



AWRY...

GRUNT... GASP!  
CLIMB ABOARD!  
PANT PANT PANT PANT...  
WHEEZE! UGH!

GRANT  
ADFIELD



# AWRY

Editor ..... Dave Locke

Editorial Address .... 819 Edie Dr.,  
Duarte, California 91010

Printing ..... courtesy of Ed Cox  
(but the bungled pages are my fault)

Staff Artist ..... Jackie Franke

Editorial Assistant ... Phoebe Locke

Editorial Pest ..... Brian Locke

no. 8

Dec. '74



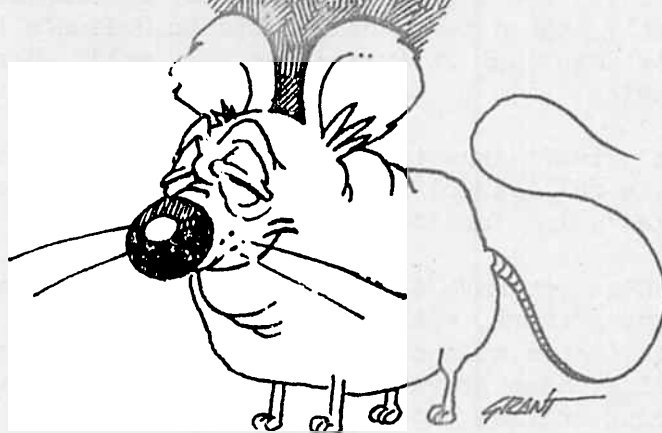
- 3 Dave Locke ..... editorial  
A HORSE TO DRINK
- 6 Dean A. Grennell ..... column  
I. M. H. O.
- 12 Jodie Offutt ..... article  
HOW I INSPIRED MY HUSBAND WHILE  
LYING FLAT ON MY BACK
- 16 Mike Gorra ..... article  
PARAGON OF YOUTH, AND OTHER TALES  
FROM THE LOCKER ROOM
- 21 Jay Kinney ..... comic feature  
DRY ICE ©
- 25 Alexis A. Gilliland, annotated filksong  
WALSUNG SEIGLINDE
- 28 Milt Stevens ..... column  
ATTACK OF THE GIANT CHICKEN SEXERS
- 31 Don Ayres, Loren MacGregor, Dave Locke  
..... reviews  
VIEW FROM UNDER A 60-WATT LAMP
- 35 The Readers ..... give egoboo  
EGOBOO ROW
- 42 Ed Cagle ..... article  
THROUGH A BUNGHOLE, DARKLY
- 46 The Readers On Sunnybrook Farm .. LoC<sup>S</sup>  
WORDSMITHING
- DRY ICE copyright 1974 by Jay Kinney

Welcome to this humble fanzine, which may be the greatest thing since Tarzan said: "It's a goddam jungle out there." AWRY is a totally non-profit fanzine dedicated to the proposition that all fanzines are created equal for the purpose of providing you with something to set your drinks on. Except for the first copy, which costs \$1 in either U.S. Government folding money or international money order (checks, stamps, and coins are neither acceptable nor returnable, so if you are a reviewer then on your head be it), AWRY is sent out at the whim of the editor.

- Grant Canfield ..... COVER
- Grant Canfield ..... 3-7-12
- Grant Canfield & Jay Kinney .... 47
- Dave English ..... 54
- Jackie Franke ..... 2-29-31
- Alexis A. Gilliland .... 15-17-41-45
- Dave Jenrette ..... 20-30-35
- Jay Kinney ..... 43

editorial by Dave Locke

Shqueak.



"You can lead a horse to drink,  
But you can't make him water."  
----- Elvin Sprig

## A HORSE TO DRINK

From May to December, a big leap of seven calendar months (or maybe, to accountants, eight fiscal months) between issues of this sterling publication. This may not win me an award next year for being the most reliable fanzine publisher. But life is short, just like a bound volume of AWRY lying face up, and I apologize especially to Jay Kinney for the gaping interim between issues. I had virtually (not quite, but virtually) promised that DRY ICE would appear before Discon. It didn't, I'm sorry, and if you're still in the San Francisco area when I get up that way next year then dinner and drinks are on me, Jay.

Because of AWRY's infrequency, guest reviews in 60-Watt are overly dated by the time they see print. I'll go back to writing all the reviews, and that problem will be eliminated. Thanks to all who have had reviews published here; if AWRY were more frequent I'd love to have you continue writing them.

So yes, a few things have happened since May. We acquired a house. It has an enclosed back yard that Brian can play in, and an extra room that I can play in (for some strange reason Phoebe was always less than excited about my typing in the bedroom while she was trying to sleep). Needless to say, since moving in at the end of June we've been fighting paint brushes and crabgrass all the way. Ed Cagle told me that I shouldn't be fighting the crabgrass; it has a nice color, mows well, and is easy to keep alive. We've taken that to heart. And, since the house won't be paid for until 2004, what's our hurry?

I put together, with a dab or two of help from people like Jackie Franke, the Coulsons, Rick Sneary, and a few others, something called THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER, officially subtitled THE HOY PING PONG SAMPLER. It's a representative smattering of Bob's fanwritings from the last 40 years and has an introduction by Bob Bloch, a bibliography by Dennis Lien, a Tucker interview by Jackie, art by Grant Canfield, Kelly Freas, Jackie, and other excellent artists, and some other goodies. It was published for the benefit of the Tucker Fund, and all sixty pages of crampacked excitement can be obtained for a mere \$1.50 by mail from Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher IL 60401. I recall that I

completed the logo for one article and immediately mailed off the stencils while totally soaked to my hair roots on Hudson's Bay Scotch, but nobody's perfect and other than that it turned out very well. Send for a copy. Do it now. Act without thinking.

That's two things that have happened since the last issue. There are others. Overall, a mulligan of mundane matters have merged to muck up the crifanac of Dave Locke, aging fanzine publisher. No promises for the future, either, Horatio.

So there you have a quick slide-show trip through the immediate past. Here we are in the present, with a 54 page issue of AWRY done in a normal-sized format. This is dedicated to those of you who are now wearing thicker glasses as the result of reading those previous issues which were done on the head of a pin (and obscured by dancing angels).

At this point on stencil I should be making a statement about the future, but I have decided to spare everyone the experience. The next AWRY will basically be whatever I want it to be at the time I do it, regardless of whatever I have in mind at this moment.

So, in lieu of a murky gaze into the future, let's go back and take another couple of looks at the past.

I had an interesting encounter the other day. I went to the hospital to get an x-ray of my foot (everyone simmer down - this isn't another pain story), as the result of crunching the hell out of my heel while playing a game of follow-the-leader with our 7-year old (the main thing I did wrong was to overlook the fact that I am not 7 years old).

I had to walk approximately a half-mile from the parking lot to the x-ray room, in a manner not unlike that of Chester Good, and if my foot hadn't been in bad enough shape to require the x-ray it certainly was by the time I got there. Rather than merely sit on the x-ray table and entertain fantasies about amputation, I took my mind off things by trying to determine the sex of the x-ray technician.

I failed, miserably.

It's not unusual to see people walking down the street and, from the back, not be able to discern their hormone makeup. To be standing two feet away from someone, and still entertain the same question, is a bit unusual.

The uniform gave no hint at all. Neither did the figure, the face, nor the hair. Neither did the manner of movement. The occasional "roll your foot the other way" conveyed no hints, either.

I decided to engage this person in conversation, partly to try and quench my curiosity and partly because I enjoyed delaying my trek back to the parking lot. For ten or fifteen minutes we discussed hospitals, patients, politics, the space program, recessions, depressions, and obsessions. I learned a bit about this individual's personal makeup, but not a damned thing about their sex.

Finally I hooked onto a conversational gambit when I was addressed as "Mr. Locke", by informally introducing myself as being "Dave" and inquiring about this person's name.



## QUOTES WITHOUT COMMENT

"Johnson recently wrote to me and asked for a list of the bookstores that sell ALGOL. Johnson has been a fan for nearly a year, and publishing a Bigtime Fanzine looks, I guess, Easy and Simple. He wants to try that route with his own PERCEPTIONS, which is not very good yet, in my biased opinion. I refused to tell Johnson who sells ALGOL -- let him do his own dirty work."

-- Andy Porter, in  
TWENTIETH CENTURY UN-  
LIMITED #10, April 1974

"Despite my resolve not to become more than peripherally involved in another fandom, I find that I am gradually acquiring the status of BNF (with a lot less work than it took to get a like rating in our little microcosm)."

-- Arnie Katz, in SWOON  
#1, March 1974

And so I was introduced to Francis, or maybe Frances.

I idly considered asking this person to drop their slacks, or maybe holding them down on the x-ray table while I counted the number of ribs, or waiting around in the hallway to see which restroom they went to. Even then, I suspect, the results might not have been conclusive.

And so my little black-and-white world was shattered for the day. I have always felt that people were either male or female, regardless of whether or not they wanted to be, and now grave doubts had arisen in my mind.

First they had vaginal sprays, and then they began advertising jock sprays. Pretty soon the unisex movement will demand that these things be called crotch sprays, and be done with it. There's a fellow I know who bought the same kind of wig that my wife bought, although he doesn't look nearly as good in it. Our female letter-carrier wishes to be called a mail-person, and some people would have the men and the women dress alike. Fairly soon, when asked "do you want a boy or a girl?", the reply "it doesn't make any difference so long as it's healthy" will be amended to delete the words "so long as it's healthy".

People is people, but I like knowing whether they is he-people or she-people. Not that I'll slap the one on the back and molest the other one, but it's the differences that make life interesting. I think we should regress to more obvious distinctions.

Mea culpa, you Jane.

For the purpose of grinding out a transition here, the final line on the above story was supplied by Ed Cox, during the course of a Petard Meeting at this residence, and was originally intended for use as an interlino. Using editorial acumen, and my innate good taste for proper placement of items within the scheme of things, it wound up where it did. Likewise, the following story, also true, was technically augmented by Ed Cagle through the medium of feedback and as the result of having told him the story once upon a time.

Since moving into our new house I've made a great, lasting friendship with our neighbors who live on the other side of our back-yard wall. They had their cat trained to jump the wall, for the express purpose of taking a dump on our lawn so they wouldn't mess their own up and perhaps even to save on things like kitty-litter.

One day I came home from work to learn that our new pup had gone over to sniff this visitor and gotten the hell

((editorial concluded on page 54))

A STRANGE

I.M.H.O.

BY DEAN

The Blivit's not a seemly beast;  
Quite unrefined, to say the least.  
He likes to stop  
In a baker's shop  
To leave his droppings in the yeast.

-- from "Chop Suey & Dull Appetites,"  
by Eldrin Fzot

# THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE CROSS-EYED CYCLOPS

or How I Ran A \$2 Investment Into More Than \$50,000 In Less Than A Month

A Willie Rotsler kind of thing happened to me on the way to the typewriter. No, I didn't have lunch with Raquel Welch -- though I narrowly escaped that experience in the spring of '72, and so did she -- what happened was some ridiculous thing, straight out of a Z-grade sitcom. Had Lucille Ball been drenched in the same dilemma, I would have clicked off the switch with a jaded sneer. And had myself a good, healthy barf. Read on, if you feel that intrepid. Or skiffle onward to the next article.

Since migrating to California, early in '66, I've banked with the UCB -- United California Bank -- and my wife has maintained her accounts with Bank of America, or BoA. We've followed the pattern of his and hers banks for years, since encountering vast confusions in the old Wisconsin days when our mutual bank, often as not would credit the right deposit to the wrong account, causing good-intentioned checks to bound as joyously as the gamboling lamb. Thanks to the present system, this has not happened in a long while.

During the Brea interlude -- roughly late '70 to early '72 -- I did the bulk of my banking with a nice little bank in Brea, maintaining the UCB account for the sake of my Master Charge card that they sponsor. The Brea bank had a friendly house-policy. If you kept at least \$100 in your account at all times, there was no monthly service charge. Since such charges averaged around \$5, earning a five-spot per month from a C-note was vaguely tantamount to a return of 60% per annum; not at all bad.

Apart from the nice bank, my general impression of Brea is similar to the views of W. C. Fields on Philadelphia ("Spent a month there, one weekend."). Thus, I shed few tears when the office moved to the South Orange Coast, though it meant returning my banking activities exclusively to the nearby UCB branch (there hadn't been one handy in Brea).

The UCB would waive service charges if your balance never dropped below \$200, but mine usually does. I lead that sort of an existence. So it was back to getting nibbled to death by service charges. That is, until the day came when they announced something thrillingly new and dynamic, called their United Plan. All one need do was sign up to take advantage of all their services and enjoy all sorts of benefits. These



# SORT OF STORY

## GRENNELL

included a free safe deposit box (which I've never taken out, preferring to file cuds of chewing gum to the underside of the typing table for future reference, where I can get at them in a hurry, if the need arises) and a few other furbelows, of which the most attractive was a maximum monthly service charge of \$2.

Reviewing the situation, I found I already had a checking account, a Master Charge credit card, a Balance-Plus check guarantee plan and that left nothing but a UCB savings account to set up.

They indicated that the initial savings deposit should be at least \$2, so I filled out the indicated forms, dealt them a pair of singles and considered the matter closed. That is, such was my attitude until the next monthly bank statement materialized in Box DG, Dana Point, CA 92629. I opened it up and swept my eyes down the figures with about as much interest as one usually musters for such reading fare.

Reaching the bottom line, covering my brand-new savings account, my interest perked somewhatly upwards. If I recall correctly, my eyes bugged forth like organ stops.

You'll recall that I'd started it with a \$2 deposit and had made no further transactions. However, the mighty UCB computer hadn't quite seen it that way. Its slightly strabismic readout showed a beginning balance of \$50,003; a single withdrawal of \$2, no deposits, no interest paid and an ending balance of \$50,001.

Ask yourself what you'd do if this happened to you, reflecting that, since it happened to me, anything is possible. I can tell you my version and reaction. I sat there, all starey-eyed and vaguely disconnected, like a martingale without a thong to spin, or something.

The first mad impulse is to burst through the bank doors, waving the statement and crying, "I'll take it! In small, used, unmarked bills!"

Segue into a music-hall scene, with a line of crushed-rockettes, clad in Trilbys and little else, kicking it off in spotty unison as a gravel-voiced tenor in the wings croons, "A pilfered pearl is like a felony."

In earlier episodes of this necrocephalic nattering, we've touched upon my pendulous penchant for jackdawing away bits of bright but random data. I read once that there are two countries that never have signed extradition treaties with the U.S. of A.



One is Uruguay and I forget the other. Since I read that, I've scanned each new issue of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, hoping for detailed coverage on Uruguay, but in vain (perhaps I missed it). I know its capital is Montevideo (I think) and that's about Sweet Fanny Adams--all.

Fifty gees, invested at 5%, would yield \$2500 per annum, before taxes and I'm by no means that certain that a greengo-peg would be permitted to invest at a rate as high as 5% in Uruguay. I'm even less certain I could exist in the style to which I prefer to remain accustomed on \$2500 per year, before taxes. One could exist on the principal, until it's gone and then what?

Not long before all this ensued, I'd had a quick but spooky sampling of what could be involved. I had lifted off the pad in Cuppadrano Beach in the old Buick, with the fuel bunkers freshly topped-off and headed for Phoenix, where I had to do a story for next issue. Humming eastward, I had planned to refuel in Blythe, before crossing the Colorado River into the Grand Canyon State but, somehow, I had neglected that chore and found myself bumbling feebly into the periphery of Arizona with little in the tanks except fumes. The road map showed a promising hamlet called Quartzite. I sailed past its city limits sign around 4:00 p.m. and commenced looking for a viable filling station.

There very nearly wasn't any. I found one lone Texaco station, with cars about fifteen in line each way, waiting to get gassed. The interlude prior to making connections with the hose was well fraught with anxiety. I speculated upon the probable difficulties of structuring a new life for myself as a denizen of Quartzite, Arizona. This can lead to some fairly frightening speculation. Next time you find yourself with a bit of time on the hands in a place such as Pavement Narrows, Nevada, or West Lightningrod, Nebraska, speculate for a bit upon what your modus operandi would be if there was never to be any getting out of the place. It's pure mind-rotting, take my word!

Thoughts such as these, and others, raced across my mental readout panels like heat lightning on a summer night as I brooded over the bank statement. In all truth, I never really envisioned much likelihood of actually getting out the bank door with \$50,000 in hard cash. For one thing, you have these bank books you must present, and mine said \$2 for the balance, rather than the larger figure. No one at the bank was apt to fill an attache case with banknotes on the strength of a single monthly statement; no-way!

The mortifying, humiliating, sobering facet of the whole silly business lay in the sudden realization of what a comparatively picayune sum fifty gees has become in the year of our Lord, 1974. As a lump sum, it still would purchase a damned nice automobile or a fairly flossy house and, left as a tip for a waitress, she'd not soon forget you. Viewed as the reward for doing time in the slammer, it would represent \$12,500 per annum for four years, for instance. Chances are, if you took the rap for fifty big ones worth of grand larceny, you'd not get loose that soon. About the only surviving solace is that fifty thousand still represents grand rather than petty larceny.

About this time, much sooner than it has taken you to read this far, the thought flashed up: "Aye gavoite -- the IRS!" I've little doubt the gentle watchdogs of taxes and income keep careful tab upon savings accounts and the sudden burgeoning of my balance would cause brightening of the eyes and feverish licking of the lips in certain governmental quarters; no question on that score.



I hunted up the phone number of the bank and dialed it. A chirky, cheerful young-lady voice answered and I said I wished to discuss an irregularity on my monthly statement and to whom was I speaking, please?

"This is Ms. Ruotolo," she replied. "I think I can help you. What's your problem?"

"Well, I think it's not so much my problem. I think it's more your problem."

So I spelled out the shemozzle and she gulped audibly and, after searching examination of the problem, it turned out they'd got the wrong account number and this, with a few additional mixups, had produced the entire contretemps. Presumably, there was an actual depositor with a balance of about \$50,000. Why would anyone tie up that much in a low-pay setup like a bank savings account? Don't ask me. I've often wondered about the same thing. Why did the great UCB computer record the transaction as a withdrawal instead of a deposit? I've not figured that out, either. The only thing I can state without the slightest degree of uncertainty about the whole mixed-up mess is that it remains very mysterious.

One thing I did insist upon: I collared one of the ranking staff members of the bank and had them draw up a letter spelling out clearly that the whole thing was a gross goofup and that I never, at any time, had had any such substantial sum as fifty thousand dollars and I had them sign it. I have filed the note with my tax papers for the year. Sooner or later, I figure, the Internal Revenue Service will want to know about that sudden lump of fiscal resources (because, after all, there are weeks I don't even make that much, all week). This way, I hope to be able to present supporting evidence of having existed in honest poverty during the period in question.

The UCB branch, by the way, is the one located in Monarch Bay. Not too long after I had my account transferred from Covina to their office, there was a splash in the headlines to the effect that a gang of burglars had labored industriously through a long weekend and had looted the safe deposit boxes of the Monarch Bay UCB to the estimated tune of some five million buckeroons. This constitutes a second good reason why I've as yet to avail myself of the proffered availability of a free safe deposit box.

For one thing, I'd be hard-pressed to put my finger on any personal possession so prized as to justify its being salted away in a safe deposit box; particularly since we'd have to put "safe" in quote-marks, in the instance of the UCB branch at Monarch Bay. It is true, I have certain fannish artifacts of incalculable value, such as the top-copy of the first several years of KTEIC MAGAZINE and the first thirty issues of MAD COMICS and some cut sheets from comic sections of the Thirties; early FLASH GORDONS, not to mention RED BARRY and RADIO PATROL plus the very first appearance of MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN.

However, I suspect, the average burglar would be inclined not to give such treasures a second glance, so I just keep them kicking about my den. Out in plain sight.

I should note in passing that Dave Locke reports that certain readers comment to the gist that they suspect some taint of hyperbole creeps into the wordage for this column. "They claim you're having them on," is about the way it gets reported back to me.

I can't help suspecting the foregoing will stick in the craw of various readers. Therefore, I will buck a photocopy of the bank statement along to Good Old Dave (of the Panama Canal Lockes). Those of you who question my veracity can quiz Dave about

Hydroelectric engineers in the People's Republic of China are taking a keen interest in the kinetic Yang-tze.

-- News item

In passing, I wish to note having recently seen a fairly well-fitted custom license plate. It was on a silver-gray Ferrari of stridently posh contours, burbling north up the San Diego freeway. I would have estimated its cost to be in excess of ten times that of my little Opel and its owner had fitted it with a plate that was, as I say, fitting. EXPNSV, was what it said. Yea, verily and forsooth to the seventh power.

At a recent Petard meeting, Anne Cox had a compilation of current custom plates in book form. Leafing through it, I found that several DAGs have already staked their claim to that and there are things such as Opel, Opal and Opel GT. I didn't check for Major, though I'm sure it's taken (Cf. Maj. Hoople). Belatedly, I wish I'd checked to see if anyone had taken out Grue; I incline to doubt it.

People have taken out plates with such saucy greetings as UP URZ and later the state has recalled them on grounds of complaints from other motorists. So there seems little point in going for such designations as QQQQ or 04Q2, since some spoilsport would be certain to blow the whistle on them, even if they passed the hawkly scrutiny of the DMV types in Sacramento.

A friend of mine has a next-door neighbor, a dentist, whose Mercedes sports a plate reading TOOF DR. I dig that. It has class and a touch of pizzazz.

However, it is a general precept of mine to maintain a low profile upon the public highways and I practice this to as great an extent as is possible when the car, itself, is painted the exact shade of a Yellow Cab and creates the onomatopoeic sound-effects of a ninety-foot crocodile gargling with Listerine. There are, after all, a lot of other GT Opels painted canary yellow and its natural-born plate number (048-BFY) is one I find pleasantly memorable. I refer to it as "Biffy" when I don't call it the Snarling Canary.

However, my disenchantment with custom license plates, apart from the \$25 cost per year -- about twice the tab for the state-issued number on the Opel -- stems from their basic memorability, primarily. I decided, long ago, there is a great deal to be said for a reasonable degree of anonymity and inconspicuousness in the outward appearance of the vehicle in which one goes about the highways.

There is, for example, one car with a custom number I will not soon forget. Never mind the number, I remember it well. If I ever see it unattended, I plan to smash the headlamps with a ball-peen hammer. Its bloody moonchile of a driver followed me for about 25 miles down the freeway one night with headlamps on bright from about nine feet behind my rear bumper, by way of demonstrating his displeasure at me. I think he may have taken exception to what I considered an appropriate hand signal.

If one has an instinct for the flamboyant -- and perhaps I do -- it takes a modicum of self-control to cloak one's light beneath a bushel. However, considering the kooks that roam the highways, the low-profile approach has much to commend it.



Back in the days when Fords assembled in a southern plant carried a sign saying, "Made in Texas by Texans," and any number of Volkswagens had signs saying, "Made in the Black Forest by Elves," I concocted a sign to put in the tomato-red '57 Olds station wagon that said, "Made in the Semiglades by Evernoles". I thought it was frightfully clever at the time. After a few weeks, I quietly removed and deep-sixed the darn thing. No one -- but no one -- was amused and everyone wanted to know what it was supposed to mean and I got fat-sick and tired of trying to explain why I thought it was sort of funny.

The old Buick Wildcat used to carry an inconspicuous tag in its rear window saying, "Genuine Maxwell Parts (Would you believe genuine Elsa Maxwell parts?)". It amused my simple mind and no one else seemed to notice it. The current Buick has another small sign in the same place, "Help Stamp Out Flat Feet". It seemed humorous at the time, though I sometimes wonder if it's judicious, since law enforcement personnel could misinterpret that it applies to them, which it doesn't.

Several years ago, we dealt with a printer that did a lot of bumperstickers because his prices were fantastic (right up to the day he went bankrupt). On one visit, I purloined a batch of dayglo orange blanks that had not been imprinted. I still have several of these and it is but the work of a moment to take ruboff artist's letters and create bumperstickers of any legend of which the mind can conceive. For example, I once made one up that said, "If they'd had adequate gun control laws in ancient Rome, Julius Caesar would still be alive today!" I didn't put it on my car, not wishing to advertise that my vehicle might have eminently swipeable contents but a more daring soul did so and, at last report, still had not been ripped off on account of it.

I wistfully toyed with the idea of making a bumpersticker that just said, "NO COMMENT". As yet, I've kept my impulses under control.

However, I can muster a connoisseuer's appreciation of bumperstickers on the cars of others. For example, I cherish the recollection of an orange Volkswagen (the variant branded "The Thing") with a boldface sticker that said, "PASS WITH CAUTION/TOBACCO CHEWER".

The behind of a lady named Hannah  
Is designed in a singular manner;  
You can view this delight  
Just about any night,  
It's for rent on the streets of Savannah.

-- from "A Child's Garden of Vs.,"

by Calvin "Biff" Coolidge, aka Eldrin Fzot

Ed Cox doodle:

# How I INSPIRED My HUSBAND —



ARTICLE BY

It was the first warm Sunday in June, and I had told the kids the day before: "If the temperature gets up to 75° by noon, we'll go swimming."

There are two things children talk about as soon as the last snow melts (sometime in March). The first day they can go without a heavy coat it's "Mom, can I go barefoot?" and "When can we go swimming?" I figured a way to take care of the barefoot part a long time ago: if the temperature is 70° and it hasn't rained for 24 hours, take off the shoes. That way the whole business is completely up to the weather and completely out of my hands. And in Kentucky the swimming is easy, too; parks and pools open on Memorial Day. Morehead's Municipal pool had not been built yet, but Carter Caves State Park, in the next county, has a very nice man-made lake and beach. It's about fifteen miles and forty minutes away from Funny Farm (which is the name we use when referring to our particular piece of real estate).

The jabber and flurry and dancing and prancing about was enough to make me wish I hadn't brought it up. All morning they kept checking the thermometers. About every ten minutes. The one on the front porch was in the shade and registered two or three degrees cooler than the one on the back porch which was in the sun, so they concentrated on that one. After a while they discovered that the smallest of the bunch got a higher reading on the temp because she looked at it from a lower angle. So Missy became the Official Weather Girl.

We would leave at one o'clock.

I've never had so much quick and willing help with clearing the breakfast table and washing dishes.

Finally it was time to get ready...

Mom, will you put my hair in a pony tail so it won't flop in my face? Sure, go find some rubber bands ... and get the Sea'n'Ski. Where is it? Either in the linen closet or the glove compartment. Do I have to wear that stuff? I can't stand the way it feels. You're the one who needs it most! Besides, Mom, it smells awful! Go! Aw gee, mumble mumble.



JODIE OFFUTT

"Okay, we'll probably be back by six."

I got in the car -- in the front seat, by the window -- and buckled up. I started the engine, put it in reverse, and then decided there was something else I had to have. I've never been able to recall just what it was, but it was in the "Penthouse", the finished attic).

"I'll be right back. And stop drawing peace signs in the dust on the car, or your Daddy'll kill you."

"Oh, Mom, we'll NEVER get there!"

I left the car and radio and the mouths running and ran back into the house. As I passed andy's office on the way to the attic, he called "Back already? Have a good time?" I didn't bother answering.

On my way back down the steps with whatever-it-was, I fell.

I fell only about four or five steps, but the doorlock tore my hand and my head hit the edge of the doorjamb, just above the eyebrow, and for the first time in my life I saw stars -- not many, but it was a good whack. Before I even landed my hand had gone to my head, and just that quickly there was a lump. A big lump. By the time andy got there I was getting up, but was so shaky I sat back down.

Well, that ended the swimming date. andy forced me to soak the torn hand in soapy water, stretched me out on the bed with a bag full of ice for my head, and went out to tell the kids Mommy wasn't going to be taking them to Carter Caves today.

I'm not sure how or what he told them, but he must have scared them because they crept around the house like mice the rest of the afternoon. He explained 'concussion' to them and told them he intended to sit by the bed and see that I didn't pass out. I guess he maybe mentioned going to the hospital if I did. They were paraded in, one by one, to survey the damage. They were impressed with the egg on my head.

I spent the afternoon, instead of on the sand with the sun on my face, on the bed with ice on my head. Listening to a baseball game. Every time I'd begin to doze off, andy would poke me and start talking about anything that came into his head. He was worried and more than a little scared. There's always concern when something happens to one's mate, but I think there is an underlying fear and terror with andy that if I should be out of action, even for a short time, what would he do with all these children? Just the practical, everyday things, such as meals and clean clothes and like that.

To skip ahead, two days later the bump was gone and I developed a beautiful shiner any prize fighter would be proud of. Have you ever had a black eye since you've been an adult? The reactions from people were fascinating. In some cases perfect strangers would ask me what happened. In others, people I know fairly well would ignore it completely. That was the most fascinating. I would notice someone -- a clerk in the grocery whom I see every week, for instance, the girls at the library, or the boy at the Gulf Station -- looking at my eye and I could tell he/she was thinking about it, but wouldn't say a word. I thought, what could be the experience of these people with regard to black eyes, that it would be embarrassing for them, or that they would think it might be embarrassing for me, to ask me about it. I could tell they were wondering and curious and trying to ignore it at the same time. There were the usual remarks about my husband beating me up, but these other people -- do you think they really thought that? And on what basis would they assume that and nothing else? The kids

all had a great time making up stories to go with it and wanted me to come down to school so they could show Mom's black eye to all their classmates.

But one good thing came from that afternoon spent flat on my back. Andy had intended to work at the typewriter on whatever he was currently into at the time. Instead he took up bedside vigil with his clipboard. He wrote a short story. A love story, or maybe it was a horror story. It is about a man and his wife who are very much in love. She is a witch, although he doesn't know it, and she casts spells for his benefit because she loves him so. I think I must have inspired the story; at any rate the idea came to him while he was watching over me and thinking about us.

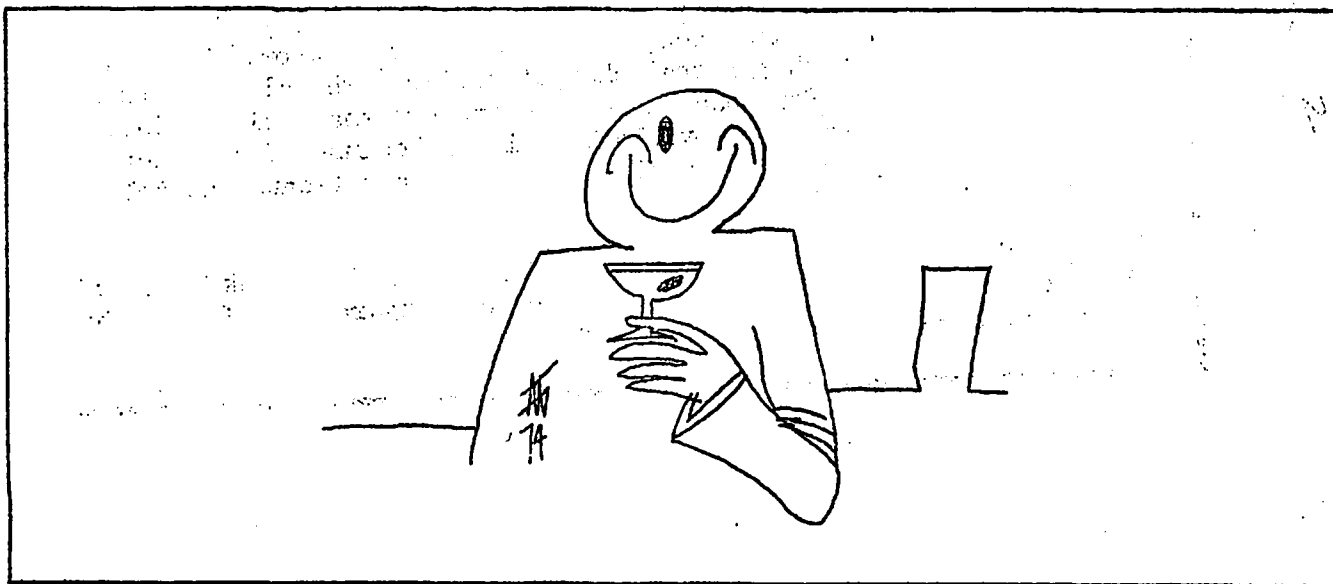
It was typed up the next day and then re-typed the day after that and we mailed it to F&SF. SAREVA: IN MEMORIAM appeared in the March, 1973 issue of F&SF. I was thrilled, really thrilled. It was Andy's first sale to F&SF.

I would love for Andy to write more short stories, but he says he has to have an idea or an inspiration and they don't come that often. It was worth the bump on the head and the black eye to have inspired him. I don't think the kids would agree that it was worth missing the first swim of the season just so Daddy would write a story, but what do they know? (Oh, and when we eventually did go swimming, they all insisted I camp in the car the night before so I wouldn't have to use any steps at all.)

That was some time ago, and Andy hadn't been moved to write any short stories since then. Perhaps, I began to wonder, I could manage to trip down the basement steps and maybe sprain an ankle ... I might be laid up for a couple of days and get, oh, two or three stories out of him this time.

Then one day Ben Bova called; he'd like Andy to do a story for ANALOG, and he told him about an idea he had. Andy took right off with it. GONE WITH THE GODS just appeared in the October issue of ANALOG, and I won't need to run the car over a hill after all.

Thanks, Ben. You are a sweetheart.



# PARAGON OF YOUTH

A  
t  
t  
i  
c  
l  
e  
  
B  
y

There is an old American wife's tale, created by some old American wife back around the time of Jack Armstrong, which perpetuates the falsehood that high school athletes are average, clean-cut, All-American boys. And girls. It states that Jack Armstrong still lives in our schools, winning the big game for the flag, apple pie, mom, and the university scholarship. In reality, the high school athlete is still a paragon of youth, but the standards have changed. The athlete has become a paragon of depravity rather than wholesomeness, and the football player is still the paragon of paragons. Worse than baseball players, worse than the track stars, worse than the basketball heroes, and maybe even worse than the girls' field-hockey team, football teams are made up of the most depraved people this side of Washington, D.C.

I know. I am a high school football player.

While the standards of the participants themselves have changed, those of their coaches have not done so since the days when Frank Merriwell led the Elis against the Crimson. It is still taboo to carouse around with the likes of Jim Beam, Pall Mall, or Mary Jane. The only exception to this is those little amber-colored, egg shaped, pleasant looking pills which the captains pass out before gametime, for the purpose of giving us quick energy. But not everybody takes these pills. Only the starting linebackers, the starting linemen, the starting running backs, and any other members of the team who wish to start in the game as opposed to turning in their helmets and joining the tennis team.

Of course, we have a tight end (this is the name of a position, just like quarterback, running back, etc. So far as we know, the title has nothing to do with personal characteristics) who always smokes a good-luck cigar before each game. We presume that this violation of the taboo on tobacco is overlooked either because of the fact that his father is on the school board or perhaps because he told the coach that he doesn't inhale.

Some of the other members of the team drink beer for breakfast, but they do this only to get energy from the carbohydrates. I know this for a fact, because one of them told me so.



# AND OTHER TALES FROM THE LOCKER ROOM

But so much for that. Football players are also sex fiends. But they are the worst kind; they are inept sex fiends. Well do I remember one particular night after our second game and our second victory. We had beaten the sixth-ranked school in the state (Mexican High) 25-7. As that school was the closest thing our area had to an inner-city school, it was considered desirable to bring buses onto the field directly after the game, and get the hell out of there. The other school had a reputation to uphold, and they considered it desirable to stone our bus. Anyway, at the victory celebration which was held in a small bar (one stool), we toasted everything, even after our glasses were empty. I broke mine while I was toasting myself.

We were hungry after downing our six beers apiece, so we went to Burger King. Our only purpose in going there to eat, instead of an establishment that served food, was to show just how tough we really were. On the way down there, one fellow in the back seat of my car decided that he needed a little air, so he opened the door. While the car was moving. I don't know how much air he got, but he bagged a couple of trash cans.

While eating, we reflected on the drinking establishment which we had so recently vacated. It was a nice bar, as bars go, and was frequented by two kinds of people. Old rednecks, and high school football players. The barroom was split down the middle by a wooden partition, which served to keep the rednecks segregated from the football players. They sat at the bar on one side, and we sat at the bar on the other. This worked just fine. Segregation is not dead yet, and deservedly so.

Subsequent to these serious reflections, and also to the fact that we could eat this kind of stuff without throwing up on each other, some girls that we knew pulled up in a car. We tried to entice them to follow us to a deserted street, but our efforts were



M  
i  
k  
e  
  
G  
a  
r  
r  
a

rejected. It could have been the smell of beer about us, or maybe the hamburger sticking between our teeth. We wound up following them to a party, blearily (beerily) confident that our lustiest dreams would be satisfied. I was driving, but the rest of the guys were hanging out the car windows screaming: "I want you! I love your body!" I hung onto one fellow's belt to keep him from falling out.

High school football players are not only boozers and dopers, they're horny as well. As well as what? As well as can be expected, I guess.

Dope? Well, at the party they were rolling some of the biggest joints you ever saw. Our quarterback was trying to make one the size of a football. He didn't succeed because he ran out of paper. Why are we exporting trees to Japan when we don't even have enough to make a joint the size of a football?

Finally the quarterback settled on a joint the size of a hair-curler. After getting properly loaded, he decided to call his girlfriend (whose hair-curler had been used as a mold to make the joint) and tell her to come to the party. Naturally, with him being bombed she wanted nothing to do with it. He started to shout at her over the phone. Obviously her refusals tended to pique his feelings of possessiveness, for as the conversation lengthened he even screamed at her. After every point he made to her regarding why she should come join him, we would yell and clap and hurray and cheer. He finally stopped shouting after she put her mother on the phone. "Yes, Mrs. Smith," "Sorry, Mrs. Smith," "I promise, Mrs. Smith." We decided that he had lost the argument, so we booted him.

At such parties as these, half of the girls are with somebody to start with. The other half are frigid. Or not in the mood. Or else they have the clap. There were also a lot of football players there, plus a general assortment of lesser men such as soccer players. The football players, having just won, were cocky and horny and trying to pick up somebody. But we never did. We were inept.

It was a normal party except for one little detail. The kid's parents were home. Usually, they're not. They're usually away for the weekend so that the kid has Sunday to clean up the bottles, rolling papers, puke, and fumigate the place. But at least they didn't bother us, and we didn't bother them. They stayed in the bathroom and we stayed in the rest of the house. We had an informal sub-meeting of the local Beer Drinker's Society, who that week were testing Tuborg which, as well we all know, has real class.

I have higher tastes. I drink Boone's Farm Wild Mountain Grape wine. Woodpecker Hard Cider is ok, too.

One day we lost our amateur status. Everyone is aware that making even a penny from sports, any sport, loses one his amateur status. To lose one's amateur status in sports is to become corrupt, immoral, and professional. We would bet on football games, sometimes even winning upwards of a whole dollar. We hustled at pool games. We earned money from bowling. Once led down the path of professionalism by the evil lure of money, it wasn't long before we lost all control and got involved in serious drinking and other licentious activities.

Being professionals, we no longer felt any great need to be humble. We told our coach to stick it in his ear, and break it off. Of course, we told him that when we were amateurs, too, but this time we weren't humble about it.

Then one day we were back at another party, which was being held upstairs in a garage. We were standing around outside the garage talking to a group of people and trying not to act humble, when the daughter of the family which was holding the party invited us to watch the new DRACULA movie which she said would be on in a few minutes. So we ran to the house belonging to their next-door neighbor (their daughter was also attending the party in the garage, in case any of this is confusing you) (the daughter was a cheerleader. Remind me to tell you about them someday. They're the only ones who aren't frigid), and sat down on the floor around the set. Then we all warmed up right along with the picture tube.

When the picture flashed into life on the screen, we were treated to the sight of a vampire, but it wasn't Jack Palance. DRACULA had been preempted by someone named Richard Nixon (you remember him: the guy who was stupid enough to wiretap his own house), who was faunching mightily to introduce his new vice-president (you remember that story, too: Nixon traded his old one in for a Ford, which he thought was a better idea. I guess). The show had a lousy plot, and we weren't too thrilled with the cast of characters, either. So we wound up telling Nixon jokes all the way through the program. In the home of the town's republican selectman. After all, we were professional football players, and why should we be humble in the presence of these amateur political bunglers?

Then we went back to the party. We didn't get any girls at that one, either.

Of course, the most depraved time of all came after we'd won our last game of the season, on Thanksgiving, to finish with a perfect record. We marched to the showers after our 30-6 victory, but we didn't say anything for a while. Finally, I started to laugh, and then everyone else did, too. Pretty soon Grand Funk's WE'RE AN AMERICAN BAND was blaring over our locker-room stereo (oh, we high school football players live in the lap of luxury, we do indeed), and cigars appeared out of nowhere and we threw the coaches, managers, trainers, and other nonessential personnel into the showers. Several bottles of the bubbly were produced, donated by kindly parents who had made a small fortune cleaning up on bets from the game. Of course, when placed in a roomfull of football players such things are not likely to last long.

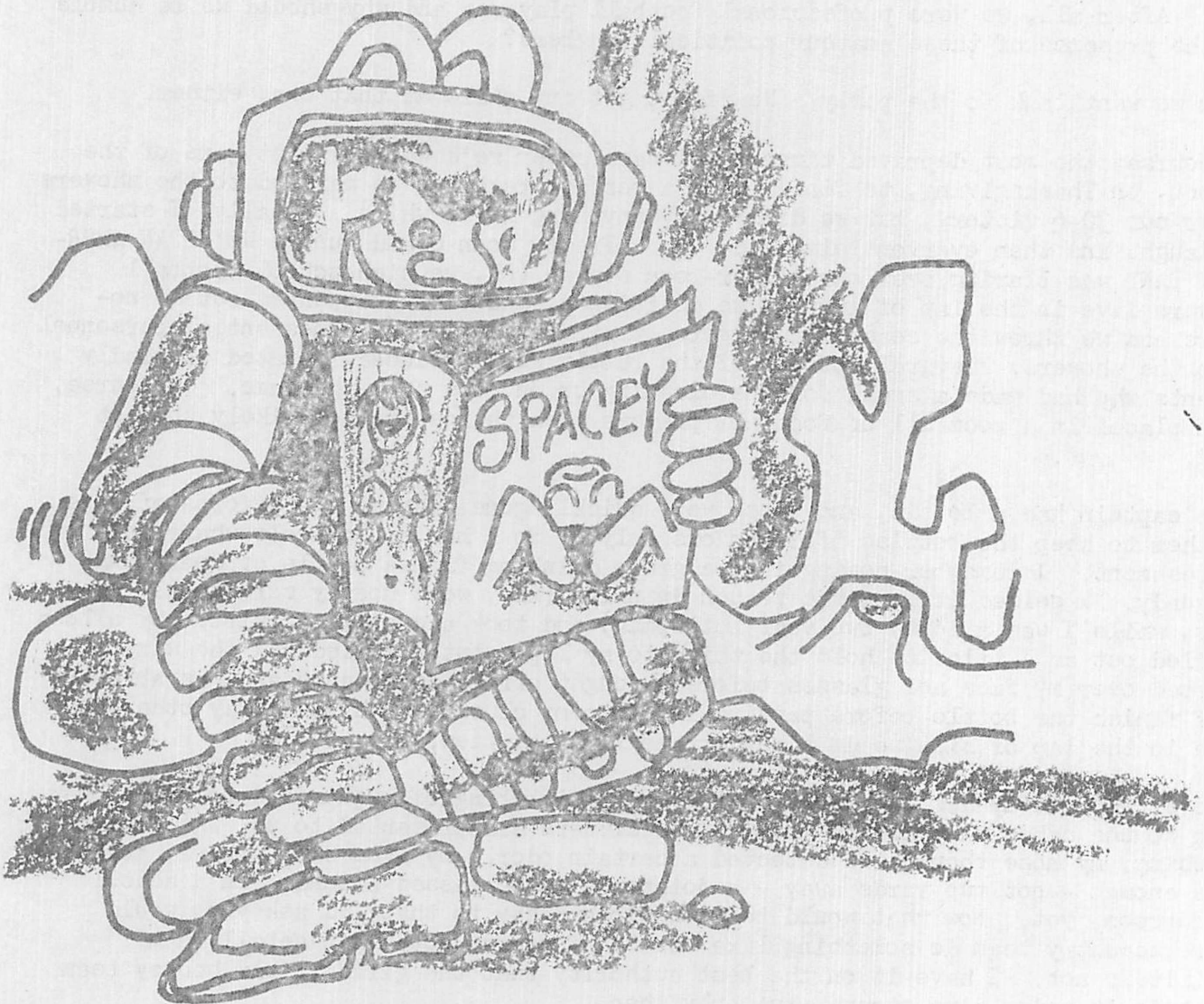
Each captain had a bottle, and those were quickly gone despite the efforts of some of them to keep the bottles "for seniors only". So I had to look elsewhere for refreshment. I remember coming into a group drinking from a bottle of Sparkling Burgundy. I seized it from the person drinking (they were mostly scrubs and jayvees, while I was a lofty two-year letterman) and took a couple of gulps. My elbows flailed out as I tried to hold the thing to my lips, but I failed and the wine spurted over my face and glasses before I fought off my assailants and was able to half finish the bottle before passing it on to my cousin. (While we may otherwise live in the lap of sin, we do have certain familial ties.)

However, our escapades were not limited to the imbibing of liquor and tobacco. Nor even to the cakes that loving mothers and sisters had presented to us. As I was dressing, my nose thought it detected a certain odor. My eyes cast around, and sure enough - not two yards away - a joint was being passed around. In a school lockerroom, yet. Now what would the schoolboard say to that? I ask you, would a crosscountry team do something like that? Of course not. A baseball team? Definitely not. I have it on the best authority that the girls' field hockey team might do it under dire stress, but only then.

So one can see that a football player is not a fit image to uphold before America's youth if we are to return to the values of yesteryear. He should no longer be the shining example of youth, a paragon, a leader of his fellow young Americans.

His example is contrary to the goals and aims of public decency and morality. Football players are notoriously rowdy, drunk, greedy, immoral, conniving, irreverent, stoned, and horny people. A football player is not the kind of person you would want your son to grow up to be. Or your daughter, either, for different reasons. One would be wise to withhold his child from the savage pre-and-post game debauchery, and find him some wholesome, worthwhile hobby instead.

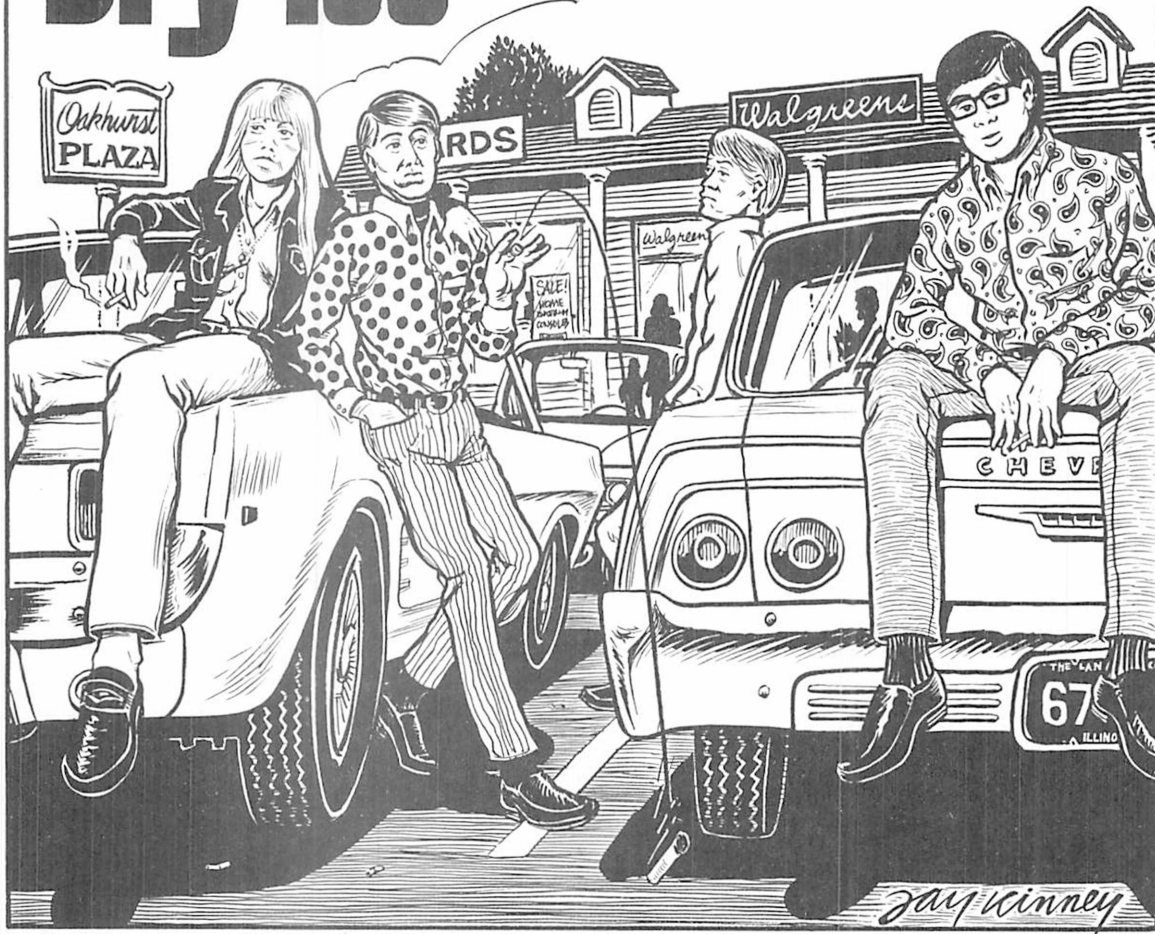
Like writing for fanzines.

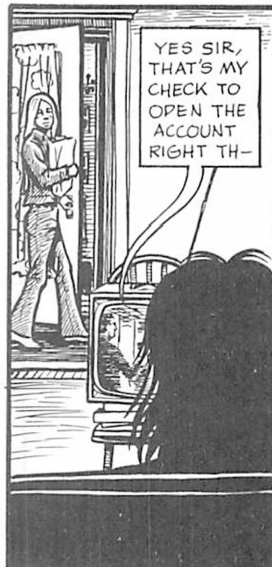
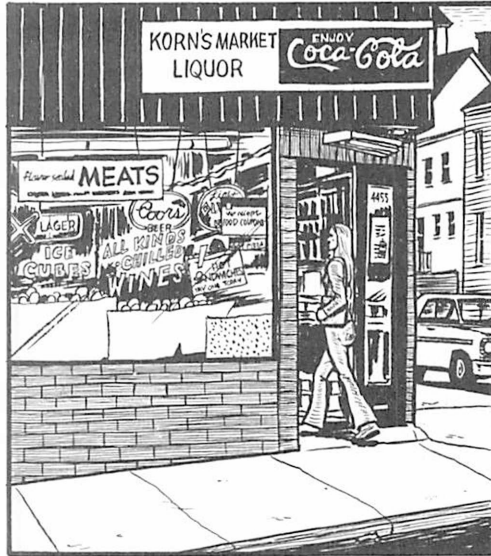




1967

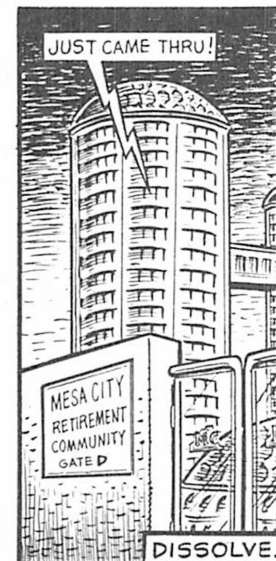
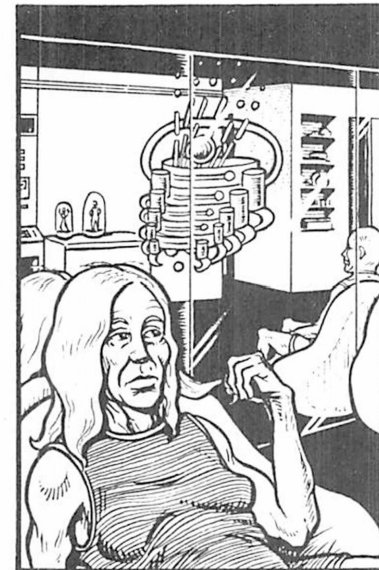
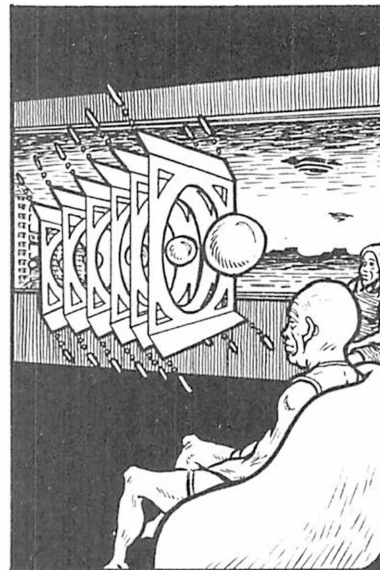
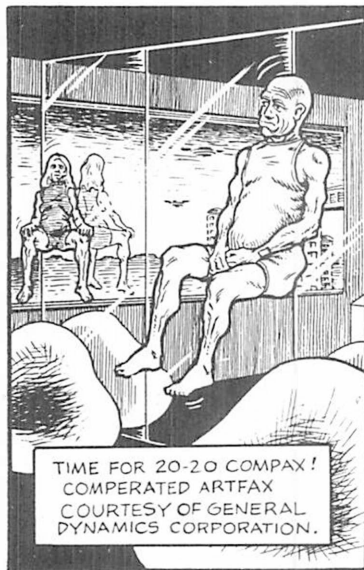
# Dry Ice













# WALSUNG SEIGLINDE

an annotated filksong by

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

Once a valiant warrior camped upon the mountainside  
Under the shade of a purple dragon's 1/ den  
And he sang as he sat and waited for the beast to rise  
"Where is my Walsung Seiglinde, 2/ again?"

(CHORUS) "Walsung Seiglinde, Walsung Seiglinde"

"Daughter of Wotan come waltzing 3/ with me"  
And he dreamt 4/ of his Walsung waltzing 5/  
Down the mountainside, Walsung Seiglinde  
Come waltzing with he.

Down came the dragon to water at the Billabong 6/  
Up jumped our hero and stabbed him with Glee 7/  
And he sang as he slit the monster up his underside  
"Where is my Walsung Seiglinde, prithee?" 8/

(CHORUS) Walsung 9/ Seiglinde, Walsung Seiglinde

What have you done 10/ with my waltzing lady?  
And he hacked, slashed and cut till the blood  
Ran down the mountainside 11/  
Smitten our hero with base jealousy 12/

Up in Valhalla rang the brassy battle-bell! 13/  
 Seiglinde she heard it 14/ and mounted her steed 15/  
 She sped to the side of the dragon 16/ laying 17/ fallen there  
 And in the line of duty 18/ she waltzed 19/ him at speed

(CHORUS) Walsung Seiglinde, Walsung Seiglinde  
 Waltzing that dragon was noble 20/ indeed  
 But your love 21/ is sorely troubled  
 By your infidelity 22/  
 Walsung Seiglinde, he's slightly off-peed 23/

Up jumped our hero 24/ and slipped 25/ in the dragon's blood  
 He fell down the hill and he landed on his spear 26/  
 And his ghost may be heard 27/ as you camp beside the Billabong  
 "Won't you come waltzing, Seiglinde, my dear?"

(CHORUS) Walsung Seiglinde, Walsung Seiglinde  
 Won't you come waltzing Seiglinde, my dear?  
 And his ghost may be heard as you camp beside the Billabong  
 Won't you come a-waltzing 28/ Seiglinde, my dear 29/

- 1/ "He was a one-eyed, one-horned flying purple people eater", totally out of his genre in a Wagnerian opera.
- 2/ In Die Walküre Seiglinde is the daughter of Wotan by a mortal woman, and from internal evidence, the narrator of this song is Siegfried, her son by her twin brother. It is therefore not surprising that she prefers the dragon.
- 3/ Viennese waltzes, of course.
- 4/ Classic oedipus complex.
- 5/ All his conscious mind could admit to.
- 6/ The Billabong River, a tributary of the Rhine.
- 7/ Today we have Glee Clubs; Siegfried had a Glee Sword, unless, of course, his sword was named Glee.
- 8/ Why do you think our boy was out on that mountainside, anyway?
- 9/ In case we didn't mention it, a Walsung is another name for a Valkyrie. All

the Valkyries were Wotan's daughters, also. In fact, in Wagner's operas, all the women (except when required by the plot to be otherwise) are Wotan's daughters.

- 10/ He suspects the worst.
- 11/ Increasing the biological oxygen demand of the Billabong severely.
- 12/ Poetic syntax: sense is often sacrificed for the sake of rhyme, and in an opera it is just as well; a faulty rhyme is noticed at once. Base Jealousy, by the way, is the outstanding operatic emotion.
- 13/ The duty of Valkyries/Walsungs is to pick up heroes fallen on the field of battle and drag their ~~ass~~ spirit to Valhalla. Where, as R.A. Lafferty points out, they eat the big breakfast, fight all day and heal all night forever and ever, amen. It follows that some method of alerting Valkyries to fallen heroes must have existed.
- 14/ How interesting that she should have heard that particular bell.
- 15/ As in the classical western, not as in pornographic novels.
- 16/ The verse gives little evidence of his heroic nature, but: "Ask not for whom the brassy battle-bell rang (up in Valhalla)/it rang for thee!" Wotan, being pinched for money, had eliminated the hero inspectors for the rest of the fiscal year. He passed it off with the foregoing bit of recitatif, but it was really a bad idea.
- 17/ Lying?
- 18/ The hero inspector would have written her up severely for such an outré selection.
- 19/ Confirming Seigfried's worst fears.
- 20/ Humanitarian, yes. Dragonitarian, yes. Noble? No.
- 21/ If you knew the trouble she had with his father Seigmund you would understand this thing she has about incest.
- 22/ As it must seem to him. Would Walsungs qualify perhaps as purple people? Since the Walsungs were daughters of Wotan, they are clearly "of the purple", and inferentially "purple people". Our dragon, as noted in 1/ is a "purple people eater", and in view of the total lack of interest in sex displayed by heroes in Valhalla as noted in 13/, it becomes obvious that any liberated Walsung/Valkyrie wishing to make it with anything besides Wotan (How do you think he got so many daughters, eh?) must be prepared to take extraordinary measures.
- 23/ Pissed off. 23a/
  - 23a/ From the foregoing analysis it is perfectly obvious that Seiglinde could care less how her boy feels. If Seiglinde has not exactly found somebody new (strange?) she has certainly given her overpossessive would-be lover the gate.
- 24/ He was, in fact, jumping up and down in a rage.
- 25/ Clearly a Freudian slip.
- 26/ Actually it was his sword, but the effect is much the same.
- 27/ At the rising of the full moon, usually.
- 28/ Since he died in an accident/suicide, the brassy battle-bell in Valhalla didn't ring, and he is SOL as far as the Valkyries (including Seiglinde) are concerned. As his mother, she is presumably just as glad to see him spending eternity somewhere else.
- 29/ It is amazing how popular music can turn an arrogant, overmuscled, insensitive lout and boor like Seigfried into a pathetic, lovelorn loser.

# ATTACK OF THE GIANT CHICKEN

column by Milt

"9/27/73: Today I screwed a horse." Norm Hochberg says that AWRY should include lines like that if Dave wants to charge a dollar for it. That's what we call pandering to the deviate market. Well, why not? After Theodor Sturgeon's taboo-breaking story IF ALL MEN WERE BROTHERS, WOULD YOU WANT YOUR SISTER TO MARRY A COCKER SPANIEL? bestiality can now be discussed with the frankness which radio announcers use to discuss hemorrhoid remedies.

Years ago, you couldn't get away with mentioning having sexual intercourse with a horse. The movies barely got away with showing a cowboy kissing a horse. Of course, nothing serious was supposed to happen unless the cowboy and the horse actually got married. One of the great Hollywood scandals of the twenties occurred when Fatty Arbuckle did marry a horse. The problem was that it was a male horse. After that, there was a massive clean-up in Hollywood, and Lassie took a long vacation in Europe.

As most Californians know, screwing horses is illegal under section 12020 of the California Vehicle Code. It is also illegal under section 647j of the penal code (lewd and ridiculous conduct), although that section only applies to public beaches and variety theaters. Now legislators don't go around illegalizing things that people don't like to do. There just wouldn't be much point in passing a law against something like eating broccoli in a state park or growing your toenails over a foot long. So we can reason that screwing horses must be popular all over the state, even outside Hollywood.

Of course, Hollywood is a situation unto itself. For years and years, Hollywood has been filled with frots, mop fetishists, and people who masquerade as fire hydrants. But recently, a new deviation has been appearing. I'm referring, naturally, to chicken fucking. Yes, Hollywood has become the chicken molesting capital of the world. On any average night, you can see these fowl fanciers loitering outside sleazy porno shops waiting for the latest issue of Farmer's Almanac. If you out-of-towners went to a chicken take-out place in Hollywood, you would be in for a big surprise.

It's been getting so bad that the average chicken can't walk the streets in safety. Naturally, this has become a police problem. It has been necessary for the vice squad to stake-out chicken coops in an effort to stop these hen hasslers. Imagine the scene in a local chicken coop, late at night, as two interlopers enter with the intent of subjecting some helpless chicken to a fate worse than Colonel Sanders.

"Hey Joe, there's something strange about this chicken coop."

"What's that, Al?"

"That chicken on the third perch is wearing rubber-soled shoes."

"You mean that six feet tall chicken with the mustache?"

"Yeah, that one."



# SEXERS

## Stevens

"ALL RIGHT YOU TWO, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST."

"Good grief, a pig with feathers!"

"What sort of a humbug roust is this? We never touched any of those chickens."

"It's probably a roust chicken."

"Shut up, Al."

"YOU TWO ARE UNDER ARREST FOR VIOLATION OF SECTION 492 P.C."

"What the hell's that?"

"POSSESSION OF A RAPE TOOL."

"Just what I'd expect from a cop who always talks in upper case."

Of course, not all cases can be handled this effectively. Even with a maximum police effort, chickens are still falling into the hands of these poultry perverts. An eldritch squawk rends the night, and then nothing more is heard. This then becomes a job for the detective bureau and follow-up investigation. Information, like gold, is where you find it. A few feathers here, maybe a tip from a chicken feed salesman there, and the detectives are on the trail of another chickennapper. The following report is the result of one such investigation.

### INVESTIGATOR'S FINAL REPORT

Subject: Arrest of Seymour Sludge

Investigators proceeded to 1227 North Blorch Drive to check out complaints of fowl play in the area. Upon arriving at the scene, investigators noted a building at this location. That seemed reasonable at the time. Ncting a door on the nearest side of said building, investigators approached same. Investigators identified themselves to the door and read the door its constitutional rights from LAPD form 15-1: however, the door declined comment. Because of this uncooperative attitude on the part of the door, Investigators were forced to use the department-approved battering ram (mark 1, mod 1) in order to reduce the door to itty-bitty flinders.

Upon entering the premises, investigators observed a large quantity of feathers,



Investigator: "Why did you switch from cows to chickens?"

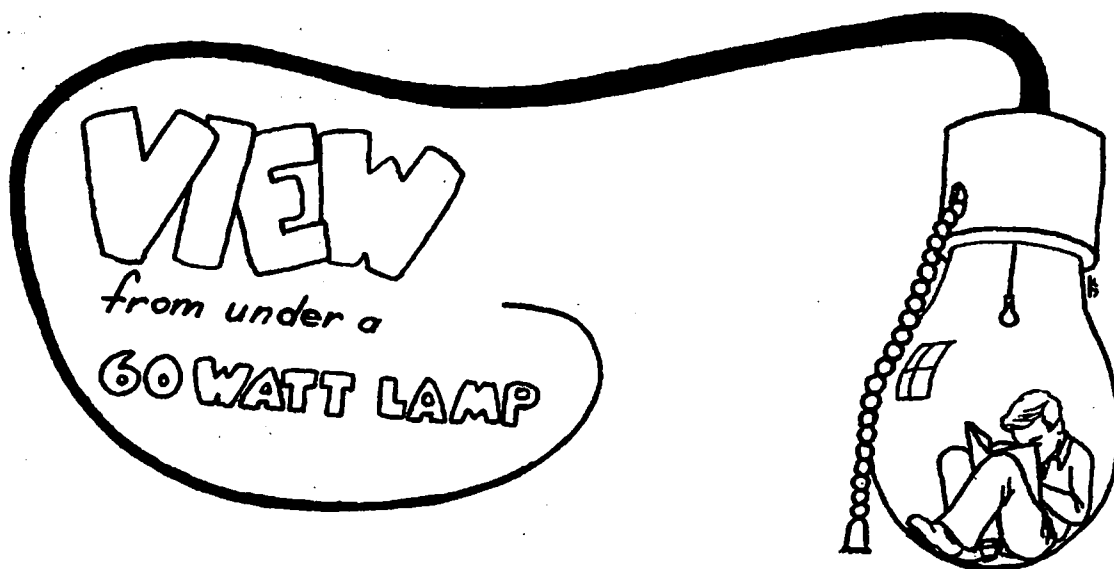
Investigator: "Have you ever been arrested before?"

Investigator: "The IRS?"

Investigator: "Have you ever  
tried screwing any  
chicks?"

Investigator: "I think we  
better get this arrest  
finished before rush  
hour."

A black and white line drawing of a large, spotted dinosaur with its mouth open, showing sharp teeth, and a small, round, segmented creature with antennae running away from it. The dinosaur has the text "DV 73" written near its foot.



PARADOX LOST - collection of short stories written by Fredric Brown

#N2656-954 Berkley Publishing Corporation, 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016

Reviewer: Dave Locke

Ah yes, the last book by Fredric Brown. There isn't anybody in the world who can give you a feeling for the way Fred Brown wrote a story. You can't take somebody into the library and say: "Well, he wrote something like this fellow, or somewhat like that fellow." There isn't anybody who wrote stories quite like Fred Brown wrote stories, neither in content nor in style. Show me a counterfeit Fred Brown story and I'll show you a purple three-dollar bill printed on Kleenex.

The back cover of PARADOX LOST makes note that he had "a faithful coterie of readers". And that "he has them still". I know that's true because I'm one of them, and re-reading his stories is as delightful as having leftovers of Chevas Rigal.

I've read most of these stories before. One was in SCIENCE FICTION CARNIVAL. Three were in SPACE ON MY HANDS. Some of the others were, I believe, anthologized - but I can't lay my mind on any titles. One story in this collection, TEN PERCENTER, is given no acknowledgment and I can't quite place it. A few were dredged out of sources such as PLAYBOY, WEIRD TALES, and DUDE, and encountering them for the first time was almost as enjoyable as hitting drydock after two years at sea in an orange crate.

I'll have to admit that Fred Brown is one of my top favorite writers, in both the science fiction and mystery fields. I can't be very objective about a writer who I felt could do almost no wrong. If I were to be at all critical of this book I would express a little sadness that what is probably his last published work contained not even one of his famous short-short stories, a form in which he was absolute king of the hill. I might also have made a different selection of the short stories here, but if I had I would have missed seeing the ones that I hadn't already read.

Science fiction will probably never see another MARTIANS, GO HOME. I'm pretty certain it will never see another WHAT MAD UNIVERSE. And, beyond doubt, we will never see another Fredric Brown.

---

FANTASTIC PLANET - an animated film distributed by Roger Corman, New World Productions

--- Directed by Rene Laloux; Screenplay by Roland Topor and Rene Laloux

--- Based on the novel by Steven Wul; Graphic Directors Joseph Kabrt and Joseph Vania

Reviewer: Don Ayres 3/19/74

The feature-length animated film has provided the latest entry in the science fiction market and it is in many respects an interesting one, but it is still unsatisfying.

The format employed is the traditional slave escape and subsequent revolt that has served so many authors since the beginnings of human history. Teeva, the daughter of the Drog Prime Minister, is out walking with her father when they find some other children playing with a mother ohm (human) and her baby. The children flee, leaving the dying mother behind and Teeva adopts the baby as a pet, finally naming him Ter; Ter is, indeed, the occasional narrator of the story, although the device is irresponsibly discarded at the end of the film for no particular reason. The Droggs are strange beings who have nothing else to do (apparently) but meditate and meet occasionally to discuss the problem of the plunderings of the wild ohms; they reveal a limited knowledge that the ohms were once masters of the planet (almost certainly Terra), but their own coming to the planet and the inconceivable alterations in the biology of Terra is revealed neither by the giant Droggs nor by their ohm counterparts -- not to mention the author.

Ter learns along with Teeva during her lessons because the earphones, although transmitting directly into Teeva's brain, also are picked up by the yoke Ter is forced to wear; his eventual escape with the learning device to join the wild ohms and lead them to freedom is a foregone conclusion by this point.

The real interest of the film is in the Breugelesque landscapes and creatures which inhabit it. Many of these are fascinatingly conceived, but alas, they collide with one another so as to make any sort of conceivable ecosystem unworkable. These, however, are the highpoints of the film and the theoretically exciting adventure story which accompanies it doesn't come off.

The animation is a bit stilted, but this is to be expected in a film which tries to provide as much movement as FANTASTIC PLANET, and I think the moments of jerkiness can be forgiven. On the other hand, this is essentially a 'dirty' animation; the colors are all seen as though through a grey smoked glass. This is apparently a fault of the film and not of the projectors, but it is a severe one and makes the film seem to go on interminably when, in reality, it is just over seventy minutes in length.

---

DON'T LOOK NOW - a film starring Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie

based on the story by Daphne du Maurier

Reviewer: Don Ayres 4/11/74

Despite its aspirations to be the successor of PSYCHO and ROSEMARY'S BABY, DON'T LOOK NOW fails. In some respects, miserably so; in a few, it is quite good.

The film opens with the drowning of the young daughter of John and Laura. John (Donald Sutherland) spills a fluid on a slide he is examining which makes the red cloak of a figure in the slide begin to lose its color and run. He suddenly rises, pacing restlessly about, but says that there's nothing wrong when Laura (Julie Christie) asks him about it. Suddenly, he rushes outside as his daughter, complete with

red rainslicker, goes down for the third time. There is nothing convincing about the drowning itself and only Sutherland's desperation as he tries to find her (she's staying underwater somehow) lends the slightest credibility to the scene. Laura gets expectedly upset as he brings the corpse back to the house.

Then, without so much as a by-your-leave or title reading: "some months later...", the action switches to Venice for the rest of the picture (save for a couple of scenes in England) where John is involved in the restoration of a church. While dining in a restaurant, they meet two Scottish ladies. The blind (psychic) one tells Laura that she sees their small daughter and that the latter wants them to know she's happy. Laura buys it; in fact, becomes ill. Later, after her release from the hospital, they meet again and she goes to visit the two ladies against John's advice. Laura is told that they should leave Venice at once before something evil happens.

John and Laura move to a different hotel, which gives the director a chance to incorporate some very good sex scenes as filler in a schizophrenic sequence, all of which is an excuse for John and Laura to go out to eat and have difficulty in finding their way back to the hotel as they get lost in Venice's dark and narrow alleys. John suddenly sees a small, childish figure in a red rainslicker who vanishes into the shadows before he can follow it or Laura can see it. He wisely decides not to tell her in light of her recent hospitalization. Laura finally leaves the city when they receive a phone call that their son has been injured, but John later sees her on the Grand Canal with the two sisters. The plot deteriorates from here, although some of the scenes are quite suspenseful.

The story is slightly related to SF in its use of the psi-powers motif, but its presentation is a carping one that lends no real credence to the idea that the blind sister is psychic. The entire possibility is blown when the "psychic" one and her sister take on an entirely different nature as the film progresses. This wouldn't matter too much, save that some sort of validity is necessary to justify the existence of story and film.

The film makes an overabundant use of flashback, flashforward, flashup, flashdown, flasharound, flashetc., and robs itself of a great deal of the potential in its final moments in the process. Sutherland's final scene is one of the better of its type; best in a long time, in fact. What isn't convincing is how he got that way; those seconds of film are shudderingly awkward in execution and, consequently, unconvincing as the drowning scene at the start of the picture.

There are good performances by the two principals; some nice photography of the seedier side of Venice; two good scenes (Sutherland's final minutes on camera and a scaffold scene); and the music is initially effective. On the other hand, there is an awful lot of material that is extraneous, of which only the sex scene managed to come off (but it is still extraneous in the end); too much use of a single technique; the deterioration of the performances of the two sisters to an unbelievable one (oh, two old women would have acted that way after being picked up by police, but dammit, it ruined what little credence the film had given their characters by letting them run the way they did); and, finally and crucially, the film does nothing but discredit the viability of its psi-powers theme, while you have to buy that theme to find anything of logic in the ending.

The title has nothing to do with the film whatsoever, save that it is a good piece of advice for any given scene. Actually, I suppose that the title from a viewing standpoint should probably be DON'T BOTHER LOOKING NOW. If you do decide to see it,



I recommend that you give absolute, undying credence to the idea that the blind woman is psychic, regardless of how outright dumb it may seem at any point in the picture.

THE GINGER STAR - science fantasy novel by Leigh Brackett

#345-23963-6-125-\$1.25 Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

Reviewer: Loren MacGregor

THE GINGER STAR is not relevant, hip, or committed.

It is entertainment. There is no pretension involved; the hero is a character introduced during the 40s, and he hasn't changed a great deal - although the setting of his adventures has been moved from the locale of our own solar system. Eric John Stark is a barbarian - though maybe he's not civilized enough to qualify. His parents, mining engineers on Mercury, died when he was a baby. The natives of Mercury adopted him, and he lived the first few years of his life as an almost-human savage, up to the time his foster parents were killed and he was captured. For another time he was a circus freak, kept in a cage and put on exhibition. Come see N'Chaka, the Wild Boy, half ape, half man.

That lasted until Simon Ashton found him, rescued him, and eventually helped him become a part of human society. Ashton had been a part of the local authority then; over the years he became a high-ranking member of the Ministry of Planetary Affairs. He became Stark's second foster parent, and first friend. Then he disappears on a backwoods planet, and Stark sets out to find him.

Leigh Brackett is years ahead of almost everyone in creating barbaric cultures; the myriad facets of the people on the planet Skaith are well-realized, and Stark's quest across the planet is exciting and enjoyable.

Most sword-and-sorcery stories tend to be somewhat one-dimensional; the hero is strong and brave, and right! -- no matter what he does. But in THE GINGER STAR, Leigh Brackett has provided a rich tapestry of emotions and invention. You won't find many "relevancies" here, but if you're looking for good, solid entertainment, don't miss this.

[Editor's Note: Leigh Brackett has always written tremendously exciting adventure stories, particularly in the sword-and-sorcery genre. This is book #1 in what might be called The New Adventures of Eric John Stark. The second novel THE HOUNDS OF SKAITH is now out from Ballantine, and a third book is in work.]

WHAT DO YOU HEAR FROM WALDEN POND? - humorous book by Jack Douglas

#19950-95¢ (+15¢ by mail) Avon Books, 250 West 55th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

Reviewer: Dave Locke

I've always gotten a kick out of Douglas's writings, and out of his occasional tv appearances on talk shows (with, always, his Japanese wife Reiko; remember him now?). Some of his previous books have been MY BROTHER WAS AN ONLY CHILD, NEVER TRUST A NAKED BUS DRIVER, THE JEWISH-JAPANESE SEX AND COOK BOOK AND HOW TO RAISE WOLVES, and A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME ON MY WAY TO THE GRAVE. Jack doesn't go for the outright guffaws like Erma Bombeck, and he usually avoids the shaggy-dog type of stories unlike Morton Thompson (JOE THE WOUNDED TENNIS PLAYER). Most of his stuff is autobiographical in nature, but embellished in the best fannish traditions. This book is recommended for an entertaining evening of good light reading.

# EGOB00 ROW



Comments regarding the articles in AWRY #7 have been cut, writhing and screaming, from your letters. They are presented here, in edible portions, for the delectation and dissatisfaction of those whose works inspired them.

---

## Comments and reactions to Ed Coxes' DRINKIN' THRU THE RYE

---

MIKE SHOEMAKER: "I don't have much to say about the columns this time as they all seemed a bit below par. I liked EdCo's the best, with its few specks of humor like the bit about IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET or THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS." JODIE OFFUTT: "I quite agree with Ed Cox about Kohoutek. I felt so awed by the thing, a true sense of wonder at its being there, that I went outside every night and looked. Waiting for it. Then, when it would (or so we thought) have been there, there was a damned cloud cover. I felt so damned frustrated and dejected. But that's all right, Ed, we'll catch it next time around. ... I've noticed all the same things about the commercials that Ed has (except I watch during baseball games, not football). The radio is even worse. ... Is morning stiffness anything like morning sickness?"

000 No need to wait for EdCo to reply on this. The answer to your question is: no.000

ERIC LINDSAY: "EdCo's arguments about sf being about to increase do not seem all that likely to me. I keep wondering if sf isn't due to increase because it is (apart from the literary magazines and a very few other sources) the only place where people can read short stories these days - about half of the ones I read in sf anthologies are not sf, but it is hard to imagine where they would be published otherwise. ... I wonder if Ed Cox sees worse commercials on U.S. tv than we see here in Australia; somehow I doubt it." LOREN MACGREGOR: "Ed Cox reminds me of the time I was watching DR. STRANGELOVE on television; I was becoming more and more interested in the show, and started to laugh uproariously when George C. Scott took a submachine gun and assassinated the Coke machine. Just then there was a break for a commercial, for Popsi. I cannot believe that was an accident. ... And, to tie everything together, did anyone ever see the Stan Freeberg commercial with Ray Bradbury? Uh, I mean the commercial for prunes by Ray Bradbury? What I'm really trying to say is, the commercial starring Stan Freeberg's barber with Ray Bradbury." DARRELL SCHWEITZER: "Ed Cox has to realise that even if Kohoutek was a dud, there will be lots of other things which can allow modern-day shamans to make a buck. Remember, there is always somebody

ignorant enough to believe in anything. This is a land of equal ignorance for all. They teach it in the public schools. 000 ? 000 Anyway, the point is that the comet was just another thing for occultist types to latch onto. Remember a few years ago when an asteroid came close to the earth? Well this was no asteroid, we were told in cheap tabloid papers. It was really a spaceship and the aliens were big and hairy and were known in Northern California as "Bigfoot" critters. Dissenting factions suggested that no, it was only an asteroid after all, and it was about to collide with Earth, which meant the end of mankind. That at least was a safe, conventional prediction that didn't really upset anybody. ... The latest fad is pyramids. Have you seen these yet? There was an article in one of the underground mags I write for, and it explained how "scientific" experiments were being done to take advantage of the shape of the pyramid. It seems that if you build a cardboard pyramid in the exact proportions of the pyramid of Cheops somebody claims that a razor blade so kept was good for 200 shaves. People who sit in such pyramids feel rejuvenated. Yet at the same time the article told how animals which wander into the Great Pyramid (through the service entrance, presumably) are "mummified" instantly. The editor of this paper (it's called THE DRUMMER) suggested that I do something for him on the subject, and I suggested we do our own experiment. Make a pyramid and put a piece of fruit inside and watch it rot. However, the kind of people who believe in this sort of thing will not be dissuaded by mere proof." 000 Nonsense, Darrell. The pyramids are fantastically exciting. I built a pyramid and stuffed a small, stray dog inside of it. The dog became mummified after about only four or five years. After I threw the dog out I place a leftover MacDonald's Quarter-Pounder (without cheese) inside the pyramid. A week later I removed it and discovered that it didn't taste any worse than it had at the original point of purchase. The razor blade experiment didn't work too well, though. It was easy enough to place the razor blade inside the pyramid, but tremendously difficult to get inside to shave with it. After various and fruitless attempts I got to removing the razor blade whenever I wanted to shave with it, but after about thirty or forty such shaves I discovered that the pyramid provided a sharper shave than the blade did. ... Edmund Scientific is selling these pyramids, with a copywriting job you wouldn't believe. They say they are experimenting with them, and thought it would be nice if their customers could experiment right along with them, and maybe compare notes or something. Terrific. 000 MIKE GORRA: "EdCo's column was read in a bus station. I enjoyed it, but no comments." 000 EdCo wants to know which bus station, and why you enjoyed a bus station. 000 DAVID SINGER: "As long as EdCo mentions advertisements, do you remember Exxon's ads about two years ago for their gasoline with HTA -- to combat "hesitation". The way I understood it, the only time you noticed hesitation was when you tried a jackrabbit start. Now, they tell us that jackrabbit starts are bad. Anyone for a little hesitation? Perhaps a little hesitation in reporting profits, say \$400 million's worth?" JAY KINNEY: "Ed Cox amiably took up space and got me to read his column through to the end waiting to find out the "point" of it all. Only there wasn't one. Quite clever Ed!" DON D'AMMASSA: "EdCo's article reminded me of one of my favorite (true) stories. While we were out in Oklahoma, doing the Army thing, we watched a great deal of TV. What else do you do in Lawton, Oklahoma? There seemed, however, to be a bit of an uproar. One of the local gas-hog hawkers was doing live TV commercials. He'd hire a couple of people in his showroom to pretend to buy one of his cars, and then turn his benevolent gaze on the camera and utter his punchline: "There goes another happy couple". Well, Lawton is almost the South; and this particular entrepreneur decided that he should prove to the viewing public that he was unprejudiced. So one day his selected couple were rather black. With an immense smile and bonhomie ad nauseam he pointed out all of the wonderful aspects of his Wares, and finally made the sale (at least on camera). The token couple smiled back and stepped off camera as our hero turned and spoke those golden words, "Well, folks, there goes a couple of happy N-----s". BRUCE D. ARTHURS: "I don't

think Cox need worry about sf having a sudden spurt in popularity because of the recent comet bruhaha. After all, the last big comet was in 1910, but sf didn't get going until 1926 or so." ROBERT BLOCH: "Ed Cox is right about those g.d. prune commercials - the epitome of smart-ass, a trend peculiarly prevalent in advertising today. With commercials like this, the product itself is unnecessary: three seconds of listening sends me running to the john. Besides, it was Pinky Lee who was the Funny Fruit, not prunes."

---

Comments and reactions to Dean Grennell's I.M.H.O.

---

ROBERT BLOCH: "I acknowledge my debt to all and sundry (personal loans - easy terms) for another exceptional issue of AWRY. Any issue with Dean Grennell in it I take exception to." BRUCE D. ARTHURS: "Re Dean Grennell's mention of cheese-making: one of the odd bits of information floating around in my head is the knowledge that rennet, the stuff which curdles the milk into cheese, is made from the stomach lining of the fourth stomach of a cow. When one thinks about it, you realize that by the time the cow's cud has gotten as far as the fourth stomach, it's almost ready to exit again. All this seems to make cheese look just a little less delectable in some people's eyes. It's better than kangaroo tail soup, though. Ned Brooks is the one who told me about kangaroo tail soup. Saturday, after having lunch, he, me, George Beahm, and Dave Ortman stopped off in a foreign imports store, which happened to have a nicely stocked section of foreign foods. Spying kangaroo tail soup on sale, and having always wanted to try some, I bought two cans. Out in the car, though, Ned shattered my illusions: if you look at a kangaroo, you'll notice that its tail drags on the ground behind it. So, whenever the animal has a bowel movement, the tail drags right over it. He said this lends the final result of kangaroo tail soup a -- distinctive -- air... I haven't opened either can yet, and I'm a bit afraid to, now. Those Australians'll eat anything, it seems." DON D'AMASSA: "Dean Grennell, like Ed Cox, sparked a recollection. I used to work with a young lady named Nancy Stratton. Nancy was a very nice person, though not too bright. One afternoon she happened to be wandering through a parking lot and noticed an extremely pregnant woman sitting in a station wagon, laughing uncontrollably. Nancy, suspecting hysteria, approached and inquired as to whether or not she could render aid. The woman managed to get hold of herself and explained. She was on the way to her obstetrician for a routine checkup, and she had been instructed to bring a urine sample with her. After a futile search for a small container, the woman had at last found an empty whiskey nip. Nips, for those who may be in the dark, are little half-pint bottles. The woman washed it and filled it to order. En route, she stopped at the supermarket for an item or two, leaving the nip on the dashboard of her car. And when she returned, it was no longer there. Someone had stolen it! Drink hearty, mate. ... The word Dean is looking for is, I believe, "deplaning"." JAY KINNEY: "Dean was once again fluent and stunning in a low-key manner." DON AYRES: "Grennell is cruel and inhuman, doing that to his gin bottle. Why am I saying that? I don't drink the stuff. Better not tell the temperance unions though; no doubt they'll come up with big headlines about liquor causing another man's downfall." DAVID SINGER: "My limitations as a letterwriter are hitting me. I find that I can't respond to a piece of humorous writing, except with an "I liked that -- how about more?". So, a hearty "I liked that -- how about more?" to Dean Grennell." MIKE GORRA: Dean's column was, I think, even better than his one in the previous issue. I really dug it. I mean REALLY dug it. And let Dean keep up with his poetry. I enjoy it." 000 What poetry? 000 ERIC MAYER: "I enjoyed Dean Grennell's column. I'm sure I had some marvelous comment, but remember that I'm suffering from the delayed LoC syndrome." JODIE OFFUTT: "Dean Grennell is in his usual good form. Delmington Willowware sounds

like a high-class plastic dishwasher-proof set of dishes. Why is it so hard to be rude to people who can only understand bluntness?" MIKE GLICKSOHN: "Speaking of substitutions of the finer things of life by far inferior fluids, I must admit that I'm tempted to view Dean Grennell's story as apocryphal. (I'm almost tempted to say "apocryphal AWRY" but that would be okay if Ed Cox had written the story, so I'm barley able to resist the urge as far as Dean is concerned. It should scotch any rumors that I lack restraint, if nothing else.) I just don't see Dean lacking the straightforwardness necessary to kicking such clowns out in a far less devious manner. And the incident that led to their exodus seemed innocent enough, unless Dean had already filtered the water through his kidneys, which would make for a gin the color of which beggars belief. ... Dean has here what might be called a good column, but not a great column. More informative than purely entertaining, as was his last outing, which prompted me to fill out a recent Egoboo Poll ballot I received with I.M.H.O. listed five times under the heading for best column. All that stuff about cheese and drinking guests and poetry was whey off Beam by at least a meter."

MIKE SHOEMAKER: "Because Grennell's column was well-written I was able to get through it painlessly, but that is all it has to recommend it. Which I don't."

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: "I don't know how much Dean Grennell is pulling our legs, but I might suggest that unwelcome fannish guests can be disposed of with the same two magic words that dispose of other sorts of hangers on: "Get out". There's nothing special about fans that make them deserving of special treatment. Fans can be obnoxious, petty, ungrateful, like anyone else. They are not slans, you know. And at times being rude and roughly bouncing someone is the appropriate thing to do. No not worry about offending someone who is exploiting you. He deserves it." DAVE PIPER: "The Grennell stuff. Yes. I'm in total agreement with Ed about DAG's material. Lovely. ... Grennell is fine, It just ain't fair, The only consolation for me is, At his age he probably ain't got no 'air." 000 Uh, sorry about that, Dave. Dean still has all the original equipment. 000 MARTY HELGESEN: "Grennell shouldn't stop writing doggerel. As someone once pointed out, doggerel is man's best frienderel. ... DAG's account of replacing the rightful contents of a gin bottle with tap water reminds me of something I read awhile back, probably in H. Allen Smith's COMPLEAT PRACTICAL JOKER. Someone, while in high school, used to hide beer in the boy's room to help him make it through the day. The janitor discovered the cache and started helping himself. Our hero responded by emptying a bottle earlier in the day than was his wont, and, with the aid of a fellow student, refilling it with another amber fluid. The janitor noticed the difference in flavor and dragged the culprits before the principal. The lads assured him that the bottle did not contain beer. He took a swig to check their story, spewed it out and ordered them to leave his office and never breathe a word of the incident.

Flint is fine,  
But as a rule,  
The sparks it gives,  
Are too soon cool.

Fuel is fine.  
It's made to burn.  
But it costs more,  
Than I can earn.

DENIS QUANE: "Dean Grennell's column was, as usual, good fun -- or at least most of it was -- that last quatrain was going a bit too far I think." ERIC LINDSAY: "I enjoyed Dean Grennell's piece; altho comments don't come to me at all on that."

#### Comments and reactions to Tina Hensel's WRYBALD TALES OF DWARF DANCING

DON MARKSTEIN: I think the idea of accepting memberships to a con only by mail and with a deadline three months before has merit; however, there's another objection that you Haven't mentioned; or that Tina Hensel didn't mention. Namely, no power on Earth seems able to make fans register for cons any reasonable amount of time before

The last man on Earth sat alone in a supermarket. There was a knockwurst at the door.

---

the event. You say that the deadline would give three months to recruit walk-ins if not enough money was collected beforehand. I say that enough money couldn't possibly be collected beforehand, and that after the first such event, people would come to count on the recruitment of walk-ins and show up at the last minute, same as always. If by any way people could be given the habit of registering three months early, it would be awfully nice -- one advantage not mentioned is that the local jackasses could be kept from dropping by to guffaw at all the weirdos that read science fiction. I think the ultimate solution to the problem is to make it fashionable to register early. I have no idea how this could be accomplished, but if a low membership number became a status symbol, people would damn well register early to get one. My DisCon number is 221. What's yours?" (000 Mine is 0; I didn't go. Somehow I doubt that people would book passage to a con if there were a reasonable probability they wouldn't get in once they arrived. Some local fans might try to get a last minute membership, but more likely most of them would be working with the con and would be aware that a late registration would be refused. I like the idea, myself. The con committee could buy a small block of memberships to accomodate any last minute VIPs, perhaps, similar to hotels always holding a room or two so they don't have to turn away a visiting dignitary who might turn up. If I were in charge of a convention, I wouldn't be opposed to establishing a precedent of this nature - my con might be small because of it, but if the same idea were used at the following convention then people would learn that they had to register by the deadline or not get in at all. They would have to, and that's the whole key to the matter. (000 DENIS QUANE: "Good column from Tina Hensel. I'm not sure whether I believe all the strange animals she has been recounting us with (and the even stranger faneditors) but it reads well. Her proposal for running a con is interesting, but it'll never work. (000 Denis says the same thing that Dan Markstein just did. Fans would not meet the deadline that the plan calls for. That may be true the first time, resulting in a small convention, but it would sure as hell work the second time and thereafter. I think the real problem is that nobody has guts enough to try it the first time. (000 MURRAY MOORE: "Most of the advantages of this plan are felt by the committee rather than the fans. I can see that the bigger the expected attendance the more favorably this kind of thing would be thought of and I suppose WorldCon bidders would like the idea the most. I wonder what such a committee would do in 1979 when they had four thousand people inside and one thousand outside expecting to get in. If you want to keep attendance down there are moves you can make such as giving out little or no publicity or trying to keep the news about the con quiet so that only trufans will know about it. (000 I'm beginning to think this is Chuck Crayne's strategy with the 1975 NASFIC; it may turn out to be no bigger than a room party. (000 You could hold your con in a less accessible or less attractive place, or on the same weekend as another convention and make people choose. Maybe I've missed something but Tina seems quite serious about this. The harm that a con run on this basis would cause would more than outweigh the little benefit it would give to the handful of people who are running the con. I doubt that I personally would be interested in attending a con where the committee seemed more interested in running the con for their benefit than for the attendees'. (000 I don't know, Murray -- I don't see it that way. Forcing people to register earlier than the last minute would, in a small way, seem an inconvenience to some attendees -- naturally it would, when presently they can register at any time before or even during the convention. Overall, however, I see it as a benefit to everybody. No more bitching about convention money management, because the funds would be down pat far enough in advance for the committee to sink it all into convention activities for the attendees to enjoy. This is as opposed to the present system, where the committee doesn't know how much money it is going to pull in and consequently hedges con activities in an effort to avoid taking a loss. I can foresee the plan resulting in everyone getting their money's worth out of a con, and it would



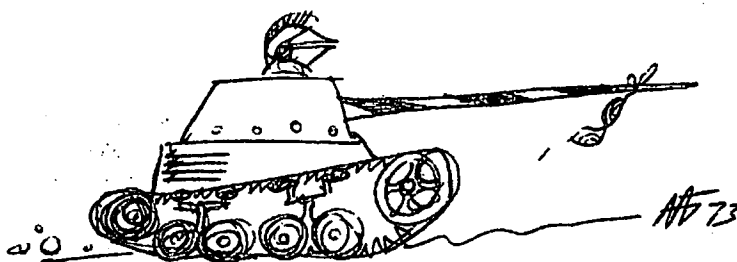
40 The last man on Earth sat alone in a prize-fighting ring. He was knocked out.

---

even allow membership rates to be reduced safely. Remember, with a convention you just can't afford to spend more than you know you'll take in, and presently there is no crystal ball which allows the concom to know their financial standing with regard to total income. Unless they know, you're not getting your money's worth (conventions are now turning profits, and that's your money, sweetheart). So let's put it in this frame: If fans can put up with having to register early, more money can be placed into convention activities for them, and we will also end the problem of having excess convention problems to deal with. Sometimes if you give a little, you get a little. 000 KEN OZANNE: "AAAARGH! Tina. Would you deny me even the dream of attending a US worldcon? I can at least purchase a supporting membership and pretend I'm going to convert as things stand. Moreover, I like getting progress reports, con books, and like that. If supporting membership does not cover costs, why not raise it till it does? Of course this applies to worldcons only and you were talking about Westercon. But the point remains - removing supporting membership can make the isolated fan more isolated, which can't be good." 000 I see nothing wrong with supporting memberships purchased so that publications can be obtained, provided they are not convertible into attending memberships at the door. They should be converted by the deadline, and no later. Surely if you were coming up from Australia, you would know about it at least three months prior to the convention. Ken. 000 MIKE SHOEMAKER: "Tina Hensel's bit about her cat was pathetic. Besides being unable to figure who would give a damn about this trivial piece of dull mundania (and if it were up to me I'd probably throw the cat in the river), I cringe at the contrived humor of her exaggerations." 000 Mike, there's something about your last couple of letters which has led me to suspect that maybe you're not too fond of animals... 000 MIKE GLICKSOHN: My lukewarm feeling towards cats is well known, but if there's even the slightest smidgeon of truth in the first part of Tina's column, it's a very good summary of why I find felines frankly un fascinating. People tolerate things from cats that would get mere people hung, drawn, and quartered. ... TORCON figured that its supporting membership rate would cover the cost of sending (and printing) the various promo material that a supporting member got. And that was to be true even at the \$3 rate. But there are definite advantages to Tina's idea. When we first won TORCON, Richard Labonte and I wanted to cut registration off at six hundred eighty seven, but the rest of the committee wouldn't go along with the idea. You heard about the debacle that resulted? Genius is never appreciated in its own time." 000 I dunno, Mike, cutting off registration after a fixed number of memberships seems pretty shakey to me. Fans aren't going to know where they stand ("how many have they got so far"), and they'd have to register too damn early to be assured of getting a membership (everybody would feel this way, and likely the entire quota would be taken eleven months - or twenty-three months - before the convention). I like the idea of setting a date, a deadline for membership. Everyone would know where they stand, and could join right up to the last minute (it's just that the "last minute" would be a deadline maybe two or three months prior to the convention). 000 JODIE OFFUTT: "Having little or no interest in cats or running conventions, I have no comment on Tina Hensel's column. (I wouldn't play one of those encounter games for anything, though!)" ERIC MAYER: "Tina Hensel was amusing, too." 000 Yes, isn't she. 000 MIKE GORRA: "I hate cats. Fred did nothing to sway my opinion, either. ... THE UNGAME sounds like great fun. Where'd you get it? I'd like to have it to play, even though I'm not much for games. Be great for parties, except that I'm resolved to not have any more parties unless I can keep them small. Which is hard to do when everybody knows you and knows you have a swimming pool." 000 Yes, I've heard about your parties. ... THE UNGAME is available from Au-Vid Inc., P.O. Box 964, Garden Grove, CA 92642. I forget what it costs, but it isn't much. 000 DAVID SINGER: "And a hearty "I liked that -- how about more?" to Tina Hensel, too." 000 I always dig Tina's columns. Hopefully she'll be back with the next issue. 000

Comments and reactions to the artwork

PAUL ANDERSON: "I like the idea of Jackie Franke being the staff artist as I enjoyed meeting her last year at the Coulson's backwoods hideaway in Indiana. The artwork that Buck showed me was good and if she can match that you may be on a winner for the zine. 000 With the work we put into THE REALLY INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER, there unfortunately wasn't enough time to get more of Jackie's artwork into this issue. We'll rectify that problem next time." 000 BARRY GILLAM: "The best artwork in #7 is Jay Kinney's cover, in which he takes apart Eustace Tilly. This is the perfect AWRY cover: a portrait of fractured sophistication, with a flinty old moon keeping an eye on the proceedings. ... I was watching THE WID again the other week and I noticed that Lillian Gish tacked that NEW YORKER cover on her wall. Since Eustace still appears each February, it seems odd to catch him in a 1928 western as a relic of eastern civility." MARTY HEIGENSEN: "I liked the illo for SPACE: THE FINAL ARGUMENT. Liked the title, too. The discussion of a staff artist puzzles me. I thought a staff artist painted totem poles. Or is a totem pole a Warsaw porter?" LOREN MACGREGOR: "I wonder what all these people who are analyzing Bill Rotsler's style of late would think if they saw one of his dragons or naked ladies from the 40s and 50s, drawings that don't seem anything like something our Bill Rotsler would draw. ... Jay Kinney was great all the way through, of course. Really nice cover, but I get nervous every time I see Nixon eyeing me from the moon. ... I'm ashamed of you for printing that obscene cartoon on page 43; please cancel my subscription. If you can't show everything, don't tantalize us with vagueness. ... I thought Grant Canfield's turtle was fantastic; I was going to comment more extensively but I just looked again and the only thing left on the page was his tail. ... Alexis Gilliland does more with heads and faces and a line or two than anyone else in the universe. ... Jackie Franke is terrific, especially on pages 6 and 19, though I wish the Xerox hadn't faded out the back of Dean's head -- or was that the way it was supposed to be? ... It strikes me on looking at Tim's drawings closely that he might be a perfect person to work on POGO. That's a weird thought and I don't really know where it came from." ERIC MAYER: "I liked especially Jackie Franke's illos for pages 6 and 29." MIKE GORRA: "I dug Kinney's cover but I don't understand it. I wonder if he does?" 000 I don't know, but if he doesn't he can refer to Barry Gillam's explanation above. 000 BRUCE D. ARTHURS: "I can't make up my mind about Jay Kinney. Sometimes I like his style, but other times I actively dislike it. His cover is one I can't make up my mind about, either. It's not bad, but -- I dunno, just don't seem to strike me as awry enough or sumthin." 000 Oh, I dunno, any cover where the drawing was cut into pieces and then glued back together in the wrong order is at least a little bit awry. Isn't it? 000



# THROUGH A BUNGHOLE,

## DARKLY

For years I have been waging my lonely battle against semi-mandatory attendance at every damned social affair my wife considers important. No matter where we were living, if an invitation thumped into our mailbox and she adjudged it important, she expected me to throw down everything and escort her to a variety of functions the purposes of which were so obscure as to be literally non-existent. I've nodded through dedications, commemorations, deifications, vilifications, demolitions, and one lonely emasculation; there were promotions to be lauded, disappointments, demotions, ribbon-cuttings and grand openings, spread among the uncountable affairs whose only conceivable impetus must have been something having to do with resurrection, insurrection, defection, detection, or possibly even erection; saintings, paintings, namings and defamings, and for all I know an affair to celebrate the breeding of somebody's bird dog. Naturally I, after a reasonable number of indescribably boring experiences, began to protest. What I did, was throw a good-ol', nasty-talking fit. It didn't help much, and as a result I began taking out my anger on the mailbox. I've ripped it from the post so many times it is beginning to look like Teddy Roosevelt's mess kit. It didn't help. The invitations kept coming.

It isn't that I detest social gatherings. I'm a most willing party-goer. Something as uncomplicated as a few drinks and a lot of engrossing conversation is enough to make me get dressed 10 minutes before it is time to go. Informal gatherings are nice, whatever the reason for their being held, but increase in value, to me, as their reason evaporates in a fuzz of "heck, I dunno what this party's for, Ed, it just seemed like a good idea" statements.

But even drinks and bullshooting affairs can be ruined, often before the party begins. Consider a typical invitation, which signifies that the party will probably be a total loss:

"Dear Mr. & Mrs. Cagle (name scrawled in):

Your presence is requested at the hom of Mr. & Mrs.  
(scrawl) Fooky Teawhipper, on Monday, October 32nd, at 8 p.m.,  
for (scrawl) fun 'n' games! (Hey, Ed, you remember I drink Black  
Label Jackie D, don't you, you old bastard! Signed, Fook.)"

I don't care if Fook is the county commissioner for our district, the bastard never bought anything better than Bourbon Supreme in his life! And inevitably my wife will consider it an opportunity, and demand that I buy a bottle of booze to take along. And I don't drink bourbon.

School is another rich source of unwanted invitations, whether formal, or bleary ditto sheets sent home in the grubby hands of students. We have three boys, all 2 years apart in age, and the result is 3 times as many trips as the fortunate parents of an only child. It's the only reason I've ever wished they were triplets. Then we would be required to attend but one day or night of football and basketball games, track meets, playdays, proms and musicals on May Day (a potentially fun

## Article By ED CAGLE



thing, if the little kids screw up winding the may-pole), homecomings, receptions, open houses, class plays, and special open board meetings. Parent-teacher conferences are an exception, but even our boys admit they would just as soon avoid most of the official school activities. (On occasion middle son Eric isn't too fond of parent-teacher conferences, either.) It never fails that parents of children who are of different ages, such as Old Bird and I, are faced with the wholly mind-stunting prospect of going to school functions three nights running, one for each boy, at which we spend a grand total of 25 minutes time at all three functions combined. When I inquired why the things couldn't all be done in one evening, I was told that giving each class a night of its own gave them a sense of identification. (I asked our 10 year old, Alex, how he felt about having a special night for his class programs, and he said: "I wish we didn't have any night". I then asked if he'd rather have all programs on one night. I think he repeated his first answer.)

Watching your children do their thing is okay, if they want to or not, and it may teach them some inestimably psychological something through experience that will help them in life, but for my part I'm only weary. I've worn out three suits in 11 years putting them on and taking them off to go to school programs. (But I refused to buy one last time, and attended as is, and that has relieved my burden somewhat.) But the misery I endure for the kids is something I tolerate for the good moments, and not my main gripe.

Adult-invented occasions know no equal in terms of boredom-potential. Supposedly mature human beings decide to celebrate things that only a damned fool would consider worth more than a casual epithet by way of notation. An example (which was before my time as a parent and adult, but nonetheless illustrative of the quirk) is when the city of Leon, pop. 500, held a ceremony to dedicate the new sewer system! What does one say in tribute to a sewer system? Ladies and gentlemen we are now defecating into a common pipe? Does that signify eternal brotherhood is on the horizon, and that it is truly an event to gather and celebrate? Who dreams up these things? They are rarely that blatantly absurd, but sometimes a seemingly worthy occasion can be even worse.

It never ends. I realized that fact several years ago, and since have devised schemes to avoid attending such events. At first I sought to deaden my senses with booze, but unless you get really snookered before going, you tend to either get thirsty as hell during the affair, or have a tendency to fall asleep. With some people there is even a tendency, when pleasantly invaded by boredom-killer, to say things that sensitive people regard as insults. My wife is sensitive. One incident caused me to quit taking a snort before going to something I didn't want to go to, at her demand. It was an open school board meeting, on a hot night, sitting on

steel folding chairs. At least 40 people in the assemblage, if my nose did not deceive me, had eaten beans or cabbage, or both, for their evening meal, and only a few had taken a bath in weeks. Ripe. In my misery, as sometimes happens in moments of extreme agony, inspiration bloomed. The chairman arose, opened the meeting, and called for motions from the floor. In a flash I was on my feet, being recognized by the chair. Then I sincerely made a motion that the meeting be adjourned. (I had read the ploy only a few days before, so it was not a stroke of genius for me.) My wife struck me with her purse. I have often wondered if the audience was laughing at that, or at what I had said.

But most efforts to avoid dreary affairs are only partially successful, and the tribulations demand that any right-thinking soul seek occasional relief in the form of other, more pleasant activities. The problem is that wives take a dim view of activities which have no constructive purpose. My wife has occasions when she goes alone, so it isn't a feeling of being left out on her part. She just doesn't want me to do things that are for fun and nothing else.

Fishing trips literally infuriate my wife. I'll never know what she sees wrong in a few hard-pressed husbands going off somewhere alone for a few days. She thinks we get drunk and cook strange things, she says, but from her tone of voice I gather she suspects us of making every bar in 80 miles and consorting with low female types. I have often given silent thanks to her for her many unspoken, but excellent ideas. This has resulted in a few occasions when we had to take the entire family group along.

I'll wager that if General Sherman had ever gone on a week-long fishing trip with four families and 14 kids he would be remembered, not for his famous line "War is hell!", but for something like: "Alright, which one of you little bastards crapped on the path?" Or maybe he would have said: "No, dear, I keep telling you - chicken liver is fishbait, and doesn't go in the scrambled eggs!"

I must admit, however, that there have been rare occasions when my wife's objections to my fishing trips were justified. The night old pal Pete and I went fishing on a nearby river, and became slightly inebriated, was one instance. But it was honest fun, and I see no reason why she became so damned upset because we didn't stay at the river all night. We had to go to town to get ice, naturally, and when asked by friends to go to their home to play a game of pool, you don't snub them - you go. And you graciously accept their hospitality when offered. Whether or not it was right to dress Pete up as a floozy when he got totally bombed is questionable, as is setting him out on the main intersection in his resplendant finery, but, as I say, it was innocent fun. We were only letting off steam.

Ex-neighbor George caused me the most trouble, though. His wife hated me for six months afterward, but it was his fault. He knew better than to bet me a drink I couldn't drive my car on the railroad tracks. It wasn't his idea that we go 18 miles, get off in downtown Leon, turn around and drive back to our starting point, but he started it. The bastard even hunkered down in the back seat while I was roundhousing on the main drag. Such lack of confidence. Such injustice to have his wife Shirley criticize me, rather than giving him all the flack.

Perhaps Shirley had some justification, though, for she probably remembered an incident that happened shortly before, and was still mildly angry at me. George and I were having a few on a blistering hot day at his place, and Shirley demanded we erect her clothesline poles. After due deliberation we sallied forth and with incredible

efficiency completed the task and rushed back inside to the booze and air-conditioner. We were discussing profound things some time later when from outside came mild profanity. Lo and behold, the clothesline full of clean clothes was resting on the ground. We rushed right out and corrected a minor construction error.

Shortly afterward, that same day, Shirley, a strawberry-raiser of some note, demanded we put up an electronic scarecrow (amplifier emits timed gunshot sounds) to frighten the birdies from her strawberry plot. To be nice to her (and to make amends for her dirty washing), we stumbled out and set up the electric bird-terrifier. It refused to utter a peep. Never at a loss, we set about constructing an alternate wildfowl trauma-inducer -- an old-fashioned one -- complete with overalls, flannel shirt and wide-brimmed hat. We erected him in the strawberries, facing away from Shirley, but facing a nearby highway, a moderately busy thoroughfare.

Scoff she did. But George calmly pointed out to her the complete absence of Yellowbreasted Strawberry Peckers, which mollified her. We retired to the cool of the house. Shortly a car drove in, which George identified as one of his in-laws, a female, very dignified, which prompted us to remain seated rather than trudging out into the hot sun to welcome her.

Momentarily Shirley burst into the house, shouting bad things at us. The repeatable gist of her accusation was: "Mom said the damned scarecrow is hung like a mule, and very erect, you \*\*\*\*\*!" She then raced outside.

We watched from the window as she advanced to a point and peered hesitantly around the scarecrow, affirmed the allegation, then rather angrily grabbed a nearby weeding hoe and, at the exact moment a car drove slowly by on the highway, did proceed to totally emasculate our newly-made friend, Mr. Scarecrow. It was: "Take that, you \*\*\*\*\*!" Oh yes, quite competently done.

George made this worse afterward by telling everyone to ask Shirley who the man was helping her pick strawberries that day.

The point, I guess, is that we poor husbands are the victim of societal burdens that are downright unbearable. A portion is the result of women's unfounded suspicions, but the majority of our woes begin with all those wretched invitations that force us to suffer, and resultantly to behave in a way that is our only hope for retaining our sanity. If wives didn't insist that we go to all those functions, we might sit around peacefully at home and never cause trouble.

I'm not certain who's to blame.





# WORDSMITHING

MIKE GLICKSOHN

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

There's an old joke about a rich Jewish kid who buys a big yacht and impresses lots of people who all call him Captain except when his mother comes aboard she calls him Sonnyboy, or something equally ego-pricking, and when he complains she says something like: "Sonnyboy, maybe to those sailors you're a Captain, and maybe to your old mother you're a Captain, but to a Captain, you're not a Captain." (Remind me not to try and tell any jokes in my Australia speech, okay?) The point is, to Don Ayres you might have beautiful reproduction, but...

000 Yes, mother. 000

I'm really quite surprised that a fan I've come to respect for his insight and quickness of mind should have to ask a question like "what do I do with a dog biscuit mounted on a piece of plastic?" Your idea of the plasticized dog was pretty good for the spur of the moment, but obviously what one does is to place it in a symmetrical and eye-pleasing pattern with one's doughnut mounted on a piece of plastic. I thought that would be obvious to anyone with a sense of layout. All the best fans are doing it...

000 I thought of that but, like you said, it was too obvious. Besides, I didn't want anyone to think that I was endorsing sex when, in the previous issue, I had come on so strong about cloning. 000

The story of the grape juice was fascinating. I couldn't quite tell how you viewed the incident. There's a good case to be made for a philosophy something along the lines of "rarity is in the mind of the beholder". If Nick and his wife got some sort of sense of occasion from the grape juice, maybe the laugh is on those who pulled the trick in the first place. Excuse me while I sip from this glass of Lake Erie '72...

000 That wasn't a bad year. I understand, though, that they overproduced the crop and consequently that forced the price too low (not to mention the waterline). 000

LOREN MACGREGOR

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

After the story about the sign -- you remember, the one you'd think was hilarious -- had run its course, a local artist drew up a poster that said "Who says the lights are out in Seattle?" It showed a cave man with a candle in his hand.

Honest to God, Dave, you'd really love that story.

000 I have a friend in Seattle who is going to talk to you about that story. He might not be contacting you today, or tomorrow, but rest assured that he will be getting around to see you. I have given him your name, your address, place of employment, a photograph, and a corkscrew. I hope that story of yours is as good as you say it is, because my friend doesn't have much of a sense of humor. 000



Anent your comments on my comments on your comments about why I thought cigarette ads were bothersome, I'll throw in a few things that would undoubtedly get the Surgeon General very upset; I've worked in the hospital for the last four years as a respiratory therapist, treating people who have lung problems, and I don't see any correlation at all between people who smoke heavily and people who have trouble breathing -- unless there is something else complicating their condition. Like, for example, if someone's an alcoholic and smokes four packs a day, he's a helluva lot more apt to get pneumonia than someone who doesn't drink or smoke.

But smoking as a rule is no more harmful than drinking as a rule. I had one patient who smoked upwards of four ppd and had done so for 50 years; he was in his 80s. He had perfect lungs -- he'd come into the hospital because he'd broken his leg slipping on some ice. At the same time, I had a 42-year-old woman who'd never smoked in her life and her lungs were rotten.

Go ahead and smoke. Tell 'em I said it was all right, as long as it's not in my house.

I just checked my several dictionaries and you're right, morals and ethics are synonyms of each other, but I disagree; I've always used morals (or "morality") as a word limited to customs within a culture, and ethics as being a code that is binding to all cultures. It's easier for me to work with that way. A moral decision is something your culture condones, and an ethical decision is something all rational beings accept as correct. I realize that I'm probably going to be tarred and feathered for that.

000 Regardless of any real or imagined differences between the two words, they both concern themselves with propriety of conduct and this is the reason people tend to interpret them differently. Personally, I don't believe that usage follows any of

the dictionary definitions. I believe that most people relate "ethics" to societal conduct and fair play ("he is not ethical") and "morals" to a religious judgement ("he has no morals", "he is an immoral person"). Which is the way I believe Buck Coulson looks at it; he's the one who started this business two issues ago. I said then that I didn't see much difference between the two words, other than the one having sprung from a religious base. If you think about it, that statement surely confirms the difference rather than arguing with it. But, as ethics and morals overlap more often than they diverge, using the two interchangeably should seldom cause any serious misinterpretation. 000

DENIS QUANE

COMMERCE, TEXAS

I tend to agree with you about the fanzine Hugo question. I'm afraid that if there is any new rule it will be drawn in such a way as to make some specific zine, say ALGOL or LOCUS ineligible, and will turn out to be a bad rule. I think the World-con Committee did the right thing this year in ruling that ALGOL and THE ALIEN CRITIC were eligible. I didn't vote for them, but for reasons other than that they are "professional". If ALGOL goes into a wholesale paying of contributors this year, then it should be ineligible in the future, but from what I've heard so far, only Dick Lupoff's column involved payment. If he has been paying other contributors, no one has produced evidence for it that I've seen. And for those who say that the mere tinge of payment destroys amateur standing - I thought it was only Avery Brundage who thought that amateurism was something akin to virginity. Granted we need better definitions, but those fans who are after Andy Porter's scalp are not likely to write good ones.

Does writing about pros, or including (unpaid or free reprinted) writing by pros make a fanzine a "professional fan publication"? I say no. One of the reasons fanzines were started was to provide a place for the discussion of professional science fiction, and if the pros join in, it's all to the better -- so long as they do it on the same basis as any other fan -- for free.

I have no objection to your hard methods of requiring response from the readership -- in fact you are probably the one who got me involved fully in fandom -- I would have been quite happy subscribing to various zines if I hadn't found one that wouldn't let me get it that way. Now look what you caused -- aren't you sorry!

000 No, not at all. In fact, now I'll never again listen to anyone who complains about my policy. ... I can recall your first letter of comment to AWRY, wherein you stated that you liked it in spite of your principles -- which told you that a fanzine should be about science fiction and not all this other horsepucky. Well, you've stuck pretty close to those principles in your own fanzine, haven't you? 000

PAUL ANDERSON

HAWTHORNDENE, AUSTRALIA

The Cagle method for the revolution of bicycle power has one drawback in that it would cause a major shift in orientation of otherwise sexually normal males. The bicycles would become the sex object rather than the females that the locomotion is to imitate. So you would get a lot of frustrated female bike riders.

000 Well, he's got a point there, Ed. Let's hold off on the production. At least until we can design a seat with a collapsible saddle horn. In the meantime let's continue working on that article about using bicycles as correspondents in divorce cases. 000

BRUCE D. ARTHURS

FORT LEE, VIRGINIA

The C.S. Lewis quote on page 16 was fascinating, especially where it's mentioned that men often joke on scaffolds. Especially those hangmen; they can always cheer up a gloomy prisoner with their witty comments. Like: "Don't forget to smile" or "If the rope breaks, don't worry; we'll bring you right back up and give it another try". I wonder if that's where the saying about "Always leave 'em laughing" comes from?

I note on page 42 that Glicksohn reports his turtle has had its first movement in three weeks. I didn't even know the poor thing was constipated. Since Ed Cox doesn't eat prunes, maybe he'd be willing to send his share to the turtle.

Nice description of Tina's persuasive powers on page 37. My own favorite medieval torture was where you stuck the victim and a dozen or so cats into a large bag, sewed them up, and tossed the whole shebang into the nearest river and tried to ignore the screams. I suppose that that method evolved from the Biblical one of using a cat, a snake, and a monkey (if I remember rightly) in the bag. But, of course, this method I describe was in 16th century France, where monkeys weren't particularly populous, and snakes took a lot of time to find. So they used a bunch of cats instead. This may be where the expression "Who let the cat out of the bag?" came from.

JODIE OFFUTT

HALDEMAN, KENTUCKY

You ought to see Jackie Franke and me when we share our Southern Comfort and Boone's Farm at cons. Wally and Andy leave our presence in embarrassment while we loudly entertain (outtalk, bore) everybody else till they all leave and we have an empty, cool con room all to ourselves in which to relax.

000 Yes, but now you won't be able to get away with it anymore. 000

MIKE GORRA

WATERFORD, CONNECTICUT

I have heard that Grennell is a pun master. But I never found too many in his writings. Until now. I am looking at the first third of a page of his LoC, and I have found two that I didn't notice before. Wait, I think I just found another one! And a fourth!

BARRY GILLAM

BRONX, NEW YORK

I find your editorial the best piece of writing in the issue, and I noticed something about your subjects that I hadn't from years of reading your column in YANDRO. The Russian with his prized bottle of 1967 Chateau Mouton Rothschild, John Trimble peacefully drinking his own "poison", Cutty Sark, yourself halfway through a shower when the water is turned off -- all of these people are totally at the mercy of circumstances. It doesn't even matter whether the put-upon protagonist knows that he is the victim of a practical joke. The humor comes from the dual point of view: we see both Nick's private world in which champagne is for saving rather than drinking and the overall, ironic vision of just what it is he is savoring. I see this also in your DIFUGALTY column in YANDRO #226. The

distance you maintain from the anchored rower and the others is essential. Each anecdote portrays a tourist as a singleminded individual who has lost all sense of proportion, not to mention common sense, in the dogged pursuit of a vacation.

((( I hope the readers will forgive me for printing a bit of egoboo, and then for delving into the content of what you were saying (if not, the hell with them. It's my fanzine. Isn't it, Dean?). Much of my - \*cough\* - humor revolves around people coping with something which has gone wrong, regardless of whether they know what it is or are even aware of the fact that a deviation exists. I also like to write articles which are funny by way of my poking fun at something (this method created one of my better articles, entitled TOKYO ROSE - FROM THE ASHES, which was about Japanese monster movies). I also like to write on light subjects and just throw in a handful or two of snappy lines. I'm pleased that you noticed the "at the mercy of circumstances" theme which runs through much of my material. Although I'll never get tired of the standard egoboo given humorists ("Christ, I laughed till I cried. I haven't laughed that much since the day I got divorced.") -- or even "Not a bad article for Dave, although I thought his interlino on page 78 was much funnier" -- I feel somewhat refreshed when someone makes a serious comment about it all. I can understand and appreciate the reason why people will write two pages of comment on some crappy article about astrology, or convention management, and only two lines about a humorous article, but I can appreciate it even more when someone makes an observation such as you have just made. )))

MARTY HELGESEN

MALVERNE, NEW YORK

Following W.C. Fields' reasoning, we shouldn't breathe air.

I presume the devils crammed in the empty corflu bottles are printer's devils?

What's so strange about the statement, "China has the largest amount of population per capita of any country in the world"? 'Per capita' refers to the number of toilets, doesn't it? That's what an old navy man told me. I believe him because I've never known any blue person to lie to me.

Interesting to note Dean's finding that it is not wise to refer to a Netherlander as a dishrag. In West Africa the epithet "dishrag" is used to describe a man who is both cowardly and impotent.

Lozen MacGregor is mistaken. REBEL WITHOUT A CLAUS is about a Confederate general who didn't believe in Santa. Eventually he realized the error of his position and sent a letter of recantation to his native state which is widely quoted every Xmas.

JACKIE FRANKIE

BEECHER, ILLINOIS

I was glad to read someone give Gerrold a healthy dose of egoboo. I enjoy the lad's writings, and just because he has a most high opinion of himself and his talents doesn't mean that he's necessarily wrong. He's young, and has a lot of growing to do, but he's definitely a storyteller par extradinaire, and no one can take that away from him. People who go about knocking a writer's work because the writer is active in fannish doings and has an extremely vigorous ego are oftentimes the very same folk who grouch about the retiring author who won't show his face before a convention for fear he'll be mobbed. You have to take writers as they are, and they have just as great a variation in make-up as we more plebian fen. Some are arrogant,



"I'm not so sure I like this treaty," said the Chief, with reservations.

51

some not; and in both cases, some have the perfect right to be the way they are, and some don't. But sneering at a person's efforts without actually looking at them in a light uncolored by your own feelings for that person is totally unfair. Fannish, perhaps, but still unfair.

DON D'AMMASSA

EAST PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Dave, when you put your name on the David Gerrold Fan Club list, scratch my name under yours, will you? I was overwhelmed by WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE and before I had a chance to recover, he hit me with YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN. (Yes, I know YC is a disguised WW2 submarine story. I happen to like WW2 submarine stories, particularly when they're as good as this one.) I'd place THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF as better than BY HIS BOOTSTRAPS and ALL YOU ZOMBIES from the aspect of concept. The little details of time travel technique that Gerrold threw in were marvelous. Literarily, I'd place it second, after ALL YOU ZOMBIES, because I think Heinlein got much the same story effect for much fewer words, an economy I am forced to respect.

The Wertham book was indeed useless. Not about fanzines at all - Wertham simply used the framework of fanzines to propagandize about his own pet projects. Did you notice his reference to Agatha Christie's Peter Wimsey series? This man is supposed to be a scholar?

Lloyd Biggle's comment about Texas reminded me of our stint in Oklahoma, which closely resembles northern Texas. One day a friend of mine turned to an Oklahoma resident and asked straightfaced: "Do trees grow naturally anywhere in Oklahoma?" That entire part of the country struck me as enormously lacking in interest. As we drove through Wichita, trying to spot Glen Campbell on a telephone pole, we had occasion to spot a sign which read: "Scenic Flint Hills: Next Thirty Miles". From where we stood, I could see all the way to the horizon, at least thirty miles. I had bigger hills on my model railroad set.

000 That's Oklahoma, all right. But I seem to recall that you usually can't see much more than twelve miles at ground level, or water level, due to the curvature of the earth. Somebody correct me if I'm wrong. 000

MIKE SHOEMAKER

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

I too am quite a fan of Lloyd Biggle, Jr. I had a short article on him in SF ECHO #17, and I was one of the few who touted highly his stupendous novel THE WORLD MENDERS. The quotes on the front & back cover of the DAW edition, which are identified only as "The WSFA Journal", are taken from my review. I thought John Campbell was right in his high praise of TWM, and I still do, although in retrospect I must admit that you are right about the weakness of characterization. MONUMENT, the novelet, was the first Biggle story I ever read, and I've always thought that it was a classic. Although I can't imagine how the story could take much expanding, I will certainly look forward to reading the novel version.

000 I can state that Lloyd did not merely pad out the novelet and thereby create a novel-length version of it. He re-did the whole damned thing from scratch (he's told me about some of the trials and tribulations involved in his doing it). And believe me, if you liked the novelet then the novel will not disappoint you. My old buddy Dave Hulan was somewhat skeptical of my review, even though he promoted

the novelet version of MONUMENT for the Hugo back in the sixties. Upon finishing the novel, he commented that it was the best science fiction he'd read in a long time. If you're a fan of Lloyd's, like Dave and myself, buying the hardcover is a very good investment. To my mind, there's no question that this is his best work. 000

DAVID SINGER

TROY, NEW YORK

In regard to "responsible journalism", as set forth by Dean Grennell, his comments bring to mind a story whose author escapes me, but the title was A LOGIC NAMED JOE, I believe. And the plot deals with the day that the worldwide computer network stops censoring the information it makes available. Personally, I'd like to live in a world where people use the information they have responsibly, but, since I don't, I'm all in favor of individual publications (not the government) refusing to print material they believe to be detrimental to the public safety.

000 Provided these publications do this out of an individual sense of responsibility, I agree. Nobody is saying they cannot print something, but it would be a credit to their common sense should they decide that they shouldn't print some things. 000

DON MARKSTEIN

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Ed Cagle on tunes made from zip codes sort of reminds me of the time Dave Hulan figured out where the average SFPA member lives by adding up all the zip codes and dividing by the number of members. Not content with the arithmetic average, which didn't yield a real place, he worked out the geometric average (since he has a pocket calculator that can handle it -- no way I can see him or any other sane person taking a 27th root of a 135-digit number), which showed that the average member lived in some little cow town in Alabama that none of us had ever heard of before.

I quit smoking two years ago. I am not convinced that cigarettes cause lung cancer, heart disease or any other unpleasant things. I did it mainly as a stunt -- just to prove I could do it (and if I ever go back, all I've done is prove I can't do it). By arguments similar to those used by "experts" who want to prove that they cause all sorts of noxious ailments, I or any other intelligent person can prove that they prevent the very same ailments. Food is a slow poison, you know. Everybody who takes it dies. It's unfortunate that it's so highly addictive -- one bite and you're hooked for life, withdrawal frequently ending in death. Why, mothers have been known to pass addiction on to babies in their wombs. Nasty stuff, but I can't quit it. It'll be the death of me yet.

000 I dunno, Don. It's an established fact that everyone who smoked in the eighteenth century is no longer alive. I think this should tell us something. Does anyone remember the old Pat Paulsen skit about the rat who coughed after smoking fifty cartons of cigarettes inside of an industrial dump stack? 000

I don't recall having seen the word "responsibility" in the First Amendment. Far as I'm concerned, when they say "Congress shall make no law", they mean exactly that. If somebody starts saying that the news media have to act responsibly in order to protect their freedom, then he's just advocating the first step to a completely government-controlled press. The first step is the hardest, too -- once that's accomplished, more and more freedom seems to disappear. "Freedom with responsibility" is just another way of saying "Freedom is ok as long as you don't exercise it".

Dean Grennell gives a few instances of what he calls "irresponsibility" on the part of the media. The first case, that of the cheap, effective poison that leaves no residue if somebody should want to commit murder with it, is indeed something I wouldn't care to have the name of published. But I hesitate to say that publishing the name of it is "irresponsible", because once I admit that there are things that shouldn't be published, I'm faced with the problem of where to draw the line.

The fact that he finds such things examples of irresponsibility in journalism and I don't is illustration of the fact that no one person, really, is qualified to determine what is responsible and what isn't. I imagine no group is, either, since groups are generally much stupider than individuals. The only thing I can see to do is to stumble along anarchiaally, each person printing what he thinks should be printed and eschewing what he thinks should be eschewed. And if you don't like it, write an irate letter.

000 It's amazing, Don, that a fellow of your capable intelligence could misread someone so badly that you actually reverse their position. You're so uptight on the subject of censorship that you smell it everywhere, not at all unlike McCarthy and his Communist Menace.

Nowhere did Dean Grennell say or hint that he advocated legislation to suppress the news media. In fact, he stated just the opposite: "I do not advocate censorship as a solution to keeping anti-social information from being pumped into the mass mind".

Individuals are granted freedom by law, and Dean's point was that individuals should use this freedom in a responsible manner: "I do feel that responsibility and privilege are but two faces of the same coin and I'd like to see more of the responsible reticence that Harry Warner mentions".

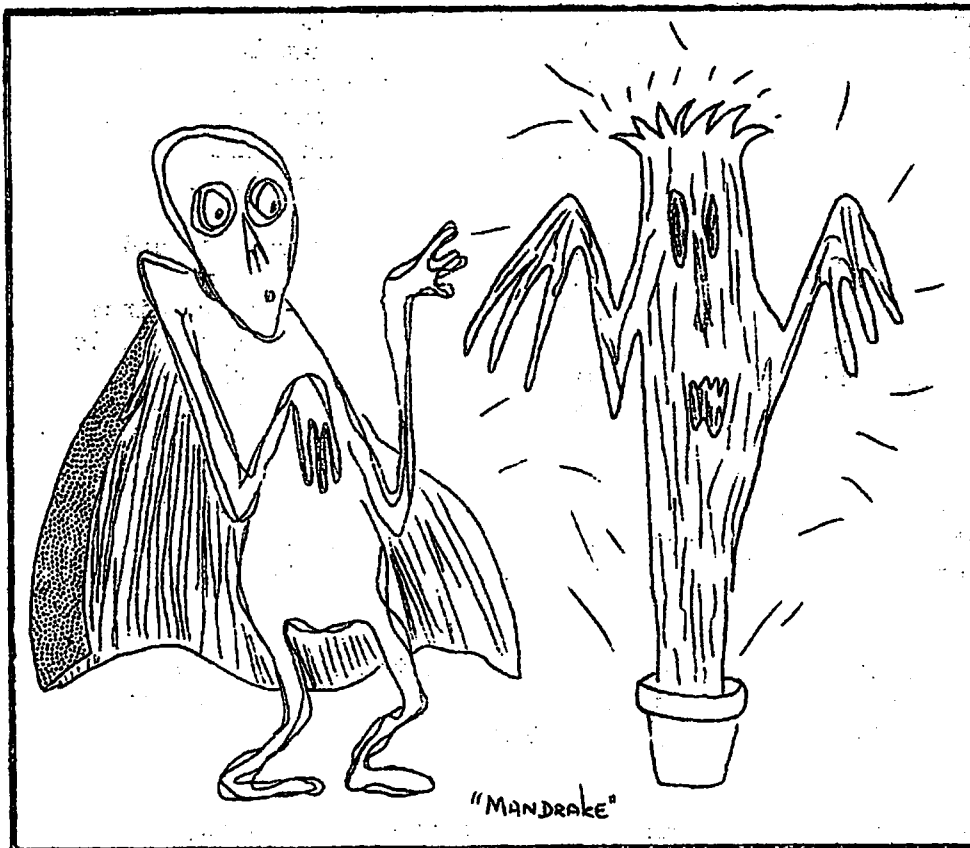
In case the thrust of his position still eludes you, let's say that people bear an unenforced responsibility to use their freedoms wisely. Dean bemoans the occasional misuse of this responsibility, not the unenforceability of it.

I find it quite lamentable that you may not be able to see the similarity between what Dean stated and what you stated when you said: "The only thing I can see to do is to stumble along anarchically, each person printing what he thinks should be printed and eschewing what he thinks should be eschewed". There is no disagreement between you here.

The only disagreement is that you cannot acknowledge irresponsibility of the news media for fear that someone will step in to set up legislation. "...is indeed something I wouldn't care to have the name of published. But I hesitate to say that publishing the name of it is "irresponsible", because once I admit that there are things that shouldn't be published, I'm faced with the problem of where to draw the line." You'd be content to deal with black and white areas, if there weren't grey areas lurking beyond them. You feel that discussion demands action, always, and cannot be accepted on its own terms.

Censure does not have to lead to censorship. Your pilot light is set too low, Don. 000





((editorial, concluded from page 5))

scratched out of him for his efforts. (I presume the moral here is that one should never smell a cat while it is taking a crap.) Our 7-year old, Brian, had gotten excited about all this and ran toward the cat while making some sort of "shoo!" noises. It seems unlikely, but the story is that the cat ran toward him, crawled up his body, and scratched the hell out of him. Just missed ripping his eye.

My first thought upon being confronted with all this damaging evidence, but subsequent

to being told that the cat was still in the yard (presumably it thought it had beaten all comers and was now king of the hill), was to get out the .22 revolver and find out how well a can could maneuver with two assholes, but I stilled the urge and went to the garage instead.

From the garage I extracted the power nozzle for our garden hose. This is the kind that you use to sweep driveways or scale fish. I've blown bricks off the patio with it.

The cat was trotting around the lawn as I advanced with this deadly weapon in my hands. I hit it full in the puss and blew it ass over earlobe halfway across the lawn. The cat got up, shook itself a bit, staggered around for a second, and in a dazed state started walking away from me. Its tale went up in the air, and the temptation was too great. I blasted it again. It flipped over three times and landed up against the wall. This time it didn't wait around for further punishment. It scampered up the wall. Once on top of the wall, however, it turned and snarled at me. I blew it off the wall.

What I didn't notice, a little ways down the wall, was our neighbors who had sallied forth in time to watch some of this performance. They went to the cat and I heard several renditions of "oh, you poor baby" and "meeooooowwwwww".

I stood there with the weapon in my hand, waiting for somebody to say something. I was perfectly willing to talk if they wanted to talk. But what could they say? "Nice shot!"? "Got him that time!"? But they didn't want to talk, at least not with me.

So I stood there for a second, the weapon still dribbling in my hand. Then I lifted it and, like John Wayne does with his pistol after blowing away an Indian, I blew across the orifice.



