being obligated to LoC some zines. I just filed the latest ALGOL and ALIEN CRITIC. I enjoyed both very much but I found myself constipated when it came to composing a missive. ALGOL obviously isn't hurting for lack of first rate responses though, and there are so many other things to do that I shouldn't struggle over writing one more letter to a popular magazine. There's another reason: I think of ALGOL and ALIEN CRITIC as magazines literally, and would like to see offset productions exempt from nomination for the Hugo. Excluding them would satisfy some people, especially since the people with aspirations to big circulations are finding that mimeo isn't feasible in the high hundreds and thousands. If I had written a letter to Geis on CRITIC 7 I would have said something which I suspect is going to appear here.

I feel closer to AWRY, only partly because I can't get it for money. I'm going to try to keep both coming, by sending money to one and LoCs to the other. I may LoC CRITIC but the space between it and myself and AWRY and myself is very different. More clearly I will LoC AWRY as often as I feel like it and you will send it to me as often as you feel like it. We'll get along fine as long as our feelings coincide.

44

DEAN GRENNELL

LLOYD BIGGLE, JR.

[illegible]

About this lightning business: Bruce is right in that there is a simultaneous, mutual, electromagnetic attraction between charges in the cloud and the earth, and so the lightning bolt does originate as much from the earth as from the cloud, but the actual discharge of the energy is into the earth.

**MARTY HELGESEN**

Harry Warner doesn't have to wait until the 21st century to read of the embarrassment of short-sighted scientists caused by their "it will never work" pro-

Interesting to read of Bloch's piano rectal. There is an avant garde artist who practices what he calls "rectal realism". He grasps his paint brush in his sphincter and paints portraits. I wish I were making that up, but I'm not.

Like everyone else I like your logo for the book review column. However, in view of the energy crisis shouldn't you change it to 40 watt bulb? Along that line, someone wrote to a local newspaper saying: "Most people leave their electric clocks plugged in day and night when they actually read the clocks for only a minute or two a day. We can all save a watt by plugging the clocks in when we want to know the time, and then immediately unplugging them." The distressing thing is that several people actually wrote in to point out that if you leave a clock unplugged it won't show the correct time.

Bronx, New York

The editorial is wonderful, but it does have the one disadvantage of setting dangerously high standards of humor for the other writers to follow.

Dean Grennell casually mentions the Teapot Dome and Watergate together. I wonder if he saw Walt Kelly's inspired linking of the two in POGO several months ago. A new character appeared in the form of a teapot-shaped spider, whose nasal spout and shifty, paranoid eyes were quite familiar from televised press conferences. He ran against Pogo in Okefenokee's presidential election but hoped that Pogo would win so that he could control the power more unobtrusively. Kelly didn't even mention the Teapot Dome for a couple of weeks, which assumes an unusually high level of recall on the part of his readers.

DAVID SINGER

I'm not sure I understand Dean Grennell, but keep on bagging him. He's well worth the price of the scotch, especially since I'm not paying it. I'm sort of glad

000 Since moving from the Albany/Schenectady/Troy area just a scant 5 1/2 years ago, an entire fan club or two has sprung up on the impetus of my migration. Do you think they were trying to tell me something? 000

Commerce, Texas

Don't expect me to come to the defense of Texas; I'm no Texan, even after eight years here. On the other hand, this part of the state is not subject to the

So you have a staff artist now - my aren't fanzines getting fancy. I even hear of one with an "art director", no less. I hope that Jackie's new title doesn't preclude her drawing for other zines. Even though I once

DEAN GRENNELL

"I want to meet the man who answered Chris Walker and Denis Quane" - makes you sound like the man who shot Liberty Valence doesn't it?

000 You're not trying to be sarcastic, are you, Denis? My temporary non-drinking, non-humorous Chinese boss told me the other day that I was sarcastic and that sarcasm was definitely a weakness. I told him everything he said was true and sorry (and he could punctuate it any goddam way he pleased...) 000

Chicago, Illinois

lettercol fan, I view this practice as rotten and unfannish. Where would you be without the lettercol? Just another ~~any face~~ writer of hilarious editorials.

000 Traditionally, hell. 'Censorship' means the examining and expurgation of whatever the censor considers objectionable, and that's all it means. There are as many doctors who differ on what causes lung cancer as there are doctors who differ on what causes heart disease. That has always been the case and I believe that it will continue to be so for quite some time. I may be foolish in continuing to spoke in the absence of the 'evidence coming in', I may be foolish to continue using saccharine/sorts down to a solid conclusion, and I may be foolish in a lot of things; but there are so many 'experts' for and against something that I would be truly foolish if I ran around avoiding everything that 'experts' consider harmful until an overwhelming majority of those experts reach a mutually agreeable conclusion. 000

000 Most dictionaries make the two words synonyms of each other, although the detailed explanation of each will differ from time to time. I know. I've checked. 000

**Bumper sticker:** Honk twice if you favor noise abatement.

I would rather pay for a fanzine than be required to LoC every issue. (OO) See, Buck? (OO) Often I have nothing worthwhile to say, and consider it a waste of your time as well as mine for me to force some drivel onto paper and send it to you. I should think that even more-normal editors end up getting lots of mediocre LoCs from people who really have nothing to say this time but feel obligated to LoC anyway. A humorzine, expecially, is more difficult to comment on than most. You sure drive a hard bargain, fella.

000 It's true that I get a large number of forced, mediocre letters. That would be obvious, and it is true. It is equally obvious that I get a large number of good, printable letters. So my methods at least work. But you are not obliged to write a LoC. You can contribute other written material, or you can trade. Not a large number of choices, maybe, but better than just the one. 000

Actually, the real reason I like to be able to subscribe is that it helps tide me over periods of semi-gafia wherein, although I like to read fanzines, when faced with the choice of writing a LoC or catching up on my SF reading, I choose the latter. Eventually, I feel so guilty that I write a LoC on the last half-dozen issues, which of course isn't published. After a while of this, I become talked out and decide that it doesn't really matter to anyone whether I write to them or not, and I go back to catching up on my reading. The whole procedure is rather unsatisfactory. Sometimes I am too lethargic even to send out subscription money. Though, having a completist mentality, I now berate myself for missing such things as issues 2-5 of AWRY. This has been "Confessions of a Gafia Junkie".



[illegible]

000 I know, and thanks, but ... you never saw my "previous method"... 000

Last time I took an airplane trip, the search mechanism snorted upon being presented with my offering, an attache case. Somebody came over to me and said: "Have you got a pair of scissors in there?" Nonplussed, I acknowledged their presence in my case. She then inquired as to their length, but was apparently unsatisfied by my two hands wavering in the air a few inches apart in indication of the magnitude of the parameter in question. I was required to open the case and extract the offending article, which was then pored over for a while by a huddle of airport personnel feeling the blades, stabbing their palms with the point, and muttering things like "how many inches?", "where's the ruler?", "not that way!", and other reassurances that they knew what they were doing. After a few moments, my weapon was returned with the grudging admission, "it's okay", accompanied by an absent-minded mechanical smile. Thus comforted, I was allowed to escape to the departure gate. This unnerving experience apparently caused my scissors to lose weight, as there was not a peep out of the search mechanism's cousin on the way back. No one paid any attention at all to my tube of rolled-up engineering drawings, which looked as if it could easily contain a submachine gun.

I too own a Fiat, my second. We did have trouble getting it serviced while we were in Oklahoma, but otherwise have had no trouble. Our model 850 went three

000 That's what I have now, the 850 Spyder. Although I haven't had as much luck with it as you had with yours I have had phenomenal luck with it when you consider the number of disasters I usually have with cars. And I like it better than any car I've previously (or currently, since we also have a Toyota Corona) owned. Besides the 30 mpg, it's fun to drive and it's one of the few convertables still available on the market. 000

Marty Helgesen hits the nail precisely on the head about "revolutionary" youth. The inherent contradiction of violent peace demonstrations was greatly disturbing to those of us who agreed with the expressed ends. I heartily recommend Kunen's THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT for a relatively unbiased insider's account.

On ALIGN & TILT: Dave Locke proves himself to be a racist. When all of your clones start picketing for more pay and better mimeo machines ("No more AWRYs!

The problem with requiring a buck for a sample copy is that it's just too damn much. No zine is worth that much, really. Well, almost no zine. If AWRY were bigger and had entries like "9-27-73: Today I screwed a horse", then maybe. Then again, maybe not. Seriously though (don't you hate people who say that? I do), the first issue is the one that people should get for free, really. You cut too many people off from getting your zine when you start charging money for the first copy. If you want to do that, that's cool. If not...

48

DEAN GRENNELL

JODIE OFFUTT

I just asked andy if he'd like a drink. "Yeah. How 'bout a bourbon?" "What you got against ANDY?" "Huh?"

I got through the tests by using association.

No! Stop  
Please I can't  
take it. Stop.  
Stop staring  
at me. Gawd,  
those eyes!

GIRLS OFF!!

000 Personal note to andy offutt: andy, keep the Boone's Farm away from Jodie until after she writes her LOCs to AWRY. Personal note to all AWRY's ~~contacts~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ readers: Jodie will be present in the next issue with an arkle entitled: HOW I ~~INSPIRED MY HUSBAND WHILE LYING~~

FLAT ON MY BACK -OR- WHY I'M IN  
LOVE WITH BEN BOVA. Look forward  
to it. 000

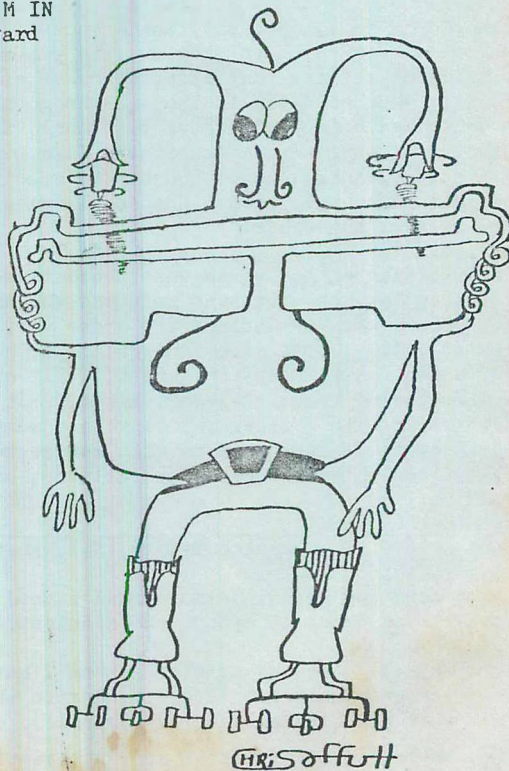
Carbondale, Illinois

Such  
beaut-  
iful

reproduction. Sigh! 000 So there, Mike Glicksohn. Pfu11. 000

As a postscript to the Egyptian Cobra issue I raised, the snake was never found, but a molt in the cage was finally identified as belonging to a foreign species of rat snake. The ~~pet~~ owner was billed for the services of the various city employees who participated in the search to the tune of some \$1200. The story does point out the extremes to which snake-keeping has gone in recent years; once the province of specialists, it is now invaded by hosts of amateurs who clearly have little knowledge of what they are doing and don't even care enough to find out what they are keeping. Is the snake becoming a status symbol? Especially the venomous exotics? I dread the answer to that question. All I can say is that I have no respect (or sympathy) for anyone who can't recognize a rat snake and differentiate it from a cobra!

A more interesting topic than the one Tina chose would have been  
ABORTION NIGHT AT THE FAITH HEALER'S.





DEAN GRENNELL

000 Interesting question, for us ignorant fans. Just so we don't lose too much sleep about it, maybe andy can put down the Boone's Farm long enough to write in and explain it to us. 000

Hagerstown, Maryland

developed his style into greater complexity, just as Rotsler has tended to do the past year or two. Sheryl is developing with phenomenal speed as an artist.

omigodh to  
a letter.  
from Harry  
Warner

dom. It might prove to be a useful tool time after time in the future when parents are afraid their youthful neofan child will be irreparably damaged by reading those awful fanzines. I can't think of anything published in the past that would have the reassuring effect on such parents as this book should.

Strange, but I don't remember having read Tina Hensel's article. Basically, I'm a suspicious person so suddenly I have begun to imagine things: specifically, an apa which is the most exclusive, the finest, and the oldest in fandom, one that directs its rejected applications for membership to the FAPA waiting list, one which is so careful to preserve its privacy that I haven't heard about it yet. Is Dean Grennell publishing GRUE regularly for that aristocracy of apas, and doling out just an occasional issue to keep up his FAPA membership when he feels in the mood to go slumming? In any event, I enjoyed the article. I have never attended a faith healer's performance but I used to listen occasionally to the radio broadcasts over a Wheeling, W. Va. station of one. It was something like reading Shakespeare: you know how it's going to come out but you still get some pleasure out of the way it's being done. I remember two of this evangelist's most vivid remarks after his climactic successes: "Let's all give a big hand for Jesus!" and "Glory, his crutches just went one way and he went the other!"


Jack Wodhams on bad words was interesting. My biggest problem with this general topic came the time I tried to interview some European refugees who had come to this area to live after losing everything in World War Two. They were Hungarians who spoke very little English, but they knew just about as much or as little German as I did. Trying to find out if it had been a stormy trip over the Atlantic, I asked the father: "Was fur einen Fahrt haben sie gehabt?" His eyes widened, he sent his children out of the room, and he muttered in a threatening tone: "Wieder, bitte." It occurred to me that he might have picked up some of the shorter English words with greater rapidity than some German words, so I asked: "Was fur eine Reise haben sie gehabt?" My interviewee looked at me with new respect, called the children back in, and gave me such a voluminous reply that I couldn't make heads or tails out of it.

Faulconbridge, NSW, Australia

way around the world. Also around a good part of Australia not to mention England and Europe. I'd get her to tell you about it except she's asleep. Now me, I only sleep on trains.

000 Maybe the other people are just getting even. 000





000 I suppose I could draw up a computer program to take care of my mailing list. I'd input factors such as frequency of response and value of response. The computer can crank out little cards, already addressed, which can be zapped off to any reader whose cumulative standing has dropped into the 'marginally acceptable' zone. The tabulation of his standing can be printed on the card, together with a closing note which reads: "Shape up or ship out, but do not fold, mutilate, or staple." 000

Hawthorndene, Australia

so much of a gap as E had to do.

The point on SILENT RUNNING was not so much the standard fault of bad production in the vacuum sounds but that it attempted so much with the mutually inconsistent levels on which the plot was based. Aside from the implied population level being totally impossible to feed or maintain in terms solely of energy requirements. (000) As we know them now, you mean. (000) Also I saw the film and listened to the bit at the beginning and still have no idea as to why the "gardens" were put in orbit around Saturn, of all places. Usually with sanctuaries or wild life reserves of some description or another, one expects to find some sort of tourist activity going on. Unless the prime nature of humans has changed markedly in the time before the setting of the film I would have expected a thriving commercialisation of "the last wildlife on Earth" attracting tourists from Earth and the presumed nearby human colonies. At least there would have been a great potential for this if it had been placed in the best orbit for the fauna and flora. It was a pretty fairy tale for those who no longer believe in winged fairies, either at the bottom of the garden or anywhere else. As science fiction it was pathetic in spite of the qualifications of those people connected with its construction.

Miami, Florida

most of my experiences have been in the eastern part of it, however: Houston, Galveston, Waco, etc. In my exceedingly callow youth I was stationed in/near Houston and Galveston which had (has?) more available girls than any place I have been to or heard of since; and, when you drove across from, say, Georgia, you can tell when you hit Texas even without the change in accent because the Southun girls call you "Sugah" and the Texas girls call you "Honey". You can also tell you're in the backwoods when you see more pickups than sedans.

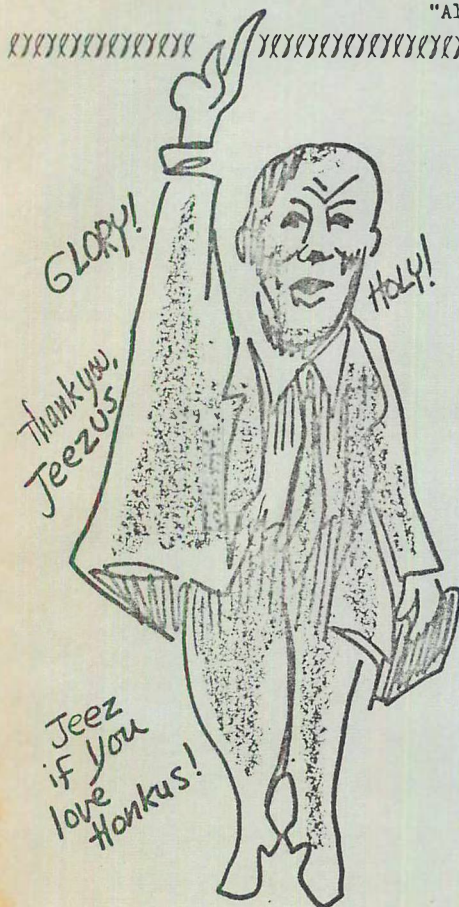
Not that some Texas things don't annoy me... When Mardee and I were in Bandera last summer we went to a Wednesday night rodeo in which everyone (but us) came in pickups; the cowboys were quite authentic and very good at roping, barrel racing, and the like. The announcer - a Texas gal - was really awful and each event was announced like this "Riding now is Royce Rogers; next is Buck Wilkins; Jeff Barnes be-thinkin-about-it". That "be-thin-kin-a-bout-it" was what got to you; it is still a kind of joke around here. After watching from the stands we went to where the stalls were loaded for bull-riding; most of the riders were teeners or twentiers and were continually spitting - continually! We decided that plus the hat and boots were what made a real cowboy. One of the bullriders was unbelievable - he looked about 9 years old - and after old be-thin-kin-a-bout-it finished they opened the gate and this kid (who was 9 years old) stayed on the bull and rode it much to the dismay and amusement of various persons - the lady announcer was quite upset and said "you boys better not do anythin' like that a-gain!" The boys responded with "he just looks little, maam, 'cause he smokes so much". The kid was actually afraid to get off the bull so they roped him off and dragged him back to the chutes, cussin' and, of course, spittin'.

In Miami, I saw a faith healer on a mental health night. His style was to put his hand squush on the sufferer's face, pull back his social finger, and let it snap right on the poor afflicted's forehead. Wham! "Did



"All neofans are created equal."

---the N3F creed



you feel it, brother? That was the Lord driving the madness from your soul!"

In Sacramento, AAAllen divided his time between attacking the SACRAMENTO BEE, the Catholics, and communism.

Also, the techniques smacked very heavily of sensitivity training; a good deal of turning around and shaking hands and telling people you're glad to see them testifying and all that.

Please thank Tina Hensel for a little restraint on her faith-healing article; I dreaded such phrases as

--- in God we truss --  
--- the heavenly rupture ---  
--- the Bible belt ---

and so on, but she never used them!

Here's a verse for one of your columnists:

Grennell is fine,  
but it is true  
he's now AWRY  
and out of GRUE,

or, maybe

Grennell is fine  
but as a rule  
he's out of rye  
or out of gruel.

I guess that's enough of that!

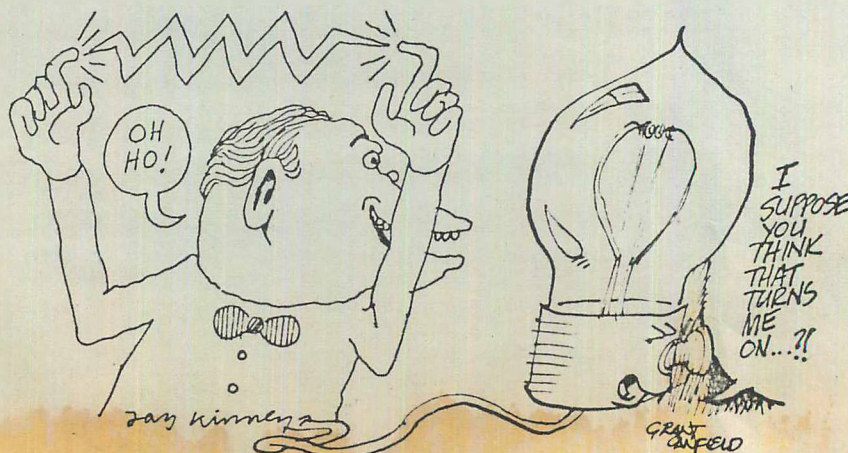
000 Oh, I don't know. Here's a threesome:

Grennell is fine,  
But as a rule,  
His choice of words  
Blows Webster's cool.

Grennell is fine,  
His writings apropos,  
But too bad he includes  
Poetry in IMHO.

Grennell's are fine, but,  
As a rule,  
When I write poetry  
I feel like a damn fool.

Now that's enough... 000

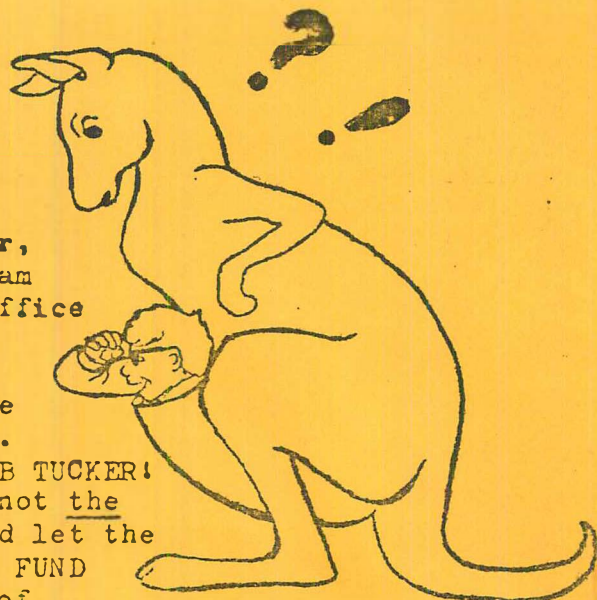




# TUCKERBAG

#1 April-May 1974

Bob Tucker; eofan, dirty ole Pro, fanpublisher, scandal-monger, chief supporter of the Jim Beam distillery. No one-word description could suffice in covering the many facets of this man. All fandom knows him and knows about him. All fandom shudders at the name. Now has come the opportunity to do something about this menace. Yes, salvation is in sight. **WE CAN DEPORT BOB TUCKER!** Ship him off to the antipodes (well, perhaps not the Antipodes; we're more civilized than that) and let the natives Down Under cope with him. The TUCKER FUND has just that end in sight. The deportation of Hoy Ping Pong will be an event to rival the disappearance of Claude Degler!



Though some have suggested that the Fund limit itself to a one-way ticket, human mercy dictates that we permit him to return at some date, so round-trip fare is anticipated. No matter how you figure it, that's a lot of money. We have a year to raise it. The carrot we're using to ~~lure~~ lure Tucker to Australia is the 1975 World Science Fiction Convention in Melbourne; the first international convention of fans and pros to be held in the Southern Hemisphere - about as far from the USA as you can get! Tucker wants to go, the Aussies are anxious to have him (there's no explaining the tastes of another, after all); never will our chances be so ripe!

Of course, what we're telling Tucker is that we'd like to honor him; to show him that fandom appreciates and remembers all the many things he's done ~~for~~ for us throughout his 40-plus years ~~of~~ involvement. Merely passing the hat wouldn't garner enough cash to meet the obligations of the Fund, so an auction is being conducted to help raise money; a reprint-zine, THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER, is being edited; several faneds have offered monies received for their zines; and fan groups are taking up collections. With such cooperation and enthusiasm, meeting our goal of at least \$1,000 should be not only possible, but probable.

Information about the fund, and particularly the auction, will be carried in FIAWOL, the fan-oriented newszine from Joyce and Arnie Katz (59 W. Livingston, Apt. 6-B; Brooklyn NY 11201). We hope to gain enough auction donations to conduct several rounds, and a list of items received so far follows....

- 1) The Fifth Head of Cerberus by Gene Wolfe. Hardback, suitably autographed for the fund. Donated by the author. Min. Bid \$4.00
- 2) Unknown Worlds (1952 British ed.) fantasy anthol. from the departed zine. Excellent condition with Dust Jacket. Anonymous \$5.00  
(The following items donated by Mike Glicksohn)
- 3) Full-page Tim Kirk drawing "LA in 72" ad. Mountie and Kirk-krittur at bar. Pen-and-ink \$1.00
- 4) Scratchboard by Jack Gaughan. Illo from IF - spaceship, space-station, moon in background and suited figures. 5"x5" \$2.00
- 5) Ralph Reese illo for "Sharing of Flesh", autographed by Poul Anderson who won a Hugo for the story. 8"x6" (Galaxy) \$3.00
- 6) For the fan who has everything; a snakeskin shed by the fabulously faaanish boa owned by the Boy Wonder. \$ .50



(The following items donated by Donn Brazier)

- 7) A Cure For Cancer by Michael Moorcock, a "Jerry Cornelius" novel 1st Ed. (1971) Holt, Rinehart and Winston Perfect cond. w/DJ \$1.00
- 8) Rendezvous With Rama by Arthur C. Clarke SFBC ed. Excellent cond. \$1.00
- 9) And Walk Now Gently Through The Fire (anthology) edited by Roger Elwood. SFBC edition Excellent Condition \$1.00
- 10) Cometary World by Clifford Simak SFBC ed. Excellent cond. \$1.00
- 11) War Against The Rull by A.E. Van Vogt (has previous owner's signature inside cover, otherwise Ex. Cond.) SFBC \$1.00
- 12) The Other Passenger by John K. Cross. 1st Ed. (1946) fantasy published by Lippencott. Good Cond. No/DJ \$3.00
- 13) The Great Fox and other weird tales by H.F. Heard. 1st Ed. (1946) Fantasy stories. Good condition, no DJ (Vanguard) \$4.00
- 14) Writer's Handbook by A.S. Burack (500 pp of writing tips) (1945) Good condition, no DJ \$3.00
- 15) Writing Fiction by August Derleth (1946) Fair Cond. No DJ \$3.00
- 16) For Love Or Money 1957 anthol by Mystery Writers of America. 8 of the 17 authors have autographed it. Ex. Cond. w/DJ \$5.00
- 17) Who Knocks Ed. by August Derleth. Story "The Lake" autographed by Ray Bradbury; "With best wishes to Donn" 1946 Good, no DJ \$25.00
- 18) The Fabulous Clipjoint the first mystery novel by Fredric Brown (1947) Autographed "To Donn..." (Dutton) Good Cond. no DJ \$25.00
- 19) GRAB BAG 10 asst'd SF paperbacks, fair to mint condition \$1.00
- 20) La Mujer De Venus by Jean Burn-Spanish SF. Mint Cond. \$1.00
- 21) ANALOG Complete year 1967 Excellent Condition \$2.00
- 22) " " 1968 " \$2.00
- 23) " " 1969 " \$2.00
- 24) Dangerous Visions ed. Harlan Ellison #s 1 & 2 Pb Good Cond. \$ .50
- 25) Sensuous Dirty Old Man by "Dr. A" (Asimov) Pb. Mint Cond. \$ .50
- 26) Writing Fiction by R.V. Cassill 1963 Paperback good cond. \$ .50
- 27) FICTION (French ed. of F&SF) March 1972 Mint condition \$1.00
- 28) FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION Complete year 1966 Exc. cond. \$2.00
- 29) " " 1968 " \$2.00
- 30) " " 1969 " \$2.00
- 31) When Harlie Was One by David Gerrold SFBC Exc. Cond. \$1.00
- 32) The World Of Duke Ellington by Stanley Dance. Scribners Pb (1970) Sold for \$2.95 Excellent condition \$1.00
- 33) A Choice Of Murders 1958 Mystery Writers of America Anthol. (Autographed "to Margeret and Pink '68" by Margeret Manners Good condition but tattered DJ \$2.50
- 34) HPL: A Memoir by August Derleth (Abramson, 1945) Has tipped-in photo of Lovecraft. DJ a bit tattered, but otherwise exc. cond \$20.00
- 35) Indian artifact found in Donn's creekbed. Dated as 2,000 yrs old. Fist sized "axe/club" head. Shows signs of much rethong-ing and passing down from hand to hand. Conjure up spirits! \$5.00
- 36) Ancient (!?) photo showing Lester Del Ray, Forry Ackerman, Ted Carnell and unidentified agent (Milton Rothman?) Supposed to have been taken at an early Philcon \$1.00

As well as these auction items, some Early-Bird donations came in. Patrons of the Fund so far are: Gene and Rosemary Wolfe, Wally and Jackie Franke, Barry Warner, Jr., Sheryl Birkhead, Ron and Linda Bushyager, Fred Moss, Ben Indick, Mike Gorra and Claire Beck. Thanks to each and every one of you!!!

#### THE TUCKER FUND

Bruce R. Gillespie  
GPO Box 5195AA  
Melbourne, Victoria 3001  
Australia

Jackie Franke  
Box 51-A RR 2  
Beecher, IL 60401  
USA