



*Augerson*

**Cry<sup>177</sup>**



CRY #177, nominally dated 1 November 1968, is edited by Vera Heminger, Wally Weber and Elinor Busby. It is published in Cold Unfannish Litho (WHA...?) by Wal-2-Wal Press. Contributors and the staff get it free [flash to Judy Carne scratching her chest and saying "I think I've got it!"]. CRY is also available on (approved) trades. But for everybody else, friends, there is Bad News Today.

Henceforth, saith the editors, CRY is 40¢ per copy (existing subs will of course be honored at the old rate; now you see why those sly editors would not accept longterm subs); no subs over \$2, please. You get the same discount for quantity that the Post Office gives the editors; OK?

CRY's last price-rise was announced about May or June of 1958 [#115 maybe?] and was the same amount although a bit rougher percentagewise: from 10¢ to 25¢. People said this was outrageous and would kill our circulation. Well, that was nothing new; G. M. Carr in 1954 predicted that CRY, previously a free zine, would never survive the proposed 10¢ price. You just never can tell...

And now, Mod Mod World takes a look at CONTENTS:

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Editorial Balance is a lovely idea if it works. This time the lettercol is wagging the zine, with 16 letters printed (in part, at least) out of 49 received. That's all right; it's happened before and doubtless will happen again. As to "balance" in content of our other material, I have no idea, not having seen most of it at this writing. Something for everybody, I hope... [Incidentally, the editors are very pleased and appreciative of your letter-response; even though not all or even most letters can be printed, all are avidly read by the entire staff-- unless you put your comments in the middle of a personal-type letter, of course. So do not feel that a WAHF letter is wasted; it ain't, baby!]

Somebody asked about a possible overseas airmail sub-rate. Well, at 20¢ per half-ounce postage-- I'll tell you what: you pay the postage and we'll give you half-price on the zine! No, it's just not practical (that would be about \$1.60 postage on this issue, for instance; no fanzine is worth that). Unfortunately.

If I forgot anything the editors wanted me to mention, perhaps you will find it on page 17 or 42. Happy browsing!

--Buz.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE

All of a sudden writing a fanzine column appears to be fraught with pitfalls. Here I was, in my neofannish innocence, thinking fanwriting was Nothing but a Goddam Hobby, when suddenly I'm hit by the lightning revelation that writing in a fanzine is a Mandate and there are certain Subjects one simply doesn't write about nowadays.

Like a bolt out of ~~MEXX~~ the blue.

Golly, I knew some subjects did croggle some readers, but I figured that's the way the fanball bounces - win a few, lose a few, and if in the meantime, one manages to entertain, divert or arouse a bit of interest while enjoying one's hobby, well, that would be what fanwriting is all about. I mean, one has to take one's chances according to the good old fannish saying "You can please some of the fans some of the time, but you can please some of the fans none of the time."

But no - some things aren't to be talked about.

Sonovagun - from Goddam Hobby to Mandate to Dilemma in one uneasy step.

Because - some readers do want to see these subjects mentioned, and if I avoid them, then I'm not fulfilling my Mandate to those.

Well, I'm a good-natured SCoaw most of the time, despite what Wally says, and I often make a valiant effort to please. So after much painful cerebration, I thought I'd hit upon a way to avoid subjects that offend some, while still presenting them to others in the same column: I have been hard at work thus perfecting a formula that will cause any mention of Star Trek to automatically self-erase in these pages when that Word appears before the eyes of those whose delicate estheticism simply cannot bear to hear anymore about that show. It's proving to be a very complicated process. It's interfering with my sleep and creating havoc with my watching Johnny Carson. I fear it's not ready as this issue is being pubbed.

There will be some displeased readers, alas.

But I'm not giving up: I will find this process; and any suggestions from Alchemists, Mad Scientists, Warlocks, Shamans and chemistry students will be fanthastically appreciated. And maybe in the meantime I can use those \*\*\* - like in those old European novels - the town of \*\*\* - or Doctor \*\*\*. I used to get a kick out of that.

And finding the magic process is not really the problem, actually. The problem is: how am I going to know if it is effective? I can't test it on myself, you see. So, logically, I'd have to have someone who cannot bear to hear about Star Trek by my side as I experiment, to determine when I've succeeded. And I'm not sure I can bear that.

I'll have to do some serious thinking about it all. I do hope I survive that. In the meantime, I'll go on to other Important Problems.

It has come to my attention that there is some sort of belief being pro-



pagated in the land that Bruce Coulson is Chtulhu Incarnate, Ruler of the World, Master of the Sevagram and Lord Lizard Leader. While I am not in the least desirous to deny him the first three titles - nay, I'm not even qualified to do so - I vigorously protest his being given the appellation of Lord Lizard Leader. I don't care if he's in addition called King of the Behemoths, the Last of the Megalosauri and Leader of the Iguana People - but there is only one Lord Lizard Leader, and right now he resides at the Star Trek -oops, I mean the \*\*\* studio, as an earthly avatar called Rick Carter.

I'd been writing and talking long-distance to Rick for a while, and naturally becoming curious, had started nagging him for a picture of himself. It seems I'm a pretty good nagger (let's not have any cracks about that now, Rick), and one day - mirabile visu - I got an envelope containing the long-awaited pictures. Eagerly I opened it, and took out two excellent photographs of the Gorn Captain from "Arena." The little note with them said "Am I not photogenic?"



#### TAKE US TO OUR LIZARD LEADER

Well, I hadn't realized I had been corresponding with an alien lizard (his voice sounded pretty normal on the phone), but I'm pretty broad-minded, and my dismay was short-lived. Not only am I pretty broad-minded, I am also a compassionate SCoaW, and quickly surmised that this poor saurian must feel quite lonesome in his odd alien environment (even in Hollywood).

The course was clear: I rallied a few other good-natured, compassionate fans around, and explained what the situation was, and to their credit, there was no hesitation. They immediately started doing everything they could to make this poor Lizard feel less homesick, and what better way was there than to send him little green doodads to remind him of Home? Such as Rocks, and Do-It-Yourself-Gorn-Kits, and various creepy things.

This is why - if anyone ever wondered (which I'm sure they must have) - since

March, Rick Carter's office at the \*\*\* studio has been the recipient of some of the strangest things ever to arrive in a television studio (and even the most hardened case will have to admit that is no mean accomplishment in Hollywood). At last count, I heard there were three boxes full.

I said I try to please. And especially now, for one must do one's part to keep the spirits at the studio cheerful, in view of some of the \*\*\* episodes that we've been presented with this third season. I'm sure they must feel as bad about them as we do. For this third season opened with a loud bang from one of the biggest bombs yet, something called "Spock's Brain." All sorts of rotten puns now come to mind, not the least vile of which is one having to do with "brain drain", but I'll have to control myself.

This episode was shot through with scientific errors, a deterioration of characterizations, unexplained (and probably unexplainable) alien societies, and some pretty dragged-out scenes - here we are, with Spock having 5 hours to live unless they restore his brain, and here are the rescuers, ambling down



a subterranean corridor with all the elan of vacationers in a meadow in spring.

If I thought Spock had five hours to live, I'd be tearing the place apart.

And I won't even elaborate on the brain-operating sequence. A fan who's studying nursing became severely ill with severe rejection symptoms that evening. She may recover.

But the most pitiful thing about this episode is not that it was so bad; the most pitiful thing is that it was presented as the opening show because the network selected it as a good episode.

THEY liked it. THEY think this is representative science fiction. If THEY have their way - and they sure seem to, quite a bit - that's the sort of thing that will continue to appear on the boob tube under the name of speculative fiction.

It's enough to cry. Or turn the thing off and read a book.

I'm beginning to think I might subscribe to Buck Coulson's idea of a write-in to remove Fred Freiberger as producer after seeing some of the other episodes; there have been six aired so far, and I would say two and a half were OK. A half because, while "Spectre of the Gun" had some very good eerie atmosphere, it simply was too slow-paced in spots. And did Kirk have to be made to appear that chicken? And McCoy's performance is beginning to appear wooden. And...I better quit.

But the networks like it, and they've just purchased two more episodes, for a total of eighteen so far. Oh, well - shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

Television rather fascinates me, in a way. Not that I watch too much of it. As a matter of fact, I watch damn little. But for those shows I watch, I go to rather elaborate maneuvers so as not to miss them. Like last Friday, dashing off for a forty-five minute drive to watch \*\*\* on cable tv, since the local Klingons had preempted it again. Or going around the neighborhood forlornly knocking on doors until I find a hospitable family who is also tuned in to what I want to see, while my husband is watching the Olympics.

I don't always win.

"Journey to the Unknown" is one of those new shows I have tried not to miss. The episodes up to now have had a very eerie quality that have made them very enjoyable; the themes themselves haven't been too terribly new, but the execution and presentation are so well-done that the overall effect is one of excellence. One of Robert Bloch's episodes was shown three weeks ago, a story of fraudulent mediums, and the insights into that con game were fascinating. Maybe it's a certain meticulousness, an attention to detail, but British-produced series often are quite superior. At least the ones presented here; "The Prisoner" drew raves, didn't it?

Another show I don't often miss (despite what it does to my sleep) is Johnny Carson. There are a lot of amusing and interesting bits and personalities on that show, and anyway, I got a system all worked out. I always keep a book or magazine handy, to which I retreat when it gets dull; for somehow I stay half-attuned, and when it picks up, I start watching again. In any case, I read



during the commercials, without fail; amazing, the inroads I've managed to make in my reading list this way.

If the poor sponsors only knew how many people read during commercials...

I also play a little game I call "People I'd like to see on the Carson show." I find it disconcerting that so many of the people I want to see don't appear. It's not that my tastes are all that esoteric, and these personalities wouldn't be a success. Why, just the other night, when Carson was announcing the list of guests, the audience applauded at the mention of Robert Jastrow, author of the

fascinating "Red Giants and White Dwarfs." Carson remarked with pleased surprise that this was the first time announcing a scientist was applauded on his show.

The great American audience isn't all that dumb. And science is becoming more and more popular. The good doctor Asimov's appearance was a great success, several months ago, and I'd say that even if I weren't an sf fan and a devoted reader of his works.

So I keep on getting these little ideas, like "Wouldn't it be neat if Harry Harrison was on, when Carson goes to the West Coast? Or Larry Niven? Or...", because their projections of what will happen to society sure would create a response too, and so I keep on sending these little letters to the Carson show, asking for another Asimov appearance, or maybe Arthur C. Clarke, or Harry. I don't know whether it does any good, but I feel I'll have done my bit.

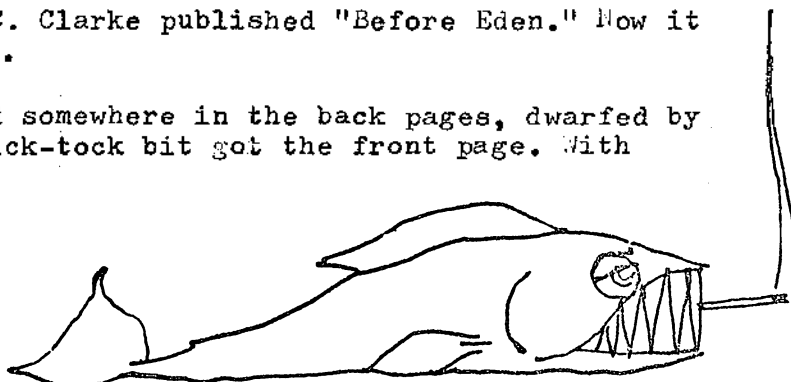
Because there are times when the mundane world still doesn't seem to grasp exactly what is of importance to mankind, and what isn't. (Of course, I know, you see, and I feel I should clue them in...) As exemplified by the respective places given to two items recently in our local rag. Dateline: The Vatican: from there, the mind-croddling news that this is the First Pope to ever wear a wristwatch. I wowed.

In the same paper, another item: Russ Space Shot infects Mars, Venus with already enough micro-organisms to exceed the total originally projected by COSPAR (Committee on Space Research, an international body that tries to guard against contamination of other planets). The US appears to adhere quite scrupulously to the required safeguards, heat-sterilizing their vehicles, and it is this conscientiousness that is holding the American space program back. The USSR isn't going to all these lengths.

It wasn't nine years ago Arthur C. Clarke published "Before Eden." Now it could very well already be happening.

Of course, these news were buried somewhere in the back pages, dwarfed by some big commercial ad. The papal tick-tock bit got the front page. With bolder headlines.

It's enough to cry.



"You KNOW HOW IT IS..."

## Vonderings

by Vonda McIntyre

The title is All Wally's Fault. I won't tell you which Wally because he'd probably never live it down.

Fandom has come to my rescue. For years and years, every time I got a good story idea, I would say to myself, "Say, that's a good story idea. I'll have to write it up sometime." Somehow, though, I never got around to writing it up, or I would just get the rough draft roughed up, when along would come the next issue of practically anything, and there would be my story idea, written up by someone else either so well that I crawled under the bed and cried a lot, or so poorly that I crawled under the bed and cried a lot. (Remember "Star Blechh" in Mad? I wrote a funnier one. It was ready to send the day the issue came out on the stands.) It got so bad that I began to suspect that I had my own private telepathy lines to all the best s-f writers, and to most of the worst ones, too. Needless to say, it was getting pretty soggy under my bed. But, as I say, fandom has come to my rescue. If I get a good idea I can probably sneak it in here before anybody else gets a chance to use it. (heh, heh)

F'rinstance, some time ago I saw a movie called "Time Is." One line was "A positron is an electron moving back in time." (Betcha didn't know that, huh?) This line set me thinking. After several days in the comatose state into which that kind of strenuous activity places me, I arose with the realization that I had, completely independently, (except for that single fact) developed an interstellar drive theory which avoids the two main problems of most interstellar drive theories. In order of importance (from s-f's p.o.v., anyway), they are 1) if you go slower than the speed of light, the objective time is so long that you return to your starting point in time either to marry your granddaughter (some good stories have been written around this possibility), or to rebuild civilization after a far-future was (some very bad movies have been made around this possibility), or 2) if you go faster than light, you must either ignore completely or twist pretty badly some rather firmly set natural laws.

Now, I am not opposed to subspace, warp drives, translation, teleportation, or any of the other numerous and sundry devices used to subvert Mr. Einstein, and I doubt he minded being subverted for the sake of the story. But when I developed the drive, I had just finished three quarters of physics (two of them concurrently, wait 'til the Administration realizes that) and my brain was a little washed. It soothes my sense of symmetry to have a stardrive which allows the theory of relativity and the rules of science fiction to coexist.

The theory is this. If an electron going back in time is a positron, then presumably other sub-atomic particles' analogs also move in reverse along the temporal plane. Therefore,





you get in your starship and head for your destination, say, 40 Eridani. (Not towards where it will be, towards where it is.) You accelerate to just under the speed of light, approaching but never exceeding it. Time dilation causes your subjective time to be rather short. When you are halfway to 40 Eridani, you instantaneously (so the matter-anti-matter interactions won't blow you up) convert the ship and everything in it to anti-matter. Subjective time will still proceed at a normal rate, but you are passing thru the universe in temporal reverse. By the time you reach 40 Eridani, you're back when you started but you're where you want to be. You're a couple of weeks or so older (for very long journeys you could go into suspended animation), you calculate your conversion point so that you arrive the same day you left, if you like, or perhaps a few years later if you like to observe progress.

Let's just hope no one forgets to reconvert to matter before they land.

My only hangup now is that no one as yet has quite figured out how to convert matter into anti-matter. But that's not my problem, team, I only wanted to stay in Einstein's good graces.

I thought of this just under a year ago, and I was procrastinating, as usual, in using it. Then, last week, I began reading Robert Silverberg's The Masks of Time. The inside blurb says "time-reversal of sub-atomic particles." I kicked myself, several times, started to crawl under the bed, dragged myself out by the back of the neck and said, "McIntyre, read the book. Maybe you're not dead yet."

I not only read it, I enjoyed it. The difficulties of sending sub-atomic particles back in time are used to demonstrate the probable impossibility of Vornan-19's being a real time traveller.

That's all right, Mr. Silverberg--you can have your theories and I'll keep mine.

Hmm... a sobering thought just came to mind. Those private telepathy lines don't go out, they come in. I'm not picking the brains of s-f writers the world over, they're picking mine! Get out of there, all of you! I'm filing suit in the morning!

The nice thing about a title like "Vonderings" is that I can vonder and get away with it.

Quickie ~~TV~~ TV review: Irwin Lost in Space to the Bottom of the Cesspool Allen has done it again. TV Guide called him "TV's king of science fiction." TV Guide is also probably voting for George Wallace. Gary Conway and Don Marshall, a couple of pretty good actors, can't even save Allen's current abomination, "Land of the Giants." It's not surprising, considering the lines they're fed and considering that Marshall, who is black, gets a credit line under that of the little kid. King of s-f? Anyone for anarchy?

A small random sample of other new shows: Journey to the Unknown is well worth watching and 24 Oct's episode with (!) George Maharis was exceptional. The Outcasts is very good. Have only watched Mod Squad once because of SCUBA lessons but the one I saw was good. I haven't been able to keep my attention on Name of the Game but Vera likes it. As for Here Come the Brides: Why, oh why, is Seattle the only tv city with muddy streets? With that kind of bad press we'll never win the worldcon bid.

I found out a little more about the Pope's watch Vera was talking about--it's a calendar watch, and he keeps it on a 28-day cycle.

## B I C Y C L E   P U M P

by F. M. Busby

"Stay away from the air-hose, dad! The bicycle pump's enough for you!"

... old filk-saying...

On an impulse I grabbed a small stack of recently-acquired paperbacks-- the ones I recalled with some pleasure and that were handy to the grabbing-- and find that 4 out of 8 are s-f but that the s-f 4 as a group lose out in enjoyment to the other 4 as a group. This is why I don't Plow much, any more, I guess.

The s-f entries are "Synthajoy" by D. G. Compton, "Croyd" by Ian Wallace, and Alexei Panshin's "Rite of Passage" and "Star Well", of which I'll have a bit to say later. The non-sf is Maurice Edelman's "Shark Island" (World Events), John Buell's "Four Days" (Suspense & Psychological Tragedy), Seymour Epstein's "Caught in that Music" (Youth's Travails-- something like "The Graduate" except that the young fella makes more sense-- set in the War2 period but somehow does not read dated), and D. L. Romano's "The Town That Took a Trip" (Contemporary Extrapolation: what happens when an unchlorinated water supply is inadvertently slugged with a surfeit of LSD, when the whole town is already out of its tree?).

"Synthajoy" is rather fascinating but overdoes flashback nearly as much as Piers Anthony's "Chthon" or Zelazney's "Lords of Light" which gets away with it better than either of the others do. "Croyd" is interesting for the most part, dealing with a new idea in Special Super-abilities, but it is uncoordinated and inconsistent, and the author rambles off onto sidetracks more than is advisable. However, I'll be watching for the Ian Wallace by-line in future, to see if these faults are overcome as the author progresses.

Having met Alex Panshin at Baycon, I was interested in reading his "Rite of Passage"; previously I had been rather down on him because of a couple of fanzine articles that tasted sour to me (but that's a long time ago, friends).

I've read Dick Geis' and Ed Cox's reviews of this book in PSYCHOTIC and I disagree with both these gentlemen quite a lot. They do not think that the girl Mia is believable since (they figure) girls of 12 and 14 are Silly and Giggly, not serious or purposeful, etc. Well, gentlemen, some are and some aren't-- either way you slice it, and with variation from day to day. Background, the environment, the culture, and even heredity have a lot more to do with behavior tendencies than mere age. And I'd say that the culture of the Great Ships in this book would tend toward Mia-like girls, along with her family situation as stated. Hell, I know a kid or two who is quite a lot like Mia, myself. Also they-two denigrate the idea of the Trial itself, in which the Ship's 14-year-olds are dumped on a planet (after rigorous but voluntary survival training) to live or die for a month before the survivors are picked up. In the Ship's terms, it makes sense: births are rigorously limited; eugenics is practiced; the Trial gives a check on whether the eugenicists are moving in the right direction, and allows some excess of births since Trial weeds out that excess in a survival direction. (Whether we "like" this idea has no bearing on the matter.)

My own complaints vs the book concern mainly the background and the ending. Background: the Great Ships are tunneled-out asteroids fitted with Faster-Than-Light Drive and artificial gravity, and the first of these was completed in the year 2025 A.D. I just don't believe that, gang, for several reasons. The time is too soon, for one thing. Also I can't see a natural hunk of rock with its natural fault-lines serving as a vehicle under FTL-Drive; it's too apt to pop like a walnut some fine day. Then there was the bit of going outside the Ship and into weak natural asteroid gravity (at FTL speeds??), and being in grave danger of permanent damage from gravity-disorientation after an hour or so: How's That Again??

Ending: I just don't see 16,000 people in a closed bottle accepting the guilt for wiping out several million on a planet, plus that planet's natives (intelligence undetermined) and entire biosphere to boot. I don't see Mia's father being for the

slaughter and Mia against it when throughout the story Father has said "we're all human beings" while Mia's been down on Mudeaters and most recently has had bloody-awful experiences with them. I don't see any 2 people disagreeing on a question of this kind, and the massacre taking place, and the dissenters ever being able to forgive the majority; it doesn't wash, with me. But this is a small part of the pagecount and I refuse to let it spoil the story for me.

Oh, one thing: Panshin took care of the narrator's being much more mature (etc) than 12 or 14 in very neat fashion, right at the start. He says that the narration is 7 years after the start of the tale and that the narrator doubts that recall is 100% accurate ("..I never said things half as smoothly as I set them down here"). This is an absolutely admirable cop-out; I like it.

"Star Well" is the first of a series, it appears, starring Anthony Villiers, who is sort of a cross between Dominic Flandry and Kirth Gerson, just as "Star Well" is a hybrid of many things including the Poul Anderson and Jack Vance flairs for specific excellences in s-f adventure writing.

I find it hard to believe that this book was written after "Rite...". The latter was beautifully consistent in style and viewpoint; this one is a real plate of hash (possibly experimental), veering wildly in mood, style, or you name it. There are some beautiful lines, some fine scenes, but little consistency in the treatment. However, I suppose Alex had fun with it, and so did I.

Well, that's \*Books\* for this time (an arbitrary cutoff-point).

It must be at least 10 or 11 years since Lars Bourne dished the hell out of the Nameless in CRY. That was the Old Nameless, and of course the old CRY also. Now it befalls me to dish the New Nameless and in the new CRY. So it goes.

Ever since STAR TREK moved to Fridays, an hour of the monthly Nameless meetings have been devoted to watching the show. And also listening to it; the rule was that if you wanted to talk, take it the hell out to the kitchen. And I still feel that way, even though the Thrill is Gone to some extent (as Elinor said, "We still like to watch the show but we are no longer In Love with it", the way it has gone downhill after the first part of its 2nd year). But now the Nameless has expanded greatly, and most of the expansion is Star Trek Fans.

And here is the Anomaly: we lukewarm Trekkies who are more general-fans than ST fans would like to see and hear the show. But the enthusiastic and even virulent Star Trekkies are in no such mood: what they want to do is make smart cracks back at the script and howl with laughter, drowning out the next few lines. Well, my answer to that ol' noise, chillun (and I do mean yours), is fuggit. The next time your old Unca Buz will be found at meetings during ST is when most of the loud types have either dropped away or learned some Listening Manners, whichever comes first.

Lars Bourne as I recall it, had a more delicate touch, but it took him 2 pages.

Star Trek Fandom as such must be a very bittersweet thing these days, judging from this year's shows and local reaction to them. The kids whip up their enthusiasm all right, trying to recreate the mood of First Love; sometimes for a while they regain the ecstasy, but all too often they turn upon beloved Dionysius and rend him in traditional Maenad-furies fashion. And grieve for it, I suppose...

I hope the more talented Trekkies will branch out into general fandom, where is more scope, to say the least. Others will revert to mundane. And still others will hang on, despite the OK Corral, despite Hodgkins' Law of Parallel Development, despite the violation of characterizations for quick cheap laughter, and even in spite of the eventual demise of the show; after all, the Rudolph Valentino Fan Club still lives on, I am told. If you call that living...

Now what I wish, is that ST would get back to trying to live up to its original promise, which kept me in love with the show for about 1-1/3 seasons and still even now nips me in the right places once in a while, but more rarely of late.

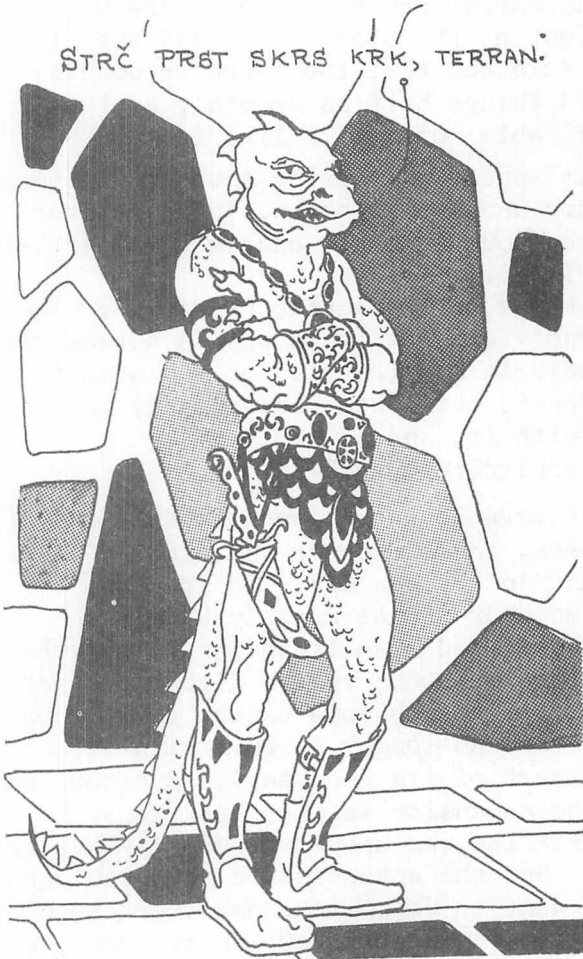
Politics: 12 days before the BIG eLECTION, my feeling is that there just HAS to be a pony in there SOMEwhere.

This has been a low-pressure column, which is OK except on a barometer. - Buz.

# LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

by WALLY WEBER

STRČ PRST SKRS KRK, TERRAN.



illustrated by Alicia Austin

"De people are gomplaining, Wally," Vera told me in her strange, extra-terrestrial accent. "Dey want pictures an' dey want gud layout in CRY. Zolid type page after page hurts in dere eyes. We have got to be doing somedinks aboutt dot."

I had some time to waste, so I tried to reason with her. "That's what you get for sending CRY to people. From now on send CRY only to fans. Fans like CRY just the way it is (whatever way that might be)."

"Bud I do scent to fans only, and dey are gomplaining, oh my are dey ever gomplain-ing! We have got to be doing somedinks."

"There's nothing you could do if you wanted to. Except for covers, nobody sends any artwork to CRY because everyone knows CRY does not use any artwork."

"Dot's what you get for asking only nobody. I will ask somebody instead and I will get pictures for CRY, Wally, you'll see. If I get dem you will print pictures, won't you?"

"Ahhh, ummm, er well yes," I told her firmly. "I suppose I would."

"Yes?"

"Yes." (Promise them anything, that's my motto.)

The next time I saw Vera I almost didn't see Vera because of the illustrations she was struggling to carry. Fortunately most of them turned out to be photographs of Leonard Nimoy which she would not allow out of her strange, extra-terrestrial sight. Even so, she had more illustrations than CRY had seen in its previous life. Picking one out to use in my article was going to be difficult -- at least that's what I thought.

While my giant intellect grappled with the nearly insuperable problem of making a decision, the choice was suddenly made for me by a strange, extra-terrestrial force completely

beyond my control. An Alicia Austin lizard illustration leaped from its position on Leonard Nimoy's back and fastened itself to my typing finger.

"You print in your column, yes?" one of the Nimoy photographs near the top of the pile asked.

"Ahhh, umm-YIPE-yes, certainly, absolutely!" I answered firmly. I noticed the lizard had fangs.

Having thus partaken of an experience that will reshape the future history of fandom, there remained only the minor task of composing this article itself. Over the years I have developed a perfect system for writing CRY articles, and until now it has made the creative process completely painless. The first step is to insert a blank sheet of paper into the typewriter and stare at it. By proper mental discipline and thought control it is possible to make the telephone ring before the first line can be typed. The caller, be it a magazine salesman or Phil Harrell, can be kept on the phone for as long as necessary to make additional work on the article impractical for that day. Eventually there will come a day in the writing of the article when the caller will be neither a magazine salesman nor Phil Harrell; the caller will be Buz asking for the title and page-count of my article so that he can finish typing the contents page. This information springs spontaneously from my lips without any of the agonies of conscious thought, the conscious brain cell being fully occupied at the time with marveling over the discovery that deadline must be upon me. My typing finger suddenly throbs with adrenaline, and as soon as Buz gets over his hang-up on the phone I proceed to fulfill the prophesy my lips made. Completely painless, practical, efficient and, aside from the ten years my life is shortened each time it happens, harmless.

The plan does not work when the article is illustrated. A blank sheet of paper in the typewriter is conducive to a blank, trance-like state of mind that is ideal for the writing of fannish articles. But a sheet of paper with a lizard on it causes strange, extra-terrestrial thoughts to come wriggling through my murky stream of consciousness. My thoughts begin to spiral around the illustration, and haunting echoes from the past slither out of my memory to disturb me.

I remember all those letters I wrote to the prozines when I was a neofan. How many times did I complain to strange, extra-terrestrial Sgt. Saturn and his motley crew when the illustrations did not match the stories in every detail? I remember eating snacks of banana splits and pickle sandwiches before going to bed in order to dream up suitable threats to write in my next letters when I discovered artists and authors who were not in complete accord. And now here am I with an illustrated article to produce, and my mind won't go blank.

For the first time in my life, I attempted to research a CRY article. I read so much on the subject of lizards that I had to eat snacks of banana splits and pickle sandwiches before going to bed in order to get a decent night's sleep. But nowhere could I find information on a species of lizard that wore clothing and weapons and that spoke in a strange, extra-terr....

Wait! Here on the back of the original of the illustration is the alleged translation of what the lizard is saying. (No, you fool reader, that's a different article entirely! We didn't print the back of the original.) And the lizard is actually speaking a terrestrial language! Do you know who that lizard is? It's Sgt. Saturn himself. And after all these years, he's answering my complaints about illustrations that didn't match stories!! (Translation to appear in a forthcoming issue of CRY.)

## A FANZINE REVIEW - OF SORTS...

by VWH

I have received a lot of zines lately - many in trade for CRY, a few for sticky quarters and such, and one for an honest Quetzal. Most of them are interesting; I'm amazed at the current output. I can't possibly review them all now, and this isn't the basic reason for this column anyway; mostly it is in response to the fairly numerous inquiries I've received from newcomers to the fannish scene. I detect in their questioning the same sense of wonder I experienced when I first stumbled onto the existence of zines. The following zines are the first I sent for, and the ones that helped me most in getting better acquainted. I hope they do the same for the readers; and as they in turn also carry quite a few zine reviews, after this, I'd say you're on your own.

I've heard it said that the first zine a neofan reads forever shapes his attitude and outlook in fandom. The very first zine I read was PSYCHOTIC. Hm. I wonder...

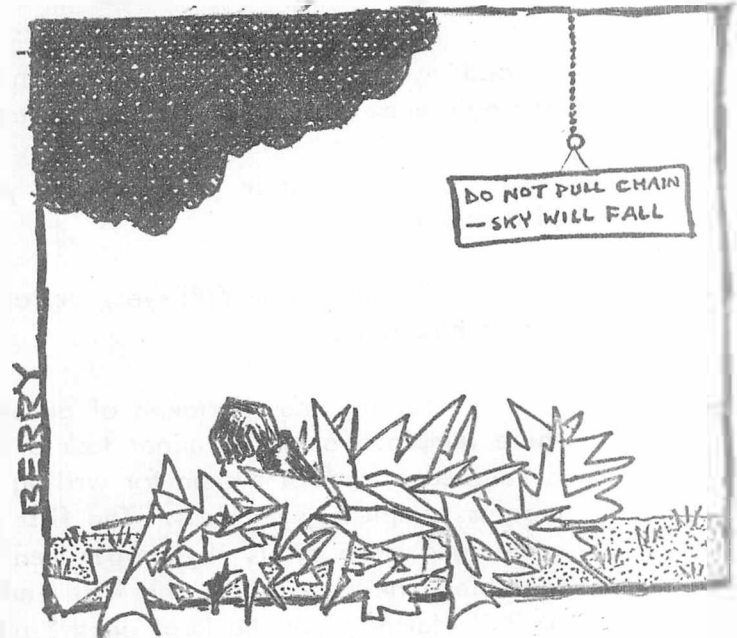
PSYCHOTIC 27: since the third issue after its revival last year, PSY's lettercol has been reading like a Who's Who of fandom. This ish features a looong review of "Dragonflight" by Harlan Ellison, book reviews by Dick Geis & Ed Cox, columns by Greg Benford, Arthur Jean Cox, John Christopher, another installment of Earl Evers' most interesting and frank discussion of drugs, and a lettercol that appears to be mostly a Ted White Bludgeoning Issue. A meaty zine, never dull, and as far as I'm concerned, a must. Dick Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403. Bi-monthly; for trades, contribs, 50¢ per ish, 2/41.00. PSY is going litho soon.

YANDRO: Published by the Coulsons, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348. Irregular (but not too much so), 40¢ per ish, 4/41.50. One of the remarkable features of YANDRO is its yellow mimeograph paper. Saying YANDRO is vaaarry interesting isn't a review, Buck, so you can't zap me. YANDRO is going litho soon.

WSFA Journal, # 60: from Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md 20906. Monthly, 3/41.00, 7/42.00; for Loc, artwork, article... Interesting and very informative, the Journal presents news of conventions, Hugo winners, a Disclave conrep by J.K. Klein (and a good one it is), book reviews, prozine reviews by Banks Mebane, a detailed fanzine review. "nother must to be well informed, and well entertained.

WARHOON 24: from Dick Bergeron, 11 East 68th street, New York City, N. Y. 10021. Quarterly; for contribs, writers of letters or trade, or 60¢. Features a column on 2001 by Walter Breen, a discussion of the music of 2001 by James Blish, a perfectly fascinating review of "Dangerous Visions" by Ted White (first part), and other goodies. Serious zine, interesting.

SHAGGY 74: if you want to learn more about the LA fan scene (and you should: this is the efficient bunch who organized the very enjoyable Funcon I, are putting on Westercon '69 - Funcon II - and ...grr...have already organized the committee for LA '72), this is another must. From Ken Rudolph, 745 N Spaulding Avenue, L.A., Calif. 90046. Number 74 is 50¢; the Christmas ish will be 75¢. Or 4/42.00, arranged trades, contribs & Locs. Lithoed, lively, a great lettercol. A Column on fanzines, feuds and fandoms by Len Bailes, an anecdotal report (or reports, rather) on Funcon, cartoons, the Cobalt 60 strip by Vaughn Bode'. This seems to be a good place to mention Funcon II, so: make checks out to Ken Rudolph, and send to Funcon II, Box 1, Santa Monica, Calif. 90406; \$3 attending, \$1 supporting.



ODD 19. Another beautiful lithoed zine; from Ray Fisher, 4404 Forets Park, St Louis, MO. 63108. Quarterly, 75¢ per ish, 4/42. Articles by Jack Gaughan, Bob Tucker, Harry Warner Jr., Ted White, another strip by Bode', excellent art, good lettercol. Impressive. And this seems like a good place to mention St Louiscon: Aug 29 to Sept 1, 1969, at the Chase Park Plaza, St Louis. \$4 attending, \$3 supporting, \$3 for foreign non-attending. Payable to St Louiscon; send to St Louiscon, Box 3008, St Louis, Miss 63130.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES: monthly, from Science Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N. Y. 13209. 30¢ per copy, \$3.00 a year (\$5 overseas). All the news (sf news) that's fit to print; Hugo winners, book reviews, reports on the fannish scene all over, international news, fanzine listing, meeting announcements, prozine forecasts, book releases, movies...

And quite a good introduction to the esoterica of fandom is THE FAN-HUNTER'S GUIDE, 35¢, from Chuck Crayne, 1050 Ridgewood Pl., Los Angeles, Cal. 90038. If you don't know what "gafia, grotch & APA" mean, get it.

Well, that's that for now - and I thought it was lots of fun; maybe I'll review another batch of zines in the next ish. Many of them are just as good and very worthy of reading. I just counted: I got 35 of them...35? Ghod grief.

.....

#### DEPARTMENT OF VERY FOGGY MEMORIES

about two years ago I was loaned an sf story about an alternate Earth. The hero turned out to be the ruler of that universe, after leading a perfectly ordinary life on Earth. Prominent in the story is a huge Black Kraken, embedded in a rock wall in a cavern. I've searched and searched, and this is one story that's proving terribly elusive. Anyone who can supply title and author will be fanthastically appreciated (and will help cure my insomnia).

#### AND ONE MORE IMPORTANT MESSAGE

Some of you joined VOICE awhile ago. That organization has folded due to lack of support.

If anyone has any inquiries at this stage, such inquiries should be sent to:

Jack Ritter  
P.O. Box 840  
Route 1  
Sumner, Washington

Too bad it had to go this way...



All in all it has been a good week. The Tigers won the series, Apollo ? got off to a good start and the XIX Olympic Games opened in Mexico City.

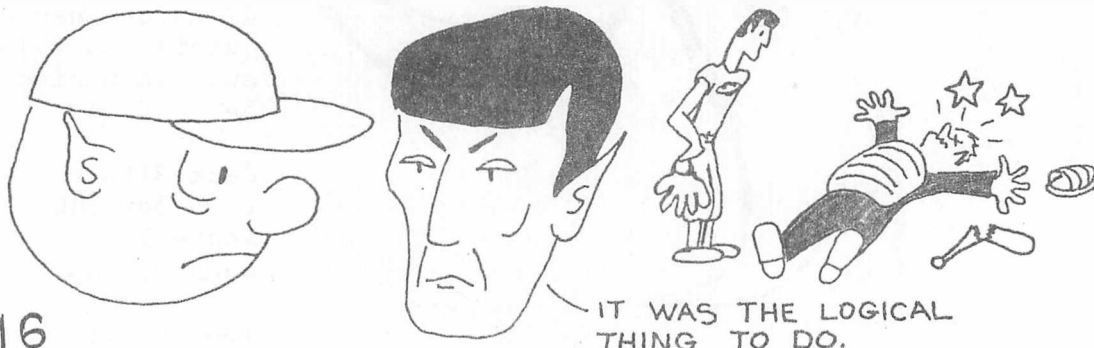
It isn't that I'm a Tiger fan--normally I would have rooted for St. Louis but they won it last year and I figure that it ought to be spread around a bit. Besides there is St. Louis in '69.... And it isn't even that I'm much in the way of a baseball fan (Len Moffatt once wrote a story about the last fan...he turned out to be a baseball fan.). I suppose I'm like the majority of the people in that I get out to a game a couple of times a year and then get worked up (well, not really...) about the World Series. Wally Weber now, he's a baseball fan. Can tell you the averages and all that sort of stuff for all the players of the Pacific Coast League. The old Pacific Coast League not the current one that includes such cities as Denver, Indianapolis and other west coast towns. Wally is a historical baseball fan. Ask him about the San Francisco Seals or the Seattle Rainiers or the Oakland Oaks or any of those. He's got the information. I must remember to ask Vera if there is a Vulcan equivalent of baseball. Can you imagine Spock getting all worked up over his home town team?

The Apollo shot was a beautiful thing. Lovely. It is a thrill to watch that vast burst of flame and then follow that huge rocket as it hurtles into the sky. It takes guts, baby, to strap into that little capsule on the top of that missile and ride it into the sky. (Buz, who knows about such things, says the guy who really has guts is the little fellow who runs out there with a piece of punk and lights the fuse on the rocket.) It slips my mind as to how many of these launchings there have been. We should, I suppose, be getting a bit blase about it (the press seems to be) but I still find myself perched on the edge of my chair at the moment of liftoff and muttering Go! Go! Go! (Weber, who knows about such things, says there is a go-go dancer in Seattle who....well, never mind.)

As to the Olympic Games (brought to us at great expense direct from Mexico City (ingroupish joke for those who have visited TJ)) they give me the greatest thrill. I suppose I have enough of the old idealism left in me to still entertain a slight hope that someday it will all be like that. 7800 young people representing 109 countries all gathered together in peaceful competition for the glory of man. I tell you, chums, if we could infuse those clowns who represent the nations of Earth in the United Nations with the same spirit we find in the athletes in the Games we might still find some hope for the future. Ah, well.....

I frequently put down commercial television as being rather worthless but when it brings me such things as the Apollo launch and the Olympic Games it sort of makes up for the rest of the crap cluttering up the airwaves.

Think about it. People all over the world can watch the Olympic Games as they are happening. That's pretty Sense-of-Wonderish. You know if we can get a few more relay satellites in orbit maybe we can start international telecasting on a regular basis. And when you consider how national television has broken down the regional barriers in this country the thought of what international tv might do is enough to make us old one-worlders chuckle in anticipation.





## Vonderings II

They gave me this page because everyone else is an Old Fan, and Tired. (No, no, Vera! Don't hit!) Serially, though, I consider this very appropriate. Not only do I vonder, so does my column. Vera and I almost did a column titled V<sup>2</sup>. It was a good idea... but it might not have been as clever as we thought it was and Piers Anthony wouldn't have liked it. (Gee... I liked Chthon.) ("Gee," says Vera, "I didn't.") Actually we left it off because if we had finished it we would've gotten a \$200 suit from Dick Geis for style-snitching. The only difference is that his psychosis has one bod and ours has two.

Vera forgot to mention the time she sent a large, slippery, hairy, ugly, icky, green spider (that's the kind of objective description you get from this generation's biologists) to Rick Carter (first recipient of the Seattle Procrastination Award). On the outside of the envelope she wrote "Legalize GRAS." The P. O., trusting souls that they are, and feeling that suspicious rustling lump (a rustling rubberspider?), opened the envelope. Can you see the postal clerk? Can you see us convulsed on the floor when we found out about it?

In the same artery, there's a new recipe for chicken pot pie going around. It has the correct proportions of both chicken and pot.

I'm going to give the tripewriter to Vera before she breaks my arm:

It's neat having Page 17 offered to our greedy little typewriters on CRYday itself. That way we can comment on all the things we forgot to put in our columns, and on some of the LoCs we didn't get to see till today (some logistics problems involved. You see, Elinor gets the letters, and she doesn't live too close, and... well, anyway...).

I have one comment to make about Mike Deckinger's "researcher" who believed that Nielsen ratings are unrepresentative. His name is Rex Sparger, and he followed a Nielsen man around to find the places where Nielsen families resided. He then offered these families \$5 to falsify the report they turned in (he wanted them to say they had watched the Carol Channing special, if I remember correctly). Needless to say, he was caught, and sued for something like a million and a half; and furthermore, Nielsen lawyers were supposed to have all sorts of censorship rights over the book he was to publish. As far as I can tell, the book was never published.

Buck Coulson, sir, I'll never send you another photograph again, no sir. (I can hear you say "Promise?".)

Yes, Betty, I lived in San Antonio. I went to Officers' Candidate School and met my husband there. We had a military wedding, swords and all. This was one different type courtship, as my husband was an upperclassman. The sneaking around we had to do... it was fun.

Ella Parker, please tell me what I have to do to become a "certified SCoaW"? When I ask Wally, he just chuckles evilly (if you can picture that). I got to get even with Wally for casting such slanted aspersions on my accent. I really don't talk like dot at all. Id is oll a nasdy plod. Or the result of a nasdy mean cold on dob of a Rujian aczend.

At expense of life and limb (she's had more judo than I have) I managed to wrench the tripewriter away from Vera long enough to say, Keep those cards and letters coming in, folks. You're encouraging. At last count, 3% of you read my column, 1% of you think you know who I am, and 1% of you think I'm not a who but a what.

# CRY of the Readers



(sniff)

Conducted by

Elinor

Busby

HARRY COMMENTS ON CRY BEFORE LAST

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,  
Maryland, 21740

Dear Elinor:

Unless I can get my matter transmitter back into operating order before 3 a.m. tomorrow, I shall have missed the September 15 deadline for Doing Something About the resuscitated CRY. I hope that I'll be back on good behavior quite promptly. Meanwhile, there follows a belated loc, which I enjoy more than the prompt kind, because I know I won't be haunted by its eventual appearance in print. (*You guessed wrong there, ol' buddy.*)

I'm still astonished at your cover, after looking at it off and on during the month of attempting to find time to write a loc. My fingers still occasionally rub involuntarily over the steed, in disbelief that this is real reproduced color, not something crayoned in by hand. As if I didn't have enough problems, with fifty pounds of fanzines awaiting locs, I've recently been inspired to copy a batch of outstanding fanzine art on 35 mm color slides, and this will be one of the subjects. I'll probably waste a week's spare time figuring out how to remove all evidence of the crease, and that reminds me, I still haven't decided whether such photographic copies should include or exclude the staples. Leaving them out seems somehow sacrilegious.

Wally Weber is very convincing, except for the fact that those elevators didn't run during Nycon III. Maybe there's an exception to every rule, including the rule which fandom has attained over the nation. I am no longer surprised at the way semi-fans are popping up all around me. Just last week, I discovered that a bnf in Zane Grey fandom is a minister who lives only six miles from my home. He has one of the biggest ZG collections, more than 300 volumes, publishes a Zane Grey fanzine, and is fond enough of certain science fiction writers to make inevitable a transition to the one true fandom before long. Moreover, he has a grown son who is so enthusiastic about Burroughs fandom that he has even made a Tarzan movie, complete with scenes shot in Africa. What was that I read not long ago about the danger of fandom disappearing, now that there aren't many letter columns in prozines?

But so far there doesn't appear to be a Star Trek fan of prominence in Hagerstown or immediate surroundings. Soon, doubtless, if all those unknown Star Trek fans could co-exist for a while in Seattle with the mainstream fans in more or less ignorance of their presence. The change in schedule for ST could make things somewhat tougher on potential fans of that series, however. I don't know how it is in Seattle, but around here, Friday evenings are sacred to spectator sports and dances, for those under 21, and the heaviest drinking of the week, for those over that age. Me, I just sit in the office and slave.

I enjoyed Vera Heminger's conreport, both as the longest description of the FUNcon that I've read, and as evidence of another good fanzine writer in our midst. I keep wondering, every time I read a conreport by a neofan, how many specimens of the genre the neofan read before writing this one. The conreport seems to be the one thing that even the newest, most inexperienced fan is apt to do very well, as if there were an instinctive knack for writing

them built into the new fan. Someone should experiment with some neofans so raw that they've never read a conreport, prodding them into writing reports on their first cons without any such exposure. Then we'd know for sure how much environment influences the writing personality in this art form. Very little, I suspect.

Naturally, I hope that you can publish at least 175 issues of CRY on your new schedule, to prove that the new cast of characters has more staying power than the previous group possessed. The way I feel these days, I wouldn't want to bank on my ability to survive until you've put out the 350th issue. Let's see: we'll have gone through 1984 by then, and it'll be time for Rick Sneary to start plugging hard for South Gate Again in 2010, and I can't remember for sure but I think that Halley's Comet will be either returned or coming fast. I hope that, if I'm still alive and healthy, I'll be caught up on all my loc duties and capable of giving a prompt set of comments on that momentous 350th issue.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

*(Vera had read just one conreport previous to writing one. I agree that most neofans have a built-in ability to write good conreports, and furthermore feel that neofans usually write the best conreports. They are apt to remember more of what they experience, and remember it more vividly, because it's new and very exciting.)*

#### SHERRY COMMENTS ON CRY BEFORE LAST

Dear Vera,

Thank you so much for your comments about Rick's speech at the FunCon.

It was so wonderful! It seemed like an eternity while we waited for Rick to be introduced to make his speech. I'll never forget it.....you holding one hand, I the other, and all three of us so very, very nervous.

Not only did the announcement surprise me.....the largest surprise was the kindness and thoughtfulness of the fans. There I was, in a situation I will never forget with only the wish that I just had something small, like a picture, to look back on the whole thing.

Leave it to you to read my thoughts! There you were a week later with not only a picture of my instant surprise, but a picture of Rick making the announcement!

Then, another VH surprise.....a beautiful write-up in CRY about the situation. The only way that you would surprise me, Vera, would be to stop surprising me.

Please excuse the letter being so late, but wedding plans are set for October 12th and everything, including plans, seems so topsy-turvy. As you know, Gene Roddenberry will be the Best Man, and the latest news is that the Maid of Honor will be Majel Barrett.

Not only did Rick make my whole life happier, he introduced me to some of the nicest people in the world. Vera Heminger (#1), Mike Glicksohn, Maureen, Rosemary and Alicia from the Cartel, Paula Crist, and many many more. It would take quite some time to complete the list.

Love and Happiness Always,  
Sherry

*(We all congratulate you both, and wish that you will live long and prosper.)*

HARLAN SPARRIN'

3484 Coy Drive, Sherman Oaks,  
California, 91403

Dear Elinor, Wally and Vera

(not to mention Ol' Buz):

I received CRY 176 today and found it pretty much the way Piers Anthony

Jacob said it was: "Contents slight...not as clever as you seem to think." However, unlike Piers, I do not wish to be dropped from the mailing list in hopes that I can save you poor souls from further downgrading what used to be a truly remarkable fanzine.

It should be pretty much apparent to you people now that your emphasis on STAR TREK and television in toto has brought you to a point where you are losing the tone of the magazine, and the interest of your readers. Lenny Nimoy is a wonderful guy, as I have never been loath to announce, but if we want fan photos of him and silly amateur comments about television, we can go to the teeny-bopper magazines for those.

The handwriting is clearly visible on the wall, folks. Enough of your regular readers are complaining that you are doing everything but fulfilling the mandate of subscribers. Where are the articles about speculative fiction? Where are the book reviews that Buz used to do with such admirable skill? Where are the funny columns and the sharp drawings? Where is anydamnthing but the STAR TREK persiflage? I can't urge you strongly enough to get with it, and if you must dote on the TV wasteland, do it with a little more professionalism, and in a much smaller space. Otherwise, I see CRY vanishing when ST goes off the air. Which I would hate to contemplate.

On a lighter note, I find mine own name taken in vain in several places in the magazine and wish to comment on same with all good grace. First, I'm delighted that Buz chose to mention the question-and-answer portion of my seconding speech for St. Louis. It hadn't occurred to me to try anything like that, when I first started speaking, because it never had been done. But when I had capped everything I thought needed saying about St. Louis, I realized I had a few extra minutes, and the Q&A element seemed the proper touch. I think this is the kind of thing that wins convention bids because it indicates that the convention committee is so sure of its ground and so sure of its arrangements that any question from the floor can be fielded with aplomb. This seems particularly obvious to me as many of the questions that were asked during that two minutes were from Columbus supporters in a spontaneous attempt to poke holes in the St. Louis bid. That they failed in their attempt, merely shows how much on-hand were the facts needed to win over such a large group. On this point, it would have delighted me even more had a greater number of the questions been from people who were genuinely interested in having questions of the mechanics of the convention answered for them, rather than snipes from the anti-St. Louis fans. I would like to see this element integrated into bidding speeches in the future.

As for Vera's bidding on me at the auction, it was not that I would have objected to having such an attractive woman win me for an hour, but the thought of having to discuss STAR TREK rehash conversation for 60 minutes filled me with dread and ennui. As it turned out, the STAR TREK girls who did win me, were bright, charming and extraordinarily pleasant during the 2 hours we spent talking, late on the last night of the convention. Should Vera develop any other interests besides STAR TREK, she might find people such as myself not quite so anxious to avoid conversation, which ties right in, I suppose, with what I said above, concerning the magazine.

*(A note from Vera: Harlan baby, I wish you'd make up your mind. First you don't want to talk to me because I'm too tall; then you say it is because I am so mentally atrophied I could have discussed nothing but ST; then you can't stay off the subject yourself. Your crystal ball was pretty cloudy that day; as a matter of fact I wanted to discuss story ideas with you, and not ST at all. You keep on insisting I have no Other Interests, something you well know is not so, since I've talked and written to you about other subjects. (Gee, Ted White recognized I'm not that much of a monomaniac, in his comments in EGOBOO 4--thanks, Ted.) Well, I'm afraid you'll never win the Hugo for Best Telepath....Nice of you to mention I'm attractive; I think you're kind of cute yourself.)*

Vonda McIntyre's several mentions of me are peculiarly interesting, because they say considerably more than Vonda intended. I thank her for her noticing that the lack of originality of fans who yell, "Stand up!" every time I get up to speak, has long since atrophied, and it indicates a fairness of mind on her part that I find both rare and laudable in young fans. (*Huh? How does it indicate fairness of mind to note the atrophying of lack of originality? How can lack of originality atrophy--it's pretty dead to begin with, isn't it? Harlan ol' buddy, are you writing from your guts again?*) As for my alleged choking of her when she asked me to autograph the cartoons she had captioned, I am glad she added that it was all in fun. To be precise, it was a shtick of the moment and should Vonda, for a moment, entertain thoughts that it was serious, let this note be verification that no seriousness was intended. I think Vonda knows this, because she mentioned my going and getting her a glass of milk at the SFWA dinner, a small act of courtesy on my part which she took as a great act of special attention. (I do my best to be a gentleman at all times, and it should be obvious from this anecdote that people who treat me with respect receive the same in kind. The arrogant and insulting fans who feel there is some sort of nobility in approaching me--often for the first time they have ever met me--with a rude and hostile remark on their lips, can expect to get the uglier side of my nature. In this, I feel I am no different than anyone else.)

*(Harlan, you are well known to have extraordinary competence in any form of debate. I think the neofans who approach you with hostile remarks do so in the spirit of the kid gunfighters who feel they have to challenge the famous old professional gunfighter. And they all get shot down, neofans and kid gunmen alike. It's deplorable--but it's an Old American Tradition.)*

Norm Clarke makes me blush with the filler interlineation from one of my older stories. Had Paperback Library seen fit to show me the courtesy of letting me know they were going to reissue ELLISON WONDERLAND for the third time, I would have attempted to bring the stories up-to-date. But since they didn't, all the bad grammar, all the said-bookism, all the inept writing I struggled through in my first days remained glaringly obvious and unchanged. I would hope Norm is fair-minded enough to concede that one should not be held liable indefinitely for the sins of one's youth. I have learned better, and I hope Norm has tried, or will try, my current work for a more accurate view of where my talent is at these days.

Elinor, I was surprised and delighted to see you mention George Baxt's book, SWING LOW, SWEET HARRIET on page 41 of the issue. My delight stems from the fact that I have been hired for \$45,000 to write the screenplay of SWING LOW, SWEET HARRIET for Palomar Pictures. The picture will be produced by Walter Wanger, directed by Barry Shear and as I write this, I am sitting in my office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer working on the problems of unraveling SWEET HARRIET'S plot without recourse to the preceding book of the trilogy, A QUEER KIND OF DEATH, which Palomar does not own. Be advised that I will try to maintain the same wild tone in the movie that you enjoyed in the book.

For your information, George Baxt is not Gore Vidal. He is George Baxt, an ex-actor, ex-Hollywood type and currently a publicist. However, I can see why you might think they were one and the same, for I think their romantic proclivities are similar.

That's just about all at this point, save to say I hope CRY will get bouncier in the future.

Sincerely,

Harlan Ellison

*(Harlan, I think it's terrific that you are doing the screenplay for SWING LOW SWEET HARRIET. I am longing to see it. I must say, I think you'll*

*have to leave out part of the plot, in order not to have recourse to A QUEER KIND OF DEATH. That would be okay--I would just as soon have poor ol' Seth be alive at the end of the movie--and I think it's kind of oldtimey to have people electrocuted in the bathtub with radios anyhow, since everybody uses transistor radios nowadays, and I guess they don't electrocute people so much. Is the third book out? What is its name? I can guess how it ends--Pharaoh is electrocuted in the bathtub by a radio. Do you know if I'm right?)*

BLOCH THE CON-MAN  
Dear Elinor:

2111 Sunset Crest Dr., Los Angeles,  
California

As one of my maiden aunts used to say, in moments of depression there's nothing like a good CRY. And I thank you for sending said same.

Not that I'm depressed; things seem to be going well and at an accelerated pace. But I am, at times, a trifle bemused. Last night, for example--Phil Farmer and Norman Spinrad were over, and in a display of one-upmanship, I exhibited CRY for their delectation. A cursory reader of con-report material caused us to realize, individually and collectively, that each of us--and you-- had attended, in effect, a different convention. I'm especially mindful of this, since I recently completed a brief report for a future issue of IF. Problem of writing this was different, in that I had to somehow manage to include a smattering of names without turning it into a roll-call and thus have no space for actual narration of events and recording of impressions -- and I am wofully chagrined at the number of names I had to leave out -- but still, in concentrating on con-duct, I find that my experiences and reactions don't match Norman's, or Phil's, or your eminent contributors!. On one thing, however, there must be a unanimity of agreement; conventions have reached the stage of the old-style three-ring circus (which, toward the last, consisted of three rings plus four stages, all operating simultaneously) and there's just too much to see and do for any one person to encompass. I'm not entirely sure that this is altogether a Bad Thing, but it sure is frustrating and confusing. One really has to make a decision in advance of attending; whether to go as a STAR TREK fan or a Burroughs fan or a people-watcher, or a next-year's-con-site partisan, etc. Any one of these roles will require specialized and almost fulltime activity. Plus the stamina of a bull moose.

I agree it will be wise to wait and see what the attendance trends indicate before putting in a firm bid for Seattle; these oversize affairs may confuse attendees, but that's minor compared to what they can do to con-committees with their concomitant responsibilities.

Anyhow, as you can see, CRY stimulated me, and I'm grateful for it. Hope you-all are well and flourishing!

Best,  
Bob Bloch

*(Eob, you left out the convention that most of us go to -- one's convening with one's old chums, which is the chief delight of any convention and most delightful of all when it's combined, as it usually is, with the acquisition of new friends.)*

ALVA THE CON-MAN  
Dear CRYgag:

5967 Greenridge Road, Castro Valley,  
California, 94546

The meat of CRY 176 was of course Buz's BayCon report, which is not to say that the rest of the issue was not also enjoyable. I would like to've seen more extensive concomments by Vera and Vonda, but what they did write about the con gave some insight into the reactions of relative neos at their first worldcon. More, girls, if you feel up to it.

I'm glad you had a good time at the con, Buz, after the apprehensions

you had earlier about a huge bash. You were right about the unusual temperature Thursday -- it was out of sight. When the mercury hits 100 in San Francisco (virtually unheard of) the poor East Bay doesn't have a chance. Of course we give full credit to the Reverend William Donaho's benediction for the blessed break in the weather.

Don't be too hard on the hotel re the "Wine Tasting/Meet the Authors." The word had gotten out that there was a big convention at the Claremont and that there was a heavy attendance of teenagers present. The wine tasting was listed in the program book for all to see and there were three agents of the ABC in the hotel, looking over the scene. The ABC is the California Alcoholic Beverages Control agency, and if the hotel hadn't shown initiative in controlling attendance at the wine tasting the ABC could instantly yank the hotel's liquor selling permit, slap a heavy fine on them, and make them sweat out thirty days before getting their licence back. We didn't like it any more than anyone else, but it was out of our hands. Next time we have wine tasting we'll have it alone and not combined with a "Meet The Authors." That's just a gimmick, anyway, as I tried to point out to a semi-hysterical Fred Hollander who chewed my ass out because his teenage girlfriend was turned back at the pass. He kept saying his gal wanted to meet some authors, and I kept pointing out to him that authors would be all over the hotel for four more days, that this wasn't the only chance people had to meet authors. Anyway, things relaxed after that and to my knowledge we had no problems with the open parties in the evenings.

I'm sorry I had to miss the FAPA meeting, but as West Coast Vice President of First Fandom I had to attend that "meeting" -- and what a drunken gass of a party that was! Believe me, First Fandom most certainly is not dead.

Yeah, we had beefs about the hotel being overcrowded and the overflow being put into other hotels. As you pointed out we didn't anticipate such an attendance. Even after winning the bid we still anticipated a peak of around 800. However, we've already reserved the Claremont for the 1970 Westercon, for which we are going to bid. For Baycon II in '72 we plan to explore the hotels in San Francisco for a possible con hotel.

You "Arthur C. Quark" gag was one of the funniest things I've ever seen. When you first approached me as I was standing by the bar during the masquerade I remember regarding you rather distastefully, flipping your name badge disdainfully, and saying something like, "Very funny." When you came around again with your real name badge and just stood there looking at me with that shit-eating grin on your face, and it gradually dawned on me that it was for sure Buz, I damn near blew my mind. I still want a good picture of you in that disguise to go in the Proceedings of the BayCon. How about it, Buz?

You're right, Buz; Bill and I were happy, even though pooped. I've had a hand in putting on three fair-sized cons, now, and this was the first one where I felt mentally relaxed and almost euphoric all during the con. It was so obvious people were having themselves a ball, and in spite of its size, the con ran smoothly with no serious problems.

People ask me why I keep wanting to put on conventions -- am I masochist, or what? As you well know, having been instrumental in putting on what many consider the best all-time worldcon, the work involved before, during, and after the con is almost staggering. But the reward is in knowing that it was partly through your efforts that a lot of people you know and like have had one helluva good time. Unfortunately, being on a committee you're not entirely a free agent during your own con and consequently can't spend as much time with individuals and groups as you'd wish. There were old time friends at the con with whom I hardly had a chance to do more than exchange "howdies," like Rusty Hevelin, for instance, whom I've known and liked since our days together in the LASFS back in 1943-44. Or Boyd Raeburn, or even you and Elinor, Buz. But there are compensations. Like having Phil Dick show up every day and stay until the late hours, and then commute back to Marin County, only to get

up and return the next day, and obviously relaxed and enjoying every minute of it, and telling me so. Or having a seasoned old con-goer like Fred Pohl tell me it is probably the best con he's ever been to, with the possible exception of Seacon. Or having Barbara Silverberg kiss me a dozen times on the last day and telling me what a marvelous convention it was. And seeing all the young people, many of them at their first, or at the most second, con, having themselves a ball.

I'll leave it to inveterate program goers like Wally Weber as to how good or bad the programs (formal, that is) were; as for me, I was extremely gratified that everyone, fan and pro, scheduled in the program was present and on time (the only one who didn't show was Jim Blish, and he was prevented at the last minute from attending because of business obligations).

I didn't attend either of the business meetings, nor did Bill or Ben, each of us having business elsewhere and confident that things were in the capable hands of parliamentarian Dave Kyle. I'm somewhat appalled, though, at how increasingly complicated fans are trying to make bidding for and putting on a convention. Most of the fans presenting these idiotic motions and passing them have never put on a con themselves, but like to bolster their egos by assuming a sense of control by passing rules that reduce the autonomy of consoms. I don't like the four year rotation rule, and I don't like the bidding two years in advance rule, nor do I believe it's necessary to publish the entire Worldcon rules in conjunction with the Hugo nominating ballot. I can see some merit in the rules being printed in the program book, though.

I suppose I'm a troglodyte who prefers the atmosphere of smoke filled rooms and delights in wheeling-and-dealing. These rules oriented types are taking all the fun and excitement out of putting on a con and are trying to make of it work -- and not funtype work, either.

The masquerade was an experiment. It seemed to us that masquerades in recent years, at both Westercons and Worldcons, had gotten in a rut and showed a relative lack of overall imagination on the part of those putting it on. The LA Westercon last year, masterminded by Bernie Zuber, was a refreshing departure from the usual. The taped music they had went over very well and we were asked if we would have music at our Westercon (later Worldcon). We decided that yes we would have music, and in keeping with the times, it would be rock. Originally we intended to have but one band, but as the con got bigger and bigger and we had to keep scheduling it for a larger room, we ran into the union, whose rules stipulated that in a hotel in a room the size of the Garden Court we must hire twelve musicians. Well, rock bands usually run to no more than five men, which meant that we either hire one band and pay standby wages for the remainder of the required twelve, or we hire three bands, inasmuch as we'd be putting out the money anyway.

It got a little out of hand, but, as you pointed out, enough people grooved with it or the general idea to applaud St. Louis's declaration that they too would have live rock.

I don't know how much pot or other drugs there was at the con; frankly, I wasn't going out of my way to find out. Donaho says there was quite a bit of it, particularly THC caps being sold at \$2 a cap by Ken Goldsmith from LA from a reportedly inexhaustible supply. Goldsmith, incidently, made his haul and then skipped out on his hotel bill, and he is unknown at the address he gave the hotel when he checked in. This kind of fan I can personally do without. If there was a lot of pot floating around it apparently didn't bother the hotel staff as we never got any static from them about it -- not one word.

Before the masquerade we were a little worried for fear we'd have a lot of non-member hippies from SF and Berkeley trying to crash because of the rock bands and the light show, plus the crazy costumes. Fortunately (for us) they decided to riot in Berkeley instead that night, and there was also a big



multi-band rock concert over in the City to boot. However, some did get in, how many I don't know. At one time while one of the bands was playing I was leaning on the bar, my senses numbed by the noise and lights, when I saw four scruffy looking characters parading past in front of me. I pushed myself away from the bar, reluctantly, and confronted them, asking to see their name badges. They muttered something and tried to push past me. I asked if they were members of the convention, and finally getting a negative answer I ushered them out and marched them to the hotel exit. Quinn Yarbrow later told me that this same foursome had approached her as she was waiting costumed in the lobby and attempted to pluck the feathers from her costume. Love generation, indeed.

Hey gang, it's Sidonie; speaking as the "biggest bitch in Berkeley Fandom," quote courtesy of Mrs. Trimble, it gave me unmitigated delight to see her crouched on the floor of the Galaxy suite Thursday night; I can't think who let her in. I swept in and the expression on her face was stark white, drawn fear. I ignored her and sat down next to Ben Bova, whom I had never met. I leant against Ben and expounded the theory of fandom and fannish love, with side bars of my own philosophy to wit; a friend is a friend until they drive a shaft into your posterior and break it off, especially when this flank attack has been preceded by solemn protestations of friendship on the shafter's part. After that I lost my voice, due to incipient bronchitis, while thousands cheered.

It was a damn good con.

I think the ultimate compliment came from a neofem fan in Sunnyvale. She had requested that I call her prior to the Con to tell her what kind of clothes to bring.

She called a few days after the Con to say she regretted not meeting me, and to say what a marvelous time she had had. I thanked her and said "I wish I could say we must do it again some time, but you know I can't say it."

"Oh, Mrs. Rogers," she said, "I'm going to cry."

Love to all,  
Sidonie

Back to me (Alva): Sunday night following the banquet (or, rather, Monday morning) Bill and Ben and I settled with the hotel for the money bars, the free beer, and the banquet up to that date. It took us over an hour to count out cash and endorse checks and money orders to the tune of almost \$6000.00. But we felt it was money well spent. We also paid off the bands and light show the night before, and that came to almost a grand. You see, we have this rather naive idea that as much money as possible should be spent directly on the con for the benefit of the attendees.

Yes, it was a good con. I know con chairmen are supposed to insulate themselves from brickbats by repeating over and over to themselves, and anyone else who will listen: "Yes, it was a good con; yes, it was a good con; yer goddamn right it was a good con!" But without trying to delude myself I felt it was a good con.

Happy birthday, Elinor.

Best to everyone,  
Alva Rogers

*(Thank you, Alva. Your letter arrived on my birthday and pleased me greatly. It was a wonderful birthday. #It was a good con. Yer goddam right it was a good con! #I printed your letter sans my interruptions because I regarded it as more an informal conreport than a letter. But I'd like to point out right now that the Hyatt House in Burlingame is one helluva good hotel to hold a westercon in. It has most of the Claremont's advantages and none of its disadvantages. Your '63 Westercon was one of my favorite conventions--I'd LOVE to go back to the Hyatt House!) (Sid, I get the curious impression that you and Bjo are not presently buddies. Can this be true?)*

COULSON THE NEOFAN

Dear Elinor,

Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana

47348

Geez, you find neofans in the strangest places; I've got some of your old CRY covers (the ones with the fan photos on them) mounted in my photo album. (In a way it's a compliment to whoever your photographer was; I liked the photos more than I would have liked the 15¢ or whatever the fanzines would have brought on resale).

But then if Vera is right and a neofan is the one who reads all the fanzines first, then I guess I can't qualify after all. I usually sit down to my review column with a pile of unread fanzines and a blank stencil. Occasionally -- like now -- I read a fanzine as it arrives, but it's a rare event.

Sure, I know Vera; she's a Star Trek fan. But who are all these other people? Or should that be "who the hell are all these other people?" (I don't know who Mike Glicksohn is, either, except that he just sent money for YANDRO. But right now he's one of the faceless multitude, unlike Vera, whose visage I have seen peering out of dozens of horrible photos.)

Did you ever notice how all these ST fans who watch Spock's every move are female? I don't watch Spock's every move. How about starting an Uhura Fanclub, Buz? Now there is somebody whose every move I watch.....

I begin to see why Lichtman and I never liked much of the same things. What does belief in religious concepts have to do with liking religious jokes? I've been an agnostic-going-on-atheist for 25 years or better, and I thought it was a funny joke. You have to know something about religion in order to get the point, but beyond that I don't see any connection.

Actually, as long as people are arguing Neilson ratings, I might as well disagree. I think they probably measure what they are supposed to measure about as well as any poll or rating measure does. (Which, of course, isn't too well, but there is no better method available). Neilson measures popularity. It says nothing about the intelligence of the viewers or whether Jane Doe in Seattle liked a particular show. Good tv shows have nearly always had low or mediocre Neilsons because the audience doesn't want them. So there are 100,000 rabid STAR TREK fans in the country. So? Who cares? What's 100,000 people to a tv sponsor? Roddenberry himself mentioned trying to please an audience of 17 million if he wanted to stay on the air. Now of course this country is big enough that there should be variety programming. There is no sense in every program trying to bid for mass support; there could be specialist tv shows as well as specialist magazines (though the "specialties" would be more restricted because of the increased cost of production -- you may not need 20,000,000 viewers, but you probably do need a couple of million or more. A tv show couldn't survive on ANALOG's circulation.) But attacking the Neilsons won't do one damned thing to provide varied viewing; if the Neilsons are dropped as a rating system, sponsors and networks will simply hunt for some other means of assuring that every program has mass appeal. Neilson-haters are attacking a symptom, not a disease.

Buck Coulson

*(I agree with you about Neilson, but I don't think we will have specialist shows for audiences of two million or so this side of pay TV. It seems to me it would be far more practical for Vera et al to campaign for pay TV than against Neilson. With pay TV, we two million whatever-we-are would find our opinions of far more value to the powers that be. They'd think we had a right to good taste, if we were paying for it!)*

COOK DISHS CLAREMONT

4845 E. Earll Dr., Phoenix, Arizona

85018

I was interested in the various con reports particularly since I only found

four other people from this area at the con, none of whom I knew, so I didn't really have any way of knowing whether it was considered a good con or a bust. (I liked it, but then it was my first one.)

On the whole I agree with Buz' comments on the Con -- with the exception of his defense of the Claremont. Not counting the crowds (which may, as he said, have been unpredictable) the Claremont was still a poor choice on two counts:

1) The location. For those of us who don't get up to Berkeley very often (it was my first trip) and wanted to see something of the town, it was an impossibly far walk to anything worth seeing. I had promised some friends of mine that I'd pick up some things for them and look some people up -- as it was I never even got to Telegraph Avenue.

2) The hotel itself. From what I saw and heard there and from people I've talked to since then the Claremont is apparently more of an old-style resort hotel. It was set up for people who demanded good service and didn't mind paying for it. Most of the other guests fell into this category. (They were easy to spot: they were the ones who shrank back to the walls when someone wearing a sword came down the corridor). I don't think most of the con-goers did -- I know I don't. This seemed to me to be the big source of friction between the staff and the con members.

The convention facilities the Claremont had were obviously just tacked on. (Witness the lack of sound system in the banquet room and the arrangement of the room where the business meetings were held.)

Also in my mail this week I got a copy of the one-shot that was tuned out (*You must mean turned out. I wish you'd proof-read your letter; I hate typing other people's typos -- I can make enough on my own.*) Sunday night at the con -- most of it while the speeches were dragging on. The one thing that stands out is that no one who wrote for it liked the hotel -- or if they did they were keeping quiet about it for fear of being lynched.

I understand Harlan Ellison was influential in getting the Claremont chosen -- which is one more thing I've got against Harlan Ellison.

Rick Cook

*(To be brutally frank with you, Rick, you goofed in thinking that at a convention in Berkeley you would see anything of Berkeley. It almost never happens that a convention hotel is located in a spot that enables you to see anything of the town. The only convention hotel I can think of where one got to see the town was the hotel in Chicago, and that was the worst convention hotel I was ever at, because if you were at a party on the 8th floor and wanted to go to another party on the 8th floor, you had to take an elevator down to the 2nd floor, change to another elevator and go up to the 8th floor again. And the elevator service was terrible, and I hate riding in elevators even if the service is good. It spoilt the whole convention for me.*

*As for service, I not only don't demand good service, I don't expect it. We found a place where we could liberate all the free ice we wanted and we troubled room service very little. So far as I personally was concerned, the service at the Claremont was fine, and I noticed no friction at all between staff and con members.*

*The sound system in the banquet room was admittedly terrible. At one point I was sitting about half way across the room from the head table to one side, and I could scarcely catch every third or fourth sentence. I went away, came back an hour or so later to see if they were still talking -- and from in front of the head table (though about as far away as I'd been previously) I could hear every word just as clear as a bell.*

*People who do one-shots at conventions are invariably neofans, and neofans almost invariably hate the convention hotel. They expect perfection, and they don't get it. Con Committees would choose perfect hotels if any such were available -- but in my experience this has never been the case.)*

MIKE DECKS SPOCK

Dear CRY,

25 Manor Drive, Apartment 12-J,  
Newark, N.J. 07106

CRY is becoming a STAR TREK zine, and I'm sure you've heard that often enough. It looks like the ominous predictions offered by some that the network is turning into its own worst enemy are proving true. Last night I saw the third new STAR TREK story of the season. It was merely mediocre. The first two were Spock shows and they were awful. In the opener Spock lost his brain and the viewer lost his mind, in the second Spock and a seductive alien femme made eyes at each other. Both shows were produced for the benefit of the Spock Troops and bore no resemblance to the mature, balanced sf that STAR TREK was at one time giving us.

The biggest fault with STAR TREK is Mr. Spock. How many dedicated watchers would still tune in if the show remained on the air minus the presence of Spock? Knowing this, the network apparently feels that building stories around him is the only method of maintaining high ratings. Hence we are given nonsensical items like AMOK TIME, JOURNEY TO BABEL and the first two stories for this season. They all allow Spock maximum exposure keeping plausibility in writing, directing and acting to its minimal level. The next stage of this progression is to change the title from STAR TREK to SPOCK FACES LIFE and gradually phase-out the subordinate characters.

STAR TREK was at its best when it offered stories that were unusual, challenging and provocative. The trend of parallel Earths was unfortunate, and its final culmination in the contemptible Yang/Com episode was tragic.

My solution would be to eliminate Spock at once from the cast. Either have him lost in a shipboard accident or create a situation in which he is inflicted with the Vulcan mating urge and unable to respond in time for treatment. Then give the boot to D. C. Fontana who has written STAR TREK's worst stories and knows nothing about sf writing. This would result in a reduction of the Spock Troops, who regularly watch for glimpses of their cherished idol, and once free of the burden of glorifying Spock week after week, Roddenberry and company might be able to concentrate on some competent scripts.

A few years ago a researcher who believes as Vera does that the Neilson ratings are unrepresentative of the actual viewing audience managed to snafu them in some manner so that the highest points were directed away from some program that actually earned it. He once appeared in an interview show and talked at great length about the unreliability of the Neilson's, but never stated how he managed to pull off his trick. He also promised to write a book exposing Neilson and the other rating systems for fraudulent claims and results that were less than accurate, "unless Neilson manages to buy me off." I haven't seen this book advertised anywhere, so I guess that Neilson did indeed buy him off. I just happen to think it's unfair to regulate the viewing of hundreds of thousands of persons across the country on the basis of what 1800 persons seem to like or dislike.

I enjoyed Buz's con report.

Funny about drugs, but I had heard that most of the hippies in attendance and many of the non-hippies were high constantly on a new artificially made LSD imitation which hasn't been outlawed yet. I assume that it soon will be, judging by the potency claims which states that it remains in effect longer than the old stuff.

I felt that the hotel management did their best to maintain friendly relations with the fans. It was a frightening experience to face prompt, courteous maids who responded on cue to the "Please Make This Room" signs, rather than retreating to dero caves when we went down to breakfast in the morning. The eating facilities were too limited, however, and since I didn't have a car I had to rely on whatever lunchroom the hotel had open at the time.

In my own case, I have nothing but good words for the hotel management.

I thought the test joke you quoted in #175 was funny because I hadn't heard it before. It's clever, new, and goes a small way towards pricking the pompous bubble of religious tradition. After the tenth time I wouldn't find it as funny, but I would still react more favorably than someone likely to be offended by the irreverent treatment of a subject which he holds deep conviction for.

Sincerely,

Mike Deckinger

*(I have always liked Spock best of the Enterprise people, but so many Spock fans are so down on Captain Kirk that I'm beginning to resent ol' Spock. #The story we heard was that THC is a synthetic marijuana, and that a law has been passed outlawing it which hasn't (or hadn't at the time of the con) gone into effect yet.*

BRUNNER ON RHYTHM

17-D Frogna1, London N.W. 3, England

Dear Elinor Busby,

In CRY 175, which just got here, you refer to having read a book of mine called URCHIN. Hmmm... Well, it was actually called QUICKSAND, but never mind. We all make mistakes. *(Thank you, thank you. Stupid of me not to have looked it up.)*

In this case, however, I haven't made one. You talk about a "conspicuous and rather weird flaw" in the novel, and go on to say that "on any sexual occasion there's about a one in ten chance of conception at best". Hoo boy -- no wonder the illegitimacy rate remains high!

Quote from Contraceptives, published June 1966 by the Consumers' Association (British counterpart of your Consumers' Union), section entitled "Safe Period (Rhythm Method)", p. 31:

"The formulae for working out the fertile days vary, and the one we have quoted allows a wide margin of safety. But it means that there are at least ten days in every month when intercourse must be avoided, and, for most people, more."

The table and diagram on the opposite page give details of a 14-day fertile period, as a common example. So, on average, Paul has about two chances in five, not one chance in ten, of making his wife pregnant, and in his confused state of mind it's not unconvincing, I think, for him to persuade himself that this equates to certainty.

Glad you liked the book, anyway.

Best,

John Brunner

*(John, if CRY 175 took two months to reach you, I now understand why we've heard from so few of our English friends. I wonder whether you'll be reading this before Christmas! #I've read your PRODUCTIONS OF TIME twice now, and expect to read it many times more. I think your protagonist has too much strength of character to be a very convincing alcoholic--but I'm not complaining, mind you! I'm sure you can document him splendidly. In any case, it's a weirdly fascinating book.)*

A CRY FROM MIKE GLICKSOHN

Department of Chemistry, University of Toronto,

Dear Elinor,

Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada

I had no trouble following your advice so cleverly printed in the top left cover. I wept voluminous tears & wailed & gnashed my teeth. To think of following that superb ATOM cover with a picture of (yech) Nimoy in his bon fire belt! Egads, what is the world coming to? Will we next see Phyllis Diller as the Playmate of the Month? *(Possibly, but you won't see Leonard Nimoy on CRY again in the near future. You'll note a fine Bergeron on this--*

and for subsequent issues we have planned another superb ATOM depicting Buz' *long self*, another Bergeron, a Tim Kirk (which is being arranged for by Bill Proctor), and a pretty drawing of Rosemary's Baby done by a local fan whose name I don't think I ever quite caught.) (I asked Vera--she is Toni Gourd).

Congratulations to Buz on his incredible recollections of Baycon. I traditionally adopt a pose of anti-conrep on the grounds that the vast majority of such articles are far too long and far too personal. I mean who, besides the people who are mentioned, of course, wants to read eight pages of who you saw and who you slept with and who punched you in the nose etc.? I suspect this attitude is generated by my own inability to recollect any but the broadest general outlines of what went on & who I was with. Thus I stand in complete & abject awe of Buz & his apparent total recall of people & events & I even read the whole thing through, just to see if he was making it all up & would make that one inevitable slip that trips up the most accomplished prevaricator (I hesitate to say "liar"--in all probability Buz is bigger than I am. Hell, in all probability you're bigger than I am!) (*Buz is 5'7" and I am 5'5"*) But no, it has the ring of authenticity & provides a pretty all-inclusive description of what goes on at a con. (I was there by the way and finally met Vera but didn't meet any of you -- the main problem with these Monstercons, dammit.) I still think that it's too long & personal but that's editorial privilege for you.

In GONFALLON 6 is repeated the following comment by Ron Smith: "...most fans are better at the typer than in public. It's kind of a dual personality thing." To this add your comment: "I am much more self-revelatory on paper than I am in person." I wonder if this is a general trait of fans. It's certainly true in my case but I always thought I was unusual in this respect especially when I went to cons & saw fans everywhere introducing themselves to pros and BNFs and chatting like long-lost relatives. It's much easier to create a selected & positive impression in a letter though because there's time to consider the way you want to say things. Perhaps someone should start a campaign to abolish letter writing as a major cause of false impressions & hypocrisy. (*Why not abolish meetings-in-person as a major cause of false impressions, instead?*)

The letter column was interesting & in many cases provocative. However I'll restrict my comments to just one aspect that was touched upon. Why does every popular religion insist on viewing Jesus Christ as someone who knew & could do nothing that does not fit into the modern concept of divinity? He was, after all, a human being and he moved among & worked with human beings and generally pretty low quality human beings at that. He was the "son of God" (small 's' deliberate) but in the Ontological sense (Ontology, by the way, is a branch of Christian teaching introduced by Lord Martin Cecil which attempts to help people identify themselves with the universal creative force--call it God if you will--& hence to allow the spirit of life (and/or God) to work on Earth. This process they call "accepting the right identity" & if you can do it, you are, in a very real sense, "the son of God"--as was the man called Jesus Christ). A person who is moving correctly with the life force cannot possibly do an incorrect action & if it was the right thing to do for Jesus to say "You piss me off" at some point he would have said it. And anything else he needed to say to give his message to people who were basically crude, illiterate & not particularly enthused about moral or religious concepts. Ignoring the theological side for a moment, I doubt that Jesus could possibly have made the necessary contacts among the poor of his time by spouting cultured philosophical rhetoric or discoursing learnedly on "morally & spiritually uplifting matters" as so many religionists would have us believe was his wont. I'm damn sure he knew all the four letter words & used them to good advantage if it was necessary to do so. His problem was bad writers who

figured the image of a prudish & prissy do-gooder was more acceptable to historians -- just imagine what would have happened if Harlan Ellison had been writing one of the Gospels! We might have had a more realistic picture of this man who was truly the son of God.

Michael D. Glicksohn

*(Guess what--Buz thought up a clean punchline for that joke: "Did you have to take me quite so literally, Mother?" #Harlan would have a lot of trouble writing the New Testament, especially if he couldn't refer to anything that happened in the Old. #Do you suppose that "accepting the right identity" is the same as "doing one's thing"? I can't help feeling it's a longer road to perfection than that! #I too imagine Jesus using ribald language with gusto.)*

BETTY WATCHES LAUGH-IN

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,  
Indiana

Dear CRY, dear Elinor, dear Vera, dear  
both Wallys (Wallies?), and dear Morgo  
as the Friendly Drowl:

Read with interest the inside page on Vera....my husband just about had a stroke over that part about her selling the family Winchesters so she'd have money for the Con, of course....

I relished the cover, needless to say, and have sent for 2 copies of it; one for me and one for a son of a friend down at Univ. of Alabama.

Buz, your Baycon report was excellent and I certainly enjoyed every bit of it. And I'm certainly glad now that we didn't go out for it. Betty without air-conditioning is Homicidal to put it mildly; I'd have killed everyone before the first day was over. In YANDRO there was another report by Kay Anderson which was also an excellent one. In hers Kay mentions that the St. Louis Con will be held at the Chase Park Plaza. If there is one thing that I know it's that St.L. can be VERY miserably awfully \*hot\* and with air pollution that's deadly to non-natives.

Buz, were any photos of you in your get-up taken, perchance? If so any hope of having same on some CRY-cover in the future? I for one would dearly love to see that. For the life of me I can't picture you in that get-up.... and I think that experiment was fascinating as hell, honey. With the lighting and the din and the mobs, am sure I'd never catch on either....though the name-card would make me suspect a put-on....but from there on I'd have to go by build and height...and it's been a LONG time since I've seen a Real Live Fan, you know.

Oh, yeaaaaah, yess indeedy, I can see both Len and Joe giving you some VERY frigid icy hostile looks...and what about my husband? His normal expression is a forbidding scowl; gawd knows how he'd react to you in your Costume.

Sure we react to outward appearance. For one thing lotta people are trying to tell you something by the way that they dress, no? Take, for example, a Hells Angel. He/she is trying to offend you, to bug you, and to show contempt and hostility for General Society, right? I cannot help a gut reaction every time I see a Nazi Swastika...I react, I get uptight, and I feel horror and dread and loathing for what that symbol meant/means--I will be very hostile to any Angel or you-name-it who'd wear it within my eyesight. If this brings down derision and scorn from various types who may read it, I would like to tell such would-be smarties that I have good and dear friends in the state of Mississippi whom I visit two or more times a year...they are Jewish, and I am well informed about how many synagogues have been bombed or burned to the ground there, and how many Jewish homes have been hit with bombs and arson attempts.. ergo I haven't the slightest unprejudiced Liberal attitude towards anybody who would wear a Nazi Swastika. (Nor have I. I shouldn't think there were any swastika-wearers amongst CRY readers--if so, they certainly have our permission

to leave. On the other hand, there's an Indian device--Navajo, I think--which is a swastika only with the arms going round the other way, and although it would probably be taken for the Nazi symbol would be worn with very different feelings.)

The names, sigh, of the various fans who were present: I am sorry I missed seeing them. Would have been so good to have seen Boyd again...and to have met Len's Bride, lord knows..well--thank you, Buz, for letting me experience so much of it second-hand.

Vera, thank you for filling us in on your background. And a most interesting one it is. Downright Glamorous..gee White Russian ancestors, a lovely large estate on the Black Sea....have you read Massie's biography, NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA?

Vera, during your 12 years of Air Force life and during those 13.85 moves did you ever get to San Antonio, Texas? It would seem highly likely, somewhere along the trail. That's MY town..

Elinor, I tried Heyer... I tried a long long time ago, right after the Chicon I think it was, when Bill Donaho asked me if I'd read her....wasn't my cup of tea, sorry. I dig the Mary Stewart/Victoria Holt type of thing for light reading....plus almost any Charity Blackstock or Joan Fleming. And now I seem to be getting rather hung-up on Winston Graham, his women characters are pretty passable. 'Winston' may be a lady-writer for all I know. His first 'known' novel was MARNIE.

Darlin' I could type for pages on Beautiful Persons (Mickie's version) and Beautiful People (your version)..there is "The Beautiful People" generally meaning the jet set Rich Bunch with time and money to become externally beautiful, right?

But it is Mickie's, by far, that most of us today mean when we call someone Beautiful....Beautiful inside...warmth, much humor, a tenderness or gentleness that is not weakness or insipidness.....Is hard to put in words....Examples are easier..

To avoid arguments and any hurt feelings will exclude fen and give examples from Show Biz....number one on my personal list of Beautiful Persons has got to be Bill Cosby. (In fact I could stop the list right there and be very happy...Cosby epitomizes everything in the way of a Beautiful Person)... number two would be a tie between Peter Falk and Eli Wallach. If you want a lady-type example my choice would be Pearl Bailey.

It's comin' from the Inside, and it's warmth and it's gentleness and it's humor and a zany kookiness, too. Some got it and some don't got it. Another I think might have it is that wee little Arte Johnson on LAUGH-IN, playing the dirty-old-man or that devastating pop-singer from Russia, pin-striped zoot-suit and all.

Vonda, thanks to you as well for your con-adventures. You must have had a Whee of a time!

Ahhhhh...CRY of the READERS...how good it is...good not only to see some of the old names but the new ones, too... Good to see each and every one of yuh.

I do hope that by the next issue CRY will be getting locs from overseas... Bob Smith, where are you? Ethel? Ella? Cumon Ella...TALK to us....Chew Wally Weber out, yell a little, make us all feel like we are Home Again!

And Bob Bloch, kind Sir....I hope you enjoyed your drama on JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN of a few weeks back? This is indeed an excellent and superior series... the color and the sets are marvelous and Expensive. The casting, so far, has been especially fine. Did you enjoy seeing Julie Harris act out what you had written? That ending with the bad guy in a proper English sitting room with a chest full of Indian arrows was a real 104% Grabber of a finish! I found the casting all the way through to be of the finest...what a pleasure it must be to write something and then see it done with such a cast and such sets.



Bill Broxon (MD) greetings...since the fall of 1967, I would imagine that you have been receiving a bi-monthly zine from the AMA titled THE MEDICAL ASPECTS OF HUMAN SEXUALITY....yes? And have you been reading your copies? (Let the Busbys see some; am sure they'd find them interesting).

Our Family Doctor gets his copies and each time we visit him I read 'em... he does not read them...so I tell him all about what's new...(my version is MUCH better than the AMA's, I might add). Am amused when Ann Landers or Abby tell folks in sexual trouble to go talk it out with their family doctors...until the fall term of 1966 there were no courses anywhere about Sex in Med Schools. Fat lot of help I'd get from any doctor I know in that field, ah well.... (Betty, I'd like you to meet Bill Broxon...)

Norm Clarke...anent Phil Harrell not being here any more to receive CRY. Don't be too sure; if ever there was a chance to pierce the veil and get a message from the Great Beyond this might be it.... If CRY can be seen and read on the other side of those Pearly Gates, Phil will be the first to communicate with usn's back here. (You will be glad to hear that according to Wally Weber, the rumor of Phil Harrell's death was greatly exaggerated.)

Bob Lichtman, hello, been a long long time. Good to see you in CRY again.

Mike Glicksohn, as to computer predictions via tv...now it's not only election results...now they do the same with U.S. college and pro football games. I seriously don't think they should be allowed to tell us on tv what the NBC or ABC or CBS computers have decided until much later...well after the voting is closed, for instance, out on our West Coast. Anyway it just plain irks me to have machines up and tell us what we are gonna do almost before we leave the house to go and vote. Some Nerve!

Dammit Len Moffatt...for a good two years I have been meaning to write to you. And do I? Nope...well, my Very Best Friend happens to be a rabid fan of John D. Macdonald. I must get in touch with you and set her up for a sub to your JDM BIBLIOPHILE. I had a Mike Royko column about JDM which I sent her last month...he is suing Some Big Company...or rather their computer which had his payments balled-up. You know how it is to try to battle a machine like that... think it was some book-of-the-month or the like...well, he is Suing..and he is really on the warpath and out for blood. I hope Royko will inform me of the outcome.

Len, some boat owner has a lil boat on the mighty (mighty dirty) Ohio River at Louisville, Kentucky and the name on its little backside is.. "The Busted Flush the 2nd"...we just got one glimpse during a drinking outing and have never been able to find out who it belonged to. Somebody Down There Likes JDM.

Hello Bernie...and Dennis...and Seth Johnson, how you? Ed Cox, Gregg Calkins...talk about old home-week!

Elinor, about 3 weeks ago one Chicago paper put Chicago's estimated losses by conventions that were cancelled there in protest to the Convention Fracas at around 7 to 10 million dollars. I think I recall about 5 cons that so far have moved elsewhere due to this.

Yes, SWING LOW SWEET HARRIET was the mystery-of-the-month in COSMOPOLITAN sometime last winter or early spring...and certainly came as quite a switch from the usual type of who-dun-it! (Yeah, but did you like it as much as I thought you would?)

Buckley and Vidal will have a re-match Election Night...But, alas, am sure Bill will never let himself be goaded into blowing his cool like last time.

Bye,

Betty Kujawa

(Betty, I would never have recommended Heyer to you. She's very obviously not your sort of thing. #As you know, I like Mary Stewart very much. Can't stand Victoria Holt, though, so I object to your treating them as precisely the same

sort of thing. I like Phyllis A. Whitney for the Mary Stewart type thing, but I'll admit Whitney is not nearly as good. Charity Blackstock infuriates me because her good stuff is so delightful and so much of her stuff is awful. For *THE WOMAN IN THE WOOD* and *THE SHADOW OF MURDER* I could forgive her almost anything--anything except wading through the plotless wonders which comprise the majority of her novels. Any woman who can spend 192 pages discussing whether her characters are going to attend a party or not cannot be considered a first class writer of suspense. #Joan Fleming is consistently good, however the theme of her *MAIDEN'S PRAYER* is done even better by Colin Watson in *LONELYHEART* 4122--which I recommend heartily. #I've never read any Winston Graham, but I'll try one.

I certainly agree thoroughly about Bill Cosby being a Beautiful Person. He's practically *THE* Beautiful Person. I also agree that Arte Johnson looks as if he could be a Beautiful Person--but we haven't had enough contact to see. For Beautiful Personhood, I nominate Ringo Starr. #You lay more emphasis on humor than I would. I think a Beautiful Person could be humorless--but of course, humor makes for greater Beauty.)

WELCOMEBACK/WELCOMEBACK/WELCOMEBACK 43, Wm. Dunbar House, Albert Road,  
Dear, Darling CRYgang (Hi Vera Heminger), London, N.W. 6, ENGLAND

Welcome back...& stand by for blasting. Over the years Ethel & I have become used to answering each to the other's name. Even when we are both in the room and someone calls Ethel, we both look round to be sure which one they really want; quite often it is me. This we have become used to, as I said. But...to mix up our addresses is unforgivable. Ethel got my copy of CRY and hers has not yet arrived. True, the copy she received was named and addressed to her but both she & I reached the conclusion it was a mix-up on the part of CRY's mailing Dept. and it was really mine she had got.

I told her that as she already had it she might as well do her LoC and then send it on to me so I could write mine. So it happens I am using Billy Pettit's copy for this letter. This is known as CRYlogic.

Inevitably, the emotion uppermost is one of nostalgia. Often in the past four years CRY has been talked on in tones of affectionate memory and its demise bemoaned. Fans being Fans and not mundanes as WWW is describing, we knew that a spate of letters demanding the revival of CRY would have made you all the more determined not to get involved in all that again. I am highly delighted that our patience and forbearance has been rewarded at last. It is going to be most interesting to see how well the old loyalties have worn over the years.

Elinor & Buz: I now know why there has been no more talk of you coming over on a visit. The door has been on the latch all this time just waiting for the news that you were on your way. What do I do now? Lock it? I hope not. In the meantime a horde of folk have slipped in and out: Grania Davidson, Jess Clinton, WWW, Steve Stiles, Al Lewis, Bob & Ellie Bloch, Alex Eisenstein, Earl Kemp, Larry Niven, and Uncle Tom Cobley. Most were very welcome and all were interesting.

While Al Lewis was over here I threw a party for him at which a lot of the old faces appeared: Jim Cawthorn who is now living in London on a permanent basis. Chuck Harris, who we hardly ever see but doesn't like to lose touch altogether. Had you heard he is now the proud father of twins? Proud is hardly the word really, you would think to hear him that Sue had little or nothing to do with it. We are all very happy for them. Ken Potter turned up; he was in London on a working vacation. Bob & Ellie Bloch were in town just then so they came as well. This was the evening when Al had his first encounter with the dreaded Rum Baba which incident is now firmly fixed on film.

You know, sitting here writing this confirms what Buz says. I find it

hard to believe it has been four years since I last wrote a CRYletter. In an odd way it is as if that hiatus never was. Come to think of it, Grandma Parker wouldn't mind in the least being four years younger. Quiet, Weber!

A thought strikes me. Whoever is in charge of the mailing: do you think you could assess how much per issue it would take to mail CRY out to me airmail? I do have some \$\$\$\$ in the country and can have the requisite sum mailed on to you as soon as you let me know. I would also appreciate a copy of this last issue to keep my files straight....if you still have a spare copy. Pretty please.

Strictly speaking, you couldn't really call this a LoC. It is really a case of re-establishing contact but, I did enjoy it, I am delighted to see it back even if you didn't send me a copy and I also hope for your sakes it doesn't become the juggernaut it did before or you might be tempted once more to put it away and this time for good.

More, much more at a later date. Right now I want to get this in the mail even though I know it has missed the deadline.

Fondest love to you all,  
Ella Parker, S.C.O.A.W.  
(Certified)

*(Great to hear from you, Ella. #Buz and I will be over to see you one of these years--I swear it. It'll be awhile, though.*

*Vera, who is the Mailing Dept., assures me that CRYs 175 and 176 were sent you. I think you may have 175 by now, as John Brunner in his letter of October 16th mentions hav<sup>ing</sup> just received it. --I'm really disappointed in the postal service. I would have liked for you and Ethel and Arthur to all receive your CRYs on the same day. And instead! Oh, damn!*

*Vera will probably look into the airmail situation. Be horribly expensive though--probably \$1 or more per issue.)*

PETER IS CODED  
Dear Elinor,

Block 4, Broadmoor Hospital,  
Crowthorne, Berkshire RG11 7EG  
England

Many thanks for CRY 175! As you can see from the address above, the postcode, which is England's answer to the American zip code, has arrived at Crowthorne, in Her Majesty's Royal County of Berkshire. It strikes me as being a particularly cumbersome system when you consider the fact that a comparatively vast country like America can get by with a mere five-digit code.

Seeing CRY again after a hiatus of four years stabs me in the heart with a sharp sense of sweet nostalgia. I hope you can keep it up for another 174 issues before dropping back into the deadly black swamps of mundania again. First Fandom is not dead! (*True--but CRY is not First Fandom.*)

I have not as yet experienced SPACE ODYSSEY: 2001, except via a full-colour spread in LIFE, a short extract on TV along with an interview with Arthur C. Clarke and an uncountable number of conflicting reviews. From all this communication on the subject, one short newspaper item recently arrested my attention. In the Soho area of London, on October 6th, more than seventy police were called to the Cinerama Casino in Old Compton Street. The lights went up on a showing of 2001 for a party from a Southend firm consisting of well over 100 individuals. The report states that "the film has a psychedelic climax of sound and colour. Soon after it began, people in the party started shouting. The cinema manager stopped the show and called the police. 106 of the firm's staff were escorted out." Perhaps 2001 will be banned as a dangerous psychotomimetic drug if this is a typical reaction....!

That coverillo in full colour of our old friend Wally 'Wastebasket' Weber is exactly how I pictured him in the dim and distant past. It is nice to

know that my impression of him is an accurate one and his FAN POWER is quite the most entertaining item in the entire ish -- it even outshines HWYL, but by a very small margin. Which reminds me--dare I admit it? I've forgotten what HWYL stands for, Ghu preserve me! (So have I.) We've been out of touch too long. (Too true.)

Buz was superb, and give him my regards, Elinor. I now know more about the Nielsen ratings and I like to be informed.

Best wishes,

Peter Singleton

*(The people who started shouting at the psychedelic climax to 2001 were probably drunk, don't you think? They were probably carried right out of themselves by booze and unaccustomed hilarity in a large group--and later, of course, out of the cinema by the police. Pity. #No, when we saw the movie all was very quiet and serene. There were a number of hippies in the audience who may well have been on a trip of some kind, but if so, it was a nice quiet trip.)*

ROY ON RATINGS  
Hi--

915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque  
New Mexico 87107

Now, by gad, I tell you it is great, just simply great, to have CRY back complete with CotR and all the rest. Ah, it is easy to see Wally Weber's evil influence here. One expects editorial egoboo, of course, but to have his picture on two consecutive covers (175 & 176) is, I think, carrying it a bit far.

There are, you know, other rating services besides Nielsen although they don't seem to carry the weight with the broadcast networks that Nielsen does. Chrystal did some work for the American Research Bureau last year and I gather that ARB is used by the advertising people to keep track of who is watching what so they will know where to put their advertisements. ARB works something like the Audilog Pelz described. The sample household gets a diary in which they record the times the television set was on and who was watching what. Again there is required the ages and sex of the viewers. In addition to the daily diary the ARB log also includes questions on consumer-used products and a space for general comments on the shows and commercials.

You may recall that last year the TV people went into a great panic when it was suggested that the majority of the prime-time audience was kids in their early and pre-teens. Presumably some of the panic had rubbed off on the advertisers for they were having ARB conduct a special survey at the time and distributed 2500 diaries in the Albuquerque area alone--which is a fairly large sample for a city of this size.

In addition to ARB and Nielsen there is another outfit that still makes telephone surveys--at least they did six months ago and, I suppose, there are one or two others. Still the great weight seems to be given to the Nielsen family sample and while I don't know a whole lot about sampling techniques I have done some work in quality control and know that the test sample required by both the government and industry is a hell of a lot larger than what the Nielsen sample figures out to.

Buz, old thing, I admit you had me completely fooled with that get-up at Baycon. There were so many strange looking types wandering around the Transylvania Hilton anyway that I was taken in. I thought you might have been another N'APAn looking for his OE to bitch to.

I thought the costume ball was quite poorly handled although much of the blame can be attributed to that miserable Garden Room (or whatever it was called) with its vast ranks of pillars marching endlessly to the walls and to the large numbers of costumes entered. I thought the judges took too long to arrive at

their selection. Doing my own judging from behind pillar #173 I eliminated about 90% on the first walk through. The judges trimmed the list by less than half on that one. Comparing their final selections with mine I find I had the same selections they did with the exception of two. It really wasn't that difficult a job. (*Pooh--judging is always easier for one person than for several, but what convention would be happy with just one person judging the costumes?*)

Rock bands? Yes, indeed. I favor them and my only complain about the Baycon groups is that they were too bloody loud.

On the whole I think Baycon was a success but I did learn one thing; that's the last time I commute to a convention.

Elinor, some of the people who were at the Claremont were involved in the Berkeley riot although I wouldn't be able to swear to their bona fides as convention attendees. The night of the main riot Diana and her cousin, Gayle, were standing in the foyer of the Claremont waiting for me to appear from some darkened corner when a group went charging out the hotel door. One fellow skidded to a halt and told Diana they were going to go protest and asked if she and Gayle wanted to come along. She declined.

Gad, Betty's back. And now we know where she's been for the past four years. Watching old Andy Hardy movies on the tee and vee. And putting spells on farmer's cows. And reading dirty books. By, ah, yes, strange, as it were, authors.

Betty, dear, the reason the police removed their identification is simple--they didn't want to be identified. I mean if you were a clown of a cop and wanted to pound some clown of a tv reporter on his clownish head, wouldn't you remove your identification? Are you sure they were cops?

I wouldn't have objected so much to the convention coverage (actually I didn't see much of it) if it had been convention coverage. But instead of that we got a tv screen full of the fat face of Walter Cronkite or Chet and David. Yech! It would be a great step in election reform if we could get rid of Cronkite.

Elinor, I'm not at all sure if out and out hatred for is as bad as the contempt in which they are usually held. Depends, I guess, on where you are. Around here the police are considered to be a big joke. Like it was just about a year ago the locals picked up a guy for some minor charge and shortly turned him loose. A couple of weeks later they found out he was on the FBI's 10 most wanted list. They're a whiz at handing out traffic tickets, though. And at checking out cars with out-of-state plates--particularly if the driver is bearded. A visiting professor at the University of New Mexico has been braced three times. Very suspicious type--has a beard and New York plates.

Luna must be free!

Roy Tackett

*(I'm beginning to think that the police are doing the right thing when they bop tv reporters on their clownish heads. I read recently that a rioter said that a tv reporter had told him just where the camera would be stationed, so that he would know where to riot with best effect. Would we have all these riots if we didn't have tv to report 'em? I don't know. While still not pinning any medals on the Chicago police, I'm feeling more charitable toward them. For several days before the riots started, young people were going about to various grocery stores buying up lots and lots of aerosol cans of the sort of thing that is not supposed to be used near the eyes, on purpose to spray in policemen's eyes. And the police knew about it. Threatened with something like that it's not surprising they were a bit uptight. They blew their cool and they should not have done so, but one isn't a monster if one isn't superhumanly cool under such circumstances.)*

WARNER AGAIN  
Dear CRY:

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

The conreports in this 176th issue complement each other beautifully. They

also serve as my introduction to what happened at the Baycon, which I'd heard about only through the kindness of one attendee who took the trouble to write me two pages of conreport in a personal letter. My informant predicted that this would be the most divergently reported worldcon in history, producing the greatest number of widely different reactions, condemnations and laudatory summations. It's impossible to say which of the conreport items in this issue is the best, because they differ so much in approach and style. But Vonda McIntyre's is especially noteworthy for the fact that I didn't expect this quality from a neofan; quality conreports aren't anything new from the others who wrote in this issue about the Baycon. Vonda's little sections are beautifully proportioned, almost all of them have perfect clinching last lines, and I'm sure Terry Carr will be reprinting many of them to fill up pages in LIGHTHOUSE around 1994. I'm also very much in love with the format and typeface used for Vonda's pages, and if elite type weren't so intimately associated with CRY's traditions I'd urge you to use this typewriter and page setup for entire issues.

Why couldn't you have waited until a few copies of page 15 were run, to put the clever plastic disguise on Vera Constantinovna W. Heminger's year of birth, and send those copies to the other CRY readers who were born on December 19? I'm among this small company and I'm sure there should be no secrets among people with such an intimately associated way of entering the world. People who are born on December 19 find themselves in an embarrassing position, as I'm sure Vera has discovered. First, Beethoven's Birthday, then your own birthday, and finally Christ's Birthday--that's a progression that leaves you in an almost impossible spot, because you're bound to feel inferior when your birthday comes between the two other festive dates.

I feel the most constructive suggestion anyone could make about improving police forces is the one the police authorities would never accept. Take the policemen out of their cruisers and put them back on foot beats. It would need to be done gradually, because a lone cop wouldn't live through his first night on a foot beat in some parts of some cities. But I feel that the cruiser is the thing that has set up the hatred for police. Kids don't get to know the neighborhood cop as they grow up. Moreover, the cruiser warns by its noise and the lights of its coming, something that the strolling policeman never did. The cruiser no longer has the advantage of instant communication with headquarters all by itself, now that foot patrolmen can carry hip-pocket transceivers. Even in a little town like Hagerstown, where there are fewer than 40,000 persons within the city limits, crime is getting out of hand everywhere except in the Negro section--and that's the only part of Hagerstown that has a policeman walking his beat.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

*(Harry, you've sold me on beat-walking--now if we can just sell the police! This idea was mentioned in a Seattle paper recently, but I didn't clip it and now I don't remember exactly and precisely who was saying what. If anything comes of it I'll let you know.)*

MAE'S BACK

Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba,  
Argentina

Dear Elinor, Buz and Wally, and all:

Can it be that the last CRY was only four years ago? All that excitement of looking forward to the old CRY seems to belong to some past incarnation. I recall my passions then.... science fiction (I scarcely read it now, of late, especially as it's almost unavailable in Argentina); saucers (I shied off same, after tracking some bonafide saucer appearances down, and these still continue, but it scared me due to the humorless aspect of it all!); and what else?

"Saving society" I believe, was another worry of mine. "Poor, downtrodden peones," etc. "How can we help them?"

Alas, today, I've sunk so low, I couldn't care less. "Father Time" will take care of everyone. It seems to me, this late afternoon, that the arrival of CRY was like a postman's knock at the door of my tomb. After a hibernation of what seemed to me to be four centuries, I shook my old bones and looked out. "What? Is the World still here? And CRY also?" Well, I must dust off the old typewriter... I can't, I shall never be able to, resist the delectable temptation of old CRY...

I like and admire your new fight -- against Nielsen, no less. Courageous children! Hurl away. Fire your eloquent grenades and epistles and luck be with you, little ones, all! (Not that I'm anything more than another "little one" still. Though I am at last a bonafide "Grandma Mae", with a first grandson, over a year old!)

Wisdom has been incarnated in your home, apparently, dear Elinor and Buz. I refer to that sweet Mickie. "Kids don't know yet what they really think, feel or believe about religion, so jokes concerning same only disturb them."

The beginning of the joke was very good, mind you. I liked the "hippie hairdo" on Jesus. The ironical ending, however, twists your heart. It is true I have no longer (though I once did), a devotion to Mary the Mother. But that slam on her is no joke, though "moms" in general deserve all the slams they may get. I've a very low opinion, through personal experience, re the type of "Mom" mankind lauds so much.

I would set down the last part of the joke--not to a hatred of Mary on the part of the inventor of the anecdote--but to a painful gnawing and rancor, due to his or her bitter past experiences with a Mom or Moms. He got his lines mixed. *(You may be right, Mae, but I don't agree with you. To me that joke is an unemotional play on a technicality.)*

I was very troubled by the new best-seller DIALOGUES WITH THE DEVIL, by Taylor Caldwell, which I've just finished reading now. There is such a clever use of half-truths and platitudes, it could fill an average reader with either despair (if he's at all honest in his thinking), or a panicky need to get saved by Billy Graham or his ilk. So troubled and stirred am I (who have spent a lifetime weighing dogmas against facts--or apparent facts; ever since my birth in 1917, under Mount Omei, of Buddha's Shadow, in West China), so horrified at the misrepresentation of God's goodness and mercy, I sat down and am trying to write a refutation, point by point, of all the assumptions that will so please Christians (of the orthodox variety, Catholic or Protestant), in that book. It's as dreadful as the SCREWTAPE LETTERS of C. S. Lewis, who also wrote a science fiction trilogy, if you recall, that was very good, in its way.

But of course, what can you expect of the human who can smugly sit back and expect to arrive in Heaven, from whence he plans to contemplate forever the "Beatific Vision" obtainable, from the Grandstand (as promised by a Thomas Aquinas) -- a vision not of God, of course, but of the torments of the damned in Hell. "Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah! There sizzles my enemy, so-and-so!"

I'll take reincarnation...or even total death when the body expires....any day, in preference, as more just. *(I'll take reincarnation. To hell with total death).* Anyway, here writes the same old rebel you will recall. My bones may creak, and my tomb may seem musty, but I still beat my wings against the bars! Don't you? *(Yes.)*

Tell me, science fiction fans! Have you ever wondered whether there are beings that are not mortals like ourselves? What would you think if I told you that, after an intense study I've been making... (research into old symbols and a study of surviving Chinese, S. American & Aryan rude old words of a Paleolithic Mother tongue) I seem to have disturbed some most ancient Mind? I am not clairvoyant, and never well be; (though telepathy does seem my forte, and empathy also, somehow). But Vadim, my spouse since 1936, has the Slavic gift. And

"Somebody" who has access to my most intimate and private thoughts, which I hadn't even told Vadim, has started getting messages through to me via him. He doesn't go into a trance. We may be eating, or walking, or anything, when suddenly he develops a curious, concentrated look, and will answer some remark of mine by saying, "No, your Mother Earth disagrees with you there. She says it's like this:" and he'll reel off information he doesn't know. I mean to say, I haven't been pestering him with my research into philology, mythology and theology, etc. And yet, he will flawlessly discuss the symbol I'm studying, most profoundly. But the moment the conversation's over, he'll not remember it at all, or only vaguely. He is just the "telephone line", as he himself says.

But who is She? Lilith? His description of Her, delectable, naked, sometimes merging with the greenery of the woods, with a hint of a green-frog-shape combining with her human one, makes me think this dates back to old "Frog-Toad Mother Ra," of half-forgotten myth, and megalithic monuments.

Or she could be the Paleolithic Owl-Mother (Lilith, so misinterpreted by even the wisest rabbis in the past). But in Sanscrit Lila means "God's play in the universe," and in South American tongues it can also mean "a lovely, modest maiden." You find her effigies both in Magdalenean Rock art and in Santiago-del-Estero ancient pottery, right north of us here.

I am telling you this, and no longer hiding the shameful secret, (though seances, and talking-with-ghosts, I have always considered bunk; and I consider ghosts disgusting and creepy, never having forgotten that haunted house in Shanghai, where we lived from when I was five until I was nine; and I hated it). But this is something Other. What? In writing the book of refutation of that DIALOGUES WITH THE DEVIL, I am not at all sure--intellectually yet--if I'll be serving a good Lilith or a bad. Though in my heart, I love her as GOODNESS personified. That she exists, empirically, I have no further doubt. I've been testing these almost daily contacts, through Vadim, for the past two or three years, since they began. She has introduced us, too, to some charming phallic Dwarfs (whom the Guaranies called the Curupi-Ru--are these the Phoenician CABGIRI?), and to the Tree Father, and a Sphinx Figure too. Lovely, humorous personalities. They have become so real to us both, nothing can quite compare. We love them madly. Are we, then, mad?

Let's have a verdict from you! You're cynics and can judge. Your withering sarcasm should prove interesting. Is it madness to believe in Other Worlds -- wider Horizons -- that enclose our own four-dimensional one? Is it, fans?

But if you lived in these old hills, haunted by vanished Indians who also loved and worshipped Pachamama or Mother Earth; and Sachayoc ("He with the Trees"); and Turuca" (the Sphinx-interpreter, by the Red Hill, that ancient Mecca), you'd understand. Come on, materialist pals! GIVE your verdicts!

Love,

Mae Surtees Strelkov

*(Mae, on the one hand I definitely feel that there are more things in heaven and earth than e'er were dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy and on the other hand I feel that you and Vadim are definitely in flip country. At least you're in there together--that's some comfort! My feeling is that no matter how real what you are contacting may be, it could still flip you out. So go slow, will you--go slowly and warily and prayerfully--prayerfully not to any old Mother Earth whom you confess that you're still a bit dubious of.*

*It was fun hearing from you again, albeit a bit alarming.)*

GANG, HEREWITH STARTS A BRAND-NEW COLUMN, NEVER SEEN BEFORE AND POSSIBLY NEVER AGAIN. I HAVE RUN COMPLETELY OUT OF TIME, AND REALLY--PRETTY WELL OUT OF SPACE, TOO, YOU KNOW. So--



LETTERS WE WOULD HAVE PUBLISHED HAD WE MORE TIME & SPACE: We got a letter from VAUGHN BODE (sob) saying he won't be able to do any work for us after all, owing to professional and school commitments. We wish you the best of luck, success and happiness anyway, Vaughn. Fandom is just a hobby and should never be allowed to interfere with more serious things. ALAN J. LEWIS writes at length regarding Nat Hentoft's CALL THE KEEPER. He disagrees intensely with Buz's recommendation. DENNIS LIEN liked Art Rapp's verse best in the last issue, and wants to know whatever happened to Mae Surtees Strelkov. He mentions having a string of ten consecutive appearances in CRY. It's broken now, Denny. Oh well, I'll print your joke and then you can count this:

Once there was a strange and mystic birth in a stable, to which Three Wise Men came from afar. The first Wise Man ducked under the stable door and said, "I bring gold." Joseph, the father, said, "We thank you." The second Wise Man ducked under the stable door and said "I bring frankincense," to which Mary, the mother, replied, "Just what we wanted!" The third Wise Man forgot to duck and hit his head on the doorframe. Dropping his myrrh and clutching his forehead, he gasped, "Jesus H. Christ!" Joseph turned to Mary and said, "Now that he mentions it, Dear, wouldn't that be a better name for him than Charlie?"

We got a very funny letter from DWAIN KAISER. No point in quoting from it, because it all builds up to a little punchline. Well, Dwain, at least Buz and I appreciated it, and Vera and Wally will on Sunday. We got a nice letter from Carl Brandon Jr. He's glad to see CRY again, was intrigued by Roy Tackett's review--by the way, might mention that he wrote on Oct. 19th and received CRY only a couple days before, and he's obviously commenting on 175--two and a half months in transit! Brother! It'll be a miracle if we can keep our overseas readers this time.... BOYD RAEBURN thinks one has to be religious to laugh at the joke I quoted in 175. NEAL GOLDFARB wants me to tell him if his letter isn't printed so that he can send two bits for the next copy. I wish somebody else would tell him--I'm too tired. KRISTINE SMITH defends the second season of STAR TREK. Kristine, I'm glad you liked it. Live long and prosper, hear? RICHARD LABONTE says he isn't crazy about Spock, not even in a manly way. He likes the character, though, and he admires Nimoy as an actor. That's good enough for any reasonable person, Richard. ELAINE HARVEY has read her first CRY and is left with the unpleasant impression that "here I stand out in the cold on the doorstep ... I find myself knocking on the door again." Well, Elaine, consider yourself invited in, even if I did run out of time and space before I got around to you. Elaine especially appreciated Betty Kujawa's letter and and is a Tolkien as well as Star Trek fan. BOB ALLEN talks about polls. He took part in one once. It wasn't Nielsen's though--it was just a Little Name Poll. That's okay, Bob--we're not snobbish. VICKI DALY writes her very first attempt at a fan letter. She likes Harlan Ellison, STAR TREK (but not "Spock's Brain"). Her husband, a staunch Catholic, liked The Joke, but she herself, with no formal religion, was mildly offended. She agrees with Bernie and feels that he is "a rather high form of intelligence." And she liked Mildred Torgerson's article. Someone who doesn't sign her name (but I happen to know it's Ann Rutledge) wrote a funny little unquoteable letter.

#### & WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

PUTH BERMAN sends money and says how lovely it is to have CRY back again. CARLE JOHNSON sends money to see that CRY keeps coming in to illuminate her poor benighted existence. SHERRY GREENAWALT CARTER sends money. SUZANN HUGHES sends money and says her mailman liked CRY's cover also. KRIS SMITH is hooked on CRY and sends money. ANNA HREHA sends money. JUDITH WALTER sends money and asks if we care for any fiction? No, I don't think so. Not unless it was brief and funny. JANE PEYTON sends \$1.00 in Real Money. NOREEN SHAW is delighted CRY is revived and distressed to learn she didn't get one and sends money. Noreen, dear, I'm awfully sorry we forgot you and Larry. But it's your own fault, you know, for dropping out of FAPA. All FAPA members got 175. HEDD BOGGS sends

money. So does TONI GOURD. JERRY KAUFMAN sends another dollar and wonders what the "Y" after his name means. That's not a "Y", Jerry--that's Vera's way of writing '4'. You now have eight issues coming. LEIGH EDMONDS of Australia sends a dollar. DANNIE PLACHTA wants people to buy Norman Spinrad's book. He thought the Baycon was kind of sad. LYNN HICKMAN is glad to see CRY again and liked the cover on 175. He's interested in the printing, color separation, the offset press and plates. Lynn, I hope a Wally or two answers you privately. That sort of thing is beyond me. DENNY LIEN did send a quarter after all--what do you know. He was right and I was wrong. How Strange. WAYNE FINCH sends 25¢ for 176. He may have to make do with 177--I think Vera is out of 176. SHIRLEY MEECH says, "Smile when you call the co-editor of ST-PHILE a neo, podnuh--or I'll tear the cover off CRY 176 and put it up on my refrigerator." I'm always smiling, Shirley--except of course when I'm not. D. R. CUMMINS sends a quarter for CRY 176. I'm sure you'll love 177, D.R. PHYLLIS ECONOMOU is ecstatic to have CRY back. We're ecstatic that you're ecstatic, Phyllis, but we missed you at the Baycon. You said you'd come, you know. MARTY HELGESEN is delighted to have CRY back. He says I called him a mediocre CRY hack. Did I really, Marty? REALLY? Could I have been so tactless and unkind? So uncool? I doubt that very much. Hey, I met you at a convention once. What convention was it? Do you remember? I guess Chicago.

\* \* \* \* \*

I'd like to go one step beyond re Johnny Carson--let's initiate a letter-writing campaign all thru fandom. We already know they can't fight us. Can you see Harlan Ellison and Harry Harrison going at each other on national tv? Don Rickles to the nth power.

-vnm

Secret Message for Harry Warner Jr: The magic number is 1933. Don't pass it around. The way I get over feeling inferior about that rotten birthdate is to indulge in wondrous fantasies that in another century or two, they'll celebrate December 19 as another National Holiday. Now the thing to do is for all of us born on Dec 19 to get together and do Something Fanthastic and..vwh

from: CRY  
2852-14th Ave W.  
Seattle, Wash. 98119

Printed matter only

If a number appears after your name and you are not already in prison or the armed forces, you probably have that many issues still coming to you.



Beam down to:

Stere Johnson (2)  
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Corvallis, Ore

97330