

P A G E T H R E E

This is the late CRY #186, or maybe issue #186 of the late CRY. At any rate it is the 2nd Final Issue of CRY and this time I think we will make it stick.

This incarnation of CRY has been edited by Elinor Busby (2852 14th Ave W, Seattle 98119), Vera Heminger (30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn WA 98002) and Wally Weber (5422 16th Ave SW, Seattle 98106) and published by the Wal-2-Wal Press. Those Wals are Weber and Gonser, and I guess Pat Priest has just been nicknamed "2" to get on the letterhead.

Since this is the final issue we can skip all that "Available For..." stuff for the most part: just send VERA 40¢ for this issue or for back-issues. Vera will be refunding all outstanding sub-moneys as soon as she can manage to get to it.

CRY foldeth again, as of yore, because CRY is not viable without at least one hard-core Wally Weber. In 1964 he was Called by Boeing and this year he is Called by Domesticity, which is a considerably more attractive offer, I think. Wally and Pat aren't saying just when congratulations will be in order, but I can't imagine when they'd be out of order so just go right ahead at your own convenience if you like. After you recover from the shock, that is. (Recovered already? That's good.)

Deadline for #187 will be announced by a few trumpet notes. Right, Gabriel?

Our C O N T E N T S should run something like this:

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Further possible C O N T E N T S (we'll see...)

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 Another run at the color-values in Tim Kirk's cover for CRY #180 50
 And heaven only knows what they'll think of, to put on the Envelope this time...

Possible Art-Credits: Alex Gilliland 27, Vera Heminger 13, Tim Kirk 50?, Bill ROTSLER for TAFF 7 8 12 15 19 20 31 34 37 43 47, Wally Weber 9 20, Bernie Zuber 25, Quiteoff 10.

Page-Cutting Credits: Elinor *38*, Buz 4, Roy Tackett 2.

CRY, Mark II, produced 10 quite-regular 6-weekly issues from #175 (1 Aug 68) to #184 (15 Sept 69). #185, scheduled for mid-Nov 69, was late enough to blow the mid-Jan 70 date for this issue, and after that things just sort of went from later to maybe. Eventually we pinned together the tattered remnants of our once-proud zeal and promptitude to put together the copy for this 186th issue, hoping to wrap CRY II up in some sort of style, though belatedly. We Hope You Have Enjoyed The Show...

I Can't Read My Notes Once They Get Cold Department: If this issue contains an additional article not listed above, it will probably appear just after the lettercol, Vera gets the page-typing credits, and I do hope the artists (if any) signed their work. You may make corrections to this page in black ball-point pen, he said pointedly.

To the best of my knowledge, NO CRYstaffer harbors thoughts of a CRY, Mark III. Nor should any kindly soul consider "taking over CRY". Publish your OWN albatross...

Well, that's it. Thanks for being with us here in CRY, and have fun. (Buz,6/28/70)

ST. LOUIS AND BEYOND

(PART 2) *by Terry Carr*

There was a dialogue between Larry Niven and Alex Panshin on the program, and I didn't want to miss that for anything. Larry and Alex sort of haven't been getting along for some time. When Larry's first novel, *WORLD OF PTAVVS*, was published, Alex disliked it quite a lot, and said so in detail in a review. (He objected to things like Larry speaking of the "windshield" of a spaceship; it wasn't quite the mot juste, he claimed.) Larry had a similarly low opinion of *RITE OF PASSAGE* and other stories by Alex; he told me quite seriously, "I don't think Alexei Panshin should ever be allowed near a typewriter." They had exchanged heated words when they met at the Boskone, and again at the Midwescon, and eventually someone suggested that they argue it out on the program at St. Louis. You have to admit it sounded like an interesting item, and I made it a point to be there for it, sitting right in the front row. Sid came and joined me.

Well, there was no big flareup or anything; neither really wanted any unpleasantness, so they just stated their basic positions about writing (Larry felt Alex's kind of writing lacked valid science fiction ideas; Alex felt the kind of ideas Larry liked were trivial) and sort of stood pat there, repeating themselves rather than getting into the dangerous territory of specific examples from each other's work. So Bob Silverberg threw things open to questions from the audience. Somebody asked Larry a question, and Larry frowned into the mike and said, "Ahhh, I can't answer that one right away; I'll have to think about it a minute." And Alex, who's by now well known as a loquacious type, reached for the mike and said, "While you think, I'll talk."

Sid said, "There you have it: division of labor according to natural ability!"

Other highlights of the convention included, of course, the masquerade ball, always a major program item. Personally, I find these mostly dull and childish, but there are usually half a dozen costumes any year that are well worth seeing. This year I most dug Karen and Astrid Anderson as "Bat and Bitten": Karen wore that fantastic vampire costume she'd made for the Solacon, and she came out with Astrid, enwrapped her within the wings for long seconds, then released her...and there was crimson blood on Astrid's neck, and she now had bat-wings. Very, very effective; it copped a couple of awards. There were some others I liked, too, like Jon and Joni Stop as Erik John Stark and a Martian warrior-queen from Leigh Brackett's Mars stories. (I asked Leigh later if she'd liked them and she said yes indeed; in fact they'd corresponded with her for several months to make the costumes completely authentic.) Joni's daughter was good, too: she came dressed as a furry frog, riding a red tricycle. Alex Panshin's Torve the Trog seems to have captured quite a bit of fannish fancy.

But mostly I found this masquerade ball about like all others: long, hot and only intermittently interesting. Fortunately we were at a table where Bill Rotsler was drawing cartoons and passing them

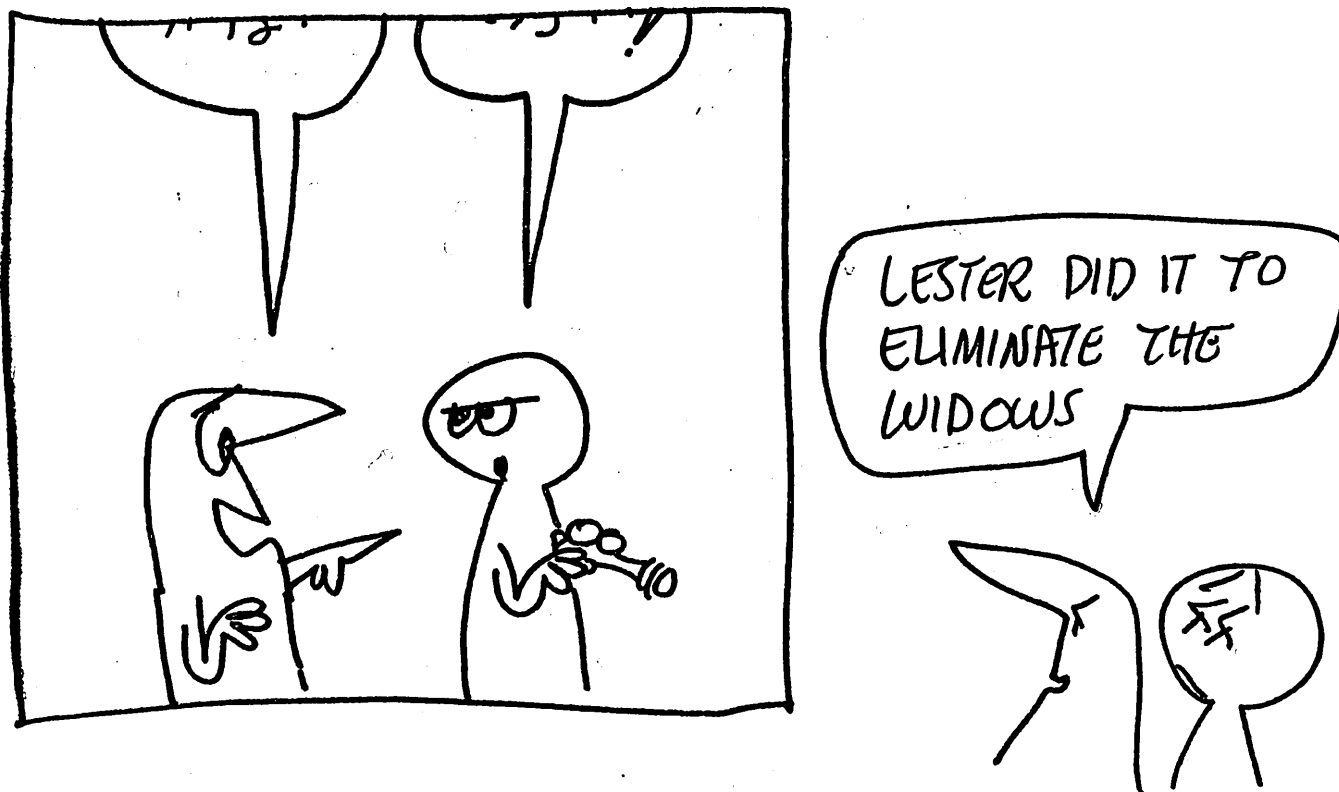
out to various cartoonists in the vicinity (Tim Kirk, Eddie Jones, Mike Gilbert, etc.) for collaboration. Some of the results, especially those that came back from Tim Kirk, were lovely, lovely.

(Speaking of Rotsler's cartooning reminds me that while we were waiting for the speeches to start at the banquet Bill began drawing cartoons aimed at the various people up at the speakers' table, each of which he'd calmly walk up and lay before the proper person then walk off while behind him someone broke up. When he did one for Jack Gaughan and went wending his way up to Jack, Bill says he could see the exact moment at which Jack realized the cartoon was going to be for him: "There was just this little shock of recognition in his eyes, and a kind of wariness crept over his face, like he knew he had to be ready for anything. It was really funny; I've never seen anything like that before." Good thing Jack had steeled himself, too, because the cartoon was of a guy saying to Jack, "Now don't worry about your speech, Jack baby. Your wife will be listening, your mother will be listening, all your publishers will be listening, everyone you know or care about in the whole world will be listening to you make your speech, but don't worry about it one bit because it's going to be all right." Jack read it, broke up, and gave Bill a silent toast with the martini he had in front of him).

Last year at the Baycon the committee tried the innovation of having rock groups at the masquerade ball, and it was definitely a mixed success: the rock groups got in the way of the masqueraders and the masqueraders got in the way of the light show. This year, the St. Louis committee scheduled a rock band and light show for after the masquerade, and it was much better, very groovy. I didn't like the group too much (it was Spur, whose repertoire consisted half of country&western things and half of adaptations of songs by the Beatles, Byrds, Nilsson, etc.), but it was live rock and all sorts of people got up and danced and it was really a good scene. I got a kind of contact groove out of it, and then they started to show the computer-art film Permutations as a light show behind the group, and I love that film. It's a marvelous film, one of the hits of the convention, run either forwards or backwards it always seems to keep in time with any kind of music. Fantastic; mind-bending.

The Editors' Panel I was one ^{of} was pretty tame until Lester del Rey began to explain about how it's sometimes necessary for an editor to "write in" maybe 5,000 words to expand a story to fill a hole that's developed in an issue. Up to that point most of us had been talking about how gently and considerately we tried to handle authors' productions, but Lester really blew that part of it wide open. "Hold it!" yelled Harlan from the audience, and he stood up and harangued Lester for several minutes. Lester said yes, he hated to tamper with other people's stories, but sometimes a story when set in type comes out leaving what we call "widows" in the trade, so he'd have to cut just a few lines out of the story, you see -- "Now wait a minute!" shouted Alex Panshin, and he stood up and harangued Lester for several more minutes. Lester spoke again of the necessities of the system, and Bob Silverberg

called from the audience, "Up against the wall, Lester!" Author after author stood to protest the heinousness of editors tampering with their words, and since this was getting interesting we editors beat a hasty retreat and Silverberg, Panshin, Ellison & Co. were called to the stage to continue their thoughts.



I joined Carol in the audience to listen; apparently the other editors (Ed Ferman, Ejler Jakobsen, George Ernsberger and Lester) left the meeting hall. This may have had something to do with the fact that I was one of the few editors who had kind words said about them during this authors' tirade. While it was all going on, Carol made up the cartoon about widows and Rotsler drew it for her.

The rest of the convention is to me now just a montage of memories--some good lines, like Bob Bloch's late in the banquet proceedings: "Well, I see by my bladder that it's time to present the Hugos." (Bob, by the way, delivered his whole Hugo-MC monologue in W.C. Fields style; I don't recall hearing him use this delivery before, but it worked beautifully and he was the best part of the banquet program.) Many good times, including a nice interlude in our room when Sid and Rotsler sat around with us for an hour or so while Carol changed or I shaved or both for some function, and the talk was quiet, relaxed and nicely friendly; a party in Ted and Robin White's room where I got my only good chance to talk with Boyd, and did; meeting George Clayton Johnson, who struck me as a very groovy guy and not at all the type to be the writer of his Star Trek episodes or co-author of that godawful, derivative and exploitive LOGAN'S RUN; Bjo saying her first really friendly words to me in eight years, thank Ghod; Karen Anderson explaining carefully to Quinn Yarbrow the types

of people from whom it's proper for a pro to accept drinks, and the list ended up including everyone but bellhops (I think it may have been an elaborate joke); spending time at breakfasts and one dinner with Tom Sherred and his wife, nice people who've been away from science fiction too long since Tom was writing E FOR EFFORT, CUE FOR QUIET, and so on, but who're reentering the field and enjoying the hell out of it; meeting R. A. Lafferty several times, each time when he was slightly smashed, so that we never really had a conversation (he wrote to me later than he was "sorry I was always too lubricated to communicate--well, not really sorry, since I went to that con to have fun and that's what I had"); passing Juanita Coulson in a crowd and saying, "Hey, wow, I hear you're even meaner than Buck except nobody knows it!", which left her a bit perplexed; being interviewed over breakfast by a reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch who asked intelligent questions, wrote down the answers and subsequently got only half of it wrong; being dragged off by various SFWA officers for skull sessions about the organization and the SFWA Forum, which I edit; Sid Coleman captioning cartoons for Rotsler, including the one with two young fans standing outside a hotel-room door and one of them says, "In an age when we can send men to the moon, there's no excuse for things like closed-door pro parties"; me sitting at the feet of Walt Liebscher while he narrated the tale of how "Rosebud" came to be a fannish gag-line; and more, so much more.



But the convention was only the beginning; we were going on from there to vacation in Oregon and California, a two-weeks trip that we'd both been looking forward to as much as to the con itself.

We landed in Portland about 9:00 Tuesday night, proceeded to our already-rented-and-waiting car from Avis and discovered that once again, though I'd specified I wanted a compact, I got a Plymouth Fury -- "but at the same price we'd charge you for the smaller car, so you're really ahead." No amount of talk will persuade car-rental agencies that some people don't really want to drive an ocean liner. I drive a Renault in New York, so the switch to power-brakes and

power-steering and power-power is always a bit jarring, not to mention the fact that it takes me awhile to figure out how far my right side extends, so that I tend to hug the middle line for fear of sideswiping parked cars (which in reality are four feet away). But I managed to herd the car a mile down the road to a motel.

The motel was brand new, not even completely finished building in one section, but it had all the modern conveniences...including a color TV set. We'd never seen much color TV except in show-rooms, where the reception is notoriously bad for some anti-mercantile reason (possibly Communistic), but this was a pretty good set and we spent the first evening of our vacation huddled together amid the vast wastelands of a queensize bed watching Rebel Without a Cause again in this new medium and marveling at the gassy commercials. The best color on tv is in the commercials -- commercials are given the most money and attention per second of anything on the tube -- so this wasn't surprising, only fun to watch. "Oh wow, I always thought that commercial was a drag-- why, it's groovy!" Next morning I went to take a shower in our ultra-modern room and couldn't find the control to turn it on. I called the desk, and they weren't sure either -- "You see, the motel is still very new, sir" -- but eventually everything was straightened out and we were able to face Oregon clean, fresh and with wet hair.

I'd charted a route that would take us east up the Columbia River through the falls area, then south to Mt. Hood, on to Bend and thence to Crater Lake. The first day was all spent along the Columbia River; we got off the throughway and took the scenic route, complete with much winding through trees and lookout points over the river, which is wide and beautiful. We stopped at every falls we came to, since I'm a waterfall nut and the falls along that section of the Columbia are varied and fascinating. There must be one every couple of miles: the river has cut steep cliffs, and every tributary forms a falls before joining the river. It's a kind of heaven for falls-freaks.

The best known of these falls, and certainly my favorite, is Multnomah Falls. If I tell you it's just a three-foot-wide creek you won't be impressed, but you see, it plunges over a sheer cliff and falls freely for some 400 feet or more, and it's just gorgeous. About halfway down the wind starts to take it and it fans out a bit, but where the falls hit the large pool at the bottom there's plenty of roaring and impact and spray...especially if you're the kind of falls-freak who digs walking right up under the falls, as I am and as I did. Behind the falls the cliff has been undercut over the centuries by the spray, so that a cleft goes back into the mountain. I started in under there, but the footing on wet boulders was tricky, the spray was damned cold and had completely drenched my glasses so that I could hardly see, and to tell you the truth I found right about then that I had a touch of claustrophobia. I was terribly, terribly conscious of the tons of earth and rock beginning half a foot above my head, and no amount of logical thought could quell the tingling in the nape of my subconscious. I came back out.

As I came away I passed a hippie looking type who was also making his way back under the falls. Carol was standing on the trail talking with the girl we'd seen with him earlier; she looked Indian,

seemed very nice. We looked some more at the falls, watched the guy as he picked his way over the rocks behind them. Then I noticed that he was going further and further back under there, and soon he was completely out of view. Suddenly I remembered a dozen Tim Holt or Roy Rogers movies from my childhood, where the good guys ride back into this secret cave behind the falls, see, and the bad guys ride right on past, never suspecting. Something like a sense of wonder o'ercame me and I went back to investigate.

The other guy was gone, out the other side of the falls, when I got back in there. There was no secret cave, alas; the cleft just went back a lot further than I'd thought. I squirmed all the way back into the mountain, taking off my glasses and clambering over the rocks while the falls (a three-foot-wide creek) roared and crashed and drenched the air with chilling water. There were no bones, no Indian hieroglyphs, no secret robbers' caches, but it was nice back there.

But cold, and wet. I came out again, rejoined Carol, and we went back to the car. She said the other two people were from California, traveling here on quasi-vacation. A little later they came down the trail, and we talked for a few minutes. I told him of my quick Tim Holt fantasy and he said, "Yeah. Yeah. I flashed on that too." It was a nice interlude.

We went as far as the town of Hood River that day, a distance of probably no more than 50 or 60 miles; we were in no hurry. We sidetriped for a quick look at Bonneville Dam around dusk, but it didn't seem impressive, certainly nothing to live up to Woody Guthrie's Roll On, Columbia, so I turned around and drove on to Hood River.

Hood River is a small Oregon town that's apparently going downhill for some reason; maybe the tourist routes go a different way than the one we took. At any rate, we had a little trouble even finding a motel, let alone one with a room for the night. I drove all over town (took ten minutes) before we finally found a place; we asked where was a good place to eat and were told that Joe's Steak House up the road was...well, no, come to think of it, Joe was closed Wednesdays; and the only other place in town was this Chinese restaurant on Main Street. "I don't like Chinese food myself, but everybody tells me it's the best Chinese restaurant this side of San Francisco." Rather warily, we went there--I mean, who expects a Chinese restaurant in Hood River, Oregon, let alone a good Chinese restaurant? And lo, it was good; not just a chop suey place, but one with weird little Chinese thingies we'd never heard of that were good. It was also what passed for the town hangout, we gathered, since it was the only place open at night downtown; half a dozen teenage kids were there, flirting with the waitress and such, and there were jukeboxes at each booth. A peculiar, nice small-townish place; we liked it.

One word here about Oregon, Oregon people and Oregon food, and I'll try not to babble about them any more later. Carol and I both love Oregon, for its magnificent scenery, its really excellent highways, good food in large portions at prices that are incredibly cheap by New York or even San Francisco standards...and the people.

The people are the furthest thing from uptight; they're loose, friendly but completely unobtrusive: they really believe in mind-your-own business. Carol and I got to talking, that night in Hood River, about things like this, and out of my profound understanding of these people (I lived in the hills of Oregon till I was five, after all) I spun out a theory or two about urban living turning good people into Left types and country living turning them into the good kind of Rightists. I don't know if this is true, but it made for heady talk that night in our pine-built, simple motel room with night-silence sounds outside.

Next day we drove up to Mt. Hood, a beautiful snow-capped peak that's the highest mountain in Oregon; naturally it's a National Park. The drive up took us through the Hood River Valley, where we stopped at a diner for breakfast and listened to a couple of people talking about cattle predators and berry season and how the town of Hood River was suddenly on the map that day because the night before people there had seen a flying saucer and it was on all the tv newscasts. We hadn't seen any such thing in Hood River, but we'd been inside most of the time; we had heard a fire alarm, though, and Carol guessed that might have been connected. Then the road got more serious about climbing, the two-lane highway turned into four-lane, and we were going up the side of Mt. Hood. The scenery got more and more beautiful as we climbed; the view below stretched out and out, and the road kept crossing and recrossing the winding Hood River, which was only a stream by now, fed by frequent cascades of melted snow water that splashed down the mountainside right by the road. The highway wasn't steep, but we were making good time and our ears were popping. Then around noon we came to a turnoff up to the Natl. Park lodge, the highest point to which you can drive there; I turned up it and suddenly we were on an entirely different kind of roadway, this one seeming to zoom straight up in a line for the peak. It was exhilarating, and for once I was glad of the Fury's horsepower.

The lodge, like so many National Park buildings, had been a WPA project, and was decorated with various nature and scenic paintings done under WPA aegis. It was very 30'sish, and I liked it. The lodge is built around a central core that's circular, four stories, with lots of open air extending from floor to fourth-floor ceiling around a fireplace in the middle. We went up to the third floor where the bar was, got a couple of drinks and sat looking out a picture window upward toward the peak. The Mt. Hood lodge's main attractions are for skiers, which we're not, or tourists who want to take the tour on snow caterpillars that go up the mountain with guides presumably pointing out things of interest; unfortunately for the latter, which would've interested us, we must have picked the wrong time of year, because the snow was melted for a good distance further up the mountain, so no tours. Ah well; the mountain was pretty, the smell of woodsmoke pleasant, and--

Click-click...click-click...click-click...click-click, clickclick click.

"Hey, there's a pingpong table somewhere in the lodge," I said.

I'm not only a waterfall freak, but also a pingpong nut; I love

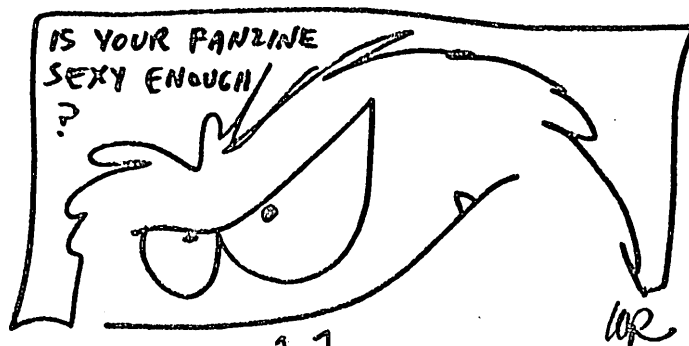
the game, and was once even good at it. (In college, when sometimes even publishing things like FANAC and THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE was insufficient to waste all the time I should've been studying). Carol said, "Hey, if we can get the table, would you like to play me?" She likes the game too, but of course is a girl. I didn't let this stop me; we got the table shortly and started to play "just a couple of games, then we've got to go." But it was fun, and before we knew it we were playing four games, five, six, seven, eventually about a dozen, I think. Carol sprained a leg muscle but insisted on one more game, then another. And she done good; she beat me once game and extended me at deuce three times the last game before I could win it.

So that's what we did at Mt. Hood National Park: had a couple of drinks and played pingpong for an hour and a half.

Then it was off down the hill in late afternoon and heading for Bend. Along the way we'd be going through a huge stretch of Indian reservation about which we'd seen a newscast that first night in Portland; seems the Indians were opening a tourist motel there with teepees instead of cabins, and a lot of nonsense like that. But they were Joining the Twentieth Century and so on.

As we drove through the reservation, about fifty miles across, we quickly came to understand the situation a bit better. I mean, that reservation had looked awfully big on the map, a huge chunk of land for the government to have let get away to mere Indians. And it looked big as we drove through it, too -- big and empty. It was all open prairie, flat, featureless, uninteresting. The ground didn't look cultivatable; in any case it certainly wasn't. The only thing notable on the whole drive through the reservation were a couple of places where the highway bridged a small river that had apparently in earlier geological days been larger, because it had cut a beauty of a deep canyon right across that flat scrub brush land. We'd be driving along, no sights in sight, then we'd cross a bridge and whoops, that looked groovy; and I'd stop the car and we'd get out and look over the guardrails. Below, the river rushed over boulders, looking lost way down there amid stands of trees and lovely stratifications of rocks in the canyon walls.

(To be continued. Tune in next issue for Terry and Carol meet Buz and Elinor at Crater Lake, Terry and Carol visit Oregon Cave Briefly, Terry and Carol Tour the Redwood Empire, and even Terry and Carol in the Bay Area, featuring many of your favorite fans.)





Jack Cole's mouth is large, with sturdy lips, a well shaped tongue and a wide, thick throat that's muscles ripple impressively when he swallows...

Oooo, he was hungry! All he'd had all day was a sweet little hamburger he'd caught on the run and quickly satisfied himself with. He was going to let that do him; he didn't want to think of himself as a glutton. This was the day he'd cut down.

But then that phone call! Things were all right until a lull in the conversation when his caller asked, "Had any good meals lately?" That did it. Started the flow of his juices.

He hurried to the kitchen as soon as he'd hung up, opened a cabinet door and gazed at the shredded wheat. He ripped the box, grabbed a bowl and threw two biscuits in. There they lay, their brown nudity framed in the whiteness of the bowl. He flung them to a counter and jumped to the refrigerator for milk. But oh. His stomach made a low growl when he saw a head of lettuce indistinctly peeping through the frosted glass top of the vegetable crisper. Swallowing nervously, he pulled open the drawer, slowly bringing the head into view. He could feel torrents of stomach acid coursing; waves of saliva drenched his mouth.

He couldn't wait. He'd have to have something. A radish!

He threw one into his huge maw, cracked it between his beautiful teeth and chomped. Then, with a delicious shiver, he swallowed it. Mmmmm. He reached up and felt his teeth. He knew how impressive they were. Powerful, brilliant, gigantic things, the secret envy of the less fortunately endowed. They could give a head of lettuce hell. Smiling proudly, he went for the lettuce.

He tore off a cluster of leaves, felt of their dewy green innocence, raised them, crumpled them and fed them into his fiercely mammoth masticating mouth. His awesome apparatus went into action, thrashing the lettuce gobs against his incredible teeth and palate... and then, slowly and majestically, he swallowed, his big Adam's apple bobbing in sympathetic sway as the mass chuted down his esophagus into his waiting, tingling tummy.

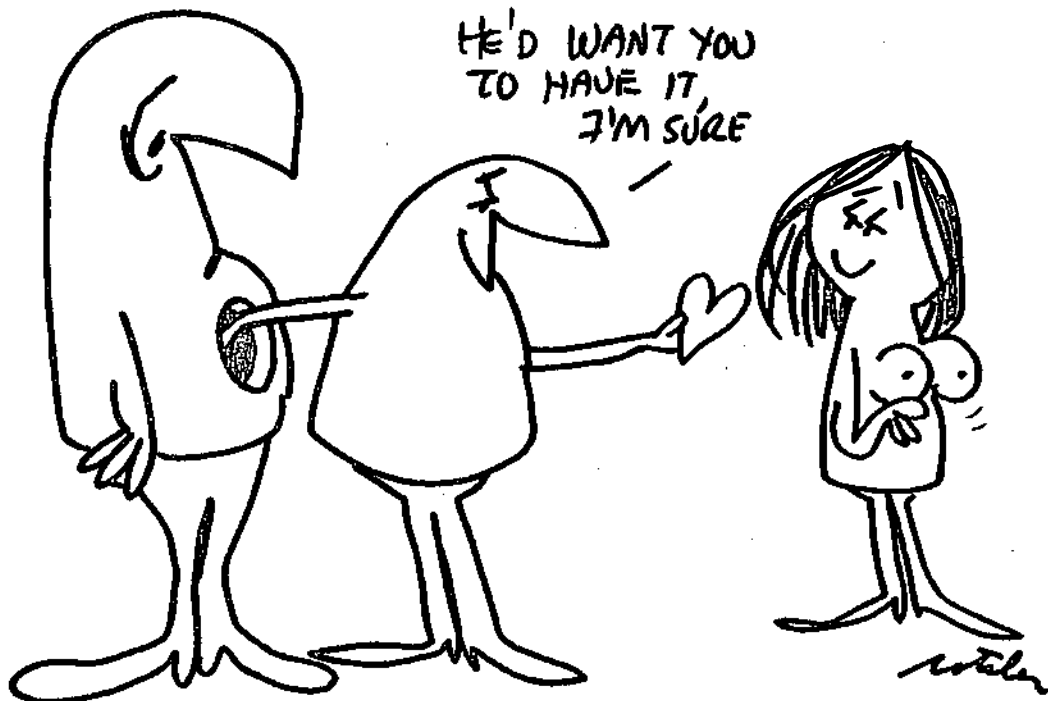
Mmmmm, so good.

But hardly satisfying.... Look! A pineapple! Raw! Encupping its huge prickly bulk, taking both his hands to do it, he nearly swooned with anticipation. I want to shred it to its stalk, he thought, tear and rend the skin from it, feel its defenceless flesh between my teeth, grinding and grinding until... In a trice he was upon it. He frantically bit the peeling off a corner and threw his rewarded eyes upon its exposed yellow form. Oooo, young, tender, juicy thing; too young to have been picked, really... What if he ate it too quickly, what would the results be? Gas? Ulcers? Damn the results! He'd have it, and now! There'd be time enough to repent... later. With a sigh he tore away at its flesh, felt the juices spurting into his mouth, rocked its pulp between his teeth, his tremendous jaws pumping away, sloshing the huge morsel, savoring it, swallowing it, engulfing it, plop!, into his churning, heated stomach.

Suck the pulp ravenously, his mind shouted. He did. His mouth puckered. His teeth churned in paroxysms of ecstasy. His stomach heaved, gurgled & begged as his bulging eyes made an inventory of the refrigerated and encabineted foods, foods, foods surrounding him. Faint with desire, he pulled two eggs to him. "...beat the eggs thoroughly..." flashed through his reeling disconnected mind. He would beat the eggs, yes; he would whip them to a froth! Dried nuts, liquid honey--the room was going round before his eyes as he tore into a tray of cold hot buns--beef patties, crisp pickle slices, fried mush, "...Hearty Eating!..." cook, cooking, cooker, cooked! He was aflame. What wouldn't he do with Unshelled Shrimp? Eat them hot, eat them cold, help himself to them all. Napkins, glassware, silver, candles, Decorative Assemblies, plants, candy dishes, he would have a feast. A feast, a feast. He would not just set them out to spur on his appetite--he would eat them. Candelabra, toaster, metal platters, meat fork, spice bottles... He would devour the kitchen curtains, swallow the refrigerator & stove, the family cat, graze the front lawn clean, gnaw the sidewalk away, eat up the road, swallow passing school children, trees, autos, lamp posts, drain backyard pools, tongue away shingles, windows, porches, people, playgrounds, gulp down the reservoir, the river, reduce the coastline, cover the earth, deplete the universe with his endless appetite and his non-stop mouth...

Oh Jack Cole! I am most heartily sorry for having created thee.

--Rob Williams



This is the last issue of CRY. I'm sorry, gang, but that's the way it's got to be. All of us have changed. Wally no longer has the time and inclination for fanpubbing that he once had, and congratulations are in order. Vera is also otherwise engrossed, as perhaps she'll tell you. As for me, I've gotten hooked more and more into the biweekly apa scene, than which few things are more fun or more time-consuming. So much for CRY. I can't say it without a pang, but I can say it.

We went to the SFCon and had a great time. Haven't much to say about it except that one thing that triggered a lot of thought in me was George Clayton Johnson's insistence that fandom is an arena for struggling for power and status. His contentions were, as I remember them, that fans admire pros greatly and all fans want to be pros or at least very powerful fans. It's certainly true that fans are not devoid of an interest in power and status. A certain struggle for power exists in every group of humans under the sun, and fandom is no exception. But that just isn't what fandom is all about. In fandom, the emphasis is on something else--on being able to discuss matters which are elsewhere undiscussable. This is enormously important. Most of us spend our workday with people with whom it's safe to discuss only part of the things one thinks about. In fandom the proportion of things it's okay to talk about is much larger. Most of us do work that doesn't come close to requiring the use of all our faculties. Fandom provides the necessary release, relief, exercise and stimulation.

Although it's a fact that there are always power struggles going on in fandom, I think it's also a fact that the typical fan does not admire those who scheme for power, even when they are successful. In the fans whom one likes, finagling for power is regarded as a weird idiosyncrasy; in the fans whom one doesn't like it's proof that one was right all along.

As for admiring pros--I certainly do. I admire a lot of people. I admire everyone who does his work well. I even admire myself! But I do not admire any professional writer whose work does not seem admirable to me.

I admire George Clayton Johnson even when I don't agree with him. He is a groovy guy and an admirably delightful person to talk to even when he is--totally mistaken.

We went to the Portland convention. I most enjoyed the panel with Frank Herbert and Ursula LeGuin and, that evening, Frank Herbert's banquet speech and the general discussion following.

Frank Herbert is a short stocky man with a short bushy blond beard. His manner is warm, brusque, decisive and filled with enthusiasm. He is obsessed with ecology/environment and has been for a long time now. He said that he wrote DUNE primarily to bring people to an awareness of ecology. He spent five years in researching Dune and two years in writing it. It's been out some time now, which must mean that he got into the ecology thing when even the most knowledgeable and aware were just beginning to worry about it. He talked ecology the whole time, delightfully and excitingly. I was sorry that Vera Heminger, William Rotsler and Paul Turner weren't there--they would have enjoyed it so much.

I was pleasantly impressed with Ursula LeGuin. She is a neat, elegant, quietly handsome dark-eyed woman with an unassuming and straightforward manner. She looked and seemed just as she ought, to have written THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, of which I'll speak further if I don't run out of space first. Here there be Book Reviews:

THE SHIP WHO SANG by Anne McCaffrey. Somebody asked me recently why I liked Anne McCaffrey's books. "They have color and romance," I said. I added that if Anne McCaffrey weren't a science fiction writer she could write Gothics--as good or better than Mary Stewart's--and earn much money. Her books are Science Fiction Gothics. She has a beleaguered young heroine who in the end finds love and fulfillment. THE SHIP WHO SANG is no exception, despite the fact that the young girl is a person who was born in such a terrible body that she was encased in a unit which was encased in a ship, becoming the ship's brain. The book is a series of short stories which have a continuing line of plot development: the search of the heroine for surcease from pain for the loss of her mate, and her eventual discovery of a second. This mating-in-all-but-flesh between ship and coworker is surprisingly satisfying and believable.

THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS by Ursula LeGuin. This is a splendid book. Genly Ai is an envoy from Earth on an alien planet, trying to persuade the people there to enter the Ekumen of Worlds. The people on this planet are all potentially of both sexes. Essentially neuter for approximately 22 days out of every 26, when they are in kemmer they are able and eager to mate. With a new partner there is no way to know in advance which will be male and which female. A person can be male with any number of partners and then be female, or vice versa.

There are two major nations on this planet. In the one, inheritance is principally through the female line. One's natural heir is one's 'child of the flesh.' If one has not borne a child, one can pick a 'kemmering son,' i.e., a child one has sired. This is much less satisfactory because there is a clan system, and one's kemmering sons may probably belong to another clan. It isn't brought out to what extent the clans are exogamous; it is possible for full brothers to have one child together, which is presumably allowed for the purpose of keeping the heir within the clan. After the birth of this one child, the brothers must vow never to meet in kemmering again--thus to prevent shrinkage of the gene pool.

In the other major nation there is no inheritance. Ironically but not unbelievably, in the nation where it is of less importance whether one is male or female at kemmer, it is possible to predetermine sex by hormonal tinkering.

This planet, although not particularly peaceful, has never had a fullscale war. As the book opens, Lord Estraven, the other main character, a noble of the first and more interesting of the two major nations, has become convinced that his planet is about to discover total war, which is one reason he is trying to help Genly Ai. This to me is the one less than totally convincing thing in the book--that a planet which had never had war could suddenly develop it--without the prodding of charismatic leadership or a sudden leap in technology, neither of which she gives us.

The book is about the relationship between Genly Ai and Lord Estraven. Lord Estraven is a being totally hung up on grief, and has the romantic charm of those of the grief-stricken who are also intelligent and brave.

As you can see, I can say no more about this book, because I'm at the end of my column. Good by, all.

CREATIVELY WRITTEN CRY COLUMN

Several weeks ago I was glancing through the UMC catalog of non-credit courses and came across "Creative Writing".

Creative Writing?

"This is a practical, down-to-earth course in the short story, the serial and the novel. The lessons will include manuscript preparation, marketing, contracts, author's agents and present-day trends in fiction for both pulp and slick magazines. The course is designed to teach sincere, ambitious people how to write and to create in non-authors an appreciation and understanding of what to look for when they read a story."

Indeed? Well, why not?

Ah, but are you sincere and ambitious?

No, but I'm a non-author who needs an appreciation and understanding of what to look for when I read a story.

So I signed up.

The instructor is Mr. Wilfred McCormick and he has been teaching this course for a number of years. I gather his method has some prominence among those in the writing profession for he has would-be writers, and some who are already established, come from all over the country to study under him.

Wilfred McCormick is a successful professional writer. In his earlier days he wrote short stories for the old western pulps. He wrote something over 500 published stories before he graduated to books. Mr. McCormick is somewhere on the far side of 50, was born and raised in New Mexico, graduated from the University of Indiana, rose to the rank of Colonel during World War II and comes from something of a writing family. His wife is a professional writer, his sister is a professional writer and so on. After the war he settled down to write books. He has written over 80 and they have all been best sellers.

Wilfred McCormick writes juvenile sports stories; tales of the court and the gridiron and the diamond aimed at the 12 to 15 audience. Good, clean, wholesome stories in which virtue always triumphs and the game is played according to the rules. Best sellers? He has a guaranteed market. Every library, every school in the country buys his books. You'll find them in both original and reprint editions in every bookstore in the country. He turns out three or four a year. As I said, he's a pro.

Practical and down-to-earth, the catalog said. And it was. Mr. McCormick's course is a no nonsense course in commercial writing. McCormick quotes Ben Jonson: "Only a jackass writes for anything but money." He concentrates on the mechanics of writing. You may have the best story idea in the world, he says, but it won't sell unless you can get an editor to look at it. He spends more time on the first page than on anything else--the first page is the grabber. Beginnings, first impressions, fundamentals, authenticity, professionalism. If you think of writing as an art you are wasting your time. Writing is a business. Viewpoint, how to choose names--avoid names that end in "s"--characterization: know your character. All successful stories are the same, he says, somebody the reader likes is in trouble and from there you can go to one of two routes: a story of conflict or a story of decision. The author can have almost infinite variety in his story but in the end it boils down to somebody the reader likes is in trouble.

Mr. McCormick also had a few things to say, all uncomplimentary, about writer's correspondence schools, agents who advertise, and vanity presses.

On correspondence schools--stay away from them. Nobody ever fails, regardless of how miserable their manuscripts may be. The suckers get taken for thousands every year.

On agents who advertise--forget them. If an author is good and successful an agent will find him, he doesn't have to hire one.

On vanity presses--one of the most vile businesses there is. Their contracts are iron-clad and they do absolutely everything they say they will (We will send review copies to major newspapers and literary magazines--and they do but nobody reads vanity press books.) and it costs the poor sucker author a mint.

There is just one criteria for legitimacy in the publishing business, he says, a legitimate publisher pays you--if any outfit wants you to pay them then run, do not walk, to the nearest exit.

It is difficult to argue with Mr. McCormick's approach to writing. Some might call it rather cold-blooded but there is no arguing that he is successful. And he's a pro--he knows his business and he does it well. He turns out a surprising number of selling writers.

I don't think, however, that I'll be one of them. I really have no burning desire to write fiction--besides I'm too lazy.

One of the more interesting parts of the course was getting copies of current magazines (MCCALL'S, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, etc.) and analyzing the stories in them. They have one thing in common--they are terrible. Not necessarily in story content but in the mechanics of the writing. I can see why editors complain about the lack of good writers and why the short story market seems to be drying up. If the miserable examples of writing that are being printed represent the best available these days can you imagine what the rejects are like?

Some of our SF writers should be able to make a mint in the mainstream.

Roy Tackett
14 December 1969



With Keen Blue Eyes & A Bicycle

--by F and M Busby with a little help from my friends

It seems strange to be starting a column for CRY a month after the original publication date, with no idea when or if the issue will actually be published. The previous issue (#185) was due out around Nov 15, '69, and appeared about 3 weeks late while hundreds jeered. Due-date for this issue was around Jan 15, '70; today is Feb 17 and I am not holding my breath. I sincerely hope you're not, either.

The plain (but never simple) truth is that current and future conditions at the Wally Weber menage preclude any assurance of Regular [let alone Prompt] publication of CRY. Any given issue might get off the ground in its proper month, and then again it might not. This [as Wally himself once said of the Post Office] is just one of those things we got to learn to live with. All forms of Progress have their drawbacks.

The preceding has been not a Grotch, but a genuine official-type Non-Informative Explanation. I've been taking lessons from White House Spokesmen, and the like.

This might be the last issue of the 2nd Incarnation of CRY, or possibly even the one after that. Quien sabe? If CRY continues, even haltingly, so shall I, even more so. But right at this moment I don't see anyone looking to provide the Push for it. Momentum went for ten issues or so, this round; that's not bad at all...

The members of the CRY-Staff are each in a lull. I'm not on the Staff but will lull it with the best of them. Some super-dynamo may join the scene. Or maybe not.

Remember: you read it first, right HERE. (Or maybe not.)

Today I had a grandstand seat at a good-sized demonstration or Riot. Several hundred young rebels left over from storming the County Court House up the hill came down the hill to storm the Federal Bldg where I work, this afternoon. The police were braced for this: about 15 were in the Building, all doors but one were locked and watched by GSA building-employees, and from mid-morning one police spotter was on-station almost directly across First Avenue from our 4th-floor offices, in the crummy ol' Stevens Hotel, with binoculars and a walkie-talkie and about 3 dozen sandwiches. [I swear, that man ATE almost constantly for 3 or 4 solid hours. Nerves, I guess.]

The occasion, I believe, was a protest against the contempt citations levied in the trial of the Chicago Seven. The idea is that if you are mad^{at} a judge in Chicago, naturally you throw rocks through windows, at Post Office workers in Seattle. To prove this, one fella carried a sign saying "Justice to the People!" I believe this sort of thing was known to an earlier generation as Guilt By Association... O well.

We had a pretty good view of most of the hassle from our 4th-floor windows, and although I'm sure there will be Huge Outcries [of Terrorism from one side and of Police Brutality from the other side], it really wasn't all that bad. Better than 90% of the kids were just there to yell and make a fuss; better than 90% of the (eventual) 60 or so police who showed up displayed good discrimination and restraint in the face of the best provocation the kids could toss out. Only a few of the demonstrators were throwing the rocks and bottles at windows and at police, though a lot of throwing was done. And only a few cops (I saw two) cut loose with feet or clubs at anyone except



for members of the Pitching Staff who tried to fight when caught. From above we saw police in quiet zones spotting hurlers and fingering them by handie-talkie; suddenly other gendarmes would zero-in on some joker who still had lots of rocks in his knapsack [that contingent came Prepared].

I saw a couple of cops go a little ape when people deliberately got in their way when they were chasing some punk who had clobbered them personally. Nobody wound up unconscious or bleeding on the ground though, which is more restraint than many of us might have shown in a like case. Anyone who tries to block off a cop who has just been hit with a rock or bottle from the guy who threw it is just ASKING to be a martyr, in my book, and quite often he will be obliged in his effort.

Mostly, the police seemed to pay no heed to the shouted Season's Greetings such as "Fuck the Pigs!" and "Up against the wall, mother-fucker!", doubtless realizing that such charming prattle merely indicates high spirits in today's youth. This, again, is more restraint than the average citizen might display.

Most of the demonstrators were quite unorganized, whereas police tactics and organization were very good. Time and again I saw gathering centers of vandalism surprised by pincer-moves or sudden advances and dispersed abruptly without actual contact. Also, several hundred demonstrators in "reserve" were held out of action by about 20 police who moved out to block the street any time the mob decided to head for the action; they always retreated again, well before contact was made.

I'd guess that only a few of the hundreds really wanted any big trouble, and those who did, generally managed to find it. And as I say, very few of the police got out of hand, either, in a situation of great tension and considerable risk.

It is of interest that ordinary citizens and also hippie-types could and did walk the crowded sidewalks past both demonstrators and police without molestation; personally I found that pretty surprising. Of course it wouldn't have paid to get caught in the middle of a real action-type skirmish, and actually I am too fond of my head to take it where a lot of big rocks and bottles are whizzing through the air, but there seemed to be no "civilian" casualties in the scene around our block.

The riot-minded types pegged rocks and bottles through windows [not only the Court House and Federal Bldg, but also a number of stores, etc, on the lines of march between the two targets] in blithe disregard of the possibility of killing or maiming any hapless people inside. I can't really drink to that, somehow.

[A day later]: The original Court House scene was somewhat rougher, with a mob of about 2,000. The building was locked with police on guard in the main lobby. The attackers broke the glass doors [I have a hunch that glass doors may be going out of style], and besides the rocks and bottles, lobbed in canisters of tear gas, puke-gas, smoke bombs and two dummy grenades. U.S. Marshals ordered the crowd to disperse, several times. The crowd didn't, of course, so at this point the police broke it up, and a little later we (as I said earlier) got the leftovers, down at the Fed Bldg. Glass breakage and other damage at and between the two buildings is about \$30,000, which is pretty active for A Boy With A Brick.

The vandalism was started by 3 out-of-town over-30s types who somehow weren't around any longer when the kids were getting their lumps and some (80) arrests. California authorities are expected to identify the 3 from on-the-spot pics. I don't like a guy who starts a beef and leaves someone else to take the rap for it.

Local reaction to the mess is rather frightening; if you don't believe in the Silent-Majority Backlash, you'd better think again. Personally I feel that jokers who throw bricks and get clubbed for it are just breaking even; I weep no tears on that score. But most of those kids were just out for the excitement of a Big Gesture; some are no doubt fanatically sincere and others may think they are, but the chance to assemble and holler and raise a little hell has to appeal to any kid; right?

However, nearly everyone at work has reacted violently and indiscriminately toward the entire mob and toward all longhaired/bearded youth. All such, I've been hearing all day, should be clubbed-down, beaten-up, jailed, or shot. Yes, there are several who want hidden machine-guns set up to mow down the whole lot, in future.

And these people, mind you, are ordinarily-sensible people, reasonably well-educated and mostly of above-average intelligence. They aren't rednecks or losers.

They are just damn well sick and tired of wanton irresponsible destruction hiding behind the mask of Social Conscience. I am, too, if it comes to that. But not to the point where I want to see a kid beaten-up or maybe killed just because (1)he's wearing the (hair-and-clothes) Uniform of the Day for his age-group, and/or (2)is carried away and behaving as pack-animals do by nature behave, running and hollering and giving his adrenal glands a lot of good healthy exercise. If he shouts obscenities in public, he may deserve a slap in the yap, but not with a club. Or so I feel.

From the 4th floor it was easy to make out facial expressions except when the face was too hirsute. And on most of the kids, the expressions were identical to those you can see at any hard-fought high-school sports event: the same charged-up volatile hectic enthusiasm, euphoria or despair. Misguided perhaps, but not Evil.

Yet my co-workers do not discriminate between the destructive types and those who merely tagged along and shouted a lot. They seem to go mostly by the haircuts. I find this depressing. But then, I find the whole sorry mess depressing.

There has to be some way to cool this mob stuff and this growing polarization before the mobs terrorize the cities and/or vigilante-types begin to strike back in counter-mob counter-punching. I didn't really believe the latter to be a possible threat, but I do now, having seen and heard reactions I wouldn't have believed either.

Let me scare you a little bit. A fella down the hall is a wheel in the State Guard (which is like the National Guard only not quite). He says his unit hasn't for the past 2 years been trained in one damn thing except Riot Duty. He says the standard orders for Riot Duty are fairly strict on the safety angle, but then went on to explain the loopholes by which he and every unit-commander he knows are prepared to make a pile of hamburger out of any Riot Mob that gives them the slightest excuse.

And I believe him. I was once in the National Guard, and had Riot Training, and right along with the strict orders for such duty, we were given the way it would really work if anybody tried to hand us any shit. I understand that these days the National Guard operates somewhat differently (more civilized), in many states at least. But I wouldn't give two cents for the chances of any mob that went up against the State Guard.

I think the proper question at this point is: Where the hell are we heading? And I do hope that someone can come up with a true answer, other than Straight Down.

On all sides there is a distinct lack of Cool; have they quit making the stuff??

(June 28: the preceding reads less dated than I'd expected, so I'll leave it in. FMB.)

Later developments: Kent State changed the entire pattern of demonstrations in this area. It brought out the Moderates. Instead of 2,000 marchers including maybe 50 "trashers" there were more like 10,000 on the march and considerable effort to cut out the destruction. With 10,000, the students took to marching downtown via the Freeway (all lanes); this went on for 3 or 4 days, stirring up some tempers but also catching the fancy of many, since it was such a kooky impudent thing to do. At the end of it there was the feeling that perhaps more people on both sides were willing to listen to each other, than before. Some newspaper and radio people helped promote this idea and it seems to have helped clear the air a lot. One may hope so, at least.

Fanwise this year: Elinor and I enjoyed the SFCon in March and the Portland Norwestercon in May. We'll miss the Westercon but hope to hit some BArea parties in lieu of it. Visiting Seattle have been John(D) Berry and Greg & Joan Benford. Neat.

I expect to be taking the (very) early retirement option from gummint service in about a month. This is possible because the job is leaving me rather than vice-versa. It is advisable because of the depressed state of the economy combined with the high mortgage-interest rates involved in moving to a new location. But perhaps my main reason is this: how often does a guy get the chance to jump off the squirrel-cage and look around and start out in a new direction? So I think maybe I've engineered my last engine, psyched out my last circuit, specified my last specification, and most Certainly watched my last clock-- or Real Soon Now, I will have. It should all be very interesting. To me, anyway... The 40-hour week never did fit me very well.

That's newsbreaks for now. Be seeing you here and there. --Buz.

I've got these two nephews, Joey and Danny (I have other nephews, also a niece and a beagle, but they don't figure in the following.) Joey and Danny recently joined the cub scouts and took to more rurally orthodox discussions of aspects of survival (e.g., how will Den-mother survive another fifteen minutes of troop). Last summer, however, as we drove along the freeway taking them from their house to ours for the afternoon, my father undertook to keep them amused by the game of asking questions. Being inquisitive, like most boys their age (then eight and seven), they enjoy such games, the more so as their closeness puts a finer edge to the usual sibling rivalry.

"Joey," said my father, "how do you tell directions?"

"By the sun," he said magisterially. "In the morning it's in the east. And at noon it's way up high in the sky--"

"How do you tell then?" said my father.

"It's in the south," said Danny softly, unheard by his brother.

"--and in the evening when it's big and orange it's west."

(Footnote for sceptics who do not think evening can be distinguished from morning by solar size and orangeity: it can if your schedule has you getting up well after sunrise most mornings of the year. Joey's account of vespereal direction-finding went unchallenged.)

"But how do you tell at noon?"

"Well, you can't," said Joey.

"It's south," said Danny.

"No, it isn't."

"Yes, it is," I put in.

"Oh, that's right," said Joey.

"Hee, hee, hee," said Danny.

"Don't get so lerantic," Joey said witheringly.

"What?" said my sister Jean.

Joey hesitated.

"He means pedantic," I said.

Joey clarified. "Don't get so smart!"

"I want to get as smart as I can," said Danny smugly.

"Well, we're not all perfect," said Joey.

"Yes, and we're not all unperfect, either."

Joey was not quite sure whether his brother's last remark worked out to an insult, so he reverted to the previous topic.

"And I can tell directions from the streets."

"How?" said my father dutifully.

"Well, the streets runs north and south, and -- no, the streets run east and west, and the avenues run north and south."

(I.e., they do in Minneapolis, for the most part, and that's the only city he knows well. It's a common street-naming pattern and used by many cities, but not all.)

"But if you're on a street, how do you know if you're going east or west?" said my father.

"You...well...that is...." Joey's face brightened. "You tell by the exit signs!" he said triumphantly.

My father turned in silence on to T.H. 62 (EAST).

I'm not sure how they'd do with Polaris and moss-on-trees, and so on, but I think Joey and Danny merit badges for urban navigation.

A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM, by Philip K. Dick, Amazing Stories Nov. 1969 & Jan. 1970

One anticipates in picking up a new Philip K. Dick novel that it will include obscure symbolism, happenings without explanation, weird plot twists, peculiar motivations and a double scoop of loose ends left dangling at the end. All of these elements have indeed become trademarks of this author, who appears to delight in writing in more than the normal three dimensions of the world around us. Done well, as it customarily is by Dick, this approach creates memorable, extraordinary and unclassifiable novels. Done poorly, it can result in dreadful abominations.

A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM is a dreadful abomination. Reading it is like looking through a thick fog at a swaying neon sign: not much is happening, and what is happening is perceivable only as a dim stirring of motion against a shadowy background. At about the end of Chapter Seven, I said to myself, "By George, something ought to be happening soon." I was wrong. Nothing ever did.

The plot: Louis Rosen and Maury Rock are in business, along with the former's father and brother and the latter's daughter, selling electronic organs and spinet pianos, and the business is not exactly thriving in the world of the 1980's. So the Rocks and an electronics genius who works for the firm begin designing better simulacra, androids who are perfect imitation of human beings. With some idea in mind of capitalizing on a Civil War craze that is the current fad, they create first an Edwin M. Stanton and then an Abraham Lincoln simulacrum. They attempt to sell their ideas to a multi-billionaire speculator and wheeler-dealer named Sam Barrows, who double-crosses them by luring Pris Rock and the electronics genius away from the firm. Louis Rosen, who is in love with Pris, first decides to kill Barrows, then changes his mind and has himself committed to a psychiatric clinic. When he gets out of the clinic, Rosen discovers that he himself is a simulacrum, programmed by Pris (and Barrows has been in on the thing all along). He goes back to the spinet and organ business, managing a branch office on the Moon in a Barrows real estate project. And there the novel ends, having required 60,000 words to do it.

Philip Dick has often employed small, conventional plots; it's what is going on around, through and behind the plot that constitutes 90% of most of his novels. But in this case, there is not enough skin on those bones to fill half as many pages, and the result is a dull, padded, vague monstrosity that I am quite shocked to see under the by-line of a major author. Dick generally fills his books with sharp little portraits of the technology, politics and culture of whatever future he is writing about, but not so in this instance. There is the McIlhenny Act, which compels the commitment for cure of all people who deviate from a fairly narrow standard of psychological normality, and there is the mood organ, a familiar Dick idea. But other than those two items, A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM takes place in a vacuum.

It must have been intended as a low-key study of personalities;

there is no other explanation for the endless paragraphs of vague soul-searching and strange, ephemeral dialogue leading to no point. And there is, in this novel, some extremely effective characterization, but by itself that is simply not enough to carry a work of this length. No doubt there is also a symbolistic theme with which Dick endeavored to tie all of it together, but I confess to being unable to discover it. A LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM left me completely flat, with no feeling that this novel was worth the several hours required to read it. The most memorable part of the entire effort is a few lines in which Dick analyzes with great perceptivity the psychology of being in an expensive hotel.

Every good writer is entitled to turn out a flop occasionally. A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM is Phil Dick's loser for this decade.

Ted Pauls



How old does a book have to be to be a "classic?" Ten years? Twenty? Thirty?

YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME, a paperback collection of the late Cordwainer Smith's stories published by Regency in 1963, may not have the patina of decades--but it is in every sense a genuine classic, one that is sure to endure as long as anything ever written in the genre.

The collection has become something of a rarity. Regency always had serious distribution problems, and it went bankrupt a few years ago. Finding a copy of the Smith collection took me two years--and at that, it was quite accidentally that Sam Moskowitz handed me a spare copy of his recently.

We know now--as most of us didn't in 1963--that Cordwainer Smith was really Paul Myron Anthony Linebarger, world-renowned authority on psychological warfare, student of Oriental culture and advisor to presidents. Before turning to science fiction, he was successful as a "mainstream" novelist under such pseudonyms as Felix C. Forrest and Carmichael Smith.

Though said to have made his S.F. debut as early as 1928, Smith really got his start in 1948 with "Scanners Live in Vain," one of the eight short stories and novelettes represented in the Regency collection.

Already, Smith was displaying an imaginative power that was to give new meaning to the "sense of wonder" in years to come. The first of his stories to be set in the celebrated universe of the Instrumentality, "Scanners Live in Vain" presents a vivid portrait of spaceship pilots of the future who have had all their senses save sight surgically disconnected that they may endure the Great Pain of Space while voyaging between the stars, and centers on what happens when these "scanners" learn that a new method of circumventing the Great Pain threatens to make them obsolete. The tale doesn't quite have the word magic of later Smith stories--but the power of his vision makes it memorable nonetheless.

Leading off the collection is "No, No, Not Rogov" (1958), a classic in itself which has been reprinted in several anthologies. The stark contrast between present and future is dramatized brilliantly as Rogov, a captive Russian scientist of our era, develops a "telepathic" weapon to tune in on and paralyze the thoughts of Western leaders--only to receive instead a blinding vision from thousands of years in the future. An inter-world dance festival of what might have been 13,582 A.D., and "that golden shape on the golden steps." Rogov is driven mad by the "shock of dynamic beauty"--and Smith almost makes the same happen to the reader.

"The Lady Who Sailed the Soul" (1960) is the legendary romance of Helen America and Mr. Gray-no-more during the early days of the colonization of other solar systems, when the trip to New Earth takes 40 years. Helen America is a girl of 18; Mr. Gray-no-more a man of 65 just arrived from New Earth--and Smith's new twist on the May-December romance is not only startlingly original, but pure science-fiction. His style and treatment raise the story far beyond the limits of the usual "love interest."

For a change of pace, "The Game of Rat and Dragon" (1955), offers, not a new look at an emotional situation, but a whole new kind of emotional relationship--the symbiosis between men and cats joined in battle against the terrors of interstellar space. Smith makes you empathize with the hero's feelings for his "partner" when he wonders, "Where would he ever find a woman who would compare with her?" And you can see the germ from which Smith's later concept of the underpeople grew.

Magno Taliano, most famous Go-Captain in the Galaxy, finds himself called upon to make the ultimate sacrifice in a new and frightening way when his planforming ship becomes lost among the stars in "The Burning of the Brain" (1958). It just might burn itself into your brain, too.

"Golden the Ship Was--Oh! Oh! Oh!" (1959), adds a new dimension to the idea of interstellar warfare--and an insight into the politics in a later period of the Instrumentality when, "With the launching of the attack...corrupt rascals became what they were in title: the leaders and the defenders of mankind."

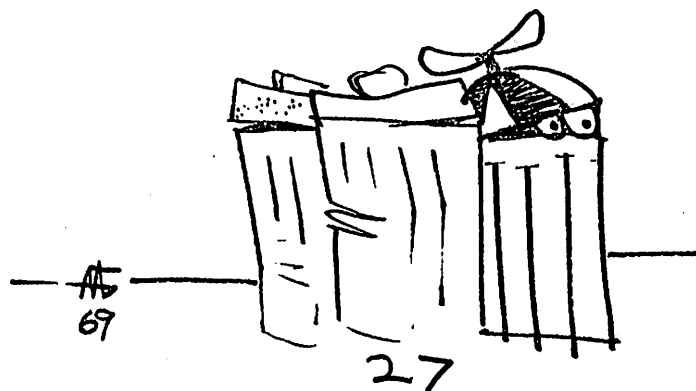
The climactic era of the Rediscovery of Man is the setting for "Alpha Ralpa Boulevard" (1961). It is the tragic love story of a man and a woman newly imprinted with the ancient French culture, of a chance acquaintance in whom the ancient Evil has been reborn, and of the old and seemingly all-knowing computer that lies at the end of the famous boulevard. C'Mell, the girly girl, who figures so prominently in later stories, makes two brief--but vital--appearances. The tale reflects his growing preoccupation with religious symbolism and the dangers of a too "perfect" society.

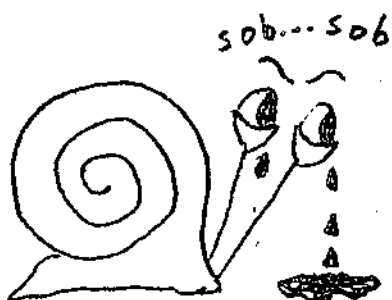
"Mark Elf" (1961), is perhaps the slightest of the eight stories, but still nice. It's the tale of the daughter of a Nazi scientist shot into space (and frozen sleep) at the end of World War II, and how she is brought back to Earth 16,000 years later to find love and happiness in the age of the Instrumentality.

Smith was a man who knew how to turn the tale of wonder into high art--who believed, "It is the job of the writer to seize the wonders and let the reader see Mankind within himself."

A re-issue of this collection by some publisher enterprising enough to acquire the copyrights is long overdue.

--John J. Pierce





THE ^{Final} CRY OF THE Readers



conducted by

Elinor Busby

HARRY IS FASCINATED

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md. 21740

Dear Elinor:

December 18, 1969

Terry Carr's conreport is fascinating and unusual--a fan turned pro writing with pro quality about the things he did as a fan at a worldcon. I keep wondering how many traditions of the current "worldcon" will vanish when it's converted into a national con. None, probably, except the name, because of fandom's love for the traditional and ritual. But surely the introduction of notables at the beginning of a worldcon could be dumped as a tradition as the changeover without tears. It was a good idea when three or four hundred people attended the worldcon and the fellow at the podium could see who was and wasn't in the room and could visually check to make sure he'd forgotten nobody important. Besides, there weren't lots of fringe fans who couldn't care less about the fans who get introduced. If I had unlimited power to alter the universe, the first change I'd make would consist of changing the con banquet into a picnic lunch. I'm sure everyone would enjoy it much more. But I suspect that hotels wouldn't take kindly to it.

I didn't do much viewing of the Apollo 12 activities, even though I took that week as part of my vacation. The sequence of sinus agonies was in progress again, combined with furnace and plumbing problems in the house, and I had much more trouble coping with my life support systems than the three astronauts. The only big moment for me, as a result, was when one of the moon walkers fell down a crater. Here was science fiction come true at last. But I can't remember any science fiction story in which the man on the moon got himself out of his helpless condition in the manner that reality produced, just pushing himself upright again. As a photographer who has been asked hundreds of times not to use a flash unit in the face of an active television camera, I find it hard to believe that NASA failed to provide a lens cap for the color camera that got pointed into the sun. It would have been so easy to rig up an opaque disc that could be swung in front of the lens at the touch of a finger, after the camer had shown the walk down the ladder. It's equally hard to believe that the same mishap didn't happen on the Apollo 11 flight.

Snocones must be almost exactly like the snowballs that have been popular with the kids around here since the times of dim antiquity. When I was a boy, there was a snowball stand in almost every block during hot weather. The ice was shaved, not crushed, because many homes still had iceboxes instead of refrigerators and a hunk of ice could usually be liberated from the family's stock. The shaving device looked like a small carpenter's plane and worked the same way. As I remember it, you could buy bottles of flavoring manufactured specifically for this purpose in corner groceries, so apparently snowballs weren't purely a local phenomenon. There are still a half-dozen or so snowball stands run by kids here each summer, but I imagine that they use crushed ice, since I don't think there's any source of 25 lbs. cakes of ice nowadays. (I never heard of snowballs, and I don't think we had anything like that in Tacoma, Washington. We had lemonade stands, though. I remember the iceman, too: he would let us ride on the tailgate, and gave us ice to suck.)

George Wells is alive and well in the NFFF. He voted in one or two of this fall's elections. Les Gerber tells me that he has been promoted as a record reviewer for The American Record Guide. He was living in the folk music column, but now will have the run of the magazine and different kinds of records to review.

I watched Star Trek yesterday, the Trekkers who survive in CRY's letter column will be happy to know. The occasion was a rerun of the Kim Darby episode, Miri. It's one of the most incredible of the series, unfortunately--the crew makes no attempt to determine if the situation affecting children in this section of this city is localized or true of the whole planet, the people remaining on ship don't take action when the crew members on the planet lose their communicators, there's no attempt to explain the similarities between this planet and earth--and there's a minor mystery involving Kim who looks fifteen pounds or more heavier than in the other television dramas she made around the same time. Maybe no effort was made to find favorable camera angles for the unglamorized character she portrayed. *(She was in another Star Trek episode later. She believed, quite incorrectly, that Captain Kirk had murdered her father and was very annoyed with him about it. Actually her unsavory sire wasn't even dead. She wasn't very glamorous in that episode either.)*

Astrology is a topic that I've never thought much about. I'd like to know more about its validity even if it's based on false premises. For instance, does everyone have innate qualities of many types which can be developed rapidly and strongly if the individual believes in astrology and has confidence that he has some of these traits by reason of his birth circumstances? Could believe in astrology be beneficial for a person with unfortunate environment, just as some people have become great through blind faith in religion, not a reasoned system of logical philosophy? If astrology isn't true, where do the non-survival traits for which it accounts really come from? If astrology is true, how much change in the character of a Virgin, let's say, would be caused by growing up with Sagittarian parents?

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

(I shouldn't think one need believe in astrology to be influenced by it. Almost everyone knows his sign, and almost everyone reads everything his eye happens to fall on that deals with his sign (especially if he reads everything his eye falls on anyhow); and if one has read all his life that, say, Librans are indecisive, peace-loving, fond of beauty and harmonious surroundings, and lazy, the Libran doesn't have to be terribly suggestible to find these characteristics, or perhaps his awareness of these characteristics, enhanced. Your other suggestions are the sort of thing that make astrology at the very least a rather interesting game. The number of factors involved must be considerable.)

LESLIE NIRENBERG PULLS DOWN HIS PANTS
Dear Boyd,

3796 Girouard Avenue, Montreal, Quebec,
Canada

Little note to Elinor, if you want to pass it on, and if you'll allow this ex-fan, fake fan to infringe on that secret society of yours: Zal Yanovsky is producer of a locally produced Screen Gem TV show called "Magistrate's Court" which features an endless parade of pathetic, snivelling people playing the roles of criminals. Zal is trying desperately to replace the snivellers with more funnies. So I have already done two appearances (a two-time loser). First time I played a stand-up comic who does an obscene act -- pull my pants down in front of the audience to illustrate the rifts, gaps, splits between Peoples of the World. That episode appeared today. Couple weeks later we taped another episode where I play same guy, this time returning as a complainant against a young hippy I hired to be a stage manager in my newly acquired club ("I got my own room now your honor. I've gone straight"). In the story I've hired this hippy to tend a real fire on stage, which is burning inside a log cabin in order to illustrate the North Woods. Object

of this authentic set is to show the real flavor of Canada for a new revue I've been producing called "The Beaver Pollies". Anywa, the thing goes on and on and gets nuttier by the minute. By the way, I call the new club: Bobby's Bazoom Room. That one will be on the TV in a couple weeks. Maybe next time you're in you'd like to do a little acting. We can cast you as a chicken soup crazed pervert who does obscene things with Aged Preserved Duck Eggs. They pay \$45 per act. Take off my 10% and that comes to...

Give my love to the Busbys and all the other little fans, and tell them if they want to send the odd fanzine, t'would be nice. They may not get answers, but if they do, they'll probably be thrilled by them. Tell them to make a visit too.

Best,

Les Nirenberg

(You've come a long way from the old CRY, Les. Glad you're still you and still having fun. #Our regards to Zal Yanovsky. I'm firmly of the opinion that the original Lovin' Spoonful was the best group the New World has ever had. After they lost Zal they were never the same again. The last Lovin' Spoonful LP doesn't have anybody on it at all except Joe Butler, according to the jacket. A very curious circumstance. #Well--I hope we do get to Montreal some day. I'll tell you what--you put on a science fiction convention and we'll GO to it! That's fair, isn't it?)

BRUCE TOPS TCARR

P. O. Box 245, Ararat, Victoria, Aus. 3377

Dear Elinor (and anybody else who happens to be around):

Thanks very much for CRY 184, which I have heard a lot about, but of which I have not seen a copy until now. This must be what Leigh Edmonds talks about when he raves about "real f-a-a-nzines." He sneers at S F COMMENTARY every time he says that. I found in CRY one ridiculous delight after another: the magnificent inside front cover, for a start. We have newspaper cuttings and advertising sheets that are equally ridiculous but I never have the energy to convert them into something as comic as this. Ditto for the letter column and such things as the Con Report: they are just good reading, and no real comment is needed.

THE HAIRY AINU INVASION was quite good, although I don't think Dennis Lien was able to scrape up quite as many odd ideas as Howard did in the first place. Still, there are some good jokes, even if they are repeated a little too often. Surely STAND ON ZANZIBAR would be the next on Lien's list (retitled as STAND ON AUSTRALIA? It's the world's biggest island as well as its smallest continent, you may realize).

F. M. Busby's reviews were terrible, so I won't go on. *(Better not!)*

The highlight of CRY, however, was the Letter Column. My advisers and throat-slitters, Lee Harding and John Bangsund, made me swear off interrupting letters, but you seem to do it with a certain amount of style. *(It's the italic print that makes all the difference.)* The best letter was Terry Carr's concerning the Moon Flight. In fact, it is the only piece I have seen in a fanzine concerning the Moon Flight that has seemed to be worth saying, and I'd like to ask you and Terry if I could have permission to reprint the New Wave-Moon Flight bit as my Moon Flight editorial some time in the new year? *(If it's okay with Terry it's okay with us. Might point out that Terry's letter was in response to Wally's article in previous zine).*

When you reconsider, the Sixties was one long New Wave event. Apart from the advent of New Worlds, which put a name to the process, we have had such New Wave Events as the Vietnam War, the completely new impact of drugs on Western Communities, as well as that masterly drama, the Russian-American confrontation over Cuba.

In other words, the sixties has been one long nightmare, not just because some very uncomfortable things have happened, but because they have been accompanied by the total causelessness and schizophrenia that characterizes the best of nightmares and the best of the New Wave...Still you must admit it's fun (unless you happen to go to Vietnam). It just makes New Wave fiction superfluous, that's all.

Yours,

Bruce R. Gillespie

(I think you're right--that the Sixties were New Wave. One of the waviest things of all was the murder of Sharon Tate et al. by a family of hippies.)

A TICKETT A TACKETT

Greetings all--

915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque,
New Mexico 87107 Dec. 17, 1969

I won't ask what happened to CRY 185...I just won't ask. After all we know that those things happen...whatever things they are.

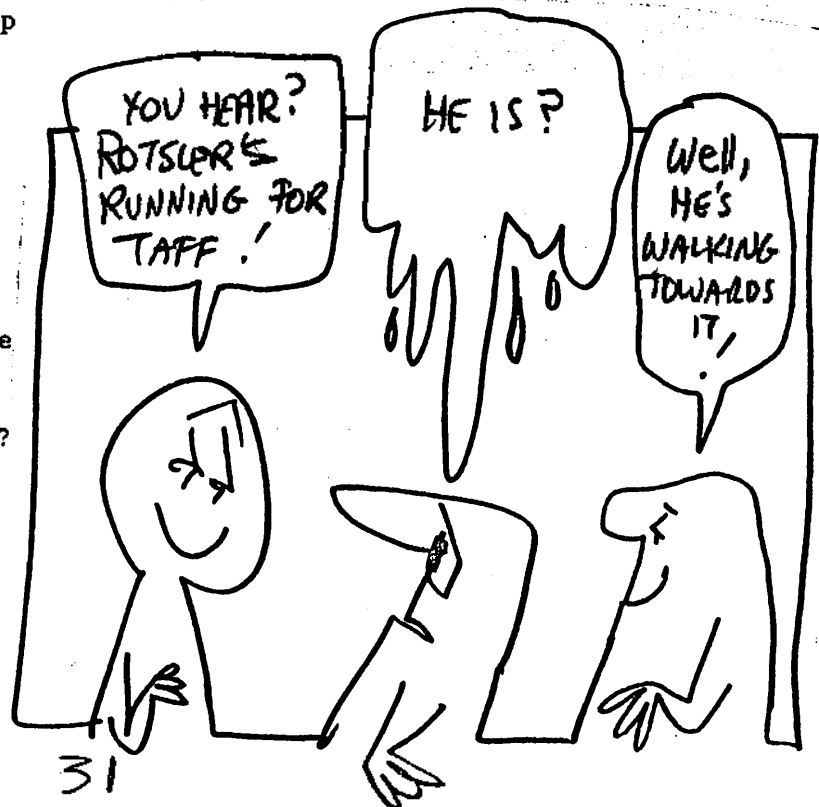
Harry Warner brings up a point regarding the schools that is one of my favorite gripes. Theoretically the schools are supposed to be educating the kids--but for what? Most of the courses seem to be taught just because the universities require them for entrance (which is a bunch of damned foolishness, too, since the first two years of college are nothing but a review of what is supposedly taught in high school) without any thought as to their practicality. Diana is completely bogged down in algebra at the present time--taking it because she has to have it to get into college--and utterly detests it and I can understand why. As far as she is concerned it is a completely abstract subject--there isn't a thing that she can relate it to. No question but that the subject should be taught but it should be taught in a meaningful, not an abstract, manner. *(If Diana had had a good teacher for algebra she would have enjoyed it. Well taught, algebra is quite a good game. It doesn't have to be meaningful, any more than any other game.)* High schools are complete failures when it comes to preparing young people for facing the world. They turn out educated ignoramuses. *(No, Roy, it's the colleges that turn out educated ignoramuses. The high schools turn out uneducated etc.)*

Ah, remembrances of old CRYhacks. I remember Jeff Wanshell and vaguely George Wells, but Les Gerber doesn't ring any bells at all. Who he? *(Perhaps he was before your time, CRYwise. He was prominent in CRY around '59. Had fund for CRYhacks to buy John Berry a typer. It was a second-hand typer, but better than his previous one. Les Gerber had previously been somewhat of an enfant terrible, and Arthur Thomson did a lovely cover about him; two aliens at open door, one with smoking gun, saying to the other, "He said his name was Leslie Gerber so what could I do? I shot him." Leslie Gerber begged for the original of that cover and I sent it to him. I wonder if he still has it? By now he's a dignified husband and father, and perhaps he's put away childish things.)*

Raeburn complains about the stereotypes of TV--or Madison Avenue--characters that show up in books. But the people themselves fit the stereotypes. So if the author is going to be true to life the characters just naturally end up that way.

Hey, yo'se'f, BettyK.
How can you say THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS far exceeds THE WHITE WOLF if you haven't read the latter? You going to take my description of it as gospel? *(Shouldn't she?)* Yes, yes, I have read Endore's story--years ago--it bored the hell out of me. Now there was a story titled THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON by...by...hmmmmmm...John Dickson Carr? that was a chiller. Came out in the late 30s. Trouble with Endore's stories is that his mother was frightened by Dr. Freud. Or maybe it was Endore himself.

But, Betty, I wasn't thinking particularly of pre-



historic men when I comment on ghosts, souls, or whatever. I was thinking of prehistoric premen...hmmm...???

CATCHER IN THE RYE wasn't written while I was in high school, either. Read it much later. Bored the hell out of me. Boys aren't human beings anyway. *(They are historic premen)*. Even if it had been around while I was in school, though, I doubt that it would have changed my life. Shall we play a game of authors who affected our lives? Or books maybe? For me it was a steady diet of Thorne Smith while I was an adolescent, along with Omar Khayyam. Those two combine into one powerful philosophy for living.

Nice cover by Toni.

Ol' Roy

(I liked Omar Khayyam in high school--still do--but always thought him a bit callow. I enjoyed Thorne Smith but don't remember finding him in any respect significant. I believe my two major influences in high school were Jane Austen and George Bernard Shaw. Buz was more a Thorne Smith fan than I.)

GREG READ SILAS MARNER, TOO
Dear Elinor:

1458 Entrada Verde, Alamo, California
94507 Dec. 15, 1969

Re: CRY 185; this issue really suffered from Boyd's visit. Somehow it doesn't look like the same ol' CRY.

Roy Tackett shouldn't be too surprised that there isn't a "turnaround phenomenon; I don't remember any good hard sf story in recent times that used that. I'd always thought it was a circa-1935 idea. Don't think I can remember Heinlein using it. But then, he's right about THE ENEMY STARS. When was that published? I never thought turnaround would occur in the old stfnal sense; if you're falling free in a gravitational field, you're experiencing no relative motions inside the ship and it doesn't matter which field you're in. Earth's or Moon's. Or have I got that right? *(Hey, don't ask me. You're the physicist.)*

I enjoy Buz's stuff about sf. He does very common-sensical reiveus of the field, and that's much in demand, considering how much metaphysical and trendy analysis is going around. I've been nodding in agreement at his continuing comments on how much stf is depressing, no-hope stuff (Geston, frinstance), and agreed with his comments on DUNE MESSIAH this time--only to realize that I've got a book coming out that is pretty depressing, in a way, through most of it. Until this moment I hadn't realized that the book is a downward-sloping bit, for the most part...I wonder why? Well, maybe that's the way the metaphysics had to run. Old joke: I don't know why I write the stuff, ask my subconscious. Then too, the book is autobiographical in a sense, and things run that way, is all. (The book, incidentally, is a continuation of the novelette I had in F&SF, "Deeper than the Darkness."). I've wondered for years why Buz doesn't write sf--howcome? *(Ask his subconscious.)*

Vera: Every dojo says its head man was trained in the school in Japan. There are several good ones and they put each other down like mad.

Ted Pauls' review of Anderson is good. I think he's right: Poul is fantastically steady, reliable and reasonable. I think he will eventually stand well in the pantheon of sf; perhaps higher than people like Delany, who seems to be getting into a rut with little way to break out. I've studied Poul's work and am amazed at his ability to get a story--and a meaningful one--out of material I'd thought dead. That is a true gift.

Yeah, I read all that SILAS MARNER stuff, too; and BEOWULF; and HAMLET; and MACBETH. Like MARNER OK, for its kind (I don't like that kind much, is all... it's more an Elinor, semi-romantic thing) -- loved HAMLET and MACBETH. There wasn't much about short stories in high school; dunno why. I thought then that high school English teachers were almost uniformly toads, and still do. In fact

I think most education of the forced variety beyond age 12 or so is a waste, because it's not self-motivated. Perhaps the relevant age is more like 6, than 12, too... Ed Reed seems a bright chap; he would do well to get free of his situation as fast as possible. If he's self-motivated, prob'ly be best to go to a very loose university, read a lot of books, learn to write essays, etc., study what he wants, and stay out from under the heel of the bureaucracy until he gets a degree or two (if that's what he wants). Only other path is to abandon the universities entirely, and that's damnably hard. We're losing altogether too many kids in the latter way; I chose the former and have never regretted it. The English Oxbridge university is perfect, as far as I'm concerned; Calif. is starting a model of this type in Santa Cruz.

Best,

Greg Benford

(My English teachers weren't toads, in fact, they were about the best teachers I had in high school--they and my world history teacher and biology teacher. The worst I had were my geometry teacher and my American history teacher. They were both men and both incomparably bad teachers. They should have been boiled in oil before they were permitted to inflict their boring incompetent indifference upon the essentially well meaning young!)

POUL LIKES BEOWULF

3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California,

Dear CRY,

12/16/69

Thanks for sending. A couple of remarks on things by me do seem to call for remarks.

Roy Tackett: "Turnover" or "turnaround" as used in older sf stories -- I believe the term originated with Heinlein -- had nothing to do with the equipotential point between Earth and Luna or any other two bodies. Rather, it referred to the (approximate) geometric midpoint, where a spacecraft travelling at constant acceleration would have to turn around and start braking at the same rate. If you will check THE ENEMY STARS again, you will find that this is in fact the usage.

Of course, the term has now acquired a different sense; but this is one of the things that writers can't be expected to foresee. Where I really goofed in that particular story was in making gravitational pulses the carriers of the interstellar signal. True, at that time nobody had detected gravity waves and thus shown experimentally that they too must be limited to light speed; still, suppose I had, way back then, come up with tachyons.....

I console myself with the thought that, while sf has occasionally forecast technology, it has always followed in the wake of pure science. In a lecture I once called it "the tribal bard of science."

Ted Pauls: Thanks for the generally pleasant words. But why should I mind if several of my observations "would be warmly endorsed by most SDS chapters"? If so, there might be hope for the latter yet!

Seriously, my hostility to SDS and several other radical groups does not spring from any differences of opinion. Such do exist, of course, but what the hell, I don't know anybody who agrees with me 100%, even on fairly vital issues, and my friends include Communists, Wobblies, liberals, devout religionists, fanatical atheists, pacifists, vegetarians, fascists, economic royalists, etc., etc., etc.,...justlike most people's friends. (I do draw the line at Nazis.) For that matter, I quite agree that many reforms, some of them fundamental, are long overdue, and that what we are pleased to call civilization can't stay afloat indefinitely; either we rebuild the ship or she sinks. In fact, I was arguing some of these issues in the public prints before a number of my present readers were born.

But shall the various thoughts and proposals all be given their fair chance in the traditional "marketplace of ideas"; and shall such as win some acceptance

be experimented with according to traditional procedures; or not? (Bear in mind that a living tradition, like any other living thing, grows and changes according to circumstances.) The average SDS type, like any other totalitarian, can't see doing it that way. He wants his Absolute Truth forced on everybody this instant. The current short-hand is, I gather, "non-negotiable demands," when it isn't a bomb or the torture murder of somebody who wants out of the Party.

Okay, gentlemen, if strongarm rule is the way it's got to be, then I'll try to make sure that my kind of people have the strongest arm: because a man's first duty is to his family. But wouldn't it be better to disown the nuts in all our camps, in fact abolish the separate camps as fast as possible, forget what our ancestors have done to each other, laugh out of court that pernicious absurdity "collective guilt," and just sit down in a spirit of mutual good will and see what we can actually do about things? Sure, I know all too well it can't happen that way. On the whole, man is not a rational but a rationalizing animal. However, the idea of reason and compromise has influenced humanity for the better. If now the most educated and articulate part of the population abandons it, no arbiter remains except the guns.

Somehow I suspect Ted would agree.

--Hey, Elinor, what's with "Beowulf" being "nothing?" That poem swings! You must have gotten a bad translation. Try F. E. Gummere's, in his THE OLDEST ENGLISH EPIC, if you can find a library that has a copy; it's dated 1910, so probably requires some looking for, but well worth the trouble.

Cheers,

Poul Anderson

(Needless, to say, I couldn't agree with you more about the totalitarianism of non-negotiable demands and the absurdity of collective guilt. When it comes to Beowulf, however, my basic feeling is that it's more your sort of thing than it is mine. I don't know which translation I read; it may have been the finest translation in the world for all I know--I didn't invest enough of myself in the reading to find out. My loss; of course--but nobody resonates to everything.)

ALEX TURNS OVER AND AROUND

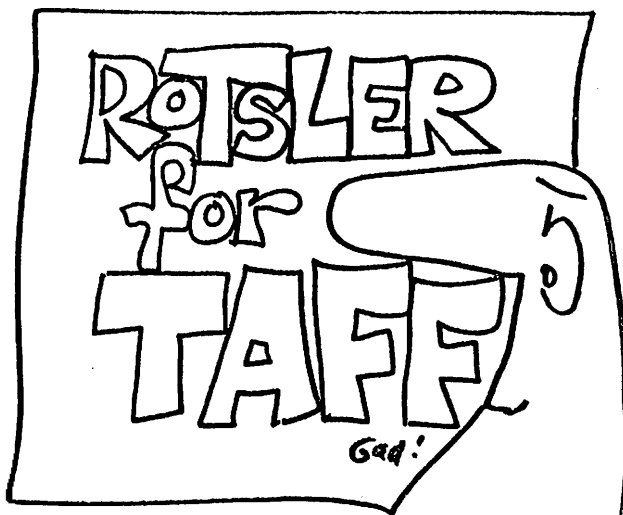
6424 N. Mozart St., Chicago, Ill. 60645

Dear CRY-folk:

Dec. 20, 1969

This letter is mainly aimed at Roy Tackett's squib in 185. Roy attempts to show how science surpasses science-fiction, but he succeeds only in demonstrating that s-f surpasses the understanding of Roy Tackett...at least it does on this occasion. He cites a Poul Anderson book, THE ENEMY STARS, as an example of s-f being proven wrong by latter-day developments (i.e., the Apollo Moon flight). "Early in the story," says Tackett, "there is described a trip to the Moon and some emphasis is put on the 'turn-around.'" (Tackett also refers to this purported phenomenon as "turn-over" which is the term used by Anderson.) Now, Tackett claims that "some emphasis" is placed on this aspect of the lunar hop, yet Anderson devotes only part of one sentence to it--mentions it only in passing, really: "The ferry made turnover without spilling a drink or a passenger and backed down onto Tycho Port." Just what does Roy mean by "some emphasis"? The quoted line of Anderson strikes me as a very casually inserted series of details, especially in its context, to which I refer the curious reader.

Roy continues with his own explanation of "turn-over": "The idea was that...



one would eventually reach a point where the gravitational attraction of Earth would give way to the gravitational attraction of the Moon and up would suddenly become down and there would be, theoretically, all sorts of strange effects." The latter is a fairly accurate description of Verne's erroneous conception in FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, but this particular blunder is hardly a commonplace in s-f of the past 30 years (if not also the past 90; where has Tackett been since the 19th Century?), *(Albuquerque. Hey, you know, I'm getting kind of tired of typing all this stuff, and I don't really understand what you're talking about anyhow since I've a profound ignorance of all things scientific, so if you don't mind, I think I'll cut to the next subject.)*

I think Terry Carr is wrong in saying that Washington gave a better presentation than Boston at the '71 con site bidding session, despite assurances to the contrary from everyone with whom he discussed the matter afterward. (They were letting you down easy, Terry.) The fact that about 95% of those present at the voting supposedly had their minds made up beforehand is, of course, irrelevant to the comparative quality of the two bid-presentations, yet even this "fact" could be questioned: the vital question was not put to the audience prior to the voting. After the results of the ballot were announced, a cannier question to put to the voters would have been, "How many of you were influenced by Boston's excellent presentation?" And, to return to my original point, I think I can safely assert that Boston had a much smoother, more effective presentation, as I was a staunch Washington supporter observing the whole affair from a seat in the audience. And that evening, most of the Washington people agreed with me that their presentation didn't measure up to Boston's.

Right here I'm going to insert an objection to a peculiar editorial practice in evidence in this issue of CRY, at the close of the first installment of Terry's conrep: you finks fiendishly broke off the report in the middle of a sentence--and one that promises a veritable gem of wit from Sid Coleman. Talk about cliff-hangers! And you didn't even warn Terry, so he could build the tension toward that last hideous moment of suspense. Shame on you for two whole weeks! as Bill Danner would say.

What's this, Betty Kujawa, about us not having the right to ban religion from space? Better you should ask who gave Borman the right to inflict his unscientific superstitions on the world from the pulpit of lunar orbit. *(Would you believe NASA?)* It soon may be more a matter of banning certain religions from the Earth, if Catholicism and Hinduism pursue their present genocidal courses. *(The Pope hasn't gotten the word yet, but more and more individual Catholics have.)*

"Hamlet is worth reading if only to..." Are you serious, Elinor? *(How could I possibly not be?)* "to find out where everything that wasn't in the Bible comes from." Even as a facetious statement, I find that difficult to swallow! *(Facetious statements are not supposed to be swallowed. Like puns, facetious statements should be genteely ignored.)*

Rob Williams' little jape reminds me forcibly (at least in title and first nine lines) of a recent story in GALAXY -- one of the sundry moderately sexed-up pieces of dross that Jakobsson has been publishing of late. Ah...here it is, in the Oct. '69 issue: "Take the B Train," by Ernest Keith Taves; blurb: "The local may bed you with nine women in one night--but watch out for the express!" But it's a cheater, as one would expect.

Surely the "Omega Glory" (the show about the Yangs and the Cooms) was not the all-time worst? There were many shows that exhibited even less, or no, rationale for coincidences like those in "Glory". And without doubt the worst show of the 65-70 episodes of Star Trek I have seen was "The Alternative Factor." Don't tell me you missed that one? It had so much gobbledegook "science" in it that every minute was like watching another rabbit zoom out of the hat...the dialog so loaded with non-sequiturs that not even G. Harry Stine could have kept a straight

straight face. It was truly below the level of the worst TV s-f I've ever seen.
A real goodie.

Yours,

Alex B. Eisenstein

(I don't remember the alternative factor by name. I undoubtedly saw it. So far as I know, I saw all the Star Treks with the single exception of the one in which Captain Kirk impregnates an Indian girl. Somehow I was spared that one. But although I don't remember "The Alternative Factor" by name, I'm willing to concede it may be the worst of all. I saw "The Omega Glory" again not too long ago, and it's not too bad apart from the ending. If one remembers to turn off the TV in time, it's a relatively tolerable episode.)

JERRY AGREES WITH TERRY

54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y.

Dear Elinor,

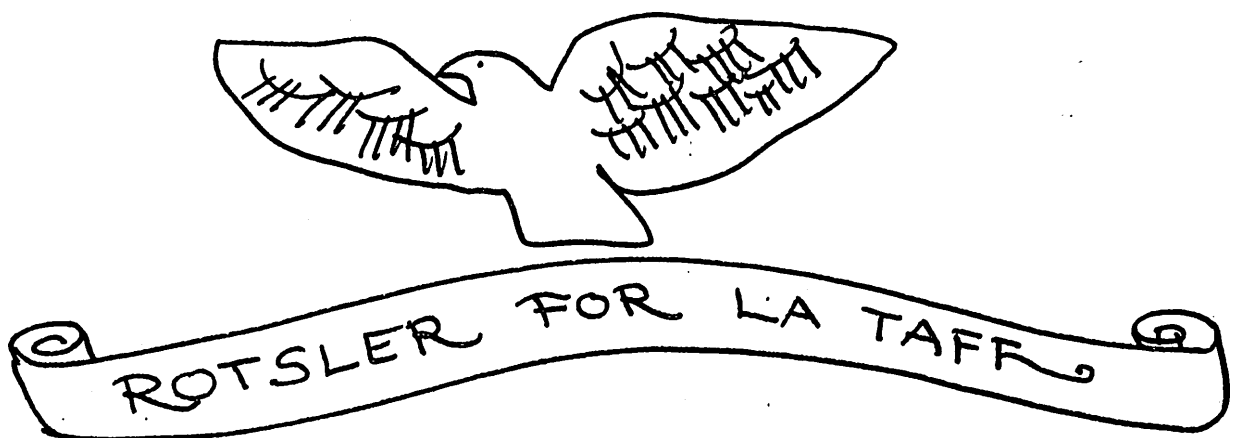
14534 12/28/69

Roytac's column gives me a couple of quick notes.... Roy questions about what the astronauts have said about the appearance of stars from space. I may be wrong, but if I recall what I've read correctly, stars were described as brilliant points of light of varying colors.

Roy also comments about the bad GALAXY (and IF, I assume) art since Gaughan officially became Associate Art Director. Here I can both disagree and provide a few words of explanation. I think we can all agree that covers of both magazines have improved drastically since Jack took over; I can point specifically to the December IF and November GALAXY covers (both by Gaughan) as ones which would stand up under any competition. This is in comparison to some of the really horrible early and middle '69 covers, which were some of the worst I'd seen in many years. Then too, at least SOME of the interior art has improved. Gaughan's illos for Hayden Howard's "Tomorrow Cum Laude," for example, represent some of his more interesting interior work in some time, and his drawings for "Seed's of Gonyl" have also been quite unusual. But I must admit there has been a lot of mediocre art, art, as Roy says, "seemingly turned out in a minute-and-a-half with as little effort as possible." According to an artist friend who corresponds with Gaughan and visits him often, this is exactly the situation. With the magazine on its present irregular schedule, Gaughan is given virtually no time for any of his interior illustrations. He'd like to be able to spend more time on them; he's said many times that he'd like to be able to use more work from the better fan artists. Up to now, however, he simply hasn't been given the time necessary to achieve either of these aims.

Carr on St. Louis was quite interesting, providing something one doesn't see very often in a fanzine--a look at a major convention from the other side of the fence. All convention-going fans avidly read reports of cons they've attended, seeing how other people have viewed the same things they've experienced. But we rarely get to see what the professionals, the writers and editors, really think about such activities, and it's an almost novel view. I think I'd agree with Terry (though I was also a Boston supporter) that Washington's presentation was better than the winner's. The problem is that with the rule adopted at Baycon requiring some sort of payment toward dues before being allowed to vote, a large majority of the people voting are fairly experienced fans, either through fanzines, or through major clubs, or both. Only fans really interested in the issues bother to buy a membership and vote, and quite logically, most of the fans with such interest have a pretty good idea who they're going to support. I would estimate that at least 75% of those voting know, when they enter the hall, what city they plan to vote for.

I'll second F. M. Busby's recommendation of BORED OF THE RINGS; really one of the funniest books I've read in a very long time, and well worth the time of anyone who's read Tolkien. *(Can't agree. I don't think the writers knew the books well enough to lampoon them effectively. --However, haven't read it.)*



The great Number 1-Number 6 debate is over. In an interview with McGoochan in the Dec. issue of PACE, the star-creator-director says: "If there are answers as such, they are contained in the last episode. Number One--the horror figure hanging over it all--is revealed as the Prisoner himself. He tears off a mask--the face of an ape--revealing a bestial self which has been his greatest enemy. This was exactly a one-and-a-half second shot. I cut it and cut it and cut it until there was just enough to get it, if you wanted to." So, the mystery is solved. Explanations? Not me, brother.

I participated in both the October and November Moratoriums, and was amazed at the attitudes of the Syracuse cops. Normally very antagonistic to students and such protests, they seemed much more easy-going and less worried about these marchers, although in many cases identical students were involved. We had little if any trouble with police for these marches, where we've always had trouble before. (A lot of police seem to be developing cool. At recent marches in Seattle, attending police had daffodils attached to their billyclubs. A police athletic team of some sort wears t-shirts on which is stencilled "Pig is Beautiful". Cheering, right?)

Bug the librarian at my college? Sure! The Syracuse University Library is so bad that it's almost impossible to find required academic books, not to mention fun by Walt Willis. No chance of that, Elinor! And I've got a thing against ordering books from the publishers. (I guess libraries are short of money all over. As for your thing, I wouldn't dream of arguing against that--you cherish your hangups and I'll cherish mine!)

I think you miss Ed's point, Elinor. He isn't saying that everyone should read these things merely because he has, but rather that a so-called expert on such material should have as thorough a familiarity as possible with his field. I've only a passing interest in comparative theology, but have still read at least parts of the books he mentions (and would have no trouble telling you why Jesus wasn't Catholic!) (Thanks, but no thanks.) It's not that the teacher has to read everything. But he should at least be familiar with the variety of material available in the subject he's teaching!

Be seeing you....

Jerry Lapidus

(I'll certainly agree that it doesn't hurt one bit to be familiar with one's subject, but I still think Ed was expecting quite a lot of his pore ol' teacher.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB SMITH

4/30 Cronulla Street, CRONULLA.

Dear Elinor:

N.S.W. 2230 Australia 12/24/69

I suppose it's some indication of the dreadful depths of my gafia that I've taken 12 months to comment on CRY 175, but there are reasons...

Please note my new address up above, and I'm hoping the military are gonna leave me alone for the next and final three years of this NCO's fast-approaching twenty-one and pension. When CRY reached me up there in the Northern Queensland town of Townsville (*honestly, you live in the most improbable places*) I was fairly busy trying to open up a new cinema for the army; once things were running smoothly, I left... Now I run a somewhat delapidated old cinema on the outskirts of Sydney, but it's a mere thirty miles from home, and that's what counts for this laddie now!

And then, some few weeks ago, came a letter from John Foyster that mentioned the dreadful word being bandied around in your letter column:

"WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BOB SMITH?"

Let me be honest. At the time CRY 175 arrived I read it with eager anticipation, found it too Star Trek flavoured for my taste, and put it to one side...

Certainly, I have enjoyed many of the episodes, found others mediocre, etc.... [but] what is all that hoo-ha that apparently solidly shaped the FUNCON in July 1968? (One of the items on the Sydney SF Convention programme is entitled "What was Star Trek all about?" and may indicate some of Aussie fandom's bewilderment with events over the past few years in U. S. Fandom, I dunno).

All the best for 1970, Elinor and Buz...

Regards,

Bob Smith

(Buz beats you to retirement by 2-1/2 years. He's a free man as of 7/31/70. #Best to you for 1970 and always, Bob. #Star Trek: well, I'll tell you what it was all about. A large number of people in the U.S. just plain fell in love with Star Trek, that's all. Falling in love with a tv program is no more susceptible to rational analysis than any other romance. We're all out of love by now, so far as I know. We started falling out of love at the start of the third year, and when Star Trek died few hearts were broken).

ANOTHER AUSSIE HEARD FROM (THE LATTER SHALL BE FOYSTER)

12 Glengariff Drive, Mulgrave, Vic
3170, Australia 3/2/70

Dear Elinor:

Here's a letter of comment on CRY (The Defunct Fanzine?) (*Just about*) numbers 183 and 184, received only last year.

Roy Tackett's article on the internationality of fandom came at a good time. The only problem with "Sweden and Argentina and Australia and Japan" wanting a crack at hosting the world convention is that they would all like just that. Not the opportunity to call their local convention a Worldcon, which is what seems to be on at the moment. Anyway, this sort of thing has to sort itself out.

Things have changed a lot since I wrote CRY last. For example, Bob Smith no longer sits up in Queensland: (*Yeah, we know.*) he is in Sydney. Why, just this year he attended his very first science fiction convention (after only 18 years of being in fandom). I actually had coffee with Chris Bennie at about the same time as I

received CRY 183. He had just lost his job as a publisher's rep. He promised me a cover for my fanzine, but I am still waiting.

Neil Goldfarb mentions the character in Brunner's THE JAGGED ORBIT, Gottschalk. I've been wondering whether Brunner named him after the long-suffering poet-priest of some 700 years ago. But I wonder of lot of things.

Harry Warner mentions "Nameless past minutes"--I knew there was something missing from CRY--how can it be successful without the minutes? I predict trouble unless you start using minutes again. (Wally hasn't written minutes in years.)

The back cover on 184 had me worried, until I saw that Sid Coleman was involved as well as Rotsler. Rotsler has many talents, I know, but that would have been ridiculous.

In his St. Louiscon report Wally (Wasn't that Terry Carr? I don't remember Wally doing a St. Louiscon report.) asks how the reader got trapped into fandom. Hmmm, I know I started reading science fiction only when I was in hospital for two months and could do nothing but read what was brought me. And one of my friends read science fiction. Getting into fandom was harder--at the time one of the local fanzines was sold in a bookshop, but even though I bought it regularly I didn't attend a convention for two years or publish a fanzine for 5 years. Those were the days.

Wally's (I'm sure it was Terry's) report of the business meeting at the con is very different from some of the others I've read, but the variety makes for pleasant reading.

The trouble with Buz's suggestions about the Worldcon being held outside the U.S. seems to me that nobody would want to hold one in competition with a US NASFIC. Maybe it won't turn out that way, but I can't see any reason for it not to...

Best,

John Foyster

(I agree with you about worldcons. The idea of a worldcon is nice but really a bit --or almost--silly at the present time. World travel isn't quite that cheap or quite that commonplace. In another 20 years worldcons may be truly feasible--until then it would make more real sense to stick to national conventions.)

BROOKS ON 184

713 Paul St., Newport News, Va.

Dear Whoever,

23605 11/26/69

I see I am quite a bit late for the CRY 185 deadline. Hope you sent it to me. (I have no idea whether it was sent or not. If you hadn't sent Vera money, would assume not).

Great Atom cover. I was just looking at the first umpteen issues of HYPHEN--Atom has come a long way! Tom Cockcraft, who sent me these, was curious as to what they are worth. Anybody out there have any idea? (Value depends upon urgency of seller's need and buyer's desire. There is no DB listing on fanzines, unfortunately. I'd guess the first five issues would be worth \$5 each and the second 5 \$2 each--but I might be waaaaay off the mark.)

Did anybody go to the "Mighty Transubstantiation Communion Miracle"? Seems like you owed it to us to send a reporter. (True. Just one more uncollected debt.)

I entered fandom in a classic way--I answered one of Seth Johnson's ads in F&SF. The packet he sent me had a Harrellzine in it...

During one of the transmissions from Apollo 12 on the way to

the moon I heard a commentator say that Gordon (I think) had 'sprouted a propellor on the cloth cap he wears in the capsule,' or words to that effect. Can it be...? A fan on the moon? I never heard any more about it. *(A funny thing happened on the way to the moon--or possibly not.)*

HAIRY AINU INVASION is a beautiful parody of the "Jerry Cornelius" crud in New Worlds--at least I feel somewhat compensated for having wasted time on the junk in the first place! *(You might feel even more compensated if you had read THE ESKIMO INVASION instead).*

The Sharon Tate films were rerun here, with the expected bad taste in the newspaper ads. Maybe the studio executives arranged it all to boost profits... In a couple of local murders, one man got life in prison for killing a minister while robbing his house, another got the death penalty for killing his girl friend's husband. Now, the normal run-of-the-mill killing gets about 15 years it seems--apparently the fact that it was a minister in the one case, and that the killer dismembered the body in the second, is what brought on these unusual sentences...I don't know where they get the dodo's to sit on juries. The death sentence will probably never be carried out, at least I hope not. There hasn't been an execution in Va. since 1962.

Great pre-con report by Mike Deckinger on StLouisCon!

Best,

Ned Brooks.

(Life imprisonment usually means about 7 years, here, if the prisoner keeps his nose clean while in prison. Executions hardly ever happen in Washington. I'd be in favor of abolishing the death penalty. Murder is the most feared and hated of crimes, because it seems so permanent; however they say that murderers are the least apt to repeat their crimes).

BOB VARDEMAN HAS BEEN BAPTIZED P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M.
Dear Elinor, May 16, 1970

I guess the problem is that Albuquerque just hasn't changed with the times. The janitors at UNM get \$1.70 per hr. and are striking for \$2. I assume that UNM would be a rather prestigious place to be a janitor since UNM is the state's largest school and gets the biggest piece of the education's appropriations.

Speaking of UNM, we've now had our baptism under fire. We had a gen-yoo-wine student riot here last week. Closed the school for 2 days, 3 stabbed, fan Mike Montgomery hit by a VW while he (meaning Mike) was manning a barricade, and 11 were bayoneted by the National Guard.

I guess it was rather typical. Students (about 80 out of 130) took over the Student Union Building and generally caused Wishy-Washy Ferrel Heady, boy president of UNM, to wet his pants with great frequency. The 130 were peacefully being arrested when in comes the National Guard to do something.

What they were supposed to do isn't exactly clear since this was the most peaceful part of the whole demonstration. But in they came, charging like Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill bayoneting anyone and everyone. One KOB-TV reporter was bayoneted 2 times and required 4 pints of blood at the hospital. Another student had to have emergency surgery when an artery in his leg was cut.

The weekend warriors are obviously not trained for such a task. They would break ranks and chase their victims and generally conducted themselves in a most unmilitary manner. Of course, none of these bayonetings took place. Those so profusely bleeding just fell into a "rosebush." Jolly, the commander, said that. UNM doesn't even have any rosebushes.

Jolly later said that he'd look into the incident, meaning he'd try to forget it as soon as possible. And hope everyone else would too.

Oh well. It got me out of a quantum mechanics test for a week so it wasn't all in vain. Or in vein, as one of the weekend warriors might have put it.

I guess Vera's article/editorial wins the honors as the best of the issue. Count me as a Capricorn (I consider myself to have a frightening majority of the traits listed for Capricorns, too.)

Sfanatically yours,

Bob Vardeman

(The National Guard certainly isn't getting any training nowadays. Buz was in National Guard prior to WWII, and he says that he knew more about riot control at the age of 16, than these guys seem to know. I don't know what they drag 'em on campus for anyway. I gather from Rolling Stone that if professors wouldn't hide out in times of trouble they could control the students without arousing their territorial instincts. This sounds reasonable to me. What we need are faculties with guts. Faculties who retain all their faculties.)

BETTY ON THE '60'S AND STUFF 2819 Caroline Street, South Bend,
Dear Elinor, and various, and sundry; Indiana 1/4/70

Did anyone give you a Tiny Tim doll for Christmas? You wind it up and it turns around and walks into the bedroom and STAYS there for three nights.

I gave me a Christmas present--books, the one time of each year that I buy hardcover ones...two novels and a bio. NORMA JEAN (fascinating)...THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN by John Fowles, and 'them' by Joyce Carol Oates. A goodly selection, I think. (I get Buz to buy me hardcovers for Christmas. This last, it was BEATLES SONGBOOK ILLUSTRATED and BEEVER & CO. (a book about pet otters).

Did you notice the wedding of Ed Meskys this past December 20th? He was wed on our 23rd wedding anniversary...mmm, I wonder if all his hair will go away like Gene's did? I hope his bride won't put on half the fat that I have! (The departure of hair is beyond human control--the arrival of flesh isn't. Let's go on a diet, Betty.)

Enjoyed and appreciated Terry Carr's con-reporting...especially the clearing-up of the busted-screen & Harlan vs. the Banqueteers. Gee, it's kinda nice and reassuring to know our fandom can still squabble and get het up from time to time. Wouldn't life be dull without Harlan?

I was going to Say Something about the decade just past...well, I'm glad there was no clairvoyant about on New Year's Eve of 1959 to tell me what was ahead of me. I'd have hibernated.

ONE thing tho...amid the bad the good and the rest...I do think that the popular music scene of the '60s was incredible. When you stop to add up the music and the performers...gosh in NO way could the '50s or the '40s compare.

This second moon-walk wasn't like the first...well, the 2nd of anything never is. Soon as the tv camera went blooey, we went to bed. I did like that endearingly human touch...when camera didn't work, whoos^{is} shook it and then WHACKED it with a hammer! Now THAT's the good ol' American way? Ain't it? (Yup.)

Vera, the only moon-paraphernalia I own was a 1st Moon Landing old-fashioned glass picked up at a local service station when we got some gas. I drink my champagne from it.

As I see it, the reason so far that the spacemen haven't been bamed Goldstein, Martinez, or even Kujawa is that the pool of astros come from officer ranks and from the 30-40 age groups, wherein you will STILL find a major preponderance of WASPS. One black astro was on the rolls but was killed in an accident, as we all know.

(I didn't. I thought he quit because he was being Discriminated Against.)

But if you made a list of guys with officer rank and engineering degrees in those age-groupings, I feel you'd find the great percentage would be Jones, Smith, Johnson, Schmidt, Weber, Carlsen, O'Brien or MacDonald. In the year 2000 am sure the names would encompass the races found on the starship ENTERPRISE.

But, sigh, I sure do wonder if even one of them will be a woman. (If so, she'll be Russian or Chinese.)

You GOT to be kidding, Vera. Wally the Weber a CANCER? NO WAY....NO WAY...his mother LIED to him. My husband is a cancer, as are 4 male friends. Cancerians are moon-faced and soft-spoken. They are big cuddly beings who DOTE on home-life, wife, kids... This is Wally? (Wally is admittedly not moon-faced.) (I'd have sworn Dick Eney was a Cancer, and Weber a Virgo, personally.)

Do I think myself a typical Virgo? Depends on what list of virtues and vices we read. I am over-exacting, I am a perfectionist, I do demand far too much of others (tho I expect twice that amount from me)... (Do you get it?) And I know I am hurtful, sharp-tongued, sarcastic, etc.

But...wow, when it says I am an excellent housekeeper and that my home is immaculate....WRONG....

And when they talk of sex...TRIPLE WRONG... Supposedly female Virgos aren't too interested in That Subject. Supposedly they'd MUCH rather finish up the ironing when hubby asks 'em to come to bed. THAT'll be the day, Vera! This entire house could fall into a shambles...and no meals would ever get cooked, if I were offered a choice 'tween sex and home-making...

But...I do know male Virgos that are exactly as written sex-wise... coldish, rather offended by the very concept...distasteful of the Act... I know some 6 men who are Virgos and just like that (god help their pore wives)...these are NOT in fandom, I hasten to add.

I'm almost on the edge 'tween Virgo and Libra...hence there may be some overlapping.

As to you, Vera, and Mildred marching in the Moratorium March... I thought about that...the one here, I mean...then I thought about our local police (1st cousins to the Chi-ones, brrr)...then I thought about how generally I don't truly dig any walking.

I do love your arm-band Vera..."Member of the Effete Corps (Impudent, Too)" that's beautiful!

CRY of READERS...and Mr. Harry Warner, I too have feared some kinda drug-scene with cops coming in to nab anyone in the room at a con..I have feared just that for a long-long time, and I plan NEVER to accidentally find myself caught therein.

Yeah, Elinor, the present change now in ties 'tween American

fandom and British fandom...due to the new wave type fen coming into Briti-fandom? That was my theory for the change..if it is due to that, there isn't anything we, here, can do...We here do all have fan friends Over There, well a lot of us do, I should qualify that.

But our friends in Briti-fandom aren't as active now, don't you agree? Without Ethel Lindsay, god love her, we'd really be out-of-touch, with so many good good people on the other side of the pond.

Gosh! What memories Mike Deckinger evokes with his mention of that loaf of bread and that POOR man with those Starving Kiddies! Those were the days! Remember, folks? Each go-round in CRY Mike would make that unfortunate man just a little more destitute and add one or two more starving children there waiting in the hovel for that stolen loaf of bread...I recall TRYING to hunt up in local toy-stores a little plastic miniature loaf of bread (from the doll house section) so I could send him a dozen...and, sigh, I never found any. Ol' Loaf of Bread Deckinger, he was known as back then...

Boyd, baby..they lied to you Canadians! That swishy Mountie is still trotting through our tv screen most any night of the week. Hey, after all these long years I did see "Help", via TV two nights ago...and as you said, it was *great*. Now I know where Elinor got the term--"Thingy"!

But hold on here a minute! Are you implying that root beer has, ugh, wintergreen in it? It can't! I love root beer...I hate wintergreen. If you know anything awful about Doctor Pepper you keep it to yourself, buddy!

I have never had a sasparilla...I didn't know there was any made now... also I am culturally deprived by my mainly WASP background...I have never had or seen a hot pastrami sandwich (dunno what is in one) (*tastes like corned beef to me*), nor have I ever had a cream-soda. (*The first sip of cream soda is delicious-- tastes like vanilla. Subsequent sips are pretty nothing.*)

Golly, now I find out that Lloyd Haines the black teacher on Room 222 is from South Bend, and even graduated from my Central High school...more than 10 years after I did...by my cleaning lady's son, Marvin, pals about with Lloyd's younger brother here and knows his folks...I kinda liked the way Marvin told me how doggone PROUD his mother is of her son the tv star...I'll bet she sure is! And even more so since her son is playing a Teacher!

Hey...did you or Boyd notice the recent MOD SQUAD with the Beth Din court? The young rabbi was Steve Franken who used to be one of my favorites...Chattsworth Osborne, II on DOBIE GILLIS.. On a tape Boyd once asked me if there really WERE American prep school rich bhoys who talked like Chattsworth.. I told him there sure as hell were...I grew up with dozens who came home from prep school with That Accent.

Oh, Elinor...have juicy gossip just for yew! Read this in a Pamela Mason column in movie zine while under a hairdryer last month...Peggy Lipton of MOD SQUAD isn't really all that ga-ga for Sammy Davis, Jr. Pamela says that last summer Peggy had a Thingy going with a 'not-terribly-married Beatle'...and that if you know where she spent this last summer, and you know where all the Beatles spent last summer, then you'll know which



one it is...

Me, I'm not too clear on where I spent last summer...so if you can figure THAT one out, lemme know. I will go into mourning if it's Ringo.

Mae's letter...and what's to say, except as always I enjoyed it. She certainly is one fan I wish I could meet in person...love to meet her whole family, for that matter. As they say...whatever turns you on, Mae....go and enjoy, enjoy, enjoy..

Enough...bestest wishes for us all in the upcoming year...which surely includes..

Peace.....

Betty Kujawa

(About Peggy Lipton and Beatles--It couldn't POSSIBLY be Ringo, because he's the most married of all the Beatles. Couldn't be John, because he's more interested in Yoko than anybody else in the world. My guess is that either Pamela was just making the whole thing up, to have something to talk about, or else it'd be Paul. Not that I know anything of his whereabouts, or hers, last summer. However, last summer Paul had just recently become father and stepfather and husband and stuff, and acquiring all these relationships at a time can be rather a strain on a young man. 3rd possibility: Peggy's PR man could have made the whole thing up, feeling that dubious publicity about Beatle would cancel out dubious publicity about S. Davis Jr.)

MAE ENJOYS....

Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria,

Dear Elinor:

Cordoba, Argentina 12/28/69

CRY 184, and a most enchanting Christmas card from Rob Williams--of all people--came in the same mail.

Betty K, you were absolutely right--"Rob just isn't the kind of man who'd bully." He wrote: "From one 'pea' to another--and the whole pod that is your family. May we all be happy, round, green, and contented thru'out the coming year. May none of us land in the soup! Love and kiss!"

Now, isn't that irresistible? I'm writing him personally, gushing all overhim!

Okay, Dick Eney, I take it back that I "died on a rack." Wishful thinking and poetic license, rolled in one. I have no memories of former lives, of course. Did I hint I had any? I feel things "in my bones," like my Grandmaw did, only as "bones" is an old-fashioned way of saying it, I switched to "DNA memory cells," which will soon be old-fashioned too, I bet.

I'm sorry that I sounded huffily anti-Catholic at times. Didn't realize you had Catholic readers also. Remember, I was a published Catholic authoress till electro and insulin shock, in 1958, made me realize I couldn't stand the strain of accepting a single dogma (like Eternal Hell, which my editor-priests insisted I couldn't be excused from believing), another day! Sure, I hope for reincarnation. But I'd be quite as satisfied to be dead-for-good, at death, too. I am not at all interested in propagating my personality as I am right now...missionary-daughter, rather nutty, awfully quick to get het-up; emotional; crusading; or a suffragette; or whatever the new "rally-calls" may be.

If Eternal Hell be true, I still wouldn't feel justified in escaping it by accepting dogmas that seem evil to me, just because God has the power to be so cruel. There is no alternative but the

way I've taken, hoping in a God really merciful, to all, for always,
come what may.

Yea, a God who's fun ...lila, to repeat the Sanscrit word for "God at Play," in the Universe. I don't believe very strongly in horro, though I've had far more than my fair share of it. If you'd had my childhood, you'd realize that horror does exist, no question about it. China, when I was a girl, was busily fighting the usual civil wars outside our windows. Ugly ghosts were creaking about inside, for it used to be a lair of bandits and kidnappers, who (I'm very sure) buried victims under our floorboards, or in a deep, filth-choked well in a small, dark, dank courtyard. My parents allowed no shrinking from duty on my party..they dragged me to a funeral even in a coffin-storage warehouse when I was nine, on a midsummer's day. The horror of it remained with me for years. I couldn't bear to think about it. Only some six years ago, I forced myself at last! to face that period, write it up autobiographically, while I was icy, really icy and paralyzed anew with the bygone shock. Today it means nothing to me, save that I do know evil and horror exist, but also I know, today, they can be snubbed. And, when you take the side of justice and love and joy, horror really does cease to exist, come what may.

I cannot deny my whole outlook's changed...it's like a new religion (only it's pre-Edenic and old as can be), now that we have these funny experiences; these friendly, natural and everyday chats with seeming Nature folk.

But I said I shan't discuss that theme more, and I won't. Not in CRY, for now... Writing about it? I still try. I want to talk about it. What other theme can compare, to my way of thinking, by now? But I shan't bother CRYers again.

With Hort, I sympathize. Anybody with a mother who goes in for Spiritualism is facing a problem that will cure him from the subject for all time. But you know, Hort, I think Spiritualism is creepy, too. Talking to ghosts is so silly. Oldsters are bad enough alive... dead, they must be more dimwitted, still! I consider tackling ghosts at a seance the most dangerous thing there can be. To call up a ghost is to reinstate the reign of "oldsterism" that has been mankind's downfall, till now. I'm old too, by now, 52 I repeat, but I have never imposed any "oldster" philosophy on our seven children. Our house is overrun with youth, busily being alive. When they come up on weekends, they bring their stereophonic sound equipment too. Vadim and I wonder how our kids aren't yet deaf. But we let it be. Youth should take over, on Earth, if there's to be hope for our race. Trouble is, every new generation is whipped into shape in the same old pattern, oldsters grinding their woes onto youth.

Love,

Mae

P.S. Reading Marty Helgesen's letter anew, I see he really defends the idea of Hell as "fair" in the sense that those who go there have chosen it, and selected unhappiness for themselves, thus, forever, deliberately. I'm sorry, I don't see it that way. Granted that to say I "know" the viewpoints, by now, of certain Nature Beings, sounds arrogant and boastful, so I hesitate to quote them. But, looking at it another way, Fundamentalist Protestants quote the leaders and founders of their own little sects very glibly; Buddhists quote Buddha, Mohammedans quote Mohammed, and so on, and nobody calls them crazy simply because they're a big crowd in each 'fold', so I am not being any more crazy than all these other True Believers, because

I am truly convinced that Nature is eager to talk to all who will listen. Any simple person can hear from Nature, if they only get quiet enough. Is it wrong to love Nature -- is that "anti-Grace", as Paul would stress? But "they" told us they see the Beatific Vision constantly, and they said this with the greatest joy. Nature reflects this for us, who have mortal vision only, as yet.

And would we deny this joy to a single person who is unable yet to be happy, because of inner flaws. I spent a lifetime trying to bring happiness into the lives of two oldsters who love misery, and find even children's happiness offensive. These virtuous old ones are still with me, age 90, and going strong. I haven't helped them yet, or so it seemed to me. But I'd made an issue of it before God--"Not one soul must be lost!" And He presented me with these two outstanding cases of souls who want to be wretched, love it, in fact. Well, I fought for their happiness all my life--demonstrating to Heaven that no soul deserves to be discarded. And now the Nature people tell me, "It was worthwhile, those years of sacrifice. Their souls are saved by it, you see. We can help them, now!"

I said I wasn't going to discuss our Friends anymore, in CRY, and now I've gone and done it. But the Church has many spokesmen yet, defending Eternal Hell and insisting it's just. Am I not permitted to speak for my beloved Ones, in turn? They, who wish even wretches to be taught happiness and childlike love and trust in the Creator of the Universe, who is love?

PPS Hey, Hort, again! Reading your letter to Vadim, he said, "Tell him about the big problem the Vatican had, years ago, to decide whether American Indians had souls or not. The arguments took years."

I propound the theory that--as Elinor says, "why not?" Sure, why shouldn't Neanderthal have had a soul. Burying his dead with wildflowers, 60,000 years ago...painting old bones with ochre. I wish I could have heard the Requiem Masses changed by the Neanderthals so long ago! With their deep chests, the music must have been magnificent. Australopithecus? Did he have a soul? As much as our cats, our dogs, our birds and whatnot do, of course. And I swear they have souls too--unselfconscious souls as yet, of course. No one can have loved animals and birds as we have done, all these years, living so close to them, in the midst of Nature, and feel the Church was justified in insisting, 'Only humans--special act of Creation--have souls.'

Mae Surtees Strelkov

(I like your 'let it be' attitude. Do you like that song as much as I do? #Nature certainly has the power to turn people on, and I do believe that happiness is therapeutic. Of course, when I mention nature making people happy, I know I am inviting a lot of very boring remarks about mosquitoes and hornets and poisonous snakes--or would be, if this weren't the very last issue of CRY. That fact is that when one is not preoccupied, all sorts of things have the power to entrance--wind in trees, flight of birds, ritualistic behavior of animals, smell of springtime, light on water--ad infinitum.)

THE &WEALSOHEARD FROM DEPT: ROBERT J.R. WHITAKER, who seems to be talking mostly about all the books he has read and not liked-- a long and distinguished list. Robert, nobody who doesn't like DUNE can possibly be all good. TED PAULS, who enclosed an article which you

you have, no doubt, already read. Also said CRY hadn't changed much in all these years. Sigh. LYNN HICKMAN sent Vera a postcard. The calligraphy was so beautiful that she and I were both quite impressed. We never did get around to printing that nice letter from RICK COOK. Too late now. Sob. RANDY BYTWERK mentions that pages 9 & 10 are missing from CRY 185. I never did get around to passing that information on to Wally--who is the person who could have helped him. I'm sorry, Randy. I'll never foul you up again. BERNIE ZUBER wishes us a merry Christmas and promises loc. and art for next issue (the one after this). It'll never happen, Bernie, but thanks heaps anyhow. What a cute card! I'm enjoying it now all over again. RUTH BERMAN encloses article (which you read before you got this far) and says "Letterool seems to be matching its previous record for liveliness and amusement." Honestly, when people say things like that it makes me feel like a brute, that I'm willing to kill CRY again. It's really easier to kill a fanzine that nobody ever liked very much anyhow. DONN P. BRAZIER sends fanfiction, which I shall return to him. It is well-written but too lengthy for CRY. He is back in fandom for the third time, his first time being 20 years ago. In CRY 184, he especially liked the bacover cartoon by Rotsler, with math by Sid Coleman. JOHN J. PIERCE reports on the death of Evelyn del Rey. By now, of course, everybody knows already. Also mentions being asked to speak at a regional con, Harlan Ellison dropping out of fandom, and PLAYBOY running "Nine Lives" as by U. K. LeGuin. PLAYBOY is too much! or possibly too little. THOMAS OWEN says "I had a very low opinion of tv books awhile back, and then I woke up and noticed that all my favorite programs were being cancelled, and when they went all I would have would be fading memories. So I went out and started buying like crazy and found that some of them were terrific. I've got the Avengers (Laumer is best), Star Trek (does anybody know if Blish ever wrote that original Novel--I'll take anything for a memory aid), and finally a complete set of Uncle (some of which I think is hilarious--how come nobody ever mentioned them in you?)" We buy tv books too. The reason why the Uncle books were never mentioned in CRY is that the great day of Uncle books was over before CRY started up again. Everybody in fandom, probably, has read the fan-written Uncle books, and although I haven't read the others I'm probably safe in saying the fan-written ones were best. Avengers: There were some pubbed in Great Britain by-lined Patrick Maonee. We've only read one--DEAD DUCK--but that was very good. Star Trek books were a stone drag. Room 222's WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAVIS ROOSTER? is delightful. The first Mod Squad book was very good, too. Hey! I've run out of space!

By squinching the cartoon over to the side, I just barely have room to say THANKS HEAPS to all you letterwriters, who did your part most capably in giving CRY what it had in its most recent and hopefully last incarnation.

Love,

Elinor



