

# CRY





You are the glad recipient of this copy of CRY because:

- ( ) You are crazy about Spock.
- ( ) You are crazy about Leonard Nimoy.
- ( ) You are Leonard Nimoy.
- ( ) You are crazy.
- ( ) You understand Dangerous Visions and Vera would like you to explain it to her.
- ( ) You understand Space Odyssey 2001 and all of us wish to have it explained.
- ( ) You hate Nielsen.
- ( ) You are a Lizard Leader.
- ( ) You like lizards.
- ( ) You're a redheaded Canadian fan.
- ( ) You're hooked on GRAS.
- ( ) Lizards like you.
- ( ) We'd like you to hate Nielsen.
- ( ) NBC gave us your name. We go along with anything.
- ( ) You are about to become a neofan.
- ( ) You're the Vulcan Consul.
- ( ) You're not mentioned and need cheering up.
- ( ) You're Harry Warner and we know you'll contribute.
- ( ) We suspect you're rich and we would like you to contribute.
- ( ) We suspect you're Harlan Ellison and we would like you to contribute.
- ( ) You'd like to be Harlan Ellison and need cheering up.
- ( ) You're the Secret Master of Star Trek.
- ( ) You're an old and tired fan and need cheering up.
- ( ) You're a Klingon and we feel sorry for you.
- ( ) You don't live in Hollywood and need cheering up.
- ( ) YOU'RE A TRUE GREEN, DYED IN THE WOOL, 101% STAR TREK FAN.
- ( ) You bugged NBC today.
- ( ) You live in Hollywood and need cheering up.
- ( ) You have tamed the giant eelbirds of Regulus V.
- ( ) You would like to plunge All Fandom into war.
- ( ) The Horta recommended you.
- ( ) You have been seen wearing a purple Ponfarr belt.
- ( ) You belong to the Loyal Order of Kooks.
- ( ) You belong.
- ( ) You know where Howard Hughes lives and you're going to tell us.



Here before your very own two or more eyes is CRY #175, for August 1, 1968. Right on time, as usual. Ahead of schedule, in fact, since Hell had not as yet frozen over, the last I heard.

CRY is edited by Wally Weber, Elinor Busby and Vera Heminger. It is published by Wally Weber and Wally Gonser, operating as the Wall-to-Wall Press. It is, we think, inspired by some demon, the nature of which Man Was Not Meant To Know.

This issue of CRY is \*Free\* to all who receive it, while it lasts. Future issues [predictably larger] will sell for 25¢ each; no subs larger than \$1 just now, please, until a balance is struck with the New Postal Rates. This per-issue price translates into 2 shillings [or ten of the New Pence, if I have that part right] in the friendly haunts of the United Kingdom. Our abacus is not calibrated in other currencies but I'm sure that could be worked out with a little help.

Meanwhile we really do have a few \* C o n t e n t s \* on hand:

Cover by ATom ("the real Wally Weber")		page 1
Page Three (an unofficial guest item)	Buz	3
Fan Power	Wally Weber	4
Hwyl	Elinor Busby	6
Marinating	Roy Tackett	8
The Bicycle Retreaded	F. M. Busby	10
The Neofans Are Coming!	Vera Heminger	12
Something Unpredictable (as usual)	Wally W Weber	(last page)

[I hear that there may or may not be a Surprise Item toward the end, also.]

Stencils cut: None; a new system has taken over; see page 10, para 3.

Art Credits: ATom 1, O T Hers 0 [plus whatever Wally puts on the last page if he happens to feel like it].

POLICY and all: 8 issues per year at (approx) 6-week intervals beginning with this issue of Aug 1, '68. Subs and trades (trades with mutual consent and agreed terms, that is) to VERA HEMINGER, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash, 98002. Contributions and letters of comment to ELINOR BUSBY, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash, 98119. Complaints to Sweeney, as always.

Yes, free copies to successful contributors including the lettercol-proper but not the We-Also-Heard-Froms. [CRY of the Readers returns next issue under Elinor's editing, assuming that you return for her to edit.]

ROY TACKETT: you get next issue (#176) for your very welcome contribution, which is a Good Thing because you did forget to enclose the buck to Vera, for sub.

Contributors, yes: the Old Rule still holds; if you wish any ms returned which by some mischance CRY cannot publish, please enclose stamped self-addressed envelope. Or in the pinch, at least a stamp. That is, fanzines are a good and respectable money-losing hobby, but there are limits to CRY's desire for this grade of respectability. [All you Old Regulars who may skip this bit: you know who you are, so I shan't embarrass you by naming you as Teacher's Pets....]

COPY DEADLINE for next issue [#176]: 15 Sept '68. People who do not crowd CRY's deadlines will be appreciated to a really fantastic extent.

Gee, this is the first free issue of CRY (not counting the "Half-CRYs") since 1954, after a solid century (#75-174) of subscription issues. It just shows that anything will come back into style again if you wait long enough.

PAGE THREE won't be my exclusive bag in future. It has to be a last-minute CRYday thing & since I copped out on editing or publishing, this round, the page is more likely to have new blood on it from now on. Also new sweat & new tears... But I'll get over to Wally's to sit in and bedevil you every now and then.

Department of Plugs: Saint Looie for '69; Buy Beer; Seacon-II shortly.



## FAN POWER

as noticed by Wally Weber

The idea of a world in which mundane humans are governed by science fiction fans is not new to fandom. Being three-quarters mundane myself, I had assumed it was nothing more than that -- an idea, a dream, a whimsical stroke of wishful thinking too impractical to materialize into a reality.

That was before an effort organized by fans caused a multi-billion-dollar corporation to decide not to cancel Star Trek after all.

Even then I was not completely convinced. 115,000 letters -- that is too many. There has got to be a high percentage of mundane in a mixture of letter-writers that great in numbers. This reasoning calmed me somewhat, and by thinking about it as little as possible, I was able to go on living what passes for a normal life in a quarter-breed fan.

The final step in my awakening occurred last month when it appeared that despite previous assurances to the contrary, the local NBC TV station was going to let the Washington State Democrat Convention coverage take precedence over Star Trek. The Nameless Ones happened to be meeting that night, and watching Star Trek is a sacred part of each Nameless meeting. When the time for Star Trek had come and gone and still the local politicians dominated the tube, a line of fans formed at the telephone. One by relentless one they called the TV station to ask in their wistful innocent way how come the station was ruining the lives of Star Trek fans with such poor programming. After less than a half-dozen calls, the robot-like telephone greeting of "KING-TV, may I help you?" was replaced with a terrified, "Star Trek will be shown as soon as possible." Long before the Nameless Ones ran out of callers, the U.S.S. Enterprise had claimed possession of the picture tube. I had seen it with my own eyes. It was Fan Power in action.

Awesome truths began to filter through my mental numbness. Until now, fans in the grip of mundane society had seemed fragile, helpless creatures. A fan, so I had thought, could achieve cosmic stature only by isolating himself in his largely imaginary universe of fandom. But I had been wrong. It is mundane society that cannot cope with fandom.

Consider, for the moment, a mundane executive, guiding the course of giant organizations to ever-increasing greatness, masterfully controlling the lives of lesser humans, determining destinies with cool deliberation. Actually the executive's greatest asset in his profession is his uncontrollable cowardice. He is a pitiful creature who survives twenty-four hours each day of the week in mortal fear of being found out. He is one of the few people in the world capable of rejecting a plan of great value to humanity simply because its success would threaten his position or its failure could be blamed on him.

Compare this mighty executive with the most miserable neofan you can conceive. Can you imagine him suddenly thrown into fandom as a Neo? Think of J. Paul Getty hacking out stencils (dried-out, wrinkled, twenty-year-old stencils) on a \$4.99 typewriter, sneaking into the high school at night to operate a mimeograph for the first time in his life, negotiating with an unsympathetic postal employee, and finally being lambasted or totally ignored by his readers. We'd probably have lost J.P.G. 'way back where he discovered crude oil wouldn't adequately substitute for the corflu he didn't have, but Miserable Neofan would not only get through it all, he'd have the guts to put out a second issue afterwards. Could Rockefeller make himself wear a propeller beanie in the lobby of the New York Statler-Hilton? Think of Richard Nixon



debating Analog policy with John W. Campbell Jr. Or dwell for just a moment on the fascinating picture of Robert MacNamara volunteering and being accepted for the job of publishing a 500 copy N3F pamphlet before fully realizing the limitations of his hectograph. The average Neofan does this and worse all the time in the normal course of his hectic existence, surviving treatment that would cause non-fan world leaders to chicken and die.

It is clear how the Star Trek incidents work. There are the NBC executives, cowering before the Nielsen ratings as is their tradition, cancelling this and shifting that, carefully following the formula that protects them from any responsibility for the results of their actions. Suddenly they find themselves brushed by a mere touch of Fan Power, 115,000 letters. Imagine their panic! All those protests for simply considering the cancellation of Star Trek. What would have happened if the show had actually been taken off the air?

A Fan probably would have cancelled the show just to find out, but the non-fans don't even want to think about it. The only alternative to continuing the series is to throw themselves out of their ivory-tower windows, but they are also afraid of heights.

Given keener sight by this revelation, I have looked for other traces of fan domination in the world. It wasn't a difficult search. Our current space age is one example; science fiction's influence on the development of orbital and interplanetary vehicles is immense. Saturday morning TV cartoons look like Planet Stories revisited; impressionable minds are being impressed all over the place. Major hotel chains are soliciting fan conventions, and airlines beg to transport the fans there. Many advertising campaigns are very fannish. Science fiction authors, many of whom double as fans, have been taking over the writing of mainstream books, movie scripts and television scripts, adding their insidious fannish touches.

Now notice, you will not find fans in so-called "leadership" positions. No fan governors or presidents or corporation executives have been found. These positions are filled, as they should be, by nervous individuals desperately attempting to find out what their constituents or workers or customers are planning to do next in time to order them to do it. Instead, fans are found in positions of influence, like letter writers for one. For the most part, non-fans only write letters to relatives, and then only on special occasions like Christmas and birthdays. If a Congressman receives a letter, he assumes there are 1,000 more constituents of like viewpoint who haven't written. If the letter is reasonably coherent, he assumes the writer is smarter than he is. If the letter is typewritten, he assumes the writer makes over \$80,000 per year. Fifty 12-year-old fans could control the U.S. Government if they thought it was worth the bother.

The mundane world is nothing more than fandom's tool. It grows food and makes clothing for fans. It builds mimeographs and typewriters, and makes stencils and corflu. It erects hotels for holding conventions and it maintains a postal service for distributing the Progress Reports. Now and then it goofs and fandom has to kick it a couple good ones to get it back in shape, but generally it does pretty well for a mindless entity that doesn't even know the true reason for its existence.

If that wasn't enough, it turns out that fandom is practically invulnerable to any action the mundane society might attempt against the fans. A fan government does not exist because there aren't any fan cowards. No living fan cowards, anyway. The world couldn't find a place to send an ambassador even if they tried. Fans don't bother to vote; they simply act, which is a lot more effective. One individual acting is more effective than a whole precinct voting. About the only way mundane society could do anything about fandom would be to destroy the world. Which it seems about to do.

Hmmm. Maybe I should do something tomorrow to stop that. I think I will.

Unless something interesting like a fanzine shows up in the mail to read, that is.



CRYday approaches--after more than four years. One would have thought we were safe from any recurrence by now. But apparently CRY says 'yes!' more firmly than we say 'no!'

Or was it Vera? Maybe it wasn't the resurging Spirit of CRY--maybe it was Vera Heminger. I guess it was Vera. You know that Vera Heminger--she's a woman who habitually transmutes her fantasies into action. She liked Emma Peel so she took judo lessons; she liked Star Trek so she picketed NBC in her Mr. Spock suit with completely Spockian makeup, including shaving off half her eyebrows so she could draw them back slanty--which is quite a sacrifice, I think.

The way we met Vera is like this: One day last fall I got a phone call from Vonda McIntyre, who had got our name from Karen Anderson, whom she met while touring the Star Trek set. Vonda and I talked for some time about Star Trek and so forth, and she was obviously a real good kid, so I told her about the Nameless. Unfortunately, to emphasize the point that we're a frivolous group and hostile to serious and constructive programming, I said that we just sat around and watched Star Trek and talked and boozed. My mentioning booze was a mistake; Vonda mentioned that she was only 19 so probably we wouldn't want her in the group. I hastened to assure her that we had no prejudice at all against the young, that the club could not be too fully integrated for our taste, but perhaps I didn't convince her. Months went by and she didn't show up and didn't call, and I hadn't taken her telephone number or address.

Then early in January my niece Judy Huntingford, who lived at McKee Hall at the University of Washington, dropped by. We were chatting about Star Trek, and she said "There's a girl living next door to me who's really mad about Star Trek." "Is her name Vonda McIntyre?" I asked. "How did you know!" cried Judy. So then I knew that Vonda lived at McKee, and when Wally Weber decided to send out meeting notices I gave him Vonda's name and address. She came to the next meeting and we all liked her and she seemed to like the group okay and since that time we haven't looked back (have we, Von?)--and this has been a paragraph on the subject of It's a Small World, Isn't It?

Vonda bugged her local Star Trekking buddies--prominent amongst whom was Vera--into coming to Nameless meetings. And Vera talked Wally and me into starting up CRY again with her. If Vonda hadn't met Karen on the Star Trek set--and if she hadn't lived next door to my niece--CRY would still be one with the snows of yesteryear. I guess it's destiny, gang. No point in fighting it.

Hey, it's kind of fun writing a column again. I guess it's like the old Chinese saying: when CRY is inevitable, relax and enjoy it.

\* \* \*

There's been a major change in the Busby household. Buz and I now have a Resident Teenager. Her name is Michele Marshment. She lived with us for six months when she was five, and for another six months when she was twelve. In fact she's actually an oldtime CRY contributor, because when she was five, back in 1958, she had an illustration in CRY.

It's cool having another person in the house to talk to. Buz and I regard each other as quite good company, but the fact remains that after 14 years of marriage we each of us find a certain percentage of the things that the other is likely to say eminently predictable. But Mickie says perfectly unexpected things that give me all kinds of new things to think about.

For example, Mickie mentioned once that one kind of adult that kids find



particularly hard to bear is the adult who takes kids on some jolly little outing and says merrily, "Aren't we having fun?" --Actually I doubt if there's an adult alive who doesn't occasionally fall into some variation of this nauseous little error. I guess the answer is to hold it down to as seldom as possible.

Aren't-we-having-fun crystallized for me my objection to low-grade faaanishness. High grade faaanishness--such delights as Walt Willis' THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR--I do not creeb at, much the contrary in fact. But such low grade faanishness as talking uninterestingly about fannish ghods and thinking it terribly in to put an 'h' in any uncusthomary word--that's really tiresome, you know? Aren't we having fun? Oh boy, aren't we just!

Another thing that gave me new things to think about. Buz and I heard a joke that we thought was very funny, and immediately told it to Mickie. The next day I asked her whether she'd told the joke to any of her friends. "Oh, no," she said. "It's not the kind of joke kids laugh at." "It isn't?" "No." Now, before I tell you what Mickie said would be kids' objection to the joke, I'll tell you the joke.

Jesus Christ was walking along the beach near Galilee, clad as usual in flowing robes, hippie hairdo, sandals and love beads, when he heard a commotion in the town. He hurried to the town square and found that a group of people had tied the town prostitute to a stake and were preparing to stone her to death. "Look," he said. "This isn't the right thing to do. Who are you to sit in judgment upon your fellow humans? Are you all that much better than she is? Let he among you who is without sin cast the first stone!" Sulkily, the people were throwing down their stones and preparing to depart, muttering to one another, "That goddam Jesus Christ spoils all the fun!" when a stone was thrown that splattered the poor girl's brains. Jesus looked to see who had thrown the stone. "Mother," he said, "sometimes you really piss me off!"

Mickie said that kids wouldn't like the joke because kids don't know yet what they really think, feel and believe about religion, and so it would just disturb them and make them feel uncomfortable. Intellectually they could see the humor, but they couldn't enjoy it. "Adults are different," she said. "Adults know what they believe in or don't believe in, and so the joke wouldn't bother them."

I've pondered that considerably. I'm sure she's right that kids wouldn't like the joke, and as to the reason. But do adults really know what they believe? I'm sure that many do. But I think a lot of other adults have merely developed negative capability, the ability to coexist comfortably with their uncertainties. I remember when I was a kid feeling a desperate need to feel at home in the world, and I surmise that kids in general do feel this need. Some adults succeed in feeling at home in the world. They are this and that, they have this and that, and they know what's what. Others succeed in feeling at home with the idea of not feeling at home--with being wayfaring strangers, so to speak. Well, it's all very interesting.

Some of you will see Mickie at the Baycon. She's a pretty kid, quite small and very feminine-looking. She has dark hair and big dark eyes with splendid eyelashes and fair skin, and a round, stubborn, intelligent-looking little face.

So far we are all three of us getting along splendidly. There's hardly ever a cross word, we are all sweetly agreeable and relating together like mad. This can't go on. Sooner or later someone--or all--will display previously unsuspected flaws so that we can have the storms and tempests usual to adults and teenagers living in the same household. But, in the meantime,

Aren't we having fun?



"...the average cat pretty much goes ape when the bird in his hand suddenly begins to take wing."

Well, I'll be dog-gone. That's what it says. Right there on page 9 which is the first page of Chapter 1 of "The Men in the Jungle" by Norman Spinrad. Dwell on that for awhile...I might come back to it.

Norman Spinrad gives the impression of a sort of second-string Harlan Ellison. Which is to say he is given to tooting his own horn but while Mr. Ellison's horn is rich in brass, Mr. Spinrad's is more comparable to a penny-whistle or even a kazoo. (Which reminds me, if you are interested in that sort of thing, pennywhistles, that is, a musical group calling themselves The Monkees has a record called "The Door into Summer" in which are mentioned pennywhistles. (After all, if Shirley Meech can search out obscure references to Star Trek there's no reason I can't do the same with Heinlein, if I've a mind to...which I don't.)) (Before I get away from parenthetical asides...as if I could...let me mention that there appears on page 32 of the 13Jul68 issue of SATURDAY REVIEW a delightful review of Mr. Harlan Ellison's book, "Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled." Yes. Indeed.) In a recent issue of PSYCHOTIC, I think it was, Mr. Spinrad had several words to say about his great book, "The Men in the Jungle" and how it was, most unfairly, being universally ignored.

Now I am, as you well know, always willing to help struggling young authors, particularly if the price is right, so when Doubleday's SF Book Club offered "The Men in the Jungle" (publisher's price \$4.50) for the bargain rate of only \$2.00 I ordered the book. (I hate to pass up a bargain. The local TG&Y store offered great stacks of Powerhouse candy bars--the 15¢ size--for only 8¢ each the other day and I bought a dozen or so. You must like Powerhouses, said Rosemary, the cashier. Oh, I do, I said, and besides it's a bargain. Where else in town can you get a nickel candy bar for only 8¢?)

The first few pages of TMITJ take me back to the good old days of PLANET STORIES. You remember the type of tale: the Solar System was neatly two-dimensional with all the planets lined up one behind the other. Mercury was furthestest in and Pluto furthestest out and to get from the former to the latter one had to pass by all the rest and make the dread trip through the asteroid belt. I remember one tale where the hero was on Mars and the villains on Jupiter so the hero sneaked out and hid behind Saturn for a while and then approached Jupiter from the back side and--well, that's another story but you get the idea.

As TMITJ opens, Bart Fraden, the non-hero of the book, is in his presidential palace on Ceres, capital of the Belt Free State, making plans for his escape from the trap Earth is setting for him. The Earth ships have englobed Ceres in all but the Plutowards direction and it is through this hole that Fraden, his mistress Sophia and his Chief of Staff, Wilhelm Vanderling, escape.

Tell me, o learned ones, why is it that every time a space ship leaves the Solar System it has to go past Pluto? What happens if Pluto is on the other side of the sun at the time? Why not go up or down from the ecliptic? Could it be that two dimensional writers can only conceive of the system in two



dimensions?

Fraden and Vanderling are revolutionaries and, having been run out of the Solar System, hunt for a planet ripe for revolution, one they can stir up and end up on top when the dust settles. They find what is apparently the ideal target in Sangre, a planet out there somewhere, that is ruled by the Brotherhood of Pain, a religious organization. Sangre's population of 15,000,000 is divided up: a few hundred members of the Brotherhood rule; a few thousand specially bred "Killers" enforce the rules. The remaining millions are classified as "Animals" who do the work and provide the subjects for the amusement of the Brothers, and "Meatanimals" who take the place of cattle, etc., since Sangre has no animal life other than insects.

Fraden and his two confederates land and the remainder of the book consists of a couple of hundred pages filled with torture, butchery, cannibalism and whatall. The bodies are stacked up and hacked to bits and arms and legs are torn off and waved around and heads are chopped off and bodies are torn to bits by bare hands which are bitten off, et bloody cetera.

Scattered here and there amidst the carnage are a few gems about the nature of war. "War is just a series of individual murders." "Those are men, not just numbers." And other little points to point out that those are PEOPLE getting killed. Or cardboard characters anyway.

I think this is supposed to be an anti-war novel but it is overdone. There is too much gore and hacking to bits. Too much even for shock value. Mr. Spinrad's purple prose is just too much. He attempts to show a psychotic society in which death and torture are just the order of the day. Larry Janifer did it much better in "You Sane Men" and that was no masterpiece. Mr. Spinrad's descriptions of torture scenes are muchly overdone. He needs to study the subtleties of Mirabeau's "Torture Garden." The message comes across much better when it is not awash in tankcars of blood.

Other than that, consider that the line quoted at the beginning of this review is probably the best line in the book. If "The Men in the Jungle" is being universally ignored, that is only as it should be.

Roy Tackett  
10 July 1968

H W Y L Appendix

Elinor Busby

I read URCHIN by John Brunner a few months ago. I'd read various reviews of URCHIN which seemed to imply that John Brunner was greatly at fault for not having written GREEN MANSIONS instead. Now, while it's obviously a sin not to have written GREEN MANSIONS, it's one shared by so many folk that it seems unkind to single out John Brunner for blame. Urchin could not have turned out to be a satisfactory mate for the protagonist. He was a loser through and through, and the characteristic of losers is that they lose. But it's a good book.

However, there's a conspicuous and rather weird flaw in URCHIN. The protagonist is a doctor. Not just a PhD but a medical doctor. He has sexual intercourse with his wife at a time when she is not wearing a diaphragm, and thenceforth he doesn't just hope she's pregnant--he's absolutely 100% convinced that she is pregnant. It seems to me that on any sexual occasion there's about a one in ten chance of conception at best. Would anybody care to elucidate? Is there a doctor in the house?



. . . The Bicycle Retreaded

Welcome home, everybody! Including me; certainly I never expected to find myself writing a CRY-column again after all this time. Four years, to be exact.

However, Vera and Elinor and Wally have decided to retread CRY, so the least I can do is retread the Bicycle and follow along with them. I've been asked "Is this going to be like the old CRY?" I think that's a safe bet, so long as you keep in mind that "the old CRY" went through many changes, many stages. This incarnation of CRY will probably do the same. It should all be very nostalgic.

Probably the major difference will be the litho: Wally has that monster in his garage, along with the apparatus with which to make litho masters directly from Good Copy without all that stencil-cutting jass. Like WOW, I mean...

The Second Triumvirate has come up with a lovely compromise in the way of a publishing schedule. It is six-weekly or eight issues per year. If this is as confusing to you as it is to me, just consider it as 2 interlocking quarterly schedules: the 1st of February, May, August and November, interleaved with the 15th of March, June, September and December. These, I think, are the copy deadlines, except that fancy halftone stuff should come in at least a week early. The nice thing about this schedule is that it misses all conflicts/crises with Worldcons, Westercons, the year-end holidays, and major apa deadlines. Neat, huh?

Suddenly it is 1955 again! That is, it's fun to be a mere spear-bearer or contributor again, to CRY, instead of being responsible for anything but my own guff. I think the plan is that CRY goes out immediately after the weekend that follows the copy-deadline, but if not, this is no part of my worries, this trip.

Somehow it does not seem like 4 years since CRY stopped. It has to be either at least 50 years or just yesterday, somehow. Why, I don't even remember what we were all arguing about, in #174, June 1964. Nothing trivial, I hope...

Meanwhile many things have happened in fandom: 4 Worldcons, innumerable feuds and fusses, a number of untimely deaths (especially this year), the revival of PSYCHOTIC, and the usual starting and stopping of several minor apas. Still, it hardly seems that 1964 was all that long ago, in some ways. In others, yes: like, whatever happened to.. [no, you name your own list of absentees, friend..].

Enough of horseplay; it is time to buckle down to solid hardrock Trivia: as for instance, local news. ITEM: we had a UFO passing over the southern part of the county for several weeks before a number of activists and a radio station got the Air Force off its duff to check on the bit. It turned out to be a leftover Russian satellite of sorts, if that is any comfort. ITEM: earlier this week we all overslept and I had to go to work with only a big glass of juice for breakfast. So of all things it turns out that these days all I need for breakfast is a big juice. I wonder how many years I've been wasting 2 eggs a day, 5 days a week?? ITEM: our local club, the Nameless Ones, has been taken over quite a bit by StarTrekks. This is mostly a good thing; we can use all those new corpuscles. About half of the "New Nameless" hit the Sea-Tac airport when Wm Shatner was in town; this occurred during a picnic at Jim & Doreen Webberts', and the funny part was that about half the airport-safari gang were referring to Captain Kirk as "Fearless Flab". O well; there is no scoff like an affectionate scoff. So tomorrow the crowd will be at the airport to see Leonard Nimoy hit town to be the Honorary Something at our local Seafair Parade. I'd go, too, except that big panting crowds turn me off; I'd like to see ol' Spock, but not under those circumstances; maybe at the Baycon..! I haven't figured the meaning of the Seafair celebration as yet. Anthropologists say that all these big community shindigs have a sexual connotation. If this is true (and why should they lie?), I'm afraid the Seafair is a traditional Sterility Rite.



ITEM: Vera Heminger, one of the most notable new corpuscles in our local fannish bloodstream, is out to gut the A. C. Nielsen TV Rating Service. She writes letters to the most upstage types you can imagine, in this effort. Perhaps she will have told you, in this issue of CRY, who to bug most effectively, iffen you're interested. And Vera has asked me to say a few words about the Nielsen thing, so I will.

My considered opinion of the Rating Game is (and has been for several years) that it is the biggest fraud extant. Nielsen puts "meters" on a lousy 1200 TV sets throughout this country (population, about 200-million). These meters record the facts that the sets are on or off, and if on, what channel is flickering on the front of the picture tube. And nothing more. Repeat: AND NOTHING MORE. I find a great deal wrong with this system, as an Infallible Guide to 3 major networks who rely desperately and implicitly on ol' phony Nielsen for their early-cancellations, etc.

Up front, who says those 1200 TVs are at all representative of the country? [Well, GUESS, once. Yeh, you're right. A C Nielsen says so.]

Secundo: if the meters were distributed in a representational fashion, what would their readings mean? That is, so the set is turned on to Channel 5. Does this tell how many persons are watching it? What their ages are? How they like the show? Whether they watch the stupid commercials (which are the basic reason for all this silly business in the first place) or go to the john instead at all commercial-breaks? Maybe nobody sticks around for the commercials except the dog, because he's housebroken. Or maybe most people are so conditioned to commercials that they shut off their fine Minds and just gossip at every break in the programs of their choice. [How's with you?]

It just makes no sense at all; those meter-readings mean nothing. And yet we have the 3 big dispenser networks depending slavishly on this idiot device. They kill shows on early Nielsen ratings before the show has a chance to pick up any kind of following. They are all running scared. And from what?

From a successful (up to now) con-man by the name of A C Nielsen; that's what. Nobody, and I mean NOBODY, profits in the slightest from this skin-game, except just the one fella. I'm sure you can guess who I have in mind. Hmmm? (Or even whom..) Nielsen is running the biggest successful current swindle I know of, just now. I agree with Vera that it would be damn nice if something could be done about it. So now read her column and see if you'd like to help tip over this one coprolith.

Now, lapsing back into my Image of -- well, whatever it is -- it seems time to talk about Just Plain Stuff. I'd like to recommend the paperback (Ace) version of "Picnic on Paradise" by Joanna Russ, but Elinor is just about to finish it and would bite my hand off if I tried to get it away from her for comment, just now. So instead I will recommend a couple of non-stf books I've read recently-enough to keep in mind, like maybe yesterday. Both by Pocket Books: Nat Hentoff's "Call the Keeper" and Martin Waddell's "Otley". Hmm... somehow it gives me a kick to notice that these 3 books are so different that hardly anyone is going to like more than any two of them. (Hello there, Hardly Anyone.)

Gad, it comes down to reminiscing about the Old CRY. Can it actually revive? (SHOULD it?) Can it actually be as much fun to today's fandom as it used to be to a happy bunch of jokers awhile back? That would be a goodie; I'll drink to that. [Yeh; well, the New Cry will have to depend on the same props as the Old CRY did-- mainly regularity and legibility and a reasonably good grade of being slightly nuts.] Oh, I expect the New CRY to have some fun if it sticks to its schedule...

It's a little late to change anyone's mind about anything, but for my part I'm voting for St. Louis for next year's WorldCon in 1969. Seems like a good crowd...

I'm still fantisted that all these local characters including my own dear wife are reincarnating CRY. I had thought that we'd all settled for being poopouts, but maybe not. An actual - comeback should be a real gas. Might even work. --Buz.



## THE NEOS ARE COMING

-----  
 (Actually, I was intending to write a serious, perceptive, thoughtful report on FUNcon, but Wally Weber said "Write what happened to you." It's all Wally's fault.)  
 -----

In the last six months, I have encountered several new worlds, that previously had existed for me in a sort of never-never land I never thought I'd visit. But visit them I did, through a set of fortuitous circumstances (with which I might just regale the readers of CRY in a future issue): in that period of time, I discovered fandom, went to my first convention, visited the Star Trek set, became the president of a somewhat unique fanclub and met Harlan Ellison. Any one of those experiences by itself would have been enough to blow my mind; the combination proved overwhelming, and I may never recover; but if I go, I'll go happy.

My first convention: FUNcon, the Statler-Hilton, Los Angeles - July 4-7. How does one approach a new world? I won't deny I was just a bit nervous, and was quite glad that Ann Rutledge and Von McIntyre were awaiting me at the hotel; they had flown from Seattle a few days earlier, to see some of the LA sights. But I was not feeling as though I were stepping into a total unknown, for I had corresponded with fans, and had assiduously read Psychotic. This was as good an introduction as any.

I landed in LA the evening of the 3rd, and right there was one unforgettable sight: those miles and rows of neon lights stretching beneath the wings of the plane. Getting to the hotel was a wearisome wait for the bus, and a long ride. I was too woundup to pay much attention to the surroundings. First thing at the Hilton, after checking in, I ran up to the Ballroom floor, hoping to catch sight of a Fan (how eager can you get!), but the place was very empty and the porter was looking impatient.

There was no problem finding our room in that long hallway: it was sporting a large "HQ II Seacon 72" on the door. After glad greetings and the story of what Von and Ann had been up to in LA (among others, they had visited Forry's house), we realized the foolishness of trying to go to sleep: it was only midnight, and we went reconnoitering, hoping to find something a little less expensive than the 25¢ cokes dispensed by the hotel. We settled for 20¢ coffee in a little all-night shop around the corner. That was the last time I was to set foot outside the hotel for three days...Back at the hotel, we went to locate all the different rooms where the next days' events were to be held. We later learned there was a party that evening - next time we'll know better: instead of looking at empty rooms, we'll go scouting the party.

It was difficult to fall asleep with the LA traffic roaring outside, even fifteen floors down, and with visions of fandom dancing through our heads, but even so, we were up quite early the next day. Downstairs, the first thing we saw was a big beautiful blackboard just asking to be written on, and so it was: "II Seacon 72." Amazingly enough, that stayed on quite a while. We also tacked up the green sheets we'd brought with us, announcing Seattle's entry in the Great Con Race, and the revival of CRY. The first person I met was Chuck Crayne, chairman of FUNcon; and at the registration desk, met Astrid and Karen Anderson; and Sally Crayne and Ken Rudolph, who were working at the desk. And after that, I rather lost track of exactly whom I met when. There's a great deal of fascination in meeting people one has corresponded with, or read about in zines; I found that to be one of the most enjoyable aspects of the convention.



The exhibit room (the Wilshire) was just opening up. I naturally immediately gravitated toward the Star Trek booth, where Gene Roddenberry's assistant, Rick Carter, and John Trimble were setting up the uniforms, phasers, communicators, etc. It was nice to see Rick again, and I greeted him with proper decorum (his official title is Lord Lizard Leader, and I might just regale the readers of CRY with the saga of how he got that title in a future issue). I'm the president of the Rick Carter International Fan Club - tv producers, and especially Star Trek tv producers, should have fan clubs too. I have a feeling that if Norman Spinrad is reading this, this is where he is most definitely going to quit reading. Well, can't win them all.

I pitched in to help carry some of the Star Trek paraphernalia in: more costumes, Nomad, the hideous salt-sucker from "Man Trap", and the odd creature from "Corbomite Maneuver." The latter ended up wearing a green propeller beanie inscribed "Seacon 72". Von ran up and announced that Forry Ackerman had arrived: I had indeed been looking forward to meeting Forry, and went over eagerly to chat with him. I'd heard he was interested in the art of makeup, and showed him my pictures as a Vulcan (that means slightly green makeup and the absence of half my eyebrows). Forry insisted on keeping one of those pictures (what a shot for the egoboo), and signed the back of the other with "Greetings to Spock's kissin' cousin - Forry J Spockerman." I treasure that picture, as it later got graced in addition with an authentic "Greetings, Spock."

Ruth Berman came up to say hello and chat, and I met several more Star Trek fans, Linda Stanley, Paula Crist and Rita Ractliffe, all of whom I had been writing to for months. It was old home week. Time goes by fast when Star Trek fans gather and talk, and a glance at the program showed me I had managed to miss a Tolkien Society meeting, and that it was almost time for the Official opening, which meant I also had to miss lunch. I followed this non-eating pattern fairly faithfully through the con, surviving quite well on 25¢ coffee and cigarettes through the day, and grabbing some overpriced and overdried hamburgers in the evening. The only two solid meals I had in those four days were at the banquet and the Star Trek luncheon; I just didn't feel like bothering, most of the time.

The Sierra room was filling up for the Opening, and that's where the wonders started for me, with the introduction of the celebrities, after Chuck Crayne's opening talk. I haven't got all the names here; I wish now I had taken notes, but right then the impressions were so vivid I was sure I'd remember it All. Foolish neofan - next time, I am taking abundant notes. Walt Daugherty did the introducing: Forry and Wendayne Ackerman, Bill Rotsler, Poul and Karen Anderson, George Scithers, Norman Spinrad, Harlan Ellison (maybe I should have followed an alphabetical order?), David Gerrold ("I wrote 'Tribbles'"), Ejo Trimble, and many others. To our surprise, even we got introduced there, as "Star Trek fans from Seattle." Whee- egoboo!

Harry Harrison, Guest of Honor, started the address with trying to adjust the mike, failing in doing so, and taking it off to hit the podium with it. Harry doesn't seem fond of mikes. Eventually, despite that treatment, the darn thing worked, and Harry addressed the audience with the greeting: "Ladies, Gentlemen, writers and Norman Spinrad..." His talk revolved around the theme he develops in "Make Room! Make Room!" - an Orwellian projection of today, a world where man has stupidly depleted his resources, and life has become a daily struggle for dreary survival. I enjoyed the manner of Harry's speech, vigorous, lively and pungent, even though the subject was a bit grim. A marvelous question-and-answer period followed, full of good-natured ribbing and sharp repartees. I just sat there drinking it all in; this was great; this was fandom speaking.



Linda Stanley and I trotted back to the Star Trek booth, and I saw Gene Roddenberry, who was wearing a very beautiful pendant which he said was Vulcan jewelry; we might be seeing Spock wearing it in a third season episode. Gene had made it himself. After I greeted Gene, I made sure he saw my little sign that said: "This is National Kiss a Star Trek Producer Week." I then passed a few of those signs around: we had a fine time. Baycon has already been earmarked "International Kiss a Star Trek Producer Week" by a contingent of lovely and enthusiastic Canadian fannes.

Right after that, I met Harlan, so to speak. We'd decided to try to get some sort of food, and sat down at the counter of the Wilshire coffee-shop. Across from me, a man wearing large sunglasses asked me to show him the plate with part of a cheeseburger, to see if it was worth ordering it, I guess. I lifted the plate and offered it to him, but he declined hastily. Well, some people meet in romantic and exotic ways; I met Harlan over a leftover cheeseburger.

We gulped some hideously expensive tomato soup, and went back to wander around in the Wilshire room, looking at some fantastic drawings by Tim Kirk (they later won an award), and by Bjo and Bernie Zuber (also winners). I looked with longing at some magnificent photography by Walt Daugherty, then realized there was another panel in progress, and went to learn to my surprise that fandom had been getting too large in the last three or four years, was becoming too divided, and that this was a regrettable trend. I later found out that this same complaint had been presented at intervals: fandom is always getting too big, it seems. If anyone thinks it's bad now, I have an idea they'll be crushed at Baycon: FUNcon was well advertised, outside of "established fandom", and drew many newcomers, and there have been articles in magazines (such as Harlan's in July's FM & Fine Arts) which have done much to introduce fandom to the "mundanes." And there is in addition the phenomenon that Star Trek is bringing new fans into fandom in droves. The odd thing about fandom is that it never really tried to hide, but it used to be damn hard to find. When I think of all the years I had been reading sf, never suspecting this world existed... This trend will probably continue, on an accelerated scale; and undoubtedly it'll make cons quite large, and more hectic. The way I look at it, the more, the merrier.

Things were beginning to catch up with me, and I took a little time off to relax. I relaxed so well, I didn't get to the authors' reception on time, and to my eternal sorrow, missed the cartoon drawing and captioning by Rotsler and Harlan. I did get to meet A.E. Van Vogt, and gave him a little poem I wrote, inspired by "Black Destroyer", a perennial favorite of mine. The hotel had barred the serving of liquor at this event, and maybe that's why the room was steadily emptying. I was told "Party in 619" and went up to find the room already full. I went to chat with Forry, who regaled me with a few of his inimitable puns. Harry Harrison came in, with Norman Spinrad, the Andersons and David Gerrold. I talked a while with Harry, calling him once "Mr. Harrison", to which he replied, in his unique jovial way: "None of that; call me Harry." There was some singing, and Dennis Smith showed Von and me his very original method of drawing, and tried to persuade us that cartooning is not difficult to learn, but I'm afraid he was talking to two art-less creatures. I left soon afterwards; I imagine the party lasted much longer than I did.

Migosh, three pages, and it's only Friday. The morning is a little vague; I wandered around, talking to people, and got Rotsler to draw one of his marvelous cartoons on my name tag; and went over to help out at the



Star Trek booth, with the selling of ST Writer's Guide, photos and drawings of members of the cast by Criss. I made sure I did not miss "The New Wave in SF", by Norman Spinrad; I'm trying very hard to understand the New Wave. Norman's talk was followed by comments by Terry Carr. I wish I could now make some bright comments in depth myself about the whole thing, but I'll simply have to go reread "Dangerous Visions", as Harlan emphasized when I went to talk to him afterwards. He remembered me as the Girl with the Cheeseburger. I told Harlan that some of the stories in DV simply escaped me, and that's when I got told, rather forcibly: "Read it and reread it!"; and asked him about that feud of his with the phone company, which I was curious about. I'm not too fond of them myself: their long-distance rates are too high. Especially between Seattle and LA. I also would have liked to tell him that one thing that made me eager to start going to conventions was that series of introductions in DV, giving glimpses of that world and of the authors; they're warm little vignettes, and I would like to see more of them in the next book; but Harlan is in great demand, and I didn't get around to it.

Next came a showing of the Hugo winner episode "The Menagerie," in color, in its entirety, and with NO commercials. I was in hog's heaven. That's the episode which incorporates part of the first pilot as its plot, and though I had seen it twice before, I enjoyed it just as much, if not more (I \*\*\*sigh\*\*\* have no color TV). I especially enjoy studying the contrast between the early Spock presented in that pilot, and the character which has now become so familiar and so popular: a change toward that cool sophistication and the noticeable improvements in the makeup.

The "Menagerie" received a grand round of applause. There was another one of the many auctions held throughout the con; I think it was at this one that a pair of used ears - authentic audio-appendages, worn by Spock - went for \$12.00, and another for \$5.00, I believe. Some of the fans came out of the room with gloom in their countenance, because they couldn't compete with the bidding; the poor things were really crushed. I went back to helping at the Star Trek booth, thus missing "Filk Songs."

It was time to get ready for the masquerade, and we got dressed while munching some hamburgers Ann went to get for us (she has more staying power than I do...). Ann and Von went as Hobbits; I was wearing something I'd baptized the "Doppler Shift": violet in front and red in back. The Masquerade was another event I'd indeed been looking forward to: I had heard a lot about it, and was especially curious to see Karen Anderson's costume, for those are famous. Karen didn't compete this time: the costume had won in a previous con; it was a striking outfit, a tunic of black velvet with orange decorations, a black helmet with an orange panache, silver pants and black boots. A fantastic outfit designated as the Blackbird from Barbarella drew all glances; there was another striking outfit (actually a couple) from "Worm Ourobouros"; Harry Harrison's son as Bill the Galactic Hero; a very good Spiderman; a lovely T'Pring. Next time, I am taking notes... Walter Koenig (Chekov) came in for a while with his lovely petite wife, and was immediately surrounded by eager fans taking pictures and gathering autographs.

I imagine there was a party in 619, but I called it a day.

(How come I got three pages for Thursday and one for Friday?)

Saturday morning is a little vague too; I didn't come downstairs quite as bright and early this time. I spent the morning talking to people, and wandering around; even so, it must have been interesting, for I missed lunch. There were two panels that day I wanted to be sure to attend, and went to



listen to Larry Niven expound on "The Organ Bank", the subject of his "Jigsaw Man" and "Slowboat Cargo." (I'm sure glad I kept my program, or I'd be quite lost: all these references do not flow effortlessly from a flawless memory; they're written right here). The usual question and answer period followed; and another of the many auctions.

I somehow found myself sitting on the floor in the middle of the Ballroom floor, spending an enjoyable half hour discussing linguistics with Dorothy Jones; rather, she explained much to me. I am very eager to see her study of the Vulcan language. There was just enough time to change into my costume in order to have my picture taken by Walt Daugherty, before the next panel: "Science Fiction and Censorship." Harry Harrison, Harlan Ellison, Philip Jose Farmer and Kris Neville presented the most lively discussion of the con; I hugely enjoyed the sharp wit and give-and-take between them, and such statements as "people buy New Wave because they're curious, perverse or collectors..." or that New Wave is anything Fred Pohl doesn't like and won't print. During the discussion with the audience that took place next, I have a feeling that Harlan managed to thoroughly embarrass a few people, but they rather asked for it, and he actually preceded one of these incidents by saying; "Now remember that what I am about to say is aimed at what you said, and not at you..." I thought that was pretty decent of him. I am definitely going to more panels at the next con; I had been warned that usually fans do anything but go the programmed activities; however, I found them well-attended, and great fun.

At the banquet, Von, Ann and I shared a table with Clyde Chadwick and Wanda Kendall, Star Trek fans from Caltech; and Bjo and a friend (ugh, that memory of mine...). Bob Bloch, slated to be Toastmaster, was still in England, and Karen Anderson took up the role of Toastmistress. She was just a bit nervous at first, but went on to give a lovely talk about how fandom was a friendly group, and easy to "get in". "Just be there", she said. The first speaker was Harry, and he began by again assaulting the mike: "The first thing we do is kill this SOB," he said, twisting the poor thing. After he was done with the mike, he introduced his speech with: "Ladies, gentlemen and Harlan Ellison..." More mass mirth. During Harry's talk, Von got some sort of inspiration, and started writing captions for cartoons based on the speech in droves, passing the slips of paper to Bjo. Bjo was already engaged in a cartoon contest with Rotsler at the next table, passing the drawings through Norman Spinrad, who looked pained at the goings-on. This continued during Ray Bradbury's speech also, and the stack grew higher; I could see Bjo was ready to say hold off for a while. I was sitting there, wishing I could participate, and somehow didn't hit my stride until the third speech, in which Harlan blasted off at editors, and promised a second book of DV. I wish I could draw; I could only write captions, and await the result of Bjo's talent. We ended up with a lovely batch of cartoons, which Bjo said she'd publish soon.

After the banquet, in true neofannish fashion, I got my copy of DV autographed, and went on to the party in 619. We found it quite crowded, and adjourned to the hallway right outside, talking in hushed tones, and enjoining someone or other to "close the door!" every two minutes or so; there had been complaining about noise, it seems. We vaguely discussed trying to find another party, but gave up and straggled to our room: there was Dennis Smith; Ted Johnstone and his wife; Jean Bogert, Von, and Ann, and I think, one more person - but I can't recall. Ted sang filk songs: it was a very nice quiet sort of party.

Sunday already. How fast the time had gone by. That morning, the Creative Anacronists demonstrated the handling of medieval weapons; Owen



Hannifen, Clint Bigglestone and Fred Hollander whacked at each other in mock duels. This seems like a marvelous society, and their costumes are fascinating.

Today was the big Star Trek day: a luncheon, at which members of the cast and crew would be present, a movie and a panel discussion. The luncheon was very well attended, and we were served coq-au-vin, which wasn't bad at all. I learned one thing about eating at the Statler: always keep a firm hold of the plate with one hand, or it'll be whisked away from you before you're done, almost ftl.

Ann, Von, Clyde, Wanda and I shared a table with Rick Carter and Sheri Greenawalt, the lovely girl who had worked with Rick at the Star Trek booth all these days. I was - naturally - sitting next to Rick; I had promised various people I'd send them hate mail if I couldn't. Jimmy Doohan, that charming Scot engineer, Walter Koenig and George Takei came in, and were immediately surrounded by enthusiastic fans, as were Robert Justman and Dorothy Fontana. Fred Phillips, who is the genius responsible for the marvelous makeup of our favorite Vulcan, had been in a minor car accident (a most frequent occurrence in LA), and couldn't appear, much to everyone's disappointment. We were glad to hear Fred hadn't been hurt.

The luncheon started off with a bang: a whole stack of dishes fell off a cart, and everyone cheered. The celebrities were introduced, and were applauded most vigorously. Due to some absences, it befell Rick to give an impromptu speech; he was just a bit nervous about it, but I believe that of all he said, the fans remember most vividly and with great fondness that he chose this occasion to announce his engagement to Sheri Greenawalt. This time, the applause was overwhelming; throughout the convention, Rick and Sheri had charmed everyone, answering hundreds of questions, talking to the fans, and contributing greatly toward making the con a success. Our very best wishes, Sheri and Rick.

The fans were naturally disappointed Leonard Nimoy didn't make it to the luncheon; but they understood that he had a very heavy schedule, and simply couldn't attend. Teresa Victor had sent a telegram to the luncheon, expressing her regrets; somehow, it was not delivered till much later.

We then got treated to a blooper film; that was perfectly hilarious... a splicing of goofs, miscues, blown lines and clowning around on the set. Things like seeing Spock smoke a cigarette, or saying: "ah, you smart ass"; or several of the cast walking straight into doors that failed to open. If that film is ever offered for sale, it'll go like hotcakes. There were yells of "more", but alas... There was a panel discussion, with Rick Carter, Bob Justman, Walter Koenig, DC Fontana; Bjo was the moderator. We nitpicked to our hearts' content, but affectionately so. It was an indication of the loyalty of Star Trek fans that someone who asked why Chekov's accent was "so horrible" was vigorously booed. All too soon, it ended; and that was the end of the convention too. We had to go do sad things like packing, paying the bill, and saying goodbye to people; though Von, Ann and I were not yet leaving LA. We abandoned the luxurious premises of the Hilton to move to a motel three blocks from Paramount, for the next day, we were going to visit the set. But that's another story.

FUNcon was fun.

-----  
I was going to write much more about FUNcon and the Star Trek luncheon, but Wally limited the space I had available. It is all Wally's fault.  
-----



I see Buz has covered the subject of what is Nielsen most adequately and it is obvious he echoes my sentiments exactly; no need to emphasize the obvious. I will emphasize that there are a couple of concrete things those of us who feel this form of tyranny over the tv industry has gone on long enough can do.

We can try to shake Goliath by "encouraging" two branches of the Federal Government to instigate action against Nielsen: the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the Federal Trade Commission. The former gets the benefit of our attention because it has a stake in determining whether some of the mental pollution and violence that keep on reappearing on the screen is really what viewers want; and the latter, because it boasts of a Bureau of Deceptive Practices charged with correcting those practices; and who will deny that Nielsen is deceptive?

We can also start asking some of the large advertisers (i.e. Procter & Gamble, or one of the cigarette companies) whether they honestly believe they are getting their money's worth from the commercial time they buy on certain shows, and get THEM to start checking on ratings. Short of seducing Howard Hughes into forming a rival company with a much improved audience surveying method, all we have is letter-power; but it has been repeatedly demonstrated that stf letterhacks are not ignored. Many complain about Nielsen; let's quit complaining and use this letter-power to do something about this incredible institution.

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

Printed Matter Only

Since this is a sample copy, a number following your name is probably your address. Remember it, and you won't get lost so often.

deliver with awe and reverence to:

Bruce Pelz  
Box 100  
308 Westwood Plaza  
Los Angeles, Cal 90024

