



WHO'S THE  
STRANGE-LOOKING  
DUDE?

I DON'T KNOW,  
BUT HE SURE CAN  
SPIN QUITE A TALE..

STROY



# AWRY

Editor: Dave Locke  
Editorial Address:  
819 Edie Drive, Duarte CA 91010  
Staff Artist: Jackie Franke  
Printing: Courtesy of Dave Hulan

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Cover: "The Overbite"  
by Al Sirois. (Logo and  
cartoon by Elvin Sprig.)  
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## PRISTINE STENCIL - - - editorial

Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may be the greatest thing since wood-burning space ships.

One or two of you may notice, as you hold this slim, finely-produced volume between thumbs and forefingers, that this issue of AWRY is indeed slim. It does, in fact, have a smaller page-count than any previous issue, although the first issue was smaller in terms of wordcount (as I was still ker-plunking on the old pica manual at that time).

There are those of you who will perhaps begrudge the fact that there are only two articles in this issue. There probably are more of you who will comment, darkly, regarding the meager seven-page lettercolumn. There are many reasons for having ensmallled this issue of AWRY, all of which you may even have heard before (not from me -- from others, but originality is not my long suit).

I decided that a short issue would be a nice change-of-pace, and might even allow me to get #9 published within the current fannish fiscal year. I bravely unsheathed my blue pencil and waded into the letters of comment, boldly slashing them down until they fit, sparkling, into a mere 1/3+ of the pagecount. All of the unprinted comments have been assembled and dispersed to the last issue's contributors, as I can appreciate the fact that egoboo becomes habit-forming.

So here you have it: the ninth issue of AWRY, the fanzine with the personality of a demented chameleon. But if it really bothers you that this issue is relatively short (priceless though it may be), perhaps you could wait for the next issue and then read them both together? Of course, these pages may be too brittle by then.

So how you been? I been fine. Fannishly speaking, I've branched out (see those leafy arms there?) into two new dimensions. One is SHAMBLES, which is a (would you believe) co-edited personalzine done in collaboration with Ed Cagle (you all remember Ed Cagle, don't you? -- the fan of coprophagous stature who later became ranger at a boy scout camp). Many of you have already seen the first issue, and if the overwhelming volume of ~~LoCs~~ is any accurate gauge of the matter, it can be termed somewhat successful. We're having fun with it anyway. Six ten-cent stamps sent to my attention will get you a sample copy. The other new fannish matter is the revival of the old apa Stobler, which has started up with an eleventh mailing, and the Dave Hulan article herein is taken from that source. All fifteen members are having fun with it anyway.

I had a number of letters from fannish friends and acquainti who said they would look forward to seeing me at Westercon. As those of you who attended may have chanced to notice, I wasn't there. It may seem somewhat strange that Oakland was too far for me to travel -- a mere few hundred miles -- when there are those of you who trekked a couple of thousand miles or more for the event. Actually Oakland isn't all that far away, except that I consider it too far away for a convention. I, too, have in the past travelled many miles to stand in corridors and sit in bars, but with age I decided to abandon that expensive habit. I will occasionally go to a convention in LA, and will be attending NASFIC this year if there indeed is a NASFIC this year, but that is the extent of my participation in convention fandom. Conventions are amusing, and naturally one enjoys meeting new faces or again meeting the old ones, but I do not consider conventions as suitable justification for budget cutbacks in other areas. So that's the way it is, Alphonse, and may Euell Gibbons never eat your flight tickets.

I imagine by now that most everyone has received a TAFF ballot, but if not then you'll find one accompanying this issue of AWRY (in fact, you'll find one regardless). I sent mine in. Bill Bowers and Roy Tackett are the nominees, and isn't that a devil of a choice to make? Life would have been much easier if Bill or Roy had been running against George Senda or Claude Degler, but running against each other has caused me a great deal of consternation. I finally had to flip a coin. It landed on edge, so I guess we'll just have to try and send both of them. Wouldn't that be nice? But at any rate, best of luck to the both of you.

I had an uncommon experience the other day. Nothing strange happened. To those of you acquainted with the day-to-day nature of my humble existence, it may seem overly incredible to believe that a day could pass in the life of Dave Locke without at least one event of a reportable nature. However, on this particular Saturday the dog did not get run over, no one shot themselves and crawled over to our house seeking assistance, Dean Grennell did not call and invite me over to his place to sample a gallon of a new drink which he had created after many hours in his laboratory, the city did not turn off the water after I had soaped myself up while in the shower, I did not go out in the living room to discover that a drunken Amazon had wandered into our house



after beating up her husband, there were no boa constrictors in the swimming pool (in fact, there was no swimming pool), nothing went wrong with my typewriter to cause it to start humming the Blue Danube, neither Dave Hulan nor anyone else got me drunk in an attempt to beat me at Hearts, I did not develop a boil on the underside of my right testis, and in general nothing in the nature of the foregoing occurred on this particularly sunny and warm Saturday. All day.

However, someone did run into the back of my car while it was parked on a street in downtown Pasadena. A chair did collapse under me while I was trying to get a spoonful of corn flakes into my mouth. I did receive a copy of the worst fanzine which I have ever seen (hello, Bruce Townley), postage due. And I received an obscene phone call from a woman in Cucamonga, but she wasn't very good at it (I started to give her a critique on her delivery, but she hung up on me). Other than that, it was a totally mundane sort of Saturday. Except maybe for the people who came to repossess our furniture.

One fellow was quite big, and rather tough-looking. He was the boss. The two fellows behind him, who presumably were for the purpose of physically moving our furniture to some other location, were quite small and skinny. Actually they were all quite seedy looking.

It seems, or so I was told, that we had purchased our furniture six months ago but had not yet made six payments. So they were going to take it all back, and let us sit on orange crates. This all seemed quite tragic, except for the fact that our furniture had been purchased seven years ago and we had paid cash at the time. It seemed an expedient idea to let these fellows view these possessions for themselves, which they promptly proceeded to do. After seven years worth of abuse from children and Petard Society members, the Salvation Army would have paid us to keep the furniture. Not even the hardest cynic could possibly have believed that our furniture was only six months old. I even offered to help these men in loading this furniture into their truck, but they were too smart for me and bolted through the door before I could talk them into it.

The rest of the day was likewise fraught with uneventful circumstances.

I know that this is all terribly disillusioning.

Maybe we should move to a new neighborhood, and try our luck elsewhere.

Long ago and far away, in July of 1973 in the 5th issue of AWRY, it was noted in the editorial that Charles Burbee, Dave Hulan, and Cy Condra had begrudgingly consented to submit articles to AWRY, the humble fanzine. You may have noticed via the table of contents (well, maybe not a table; maybe a breakfast nook) that in this issue we have an article by Dave Hulan, that well-known connoisseur of wine, women, and song. It took only two years. Not in the nook of contents, but in my files, is one page of an article by Charles Burbee. He sent this to me some time back, explaining that the total manuscript would be overly long and he preferred to do it on the installment plan. However, he is so late with the second installment that I feel I should repossess something from him. But I don't know what. What should I repossess from you, Burb? Well, let's not worry about that right now. It has idly crossed my mind to take the first page of his manuscript, which so far consists of only one page, and finishing it myself. Or maybe I'll let Ed Cox finish it (EdCo is good at finishing things, like cases of beer and cellars of wine and such). Do you think that this is too harsh a threat, Burb? Well, I've tried all the common editorial procedures for plying fanzine material out of recalcitrant fanwriters (scotch, beer, bourbon, etc.). Perhaps blackmail would be the logical next step.

(concluded on page 13)



# BOOZE I HAVE KNOWN

## by DAVE HULAN

The story of my adult life might be told in the tale of how I wended my way from one alcoholic beverage to another, gradually increasing my total intake until I am the drunk you see before you now. Not that there isn't a lot more that could be told (like Sex), but it's not in a gentleman's code ... or, in the case of other influential matters, it wouldn't be very interesting to most of you. Me and Booze, on the other hand, is the sort of thing that most of you can probably relate to, and tell of your own experiences, preferences, etc. -- and perchance you will.

Having grown up as a preacher's son in a succession of small towns, I didn't encounter booze in any real way until I went away to college. I remember raiding the refrigerator after the household was fast asleep, and sampling the cooking burgundy that my grandmother Hulan had for various uses (only those in which all the alcohol was cooked away, of course). I hated it, and didn't try wine again for a long time.

When I went to college, though, it wasn't long before I was exposed to my first beer -- which I also didn't like. I was told by all and sundry that you had to cultivate a taste for beer, but I couldn't see why I should cultivate a taste for something that at best wasn't good for me.

I was in college in Nashville, Tennessee, and in Tennessee it was then and may still be illegal to sell liquor by the drink (not counting beer). You can, in "wet" counties, buy hard liquor by the bottle, but there are no bars in the sense that you can find them in more enlightened areas. The rule there is that you have to bring your own bottle into night clubs, restaurants, or such, and they'll furnish you with mix, glass, ice, etc. (for a price) and you can drink your own booze. Needless to say, this law is honored more in the breach than the observance. Most places that serve booze just keep a stock of bottles on hand and put the names of customers on them as they come in; you drink what you like and when you leave someone else's name is put on the bottle. This is highly illegal, but the cops are paid off and nobody else minds. As they used to say about the "prohibition" in Mississippi, "The wets have their booze and the drys have their law, so everyone's happy."

In Nashville there were several night clubs in an area called Printers' Alley (may still be, for all I know), and they had the usual run of burlesque stuff of the day, some of it fairly high-class. People who were known nationwide. There was one comic I saw there, name was Brother Dave something-or-other, and he made records that people were familiar with in LA when I moved here 8-9 years later. (His tag was "Rejoice, dear hearts!", if that rings any bells with anyone.) He got his first big break at the Rainbow Room in Nashville. I got my first mixed drink there, too. I remember it was a Singapore Sling, and it cost me a dollar and a quarter, which was a bunch of money in 1955 -- I haven't paid that for drinks many places even recently, and when I did I thought it was a clip joint. But illegal drinks, especially when you're under age, do cost you quite a bit. I liked the Singapore Sling ok (more than any other drink I sampled for quite a while), but not at that price.

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An expanded version of this article appeared in A TALENT TO AMUSE, Rev A, published June 1975

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Somewhere during my sophomore year I was taking a fiction writing course and I decided that I needed to get Drunk and find out what life was all about. My friends -- and with friends like that... -- quickly came up with a pint of Canadian Club, and I proceeded to drink it, cut a bit (but not excessively) with water. Bleh. I hadn't had it down long before I was barfing my toenails up kneeling in front of the john. (I was too far gone to stand up.) I have heard many and varied stories of what I did that night, and there wasn't enough time, especially before I must have collapsed, for me to have done half of them. But I did enough that I was seldom let forget it from then till I graduated, and even the things I don't think I could have done (like chasing an All-Conference halfback up and down the halls -- he wasn't the good-natured type who'd have played along with the gag...) were still being told about.

The next morning brought me back to reality, and I had my first hangover. Very Bad. Fortunately I didn't have to go anywhere; I took the sheets off my bed (since they were covered with the remains of my dinner -- whatever I hadn't lost in the toilet), dumped them in the laundry, took a shower to wash the crud off myself, and went back to bed and to sleep for most of the rest of the day. I wasn't too badly off the next day, but I found that I couldn't face whiskey for several years thereafter. I still don't care for blended whiskies, though I'm mostly a bourbon drinker and am quite fond of Irish and Scotch if I have a chance at them. (Irish is my favorite drink, but it's expensive and I can't afford it as a regular tipple.)

For the next good many years my intake of booze was strictly moderate. I'd drink the occasional beer, getting to where I liked it better and better. I tried various mixed drinks, with nothing much in the way of good results. But at the time I moved to California, when I was nearly 27, I was still probably drinking less than one alcoholic drink of any kind per week. Even the first year or so I was out here I didn't get into drinking much ... but then I started being good buddies with Ed Cox...

Ed got me onto beer. Every time I went to his place, he'd offer me beer, and I was by then enjoying it enough that I always accepted. And to be a good host, I'd make sure that any time he was coming to my place, I had a supply of beer on hand. Pretty soon I took to keeping a supply on hand all the time. And drinking it even when Ed wasn't there.

Wine was a little slower getting going, and in that case Ron Ellik was the main influence. I don't know when Ron got interested in wine, but it was not too long before I moved out here; previous to that he'd been a Teetotaler of some notoriety for the fact. I think it happened on his TAFF trip to Britain (though why anyone should leave California and go to Britain to become a wine fan I don't know -- a beer fan, yes, but a wine fan?), but I'm not sure about that; possibly someone else can clarify the point. Anyhow, Kathy and I used to have Ron over for dinner fairly often, and he always brought wine as his contribution to the feed, and gradually I got interested in that and started buying wine as well as beer for my own personal consumption -- though only for special occasions.

I was still not at all into hard liquor. I didn't start drinking those in any quantity until Lon Atkins moved out here; he drank a lot of mixed drinks, and I soon became accustomed to Cuba Libres, Bloody Marys, Sidecars, and a few other drinks of that ilk. I became fairly fond of Bloody Marys and screwdrivers, but I never took all that much to most mixed drinks. I was still mostly a beer man, with wine being a preferred guesting gift when invited to dinner, that sort of thing.

But then Dave Locke arrived. (Have you noticed how deftly I'm blaming it all on fans? Ron Ellik isn't around any more, regrettably, but all of the others...) Dave was a whiskey drinker. Not that he wouldn't drink anything alcoholic if nothing else was available, but he preferred whiskey. In ginger ale (or weird stuff called Vichy,



which I can't stand -- you have to have grown up in upstate New York to be able to stand it, I think). I tried it, and it wasn't half bad. I tried 7-Up once when I was out of ginger ale, and decided I liked it even better as a mix for bourbon. From that time on bourbon-and-7 ranked with beer as my favorite drink.

But beer and bourbon-and-7 are both loaded with carbohydrates. And I got Fat. At one point I was up to the ridiculous weight of 215; that's not too ridiculous for someone six feet tall if most of it is muscle, but in my case most of it was potbelly. I decided that dieting was essential. And by that time I was so attached to booze that I decided that I wasn't going to go on one of the diets that say you can't drink at all. Blow that. I'd rather be Fat. Instead, I tried the Drinking Man's diet -- cut out carbohydrates, but drink all the dry wine and non-sweet distilled liquor you want to. I decided that the best compromise was scotch and soda. I drank a lot of it. Another very good drink on that diet was hard cider and soda, and another was vermouth and soda. First one and then the other; it gave variety. And the cider-and-soda and vermouth-and-soda had little enough alcohol that they were about like beer in their effect, meaning that I could drink practically unlimited quantities with no perceptible effect.

Another chapter involves Dean Grennell, who mixes Weird Drinks. Nobody that I've ever encountered has such a keen eye for a possibly tasty mix. Or can so disguise a potent drink in a mild-mannered guise. (Nobody else can concoct things that are quite as nauseating, either; Dean's eye for a good mixture is keen but not unerring...) Dean's Margaritas, for instance, are the best in the world.

But although Dean mixes fabulous Margaritas, he comes up with some others that are Disastrous. Most famously in my own case, the Cherry Bomb. One time, back about seven years ago, Dean became the proud possessor of a Carbonator, which was a little metal canister that held about a quart and had provision for putting in a CO<sub>2</sub> cartridge; you could then use it to carbonate literally anything liquid that you put in the canister. You could have had carbonated milk if you had any use for such a thing, and knowing Dean he probably did somewhere along the line. Among the things he made were Cherry Bombs. Two parts Cucamonga Cherry Wine to one part vodka ... carbonated. And it was good! Cherry Bombs tasted very similar to Black Cherry Soda, which is an innocuous soft drink. Most alcoholic drinks you can tell by the bite of the alcohol, and can moderate your intake to hold the buzz about where you want it -- at least I can, and most drinkers who've had reasonable experience at it. But the carbonation was deceptive. It killed all the effect of the bite, and made the Cherry Bomb taste exactly like cherry soda.

Now, I don't want to accuse Dean of deception. He told me exactly what had gone into the drink; I have only myself to blame. But I wasn't careful. I drank too much. And I got drunk, for only the third or fourth time in my entire life. And about the second drunkest I've ever been -- and I didn't even mean to! It was a good thing that I had my car that night; I could never have walked home...

Getting back to the main track, though, I continued drinking mostly bourbon-and-7 or beer until I started going with Marcia. My intake of wine had increased considerably, since I drank it with many meals and used it a lot for cooking, but mostly it was bourbon mixed with 7-Up, or with ginger ale in a pinch, or it was beer. And then Marcia came into my life, and she can't stand sweet drinks. She drinks scotch on the rocks or bourbon and water; except for an occasional apertif or after-dinner liqueur, she drinks nothing else (except wine with meals). She tolerates beer at parties, but she doesn't drink it much. We met agreeably on bourbon, but when I was drinking it with 7-Up and she was drinking it with water we had an occasional problem when one of us would get hold of the other's drink. Especially when she got hold of mine. I



# column

by DEAN A. GRENNELL

I'M Ho



Once again, it's time to settle back in your chairs and relax to the fanzine column all America has come to know and loathe. It is brought-you this evening by the roasters of Boffton's Defatted Cucumber Extract but first, a word from our publisher ...

"Hello out there. Dave Locke here and I'm still a little shaken although, actually, my complexion is always this color; doctors have told me it's caused by settling of the continental shelf.

"My hands are shaking like this because I've just shortstopped an atrocity that boggles the mind, I think. I mean, I think I've shortstopped it. I damned-well know it boggles the mind.

"Grennell sent along the current batch of IMHO copy with a note. I'll read it to you: 'Dave, old cribit, I think it'd add a novel touch for this installment if you'd have Jackie Franke dig up a picture of Ho Chi Minh and put a balloon on it saying, "I'm Ho.". Wot you think?'

What I think is that the world is no more ready for something like that than it is for a fusion bomb enriched with the Sunshine Vitamin, for example, or a metric crescent wrench. I think anyone who'd go that far would go farther. I think I'm going to be physically ill; mentally, too, heaven knows. Excuse me, won't you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Somewhere west of Wednesday's  
Where our umber lumber lies,  
With its knots all foreign-handled  
And a stake in kidney pies ...

-- from Rich Richard's Armagnac  
by Y. B. Hafsaif, edited by Eldrin Fzot

## NOTES ON HOW TO COIN WORDS AND MINT JULEPS

us to create a fiat word out of whole cloth or, more probably, out of alphabetical

Every now and again, the urge may creep up on the most virtuous and chaste of



characters juxtaposed in a sequence unfamiliar to lexicographers. In the days before the world got all this permissive, science fiction writers used to synthesize vulgarisms for their future cultures and quote them with blithe abandon. Who can forget such salient examples as crot and frab?

Now, as you'll've undoubtedly noted, the trend is to merely go about, copying the sentiments off the walls of public restrooms and weaving them into the Great American Novel, or whatever. I feel that the body of literature is impoverished thereby, imho, because for one thing, I'm fairly well familiar with all of those words. It was the hope of spotting an occasional neologism that used to keep me perusing the genre. I'll not soon forget the iridescent delight of encountering "fout" for the first time and the equal gratification of using it in casual conversation.

It doesn't take much reflection to realize the English language takes no more than a shallow scoop from the potential combinations of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet we use. Square twenty-six and you get 676 possible two-letter words, not all of which are of a nature to fall trippingly from the tongue, of course. But there are some eminently vocable pairs we've neglected. Take, exempli gratia, Eric Frank Russell's business of "planting an ob" on someone.

Twenty-six, cubed, gives us 17,576 different three-letter words and again, we'd have to winnow a bit. You can't have a baleful extraterrestrial hissing, "Xqwi!" at his would-be victim, or can you?

Take 17,576 and multiply it by 26 one more time and you come up with 456,976 possible four-letter words, including a few you'd not be able to request for your custom license plate. Go on and raise twenty-six to the fifth power and you find yourself with 11,881,376 five-letter words. Add that to the number of four- three- two- and one-letter words and you find yourself smothered beneath a potential vocabulary of 12,356,630 different words, none comprising more than five letters.

That, I quietly suggest, is enough words to take care of every imaginable need in any three languages you care to mention. It is at this point that my humble pocket Univac runs out of room at the left margin. The figures that follow are extracted from scratch paper, with moving lips and I do not guarantee them. To be brutally candid, I've been in trouble with math ever since that bleak day in the Fall of 1930 when the third grade at Atwater District No. 6 found themselves face to face with long division. If the following data do not jibe, you're welcome to feel smug and a murrain upon any who call it to my attention:

308,915,776	six-letter words
8,031,810,176	seven-letter words
208,827,064,576	eight-letter words
5,429,503,678,976	nine-letter words

Yes, that appears to be correct: more than 5.6 trillion words, without using more than nine letters in any one of them. So wot price antidisestablishmentarianism nah? If we may paraquote Wells' pawkish protagonist from War In The Air.

If nothing else, the contemplation of all this can free you from the specter of boredom for the rest of your days. If you've nothing better to do for a bit, you can amuse yourself by exploring the universe of unbranded words. A notepad and pencil or pen will be helpful for preserving likely candidates. Or you're welcome to my basic precept that anything you can't recall, freehand, is not really worth remembering.

Steel yourself to sort, prune and reject with neither ruth nor mercy. You'll come upon all manner of discoveries to quicken the pulse at first sighting, only to

discover the flaw in their ointment.

For but one pitfall, many of the bright prospects will turn out to be perfectly valid, even shoddy words in some other language. I make no claims to having invented "grue," which I've employed as the name of my fanzine for a longish while now. E.E. Smith used it before I did and, some few years after I took it up, Bob Tucker used it as the name of a small town on Mars. Long after I'd adopted it as my logo, I learned that, in French, it is a term used to designate ladies of the evening, being likewise synonymous with the English word, "crane," both the flying and hoisting context. In the mid-'50s, Canada issued a stamp, bilingual in their usual custom, showing a white crane or grue blanche. I used to have some samples, but can't seem to lay hands on a specimen, just now.

In the same manner, you may stumble across a combination such as "pood," with calloos and callays of exuberance. Ah yes, a luvverly word, uneyetracked by mortal man, you think? Sorry 'bout that: In Russian, it's a unit of weight, equivalent to 36.113 pounds. In fact, you can trace its etymological lineage from the Russian pud through the Scandinavian/Norwegian/Old Icelandic pund and ultimately to the Latin pondus; the germinal nexus that gives us words such as pound, ponderous and ponderosa.

It has been observed that an entymologist is a scholar of words that bug you. And an orinthologist studies brids. An ichytheologist concerns him/herself with fishy religions and so it goes.

If you hanker to set up facilities for all-out wordsmithing, you can build a word machine by skewering a series of disks, shish-kebob-fashion, on a common shaft and lettering the alphabet around their circumference. If you make the disks one inch thick and approximately 8.2760571 inches in diameter, they'll be about 26 inches in circumference and you can rule out a one-inch square for each letter. It then becomes a matter of spinning them, like a slot machine, to come up with new combinations -- or prospects to check out, at least.

Another approach is to list all of the combinations methodically on the typewriter. This is not too bad for the two- and even the three-letter combinations. Just type AA, AB, AC on the top line and BA, BB, BC on the next line and so on. It gets pretty tedious -- as I can testify -- long before you cover the close to half-million four-letter possibilities.

The game has certain unwritten laws and customs. A new word is not applauded overly vigorously if it can be transmuted back into a familiar entry of English dictionaries by means of transposing one letter. Thus, for a random example, prip may seem intriguing on first encounter. On examination, it's but a step away from trip and therefore hardly sporting. Change it to prit and you're still but a single remove from grit and so it goes.

As a small exercise, I once set out to invent a word for the little dot of radiance that lingers for a short while after you turn off the television set and came up with glip. Admittedly, this is a portmanteau word; one made by combining parts of two words: glowing pip. Damon Knight's "crot," by his own admission, falls into the same category. Again, it is but a single remove from flip and something of a sitting duck as a result. Grot is kin to examples such as trot or crop and so on.

In fact, you're apt to find it something of a challenge to come up with a word that is not hard to pronounce, under the phonetic regimen of English, which is not transmutable to an established word by transposition of one letter. It is projects such as this that can help to while away the weary miles of cross-country driving and any



number of word games will flourish in this particular field. Perhaps the whole business is a stricture of unwarranted severity. After all, trip and grip are well sanctioned, despite being cousins-german under this arbitrary house-rule. Should we balk at finding an employment for an interesting word such as frek, just because it's but a step from fret? "I could not frek thee as I do, merbed I not gronnick more!"

You can strip the base covering from a rich vein of new words by reversing common terms, as an example of another approach. Once, on an afternoon long ago, my father left me waiting in the family auto -- a 1929 Model A Ford, in the days when anyone would have hooted you down in derision for suggesting that, some day, a Model A in any condition would bring a price of several thousand dollars -- while he went to transact some business. Just down the street, behind where the car was parked, glowed the neon sign of an appliance dealer who sold Kelvinators. I became bemused by the reflection of the sign in the mirror and more faintly in the windshield.

Thus, if you happen to have a copy of Universe No. 5 in your archives, dated May, 1954, you can find therein a stirring bit of prose with Venusians rejoicing in names such as Rotan Ivlek, Egron, and Igirf Eriad. Let the testimony for the defense show that I drew the thin red line at Esuohgnitsew and Topsdloc.

Along the way, though, I've tried to get the habit of routinely reversing any strange new word or name as I encounter it, along with the habit of checking to see if the first letter of any given string of words or sentences adds up to anything of interest. If, for example, your backfile of MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. books is complete, you can skiffle through and find one in which the first letter of each chapter heading spells out, "A A WYN IS A TIGHT WAD."

Once, I had to write up an airplane known as the Champion Citabria. It was noteworthy by reason of its ability to perform loops, chandelles, Immelmans and any number of similar viscera-queasing maneuvers. Most small aircraft of modern times cannot do such things without shedding wings like leaves from a maple tree ere Hallowe'en. It turned out that "citabria" did not mean fearless stalwart in Italian, or anything half so esoteric. It's just airbatic, spelled backwards.

Thus, several years later, faced with the assignment for writing up Browning's new Citori over/under shotgun, it was but the work of hardly any mental effort to note that it was a sexy hunk of hardware and the manufacturer may've started out to call it the Citore, but lost nerve at the last instant.

Another fertile field for reaping bright new words is that of the accidental mutation. What typist, mauling the keyboard at feverish pitch, has not paused in bemused wonder at the sudden emergence of a word such as snoke, feeling a perverse reluctance to change it back to the original, intended smoke, snake, or whatever? New words can turn up by neglect or pure ignorance, as well as by misreading someone's ambiguous handwriting. A former associate's handwriting usually took the form of marvelously neat initials, but he tended to shortchange the riser of the letter h, meanwhile giving the c a gentle curvature so that it was easy to mistake it for an l.

Thus it came to pass that, in reviewing some technical matter he had prepared for a long-forgotten project, his entry which had started out as "shell spacing" read to my eye as snell spaling. I suggested that this sounded like the name of some recalcitrant hillbilly type and we went on to generate a voluminous folklore of the Spaling clan, fierce, proud, tightlipped, much prone to shoot first and identify later.

Lachrymorse turned up amid some incoming correspondence, once, enchanting me into a moment of glaze-eyed rapture and causing me to speculate that lachrymorse might well be the tearful clacking of a telegraph sounder. Such moorging-together of existing words is as old as sf fandom, probably much older. Witness the heavily overworked "scientifiction," for one threadworn, horribly hackneyed example. Designating one of the less scintillating mailings of a given apa as a moribundle is mercifully less common.

Inventing a brand-new word is no more than half of the potential fun of the game. After it stands unencumbered to the gaze of God and man, there remains the zest of ascribing a meaning and definition to said new word. To the best of my knowledge (or tbmk, as we put it here) most modern lexicons still do not list crottle. However, as early as the mid-thirties, it was defined in an article in "This Week" (contemporary of The American Weekly as a supplement to Sunday papers) as the term for the tiny circles that cartoonists draw floating about the head and face of characters who are drastically inebriated.

A couple of decades later, Redd Boggs, Bob Silverberg and I were engaged in brainstorming a batch of the artform that came to be known as quote-cards. There was a fleeting vogue for autographing these and enclosing them with letters. Today, I suppose, a quoca of that era, with signatures of several fannish luminaries, is something of an artifact. I still have a few specimens. At any rate, straining to compose one, I frowned darkly at the paper in the usual manner and forth came, "If you didn't want crottled greeps, why did you order them?"

So far as I know, tbmk, that was the first mutation of crottle from a noun into an adjective and the primal emergence of greep as a noun. I could be wrong; I'm not, but I could be (copyright 1968, Buck Coulson).

The crottled greep seemed to engage the imaginations of collective fandom with the mildest of tweaks. A neophan could select as his doctoral thesis the tracing and cataloging of occurrences of the term and its derivatives down through the years since that time. For but a single example, that magnesium-tongued bard, Eldrin Fzot (Lt. Col., Chemical Welfare Service, Ret.) has spun a litany upon the matter, reminding some of a silkworm subsisting upon food stamps:

Swunkle, swunkle, little greep,  
In thy April-scented sleep.  
Be thy meal filet of kitten,  
For dessert, a French-fried mitten;  
By thy burp both rich and deep,  
Swunkle-swunkle, little greep!

Even Anna Superhist, writhing upon her bed of paeon, has gritted between clenched teeth, "Beware of greeps baring crottles!" When all that's said and done with, who can stake a solid claim that gesundheit is better than gehindsight?

Eh?

Our concluding hymn for this service is consecrated to Robert Bloch and his unfulfilled dream. Once, in a moment of unwonted candor, he confided that he long had nursed a burning litch to capture an owl, dye its feathers vivid red -- "preferably day-glo" -- after which he proposed to release it inside a Red Owl supermarket, some evening or weekend when the store was closed.

Well, BoB, if you've not gotten around to it, I'm afraid you've blown your chances. I hear the Red Owl chain has been sold down the river. However, I think Piggly Wiggly



continues to flourish as in days of yore. Olive witch gives you something fresh to brood upon whilst you trim your toenails, wasn't it?

A Hoot of Another Color

I've never spied a scarlet owl,  
A-roost, or on the wing;  
I betcha if I seen one though,  
It'd be a spooky thing!

-- Eversharp Rayovac Burgess

from "Souse of the Border," by Eldrin Fzot

(Note: Whoever it is that keeps sending me shipments of dieldrin can ease off. I get your message. -- E.F.)

(BOOZE I HAVE KNOWN -- concluded from page 7)

tolerated Bourbon and water ok (I'd drunk it at Mythcons, forinstance, when there wasn't anything else available to mix with the bourbon that I'd brought); she couldn't stand bourbon and 7-Up. So in the interests of uniformity, I adapted, and now also drink bourbon and water -- even when I could just as well mix it, as when ordering a drink at a bar. I've gotten to where I don't really care for the sweetness, either.

And that brings us up to date, pretty much, so far as the corrupting influence of alcohol upon my life. W.C. Fields once said "never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast" (God only knows what it was that he drank after his morning meal), but I have yet to mix spirits with my Corn Flakes, although I'm not unnecessarily proud of my will-power in this regard. Although maybe, with a little salt around the rim of the bowl...

I could perhaps expand upon this diversion, but right now my glass is empty.

Pardon me, won't you?

(PRISTINE STENCIL -- concluded from page 4)

And then there's Cy Condra. Cyrus Banning Condra. What, you may ask, are a Cyrus Banning Condra? A Cy Condra is a flesh-and-blood type of object which may even be older than Ed Cox, unbelievable though that may seem. One of these days we're almost certainly going to have to count the rings on their feet to settle this burning question, but let's not worry about this diversion for the present. Cy Condra is an old-time fan who hasn't done a fan article in years. Having been suitably impressed by the brittle pages of his published works from bygone years, I have labored mightily since 1968 to drive him back to his typewriter and thereby gain some manner of fresh Condra manuscript. My, how I have labored. Sober, he skirts the subject. After being plyed, he consents to write an article but then forgets about it when he sobers up. But, lo and behold, at the last Petard meeting he came up to me and -- while stone cold sober -- promised an article for the next issue. My seven-year quest is apparently almost over. I'll believe it when I see it, of course, but if it does happen then I will find myself in a particularly unsettling dilemma: after seven years of dedicating my life to this goal, what the hell will I do next?



Yes, certainly, this is the letter column. Editorial comment is set off / thusly / this time, and every time. Please don't read too fast, or you'll think this is a very short letter column.

CHARLES BURBEE Fredric Brown. We will sorely miss him. Magic in the name. I re-  
(California) member once walking toward the cafeteria at lunchtime with F. Towner  
Laney, sometime in the Fifties. At this time, FTL had loudly and  
clearly "quit" fandom and wouldn't even read science-fiction. The mention of fantasy  
or Lovecraft made him want to upchuck. "But Towner," I'd say to him now and then,  
"aren't you the 'sincere acolyte of HPLovecraft'." He'd grimace and shake his head  
and say "I have no memory of it. It must have been someone else."

As you may know, he later got into Stamp Collecting Fandom and never came back to us.

At this time, on the way to the cafeteria he was telling me of his reawakened interest  
in Sailing Ship Fandom, I think it was, though it might have been Steel Engraving Fan-  
dom or even Odd-Shaped Rocks Fandom.

I mentioned that in spite of his rejection of stf and such-like, there was a story  
just out that he would flip over, I was sure.

He said something naughty and loud.

I said the story was by Fredric Brown.

He got a tell-me-more look on his face. The name Fredric Brown had tamed him.

I told him I'd lend him the story but wouldn't describe it at all except to say that I  
was sure he'd like it.

I lent him the story, WHAT MAD UNIVERSE, and he loved it.

Oh, and I met Fredric Brown once. At Ackerman's house on Sherbourne Drive. That was  
where Ackerman's garages for storage of books and mags were laid end to end. Now he  
has them stacked on top of one another in the Hollywood Hills.

Someone introduced Brown to Isabel my then-wife and said he was a writer. Immediately  
upon viewing her, Fredric asked her for a fuck. Isabel countered by introducing him  
to me, a non sequitur all right. He asked me if I minded his asking my wife for a fuck.



I gave the expected answer, to the effect that who wanted to be married to a woman nobody wanted to fuck.

End of Fredric Brown reminiscence.

That Captain joke, as I heard it, went: "By you, you're a captain. By me, you're a captain. But by Captains, Sammy, you're no captain."

I saved the Jodie Offutt article HOW I INSPIRED MY HUSBAND BY LYING FLAT ON MY BACK till last because I knew it would be a copout and I didn't want to be disappointed. So I saved it for the last and I wasn't disappointed.

Dean Grennell, as usual, turns out some highly readable but uncommendable stuff. His remarks on auto license plates having an anonymity being more desirable than those which are outstanding for one reason or another reminds me of a Model A Ford I once had. I was working in the Dept. of Motor Vehicles during license renewal time and was thus able to get a plate that read 44 444, I believe it was. This was in the Thirties, when everything happened at least once.

When I sold the car it was subsequently used in a robbery and the easily-remembered license plate gave it away as somebody spotted it. The cops came to my door -- well, not a lot of cops -- just one detective. I was about 19 at the time and living at home. My bedroom was right on the front porch. The detective rang the doorbell -- it was about 8 am. He asked if I were home. My mother said I was still sleeping.

"Oh, still in bed, eh? At eight am?" "Yes." "Does he sleep this late every day?" "Oh yes, and sometimes later." "As late as ten?" "Sometimes. If he wants to." "And you let him?" "He's my son." "Does he ever look for work?" "Not now." "Why not?" "He's got a job." "Is he taking the day off today?" "Oh, no." "What do you mean?" "He isn't taking the day off." "What time does he get off work?" "Around midnight or so."

There was a pause. In a far politer voice, the detective asked if he could see me. I might add here that was actually the way my mother talked to people like that. I got up and talked to the fella.

I had an iron-clad alibi. I was at work at the DMV at 10pm, the time of the robbery.

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"Sadism is never having to say you're sorry."

Bruce D. Arthurs  
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RICK DEY Dean's account of his bank's computer goof crediting him with \$50,001 was (Michigan) amusing, but the story wasn't all that strange -- in fact, it's an all-too-familiar one with me. Until last year my family & I lived modestly in a small villa on the peak of Pao deAcucar (Sugar Loaf Mtn. to you gringos) at the mouth of Botafogo Bay overlooking the noisy & garishly overlighted downtown Rio de Janeiro, ekking out a miserable existence repackaging A&P Eight O'Clock coffee beans into small paper bags stamped PRODUCT OF BRAZIL which we sold to American tourists.

The day after Rio's big Ash Wednesday festival, I withdrew a sum from my small account in order to buy a large jar of aspirin & Dramamine & discovered that the cashier's palsied & tangled fingers had penned a balance of 69,753.98 cruzeiros to my account. Beads of perspiration burst out upon my forehead as I saw this, but since my forehead was already covered with beads of perspiration when I came in, the cashier noticed nothing. I cleared my throat, & in my best garimpeiro manner, announced that I had decided to withdraw all but 2.17 cruzeiros -- no point in arousing the suspicions of

the cashier, whose pale, greenish face was also covered with beads of perspiration. Minutes later I emerged on the street, dragging a burlap sack bulging with cruzeiros in each fist, & one sack between my teeth. I rounded up my wife & little ones from the steps of the Copacabana Palace Hotel, quickly unloaded our remaining bags of Eight O'Clock coffee on a little old lady from Pasadena, & then we were on our way, winging across the friendly skies to the city of our dreams. Today, my name changed to avoid the efforts of Interpol & South American Bankard to locate me, my cruzeiros converted to American dimes & quarters, we live quietly along the north face of Highland Park, overlooking the mist-shrouded vacant buildings of downtown Detroit. And so, in my case, quick & decisive action resulted in the realization of a lifetime dream.

I hope you will be decent enough not to mention any of this to the Brazilian authorities.

[✓] Rick, that was truly an amazing story. However, I resent your calling my wife "a little old lady from Pasadena". That, combined with the fact that I was quite disappointed over that bag of Brazilian coffee, has resulted in your being extradited from Detroit as of the time everyone else is reading this. =[/]

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All fanzines are created equal, but some have better repro.  
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JODIE OFFUTT Milt Stevens' column points up the difference between the sophisticated, (Kentucky) better-off Californian and the depressed, rural Kentuckian. Here, men still eat their chickens and rape their daughters.

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"Virginity" is something akin to amateurism."

Bruce D. Arthurs  
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DAVID GERROLD When I renew my registration, I may change my license plate too. (California) So far, those who have seen my SF PRO think I'm a tackle for the San Francisco 49ers. It's getting annoying to explain it to gas station attendants.

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A bird in the cage is worth two in the hand.  
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BUCK COULSON I suppose I missed a fannish opportunity. Indiana is one of the states (Indiana) which requires only one license plate, mounted on the rear of the car. Various entrepreneur have come out with slogan-plates for the vacant spot on the front. Usually telling the viewer to support the local athletic team. One really popular plate which pained state officials to the point of anguished appeals in newspapers simply said "Indian - Land of Taxes". (This came out when the state sales tax was added to the state income tax, property tax, and various excise taxes, and enjoyed a boost in sales recently when the county income tax was added.) For Christmas a few years ago, Juanita found a local man who made these plates and got me two; one says "Mammon Spends" and the other says "Yuggoth Saves". Both caused quite a bit of remark among the locals (who for all their Bible-reading had never heard of Mammon -- I find that most terribly religious people know less about the Bible than I do). Anyway, Juanita reported that the plate-maker was interested in selling his equipment, but after a brief mental picture of showing up at a Worldcon huckster table with a stack of FIAWOL plates, I looked at my non-existent bank account and passed up the chance.

[✓] I haven't turned my thoughts to vanity plates as yet, but I'm still looking for someone to make me a bumper sticker which reads "Honk if you think Satan will triumph". =[/]



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Daisys don't tell, but Poison Ivy do.  
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HARRY WARNER, JR. (Maryland) One way to answer the question about the sex of the X-ray technician might have consisted of talking earnestly to the individual, punctuating the points you were making by the jabbing motion with the index finger in his direction that some people make, getting closer and more vigorous, and finally landing a solid jab on the chest. Even the most liberated woman would most probably react more noticeably than a man. Or you could have employed the trick which Mark Twain introduced in, I think, HUCKLEBERRY FINN. Someone dropped something toward the lap of an ambiguous character wearing female garb. He closed his legs to catch it, betraying his sex, because a woman would have instinctively spread her legs to catch it in her skirt. Or maybe this instinct has been bred out of women already, with the arrival of slacks as popular wear for women several decades ago.

Alexis Gilliland made one unfortunate mistake in his filksong. The Wagnerian character's name is Sieglinde, not Seiglinde, and the pronunciation is thereby much different. Alexis was probably thinking of Seichauvin, or possibly that old fanzine, Seichotic. I never heard that Siegfried's sword was named Glee. It's commonly accepted that its name was Nothung, which is important, because runes engraven along the sword caused a popular phrase to become part of the language. It was Siegfried's motto: "Nothung ventured, Nothung gained."

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The sins of the fanzine are visited upon the reader.  
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BRUCE D. ARTHURS (Arizona) As for myself and sports, I was typical of most fans in that respect. I was always the last man to be picked for someone's team. Hell, they'd start to choose up sides, and I'd take the opportunity to lie down on the grass for a few moments, knowing I'd have plenty of time. It was only in my freshman year of high school that I actually got picked next to last for a team ... and the last guy was a spastic.

// They probably couldn't see you if you were lying down on the grass. Either that, or seeing you there they maybe figured that you didn't have enough energy to play. //

Both you and Paul Anderson may be surprised to learn that there are dildo-equipped bicycle seats for females. One of those kinky letters PENTHOUSE prints was from this guy who described the one he built for his wife. Said she really enjoyed it, especially over bumpy roads.

// The appearance probably kept people from stealing it, when she parked it outside of the PTA meeting. Wouldn't that look strange in the parking lot of the Planned Parenthood Association? //

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When it's raining cats and dogs, what do you wear on your feet?  
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MIKE GLICKSOHN (Toronto) I've just sat and read AWRY #8 and experienced something of positively transcendental significance. It happens that I'm in the middle of a three week period of abstinence from alcoholic beverages induced by mutual feelings that my body could benefit from a cutback in calories while my liver would appreciate at least a brief respite from its recent stint of overtime (it's also a test of willpower, but that's an admission of weakness I'd never make in a fanzine: someone might think I couldn't face up to the stack of fan-

zines that arrive here without being half-crooked and we wouldn't want the truth to set them free, would we?) So I was a little perplexed as to whether or not now was an appropriate time to be reading AWRY. I mean, it seems almost sacriligious to enjoy this fine, mellow, blended fanzine without some good twelve year old scotch to enhance one's sensibilities. But expediency won out, and I realized that I couldn't afford to wait until I came back off the wagon before responding to this stellar issue. Andy Porter's Pepsi-encrusted ALGOL would have to wait while I savoured your headier brew...

No sooner had I ensconced myself in an easy chair to enjoy AWRY without the blessings of fine whisky than I felt a definite twinge in my leg. Hmmm, I thought, a most sharp pain has just evidenced itself in a lower part of my anatomy; something is awry. So hastily turning all my pictures to the wall, I dropped my pants and was horrified to discover what appears to be a boil on the inside of my right thigh! I haven't had a boil in more years than I care to admit to. I've also never read AWRY, home of the Boil Ghod, on a dry stomach before. I'm sorry, truly I am. Please stop, and tell me how I can expiate my momentary transgression! For the love of God, (also Chivas, Hohnny Walker Black and Glenfiddich) don't visit them on me any higher up!!

/ In the interests of keeping you off the streets or out of the DT ward, I should inform you that your boil was caused by reasons other than the one upon which you have speculated. If scotch were preventive medicine against boils, my getting boils would be a possibility on a par with trying to establish an ant farm inside of a can of Raid. //

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"I'm a lover, not a fighter. I far prefer to pet people than peeve them."

Jackie Franke

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JACKIE FRANKE I agree with your comments to Markstein about Dean's plea for journalistic responsibility. I, like Don, can't see where to draw a (Illinois) "line" regarding what should or should not be published -- from the poison formula for public safety viewpoint if no other -- but I also don't see a plea for censorship in Dean's column either. I sometimes feel the media goes too far in some directions, and I decry those times when they occur, but I don't advocate censorship. Self-censorship, perhaps, but not by dictate of others. To me the difference lies in whether you say a person "should" do something, or "has to" do something. One is a suggestion, the other a command, and I don't like commands on principle. Gripping about someone or something else is just as much a freedom of expression as printing something that "ought not to be" printed. I agree that Don has his burner on "low".

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"It's just a goddamn jungle out there."

Tarzan

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DON D'AMMASSA Your encounter with your neighbor's cat reminded me of my encounter (Rhode Island) with one of our neighbors' dog back when I still lived with my parents. About five houses away, a family with about ten kids and a German shepherd moved in one unfortunate summer evening. Within a few days, every kid in the area was avoiding our street, because the dog (who was constantly tormented by his owner's offspring) menaced everyone who passed the house, even to the point of knocking down bicycles and people and standing with both forelegs on their chests. Complaints from all and sundry did, in due course, force the family to keep the dog tied.

But it didn't last. The parents were notoriously lax about tying the dog, and looked the other way when their kids untied him and chased him out of the yard. I began

finding dog messes all about the house as I mowed the lawn weekends, and occasionally flipped pebbles at the dog itself as it stood snarling in the street in front of our house.

After about four months, a crisis was brewing. I had taken to keeping an old baseball bat in the shrubs, with the firm intent of surprising the dog in the year some morning and bashing in his brains. But I was forestalled. My younger sister was playing in the front yard one morning, and just as I came outside, my four-legged nemesis came running up the street, into the yard, and jumped for her throat. I don't know if the dog would have wreaked any real damage, but I didn't wait around to find out. I had the bat in my hand and was chasing the dog back down the street. He reached home territory, and there was the lady of the house, holding the door to safety open as he fled for his life. But I was mad enough this time that I ignored the fact that I was now in enemy territory. I was through the door myself before she had closed it. The dog took shelter under the living room couch, upon which I shortly crouched, waving the bat around to cover all exits, while my unwilling hostess screamed dire threats involving police and her husband.

As it happened, the dog was smart enough to stay put, and I cooled off enough to leave without performing mayhem on the dog or the furniture. Two days later someone quietly drove up and shot the dog through the head with a small caliber gun as it stood barking in the driveway. Ordinarily, I'd abhor that sort of thing. Under the circumstances, it's hard to be consistent.

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It's a strange hobby, shaving the fuzz off of tennis balls.  
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DEAN A. GRENNELL     Oddly, one of the most piquant bits of feedback in the whole issue, (California)     to me, was Dave Piper's hopeful, if unfulfilled suggestion that I must be growing up through my scalp. It reminds one of the inquisitive tourist lady who asked the Scotsman if anything was worn beneath his kilt, to be reassured, "No, ma'am, it's all good as new." By all genetic expectations, I should have been afflicted with soaring brow, long ere this. All of the males on whom I have data from my mother's side of the family thinned out at early ages, but my kid brother -- now 44 -- and I seem to have lucked out with as much hair as we've ever needed for as long as we're apt to need it badly.

My left eye is faintly nearsighted and the right is a bit farsighted but, as the old cliché put it, between the two, I make an honest living. When I took the exam for reissuance of my driver's license in 1968, I made a mental note that the left eye might need help when it came time for the next exam in 1972. The eyechart wasn't all that crystal-sharp but, came '72, I sweated out the line up to the examiner's window and amused myself by committing to memory all of the lines on the eye chart -- which I could read from eight places rearward with my hyperopic dexter orb -- and filed the data for future reference.

The concern proved groundless. As I got closer and closer to the counter behind which the examiner sat, I found that the letters were fairly recognizeable, even to the left eye. When you get up to the window, the guy holds a card first over one eye and then the other and bids you read off line number whatever from his chart.

First he covered the left eye and I had to read with the right eye, with which I can read newsprint in fair comfort from six feet; no sweat there. Then he moved the card over the right eye and, as noted, I found I still could make out the letters with the myopic left. However, since I knew all the lines by heart, it required all the steely self-control I could muster to keep from closing the left eye for good measure and reeling off the letters anyway. I'm glad sanity prevailed.



Tell David Singer that A LOGIC NAMED JOE was written by Will F. Jenkins (who was partial to the nom de plume of Murray Leinster and hopefully, still is). It appeared in ASTOUNDING for March, 1946, starting on page 139. It merits re-examination by anyone advocating the let-it-all-hang-out philosophy. There is a passage on page 142 in which a guy asks the computer how to get rid of his wife. The circuit of the computer that ordinarily bypasses or censors information deemed inimical to the public welfare has been short-circuited. The computer asks if she's blonde or brunette and the guy says blonde. The computer replies, "Hexymetacryloaminoacetine is a constituent of green shoe polish. Take home a frozen meal including dried pea soup. Color the soup with green shoe polish. It will appear to be green-pea soup. Hexymetacryloaminoacetine is a selective poison which is fatal to blond females but not to brunettes or males of any coloring. This fact has not been brought out by human experiment, but is a product of logics service. You cannot be convicted of murder. It is improbable that you will be suspected."

All of which well could have been in the back of my mind when I made my dour comments on irresponsible publication of material having a good probability of causing further anti-social behavior. I think I got through to Singer, judging from his letter and, by the same token, it's painfully obvious that any communication with Don Markstein was on a distressingly low-fi level.

Markstein can rest assured that he cannot possibly detest the specter of government censorship of the press with a greater degree of heartfelt cordiality than I do. However, it would shake me, for example, to see Abby van Buren or Ann Landers dispensing the recipe for pea soup colored by green shoe-polish as a remedy for some reader's domestic difficulties. I would like to think that all publishers put the public welfare ahead of their own need to enrich circulation. As I say, I'd like to think it, but it is not always an easy delusion to gulp.

I bucked a clipping along to you wherein it was noted that a sniper problem out around Lodi may have been aggravated by kooks who read about the first incidents in the newspapers and like here we go again.

I suspect the whole situation will take a sharp turn for the better, about the first time some intrepid soul manages to hang a heavy damage suit upon a newspaper for having instigated a kook who caused grievous wrong to befall the plaintiff. The day could well be on the way. The principle of contributory indiscretion is established with fair solidity. About the first time a circulation-hungry publisher takes the fall to the tune of a few mill, we may see a sharp upturn in concern for the public weal in a lot of publications. I faunch for the day.

By the way, I thought you did a fine job of replying to Markstein. I doubt if I could have done as well.

✓ And I doubt that. But it occurs to me now, some half-year away from the scene of the encounter, that poor old Don was advocating censorship. When you boil it right down to the sticky stuff, what came rumbling out of his id was that neither you nor I have the right to advocate responsibility in journalism. The truth of the matter, of course -- and I'm sure that Don sees this -- is that any right or freedom can be misused or abused, and that all Clear Thinking individuals must blend in common sense and responsibility with their freedoms. As an aside, Dean -- since you mention the Jenkins story -- I've discovered that you can dispatch brunette females by mixing corflu with pistachio icecream...

And so we end another issue of AWRY, the ehameleon fanzine with the demented personality. If this issue has amused you during interludes from the activities of your daily routine, write in and tell me about it. Won't you? ✓

# 1975 TAFF BALLOT

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

**Who may vote?** Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (i.e., fanzines, clubs, conventions, etc.) prior to September, 1973, and who contributes at least a dollar (or equivalent) to the fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed, no proxy votes, and you MUST sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret, and write-ins are permitted. Money orders and checks should be made payable to the administrators, not to TAFF.

**Deadline:** Votes must reach the administrators by December 31, 1975.

**Voting Details:** TAFF uses the Australian system, which guarantees an automatic runoff and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first-place votes of the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped and the second-place votes on those ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. IT IS THEREFORE IMPORTANT TO VOTE FOR SECOND, THIRD, ETC. PLACE ON YOUR BALLOT. It is also a waste of time to put one name in more than one place.

**Hold Over Funds:** This choice, similar to "No Award" in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip if the candidates do not appeal to him, or if he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. "Hold Over Funds" may be voted for in any position you wish, just as if it were another candidate.

**Donations:** TAFF needs continuous donations of money, and material to be auctioned, in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? It's a good cause.

**Candidates:** Each candidate has promised, barring acts of God, to travel to the 1976 Eastercon in England. They have posted bond and provided signed nominations and platforms which are reproduced on the other side of this sheet along with the ballot.

## SEND BALLOTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

### AMERICAN ADMINISTRATORS:

Len & June Moffatt  
Box 4456  
Downey, CA 90241  
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Peter Weston  
72 Beeches Drive  
Erdington  
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**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:** Your ballot and contribution entitle you to a free chance in a lottery for a valuable prize.

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# TAFF Platforms:

## BILL BOWERS

Bill Bowers hasn't been trying to publish the Ideal Fanzine forever; just for thirteen years. In 1962, he attended Chicon III, and began publishing DOUBLE:BILL with Bill Mallardi. By 1969, they'd produced 21 issues and earned two Hugo nominations. The desire to create, and communicate, led Bill to publish OUTWORLDS in 1970. After five years, 23 issues, two Hugo nominations and the editor's entry into FAPA, it's thriving.

Bill doesn't stay hidden in his post office box, either. He's that tall, quiet man talking to someone in the corner at seven worldcons and innumerable regionals. Quiet but impressive--that's Father William. You'll enjoy meeting him.

Nominated by: Eric Bentcliffe, Sheryl Birkhead, Donn Brazier, Mike Glicksohn, Terry Jeeves and Susan Wood.

## ROY TACKETT

Roy Tackett's friendly charm, wit, outgoing good nature and no-nonsense attitude about a myriad of things has made DYNATRON and Roy popular and well-known since 1960. Member of FIRST FANDOM, FAPA, CAPA, NFFF, he has been an office-holder in most of them; a Director in the I.S.L., Fan Guest of Honor at WESTERCON XXII and a guiding force behind formation of the Albuquerque S.F.S. and the BUBONICON. Active in Japanese fandom, Roy received their first Japanese SF Federation Award (1965).

Fans have found him a congenial, interesting and colorful conversationalist at convention-time. Let's share him with England; for truly, Roy Tackett is the TAFFan for all reasons.

Nominated by: Ed Cox, Mike Glyer, Peter Roberts, Bob Vardeman, Harry Warner Jr., and Ulf Westblom.

\*\*\*\*\*  
DO NOT DETACH THIS SECTION

I vote for (list 1, 2, 3)

\_\_\_\_\_ Bill Bowers

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Roy Tackett

Name \_\_\_\_\_

(please print legibly)

\_\_\_\_\_ Hold Over Funds

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is \_\_\_\_\_ as a contribution to TAFF.

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators, in order to qualify for voting, please give the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE SEND COMPLETE FORM BACK





Craig Miller  
9115 Beverlywood St.  
Los Angeles CA 90034