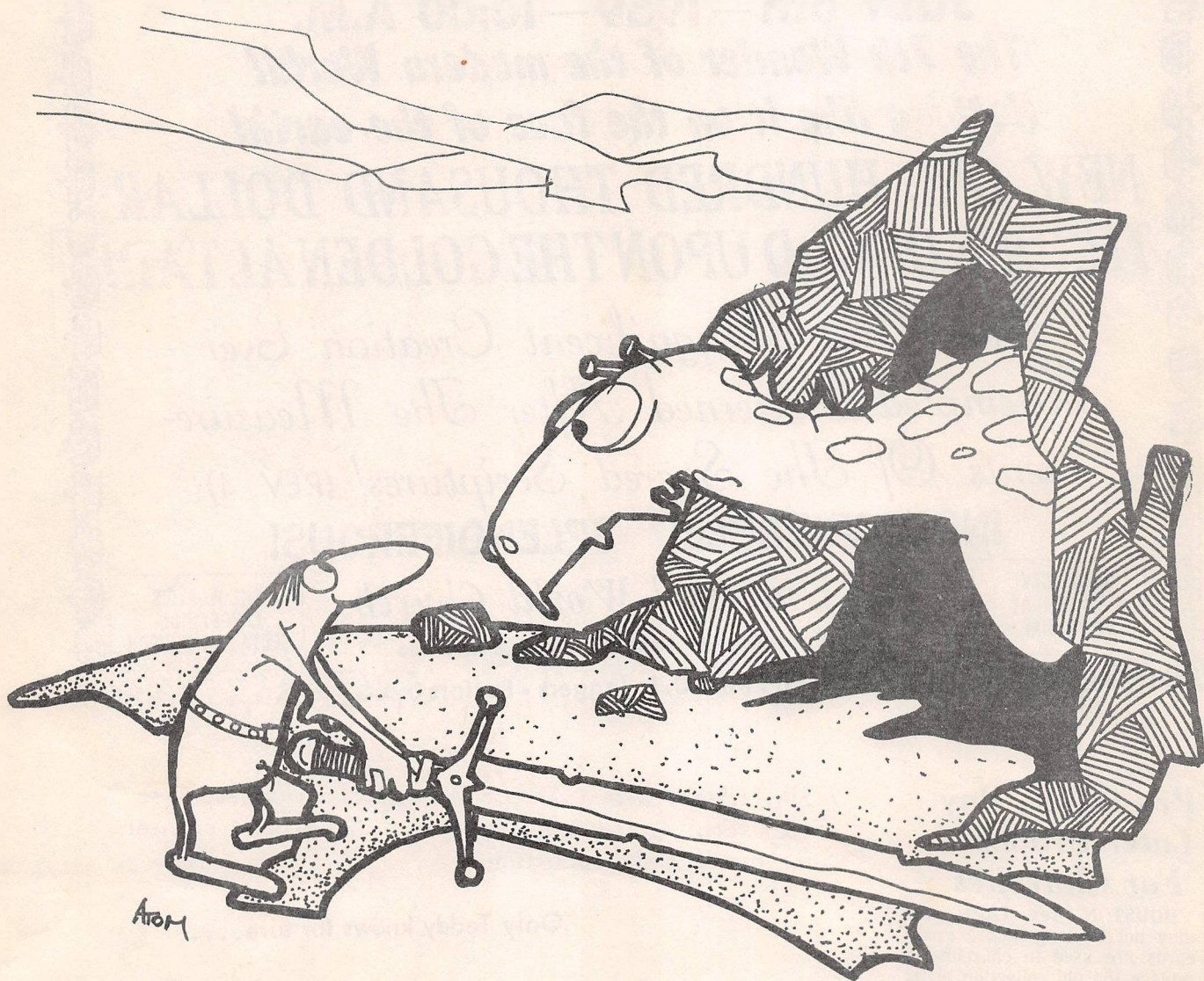


# CRY 184





| am not a man - | am a free number!

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### **Pray Now, Pay Later Proposed For Churches**

HOUSTON, Tex. (AP) — It may not be long before credit cards are used in churches to replace the old collection plate.

The National Association of Church Business Administrators, which met in Houston this week, discussed the possibilities of using credit cards for church donations.

The association agreed that the idea might be the solution to the decreasing collections noted by major denominations.

Slay friends with your purest heart and motives. See your local Green Beret recruiter. (Free legal counsel for the first six applicants.)

Only Teddy knows for sure....

How to butter up an author: milk him for all he's worth.

In our next CRY issue: the life and loves of Wally W Weber, a daring expose. Is fandom ready for it? Can fandom survive it? Can Wally? Can I?

Nixon is LBJ in a ~~clever~~ Republican disguise.....

Goodbye, sweet Dick Cavett. Goodbye, Prisoner. Hello, mediocrity.



In this corner we have CRY #184, the mid-September issue for 1969. CRY is edited by Vera Heminger [subs and trades to her at 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash 98002], Elinor Busby [letters, artwork & other contributions to her at 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle, Wash 98119] & Wally Weber [compliments, congratulations and spare concubines to him at 5422 16th Ave SW, Seattle, Wash 98106]. The latter address is also that of our publishers, Wal-2-Wal Press, consisting of Wally Gonser, Wally Weber and Others. Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, UK, is CRY's beloved UK agent, so send her all your shillings and crowns and thruppences.

CRY sells for 40¢ (3s4d, in UK bread) per copy, with free issues to contributors and on \*Agreed\* trades; please don't sub more than 5 or 6 issues ahead; it's a strain.

CRY's schedule has become most inscrutable, in the effort to avoid another damn fiasco like last winter's crunch with the Christmas Mail. Since there is no existing term for a sked that is semiquarterly half the time and bimonthly the other half to produce seven issues per year, I suggest that we leave it that CRY is CRYmonthly!

In any case Copy Deadline for CRY #185 is November 8th, 1969. And a lot of you jokers who crowded the deadline too hard this time [too many, too hard, all at once] will be surprised to find that this time Elinor pooped out before she got to you, so you're held over to next issue or "sometime". Well, it was a strenuous time, gang.

Our C O N T E N T S shall be somewhat as follows:

Cover by ATom [for some reason, I call this "St. Dragon and the George"]	page 1
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St LouisCon Program Report	Wally Weber 4
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ART CREDITS [a Prediction]: ATom 1 & 27. Alex Gilliland 34. Toni Gourd 5. Tim Kirk 12. Wm Rotsler 28, 38, 43, & (with Sid Coleman on the sliderule) 46. Wally Weber 2, 13, 21 & 25. Zikstee 9.

PAGE-CUTTING CREDITS: Elinor \*32\*, Wally Weber 6, Buz 4, Vera 2.

Recommended Reading: Alex Panshin's 3rd book in the Villiers series [following "Star Well" and "The Thurb Revolution"] is now on the stands. I haven't read it yet, as Elinor won't LET GO of it, but she keeps quoting Good Lines to me as is her wont, thus accounting for numerous typos (mostly corrected, I hope) on this page, so I guess this new book, "Masque World", is up to the gassy standard of the series.

The non-smoking scene, or (as Chas Burbee said in another connection), "It's a whole new world, Meyer". Well, now and then I backslide and have one. But this is considerably different from the dawn-to-sackout nicotine fit; for one thing, it knocks me on my head for about ten minutes each time. When it doesn't, one is In Trouble. I think the Indians had the right idea; the stuff should be saved for big ceremonial occasions. As for filter-tips, I guess they are about the same as having sex under local-anesthesia. [Well, I expect MadAve could sell that, too, with enough prime-time commercial spots. Hang onto your sales-resistance, friends; it's all-purpose insurance.]

In general, however, with a bit over 2 months since dropping the heavy habitual smoking of tobacco, I recommend the hell out of this sneaky Tax Dodge. The jitters seem to take a long time to go away (I'm not done with 'em yet), but the relief from aches&tensions and respiratory irritation and congestion is Something Else, baby.

There should be some way to hang a Commercial on this, but I won't.. --Buz.



Wally Gonser and I entered the hotel Friday morning and discovered the Saint Louiscon in progress. The way to tell a Saint Louiscon is in progress is to notice all the fannish faces in the lobby and the haunted, bewildered expressions of the Chase-Park Plaza Hotel employees. We were too early to register for our reserved room, so we checked our baggage with the bewildered bell-captain and registered for the Saint Louiscon instead. It was a good thing to do. Among other things, we were given a Jack Gaughan portfolio and the fattest (156 pages) Program Book I've ever barely carried away from a registration desk. BEAUTIFUL JOB, CONVENTION COMMITTEE!!

We also bought memberships for the 1970 and 1971 Worldcons, wherever they were to be, thereby becoming eligible to vote for their locations. This procedure proved so practical that it doesn't seem fannish.

The N3F Hospitality Room never had it so good. The room was large, well furnished with chairs, couches and tables, and was equipped with sinks, running water, and Elaine Wojciechowski. Elaine is an excellent hostess and provider of supplies, but I don't understand how such a crafty woman managed to become harnessed to such a thankless job.

The programs were held in the Khorassan Room, a carpeted auditorium with no pillars to obscure vision, a very good sound-amplifying system, excellent floodlighting for the hydraulically raised stage, and overhead lights arranged to simulate starlight.

Ray Fisher officially gavelled the Saint Louiscon into existence, and Terry Carr introduced the notables, one of which was our own Vonda McIntyre. Bobs Bloch and Tucker stood up for each other when introduced, and continued this exchange of identities throughout most of the convention. A whole generation of fans will be marked by their confusion as to which body belongs to which Bob.

Another Bob, last name of Silverberg, started the speeches with observations on science fiction's progress in form and content. Silverberg claimed science fiction mainly started with the stories of H. G. Wells, and has been evolving back to Wells as writers become more literate and socially aware. He even went to the extreme of having a kind word for "sick" New Wave authors, whose stories illustrate the frustration of comparing what mankind is capable of accomplishing with what mankind is actually doing.

I missed the beginning of the next speech, by Terry Carr, on fandom's history and future. I came in when Terry was describing how World War II interrupted the succession of Worldcons.

Terry attributed the fannish tradition of friendly insult to Tucker and Bloch (or was it Bloch and Tucker?). But then he also claimed today's fans talk more about science-fiction than anything else. I suspect his involvement with professional science fiction has biased his personal fan environment. We Nameless, anyway, still stick to the tradition of mostly gossiping about other fans.

Terry polled his audience -- I'd guess about 200 -- on the question of how fans fall into fandom's sticky web. Only two admitted to joining due to their interest in the Space Program, and only one courageously owned up to having been sucked in by Star Trek or "2001" (it didn't say which). The majority owed their downfall to friends who had preceded them into fandom. (I, personally, became involved via prozine letter columns. How was it with you?)

As for the future, Terry thought fans are becoming more serious. "Fandom is becoming a bunch of people who think," he insisted. (I'm positive I heard that last word right.)

Ben Bova spoke next, and he stated "Bova's Rule," which, roughly translated, was, "the more people in a given area, the less freedom." Later on he predicted a Freedom Explosion in our future. I hope he didn't mean what one could assume he meant. His seemingly optimistic remark that the technology that produced overpopulation is capable of



solving the problem, too, has sinister overtones.

Harry Stubbs, who is in unreal life Hal Clement, narrated a slide show that was punctuated by frequent power failures resulting from graceful fans tripping over the projector cord. Harry had gathered photographs of science fiction story illustrations and interspersed photographs of NASA equipment to demonstrate how wrong science fiction had been. Because he is kind, he even showed several examples of how right science fiction had been. The show was finished with an Apollo 11 film to keep our sense of wonder pumped up, and then it was time for Dick Lupoff's speech.

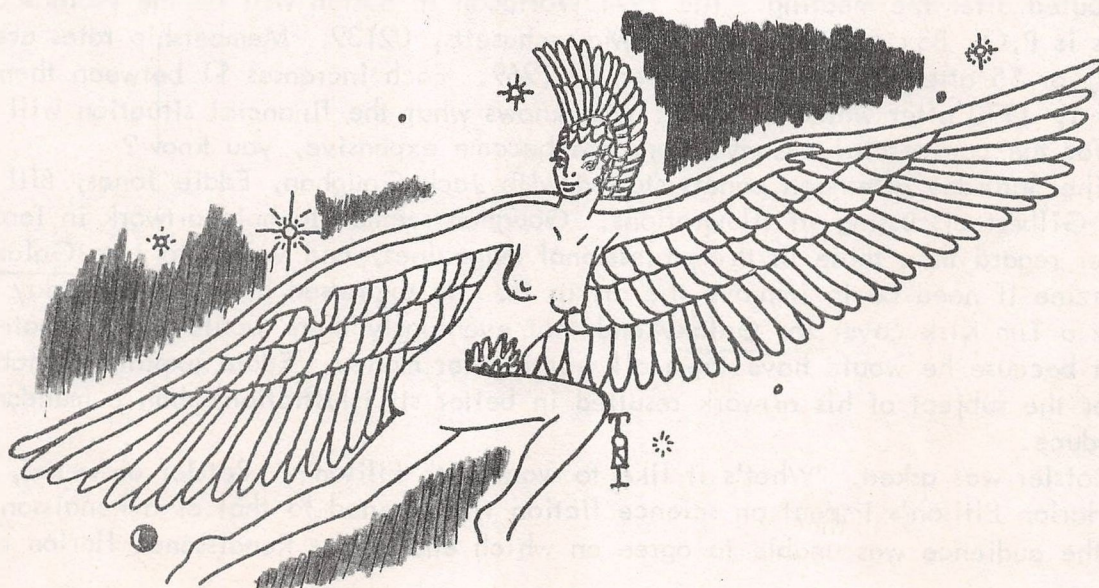
Lupoff claimed to be an IBM employee, but there he stood looking as hippie as could be, like a left-over from a rock festival. Actually it was his split personality showing, and I had to admit he seemed to really have split. Embracing two conflicting philosophies as he did, he came prepared with a sure-fire way to tell when he was talking from the soul and when his words were directed by the spirit of the Giant Computer. When speaking as the man from IBM, Dick would hold a punch-card in the air and the audience could imagine him transformed into a white-shirted, business-suited member of the computer industry. The rest of the time he was his true, raunchy self.

The IBM part of Lupoff did not get a chance to say much. Dick explained that his costume made him a volunteer n-----. Despite his white skin, he was able to suffer the same sort of persecution that a colored person might and, on the positive side, he was easily identified by fellow n----- who would help him survive in a hostile environment.

He allowed IBM a good share of egoboo at the end, however, when a movie was shown of animated light paintings done by an IBM computer programmed by somebody named John Whitney. The film was well received by the audience of fans, and was shown several more times during the remaining days of the convention.

Thus ended the speeches scheduled for Friday. A meet-the-pros party was held at the hotel swimming pool, jazzed up with such mind-rotting accessories as Callipe music and cotton candy. Late at night, for those who enjoyed torturing themselves, the convention had an apparently inexhaustible supply of films. Flash Gordon, Frankenstein monsters, and similar dissimilar friends of fans carried on throughout the night for all the nights of the convention. It seemed to be a popular thing.

Saturday, August 30, started with a panel on Comic Art at the incredible time of 9:00 a.m. I'm certain it couldn't really have started then — the mind boggles. The time





of day coupled with the fact that I'm not really interested in Comic Art kept most of the panel's comments beyond the ability of my quivering, Saturday-morning intellect to grasp, but I did notice parallels to science fiction magazine editors' panels held at past conventions. Comic Books, it seems, are dying out because of (a) poor distribution, (b) nobody buying them when they are distributed, (c) good writers not being able to make a living because of crummy pay, and (d) the avid comic book fans not being sufficiently numerous to support the field by themselves.

The panel consisted of Gerard Conway, Marvin Wolfmen, Jeff Jones, Vaughn Bode, Larry Todd, Mike Warrior, Len Wein, and Don & Maggie Thompson, except more than a few of these people have probably been renamed by my untutored hearing. Mark Hanerfeld attempted to moderate the panel, but was handicapped at first by the grogginess of the hour and later by the fact that the panel disagreed with everything he said. Harlan Ellison became a temporary member of the panel when he told his Warren story. ("Warren" is spelled by ear, since I've never heard of him before, so I leave it to you knowledgeable comic fans to puzzle out who all these strange names really were.) The basic theme of Harlan's story seemed to be that he did not consider \$25 to be adequate stimulus to author a comic book story, and presented his opinion of Jim Warren by remarking that Jim was basically a warm human being -- only on the surface did he appear to be a cheap Fagin.

Vaughn Bode had some interesting remarks about comic art in underground papers. He considered above-ground comic books a waste of artistic talent and purposeless, but had better hope for the underground work in The Village. He did feel work going on in The Village was suffering from disorganization, but he was attempting a project of his own that would provide sincere artists and writers with a market unrestricted by censorship or unsophistication.

The 1971 Consite voting was next on the program. Only attendees who had paid for memberships in the 1971 convention (wherever it was to be) were allowed to vote. Boston and Washington D. C. put in their bids along with the usual propaganda, and while the votes were being counted John Trimble polled the audience as to how many had made up their minds about the consite before the propaganda speeches had been made. Practically everybody had. However, when he asked how many would vote for dropping the speeches at future consite biddings, the audience became hostile. Apparently the bidding speeches are looked upon as desirable entertainment by fans who vote.

Boston won 169 votes to 116. Tony Lewis, the convention chairman, immediately announced that Clifford D. Simak would be Guest of Honor, and Harry Warner, Jr. would be Fan Guest of Honor. This was confirmed in the convention's Progress Report 0, which was distributed after the meeting. The 1971 Worldcon in Boston will be the Noreascon, and its address is P.O. Box 547, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02139. Membership rates are \$3 supporting, or \$5 attending until December 1, 1969. Each increases \$1 between then and September 1, 1970 after which ... ooo, who knows what the financial situation will be! So much for the commercial. Conventions are becoming expensive, you know?

The Saturday afternoon panels started with Jack Gaughan, Eddie Jones, Bill Rotsler and Mike Gilbert discussing sf illustrations. Gaughan seemed to hold artwork in fanzines with higher regard than those in the professional magazines, and vowed to turn Galaxy into a fanzine if need be to improve the art in it. He expressed hope that someday he would buy a Tim Kirk cover for Galaxy and that eventually there would be no amateur fan artists left because he would have them all working for money. Eddie explained that a fan's affinity for the subject of his artwork resulted in better sf illustrations than a mundane artist would produce.

Rotsler was asked, "What's it like to work with Ellison?" Rotsler answered, "Noisy."

Harlan Ellison's impact on science fiction was likened to that of a Renaissance Man, although the audience was unable to agree on which end of the Renaissance Harlan represented.



The conversation was drifting towards prose anyway, so a new panel convened consisting of Lester del Rey (who moderated immoderately), Terry Carr, George Ernsberger, Don Benson, Ejler Jakobsson and Ed Ferman. Both the panel and audience behaved very well until the subject of how much rewriting an editor should be allowed to do on another person's story. The editors suddenly became politicians, mumbling about "improvements" and cleaning up minor errors in grammar and spelling, and "suggesting" changes to authors. Then Lester made the unfortunate admission that while an editor should never rewrite, he must often shorten or lengthen a story to fit the number of pages the story must fill in a magazine's format. He referred to a 10,000 word story he had lengthened to 15,000 words for this purpose. From the audience came a bone-chilling moan previously never heard outside the torture pits of hell. That terrible sound had come from Bob Silverberg and it set the mood for what may become known as Lester's Last Stand.

I have seen Lester in many debates, but never have I seen him fall apart and be so mercilessly inundated with abuse. Authors rose from their seats and shook their fists and screamed through their beards. Lester's pleas about what must be done in the line of duty and how writing in another author's style is the most difficult work in the universe only increased the new waves of hatred focussed upon him. I suspect that he was even being attacked by the author within himself. Even Harlan, who you must admit has listened to some pretty awful things and believed them, said, "I hear all this in disbelief and horror."

Eventually Dick Lupoff, Larry Niven, Alexei Panshin, Harlan Ellison and Bob Silverberg took over the panel and Lester del Rey has not been heard from since.

The revised panel talked some about the criminal conduct of editors and then turned their scorn upon publishers who pay miserable rates if any and cheat authors out of profits from reprints and foreign editions. Bob Silverberg pleaded with the audience to fight this injustice. "Boycott!!!" he begged. "Don't buy our books! Protect us! We will thank you for it."

Later, when moods cooled down, Silverberg auctioned Harlan off for a record \$125.

That evening was the Masquerade Ball. The Khorassan Room was ideal for this event, and the showing of costumes was handled very well. I didn't keep track of the winners or find out who everyone was or what they represented, but a few grisly highlights stuck with me. There was the fellow with the live iguana harnessed to his headgear, and Karen & Astrid Anderson with their "The Bat and the Bitten" scene. Bruce Pelz shaved and became a fat, sleepy-eyed lady who talked to birds. He was supposed to be "Gertrude", a character from story I haven't read, not our own G. M. Carr, and I was one of the few fans who did not guess he was Bruce Pelz. Another surprise for me was the fall Dick Schultz took "attacking" the girl in the Emma Peel costume. I mean when she flipped him he really flipped, just like Hollywood, hit the stage near the edge and so hard I expected him to keep right on going to the parking garage in the basement, and then, I'd swear he bounced first, slid over the edge kerplunk on the floor with no apparent effort to break his fall or to not break his fool neck.

Rick Norwood came as Charlie Brown (the cartoon Charlie, not fandom's and Marsha's Charlie). He performed an enjoyable skit with a fouled-up kite, but unfortunately stayed in character too long. In Charlie Brown fashion, he fell off the back of the raised stage and in grabbing for something to hold on to, he ripped the giant movie screen.

Somewhere an estimate was obtained that repairing the screen might cost as much as \$250, so Harlan Ellison, with good intentions that would soon pave his road to hell, asked everyone in the crowd who didn't want to see the convention committee stuck for the bill to donate one dollar. Money flowed and in the end there had been between \$400 and \$500 collected. Since there was no way of giving the excess back in a fair manner, Harlan announced that the money left over after the screen repair would be spent to buy drinks for a giant party at the convention.



The 1970 Worldcon site was picked Sunday morning. The bid for Tranquility Base and Bermuda were withdrawn leaving the Heidelberg bid uncontested. Hans Werner Heinrichs announced the date of the Heicon would be August 21 - 24, 1970. U.S. Guest of Honor will be Robert Silverberg, U.K. Guest of Honor will be Ted Tubb, and next year's TAFF delegate will be Fan Guest of Honor. There is also to be a German Guest of Honor, but I didn't catch the unfamiliar (to me) name. Neither did I get an address to send to for memberships. So much for accurate reporting.

Some of the anticipated features of the Heicon will be a boat trip on the Neckar River, free wine tasting in a German winecellar, a Knights of St. Fantasy ceremony, as well as all the traditional convention functions. Eddie Jones warned that there would be a severe language difficulty since the Heicon would be conducted in English. (The ad in the Program Booklet predicted a bilingual convention with simultaneous translations of major speeches.) Charlie Brown had investigated the possibilities of chartering planes and had calculated some rather attractive rates -- \$170 - \$260 for East Coast fans and \$260 - \$350 for West Coast fans depending on how full the plane could be filled.

John Trimble announced that the really rich trufan might consider attending the 9th National Japanese Convention being held the week after Heicon in Tokyo.

Bobs Bloch and Tucker, whichever ones were which, with mystery guest Lee Hoffman, took over the program next with what was supposed to be a revelation of Who Sawed Courtney's Boat. Actually it was rambling entertainment including the famous story of how Tucker met Lee Hoffman. At the very end, however, Tucker revealed that Ed Earl Repp Sawed Courtney's Boat. ("Repp" pronounced "Rip", of course. Ooog.)

Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson and Dave Kyle reminisced about the early days of science fiction, and they somehow created the feeling of gathering around in a room party just listening to three fabulous authors reliving the birth of science fiction fandom. Ed talked of waiting two years to get \$35 for a story, Jack talked of the influence of early editors, and Dave talked selling a story at age 16 only to have the magazine fold before printing it. And all three of them talked about the comradeship of fans and pros starving and dreaming together while the rest of the world scoffed at or ignored science fiction. It's nothing that lends itself to describing on paper, but it proved to be one of my favorite panels of the convention. The three ended with the observation that the optimism of early science fiction stories, where science would turn the universe into a paradise for man, is being replaced by a feeling of doom, where science will destroy mankind. Ed, Jack and Dave still seem to feel the older stories will prove to be right. Maybe that's what I liked so much about the panel.

Clifford Simak, Lester del Rey (okay, so he was heard from again after all!) and Fritz Leiber discussed the "Golden Years" of science fiction. Lester, insisting on maintaining his position as underdog, declared it was all golden years. Simak and Leiber, however, agreed that 1938 - 1957 were the years when the best things happened; authors began to show a realization of the total social situation, grew in sophistication, more good authors appeared, and the field in general prospered. There was no end to the praise they gave to John W. Campbell for his untiring influence.

Harry Harrison, Alexei Panshin, and a fellow I didn't know but whose name sounded something like T. L. Shierret took over to discuss the Years of Change. This was a gloomy group, agreeing that the world is doomed and the new authors know it so that's why they write what they do. The nearest thing to an optimistic viewpoint came from T. L. who was unable to predict what trend science fiction would take unless perhaps it would be in the direction of pornography.

Harlan Ellison was to finish up the afternoon's speeches by summing up the science fiction scene. He gave credit to science fiction for pointing the way for man to go, but allowed that the writers really didn't want the responsibility. He seemed to think that stf



could be the vehicle to save the world, and he intended to use it as such.

Later that evening at the banquet, Harlan Ellison was Toastmaster and could have put a getaway vehicle to good use. He announced that since beer could not be purchased in St. Louis on Sunday, the party to blow the excess money collected to repair the damaged movie screen could not be held. Harlan declared that the unused money would be donated to Clarion, a workshop for new science fiction writers. Elliot Shorter immediately protested the donation of convention funds being decided by a single individual named Harlan Ellison. Fuses were burning dangerously short before Ray Fisher and Harlan quelled the mob by promising to work out a suitable home for the excess wealth at next morning's business meeting.

Banquet speeches by TAFF winner Eddie Jones and Guest of Honor Jack Gaughan were suitable and brief, and then came the awards. The E. Everett Evans Memorial Award (the Big Heart Award) went to Harry Warner, Jr. The First Fandom Award went to Murray Leinster.

Lester del Rey conducted a short tribute to Willy Ley.

Then Bob Bloch announced, "Ladies and Gentlemen. Trekkies. I see by my bladder it's almost time to present the Hugos." And that he did, as follows: Fan Artist - Vaughn Bode. Fan Writer - Harry Warner, Jr. Fanzine - Psychotic, aka S. F. Review, Dick Geis editor. Pro Artist - Jack Gaughan. Magazine - F & SF. Drama - "2001 - A Space Odyssey". Short Story - "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World," by Harlan Ellison. Novelette - "The Sharing of Flesh," by Poul Anderson. Novella - "Nightwings," by Robert Silverberg. Novel - Stand on Zanzibar, by John Brunner.

And then a Special Award was presented; Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins were awarded, "For the best Moon landing ever!"

Early, if not bright, the next morning the official business meeting happened. John Trimble presided, and the following changes were passed: Beginning in 1972, the World Science Fiction Convention will go outside the North American continent and begin a rotation plan alternating between Europe and North America. Sites outside these areas (including extra-terrestrial, of course) are eligible any year, and suspend the rotation one year if selected. In 1972, a North American Science Fiction Convention will be held in the Western region, beginning a three-year rotation plan between the Western, Central and Eastern regions. The NASFiC will be combined with the Worldcon when the Worldcon is held in North America, and non-Worldcon NASFiCs will be numbered the same as the Worldcons -- the 1972 NASFiC, for example, will be the 30th North American Science Fiction Convention.

Because the 1972 NASFiC site will be selected at HeiCon, for that site selection only, mail ballots will be allowed. (Persons with memberships in the 1970 and 1972 conventions will be eligible to vote.) The possibility of allowing mail ballots for conventions beyond 1972 will be discussed at the 1971 official meeting.

The Eastern region for NASFiC sites was expanded to include several islands previously not eligible.

Three changes were made regarding Hugo awards. Future ballots must provide a place to vote for "No Award" in each category. The Novelette category has been dropped and the word count for Short Story has been raised to cover the gap. Short Stories now go up to 17,500 words, Novella covers up to 40,000 words, and Novels go on from there. (A resolution was passed to encourage prozines to print wordcounts for ease of Hugo categorizing.) Finally, Hugos will be officially an English language award and after 1971 will be awarded at Worldcons in English-speaking countries only. NASFiC will award Hugos in years when the Worldcons are held in non-English-speaking nations.

The touchy subject of what to do with the excess screen repair money Harlan had swindled out of the Costume Ball audience about set off a small riot until Dave Kyle, with his wisdom born of bitter experience, suggested the money be put in trust to cover similar unexpected emergencies at future conventions. This sensible suggestion was eagerly adopted.

I left out a couple things. Next time go see the convention yourself.



The other day we got a phone call from a girl who introduced herself as Kathy Novak. "I'm a teacher at Franklin High School," she said, "and when I was in Spain a little while ago I met a man who said he knew you through correspondence, Dr. Antonio Dupla." Needless to say, I was delighted. "What's he like?" I asked. "Is he as nice as his letters? How old is he? What does he look like?" She informed me that Dr. Dupla was in his 40's, handsome and very charming, and lives in a house full of books with his lovely wife and four beautiful children (I think she said four--two girls and two boys) of whom the oldest, Maria, taught with her. She said that Dr. Dupla seemed quite interested in Seattle and knew quite a bit about it. He showed her some old CRYs. It's fun to know that people whom one has never met, but have had contact with via paper, really exist in the real world. One had surmised as much, but verification is nonetheless enjoyable.

We haven't heard from Antonio Dupla for ages, but I remember a couple of his letters very well indeed. One was comment on a column in which I had been scornful of people who were totally ignorant of 17 century history, and it was evident from what I said that I was myself ignorant of all 17th century except English. He pointed out that lots of things were happening in Spain that century, too. I was quite rueful, and resolved to broaden my knowledge. Since that time I've bought a history or two of other parts of the world. But I haven't read them yet. Good resolutions only take me just so far.

Another letter of particular interest came after a column in which I told about my operation, and lamented that I hadn't got to see the anesthesiologist put me to sleep, because I wanted to see how he did it. He explained the mechanics of the thing very kindly.

So I thanked Kathy Novak profusely for calling me, and she seemed gratified that I was gratified.

The only other local news is that Bill and Mildred (that is, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Broxon) got married Sept. 15. Vera was Matron of Honor.

I had occasion to call Mildred the day before the wedding. "I'm stringing love beads for the minister," she said. I mentioned that I wasn't planning to wear a hat, because I thought that at a Unitarian Church it wouldn't be necessary. "Goodness!" she said. "I'm not even going to wear a dress!"

So then I immediately envisioned Mildred in some sort of very elegant pantdress or pant&tunic, or pantsuit. But next morning, on the way to work, it suddenly struck me that she would undoubtedly wear a sari. I was convinced of it. So totally convinced that that evening, at dinner, I tried quite strenuously to get Buz to lay money that she wouldn't wear a sari. He calmly refused, saying that he had no interest in these matters.

Ha! So much for female intuition. Mildred wore pants & tunic. They were of white lace, and the tunic was lined with pink. She wore a pink veil and carried a bouquet of pink roses. She looked great. It was the perfect outfit for her, unusual but not unseemly, and very, very becoming.

The bridegroom and the gentlemen supporting him wore pink rose





boutonnieres. Sigh. We'd been at Crater Lake the weekend before, and had stopped at a motel with a gift shop on the way home. The gift shop had sets of cocktail forks and coffee spoons, matching. They were delightful in appearance, and I thought, what a nice thing to give the Broxons! Because I wanted to give them something that wouldn't take up too much space and people can always find space for some more cocktail forks and coffee spoons. But I didn't buy them. Would you like to know why? Because they had roses on the handles, and I couldn't conceive of roses in connection with the Broxons. Female intuition strikes again, or possibly not!

The wedding was in a most attractive Unitarian church. The front was all glass, and one could see green trees and a little sky. The minister was good, too. Instead of preaching about The Meaning of Marriage and how married people should be nice to each other, and annoying and exasperating a roomful of people who feel they already understand these matters, he just read the marriage service. The marriage service had been written a couple weeks previously by Bill and Mildred. It was very nice: it was dignified and straightforward, and not in any way outre. I really like it, and Buz and I held hands all through it.

The reception was at Mildred's parents' home. I liked them, too, and we had a great time at the reception. The wedding cake was a little different. In the first place, it was good to eat, which is by no means true of all wedding cakes. In the second, despite the conventional pink roses (sob) and white doves, at the top, for figures of bride and groom, were two little Tim Kirk figurines. How appropriate! How seemly! Green lizards.

The reception turned into sort of a party. I mean it was a party. I had lots of good conversation. Talked about science fiction with a woman who had just started reading it. Another woman, a Mrs. Carlson, had known Fritz Leiber 20 years previously, was pleased to be informed that he was still writing science fiction and was one of the more important names in the field. She and I had fun discussing Mrs. Leiber.

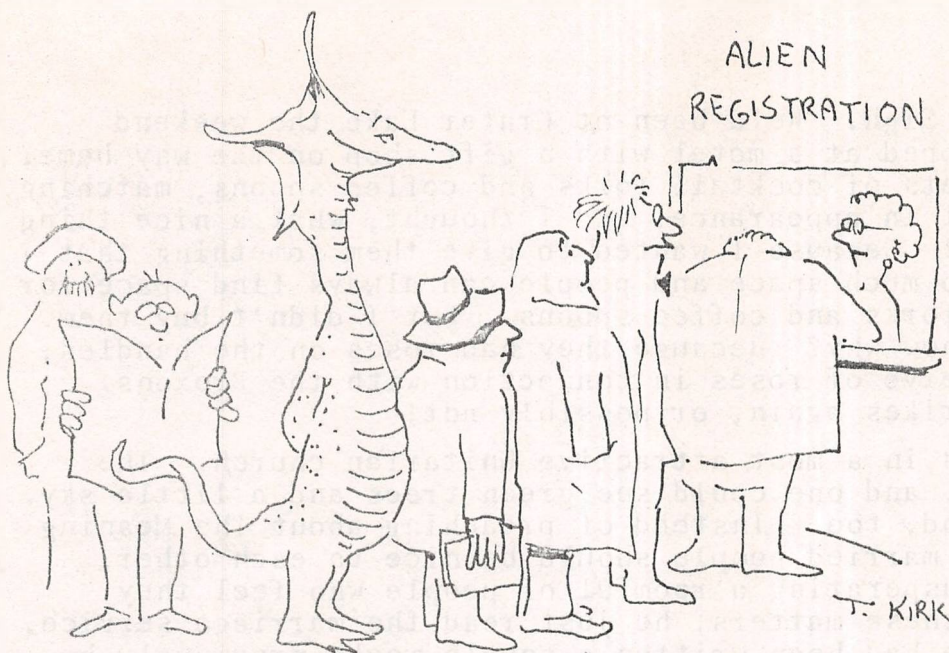
There was an aged fat dachshund bitch. She wasn't altogether like our late Lisa. But she smelled right and she felt right. You know? I felt I'd been hungry for an aged fat dachshund bitch for a long time. Buz and I really liked her.

Vera caught the bride's bouquet. Toni and Jari were a bit put out. In the first place, they felt that Vera shouldn't be catching because she's already married, and in the second, that she was too tall. I have to admit to the validity of their second objection. It really isn't fair that some people are taller than others.

Vera was wearing a pants & tunic outfit too, by the way. It was cut like Mildred's but was of gold brocade. It was very becoming to her, and she looked great. But I liked Mildred's outfit better because I liked the look of her little legs twinkling through white lace pants. At the reception I found out that Mildred's childhood name was Bubbles. Must say, it suits her better than Mildred, which is a rather dignified and stolid sort of name.

I kind of think I've run out of space and I know very well I've run out of time. So I'll close by saying that we all wish the Broxons the utmost marital bliss, and feel confident that our wishes will be fulfilled.





# WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION

by Vera Heminger

"How," Wally asked me in his strange terrestrial accent, "do you propose to get away with two blank pages in the middle of a nice fannish zine like CRY?"

"What makes you think that I will have two blank pages?" I retorted haughtily.

"Well, you seem to be putting emphasis on the 'What I Did' in your title. So naturally I assumed that you would have nothing to report. Really, I was merely jesting."

"Your sarcasm will devastate you," I replied coolly. "Actually, I meant to weave subtle irony around the word 'vacation.' Everyone knows - and if they don't, they should - how hard suburban housewives who also happen to be fans work during the summer. Ferrying kids to the pool, clearing the lawn of velvet grass and dandelions, concocting appetizing dishes for those jaded appetites on hot days, arguing with the Post Office about the aspect of the CRY envelopes... However, I can easily skip all these tales of self-sacrifice and instead concentrate on what you did on your summer vacation. I am sure fandom will simply relish learning more about the real you."

"I told you I was merely jesting," Wally said, the green tinge slowly fading from his face. "Really, I am sure an account of your summer will be perfectly fascinating - a regular movable feast. The only wonder is that you limit yourself to two pages; such restraint is most commendable..."

"You are getting away with it this time," I said implacably, "only because there are a few things I really want to mention. Pray to Ghu I have no space left after I am done, or you will be too."

The above dialog is dedicated to Bernie Zuber, who inquired once (yes, Bernie, not only do we really talk this way, but you should hear what we don't say), and it is also dedicated to Jane Peyton, who stressed the need for meaningful dialog in sf.

I was indeed going to relate some of the ineffable incidents of Summer in Auburn, but they'll have to wait, because then I wouldn't have room for the wedding and the Russian ship and the



Polish Moon joke. I'm glad to see that Elinor described the wedding in such a picturesque way, because I don't think I could have done it justice; I remember being nervous a lot - but I didn't drop the ring. It was one of the nicest ceremonies I have ever been involved in; and not only was I matron of honor, a role I got a hell of a kick out of, but I also acted as the witness the Friday before, when Bill and Mildred got their wedding license. It sure didn't help my poor stomach, weakened by a week-long bout of the flu, when Mildred muttered - not very sotto voce - "So help me WHO?" at the end of the little swearing in bit necessary to obtain that document in a legal manner. Funny - you get to swear all sorts of things like you're sane and legal, but they won't accept your check. Weird. It was a lovely wedding; all my best wishes, Bill and Bubbles.

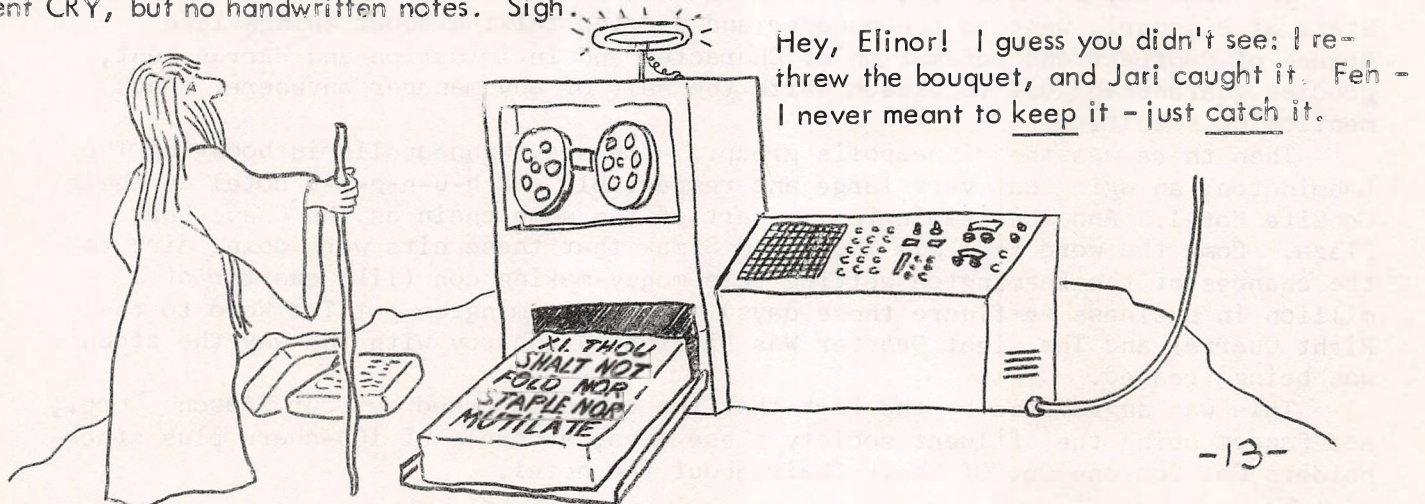
As to the Russian ship (no, not Luna 15). That was another kick. The first Soviet ship to enter an American harbor in something like twenty years steamed into Seattle this summer, to deliver a load of titanium. Naturally, I had to go. Visitors were allowed aboard for one day, and there was quite a turnout. There also was the inevitable turnout by some picketing idiots who resented that the US was getting vital defense material from the USSR. We were shown the whole ship. On the bridge, there was a big map of the Seattle area, printed in Russian. I took a picture of it, while my 12 year looked very uncomfortable, expecting, I am sure, to see his mother dragged off in the best spy picture tradition. We were offered a delicious Russian lunch, and exchanged coins and stamps. I'd never met any real live Russians from Soviet Russia before - most of the seamen were from Vladivostok, and they were all very nice and friendly (and I bet it was not, as someone suggested, because they had been told to act so.)

I see I have just enough space for my moon joke, and the illo. And some WAHF, too.

It seems this Eastern European country decided it had no status, because it possessed no space program. So the scientists got together, scrounged some tin cans, dynamite, and a capsule, and shot two men into space. They landed on the moon. One tied a rope around his waist, tied the other end to the handle of the capsule door so that he could find his way back and headed out onto the moon's surface to pick up rocks. The door wouldn't open when he turned the handle on his return a couple of hours later. When he pounded on the door, the man inside called out: "Who's there?"

\*\*\*\*\*

I got a card from the Apollo 10 astronauts a couple of weeks ago, and when I called Elinor we decided it would be cool to start off the WAHF page with a casual "We also heard from Stafford, Cernan and Young, who thanked us for the copy of CRY." (They did - I'll bet a moonrock that the note was in Stafford's handwriting). But the reason it didn't appear on the WAHF page is 'cause I didn't send it to Elinor 'cause it got misplaced. Today I got a card from the Apollo 11 guys who also were sent CRY, but no handwritten notes. Sigh.





Actually before you hear too many bad things about the St. Louis Con, you should hear from my own lips that there have been Worse Hotels by far. The big trouble with the Chase-Park Plaza was in its staff rather than the Hotel itself. The rooms were nice, the pool was okay, the Con facilities were a delight (the first banquet room where there was plenty of room and yet the PA system and acoustics were good too). Parking was good, though the valet parking charge if you got suckered into that ran \$6 per parking. The coffee shop did stay open all hours and though they were frequently snowed under by sheer weight of numbers kept gamely trying to keep up, succeeding about ten times as often as the Miramar did, and about 100 times as often as the Claremont. The fancy expensive restaurant was just that, but the food was good and their beef Au Jus was quite a lovely full meal. The bar was inexpensive and the gals usually kept up with the orders fairly well, though Monday they were just snowed under by all these parched fen looking for a beer. All bars and likker dispensaries in St. Louis are closed on Sunday. Period. Not even 3.2 beer is available, and only a few hardy souls took the trouble to go to Illinois to grab a few cases of beer. Monday, Labor Day, the bars were open again, but all the stores were closed, and everyone started coming down with malnutrition due to typical fannish reluctance to pay Hotel prices for food.

Anyway, the trouble with the Chase-Park Plaza was the staff.

They have been spoiled by the usual Elks and Rotarians and such I suppose, and they started their usual gimmicks with the stf people. One typical ploy was the bit where they rented suites to people like Tony Lewis for the Boston thing and to Lou Tabakow for the Cincy and First Fandom do's. And then when they were starting their parties closed them down immediately on the grounds that suites are for sleeping and parties can be held in Special Party Rooms they have. For a small additional fee, of course. This was earlier in the week, and by Friday night they had backed down to the extent that they weren't busting the Minneapolis party but warned Tony Lewis again about All That Noise. The hucksters complained vociferously about the "handling" charges all the porters tried to stick them with and Howard DeVore and everyone else quickly took to doing all their own work, stealing carts from odd corners of the Hotel and doing everything themselves. Through it all Ray Fisher tried again and again to get the Hotel to play the whole scene a bit more coolly, but the staff remained uptight nonetheless.

Until Saturday. That was the day of Confrontation.

Charlie Brown started working his way up the chain of command. He took a number of problems to a man at the desk. "Well," he'd say, "if you can't solve them, tell me who is your boss and I'll talk to him." He repeated this process until he got as high as he could and then after being given denials, lies and such, he wanted the man to put it down in writing.

The same day Joe Hensley, who happens to be licensed to practice law in the State of Missouri, went to the manager and started talking about things like Breach of Contract and Defamation of Character and Intimidation and Harrassment, goodies guaranteed 102% to bleach white the hair of any manager anywhere. And mentioning specifics.

Then there was the Minneapolis group.. You see, Minneapolis is boosting The Leamington, an aging but very large and respectable and h-u-n-g-r-y hotel as their ConSite Hotel. And the Leamington is part of the same chain as the Chase-Park Plaza. Come the word from Jim Young and Simak that these nits were doing dirt to the chances of the Leamington getting this money-making con (like quarter of a million in business we figure these days) and the Leamington got The Word to the Right Quarter and The Right Quarter Was Distinctly Unhappy with the way the sfcon was being treated.

This was aggravated by the fact that the chain is owned by Four Seasons Corp., and fandom being the affluent society these days, a couple of 100-share plus stockholders Got Someone Out Of Their Chair about the hotel.



The upshot was that a Night Manager got canned. (He may have gotten hired right back Wednesday after all the SF people were gone). More important the entire upper echelon of the Hotel management got Leaned On Very Hard and they in turn passed a little bit of the leaning on to the ones who scurried around and did all the work.

You have never seen such a change in management attitude in your life. From Saturday on, Ray Fisher had but to recommend and it was law. There were no more complaints from the Hotel, service in the lobby improved markedly and the House Dick went over to our side. When the St. Lou fuzz found pot in one of the elevators Sundy and threw a couple of plain-clothes folk into the fannish mob the Hotel forced them to play it cool, and threw a hell of a bitch to the St. Lou fuzz over entering various fan group's rooms looking for (I suppose) pot. Hilarious actually, because one of the groups they entered was the East Lansing (Michigan State) crew and for all their modern collegiate appearance they'd no more touch maryjane than the man in the moon. But the Hotel got to be on Our Side, and only the previous day's antagonisms served to color everyone's thoughts. If they had been as cooperative from the beginning this would have been the most ideal Con Hotel since the Seacon.

Nonetheless the Hotel did win the Worst Fan of the Year Award, that building fund gimmick put together by LASFS. The Hotel won, Harlan Ellison came in second and Charlie Brown, our own beloved Charlie Brown of LOCUS came in third.

Well, you see, Leland Sapiro is Unhappy over what Charlie said in the LOCUS before the Con. Charlie has stated that he Will Tell All about Leland Sapiro. So, Leland nominated Charlie Brown for the Fugghead Aware. He kept stuff the Charlie Brown container with \$5 and \$10 bills, and it was only Monday morning that Charlie started slipping behind the hotel. And that's how Charlie Brown got to be one of the Top Ten Fuggheads (according to the LASFS Building Fund survey).

One of the most Fun things about the St. Louiecon was my bit in the masquerade. Linda Stanes from central Ohio wasn't going in costume at all. But a friend loaned her a red wig and she got into her Emma Peeler and came as a somewhat-undersized Mrs. Peel. Naturally everyone soon got us to meet and before long a skit had been put together.

She went down the runway. Chuck Crayne said here was another television character (we follow #6 and #2 of THE PRISONER), Mrs. Peel of THE AVENGERS. She went back towards the big movie screen and then this chap in a mask leaped out...me. She "flipped" me and I was supposed to just fall down. But then this shrill Korean-accented voice came mentally to me and it said, "Shoulders forward, dammit, Schultz!" and everything after that just came naturally. I did a double forward fall right off the stage, making much noise on the way, and got up without a bruise...except in one spot. I'd left my wallet in the hip pocket and I landed very smoothly on it twice and that's the only thing that hurt at all. Chalker and Al Snider were unaware that I was going to do anything like this and Chalker nearly blew his cool when he saw me fall off the stage. He hadn't even known I was in the skit.

For the rest of the night and much of the next two days I had comments on my skill at doing it. Alexei Panshin was sure that I must have had training as a stunt man or something near it. But whilst the actual defenses may be rusty, Vera can testify that falling is one of the things that you tend to remember a looooong time, sort of like riding a bicycle. Actually it was probably a foolhardy thing to do, but when you start something like that you don't stop to think. You just do it, or you wind up breaking your fool neck.

Yessirree, I think I'll be going back to Karate School sometime soon. That was a lot of fun.

So was this. My first real honest-to-Ghu CRYletter in--what? Six years?

Yhos,

Richard Schultz

(Your first CRYletter in six years, and we made an article of it! Rotten us!)



I really don't know what I would do without H. Warner. He has furnished the inspiration for most of these CRY columns. The deadline begins to grow perilously near and I am stuck with a blank sheet of paper so I turn to HORIZONS or to the various letters of H. Warner that appear hither and yon and always manage to find something on which to build a column. This particular one, for example, stems from some comments H. Warner made in FAPA a while back about a werewolf story.

I suppose that most of us, when we think of the classic werewolf tale, think of "Darker Than You Think," by Jack Williamson. It is, indeed, one of the best and Jack wrote it as science fiction rather than fantasy, which is to say that all is explained by the natural rather than by the supernatural. However, "Darker Than You Think" is not the story under consideration in this column. I may take it up later for it is an excellent story.

There have been any number of werewolf stories and most of them have been bad. The concept of the werewolf is an ancient one going far back in European folklore and superstition. The wolf was, and still is, one of the most fearsome animals and it is only natural that he should become involved with the supernatural. In other parts of the world there are legends of werebears and weretigers but for us there is the werewolf--the accursed human being who, when the conditions are right, turns into a wolf. ("Even a man who is pure of heart and says his prayers by night can become a wolf when the wolfbane blooms and the moon is full and bright.") Tony Boucher gave the theme an excellent treatment with "The Compleat Werewolf" in the old UNKNOWN WORLDS and it was a typical UNKNOWN story told with tongue in cheek and providing a laugh at the supernatural. I think, however, that the best treatment of the theme in the classic horror mode is Franklin Gregory's "The White Wolf."

I really have no idea of what the printing history of "The White Wolf" is or exactly when it was written. It was copyrighted by Random House in 1941 which means, I presume, that there was a hardcover edition of the story. I first read it in TWO COMPLETE DETECTIVE STORIES MAGAZINE sometime in the early 40's. There was a later reprinting in the August, 1952, issue of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. I should imagine that it was written around 1940. After reading H. Warner's remarks I dug the FFM edition off the shelves and re-read it. It is a chiller.

The setting is Philadelphia and its environs around 1940. The family de Camp d'Avesnes is an ancient one going back eight or nine hundred years. The family was of the nobility in France and, like most of the medieval nobles, concerned itself mostly with hunting and making war and fighting with the count in the next county. Henri, Comte de Saint-Pol, went crusading with Louis IX and did a bit of wandering before he returned to France. While journeying through the East he picked up the secret of a certain perfume and it was on the manufacture of this scent that the family fortune eventually was built. Gervase de Camp d'Avesnes managed to escape the Revolution with his head and the formula and settled in Philadelphia where he recouped the family fortune.

But the family tree grows old and all that is left is Pierre



and his daughter, Sara. Pierre, growing older, spends his days manufacturing perfume and growing richer and his evenings sitting in the overstuffed luxury of the Bankers and Manufacturers Club telling tales about his family. Sara, twentyish, spends her time in Junior League and attending parties with the college crowd. You know the bunch: Chick Hunt of the varsity football team and Beefy Collins and Sylvia Ambler and Ann Curtis and, of course, David Trent. David is the son of Manning Trent, newspaper publisher and their neighbor, and he and Sara have sort of an understanding.

So there is the picture--the rich and the powerful and their children and the world is peaches and cream until one Hallowe'en...

At the B&M Club the respectable and conservative gentlemen are spending a respectable and conservative evening. Since it is Hallowe'en the talk naturally turns to ghosts and witches and the like. "Pierre said, 'I never saw a ghost walk, either. I never saw a witch ride. But I've an ancestor...'" and he tells the tale of Hughes who quarelled with the Comte d'Auxi and the Comte de Beaurain-sur-Canche. Hughes had them on the run and they took refuge in the Abbey of Saint-Riquier. Hughes sacked the Abbey and killed more than 3000 men, women and children. He won his argument but lost his soul. That was in 1131 and for more than 400 years after that he haunted the area seen sometimes as a huge white wolf burdened with chains.

Meanwhile Sara and her bunch are at a ball and there is the strangest man there. Sara is much attracted to him and later when the party gets dull she suggests they all go get their fortunes told at a place she knows--how did she know?--in Philadelphia's slums but the "doctor" isn't really a fortune teller but is the same strange man.

Sara goes back to the house in the slums a number of times and Pierre notices a great change in her. She eats little, she goes for nocturnal walks, she is no longer interested in her former friends or activities.

Strange things begin to occur around the countryside. Farm animals are killed. There is rumor of a wolf. A couple of children are killed and the wolf is seen. David falls more and more under Sara's spell and then there are two wolves.

Pierre, worried about Sara's mental condition, searches the old family records for a history of insanity. He doesn't find it but he does find the loup-garou. Running through the family is a strain of lycanthropy and Sara is the 7th generation since it last appeared.

Pierre looks for and finds the werewolf signs in Sara and eventually, as horror follows horror he does what he has to do and ends it with a silver bullet.

"The White Wolf" is a very good story. Gregory tells it well and at the same time injects a variety of pertinent observations into his tale. He has some good reflections of the attitudes of society and class differences. Some of the characters are stock but one finds this in any work of fiction. The major characters are well drawn and the atmosphere of the story is suitably gloomy. Highly recommended but I also recommend that you try to get something other than the FFM version for Mary Gnaedinger, whom many praise, did her usual sloppy job of cutting and editing. The FFM version tends to be a bit disjointed at times and there is a one particular passage in which a description of David becomes a description of the stranger and is quite confusing.

"The White Wolf." Read it on a winter's night.



1. FOOD IS THE INTESTINE

Bending over to tie his shoelace, he was Dr. Sam Uncles.

Shoelace tied, he straightened. *Must make a good impression on them*, he grinned inwardly. Japan had herded all of her Hairy Ainu into the Hirsute Peninsula Sanctuary decades before, preserving their culture via the Second Alternative. The First Alternative was crewcuts. Dr. Uncles was the first bald man the Ainu had seen for twenty years.

"Eh, eh," began one of the balls of fur--facing?--him. "This fellow's name is Charlesluck, but you, eh, eh, can call him Chuckaluck."

Strangely disturbed, Dr. Uncles nodded. Another ball of fur, subtly rounded, approached with fat, bubbling meat held out in what must be a furry hand.

*Blubber?* Dr. Uncles surmised glibly. *And female?*

"Eh, eh," Chuckaluck giggled. "She share your bed tonight. Hope you not, eh, eh, ticklish." Salivating uncertainly, Dr. Uncles took the meat, stared at the--girl? His sex life had never been very satisfactory. There had been only the girl next door in the vacant lot one rainy Saturday and the girl across the street in that dusty attic one dull Tuesday and the second cousin at the picnic and the class secretary in the darkened gym and then forty-three college sorority girls for a total of sixty-five times (*or was it sixty-five sorority girls for a total of forty-three times?*, Uncles wondered abstrusely) and those graduate assistants and faculty wives and that night on the davenport in Davenport with the Dean of Women, then the second cousin again at a family reunion, followed by the rest of the family or at least that segment thereof permitted him by genetic law, then the female taxi driver with the meter running and the bunny at the Biloxi Playboy Club and the all-girl orchestra in Cincinnati, and that was all, except of course for his tour of Marseilles whorehouses as the 1987 Sun God. He felt vaguely inadequate.

"Thanks for the blubber, eh, eh, Chuckaluck," Dr. Uncles parried gracefully, native monosyllables and all.

"My word, eh, eh, you have, eh, eh, hiccups too? Anyway, that is not blubber, eh, eh. Piece of sixty-foot tall green lizard Tokyo Sanitation Department dumped, eh, eh, here."

Disgustedly astonished, Uncles thought, *be polite*. "My, so much salt you have given me. All over the meat."

It was the female ball of fur that answered; startled, Dr. Uncles swung around to her. "Salt, schmalt. You never see before oh-so-pretty dandruff?"

A wild surmise, gyrations, an almost physical impact upon the bald skull of Sam Uncles. Almost as though the ground had arisen, smiting him on that skull, an answer. *But that means they're not...*

Thud. Physical impact, ground rising. Thud. He had tied his shoelaces together.

*...human...*

"Eh, eh, take him to the hut and go to it, Lotsaluck. Big Daddy Bear will, eh, eh, be pleased."

2. ARE UNDERGRADUATES HUMAN?

*But what's the purpose of all this*, Dr. Sam Uncles queried himself unmercifully, striding home from his daily lecture at the Berkeley Barber College, home to wife Lotsaluck, who was shedding again. *We're born, we live, we die, we think in italics, we shed, what does it all mean?* And, as always, the answer came back: *three cents a word*.

Those had been busy months; breaking out of the Sanctuary on Chuckaluck's Yamaha, Lotsaluck a furry bundle behind--there had been no dangerous fauna sighted until they had neared Tokyo, when a pterodactyl and a giant moth attacked. It had



been tough for Lotsaluck, but she wouldn't stay behind and he wouldn't leave her, for in her embrace he fell through exploding crystalline galaxies vibrating to unknown harmonies toward white planets overflowing with joy and life which lifted wings in slow, breathless flights to anywhere and nowhere. He'd had worse.

It was necessary that someone escape the Sanctuary, for great deprivation was upon the Hairy Ainu. *Or are they Hairy Ainu?* thought Sam Uncles inquisitively. *Dandruff! Pounds of dandruff every day! No human could produce so much!*

The question bothered him. *Are these real Hairy Ainu? And if so, are they human?* One of his students at the Barber College had asked as much. "What kinda weird broad you married, teach?" Steve Jerseycity had asked, surreptitiously offering him an electric shaver. To eliminate hair is to eliminate dandruff, clearly. *But Lotsaluck loves her dandruff,* Dr. Uncles thought perplexedly. *She refuses to part with it. We have closets and closets full.*

At least, human or not, his flight from the Sanctuary had ended the Ainu deprivation. Aroused, the Japanese government had sent in crate after crate of cheap plastic combs, each stamped "Made in Atlantic City." Combing themselves, the Ainu managed to eat the rest of the lizard without getting hair in their mouths. When that was finished, there was the pterodactyl and the giant moth. Shampoo had been offered as well, to end the unsightly dandruff, but the Han, as people had begun calling them, refused such gifts when they learned their purpose. *What is the purpose?* repeated Dr. Uncles frantically. *Lotsaluck says it's Big Daddy Bear, and Fred Pohl says it's three cents a word. But was it is, really? Why am I writing this? Why are you reading it?* There was no answer.

Opening his door, he was still Dr. Sam Uncles, world's greatest authority on the Han, fourth-most-popular Associate Professor at the Berkeley Barber College, husband of Lotsaluck and co-owner of half a ton of dandruff. The electric shaver was hidden in the refrigerator behind the North Star beer, just in case. *But could Lotsaluck adjust to no more dandruff? Could I adjust to a hairless Lotsaluck? It would tickle less. Is that good? Bad?*

He glanced at the newspaper on the table. Headlines shrieked at him, JAPAN DESTROYED; SINKS UNDER WEIGHT OF DANDRUFF. *We're next,* Dr. Uncles mused bemusedly. Beside the newspaper, a note: "Honeyluck, this person has gone with Steve Jerseycity. He has promised this person many crates of Greasy Kid Stuff. This person will love you forever. P.S. Don't forget to pick up your shirts at the cleaners. Your Poopsieluck." Dr. Uncles ran to the closets, opened them. *At least she left me something,* he thought bitterly. Then he dug out the electric shaver and called to reserve a place on the next flight to where Japan used to be. *Big Daddy Bear, I'm coming.*

### 3. OUR MAN IN HANOI

Dr. Sam Uncles stared wearily at Ho III. Ho III stared sulkily at Dr. Sam Uncles. The Han stared at each other, giggling and flaking off dandruff in eight ounce lots. *I don't understand any of this,* Dr. Uncles whimpered quietly. *I've been in cold sleep for twenty years. The world seems to have changed. Nobody ever tells me anything.*

His attempt to shave the Han had been a tragic fiasco. The Han had been moved to giant rafts supplied by the Helping Hands for Han Society, bearded young men and women from the States. Dr. Uncles had pounced upon the first Han he found upon arrival. Not until clipped bald was the victim disclosed to be, instead, one of the bearded young men. *At least it wasn't one of the bearded young women,* Sam Uncles shuddered thankfully. But the public had cried out for blood, waved placards: NO DEFOLIATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION; FREEDOM TO FLAKE. He had been sentenced to life in the most modern of penal institutes. The penitentiary supplied him with seven-course dinners, first-run films, unlimited hobby equipment, and nubile young widows. There was also a television set. Prison breaks were a constant threat, as those outside regularly attempted to break in. But since the television set watched *him*, Dr. Sam Uncles disliked life there.



Successful in his escape, Dr. Uncles found himself the world's most hated man, a cleangeneocidal maniac whose horrible attempt at shaving the Han had made him the obvious successor to Eichmann. Escaping the mobs, he had fled to his old apartment, hoping to replace the shaver behind the North Star beer. *I may not be clever, but at least I'm neat*, Dr. Uncles back-patted wryly. But the door had swung shut behind him; trapped in the refrigerator, he had remained twenty years in suspended animation until a group of raffle-ticket-selling Boy Scouts had accidentally discovered him, defrosted, briefed him briefly, then parachuted him into Hanoi.

Ho III spoke, "Freeloader in my brain, of what are you thinking?"

*I'm glad you asked that*, Dr. Uncles nodded sagely. Actually, he was thinking about the Boy Scouts and how much he hated them. *Damn Baden-Powell*. They had told him nothing. During those twenty years he had slept, the balance of power had shifted. North and South Viet Nam, each helped so extensively by its richer allies in the now-fifty-year-old war, had eventually so denuded the economies and manpower of East and West blocks that they had outstripped their allies and become the world's two great powers. Too late, Russia, China, the U.S., learned fear. *Those Boy Scouts were taking orders from Saigon*. Here he was, trapped in Ho III's mile-deep secret base with a few score flakey Han and a dictator who didn't stand a chance against those psi powers that Dr. Uncles had forgotten he had. He had been sent to negotiate a ceasefire, but it was hopeless. *The weight of dandruff from North Vietnamese Han--they're all over the globe now--must have caused an earthquake above, ruptured all lines of communication. But what is the purpose of communication when there is no purpose in purpose?*

"Oh, nothing much," Dr. Uncles answered vocally. There was no comeback from Ho III. Sam Uncles turned, slowly--he had never forgotten the lesson learned that day on the Hirsute Peninsula. Ho III was dead. Smothered to death by Dr. Uncles' italics. It was a horrible way to go.

Sobered, Sam Uncles motioned a Han over. *She looks like Lotsaluck*, he sighed despondently. *If it is a she*. But then, he would never have been sure about Lotsaluck either, were it not for those exploding galaxies and white planets. There had been a bad moment in Tokyo when he had suddenly been afraid that the furry figure behind him on the Yamaha seat might have been, my some mistake, Chuckaluck himself. Solemnly, he ran his fingers through the Han's hair. Dandruff fluttered down, burying Ho III in a gray-white tomb.

Suddenly all the Han stiffened, sighed audibly, shouted "Big Daddy Bear! Big Daddy Bear!" They began digging madly for the surface.

#### 4. THE PURPOSE OF IT ALL

Dig they must. Four years.

A mile of earth. Dandruff cascading down, dandruff-covered rocks, dandruff-covered soil, dandruff-covered dandruff.

"Big Daddy Bear is waiting!"

Strange superstition, Dr. Uncles thought, not in italics this time. There was no room in the tiny tunnel for the Han, himself, and italics all at once. Wonder how it started.

Dinosaur bones. Tiny mammal bones. Primate bones. Peking Man bones. (Hanoi Man bones? he wondered briefly). Porcelain shards. Arrowheads. A broken knife. A whole knife. A bayonet. A rifle. A howitzer.

"We've reached civilization," Dr. Uncles chortled smugly.

"Big Daddy Bear is waiting!"

A comic book. Discarded condoms. (*Some American flyer must have been forced down on this spot once*, Dr. Uncles deduced, risking the italics.) Suddenly, daylight. After thirty years of fornicating, lecturing, collecting dandruff, serving a jail term, hibernating, parachuting, being tortured, putting a mental full nelson on Ho III, and now four years of digging up from a mile-deep prison, Dr. Sam Uncles



felt that he was about to discover the Purpose of It All.

His head broke clear into a gray-white world. Except for a large white spot on the horizon, there was nothing in sight. *Snow? In Hanoi? No....*

Sam Uncles stared out over the level surface of dandruff stretching in all directions. *The weight must have collapsed all buildings, wore down all mountains. It's just like the whole world is covered in snow, except it's warmer, more pleasant. An Arctic Utopia. But to whom would such a world...* His italics left little tracks in the dandruff-drifts.

The Han had boiled out of the tunnel behind him, shouting "Big Daddy Bear! Big Daddy Bear!" Dr. Uncles glanced down at his shoelaces--*all right*--and turned. The white spot was closer now. Much closer.

The eighty-foot tall polar bear with the golden halo about his head bent down, nodded tenderly to the Han. "You have done well," came his voice, sounding god-like, sounding like crystalline galaxies vibrating to unknown harmonies and all the rest. "You are now the Chosen Ones. I was getting pretty damn sick of Eskimoes, anyway." Then His face turned to Sam Uncles.

"Somebody's been sleeping on My planet," He said sternly, and as the giant white foot descended upon his head, Dr. Sam Uncles realized for the first and last time the true Purpose of Life, and, lacking even porridge, died laughing, hysterically, in italics.





## P l o w   T h a t   C r a z y   B i c y c l e

About two years ago I bought and read Mark S. Geston's first novel, "Lords of the Starship". Set in a shambling rundown post-multiAtomigeddon world, the story is not pleasant. In the "idea-as-hero" vein, the hero of this book is Futility. Fascinating piece of work, though: there are some lovely ironical touches with regard to the self-defeating tendencies of bureaucracies, "empire building" and the general throat-cutting of organizational political infighting. But Geston at the end seems to need to bring in his own version of Mordor Triumphant, and this reader was left with a foul taste in the (figurative) mouth. But Geston has now written a sequel that makes the first book look like Pollyanna or H. Alger.

If the theme of "...Starship" is that All Human Endeavor is Futile", the theme of "Out of the Mouth of the Dragon" is that All CREATION is Futile and Should be Stopped. Geston's agonized world is several hundred (or thousand?) years further along in its hopeless degeneration. The main activity of its people is to raise up armies every hundred years or so to go to the Wars, whose objective is to bring an end to life. "False Armigeddons" result when these attempts fail; Geston's characters sometimes commit individual suicide at the Bad News that the latest War hasn't brought about overall mass suicide. They wish only an overall extinction.

And these are the GOOD Guys in the book! The Bad Guys are such cruds that they sabotage the Army and kill each other off before the Army can even get to the ordained battlefield. Meanwhile the author has all of Creation going sour; the skies are no longer dependable for navigation, etc. All plant and animal life is evilly distorted and malign; don't ask me what the people live on.

The author's final mistake/mystique is to the effect that while the land is befouled (also the heavens), the sea is still clean and healthy. Well, I guess you know his answer to that. Yep; with a symbolic last-page twitch, Geston has his protagonist [read: Chief Victim] befoul the sea in a purely ritualistic way, so that "Creation was at last truly dying; by tomorrow it would be dead". The guy had stuck a bayonet in the tideflats, f'CRYsakes...

Two books [or maybe it is one book in two parts] are not enough grounds to judge a writer, I suppose. Geston has a strong descriptive and conceptual faculty, but I dislike the trend of his writing: "...Dragon" lacks any touch of the irony or wit that touched up the grimness of the earlier book, and is 100% Bringdown.

I do hope that Mr. Geston's next book will contradict and disprove my current impression that There Goes One Sick Kid; he looks pretty necrophilic from here.

Let's now cut to Brian Aldiss' "Cryptozoic!" which probably needs another "o" in it to be Ethnic, but maybe not. Speak not of New Wave or Old Wave, either here or in the above paragraphs, but when I saw Miz Judy Merrill's enthusiastic squib on the flyleaf of this one, I should of knowed better. It starts off well...

Aldiss propounds a novel and fairly-consistent set of rules for time-travel (called "mind-travel") and sets an interesting though somewhat depressing stage for his story, and carries it about halfway along, very well.

Then he blows it, piece by piece. First he changes the rules completely in midstride with no explanation then or ever. I suppose the ending could explain it, but if so the last half of the book is nothing but a Big Sell and essentially meaningless and wasted effort. Then he works up to a supposed finale that will not hold water [Time Really Runs BACKWARDS, you see; he tries hard but can't make it march, because it takes a little hardcore physical-science knowledge to be able to fake this kind of thing so that it will stand up under its own weight]. And then finally, copping out from the impossible position of a character who has learned that Time has flowed both ways to his own Present (so that he has NOWhen to go to, though the author does not say so), we cut to The Copout Primeval, or Tall Corn. It's all been a ~~Dream~~ Hallucination, you see-- or HAS it? So Merrill loved it...

As a matter of fact, I liked a lot of it, too. And would have liked it as a whole, if only the author had the self-discipline to make his shoes fit on the correct feet when he writes, instead of ducking out with the Unreality Bit, no-less.



Two years ago, reviewers cautioned me that Norman Spinrad's "The Men in the Jungle" was a very bad book. It still is, but I had to prove this for myself, for some idiotic reason. The sadism-based setup of the planet Sangre, the scene of the story, is worked out rather ingeniously-- but not used well. Spinrad wastes the whole schmeer on big Action scenes which consist of strewing the maximum of blood and guts out in plain view. I have a reasonably strong stomach but it does get monotonous.

ACE has out a Tom Disch book based on and entitled "The Prisoner". Not the same as the TV show in several ways, but interesting if you liked the show, & I did. [For one thing, in the book, #6 never meets #2 until quite late in the game. On the show, of course, he met a new #2 every week.] Just this evening (11 Sept), by the way, we watched the rerun of the final "Prisoner" episode. Since there has been considerable discussion of the series, a few comments might not hurt. We were watching like eagle-eyed, hoping to settle a few questions that have been tossed around. OK: the Prisoner does NOT see his own face when he pulls the 2nd mask off the supposed #1 in the rocket. The dwarf leaves the scene by entering a house in London that looks just like a house in The Village, and the number on the door (if you look QUICKLY) is #1. McGoohan has said in print that The Village is the real world, from which there is no escape. Yet he does escape in the final episode; at the end, he is zipping down the road in his sports car and the bars do NOT crash together across the picture. All through the series, the Prisoner's resistance to the Village is overdone; he wastes advantages that he could have <sup>had</sup> by faking it a little bit. At the end he is (or is not, depending on how symbolic you figure the machine-guns to be) set free with full admiration from the Village staff, for preserving himself as an individual. It seems as if Pat McG is saying that when your world really is united against you, paranoia is the only way to fly, to win out. The thesis is a bit too simplistic, but it's an attractive short-cut and I can recall occasions when it worked out in real life. Yet I think The Prisoner would have done better to pretend to play along a little more; for one thing, he cut himself off from much useful information, by being so gahdam hardheaded. Well, it was an interesting series; I do wish that all the episodes had been shown in the US.

Some years ago, a fella named William Peter Blatty wrote a farce/spoof called "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home" and was sued (or almost; I forget) by Notre Dame, for lese majesty or blasphemy or something. This same fella has now written "Twinkle, Twinkle, Killer Kane" (original copyright 1966, out in paperback last month), which is blurbed as being another "Catch-22". Well, it's much skinnier, but otherwise the blurb isn't too far off. If you like far-out stuff, grab it.

We hear that the StLouisCon was quite gassy in spite of huge crowds and the usual hotel drawbacks [this time, another Two Towers scene a la ChiconIII, with very sick elevators]. The planning for future Con schedules, if rumor has it right, sounds pretty idiotic, though. Like, I hear tell that a "National Con" will be held next year while the WorldCon visits Heidelberg, and that this National thing will be held in Atlanta, Georgia. Now that's Real Cool, gang. What a succession of fuggheaded business meetings have wrought, it appears, is a neat little trick so that in this four-year period, the East Coast gets two out of four Cons. What I say to that, is:

\*Stuff It.\* The National (so-called "World") Cons were getting too big, anyway.

I see only one way to cut loose from the mess begun by calling US-Cons Worldcons and then trying to hand one across the seas now and then but still Keep Control. That is to drop the Worldcon label for US Cons except when worldwide fandom votes one over here, have a National Con (or North American) each year on a 3-year Rotation Plan, keep a sensible distinction between the funds and awards of North American Cons and WorldCons, and quit trying to pretend to share the Worldcon while really trying to keep full control of it in this country. The Worldcon label was a farce, but the Internationalists have made a real mess of it. Consider...

How about all the loot that the average US Con collects and passes on to the next Con? Cons have come to depend on that for early financing. It was not possible to send the whole bag to London in '65 because the United Kingdom has currency strictures that let money in but not out. Query: if the Worldcon and USCon are One, is the loot



collected in 3 years of USCons to be sent overseas with the Worldcon every 4 years? If so, I pity the poor Committee that bids for the year afterward. International finance is really more than a poor bedeviled ConCommittee should have to cope with. With all the good will and good faith in the world, no group of fans in any country (including this one) can vouch for the acts of their respective gummints. What if France had had the WorldCon while deGaulle was making his assaults on the dollar and on the pound?? [The next ConCommittee would have lost its ass, is all. Think it over.]

The Hugoes are getting so complicated that I'm losing interest in them, but here is another point about Worldcons vs USCons. Is Heidelberg, or Atlanta, going to handle these awards next year? These are basically US awards with an occasional fillip to the UK; there is no point in trying to pretend that they have been "World" awards. And on the other hand, there is no reason that they should be, since it is hardly practical to have ignorant monolingual Americans trying to vote on a selection of science fiction printed in several languages.

All right; let's drop the phony "World" thing for our continental Cons, and keep our own rotation and funds and awards things. Let the Worldcon be to the NorthAmerican Con as it has been to the Westercons in the past: when they coincide, thass Jes' Fine.

I realize that this idea is entirely too simple and workable to suit the red-tape artists who have been putting all the garbage through recent Con business meetings, but that's all right. You see, I don't really give a damn, personally. I only mention these things from a sort of public-service reflex, and if no one cares, so be it. I've had my say-so, and that's more than most people get, these days. [I really don't feel anywhere near as grotchky as this passage may sound. I just get fed up with the deal, in fandom and out, of trying to solve an over-complicated situation by invariably adding further complications to it. So I think I'll sit this one out. And you...??]

The Nameless Ones, Seattle's most nameless science-fiction club, completed its second decade of existence with its September (12th) 1969 meeting, having first met one day rather late in September 1949. Next meeting would be its 20th Annish, if the club were a fanzine [and heaven knows it's full of typoses!]. Unlike the LASFS, we have no idea what "number" this meeting will be; we lost track of the numbering system about the time of the SeaCon, give or take a year, and have been on so many different schedules since then that even a horseback guess might get bucked off. I do recall that the 100th meeting was on my birthday (March 11) in 1954, when the club was about 4-1/2 years old-- that it was mostly twice-a-month but sometimes had extra meetings on a "5th Thursday" in a month or whatever-- that it was once-per-month for a few (how many?) years-- and that it occasionally had impromptu meetings called at various occasions such as the Boise Westercon. And do we count the times that the party was great but no one ever got around to call a meeting to order, much less adjourn it?

But it has been said that all knowledge is contained in fanzines. So I shall here make it official, unless proven wrong by the (ha!) Evidence, that the Nameless Ones in its first 20 years held exactly 400 meetings, and that the October meeting shall be-- historically, if not factually-- Meeting #401. So Much For History.

And the Nameless Matrimonial Bureau strikes again! By the time you read this, it will be Dr. & Mrs. Wm. Broxon: Bill and Mildred are making the leap on Sept. 15. That makes at least six marriages within the club over the past umpteen years, which is not bad for a fairly-small group. [The McBeths' marriage was ended by Ron's death, and the Austins' by divorce, but (in chronological order) the Busbys, Webberts and Ballards are still going strong, so the Broxons will have the Law of Averages going for them, as well as our Very Best Wishes.]

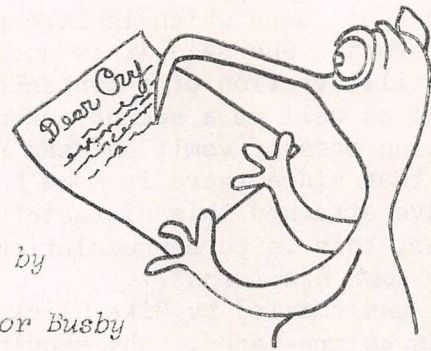
And speaking of Best Wishes, I have it off the Late Night Final that Dick Geis won the Best Fanzine Hugo, for his PSY/SFR, at St. Louis. Dick was in there with some pretty rugged competition; it would have been hard to fault the voters' choice of any winner in the final field. But I'm glad PSY made it; Dick gets such a fine Fierce Fannish Flavor on the zine. So congratulations and best wishes, you ol' Dick Geis, you...!



# CRY of The READERS

Conducted by

Elinor Busby



MARTY HELGESEN LEADS OFF  
Hi,

11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, N.Y. 11565  
July 27, 1969

In 181, Elinor, you ask what's with me as if I had been a prolific CRYhack in the old days. Actually I wrote very few letters then, too, and only one got past the dread menace of WE ALSO HEARD FROM to the lettercol itself. That one was my request for the missing pages, so if you hadn't done that I would never have received my CRYHACK card. I think I'll write about the first year of the new CRY (except 175 and 176 which I missed--grrr) and let you worry about what parts of the letter are too dated.

Did you call me mediocre? Yep. In CRY 142 you said that one of the characteristics of a fan who is likely to stay in fandom is a memorable name. You then evaluated the names from WAHF as to memorableness and said, "Martin Helgesen and Norm Metcalf have inbetweenish names." At a later worldcon Norm read my nametag and asked, "How does it feel to be mediocre?" I had forgotten the column and was momentarily rather puzzled. Incidentally, in view of Phil Haldeman's article in 182 is Marty Helgesen any better? How about my 'official' name Martin W. Helgesen? *(In the first place, inbetweenish and mediocre are two different concepts. In the second, if I had said your name was mediocre, I wouldn't have been calling you mediocre because the map is not the territory. #Marty Helgesen is a fine name for a CRYhack. If you ever get elected President or become a Nobel prize winner, Martin W. Helgesen would be preferable.)*

In 177 you comment to Rick Cook about con hotels. The hotel for the Pittcon (which is where we met) was beautiful. We had the whole top floor to ourselves. Even the elevators were good. One bank was express from the lobby to the convention floor and local down; the other bank was express down and local up. Speaking of hotel elevators, last summer when I was in Russia I was fascinated by the hotel elevators in Rostov on Don. Only the back 2/3 of a car could be used because the doors didn't slide, they folded.

Renfrew Pemberton's "Classified Document" was double plus good. I showed it to some ST fans at work who broke up over it.

Vonda: Before I became a librarian I worked in the actuarial bureau of an insurance company, and we used the computer every day. One day we took the policy number from a group which had canceled (to avoid doing any real damage) and put cards into the run punched so that the print out, instead of showing the name of a group, read HELP IM TRAPPED ON TAPE. We later learned that every quarter the top executives get a print out summary of the names of all canceled groups.

I like the idea of Harlan being notified that some student he never heard of has encountered an emergency. I work at CCNY and have been taking courses part time toward a second master's. The registration forms ask for the name of a faculty member who knows me. I always put down my own name.

Elinor said that you and Vera are judo experts. I have occasionally thought of studying judo, but I have a question. There are lots of judo schools in New York. If I decide to take up the study, how can I choose a good one? What criteria should I look for?



I asked my spy from Bratislava about *Strc prst skrs krk*. She said it is Slovak (not Czech which is *Strc prst pres krk*) and means Stick your finger down your throat. She said it is used in Slovak schools as a pronunciation drill and an illustration of a sentence with no vowels. (Note that the Czech form has a vowel as well as a second accent.) I specifically asked about the connotation of making oneself vomit and she said no, she had never heard of this. It occurs to me that since there is some hostility between Czechs and Slovaks, the Czechs may have attached this distasteful connotation to the Slovak form of the sentence. However, this is pure speculation. (*But Marty, why else would anybody stick his finger down his throat?*)

I was puzzled by Mike Glicksohn's reference to the Apollo 8 reading from Genesis as pre-taped. Why should they bother taping something they could just as easily read live? Remember, all three of the astronauts are known to be committed Christians. They believe Genesis. Not literally, of course. It wasn't written to be taken literally, but they believe it. I think that's what bugged a lot of people. For years some people have been telling themselves and everyone else that science had destroyed religion and taken over the job of explaining the universe; that it is impossible for a person with scientific knowledge to believe in God. Then they see three men, highly trained in science and technology, orbiting the moon as a result of the scientific and technical knowledge of thousands of others, professing their belief in God. Buzz Aldrin recited Psalm 8:4-5 on the way home from the moon, but that didn't have the same dramatic setting, so it probably won't produce the same reaction.

Roy Tackett says that the reading was for those who believe that "the moon is only a dozen or so feet below the Pearly Gate." I think they read it because they thought it was appropriate as an expression of their own feelings. Actually, I wonder how many such fundamentalists still exist. They may well be outnumbered by the fundamentalist atheists who assume that all religion is like that and in rejecting fundamentalism reject all religion. They know that there is no old man with a white beard sitting on a cloud throwing lightning bolts, so they assume that there is no God; not knowing what God really is. An example is cosmonaut Gherman Titov who said that he knew there was no God because he had not seen him or any angels while he was in orbit.

Since the Pearly Gates were mentioned and since there were earlier discussions of heaven, the Beatific Vision, reincarnation, etc., I'll say a few words about it, identifying myself as a Catholic for the sake of label fans. Heaven consists primarily of a created participation in God's own divine life. The Beatific Vision is the direct "face to face" knowledge we will have of the infinite beauty and perfection of God. He will be directly present in our intellects as we are in His. The Beatific Union is the loving union which exists between those in heaven and God Who is Love. Heaven should not be thought of as an arbitrary reward for doing good, in which there is no connection between the achievement and the reward, such as a transistor radio or a wrist watch being given to a graduating student. A better analogy is the admission of a student into college on the basis of his success in high school. In successfully completing high school a student has, in theory, acquired the information and study habits he needs to do college level work. If a student without this knowledge were to enter a college, he would be unable to follow what was going on. Our life on earth is a preparation for the life to come. If while a person is on earth he chooses to do God's will then when he enters the next life he will receive what he has chosen--God. This, as I said above, constitutes heaven. If, on the other hand, he chooses his own will and rejects God, he will receive what he has chosen--himself, without God. This self imposed separation from God, who is the fulfillment of all human desire, constitutes the essential suffering of hell. Sartre's *No Exit* is an interesting dramatization of the connection between one's life on earth and one's life after death. The three people realize that they are tormenting themselves and that if



they just sat quietly they would not suffer. However, they have so twisted their characters by their lives on earth that they cannot sit quietly. They have to squabble and jab at each other, and so they suffer.

Marty Helgesen

(Marty, I like the concept of the fundamentalist atheists. Very likely they do outnumber the fundamentalist Christians, however there are plenty of the latter around too. One of my sisters is one, and her husband and all his relatives, and there are a family of them down the street a couple houses. In fact there is a whole collegefull of fundamentalist Christians not three miles from here. #Mike Glicksohn's remark about the reading of Genesis being pre-taped puzzled me too, until when typing your letter it occurred to me that he meant it in the sense of its being pre-planned. When astronauts are consciously speaking to the whole world and trying to say something memorable, it's ridiculous to suppose that what they say wasn't planned before they left earth. For example, when Armstrong said, "One small step for man, one giant step for mankind," I'm sure it was the culmination of many days of anxious striving by many talented people, to achieve the most suitable First Words on the Moon. And I for one was satisfied with them. #Marty also mentioned needing KIPPLEs 145, 159 and 161. If anybody has 'em and doesn't want 'em, you've got Marty's address at the head of the letter).

BOB VARDEMAN FOLLOWS

P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112

Dear Town-Criers,

July 27, 1969

Take all the usual platitudes about meaning to write sometime commenting on your most excellent CRY and place them in the following spot:

Now that we have the usual part of a LoC out of the way compliments of many other writers more gifted at making excuses than I, it is possible to proceed to commenting on CRY 182. I see the deadline for material is yesterday, but knowing fannish schedules I'm certain this is just a matter of formality and that you Don't Really Mean It. (*We just held you over an issue, that's all.*)

I laughed all the way thru The Collected Wit and Humor of Eldridge Cleaver. One of the funniest things Henry Gibson has composed (on Laugh-In) is the following ditty:

Eldridge Cleaver, power leader  
Had a wife and had to leave her.  
He skipped bail at fifty thou.  
I wonder where he is right now?

This, of course, was before EC started negotiating for entry into the US from Algiers or wherever.

I must say Vonda oozes venom against JJP.

Otherwise, her program rating system is quite practical. However, there might be some major quibbling over rating some of the shows. For instance, I'd be tempted to rate the Doris Day show as "A"--arousing. It definitely arouses me--to pick up an ax or chair or anything heavy and heave it thru the picture tube.

As to the "Caution: Watching this program may rot your brain" warning, somehow I think this is true of about 95% of the stuff lurking behind the glass eyeball. With the exception of super-special events like the Apollo 11 coverage, there is so little that is even diverting, much less entertaining, that I'm inclined to agree that TV is a vast wasteland (as opposed to New Mexico which is only a limited wasteland).

In spite of John Pierce's rantings and ravings, he is doing something useful for sf. He is forcing people to read all the books he puts down. Reading sf seems to have gone out of style with Papa Hugo or maybe in that elusive "golden age." I mean, to argue with Pierce, you have to have read his pet peeves (like Jug Back Barren is at the moment). What pains me most about his jihad is that he is taking the spotlight off the truly worthy books like "Isle of the Dead" and



and "Nova" and "Up the Line" and "Dune Messiah" and goodies like this and trying to put down pieces of froth that would not endure anyway.

By considering them (like BJB) worthy of his scorn, he is really placing them on a higher plane than they deserve. If he really disliked the books of the New Wave, I should think they'd be beneath his notice or at most, he'd mention the stench they left.

After reading BJB, tho, I've decided that Spinrad is a good-author-gone-bad. How, I dunno. His short stories have been remarkably good, e.g. The Equalizers and Carcinoma Angels. His novels have shown great improvement in writing ability and I think BJB shows that he has great potential if he is ever willing to drop the facade of crusading-boy-writer and get down to writing serious straight-from-the-shoulder, non-hoked-up sf.

JJP thinks Spinrad makes too much out of the power junkie scene. I think this is one of the two things Spinrad brought off most spectacularly in the book. While by no means an original topic (sf and mainstream literature are loaded with books about power mad "power junkies"), he brings it out effectively. His other successful point is the basic idea--the Bug Jack Barron TV show. After seeing Joe Pyne once or twice, I'd say this is a brilliant extrapolation of things to come.

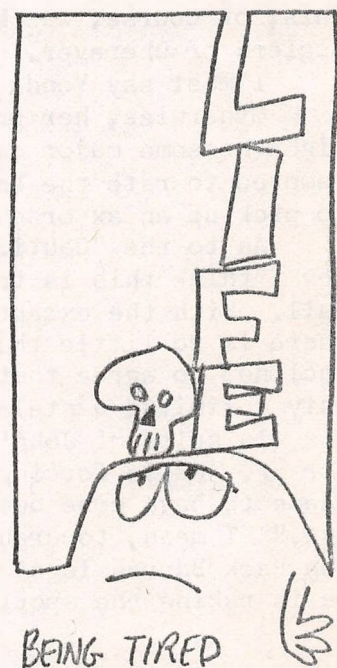
One thing that I wonder about in JJ's "attack", tho is the claim that Spinrad's extrapolations have glaring errors in them. How can you tell, JJ? A secret time machine, perhaps? Geewhiz, all I can do is say an extrapolation sounds good or is highly improbably but never that it contains glaring errors. I have to wait 20 years and then look back and see (and very little holds up under that criterion).

The subject of students being told black is white and vice versa (as mentioned by Denny Lien) is probably the result of the training they received in high school. Would such an approach work in a graduate seminar? Telling a graduate student that so-and-so was right and there was no other way to view the topic? I somehow doubt that this approach at the graduate level would be too successful. Somewhere around my sophomore year a psych prof came up with the following breakdown in the educational process that seems logical to me: "Thru high school you are taught to memorize facts. In college you are taught to use facts. In grad school you learn how to discover or generate facts." A freshman class still retains the pattern learned in high school of memorizing and then parroting back to please the instructor.

While some colleges never really get on to showing students how to use what they're learning, I think that Denny's experiment, repeated at a junior or senior level class, would produce more agreeable opinions. If not, then it could mean our colleges are turning out Yes-men and we are just itching to be turned into one of Mack Reynolds' Frigid Fracas futures.

I somehow think the high school system in this country is a total failure. Given: a kid with a hs diploma. Question: What type of job is he/she capable of getting with a hs diploma? Answer: None, really. The schools seem intent on turning out people who can read and write (albeit minimally) and do nothing else.

Why can't the schools put in courses designed to turn out computer programmers, have courses slanted toward a career in selling, have programs designed to turn out a graduate with some modicum of skill in some field (whether it be as a printer's apprentice or accounting)? As it stands now, a hs graduate has one of 4 choices. (1) Go on to college to try to learn something useful. (2) Join the armed forces. (3) Try to get a minimum wage paying job and in most cases be forever doomed to stay there (and in NM there are very few places that pay even a \$1.35 hr wage--standard is closer to 80¢/hr for waitresses and





cashiers). (4) Sponge off someone (either parent or government).

Another topic which is something of a touchy spot with me was written about by Dean Koontz in the latest issue of SFR. Dean resigned his position as an English teacher in hs as a result of static about the books he was presenting to his class. He was giving them such hard core pornography as THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, THIS IMMORTAL, SYNTHAJoy and, naturally, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. The beast!

Our educational system can only be as good as the people who run it and if they are so narrowminded that they find books like, so help me, THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER to be unfit for high schoolers' consumption, our whole culture is doomed to an existence with all the stimulation of pabulum or Musak. Of course, I'm more or less of the opinion that if a kid is old enough to understand what he is reading, then he is old enough to be permitted to read it.

But then I always was a libertarian sort.

Heidelberg in '70 and maybe Albuquerque in '72 for a Westercon (why not write and tell us what you think of the idea?)

I remain

Stfanatically yrs,

Bob Vardeman

*(I'm flabbergasted to hear how low the wages are in Albuquerque. When I was there in 1951 I was making \$175 per mo., which wasn't much according to today's standards, but was precisely what I'd been making in Seattle prior to Albuquerque. And I had the impression that had I got a Security Clearance and gone to work at Sandia, I could have been making much more than that. Have wages gone down in Albuquerque, or have they just not risen in accordance with the rest of the nation? Why? #I'd love to go to a Westercon in Albuquerque. I loved that town, and would enjoy seeing it again, with Buz. But Buz says it's too far away. So you get a divided vote from the Busbys. #As for Dean Koontz and the books he gave his class, I'm not altogether in sympathy with you. I can't imagine anything more harmless than THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER; THIS IMMORTAL I haven't read, and SYNTHAJoy didn't make a strong impression on my mind. As for STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, I would allow any kid of mine to read it. In fact, when we had a resident teenager, Mickie, aged 15, living with us last year, it was fine with me that she read it. In fact, I think maybe she had read it previously, when she was living with us at age 12. But if a teacher at high school had told her, or encouraged her, to read it--I wouldn't have liked it somehow. I probably wouldn't have given him static about it, but I wouldn't have minded a whole lot if someone else had given him static. I think the truth is, that I'm libertarian as regards kids but not as regards school teachers.)*

A MELTING BLOCH

Dear Elinor:

2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

August 11, 1969

Been hot, humid and smoggy here for over two weeks--without relief or letup. I read CRY this morning and am glad I did, because by noon it had melted.

Hoping you are the same,

Bob Bloch

P.S. I really dig Wally Wber's piece on the moon-landing. Now, if he will only have the exquisite bad taste to tell us how the Polanski murders are inferior to ROSEMARY'S BABY--

Seriously (and I am most serious) this weird and shocking episode, followed by another, similarly Bizarre double murder across the city the next day, demonstrates that truth is stranger than fiction: I am constantly coming across similar but less-publicized items (not involving celebrities) which I could never fictionalize because no one would accept such "morbid nonsense".

By the way--I did see you at the Con, once--and approached you: somebody got your attention and as I waited, somebody came up to me and started a conversa-



tion. When I turned back, you were gone. Next time, kick me in the shins. And meantime, thanks for CRY!

Bob

*(I too was greatly shocked by the murders you mention, especially by the murder of Sharon Tate. To kill a pregnant woman seems the worst possible of all crimes, so great a sin against Life it is. #However, I think I shall kill whomever got my attention when you saw me at the con (if I knew who it was). But I'm glad that you still recognize me. Age has snowed white hairs on me (although thanks to the miracles of modern chemistry they are light auburn), but if I'm still recognizable to my friends that's the main thing.)*

DICK ENEY AND MR. SPOCK

CORDS/PPR IV CTZ APO San Francisco 96215

Dear Elinor, Vera, & Wally,

August 12, 1969

I notice that the people at the time--including the Wollheimists, who went out of their way to put down the NYCon 1--didn't give much attention to the possibility that "World Convention" was a publicity gimmick to free-ride on "World's Fair". This is such an obvious point for attack, especially from the ideological position of DAW's group, that missing it strikes me as a fairly strong hint that no such association was seen at the time. Buz' objections otherwise are most unfannish: if the "World" label was phony at first (and the NYCon had no attendees from the Western US, that's true, let alone furrin lands) it hasn't been so for years & years; and as for the originators being a bunch of enthusiastic kids, why, Science Fiction justifies enthusiasm, so there.

Doing body painting by filling in the numbered areas is a fantisting idea indeed. \*\*The new moon always does fall on the same day--the day in which moon and sun are in conjunction. \*\*Whatever Mae Surtees Strelkov may remember with her DNA memory cells, I suspect it isn't "having died on many a rack in Medieval Christendom." The rack wasn't a device for execution; in fact, it wasn't a particularly common torture implement--there were simpler, cheaper, and even uglier methods of Assisted Confession on the TO&E of the Casa Santa.

Vonda McIntyre has a reasonably funny idea--inverting the system for censorship is usually good for a few chuckles, though it's not exactly the most sophisticated form of satire to simply stand an institution on its head. Unfortunately a heavy-handed development botched what promise there was in the concept. Believe it or not, sarcasm and satire are almost immiscible. The one goes with short, punchy snippets and throws sand in the gears of the train of development (block that metaphor!) which is the key to first-class satire. (Besides, some of the sarcasm-lines she uses are incompatible: "(TV viewers) are literally forced to watch such communist-inspired filthy pinko leftist queer and what's worse liberal programs..." is a parody of the Wrong Right; "political-industrial-military-bureaucratic complex" is a parody of the Sick Left; the tone of the satire as a whole, however, is a parody of the Popularized Academic style).

Buz' comments on the DisClave performance of HMS TREK-A-STAR reminded me that STAR TREK is being broadcast over here now--the Advisory Team club down in Ba Xuyen even cooked up a drink called the Mr. Spock and when I asked what it was began to explain to me who Mr. Spock was. I explained that I knew and sang a quick chorus of "I am the Scientific Officer" from TREK-A-STAR. Caught on right away. By the time the evening ended half of the International Squadron had had a shy at it: "Give three-point-one-four-one-six cheers for the sci-ence officer with pointed ears!"

Turns out the Mr. Spock was 50-50 vodka and creme de menthe, on the rocks. Rrough.

Hoping you are the same,

Dick Eney

*(50-50 vodka and creme de menthe? Wow! That doesn't sound too bad, Dick.)*



RUTH REMEMBERS JEFF WANSHEL

Dear Elinor,

5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis,  
Minn. 55417, August 17, 1969

Department of time-binding. Seems a Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Foundation has been set up in his old home in Waterford, Connecticut (the same home that is the setting in his play "A Long Day's Journey Into Night"), and they've been holding "Playwright's Conferences" there. This summer was the fifth, featuring readings (not fully staged performances) of 15 new plays. Mike Steele, Mpls Tribune writer, has a long article in today's Sunday Trib about the conference, including this sentence: "Keep your eyes open for Jeff Wanschel, a 21-year-old Yale Drama School student with a natural sense of language and an exciting sense of theater, and Tom Oliver, who writes what might be termed modern muscle montages."

Anyone out there remember Jeff Wanschel, neofan? The one who encouraged A. A. Wyn to keep sex out of Ace books, wasn't he? I even published some letters and cartoons of his in my fanzine. Although it was Wanschel, as I remember it. (As I remember it, too. However it would be easy enough for a reporter to add a gratuitous 'c'. Wanschel looks pretty naked with<sup>out</sup> a 'c' in it, and if Jeff was 14 in 1962 (and I believe he was) he'd be 21 by now.)

Well now, Von, I think fans do generally agree that Don Simpson is one of the finest artists in fandom. If he didn't get displayed properly this year... it's a pity, but it's not typical. Some day (we hope) he's going to get the recognition and money he deserves from the art field generally, but we'll probably smugly be saying things like "look at the cover he did for my zine" or "look at this early Simpson painting," or "behold this Simpson jar and Simpson rocks inside" rather than castigating ourselves for not appreciating them at the time. He's appreciated, all right. I remember how envious I was of Bruce Pelz, when I found out that "Mananaun's Castle" was marked NFS at the art show because Bruce owned it.

Neal Goldfarb: why shouldn't "dig" still be slang? "Ain't" has been slang for centuries. Gottschalk doesn't sound all that terrible to me. Plain old German name. Also name of a couple American composers. One of the Oz books was dedicated to Louis Gottschalk. Would you dedicate an Oz book to a bodiless head with the flesh rotting away? (Only in America.....)

Best,

Ruth Berman

(I appreciate Don Simpson. I have hung in my home five drawings by Don Simpson and I also have two thingies by Don Simpson on permanent display. But I'll tell you who doesn't appreciate Don Simpson: Don Simpson. Two of the drawings were picked up at the sketch table for some very picayuneish amount of money. The second of the two thingies by him I paid \$5 for. Don Simpson happened to be standing by when I bid \$5 for it. He said, "Five DOLLARS? For THAT?" --I liked it at the time and I still like it, but I sure know who doesn't think it worth the money.)

DENNY IS EVIL  
C-Adlers,

Lake Park, Minn. 56554, August 19, 1969

Ninety-eight hours and a few minutes from now I'll be hopelessly emeshed (is there such a word?) (No.) in Wholly Matrimony; said hours should be spent in getting a haircut, packing, and such, but instead tend to be taken up in fairly large part with fanac. The more zines I write to now, the less I have to drag down to Tucson and stare at and feel guilty about ignoring them as they mold quietly away (no easy thing in Arizona climate). (Just as long as they don't melt).

"Denny, get a typer." Hmphf. I won't, you hear me? (Sob.)

Rob, Betty, thanks for the good wishes. I suspect we'll get wedded off OK, in spite of the fact that both of us detest doing anything that has to be planned in advance, like arranging said wedding. For Rob's information, though, I'm not one of the Good Guys. I'm twisted and rotten and go around kicking squirrels in the gut. Fortunately Dorrie is one of the Good Guys, so she goes around hiding squirrels from me. Betty, if you're all of the Dennis Lien Fan Club,



you have only yourself to blame. I never said you had to be all of it, I simply appointed you president and told you to go out and scare up a few thousand members. If you're not scaring as directed, you can't complain about the proudness and loneliness of it all. And your suggestion that little Adrian on the 182 cover might be one of my old baby pictures is a gross canard; my eyes are blue and my horns didn't sprout until puberty.

Moon Walk Day--ah yes. I can't add any comments re the moon trip itself that haven't already been expressed by several hundred other fans, not to mention a few million mere people; I do echo the standard fannish gratitude to Whoever/Whatever for being alive on the greatest day of the human race.

Wally forgot one event that should take place on any well-run first trip to the moon: Adolf Hitler should be discovered hiding out up there.

I'm used to the attitude of passersby that Ed R. Smith evoked in the kid with the toy machine gun. I've been machine gunned two or three times, yelled at innumerabobly, attempted fight-picked-with at least once, and stared at with pure hatred as a matter of course. With my long hair, I have a goatee, long sideburns (well--I did have them) (*What happened to them--did they mold?*) and a propensity toward sloppy clothes, sandals, and beads. Such an apparition is common but detested in Tucson; unheard of and detested in Lake Park. I suspect I'd get killed in about fifteen minutes in the South, though I have managed to drive through Texas a couple times in all my glory. I'm clearly evil. (See, Rob Williams?)

Absolutely agree that Nameless Minutes, either new or reprinted, should become a regular feature of CRY.

Ha--Harry Warner talks about trains dying--last Christmas I thought of taking the train from Fargo to Tucson, instead of that (*censored*) bus. So I called up to check on schedules and all. and discovered that, as far as the trains were concerned, quite literally YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE.

Harry Warner again, on the meaning of fan's names--I once looked mine up and learned that Dennis means "Son of Dionysius" and Kieth (which is just "Keith" misspelled on my birth certificate; I think it's neat) was "wind or somesuch." I thereupon decided that my first two names meant "a breezy reveler," until a friend pointed out that an alternate interpretation would be "a farting infant." So I quietly dropped the whole thing. (Lien? Norwegian for "hillside" or somesuch, I think. Not too exciting.) And Moskowitz's name Really Is Relevant: obviously, "saved from the water" means that he has avoided the New Wave. (*Very good.*)

Rob: Oh, I never thought of Elinor as an implacable Fate; just as a Dirty Old Woman, drunk with power, fighting dirty. I'm much more partial to Harrell letters than I am to STAR TREK articles and other features of the new CRY. (*How many STAR TREK articles do you think there have been in the new CRY? I can only remember two, and one of those was humor.*) However, as Elinor says, CRY is a hobby, not a sacred obligation, and obviously her partiality is trumps. (Though, come to think of it--why should I buy a typer? It's a hobby, not a sacred obligation...) (*Denny, Dorrie NEEDS a typer.*)





I caught the Serling/Pohl/Asimov/Pierce (John R. , not J.J.) panel on ABC, but don't recall anything about it except a mild irritation at Serling, and don't even recall the why of that. I get the impression at times of Serling as science fiction's house n----- to Massa Mundane. (*While Ray Bradbury is the token science fictionist*). I watched mostly CBS, with flip-overs regularly, and was very lucky in catching things—the panel on ABC, Heinlein's appearance, the clips from old movies, etc. (*Lucky you.*)

Jim Pearson has discovered a fun pastime. How about NEWLYWED GAME: Nauseating Exhibitionism With Loud Yuk-yuks from Weak Entendres (Double); Greed As Motivation for stifling Embarrassment. Could this game be extended into fanzines? CRY: Crazy Readers Yammering; AMRA: Axes and Maces and Ravishing Artwork; YANDRO: Yellow paper And No free copies Dispensed, Rarely Offers faanishness...

Ann Rutledge: "Do you happen to know what the basis for the underground in Atlanta is?" Obviously, **that's** where Atlantis sunk to. Someone is Covering Up. (*You sunk pretty low yourself, ol' buddy.*)

Why **don't** you date **letters** in CRY OF THE READERS like you used to do in the Old Days? (*Okay, okay. It makes a lot more work for me, but **if** you really want it...*)

Loved Vonda's rating system; why **doesn't** she send it in to TVGuide?

Phil Haldeman on Frankenstein: "And **tell** me a **better** name for that monster from the grave." Well, a **better** name might be "Monster," since **that's** the only name he's ever had. Frankenstein was the doctor, you know.

Peace,

Denny Lien

(*Silly ol' Phil. Even I knew better than that. I wonder why I didn't tell him? I must have had some good reason.*)

CARRESPORDEUCE

3.5 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

Dear Elinor,

August 21, 1969

Thanks much for sending CRY 183. If I'm not mistaken, this fanzine was the one that was once called CRY OF THE NAMELESS, this appellation or cognomen having come from **its** being the "voice" of The Nameless Ones, a local fanclub in or around Seattle, Washington. The way this fanclub got **its** name **tells** us something about the argumentative nature of fans on the one hand, but also of **their** ultimate feelings of good fellowship: the members argued long about what the club was to be named, no one **title** achieving a majority favorable response, **till** some unrecorded Solomon's suggestion came that they give in to the inevitable. Thus, The Nameless Ones. All this happened some time.back, before the **initial** advent of your fanzine, as a matter of fact, so you can see that CRY has always been a front for interesting events.

...Er, sorry about that; been reading ALL OUR YESTERDAYS again. Groovy book, and I recommend **it**—especially if you're an ancient fannish wreck like me. (*Actually, ALL OUR YESTERDAYS is very interesting, even **if** one is an innocent young girl like me*).

Speaking of ancient fannish wrecks, I see Wally Weber is as funny as he ever was. I thought his critique of Apollo 11 was easily the highpoint of the issue, though after thinking the matter over I've decided Wally missed the point of the Apollo show and indeed of the entire space program from Vanguards to Saturns to Mariners and Apollos. Wally makes the mistake of **criticizing** Apollo 11 as though **it** were intended as a hard science show, whereas in fact the whole thing was new wave. Yes; surely you can see **this**. I mean, the dirty language used by Cernan, for instance: pure negativistic nihilism. The man's out there in space and suddenly finds himself involved intimately, personally in an authentic adventure, and the **first** thing he can think of to say is "Son of a bitch!" Norm Spinrad must have grinned evilly. And anyone can see that the astronauts have been



carefully chosen to be upstanding figures of American manhood--archetypes, in other words. And oh! the resonant symbolism of violating the moon's untouched surface with the pole of the American flag!--a flag held out stiffly by artificial means, by the way. Did DANGEROUS VISIONS present us with anything so shaking, so daring, so cynical? And then, after the initial violation, the joyful leaping about by Armstrong and Aldrin...like unto little children again, yes. And the deliberate confusions about Time, another major theme of the New Wave: on the moon it was dawn as Armstrong and Aldrin left the LEM, whereas on Earth it was 1:00 a.m., 2:00 a.m., 3:00 a.m., or indeed 12:00 noon or 4:27 p.m., depending on where you were when you watched. Time became meaningless; Aldiss must've smiled smugly.

Besides such an achievement as this, how can Wally fault the show for minor Old Wave lapses like the lack of a crewman from Brooklyn? Why, they even got Heinlein and Clarke and J. R. Pierce to go on the air and give it an favorable review. Ah, Judy Merrill's laughing up there in Canada!

Other than that, I just wanted to say to Adrien Spectra (oog) that I agree with her about the offensiveness of the term "Trekkies." I know; I use the term with full intention that it should be a putdown. It isn't at all analogous with "Twiggy," Elinor, its derivation is from "groupies."

What do you mean, where was Harry Warner when that Hagerstown Md. reporter could find only 53 out of 100 people who remembered Armstrong as being the name of the first man on the moon? Harry was, I assume, asking the question.

Best,

Terry Carr

*(I still think that Trekkie is a cute name, and I wish Trekkies would not take it as a putdown. Why do you have to encourage them to feel persecuted, Terry? #I like your analysis of our space program as essentially New Wave. #Give your wife my love and remind her that CRY would love to hear from her, also.)*

HORT? WHY? NO, DON'T TELL ME... 915 Green Valley Road N.W., Albuquerque,  
Hi, there, everybody out in CRYland... N.M., August 20, 1969

The space program, yes, you know my feelings on it. It is the most important thing there is. I don't have much to add to the comments on the Lunar landing--we were camped in front of the television set with assorted Moon maps spread out over the floor. Mostly we stayed with ABC. Jules Bergman seems somewhat more intelligent--and certainly is less hysterical--than the rest of the television commentators. I cannot stand Cronkite; the man has diarrhea of the mouth. Tuned CBS a couple of times. Transmissions between Houston and Apollo audible in the background. Cronkite over this telling us what they were saying. Why the hell didn't he shut up and let us listen. Pfui! Back to ABC.

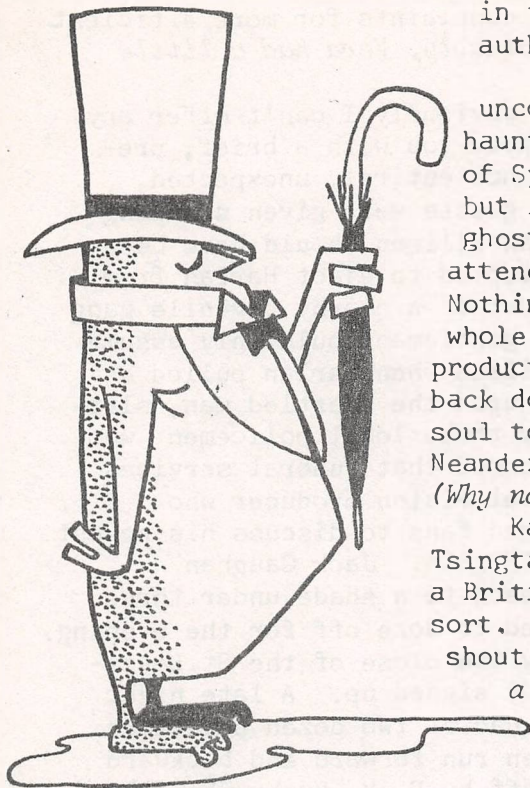
Television, for all its faults, may be our salvation. International tv is coming slowly but a few more years should see it a fairly regular thing. That will break down all sorts of barriers. *(Agreed.)*

Buz--'twas gleeful to watch Armstrong walk out of the camera view very cautiously and then come bounding back like a kangaroo once he discovered that was solid ground after all. Yes, seven components I make it. Eight, actually, with the abort rocket sitting on top of everything at lift off. Stage 4 is the "service module" they keep talking about. It is jettisoned just prior to re-entry. No retros. They are not needed. Retros required only to get out of Earth orbit.

WWW's Flawprints on the Moon is good. Yes. Old PLANET STORIES Wally, he was known as.

Vonda--Nancy Levy's Cretan costume was in the running right up to the final picks. The costumes considered in the final judging were all quite good and there were so many good costumes that it became necessary to take minor items





into consideration. Nancy's costume was excellent but in the final judgment we decided that it lacked complete authenticity.

CotR. Mae (and Elinor): I am afraid that I remain unconvinced on ghosts. Humans, nice or otherwise, don't haunt anything after death. I have been around the edges of Spiritualism since I was a kid--my mother is a believer--but in my own personal experience there have never been any ghosts, spirits, or other occult phenomena. I have attended assorted circles and seances and the whole bit. Nothing. And, considering the evolution of man as a whole, I find it difficult to accept that man is the product of a special creation. Ghosts? Spirits? How far back does one go? If we attribute a ghost, a spirit, a soul to modern man do we also do so for his predecessors? Neanderthal? Erectus? Australopithecus? Ramapithecus? *(Why not?)*

Kazimer Smith. Ah, yes. I knew a Kazimer Smith in Tsingtao right after the war. Yes. Small fellow. Son of a British colonel and a White Russian refugee. Peculiar sort. Used to stand out on the hills north of town and shout love at the heart of the world. *(I'll bet you lie a lot.)*

I don't think Harry's comparison of the position of television now and motion pictures in the 20's and 30's is quite valid. The movies then became rather "daring" as they say but television programming is quite bland. I note that all the charges of sex and violence on tv are rather general. I have yet to read anything by any critic, be it Sennytor Pastore or the local bluenoses, that have named anything specific. In the case of Sennytor Pastore I would say it is simply a case of trying to get his name before the voters and in the case of the local bluenoses it is just their stupidity hanging out.

Yes, Elinor, it is surprising to find that there are fans who come into the microcosm under an alias. One wonders why? Gee, if I had thought of it I could have used an alias when I degafiated and become a whole new fan. As it is, sigh, I guess I'm stuck with such common names as Roytack and Hort.

Ah, BettyK, tell me why, my dear, if you had to keep forcing yourself to read BUG JACK BARRON, you bothered to do so? When I find myself with a book that becomes that difficult for me to read I don't read it. BJB was not that sort of book, though. It is good. I was somewhat dubious after reading THE MEN IN THE JUNCLE but still there were CARCINOMA ANGELS and THE EQUALIZER so Vardeman loaned me his copy of BJB and, by Roscoe, I was quite pleased. It isn't science fiction (and not even Speculative Fiction) but it is a novel that moves. Jack Barron is a HERO, ferghodsake, in modern day disguise but nevertheless he fits. Norman Spinrad is going to be a story-teller and Nuff Sed.

Hort

*(I have never seen any ghosts either, but I don't regard that as proof either way. If ghosts exist they would not be morally obligated to display themselves to me. Actually I don't regard myself as being a particularly mystical or visionary type--or you either, ol' buddy!)*

MIKE PREVIEWS THE ST. LOUIS CON

Dear CRY,

25 Manor Drive, Apt. 12-J, Newark, N.J.

07106, August 23, 1969

Joy to all! CRY #183 was mailed on August 7 and reached me on the 23rd, indicating a substantial reduction in the amount of travelling time required for



CRY to reach its destination. Perhaps my subliminal complaints for more efficient service have goosed the Post Office into action. (*Actually, Vera had a little talk with the Auburn P.O.*)

This is being written before the StLouiscon, so obviously I can't offer any observations of the convention. However, I shall supply you with a brief, pre-Convention report. The total attendance of 3301 was not entirely unexpected, but convention officials registered some dismay when guests were given sleeping space in the garage and emptied swimming pool. Harlan Ellison should have been more tolerant of the assistant hotel manager who attempted to eject Harlan from the hotel because he assumed that Harlan was the leader of a nearby juvenile gang planning a rumble in the hotel lobby. This confused gentleman could only assume that his original hasty identification had been verified when Harlan pulled a switch-blade knife, roared a vicious CRY, and leaped upon the startled man, slitting his tie in three places before he was subdued by three local policemen who bundled him into a waiting paddy wagon. It was announced that funeral services would be held the following Sunday for Irwin Allen, television producer who bravely appeared before a crowd of two thousand enraged fans to discuss his newest television entry LOST IN TIME AND SPACE WHILE UNDER THE SEA. Jack Gaughan astonished everyone by keeping his Guest of Honor speech to a shade under three hours, thereby rudely awakening all those had expected to doze off for the evening. Heidelberg easily won the convention for 1970, and by the close of the St.Louiscon triumphantly reported that eleven fans had already signed up. A late night showing of I AM CURIOUS--YELLOW brought a vigilant squad of two dozen policemen who refused to leave the hotel until the film had been run forward and backward three times. The coup of the masquerade was pulled off by F. M. Busby who shaved his hair, put on a false shoulder length beard, blacked out both his eyes, and entered barefoot wearing a purple strait jacket covered with peace symbols. He approached seventy-six fans. Every single one of them recognized him, and fourteen commented on his formal attire and suggested he loosen up for the convention.

I can understand what problems Ann Rutledge must have with her name. (I guess I'm not very creative. If I was introduced to her my first reaction would be to ask her how Abe Lincoln was too). When I first moved to my present apartment I had a neighbor, a friendly agreeable man in his late sixties, who simply could not remember my last name, no matter how often I repeated it to him. Every morning it was: "Good morning, Mr. Holt." "Good morning, Mr....uh....Mr...." "Deckinger." "Oh yes, Mr. Deckinger." Finally I hit upon a scheme, utilizing the old memory trick of word association. I told him to think of a gun whenever he thought of me. If he associated me with a gun, he could then draw the mental parallel to "derringer", and that would be just a short jump to "Deckinger." He agreed to try it. The next morning it was: "Good morning, Mr. Holt." "Good morning, Mr. Dillinger."

I'm surprised that as a Leonard Nimoy fan you are unfamiliar with "Deathwatch." This is a short filmed adaptation of the Jean Genet play which Nimoy made prior to STAR TREK, along with Vic Morrow (who also directed.) It played briefly at an art house in New York, but because of the specialized nature of the play received no commercial distribution. Nimoy played a convict (I'm not sure whether or not he was a homosexual too). (*Since it was Genet, who could doubt it?*) If there are any art houses in Seattle that offer revivals of older films it's barely possible you might catch "Deathwatch" there. You'll never see it on television though.

I was as croggled as the rest of the world with the lunar landing. I thought of the scoffers who had seen "2001" and objected because the spacecraft were unlike the streamlined, slender craft which is how Hollywood conceives such vessels to be. Then look and the Lunar Landing Module, which was an unsymmetrical, dumpy vehicle, just like Clarke and Kubrick pointed out they would be. I was less



enchanted with the infernal propagandizing associated with this feat. Congress deserve part of the discredit for vetoing a proposal to set up a U.N. flag on the moon besides the U.S. one. If it wasn't for our German scientists, Swiss technicians, etc. we would never have made it; it's ludicrous to attribute all this success to good old American know how. *(We came in peace for all mankind--that was good enough for me.)*

All was not sour however, it thrilled my bones when I saw that Armstrong and Aldrin were not attacked by an army of giant blue, frog-headed creatures, carrying sparking ray-pistols and talking perfect English (because they had been monitoring Earth's radio waves). Nor did Armstrong place his foot upon the surface and sink up to his ears in green cheese.

I'm afraid Neal Goldfarb's defence of BUG JACK BARRON just doesn't come off. Claiming that Howards and Barron used the terms "fading black circle" and "phosphor dot, etc." instead of author Spinrad is hair-splitting of the finest kind. Howards and Barron may have created the terms, but Spinrad created Howards and Barron, so where are you now? Is "dig" still used as slang today? Perhaps it is, but only by those pseudo hip people who mistakenly believe they are using the proper jargon. "Dig" has been replaced in hip vernacular long ago. I thought it was essentially a fair attempt at extrapolation, hindered somewhat by the fact that Spinrad is still a novice writer who believes that realism springs from long, turgid stream-of-consciousness passages.

Sincerely,

Mike Deckinger

*(Wally forgot to mention the giant blue, frog-headed creatures who speak perfect English. Well--nobody's perfect.)*

CRY MADE THE TRIP BUT NOT WARNER

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland

Dear Elinor:

21740, August 25, 1969

CRY made the trip in 14 days this time, and I've taken this week off so I'll be able to go to the St. Louiscon if health and other variables permit. *(I hear you weren't there, so I hope it was other variables that didn't permit!)*

And so to CRY, which has the best collection of Apollo 11 material that I've seen in any fanzine so far. That Sunday was more exciting in Hagerstown than in most parts of the world. A tremendous thunderstorm began to build up as the afternoon progressed toward the landing attempt. The storm got louder and louder as the Eagle came closer to the surface, it grew darker than I can recall during any other thunderstorm of recent years. The television set started to produce light shows and occasionally blacked out briefly as the power broke for a few seconds at a time, and fire alarm sirens went into a stage of advanced hysterics. Walter Cronkite didn't mention similar phenomena elsewhere in the nation so I assumed that this wasn't the Lunarians striking back to prevent earthmen from contaminating their planet. Two minutes before the Eagle touched the surface a thunderbolt hit a transformer that knocked the city's TV cable out of commission and all the subscribers missed everything that followed in the next few hours. I was happy that I hadn't changed to the cable as I thought of doing at one time; missing "The Eagle has landed" would have been awful.

Incidentally, I hope that no CRY people take too literally that news item about Hagerstonians being unable to identify the first man on the moon. The survey was made by one teen-age kid and I later learned that some of the people he "interviewed" assumed that he was using one of those sales pitches where you answer a question and get a chance to buy something you don't need for only twice its real value. They just told him they didn't know and walked away as I would probably have done under similar circumstances. Some of the other people who claimed they don't know were probably the same people who cause polls of college students to show that only 34% know who George Washington was: the people who believe that a stupid question deserves a stupid answer.

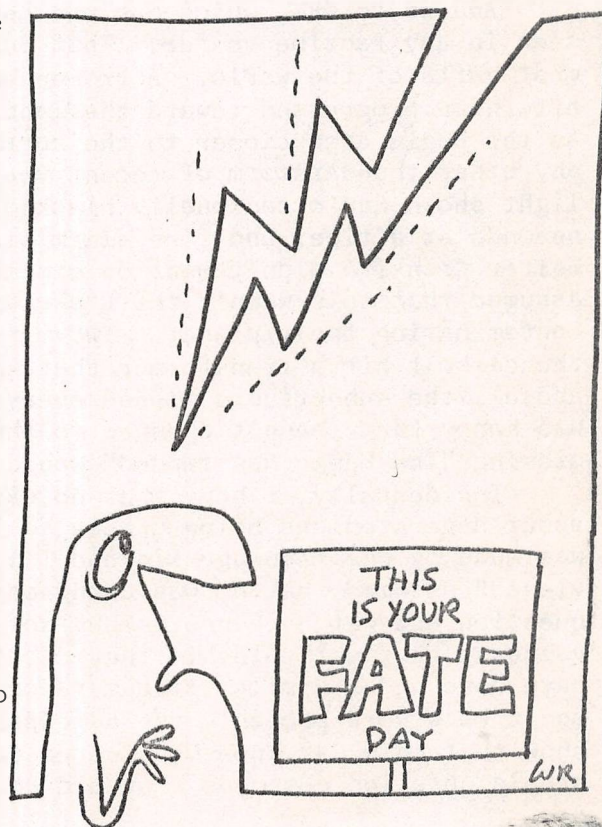


So now come the real sales pitches based on the moon trip. I hated myself for spending \$1.50 for LOOK's special Apollo publication, but I just had to have those beautifully detailed reproductions of the color photographs. I've resisted the 8 mm movies so far, in the hope that the price will come down. I also threw away the advertisement for "21 commemorative coin medals" honoring astronauts. They cost from \$63 to \$21,000 a set, depending on whether you want bronze or platinum. I suspect I'll bite on the six-record album Time-Life is issuing, since I don't have on my own taping much of anything preceding the Christmas Eve flight around the moon. But I suspect that the cost of this space venture will rise by another billion dollars or two, when all the money spent on such merchandise has been counted up. People are obviously interested. Both the LIFE and LOOK publications vanished from the newsstands here within 24 hours, despite the terribly overpriced nature of them, and you couldn't buy a newspaper in Hagerstown on Monday after the landing from about 9 a.m., when the morning editions were completely sold out, until late afternoon, when the evening papers were issued.

Buz mentions the aspects of the moon flight that weren't predicted by science fiction, but he doesn't list the most basic of them all. Nobody had imagined in recent decades that we would get to the moon without some radically new source of power. I suppose my reasoning is based more on blind faith in science than on common sense, when I argue that this new source of power really will come along soon enough to speed up the Mars trip. It just doesn't seem possible that technology which has created the laser and transmuted elements and released atomic energy within the past quarter-century should be unable to rig up anti-gravity or atomic propulsion or something even more radical in the course of the next decade or two. *(It'll have to be a lot more radical than anti-gravity or atomic propulsion to do us much good, Harry. We'll never see the stars in this lifetime without a space-warp).*

I enjoyed equally all the con reports. I look forward to even finer conreporting from the CRY stable of writers who manage to get to St. Louis. *(So far, I'm not sure that we'll have ANY St. Louiscon reports, other than that which Mike Deckinger has favored us with.)*

As for the letter section, I wonder if the squirrels-chewing-on-equipment news story made the sports pages in Seattle? The Baltimore Orioles' scoreboard has been acting up all summer and technicians have finally decided that the trouble is squirrels which are chewing at the wiring. #I envy Ed Smith for having a choice of nicknames. I've never had a nickname in fandom, and the only one I ever had in Hagerstown was dropped many years ago because it was too kid-sounding. *(We used to have a Jr. living across the street who was known, for short, as Junie).* #Another thing that can be said in favor of paperback prices is that they aren't increasing at the same rate as the price of hardcover editions. Non-fiction books with hard covers have simply been priced out of the reach of most people; I assume that lots of big libraries can afford to pay almost anything for them and the publishers charge accordingly. Les Gerber is reviewing for The American Record Guide and fussed in a recent issue about Da Capo Press in particular, which reprints books about music: \$8.50 for a 91 page book by Artur Schnabel. Reviewed in the same issue are such items as a music-plus text collection of Japan-





ese folk songs, 64 pages for \$6; a small book and two seven-inch records through which Maria Stader illustrates and describes how to sing a Bach area, \$25; a 265 biography of Faure, \$10, etc. Each of these represents a different publishing firm. #I hope that the North China province about which Randy Bytwerk heard from Radio Peking doesn't specialize in nuclear weapons, if its industrial production is up 36%.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

(Harry, thanks heap for the pictures you sent, and the info (not printed herein). This was greatly enjoyed and appreciated. #The last item in your letter, also not printed, has been flagged for Vera's attention. #I also asked Vera to send a copy to Les Gerber, for old time's sake and like that.)

DEFENDS STAR TREK?

TO WHOM THIS MAY CONCERN:

1531 Bonnie Doone Terr., Corona del Mar,  
Calif. 92625, August 26, 1969

I would like to put my two cents' worth in the fight that some of us are having with SF fans who subscribe to the idea that anybody who watches STAR TREK has to be a blundering, stupid, half-witted teenybopper, and who could never have enough intelligence to pick up on any other type of science fiction.

Sure, everybody knows by this time that there was a show called STAR TREK, and then something called "Third Season," and never the twain did meet. And if you want to get right down to brass tacks, there were only a few worthwhile episodes out of the whole three years put together. (You're sure hard to please. I'll bet I could think of dozens of splendid episodes).

I HATED the first ST show. Here they blabbered for weeks and weeks about how ADULT it was going to be, and what did they start out with but some silly salt sucking monster. (I LOVED that salt sucking monster. That whole concept--"the last of the buffalo"--sort of hit me. I thought it was a good episode and years later I met the author, George Clayton Johnson, who I thought an exceptionally groovy guy.) But with very few SF shows on, what else was there to do but watch?

What prompted me to write this letter (among other reasons) was the response you gave Adrien Spectra in the August ish. "You will be extremely welcome at Nameless--as you know, we're well accustomed to Trekkies." This will support my statement that Trekkies cannot be accepted in the true realm of SF--they are merely tolerated and seem to be of one distinct category. (Actually, my comment to Adrien was merely an example of the ancient old artform known as "a little friendly teasing." Might point out, however, that Adrien's entire letter, much of which was not printed, concerned her participation in Star Trek fandom. By me, that's a Trekkie.) And further, you seem to disagree with her statement that there are people other than teeny boppers who watch the show. Unless you consider the people at NASA, Cal Tech, and others in that same category... (I'm not at NASA or Cal Tech, but I'm not a teeny bopper either. I've probably watched as many episodes as you have, and it appears that I have enjoyed them more than you have.)

I rest my case.

Linda Stanley

(Actually, your case was chopped to bits in my typer--very unfair of me! But it's generous of me to point out that your letter was very much cut, so that in case it doesn't hang together people will blame me and <sup>you</sup>. #It occurs to me that I did our Nameless members whom we acquired through Star Trek fandom an injustice by implying they are Trekkies. They were Trekkies at the time we got 'em, but now they talk of all kinds of things, and a Trekkie is, by a definition which I just this moment thought up, a person who drags Star Trek and Star Trek fandom into every conversation. Star Trek itself isn't so bad as a topic of conversation, because one has seen the shows, but Star Trek fandom is not intrinsically more interesting than Burroughs fandom, comics fandom, or ham radio to those who are not personally involved therewith).



JUNE ON THE SANTA BARBARA BAR

9826 Paramount Blvd., Downey, Calif. 90240

Dear Elinor,

August 26, 1969

Enclosed you will find a Print of Buz in his Fabulous ~~Vlastic~~ Baycon Disguise. (Thanks heaps. That's a great picture).

Thank you for printing Tackett's speech. I missed it, due to ferrying my daughter and a friend of hers around.

I agree on the Trip to the Moon. We watched it at the Trimblehaus, along with the rest of Earl Thompson's party. When the words "Lunar Landing Confirmed" appeared on the TV screen, I broke out in goosebumps. It must have been much more of an emotional strain than I realized at the time, because I (and quite a few other people) were absolutely dead-drug-out the next day--and no, I'm sure I didn't drink THAT much of Earl's pink champagne!

The bar at Santa Barbara? Ah, yes. They have a lovely lounge room, immediately adjacent to a semi-soundproofed room (suitable for filksinging), full of perfectly elegant couches and small tables, which they will rearrange to make conversation groups. This room is immediately adjacent to two separate terraces, furnished with openwork iron tables & chairs. One of the terraces directly overlooks the "tournament" area, the other is between the barroom and the Tower Room--the hotel's coffee shop. Which means that if you want a soft drink, you won't have to pay bar prices for it.

There is one little requirement--which should not prove insuperable. To be admitted to the bar, you MUST wear your convention name badge. Since the hotel has no liquor license itself, the bar is there ONLY for the convention members--or so the California liquor laws state.

As far as how long the bar will be open, that is yet to be determined. We will have to see how much of a guarantee we have to give them, depending on how long they keep it open. Fans should be well-acquainted with the use of Survival Kits--and this hotel could care less about how much liquor you bring with you--since it doesn't sell any, itself. (It doesn't even get a rakeoff from the bar with the travelling license).

There is a large ice "cube" machine on the ground floor of the North Tower and a soft-drink machine next to it. We are going to see if we can persuade them to switch some of the selections in the soft-drink machine for next July 4th weekend. ("Rooti" Root Beer? Heavens to Murgatroyd!).

Kowabunga,

June Moffatt

*(June, we're delighted to have this information. The physical layout of the bar sounds very pleasing, and if the rooms are available even when the bar is closed, there's a probable place to meet one's friends. The ice machine takes a lot of the curse off a possibly-closed bar, too. As for soft drinks, it would be nice if they would have tonic water in the soft drink machine for us gin&tonic fans--other than that, I couldn't care less about the soft drinks. #Now--another question, June: What about the food? Are we going to have steam table food at set periods of time? Will the situation be such that if one gets up at noon one eats lunch, even if one's soul is crying out for fried eggs, hash browns, toast & oj? We would be very happy to be reassured on this score.)*

WHERE BETTY WAS WHEN

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana

Dear Elinor and CRY:

August 23, 1969 (PM August 29)

You (Vera, that is. Vera and her recently-subdued P.O.) must have mailed my copy of CRY 183 not only via first-class mail but by jet-assisted crow! It got here in practically nothing flat!

I really haven't any earthshaking wise comments to make about the World Con situation Roy writes of...except that our World Con is mainly just us in North America, but then so was fandom for so very long. We too have that word problem in skeet shooting...our 'World' Championships now are called National Champion-



ships, as they should have been in the first place. Perhaps same can be done stf-wise? Or...North American Con? So as to properly include Canada? Not as impressive, true, but far more accurate.

Enjoyed Phil Haldeman's account of watching the Moon Landing. I suspect that this will turn into another of those 'where were you when's'. I belong to the generation who went about telling everyone where I was when Pearl Harbor was attacked. This, as I recall, was very big at one time. A more recent one was Where I Was When JFK Was Shot.

Dur that Moon Walk that Sunday night I sped out to kitchen for crackers and milk, pausing on my way back to bedroom to stare out the patio door at the ultra-bright moon....golly. People were up there. How anyone could feel blase when looking at our moon that night, I will never understand.

Yes, one's time sense was all awry during that week-end. I remember right after the craft landed CBS saying, "well, the lunar craft has been on the moon now, for over one hour." That startled me, because it seemed to me that touchdown happened about 14 minutes before that announcement! (*Sounds as if you were stoned on moon-landing.*)

Buz--the fact that their moon horizon was about one mile away is what croggled Gene and myself. I would think it would be like standing on a basketball. Looking up in the sky and seeing the EARTH hanging there would have me spellbound. That sight just might scare the hell out of me...like what am I DOING here? I wanna go HOME!

Walter Cronkite, as Beth mentions, endeared himself to millions with his genuine exclamations at various moments of stress. Echoing exactly what I felt... during the last few feet of the touchdown he gasped..."Oh Boy" in a way that spoke volumes..and then when they took off from the moon and all went well he cried "Hot Diggedy DOG!" Walter seemed to give the CBS coverage 'heart' that was sorely lacking on NBC and ABC.

Yes, Buz, the complicated arrangement of various disposable 'stages' used in this flight are almost too involved to envision...and they worked! I couldn't agree more, Buz, that kind of 'method' surely isn't now obsolete in regards to our Mars plans... With any breakthrough or invention or new technique we have that 'snow ball effect'...and hence from this Lunar flight will evolve LOTS of goodies to be utilized in flights to other planets.

Elinor, I am now reading THE BEATLES by Hunter Davies. Which I presume you've read? (*Yes indeed*). Can you or anyone recall the name of the Liverpool fan who left fandom to start a skiffle/and/or/Rock magazine in that era? (*It was Bill Harry, who left fandom to publish THE MERSEY BEAT, which I believe was quite an important and influential paper at one time.*) Anyway, am enjoying the book--childhood histories most interesting. (*To me, too. I read a review of the book--probably in HIT PARADER--in which the reviewer stated that the childhood of the Beatles was described in much too much detail, because the various things they did as kids were no different from the things that all boys did everywhere. Never have been a boy, and never having known any boys well, I was fascinated and flabbergasted. It couldn't have been too much detail for me--it was a whole new world.*)

Having no brothers, I had to ask Gene yesterday if EVERY little boy used to draw obscene pictures in school...Kuj says certainly... Have seen 'obscene drawings' done by the two sons of my best friend, Carol...lady with bosoms and male genitals. They are older now and, I trust, know more about who has what (or else they are in for some surprises Real Soon Now!)

Of course, waaay back in grade school, I drew naked men with fig-leaves for genitals...well, that's what I saw in my books and at museums, dammit! I did wonder how such creations worked... (*I too assumed that men had fig-leaf genitals. Never wondered how they worked, though, because I didn't know that male genitals served any particular function.*)



Like Vera I too found it maddening that the networks didn't announce when so-and-so might be on tv. This led to a lot of station switching throughout fan-dom, no doubt. I missed most of the stf goodies, sad to say.

Nixon's horning-in on everything...as a politician what else? No, it didn't really bug me. Believe me ANY U.S. President would have done the same..maybe even worse, Vera! All's kosher in love, war and politics, kid. *(As for U.S. Presidents, can hardly believe any foreign president, premier or prime minister would have been more self-effacing!)*

John Foyster..please tell us wha hoppen to Bob Smith? I miss him.

Enjoyed Mae...I do know someone with limited ESP. Limited, thank heavens, to his medical practice, especially in diagnosing heart cases, for some reason.... our Louisville doctor does have this talent. I know too many people alive there thanks to it, to doubt. *(Medical practice is (I'm inclined to believe) at least as much an art as a science--I think ESP does enter into some tricky diagnoses).*

Also identical twins that I have known pretty well seem to have a limited talent in telepathy between the two of them...

I wish I knew of a real honest-to-ghod haunted house...of any type. The only 'haunted' place that I have been to and sensed was Andersonville...the civil-war prison-camp site...I defy anyone to walk about there and not feel something. And I am far from sensitive to any 'vibrations' this side of my transistor radio. *(The proper test for Andersonville would be to take someone there who knew nothing of it, not tell him, and see if he sensed anything.)*

And from Mae's letter I feel I must skip over to Rob Williams' letter, Elinor. I feel you took him more strongly than he intended. Rob just isn't the kind of man who'd bully. *(The gentle bullies are the worst kind, because you don't feel justified in killing them.)*

The word picture of the wet cat delighted me in Rob's letter. Believe me, miniature Schnausers look purty icky too...with eyebrows and muzzle wet and draggy they look like rats or something....*(wet dachshunds look exactly like dry dachshunds, only much, much unhappier).*

Harry asks if there are fans getting a choice of 12 VHF channels. I believe that here in South Bend we live under ideal conditions. We have what amounts to an oil derrick for an antenna-base...plus a rotator..add to that the advantage of Lake Michigan which allows for 'bouncing' of signals from the northwest. During the winter with ice on parts of this lake our reception is oftentimes incredible!

So..Channels...2-Chicago, 3-Kalamazoo, 4-Milwaukee, 5-Chicago, 6-Milwaukee and Lansing, 7-Chicago, 8-Grand Rapids, 9-Chicago, 10-Indianapolis, 11-Chicago, (educational), 12-Milwaukee, 13-we get on good nights some Michigan station, perhaps Traverse City or Petoskr...and also Rockford, Illinois.

In South Bend and Elkhart, Indiana we have 3 UHF stations, as well. I have often dreaded leaving here for another home elsewhere. As you know, I adore olde movies, and foreign films... From Kalamazoo, for a good ten years now, we have caught B. Bardot movies on their VERY late-late show, uncut...uncensored.

Elinor, you warm mine heart--you too noted that, shall we say, rather ethereal young man who spurns the gals or leaves 'em flat in the SILVA THIN commercials... okay, so they do try to snitch his ciggies...but that cat looks like he never dug femmes in the first place. *(True, but perhaps we do him an injustice. Perhaps he still thinks they have male genitals.)*

I am quite fond of one Playtex padded bra commercial...no not that one of the goddam pouty bitchy little beauty-queen and her rather Lez-looking pal, backstage.. I mean the one of the Jewish Mother trying to get her spinster daughter into a 'slightly padded' bra...with daughter bringing home a \*DOCTOR\* to meet momma!

And what is WITH the Canada Dry folks? Last season we had the Lez-gangster girls (who all repelled me no end)...now we got this hand-on-hip Canadian Mountie



flitting about America asking why folks drink Canada Dry...yeh, I know they show him leaving wife and kiddies in Canada, but I don't believe that for one instant.

My golly, so Ann Rutledge is Ann Rutledge! Of all the newer fans names I was sure that was a put-on...hoooo, you are getting OLD, Mrs. B....Mixing Ann Rutledge up with Ann Rutherford, indeed! And here I didn't think you were OLD enough to remember Andy Hardy's Polly Benedict...gwan and tell me how you saw all that on tv! (*Nope--I can't stay up that late. I'm a day person*). Ann Rutledge is a beautiful name...romantic as hell. Heh, imagine someone named Abraham Lincoln in today's world? ...Imagine trying to register at a motel with that name? And speaking of names, howsabout getting Randy Bytwerk to pronounce his for us? That sure beats Kujawa any day.

love to all--

Betty Kujawa

(*NOTHING beats Kujawa! #Talking about names, there was a story in the paper a while back. While Lyndon Johnson, then Vice President, was in Hong Kong, an American businessman residing there called on him. He gave his name at the desk and was asked to go on up. When he got to the Vice President's corridor he was challenged by a Secret Serviceman. "Your name, please?" "Linden Johnson." The Secret Serviceman was quite indignant, but just that moment the door opened and Vice President Johnson called out, "Come on in, Lindy! Good to see you again!" When Linden Johnson left the Secret Serviceman apologized to him. Said he should have had more faith, because after all, HIS name was John Paul Jones!*)

ROB BEDEVILLED

Guess what,

2112 West Oak Avenue, Fullerton, Calif.,  
92633, September 6, 1969

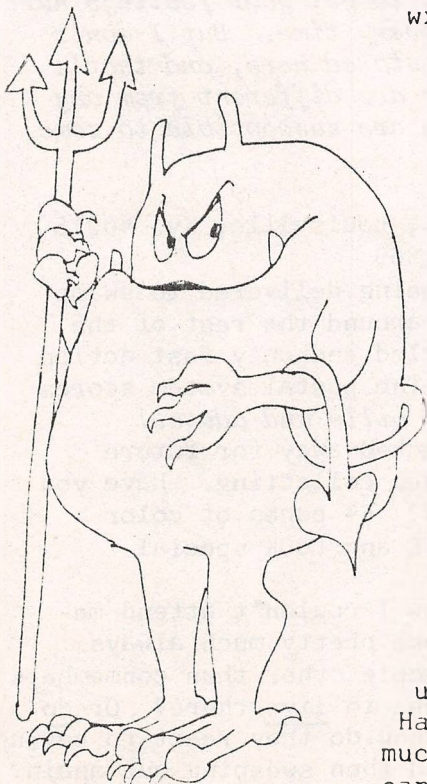
After duly admiring the appreciating the nice cover pics Vera snapped, I opened up my CRY to scan Page Three and immediately realized something was queer, some way, some how. It was the heretofore pristine, unsullied Page Two. My brain was sound off beep-beep red alert signals like mad as the info clicked in from the corner of my left eye... Wrong, dit dit, wrong, dit dit,

wrong, the message came in. So I swivelled my orbs over and went into a mull over whether or not to believe what my eyes were telling, that the usually featureless Page 2 (Contents, Page 2, A Complete Listing, Up to date, Of All Members Of The Sam Moskowitz Fan Club) did, indeed, have Contents on it. Well, now I've made up my mind: I dig CRY covers with pics on both sides.

You know, I somehow never dreamed, ever, that Vonda would someday give you a close-up picture of the lunar "terrain" and that you would be running an actual moonscape photo and that I would be making inane comment about it all. Good God, the future is here!

Rotsler's devil (the second I've merited!) (*It's probably spoiling you to give you a third.*) looks wonderful illustrating my thing. I like Rotsler's artwork very much.

I admire what you've done, Buz, admire you for having stopped smoking old, dried up, dumb tobacco leaves. Now if I can just get up gumption enuf to work up some self-admiration by myself quitting the Stupid Habit. Cough, cough, in the morning--and Ghu knows how much tim a day idly wasted in puffing & blowing my hard earned cash out my mouth & nose. Well, your stopping has been an Example to me and I'm giving Serious Consideration





to quitting Any Day Now... Are you still off the habit? And how're you making it? Inspire me! Tell me again how much better you feel!

Yeah, Elinor, that always seemed awfully gullible (dumb? silly?) (*Dumb, I think. Dumb seems to have got to be very much of an okay word the last year or so.*) of people to come on with stories of the Greats and to delightedly point out in a blase way that, why, they're just ordinary people just like anyone else. It's really a conversation stopper of sorts, I suppose, to be able to say you've seen George Harrison and he blew his nose while you were in the same room with him. But in my case, my conversation is cut off because I'm wondering what kind of a dingy the teller of the tale is. Did he suppose Harrison had a woman who came in on Wednesdays to do it for him?

I really dig the way Jane Peyton writes letters--why not do an article or something for the front pages of CRY, Jane? I'm interested in seeing what it would be like--

Nobody's ever told old folksy me that I had "egalitarian wrath," and I know I should hate myself for it, but I'm rather charmed by the description. It does seem, tho, too grand a term to use for what was merely a fit of pique & bitchery at Mae on my part. I was just trying to pick an argument with Mae. I imagine Mae will be able to defend herself splendidly against my attack on her credulous thought processes--but the 2 & 3 month mail lag to South America does make any 'feud' that might develop not too viable a proposition. I dunno. I've never feuded with anyone, fannishly, before, and I find myself not at all unwilling to fight with Mae. I think she'd be an admirable opponent, firm in her position, and I'd be firm in mine. Fight, fight! Only CRY's not that kind of zine... Is it?

Hey, CRY 183, The Moon Issue, is a particularly good issue. I hope I'm around in 20 more years to pick it up and recall nostalgically the Good Old Days when man first set foot on the moon.

Hopefully,

Rob Williams

*(You and Mae could feud in CRY if you'd both promise not to get your feelings hurt and if you could both think of brand new things to say every time. But I don't think you can. You've stated your position and Mae has stated hers, and that's really all there is to it. Mae has had experiences that are different from any you have had, and all you can say is that you think they are susceptible to some other interpretation.)*

CRY IS ALL WET

Hi, CRYfolk,

804 Denmark St., Louisville, Ky. 40215

Sept. 9, 1969

Hurricane Camille picked the day that CRY 183 was being delivered to swamp my state in rain. Our mailman wrapped the CRY envelope around the rest of the mail to keep it dry; now the top of my CRYcover is wrinkled and only fast action kept the envelop from sogging away into nothingness.... The postal system scores again. (*Your kindly mailman thought you WANTED nice dry bills and advts.*)

The moon photos were lovely, people. They'll be tucked away for future grokking, along with all the other moon pictures I've been collecting. Have you seen a New York Times paperback called WE REACH THE MOON? 64 pages of color photos alone make the book worth its price! And the LIFE and LOOK special editions--the pictures.....

I enjoyed the con reports very muchly, seeing as how I couldn't attend me-self. One thing I find myself wondering: Cons seem to be pretty much always held in a hotel, right? Don't any of the hotels have people other than conmembers living there during the con? Mundanes who actually happen to live there? Or do people live in hotels anymore--at any rate, if they do, how do they react to having a con sweeping in, surging round them for a week-end, and then sweeping out again?



Ah, Wally, you've done it again, with Flawprints on the Moon. Your grasp of the realities of space exploration is inimitable, and your article makes valid points. Perhaps a petition should be prepared and sent to NASA urging them to engage an advisory staff of Well Known Stf Writers for Apollo 12, thus leading us to confidently expect bigger, better and more believable NASA performances in the future.

Would somebody please tell me where anyone has any right to ban religion from space? I'm not pushing religion, but it seems to me that if an astronaut feels like getting religious, that's his business, and nobody has any right to tell him that he can't. I thought "freedom of religion" was guaranteed in the Constitution...

Peace,

Beth Moore

*(All convention hotels have non-members living there. Even the Claremont did, although perhaps it had fewer than most. I don't know what it feels like to be a non-member living in a con hotel, but some of them bitch a lot. This year's Westercon had a lot of airlines people living there. They ignored us and we ignored them--however perhaps they were responsible for parties being closed down so often.)*

CALIFORNIA CLAIMS AVRAM AGAIN

Far Fetch, 826 Sutro, Novato, Calif.

Dear CRYFolks:

My tour of duty is pine-scented British Columbia was cut short and indeed never even really got off the ground owing to circumstances utterly unconnected with British Columbia itself, so I decided that the Universe had decided it was not meant to be and I have returned to California yet again. I could not find at any price I could afford to pay a house, hut, hovel, or hogan in magick enchanted sea-girt fog-kissed Sausalito, so am now endenizined in a place called "Novato" which is none of them things. But where I can afford to rent. Also have free use of an uninhabited two-acre cow pasture. Shall I keep a cow? Do I dare to eat a peach? I tell you all these tellings in order that you should no longer send CRY to my address in British Honduras. I'm not there, either. Rumors that I am in British Guiana are, I spit you not, false. Lying, communist, fascist pig propaganda. For true, for true. I never had thought I'd be glad for the grey which my beard mostly is nowadays (eheu), but seems that's the chief reason I got this place: the prejudice against renting low-rent places to kids is fierce. The landlord, er, landlordly (shwwew!) motto nowadays is, "Don't trust anybody under 40..." Nothing in Novato seems to be over six years old, except, of course, people.

Well, guess that's all about Novato.

--Now, what's all this about how SnarGrek having been bought by the gigantic Scott Tissue Corporation which has just taken over AT&T and is reputedly calling Ed Earl Repp out of retirement to do the scripts for Scar Prep, Harlan, Harlan, don't do it! don't throw Everything Up and go back to that one-elephant carnival which stole you away as an unformed fifteen year old from Snushyville Ohio and set you up geeking ginkos (ginkoes?) *(I'd ask if you meant gingkoes but somehow I can't imagine Harlan geeking a gingko...)* thus leading you by easy stages into Fandom and Prodom and Condom: no no Harlan there are other things in life and besides Spar Heck...er...Aren't there? I don't keep much in touch with the newer waves here in Novato, which seems pre-eminently a "Gee, Mom and Dad, yea team!" sort of place.

Well, well, my children, may you flourish forever under the With-It skies of Upas III, is the other-and inner-directed desires

of

Yours ever so,

Avram Davidson

P.S. My son Frodo-Ethan has a black cat named Nameless.



WEALDSONHEARD FROM DEPT: MAE SURTEES STRELKOV wrote a very long letter which will be represented in the next CRY. Next CRY will also be graced by letters from DOREEN WEBBERT and MARIAN TURNER, if it seems like a good idea at the time. RANDY BYTWERK wrote a one sentence letter. He said he would have written more, but was still recovering from wounds inflicted by Vonda McIntyre in a StLouiscon elevator. Vonda! You mustn't attack people in the elevator! Everybody knows that's a terribly sensitive part. NEAL GOLDFARB informed me that the Ed in last issue's WAHF was Ed Reed. (Hi, Ed Reed). Says space program money should have been spent on poverty and hunger. I didn't rephrase that at all well--he didn't really imply we needed more poverty and hunger. I might as well have quoted him directly--but it's too late now. JANE PEYTON sends artwork. VONDA MCINTYRE sends an invitation to her party at StLouiscon. I guess that wasn't CRYmail, was it, Vonda? Too late now! Somebody named DAVID L. BURTON (or possibly Nigel Fairchild) "found the zine was, well, damned amatuerish. After 181 issues, I was expecting something much better." Also mentions that if we print his letter (fat chance) he doesn't want a free issue. I wonder why he bothered to write? He mentions being stoned on silicybene, whatever that may be, but that hardly seems a reason for writing to a zine one doesn't like... Probably just one of those things man was not meant to know. Then we got artwork from ALEXIS GILLILAND. RICHARD LABONTE sent a brief note enclosing an article about Canadian railroad travel. Very interesting article--we enjoyed it very much. Then we got more artwork from ALEXIS GILLILAND. And would you believe--we got a sticky quarter from JOSEPH PATE. Oh no! I just found a letter from RICK COOK! Next issue, Rick.

