

CRY

NUMBER 182

Toni

Page Three

This should probably turn out to be CRY #182, the June 15, 1969 issue, with any luck at all. CRY is edited by (1)Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash, 98119, who should receive all contributed writings including LOCs, which if used herein will get you a free CRY for that issue, (2)Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash, 98002, who should receive all sub-moneys (U.S.) and trades, if you really expect to have these honored, and (3)Wally Weber, 5422 16th Ave SW, Seattle, Wash, 98106, who should receive all banana splits entrusted to the Post Office, and much egoboo.

CRY is published by Wallys Weber and Gonser under the guise of Wal-2-Wal Press, and sells for 40¢ U.S. or 3/4 U.K. Anyone who sends us more than \$2 or 16/8 in one bunch is taking Grave Chances. Ethel Lindsay, our U.K. agent at Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom, may be more lenient about larger subs, but don't bet on it without asking her, first.

This marks a full year of semi-quarterly publication of the New CRY. If the Post Awful continues its Hold Everything plan [letters indicate that CRYs mailed early in May arrived early in June], we may consider going bi-monthly in order to allow comments on one issue to arrive in time to be printed in the next. But that's for later. Meanwhile: COPY DEADLINE FOR CRY #183 IS JULY 26, like THIS year.

APOLOGIA: Irene Wanner's Art Credits for pages 9 & 11 were omitted last time. I am truly evil, if you hadn't already noticed.

Now for the current issue: we have C O N T E N T S

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| COVER by Toni Gourd: "Rosemary's Baby" | page 1 |
| The Collected Wit and Humor of Eldridge Cleaver | 2 |
| Page Three | Buz 3 |
| The Minuteless Ones | Wally Weber 4 |
| The, er, Not-so-Classics Re-read | Roy Tackett 8 |
| Bicycle Rock | F. M. Busby 10 |
| Vonderings | Vonda McIntyre 14 |
| Some Thoughts About Associations (etc)*Phil Haldeman | 18 |
| CRY of the Readers ..conducted by Elinor Busby | 20-36 |

Art Credits: ATom 29, Lloyd 17, Monahan 14, Rotsler 23, Wanner 15 16, Weber 9 20, Zuber 26 31, Hereto 4, Gyfie 8.

PAGE-TYPING Credits: Elinor 19, Buz 5, Vonda 4, WallyW 4, Phil Haldeman 2.

MAILING Credits: Vera did a beautiful prompt job of it last time, and I hope CIRCUMSTANCES (uppercase was unintentional there) allow her to do as well THIS time.

CONVENTION stuff: I hope you all hit St. Louis and I wish we could, but that won't go. We'll see a bunch of you at the Santa Monica Westercon shortly, I do hope. I hit the Disclave as you'll note if you read as far as pages 10 through 13...

I'm not at all enthusiastic about this gimmick of compulsory non-U.S. WorldCons on a strict prepaid schedule. But we seem to be stuck with it. The proper answer would be to shuck this phony "World" label that a bunch of enthusiastic kids put onto a small local gathering in New York City in 1939, but I'll be most surprised if the mob marshals enough common sense to take that easy way out of the mess.

VERA is skipping another issue, with her column. I regret this; if you agree with me, sign up with the "Citizens United to Barbecue Vera's Crummy Neighbors" movement. When we get rid of hers; I have a couple that could be next in line. Only a couple, though; please don't fry my good neighbors.

I have run out of stuff, People: either Wally Weber will produce a space-filler for the rest of this page (in which case he gets Art Credits, back up the page), or else Ed Cox can Doodle in it. Which sounds vaguely obscene, and I hate Sounds.

--Buz,

THE MINUTELESS ONES

an ill-timed expose of Nameless meetings
by honorable secretary-treasurer
What'shisname

In CRYs Neolithic period, one of the most beloved regular series of articles to appear in any fanzine up to that time was the Minutes of the meetings of The Nameless Ones. Elderly readers of Modern CRYs often remember back to those marvelous times and yearn for the good old Minutes as written by the humble and modest Secretary-Treasurer, whomever he might be.

CRY is still being published, and the Nameless Ones still exist, but those great Minutes are not being written. There is, of course, good reason for this, but none of you outside the Nameless know about it. If you had all written in begging for the return of the Minutes, as I know you all wanted to do, I would have been able to keep the terrible truth from you for your own good. But you haven't written. You've kept your terrible grief bottled up inside and I can't stand to see you destroying yourself this way, so much as I hate to reveal secrets that are better left untold, I must somehow bring myself to tell you -- for your own good, of course.

The truth is, The Nameless Ones no longer hold meetings. Oh, they still gather, once each month now, and many of the same fans are there that attended meetings in the old days, but the club just doesn't hold meetings any more.

That is not to say that the Nameless Ones of old was operated more formally than the club of today. Procedures were just as slipshod and subject to individual whim in those days, meeting notices were just as tardy, incorrect, or outright non-existent, and the membership was the same type of unruly riff-raff you see today. But the club did hold meetings.

By holding a meeting, I mean the ranking officer in attendance officially opened and, later, just as officially adjourned a club meeting sometime during the evening. This may not seem like much when you note that activities were much the same then as they are now except for those two events. But to a minutes-writing secretary-treasurer, officially opening and closing the meeting made a great difference. For one thing, it clearly defined the time period to be covered by the minutes. Without that, there is no way to decide what event marked the beginning of the meeting and how many of the following riots, catastrophes etc. required reporting. For another thing, the opening of a meeting brought all of the members into one room where they could all be observed by the ever-alert secretary-treasurer all at once. You can imagine how impossible it is to accurately cover all the events going on in all the dungeons, sewer tunnels, attics, and less inviting places where Nameless Ones drift when not engrossed with an official meeting.

With an official meeting to hold the group together, minutes could be written just as they were in the good old days. The following page will be a reprint of minutes from an old CRY to demonstrate what you are missing.

fabulous, exciting

accurate fabrications

MINUTES

MINUTES OF THE APRIL 6, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES
 Loren Tebbert had been attempting to discover the address of Rethel Enterprises Inc., the makers of the club's recently advertised flying saucer. After the Seattle Public Library failed to find any such corporation listed, the Nameless decided the machine must be of extra-terrestrial origin and wanted to see important matters.

Falling rank on the rest of the Nameless Sec-Treas Wally Weber called the meeting to order at 8:35 p.m. F.M. Busby obliged by cooking steak. Since Mr. Busby's order was out of order, the chairman ignored him as best he could and went on to the next traditional item of disorder — the reading of the minutes. This traditional item was eventually disregarded because nobody had a copy of ONE around and the SEC-Treas had composed the minutes on stencil.

Nobody had any old business to speak of so the meeting progressed to new business. Loren Tebbert was nominated for President. The motion was made and seconded that Doreen be elected President by a unanimous vote. The motion passed with very little opposition, so Doreen was unanimously elected President by a vote of 6 to 1. Doreen's acceptance speech was touching. "Oh all right, I'll be President," was the way she put it. Guess who voted against the unanimous vote!

F. M. Busby and Gordon Edmund had been nominated for Vice President, but F. M. withdrew from the race to save himself the embarrassment of being defeated by his superior opponent. That he realized Gordon's superiority was evidenced by the fact that he was the one who had nominated the future Vice President. He explained that he really didn't mind being scratched from the race since he had been itching to get out of the nomination anyway.

The Secretary-Treasurer's term was extended another six months for unforgivable behavior.

Official Coffee-Maker, Wally Genser, was reappointed for another term, probably for his unforgivable brewing.

The Sec-Treas, still conducting the meeting at the request of the newly-elected President, was willing to call the election quits by this time, but the members reminded him that the most important officer of all had not been re-elected or replaced: the Official Ben. The members toyed with the idea of electing Ed Wyman until F. M. Busby evicted the plan of electing Vernard Thomas to replace his son as the Official Ben. This plan went over exceedingly well, primarily because Vernard wasn't present to defend himself.

With the elections over, Elmer Busby wanted to talk about science-fiction. She particularly wanted to talk about "Weatherly Neighbors," which turned out to be a novel by Chad Oliver rather than the peculiar people who lived next door. When asked why she thought the novel was so outstanding, Elmer said it wasn't really outstandingly outstanding, but neither was anything else she had read recently. This started the discussion of how nothing outstanding had been published recently in the science fiction field. (Certainly this conversation did not include the famous field, where these Minutes are published approximately monthly.)

Mention of G. M. Carr's letter-to-the-editor that had been printed recently in a Seattle newspaper was made.

The feasibility of shipping a multithin from Florida to Seattle was mullied over for the benefit of the Webberts.

Wally Genser reported that his mother has come to frequently using the word, gaff, and indicates that it fills a need in her vocabulary.

The meeting was adjourned retroactively to 8:59:30J in order to exclude unpublishable material from the minutes. The meeting was reopened at 9:12 in order to vote a message of thanks to Virginia and Bill Cowling for donating so many of Flora Jones' furnish belongings to the club.

The members discussed the possibility of returning to the Arcade Building for meetings again, but the subject was eventually left as something to think about until next meeting.

Wally Genser claimed that Gordon Edmund's mother had read the minutes in the last CRY and had doubts about the sort of people her son was associating with. The members thought a good project for the club would be to get Gordon's mother to come to a meeting so she could see how bad things really were.

With a final, unanswered query of, "Whatever happened to Varda Murrell?" the meeting was retroactively adjourned again to 9:15.

Retroactive SEC-Treas, Wally Weber

MINUTES OF THE APRIL 20, 1961 MEETING OF THE NAMELESS ONES

Doreen Tebbert, exhausted from the effort of locating G. M. Carr's residence in the dark, summoned sufficient strength to call the meeting to order at 8:37 p.m. This so weakened the President that she was unable to prevent the reading of the minutes at 8:38 p.m. After reading the minutes, the SEC-Treas approved them, heartily.

The President decided it was time for a check on the treasury, catching the SEC-TREAS off guard. He had inadvertently left \$42.10 unembosomed and shamefacedly had to report his negligence.

Doreen next asked for Old Business, and the subject of where to meet next time came to the fore. Doreen protested that this was New Business since the next meeting hadn't happened yet. We must keep in mind that Doreen hasn't presided over very many meetings yet, so her mind is still neat and orderly. Her protests were carefully ignored, and eventually the motion was made, seconded, and passed that the following meeting would again be held at G. M. Carr's home.

Steve Tolliver was sitting there looking defenseless, so we decided to make him an officer. For a while it was argued that he should be made the Official Member, the main point being that since six out of every four Nameless Ones are officers, there was an urgent need for a member over which the officers could officiate. (I hope this is all clear.) Before any such radical innovation could be made, however, the coffeeholics began to suffer withdrawal symptoms and Wally Genser, the Official Coffee-Maker, was not at his post and showed no signs of coming to the rescue. For practical reasons, then, Steve was proclaimed Assistant Coffee-Maker by presidential decree.

Mrs. Walsted, the mother of Mark Walsted, was attending the meeting out of curiosity about what Mark's friends were like. Mark, you may remember, attended science fiction conventions so he could get into the poker games, attended science fiction movies so he could scoff at the unscientific goofs, and read practically all the issues of Asf and Asf for reasons that are not altogether clear anymore. Mrs. Walsted said she had never read any science fiction herself, but that she was aware of it in the same manner in which she was aware of Kersey without actually having experienced it.

Our target for the evening was plain. In no time at all we had her admitting that she had read and enjoyed Lewis Carroll and Jules Verne (...but those are classics," she protested), and in the end we proved her to be no better than the rest of us lepers.

The phone rang and Doreen thought it was probably herself calling to report that she was lost. Actually it was the Official Ben reporting that he had been lost, but found his way back home finally and would stay there until next meeting by golly.

Doreen asked for New Business, having decided that the Old Business surely must be over with by now. What she got was a discussion of "Four Faces of Ezekiel." The SEC-Treas was ordered to remind Doreen of Four Faces. (This isn't clear to me, either.)

The meeting was adjourned at 9:15 p.m. so that coffee could be served and G. M. Carr could carve up the delicious and family-friendly-decorated cake she had ordered made. Then, for entertainment, she projected her collection of Morris Hollins slides on the screen for the members to ooh and oggle.

Honorable and Accurate SEC-Treas Wally Weber

Now that you have had the opportunity to ~~shut your eyes~~ see what great works the Minutes of The Nameless Ones were in the days when The Nameless Ones actually had meetings, we now present you with the feeble imitation, namely -- or perhaps namelessly --

UNMINUTES OF THE JUNE 13, 1969 MEETINGLESS OF THE NAMELESS

The Nameless Ones neglected to pick the next meeting site for the June 13 meeting during the May meeting. This was forgivable, it being the only such oversight that month. Ordinarily, if any action of the Nameless could be called "ordinary", meeting at an unpicked location would be considered equal to meeting at What'shisname's place on Pigeon Hill. However, Friday 13 is not a good date to be on Pigeon Hill, so Mildred Torgerson volunteered her new home on Lake Washington for the meeting in a moment of weakness. (She later regained her senses and moved out a short time before the Nameless arrived, but then had a relapse and attended the meeting anyway. A hopeless case.)

Despite the carefully prepared meeting announcement that almost got to some of the members by June 13, twenty-five members and Sigmund, the long skinny fellow, managed to find 706 Lake Washington Boulevard South. Of the various tales of searching and hardship, that of Milton Peterman was the most heart-rending. Milton had received the little yellow envelope from the club in plenty of time before the meeting, and he treasured it, realizing the rareness of the event. He kept the envelope unopened in a safe place so that it would be available when he would need it most. When June 13 arrived and meeting time neared, Milton prepared himself for the anticipated event, opened the yellow envelope, and discovered the clever Secretary-Treasurer had mailed him an empty envelope. Being a fan, Milton was able to easily find his way to the meeting, but he marvelled over the narrow escape. If he had received the Secretary-Treasurer's carefully prepared map, he might still be searching.

706 Lake Washington etc. proved to be ideal for Nameless Meetings. It contained sufficient nooks and corners and secret passageways that nobody had to see anybody else unless they wanted to. The place was equipped with telescopes for scanning the ~~windpys~~ heavens, a fungus-covered Enterprise in a shrink-warp, a right-footed organ, a black-light room for members to glow in, and a glass-walled box to protect Sigmund from the Nameless members.

The black-light room was equipped with paints that glowed in many colors, and several masterpieces were created on more-or-less human canvas. Some of the artists cheated, however. Toni Gourd created witch-doctor designs on Jari Wood's face by filling in the numbered areas.

By the time June 14 arrived, most of the members had left. At this time the nearest thing to an official meeting took place. Toni, the Vice Matriarch, presided under a complete mismanaged travesty of a meeting during which the loveable Secretary-Treasurer was unjustly voted into the mythical office of Official Club Minute-man & Club Pornographer. This, together with a midnight snack consisting of warmed gore, finished the evening for good, and everybody stole away to their cars to drive to whatever destiny awaited them in nearby Frink Park.

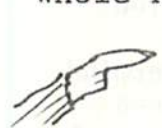
soon to be a major Hollywood movie
the title song, "I didn't know what day it was"
sung by Frank Sinatra
on reprisal records

One of the most tragic
things about Stanbery's
new concoction is that he
is really serious about it
-- ANON

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h a v e o n e . . .

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what he is today...

find out about when Elizabeth Taylor's calendar put on the
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 **ZOT!**

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(did you know...)

 **ZAP!**

THE 1969 WORLD CON IS REALLY
GOING TO START ON

~~15 Harvest-18 of Primian Phlegmatis~~

(by the Stanberian Reckoning calendric system)

THE Star SYSTEM, A RECONSTRUCTION FROM ANCIENT BABYLONIAN. GREEK, JEWISH
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MONTH WITH THE TROPICAL (solar, ignorami!) YEAR, MODERNIZED WITH THE RE-
SULTS OF RECENT CELESTIAL OBSERVATIONS, HAS FINALLY ACHIEVED WHAT MANY
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IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!!! No, No...

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With the continuing high interest in 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY and the inevitable comparisons to CHILDHOOD'S END, I had intended to devote this particular column to an examination of that particular classic. However, some remarks by H. Warner (CRY 181) prompts me to give CHILDHOOD'S END only a few brief comments.

On re-reading CHILDHOOD'S END actually seems somewhat "New Wavish," if I may use that term, although no one can come up with a satisfactory definition of "New Wave." More specifically, I mean the British new wave school (which isn't really new because English writers have been doing this sort of thing for years--it is only recently they've begun to make any noise about it), not the Southern California write-from-the gut school, for CHILDHOOD'S END is a rather downbeat story filled with mysticism and ends with the inevitable end of the world. The Overlords are acceptable and interesting but the concept of the Overmind, at least in this instance, is to me repelling. I suppose I have been brainwashed by too many ASF stories about Homo Saps triumphant to accept Clarke's Overmind. If we must have Overminds I prefer the Arisian variety. However...

H. Warner said in his LoC last issue that he would like to see some comments on old stories that weren't exactly classics. The sort of story that made up the bulk of the contents of the stfzines. I dug into my meager file of back issues and came up with the Spring 1932 issue of WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY and from it have selected "Rebels of the Moon" by Manley Wade Wellman and Max Jergovic.

Inasmuch as this is being written on the day Apollo 10 successfully return from Lunar orbit and you will be reading it about the time Apollo 11 is scheduled to make a Lunar landing, "Rebels of the Moon" seems an appropriate tale with which to answer H. Warner's request.

"In 2150 the Moon was still the farthest frontier of the space-navigators. Little did that dead, inhospital satellite recommend itself to explorers and settlers. Yet it offered one priceless advantage to long-distance rocket voyages--its light gravitational pull, barely a sixth of that of Earth. A heavily laden ship, such as might never rise from a Terrestrial base, could clear from the Moon and seek other planets of the solar system."

Dr. Von Rickopf, "latest and most brilliant of the German rocket engineers," and his crew of 19 are, by direction of the World League, assembling a giant rocketship--as large as the Zeppelins of two centuries ago--on the moon for an exploratory voyage to Venus. They are extracting their fuel, oxygen and hydrogen, from compounds found on the moon itself. The day of launching comes and goes as does two or three other favorable dates but still Von Rickopf and his crew remain on the moon. They are having trouble extracting enough fuel, Von Rickopf explains.

Ah, but the World League doesn't buy this explanation so Seumas O'Grady (presumably Irish--why do the Irish always have such strange names?), "master scout, wizard of disguise, expert in a thousand sciences, and ace of the World League's secret police" is secretly sent to the moon to investigate. O'Grady takes off from a private spaceport 40

miles outside of St. Louis and lands on the moon where, like a typical Irish cop, this ace of the secret police stumbles over his own great feet and is almost immediately captured by Dr. Von Ripkopf and his henchmen.

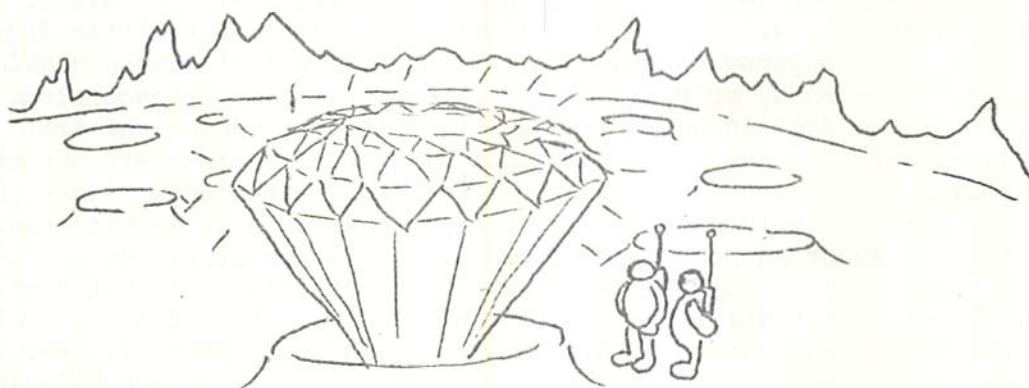
He, Von Ripkopf, explains that there is plenty of fuel but that he, Von Ripkopf, has no intention of going to Venus because he has found diamonds on the moon. Actually, he found them a while back while on a private expedition to the moon but paid no attention to them at the time. But now he and his henchmen are going to take these diamonds and smuggle them to the jungles of Brazil, by rocket, where they will be brought out and sold as native Earth stones and they will all be rich beyond their wildest dreams. Yes.

O'Grady is offered the choice of joining the plot or joining his ancestors so he decides to play along while waiting for a chance to foul this foil plot. Or perhaps it is the other way around. O'Grady discovers that radio operator Lothar Manvel is another operative of the WLSP and between the two of them overcome Von Ripkopf and his henchmen and with a prize crew begin the 40 day journey to Venus. "Already he had found the adventure, and as an adventure, it had just begun."

Kidding aside, "Rebels of the Moon" is hard science fiction and valid extrapolation of what was known in 1932. Uncle Hugo was running contests for new plot ideas and Max Jergovic of Omaha, Nebraska, won the \$5 fifth prize for this plot. Wellman wrote the story from Jergovic's idea and both are credited as author. (It occurs to me that, in this day when pro sfauthors seem hard-pressed to come up with anything new, such an appeal to the readers for plot ideas might pay dividends for an enterprising editor.) Wellman had done his homework and one cannot argue with his descriptions of the moon. His description of rocket attitude and reorientation after takeoff are fairly close to what we know today. There are references to television but there is one development that wasn't foreseen. Much is made in the story of the fact that there is only one transmitter available powerful enough to send a signal from Lunda to Earth and we know now that a powerful transmitter isn't really necessary as long as the receiver is sufficiently sensitive, selective, and you know where to point your antenna.

"Rebels of the Moon" is a little old-fashioned but it reads pretty good even now. Certainly it is no classic but it is, as Harry puts it, "almost as good." A routine scientifiction story from 1932. Still enjoyable in 1969.

Roy Tackett



"...and after we smuggle it back to Earth..."

* B I C Y C L E R O C K *

The following Disclave Trip Report is excerpted directly from my letters to Elinor [about 14 handwritten pages of them] while on the trip. (*Added explanatory material will appear in this typeface.*)

May 7, 1969: ..Montana;. Nice sunny day for birdwatching, in the marshy puddles left over from snow. Bourbon at hand. The briefcase is a poor writing surface. I've viewed inland gulls, redwinged blackbirds, coots, mallards and (huge) Canada geese, some widgeons, pintails and shovelers, tricky redheaded ducks that won't hold still for positive identification ... & miscellaneous little twitters. So how's Boney? (*Our new cockatiel.*) Motion, not booze, is fouling up my writing...

Am about 80% through "The Ginger Man", a WILD book, with a kooky style that uses 1st & 3rd person interchangeably. :: Pleasant evening last night. Had a little problem getting rid of drunken 18-year-old on way to The Draft. He was buttering me up to buy him a beer illegally (*in club car, with eagle-eyed steward hovering*). Finally I told him that if he did not steal the half-can in front of me when the steward wasn't looking, and get it out of the club car pretty damn soon, I'd drink it myself. That did it. :: Later got talking with Jerry of Havre, Mont, and Maggie of St Louis ... until about 2:30; bar turned off at 12 but we backlogged a couple of rounds and anyway I had my Little Flask in case of drought. Struck me that J might have eyes for M, so while she was at john I nobly asked him if it'd be a good thing if I got the hell out, soon. But he said he had sounded the situation out earlier and it looked to be strictly Buddies. And that he had to get up at 7, and just didn't have time for a prolonged campaign. (*So we'll never know...*)

This is a small train; the light load of passengers is about half Oldpharts and half Young Kids. 40 draftees to Spokane but only 2 or 3 made much commotion. My Little Buddy of the beer-can was later caught pissing in the vestibule between cars, I understand. Ah, Mad Youth! (Aha! Pair of beautiful pintails just flew by.)

Now if I can just make that 45-minute connection in Chicago tomorrow!

[2nd letter] To continue this journal. Buffleheads in flight: 2 females unidentified; the 3rd thoughtfully brought her husband along. Females unfamiliarly light-colored from below. ...am drowning in the writing style of J P Donleavy. Or at least up to my neck in it. But not in the life-style of his protagonist, which is incoherent.

Widgeons; a pretty pair of shovelers. A bourbon will go nicely. :: A two-meal day today: breakfast at 10 & dinner 8 hours later. Suits my appetite just fine, with little exercise and all. An hour to sunset; ducks close-up are brilliant in this light. Fat shaggy cattle, running, startled by train, never of course having seen one before. :: Montana was turning green: probably its prettiest time of year, before the hills go brown again. North Dakota hasn't made it yet; I dunno why.

Ducks that stay put look dignified; ducks that fly away look silly.

May 8, Chicago, aboard Capitol Ltd with 10 mins to spare! One little jigger of bourbon was enough; it gets monotonous without ice. (*Oops; that last sentence belonged on the end of previous paragraph, prior to Chicago. Copying from MY handwriting is *rough*.*)

Hot&sweaty from long dash in Union Station-- from the far end of the train, but still first to the cab stand. And no actual running. Train 15 mins late out of my 45 so I skipped the lackadaisical pre-paid Transfer Bus and grabbed cab. (Just pulling out, now, right On Time.) Cool in Chi; just started to drizzle as we hit town.

Fri a.m., May 9: About an hour from DC on this roller-coaster. Very bumpy, most of this Chi-DC run. This may be the B&O's Top Train but it's still Not Much. Didn't sleep much 1st night but still feel fairly well-rested. I have a glass of ice-water from the club-car as the water in this car is warm and too strongly textured.

10 a.m.: WELL, now, here I am at the Skyline Inn via taxi through blinding rain and croggling traffic, esconced in room, all unpacked, the call made to (*the people on the BUSINESS end of the trip*) to see them Monday, nibbling on a lovely bourbon on rocks from the ice machine down the hall, preparatory to showering and going to look for faans, of whom I saw none in lobby on the way in here. I go to wash my stinky self.

Monday, May 12: ...about the Con, while it is relatively fresh. At first I was disappointed, but had fun later, anyway. The "Fri-Sat-Sun" label was an exaggeration: nothing happened Friday until late afternoon when a few people turned up, and in the evening there was a party in the WSFA (Committee) suite. None of the Fanoclast crowd showed at all. In fact I knew fewer people at this Con than at any since 1957-- out of approx 170 attendance. This did have the advantage that I got a chance to get acquainted with a few NEW people for a change.

...we do know: Pavlats, Evanses, Eney, Silverbergs, del Reys (had chance to talk with them a little more than usual), Geo Raybin, Andy Porter, Ed & Joanne Wood, Jean Bogert, Jack Chalker, Dannie Plachta, Roger Zelazny (chance to talk with him awhile, too-- nice fella), Bob Madle, Harriett Kolchak (as plonking as ever), John & Perdita Boardman (she's friendly enough, and John at least spoke), Charlie & Marsha Brown and Sheila Elkins, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Banks Mebane... (26, out of 170? Hoog...)

I improved Fri p.m. by using a map & the Yellow Pages to locate a liquor store 4 blocks away. Weather was sun&clouds, cool but pleasant. On way back looked up at the hotel to see if I could pick out #531, my room. It was easy: the only open window on the whole wide south side of the 7-floor building!

It looked pretty lonesome at that first party until Bob Pavlat and Bill Evans showed up. I mean, any time you are overjoyed to see somebody you met maybe once in your life and not quite sure where, things could really be better. Meanwhile, though, I did meet Ned Brooks, Frank Kerkhoff who was at Portland'50, two nice pairs of Haldemans, Ron Bounds, Tony & Sue Lewis from Boston (who will be at Westercon), Lin Carter, and several I may recall further along here. [Neat double-take from Ned Brooks. He was telling someone "They revived CRY, you know". I said, "Yes, we did that". Thus the double-take; we exchanged names and all (no name-tags at that point).]

The hotel appeared a poor choice but worked out OK. One must use elevators because the stairs don't open onto the lobby floor accessible to the public. However, though there were only 2 elevators, there were only two rush-hour occasions when I had to wait very long. The coffee shop closed at 7pm (2pm on Sunday) and service was quite undistinguished: I ate Friday lunch and dinner there, & thereafter only breakfasts. Beer was 60¢ plus tax (hell, it's only 50¢ on the train) and a small Martini equally overpriced. So with those samples I had NO drinks in the bar-proper; somehow I don't think this was much of a Bar Con. *(Which was just as well: the main function of a bar at a Bar Con is as a Gathering Place, and this one was too dark to find your own feet.)*

The employees didn't look too shocked at some of the semi-hippie types, but Hoo Boy! -- some of the non-fan guests sure did. And compared to most recent Cons we've hit, the hippie aspect was both sparse and mild.

Back to cases: I copped out of the Fri-nite party about 2 or so, with a more than respectable load on, got up for breakfast about 8:30 and corked out again since nothing was Doing. Parenthetically, I saw more of the Program (not that there was all that much of it) than of any Con since Portland. I even enjoyed the parts I did see. Jay Haldeman took about 30 seconds for the Opening Ceremonies, Saturday. Lin Carter gave a short talk on Current Publishing, and you'll be pleased to hear that I cudgelled memory and came up with "The Virgin and the Swine" to recommend for the fantasy series he's editing for Ballantine; I knew you'd drip green if I goofed that. Took me forever to place Evangeline Walton as the author, though. [Lin said, "Yes, we have that one; Mrs. Ballantine is reading it now. Thanks, though, and send me any others you can think of."] Del Rey put the New Wave back in the Trough, where it belongs, saying many things that had needed saying for a long time. Then were 20-30 mins of NASA color films, Apollo 8: moon-closeups in motion, for REAL. 2001 move over; next program bit was on that over-rated movie, so I left, not really needing it.

I made 2-meal days out of both Sat & Sun, with late breakfasts: found myself back on oldtime travel pattern of never getting really hungry, eating when I feel I should eat to avoid malnutrition. But Saturday was different: Evanses and Pavlats and Eney and I [most of the FAPA contingent] hit the Market Inn, only place in the U.S. that consistently serves "Fresh Turtle Soup and Fresh Turtle Steak" on the menu. I could not pass that up, nor could Bill Evans; I forget what everybody else had. The soup was the tastier but the steak was interesting, too-- like tough beef but with an extra

tang somehow. The finding of the place is a saga in itself: Bob Pavlat navigating for Dick Eney & very reasonably explaining how the place must be just over there instead of right here as he'd said a moment ago. After about a half-hour, reference was made to a convenient phone booth; it turned out Bob had all the right streets but the wrong quadrant: we'd been prowling N.E. and Market Inn is in N.W. (*Well, that's batting .500, after all!*) :: We got back to the parties [perhaps 4, compared to just one on Friday] about 9:30 or 10. Bill & Buddie Evans and I met with Eney in his 214 for awhile, then we (mostly) hit Lin Carter's 203, Boston's 307 and WSFA's 401 & 424 (*don't ask me how those 2 numbers are adjacent, but they really are*), in more or less that order with a lot of back&forth later, together & singly. That was really Party Night for that Con. Took on a Glorious Load, and perhaps fatigue played a part; at least played hell with my inhibitions to a certain extent, though not disastrously. ...maybe I'm learning something, here, but I'm not yet sure just what. :: I cut out about 4 a.m., having the distinct (though fuzzy) feeling to get the hell out before I got carried away and really did something stupid.

Slept in until about 10 Sun a.m., breakfasted, again corked out pending Events. (Program.) Lester del Rey & Don Benson [Berkeley books] talked shop and took audience questions, a Good Show. Dannie Plachta questioned Roger Zelazny about stuff; Roger was great; I think Dannie was hungover too much. There were supposed to be some Comsat films but all the projector bulbs (3) had blown out. Then there was the WSFA impromptu version of "HMS Trek-a-Star": no time for real rehearsals so they just hammed the hell out of it. BEAUTIFULLY, especially Ron Bounds as Kirk and Nancy (somebody) as Yeoman Rand. And a SUPER-Bugeye, name lost to this chronicle. Uhura was a little short of voice and Stackstraw-Finnegan unfortunately swallowed most of his "Ah, Jamie, boy"s; the Spock (another lost name) was short of Ethnic but you could hear his every word. Doll Gilliland did lovely hoking on piano. What with audible prompting and some great ad-libbing when somebody lost his place, a great lot of fun, on-stage and off, too. [In the original, did Spock, every time Kirk called for him, dash up so close and so hard as to tromp on Kirk's feet? Or was that an original twist, here?]

That wrapped up the Program; all converged to congratulate the cast. And off to Pavlat's (er-- Pavlats') for dinner, and evening, both great.

Bob was bushed; Peggy drove me back to the Skyline. A fine and lovely lady, and not her fault that when it comes to navigation, the talent seems to run in the family. [I would've left this out, but both Bob and Peggy seemed to feel they should be ribbed for it, so who am I to let down Good Buddies?] I swear we hit our National Capitol Bldg from 3 sides before finally heading away from it in the 4th and correct direction. :: A little final-partying with the Committee's "Thank God it's Over" bash, a nice quiet thing. [We halfway talked and halfway watched the only episode of Mission: Impossible in which Barbara Bain ever did any *acting*. In glorious Black-and-White.] Then Peggy cut out; Jay Haldeman and Ron Bounds and I talked a lot later than was reasonable, drinking leftover Committee booze with good appetite.

Jay (Disclave Chairman, by the way) once lived in Anchorage, Alaska, for 3-4 years as a kid, also spent a summer on the Arctic shoreline at the Alaska-Canada shoreline. Wild stuff, so interesting as to keep me up the extra 1-1/2 hours to 1 a.m. Still that evening was a nice tapering-off; I left a call for 7:30 and woke up more like 6 and just drowsed and half-dozed, waiting for the call. And was really in good shape next day.

It's nice to hit it off well with new folks who don't know me from Adam's off ox. [Oldpharts, take heart!] (*Oops; May 12 was 3rd letter in the series.*)

(I mostly skip Letter #4, which has to do with a couple of fine evenings that Eney and I spent at the Evans and Pavlat menages, with comments on some Georgette Heyer books I'd read on the trip, and with my naive misconception that I'd have no trouble getting home a day early, since I'd managed reservations from DC to Chi, OK.) Toskey is off his head that it's ALL blue sky or ALL overcast, here. Mostly it's been the mixed sun & clouds he swore he never saw here. (Oh sure; it Rains All the Time in Seattle, too)

[5th letter, for Hand Delivery] 12:30a.m., Fri, May 16: Pittsburgh, looking in at that miserable waiting-room we looked out of for too long, the last night of PittCon'60...

Fine evening on this train. Bar steward same as Eastbound; apparently my raising a little hell about the Rules identified me to him and made us Old Buddies. I really lucked out at dinner; he sat a gal across from me who is a DC-area reporter and knows a little bit about everything; we gabbed happily for hours. She knows Harry Warner by name-on-paper and approves of his newspaper, too. *(Here interposes a night's sleep.)*

Having friendly help aboard even makes the B&O look good, so's you don't mind the rough ride or dirty windows so much. I would like to know what idiot put the 1st-class car in the train backward, of course; sleeping head-first at 80-mph ain't soothing... :: Enroute Chicago-Seattle: *(I skip this section; the gist was that the 1st-class section of the Chi-Sea train was sold out; it describes the frantic hassle and pitch to get a reservation when you don't have one. And what else is new?)* Hot damn! There is COLD drinking-water in this roomette; the first of the trip. Club-car motor quit (it handles air-conditioning, refrigeration, etc), so back to Roomette #6 to cool off. *(Now we skip a long hunk on Big Personal Insights, which would bore you silly; it boils down that I seem to be a Territorial Animal in Rob't Ardrey's sense of the word, and that when I am Deprived in this respect, "I get all shook-up and soggy & hard to light")* :: Evening, May 16th: Add to Fish we like, fried haddock; add to Wines we like, Almaden Sauvignon Blanc. I had no idea of wine with dinner until some nut and his kid made gourmet-noises across the aisle and ordered (so HELP me!) 7-up! Well, last night was worse; I had to watch this southern-fried clod do all the approved tsk-tsk with the waiter and finally come up with bourbon and COKE as the well-considered epitome of his Taste [so I washed my mouf out with Ol' Granddad and Small Ice, to clear the palate].

Thoughts on Beards: they're good instant-identification if you want that; a Beard had damn well better always make a good First Impression because he can't hide out in the crowd. On this trip I seem to have done pretty well; my ID-beard has been mostly an asset, I think. :: In the old days, people grew beards for disguise, to become anonymous. Now it goes the other way. *(On other hand, on way home from Vancouver, B.C., June 1st, we caught extraneous inexplicable hell from Customs Officer; I can only guess that perhaps Beards piss the hell outa this one little tin Hitler, for we were otherwise as pure and innocent and law-abiding as anyone could hope for.)*

(On the problem of Quitting Smoking): Hey; smoking is self-determination: here I am hung-up somehow (office or party or just waiting), and I want to do something or go somewhere, and can't. I light up; this says "I'm doing something I want to do." Self-assertion, against restriction, pressure, etc. Of course there's habit, too. But the other bit would make it tough to Quit without an adequate-feeling substitute act. (Yours is knitting; henceforth take your knitting to Green Lake in peace.) & how 'bout the OldTimers (stereotype) whittling on the park bench? Same bit.

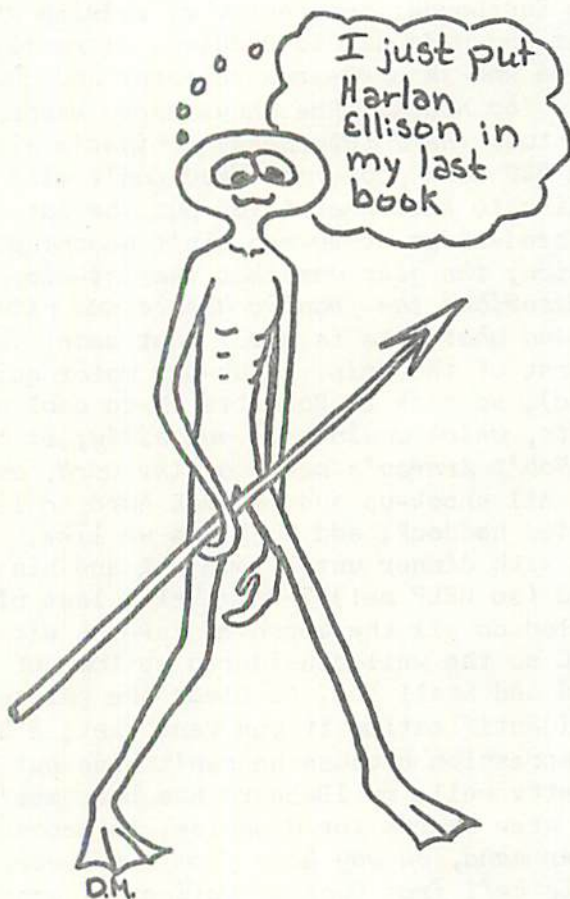
Young Marine in club-car was drinking *soft drinks* and polite. Says on R&R after combat he got stinking & laid whores like crazy, acc't it was Appropriate. But before furlough the Marines run 'em through a month's Re-Civilization course, to break the old stereotype of the returned-soldier as a drunken barbarian. [The Army used to talk of this but never really did it.] If that kid is typical, more power to the Marines. :: Some draftee-kids from Montana also sat down to talk; no apparent Generation Gap in that country; they've been kids and now I guess they want to join the adult faction. Well, they seem to have a pretty good start at it. Good, talking with 'em.

MiGhod! Just through Cut Bank, Mont, and Hula Hoops are still flying big there.

I think RR travel is on its way back, maybe. I've run into more passenger-crowding and more friendly RR-help-&-cooperation than in many years. I hope it's a trend.

I've been lying to people; they wanted to start a card game and I don't want to play cards. I want to look out the windows or read or talk or just *think*, to nurse a drink and enjoy this time. So I swore that I don't know card-games that I do know, and anyway "I have to go write a Report of the Business end of this trip". I lie a lot. *(So that evening I played small-poker with a bunch of the draftees, in the club-car. Since they were novices and I play lousy poker but do know the rules, the scene was largely instructional and fun; I either won or lost about a buck, for instance, and I do think this one fella got cured of drawing to inside straights. Let's hope so, eh?)*

This has been an after-the-fact experiment in on-the-spot Con reporting, taken from quick-written letters. Either it reads with Immediacy or it doesn't. Cheers, -- Buz.



Vonderings

by Vonda McIntyre

During the past several months, the good Senator Pastore has been raising many penetrating questions about sex and violence on television today. The presidents of the networks fought him bravely and valiantly from beneath their desks, but were finally defeated by the undeniably valid data gleaned from the reports of Congressional censoring committees just out of the viewing room.

The resulting effect on drama, westerns, and adventure series has been somewhat disconcerting. Where has our great American culture hero gone?

The Hero no longer fights his way to his goal with his fists--he tickles the craven Bad Man to--well, no, not even to death, just to a state of hysterical paralysis. Or, worse, he talks him into bored para-

plegia. The sixgun has fallen to the quick quip. Cowpunchers can no longer punch steers, or even drive them--the Anti-Vivisection League and the Humane Society have joined forces and convinced TV producers that society would be greatly benefitted if the drovers of the Old West were portrayed leading the steers up the Chisholm Trail by hand, in a meaningful, one-to-one relationship. Even Johnny Carson has felt the ravages of the censor's knife. He is reduced to reciting such cleaned-up ditties as:

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating his [blip].
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a [blip]
And said "What a good boy am I!"

If this continues, the devotees of sex and violence will have nowhere to turn. This, I contend, is an infringement of their civil rights.

Senator Pastore should be ashamed of himself. While he is looking out for the well-being of American children, who is looking out for the well-being of American fans?

Still, he may have a point. From the letters printed in such authoritative journalistic sources as the Seattle ~~Times~~ Times, the



Seattle ~~Post~~ Post Intelligencer, and TV Guide, we may be certain that many poor unsuspecting souls, innocently watching their television sets, are virtually attacked by these degenerate shows which form our principle entertainment. Apparently, because of the insidious hypnotic images--which we all know are craftily hidden in the opening titles--these viewers are frozen in their chairs and can neither turn off their sets nor change the channel. They are literally forced to watch such communist-inspired filthy pinko leftist queer and what's worse liberal programs as The Smothers Brothers, Laugh-In, and CBS Reports.

We can't have that, can we?

However, I have a solution.

The motion picture industry has recently adopted a self-censorship system, employing such inspired codes as "G"--recommended for general audiences, "M"--recommended for mature audiences, and "X"--adults only. My solution is a brilliant extrapolation of this system.

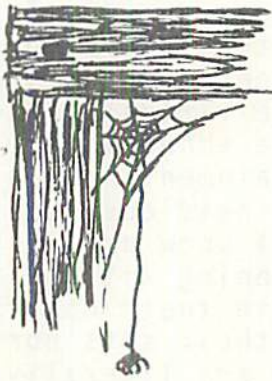
Since every program these days except "Meet the Press" is filmed or taped for later broadcast, there is virtually no opportunity for unexpected little "surprises" to creep into television offerings without some prior warning. Therefore, the censorshit board will view every program before it is put on the air. Then, instead of taking their shears to the lyrical prose of which most television dramas are composed (as we all well know), they will affix to the beginning of the program a strip of film or tape, containing a code letter warning the unsuspecting, innocent audience before those dastardly hypnotic images appear and catch them unaware.

[Since this method depends on the program being filmed or taped, and can obviously not be applied to live shows, "Meet the Press" will have to be cancelled in the interests of fair play for everyone.]

Since the television audience at any one time is much wider and larger than that of a movie, the standard 3 or 4 member code will of course have to be enlarged and extended somewhat; however, the principle is the same.

I have, thru hard labor, brainwork, sweat, and a bit of chemical aid (iced tea, actually) (and you've never lived till you've tried to ice tea), devised a model for such a code:

"G"--general audiences. At this time there are no programs which could carry this ideal code, because there are no programs suitable for children. "Captain Kangaroo" is often touted



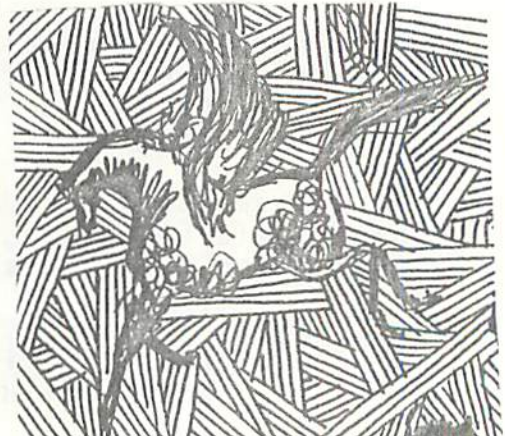
as the ideal children's show, but I maintain that it is a foul communist plot designed to corrupt our youth, to turn our best specimens of young manhood to homosexuality. After all, who ever heard of a male kangaroo with a pouch?

"M"--for mature audiences. This will warn people of such offensive language as "hell" and "damn," and of such offensive scenes as kissing and hugging. For example, professional football will carry an "M" rating, because of the intimacies that go on between football players, such as huddling and backside-patting.

"X"--adults only. This will be useful as a guide away from really obscene language and explicit sex. An example of the former is the recent Apollo 10 moon shot, in which the astronauts without warning used the phrase "son of a bitch" (emergencies are no excuse!) and "horny." (Besides, all real fans know that astronauts don't even know such awful language. Right, JJ?) An example of explicit sex on television is "Bewitched," in which two people of the opposite sex are actually shown in the same bed together. "X" will also give warning of excessive violence and will be required by law on all news programs televising political conventions.

"S"--sinful programs. The "S" designation will warn religious people away from programs which might use the name of the Lord in an unacceptable context, such as during the sign-on and sign-off of television stations, in which the suggestive phrase "under God" is used. Considering the current connotation of the word "flying," this code will necessarily also be appended to "The Flying Nun." Geology and biology series on educational channels will be required to carry the "S" as they will no doubt make reference to a creation of the world not in exact accord with Genesis, and to the psuedoscientific concept of "evolution."

"A"--arousing programs. This code will warn parents that the ensuing program might possibly arouse innocent children, exciting them to delinquency, rape, and cutting class. For example, in the case of commercials, it would be used to prevent clean, pure-minded children from hearing exciting, pornographic, smutty slogans such as "Ultra-Brite gives your mouth sex appeal," and "It's better when you do it together." It will also be used before early-morning wake-up shows, for what could be more arousing?



"I"--integrated programs. Bigots will have plenty of time to get into their KKK uniforms, as this code will warn them that a radical program using non-WASP actors is approaching. "Ironside," "Julia," "Mod Squad," and Joey Bishop are examples of the type of whow that will be preceded by this warning.



"V"--value programs. Establishment members will know that these shows are not worth wasting time on, for "V" programs will contain material referred to by the revolutionaries in this country as "of real social value." Examples are documentaries on the necessity of population control, pollution, and the reasons for rioting on American campuses. Every member of the political-industrial-military-bureaucratic complex knows that there is no reason to pay attention to these shows, because the abovementioned are not really problems at all, but simply devices of the SDS and the Red Chinese, used to stir up dissent, and easily solved by the use of police, national guard, marines, and tactical nuclear weapons.

"Y"--not recommended for conservatives, viewers from small towns, Senator Pastore, or John J. Pierce. Programs designated "Y" are frustrating to this segment of the viewing audience as they contain sophisticated humor, an occasional innuendo, and once in a while even a guest who might shake the viewer's confidence in his own central importance and brilliant mind.

"R"--This code will be reserved specifically for William F. Buckley talk shows, John Wayne movies, and Presidential press conferences, which will also be required to carry the warning "Caution: Watching this program may rot your brain."



SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT ASSOCIATIONS, OR/
A CHARLIE CHAN BY ANY OTHER NAME...

by Phil Haldeman (tentatively)

I would like to ask you a question. I know it's a little early, but I'm sometimes too lazy to think for myself, and am convinced that wisdom lies in uncertainty.

The question concerns names.

Names is a fascinating subject, and has been thought about, I'm almost certain, by everyone at least once, probably in front of a mirror, and sometimes not without pain. Names are with us every day and we learn to identify people by them. The question is: Would Charlie Chan have been a success if he had been named Joe Schwartz? I know he's Chinese, but let's not quibble. Does a person's name reflect greatly on what he does and how successful he is at it? Especially in the artful-commercial areas. We know that Hollywood thinks so, because they keep changing names down there to Rip Torn, Flash Flood and the like. (Yes, I know Rip Torn is his real name, but like I said, let's not quibble.) Why do they do this? It must be because they know what I've suspected all along: It's all in the name!

It must be true. For example: Give me a name that will strike terror into the heart and shrivel the liver and I'll give you a first rate motion-picture monster. Who would deny that the names of classical creatures of death are of tremendous importance? Who would dare blaspheme the blood-curdling syllables of ... FRANKENSTEIN. Think about it. FRANKENSTEIN. And tell me a better name for that monster from the grave. Never. The name itself is enough to send one screaming in terror. I was afraid of him before I even saw him.

Perhaps it's simple association. I associate the name with the thing itself, or the reputation of the thing itself. Granted. But would I be frightened of it or feel the same way about it if, even given the reputation, instead of Frankenstein, he were called, let's say, Otis? Can you see it? "The Curse of Otis!" Sorry, wrong number.

But why? Why is the name DRACULA a perfect name for a vampire? Not that there aren't other good names, of course, but surely there are some names that wouldn't work at all.

When I was a kid walking along the street, I once stopped by the old Egyptian theater, now gone from Seattle, and looked up at the billboard. It said, in red-blood lettering, "Edgar Allen Poe's 'House of Usher'" (Roger Corman's excellent effort). And there I was, knowing full well that the title had been shortened, but not caring. Usher. Yes...Usher. Funerals and coffins. The usher who's dressed in black, who's tall and phantom-like, who closes the lid. Not to mention the relationship of that to the word House, which, for me, has always been preceded by the word Haunted.

There it was, and I can still recall the feeling of awe that invaded my brain. I think it was about the second or third horror film I had seen in a real theater with a big screen and

in fantastic color. Ah! The wonderous imagination found only in the uncritical boy! It was all new then.

But I'm going to get off the subject. I can feel it coming, all the horrors soaked in with glee when I was smaller, all the discoveries of the literature and the film - the lost art of the horror film.

The names are important.

But fictional characters are only half the story.

I sometimes wonder if a writer's name doesn't help him get published. In writing, as well as in acting, creators choose names other than their own. Most keep their own. It is what they write that gives them the image they have. After all, Oliver Onions wrote horror stories. But I still say the name helps.

So I have been pondering the possibility of a name for myself, and have been thinking about the names of other writers. I have been thinking about the names of sf writers in particular, because they are the ones I'm most familiar with. Who has ever really heard of Joyce Carol Oates?

Several of the names fascinate me. I have often wondered why Ray Bradbury chose Ray Bradbury instead of Raymond Bradbury, or R.D Bradbury, or simply, R. Bradbury. The reason is easy, of course. Ray Bradbury is the best one. But why? Robert Heinlein is better than Bob Heinlein. So why isn't Raymond Bradbury better than Ray Bradbury? Of course, there's no question about some names. Have you ever thought of the possibility of Izzy Asimov?

No. I just don't understand. Or how about the José Feliciano of science fiction, Harlan Ellison? His first name is reminiscent of the clown-like "Harlequin" in his Nebula winning story. Maybe there's a clue there somewhere. The name seems to fit the writing.

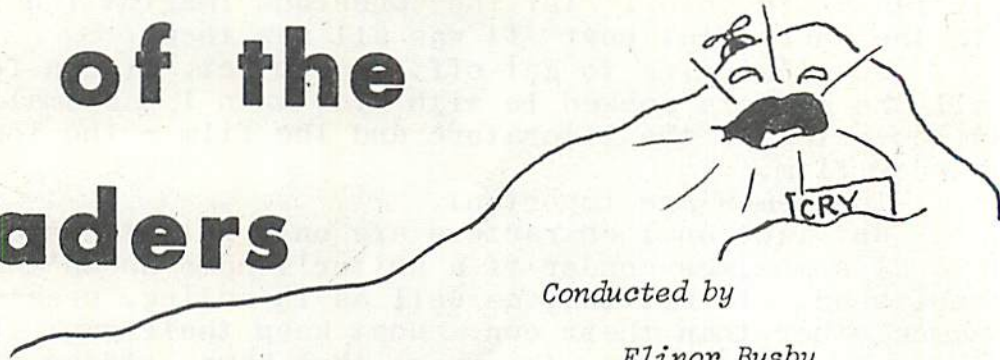
So here I am, the lowly student, struggling through the writing courses. Maybe I should get wise. Maybe I should change my name. The last name isn't too bad, I don't think. Haldeman. Hnnnnnn. Yes. Haldeman. But what about the first? I never thought much of it, mainly because through much of my life I was known around our neighborhood as Philip's Milk of Magnesia, a rather sickening thing to be known as. Philip is a sissy name, possibly distinguished, but more probably just dull. O.k. So how about Phil? Not too bad. Phil Haldeman. But Phil sounds too much like a Hollywood agent, or the torpedo the Mafia brings in from Detroit. Maybe Philip Haldeman is better after all. Or maybe I should just forget the whole thing and start over again, perhaps by keeping the first name and going for a new last name. How about this? Phil Technicon. Now there's a good sf writer's name for you. (I can already hear the suggestions of Phil Dirt, but I am paying no attention to them.)

I'm not getting anywhere. That's apparent. Perhaps I should bag the name entirely and go for another. Then again, maybe I should do nothing at all. For who could possibly believe that a famous scientist carries around the name of Willy Ley? (Say it out loud. Then say Betty Won't.)

But really, all seriousness aside, I would now like to give the best-name-for-an-sf-writer award to someone I do not know personally, but who writes letters to Cry. Think about this for an sf writer: Adrien Spectra. Wow! That takes it hands down. I don't know Adrien, but if he ever writes an sf story, I will be the first to read it.

Silly me.

CRY of the Readers



Conducted by

Elinor Busby

MIKE COMMENTS ON 180

134 Franklin Avenue, Staten Island, N.Y.
10301

Dear CRYhacks,

Ann Rutledge's article on Underground Seattle was very interesting to me, because there is something similar in Atlanta. I remember reading about it in the Atlanta Sunday Journal-Constitution in 1966. I have seen the entrance to that area, but never had any opportunity to explore it. I believe it was considered dangerous. Seems to me there are probably a few more such places around the country and it might well be a subject for further study.

Vonda--do you remember anything about a lighthouse on Sanibel? When I was stationed at Tyndall, our gun club had an open match, and one of the contestants was the man who lives on and services that light. He had some great yarns about the wildlife and the ocean and such. Shot a pretty good score, too, as I remember. I've never been on Sanibel, but I lived for most of my high school years in Ft. Lauderdale and spent a lot of time in the Everglades (especially around Easter--it was a lot safer with the snakes and the alligators than on the beaches with the college types.)

Doctor Doctor very interesting, I think. I'm not quite sure I get it....

Well, now we get down to it: all this was just prelude to the nitty-gritty.

ELINOR: HOW can you say you just 'tolerated' Bob Culp? (*It was easy.*) I mean, zheesh! Cosby and Culp were (and still are, in some things) a team, a combination, a chemistry. It was what they developed between them that made the performing side of I SPY what it was, and Sheldon Leonard was the off-camera third. Your comment in general sounds a little 'Crow Jim', really. (*Culp works his face too hard.*) I just saw Culp in an Outer Limits from some years before I SPY and I admit he wasn't the greatest actor then, and he was being largely himself in I SPY, but he had gotten a hell of a lot better. I only clearly recall two of the six shows he wrote, one being the War Lord, the other being one of the three with France Nuyen (now Mrs. Culp.) I liked them both for the emotional content and some of the things he got into. (*I remember vividly the two shows you mention. I HATED them both for the emotional content. In the first you mentioned you have this girl who is pretending to be kidnapped in order to get money out of her dear ol' daddy to give her boyfriend. Don't you think that's really pretty sickening? In the second, you have this devoted niece who steals her aunt's boyfriend away from her because crummy ol' boyfriend isn't good enough/beloved ol' aunt. That's pretty sickening, too. --All in all, I think Culp is a definitely sickening writer and this view of him has colored my opinion of him as an actor and as a personality.*) Incidentally, if I am to believe an ex-Marine buddy of mine back from Viet Name, there are a lot of War Lord in the jungle, most of them being an integral part of the NLF, which was one reason why the Tet offensive never was able to penetrate Saigon: these petty tyrants were squabbling among themselves as to who should lead--so I don't

think that one was too Star-Trekky.

I pretty much agree with you about M:I--it does tend to concentrate mostly on plot and the enemy's reactions and interactions, rather than that of the IMF. Occasionally, they run a show that breaks the pattern, and these tend to be most interesting.

A new bloke joined our company about two weeks ago; he was a junior when Thorson graduated RADA, and said she wasn't terribly in the school things, but she was built. I got interrupted in the midst of the first episode of the AVENGERS I had been able to see in ages, and was pretty turned off with her in the mannish 'gangster' outfit she was wearing. (*Linda Thorson is a real doll, but she is too built to look good in Mod clothes. If you ever have a chance to see her in the episode in which she was wearing 1910 clothes, you'll have a better impression of her beauty*).

I've seen IRONSIDE once, perhaps twice. I can't even tell you why I don't care for it, but I don't. As to plot dupes, that's pretty likely in any case, simply because there are a limited number of plots, etc., especially where the number of main characters is so similar. The blind witness shtick has been used more times than I care to remember.

Not too surprisingly, I haven't seen a hell of a lot of TV since moving. I'm usually tied up totally on weekends and a couple of nights a week with rehearsals, classes, so what TV I see in the daytime is DARK SHADOWS, THE GALLOPING GOURMET and the MIKE DOUGLAS SHOW if the co-host appeals to me. I only strongly recommend the GG; he's a riot. (*I'd love to see the GALLOPING GOURMET. If I'm ever sick I hope I'm healthy enough to remember to watch him*).

For those of you who are Old Enough to Remember (or who are Late Show addicts) I have a new agent--Lily Veidt, widow of the late Conrad Veidt. Charming lady.

Betty K's comments on race-nationality were very interesting, especially since Jimmy Breslin recently zapped the Irish for the fact that they have become so very much a part of the anti-Black movement in New York; he says they seem for the most part to have forgotten what it was that brought their ancestors to these shores not so many generations back. (*I thought it was the Famine. What does that have to do with being pro or anti Black?*)

I met the Tooth Fairy the other day on 42nd St.--he's really a faggot with orthodontic problems...

Belatedly and movingly,
Mike McQuown

BUGGED JOHN PIERCE

275 McMane Avenue, Berkeley Heights, N.J.
07922

Dear Elinor:

Mike Glicksohn's recommendation comes a little late, because I have already read BUG JACK BARRON.

The pastry is bad enough, but the meat is something even maggots wouldn't touch. I've got a review coming out in RENAISSANCE, so I won't go into details here. But I would ask Mr. Glicksohn to:

1. Count the number of times Spinrad uses silly images like "fading black circles" and "phosphor-dot images on the promptboard of his mind."
2. Ask himself why it is all these characters--who supposedly live in the 1980's--talk 1969 slang like "Where it's at," "nitty gritty" etc.
3. Consider carefully the glaring errors in extrapolation Spinrad makes in regard to political developments, culture and even population.
4. Wonder why Spinrad makes such a big deal about the "power junkies" when he's so obviously a power-junkie himself, and always out for more.
5. Notice how the "style" fails to do what it's supposed to, and simply proves Spinrad needs a roto rooter for his stream of consciousness.

6. Observe how the plot and characters of BJB are not "real," but so ridiculously stereotyped that Spinrad makes Doc Smith seem a genius.

No, I wouldn't call BJB a "New Wave" book--it's a particularly incompetent pastiche of a very old type of S.F. plot. There's nothing new in it.

Enough of that.

I am proposing a campaign, similar to the "Save Star Trek" drives, to interest one or more of the U.S. networks in bringing the British S.F. series, OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, to American TV screens.

Promotional material I have obtained from the BBC-TV's head of plays and drama, Gerald Savory, gives an impressive lineup of programs for the current OUT OF THE UNKNOWN season.

Among the stories being dramatized are LIAR and THE NAKED SUN, both by Isaac Asimov, IMMORTALITY, INC. by Robert Sheckley, BEACH-HEAD by John Brunner, RANDOM QUEST by John Wyndham, THE LITTLE BLACK BAG by C. M. Kornbluth, THE YELLOW PILL by Rog Phillips and GET OFF MY CLOUD by Peter Phillips.

This certainly sounds superior to anything seen here in years. Savory writes me that American networks are "aware of our product"--but nothing has been done yet. I'm hoping the CRYpeople, among others, can help devise strategy for a campaign to bring the show here.

If ever there was a time to "do something" for science fiction, this is it.

Yours for the Second Foundation,

John J. Pierce, liaison officer

(I still haven't read BUG JACK BARRON, so I can't comment on your comments. #Your campaign sounds like a natural for PRISONER and AVENGERS fans. Perhaps you could interest Dick Schultz in it--he's very energetic.)

CLASSICAL GAS

3341 W. Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60618

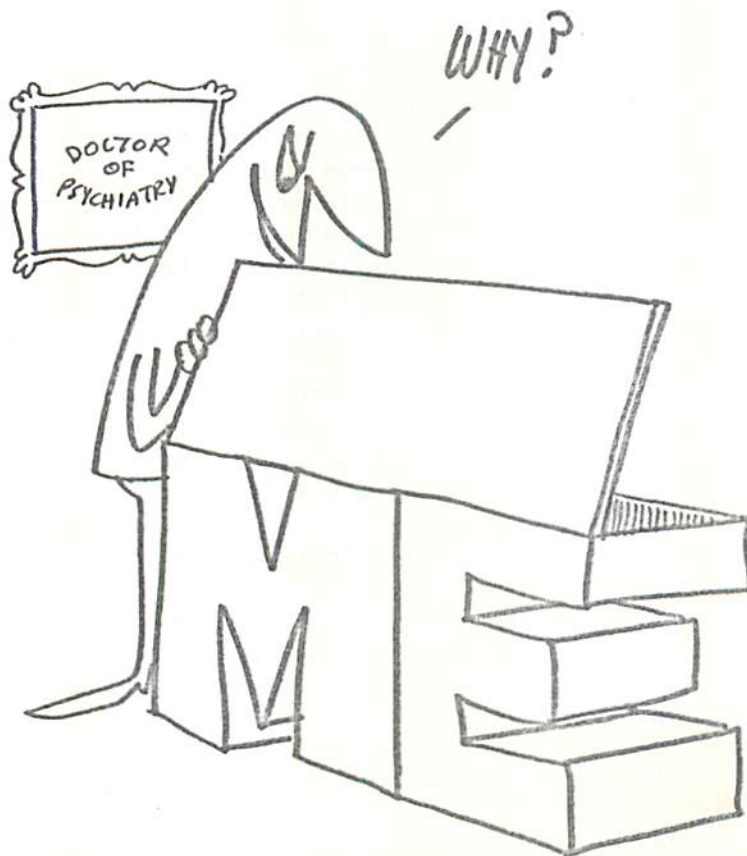
Dear Elinor,

In CRY 181 Boyd Raeburn questions the correctness of referring to the music of the 19th Century Romantic Period as "classical music," since Classicism in its strictest sense refers to a distinct musical approach quite different from Romanticism. The answer is that there are two meanings to the term (something which a bit of elementary dictionary work would have revealed). Just as there are two meanings to the term "science fiction". One meaning identifies the field to outsiders: classical music, as contrasted to jazz or popular; science fiction, as contrasted to mysteries or westerns. The other, more restrictive meaning identifies one of several varieties within the general field: Classical composers, as contrasted to Baroque or Romantic; strict Science Fiction, as compared to Heroic Fantasy or Supernatural Horror. It would, of course, be nice if we had other terms for each general field, but if we called it "serious music" we would be implying that jazz, for instance, isn't serious; and if we called the field "imaginative" or "speculative fiction" we would imply that other forms of literature do not possess these qualities. Besides, the present terminology is too entrenched for any new names to take hold, even if appropriate ones could be found. So we'll just have to be content with ^{the way} the term "classical music" is used for anything in the traditional forms. After all, that is the terminology used in the Schwann catalog.

I would also like to say a few words in support of my contention (in CRY 179) that "the majority of well-known classical music lies in the 19th Century Romantic Period," with which you took issue. I deliberately said "well-known" rather than "best," because the latter is subjective and hard to pin down. However, it's relatively easy to make a list of what is best-known by seeing what's played most often by orchestras and discussed most often by critics. The prominent critic Martin Bookspan had such a "Basic Repertoire" list published

few years ago in Hi-Fi Stereo Review which should serve to settle the point. (Now I'm not convinced that Beethoven should be lumped entirely into the Classical Period, because I feel that Beethoven practically started Romanticism with his Eroica Symphony, but I'll weight things against me by calling of all Beethoven's work Classical and all of Debussy and Ravel's work Modern instead of Late Romantic.) Of the 92 items listed by Mr. Bookspan, then, 6 are from the Baroque Period, 21 are from the Classical Period, 45 are from the Romantic Period, and 20 are modern. If you were to allow me to claim a couple of Beethoven items (like the "Moonlight" Sonata and the "Pastoral" Symphony) for Romanticism, then it would indeed be a majority rather than the large plurality I've tabulated above. And besides, wouldn't you say that the single long piece most apt to be recognized by a layman unfamiliar with classical music is Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite? The three B's are not the be-all and end-all of classical music.

I can't agree with Adrien Spectra that during its first season STAR TREK was "the only intelligent program on the air." Personally, I would rather have seen RUN FOR YOUR LIFE saved by a deluge of letters than STAR TREK. The present TV season, all told, seems rather average, and there are only about 3 shows (JUDD, IRONSIDE, & NAME OF THE GAME) which I go out of my way to watch. Perhaps MOD SQUAD also, though its scripts and acting always seem to be slightly inferior to IRONSIDE's. MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE, while sometimes unbearably slow-paced, does have some humdingers occasionally that I wouldn't want to miss (although they do seem to be occurring at longer and longer intervals.) Did you see the episode where they tried to convince a fellow that he had been cryogenically frozen for a dozen years and it was 1980? (No. Good, huh? Did you see the AVENGERS episode where they tried to convince Tara King she was someone else in the year 1910?) I watch MANNIX occasionally, but he spends entirely too much of his time getting beat up by mobsters. I much prefer THE OUTSIDER; David Ross is such a loveable character-- it isn't whether he wins or loses, it's the way he meanders through the game. IT TAKES A THIEF has deteriorated quite a bit since the first season, and I probably would have stopped watching it if I didn't enjoy Robert Wagner's acting so much. I rather feel that THE AVENGERS have gone steadily downhill since its first appearance on U.S. TV. Too many episodes have exactly the same form: a murder or theft occurs under unusual circumstances, and while the two heroes wander around another couple of murders or thefts occur under exactly the same circumstances; this goes on until 45 minutes of the program are used up, whereupon the heroes finally encounter the



villains and the final confrontation ensues. In earlier times, occasional thinness of plot was compensated for by witty dialogue and bright acting that's not in evidence very much any more, probably due to tired scriptwriters. NYPD has too little time to develop more than casually interesting plots, and is a bit too procedural for my taste (besides, I can't stand Jack Warden's acting style). It has had some good episodes, though. I've only watched HAWAII FIVE-0 once and found it rather trivial.

Whew! Now that I've got my obligation to talk about TV shows out of the way I can finally close--(when, by the way, are you going to develop a new major topic of discussion? I mean, it's all very well to hear that everybody else loves Hope Lange too, but...)

Warmest regards,
George Fergus

(Okay, nobody needs to talk about tv anymore until the fall season starts. But what shall we talk about instead? I don't know. But if worst comes to worst, there's always science fiction, George.)

DENNY LIENS ON ME

Lake Park, Minnesota, 56554

Folk:

Well, yes, it's been a while. After missing one CRY of the Readers I was de-inspired to make every issue, and then school closed in on me. I'm now home for the summer & should make the next couple deadlines, I think. In August I'm getting married (to a reader but non-so-far-Fan) and in September it's back to Tucson & more slogging away toward the PhD. Slog, slog, slog. So don't count on prompt LOCs in the fall. But this is summer.

The thing that sticks in my mind from 181 is Jane Peyton's Epic Battle With the Mud. Of course, she brought it upon herself by neglecting the first rule of survival in the outside world: let sleeping muds lie.

Actually the sf-is-crud type seem to be rarer than they once were, & I can live with them a lot more easily than I can the gee-sf-is-Great-Literature-but-it-ought-to-be-first variety. The enemy I can ignore; Glaroon protect us from our friends. And does Jane really want the Robert Haydens of the world cluttering up Our Thing? It's bad enough fighting libraries for needed back issues without importing a host of MLA types.

Elinor: Your comment on the above is that "There never was a teacher who wouldn't swear black was white and vice versa rather than lose Face in front of his class..." Not quite so. If admitting a liking for sf counts as losing face, I can rattle off a few exceptions I've encountered--most, alas, teaching assistants rather than full time faculty. However, a friend of mine taught 1984 last semester as a springboard to what was essentially a freshman sf course. And I even went so far once as to hint to my class that I didn't sneer at Marvel Comics.

But even accepting the broad definition of losing face, it's not wholly true--or wholly the teacher's fault. Most students want their teacher to Have The Word and get confused when you don't give it to them to feed back to you on tests (I know--I've both been and taught that kind of student). I tried playing my class (freshman English at the U. of Arizona) loose last fall, admitting it when I didn't know something, presenting my opinions as just that, etc. At the end of the semester I arranged for (anonymous) evaluations & found several students--including the brightest girl in the class, who made no effort to preserve her anonymity--resented the whole bit. They wanted to be told black was white and vice versa, if need be, rather than spending classtime rapping about grey.

The Parker parody was fun & might be even more fun if I'd ever read the stuff Buz was parodying.

Does John J. Pierce really believe that the "conventional image of Woman"-- no courage, intelligence, or individuality--was formulated first during the Victorian Era? *(Shouldn't think he does. Is it okay if I point out that since novel reading became a widespread custom during the Victorian era, and Victorian novels promulgated this image--or ideal--it's not unnatural to associate the two.)*

Why do all the New Wave manifestos make me want to boost the Ol Wave and vice versa?

Mike Glicksohn doesn't need to buy a typer; when someone writes a LOC, the least you can do is work (*THAT hard?*) at puzzling out your egoboo. Next you'll be telling me to buy a typer. *(Denny, buy a typer.)*

WAHF: Phil Harrell's strangled plea therein is the saddest thing in the issue, unless it's your comeback to that plea: "Yeah, Phil, but Wally isn't running the lettercol now. I'd rather hear about CRY, or topics being discussed in CRY." So it seems. (And your underlined your own point by eliminating Jari L. Wood's letter for being "too frothy" and lacking "substance." For seven issues now I've been delighted to think that CRY Lives Again. But it's slowly been coming clear to me that it doesn't, really. 181's WAHF snapped it into focus. "Substance." Sigh.

Could you maybe make CRY a quarterly and put out WRR every six weeks? *(Neither Vera nor I have anything whatsoever to do with the production of WRR).* It was things like Phil Harrell that used to make CRY CRY. *(CRY existed years before Phil Harrell ever heard of it.)*

I dug out the July 1958 STARTLING & doublechecked RANDY Bytwerk, just to keep him honest. He's honest.

And I better shut up & get this letter in the air tonight if I'm going to make this deadline. Besides, I don't have much to say with "substance." Wally used to understand us.

Peace,

Denny Lien

(You read Phil Harrell's remark differently than I did. To me it sounded as if he was saying that since Wally always printed him I was obligated to do likewise-- or perhaps I just read it that way because I perhaps feel a tiny bit guilty over not printing someone whom Wally always printed. But whether I feel guilty or not I'm going to keep right on not printing what I don't feel like printing! This is a hobby--it's not a sacred obligation or something! #As for Jari's letter, it was concerned entirely with Nameless members. I'm waiting for Jari to get up the nerve to talk to strangers.)

HONEST RANDY BYTWERK

1034 Barber Terrace NW, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Elinor,

49504

CRY 181 reached me yesterday, June 2. What do you suppose the Post Office was doing with my CRY for an entire month?

Wally Weber's article was truly alarming. Why, if Wally is right, BBD&O, handling the John J. Pierce account, will soon start pouring out slogans like "Us Analog readers would rather fight than switch!" Spinrad, Merrill & Co. will retaliate by hiring Young & Rubicon to produce ads like "New Worlds tries harder!" Then will come yearly Gestetner models with built in planned obsolescence, cellophane packaged Analogs selling for 98¢, and similar hallmarks of civilized society. Perhaps advertising does have its merits, though. I went to a national advertising convention several years ago. Although it was held at the Statler-Hilton in Boston, the elevators worked very well.

I tend to agree, Elinor with your view of studying for final exams. I spent the night before my philosophy exam reading BUG JACK BARRON. I'm not sure how



(He joined The Nameless Ones.)

MOORE COMPLAINTS

Greetings, CRYeditors:

My CRY 181 came today, and, as I browsed through it, it struck me that there was a terrible lot of static space-filling that bore little or no relevance to s-f. I am talking about such things as lengthy reviews of non-s-f-books--even more lengthy digressions into (or outright devotions-of-columns to) personal life type incidents. Maybe this is part of what is supposed to be in CRY (if so, a statement of the "purpose" of the magazine would be nice)--it just seems to me that, with approximately a month-and-a-half in which to think up some sort of topic, the end results might generally bear some relevance to s-f--even if it was something like a Fan's outlook on some major (national-worldwide-universal) event.

Now, down to a more specific gripe, having to do with "The Parker Pen Score." Question: What was it doing in the CRY? It wasn't s-f either.

On to more pleasant comments:

Re: My Plow... Catnip, Buz? Catnip? What does one do with it? Smoke it--eat it--inhale it? I tried smelling it once in an attempt to discover what cats see in it. It struck me as having an odor something like ground tea-leaves. I say leave it to the cats--they have little enough to brighten their lives. *(I think you're mistaken there. I think cats have a wonderful time. They have such great bodies--alive to the very tips of their tails.)*

Phil Haldeman's article was fascinating--much food for thought there.

And a word to John J. Pierce--have you read A MARTIAN ODYSSEY, a collection of five of Stanley G. Weinbaum's stories? The book was put out by Lancer Books, in 1966, I think. It's a lovely--if you haven't already seen it, you ought to look around for it.

Fans all over the nation (indeed, all over the world) have been keeping track of the Apollo flights, of course, the very pictures they send back seem unreal--pictures of a blue and white earth suspended o'er the moon's horizons--pictures that would seem more appropriate illustrating THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS than popping up on the front pages of 1969 newspapers.

And the moment when our guys played that little tape of the song about flying to the stars--the very idea of transmitting something so insignificantly significant across all that distance was a very human touch.

much it helped, though, since I haven't got my grade yet. I did manage to tie in science fiction to philosophy on that exam by centering my answer to the major essay question on a story by Stanley Weinbaum. Hopefully, the prof will be impressed.

Wonder what the movie rights to ALL OUR YESTERDAYS are worth?

Best,

Randy Bytwerk

PS. Say, you were right when you said that Wally had stopped writing the kind of letter I sent you last ish before I was born. Looking through my old SS, TWS, and PLANETS, I can't find anything of his in a prozine after 1949, about when I was a zygote. What, pray tell, happened to Wally in 1949?

804 Denmark St., Louisville, Kentucky
40215

Now NASA tells us that by this July we'll actually have a man on the moon! It's mind-staggering!

Peace,

Beth Moore

(Beth, the purpose of CRY is to have as much fun with as little work and annoyance as possible. There are fanzines which deal much more with science fiction than CRY does. SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, LUNA, and RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY are three names that spring to mind.)

RIP VAN CLARKE

9 Bancroft, Aylmer E., PQ, Canada

Dear Buz&Elinor:

In case you've been wondering, the reason I haven't responded sooner to CRY 181 is that it just arrived today. Today is June 2, here in Aylmer; 181 was mailed May 1, there in Seattle (or "Auburn"). Isn't that ridiculous? I don't know what Roy Tackett's secret is, unless it's that he doesn't take from the Canadian Postal Disservice.

Like Mike Deckinger, I turned to CotR first (which proves that I have a right to the CRYhack Card I would wear so proudly if only I could find it): reassuringly, there were old familiar names such as Tackett, Deckinger, Williams, Raeburn (Raeburn?) and that Whatzisface, Jr., who seems to pop up in a lot of fanzine Lettercols. But, wow, what an awful lot of absolutely unknown others! Has a whole new generation of fans sprung up while I sat nodding and "dreaming softly though the passing of the years"? Or are most of these the Trekkies I've been hearing about? (I mean, are they Trekkies who stayed on to become Faaans, rather than the typical neo who discovers fandom in the traditional way, i.e., by catching it from a toilet seat?) Anyway, I get the mixed, and not unpleasing feels of nostalgia and discovery. I read my own letter twice, for that's the way it was printed, in my copy. Anybody missing his Clarke loc, and want to trade something for it?

THE NAKED APE is the sort of book I enjoy reading about--reviews, critiques, etc.--and eventually discussing (when I've read enough about it that I begin to believe I've read the book itself), but never read. Another recent one with a title along the lines of THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF MEN, written by somebody with the highly suspect name of Lionel Tiger, has as the basic premise the observation that males band together for defense etc. and females don't. I dunno; I think Lionel Tiger is a Fagg, myself. THE WAY IT SPOZED TO BE, on the other hand, is very much the sort of book I do read--others in that category being UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE and DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE--and I will read it, just as soon as I spot a copy. Thanks for the tip, Elinor; and if you haven't read the two I've mentioned, let me recommend them. The education of children is a grim subject, whether the children be black or white, gifted or slow.

Buz: the Russian ABM system is equally a No-No and a Dum-Dum. Who have you been talking to that says otherwise? Jack S. Strawman? In any case, Canada has a pretty good reciprocal deal with your government whereby you guys can fire ABMs over Canadian soil in case you're attacked by Russia, and we can fire our missiles over US territory if we're attacked by Mexico.

I notice that Harry Warner refers to Mission:Impossible's "self-destruct" business. That happens to be one of those words and phrases that annoy me so that I begin to resemble The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang (remember him, Katherine St.Clair?): "destruct," indeed. What's wrong with "destroy"?

"Seeking the meat that lies beneath the blood, stinking hide" of Spinrad's novel): what a grisly metaphor, Elinor. Do you really think of stf readers (note I do not say "fans") as snarling carnivores? (Certainly not Andy Main or Cal Demmon).

About TV: when we got cablevision, sometime last year, I went on a gawking

spree exactly as I did when we got our first TV set. I watched everything. I would leap (well...) from bed, turn on the set, and lie on the sofa all afternoon, getting up only to switch channels. I had an infinite number of choices, you see: I could watch any one of several Game Shows, or any one of many Soap Operas! Such an embarrassment of riches! I almost wept. Then in the evening, there were all the wonderful Spy, and Detective, and Cowboy episodes that I had never been able to watch before. And I could watch STAR TREK three or four times a week if I wanted to (I didn't want to, but sometimes I just Let It Happen). And then there were all the fascinating Talk Shows: Merv, and Mike, and Johnny, and all their fabulous Guests (George Jessell, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Michael J. Pollard) who would tell us all about their latest movies, and where they had just flown in from, and where they were flying to next. But eventually I lost my sense of wonder, and now I turn to Johnny Carson just long enough to watch The Monologue, in order to see him say, "Yaw-haw," and twirl his finger in the air, and mention that Ed McMahon Drinks, and wave his tie at Doc Severenson. That's always good.

When I read the first part of Randy Bytwerk's letter, I thought, "Gee, what a rotten kid! Another John Courtois, or Wm. Deeck, maybe. Oh boy, maybe this will turn out to be fun." Well, it was fun, after all. I didn't know that Wally was once a rotten kid. Hey, maybe he was the one who inspired Courtois and Deeck.

For now,

Norm Clarke

(I haven't read the books you recommend, but perhaps I will soon. At least I'll keep 'em in mind. #I don't remember Wm. Deeck as being a rotten kid. It's true he had a run-in with good ol' Boyd Raeburn, but if two guys have an argument, it doesn't mean one of them is rotten. Perhaps he was a rotten kid in preCRY days?)

ROB IS ALL WET?

2112 West Oak Avenue, Fullerton, Calif.
92633

Dear CotR in response to 181:

Very nice, Phil Haldeman's Vonnegut profile. Vonnegut's reluctance to be pigeon-holed as a "science-fiction" writer makes a lot of sense to me. Categorization breeds hackwork and stifles originality. Writers who do dam themselves off from the main currents to dribble in the rivulets of s-f end up, as a rule, not in freshlets but in stagnant back waters. (Bail, buddy, bail. The waves from the Gulf of Metaphors are upon us!) And writers who write strictly "s-f" or "'tec" or "sexies" are in a ghetto all their, and their readers, own. A ghetto whose slogan is Hack is Beautiful.

(Well, there are a few gross of amendments and amplifications to add to this beach blanket of a statement I've tossed over the genres, but I haven't the hardiness at the moment to go in depth into those waters. By Neptune, no! The salt water, bilge & taffy would just about drive me daffy.)

Weinbaum, like Valentino, is more of a legend than an artist of any lasting stature, I think. He wrote good stories and acted as a link between the scarcely readable diagrams and schematics (that "peopled" the people-less "classics" of the late twenties) and the human-oriented glories that started flowing forth when Campbell finally got it on in Astounding.

So--I would rate Weinbaum, just for the sake of argument, as better than David H. Keller but not as good as Phil K. Dick. And none of these gentlemen would come in the same breath (disclaimer!) with the names of Sturgeon, Heinlein, etc. (My own choice of etc.'s, of course). Of course, compared to monstrosities like Burroughs & Lovecraft & Howard who spawn acolytes and engender worshipful legends at every over-turned phrase they made, Weinbaum is a veritable Henry James of an author.

Bless you, Jane Peyton! Doctor Doctor is (meant as) social commentary. You get high marks & hugs & all my love, you astute, beautiful person, you.

On the other hand--tsk....That terrible Mike Glicksohn calling anything of mine "entirely pointless." Then he tries to lessen that nearly-mortal wound by suggesting that if my stirring saga of owls & scalpels is a satire on J. G. Ballard then it's "brilliantly executed." I'll tell you what. I'd like to brilliantly execute Mike, that's what. Hate, blood, torture. Grrrr.....

Lovingly,

Rob Williams

(I agree with you about authors with the exception of Philip K. Dick. Since reading the book about the stigmata of Palmer Eldritch (I forget the precise name) I've decided that Dick is about as readable as Edgar Rice Burroughs.

HAIRY HARRY

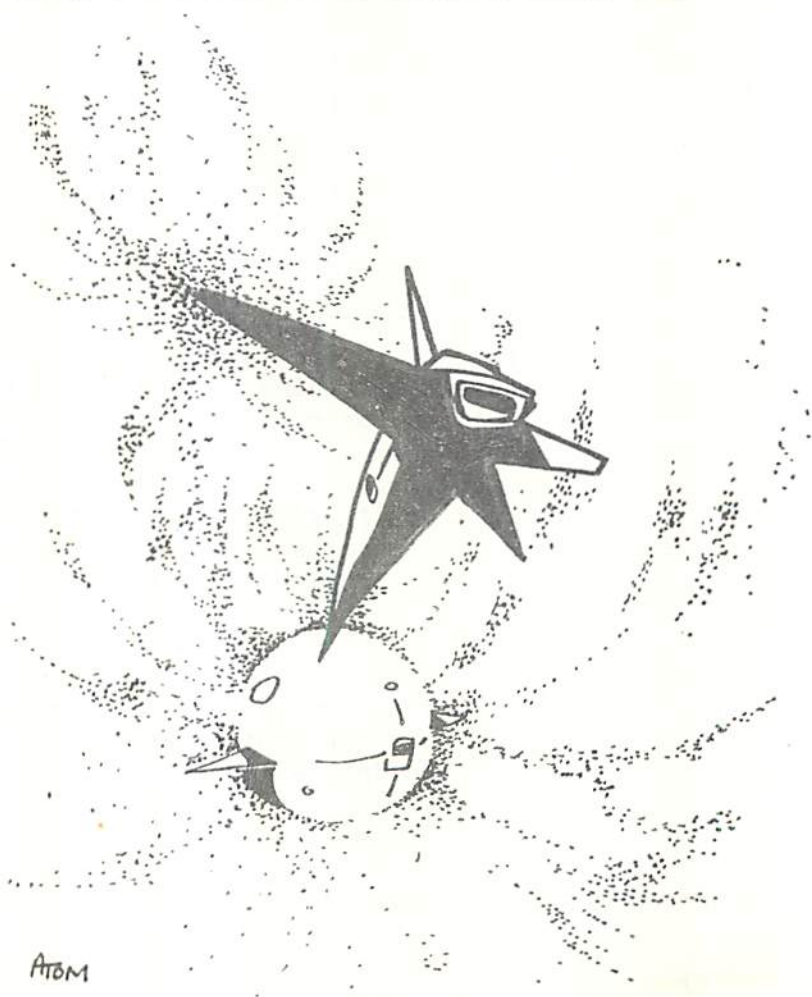
423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
21740

Dear Delinor:

Elinor, I mean. The fact that this letter won't meet your deadline has caused finger spasms. One of Grandma Moses' horses makes it impossible for me to decipher the date on the postmark, but the 181st CRY arrived yesterday, June 3. It must of crawled. Putting air mail postage on this loc will be a futile gesture but I'll do it anyway to prove that I tried against insuperable odds. An air mail letter from Boston required three days to reach Hagerstown recently, and this week I received a piece of first class mail that had taken 13 days to come from Peoria.

Doesn't most advertising involve necessary things and services? I'd amend Wally's statement to say that advertising's function is to create a desire for inferior quality things and poor services. I try to buy unadvertised things on the theory that they don't get publicity and still stay on the market so they must be good, like Octagon Soap, and I try to choose when everything in a category is advertised by word of mouth recommendations.

I feel sorry for the teacher who wrote THE WAY IT SPOZED TO BE. It seems obvious that the simple fact that an individual has stayed in school through his senior year in high school does something good to his personality, even if he's too stupid to have learned how to write clearly or to count above ten without taking off his shoes. Maybe it's the self-confidence that a diploma gives him or it might be a subliminal thing, the long stretches of association with people who are trying to better themselves. I first heard the theory from



a vocational agriculture teacher in a nearby high school who got all the kids who couldn't possibly cope with more academic subjects. He didn't give them a tinker's dam of success after graduation, but the ones who stuck to it became pretty good farmers, even if they didn't consciously retain any of the facts he'd tried to drum into them about phosphates and culling poults. Maybe we need more teachers who would be willing to endure classes that can't be forced to knuckle down to the orthodox learning procedures. Some people seem to get a grim satisfaction out of seeing kids fail to qualify for advancing to the next grade in September, and that attitude will probably keep the pass-or-fail system in operation and the slow learners will drop out at 16 and act as stupid as they really are.

The Parker Pen Score is Buz again, I suppose. I found it amusing but it couldn't possibly score a direct hit on my humor center because I have never read a Westlake story.

The first time I ever got interviewed was after I attended an exciting United World Federalists meeting in Hagerstown which almost broke up in a riot until the most fanatical American Legionnaire in Hagerstown, of all people, jumped up and convinced the audience that intelligent people should listen to their message and not act as if they feared conversion. A former local girl who had a job on an obscure ultra-liberal publication dropped by the office and wanted to know how I reacted as a journalist to the episode. She made me feel so stupid with her attitude and obvious disapproval of my failure to do more than observe that I immediately changed my own interviewing tactics and found that phase of my job much easier ever after. Roy Tackett seems to have been lucky in his interviewer.

John J. Pierce makes me want to dig through large boxes of magazines until I find the others that contain the Weinbaum stories. But several of his statements puzzle me. He indicates that DAWN OF FLAME and THE BLACK FLAME are the same story told in different ways at different lengths, and I remember them as two completely different stories about different portions of the life of the same woman. And I don't see why THE NEW ADAM, if written "years before his magazine career" could illustrate how marriage in 1932 changed Weinbaum's view of sex. I seem to remember the first Weinbaum science fiction stories as appearing in 1934 or 1935 and have the impression that he was already established as a writer of other types of pulp fiction when he turned to science fiction. Maybe Pierce means that THE NEW ADAM shows the pre-marriage outlook on sex as contrasted with that in some later story which he neglects to name. But I'm glad to see these novels returning to print, and I hope they'll be followed by all the other Weinbaum science fiction, which shouldn't take more than three or four more paperback volumes to return to availability. Has anyone every investigated Weinbaum's non-science fiction stories? He wrote so uncannily well in the short story form in science fiction, and I like to think he also wrote good short mundane fiction. I'm not so fond of his long science fiction, for which he chose themes that didn't jibe with his special genius for making strange worlds come to life.

I meant to settle this question of my ears photographically. But you won't find a picture with this letter. I got the camera, closeup lens, and lights in place, focused on the spot where I intended to stand, tested the delayed action timer so I could trip the shutter myself and not be forced to explain to anyone else why someone was interested in a picture of just this part of me, and then discovered that I couldn't do it after all. The barber shops had all closed. Later, if the ears prove to be in there somewhere after I do get a haircut.

Advertisements received unsolicited through the mail don't bother me nearly as much as advertisements via the telephone. I don't know how widespread through

the nation the telephone ads may be--presumably they aren't customary where you pay for telephone service on the basis of the number of calls you make--but around here they're a horrible nuisance. Last week I even got one that had a live voice introducing a recorded sales pitch. I normally tell the person on the other end that I blacklist any firm which bothers me in this manner. What I'd like to do is organize a local drive to break up the practice by having every person annoyed by such a call wait until evening, then telephone at home all the executives of the firm and tell them that he's decided not to purchase the product or service. But Maryland has a law against repeated calls designed to annoy or intimidate and I might be liable to prosecution under it.

James Cain is alive and well in Hyattsville, Maryland, not Hagerstown. It gave me a good excuse for goofing off from other work for a few hours while I hunted through various publications to try to find clues to his whereabouts.

I wonder if anyone knows the complete joke whose punchline has been worrying me for two decades? An old man I knew used to exclaim "My God, Miss Agnes," in every moment of stress. He told me it was part of a joke which he'd forgotten. Finally Dean Grennell advised me that the complete punch line is: "My God, Miss Agnes, we've gone and buried the wrong horse!" but I apparently wasn't old enough to know the complete joke at that time. I'm old enough for anything by now, that's certain.

Yrs., &c.

Harry Warner, Jr.

(I don't think it's keeping kids in high school that counts so much as educating them while they are there. I don't see any point to dead time, and time spent 'being educated' when one isn't learning anything is dead as a doornail time. It's as bad as waiting in line. I also take exception, in a mild sort of way, to your remark about "slow learners will ... act as stupid as they really are." How stupid are the stupid? Are they really stupid or are they unawakened and stupefied by a stupefying environment? I heard somewhere that adopted children tend to conform to the intelligence of the adoptive parents, rather than their natural parents, which would seem to imply that ordinary people could be awful lot brighter than they are at present--and that's what we need right now--more bright people. With automation becoming more and more an everyday reality, we don't have room any more for the kind of people who are only good at swinging a hoe. And what are the schools doing about it? They're not really making it at present. I think they need some new approaches. True, by the time the kids get to school at age 6 it may be already too late to do much with them, but the schools should at least TRY. The present schools can't because they are too firmly rooted in the past. I'd like to see the classroom concept junked. The ideal way to learn is with the old tutor system, with one tutor, and one, or two, or three students. Manpowerwise that's impossible, but it could be faked with the creative use of television.)



Dear Criers-all:

Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina

I thought my last to you was my swan-song...that it would put me beyond the pale. Hence the stuffiness. "Our friends aren't devils, they're good," was the point I wanted underlined, before I was "silenced" and "summarily executed" by all your gang. Since we both agree on Karma, Elinor, you won't sniff when I tell you I've a feeling in my "DNA memory cells" of having died on many a rack in Medieval Christendom, over and over. That may be why I identify so wholly with the Jews. One thing I never was, was an oligarch, believe me. Oligarchs and other swaggering bullying nonentities give me the creeps! (*Consequently, aren't you much more likely to have been an oligarch than a martyr?*)

Now to offset the Billy-Graham tone in my last. She not only gave Jesus a "clean bill of health" nigh-on three years ago. She also vouched for old Tlaloc of Central Mexico. It seems my sniffs-and-sneers as I studied the Mexican deities were distressing her, and so she had a long chat with Vadim (while I was on a short trip away in Buenos Aires), to brief him on what "Tlaloc" really means. (Vadim had always considered me silly to study philology and mythology. He doesn't now. "They've" seen to changing his views!)

"Tlaloc," She said, "means Finished Evolution." (And She said a lot more he can't recall. But at least he corrected my former mispronunciation, for I'd dropped an L for convenience, and was thinking of the "hateful Tlaloc" as a mere T-alock, you see. Vadim kept insisting I was wrong, and so I pronounce the term now properly, when studying it. More, I'd wondered if a "Ta-lock" was a Moluch of South America, and was hating the very idea of such a deity. Now I have to stop blaming Jesus for His priesthoods, and a Tlaloc for his, it seems. There must have been "anti-Tlalocs" in pre-history, even as our many religions seem stuffed with dull and ferocious and simpering old "antichrists," apparently, even now. (Sending the poor and the weak and defeated, to an eternal Hell. It's the eternal part that enrages me...the cheek of us Christians! Daring to hope people we loathe will burn forever.)

a

If MaeSS is silly, Rob is cute! May he be/happy Barn-door forever, and a pining-virgin besides. A mere virgin pine would be boring, I'm sure, for such as he must be! Sure I'm silly, Rob. You'd be surprised. You haven't guessed half the silly things I deplore, which I did in the past. Joined the Oxford Group in Shanghai, at the age of 17, in 1935/6. Got married to Vadim, a fellow Grouper, in 1936. We both reneged and turned anti-Grouperish soon after, sailing for Chile simultaneously. There I turned Catholic. Such fun! (Gorgeous Masses and all, so un-Fundamentalist-seeming for a missionary-gal like me.) In Buenos Aires later I tried to turn Jewish, but my Jewish friends insisted it wasn't the religion for me. (Too much ritual, also). Then I became a saucerist, which makes me blush to the roots of my hair!

I still believe there are UFOs, circling. What I disbelieve in are the nutty contact men here and there we studied for a time. Such dears, but dumb. My flippancy distressed them. Their solemnity distressed me.

If I am currently investigating a curious phenomenon that seems to be either telepathic, psychological, or even bonafide "clairvoyant" (silly term), I'm doing it with my fingers crossed, sneering at my own tendencies towards enthusiasm and credulity.

(I've for a long time found it difficult to write a single letter. One gets submerged in a "Silence" that one can hardly bear to disturb, for months on end. It's the words do it to me...these marvelous old terms surviving from an Ursprache our pedants insist never existed, you know. Now, however, your two last CRYs pulled the plug for me, and I find myself blethering, again.)

Take for instance, the concept of old Tlaloc anew. I love a certain Telesita (Tily) of our Argentine Northwest. Though not yet canonized by our Catholics, beatas pray to her frantically in the countryside, unofficially. She's a native deity, who "speaks with rain and thunder," and dances merrily, till a bolt of

of lightning burns her up and she returns like a Quetzalcoatl to Heaven, thus! Tily means "speak with clouds and thunder" in the tongue of the mysterious, vanished Lule (or Nune) giants, whose tongue is pure proto-Greek, Old Chinese, and Scandinavian, I'm discovering. Tily--TL (Tlaloc?) Chinese Da-lie ("It thunders".) Whenever there's lightning and thunder, I feel like a "Tily" myself, longing to dance out in the rain and storm, it's so lovely. (And me nearly 52 and with a grandson over two! Shame! Only I get mistaken still for around thirty, which is the age of our eldest son, and perhaps that is the best "testimonial" for being silly I can display. One simply fails to age or turn "adult". But, after all, how old am I? When was I a mere wild hare? Or forest sprite?)

Hush, Rob! Don't mumble in your virgin-pine heart!

Bernie, was I talking about Beatific Visions? There's one for each of us, tailored to order, and unique in every case, but nobody's selling my "Beata-view" to you! I have no new or old religion to peddle, save "Dance on your toes in the wet grass."

If you didn't care for my Billy Graham style letter in CRY 179, I hope my present discourse on Tlaloc will show I'm impartial still. But of course you were referring to my much-lamented, naive and trusting blurb in 177? I have looked up that letter--it caused Elinor distress and she expressed herself as "alarmed". Yes, it sounded dangerously like we'd tangled with a coven of sorts, rather, don't you agree? And if you only knew the details. Certain gnomes are so uninhibited, I'd blush to quote them, dead-pan. I reassure myself, "It's only Vadim, making uninhibited love in a new and charming way." However, my opinions are still unformed. What is it? Vadim? If so, his subconscious self is even more fascinating than the facade he presents to the public (and the oligarchs and their peones all around us.) Also, all the pretty girls our sons collect, who take a gander at Vadim wistfully, too, in passing. He looks so young! Who'd suspect him of a "Secret Life"? I never would, till it happened. He's the acme of worldly savoir faire and poise. I've had to hold my own since I met him, in 1935, with a series of predatory young girls!

But then this glamorous, nude, and lovely Mother Earth he currently sees, is so devastating, and yet loyal to me, I'm safe. She identified with me, at the start, mysteriously. Suits me fine. Specially as I wear a top bridge and am white haired when I postpone the "Does she or doesn't she" treatment of Clairol. To show what she's like, while experimenting with hair hues, when I was currently red-haired, She'd say, teasingly, "Don't worry your--er--red-head about that!" (whatever was my current worry). Then, when I was on that short trip to Buenos Aires, and Vadim was worrying about my flirtatious nature, She promised him my bridge would shatter to smithereens if I so much as smiled at a handsome stranger, and he also was shown the sight of this happening...rainbow splinters of false teeth in every direction and me laughing my head off at the joke.

She's very unconventional, but her gnomes are more. If it's all made up in Vadim's subconscious mind, I find him doubly fascinating. It means he mindreads too, for She's betrayed quite a few secret thoughts of mine to him!

For my own part, I always did believe in science fiction, other dimensions, et al., and Clifford Simak's non-human, charming aliens were real! as far as I was concerned. So She's real too--for me. Do you think I care whether you believe in it all literally? If people want to be barn-doors after they're dead, they're welcome I'm sure. Each to his own taste!

And as for me kidding myself because I'm "afraid of Death," you don't know me. I made friends with Death early. In China, when very young!--I had to, for it's scary to live among the "heathen" Chinese, and their rituals, unless one comes to terms with these ideas people fear. Why, I'd love to "go up in flames" as Tily does, regularly.

I may be nutty, but I've big files to prove the Universe is uninhibitedly nutty too, and Fun. Yeah, Lila is definitely "God's Play." I'm going to ask our electronic son to buy the Turanalila Symphony, and deafen our ears with it.

And when I listen, Bernie, to that symphony, I shall think of you. Isn't that a tender idea? But you're right that "Lila" is all you suggest, and Turana must be a first-cousin to our "Turuca," maybe. (He's the Figure helps me with my research, correcting errors and approving when I come across something worthwhile. What makes it of value to me is Vadim quotes Turuca--yes, they're coming through anew since I returned to the research--blindly, not understanding whether it'll make sense to me or not. For me, it is empirical and objective; for Vadim speaks to me, thus, profoundly, of subjects he's never heard about from me, nor studied yet.)

One thing: we're not "singled-out" or "unique". I've had letters. Other folks are hearing from Her too. Young folks, usually. The old are generally so deaf, psychically (or spiritually). Indeed, anybody who listens to Nature (and avoids city noises when possible, or as often as can be), will hear from Her too. Her language is the breath of the wind, the whisper of foliage, the laughter of brooks. She frolics in every kitten, cub, or lamb or kid! She flutters in every fledgling! You develop a listening ear. I'm not clairvoyant; I never have seen or heard what Vadim does, but in a way I see and hear more. Sketching natural scenes, one discerns patterns in the flights of birds, the ripple of waves and grasses, and the curious formations of the varying types of clouds, high above this 5,000 feet high range, here. Studying the photos and sketches, later, meaning appears. Random shapes are as symbolical as ancient Chinese; Semite pre-alphabetical symbols; or Andean petroglyphs! God permeates the Universe, and each of you. Willy-nilly, you ole barn-doors. You're not destined to be riddled with "pins" but with His Love. Willy-nilly, I insist.

And how's Avram and his thumbless duende? Cute old Spanish term!) Avram and his wife and boy are special pets of mine, or used to be when in touch, formerly.

Love,

Mae Surtees Strelkov

(Mae, you perhaps are silly--far be it from me to dispute the point when you don't-- but I like you and I like your and Vadim's life together, and very often you say things that really turn me on. Your last letter, which you disparage in this, turned me on, and so does this one.

I saw Avram last week--he's relocating in British Columbia--and told him you'd asked after him. He was pleased and said he'd love to hear from you again. He and Grania are divorced, but are still the best of friends and he can be reached through her at any time: Grania Davidson Davis, 55 Cazneau Ave., Sausalito, Calif. 94965. Or you could reach him through Alan E. Nourse, M.D., Route 1, Box , North Bend, Wash.

VONDA ON TV WRITING

3014 135th N.E., Bellevue, Wash. 98004

Dear Buz, Elinor, and Wally,

Elinor--the bit about the teacher getting fired is a lot like the bit in Berne's GAMES PEOPLE PLAY about the social worker who actually tried to help welfare people get jobs, succeeded with several, and was promptly fired because she "hadn't really rehabilitated them" -- in other words, because she wasn't playing the game the rest of the social workers and her superiors were playing. Can't mess up those games, people get upset. It's also like the dismissal of several profs from the UW--good teachers, but either they didn't publish enough or they disagreed with their superiors. And like the prof who got fired from the UW English department because he gave a lecture on the word "fuck." (The parents were screaming.) *(Gameswise I agree with you. However, any prof who spends 50 minutes on one little four letter word is wasting his and his students' time-- unless perhaps it's a graduate seminar. No undergraduate student needs to know*

quite so much about one single word--and no professor has a right to exorcize his own hangups at his students' expense. Did you happen to hear that lecture, Vonda? If you did hear it, can you assure me that it was 50 minutes of education, and not 5 or 10 minutes of education to 40 minutes or so of indoctrination? --If you didn't hear the lecture yourself, it's for sure that you can't make me believe it was honest, straightforward education!!)

It occurs to me that because of something I said in my last column people might assume I either didn't like or disapproved of BUG JACK BARRON. Not so. I was pleasantly surprised by it, after having struggled thru AGENT OF CHAOS, groaning.

The Parker Pen Score was funny but not as meaningful to me as to people who read Donald Westlake, no doubt. (Everybody's said that. Apparently nobody reads the Parker stories except Buz and me. I wish all you people would go out and read the Parker stories, so that you'd be better fitted to appreciate the genius of my clever spouse.)

Listen, don't knock catnip, it has taken a great load off my mind. I don't smoke pot (the thought of smoking anything makes me ill) but I have friends who do and I don't particularly want to have to take them care packages in the clink. I probably won't now because they just switched to catnip. Which isn't illegal... yet. (Probably never will be, either. Catnip is too intimately associated with innocent lil pussycats and their catnip mice, and dear little old ladies with their catnip tea. Some people like catnip better than pot, too.)

Boyd Raeburn--most of underground Seattle is walled up, ever since some enterprising young bank robbers tunnelled into a bank from the underground sidewalks and nearly got away. But there is a fairly large section semi-open--that is, the guys who give the tours have keys to doors that lead to the part of the underground that isn't walled up. It's a pretty interesting tour if you're ever up here. (Down here. He lives in faroof exotic Toronto which is higher than we are on the map.) Part of it is thru a building that's slated to be restored in the Model Cities program--it's very much like the LA Bradbury building.

Aha--television writers vs. science fiction writers. These producers who give us that crap about non-tv writers not being able to write teleplays give me a pain in the (open Bug Jack Barron to any one page and pick a word). Writing a teleplay is one of the most ridiculously simple things to do in the entire world. Anybody who wants to should just get TELEPLAY by Coles Trapnell (I'd give you the publisher and address except I lent it to a friend who shows a distinct disinclination to give it back). Comes in paperback or hardcover, the pb edition was about \$4 a year ago when I bought it--expensive for a pb but worth it, it's the best television-writing book on the market. All you really need is a couple general camera directions and minor ability in dialog. And remember not to overdirect. (Of all the tv writing books I've read, Trapnell's is the only one that actually says "don't overdirect.") (And being in the minority doesn't make him wrong, it just makes him thoughtful.)

Then after you've written your teleplay your problem is to sell it. That's what's hard. There are about twelve hundred directors and producers wandering around Hollywood; every time a reporter comes in hearing distance they whine "We're looking for NEW TALENT IN TELEVISION." which doesn't happen to be true--most of them won't even look at a script (even if it's sent in by an agent, which it must be or it'll be sent back not only unread by unopened) by a writer they've never heard of. Bonanza is different--they'll read your script if you write for a release first; they've even done some teleplays by novice writers. I think Gunsmoke also will occasionally read an unrepresented script. And Lassie. Now all you incipient tv writers out there have to do is convince yourselves you want to write for Bonanza, Gunsmoke, or Lassie.

Speaking of Television--everybody should watch the Dick Cavett Show. This

guy is really great. Where Johnny Carson interrupts guests to interject his own little often-repeated schticks, Cavett lets his guests talk when it's their turn, yet he's never at a loss for words. I could go on but it would be easier for you all to go and watch the show. You'll enjoy it--it's a welcome relief from most of the grunge on the tube these days, and from Carson, too, who is getting snottier and duller as time goes on. (Cavett also is not on as late.) *(I too like Dick Cavett. I liked him when he was on in the daytime (and I was home in the daytime) and now that neither of us are, I'm delighted to watch him at night. -- I've only seen Johnny Carson a couple times. He's on too late at night for me.)*

Richard LaBonte--finals are here again and I'm neither sleeping nor reading. I'm writing letters of comment to CRY. I may even get my column done. (The deadline is tomorrow). I've tried to get a Geis book up here but I think the bluenoses have banned him or something. There're a lot of bluenoses up here, in case nobody ever told you before. *(Yeah, but look on the bright side, Vonda, we can buy booze on Sunday now. Heck, when I was your age one couldn't even buy a drink except at the Elks Club etc. If you weren't an elk, or a moose, or some other of our four legged friends you could forget about boozing in public. I expect that in a few more years we shall be able to buy Geis in the grocery store.)* Do you really think Travis McGee books are deplorable? I think Nero Wolfe is deplorable. (I know that sounds like a vengeful shaft--but it's true. I really can't stand Nero Wolfe. I've read all the T. McGee books and enjoyed them thoroly. The one thing I haven't like about JDMcDonald was his postscript to his postscript to his 1950 s-fs, which was nothing if not patronizing. Too bad, too, because the sf wasn't bad.) By the way, if the Doubleday Book Club people are still bugging you, drop me a line and I'll send you a computer card with a hole in every single space. I guarantee you they'll read your letter... after their computer blows up.

Oh, yeah, Buz, you rattfink, you left Irene out of the credits. I distinctly remember telling you I had art from her--and what's more I distinctly remember your reading the names back to me. Feh. Fans are not supposed to make mistakes. (Only typos).

thurb

Vonda McIntyre

In the normal course of events, this would bring us to the & WE ALSO HEARD FROM DEPT.; however I personally didn't hear from anybody else. Oh, I forgot. STEVE STILES sent money, which was very sweet of him, but artwork is very nice too, Steve--don't forget us. Vera heard from various people, but she was going to bring their letters to the Nameless meeting last night and then she couldn't make it after all, so we just have on-the-phone notes of them. AL ANDREWS offers artwork. As Buz says, we always like getting artwork, and sometimes we even use it. GEORGE SCITHERS sends money, and says if our limit is still \$2 we can spend the rest on wine & laughter. We'll drink to that! NOREEN SHAW says her 7 year old has scoliosis. I'm very much interested, Noreen. Is he in a Milwaukee brace, and if so, is his orthopedist working with an orthodontist? What's the degree of his curve? Is it the usual idiopathic scoliosis or is it the result of something? And by the way, do you happen to know how to spell Milwaukee brace? I think it's Milwaukee like in Milwaukee, Wisc., and the woman I work with thinks it's Milwaukie like in Milwaukie Oregon. We don't like to ask our local scoliosis authority, because as a speller he's a fine surgeon, if you know what I mean. BETTY KUJAWA is sorry she hasn't written--but she's been very busy with skeet matches. We're keeping the home fires burning for you, Betty. JOHN J. PIERCE and ART HAYES wrote something or other, and money was sent by BETH MOORE, NEIL GOLDFARB and BRUCE ROBBINS. We also got a change of address from DENNIS LIEN, and we got a postcard from BERNIE ZUBER, who is going to send us some artwork soon. He's pretty rushed at the moment. And that's it!