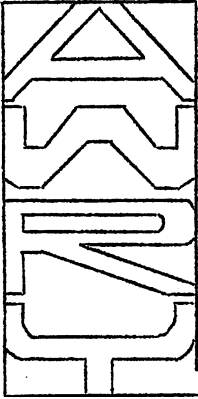


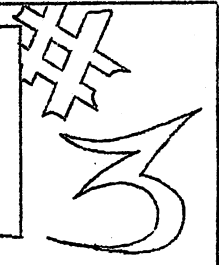
AWRY³





AWRY is a fanzine devoted to the study of the nutritional value of acorns, and other squirrely pursuits. Published irregularly (but so far about quarterly), AWRY is available through accepted contributions, sterling letters of comment, selected trades, or because I feel like sending it to you even though you're worthless. A sample copy may be obtained for six 8¢ stamps. Subscriptions are no longer obtainable, and reviewers should so note. An 'X' in this box means that this is your last issue unless you try harder.

OCTOBER 1972



Editor: Dave Locke
 Editorial Address: 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte, CA 91010
 Editorial Assistant: Phoebe Locke
 Printing Courtesy Of: Dean Grennell's Gestetner 120, on loan

ALIGN AND TILT

Convention-reports are strange creatures. They are almost fun to write, and almost fun to read, and with the exception of half-a-handful of brilliantly-written narratives they always toe a line just short of achieving mediocrity. It takes a particular writing talent to recreate the atmosphere surrounding a bombed-out



party of 3:00 a.m. in the morning, a quiet or noisy discussion in the bar with an amiable group of fans and pros, and a 5:00 a.m. coffee-shop breakfast with the hard-core before they trundle their separate ways to get three or four hours of sleep. The problem is that few can appreciate encountering these things in a vicarious manner, so even the most brilliant narrative is doomed to an apathetic response. For these reasons I don't write convention-reports. Never have and never will. But it would be a shame not to make a few passing comments on WESTERCON XXV and try to note some of what I consider the highlights of that Conference. And for me there were many of them.

I hadn't seen Lloyd Biggle since the Chicago WorldCon in '62, and I fully enjoyed meeting and talking with him again - and also with his son, Ken. We would try to find a quiet place in the bar, or in the lounge, or any spot where we could talk, and the interruptions of convention business would usually find us and tear me away. But the few times that we could get together for quiet talk, including the evening spent in Duarte, plus Lloyd's speech at the Banquet, were all highlights amid the hectic whorl of crifanac.

"When you miss the moment for Hari-Kiri it is gone forever," --- Alexis Gilliland

And Alex Bratmon and I, who had known each other for four years and were fellow ConCom members, had ourselves a hell of a good time despite convention duties and moved our relations from one of acquaintanceship to one of friendship. Albeit a drunken one. Surely that qualifies as an important highlight. At four o'clock on Tuesday morning, while talking amidst a group of nameless and faceless fans (not from Seattle) who were listening to us trade lines back and forth, we came to the realization that each of us was sufficiently witty to amuse the other and that we didn't need anybody else at the damn Conference... At that point we also came to the realization that each of us was sufficiently smashed, so we went and had breakfast.

At the Art Show final bid-off, for a fabulous Tim Kirk masterpiece the bidding was somewhere over \$100 and the few of us with money were trying to outdo each other for it. One poor fan in jeans and a sweatshirt cried out: "My first-born child!"

Another George Carlin fan.

I didn't get any of the Kirks. Bill Broxon, a guy whose living is to give you the gas when you get an operation (for about \$40 an hour, probably) dropped a bundle for various paintings and one of the Kirks I wanted was among them. Somebody else named Bill Cool coolly outbid me for the second one, and the third one which I was interested in is another story. It goes like this - I was in the bar drinking with Len Moffatt, and I casually dropped The Big Lie that I was willing to go \$100 for a particular Kirk painting the next day at the bid-off. He commented that he might as well not show up, because he wanted the same painting and he couldn't bid that high. The next day my voice rang out: "\$155!" Moffatt shouts: "\$175!". Damn liars... He got the painting for the quoted amount.

It was the general opinion that it was a successful idea to have MYTHCON III side-by-side with WESTERCON XXV. Although there were many problems in coordination of this dual-convention, particularly so at the convention itself as opposed to the planning sessions, even the shedding of an occasional angry tear could not wash away the enjoyment experienced by the convention attendees. Their reactions were, after all, the important matter, and our behind-the-scenes struggles were not important in themselves. Ours but to serve...

Generally speaking, the people I talked with noted that it was a successful convention. As I was on the Westercon Committee, this was gratifying to hear. I know that I had a good time, and it would be terrible if I did so at the expense of everyone else...

The contents of AWRY this time are quite interesting in a new respect; two of the essays in this issue came into being as the result of Tina's column in the last issue. Milt Stevens expanded a theme which Tina briefly touched upon in her last column, and Bob Tucker says that his essay started out as a letter and then "rapidly got out of bounds".

Many of AWRY's readers (maybe I should change the name of the lettercol to AWRY'S WREADERS) are active carryovers from the PELF mailing-list, and they may be interested to know that PELF is going to be revived in the very near future; strictly as a FAPA-zine, without articles or letters. PELF started as an apazine in April '62 (the old ISFCC apa, which I promptly terminated as soon as I became OE), and then somehow things went awry and it became a genzine. Now we're ensmalling it to an apazine again. All that history, and only 9 issues in more than ten years. Presumably we'll do better in FAPA. Providing we both stay in and everything, FAPA will require that in ten years we put out at least ten issues.

DWARF DANCING IS A MINUET

BOB TUCKER



I can't hope to explain the fantastic mental processes involved in the following tale (my double brains sometimes make truly fantastic quantum jumps) but accept for the moment that I possess a certain feature once known as a broad mental horizon. (I lack only the downward slanting eyes.)

Tina said "Hawk Carse." I said "Astounding Stories!"

My old, old friend Hawk Carse instantly recalled to mind the story of Catherine Tarrant and the ball-bearing mousetrap. This was the second time in only ten days the story was brought to mind by an outside agency.

Last week, I twice attempted to place a collect phone call to Ben Bova at Astounding Stories. (Don't gasp at my audacity. He gave permission.) On the first call my long distance operator was intercepted by a breathless receptionist (who may have just dashed in from the john) who demanded my name, address, phone number, and authority for the call. Having received that information, she passed me along to a lovely but aged voice who spoke just above a whisper. The voice said Mr. Bova was out to lunch but would return at two o'clock. I hung up and turned to check the time: it was then twelve minutes after two in New York. It revived my jaded

sense of wonder.

On the second call I was again intercepted by a breathless receptionist (who may have just dashed in from the john) who demanded my name, address, phone number, and authority for the call. My own operator patiently repeated all this information, and I was passed along to a lovely but aged voice who spoke just above a whisper. The voice said Mr. Bova was out to lunch but would return at three o'clock. Having great presence of mind, I turned to check the time: one minute past three in New York. I contemplated my fate in silence.

While sitting in that silence, the voice suddenly volunteered the information that Mr. Bova was expecting a call from Don Wilson who lived somewhere in Illinois. My operator patiently explained that Wilson Tucker was calling and he lived somewhere in Illinois.

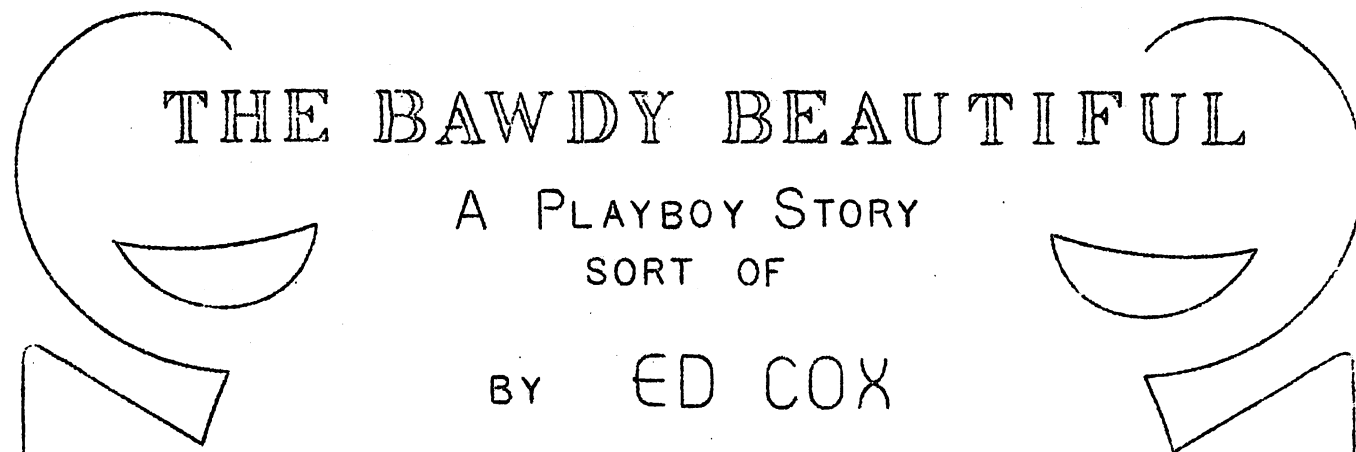
In the following moment a brilliant double light exploded in my double brain: I was quickly convinced that I was listening to the legendary Catherine Tarrant -- the fabulous innocent who had let loose a ball-bearing mousetrap in the hallowed pages of Astounding Stories! Oh, it was a thrill, even if I was wrong. I sat quietly, basking in the glow. The operator broke the spell: she asked me what I would do next? Rather shaken by the near brush with fame I said I would try again, later, and that aged but lovely voice said she would inform Mr. Bova that Don Wilson had called.

The connection was broken.

Was that really Catherine Tarrant, I wonder now? No matter -- I choose to think it was because the mousetrap story had flashed to mind. And now, this day a week later, AWRY 2 arrives bearing Tina's comments on old Hawk Carse and again Tarrant and her mousetrap are here before me.

I can't explain the connection between Hawk and Tarrant and the mousetrap -- not to your satisfaction, but it is all quite clear and logically connected in my mind if only because of that magic name, Astounding Stories. Like Tina, Hawk was my first hero; he was Big in 1931. He came fifteen or twenty years before Catherine Tarrant, and twenty or thirty years before that famous mousetrap, but to me the history of Astounding Stories is not a continuous scroll but rather a jerky series of isolated events held together only by the magic of the name, events some forty years apart.

If, at some time in the future, Tina or any other commentator should happen to mention Harry Bates or Desmond Hall, then --bang!-- I will be off again riding a train of memory, putting together in one glowing recollection Hawk Carse and Catherine Tarrant and Don Wilson and a lovely but aged voice who didn't recognize a ball-bearing mousetrap when she saw one. We call him Tom.



She was a dark-haired girl from almost the day of her birth. She hardly remembered that event but from the earliest time that she could remember, her hair was dark. Now, without benefit of large corporations, her tresses were indeed...dark. What's more, anybody with more than one eyeball in their skull, working, could see that she was a good-looking girl. She had an almost heart-shaped face, in the traditional conception of hearts, like Valentine candy boxes, and her eyes were large and a sleepy sort of dark. Her lips, wide as her mouth, which wasn't too, were lightly crimson and needed no help from the cosmetics corporations.

She wasn't tall, not, that is, even by American standards. By those, she was a bit short and even, had she not the symmetry of a good figure, almost chunky. But she wasn't. She was well put together, and, as often she did, standing before a mirror, she reflected on the near-perfection with which she was gifted.

She wore her hair in a sort of bangs, but long in the back and sides. It enhanced her already good looks and she could have been sort of Cleopatra-like had she worn clothing of that stereotyped legend. But she wasn't a Cleopatra type. Short yes, but attractive also. Her body was built in a way that man had seldom seen.

She was outsize in the mammalian department. She had even thought of making a special deal with a national magazine which had struggled rapidly from almost nothing to riches beyond most mens' dreams. In money and women. It featured each month a delightfully mammalian human girl and espoused a philosophy which was more in keeping with basic biological reality than the artificial societal and religious sanctions would like to admit. She often wondered if there was some way that she, with her special charm, could cash in on what this magazine offered.

For, after all, she possessed a bosom of extraordinary dimension. Even in repose, her breast presented to the avid male viewer an expanse of round circumference that challenged the globe. Spheroid it was, displaying a rotundity that would equal any hemisphere of near planetary measurement. Smoothly rounded, with aureole of not too gross an expanse and a downright dainty nipple, it was more than any man's two hands could encompass. A mouth would tire quickly and any infant would find itself quite satisfied with the output of this glistening globe.

For truly, it was like a heavenly body viewed from a spatial distance, no clouds obscuring the smoothly-rounded dimensions, light reflecting softly from the curvature of its softly sloping circumference.

She often wondered what chances she would have if she should accrue the courage to approach a photographer for an assignment to shoot her for the magazine. After all, the settings and angles could be done just right. The pictures could all focus on her magnificently proportioned breast, the bountiful bosom which undoubtedly had no equal anywhere in the world.

Almost nobody would have to know that she had only the one...

VIEW FROM UNDER A 60-WATT LAMP



REVIEWS, BY DAVE LOCKE



WITH GUEST REVIEW BY ED COX

There are quite a number of books which have passed by my armchair recently, as well as several which have received blood-shot eyetracks over morning coffee. In a meager effort to pump some sf commentary into what is otherwise a science-fiction fanzine in name only, I have decided to institute a continuing review column and tell you about the things which I have been reading over morning coffee or evening scotch. Some of these things will be science fiction. Some won't be, and some of those might not even be books. You might see reviews of magazines, pamphlets, catalogs, and even billboards. If the back of a cereal box is especially interesting, I'll review it. If I receive a particularly cretinous piece of junk-mail, I may review that, too. In other words, if I read it I may review it.

Any of you readers are invited to send reviews.

I'll start off on a traditional note, by actually reviewing two books. The billboards and chewing-gum wrappers may get reviewed next time. Both of these books have three things in common. They're both good. They're both by authors I have met. And they were both given to me by the authors. Since they were given to me by the authors, and since I'm reviewing them, I'm glad they're good. If they weren't good, I might review them anyway. And nobody likes to give gifts to an ingrate.

The first book that was given to me was THE TIME MASTERS, by Wilson Tucker. It's copyright 1971, and was published by Lancer Books, Inc. (1560 Broadway, New York, NY 10036), for 95¢.

Bob Tucker commented, to Bruce Gillespie in SF COMMENTARY #26, in a letter dated January 26th, 1972:

"I'm sending you a copy of THE TIME MASTERS. This version was updated for Bob Hoskins at Lancer, because the original was some eighteen years out of date; Cape Kennedy didn't exist when it was written. Gilgamesh is in it, but not as a symbolic legend or anything of the kind; he is simply the still-living protagonist. And you will find a typed page of manuscript in the back of the book which completes the story; the printers lost the last page, causing the book to end in mid-air."

Unfortunately, Bob didn't enclose a typed page of manuscript in the back of the copy which he sent to me, but if he has an extra one lying around I'd certainly be more than interested to see it. (For that matter, Bob, I'd like to see the unprinted last page of THE LONG LOUD SILENCE.)

This is one of two books with the character Gilgamesh. The other is TIME BOMB. Both are old favorites of mine, and I'm delighted to see Bob updating some of his earlier works.

Although originally written in 1953, with what appears to be a minor bit of updating THE TIME MASTERS is just as fresh as it was nineteen years ago; and in 1953 it was like a waft of cool air in the middle of Death Valley. Come to think of it, maybe it's even fresher today; I don't recall things like THONGOR IN ANAHEIM back in '53.

THE TIME MASTERS is a straightforward adventure story, told in a crisp manner with crisp dialog. The pace progresses steadily, and you've read the last page before you realize that you've finished the book in one sitting. You let it fall off the end of your armchair, note that it's midnight, and you yawn. But not at the book. The story-line was exciting, the characterizations unfilled but clean and consistent, the dialog interesting and clever but not cute, and ever-present is the dash of that old magic ingredient: X, which instills one with a sense-of-wonder.

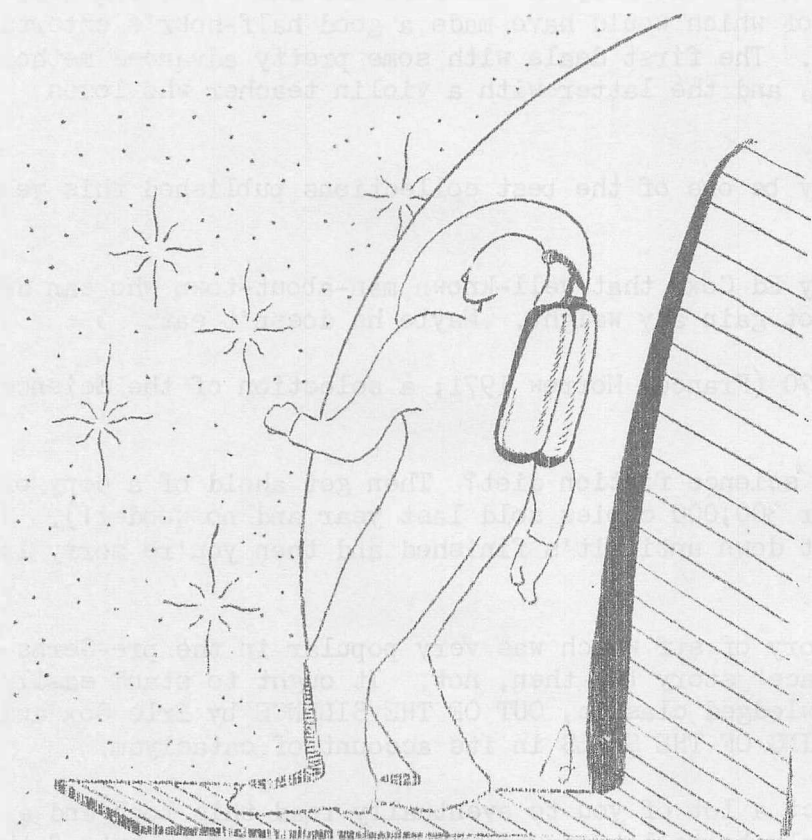
The sense-of-wonder element is encountered in the story's background, rather than in the setting or the action. The protagonist is Gilgamesh, a man whom legends claim to be immortal. Bob portrays him as a stranded alien with a long but not infinite life-span, who has survived from pre-history into modern times. In the setting of the story he calls himself Gilbert Nash.

The action is two-way. The U.S. Government is searching for Nash. Nash is searching for the last survivor from the shipwreck; a person who has been prone to leave behind many dead bodies in her search for a way to get off this planet. Nash's search is spurred on by the fact that she appears just about to succeed.

Buy it. It's a top-notch adventure story.

The other book was presented to me in front of several hundred people attending the WESTERCON XXV Banquet, during Lloyd Biggle's Guest-of-Honor speech. When Lloyd presents you with a gift, he does it in a big way...

Lloyd's book is entitled THE METALLIC MUSE. It's copyright 1972, and was published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. (Garden City, New York 11530), for \$5.95.



Lloyd's forte is the short story and the novelette. It's been a long time since he's written one of either which would not be rated a minimum of 7 on a scale of 1 to 10, and this is the second published collection of his better short science-fiction stories. The earlier collection was *THE RULE OF THE DOOR AND OTHER FANCIFUL REGULATIONS*, also published by Doubleday and also excellent.

This collection starts out with the novelette *THE TUNESMITH*, which is probably one of the three best stories that Lloyd has written and definitely one of the three that most often comes to mind when thinking about this author. It's a powerful story, and perhaps a prophetic one; certainly it's a lot easier to achieve a willing suspension of disbelief when read-

ing this story today than when we read it in *If* back in 1957. The setting of the story is a world in which the last refuge of art, including and especially music, is the commercial. The protagonist is a musician who decides he's going to change all that. The ending of the story smashes you from the inside with a chill that runs up your gut, and once you've read the story you won't forget it. *THE TUNESMITH* was, by the way, first reprinted in *THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES AND NOVELS*, Ninth Series, in 1958. It has been overdue for a third appearance, so that newer readers will have a better opportunity to encounter it.

If I were to divide the seven stories in this collection into categories of good, better, and best (which I will do), the 'good' and 'best' categories would each contain two stories and three stories would be placed in the middle category. *THE TUNESMITH* is one of the two 'best' stories. The other is *IN HIS OWN IMAGE*, originally published in *F&SF* in 1968, and first reprinted in *BEST OF F&SF* in 1969. It's a quiet kind of horror story about a man stranded on an emergency space station who finds it occupied by a person from an earlier shipwreck. This other person is a hell-and-damnation preacher whose flock is the space-station's complement of maintenance robots.

The three 'better' stories are *ORPHAN OF THE VOID*, *WELL OF THE DEEP WISH*, and *THE BOTTICELLI HORROR*. The first is a story of a man trying to return home to a world which he was too young to remember leaving, who discovers that the interstellar government doesn't want him to return. The second story is in a setting of after-the-bomb-mankind-goes-underground, but the setting is the only familiar thing which you will encounter in the story. The protagonist discovers that mankind may not be willing and ready to go aboveground when the opportunity arises. The section of the story dealing with the Tank, a place where writers go to get inspiration, is quite interesting. The third story is straightforward adventure, but extremely well handled.

The two stories falling into the 'good' category are LEADING MAN and SPARE THE ROD. Both are gimmick stories, either of which would have made a good half-hour's entertainment on ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS. The first deals with some pretty advanced methods of treatment in a mental hospital, and the latter with a violin teacher who loses students to a robot.

THE METALLIC MUSE will undoubtedly be one of the best collections published this year. So far, it is the best.

The following is a guest review by Ed Cox, that well-known man-about-town who can drink Coors all day and all night and not gain any weight. Maybe he doesn't eat.

THE ICE PEOPLE, Rene Barjavel, 1970 (France) Morrow 1971; a selection of the Science Fiction Book Club, 1971.

You want a change-of-pace in your science fiction diet? Then get ahold of a copy of this best-seller from France (over 300,000 copies sold last year and no wonder!). It's one of those books you hate to put down until it's finished and then you're sorry it is finished!

Roughly, it belongs to that category of stf which was very popular in the pre-Gernsbackian novel. Sort of a "lost race" story but then, not. It ought to stand easily in the company of that long acknowledged classic, OUT OF THE SILENCE by Erle Cox and ranks with Francis Ashton's BREAKING OF THE SEALS in its account of cataclysm.

The plot, briefly, because I expect a lot of you to eventually read this book and a disservice to you it would certainly be to let any of the real plot twists out of the bag at this point! The story starts in the French segment of Antarctica where they are systematically exploring the ice-cap. A new ice-sounding device is employed and discovers something thousands of feet below. Artifacts and a signal. The whole world cooperates to dig down there and find out what the hell could last 900,000 years. So they do. And find two human beings frozen in the ice. This much you'll find out in the blurbs anyway.

But the telling of the story... Hell, it's a love story. And a scientific adventure story. And filled with "super science" and conflict and suspense. And morality all over the place against war and the current political climate and the stupidity of Man. Yet, it is interwoven so smoothly, so unspoken and understated, all a part of the complex and multi-leveled plot, that you don't mind it and can't help agree, really. For after all, it's all there. All of it. And so well done that you'll hate to put it down. And talk about twists in the plot. What an ending!

Is this a rave? Maybe. It's nice to read a real story for a change. And what a change this is. Don't miss THE ICE PEOPLE. Next to John Boyd's work, this is the most refreshing book to come along in years.

BLECH THE BARBARIAN

BY MILT STEVENS

While it is true that blood letting, skull bashing, and miscellaneous mayhem are pastimes of most venerable antiquity, it seems that these practices have fallen from favor of late. It's quite unusual to see someone like Tina Hensel come out with a forthright statement in favor of that old-time blood lust. Personally, I'm as much of an admirer of ancient virtues as the next man, but there are certain aspects of

barbarism which impress me as being downright unsavory.

For one thing, barbarians just didn't have any couth. Take the ancient Irish for example. Their idea of paradise was to have a lake full of beer and a herd of immortal pigs, so that they could have ham sandwiches forever and ever. The Irish had such a passion for ham that they often fought pitched battles for select portions of the pig. In particular, the pig's arse was referred to as the hero's portion. I suppose if you really want to get into a fight a pig's arse is as good a reason as any.

It is still my conviction that anyone who could face an eternity of ham sandwiches and regard it as heaven must have sensibilities which are calloused beyond belief. If they were civilized folk, they'd have wanted something reasonable like perpetual pizzas.

Aside from lacking couth, barbarians were mean. We're all familiar with the Hell's Angels and other members of the nouveau crude. They murder and rape and write dirty words on bathroom walls. Every year they tree a town in celebration of Arbor Day. But if someone were to hold a convention of all-time great barbarians, those cats would be rank neos.

These days King Arthur is thought of as an example of chivalry and all sorts of other good things. Back in the days before Arthur was hosed-off and prepared for family consumption, he was reputed to be one Mean Mutha. For example, here's what Arthur prescribed as a punishment for a man guilty of starting a fight at court.

"Take me that same man who this
fight first began
And put a withy on his neck and
drag him to a moor,
And throw him in a low-lying fen,
where he shall lie.
And take all his next of kin,
whom ye can find,
And smite off their heads with
your broad swords;
And the women that ye can find
nearest him of kin,
Carve off their noses and ruin
their beauty;
And thus will I wholly destroy
that kin that he
came from."

As I said, Arthur was a Mean Mutha, but there certainly weren't many jay walkers in his kingdom.

On the average, barbarians seemed to spend a lot of time fighting. This probably resulted because they couldn't watch football on television. There are many people who become quite belligerent if they can't watch football on television. I guess the Germans were more belligerent than most, since they included fighting in their idea of paradise. I suppose



that indicated that Germans like fighting as well as the Irish like ham sandwiches. You could base a really strange comparison of national character on that point.

The Germans may have done more fighting than the Irish, although I doubt it. However, it was the Irish who came up with the most barbaric barbarian fighting story ever written. This was the epic "Tain Bo Cuailnge", which translates as "The Cattle Raid of Cooley". You might wonder that an epic would pick up a title like that. Well, the heroes of this particular epic were engaging in one of their hobbies, cattle rustling. As you might imagine, their hobby led to a certain amount of acrimony and a fight ensued. That isn't particularly surprising, but when you come to the description of the way one of the barbarian heroes goes into a battle it's quite something.

"The first warp-spasm seized Cuchulainn, and made him into a monster thing, hideous and shapeless, unheard of. His shanks and his joints, every knuckle and angle and organ from head to foot, shook like a tree in the flood or a reed in the stream. His body made a furious twist inside his skin, so that his feet and shins and knees switched to the rear and his heels and calves switched to the front. The balled sinews of his calves switched to the front of his shins, each big knot the size of a warrior's bunched fist. On his head the temple-sinews stretched to the nape of his neck, each mighty, immense, measureless knob as big as the head of a month-old child. His face and features became a red bowl: he sucked one eye so deep into his head that a wild crane couldn't probe in onto his cheek out of the depths of his skull; the other eye fell out along his cheek. His mouth weirdly distorted; his cheek peeled back from his jaws until the gullet appeared, his lungs and liver flapped in his mouth and throat, his lower jaw struck the upper a lion-killing blow, and fiery flakes large as a ram's fleece reached his mouth from his throat."

If Cuchulainn were not an authentic barbarian hero, it might be assumed that he was making a desperate last ditch effort for 4F status. Even Sergeant Whatshisname and his Screaming Commandoes don't usually go through contortions like that before wiping out a few thousand of their enemies.

There is one point on which I definitely must agree with Tina Hensel. Such barbaric goings-on would certainly not be tolerated in West Covina. Or even Azusa for that matter.

GOURMET GUIDE TO GOOD EATING IN THE GREATER L. A. AREA

WRYBALD TALES
OF
DWARF DANCING
COLUMN BY
TINA HENSEL

It doesn't matter if your discriminating taste inclines toward the flavorful juiciness of fresh Chinese stir-fried in the traditional manner, the tasty goodness of Deutschwurst simmered in sauerkraut juice, or the delicately delicious and often under-rated Mexican-American. Any meat lover can literally eat his way through California's bountiful Los Angeles Basin and indulge in a veritable orgy of yummy smackrels.

For those who like their meat fresh, this city is superbly organized from the hunter's point of view. Each of Los Angeles' many districts offer

variety, and yet yield various ethnic varietal groups. One can choose a particular flavor, or enjoy a varied hunt, without having to be put to the necessity of investing in expensive transportation. There is no need to leave the greater Los Angeles area in search of a regional tidbit. Indeed not.

The central area chiefly harbors Caucasians, Mexican-Americans, Negroes, and even an occasional Oriental. At certain times of the year, such as during the ever popular August riots, one can even find the elusive National Guardsman native to the central district. Southeast, on the ocean side, Hippies swarm on the summery beaches by the thousands, and tender teeners snuggle on the sands, just waiting for the enthusiastic hunter.

Summer is really the season for the ambitious hunter. Rain is almost unknown in L.A. at this time. So June, July, August, and especially September are the best months for your vacation visit. Happily the natives dislike remaining indoors on the "dog days" and regularly migrate to the cooler seaside.

Starting at Playa del Rey, a hungry visitor in search of tasty tidbits can go North on Highway 101 and pick up California's generous limit of three men per day.

California hunting licenses are very reasonable, when one considers that the two week license provides a permit to take the famous "Three Per Day". Since there is no closed season, man-hunting is governed only by the availability of public beaches and the need for sunshine to bring out the happy bathers.

The most popular hunting grounds are on the beaches of Huntington and Zuma. Many of the beach resorts catering to the vacationing hunter cluster around these popular state parks. Some even offer hunting privileges on the private beaches maintained for their registered guests. Of course, you also have the option of stopping at one of the numerous private meat farms along the coast. There one can inspect potential dinners, as they bound happily along the shore, and buy the legal limit daily.

The men in the Lynwood area of Los Angeles are chiefly descended from the famous Arkansas transplants (an offshoot or sub-branch of the migrating Oklahoma Okie). Bigger than the Mexican-American, but smaller than the average Caucasian, they are just right for barbecuing over a twilight campfire on the beach.

If, for some inexplicable reason, men are not your meat, you can pick up a fifty-pound limit of tender toddlers in the beach area and steam them over your cheery fire. How-

ever, I must warn you that toddlers tend to be rather tasteless. Despite the justly famed tenderness of the immature child, I would recommend attempting a teenager as they are almost as tender as the toddler, and yet have more flavor.



For the truly industrious hunter, there are the Giant Footballers (sometimes called the Bruins, or Bears) ready for the chowder pot. However, these footballers are rightly famous as being California's fiercest and most frightening men. Because of their bulk and natural habitat, they offer a real challenge to the hunter. A short trip will put you on the gridirons, which these huge (240 pounds is not unusual) men call home.

In order to trap the husky Bruin, chowder-hungry hunters must expect to face this fearsome giant on his home ground. The gridiron is a cleared area, offering no cover, which lends itself to the footballer's lumbering charge. The hunter must be quick indeed to avoid the famous "tackle". However, if you keep your wits about you and remember to gauge his speed, it is possible to vanquish him. Although he is a frightening opponent he has no weapons, other than his own massive bulk and the football itself. Since it is almost unknown for the footballer to throw the ball at anyone other than one of his teammates, you are perfectly safe in disregarding it. The best advice I can give a potential Bruin hunter is: remember to sidestep.

The legal limit on footballers is one. This is plenty, because catching him is enough exercise in one day for any hunter. Besides, one footballer makes enough chowder to feed a small army.

A word to the wise to a successful Bruin hunter. Boiling is best. I do not recommend cooking a footballer in any other fashion, because they are incredibly tough. If not simmered for at least three days, it is simply impossible to even gnaw the meat from their bones. Even after several days in the pot, they are NOT tender.

Although the real beach season doesn't start until late June and usually ends in early September, charter hunts are available from March through November. Californians are basically an outdoor-oriented culture, so it is possible to bag one anytime providing the weather is reasonable. Since the yearly beach-runs start in middle June when school is out and vacations are in full swing, naturally the highways leading to the shore are crammed with cars. Quite a few of the charter hunts quarry this fruitful area and ignore the beach area completely. Even though I would be the first to enthuse about the thrill obtained when enticing your first toddler away from his car and into yours, I must admit that after awhile trolling with candy bars becomes boring. The unwary child offers no challenge to the dedicated hunter. Although charter operators will furnish tackle and show the novice how to catch his first victim, there is nothing quite like the thrill of the first full-grown catch.

If this is your first hunt, it would be wise to make reservations with a charter group in advance. Then if your skills don't live up to your expectations, you will at least have something you caught yourself to bring home to the hungry folks.

Toasting your catch over an open beach-fire is one of the time-honored ways of preparing the day's quarry. And relaxing after the day's excursions with congenial companions is truly a fun thing to do. But remember, a full-grown man will provide more than enough for even a large group of meat-eaters, so you are liable to have leftovers. To solve this delightful problem, many hunters exchange a portion of their catch at the local cannery for processed meat. You may find this advisable, if your luck has been good for several days.

It is always more fun to eat meat that you have had to pursue. For this reason I recommend the footballer for even the lightly experienced hunter. Toddlers seldom protest when collected by the kindly hunter. Snogging teeners are caught with ridiculous ease. It remains for the lordly footballer to provide the hunter with an enjoyable chase. After hauling in his first footballer, a true hunter waits impatiently for his next vacation, and another pursuit and capture of a savory chowder dinner.



ooo Editorial comment will be set off like so. Letters will once again be presented by subject matter rather than by author. ooo

ooo We'll start off with a few general comments. SUE SMITH says "it would be a lot better if you got people in your zine doing articles that don't have the same sense of humor as you do". Well, like I said before: I'll try to vary my writing style a bit when using my pen-names of Hensel and Cox. MIKE GLICKSOHN comes on with the egoboo: "I don't like your cover this issue, but that's simply personal taste, but I found your layout extremely attractive. The first few pages are most creative and the effort is well worth it

in terms of the final appearance. Even the latter part of the magazine, which isn't particularly innovative, is neat and attractive and eminently readable. With AWRY's intriguing contents, this makes yours easily one of the best new fanzines in some time." JEFF SCHALLES notes "I must say, it's one of the better first issues I've seen of a fanzine . . . where did you learn to do all this so quickly?" And he dittoes that for issue #2. DONN BRAZIER was similarly overwhelmed: "I was extremely impressed with the neat layout and great mimeo work". There's nothing to it, fellows. You, too, can learn this fabulous technique very quickly; just hang around fandom, publishing zines for 11½ years, and you'll be amazed at how easy it becomes.

NORMAN HOCHBERG comments on the warranty I offered last issue: "All of your two-penny postcards will be received, you know. The post office forwards all continental mail with insufficient postage". Hmmm. He goes on to say: "Your editorial is rather nice". You're rather nice, too, Norman. "I'm growing a bit fond of well-executed rambling editorials. Yours is one of those." I'm growing a bit fond of you, Norman. "I do not, however, like your interlinos whether they be at the top of the page or in the middle. I do not find them funny. For awhile Linda Bushyager put W.C. Fields quotes in GRANFALLOON. She stopped when people complained that it interrupted their concentration on the magazines. My objections go beyond this. To have one on every page hints that you went out of your way to think some of them up. I'd guess that a lot of those lines were thought up at the last minute and that you're not really satisfied with them. If you have to put them in, you see, you'll settle for less than if you were putting them in when you found a good one." Sorry, you guess wrong. I can churn them out almost ceaselessly, and you're a minority of one in writing in to state an objection to them. A number of fans are sending in interlinos, as you'll note by the bylines. Here are a few other comments concerning interlinos. DONN BRAZIER says "I loved your daffy definitions or one-liners, whatever you call them". Interlinos, Donn, interlinos. "Do you make those up? If so, I like the way your brain computes." STAN WOOLSTON comes on with a qualified endorsement: "Your zine is quite readable. One reason is the anecdotes." At least, I think he's referring to the interlinos. BOB BLOCH notes that AWRY #2 "seems to be using Dean Grennell's interlinations as well as his Gestetner. This is a compliment, not an insinuation". Since the interlinos are mine, I'm sure that Dean is just as insulted as I am. ROSE HOGUE gives an unqualified endorsement when she states: "you undoubtedly have the best interlinos I've ever seen...from whence come all of them?" The interlinos come out of my subconscious mind, or maybe my unconscious mind, and are generated at the moment that I need one. It slows down the process of getting an issue out, but it's more fun that way. ooo

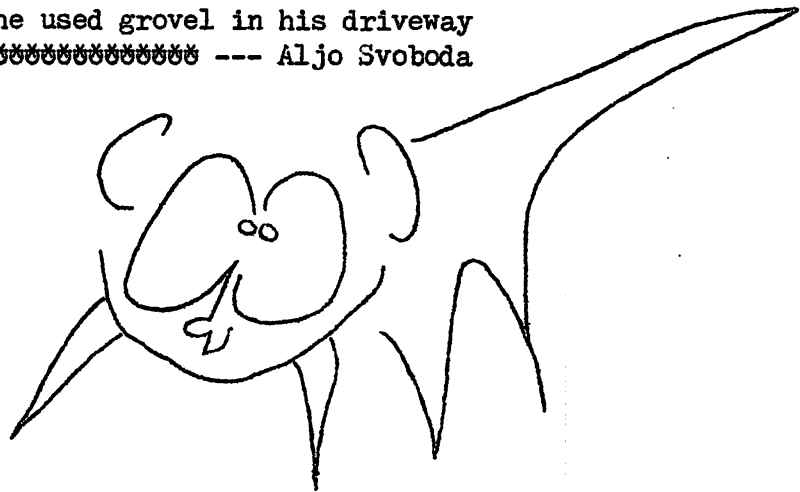
Well, let's talk about the artwork. Getting back to NORMAN HOCHBERG, he says: "The repro in AWRY #2 is excellent though I wish I could say I liked your artwork. Aside from the rock Rotsler (I'm really getting to like Rotsler's serious stuff a lot), though, the art is merely added because (it would seem) 'that's what all fanzines contain'." ALJO SVOBODA says "the cover was...interesting, but probably because the Rotsler cover on #1 was so good, anything else would be a letdown. Obviously, though, this cover was of Great Symbolic Significance, and thus would have to be judged on an entirely different level. Yesss. A society in which the female, rather than the male, wears the pants in the family, though the description seems hardly appropriate for this cover... Though I've never thought of hounds as an accepted means of transportation before, this couple was obviously on the way somewhere... well, the whole thing seems a bit awry..." Now you've got it, Aljo. JACKIE FRANKE, the only other person in the world who has as much rotten luck with automobiles as I do, says this about the cover lastish: "Didn't like the cover. So there. (So hang me.) No reason, just no appeal to whatever it is that I enjoy seeing on fmz covers." MIKE JURGENS is timebinding: "I'm presently looking at the cover, which is quite attractive. But I swear I can't figure it out. First, are the two humanoids of the same species? The size differential would lead me to assume not, since the smaller, with his bald head, looks like a mature individual. But his maturity is called into question by his choice of transportation - close examination of his mount reveals it to be a stuffed dog. Other questions: what are all those dots on the humanoids' skin? Do they represent hairy species that have taken to shaving large areas of their bodies? And that horned creature in the background - who painted his paw white? Whose football is that in the background on the right? Also, what are all those lines across the sky? Are we viewing an alien excuse for a geodesic dome covering the area? Oh well. The artist was probably inspired by some book I haven't read, and one of these days I'll happen upon the book, read it, and comprehend all. Could you find out the name of the book for me, Dave, so I'll know it when I find it?" Yes: THONGOR IN ANAHEIM. TERRY HUGES states: "I really don't like the cover on this issue. It looks like Basil Wolverton was an influence on Bill Scott but it is still a poor drawing. But the Rotsler interior illos were very funny."

Just for eye-relief I'll make a paragraph. But we're still on the subject of last issue's art HARRY WARNER says: "You are fortunate for the discovery of another splendid cover by an artist of comparatively small fame in fanzines. I've never believed in trends in fanzines, finding them pretty much the same decade after decade. But I do believe that there has been a tendency in recent months for fanzine art to break away from old patterns, themes and techniques, and take on aspects that are quite unexpected. New artists have something to do with it but some of the long-established artists are changing subject matter and styles, too." ERIC LINDSAY felt that in the lastish "only Bill Rotsler and Jackie Franke produced anything worth seeing. This seems a pity in a zine that otherwise looks so good. The headings are really well done. My hand-cut headings always look terrible. I don't suppose that you would let me into the secret?" Well, ok. The gimmick is to use a T-square or clamp upon which your lettering guide may slide freely in horizontal movement. This eliminates the problem of vertical alignment of the letters, and leaves the spacing of the letters as your only problem. If that bothers you, you can always use a .5mm lead to dummy the heading on paper, and then with the use of a mimeoscope - and the dummy as a guide - you've got it made (and this also eliminates any problems with the positioning of your heading).

Concerning my editorial, ED CAGLE is deeply concerned: "You are taking pills for a dot of sore muscle, are you? Is the muscle relaxant effect localized, or are you in danger of relaxing muscles which might be best left tense? Keep notes on this, please." So

People respected him so much that he used gravel in his driveway
***** --- Aljo Svoboda

far, so good, Ed. ALJO SVOBODA feels that "perhaps you could expand your medical history into a novel, or maybe one of those popularized medical books with the back page falling out (BETWEEN PARENT AND BOIL comes to mind as a possible title) that you buy in health food stores (well, maybe you don't buy them there, but I certainly don't) or on street corners from Jehovah's Witnesses."



JEFF SCHALLES says "muscle relaxant pills, huh? And they make you drowsy? And you need a doctor's prescription to get them? Well, you're not so far out of it after all. Welcome to the pill generation. Feel bad? Take a pill. Feel good? Take two pills. Feel really bad? Take the whole bottle. Doing downs can be a lot of fun you know. So can doing a lot of other things." Yeah, like suicide. "But personally," Jeff continues, "I prefer bheer above all else." They've come out with beer pills now. Just add club soda and stir. HARRY WARNER says "you are fortunate to have such a considerate druggist. There is a drug store at the corner nearest to this house, and it lacks a considerate druggist. The last time I took a prescription there, I received a packet of pills which I immediately recognized as wrong in shape and color. The drug store took them back and gave me the correct drug in return, but only after making it plain by choice of words and general bearing of the people at the prescription counter that I was entirely too finicky over minor details." Too bad you didn't continue the story, Harry. I'd have been interested in hearing your parting remark to the druggist. DONN BRAZIER says "I chuckled out loud at your phrase in the editorial, 'an eight-mile pill on a nine-mile drive'." If my memory serves me right, that line was given to me by John Trimble when I told him the story prior to writing it up. It sounded good, so I used it. One of the advantages of living in a fan-center - a good testing ground, and you can get good inputs. ERIC LINDSAY is beating the high cost of drugs: "The price of most of the drugs prescribed nowadays is more than slightly ridiculous. I sometimes wonder myself if the doctors don't give out prescriptions mainly because they are expected to, when often bedrest and a common analgesic like aspirin are all that are needed. In Australia there is a Government subsidy of most prescribed drugs and the majority of these cost a dollar. Of course, if the drug the doctor prescribes isn't on the list you then have to pay the full price. John Bangsund wrote in one of his fanzines about this. He tried to get a prescription filled and was told that as it wasn't marked for National Health it would cost him \$6.00. Back to the doctor, who told him that it was only on National Health for epileptics. John said that if it cost \$6.00 he'd become epileptic. Personally I save up any unused pills and between a couple of old medical texts, a dictionary of Symptoms and a copy of Drill's Pharmacology in Medicine, plus free advice from a couple of doctors at the local pistol club, I manage reasonably well without paying fees." So far, you mean. Amateur diagnosis and treatment sounds a bit dangerous, to me. And still on the subject of my last editorial, I got this comment from TINA HENSEL:

"I was going to staple myself to a postcard. Really, I was. It's just that I lost my nerve. I recently stapled my index finger to a batch of invoices, so I know whereof I speak. It hurts like hell. Not only that but you bleed a lot.

"Speaking of blood, I want to pass along a true story. Honest. I had a Creative

Writing instructor who committed suicide. That's not weird, not when you consider the incredible amount of crud that he had to read, teaching such a course. Right? What was weird, was this Bastard, requested his students to give him the Original Manuscript Copies of their "Great American Novel". They did, and he took home these neatly typed novels, stacked them on the floor, climbed on top of them and cut his throat. He bled like a pig. Everybody had to retype their manuscripts. It really happened. He used to teach at Citrus College. Honest! Talk about a perverted mind.

"I know that there aren't any friction free motors or perpetual motion machines. But I must confess to a lurking belief. I know that there isn't really a Good Tooth Fairy. Nonetheless, I keep expecting a quarter under my pillow, when I have a wisdom tooth pulled. I am a living example of the perfect practitioner of 'willing suspension of disbelief'."

ooo What follows is the response to my method of handling the letter-column. ooo

MARK MUMPER The method of breaking up the letters into areas of comment is very effective -- I've never run across this technique, so I have no idea whether it's your own invention, but it works quite well. By my count there are only fourteen correspondents in the lettercol, which isn't too many really, yet a feeling of extensive discussion comes out of it. Your editorial interruptions seem to blend in well with the atmosphere, and the section as a whole is probably the best part of the zine. Though of course the columns and your own writing are by no means unsuccessful. The zine makes a nice, compact, together package. Yourself and your two columnists do some nice, unhurried, mellow writing, and handle the humor in an unpressured fashion.

JACKIE FRANKE The letter column is breezy and much more spontaneous seeming in this format. Makes it seem more like a rap-on-paper than such sections generally turn out. There is a similarity between the treatment of letters between AWRY and TITIE, but not a duplication of style. Guess no matter what way styles are used, the fanpubber's personality is going to cause some variations. But I do like the treatment. Makes for easier absorption of the differing points of view concerning one topic.

JEFF SCHALLES I've never seen a letter column edited in this way before, but I must say I liked it. Much more together than the usual collection of laundry tickets, racing forms, and Kung Fu ads that usually get stuck in.... In fact, the best part of this excellent issue of AWRY was the lettercol. It was lively and fun and well worth your effort. I hope you won't mind if I adopt your method possibly to a small extent in my next issue. ooo Don't ask me how he sneaked in a comment on EdCo's column in the middle of a sentence which talks about the lettercol. But there it is, Ed. ooo

DONN BRAZIER I was chagrined to find that you had preceded TITIE in cutting up LoC^s and classifying them into sections; but since I liked the idea independently of AWRY, I like it in your mag. Not only does it make more interesting reading, but later you can organize a LoC with all pertinent comments in one place - kind of serves the same purpose as an index, but better.

ooo I believe that Bill Bowers used this method of handling a lettercol back in the early sixties. I have not seen it used before or since, but after seeing it that one time it stuck in my mind. I may not be the first, but it looks like I'm making it popular. ooo

Our service is more than a motto, but less than a cliché.

=====

000 And here we have one other comment concerning LoCs, from DAVE PIPER 000

I see AWRY is available for the usual and for sterling LoCs. Well, that takes care of the UK readers on your distribution, but I'm concerned over how your US readers are going to get future copies. I hope you don't take offense at friendly criticism but I do feel that the device of requiring currency LoCs is a mistake. 000 You may be confusing the sterling L/C with the sterling LoC. However, if you wish to send a currency LoC please use a topic which will not become too dated between issues. 000

000 The next spate of comment revolves around Tina Hensel's column. 000

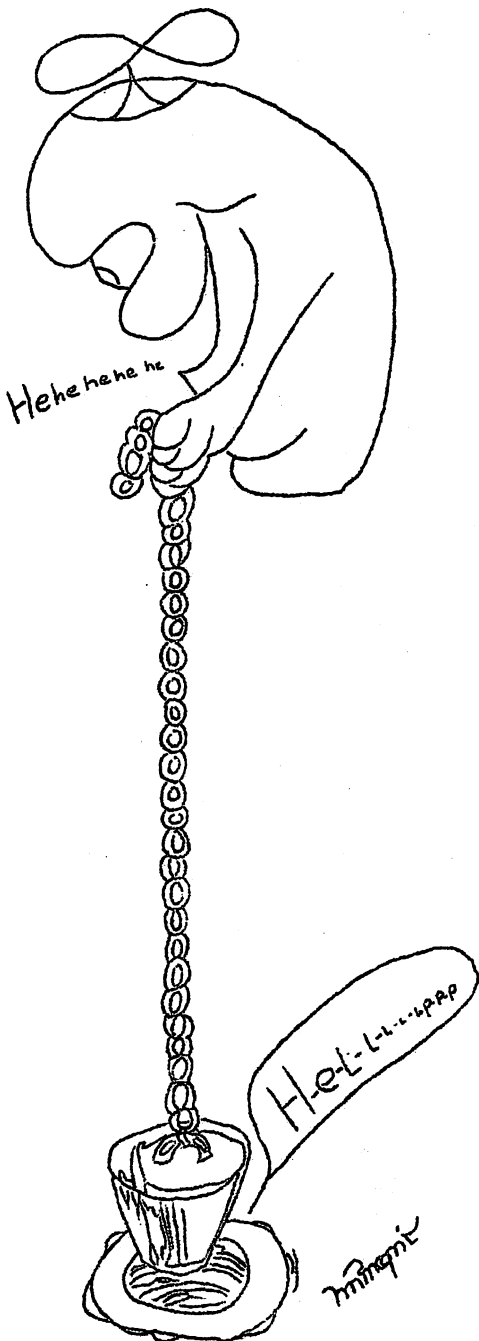
NORM HOCHBERG Tina Hensel's piece reads like a Rosemary Ulliyot article in its style. But, you see, I don't like Rosemary's articles so, by extension, I don't like Tina's piece either. 000 But you've never even met her. 000 Of course, she's talking about sf here so that's good, but she's talking about it in that chit-chatty manner which Rosemary always uses - blehh.

TIM KIRK Why hasn't Tina been nominated for a Best Fan Writer Hugo? Her column in #2 was especially good.

ED CAGLE I resent having missed reading Tina Hensel's work before, and I will take it as a personal insult if someone doesn't tell me where else besides in AWRY her work appears. It might also be interesting to know why all the female fen who write (that I've seen) are so good.

000 As of this writing, David Gerrold's anthology GENERATION has just hit the stands. Tina has one of the better stories in it. She also has some other items due to appear professionally. As far as her fan writing goes, she has written articles only for AWRY, PELF, and GRUE. 000

ALJO SVOBODA You know, at Westercon I decided early Saturday that I needed to egoboo somebody, just for the sake of egoboo. So I walked up to Tina Hensel and said magnanimously, "I enjoy your column in AWRY". Of course, that meant I couldn't egoboo anyone else after that, spreading the butter too thin and all that... oh, did Tina say she was allergic to butter?... so I didn't. Yes, Tina Hensel was the only egobocee there. Just thought you might like to know...amusing anecdotes and all that... And don't ask me what the point of this paragraph was. But when I was a waistril, a waif, a child of but 14 years, I used to wait eagerly for the latest issue of AWRY to hit the stands with the latest installment of Tina Hensel's serial in which she once more defeats



Des Decklin drank a deciliter of delicious daiquiri.

the evial Doktor C. Sui (the C, standing for Chop, of course, if you must expose every terrible pun around) in the search for the Most Abominable Pun In Town.

ROGER WADDINGTON

I was in a semi-comatose state of gafia, and looking all around for something to replace fandom. That I didn't find it may explain why I'm writing this LoC; can I have Tina Hensel instead?

ROSE HOGUE

Tell Tina her mother isn't weird -- just slightly perverted... And now I understand why Tina is the way she is perhaps.

Perhaps had my mother forced me to read other things than I did...but then maybe I'm lucky my mom is practically illiterate for I read exactly any and everything I so desired to when I wanted to and my mom never in her life has had a library card...my dad checked out all those red-dotted books for me. Instead of Conan I had this fixation for Commander Cory of the Space Patrol -- remember that? Also I had this thing for Jon Hall - the old Rama of the Jungle -- actually I think I enjoyed his cats more than him -- tigers and lions and panthers have always been more appealing to me than people. Anyway, Tina's fascination with Space Hawk was truly fascinating; I only hope that when I turn the venerable old age of 28 that I have as much sense of humor as she....

HARRY WARNER

Tina's column is lots of fun. I keep wondering how I would have reacted, growing up in the midst of comic books and Saturday morning cartoons on television and whatever kids are now acquiring under the counter.

OOO Contraceptives? OOO It was quite hard to find anything horrifying and apt to create nightmares, in the stuff that entertained kids in the 1930's: the Saturday matinee serials, children's programs on the radio in the late weekday afternoons, and the funny papers in the newspapers. The only book that ever gave me a nightmare was one that wouldn't be expected to act that way: WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE. I wasn't reading books at that time, come to think of it, but this was being serialized in a Baltimore newspaper, and it gave me a bad night during which I suffered through a local radio announcer's description of Hagerstown's last hours. Waking, the science fiction story that shook me the strongest was Jack Williamson's BORN OF THE SUN. The few horror and weird stories I ran across when small didn't scare me but that yarn in ASTOUNDING of how the planets are eggs laid by the sun which eventually hatch did something to my primitive instincts.

DONN BRAZIER

Tina Hensel has what seems to be a new way to review SF - very personal and interesting, with fictional techniques.

MIKE DECKINGER

It seems to me that AWRY #2 has an over-abundance of little messages reading "that isn't what Tina says". Why should it?

It's your fanzine, isn't it? Aha, but that isn't what Tina says. OOO She never said that. OOO

I have vague recollections of Hawk Carse, its sequel, and even the magazine version that Harry Bates wrote for AMAZING STORIES around 1940. They were all pretty gruesome examples of space opera. It would be fun to spring these misfits on the supposedly more sophisticated audiences of this day. I have a feeling that if Doubleday ever brought out the complete Hawk Carse stories in one volume it would make the book club, gain instant paperback sales, appear on the final Hugo and Nebula ballots, and the beanie brigade would idolize The Evil Dr. Kui Sui. Could it happen? Ask Gene Roddenberry?

JACKIE FRANKE

Tina's column touches on two topics that merit comment. Her mother's odd choice of 'perverted' and 'non-perverted' books

all kinds of fans, and all kinds of different reasons why they became fans. Certain traits and similar backgrounds are found amongst different fans - but not even most of us fit a common pattern. ooo
ooo

ooo This is as good a place as any to
ooo print a few lines from Tina's LoC. ooo
ooo

TINA HENSEL There are people who dwarf dance. They all belong to the Myth folk and practice on Saturday nights. The really ethnic groups look down on the Culver City Chapter, because they periodically indulge in Gnome Roamin' and other examples of splinter group dances. I, personally, find Trog Trotting and Troll Tangos appealing, but I can understand their point of view. It ain't ethnic! ooo Elf Stepping appears to be the latest thing with the younger Myth folk. I hear they actually stepped on one the other night, and were accused of picking on the little people. The real little people. ooo
ooo



One of the new hires at Container Corporation of America's paper can factory is a psychologist who couldn't get a job psyching, so he settled for a Sales-Service Manager position at CCA. During a casual conversation, I happened to mention the Creative Anacronists. He listened for an awed moment or two and interrupted with "Oh Wow! We studied wife-swapping in school, but I never heard of a group that allowed you to bash a man about the head and shoulders with a wooden sword, so you could latch onto his wife for a quarter."

"Not quite," I said in my best superior 'you stupid clutz' tone of voice. "The winner of the quarterly tourney only wins the right to name his Queen Consort for the quarter."

"You mean, the girls aren't competing for the privilege?"

"Of course they are."

"Quit trying to confuse me. You're afraid that I'm planning to write my Master's on the subject."

"I am?"

"Uhuh. And that's just what I'm gonna do," he chortled. "It oughta be good for at least 100 pages. How can I get in touch with these people?"

Look for it in Psychology Today.

ooo Don't you think a quarter is pretty cheap? ooo
ooo

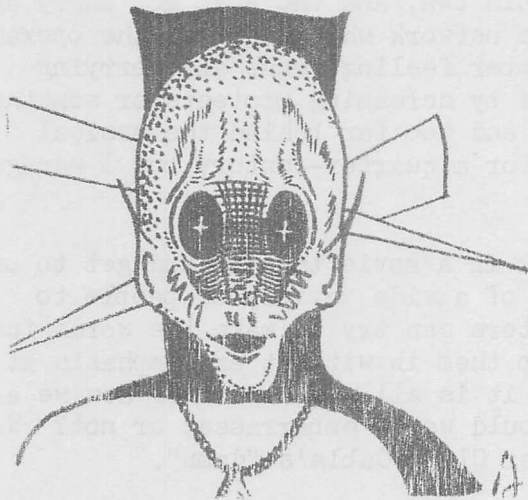
ooo And now let's move forward with some comment on EdCo's column in the lastish. Ed seems to have tickled a nerve or two with the subject of ad-inserts in books, and just about everyone who wrote in had at least one word of comment. ooo
ooo

powers the consumers (fans) and the writers (SFWA) have to change this. 000 You've touched on the real reason for all the hate and discontent. If you're proud of your paperback collection, you don't want it cheapened by advertisements. If you don't save paperbacks (as I don't), you don't much care. 000

NORM HOCHBERG The ads are printed on better paper than the covers (well, almost). I have to settle for scissoring out most of the ad and leaving an annoying blue strip right by the binding.

ROGER WADDINGTON The only adverts I ever remember as appearing in British pbs were those in the notorious series of Badger Books, mostly for Joan the Wad (no relation), a curio of a little Cornish piskey or elf to you (hey, was this how p-elf originated?) with unsolicited testimonials all over saying how this little creature had brought them luck, but it didn't say anything about the ones the curse landed on... So what do you want; pbs at the same price, with adverts, or dearer with no adverts? Personally I see it as a last desperate effort of the SF publishers to get some profit out of the field before they go broke; so if you want to go on reading SF at fairly reasonable prices, for Ghu's sake support them!

JEFF SCHALLES I would like to ask Ed Cox a question. As a man of such extended age as you (205 years according to Locke) do you calculate your actual years differently from the rest of us? I mean, in your column you say that these advertisements just started showing up in pbs "a year or more ago". Or, did you write this column sometime back, saving it until someone needed a column? You see, I remember some of the paperbacks I bought as a little tyke way back, say, in 1960, including a few older ones which I somehow acquired that dated back almost to when I was born, and I can remember seeing those inserted (inserted? Christ, the rest of the pages of the book might fall out, but those damn ads would cling to the very end..) ads way back then. Most, of course, were for the SF Book Club.



JOHN ROBINSON Our travelling member of the CDSFFF, who comes 70 miles to our meetings and the same going home (Catskills), sent letters to a couple of the publishers who've been inserting those glossy ads in pbacks and prozines to ask them to remove such crass commercialism. General agreement in the people I've talked to agrees that it's ok to include SF Book Club and Famous Writers' ads because these are related to the interests of readers of SF and Fantasy, but not cigarettes, mouth-wash or that other crap. A form letter was sent back by each of the offending publish-

ers: YOUR COMPLAINT IS NOTED. 000 So a lot of good it would do for everyone to start writing. Regardless of the quality of your letters, they won't get any farther than the clerk who mails out the form letters. Only a staggering volumn of complaint mail would cause the problem to reach management's attention. 000

BRUCE ARTHURS

Perhaps the ads can be done in a less intrusive manner, with a little help from the authors. For instance:

"My god," cried Professor Blech, "the invading Vomit People are less than a million miles from Earth, and the Zap Ray, the only weapon with a chance of stopping them, has been sabotaged! There's no way to repair it in time, Jack!"

Jack Astro's handsome, spacetanned face stayed calm. "Nonsense, Professor Blech. If we don't get shaken by nerves, we two working together may be able to salvage the machine. Here, have a cigarette to calm yourself."

"Thanks. Say, these are good. Good taste, but not that furry taste left after. What brand are they?"

"Novas, Professor. Nothing else has ever been good enough to satisfy me."

"Well, I'm sure going to switch my brand. To Novas."

"Everyone should smoke Novas, Professor. Now let's get to work on the Zap Ray!"

ooo The next subject concerns obscenity, a topic which had its beginnings in my first editorial. The following letters are in reply to the LoC^s on this subject which appeared in AWRY #2, and I would guess that this ties with EdCo's ads for largest volumn of response. I've broken the subject into four categories. The first concerns obscenity in the movies. ooo

HARRY WARNER

Around the same time that GONE WITH THE WIND created the excitement over "I don't give a damn", golden-age radio had its own moment of truth with a bad word. Walter Damrosch had written a new opera, and the Met had chosen it for one of its Saturday afternoon broadcasts. There was quite a bit of preliminary skirmishing in radio magazines and perhaps in the newspapers too, although I wouldn't claim to be sure about that. A climax in the opera, named THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, was a big scene where the hero was on trial for having been mixed up with Aaron Burr's scheme to create a nation of his own, and the hero got angry and shouted: "Damn the United States of America!" The network which carried the operas finally decided to let it be broadcast, and I remember feeling tense and worrying whether the audience would break up the performance by screaming protests or something. The opera was deemed by the critics too unoriginal and too far behind the musical times and probably hasn't been performed anywhere for a quarter-century but I managed to find a copy of the vocal score as a souvenir.

NORM HOCHBERG

On Jodie's letter, I work in a movie theatre and get to see first-hand the reactions of a wide variety of people to "cuss words" and such on-screen. Generally, directors can try to make the words funny (by exploiting society's immaturity) or he can drop them in without any emphasis at all and audiences will not titter and ooh-ah. So, it is all a question of how we are manipulated. We are in a confusing state now. Should we be embarrassed or not? We don't know. That, to me, shows some maturation over Clark Gable's "damn".

MARK MUMPER

Jodie Offutt's letter comments on the use of "damn" in GONE WITH THE WIND as compared with the "fucking" used in the football game in M.A.S.H. I saw M.A.S.H. for the third time last night, so the memory and the feeling is still hanging around my mind.

Jodie's description of the audience reaction to Gable's outburst is very apt. I can literally hear the "oohs, aahs, and titters" somewhere in the corners of my head, as the audience realizes what he just said (gasp!). That is exactly how I think a forties (alright, 1939) audience would react, but it certainly is not how the audiences of 1970 reacted to the conjugation of "fuck" in M.A.S.H. In a good many earlier films

people had been treated to more blatant usages of four-letter words, so the instance in this film was not novel. Every time I have seen it, the reaction has ranged from loud guffaws (it is a funny line, being unexpected) reflecting pleasure but not shock, to mild laughter, such as was the case last night, when I'm sure most of the audience had seen the film before. Today's movie-goers are not shocked, annoyed, or reduced to giggling at the advent of a single case of so-called obscenity. Excessive, deadening use of four-letter words may cause such a reaction, but I believe the open acceptance, or at least acknowledgement, of these words and phrases is one step toward the lowering of uptight feelings about normal, natural functions. Sure, four-letter words are constantly abused, but so is every other word in the English language. ^{ooo} Except the word 'moderation'. ^{ooo} The only way we can reach the point at which we know how and when to use the tools of this beautiful language (and that definitely includes "obscenities") in an appropriate fashion, is by allowing and permitting their use now as a means of getting to know them.

^{ooo} The next sub-section of this topic is comment upon Mike Juergens statement: "stating that Richard Nixon is an asshole is a powerful and eloquent means of expressing an opinion of the man". We'll start off with Mark Mumper again, who commented on my editorial in #1: "I do agree with your view, though perhaps not quite as vehemently". Since he misread that I was being vehement, I didn't see how he could agree. Here's his comment on the subject as presented in #2. ^{ooo}

MARK MUMPER

After reading the reactions to your "Red Baron" piece, I agree in the main with Mike Juergens' letter, although I'd say the use of 'obscenities' by a 'younger generation' (a term which is worthless) represent more a social statement than a political one. Indeed, I think using the term "asshole" to describe Richard Nixon is quite eloquent in some contexts, merely because it is not normally considered a part of one's vocabulary; and I don't mean in shock terms, either. It's a concise, straightforward, descriptive term, which may be highly accurate in terms of your own political viewpoint. It can even be poetic.

DAVE HULVEY

Mike Juergens is very astute in his judgment that obscenities are used -- not with any sexual connotations -- to condemn the political and social situation in Amerika today. Asshole doesn't have to be eloquent. That has nothing to do with it at all. Nixon doesn't even have to react -- and no doubt it has little or no real effect on him. The most important thing is that it is said to signify solidarity with the relevant progressive forces in the country today. I dare say, if thousands of peepull hadn't took to the streets with their banners and obscenities, we would be living in a real military dictatorship today, not just the authoritarian regime of Nixon.

MIKE JUERGENS

Hmmm -- I find myself in the interesting position of being the only person who objected at length to your comments on obscenity in fanzines. Well, I really don't think I'd like the role of AWRY's Strident Voice in the lettercol, so I'd better cut it out -- just as soon as I've made a couple more points, of course.

I really don't see why 'asshole' can't be eloquent, if eloquent still means "vividly expressed, with moving force and fluency". In fact, I think you'd be hard put to find another label that more vividly expresses such strong feelings of angry contempt, disgust, and loathing. There is a powerful conciseness about obscenity, and I think that therein lies its value -- though I readily agree that, like anything else, it can be overused.

Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers practiced verbosity.

Eloquence is speaking with ease and yet with force; it is the weaving and blending of words in a dynamic manner. To come out 'on-stage' and make the profound statement that "so-and-so is an asshole" displays the facile mind of someone who hasn't the sincerity or the capacity to discuss issues and personalities on an intelligent level. As an off-the-cuff remark "so-and-so is an asshole" is, at best, a simplified over-reaction. When spoken with the intent of saying something meaningful, neither the remark nor the person are usually worth replying to.

The next category concerns obscenity in fanzines. Mostly.

JOHN ROBINSON I'm with you on the subject of verbal overkill. Genius is the simplest thing -- like understatement. Cy Chauvin: Jean Shepherd used to tell the story of the born artiste of obscenity who knew only three or four select four-letter words and could use them as practically any part of speech with incredible timing. I had to agree, having known a couple of champion cusserators; and it takes years and years to learn. Such types tend to be Archie Bunkers, too, or play the part to rankle folks.

DONN BRAZIER My feeling about 4-letter words is that they are symbols and ought not to be obscene. However, I refrain from using them because some people are shocked, and because I don't talk about affairs that are private matters. I do not care to be offensive to people; basically I'm one of those "nice guys" in public and keep my caustic, obscene, or demeaning remarks to myself; and perform in private. Therefore, I prefer not to read the words and as an extension - the activities that sometimes require the words for unmistakable clarity. However, I do prefer that use over the indiscriminate and habitual use of the words as part of a jargon.

HARRY WARNER I don't agree that obscenity is used by the young to symbolize their difference from the older people. In my experience, the bulk of any city's older people use bad words just as frequently as the young people who are fond of them. Maybe the kids are trying instead to emphasize their separation from the Babbitts, the social elite, the Rotarian class. These are the men and women who for the most part don't use obscene words when they're out in public.

JACKIE FRANKE I'm surprised that so many readers haven't noticed any increase in formerly forbidden material in fmz. Either they're so young that they can't recall all the taboos that used to exist or they read a very restricted range of fmz. But I still agree that there are some zines, which if they come out of some back shelf after their publishers gain more years and/or maturity are going to embarrass the dickens out of them. It's not the use of so-called obscene words (as Jodie pointed out they change with the passing years) it's the abuse of the words. If a word is meant to emphasize something, then use it thusly. But you can't emphasize everything, or nothing is stressed at all. Damn has almost reached the neutrality of 'darn' or _____ (choose your own bland adjective), and the current naughty words will reach that point sooner or later, with as-yet-unthought-of-replacements. But even then, printing the then-current 'shocking' word repeatedly, in a vain attempt to show sophistication or worldliness will still be asinine. You can overkill with any word; someone who gushes about "that darling dress, those darling people, that darling place" betrays the same weakness as the publisher who seems to feel that every tangible object in this world is capable of copulating.

Agreed all the way.

Sticks and stones may break my bones, but set me on fire and I'm in real trouble. 29

SANDRA MIESEL Readers who have never been subjected to vulgar fanzines ought to rejoice, not express skepticism over the existence of same. Yes indeed, they are boring. The tired arguments about "obscenity as a political act" are conventional wisdom in the counterculture.

DAVE HULVEY I abso-fuckin'-lutely don't use obscenities in my goddamn fanzines, and I'll kick the shit out of anyone who sez I do. I'm not offended by Bad words in fanzines. I use them quite liberally myself. To say that you use them "quite liberally" is like saying that King Kong was a monkey. I hope that by the time you're at least 40 you'll be able to look back on things such as you've just written and realize how absolutely dumb they sound to most of the people who are reading them right now. Your words serve no purpose other than to call attention to yourself; but what I see is too unimpressive for a second glance. If you'll drop your armor of obscenities, maybe there's something worth looking at underneath. But we won't find out, if you never say anything more profound than "fuck".

MIKE DECKINGER Some charactor who writes letters to AMAZING and FANTASTIC has been slipping in "fuck" a few times as, I suppose, a means of declaring his maturity. Ted White is not a believer in censorship and allows this and other such words to slip through (as he should). The end result is, that my estimation of the mentality of the readership drops a few notches every time I encounter this letter writer. There is a reverse picture; for that read some of the letters from the silly, silly people in ANALOG objecting to a few Freas interiors.

The last category in this topic concerns Mike Juergens' statement that a "fanzine illo of a man sitting on the john" is "a political statement". Got that?

ED CAGLE An illo of a man sitting on a john is not a political statement, but one of a man standing in one seems to say something, and to me it has definite politcal undertones. Very suggestive, in a way. "Election? What election? Get up there in that giant gerflooshum and if no one has tripped the valve at the end of four hours, you're in." You're in what?

DAVE HULVEY Believe it or not, Dave, Dan Osterman did do a fanzine illo of a man on the toilet listening to a Nixon speech, and shouting "Bullshit!" I know Dan much better than you do, and I'm sure it was a political statement. I'm appalled that you wouldn't have the ability to understand that. Dan also did similar cartoons, after his conversion to Fundamentalism, extolling (in a tongue in cheek manner) the glories of receiving a cosmic calling while on the toilet. I thought it was highly amusing,

You may use it as an interlineation, though I suppose most fans will have accepted the premise I made already, and find your interlineation more a reflection of where you're at, than where the statement I made is concerned.

I have three comments. 1) I'm sure you know Dan much better than I do, since I don't know him at all. I feel you'll take me sincerely when I say that I hope you continue to know him better than I do. 2) Don't be appalled. I'm not appalled that you didn't try to explain why it's a political statement. If you had tried, I'd have been appalled. 3) Your second paragraph is a tired gimmick and older than the two of us together (and if that happens, I'd be appalled). I think most fans know where both of us are at. And I'm just fine where I am, thanks.

⊘⊘⊘ Jeff Schalles comments on AWRY #1 and #2, in reference to the still continuing discussion on obscenity. ⊘⊘⊘

JEFF SCHALLES I appreciate being on the reciprocate end of AWRY, and before I go any further, may I add that I would appreciate receiving it in the future, also...whether or not you deem my letter(s), fanzine, or (gasp) art a reason to continue sending it.

And now that that's out of the way, on to it. The editorial in #1 was fun to read, at least till the last page of it. Then you became heavy. Now, I respect in every way your entitlement to your opinions, and I even agree almost in a small way with a few of them, sometimes. I would suppose that a part of this last part of your editorial is directed to me and the last issue of my fanzine. I guess you just didn't quite "get into" what Crap Comix was all about (as "we" say here in kiddy land). The idea wasn't so much to disturb the onlooker with the creature dropping his pile of shit. The bowel movement was merely a carrier for the message...and the message had to do with the Underground Comics which are becoming so popular these days (or should I say, as they have been around since 1967, these decades...?). It was an attempt by me at being subtle in putting across my message, if you can put aside your picture of a creature crapping for a second. But don't feel bad. Only one person out of all those who mentioned Crap Comix in their LoCs even tried to look at it from the way I intended it...the rest of "you" out there flunked the course. *sigh*

Back to remedial fingerpainting next issue, I guess...

But, may we forget about all of that now? I am interested in communicating with all people, despite their race, creed, or age...I've learned a great deal from all my associations with fandom, and not the least from communicating with you "older" fans. But if we are to sit around disagreeing about format or social enlightenments, we might as well all forget about the whole thing and form a string of new apas, like: APA'30, APA'31, APA'32, APA'33. . . APA'45 being already quite a sound reality.

⊘⊘⊘ The need for communication, Jeff, is not to be questioned. It is the material being communicated which falls under scrutiny. You are correct that it was your fanzine which triggered-off the "Red Baron" section of my editorial in the first issue. Your stated purpose for inserting that cartoon is quite interesting, in view of the number of people who consider it a political statement... ⊘⊘⊘

MIKE DECKINGER I am more than a little puzzled by Michael Juergen's paragraph on obscenity on page 17. The logic eludes me - a sense of deja vu sweeps in, and I have a feeling I'm reading one of Stephen Pickering's tortuous exercises again. Otherwise, the use of "obscenities" in fanzines don't strike me as daring, or bold, or even (for god sakes) a political statement. Most of the time I'm reminded of children who have discovered a new word and are using it to their fullest in hopes they won't forget it.

MICHAEL JUERGENS I must admit that my phrase "a fanzine illo of a man sitting on the john...is a political statement..." was perhaps a bit unclear. Maybe I should have phrased it: "A fanzine illo of a man sitting on the john is indicative of the editor's political/cultural attitude set". But that would have been too long for you to use as a interlino.

ROBERT BLOCH It's all I can do to keep from making a political statement about Michael Juergens.

articles under a pseudonym should not talk about such things as an "identity crisis". And, if they are Found-Out, I also maintain that they are fair game for anyone who wants to pick up a gob and fling it back at them.

But I made only a one-line remark about Arnie in AWRY #1. I said that at best he was unamusing, which is exactly the way I feel, and at that point a few fans picked-up on the remark and there was some discussion about it in AWRY #2. If my opinions, as stated in AWRY, have turned into a personal attack it is because the forward-motion of this discussion has drawn them out. However, instead of considering it a personal attack I would prefer to consider it merely a statement of my own personal feelings about him. He has written an immense number of fuggheaded things during his fannish existence, and I have yet to read one article by him that justifies calling him a 'humorist'. Fans who enjoy the reputation of being a humorist do this kind of writing on an intentional basis. Fans who are unintentionally humorous are called other things.

End of subject. There are a good number of good topics and comments left, but no room left in this issue to print them. As there are some items too valuable to jettison, these will be held over for the next engagement. WAHF (some of whom we'll hear from next time): Paul Anderson, Loren MacGregor, Dan Steffan, Alexis Gilliland, Vaughn Fraser, Lou Stathis, Chris Walker, Jan Jansen, V. Nirranjan, Bruce Gillespie, George Proctor, Roger Bryant, Ruth Berman, and Mike Shoemaker.

For certain for nextish: Jackie Franke with a quite interesting article on the space program: "The Stars Our Destination?" Dean Grennell informs me that his typewriter and he have produced an article for the next issue. Donn Brazier is working on an expose of Robert Bloch. Columns by Ed and Tina will most certainly be forthcoming, and so will the reviews. You'll see it all somewhere around December.

AWRY 3

CONTENTS

WRITTEN	DRAWN
3....ALIGN AND TILT editorial	COVER Dan Steffan
5....DWARF DANCING IS A MINUET article, by Bob Tucker	3 Alexis Gilliland
6....THE BAWDY BEAUTIFUL fiction, by Ed Cox	5 & 11 Jackie Franke
7....VIEW FROM UNDER A 60-WATT LAMP reviews, by Locke and Cox	13 Bill Rotsler
10....BLECH THE BARBARIAN article, by Milt Stevens	15 Sheryl Birkhead
12....WRYBALD TALES OF DWARF DANCING column, by Tina Hensel	17 Patrice Duvic
15....WRYTING IN letters, from everyone	19 Jeff Schalles
	22 Vi Locke
	9 & 25 DGL