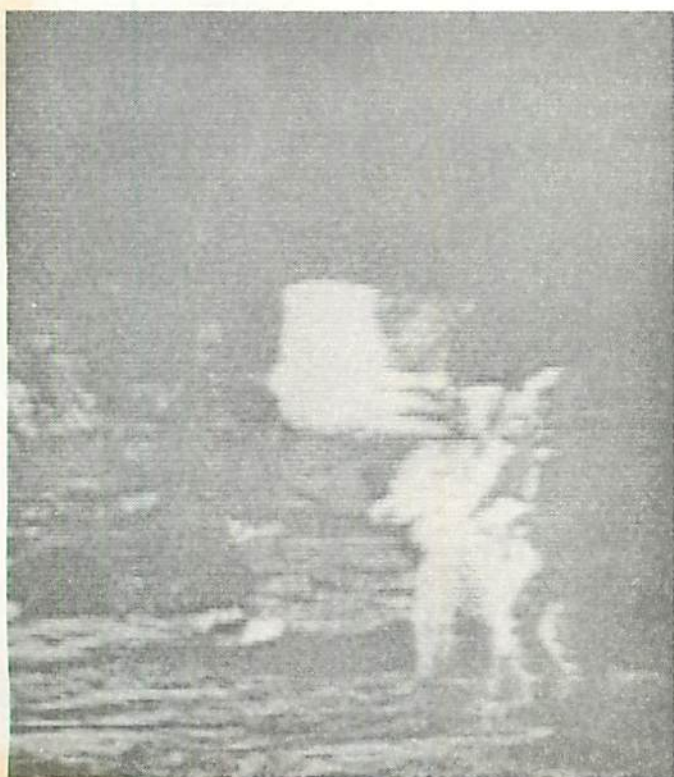


CRY

183





You can't win 'em all, tiger. CRY #183, for August 1, 1969, has caught up with you in spite of all your precautions. You will now write 50 times:

LOCs & submissions to Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle Wash 98119.

Subs & trades to Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn Wash 98002.

All hail Wal-2-Wal Press, Weber & Gonser at 5422 16th Ave SW, Seattle 98106.

UK subs to Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, UK.

CRY appears semi-quarterly for 40¢ or 3/4 per copy; hold subs down to \$2 or 16/8, please. Free issues go to contributors including successful letter-writers and on mutually-agreed trades. COPY DEADLINE FOR #184, SEPTEMBER 13, 1969-- I'm setting it a little late to give you a better chance to include impressions of the StLouisCon in your letters, if you choose, and I hope you will.

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ART Credits will be something like this: Gourd 21, Monahan 22, Rotsler 19 30 33 36 41, Simonson 48, Stiles 49, Wanner 23 24 25, Weber 26, Weber or Gourd or Stanbery or somebody 47, Satyr 9.

PAGE-Typing Credits may be something like this, or perhaps not: Elinor 29, Buz 5, Vonda 4, Vera 3, Steve Stiles 3 Wally Weber 2, Phil Haldeman 2.

POSTAL Credits: Hot Phootie, gang! We made the 5-ounce bracket this time.

MAILING Credits: Vera got 'em out fast again last time, but from Mailbox A to Mailbox B was quite another story, and a sad one in some instances.

I hope we don't have to drop to bi-monthly due to Slow Postal Service, tho. Bimonthly just does not have the fast-response feeling to it, as we found when we tried it in CRY's previous life. Might move the Dec 15th issue to Dec 1st and just figure on a skinny lettercol that issue followed by a fat one in the next (Feb 1). Or be bimonthly in the Winter (Sept 15 to Mar 15) and semiquarterly as at present, in the summer. You just can't guess what those crazy Editors will think up next.

A Statement of POLICY: We used to have a policy, but it lapsed; no premiums.

In July of 1969, intelligent creatures first left the moon and set foot on Earth!

A New and probably Short-Lived Department: Helpful Hints for Helpless Types in Hopeless Messes. This month's Helpful Hint is Uncle Buz's Sure-Fire Method of Not Smoking any more. As follows: sit up late Saturday night and smoke up every last cigarette in the house. Decide not to buy any more. Don't buy any more. Period. [One must also either (1)be too stubborn to mooch, or (2)have no smoking friends.]

Funny thing: it's been 3 weeks now, and down at the office, no one has even noticed. But then I wouldn't have noticed any of the other Quitters, down there, except that they Talked About It a lot, which I carefully have not done, at all... just waiting to see if anyone ever would notice a thing like that without Announcement.

And that's It for this time, gang. Have a ball at St. Louis and elsewhere. --Buz. PS. Page Two over there is not "Recent Speeches by Nikita Krushchev" as planned. Instead it is "The Crater Copernicus" as seen by Orbiter II (Nov '66) at 28.4 miles altitude and approx 150 miles distance. It looks funny? Turn it up on its side, dummy! (Vonda gave us the pic..)

THE SPECTRE OF THE FUTURE AS APPLIED TO FANDOM
OR
THUS SPAKE ZARATACKETTSRA

I wasn't wholly prepared to be up here at this time. When the Westercon Committee invited me to be Fan Guest of Honor I was, of course, pleased by the honor but not exactly sure of what would be expected of me. I assumed that I would have to make a speech but I expected simply to get up and say a few words about how nice it was to be here and how honored I was to be Fan Guest of Honor. It is and I am.

I was somewhat taken aback when a letter arrived from Chuck Crayne advising me that I was to make a major speech at the opening of the conference and wanting to know the title of it so it could be put in the program book.

Mighod! A major speech? At the opening of the con? And he wanted to know the title right away? The only thing I had prepared was an old lecture on how to survive at sea, which, while it is rather fantastic, hardly seemed appropriate for a science/fantasy conference.

Several possibilities came to mind, however. I thought I might discuss the social significance of the works of Captain S.P. Meek, or the astronomical data to be found in the stories of Pansy Black, or maybe even the startling biological extrapolations to be found in the work of Norman Spinrad.

None of these seemed really appropriate either. As a fan I should, perhaps, talk about fandom. Perhaps give some background on the elevation of Ed Cox to godhood by the Albuquerque Science Fiction, Hot Air and Gourmand Group. Or discuss whether Bruce Pelz really intends to move all the regional conferences to Los Angeles. Or maybe discuss whether the Second Foundation is a sign and portent of the second coming of Cosmic Claude.

The theme of this year's Westercon is the Spectre of the Future so I think I will dwell for a few minutes on that spectre of the future as it might concern fandom.

I'm not really sure just what it is except change.

For thirty or so years fandom was a tight little microcosm of a thousand or two people, concentrated mostly in the United States but with a few outlying branches in Britain and Australia. Fans, as opposed to general SF readers, concerned themselves with publishing obscure critiques of such as Howard Phillips Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, or Brett Sterling; in publishing fanzines full of in-groupish references that were mostly incomprehensible to outsiders and in putting on or attending science fiction conferences of one sort or another capped by the annual Worldcon. "World" is used here in the same context as in baseball's world series or pro football's world championship.

With the exception of London and Toronto, both of which may, for these purposes, be considered simply as the suburbs, the world convention has always been strictly an American affair. Perhaps

this is proper. The U.S., has, after all, been the leader in the SF field over the years. Most of the significant stories, trends, and developments in the field have been produced here and foreign writers have slanted their material for the U.S. market.

But times, they are a-changing. In the first place, there has been an influx of people into fandom from other, somewhat related fields. A great many of the young people who first found the comic books and monster magazines have, so to speak, graduated to SF fandom. An increase of interest in SF in the colleges and universities has led another large group into our formerly minute microcosm. In addition, the last couple of years has found fandom being discovered by great hordes of Star Trek faddists. Now that Star Trek is leaving the tube we can expect that most of these will go back to watching I Love Lucy or Let's Make A Deal, but a number of them will remain to swell the fannish ranks.

And, of course, Science Fiction has been blossoming outside the United States and along with it has naturally appeared non-U.S. versions of fandom. Science Fiction, and attendant fandoms, are rather large in such places as Europe, both east and west, Latin America, Japan (which has one of the largest fan groups in the world now) and even Africa.

Through the normal course of communication, which has always been a strong factor in fandom, these fans in places that are no longer far off and exotic have discovered the existence of what we consider the main body of fandom. That is American fandom with its world conventions and Hugo awards and the whole bit. A lot of them are taking us literally. They think that when we say "world" convention we mean world convention and consequently there is a growing clamor to hold the annual worldcon in places other than the United States. The Germans, for instance, are putting up a strong bid, which I fully support, for the 1970 convention. There are rumblings from Sweden and Argentina and Australia and Japan. There are active fandoms in those countries and they want a crack at hosting the world convention.

And why not? There is no reason why the worldcon should not be held in Heidelberg or Stockholm or Tokyo or Sydney or even Dar-es-Salaam.

Most fans have always prided themselves on taking a supra-national view of the world, of being something above national and ideological differences and united by a common bond of interest in the future.

The Spectre of the Future as it concerns fandom is that the future is here now. We are going to have to find ways to accommodate the desires and demands of fans in other parts of the world. There are a lot of difficulties and challenges involved but I'm sure that they can be worked out and that starting with Heidelberg next year we should find that the World Convention is truly that and this will bring an enrichment of the SF field for all of us.

Roy Tackett
Westercon XXII,
Santa Monica, Calif.
4 July, 1969

SUMMER EVENING

by Phil Haldeman

It was nearly a hundred degrees when the moonship landed. That's the way it gets in Eastern Washington in late July.

During the day the sun is a burning fire and the desert towns embrace the heat in shimmering waves. It beats down upon the body, soaks into the pores, and turns the people into wax figures on the sidewalks. In the evening it changes. The heat lingers in the air, and no matter where you are, it seems like a carnival night, dark, warm, mystic. You can spread your hand against the night sky and see a billion stars between your fingers.

We had left the town at six o'clock. The sun had gone down and a purple glow remained along the rims of the shadowed hills. In sunset, the atmosphere had taken on an unreal quality. The highway rolled off into the distance, and we three motored through the desert landscape on our way to a tiny destination.

We had miscalculated the weekend for the moonwalk, and rather than being home, we found ourselves way out yonder. The mildly desperate plan was to stop at a bar along the road to watch the big event.

At about six-thirty we pulled up on the outskirts of Richland, Washington, got out of the car, briefly felt the air, and went quickly into the Frontier Tavern. The symbolic nature of the thing came upon us as Ann Rutledge did not fail to notice the name of the place. It was at this quaint spot that we were to watch the first man set foot on the moon.

We walked down a dimly lit hall and into the bar. There were very few people. Outside, the streets had been all but deserted, and so it was with the tavern. Two men were shooting pool in the corner. Two fat women and another man were sitting at the end of the bar, and three others sat at a table. We didn't care about them. We sat down at the bar. Above our heads, the television brought in the world.

I got the bartender's attention, asking if he would please turn to CBS. He was a rather dumb fellow who quickly explained that he didn't know where CBS was because he didn't work there regularly.

"I don't work here regularly," he said.

"Oh," I said.

He smiled at me with crooked teeth. Then the fat woman at the end of the bar sipped her beer, plunked the glass down on the dark mahogany, and said, "Ah, I think it's channel six."

"Can we try it?" I asked.

"Sure, sure," said the bartender. He balanced himself up on a stool, reached out, and flicked over to channel six, where Walter Cronkite greeted us with an authoritative, but kind expression. The sound was then turned up, and we were set.

The weekend had been great. When Eagle landed on the moon, we were on the shoreline of the Columbia River. We had come for the boat races. It had been very hot, and the river had been like a cool jewel of blue water sparkling in the sunlight. Saturday night we had gone to a country carnival, ferris wheels and side shows and stars shining between the tree branches. Sunday we had been swimming. The boat races had been exciting, and we had had fun. So here, now, sitting at the bar, the sound of the

television was like an intense focus to the world outside that particular day and place. Over the screen came the reports - from Paris, from Rome, from London and New York, all the people that had gathered for man's giant step. And we too now felt at one with the world. We chatted and waited and toasted the future. It wasn't long before the others in the tavern became attentive to the history of the moment. The pool table was abandoned for table and chairs, and the low talk was silenced for an attentive gaze at the screen above the bar.

We waited.

Then the word came. Armstrong was coming out.

It all happened.

We had been in the bar for over two and a half hours, but as we left we could have sworn it hadn't been more than twenty minutes or so. Such was our concentration.

Outside, we walked across the empty street to look at the moon, which had placed itself directly over the sign of the tavern. We paused before getting back into the car. Then we drove away.

As we flew phantom-like over the desert hills the moon still hung in the sky and the voices of the astronauts came in static over the radio. We could look up at the bright moon and could almost imagine that two men and a bunch of machinery were sitting up there. Almost. The radio told us. And the voices. Here were the astronauts. A reporter in New York. Arthur Clarke. Everyone. All the voices told. It was quite an evening.

I can remember when, not long ago, the moon was as far away as any star. I remember when it was to be found only in science fiction. We that can recall those days are lucky. We have touched both sides of the new age. Seeing the two men jump around on the moon seemed all too familiar. But I doubt that any of us expected the occasion to be as fanciful as the stories we had read or the movies we had seen. It all seems fantasy now. They ran and jumped and went about their tasks like little boys in snowsuits. It was marvelous! The world seems too often flat. On that night it was a three dimensional universe, and you could feel the sky in your mind. I don't know what effect this will have on the state of the world. I hope Clarke and Bradbury are right. I hope that the exploration of space can unite us. The important thing now is that I hope. Three cheers for the spirit of Man! It was an incredible venture.

Oh yes, and later, as all the voices sputtered more quietly over the radio, we pulled the car up along the road side, got out, went to the trunk, and brought out a pair of binoculars which we had brought along for the races. Is it possible to describe the mood of the evening? The crickets were chattering. The Milky Way was a dim arch across the zenith, and the stars were a billion points of icy light. The moon drifted in the warm air. The road was a black river that went suddenly over a rise in the land. We pointed out to the moon and looked at it through the poor man's telescope, steadying ourselves on the top of the car. To the left was Mars. Just to the right was Jupiter, a favorite telescopic object. I'm used to looking at it. There were four of its moons out that night, extremely dim through a pair of binoculars. They are set in a straight line, at a tilt, to either side of the planet. Very pretty through about a six inch reflector. As star gazers we were very impatient, in a hurry to get home. It was a brief stop, but the sky was clear. The night was ethereal and distant. Ann could only make out one of Jupiter's moons, but we decided it didn't really matter.

First--a few words about the moon. I don't have anything to say except what everybody else has already said and said well--but I must express my own personal gratification. We all got to watch. The fact of man having set foot on the moon is nothing, nothing at all, compared to the fact that we all got to watch. Millions of people all over the world were there when man got to the moon. Millions of people all over the world were united at that supremely thrilling and joyous moment. "One small step for man--one giant step for mankind." After millenia of national distrust and hostility, it WAS a giant step, to be all together in front of our various TV sets. I don't care what the space program costs. These moments of international psychic orgasm are worth whatever the price tag says.

I had planned to do a full dress con report. Hah. Same old story--we got back from the convention and were plunged into vast quantities of fanac. I've done two apazines since the convention--Buz has done three--and the convention has receded into the distant, glorious past. I can tell you of some of the people and conversations that I chance to remember, but you must forgive me if I get all the details wrong.

The first fan we saw Thursday afternoon was Roy Tackett, looking very much his own sweet Roy Tackettish self, at the hotel registration desk. We went up to our room. We were quite disgusted with it at first, as it was on the 8th floor when we'd wanted to be lower, and the furniture was icky with a rug that looked as if it had been dead 20 years and an overall musty smell. But we had a balcony that overlooked the ocean, which we liked, and it was secluded enough that one could sunbathe naked. So we immediately took the bolsters off the beds to make a couch on the balcony. Unfortunately Thursday was the only day of the convention that the sun shone, but it was nice to know that one could sunbathe if the sun did shine.

Then I went swimming with Toni Gourd, Jari Wood and Lee Kreitzer. Toni and Jari, of course, are old Nameless buddies. I'd never met Lee before; she seemed a very nice person, quiet, amiable, and easy to be around.

I think it was on Thursday that I met Dick Geis. He is tall, thin, dark haired, with a high boned face and large nose, but without being particularly handsome. I specify that he is not handsome not because he is particularly the reverse (he isn't), but only because that description would fit so many very handsome men. No point in imagining he's Leonard Nimoy, gang! He's nice though. A most amiable person. We didn't actually converse--I'd wanted to meet him, and he seemed pleased to meet me, but somehow no topics of conversation occurred to either of us. This is a very common problem with the people one wants to meet. All good conversations are accidental.

Thursday night I was at a party upstairs. I remember chatting with David Gerrold. He wanted me to subscribe to a fanzine. I

didn't--I thought he was asking too much for it and besides I was feeling stubborn. I almost wish I had because it sounded interesting, but with unpublished fanzines one never knows for sure whether they will ever actually come out or not. At any rate, David Gerrold was fun to talk to.

Buz showed up at this party. "Elinor," he said, "look who's here!" I looked. "Dick Schultz!" I cried, astonished to see him on the west coast. "Don't you notice any change?" asked Buz. "Dick!" I cried. "You're THIN!" He had lost 96 lbs. I was thrilled, really thrilled. When somebody loses a lot of weight it restores my faith in people's ability to actually lose weight, and makes my own ten lbs. seem less permanent, somehow. --I think Dick's losing weight has improved his personality as well as his appearance. He has always been a likeable person, friendly and outgoing, but now he's really a more comfortable person to be around, more open and relaxed.

Later I went to a party at the Broxons', in one of the bungalows downstairs. I was sitting on a bed chatting--with whom?--Toni and Jari, probably, because I know they were there. I think Adrien Spectra was there too. That Adrien--she's stubborn. She told me what she was going to say in her letter to CRY, and I told her if she said that I'd cut it, and she did say it, and I did cut it. I guess we're BOTH stubborn.

Then a young man whom I'd noted at the party upstairs came in. He smiled at me and I smiled back, and he sat down beside me. A young man sitting on the floor to my right mentioned that Brian Jones had died that day. I was very surprised and rather sorry, and the three of us chatted about Brian Jones, the Rolling Stones, Beatles, Yardbirds, Jimi Hendrix, and so forth. Jerry (to my left) said he was the son of a London music publisher and had met three of the Beatles on two different occasions (he had never met Geo. Harrison) and had actually chatted once with John Lennon. "They're not so much," he said. "They're ordinary men. They go to the bathroom just like anyone." Well, you know, I couldn't altogether agree. I had never imagined that the Beatles glowed in the dark, or levitated, or were free from the need to eliminate wastes. But I don't think they were ever really ordinary, and had they been so originally, the years of fame would have rendered them extraordinary. Worldwide adulation is a fire through which no one comes untouched.

There was a Nameless meeting shortly after we got back to Seattle. Toni said, "Do you remember the Beautiful Limey who was at the parties Thursday night?" "Yes," I said. "I thought he looked like Paul McCartney," said Toni. "Yes--I thought so too," I said. "He was the same height, and had the same hair and eyebrows and eyelashes and nose and mouth. And the same style of dress as the Beatles in '65. However, he was thin-cheeked, and he didn't have Paul's huge round orbits and thick-lidded eyes." "Jerry had beautiful eyes," said Toni. "Yeah--I guess so," I said. "He" (said Toni) "disappeared suddenly--I turned around and he was gone." "He and I left together," I said. "He bought me a drink and we talked for a long time." "Elinor," Toni asked, "do you mind if I tell Jari?" "Of course not!" I said. Toni ran into the other room and cried,

"Jari! Guess who bagged the Beautiful Limey! Elinor, that's who!" Jari looked at me aghast. "Elinor!" she cried. "You Dirty Old Woman!" I'd never been called a Dirty Old Woman before. I found I rather liked it.

To get back to the convention. At the bar, Jerry, whose feelings had been outraged by his being forced to show his I.D., suddenly became very anti-American. He complained that America had come late to two World Wars, leaving Britain an unfair share of the burden. He also complained that U.S. is militaristic. However, he stated that Lyndon Johnson was the greatest of all American presidents, because he had passed more legislation than all other previous presidents combined, and that, being British, he knew far more about America than Americans because he had studied the subject. I was mildly surprised that his studies hadn't convinced him that passing legislation was the prerogative of the legislative branch, however it was his assumption that the more laws the better that really astonished me. Then he mentioned that American parents spoiled their children dreadfully. "Oh yes," I said, "but then, they always have. A hundred years ago British travellers to the States were complaining that Americans spoiled their children" (I was thinking of Anthony Trollope) "but so what? I doesn't seem to make any real difference in the long run." That surprised him, and he dropped the U.S.A. as a topic of conversation.

Then we talked of other things, including his lifelong vegetarianism, to which he attributed his youthful appearance. I'd attribute it rather to his having excellent health and living most of his life in a moist climate. I'm a lifelong carnivore, and when I was 32 I occasionally had to show my I.D. too. All in all, I enjoyed our conversation. Hey, at a really good convention, even the non-fan partycrashers are fun!

Some of the other things that happened: well, I had a long talk with Ed Cox in the bar. I was tremendously interested in what he had to tell me and I remember it vividly. I chatted with Moffats at various times, and Roy Tackett, and oh, heaps of good people. The bar at this convention was a great place for good conversations.

Late Friday night Buz and I were roaming around looking for a party. We knocked on a door which turned out to be Cynthia Gold-Stone's. We had a pleasant time there, chatting with Cynthia, Sam and Florence Russell, Emil Petaja and the Broxons. I feel guilty about Florence Russell. That night Florence said that she wanted Cynthia's "Trip" very badly, and was bidding against me on it. I said, well, in that case, I wouldn't bid against her, because although I liked it and wanted it, I didn't need it the way I needed "Teller of Tales," which was the one that my heart was absolutely set on. But the next day at the auction, by the time the bidding got around to Cynthia's pictures, I had already been outbid on two things that I really wanted very badly. "Trip" looked out at me from the easel, glowingly lovely, and Florence was nowhere around. I thought, well, if she really wanted it all that badly she'd certainly be here for the bidding. So I bought it.

As we were leaving I saw Florence rushing up with a very anxious expression on her face, and I knew then that for whatever reason she wasn't at the bidding, it wasn't indifference to the picture. So then I felt sorry and ashamed--some ashamed for having broken my promise, but even more so for having been idiot enough to make it in the first place. From now on at art shows, all fangs are bared and all claws unsheathed! (I really love that picture, Florence, but if the time ever comes when I can bear to part with it you will be the first person to know.)

Saturday night Buz and I went out for dinner with some non-fans: a business acquaintance of Buz' and his wife. Buz had been convinced we'd have a lovely evening with these people--and we did. They were very nice and I liked them and enjoyed talking with them. But still, it was a non-fan evening, and a non-fan evening chopped out of the middle of a convention? NEVER AGAIN!

Sunday morning we were in the coffee shop with Bernie Zuber, Mike Glicksohn and Dick Schultz. I hadn't met Mike Glicksohn at Baycon. At this convention he was very interesting to look at. He had long hair which sort of bushed out at shoulder level, and on top of that an Australian bushranger hat (or whatever they're called) with a leopard plush band, and a neatly shaped full beard. The truncated cones of hair, hat, and inverted cone of beard made such a pleasing effect that it was a couple of days before I had the least idea of what he actually looked like--I couldn't see past this rhythmic arrangement of shapes. Finally, Sunday at breakfast, I observed that he had very attractive green eyes with prominent lower lids, a long nose, somewhat cheerful in outline, and a prominent lower lip. But I don't promise to recognize him again if ever I see him cleanshaven and shorn, God forbid.

Another man at the convention whom I found visually very interesting was a slim, agile looking man with a rather harsh-featured, weathered countenance and a long, loose, soft looking floppy mop of hair. The contrast between face and hair really appealed to me, so I made a mental note of the name on his badge: George Clayton Johnson. I was pleased with his name because I thought it suited him. The last day of the convention I met him and liked him immensely. A very nice nutty delightful guy, just as one might have expected. (And as a matter of fact, did.)

We wound up the convention very late Sunday night with Poul and Karen Anderson, and Rick Cook, and some other people whose names I don't think I ever knew. (Rick Cook is a very nice and quite attractive young man, by the way). Karen and I went out for breakfast about five or six o'clock. It was late and we were tired, and the convention was all but over. We talked of Ron Ellik, and Tony Boucher, and it was a rather satisfying end to the convention. One mustn't forget people--one must remember with joy.

It was a great convention, gang.

The Bicycle Gets Around

Quite often in the past I've had the problem that here comes CRYday and I've little or nothing on hand to write about. [Oh-- you've noticed?] This time, writing late in July, 1969, I've got column-material coming out my ears.

Like any True Fan, I watched more TV over Moon Shot Weekend than I usually watch in a month. If they put that Walk on TV right now, I'd go watch it for the fourth time. Well, a great many people will say a great many words in a great many different publications, fanzines included, about that first lunar set-down, sojourn and takeoff. It would be impossible to get down on paper my feelings at the many high points of Apollo 11-- but have you noticed how the moon looks a little different lately? Feels different, to look at, I should say. It is no longer so faraway and unfamiliar and alien, somehow. Now that some of the neighbors have visited there and sent back live home movies, the place has an air of familiarity and [quite fallacious, I realize] homey warmth to it.

Some of the best parts: that the landings were manual. It was fitting that a man and not a computer have final control to set Eagle on the lunar surface. Then the Moon Walk itself. Some of the great unplanned lines spoken then. The awesome view to the lunar horizon. The equally awesome knowledge that our first footstep on another planetary object was right there on the screen where we and yea-hundred-million other people could see it happen. Aldrin jouncing and shifting as he learned to "run" at one-sixth-G with all that extra mass on his back-- as he described it, suddenly I could see what he was doing and could sense how it would feel to be able to use your feet rapidly to control the slower inertial movement of body-plus-180-lb-backpack. A little like doing the same thing on Earth in a fluid somewhat less dense than water, is how it looked. The fictional descriptions of great hopping strides and long swooping strides may turn out to be feasible also, but by golly I've really seen one way that does work!

More great stuff: lunar liftoff; again, the very first time we've taken off from Somewhere Else, and another perfect execution. By this time, I wasn't at all worried that the Ascent Stage wouldn't fire. I'm not sure how many stages of the overall Apollo vehicle this applies to, but I knew darn well that by the time the composite structure was down to making mid-course corrections on the way out there, nothing but hypergolic fuels were being used. Hypergolic? Rough translation: just turn the valve; you don't need a match; it lights itself when the components hit the chamber. Some of the ship-to-shore pics were awfully great, too; I suppose this can get old like anything else, but for me this will take a few more rounds. Simple horseplay like the flashlight, squirt gun, ham-spread can as gyroscope in mid-air-- all that neat zero-G stuff still grabs me a lot. Having read about it for so long [sometimes more accurately than other times] I find it very satisfactory to see it, and realize that it is for real, with no wires or Process Shots.

In fact, for we Old Fans and Tired, that's the real bag: realizing "It's for REAL!" At times, this was a little hard to do. Science-fiction, the great Predictor, had let us down on a few counts when it came to preparing us for the real thing...

I'm not complaining, mind you; it's just that in some ways the reality is much gassier and more ingenious than anyone expected. For instance, how many stories of the first moon-flight have had "Radio contact lost; they're out nearly a hundred thousand miles now. We won't know what happened until they get back in range. If ever, sir..." ?? So what really happens? As of Apollo VIII (and on up) we find ourselves able not only to hear but to see right inside the ships, and of course out of them, too. Wideband communications techniques with satellite relay caught poor old S-F and poor old us still thinking in terms of Venus Equilateral ["punching the signal through the Heavyside layer..."]; did any story predict the lovely view we all had of the three Moon excursions to date?? I doubt it much.

Nor did any author tax our credulity with a moon-landing-and-return vehicle as complex as the actual Apollo 11; who would dare? Give or take a stage, I think it went something like this: Stages 1 & 2 were expended in achieving initial Earth orbit and fell back to destruction in the atmosphere. Stage 3 did the burn to get out of orbit and off for the moon. Then Columbia the command module cut loose from Stage 3, turned around and unwrapped Eagle the landing module out of the front of Stage 3 like a Christmas package, docked with Eagle so that Columbia-Eagle [now the working parts of Apollo 11] could pull free of Stage 3 and continue. Stage 3 went on a solar orbit and probably into the Sun eventually, I think.. OK. Columbia now coasts to Luna and burns into lunar orbit; I think this is the Stage 4 rocket, because I'm sure it too is discarded at the end of all lunar maneuvers, after the Homeward Bound burn. Now then: while Columbia and its remaining Stage 4 fuel orbit, Eagle heads for paydirt and we along with all rightminded people go out of our fine minds! Eagle then turns out to have a split personality itself; the engine that landed it, stays there; Ascent is made with another stage. After rendezvous, Eagle's Ascent [don't read that out loud, please] docks with Columbia; everybody transfers, and now the rest of Eagle is cast free. The burn out of orbit, toward Earth, and now somewhere between that and re-entry, Stage 4 is abandoned, leaving only the re-entry capsule with some attitude and steering rockets, possibly some retro also? I dunno.

Now if I did not lose a finger when they closed the hatch back there, this adds up to at least 7 major components that all started out together. Only one came all the way home, and none of the other 6 ended up in the same place with any other. It is *WILD*, yet it all makes the very best of sense: only with this complexity could NASA beat the monstrous Mass-Ratios involved in playing games with Earth's and Moon's gravity-wells, in and out of each, once. Eagle landed and lifted the minimum mass possible; meanwhile Columbia coasted along with its heat-shield and return fuel that had not had to be set down and lifted back up. It really is a beautiful design job.

Now if we could only come up with something to beat the vast waste and air-pollution of Stages 1 and 2, to manage that first 100 miles and umpty-MPH...

Eight years from first sub-orbital hop to moon landing. And it's for REAL. The head of NASA says Mars can't be had until about the turn of the century, even with a crash program [which we do not have]. 31 years?? I find this very hard to believe, somehow. Apollo 11 used methods and processes that were unknown when John F Kennedy in 1961 said to go for a landing this decade; the people went ahead with the design of what they knew how to do while others worked on what nobody yet knew how to do. I don't see why this "method" should be considered obsolete; it worked for the moon; surely we haven't made all the possible breakthroughs just yet?

And for the perfectly sincere person who asks why all this money should be spent on Space when similar amounts aren't being spent on Poverty (etc): in each year of the space program, Americans have spent more on cosmetics than was spent on Space. I mean, if you're going to start setting Priorities, why pick on Space? Space, my friend, is a major weapon in the War Against Poverty of the SPIRIT.

I wanted to tell you all kinds of good things about our drive down to the Santa Monica Westercon, and the Con itself. Memory grows dim and my notes were pretty scuffy in the first place, but a number of things stand out, anyway.

The Volvo is precisely what I had in mind in the way of a Road Tiger for such trips. It cruises beautifully at 80-to-90 where traffic will allow, handles most quickly and precisely, is rock-steady on turns as well as on straights, and just in general, out-handled practically everything we saw between here and LA, and back. 118-HP doesn't sound big, but this is a very gutsy bucket, too. Recommended.

So we had a quicker trip than usual, and much more relaxed, too, in a car that does exactly what you tell it to do, when you tell it to do so. [I watched Detroit Iron buck and slither and float, especially in the mountains, and said "NEVER AGAIN!"]

We arrived in hot hazed-over Santa Monica early Thursday afternoon, July 3rd. I invented a new way to get from the Santa Monica freeway to the Miramar Hotel: you miss the last Santa Monica exit, find yourself down on the ocean with no uphill way to get off that highway for the next 20 miles or so, make a quick resourceful U-turn,

and voila! Immediately there is a handy convenient exit to Ocean Avenue which is exactly what you need. Don't try it without fast steering and a tight turning circle, though. And a quick 360° scan for police cars, too.

Our first impressions of the hotel were almost uniformly Bad. Luckily, none of the things that bothered us at first turned out to be of much if any importance, and in fact we had an absolutely glorious time throughout the Con. But coming in: first, the parking lot was full and the Con hadn't even started yet! I sort of "made" a parking place for the Volvo, had to move it later into a more conventional slot, and didn't move it again until Sunday. Then: we had asked for rooms on a lower floor so as to be able to use stairs instead of waiting for elevators. Ha! Eighth floor. And just two elevators. (Plus a "Bather's Elevator" which wasn't working when we tried it.) Rather a small room for the rate, oldish furniture, etc. We were quite discouraged at first, as I said. But only at first. I made us a couple of drinks and we inspected our balcony, overlooking Ocean Ave, the beach and eventually the ocean. I noted that while sun and fresh air hit our balcony, there was no way that anyone could look into it outside ("from"? yes. FROM outside, I meant.) Why, I thought, we could haul some stuff out here on the balcony for comfort and have nude sun-bathing and things. I was right, too. Discoveries like that cheer people up.

The first fan we saw at the Con was Roy Tackett, at the hotel registration desk, getting the same gloriously slow service as everybody else, even though he was Fan Guest of Honor. Then Toni Gourd came up, saying "Where have you BEEN?", and Bill Broxon, who said he and Mildred would be having a little party that night and pointed to the exit that led to their row of bungalows. The bungalows were a good scene and held many of the best parties, in fact. Of course they didn't have balconies...

Here my notes vanish into a list of room numbers for people and/or parties. At dinnertime [a quick snack, that is, or so we hoped] we found that the hotel coffee shop had a Waiting List. This turned out to be chronic, but never any real sweat; if it looked like much of a wait we just went elsewhere. Most fans seemed to go to 2 equally-jammed places within a block of the hotel. Fans don't much like to Walk. We had one ace-in-the-hole about 2-1/2 blocks south on Ocean Ave, and another about 2 blocks further in the same direction. Well, that one was more of a deuce, perhaps.

On Thursday, though, we saw that ancient and honorable institution, the Perpetual Fan Table, throw the coffee shop hostess into a semi-tizzy. I mean, what price your Waiting List when the prospective Waitee says, "Oh, I'll just go sit with my friends over there"? We were near the door and perhaps the thing started at our table when Alva Rogers had to leave to speak at the LASFS Memorial Meeting, and someone slipped into his seat; then someone else left and Zip, that seat was filled also. When we left I assume the same thing happened. Anyway, we heard later that the lady with the List was seriously perturbed. Oh, I can see her point; it's unfair to the non-fans who do have to wait the line out. Yet the Perpetual Fan Table is a fine thing; I like it. Can anyone tell me if there is any truth to the story that at some all-night hotel coffee shop at a Con (within the past 10 years, I think) one such table went well over 24 hours without ever being wholly vacated?? It's such a good story that I do hope it is true. Of course the bar table that lasts almost from opening to closing with constantly-changing personnel is almost routine; drinkers stay around longer.

I seem to be seeing more Program items at Cons in recent years. There were a number of goodies this time, too, he said appreciatively. No doubt you will read about these extensively in Con Reports that are written more objectively than this.

Well, there was this Rock Band bash in the main Con-hall Thurs nite. Not a bad group, as such, but the dumb bassards played so LOUD in there that even back at the *special* bar at the rear of the room it was Too Much. I couldn't understand why any one of the Committee couldn't go up between numbers and say like "Hey, for this group which is paying the tab for you, in this room, let's knock the volume down about half, hey?" I suggested this but no one would try it; intraCommittee politics, no doubt. One person said "They'd WALK OUT!" Ridiculous; the way you beat that is to pay them AFTER the show; everybody knows that. Heck, at SeaCon the band rang in a singer on us,

and he was loud and obtruded on conversation, so I went to the band and said that should be knocked off. "But the guy wants to sing" the leader said. "Fine" I said, "but not here and not now". There was a certain amount of argument and inevitable hurt feelings but no more vocalist. My point is that the Con is paying the bill and can have what it damn well wants, if it has the guts to say so.

Parties: I should at least list them in thanks, y'know. The Committee ran a good blast each night; also the LA group bidding for next year (but Santa Barbara won) had a "Room 770" party which bounced from room to room each night after having run up the red flag to the house bull. [This is the first hotel I've seen in years that actually closed parties. I was lucky; I was always somewhere else at the time.]

Thu nite Bill&Mildred's "small party" started out that way, yes, but being in a ground-level bungalow and unshielded, eventually attracted attention and became as big as the room would hold-- all very normal indeed, that. Every time a party gets too jammed I ooze out and look for one that isn't all that crowded as yet. So Thu I was back and forth between Broxons', the Committee's, Ken Rudolph's, a couple of impromptu open-air gatherings between bungalows and pool, etc. All much fun.

The day-by-day is down the drain but Friday had a nice bar-table session with the Roy Tacketts, Ed Coxes, Art Wilson, Dean Grennell. The Masquerade was that night and Sue Lewis had the Miss Skin title sewed up until Sherry French did the "Illustrated Woman" with only paint from the loincloth up (or down, for that matter). I never saw such a stampede since Richard Dix starred in "Cimmaron" and the settlers were always stampeding when the buffalo weren't. [Being Mature and Cool and all, I waited for a better chance and just *casually* drifted over and eyeballed the effect. One Jerry Pournelle (hi, Jerry!) asked me "Buz, did you ever see anything like that in your life?" I had to stop and think. "Well, no" I said, "not with all that paint on it, I haven't." Parties? Well, I recall Tony & Sue Lewis's; I had to condole with Sue about being outskinned at the Ball. Sue had a lovely little bit with some feathers north of the Equator and adequate protective decoration elsewhere; this was appreciated as it deserved by all right-minded parties of whom there were many. It just didn't hold the Stampede Vote, is all. I forget where else we went Friday; that was the earliest-to-bed night of the 4; would you believe 3:30?

Saturday I (for the first time) really appreciated Guest of Honor Randall Garrett when seeing/hearing him on for a small group, and part of it, at a longhaul bar-table. I mean, I always knew the guy had a lot on the ball, but now I also like him, as well. [Er-- no Buddies scene; I doubt the guy knows my name; I just like how he is, is all.]

We spent most of Sat evening outside the Con with non-fan friends, returned late in the late pm, had a couple drinks with Broxons up at our place as a breather and found the Don Fitch party immersed in a rhythm-and-chant-and-movement game that I do not understand now but did for a few minutes while Don explained it to me; I kept telling myself "I am NOT a number; I am a Free Man" but I didn't really believe it, the way those guys were chanting numbers. Where else that night? Ken Rudolph's, I think. The Committee and "770", no doubt. Roaming the numbers; how else? I forgot to mention the Sex Panel Sat'dy but many will no doubt report this in full.

Sunday was mostly visiting various folks here & there outside the Con-proper and was also great. But we got back to the hotel in time to help Poul and Karen close out the Committee party about 5am Monday. A fine Con; we enjoyed it immensely.

As an expert Non-Smoker of Tobacco, with all of 2 weeks' standing in the field beginning July 13th, I have some news on this stuff following a 30-year trip on it. First, it is anti-High; a bringdown. Being off it is like being on something else, sort of. Second, it is a strong drug, physically addictive over very short time-spans [like one now means you need another in 20 minutes maybe] but a good night's sleep gets you off that hook. The habit-pattern and Fearful Folklore are the hard thing to buck; Making The Decision is the only really hard part of dropping out of the Big Tobacco-Taxpayer bit. Sidelights: I still like the smell of the stuff if it doesn't get too eye-burning thick, same as before; I just don't want the physical effect of heavy repeated doses of this Bringdown drug, any more. And I find that I can now drink coffee again (a little) without knotting up with big neck-aches in the back of it; still can't gauge page-bottoms worth a hoot, though. --F. M. Busby.

Were These Trips Really Necessary?

by V. W. Heminger

These days, science fiction is where it's at. The National Observer, that respectable disseminator of information, devoted its whole back page to that very topic in the June 30 edition. "Science Fiction Outgrows Its Pulp Origins." To those not in the know, the back page of the National Observer is nothing to be sneered at: it is the place of honor in the paper, where what's happening now is to be found.

The article starts with an interview with Terry Carr ("now a lot of writers are back to space travel"), mentions the success of 2001, devotes 7 paragraphs to James Blish and his writing of Star Trek books based on the tv show, goes on to the most recent Pohl book, The Age of the Pussyfoot (about another topical subject, cryonics), mentions "a new generation of sf writers" known as the New Wave, who "burst upon the scene...and have injected a much-needed dose of humor into science-fiction [huh?]" - young writers such as Delany, Spinrad, Zelazny and Disch. Nope, I am not leaving any names out; the Observer did that. There follows a brief review of The Andromeda Strain, already a very successful book, an observation by Carr that paperback sales are way up and that "the literary quality is higher than ever before", and that the latest fad among college students are Stranger in a Strange Land and Dune. The author - Bruce Cook - then reports on a SFWA Nebula Awards dinner in New York, where he met and liked writers, quotes Andy Porter as saying that most unsolicited material is "warmed over ST stories" [still?], touches upon Spinrad and Bug Jack Barron, "one of the most hotly discussed items in the field", quotes Panshin as stating that "in spite of the general attempt to drag sf into the mainstream, I think the mainstream will come to it," and ends with Asimov calling himself a conservative.

Altogether, not a bad article, considering Mr. Cook is obviously a mundane (how smug can one get?). I do wish he had mentioned the role of fandom in voting the Hugoes and its general participation in the field, but I am naturally prejudiced. Or maybe Mr. Cook knew when to leave well enough alone: I bet it would take more than the whole back page of the Observer to satisfactorily explain fandom. Anyway, such an article has proved of great help when I mention to my neighbors that yes, I do read "that stuff" and that no, it isn't even considered eccentric anymore, nowadays. After all, look at what the three networks did to entice viewers to tune in during the Moon flight: they vied as to who would have the most Big Name Authors during the coverage. SF writers as enticement to mundanes?? Now there's a welcome switch. And I think it worked, and very well indeed. For example, when I went to the drugstore-cum-hardware-bookstore after That Sunday, the first thing the clerk said to me was "Hey, did you see all your science fiction authors on tv yesterday?" "My" science fiction authors indeed. How lovely. I knew there'd be a reckoning day.

I was glued on CBS most of the time, and so managed to catch the surprise appearance by Robert Heinlein, in split screen discussion with Arthur C. Clarke. Buz is still feeling bad he missed that one. If I have any quarrel with the networks, it's the way they presented all those "goodies" without any advance notice as to the time. I know their schedule wasn't their own, but they could have given a hint here and there. As it was, we either spent the time twirling the dials madly, in an effort not to miss any of the highlights, and even tried a phone alert ("You watch ABC, I'll watch CBS. Call me if anything good is on"), but even so, I managed to tune in on ABC exactly four minutes after the end of a panel featuring Asimov, Pohl, Serling and John Pierce. Anyone catch that one, huh?

And, gang, do notice what kind of sf writers were interviewed - the good old sense-of-wonder guys, the scientific science fiction writers, the trips-to-the-moon storiers. I just can't imagine any event of cosmic significance that would cause the New Wave writers to be so sought after.

And wow - did anyone see Cronkite ream Kurt Vonnegut Jr for his negativism and somewhat snotty attitude toward the Moon project? Cronkite's mother hen attitude toward the whole space program is a pure delight. Nobody here had any doubts about the value of the Man on the Moon; as a matter of fact, we had one hell of a nice "Moon In" at Bill Broxon's, with the piece de resistance of that buffet being a tasty ball of green cheese with a plastic LEM on it. Bill, you sure throw nice parties, but look - next time you get a Big Name Author to come to one of those gatherings, how about dropping the shadow of a hint? That way, I could practice my "How to Meet Authors With Cool" and not execute a five minute delayed double-take with "Oh, THE Frank Herbert??" At least, I didn't do worse than Wally, who said after his knees quit buckling under him "Pleased to meet you, whoever I am"... (Yes, Bob Vardeman, Frank Herbert just moved to Seattle - to rainy, cool, sandless Seattle.)

But speaking of negativism - those people who are now, inevitably, doing their post-mortems on the landing on the Moon and "this money should have been used to ameliorate conditions in America" must be direct descendants of the people who grumbled that the funds Isabella gave Columbus for that foolish trip out west were wasted and could have better use in the slums of Madrid, for everyone knew "nothing good would come out of that expedition." Yeah, sure.

And then there are people like this Dr. Polland, a Bible College president, who "is sure the Apollo 10 astronauts have set themselves right with God by expressing regret for profanity on the airwaves during their mission." Oh, yech. I can just see it now. The Mars Mission is underway. Our dauntless astronauts, duly briefed by NASA and the Bible College, are approaching the Red Planet for the first landing. They are weary from their long months in space; the moment is fraught with danger and suspense. They land, and, suited up, prepare to alight. Suddenly, an alien life form appears from behind some red rocks, pounces upon their frail craft and proceeds to demolish it with its huge pincers, squeezing it with unearthly strength. Earth, aghast, is listening to the astronauts' plight:

"Gee, what are we going to do now?"

"Watch out, it's ripping the wall!"

"Goshwow, you're right. Hey, there's another one!"

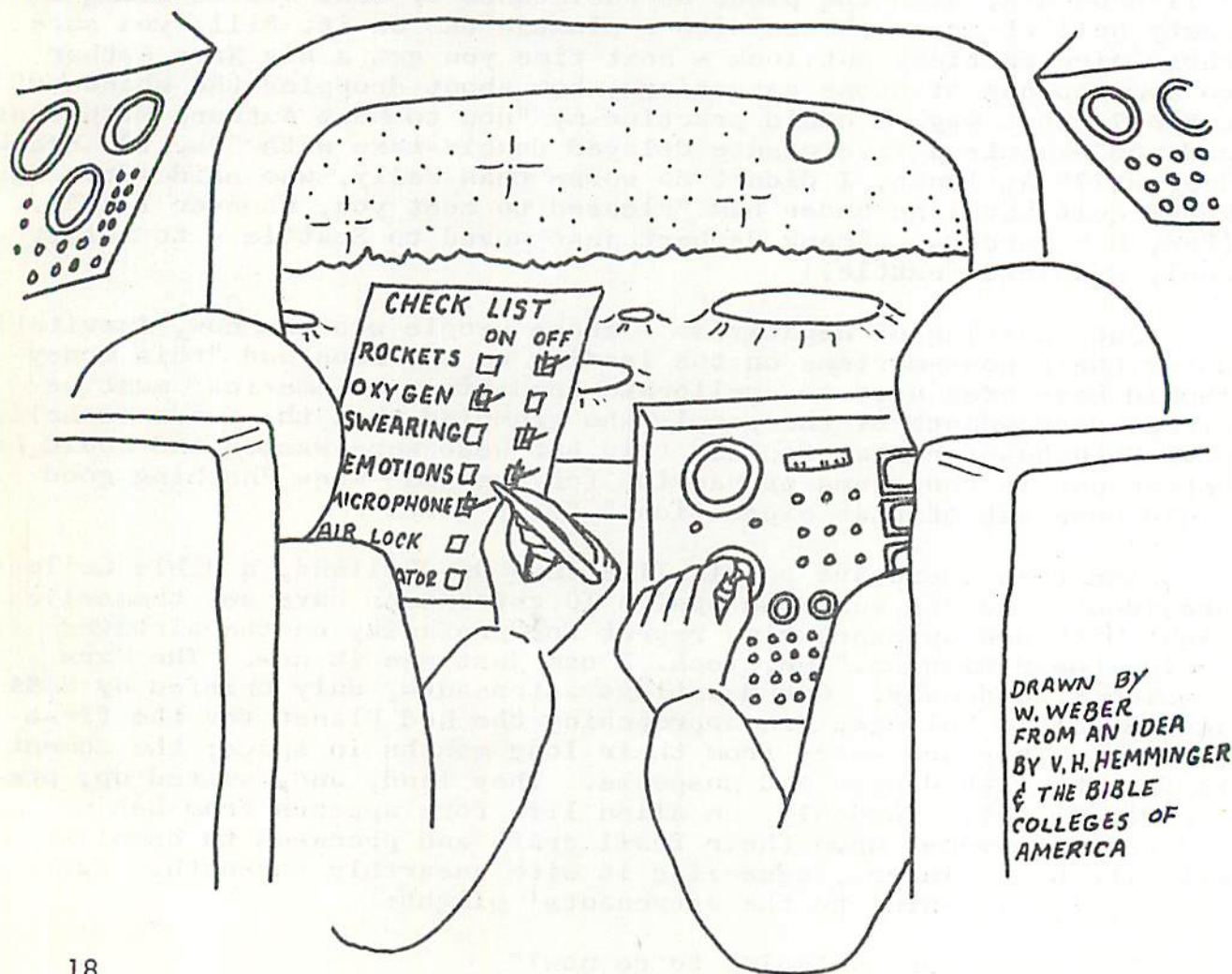
"Doggone it, we really got troubles now!"

"You said it! Oh, damn!! it's ripped my suit! The air is leaking out!!... Er. Sorry, Earth. I meant...gurgle...hot dang, it's ripped my suit...argh...I promise....I'll never...say a nasty word on the air again...gasp..."

As to my attitude during the Moon mission? I got a splitting headache from the sheer waiting for Armstrong to set foot on the lunar soil, and then I shot two rolls of 35 mm during the moonwalk. Most of them, unfortunately, are nothing but a study of grey on grey. Even so, they already are treasured mementos. But what I'd like to know is, did anyone else get as bugged as I did by having to watch Nixon horning in at every turn of the tv lens?? Maybe my feelings are colored (black) because I learned later that he was mainly responsible for deleting Kennedy's name from the plaque, and for preventing a reading of Kennedy's historical words on the Moon. What say we start a campaign to have a monument to Kennedy on the Moon, to be brought there by Apollo 12?

And speaking of campaigns - there is a movement to have a crater named after Willy Ley. I think we should encourage NASA to do so. I only wish I could remember in which fanzine I saw this proposed; anyone?

I wonder when I'll quit looking up, all fantisted by the thought that they were really up there. I hope never.



Fire. Brimstone. The bit. Hot again, as usual. Ashes in my mouth. Dry, dry, dry. A dull existence, dreary as death.

You wouldn't like it, I'll tell you that.

Wait, come on back. It's not really all that bad. Well, sure it's Hell; let's face it. So, okay. But it has its pleasant side.

I am not an unimpressive figure. Heavens! Even if you're not impressed, I am... Like this cloak? Black asbestos, but smooth as silk. Pretty. See the little horns? I'll bet you never saw anything like that on a person before. Pointy tail, too. Boo! Scare you if I jumped out of an alley at you, huh?

Hell, yes! Or can you see me draped around a tombstone?

One of those big six or seven

footers made out of marble?

See how I can make my eyes blaze!

Instant heartstop.

That's better; you're smiling. God knows I hate to depress people.

Okay, so you can see my point about a pleasant appearance. What? Yes, of course; pleasant to me. A man likes to cut an impressive figure. Man? Me? Of course! Later I'll show you the orgy pits. Meanwhile, I can't tell you everything all at once. Patience, patience. Man, yes. Man, and demon, too. Another pleasant aspect. It's all very well to cut a nice figure-- I'd like to cut you sometime, by the way; scads of tiny parts. Hurt? Excruciating. Well, you've never had it done so how do you know you wouldn't like it? I have; and to tell the truth, I don't.

But until you've done it it's silly to venture an opinion, don't you see? And you may just like it. Lots do.

Of course you'll survive! Surely they told you that much at Orientation. Well, nervous or not, you should have paid closer attention.

There, I didn't mean to be sharp. Look. Touch your eyes. See, no tears. Another advantage. Come on; look on the pleasant side. If you had tears in your eyes, you'd not be able to see, what with all the fumes and smoke. And at first you'll be trying to cry a lot--they all do. But... Natural adaptation.

But see, you've stopped already! Oh, you are going to fit in well; not a crybaby like the rest.

And you do have a fine figure.

I'm going to assign you to the orgy pits first, okay?

And then when you're tired of that, maybe you'll want to be cut. You're in fine shape, you'll survive forever.



FLAWPRINTS ON THE MOON

BY Wally Weber, stf fan

Fans have once again shown themselves to be a fickle people. They mercilessly criticize scientific inaccuracies in movies, stories, and television programs. Not even the all-time great science-fiction authors are spared this treatment. But now NASA comes along with its Apollo 11 special, and the fans appear to have swallowed it whole.

The simple fact that the moon trip actually happened should not exempt the expedition from the same sort of standards that fans have required of fictional accounts. If anything, there is less excuse for blunders of that sort in real events than in fiction. Certainly a production as extravagant as Apollo 11 should be able to meet the same critical standards by which comparatively modest-budget efforts such as Star Trek episodes are judged by informed science-fiction fans.

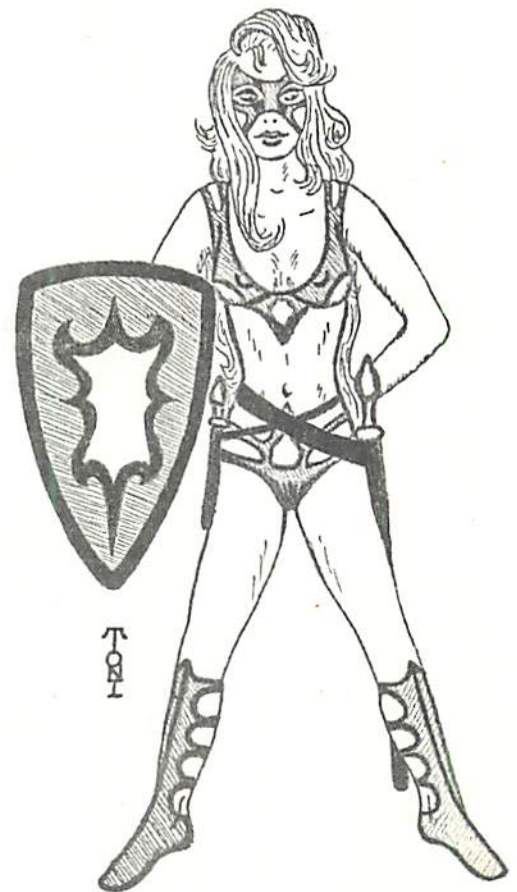
To begin with, Apollo 11 was woefully unoriginal. Even Harry Rosenthal of the ultra-mundane Associated Press could not overlook the obvious similarities between Apollo 11 and Jules Verne's story, "From the Earth to the Moon," written over a century ago. The launch location, the description of the spacecraft, the maximum velocity, the effects of free fall, the description of the moon itself, and even the name of the spacecraft were shamelessly stolen from Verne's book and used by NASA. The spacesuits worn by Apollo 11 astronauts were straight out of Hollywood prop rooms, and the way the moon-walkers frolicked around in them under the light influence of moon gravity was directly stolen from "Destination Moon" scenes. When you think of the funds NASA used you would think a little more originality would be in order.

The events that took place during the course of the Apollo 11 mission failed to realize the full potential of excitement that we science fiction fans know exist in such an undertaking. True, Armstrong did override the automatic controls to avoid disaster during the final moments of the moon landing, and there were periods of suspense when we weren't certain the rocket motors would function properly during crucial operations. Also, to give deserved credit, having the expedition proceed with no hope of rescue should anything have gone wrong, and arranging to have that Soviet spacecraft orbiting the moon for unknown (but no doubt evil) purposes were inspired touches. The unforgivable point is that none of the innumerable things that could have gone wrong did go wrong. No important equipment malfunctioned. No catastrophic human errors were made. What few unforeseen events occurred had little if any effect on the mission. Verne and Heinlein would have been blackballed from the writing profession if they had tried to sell the Apollo 11 story as it actually happened.

Here is just a partial list of events that should take place on any first expedition to the moon.

1. One of the astronauts' wives should have been pregnant and recently dreamed her husband would die on the voyage.
2. The launch vehicle should have been sabotaged so that the spacecraft achieved orbit by desperate efforts by the crew.
3. One of the astronauts should have been single, and a girl reporter should have stowed away.
4. One of the astronauts should have been from Brooklyn for comic relief.
5. The spacecraft should have blasted out of Earth orbit for the moon despite the fact that the crew doubts there is sufficient fuel left for a round trip.

6. The spacecraft should have been holed by at least one noisy, glowing meteor.
7. Communication between Earth and the spacecraft should have been lost.
8. By a miracle of brilliant navigation, the crew should have saved the overloaded, underfueled, and malfunctioning spacecraft from the gravitational pull of Mars.
9. After the crash landing on the moon, the Earthmen should have manufactured their own repairs, fuel, food, oxygen and water from moon materials while at the same time winning the undying gratitude of the initially hostile moon creatures by managing to destroy the menacing alien spaceship orbiting the moon. (To the right is an illustration of an initially hostile moon creature as envisioned by artist Toni Gourd.)
10. Due to the inferiority of home-made fuel, the astronaut who should have had the pregnant wife should have sacrificed himself to assure the safe return to Earth of the rest of the crew. (He would have had to live alone with the initially hostile moon creatures until rescued by Apollo 12.)
11. One of the remaining crewmen should have been the one who should have sabotaged the launch vehicle, and he should have thrown the returning spacecraft off course before being subdued by the remaining crewman (who should have been single) and the stowaway girl.
12. By a miracle of brilliant navigation, the spacecraft should have been saved from the gravitational pull of Venus.
13. The spacecraft should have returned to Earth just in time to prevent World War III which was going to be fought because everybody thought the sabotage to the launch vehicle had destroyed the spacecraft.



Even assuming there was some good reason for not incorporating the above suggestions in the flight of Apollo 11, there are other objections. For example, why did the astronauts take a shuttlecraft to the moon's surface instead of simply beaming down? Were they afraid of being called "moonbeams"? And why wasn't the actions of the Soviet spacecraft better explained?

The worst disappointment of all was the scientific inaccuracies. With all the scientists NASA has working for them, you'd think they would have avoided such obvious blunders as having everything work right when a few simple calculations of the number of parts involved and their respective reliability will prove it couldn't have happened *that way*. The worst of all was the impossible discrepancy in size between the spacecraft when it took off and when it landed. It wasn't even the same shape, for Ghu's sake! Any of you who have tried to tune in on a TV station a mere hundred miles away will realize how impossible it would be to pick up a TV signal from the moon. Apollo 12 had better be an improvement if NASA wants to keep its sponsors.

Vonderings, or
Not So Neo, or
What's the Matter with you Nudniks, Anyway?

I had an urge to print one of my Surveyor photographs in light gray all over a page, then type 4,356 !'s all over that. What can you say? I thought. Just say what everybody from the celebrated man on the street to 31 x 3 hours' worth of newsmen to most of the heads of state have already said, which is to say, "What can you say?"

What can you say?

On to other things, like science fiction conventions:

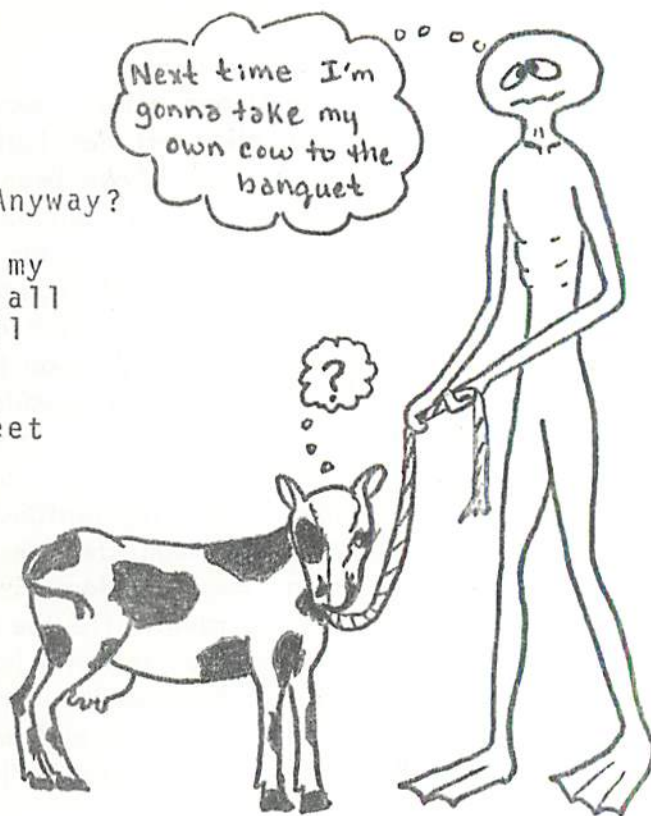
I never did get around to berating the con committee for their slightly fuggheaded directions on getting from the airport to the Miramar. They said take one bus to suchandsuch, another bus to hereandthere, and walk two blocks (with luggage) to the hotel. At LA International somebody pointed me at a Santa Monica bus. Some minutes later I got around to asking the driver when the suchandsuch stop was. "Jeezus, lady, you're on the wrong bus," he said. "Oh," I said, fingering my travelers' checks and wondering if a cab driver would cash one. "Where are you trying to go?" "To the Miramar Hotel." "Well, whaddaya wanta go to suchandsuch for? That's way the hell up in Beverly Hills." "Oh. Uh. Those were the directions the con committee gave." "Well, relax. We go right to the doorstep... What committee?" "Science fiction convention." "Oh, yeah?"

Seems he liked science fiction... I don't know if he really did park his bus after he got off his route and come in, but he sounded like he might when I got off the bus.

The opening:

Randall Garrett's keynote speech was interesting, no less so because he berated a poor Seattle fan unmercifully. Everybody remember a young neo with cigarette lighter and "indexed cigarettes"? I'm told the indexed cigarettes were embroidery by Garrett's fertile imagination, but what story worth telling isn't worth embroidering a bit? Between bouts of wrestling with the microphone, Garrett got to saying, "I don't know the fan's name, I don't want to know the fan's name, and I hope he isn't here!" Harlan Ellison, who was sitting behind me (making appropriate comments during the course of Garrett's speech), called "Randy, that fan's name is Jim Webbort and today he's six foot two and has a black belt in Karate!" Garrett refused to believe it until several of us assured him from the floor that it was true. (Well, Jim doesn't really have a black belt in karate, but a little further embroidery seemed fitting at the time.)

(It's a black belt in judo.)



After the opening:

I wish I'd taken more notes. Remembering all the crazy things that happened during those four days is bad enough, much less keeping them straight. I've been assured by "usually reliable sources" that this con was only slightly less weird than the Seacon, which seems to have been the weirdest con in fannish memory. (I believe it... even if no one could tell me why the Seacon was weird. Trust Seattle.)

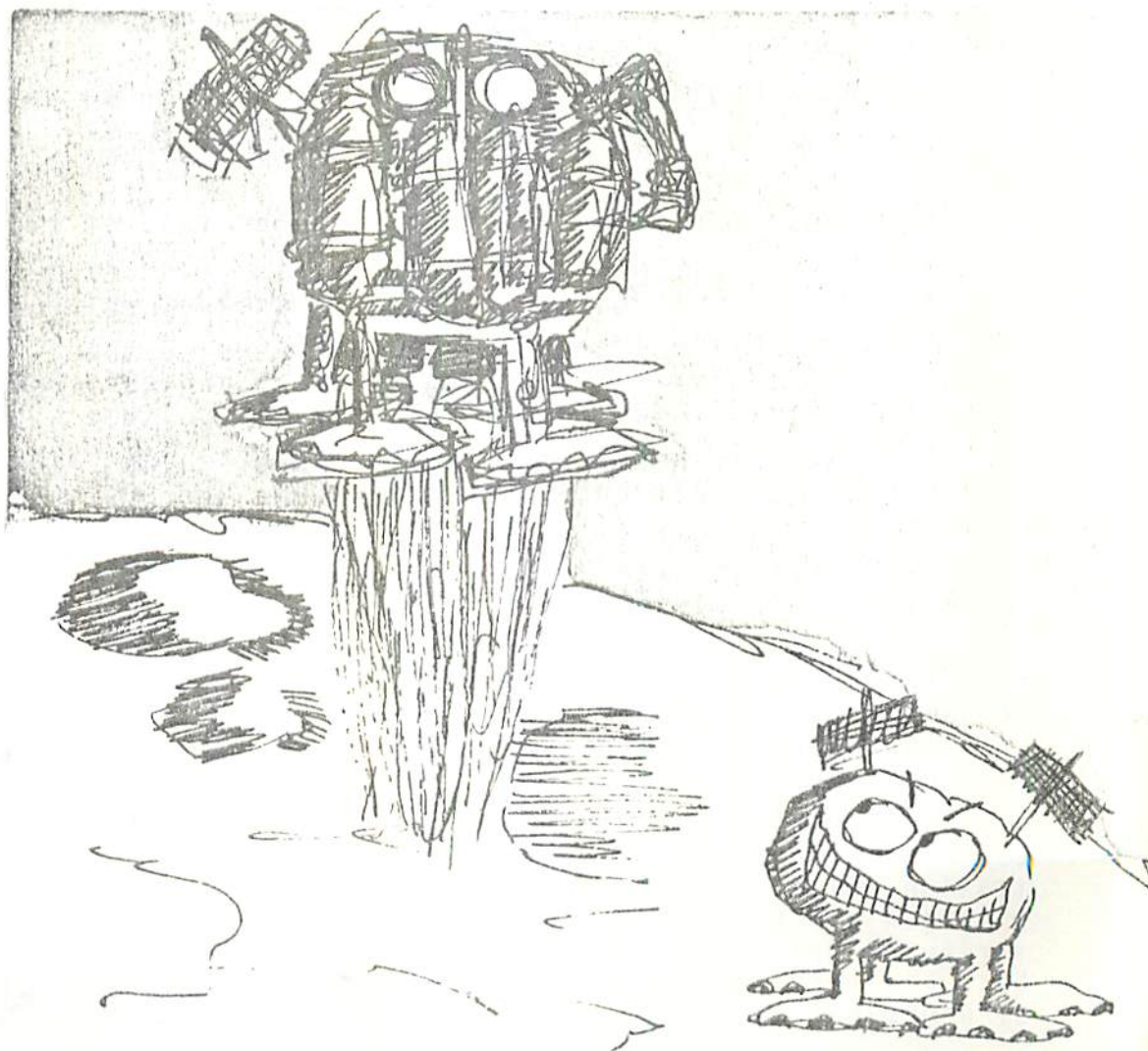
Strange visitors:

Dennis Smith, his wife Alice, and I were sitting in the lobby talking. Dennis was carefully embellishing my name tag so my name could not be read by anyone with less than 20-20 vision and half an hour. He added (legibly) "the Nameless," tho, which was appropriate, so that was all right. After a few minutes we noticed two junior-college-freshman types coming down the hall in a zigzag course from one girl to the next, painfully obviously trying to make a pickup, not even bothering to leave the field of vision of the previous girl before beginning on the next. No style, no style at all. With a sort of morbid amusement we watched them until they wandered around a corner, still alone, still together. I hope they found happiness with each other.

The masquerade:

Fred (Flieg) Hollander handled it beautifully. There was plenty of room and no confusion to speak of until the very end (which wasn't Flieg's fault, as you will see). (And (Just like this ***** column of type isn't my fault.)

I'm entirely too lazy to make a costume, so I wore my Chinese bath robe cum evening wrap cum whatever I want to wear it as, just so I





wouldn't look exactly like I was going to look during the rest of the con. People kept coming up and asking who I was there as. Maybe I should have tailed Ming the Magnificent as his slave girl or something.

My roommate for the con, Nancy Levy, was at her first convention and was a little nervous at going semi-topless as the Cretan Snake Goddess. Both she and Kathleen Sky dressed in Nancy and my room, and both of their costumes employed glitter. Substantial amounts of glitter. Nancy's was green and Kathleen's was silver; she was going as a Nebula Award. What we did was, we drew a Nebula on her stomach with surgical adhesive and then tried to get the glitter to stick. This meant throwing handfuls of the stuff at her, since her bi-

kini was covered with glitter, too, and she couldn't sit down or recline without rubbing it all off.

You can imagine the state of the room when we got done.

You know how glitter sticks to your skin? It sticks to your feet, too.

Have you ever tried to sleep in a bed full of glitter?

Kathleen's costume, unfortunately, suffered from insufficient field testing, but Nancy's got an honorable mention, which gave her a kick.

Quinn Yarbrow won "most beautiful"--her costume was incredible. It had about twelve million sequins on it and she sewed them all on herself. *wow!* And I can't remember her costume's name... *sob*

Far and away best presentation was Karen and Astrid Anderson's "The Bat and the Bitten." Fantastic.

Nobody, however, competed for attention value with the Illustrated Woman. The Illustrated Woman had a very intricate costume. A g-string and a layer of paint.

Needless to say, she created the aforementioned confusion when all of the photographers and most of the guys in the room lit out arunnin'--for the stage.

My favorite costume was Don Simpson's. He went as a Vaughn Bode illustration, dressed completely in black, with gun and shield of his own design, various wires from his "odds and ends" box, and a silver mylar cape. A couple of hours before the masquerade he didn't



have a costume; he decided, what the heck, to put one together and enter--and won. If anybody's got a picture of him I'd sure like to have a copy. (I'd even send sticky quarters for it)

What's the matter with you nudniks, anyway?

Speaking of Don Simpson. . .

I will readily admit that Tim Kirk and George Barr are very talented artists and deserve the recognition (and money) they're getting. But look, team--Don is a *genius*, and you guys are virtually ignoring him. (No offense to Tim or George--I don't know Tim, but I said exactly what I just wrote to George and he agreed.) At the art show, Don's paintings were placed in out-of-the-way spots. His ceramics almost filled one whole case, but there were two things of someone else's in the same case--and the bid sheets for them were cleverly (?) placed so as to nicely obscure some of Don's stuff. Don, being Don, is too amenable to complain.

I'll tell you this, fans--some day he's going to get fed up and go into another field where he'll get the recognition (and money) he deserves. Six months later you all are going to be beating your heads against the wall crying martyristically "Why didn't we appreciate him while he was here?"

In which a certain young femmefan gets the opportunity to repay a certain admirable pro for a favor, and gladly renews a nodding acquaintance:

In CRY 176 I related the Baycon Milk Incident, in which Harlan Ellison presented a speechless young dehydrating neo (me) with a glass of milk. This time, Mr. Ellison had been trying to get some milk for some time when the waiter came to our table, passed out half a tray of cow juice, completely ignored polite requests from the head table, and headed back toward the kitchen.

"Stop that man with the milk!" Harlan cried.

What else could I do? I gave him mine.

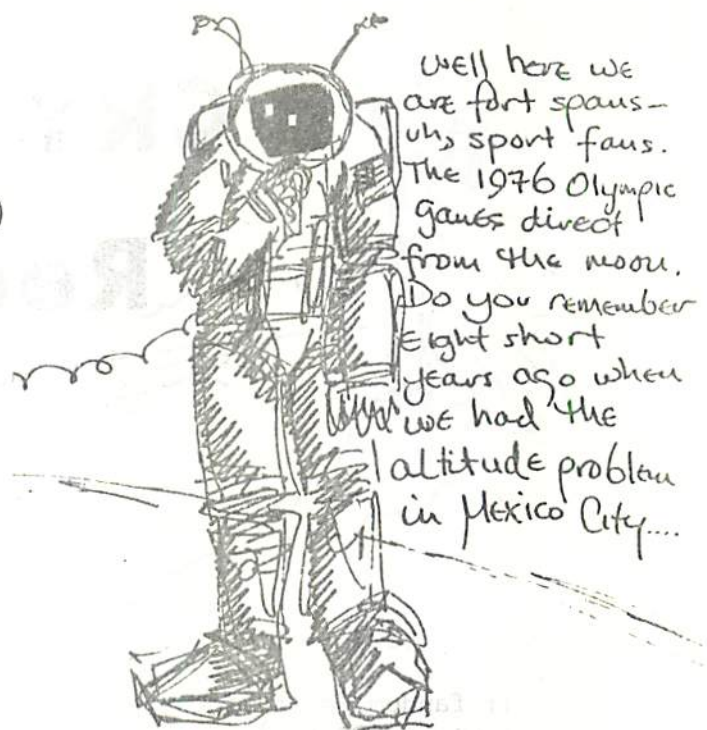
"Sell-Out, Cop-Out, and Self-Rape":

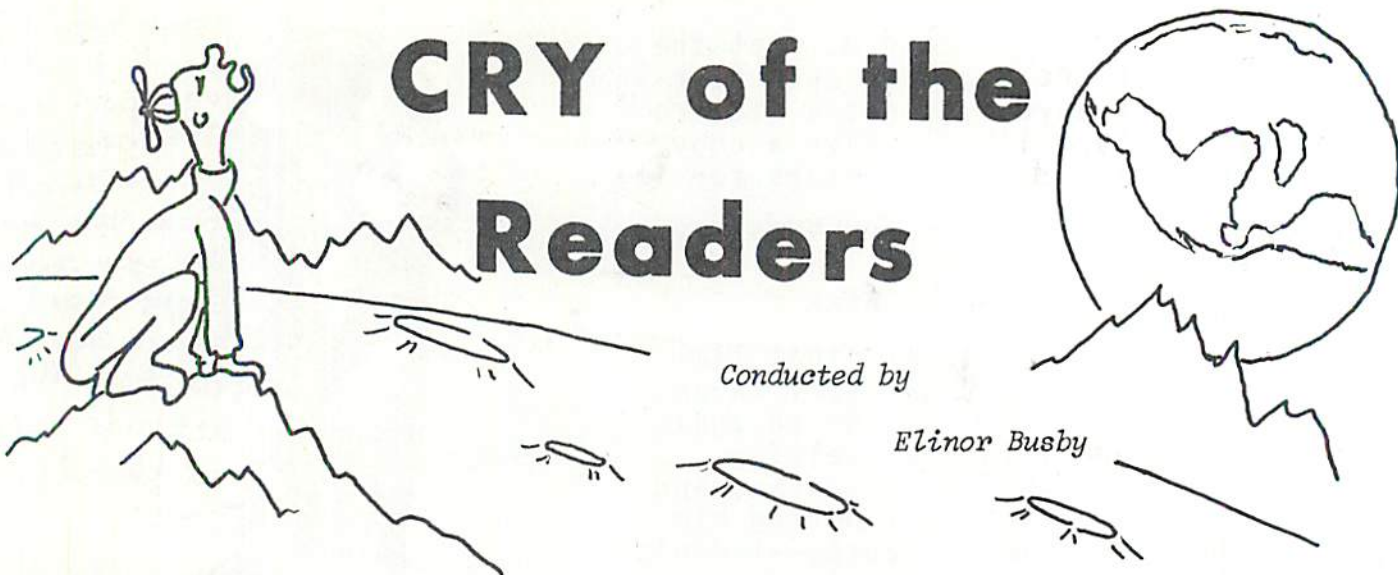
A talk by Harlan Ellison on exploitation of science fiction and science fiction fans. It'll be in SFR, so I won't summarize it. Then he talked about his TV series, MAN WITHOUT TIME. When he said it was too late to read the script treatment, he was shouted down. "Okay, anybody who wants to leave, split now." Nobody moved. "Well?" "We haven't left yet, Harlan," somebody called.

He said that if the network tries to screw the show he'll withdraw it and walk out, tho it means about \$250,000 to him. I think he means it--and I hope he doesn't have to keep his threat.

Afterwards and afterword:

I've run out of space, but thank you, Trimble, for putting me up for two days (and putting up with me).





Comment on #175

Dear Elinor,

If fandom isn't timeless than this letter of comment on CRY 175 is a bit out of place. But I've heard rumours that CRY battles on. The old CRY fandom in Australia is just not with us any more, I'm afraid. Bob Smith sits up in Queensland waiting for his cinema to be built (or so it seems to me--he spent at least a year up there waiting for a film to show) and Chris Bennie, former Ace columnist for CRY passed me in the street a week or so ago (I think) and didn't recognize me. Come to think of it, I'm not sure it was him, either.

And as far as I know there are no three foot piles of CRY left in Australia

... There are plenty of STAR TREK fans, though. I'm not one of them, mind you, but I am sure that those who are here will all be trotting along to see Leonard Nimoy as a queer in Genet's DEATHWATCH. (Huh? This is something I hadn't heard of yet).

I think I watched two episodes of STAR TREK. The first was pretty bad, but I knew I shouldn't condemn the whole thing on one performance. So I watched the next one too. It was worse, and that was that, as far as I was concerned. I later noticed that the second of the two had been nominated for a Hugo, so I guess I saw a representative sample.

Vera Heminger's con report was as good as I need. I like reading these things simply because I can't get to them. I might have been to four Australian conventions, but that isn't quite the same (hmm, no other reader of CRY can make that claim).

Best,

John Foyster

(What do you mean, you're the only reader of CRY who can make that claim? All readers of CRY will be happy to claim that going to four Australian conventions is not the same as not going to four Australian conventions.)

A PRE-WESTERCON NOTE

Dear Elinor:

Excuse my not typing, but we're in the midst of the usual pre-convention warm-up--a heat wave, as you and F.M. may discover when you come this way. CRY #182 made very enjoyable summer reading today and I was glad to get the con-report information on several gatherings I hadn't read about before. Hope the forthcoming Westercon goes well--the program seems a bit confusing with events both tentative and simultaneously scheduled, but as you once said, it's the people who count

2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles,
California 90046

(as in the IRS office). Meantime, may I be the first to wish you and Buz a Happy Fourth of July--

Bob Bloch

(Bob, I saw you several times at the Westercon and smiled at you, waiting to say "hi!" as soon as I got your eye, and I never did. I don't think you recognized me at this convention. Neither did Harlan Ellison. I look in the mirror, and I say to myself, "Elinor, have you Changed?" and I can't really see that I have--not to THAT extent. I should be more aggressive, and kick you guys in the shins and say, "Hey, look, it's ME!"--but somehow I don't really think I ever will.)

Comment on 180

Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria,
Cordoba, Argentina

Dear Elinor:

You fan folk still puzzle, puzzle, PUZZLE me. I am baffled by every page in any page, nearly, and the heated and verbose discussion of things arcane to us here, is never enlightening, from our point of view. The world is so different, at this end!

Sometimes I think the Americans are as ignorant of life here (and anywhere but their own U.S.), as we are ignorant of how you really think and feel and act. Hence I appreciate fanzines, to keep a finger on your gestalt pulse, and feel it racing madly. It reassures me that it's worth sticking it out here, in "peaceful" Argentina (where, at least, there are still gnomes, seemingly, somehow in remote spots.)

We've been in the limelight, haven't we, though we're still waiting to receive the TIME that will tell what the U.S. "bird's-eye view" of us may be on that! I could tell you our view...for we have been curious enough to get the opinion of all types of Argentines, and know what the consensus of feeling is.

Police brutality and army ruthlessness has shocked young and old throughout Argentina, and today and tomorrow are scheduled for a hit back on the part of the workers and students--it seems totally spontaneous, to everyone, too--with the army swearing they're on the side of God against us all! Younger priests join the rebels and shoot at "Law and Order" from their church towers, and then get punished as ruthlessly as if they too were students.

When some U.S. statesman pro birth-control came here some time back, the government hastily put forth new pro-fertility laws, rewarding lazy folk with 20,000 for each new baby, and 30,000 for each new marriage. Our peones are getting eagerly to work, to earn that new 20,000 every 9 months. With the population encouraged now to boom, and everybody broke and even hungry, Hail Mary and Heil Hitler indeed. (Poor Jesus and Mary, I must add! Stuck with such loveless worshippers, devoted to cruelty.)

Well, Elinor, gal, you've been nice about my gnomes-and-all. I needed to test the matter with humans who are sf-fictionally oriented, if only to realize what our condition may be, from other folks' point of view. I knew full well I was nutty, when saucer-mad, but I believed in them so stuck to my guns till disillusioned.

I was amused by Betty's outburst. Sweetheart, she!--saying it's "above"her, indeed. "Below"her, would be a more accurate description; for our silly gnomes just pattern carefree nonsense and think mankind is all nuts! They're not serious at all, and have taken to coming through to our youngest too. I was trying to explain to him how small and swift an electron must be, when he squirmed and blushed and said, "Let's not talk about it any more!" "Why?" I wanted to know. "They're laughing at you, the gnomes. They said, 'Your mother just doesn't know anything!'" And he showed me how they looked, doubled up with unholy mirth. Queer how the gift, (this gift that reaches them through their paternal grandmother), is coming out in different ways in each of them. The eldest girl (17) doesn't have to study, although she does. But when she doesn't know the answer to a question, she picks the minds of the other girls in her highschool class.

(If they're wrong, her answer's wrong too. Is that cheating?)

The third boy, Danny, has a habit of appearing with his "astral self", and scaring people out of their wits. He did it to us, three summer back, and now his fiancée's sister had the same experience, just recently. She saw him on their terrace clearly, and took for granted he must be there, only to learn he was in town at his photographic class, where he's learning more technique. (He is unaware of having "travelled" thus.)

Robert, the second, sees ahead, and thus has avoided several smashups in buses; (he'd let the bus pass without taking it, each time the hunch came), as also other accidents and disasters. (I have that gift, by the way, too. It's the only thing not from my mother-in-law in the kids. And telepathy, too, I should add.)

Robert has just met a psychiatrist, a lady, who lives in an old house in Cordoba, packed with poltergeists. He would much prefer to be a total agnostic (who wouldn't? It's so snug and cozy, too!) but now he can't be. He witnessed a 'stone' thrown through the air at a light bulb which exploded in such a way the girl sitting right by it was unharmed. The splinters fanned away from her. The windows and doors banged and rattled and were knocked at constantly while he was there. "Poor things," said the girl. "I'm sorry for them, that's why I put up with it, but when the New Order," (in a spiritual sense, she seemed to mean), "comes, such things will all go!"

Me, I've have chased those poltergeists all away. I'm rather intolerant of sluggish things. Having lived in a disgustingly haunted house in Shanghai I am allergic to hauntings of any kind. Still, praying against them is useless, as my parents found. I handled the problem, personally, (in later times when in our travels we were confronted with similar problems temporarily), by praying with pity for the wretched things. They hate it and vanish like mist at dawn.

Still, the "ghost" in the story of Mrs. Muir was charming, I recall, from the book. Only you don't meet such ghosts in real life, I'm afraid. Nice humans wouldn't bother to go haunting after death. Nasty folk who like scaring the living should be snubbed.

I admire the way all California sits with resignation on the top of that earthquake fault, sings "What'll we do when there's no San Francisco?" over our local radios as well as those in the States, and--waits! I suppose I'd do the same, were I there. There's a fatalistic streak in all men.

Love,

Mae Strelkov

P.S. What a wonderful cover--so mellow in its golds & browns! One feels right "in" the picture!

(In the Ghost and Mrs. Muir, the impression one gets is that the ghost hangs around, not for the pleasure of frightening people, but simply because he's too fond of his house to leave it. However, the fondness for a particular aspect of earth is a hangup just as liking to frighten people is a hangup, and I feel as you do that nice people don't haunt.)

COMMENT ON 187

1458 Entrada Verde, Alamo, Calif.

Dear FM & Elinor:

94507

The best thing this issue was FM's Parker satire. I've wished the Parker series were better, so I could justify reading them all to myself, since the basic concept & character is fascinating & rather original. Not many writers are willing to undertake the portrayal of a completely (or nearly completely) ego-centric, amoral man. It's just too hard for the reader to bring into play many of his sympathetic emotions and let him identify.

The compromise reached in the Parker series is an uneasy one, I feel. Parker cares about the job, & that's it. He's a criminal technician. He always runs afoul of the more common breed of criminal, the neurotic or psychotic who does things for more emotional reasons & thus is somewhat unpredictable. Unfortunately, there aren't many avenues to explore with this setup; it may be a coincidence & a limitation of the books I've read in the Parker series, but most of them involve and are nearly totally motivated by a screwed-up job, in which somebody betrays Parker & he has to get his loot back. It would seem, after a while, Parker would get used to this.

So most of the interest in the Parker books must come from the sheer technical detail. How is a really efficient crime pulled off? That's ok, but it's limiting in the extreme, and probably that's why I got bored with them. Another side is the one Buz touched: the style is repetitive and the devices that show Parker as tough, cool & knowledgeable are wearing thin in the series. The stark style is a little too flat to build a series around, too. Has anyone done a worthwhile satire on JDMacDonald? I have a feeling Buz did, too, but it's been a while.

Best,

Greg Benford

(I love the Parker books, read them all, and even re-read them. And I could hardly care less about the sheer technical detail. I think I enjoy them because, like science fiction, like fantasy, and like the Georgette Heyer books, they create their universe. #It wasn't Buz who did the satire on J.D. MacDonald--it was Bob Leman in a Fapa mlg. of some years back. It was a great little satire and I'm quite flattered that you imagined it was Buz who did it. #We missed you and Joan at the Westereon, and you missed a great convention.)

MORE COMMENT ON 181

1596-1/2 N. High St., Apt. 16, Columbus
Ohio 43201

Dear Elinor,

One item I want to praise in particular is the "Parker Pen Score". I liked the Matt Helm take-off of a number of issues ago, although I hadn't read any of the real books. Once again I am in that position. I can recognize just what the satire is, without knowing the model. Perhaps Buz could do a Nero Wolfe take-off? *(I doubt it. He doesn't read Nero Wolfe. The Parker and Matt Helm serieses he's very fond of, and I doubt if he could satirize anything he didn't love.)*

The cover, too, deserves plaudits. Alex Eisenstein is one of my favorite artists. His drawings lack warmth sometimes, but ice too has its fascinations.

One personal type comment on Vonda's column: Wow. You have Scandinavian mythology as a course! Here at Ohio State we only have snap-candy Classic Mythology, which I wouldn't take, because the stuff is so generally familiar to me that it would bore me to tears. I really would love to take Scandinavian, since the Norse cycles fascinate me. If Vonda really isn't interested, I might like to buy her books from her. Let her know? *(Vonda, be advised.)*

THE IMPROBABLE IRISH is great, and, to mention a Lee Hoffman book by name, as Bob Bloch fails to do, so is RETURN TO BROKEN CROSSING. I am a big fan of her westerns and her Personal Self. Both are remarkable.

Yores (an old spelling)...

Jerry Kaufman

& STILL MORE COMMENT ON 181

66 Frederick Lane, St. Louis, Mo.
63122

Dear CRY Editor:

What a surprise! I ventured to write you a comment and to my astonishment received a copy of CRY 181 with my letter printed therein!

No, I've never heard the squirrels-chewing-on-equipment story. Would you like to do your Good Deed for the day and tell me? *(No, not in public I wouldn't. But I'll jog your memory. It was the Baby Photographer story.)*

The catnip comment on pg. 20 surprised me. I've a thick bed of catnip (our 21 year old feline snoots the stuff, has no interest whatsoever in it and never has had) so...what do I do with it? Eat, sniff, smoke, chew--or dig it up and put in marigolds?

Sincerely,

Katherine W. St.Clair

(I should imagine that you could do almost anything with catnip. Eat it fresh in a salad, dry it and cook it in meatloaf or spaghetti sauce, or smoke it, or make tea of it. --Or, as you suggest, you can dig it up and plant marigolds. Pot marigolds are supposed to be good to eat also.)

COMMENT ON 182!

Elinor and all Crypeople,

1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte, S.C.
28203

After the envelope, this issue of CRY seemed almost anti-climactic. It was kind of a soothing, unexceptional issue, calm, peaceful, sedate. Perhaps this contributed to my liking it, since I'm a little fed up with all these *big, fancy* zines that seem to make a hobby within a hobby of outdoing each other.

With your cover, it is quite easy to get the watercolor feel, and the yellow and black parts look like they were almost painted on, in fact the whole thing looks that way. Toni Gourd does seem to know what she's doing, and with a little practice she could really do you a whopper of a cover.

The story Tackett mentioned in his column sounded familiar, so I checked--but my story was from a wartime AMAZING, and it has a picture of a city rising out of the moon on it. The story was called "Hidden City," and I haven't worked up enough courage to read it yet.

Buz' notes on the con make interesting reading.

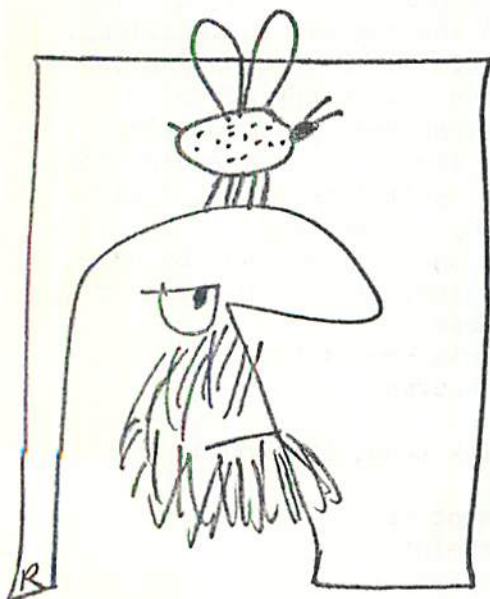
I started Vonda's thingie not meaning to like it. I saw something about 'rating system' for tv, and I thought, jeeze. Reading it the next day I thought, oh it's just old Vonda being silly, but for some reason I still didn't want to like it. I was bitterly disappointed--I liked it! But it was a good disappointment, like when someone tells you to watch a certain tv show and you say naw, tv shows is just crap. Then you find yourself real in love with this program. Things like the hypnotic effect of tv on people who just have to watch those evil smelly old obscene tv shows, the reference to the motion picture code as "self censorship," then later to "censorshit," the Apollo reference, etc., made this one really enjoyable. Just the thing to cap off a tv season (and frightfully await the next one) by.

Phil Haldeman (unless he's changed his name and isn't Phil) hit a responsive cord. All through elementary school I was called Eddie, in Junior High it was Edward, and in High School it's Ed. I quickly became disgusted with things such as proper names. I've finally settled on Ed.R. Smith as a fannish name. Is it or is it not, Phil?

What if J. J. Pierce succeeded in getting Out of the Unknown on American tv, and it switched over to a policy of dramatizing nothing but new wave?

Nice to see that CRY brings up such earthshaking topics as "Do cats have a good time."

Harry Warner has hair over his ears? How evil of you Harry, especially since



you're an Old Man and all. Down south it's considered evil to do so even if you're young. Right now my hair is getting long and is halfway over my ears, and the last time this happened a kid shot a toy machine gun at me when I was taking a walk and called me a hippie. God, I thought, is this what parents, and the news media, teach their children to play these days?

Ed R. Smith

(Nobody ever had to teach kids to shoot passerbys with toy guns. They always have and they always will. Just so long as they don't use real guns! #Ed R. Smith is an okay name but not remarkable. Eddie sounds like a kid name (although lots of adults have used it to good effect) and Edward is a nice name but sounds like a man with a coat and tie on--so if that isn't necessarily the real you you might as well be Ed. But if the R. stands for something real cool, I think you'd be well advised to use your middle name in full. Ed Rowan Smith--for example. Or even Ed Randall Smith. Either has more character and substance than just Ed R. Smith. However, Ed R. Smith is okay. I am happy to be able to inform you that there are NO Ed R. Smiths in the Seattle phone book, although we have plenty of Eddie, Edward, and Ed Smiths. (I think when you have a son you should name him Kazimer. I never heard of a Kazimer Smith in my whole life.)

NEAL FOR BUG JACK BARRON

30 Brodwood Drive, Stamford, Conn.
06902

Dear Elinor,

I agree with Phil Haldeman about how the name of something influences its image or whatever. He uses Frankenstein as an example. Another is the name of the weapons cartel in Brunner's THE JAGGED ORBIT: Gottschalk. That has to be the most hideous name I've ever heard. It conjures up images of a bodiless head, with the flesh half-rotted away. Nice thoughts to eat dinner by...

Ahhh--CotR. And good old Johnny J. Pierce. And his list of things wrong with BUG JACK BARRON. I'll take up each of his points, one by one:

1. Spinrad didn't use the "fading black circle" and "phosphor-dot, etc." images, Bennie Howards and Jack Barrow (respectively) did. They were, in a way, trademarks of the people who use them.
2. Why is the word "dig," which first was used as slang in the 40's, still used as slang?
3. What glaring errors in extrapolation? Spinrad wrote BJB in '66 or '67, I'm pretty sure it's '66, and extrapolated from the world as it was then. Don't you remember Hari Seldon--you can only forecast trends, and events like assassinations, elections, etc. cannot be predicted and often upset the predicted course of events. Spinrad had no way of knowing about the killings of Kennedy & King, Nixon's victory, etc., and their results on the world.
4. If Spinrad is a "power-junkie", what better sort of person can you think of to write about power-junkies?
5. What is the style supposed to do? If it's supposed to take you into the minds of the characters, it worked well, at least in my case.
6. Jack Barron is a stereotype? Just what kind of stereotype is he? A hero? An anti-hero? No--I think he's an archetype. I can't recall any character like him in anything I've read. Admittedly, I am not the world's most well-read person. But until I see many more characters like Jack Barron in books written before BUG JACK BARROW, I won't be convinced that Jack Barron is a stereotype. Bennie Howards might be a stereotype, but then aren't all evil characters stereotypes modeled after Satan? And how about his maniacal fear of death? Isn't that a very convincing motivation?

Beth Moore: Why should fanzines be devoted entirely to sf? Fans' interests include other things, so why shouldn't fanzines? Fandom's best writers--Willis, Shaw, Warner, etc., don't write about sf. Even Riverside Quarterly has articles about non-sf related topics--old radio shows & fanzines.

Best,

Neal Goldfarb

HARRY WARNER AFFECTS HISTORY

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
21740

Dear Elinor:

It's just like the old days. This new issue of CRY is postmarked June 25 and arrived July 10, barely two weeks even though it relaxed somewhere en route for the long Fourth of July weekend. Speculation on the reasons behind this comparative speed of transit leads to frightening realms. Is someone in every post office assigned to read fanzines before they are sent to destinations, to make certain they say nothing subversive, and is the Seattle inspector learning to read quite rapidly by now? Or did the exciting decorations on the envelope do the trick? I can imagine a postal inspector happening across a pile of issues of CRY, looking at the covers, and jerking a thumb toward the outside with a mumbled: "Can't have them lying around, suppose the zipcode-reading machinery comes, this would blow it to smithereens."

This brief glimpse into the Nameless past minutes will never do. You obviously must start some kind of consistent and persistent program of publication of the Best of the Nameless Minutes. If these two particular pages had never reached print, for instance, the world would be permanently deprived of the classic "Doreen was unanimously elected President by a vote of 6 to 1." How can all wisdom continue to be found in fanzines, if some wise things from the Nameless minutes fail to appear in fanzines?

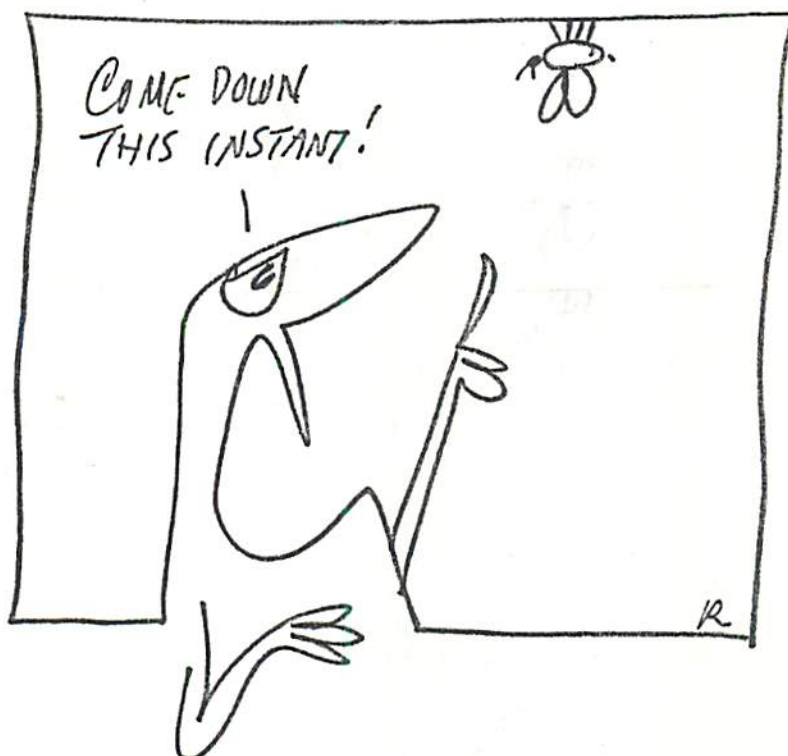
It never occurred to me that I might affect the course of history, when I suggested the slight change in subject matter for R. Tackett's column. Nor did I realize then how youthful I would accidentally cause myself to feel. "Rebels of the Moon" is one of the rare stories with the distinction of having seen print before I was reading the prozines. It must have been one of Manly Wade Wellman's earliest prozine appearances, even though he was commissioned to expand the plot idea into a story. I doubt that we should blame him for failing to foresee how comparatively easy it would be to communicate between Earth and the Moon. In 1932, I'm pretty sure, the Heaviside layer was considered a real barrier to getting radio messages outside Earth's atmosphere.

Buz' trip report had particular significance to me, because I've been thinking about taking the steam cars to go to the St. Louis convention. I have a hankering to take one big ride on the B & O out that way before all passenger rail service vanishes from this part of the nation. St. Louis is just the wrong distance from Hagerstown, not far enough to justify the nuisance of getting from Hagerstown to a big city airport and then flying the rest of the way, too far for me to feel like driving by myself, not really far enough to break a bus trip into two stages separated by overnight in a hotel, too far for boarding the bus in Hagerstown and staying there until the Mississippi has been surmounted. Maybe the train would be the answer.

Television today is in the same situation that the movies faced in the 1920's and 1930's, when first the scandals like the Arbuckle-Rappe tragedy and then the outbreak of gangster movies caused Will Hays to become a taste dictator. It took the movies about twenty years to reach that situation, just about the same length of time that television has been a big thing in this nation. The movies didn't begin to break free from self-censorship until after World War Two, and I hope the television industry doesn't remain in its present frightened condition just as long an interval. If it does, by the time future television's equivalent of the Post World War Two imported movies comes along, I'll be so old *that* I'll be scared to watch the taboos get broken.

Phil Haldeman philosophizes on a topic that has long fascinated me. I once wrote an article for some fanzine or other which listed the original meanings of famous fans' names, and tried to show how those meanings matched the fans' characters. There were amazing revelations, except in the case of Sam Moskowitz. Moskowitz means "saved from the water" and I never did find any way of proving

significance in that. Sometimes I suspect that a name is partly responsible for the demise of The Avengers. Linda Thorson (*You mean Tara King, ol' buddy*) was a terrible choice for the series third heroine. The Avengers is quintessence of everything BRITish. No names could be more BRITish-sounding than Cathy Gale and Emma Peel. Thorson (*Tara King*) strikes a false accent. While the conscious mind is reveling in its delightful possessor, something down in the subconscious knows that nobody named Thorson (*oh well*) really fits the series, and the series is now no more. And I wonder if we'll ever know whether it was circumstance or design that caused the choice for the first man on the Moon to be named Armstrong?



John J. Pierce makes me surprised and happy. I'd be glad to join an organization, write propaganda, support my local lobbyist, and otherwise cooperate wholeheartedly with him in a drive to get Out of the Unknown on American tubes. This is what fandom should be about: not trying to destroy a certain sort of stories by calling them names.

Incidentally, I wonder if there are many fans in the nation who can choose among 12 VHF television channels? I can, in a sense. With just a moderately powerful, considerably antiquated antenna on the house, I can do it. Three in Baltimore, four in Washington, one in Lancaster, Pa., give first-rate reception. The other four require some imagination to provide details for sketchy pictures but I've used them occasionally, one in Allentown, Pa., two in Richmond, Va., and one in Norfolk, Va. The Norfolk reception is the real puzzler, because it's well over 200 miles from Hagerstown driving distance, and probably at least 200 miles in a straight line. It's apparently some topographical freak or other, maybe a bouncing from a mountain. Remember when we were assured that FM radio and television reception would be limited to line of sight? I've never made a serious effort to count UHF channels but there must be about ten that range from good to just comprehensible. Of course, the real tragedy of television is demonstrated by the fact that my accidental existence in the center of all these stations does me little good, because almost all of them have network affiliation and therefore just duplicate one another.

The cover is beautiful but another dash of salt in the open wound, in my case. I didn't go to Rosemary's Baby when I had a chance and I'll probably never see it until it shows up in mutilated form on television, after which I won't feel like taking the time to see it complete when it finally is revived in a movie house.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner

(I agree with you about Tara King's name. It was regrettable, and totally unworthy of her sweet self. I imagine a lot of Avengers fans tuned out when she mentioned that it was "Tara, like in Ta ra boom de ay" and never tuned back in again.)

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

1726 N. Rogers Place, Apt. 10,
Burbank, Calif. 91504

Dear CRYpeople,

Received my copy of CRY in this ayems mail, and am still laughing. Phil dear, I thank you on bended knee for the ego-boosting reference to my pen name. It was selected over many months of deliberation and contemplation. However, your referring to me as being of the male sex is incorrect. This mis-understanding can be directly traced to ROSEMARY'S BABY in which thechild of Satan was given the name Adrian. You will note the difference of spelling between my first name and the name of the unfortunate mutant. (Yes, wasn't Toni's illo of Adrian Steven beautiful?) The spelling Adrien, using E rather than A, was selected by me in a seemingly vain attempt to convince people I am definitely female.

Elinor and Buz--it has been almost a week since Westercon, and I think I have finally recovered from the effects of my first contact with organized fandom. I do not consider myself a neofan--although I do not actually belong to any recognized club. I am still attempting to get a ride to the LASFS meetings, but have had no luck so far.

Now I will hit another subject that became rather a sore point during Westercon. I am tired--yeah--more than just tired, of hearing ALL Star Trek fans clumped together under the odious title of Trekkie. The term trekkie has always symbolized, at least to me, a fan of the adolescent, hair pulling, clothes tearing viewpoint. It may come as a shock to some of you, but there are die hard Star Trek fans of mature outlook and high intellect who resent, highly, being stuck with the same appellation as the teenybopping fanatics. *(I don't really sympathize with your point of view. I think Trekkie is a nice name. It sounds like Twiggy, and Twiggy was a terribly satisfactory name. Twiggy made many times the amount of money that Leslie Hornby could ever have done. The name Trekkie has pleasing connotations--it sounds cheerful and unpretentious. In any case, the point is academic. With Star Trek dead, all Trekkies will either come further into general fandom or depart altogether, and in either case the name will gradually wither away.)*

Oh yes, you lucky people. Because of ill health and an inability to stay alive in Los Angeles' polluted atmosphere I will be moving to the Seattle area in September of 1970. I fully expect to become part of the Nameless Ones and to help you put out the zine.

Vete Varshaunsii,
Adrien Spectra

(It's kind of a surprise to learn that there are still fans who feel that when you enter fandom you shouldn't give your right name--damn! I liked the name Adrien Spectra very much when I imagined that you got it via the parental grabbag. Now--it's just not the same somehow. #You will be extremely welcome at Nameless--as you know, we're well accustomed to Trekkies. As for CRY, we aren't at present in need of help (so far as I know), however your contributions will receive the same thoughtlessfull attention as everyone else's.)

CATS VS. RACQUEL WELCH

2112 West Oak Ave., Fullerton, Calif.
92633

Dear CRY #182,

Woof, woof. The woof of time. It's warped. I'm talking about the mailing wrapper and the gosharooney Page 7 of this current CRY which seems to have slipped the bonds of time, as far as these two particulars go, and wandered in out of an old issue of CRY. (I expected a nasty letter from G. M. Carr in the CotR pages.) My faculties are rather thrown by the heliotrope ink of the wrapper, by its tentacled bem, by the outrageousness of it all... Shades of Blotto Otto... Amelia Pemberton... Good Grief Lois. I expected a much earlier CRY to reside inside. Are my sensors operating correctly; was it Stanbery the person responsible for all this, uh--nostalgia? *(I think Paul and Toni did it together).*

Meow, meow. I just checked, Elinor, and as far as my three are concerned, you're right; cats are indeed alive to the tips of their tails. Their ear-points and paddy-paws seem vital too. But I think they got dead whiskers: I pinch them and nothing happens, no reaction. Hey, you're wrong about cats having great bodies, though. They have terrible bodies, but great fur. It's their pretty fur that makes the neat disguise/illusion. Haven't you ever seen a wet cat, its fur all matted down. All skin, muscle & bone. That's not my idea of a great body. Because cats have terrible tissue. Now Racquel Welch has nice tissue, a great body. You get her wet and I'll bet her great body doesn't conk out, betcha the tissue just glistens (& sways & shivers--wowiee zowiee!)...a body like that is definitely not a furry deceiver.

Well, to leave pondering Racquel and get back to cats, Piffle, one of mine, has been sick. A rare blood disease. I'm having him doctored, or vetted, really, to the tune of bills that are pretty rare themselves. Seventeen blood transfusions; cost: \$250. \$250 is a lot of money to spend on a stray who ambled into my life a while back. I can't afford it. Or rather I can, but I shouldn't. The house needs a new roof. But instead of a new roof, I've a wet-nosed, healthy, glossy-furred creature who'll dart under a chair and scowl at me come the rains.

Denny, congratulations on your engagement and forthcoming marriage. You've always seemed like one of the Good Guys to me, so here's hoping you get the happiness Good Guys deserve and which I think, optimistically, they usually get.

About Phil vs. Elinor, what happened here apparently is that Phil just got Elinor pissed. That's his own look-out, I think. What he has to do now is please her, & if he cares, he will. Tell Denny you're not an implacable Fate, Elinor. *(I wouldn't want Phil to try to please me as myself, because that's irrelevant--but as lettercool editor, by writing letters which relate specifically to CRY.)*

Norm, the book I like better than THE NAKED APE is one the same author did in conjunction with his wife previous to the titilatingly titled NAKED APE, a l'il bookie called MEN AND APES. It has pictures galore, a hundred at least. Pictures of apes raping women, men raping apes, King Kong leering at the ape-maddeningly beautiful Fay Wray thrashingly empalmed in his sweaty grasp, and illustrations of apes in various states of sexual excitement; oh, just all kinds of interesting & educational photos & drawings--some of which even have to do with Other Habits of apes and simians. Hey, but no kidding, it really is a good book. Even if you don't particularly dig monkeys and things like that (I'm a cat-lover myself--but I enjoyed the book nonetheless).

"rainbow splinters of false teeth in every direction...if I so much as smiled at a handsome stranger..."--MaeSS

"Some kind of solitude is measured out in miles/ What makes you think you're something special when you smile?" J. Lennon *(But, Rob, isn't everyone?)*

Mae, I think your mind is in colorful tatters & pieces like a crazy quilt. I think your mind is a random grouping & groping of ill-tended flowers, a wild garden going to seed, with "racial memories" and neo-primitive espousals the fertile stuff filling the loamy crevices of your brainpan. I would be lying if I said other than that I find your brain curiously bewitching in a dark & spooky, warm & musky way, full of mushroom decay, though, and night blooming radishes nurtured by the manure of passing gnomes and all-too-human gods.

I am ashamed of you and embarrassed when you try to be "special" by claiming to be privy to the secrets and guidance of basic-basic Earth Spirits. This is terribly show-offish in your nature. Your anthropomorphic beliefs strike me as the stuff of fanaticism. And, like a fanatic, you hide behind the skirts of God after you've had your say. ("Oh, I tell you, my friends, it's the spirit of God that's permeating us all here today!") When you're through tallying all the natural phenomena that are moved by gods & tree & earth & sky dwellers who talk to you and your kin and kind who pray to any passing breeze or creed, you trot

Him out. Don't you have a flag of State in your bag of tricks, too, hon?

Mae, you & I are two peas in the pod of life. Two amongst the billions seeding, maturing, ripening, falling, just like all other of the men or animals or grasses. That seems to burn you, and in your irritation you rashly say that you're a "special" pea, an intimate and consort of God knows what gods. And you say you're not afraid of death. You're not afraid of fire. You say, "Why, I'd love to 'go up in flames' as Tily does, regularly." Uh huh, yes, of course, my dear, will every other day suffice you?

As for myself, it'll be enough for me to walk to & fro, to & fro, the earth turning under my heels. And to sit in a chair, as I am now, whizzing through the dizziness of reality. And to lie in bed asleep at night entertained by dreams in the playground of the mind. And if some earth-spirit come visit me with outlandish whispered erotic promptings, well, what the hell, nothing unusual about that; that's all in a night's entertainment, too.

Love,

Rob Williams

(Rob, you have a perfect right to be as agnostic as you please, but NOT to try to bully Mae into sharing your beliefs or lack thereof. As for Mae having had experiences (of whatever nature or origin) not shared by most of us, you show an egalitarian wrath most unbecoming to a science fiction fan. The next thing we know you will/indignant at Jommy Cross's having tendrils, Gilbert Gosseyn's extra brain, the gills on the people in that Blish novel, and so on! #I still think cats have great bodies. All skin, muscle and bone. What could be better? Speaking as one whose entire life has been a struggle against excessive amounts of tissue, I can't imagine anything nicer than just skin, muscle and bone. #I read Desmond Morris' book, MEN AND PANDAS, but much to my sorrow it has hardly anything in it about pandas. I gather that not very much is known as yet--at least not by us.)

RICHARD HAS A FAST CRY

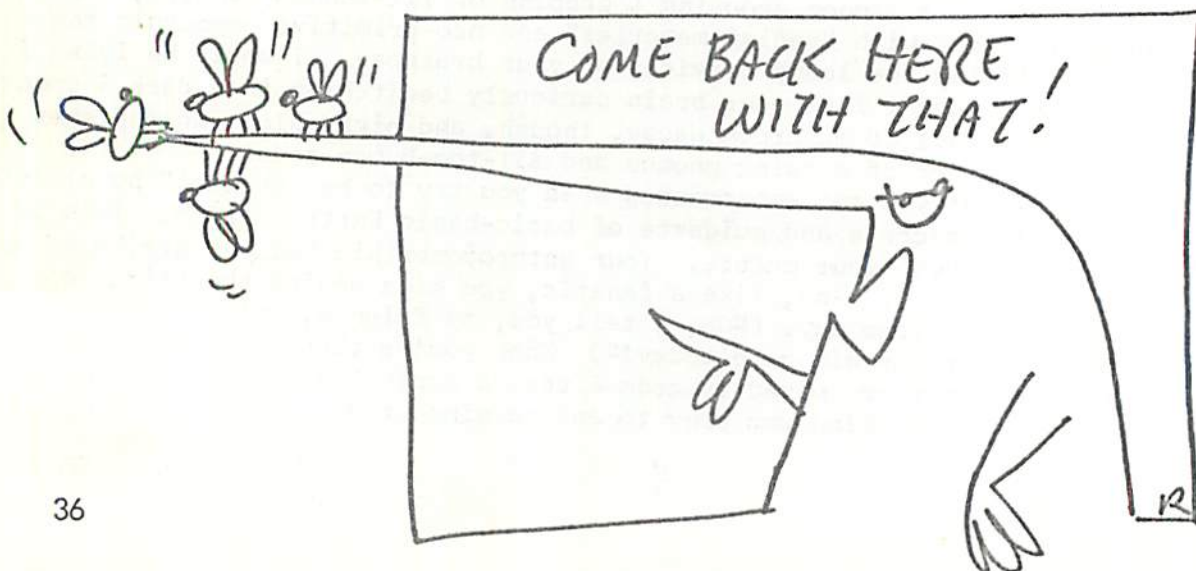
971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario

Dear People,

If the drawing on the cover of CRY 182 weren't such an appealing, wistful, questioning sort of figure, I'd call it, of course, a CRY-baby; but it deserves more than that. It's also impressive, with the colour and all; how were the eyes put in?

Don't worry about the speed of dispatch of CRY all the time; it only took four days from postmark date to receipt, and that's not bad time at all.

I can't but wonder if that is a real ad on page 7, the thing about the perpetual calendars. So I'm writing to the address, and we shall see. If, on the



other hand, it's all a joke, I'm going to have hedged my bets by putting insufficient postage on the letter; I figure if they're for real they'll be desperate enough for a customer that they'll take the letter anyway, and if they're not, they'll be stuck with the postage. *(You're evil. You know that?)*

I really enjoyed the con report; it read, as Buz hoped, with immediacy. His experience with and on trains struck me most...Canada's CN has had it decided for it by its owners...the government...that it is going to like carrying passengers, and treat them well. Travelling on a train, if you have the time, can be one of the most restful and comfortable ways to go.

Vonda's scheme to let everyone know how what they are going to watch will affect them is perfect and should be adopted by the industry immediately. The one disadvantage I can see cropping up, though, is that the people who put out TV Guide would have to find room for one more item in their program listings; because of all the room this would take up they would have to increase page count, and then probably price; and TV Guide is the only magazine I can usually afford to buy when I'm standing waiting for a bus and have nothing to read. One TV Guide, you see, can be stretched to the duration of any bus trip, and it's small and easy to carry, besides being the cheapest magazine on the stands with more than five minutes worth of material in it. After I've read all articles and program listings and ads and other meant-to-be-looked-at-things, I can count the number of pages in the listing section and see if it agrees with the number they think should be there. It seldom does.

Resent Norm Clarke's assertion, I do, that fandom is something caught either by Trekkies or from a toilet seat. He makes it sound so demeaning. *(Actually it's a reference to a very old fannish legend/joke. F. Towner Laney, in his justly famous memoirs, AH SWEET IDIOCY, tells how he sat on the toilet one night with a book by an author unfamiliar to him, H. P. Lovecraft. He finished the book at 5 in the morning, arose from the toilet and fell flat on his face. In later years, in Fapa, he claimed to have caught fandom from a toilet seat. Or on second thought perhaps it was Charles Burbee who claimed it for him on his behalf. I'm not really sure, now that I think of it. But undoubtedly Somebody Out There knows. (Probably Norm Clarke.))*

Vonda: passed all the finals, and I hope you did the same; perhaps there is really something to this method of study we have going. I read a JDMcD book to, at, and from work the other day, called EDGE OF NIGHT, and one of the people mentioned in passing was Theodore Sturgeon...makes up for the Travis McGee books. And I settled the problem with the Doubleday people by sending a polite, restrained, neat, and concise letter--addressed to The Person Who Reads The Computer Its Mail. It must have caught some secretary's fancy, because I not only got all the books I had ordered, and a credit for all the money I had paid, and an up-to-date billing card that for once balanced; I also got a personal letter of apology from a human. Sense of Wonder blossomed anew.

Peace,

Richard Labonte

(I used to buy TV Guide to read while standing in grocery store lines. Then I did a really stupid thing. I subscribed to it. Now I no longer have it to read standing in line; it comes in the mail, somewhat beaten up; and it arrives at our house two or three days after it's at the grocery store. Never again! #Congratulations on out-fowing the computer.)

THE REST OF THE LETTERS WERE ALL RECEIVED (& WRITTEN) FOLLOWING TV WEEKEND.

Dear CRYpeople;

25847 Viana Ave., Lomita, Calif. 90717

What a glorious weekend! I'm still watching the final hours of the Apollo

11; they're scheduled to lift off from the moon in less than an hour. Now this is High Adventure in the Grand Old Manner! We do indeed live in interesting times, like the Chinese curse sez. There are no words which describe a feeling like this; actually watching the first men on the moon gathering samples, hanging out the flag, and placing experiments around.

I've been watching the coverage on ABC (sticking up for the underdog or something) and they've been doing a remarkable job. One thing of interest was a panel discussion by Rod Serling, Fred Pohl, J. J. Pierce (?), and Isaac Asimov on the impact of the moon landing on science fiction. Wish I'd had the presence of mind to tape it. Anyway, all agreed that space travel stories, especially first voyage to the moon/planets, have suffered a severe blow. But there was no gloom that "reality has caught up with science fiction," as I've heard some commentators state. All agreed there are many frontiers for the enterprising writer.

I'm behind on my reading, it seems. Everybody is plugging NAKED APE and several others which I've picked up lately but haven't read yet. Ah well, now it's my turn. An interesting Ralph Nader approach to the Apollo program is Eric Bergaust's MURDER ON PAD 34. He offers a succinct but extremely negative history of our space program up to 1967, concentrating more on what went wrong rather than the successes. Then he goes into gory detail on the fire which killed Grissom, White, and Chaffee with a "see, I told you so" air. He makes many interesting points about safety, reliability and so forth, but the book is entirely unsatisfactory to me. Bergaust is more to be pitied than scorned (to coin a phrase); he obviously has no poetry in his soul. It's an interesting book to get mad by, though.

I wanna go back to 181 a minute and pick up a comment or two from Haldeman's article on Kurt Vonnegut. I'm not at all convinced that he's a real writer; he certainly is not a science fiction writer. I've read some of his stuff, most of which is pure unadulterated mimicry. He's typical of the mainstream author who seizes on an sf theme to make his moral point. His ideas on science are incredibly naive. If you invent something that is harmful, suppress the invention, huh? Ever hear of the Principle of Simultaneity? In plain language, it says; just what the hell you mean assuming you are the only feller working a particular problem...if you don't discover it, then he will. Why do you think we've had so many joint Nobel prizes of late, Kurt? Incidentally, if you followed this line of reasoning to its conclusion, then we should have suppressed the invention of the internal combustion engine. Lookit all the people who get killed every year in auto accidents, who get cut up by powered lawn mowers, and who (until jets) get killed in plane crashes. Jets kill people too, but that's a special kind of internal combustion engine. Don't forget smog. I can't. Such an argument says that much of current technology should be suppressed because it's harmful to someone. Bull.

While I'm off on my high dudgeon, let me throw out a political rock or two. Will someone please explain to me, in words of one syllable or less, how an anti-ballistic missile can be an offensive weapon? Specifically, how is it offensive for US but defensive for USSR? *(I would be happy to explain it to you if I understood it myself, but this is one of the little mysteries which has always eluded me).*

Vonda's article on the boob tube situation is interesting. "pre-views" with a real vengeance. What the heck has happened to the on-off switch? I thought most TVs were still equipped with them. That would solve the problem neatly. But... To extend Vonda's argument a bit, why not develop a very specialized code and use it in place of titles. For example, BEWITCHED could be used as B rated Entertainment dealing with Witchcraft In The Common Household for the Education-

ally Deprived. Wow! The possibilities are endless. LANCER --Lousy Action intended for Non Compos and Emotionally Retarded. Hey this is fun. Suggestions?

Let's extend the same thing Vonda discussed to commercials. Why not rate them as well. There are certainly some dogs on, these days. Wish I had a nickel for every boob husband, smart wife detergent ad I'd seen. Rate them as HE; harmful to the ego of the male. Or the Virginia Slims ad (You've come a long way, baby); at least a DMR; damaging to marital relations.

Go Apollo!

Jim Pearson

(My most hated commercial is the Silva Thin, that shows the rather rarefied young man spurning the eager young woman. My favorite commercial--I haven't seen it lately--is the prune one--"Today the pits, tomorrow the wrinkles!" Wouldn't know how to rate them, though. Perhaps the pitted prune commercial could be rated PP, for positive pleasure.)

JANE GETS "A" AFTER ALL

1219 Homeview Drive, Louisville, Ky.

Dear CRY,

40215

With your permission, I have a few messages to send:

Dear Beth Moore,

CRY IS. So what if strawberry jam makes it run? What about the ramidar?

Dear Phil Haldeman,

Try Philip. With a middle initial. *(But Jane! He drives a SPORTS CAR!)*

Back at the ranch.

Elinor, I agree that Linda Thorson looked nice in that 1910 outfit, but what about the "plotline"? And bad scripts aside, the girl can't act. Or doesn't. Her interpretation of Tara King has all the charm and vitality of an animated Maybelline ad, an impression reinforced by the fact that she looks like a Maybelline ad. How do you feel about Tara, Elinor, not that Mrs. Peel is back? *(Sad. I'm glad to see dear Emma back, but I miss Tara. I thought she had lots of charm and vitality.)*

Thanx for the hugs and all that, Rob Williams. Dear Mr. Hayden gave me an A after all, so I must have done something right. And since someone asked, the only reason I was so takenaback was that the old Herbert had seemed so reasonable and all and who would've guessed he'd be such a (CENSORED) especially after all the sensible things he said about angry young poets in college (who are usually incomprehensible) and after all the modern-type keep-up-with-the-kids bull he swore he grooved to. Feh!

I picked up a book the other day called the SomethingorOther Score and read the first sentence. Parker, it was about. Aghast, I looked at the cover again. Parker. Score. It hit me that this had something to do with that Parker Pen thing. I read on. I read the whole first page. Parker went through approximately half a dozen women in the first two paragraphs. And he was as confused about who they were as I was. You know something, Buz? You ought to be ashamed. Just because you're a slant doesn't give you the right to plagiarize people's material just because they haven't written it down yet. Mind-reading (or dredging, as the case may be) is hardly the cricket thing to pull on poor average mortals. Aside from that, you ought to know that you don't satirize a thing by doing a verbatim imitation of it. The fact that I loved the Parker Pen Score is insignificant if not totally irrelevant. Or is it?

Speaking of catnip, we once had a cat whose dinner we'd forgotten to leave out over a weekend vacation, so that when we got back the poor ol' thing was starving. About then, my sister knocked over an innocent lil box of catnip which Cat proceeded to devour in humongous gulps. Within eyeblinks, he was racing around the house like a deflating balloon (no, this is not going to be one of those ran-out-of-gas jokes). Aghast, we threw open the basement door and persuaded kitty to consider going downstairs. Cat built up speed, zipped from the

living room, rounded the corner in the kitchen (skittering madly across the linoleum), right-angled around the last corner, and GRUNDGED! smackdab into the basement door. He'd forgotten that last vital left-turn. We peeled him off, hastily pitched him down the stairs, slammed the door, and waited for it to wear off. Cats are great.

According to TV Guide, violence is defined as number of persons killed or injured. Degree of violence is determined by whodunit, and by who he dun it to. I got to thinking about The Immunity Syndrome (Star Trek) wherein an entire star system and a starship are depopulated by this amoeba-like thing. Even if one discounts the star system because it was wiped out before airtime, the violence-count for this particular episode is, well, here it is:

Four hundred non-white-non-Americans (the crew of the Vulcan starship) were killed by one non-white-non-American (the amoeba) who was in turn killed by a half-white-American/half-non-white-non-American principal character (Spock). I ask you.

And by the way, what kind of violence was it when the M-5 computer committed suicide after wiping out the crews of two starships?

Oh yes. I forgot to mention that in neither case was the culprit given a court trial.

Speaking of gafiating, how did those Apollo 11 guys strike you? They got me right in the Ol Sense of Wonder. Broken-field running on the moon. Kicking up dust that hasn't been disturbed in eons. Live TV from 250,000 miles away. Leaping up the ascent ladder. "We came in peace for all mankind." Walter Cronkite whispering, "O boy. O boy." Buzz Aldrin turning around to change the TV lens and there in his helmet, reflected for just a few moments, was the Earth suspended over the horizon. I could cry.

Prosper,

Jane Peyton

(Me too.)

BETH SAVES THE BEST FOR LAST
Salutations, CRYfolk,

804 Denmark Street, Louisville, Ky.
40215

THE MINUTELESS ONES was a thing of fascination, indeed; Wally, your style and wit are priceless. Reading this only makes me wish that we had some sort of regular fannish get-together here, but how do we find fellow-fans, short of running an ad in the newspaper, which scratches selectivity and can get decidedly hairy? (*Nameless has an open membership, and so do most SF clubs. It has worked out pretty well, particularly in recent years.*)

After scanning Roy Tackett's column, I discovered that my mother has a copy of CHILDHOOD'S END. (*So you're a second generation fan, are you? Well--that's three members that you've got right there. You and your mother and Jane.*) And I never would have tackled it without Roy's article...by the way, has anyone read CITY, by Clifford D. Simak, paperback copyrighted in 1952? (*Yes. It's one of the SF classics*). I found it at a secondhand bookstore the other day; one of the first things that caught my attention was the price. Did you know that in 1952 a 255 page paperback cost 35¢? Look at paperback prices today--where is it all headed? I shudder to think. (*In 1942 paperbacks cost 25¢, and a generation or so before I was born there was the dime novel. However, 25¢ was more money in 1942 than 35¢ in 1952, or than 60¢, or even \$1.25, in 1969. Paperbacks are actually getting cheaper, not more expensive, unless one is living on a fixed income.*)

We're getting 'way-back-when reruns of THE AVENGERS here now. (*I think they are all from two years back.*) It's certainly refreshing to have Emma Peel back again. And Steed is Steed, unmarred by Tara's influence (did you notice that when Tara joined the series Steed suddenly turned up several times in a wild-print

aloha shirt? That had us climbing the walls. (*Very good exercise.*)

And now we come to the Apollo 11 flight, which I've been saving till last. First, I want to praise the coverage provided by CBS, which was in my opinion the best. Cronkite was on top of it all, and it was obvious just how much the whole thing meant to him. His enthusiasm was beautiful! And the discussions with qualified technicians, astronauts, and Arthur C. Clarke provided detailed explanations and dialogue that kept the viewer informed and fascinated. Also, the mock-ups and simulations were exquisitely well-done, and spare time was filled with better documentary bits than I've seen in a long time.

ABC carried some good special documentary bits and specials too. I didn't think much of NBC's coverage; it was frequently interspersed with long, awkward silences and lags broken only by repetitious, trite comments. During the long wait for the lunar pair to depressurize their LM and get out, we checked NBC to see what they were doing and found them doing such things as talking through Armstrong's broadcasts and explaining that the terms "Eagle", "Columbia" and "Tranquillity Base" were the "codenames" for the LM, CM, and landing site, respectively. As if anyone watching could possibly be unaware of this at that time...

The final 40 minutes between the first announcement of cabin depressurization and the final emergence of Armstrong were the most suspensefully nerve-wracking that I've ever spent. And as for the walk itself--it was the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

I want to go to the moon.

Peace,

Beth Moore

(I guess we all do. I wonder if any of us will actually make it? I wouldn't be a bit surprised.)

BERNIE GOES TO A PARTY

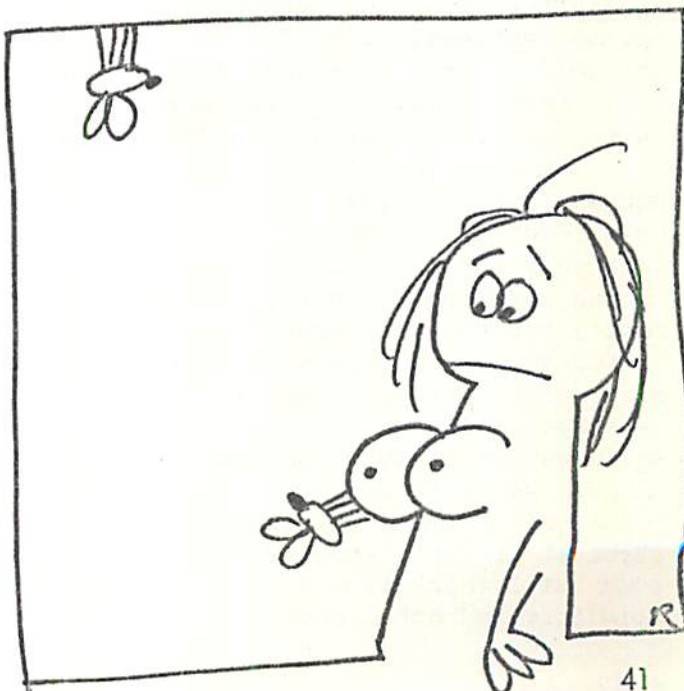
Dear Elinor and assorted CRYers,

Did the Nameless hold a Moon Landing party? I imagine there were many fan-nish gatherings throughout the nation. I know of two here in L.A.. There was a big LASFS affair at the Trimbles' with all kinds of drinks & refreshments furnished by Earl Thompson. I attended the other party...the Mythopoeic Society's Moon Walk party. Before we get into party details may I backtrack a bit to give my impressions of the Apollo mission?

On the 17th the color telecast from Apollo really floored me. I've recently purchased a color set--an RCA portable--and I've learned that color quality can be quite unsatisfactory depending on reception or type of film transmitted. But this transmission from out in space was actually better than some shows or commercials! I was amazed when they zeroed in on the Apollo emblem of one of the astronauts. I could see the eagle and read the lettering but Mission Control was complaining (tongue-in-cheek, no doubt) that they couldn't quite make out the olive branch!

On the 18th, during another Apollo telecast, the lights in the tunnel between the command module shown as brightly as Christmas tree lights. Was I wrong or did I really see brilliant sunlight through the

1775 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.
90028



portholes of the LEM? It reminded me of a description of the sunlight shining into the spacecraft in C. S. Lewis' *OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET*. (*I too was reminded, Bernie.*)

Sunday morning, before going to church, I watched briefly while Arthur C. Clarke and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. were on CBS. Clarke was quite appropriate to the occasion but who's responsible for inviting Vonnegut? At a time when everyone was concerned about the success of Apollo who cared whether Vonnegut would rather be known as a "novelist" instead of as a science fiction writer? I think he managed to make an ass of himself. I'm sorry I missed Heinlein. Did anyone see Asimov...and where was Bradbury?

The countdown for the Moon Landing was the most suspenseful event of the day. I was on the edge of my seat while the seconds ticked away and the only thing I could think of was "Wow! It's really happening!" The Space Age really came to life for me when the astronaut's voice came back from Tranquillity Base!

The party was held at the home of Christopher Barczack, a beautiful house. We arrived shortly before 6 o'clock only to find out that the actual walk was more than an hour away. We sat through almost two solid hours of SIMULATION on CBS and NBC. While I had appreciated the animated simulation during the landing the constant pictures of the mock LEM and the two guys in New Jersey wearing astronaut suits (and turning each other on, as someone said) drove me up the walls! I would rather have seen a non-simulated Walter Cronkite. We ended up trading SIMULATION jokes based on Laugh-In. (Dirty Old Man to Gladys: "Heh... heh...heh...You wanna simulate?" POW!) When they opened the hatch on the mock LEM I thought for one terrifying instant that they were going to simulate the whole thing! It certainly was a relief when the live transmission finally started.

Regardless of how hazy it was, the transmission was much more than I had expected. I mean...we could actually see those guys moving up there! Someone at the party said it looked like a poor quality sf film...but this was for real! When Armstrong disappeared to the right of the screen and then came bounding back the sunlight hit his suit and transformed him into a brilliant apparition. Everyone around me gasped. As for the rest of the Moon Walk...how can you adequately describe your reactions to one of Mankind's greatest moments? I will say, however, that I really enjoyed Aldrin trying out variations on lunar walking.

After the first, and most important phase of the Moon Walk our crowd became restless. Dick Schultz and Mike Glicksohn came in from the LASFS party and told me that fans weren't glued to the TV there either. Since most Mythopoeic members are still teenagers the rest of the party degenerated into silly horseplay...a rather undignified way to end such a momentous evening.

Any room left for very brief comments on Westercon? First, it was a good con and I got to talk to almost everyone I wanted to but it wasn't as exciting or as exotic as Baycon. Second, although the display area was not as good as last year the Art Show had some excellent art in it and our Mythopoeic Exhibit looked very good. Third, the Fashion Show was a dismal flop (except for the music) but the Masquerade was a success. It compared favorably to the one at Westercon XX and Baycon and surpassed the one at Funcon. Fourth, I missed quite a bit of the program panels but what I did see was livened up by Harlan. Fifth... is a good thing to have at parties...and there were plenty of them scattered up and down the Miramar but they weren't too wild. For the first time I gave a party...well, it was more of an informal get-together...and Elinor and Buz managed to be out of the hotel that night. For shame! (*Sob!*) Next year...Santa Barbara! I don't know if it will be a step forward or a step backward for Westercons but I think it may end up being a step sideways. A combination campus dormitory and hotel should be a unique location for a con.

Live Long & Prosper!

Bernie Zuber

(There was a party at Broxons' houseboat. Fine affair. Started at 8 o'clock Saturday evening and ended at 10 o'clock Sunday night. Buz and I bugged out at midnight Saturday and watched tv by ourselves on Sunday. Party was buffet, dignified by world globe and, suitable distance away, moon of green cheese adorned with LM and astronauts. (Writing style temporarily affected by recent re-reading of MOON IS HARSH MISTRESS). #Yeah, Santa Barbara should be interesting. We view with alarm hotel sans bar, with temporary bar set up for convention. Sounds crummy. Sounds like standup bar, open only when it doesn't conflict with program items. Curses! No place to meet one's friends! Oh well. We'll live through it).

BETTY CRY WITH JOY

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,
Indiana

Dear Elinor and CRY:

How'm I gonna say something Profound about what just happened? The Most Important Event in the history of All Mankind...I can tell a little of what I felt....anxiety, tension up through Sunday noon...after over thirty years of waiting, this was The Day. Kept assuring myself that this was what God had in mind...the point of our evolving, then I took another Librium and went back to gnawing knuckles.

When the touchdown came (those last 10 feet were the longest in history) after the relief, and the tears, what I personally felt was humility-plus-gratitude...gratitude, of course, that I was alive and here to see it. And then came joy over what Man had done...not America, not American men....mankind all mankind of this planet.

Do you realize that less than ten years ago we started our race to the Moon? Do you realize that powered flight has only been here for sixty-six years??

Well, it has come to pass..and we have seen it.

Cover Picture...for a minute there I thought somehow you acquired a baby-photograph of Dennis Lien...by the way, I have been Elevated...I am now The Dennis Lien fan-club, all of it..and if you think it is a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a fan...hoooo, you dunno what loneliness is!

I am delighted with Wally's stroll down memory lane. It is so good to see Minutes by Whatshisname once again. Ghod's in his Heaven and all right with/in Seattle...Wally is doing minutes, and un-minutes again. Gene is Sec-Treas of 3 organizations right now. He found Wally's Creations inspiring, breathtaking, and unspeakable.

Tackett's column brings to mind how similar were some of the stf-movie extracts shown on CBS tv and narrated by Orson Welles to the real moon walk! The picture-taking by the First Men...in DESTINATION MOON the speech (claiming it in peace for All Mankind) was so close to the real one that I now wonder if the speechwriter might be a Heinlein fan? Arthur C. Clarke even mentioned that right after it was shown.

Vonda...you like most of us are in error, doll, by assuming that Cernan's exclamation of 'son of a BITCH' was in any way obscene. We all must remember that Snoopy's mother was indeed a mommy-dog, and therefore a bitch. He merely called Snoopy what Snoopy was/is, right?

As for 'A--arousing programs'..any of you girl-watchers been eye-tracking the new COPPERTONE series of commercials? Talk about a suggestive and sexy subliminal shot at the end of each! Jus' peachy! The 'end' in more ways than one...

Phil Haldeman's article on appropriate names brings to mind Steve Allen's ideas on same some years ago. He was suggesting real jazzy names for new men-stars-----Glen Plaid, Race Riot, and Stark Naked.

A Harvard lawyer friend of mine was chatting with me about names of sex stars of today...pointing out that with a name like Christopher Plummer the guy

couldn't miss....and that the Ultimate name of names, said he, was....

Peter O'Toole.

Yeh, it sure is.

Agree with you, Elinor, in your comments to Our Misha on Culp and his idea of plots for I SPY, new creative ideas he didn't have. I caught The Galloping Gourmet for only the last half of one program--the one where one skillet burst into flames, while mine host went merrily along doing something else...alongside this veritable Pillar of Fire. The audience and crew were in a panic but not Whoosis. Gene said if I EVER turn THAT guy on again when he is in the room, I will be turned out. Kuj isn't too taken, I gather, by gushing Aussies. Countless food freaks have been urging me to just take a look at one of his shows...having no urge to cook, him I think I can do without...perhaps he grows on ya... *(As the old saying goes, if he grew on me I'd amputate. However I saw him under adverse circumstances--I was home sick with a hangover and Food did Not Appeal).*

Mike McQuown now has an agent who is none other than the widow of Conrad Veidt??? Oh boy! How I adored that man! Mike, I wish you would tell her that there is an 18 yr. old now living in Toronto who is named after her late husband.. Dorothy Dawes Benedict named her first-born son after Conrad Veidt... Ah, he was a joy to watch.

BUG JACK BARRON...John Pierce, ghod love you, you said it all and far better than I could have. I agree, I agree. Had to keep forcing myself to continue on reading the thing...indeed Spinrad needs a roto-rooter for his stream of consciousness, perfectly put, John!

I am also in agreement with Geo. Fergus...I too would like to see dying-Ben Gazzara back on the tube Running For His Life. Well, at least The Prisoner is on again.

Congratulations and all good wishes to The Blushing Bridegroom, Denny Lien. Myyyy and it seems like Only Yesterday that little Denny was toddling around teething on olde CRYzines.

Dennis, have a newish friend just starting to teach high school English in Cincy...she had her class read Bradbury and Shirley Jackson (THE LOTTERY) and kids who had never cracked a book voluntarily before were showing up at the school library asking for more ofboth. Every little bit sure helps.

I cannot agree with Harry Warner as to keeping the dullards, etc., in school.. neither you nor he saw the obvious, Elinor. That being that the rest of the class pays for it...in one way or another this custom helps drag the class and the lessons down to that lowest common denominator. The good of the majority still rules, in my books--I cannot see keeping such types in class at the expense of the good ones...that is not fair, either. We have simply GOT to utilize and/or teach and try to get the talented bright ones to fulfill their potential. We can't afford not to. Far bettah the dullards are o-u-t or over doing somesuch in Shop classes, for instance, than slowing down or, lousing up the teaching of the Kids Who've Got It.

All my life in school I saw this carrying over of kids (until college). Believe me it didn't help them nor the rest. Higher the high-school grade the more obvious became the rift and the animosity on both sides of the gap...Don't let's saddle even more generations with that load.

Pause here while I get a fit of giggles over Mae's referring to Ravishing Rob Williams as a pining-virgin, yet. Rob is a pining virgin about as much as I am Pope Paul----and now I'm never gonna be able to think of Robbie without thinking of a pining-virgin, hoooooboy! Rob's next CRYletter should be a dilly!

Like you, Elinor, I was certainly turned on by this letter of Mae's...we should all sound half that happy and full of the wonder of our world and everything in or on it, amen.

May Whoever-she-is bless you and bless Vadim, Mae. Keep us posted as to what's going to happen next.

Vonda's letter boosting the Dick Cavett Show I must second heartily. There have been so many *extra good* ones that I'd hate to choose the best. Surely the night the two kampus-kids (left and right, natch) were verbally fencing was a joy...the one with the stage containing Jane Fonda, Tom Jones and Joe Namath (who really deserves a gift sub to CRY after all the CRYing he did last month) was great fun. Cavett showed a film compiling of The Great Moments in the Namath Career....Joe missing footing and sliding on face, Joe missing the ball, Joe dropping the ball, and then the shattering climax: the opening scenes of HEIDI...we were limp with laughter.

Peace,

Betty Kujawa

(Librium is great stuff, isn't it? This column is being done with its aid, and it's gone easier and faster than any lettercol I've ever typed. #Glen Campbell is not too unlike Glen Plaid, right? #We watched Dick Cavett on the Joe Namath night. That was pretty great, all right. I think I'd watch Dick Cavett and David Frost regularly if I had the time.)

ANN RUTLEDGE COMMENTS ON 181

3836 49th SW, Seattle, Wash. 98116

Dear Elinor,

A few points brought up in #181 regarding the Underground article should be clarified. First of all, it was not an April Fool's joke, Mr. Warner. (*Ann, that's Harry*). I hadn't been around long enough to know that CRY would lower itself to celebrate a mundane occasion in such a manner. Alfred Hitchcock probably hasn't used the area in any of his stories because it has just been brought to the public's attention within the past four years. Bill Speidel decided that something historical in Seattle should be saved and the Underground was one of the few areas left dating back that far so he started cleaning it up. Being a PR type he managed to get the project to snowball into a nationally known "point of interest."

Yes, Mr. Raeburn (*please call him Boyd*), there is more than one room to the Underground. The total area of the regular tour is about one block. After seeing the area under the hotel, the bank vault, and the store fronts, however, the dark passages begin to look alike. It's well worth one visit, even if only to experience total silence, but the greatest possibilities for exploitation lie in one's own imagination.

"Destroyer of illusions." Sorry about that. Let me try to reconstruct the scene so that I can get off of Mr. Tackett's (*Roy's*) black list. The city of Seattle itself was founded on the mudflats. The first settlers landed at Alki Point, across the harbor from the city site, and that area was forested similarly to that depicted on "Brides." Many parts of Seattle were as shown on "Brides"--densely wooded, etc., but not the city itself. Schmitz Park in West Seattle is still much that way today. The blame for the mix-up should go to the writers of "Here Comes the Brides." They have taken quite a bit of literary license in changing sites and names around (I have no documented proof, Mr. Glicksohn (*There you go again! That's Mike!*)), however according to a local television columnist and my own observations, Stemple is based on Yesler) and even the theme song at the beginning is erroneous. There are very few "pine trees in the air." The native vegetation is more like lowland hemlock, cedar, and Douglas fir (plus a myriad of deciduous trees and shrubs). A few pines can be found, but it's not worth glorifying in song. Seattle was also more prosperous at the time "Brides" is supposed to take place than shown on the show. Mr. McQuown (*It's actually another Mike, you know*), I hadn't realized there were any more "hidden cities" in the U.S. Do you happen to know what the basis for the underground in

Atlanta is?

Now that I seem to have gotten to CRY 182, I have to disagree with Vonda regarding television writing. There is a difference in visualization and setting up of shots (this is not within the realm of "overdirecting") that some print-oriented writers find hard to adjust to. Also, print oriented writers frequently write in large quantities of props and sets that are perfectly reasonable in novels, but when these things have to be reconstructed as sets it's often difficult to convince the writer that the cost isn't worth it. This, of course, does not apply to all novel writers. And I would also agree that it's easier to teach a s-f writer to write for television than a television writer to turn out decent s-f.

Names. Hmmm. Adrien Spectra's is an exotic name, but the name Phil Haldeman (PHIL! How does he rate? Let's have a little democracy around here. If you're going to call everybody else by their last names, it's Mr. Haldeman to you, kid.) isn't as bad as you try to make it sound. At least you don't have the disadvantage of being named after someone everyone hears about in his history and English classes. Whenever I'm introduced, the standard comments range from: "How's Abe Lincoln?" or "Haven't I heard that name before?" or "I bet you hear a lot of comment about your name." People tend to remember the name but this is a great disadvantage when I get the "want to hide in a crack in the wall" feeling.

Kuonoono,

Ann Rutledge

(Ann, I had a HARD time remembering your name. For the first six months I knew you I invariably referred to you as Ann Rutherford. Then Buz would say "Not Rutherford, RUTLEDGE, you idiot!" And I would say "Yeah, that's right. RUTLEDGE. I don't know why I can't remember that." But now I finally do. I haven't referred to you as Ann Rutherford for weeks, maybe months.)

&WEALSOHEARDFROM DEPT: VONDA McINTYRE who writes a very interesting letter, but somehow I just can't bring myself to type it. It's too full of bringdowns. I'm just not in the mood. Sorry, ol' buddy. RANDY BYTWERK. Hey, you got in the wrong stack. There'll be a moment's pause for a little more lettercol.

RANDY WATCHED TV

717 Collindale NW, Grand Rapids, Mich.
49504

Dear Elinor,

Well, we're there. After watching 20 hrs of television in the past two days, there isn't much new I can say, it seems to have all been said. But, the moon is ours. I don't think I've ever read a story where man's first step on the moon was seen by 500 million people, but everything else was old and familiar. The astronauts bounded about, the tv pictures looked like old pulp illustrations, and all the great old authors spoke. Why, it was almost like a con. The CBScon, first televised science fiction convention. Heinlein, Vonnegut, Clarke, Bradbury and probably a few I missed were all there. The old movies were shown to the entire world.

So here I sit, looking at CRY 182, wondering if I can think of anything but the moon. I can try, I guess. (Why bother? I'm getting tired of typing anyhow).

Randy Bytwerk

P.S. I just tuned in Radio Peking on my short wave set for the evening news. The lead item was a report that a certain province in North China had increased industrial production 36% in the first quarter. No mention of Apollo. Sad. (It certainly is, Randy)

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WEALSOHEARDFROM DEPT: We got nice letters from BOB VARDEMAN and MARTY HELGESEN. I'm holding them over for next issue. Too long to print this time. I'll just stick them in the Cry Hack Rack Vonda gave me right now before I have a chance to lose them. --Done! We got some cartoons from WILLIAM ROTSLER, for which many thanks. PVT. JACK WEST says "The picture of Rosemary's Baby by Toni Gourd on the cover really blew my mind. I turned my buddies onto it and they agreed that it was out of sight. Those eyes are really groovy. I really dug it." He also advises students not to drop out of high school. He says being in the army is even worse. JEFF SOYER sends 25¢ for a sample issue of CRY. I have no idea what Vera's policy is in these matters. Ah, it's her problem thank God. ED MESKYS gave me \$1 and an illegible note at the convention. I'll bet Vera can decipher it. I have faith in that woman. ART WILSON subbed, and so did MICHAEL SULLIVAN. AL ANDREWS sent a contribution-- I can't evaluate it. It's in handwriting, and in handwriting it's very hard to get the picture, somehow. You have to be able to see something at a glance to know whether it's any good or not. WALKER AND COMPANY would like to consider advertising in our magazine. Nope, we can't be bothered with dull things like money. Somebody else from WALKER AND COMPANY wants to swap books for a sub to CRY--with the understanding, of course, that we review the books. That's more like it! Especially since they seem to have published some awfully good books in the past: well, I guess I won't list them after all. THE WHOLE MAN--gee, I haven't read that for ages. Or BRAIN WAVE. I'd like to re-read DRAGON-FLIGHT, too. Wow. Vera, I guess we ought to send these people CRY, don't you think? We'll worry about who gets to do the reviewing and keep the review copies some other time. Somebody called THE POETRY DAY COMMITTEE sends 25¢ for a copy of CRY. JOE ZALABAK asks for a sample copy of CRY. At least he doesn't embarrass us by sending us 25¢. We can ignore him without a qualm. Well, I can. I can't vouch for Wally and Vera. JANE PEYTON sends some little pictures. We also got a short letter from somebody named Ed who lives in Stamford, Conn., and thinks we ought to watch David Frost. (We WOULD if we had the time). ED? Stamford, Connecticut? Neal Goldfarb lives in Stamford, Conn., but his name isn't usually Ed. It's undoubtedly some dear ol' buddy and I'll shoot myself when I realize who it is. Oh, and BILL McHARG wanted to know if we were still in business. He sent a stamped self addressed envelope, so I told him yes. And that's all for this month, gang. The rest of this page can be decorated by Wally or Toni Gourd or Paul Stanbery or whoever happens to be feeling creative. It's out of my hands, thank God!

I'll Never Forget Whassis Name?

HAGERSTOWN, Md. (AP) — Reporters from the Hagerstown Morning Herald conducted a man-in-the-street interview Monday and discovered that only 53 of 100 persons queried could identify Neil Armstrong as the first man to walk on the moon.

The number who could identify Buzz Aldrin as the second moon-walker in history was less impressive: 15 of 100.



Today in TNT

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HARRY

WARNER I

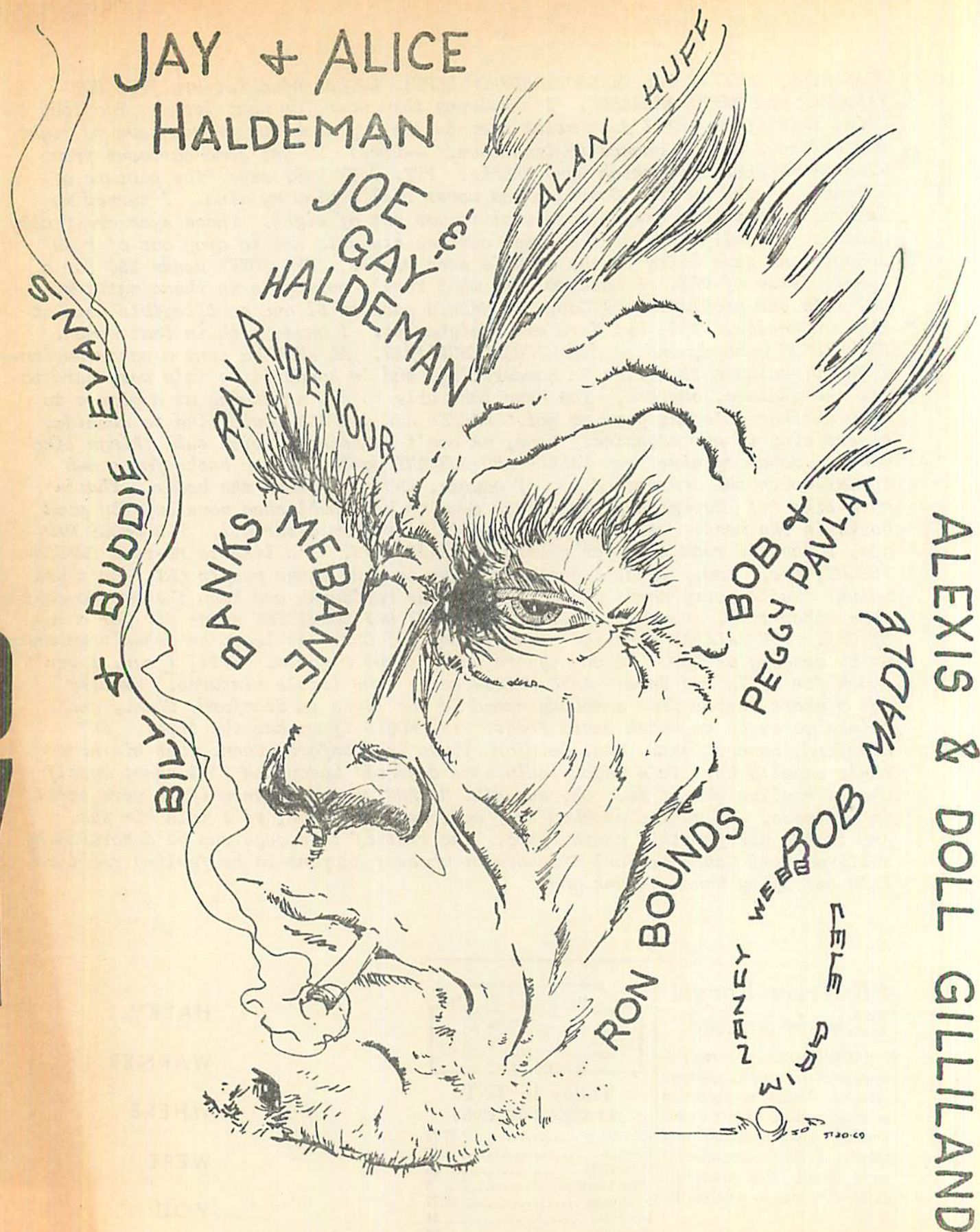
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1971



WASHINGTON D.C.



TAFF Progress Report-12

Published in the interests of the Trans Atlantic Fan Fund by Steve Stiles, 427 57th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A. 11220, and Thomas Schluck, 3 Hannover, Georgswall 5, Germany. Mimeography courtesy Charlie and Marsha Brown. June, 1969.

With the highest voting turn-out in six years, Eddie Jones won on the first ballot and will represent British and European fandom at 1969's world convention in St. Louis.

Here's the voting break-down:

	<u>Eddie Jones</u>	<u>Bob Shaw</u>	<u>Hold Over Funds</u>
EUROPEAN VOTES:	-49-	-19-	-1-
U.S. VOTES:	-55-	-70-	-2-
GRAND TOTAL:	*104*	*89*	*3*

That adds up to the mind-boggling total of 196. There was a two point difference between my total and the one just released by Tom; two more votes arrived special delivery at my parents' place after I thought I had collected the final tally, and I didn't learn of this until after I had sent Tom my first tally. Oh well.

Thanks to the contributions of the New England Science Fiction Association, ESFA, Bob Bloch, John Benson, and the contributions accompanying votes, the TAFF treasury now stands as follows:

American: \$732.76

European: \$259.00

\$991.76

The following people voted in the election: Gillian T. Adams, Hans-Joachim Alpers, Dan Alderson, John Andrews, Lief Anderson, Fred W. Arnold, John Ayotti, Thea Molly Auler, George Barr, M.D. Barrett, Ed Baker, Martha Beck, Ron Bennett, Richard Bergeron, John D. Berry, Dainis Bisenicks, Don Blyly, John Boardman, A.G. Boak, Jean Bogert, Bill Bowers, Mario Bosnyak, Bob Briney, C.W. Brooks, Charlie Brown, Marsha Brown, Colleen Brown, rich brown, G. Buchanan, Ken Bulmer, Pamela Bulmer, Brian Burley, Bill Burns, Elinor Busby, F.M. Busby, Stanford Burns, Thomas W. Bulmer, Joane Burger, Donna S. Breed, John Ramsey Campbell, Carol Carr, Terry Carr, E.J. Carnell, Jack Chalker, Lawrence Chinth, Stephen R. Compton, Leigh Couch, Michiel Couch, N. Christopher Couch, Norbert Couch, George Charters, Paul Crawford, Gian Paolo Cossato, Alex Eisenstein, Phyllis Eisenstein, Diane Ellingsworth, Richard Ellingsworth, Shiela Elkin, Dick Eney, Franz Ettl, Ursula Ernsting, Walter Ernsting, Linda Eyster, Joyce Fisher, Ray Fisher, George Foster, Don Fitch, Richard Geis, Don Franson, Keith Freeman, Wendy Freeman, Adolf Fritsch, Leslie Gerber, John Gill, Alexis A. Gilliland, Barry Gold, Paul Galvin, Dean Grennell, Roberta Gray, James Groves, Marty Helgesen, Frank Herbert, Paul G. Herkart, Lee Hoffman, Fred Hollander, Dave Hulan, Arnie Katz, Jerry Kaufman, Dwain Kaiser, Ben Keifen, Lee Klingstein, Cathy Konigsherg, Dave Kyle, Ruth Kyle, Betty Kujawa, Terry Jeeves, Karl Jungbauer, Willi Kessler, Waldemar Kunning, Rudyder Hagopian, Richard Labonte, Anthony Lewis, Fr d Lerner, Wm. Linden, Ethel Lindsay, Hank Luttrell, Robert A. Madle, David Malone, Mark Mandel, Bill Mallardi, Ian McAuley, J.A. McCallum, Joyce P. McDaniel, Banks Mebane, Ed Meskys, Ted Johnstone, G. Missiaja, Lore Matthaey, Peter Mabey, Hans Werner Heinrichs, Jean Moggoch, J. Newman Fred Norwood, Al H. Morrison, R. Milaler, M. Nuttall, Stan Nuttall, Eduard Lukschandl, Jacqueline H. Osterrath, John Owen, Alexei Panshin, Fred Patten, Ella Parker, Chuck Partington, Ernst-August Poesse, Winfried Petri, W. Darroll Pardoe, Boh Pavlot, Peggy Rae Pavlot, Bruce Pelz, Frank R. Pietro Jr., Andy Porter, Walter Reinecke, Franz Rottensteiner, J. Michael Rosenblum, Phil Rogers, Ken Rudolph, Dieter Sachse, Dick Schultz, Alan Shaw, Elliot Shorter, Ina Shorrock, Janet Shorrock, Norman Shorrock, Roy Shorrock, Bob Shaw, Bob Silverberg, Beresford Smith, Rick Sneary, Ben Solan, Dieter Steinseifer, Steve Stiles, Hunert Strassl, Sarah Shaw, John Stopa, Joni Stopa, Debra Stopa, Arthur Thomson, Bjo Trimble, Wolfgang Thadewald, Harry Warner, George H. Wells, Pete Weston, James White, Jon White, Peggy White, Robin White, Ted White, Madeleine Willis, Walt Willis, Don Wollheim, Elizabeth Wollheim, Elsie Wollheim, John Trimble, Cindy Van Arnam, Roger Zelazny, Elaine Wojchichowski, Edward Worl.

Well, that's roughly in alphabetical order. Our thanks to the hard working vote counters of this election --Arnie Katz, rich & Colleen brown, Wolfgang Thadewald, and Thomas Komischke. Special thanks & appreciation go to Ethel Lindsey, who donated much of her time to handle British finances.

Eddie Jones is currently making plans for his TAFF trip. Letters of congratulation, suggestions, advice, hosting offers, etc., may be sent to Eddie at 72 Antonio Street, Bootle 20, Lancashire, England.

-)(-

"The Squirrel's Tale", Ron Ellick's Report is now available from Bruce Pelz, at \$1.00 plus 25¢ postage. Bruce's address is Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California. # My own report, "Harrison Country", is being serialized in Quip. The third installment will be out as soon as Arnie get his #*!#! mimeo fixed. Threatening notes may be sent to Arnie at 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, NY.

-)(-

TAFF NOMINATIONS:

This is to announce that TAFF nominations are now open to send a U.S. fan of goodwill & elan to Heidelberg in 1970. Deadline for close of nominations is the end of January.

To be nominated, a candidate must meet the following qualifications:

- (A) He must be nominated by not more or less than five fans --three from the U.S., two from Europe.
- (B) He(or his nominators) must submit a one hundred word nominating platform to be published on the reverse of the TAFF voting ballot.
- (C) A \$5.00 (or £2.) bond of good faith must accompany the nomination, signed by the backers.
- (D) The candidate must sign a statement of willingness to travel to the convention if elected.

-)(-

A FINAL WORD: We administrators are extremely grateful to those of you who have supported TAFF by voting, contributing, mailing out ballots with your fanzines, distributing ballots at your fan clubs, nominating candidates, and being helpful in lots of other ways as well. We are particularly grateful to Charlie & Marsha Brown, Bruce Pelz, and Fred Patten. Everybody keep it up!

-)(-

Fanzine editors are kindly requested to spread the information -election results, nomination details- relayed in this Progress Report.

--Steve Stiles--

