

CRY #185

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Surbiton, Surrey, U.K., will accept UK subs and handle
UK distribution. GOK what her system is, but it works.

Next issue should be out sometime in the month of January, I think.
Or around the first of February. Keep tuned to your
mailbox and you should eventually get it.

Contents this issue run from page 1, the Cover, to page 36, the WAHF
column. Lots of luck finding the stuff in between.

If you like Spiro Agnew, send him a carton of cigarettes for Christmas.
If you really like him, send him two.

Spiro Agnew reads war comics

(courtesy ((??)) of Mildred Broxon)

And Progress, never daunted, Marches On:

Poor Record

It has been estimated that in the 3,465 years since 1200 B.C. there have been only 230 years of peace throughout the civilized world.

JoveCon in 2001 - Bring your own slab

...and Marches On:

Q *How much of the taxpayers' money did the federal government spend this year on those ridiculous research grants? How much was spent, say, 10 years ago?* -- L.B., Boston.

A The U.S. has granted over \$15 billion for research at home and abroad so far this year, compared to \$8 billion in 1960 and \$1 billion in 1949. Some of the studies are facial expressions, the anal temperatures of Alaskan sled dogs, the nervous system of the Chilean squid, the weathering of rocks under tropical conditions and the dental arches of Australian aborigines.

If you don't succeed at first, whine,
whine again

CLASSIFIED: Lost & Found

LOST: Most of a shiny sense of wonder, somewhere between Apollo 11 & Apollo 12. If found, contact VWH c/o CRY.

FOUND: A sense of wonder (ment). For details, contact WWW c/o CRY.

...and On: America the Beautiful - 1969 ff.

O raked with noise, from jet-crossed skies, from solid traffic lanes;
With treeless cities in grey sprawl across cement-choked plains;
America, America, Man wrought his greed on thee,
And hid thy good in polluted soot from sea to oily sea...

Courses that if they aren't should be taught: Public Speaking 173 a study of administrative speechmaking, with special emphasis on finding meaningful data in Presidential speeches (inasmuch as possible) and on re-interpreting Vice-Presidential speeches, regardless of contents, if any.

Did they call Apollo 12 "Yankee Clipper" because of the slice it took out of taxes??

One Pole said to the other: "Say, the Russians landed on the Moon." The other Pole answered with hope in his voice: "Really? All of them?"

Spiro Agnew's mother was frightened by an intellectual

POT POURRI

Among the books on the shelves that I've just recently gotten around to reading is Poul Anderson's The Enemy Stars which, I think, originally appeared in ASF as We Have Fed Our Sea. It is a typical ASF type story and if you like them, you like them and if you don't, you don't. I do but that is neither here nor there at the moment.

Early in the story there is described a trip to the Moon and some emphasis is put on the "turn-around". Turn-around or turn-over was one of those things that no hard science fiction story would be without. The idea was that, in space travel, one would eventually reach a point where the gravitational attraction of Earth would give way to the gravitational attraction of the Moon and up would suddenly become down and there would be, theoretically, all sorts of strange effects.

The experiences of the Apollo flights seems to indicate that such is not the case, that there isn't any noticeable turn-over. The Apollos just seem to coast along in free fall between the two planets and it really doesn't make any difference inside the ship whether the Earth or the Moon exerts the main gravitational attraction.

And another science fiction gimmick bites the dust.

Stf writers are fond of describing the appearance of the stars as seen from space. I don't recall hearing or reading anything about this from the people who have actually seen them, though. Have any of the astronauts said anything about how the stars appear from outside Earth's atmosphere?

The new owners of GALAXY have added two new names to the mast-head: Franc L. Roggeri as Art Director and Jack Gaughan as Assistant Art Director. As a result the interior artwork in GALAXY has deteriorated to the place where it is hardly worth wasting space on. The "art" in the last couple of issues has been mostly doodles by Gaughan seemingly turned out in a minute-and-a-half with as little effort as possible. Even Edco doodles better than that.

The Hole in the Zero was written by M. K. Joseph and published by Avon and is on sale at your local newsstand for 75¢. Save your money. The title describes the book. Nothing.

I recently came across a magazine titled GOVERNMENT EXECUTIVE all filled with stories and news for and about government executives. Mostly on the federal level although the magazine is subheaded "Federal, State and Local." I find it rather disturbing that most of these government executives seem to be high-ranking military officers either on active duty or retired. Think about it.

ROY TACKETT

The St. Louis con has faded into pleasant memories and I couldn't write a coherent conreport about it now if I tried. I won't. But some things stick in my head.

ST. LOUIS AND BEYOND by Terry Carr

Like the hotel. I heard a lot of griping during the con about the Chase-Park-Plaza, mainly about the inadequate elevator service in the older half of the hotel plus some lousy treatment by some members of the staff, but neither Carol nor I had any serious trouble at all. And as far as the convention facilities themselves went, I thought they were superb: spacious, comfortable, good acoustics, well laid out, etc. It was a pleasure to wander around the convention area, as opposed to the hassle it usually is at other cons.

Neither Carol nor I swim, and we were sleeping through the poolside meet-the-authors party (no no--in our room), so I can't report on that. Others seemed to enjoy the pool, though, and it was right outside the door from the main con lounge. We seldom went outside the hotel at all, for that matter, and when we did we were sorry. Thursday, before official things started to happen on the program, we went touring in St. Louis with the Silverbergs, first to the Anheuser-Busch Brewery and then to the Arch. It was a hot, muggy, despicable day, and I think Bob pegged it well when he said, late that day, "A couple of months from now we'll look back on this day and think, Gee, that was really a lot of fun; why didn't we enjoy it more?" Because it was a hot, depicable day, that's why. We did enjoy the brewery, especially the Michelob on tap (which they give you at the end of the tour after you've gone up and down seven hundred stairs, so you should go home and tell all your friends that Michelob is the best damn beer you ever drank), and the Arch was gassy to look up at from directly underneath, but the trip to see the view from the top of the Arch was a big disappointment. (Going up in the Arch was a bringdown). This was also the day I first saw the Mississippi. It really is just a big muddy river, but it's nice to have seen it. (Bob kept referring to our touring as "Having the St. Louis Experience," in about the same tone of voice Carol and I use when we tell each other that something terrible we're going through is "an Adventure.")

This was the longest convention ever, as well as one of the biggest in attendance. For the first couple of days it seemed to me that I spent all my time behind the microphone -- a pleasant experience, but I hadn't planned on it. I had agreed in advance to be on an editors' panel, but I figured that would be all. Then Jay Haldeman asked me if I'd second Washington D.C.'s bid for the '71 convention and I said sure (since I like Jay a lot, as well as the rest of the Washington group, stalwart longtime fans that they are). Then, about a week before the con, Ray Fisher called on the phone to ask me if I'd deliver the keynote speech the first day on the state of fandom, since (Ray confessed) his first choice had declined. I tried to talk my way out of that one, but didn't make it. I'm a little nervous about speechmaking. Finally, Thursday night we walked into the con suite party and somebody said, "There's your answer, Ray -- ask him now!" Turned out Ray had found at the last minute that he didn't have anybody to introduce the notables when he opened the convention next day at noon, and would I do it? I hemmed and hawed at that one too -- people would get sick of looking at me, there were plenty of others around who could do it, I'd be giving the fandom speech just an hour later, etc. -- but actually it sounded like fun and I wasn't hard to talk into it.

And it was fun, too. Joyce had gone through the cards of members registered at the hotel, and I wandered through the audience while people filtered in, taking note of more people to introduce. Introductions are fun: you can do it straight, or take the occasion for good-natured insults, or whatever. When I

came to Harlan's card, I said, "Not only does Harlan Ellison not need an introduction, he doesn't even deserve one. Harlan, will you stand?" But naturally he managed to step all over my line by not being there.

Quite a few of the people I was introducing weren't there, as a matter of fact...which is nothing new for conventions. I did my best to insult each of these in their absence, but the only line like that that I remember was about Forry Ackerman: "Oh hell, he must be down in the bar again." Alex Panshin was there, and I introduced him as "the trog who walks like a man," a line that got laughs. Later I wonder if it might've annoyed Alex a little, but he said no, he figured I was having trouble with all those people who weren't there when I introduced them so I had to make do with bad jokes. Maybe I should've just introduced him straight.

One person I did introduce straight was Lin Carter, about whom I said, "This man has already written more books than I could possibly ever read," and there wasn't a word of untruth in it.

I think I introduced Tucker straight, too, and was gratified to peer out into the back regions of the audience and see a dim figure stand and wave when I called on him. There was some slight laughing in that area, but I figured Bob had said something clever that could be heard only by those around him. A bit later I introduced Bob Bloch, and in the Tucker area there stood a monstrous guy in a McInerney beard and Hawaiian sportshirt, it looked like from the podium. "Now that I don't believe!" I said, and all the people back there laughed even more. Turned out that when I'd introduced Tucker, Bloch had stood up, which was what the original laughter had been about; encouraged by my inability to detect this bit of flimflammy, they had somebody even less likely (I forget who, if I ever was told) stand up for Bloch. Tucker later told me they were having thoughts about Weakeyes Korshak back there, which was funny, because I was having the same thoughts up on the podium. But the hall really was too large and dimly lit for proper seeing at that distance. Grumble, grumble, wait'll I get another chance to introduce them.

After the introductions Ted White said something nice to me about how I'd handled things; he'd done the job at the Nycon and knew the problems. Carol and I went off and had breakfast while Bob Silverberg gave what I'm told was an excellent speech on the state of the pro world; forty-five minutes later we were back in time for me to give my similar (keynote-type) speech on fandom¹⁹⁶⁹.

I went up to the podium with no notes at all; I was rather interested to see what I'd say, myself. And I got through it surprisingly easily: I noticed with pleasure and secret relief that the con hall was twice as full toward the end of my talk as it had been at the beginning. All I did, really, was start with some miscellaneous thoughts about what fandom was like now that space travel was a reality, as opposed to how old fanzine pieces like Redd Boggs' THE CRATERS OF THE MOON had predicted fandom would react; then I began to tie these thoughts together and draw a few conclusions, and when I figured I'd talked long enough I just waited for myself to say something that sounded like a punchline. I came to one, said "Thank you," and sat down; and that was that.

I seem to have spent much of the convention reassuring nervous people that everything would be all right...just before the roof fell in. The first time was during the bidding for '71's convention; Jay Haldeman was extremely keyed up and worried about the outcome, but right after the two cities, Washington and Boston, had made their presentation I leaned over and said, "Relax, we'll win it by a 3 to 2 margin." I said so because I thought our presentation was that much more effective than Boston's (a judgment everyone I talked to later agreed with, including Boston supporters). Just after I'd given this assurance to Jay, though, the results came in: Boston had won by a 3 to 2 margin. What, what? Then John Trimble, who'd chaired the session, asked for a show of hands

of people who'd had their minds made up before they'd come into the hall to vote, and practically everyone there raised his hand. Rather a letdown to those of us who'd gone through smoke-filled-room sessions planning how best to make our bid.

The next time I had occasion to reassure someone was with Ray Fisher just before the banquet. Here it was, the high-point of the convention, the one program session that is most instrumental in setting the tone of a con, and Ray seemed scared to death. I went up to him and said, "Relax, nothing can possibly go wrong. You've got Jack Gaughan to give the Guest of Honor speech and he's a terrific speaker. You've got Harlan as toastmaster and Bob Bloch to present the Hugos and they're two of the best there are. It'll be a groovy banquet; relax and enjoy it." And then, naturally, Harlan antagonized half the audience and got into a shouting match with people from the podium, and riot was so narrowly averted that even Jack Gaughan was thrown off his form; he rushed through a short speech, looking like a man who wished he were somewhere else.

The thing is, as someone pointed out a couple of years ago, Harlan has a love-hate relationship with fandom. He comes on strong, he challenges fans belligerently to dislike him, and then he melts them with his charm or his charisma or some secret mystic powers of the east. He has legions of Harlan Ellison fans, and even his enemies always show up to hear him talk, because he's so damn entertaining. But at this convention, for some reason things didn't go quite right for Harlan.

It started, I suppose, a day or two before the banquet, when Harlan was on a panel and he said (quite inadvertently, I'm dead certain) something that seemed to put down Roger Zelazny. The entire audience hissed him. I mean, everybody was hissing, in this huge meeting hall with close to a thousand people in it. But Harlan was equal to the occasion; grinning, he said, "The sound you hear, ladies and gentlemen, is a slow charisma leak."

At the banquet he wasn't in such control, though. I don't know all the background details on this, about who gave what advice or instructions to who, and when, and why, but during the masquerade someone fell through the screen behind the stage, and the committee was going to have to pay to replace it, and a collection was taken up right then, raising something like \$500 or \$600, considerably more than necessary. At the banquet, Harlan announced that the extra money collected would be donated to the Clarion State College SF Writers' Workshop, and suddenly the cries went up.

You see, Harlan has been talking about the Clarion Workshops for the past couple of years, ever since they began and he became a regular visiting lecturer there. Others who lecture there are Fritz Leiber, Judith Merril, Damon and Kate (Wilhelm) Knight, Samuel R. Delany, etc.; but it's been primarily Harlan who's championed the program, talked it up and so on. He'd mention that a dozen great new writers had already been discovered through the Workshops and their stories bought, and even intelligent people like Greg Benford seem to have got the impression that all these sales were to Harlan himself, no one else. Not so; some went to If or Galaxy or Damon's Orbit, for instance. I don't think any of them have been printed yet. A bunch of the Clarion writers were there at the con, wearing Clarion sweatshirts, but they didn't seem to be getting into the swim of things -- the only people there whom they knew were Fritz and, naturally, Harlan, so these were about all they talked with, and it must've looked cliquish. (Whereas I suspect they were just scared by all the strangers, and a bit muck-struck by the razzledazzle of a huge worldcon.)

So it looked like Clarion was Harlan's private charity and maybe Harlan's private fanclub, and when Harlan made this announcement fans all over the room hit the ceiling. Apparently when the original collection had been taken an

announcement had been made that any extra money collected would be used for a beer party; people angrily reminded Harlan of this, and complained of the diverting of their funds in such high-handed fashion. At this point, Harlan (who says the decision to give the money to Clarion was the committee's idea, not his, and he was just making the announcement) got upset by their hostility, and lost his cool. "Well, look, fellows," he said acidly, "if you're more interested in boozing it up for a couple of hours at a lousy beer party than in making a meaningful contribution to something as important as a real school for science fiction writers...well, all you gotta do, gang, is just walk up to Ray Fisher and I'm sure he'll give you your paltry dollar back."

And that really did it; what had started as a bad misunderstanding rapidly turned into a melee, as Elliot Shorter stood up in the audience and shouted, "Now just a cotton-pickin' minute!" (Here Harlan made a last-ditch effort to turn the tide with humor, as he smiled in amazement and said, "Just a what? Elliot? Elliot? Just a cotton-pickin' minute?!" Some of us laughed, but it wasn't enough to calm things.) Elliott and Harlan shouted at each other, and Bruce Pelz stood up and shouted, and people all over the room were shouting (there must've been 600 or more people at the banquet itself, not counting the people who'd come in to sit in seats at the back for the speeches). Sid Coleman leaved over and said to me, "Harlan must have studied Riot Control under Clark Kerr."

"I don't believe this!" Harlan cried. "Is this a lynch mob or a science fiction convention?"

At which point Ray Fisher stood up and took the mike and said there'd be a beer party in addition to the Clarion donation, and his calm, friendly manner got people to sit back down. It was decided that the disposition of extra funds would be decided at the business meeting the next morning, and the banquet program was allowed to resume. (In the middle of the melee, Sid remarked, "I don't know... these things seemed to have a more gracious atmosphere when Tony Boucher was toastmaster," which Bill Rotsler promptly made into a cartoon that later ran in LOCUS.)

So the banquet wasn't really all that we might have hoped for, but personally I had a good time anyway. We had a well-placed table down front, with good people at it (Ted and Robin White, Bill Rotsler, Sid Coleman, Alex and Cory Panshin, Carol and me); there was good conversation and Bill Rotsler kept a steady stream of cartoons going around the table. I remarked, "There are two kinds of social occasions when half the conversation consists of 'Pass it,' and one of them is when Rotsler's with you."

We saw a lot of Bill during this convention, which added a lot to my enjoyment of it; he was groovy when we hung around together at the Solacon eleven years ago (feel the gray in your beard, Bill?) and he's become even groovier since. He and Sid and Carol and I sort of gravitated toward each other during programs and parties, and I came to think of this as our basic "group" for the St. Louiscon.

Sid, of course, was a gas too. I can't remember all the marvelous things he said, but one sticks in my mind:

(To be continued in our next issue.)

Help Sought After Nixon Talk

CHICAGO —(AP)—A University of Wisconsin psychiatrist said Wednesday the number of students seeking help at the university's clinic in Madison more than tripled after President Nixon's Vietnam

speech but there is "no hard evidence" that the speech was responsible for the increase.

The psychiatrist, Dr. Seymour L. Halleck, head of the university's psychiatric clinic spoke at the Univer-

sity of Illinois college of medicine.

He said there is "no hard evidence" that the tripling was related to the speech, but that he and his colleagues assumed the speech might have had something to do with it.

Our first order of business shall be to put the knock on a good book. PAVANE, by Keith Roberts, is a richly-imaginative story of a World-Of-If stemming from the assassination of Queen Elizabeth I in 1588, in which the (Catholic) Church Militant had no serious rivals for power and held its medieval-type supremacy over the known Western World at the opening of our story in (the Alternate) 1968, A.D.

PAVANE is an Ace Science Fiction Special [#65430, 95¢], and for the most part lives up to the standards of the series. Except for the cop-out, of course...

We are all, I trust, familiar with the Three-Generation Novel; for a while there, during the 1940s, it was hard to find anything else on the Best-Seller lists. PAVANE is essentially one of these, though adding the shadow of an earlier generation at the beginning and a blip of a later one at the ending. Of the six major chapters, three deal (one each) with successive generations of one family; three others deal with aside-scenes adding to the development of the overall story.

This story deals powerfully with a world bowed under the bloody heel of a Church Militant. For 280 pages the author socks it to us, how the worst extremes of Middle-Ages Theocracy have gone on and on and ON, right into our own present era and with no relief in sight. Our protagonists suffer mightily from arbitrary dogmatic religious suppression, all the way through, including being killed for it. A growing trend toward Rebellion is the major theme of the book; the odds are bad. Our protagonists are persecuted, tortured, imprisoned, assassinated-- their homes leveled to the ground. By page 280, you begin to get the idea that it's Hopeless.

But the author has 5 pages to go, and here comes the Cop-out. Actually we've been getting hovercraft and monorails and atomic reactors for 5 pages already, but naturally we think this be Far Future stuff. Not so. No, sir; it's like this: the Church, you see, has benevolently withheld all these neat modern developments because Man was not READY for them. As soon as Man was READY, mind you, which was as soon as Rebellion was about^{to} succeed anyway (if I read this right), good old Church Militant happily turned over all this knowledge to its enlightened parishioners (who were a bunch of ignorant fleabitten superstitious clods for the most part, last time the author let me see them), and now suddenly we have glorious Civilization, to be sure.

Great gobs of male bovine dung, I say. It couldn't happen, and anyone but an author with a revision-deadline to meet would know it couldn't happen. Just for one thing, the mob conditioned to slaughter heretics would have done the same to the Church's Own when they came out dogma-busting that way. For quite some years, they would. Segundo, with the best will and flexibility in the world you don't bring a population up from oil-lamps to high-technology in one generation. Look around...

I'd like to read this story with its rightful ending, one that was not fudged to Avoid Offense-- one that was consistent with the heavily-wrought premise of the first 280 pages. As it is, Roberts has written a powerful indictment of theocracy and then at the last instant has pulled back and called it off. "Aw shucks, fellas" he says there at the last "I didn't mean it!" No? Then why did he write it?

Let's not get hung up, here, on the author's choice of a plausible Oppressor. It could have been any other State-Religion, or Imperial Rome (pre-Christian) or the Mongol Hordes, or you-name-it. The premises of the main story would have been equally valid. But if the Oppressor had been (say) Genghis Khan the 28th, then just possibly the author would not have felt it necessary to blow the whole bit with the Cop-out. I think I would have liked it better that way.

It's still a helluva good story, gang, nearly all the way. And it's not the first (and unfortunately, probably not the last) time a writer carved most of the tale in imperishable marble and felt impelled to cap it off with bubble gum.

TOLKIEN FANS with Strong Stummicks and flagging dedication are recommended to seek out BORED OF THE RINGS, the Harvard Lampoon version of the immortal Trilogy. Signet N4002, \$1.00. Like most parodies, it trails off at the middle and shorts the end-game, but most of its 160 pages hold up better than you might expect.

Two books from Walker and Company, 720 Fifth Ave, NYC 10019. These are \$4.95 hardcover editions, the latest of 15 in the series with two more to come, this year.

I missed Sm Tenn's OF MEN AND MONSTERS in paperback because it appeared along with a group of Tenn anthologies and I mistook it for another of the same. It is built upon his novelette "The Men in the Walls" [Galaxy, 1963], which has the human race living in burrows in the walls of dwellings of the Monsters who have taken over the Earth. Real Monsters, these: the scale is vague but apparently a Monster is to a man as a man is to a mouse or small rat. [Don't cite the square-cube law to me; ask the author. Presumably their skeletons are super-balsa-wood.] The Men of our story are fragmented into small mutually-hostile tribes for the most part, and our protagonist is [we may assume] of a tribe typical of those who live nearer Monster Territory and actually steal from the Monsters. What with tribal and religious conflict [Ancestor-Science vs Alien-Science worship], the Men wouldn't seem to have enough resultant drive left to bother even a very timid Monster. But we get a look at several societies, chase-scenes with the Monsters, and the whip-cracker ending that is a trademark of the Wm Tenn by-line. Dust-jacket by Gaughan.

CARDER'S PARADISE, by Malcolm Levene, is a computerized Dystopia [GOD stands for Great Omnipotent Digitabulator] as viewed from one of its island penal colonies. The characters are a mixed bag, from psychopathic inmate Carder to (surely) psychotic Superintendent Hinde, and the author puts a half-dozen or so of them through the hoops rather thoroughly, in the 5-day period covered in the story. Dr. Audrey Oliver (psychiatrist), inmate Dr. Vincent Clare (apostate cyberneticist) and inmate Henry Henriques (East Indian philosopher, whose Crime is never defined) are, along with Carder and Hinde, pretty well delved; these latter three are relatively sane, which is a rarity under the circumstances. I detest people who hide behind the term "Kafkaesque", but [you knew I was going to say "but", didn't you?] like Kafka, Levene uses a science-fantasy setting to concentrate his allegory to its essentials. The "action" is superfluous, in a way; that is, completely different sequences of events could have been applied to these same characters to make the very same points. The ending apparently symbolizes that There Is Yet Hope, a conclusion unwarranted by much of anything else we've been told about the society. One point that is made is that individual action can foul up any Digitabulator that ever drew current. Well, it's an odd book and interesting reading. Maybe it's science-fiction and maybe not.

The 2nd [ACE] book in THE PRISONER series is by David McDaniel. Dave comes a lot closer [than Tom Disch in the 1st one] to the atmosphere and rationale of the TV series, but Disch has an edge on him for the flavor of the dialogue, thus far. In any case I hope the series does continue.

Hey, did everybody catch Isaac Asimov's "NASA Goofed!" in TV GUIDE for November 8-14, 1969?? Shades of Wally's "Flawprints on the Moon"! Well, we knew all along that they were both Great Minds, didn't we?

I had found Frank Herbert's DUNE so fascinating and enjoyable that I'd really looked forward to DUNE MESSIAH, its sequel. However, the atmosphere of Gloom and Doom in Parts I through IV has become so oppressive that I'm not sure I can face up to Part V, Conclusion, on a rainy day. Apparently the pattern is as CLAUDIUS THE GOD following I, CLAUDIUS, or THE BULL FROM THE SEA following THE KING MUST DIE [or the 3rd section of the STUDDS LONIGAN trilogy, for that matter]-- but I wish it would not turn out to be that way. Dammit, there are other patterns for sequels. The Universe and people of DUNE, I feel, really deserved a better one. [And now let's all hope that Frank Herbert makes a Lousy Guesser out of me, in Part V.]

Apollo 12 will be in cis-lunar space, outbound, as this CRY is in publication. Assuming no hitches. Will we again be glued to the teevee? [Moon Walks in Color this time, albeit at some unGodly-inconvenient hours for Working Stiffs.] Will the Thrill be still as great? Or are we, as some have said, a nation of Firsters, easily jaded? Your comments to the next CRY [January 10th looks like a probable Copy Deadline] will tell part of that tale, and are of course invited. Personally I think it'll take me quite a few trips to become blase about Moon-landings...

-- F. M. Busby

Hello John, why don't you come over?

I was there in a flash. I don't even remember if I hung up the receiver or not.

Drinks, hugs, kisses, though I scarcely knew her.

Don't be alarmed, John, but I have something to tell you.

She said this as I glanced through the dirty pictures I found in the binder on her coffee table. Wow. I was ready.

I'm seventeen different women in one.

I looked at her, and I'll be damned if she wasn't.

She never looked lovelier either -- I'll bet no one ever did. In the rich velvet chair, her legs crossed and ankles turned just so (I could look up her dress -- wow), she tugged at her miniskirt (but I'd have sworn she tugged it up). At the same time her diaphanous toga clung to her seductively, clinging to her rounded and angled contours, crevices, juttings and squeezables. Oh, this was mad, but the heavy rough burlap of her habit obscured the mystery of her body and she was sister & mother and aprons and sweaty wisps of hair over ovens. The scent of fresh baked bread, musk & squashed petals of heavy blossoms mingled, danced, floated on the air and I was terribly confused.

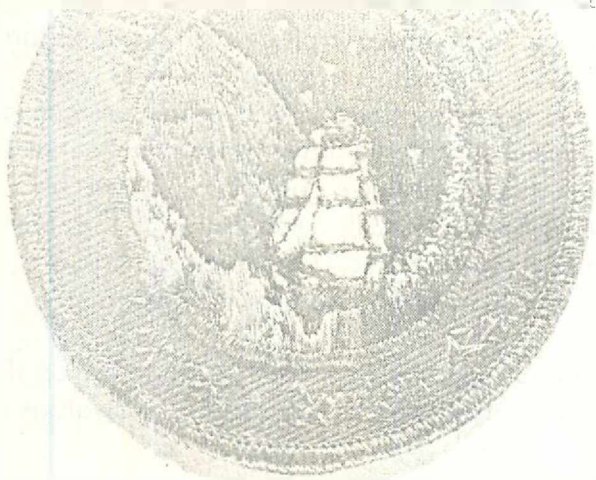
Don't be embarrassed, John, she said, little jewels sparkling in her elaborate hairdo of pomaded ringlets.

I set my picture book down, and I didn't know what to do.

Her milky bosom hung out her bodice, Cretan style or like a Hollywood lady bending over a menu in a fancy restaurant. But she was in lactation, breasts swollen and ready to nurse, an unashamed Mexican woman on a bus unembarrassedly giving her tit to her infant, and me watching perfectly flaccid & proper, in an appropriate state of mind, attitude, not a thought of sex. At the same time her mammaries were shrivelled uninteresting flaps upon the husk of a withered body, a face topping it all gums and furrows & dull filmy eyes. She smiled at my discomfort (the bitch!) and flashed large white sparkling teeth. Her earrings jangled as she shook her curls and ran a hand down the expanse of her curvaceous side. One of her, with a starched precisely placed nurse's cap, came over and stuck a thermometer in my mouth. Her hand on my forehead was heavy with rings of jade and gold.

I bounced from wall to wall last night, Jettie (peeping through the grille) tells me. And I somehow smashed the bulb in its cage on the ceiling.

He's a popular one with the ladies, I heard a nurse say in the hallway. Been here but three days, and already he's had seventeen visitors.



A QUIVER FROM SAGITTARIUS

By
VERA
HEMINGER

It is the morning of Wednesday, November 19; my eyelids feel like sandpaper and I am eating crow. Crow - before breakfast or at any other time - hardly qualifies as one of my favorite foods, but this time I don't mind in the least. What with the beastly time (3A.M. Pacific Standard Time) and an unexplained lack of enthusiasm, I hadn't planned to watch the moonwalk - but it became evident that it is pretty hard to kill a Sense of Wonder, and it was about 4.45 A.M. when I finally conked out on the couch, still waiting for the blasted tv camera to get fixed. I think that the fact the command module was dubbed "Yankee Clipper" helped restore my interest; whatever the reason, I'm glad I didn't miss the walk. Who could help but be won over by those two guys' infectious enthusiasm - Conrad's cackle, his "te-dum dum dum", bits like "Don't lock it" as Bean was exiting from the LEM, and "Holy cow! It's beautiful!"? Can you imagine what sort of reactions they would have treated us to had they been the first men on the Moon?

So now I feel quite pooped, and intend to take the easy way out with this column. Actually I was going to be real smart and have my pages done weeks ago - and I did, and a whole lot of things changed, and I've got to do it all over again. Which is not why this CRY is being printed and mailed out late - there are Other Reasons, and if I can, I'll elucidate later. By easy way out, I mean that, borrowing a page from Roytac's book, I too will turn to Harry Warner Jr.'s letters for inspiration; and in addition I am going to answer a couple of items from other fans' letters - something I've been wanting to do for quite a while.

And thus Harry provides me with a leadoff about the commercialization of the moonflights. I too could not resist collecting a batch of paraphernalia: to date, I have acquired the Life, Look, Time and Newsweek magazines, plus a few unassorted ones; an AP publication called "Footprints On The Moon", containing essentially the same stuff as the Life 'n Look issues, and not worth the \$5.00 I shelled out for it (among others, it is printed on pretty poor paper); several Moon postcards; a three-foot color diagram of the Apollo mission, beautifully drawn (from the Government Printing Office, 60¢); the inevitable large map of the Moon (free from Dial Finance); a pen like the ones used on Apollo 8; a beautiful painting of Armstrong's First Step, by artist Pierre Mion. This painting was used as an ad by IBM, and I immediately wrote to them, begging to buy, borrow or steal a copy. They sent me - by first class and free - two copies: the large one in b&w I had seen as an ad, and a smaller one in color. "Because they appreciated my interest..." In these days of depersonalization, this was sort of reassuring. I got more freebies from NASA, in answer, I presume, to my letter asking that a Moon crater be named after Willey Ley, and generally enthusing about the space shots. They sent me an envelope full: all the pretty booklets covering missions 8 through 11 and a couple pretty color glossies of the Earth and the Moon. Whee... Then I got the two thick pocketbooks (Bantam's and Ballantine's), the inevitable mass of paper clippings, and last, but not least, replicas of the cloth patches worn by the crews of 10, 11 & 12. I just had to have that clipper ship too... And Harry - I lost the little card with that offer from Life, for the 6 record thing. Do you think you could scribble

that address in a corner of your next Loc for me? I'd much appreciate it.

The most croggling item offered for sale has got to be "an authentic piece of tickertape that fell on the astronauts during the New York parade." At \$2.50 each. I kid you not. And what's even sadder is that there will be people buying that. On the other hand, I will make sure not to miss the issue of Look due to come out at the end of December. It will have a Norman Rockwell painting of Armstrong and Aldrin by the LEM. This was sneak-previewed on a tv show purported to honor the genius of Rockwell, by featuring a massacre of American folk humor through the grotesque antics of Jonathan Winters. And as long as I am speaking of atrocities, I am having a tough time deciding which of the two pieces on the astronauts by Norman Mailer, in Life, is the worst.

I think I'll counter Harry's question (in CRY 183) about how the name of the First Man on the Moon was chosen by asking just why there is such a dearth of Martinez, Goldsteins, Kowalskis and Martin Cassius Washingtons among the astronauts?

Still on the subject of the Moon, I am delighted to find Doreen Webbert's letter with a mention of Apollo At Go. Because now I can tell how I sent that book to Walter Cronkite right after Apollo 11; I rather liked the way he got all wound up in the space program. (And for sending that beatup 50¢ paperback, I received a personal answer from him. Wow.) Doreen, I'm surprised you didn't also mention the manner in which it was decided who'd step out of the LEM first. After landing, if I recall properly, the dialog between the two astronauts went something like this: "You go." "No, you go." "No, you deserve it more." Quite a contrast with the precision of the script by NASA, giving in minute detail the sequence of moves on the Moon...

Moving right along, from the Moon to the Village, and to the Great Debate as to whether Number One was Number Six, I am happy to relate that I did indeed snap a picture at the very instant the mask comes off Number One, in "Fa! out." While the eyes are deeply shadowed, a demoniacal rictus is clearly visible; and even more visible is a distinctive dimple in the right cheek. This dimple appears to be in all respects identical to McGoonan's dimple, of which I have several photographs. I simply can't see how any one can argue with the infallibility of a Dimple Identification Method. I stand firm behind the belief that Number One was Number Six. But why?

Now tell me, Betty Kujawa: do you consider yourself a typical Virgo, Zodiacally speaking? No matter how I try to be objective about it all, I still turn to the horoscope page first thing every day. All too often, the personality traits of a person coincide with what their sign says they should be. Among the Nameless, Bubbles is a Gemini beyond the shadow of a doubt; I fit the description of a Sagittarian with little discrepancy, and Wally appears to be a real ~~crab~~ Cancer. Harry Warner Jr. is the only person I know who has the same birthdate as I do, and it has puzzled me for quite a while whether he and I are alike in any way? What about it, Harry - do you consider yourself a typical Sagittarian or do you think the whole thing is so much bosh? Cool, scientific NASA, of all things invited twelve astrologers and one witch - Sybil Leek - to witness the Apollo 12 launch. They predicted - independently from each other, it says here - some of the troubles the flight would encounter later. It was not revealed exactly why NASA invited that group. Maybe to be doing the "in" thing? Witchcraft is undergoing a vigorous revival - why, with luck, the Nameless will soon boast of its own coven. Which will delight Wally as much, I am sure, as the information that Hecate, Goddess of the Moon and patron of Witches, was once known in Europe as the Nameless One.

Bubbles mentions us going to the Moratorium in Seattle. Now, that was a happening and a half for me. Thus far, I could only boast of one picketing activity - our infamous stand in front of King-TV during the halcyon Star Trek days. This was my first participation in the real thing. Bubbles and I blended with the crowd pretty well, I guess; we both wore jeans and she had on an Air Force blouse

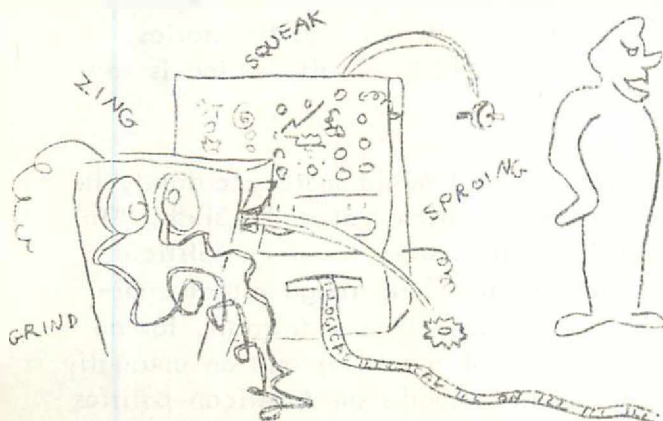
beautified by a Peace medal, and I sported a nondescript corduroy thing. The march proceeded without any noteworthy incident along a main Seattle artery toward the library, where we stood in silence for a while. The kids in the demonstration impressed me: refusing to acknowledge or answer insults hurled at them from across the street, they simply turned their back, in unison, on the man. It gripes me that the papers and tv ignored this spontaneous and dignified gesture, while they devoted paragraphs to the antics of a dozen hoodlums/ SDS who demonstrated the depth of their devotion to peaceful dissent by breaking windows. Twelve out of three thousand or so should merit the same proportion in news coverage. They didn't. (Someone stop me, please - I am beginning to agree with Agnew...).

On the way back from the library, the marchers endured a variety of verbal abuse from people on the sidewalks - exquisitely logical insults such as "If ya don't like it here, go back to Russia...!" I will not soon forget one hard-faced woman dressed in black, holding a poster that read: "Yes, bring the boys home so that they can kill communists like you." It's a phenomenon of unceasing wonder to me how peace can mean so many different things to different people. As in any controversy, each side thinks they are the guys with the white hats (or should I say red white and blue?)

What really got to me was the presence, in force, of the Seattle riot squad. I never had much to do with cops - and now, as we marched, I realized that we were totally identified with that crowd, and that if a real melee were provoked, there would be no distinction made. All of a sudden those clubs looked awfully big... It is an uncanny sensation, to realize one's image just changed radically. At the November Moratorium rally, I made a valiant effort at looking at least semi-establishment by wearing \$10.95 slacks instead of jeans. I don't think I fooled too many people, especially after they read my armband, lettered with: "Member of the Effete Corps (Impudent too)".

Hey, Marty Helgesen - I do wish you wouldn't go around referring to me as a "judo expert". That kind of reputation can get a girl in trouble... Why, I bet I couldn't even flip a photographer to the sidewalk today. As to finding a judo school where you live: I'm afraid all I can suggest is locating a few from the yellowpages, and then, if possible, watch how they conduct their instruction. I did not choose my "dojo": a course was started at the Airbase where we lived, and that was that. We were fortunate in having a very good instructor who obtained his Black Belt at "the" school in Japan. I think I would prefer a school where most of the instructors held Black Belts: there is less chance of getting hurt with experienced teachers. Logically.

Good things have a way of transcending time and space. Right, Dick Eney? Us Trekkies (er, ex-Trekkies) in Seattle concocted our version of your Mr. Spock drink way back then. I believe it was our one-time Vulcan Consul who made it up, of the same ingredients that you describe, and dubbed it a Bloody Vulcan.



Who left that Bible in with the computer tapes?

Neither fantasy nor science fiction, but gutsy reality was going to end this column as, in response to strident demands from fans, I was going to relate the Life and Love(s) of Wally Weber. The latter being one of those Reasons why CRY was a tad bit delayed this time. But at the moment of truth, words fail me. Suffice it to say that things are not the same around here. It's all Your Fault, Pat Priest.

BEYOND THE BEYOND

reviewed by TED PAULS

BEYOND THE BEYOND, by Poul Anderson, Signet T3947, 75¢

If one were engaged in naming the great writers currently active in the field, the name of Poul Anderson might not come up early in the conversation. Anderson does not have the dramatic, soaring genius of a Dick or a Delany or a Zelazny. His prose style does not vibrate with breathtakingly subtle poetry. He has never written a single, particular book or story so outstandingly brilliant as to immediately elevate him to a height of prominence. And yet, in the cumulative total of his work, Poul Anderson may well be one of the half-dozen finest writers in the field. I cannot think of any other author who has maintained such a consistently high standard of fiction over so long a period and through so many stories and novels, with the conceivable exception of Robert Heinlein. The Anderson byline on any serious story of the past fifteen years is a guarantee of, at least, a certain clarity and neatness of construction, plausibility of scientific background and effectiveness of writing.

Of course, there is another side to that coin as well. Poul Anderson stories tend to have a certain quality of sameness about them, a fact that becomes especially noticeable in a collection such as the volume at hand. There are a variety of reasons for this. For one thing, his solidly conventional prose style and construction, developed in the heyday of "storytelling" SF; outside of comparatively narrow limits, Anderson simply does not experiment with style, perspective, viewpoint, chronology, et al. Then there is the fact that he frequently utilizes his stories to espouse certain socio-political views, which gives many of them a common orientation. Moreover, the same basic theme -- what is the social order that most effectively blends freedom and efficiency? -- recurs time and again in Anderson stories. All of this insures that, admittedly with some exceptions, most of the author's output is arrayed along a fairly narrow spectrum, both philosophically and stylistically.

(Anderson has occasionally been criticized, on a more specific level, for an alleged lack of imagination, inasmuch as he frequently postulates future societies in terms of "old" patterns: i.e., feudalism, piracy, mercantilism, etc. I think this misses the point. It is not laziness or lack of imagination that causes him to portray future worlds in terms of familiar historical social orders; rather, it is that he embraces the mildly cynical world-view, shared with, e.g., de Camp, holding that history is the repetition of certain basic patterns and that the world of 2200 or 4650 AD will still be reworking the same rhythmic cycles of civilization. On the other hand, I may be reading too much into his stories. Poul may enjoy writing those kind of stories just because he's a history buff, which is why I enjoy reading them.)

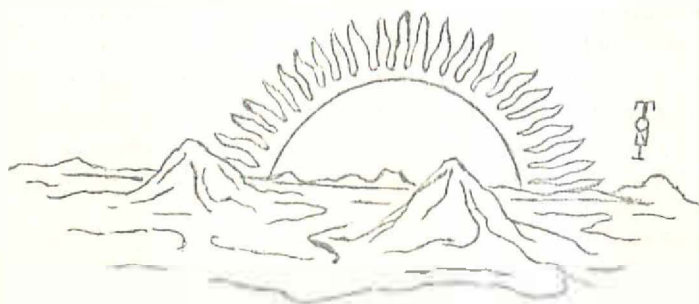
But to the book at hand. Five of the six "novellas" (several might more accurately be called novelettes) in "Beyond the Beyond" are "space stories", which makes the sixth, "The Sensitive Man", seem a bit out of place in the collection. That story involves political intrigue on the united Earth of the future and an attempt at some long-range social engineering by an enlightened and benevolent Psychotechnic Institute. It is noteworthy for an excellent portrayal of the central character (the sensitive man of the title) and an unusually clear expostulation of the author's political views (some of his remarks on American politics would be warmly endorsed by most SDS chapters -- to Anderson's great distress, no doubt).

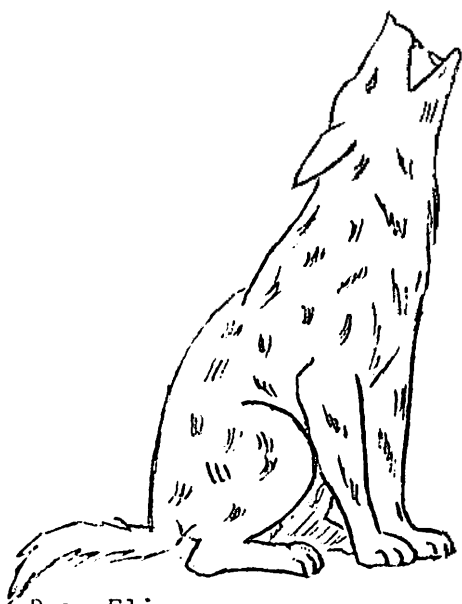
The two best pieces in the collection, "Day of Burning" and "Starfog", are also the most recent, both having appeared in Analog during 1967. The former involves the efforts of a fascinating trio of people (only one is a Homo sapien, but they're all people in the other and more important sense) to save a planetary system in the neighborhood of a nova. One must take with a grain of salt the premise that such activities should and would be the purview of private companies working on the free enterprise system rather than governments. Accepting that, however, "Day of Burning" presents a valid examination of a theme that doesn't appear to be used much these days. The problem in the story is social rather than physical or material: the main obstacle to undertaking the preparations that will allow most of the people to survive the nova is that political authority is splintered into many mutually suspicious factions. In "Starfog", there is again space exploration, exploitation and assistance on the free enterprise model, but this element is less central to the story. "Starfog" contains the best actual writing in the book, science that, as always, seemed plausible to my non-expert eyes, and an interesting (if not altogether believable) characterization of a computer.

"Brake" is the least satisfying of the six novellas; it is the one closest to pure space opera, with relatively little depth and not very sharp characterization. The agents of a fanatical political group take over a spaceship. Captain and crew manage to regain control and eliminate the villains, but in the process the ship has been nearly drained of fuel and the captain must think of some way to slow down enough to be rescued. He does, of course. It isn't a bad story, by any means, but neither is it one of Anderson's best. "Memory" involves a fairly familiar situation -- fascist-type empire vs. a primitive but free culture, and a central character who overcomes his indoctrinated loyalty to the former after experiencing the latter. It's effectively written, and holds the reader's interest. And finally there's "The Moonrakers", which because it deals with interplanetary intrigue and piracy among the asteroids sounds as if it ought to be run-of-the-mill space opera but isn't. Anderson uses this story as a vehicle for an explicit exposition of his historical outlook. You may not agree with his philosophy, but it certainly makes a story more interesting and, to use a currently much over-used word, "relevant" to have such a coherent orientation underlying the plot and the action. "The Moonrakers" also has an ingenious solution to several problems.

"Beyond the Beyond" is recommended for an interesting and pleasant evening's reading. At 75¢ for six stories, each long enough for the author to explore his theme in some detail, you can hardly go wrong.

-- Ted Pauls





CRY OF THE READERS

Conducted by

Elinor Busby

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
21740, October 12, 1969

Dear Elinor:

I was wondering what you'd do for an encore to all that fine coverage of a major event like the first moon landing. Wally achieved the miracle of making the St. Louiscon seem like anything but an anticlimax to the less well-attended events out in the fresh air (*huh?*) on the Sea of Tranquillity. It was mostly sickness that kept me from getting to St. Louis, which I think would be a nice city to visit but I wouldn't want to die there. This was the worldcon that had worried me somewhat ahead of time for the trouble potentials: I'd feared a big drug scandal might result in that conservative city, the controversy over the future of worldcons had seemed to contain the seeds of a tremendous fight, and I thought real violence might result from confrontations at the first worldcon since the New Wave nastiness grew severe. The fact that it was mostly a happy worldcon may be good evidence that fandom is able to cope with its problems pretty well nowadays. The fate of the surplus money for screen repairs, incidentally, fits one of my pet notions. I've always felt that there should be a really big emergency fund built up over the years by putting a couple hundred bucks in the kitty each Labor Day, because inevitably a worldcon is going to get sued or will need some money to prevent getting sued. As things now stand, there's no money to hire attorneys and offer out-of-court settlements. I know the officers of a corporation wouldn't be liable for damages, but there is no telling what an uncontested lawsuit would do to the chances of holding future worldcons.

It was the movie version of John Goldfarb, Please Come Home that got into trouble with Notre Dame University, I believe. The institution tried to block release of the movie on the grounds that it did things to the reputation of the Notre Dame football team, which turns up late in the film to oppose an Eastern potentate's harem squad for reasons which I still feel too sick to try to remember. I don't know how they got it settled, but I suspect that it had something to do with the fact that Shirley Maclaine was a star in the movie, and it was her dance for Cancan that shocked Kruschev, therefore providing a certain amount of discomfiture for the godless administration of pagan Russia and indirectly fresh strength for the real Notre Dame football team. (I watched the movie when it turned up on television a couple of years ago only because Judith Crist blasted it. As usual, I enjoyed immensely a film of which she disapproved. I don't think she likes any movies except those with settings in prison camps.) (*Nonsense! She liked both Tom Jones and Georgy Girl, neither of which were set in prison camps, and both of which were delightful.*)

Vera's title caused a quick double take. I imagined that it was somehow connected with the Charlie Brown tv cartoon special. But mercy, this experience

gap is something terrible. Vera is enthusiastic about her chance to be on a big Russian ship and I've never been on a big ship of any kind, unless you count the Staten Island ferry. I haven't even seen a map of Seattle, so all those Vladivostok seamen are one up on me, too. *(They've probably even been to Hong Kong.)*

It was interesting to read about Dr. Dupla, and even more fascinating to think how much pleasure he would undoubtedly bring in personal conversation. I keep thinking that it's time for at least one more special fund to bring or send a fan to a distant land. I suppose that a Spanish physician would have at least two reasons for not becoming the subject of a drive. But someone definitely ought to be sent to Japan as a counterpart to the TOFF drive. All Roy Tackett's efforts haven't succeeded in bringing Japanese and American fandom into regular and general contact; maybe an American fan spending a month with fans over there could serve as a modern day Admiral Dewey. I know all about the language problem, but there's still a greater gap between the two fandoms than just the language situation. *(While we're Hands Across the Sea-ing, what about British and American fandoms? When I first came into fandom, for some years before and for some years after, the two fandoms were quite close. I wouldn't say they were now, would you? What happened? Is there anything we could/should do about it?)*

Dick Eney is too young to remember clearly the people who were at that first Worldcon. There were Californians, including Ackerman, Morajo, and Bradbury. There were also foreigners in the form of several Canadians. I suppose you could even count Ossie Train as a Britisher, although he'd been living over here a long while and may have been an American citizen by that time for all I know. Meanwhile, I'd like to reserve a final opinion on how the world got into worldcon, but I just noticed page 181 of The Immortal Storm which quotes from a 1938 fanzine which referred to the coming event as the World's Fair Science Fiction Convention of 1938. Elsewhere, Moskowitz mentions how there was thought at one time of holding the event on the World's Fair grounds. It's conceivable that the name evolved by a process of dropouts, losing first Fair when it was decided to hold it elsewhere, then Science Fiction for the sake of brevity, and retaining World because it sounded impressive.

Elsewhere in the letter column, I'm as surprised about the Albuquerque schools as you are about the city's wage scales. Back here in the hills of Appalachia, the public schools have most of the things Bob Vardeman wants. One high school has data processing courses, to start kids on the way to work with computers. The vocational-technical high school offers courses in printing. Bookkeeping's elements are included in commercial courses at all the high schools. I don't think that there is anything in high school specifically directed toward a salesman's career, but adult education courses are available on this topic at the junior college in the evening for a very small tuition fee. I feel that the mixture of academic and vocational instruction in high schools is not altogether satisfactory; if I were in charge, I'd finish cramming most scholastic knowledge into the kids after the junior year, and give them in their senior year nothing but courses involved in job training, plus enough refresher work on math and English to keep up their skills, and some Dale Carnegie-type instruction on how to get along with people. Young reporters who go to work in my office know enough about the technical aspects of journalism but almost none of them has learned the simplest facts about how to deal with people, such as the importance of not calling businessmen after working hours on matters associated with their work, except in emergency, and the advisability of listening during an interview to what the subject is saying.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner

(I think I'm opposed to this large emergency fund that you speak of. Who'd administer this large fund? It strikes me that it would be a possible source of horrible hassles, feuds and bitterness. I think we're better off as we are--pass-

ing the hat at times of need.

At my high school shorthand, typing and bookkeeping were all taught. Almost everybody took typing, but nobody who had even the remotest intention of ever going to college took shorthand or bookkeeping. Fulfilling one's requirements for entering college didn't leave time for a business course.

Dale Carnegie-like courses are wasted on kids. Arent they? Perhaps not. I was thinking that it took a few years for people to realize that they're doing something wrong, and that this is a necessary precursor to wanting to learn to do it right. But it may be that for many kids the desperate unsureness of adolescence is the ideal time to learn *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. But--on the other hand--perhaps that whole concept is too plastic for today's youth. Our generation sneered at it a good bit, too, Harry!!

MAO ON THE MOON

CORDS/PPR IV CTZ, APO San Francisco, Calif.

Dear CRY:

96215, October 22, 1969

With all these people telling how much of a kick they got listening to the moon landing I'm almost ashamed to admit the circumstances under which I listened. I was flat on my back with a fever and some less printable symptoms, alas. I had eaten a meal On The Economy -- that is, Vietnamese food at a Vietnamese restaurant--that day & tackled something like a stuffed pepper which my interpreter told me was hard for Americans to eat.

It wasn't till about 1800 that it dawned on me that what he probably was trying to express was that it was hard for Americans to digest. This was a rather bizarre way of staying awake to listen to the moon landing, but effective. Unfortunately I didn't feel all glorious and invigorated afterward, but y'can't win 'em all...

Harry Warner's comments on rapid sales of the Moon flight special publications might be continued. I sent in my reservation for that six-record TIME/LIFE special, naturally, as soon as I got the offer--and got back a note apologizing for the delay because they were already sold out & had to go into an overrun, before Labor Day. Whee!

Betty K speaks True Words about politicians' horning in being an Inevitable, but could have been worse. Imagine if Chairman Mao had the chance to get into the act and...!

Best & all,

Dick Eney

(I expect we'd be singing songs like "Mao River," "When the Mao Comes over the Mountains", "Blue Mao" (or possibly Red), "Mao-light Cocktail" and so forth. --What a pity I can only think of songs that date back to the '30's and '40's! How shameful!!)

MIKE REMEMBERS OLD FANS

25 Manor Dr. #12-J, Newark, N.J. 07106

Dear CRY,

October 10, 1969

I'm in favor of your frequency shift to CRY-monthly. This may prove to be the most sensible publishing schedule available, in order to accommodate the loyal readership adrift on the fringes of civilization (The East Coast).

You're jogging forth some old memories with the names of Les Gerber and Jeff Wanshel in CotR. I'm quite sure Jeff was 12 when he entered fandom, and in less than a year's time was publishing FANFARONADE. Jeff referred to himself as a "fuzzlehead," he reasoned that he hadn't been in fandom long enough to become a fugghead. He was a remarkably clear and perceptive writer and at one time was probably the youngest practicing fan about. (Oh yes, he called his fanzine review column in FANFARONADE "The Staple Diet", a splendid title). I saw Jeff about three or four years ago at a LUNACON in New York. He had broadened out considerably; I didn't even recognize him until I looked closer. Jeff still had sandy-blond hair and a pleasant grin, but suddenly towered way up there, like the growth of a few more inches would put him dangerously close to the ceiling

fixtures.

LUNACONS tend to coax out old fans. The following year George Wells showed up. Do you recall George Wells? (*Vaguely.*) He published a crudely dittoed fan-zine titled THE SICK ELEPHANT which was frequently published on whatever paper George happened to have lying around his house at the time. One issue of THE SICK ELEPHANT appeared on the blank side of a bunch of crud sheets which George had accumulated. It was a typical issue of THE SICK ELEPHANT; the crud-sheets made more interesting reading. If I'm not mistaken (*but I think maybe you are*) George also did a few items for 1959 and 1960 CRYs under the intriguing pseudonym "Ethop Looney."

Les Gerber was at the NYCON, and he may have been at one or two LUNACONS. Years back whomever was handling the lettercol (Wally probably) (*I'd guess Toskey*) decided it would be just peachy-keen to head each letter with a pun incorporating the letterwriter's own name. It was quite an exercise in verbal manipulation, and this anonymous chap achieved some mortifying results. Les brought an end to this agony by responding with a letter containing puns on the names of the entire CRY-staff. His subtle message was conveyed to the fiend behind CotR, and never again did an awkward name pun head an otherwise superfluous missive. (*But they will just as soon as I can think of some.*)

Les also kept stubbornly pushing everyone's attention to a moral point concerning the bread thievery in LES MISERABLES... Say, that wasn't Les who did that, was it? Wish I could remember who it was but...no matter. (*The bread freak was some idiot named Mike Deckinger. What Les was chiefly famous for was defending, i.e., "Gerberizing"--term courtesy of Rick Sneary--some Australian fan otherwise unknown to fame who was attacked by that fiend in human form, Boyd Raeburn.*)

I had the good fortune of being housed in the new part of the Chase Park-Plaza, in a reasonably roomy, spacious and comfortable room that suffered no unwarranted intrusion by hotel Gestapo. Every morning maid service neatly made up the room and as I was situated on floor number three I journeyed back and forth to the lobby via the stairs, which were always running. The complaints that filtered through to me about sub-standard service and improper management were baffling, since judging by my own experiences I could find little to register any complaints over. Check-out went smoothly, I paid my bill with no difficulties and flew home. On board plant I couldn't help but ponder over the myriad complaints that had reached my ears. This was one hotel, I confidently assured myself, which I would stay at during some future engagement. We arrived home, pawed through the pile of mail awaiting me...and found a nasty bill from the Chase Park-Plaza demanding a \$20 balance on my room bill which they alleged I owed them--a \$20 balance I had sent as an advance deposit five months ago.

The moral--never trust a Chase Park-Plaza, over thirty or otherwise.

That's really clever of Dick Schultz to pretend that wallop he received was all part of the act. Of course we know better, and I hope that Dick also knows that when you want to throw a pass at an attractive chick, don't do it while she's on stage in front of a thousand other people.

Denny Lien's clever parody suffers the same fate as the last few mystery takeoffs by Buz: nonrecognition. I suppose the ideal parody should be able to stand alone, sustain the humor even if you don't know the item. But I still feel as if I'm missing half the impact, and thanks loads Denny Lien--now I'll have to dig up my copy of THE ESKIMO INVASION and find out what I've missed.



I've observed that nearly everyone who's reviewed BUG JACK BARRON has admitted to liking the book, as per Tackett's comments. Lester del Rey, Grand Mahout of the Second Foundation, gave it a fairly favorable review in IF, much more adulatory than I would have expected.

When I read BUG JACK BARRON I was prepared to finish it, yawn, and refer to it as a ho-hum novel that attempted much and accomplished little. Instead I found myself drawn into the conflict between Barron and Howards. God yes, the ending was predictable and flabby but the character interchange kept the book alive. I regret that Spinrad did not try to market this as a mainstream novel. Most of the science fictional elements could have been altered, or eliminated entirely so as to fit the novel more into the current perspective. And I would like to see Mr. Book-of-the-Month-Club reader squirm his way through it.

Budrys reviewed it too, in GALAXY, but since no translation accompanied his column I don't know what he thought of it.

Enclosed is 40¢ as insurance. And didn't I send 40¢ with my last letter. (Yes.) It wasn't indicated on the envelope. (Probably this won't be either, but I'm sure Vera will have it down in her books all right.)

Sincerely,

Mike Deckinger

(The Remembrance of Things Past bit is kind of fun, isn't it? Remember Es Adams, who called himself the Outlaw of Torn, and Bill Meyers? Nobody knows whatever became of Es Adams, but Bill Meyers is living in San Francisco and was at the Baycon. rich brown is married and the father of a little daughter, and Les Gerber is married and head of a family of four kids, including a baby son.)

BOYD RAEBURN DRINKS SARSAPARILLA
Dear Elinor.

189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario.
Canada

CRY 184 got here in something like 4 days. You mentioned something about service being better since Vera bugged the Auburn Post Office. Had they been leaving CRY in a corner for a week or so before sending the copies on? (I don't know. They must have been doing something naughty to CRY, because they certainly straightened out after Vera spoke to 'em--knock on wood--continue to be good, o Auburn P.O.)

Wally's con report covered the program items interestingly, and was a nice fill-in on the items I missed, which was a good chunk of the total. It took a very strong program item to drag me indoors when the pool was so close. Dick Schultz' con report was most welcome. I knew the committee had had hassles with the hotel, but knew no details and Locus reported hardly anything on this subject, and so Dick's report well satisfied my curiosity. It is very rare to get behind-the-scenes reporting on a sfcon.

Good on you, Betty Kujawa. When I saw those Canada Dry commercials last year, I thought, "My god, that's a bunch of bull dykes they have leaping around there." But apparently either the vast public didn't notice this, or didn't care. That illustrates the public's double standard regarding Deviant Behavior. Fill the TV screen with a bunch of obvious lesbians, and that's o.k., but if a commercial were made with a bunch of Sensitive Young Men leaping around in skirts, the uproar would be deafening. I too, Betty, can't imagine what the thinking of the makers of the commercial was. I didn't see the Mountie commercial. Wasn't shown here, naturally. In fact, there was such a beef from the Mounties that Canada Dry has withdrawn it in the U.S.

I hadn't been following the discussion in CRY on BUG JACK BARRON, because at that time I hadn't read the book. However, I remember somebody expostulating because somebody else in the CRY lettercol had referred to the Jack Barron character as a cliché, or stereotype, or something. But it was a stereotype. That What Makes Sammy Run, power struggles in the world of TV type of character has been used over and over, not necessarily in science fiction, but that is beside the point. (What is the point, ol' buddy? Are you for or against the use of a stereotype?)

When it was announced that the Meet the Authors party at the St. Louiscon would be beside the pool, with snow cones, cotton candy, and a calliope, some people thought that the whole thing sounded pretty TACKy. However, it turned out very well. I didn't get to meet any authors, but I did get to eat some cotton candy, which I had had only once before in my life, I think. And I had never tasted a Snocone. Turns out a snocone is a paper cup of crushed ice with some horribly artificial tasting fruit syrup poured over it. Not at all a gustatory experience. I settled beside the deep end of the pool, away from the madding throng, and found that there was a soft drink machine nearby dispensing free drinks. Fine. It was a very hot day and I needed much liquid intake. While getting a cup of Mountain Dew, I noticed that one of the drinks available was Sarsaparilla. I had always been curious as to what Sarsaparilla tastes like, famed as it is in Old West stories. "What does Sarsaparilla taste like?" I asked Joan Benford. "It's rather like root beer," she replied. "Yech!" I said, "you mean all full of noxious things like Wintergreen which are unfit for human consumption?" But anyway I decided to try it. Sure enough, there was a faint flavor of wintergreen. But the whole taste was not unpleasant. I actually drank a whole cup of it. I suppose one can get used to anything. However, I still think that habitual drinkers of Root Beer are pretty weird and perverty.

Regards,

Boyd Raeburn

(With cyclamates going off the market, habitual drinkers of any soft drink are worse than just weird and perverty--they're FAT! #I have never tasted sarsaparilla, or a sno cone. You are two up on me, kid. #Hey, I hope you don't mind my referring to you a few pages back as a fiend in human form. It was obvious to all that I was just jesting, wasn't it? You have a perfect right not to like wintergreen.)

BETTY KUJAWA WATCHES STAR TREK

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend, Indiana

Dear CRY and Elinor:

October 21, 1969

Each week-night now I get STAR TREK...catching lots of episodes that I'd missed previously...interesting to see the doctor looking that young and seeing the Capt. getting paunchier. Am very happy to be catching such reruns, would some earlier series (Mr. Peepers, for instance) could be shown...too bad it took so long to come up with tape.

Bestest (by far) of the new fall shows, in my 'umble opinion, is ROOM 222. Haven't caught the Cosby series yet, alas. But enjoy ROOM 222 no end...the kids and the faculty are real fine by me. Especially that grumbling-glowering Principal.

BRONSON could be good, if whoever wrote the first episode did the rest.... and, heck, they went and prettied-up Susan St.James on NAME OF THE GAME with that new hairdo...why? She was *great* as she was. (*Agreed! She was perfect before--that blonde streak in her hair ruins her style.*)

Gosh wow! The next issue of CRY will have 'the life and loves of Wally W. Weber? Oh great! You know how much I enjoy science fiction and fantasy! Can you get that all in one issue?

Thanks to all for the con-reporting...more than ever I now think a regional would be more my speed. No more of those BIG hotel scenes...your Seacon, Elinor, and that westercon at Burlingame that time are much better.

Wally asks how we-all got into fandom...like him, it was via prozines and their letter columns and announcements back then about the upcoming Chicon of 1952. Even reading Wally's letters back then didn't deter me from joining up... I had guts.

How delightful, Elinor that you heard from an acquaintance of Dr. Dupla... his physical description sounds much like I had pictured him...like you, at times it's hard to believe that all these fan-friends in far-away-places really do exist in The Real World.

Your ignorance of the 17th century in regards to Spain...I've still to find a good and readable book dealing with Spain during all those years of the Moorish occupation...a fascinating time, I've always thought.



Hey Roy Tacket! I have not read THE WHITE WOLF, but I think I know of another werewolf novel that far exceeds it...in writing and in horror...in fact I wish I could forget some of its details... It is THE WERE-WOLF OF PARIS by Guy Endore...anything by Endore is not for the squeamish...years back in CotR Avram Davidson commented on this novel, having the same nigh-onto-revulsion as I about it. If you've not read it, Roy, do...am sure you'd find it superior. It was a real grabber. Unfortunately some of its details are still much too painfully vivid in my mind...Elinor, if you've not read it, don't.... Some animal-cruelty scene therein would distress you no end..

Enjoyed the Hairy Ainu sage by My Dennis...glad he mentioned the Giant Moth in it...MOTHRA, the Japanese sci-fi movie must surely deserve some kind of award... the Incredibly Corn-Ball Prize of 1962, or somesuch? It made for a *great* cinema comedy...

Yep, me too, Buz...I watched the rerun of the 2 part ending of The Prisoner...was enhanced by the article in Shaggy some time back. Doggone, sent in a sub to Shaggy right after that issue, and, sigh, that's the last I've heard of the zine...anyone know wha happen? (Ken Rudolph has been courting and is presently busy getting married).

Yes, you have some good questions here, Buz, re worldcons...transferring monies from here to there and then from there to here just ain't gonna work. Like you say...a devaluation in some con-winning country could really get rough... Like you, this won't be my scene anyway...so am not too concerned.

Eney's news of the 'Mr. Spock' drink sounds snazzy...shall spread the word throughout skeetdom and other places. Know one skeet-wife who'd love that combination. Frankly how anyone could take more than one drink consisting of creme de menthe, I'll never know...

GOT to rush...almost time to go get hair done, alas. To the letter from ol' married man Lien...reason I'm proud and lonely, doll, is because so far there is nobody GOOD enough to become a member of your fan club...excepting ME, that is. And then at what age did you grow your forked tail?

Roy Tackett...why the heck not have ghosts of Ancient or Prehistoric men, Bubi?? Around our Indiana and Michigan Dunes country on the shores of Lake Michigan there are supposedly ghosts of Indians from a LONG time ago...first white trappers and settlers thereabouts said they saw 'em or heard of 'em....

WHY did I keep on reading BUG JACK WHOSSIS, you ask? Haven't you ever read a book so ghod-awful that you wanted to see the finish if only to see if the writer could top himself in vulgarity or ickyness? Sure, I've stopped reading various books in mid-stream many a time...some during the 1st chapter. MY biggest gripe of 1969 now is these paperbacks with the printing so damn small you'd lose your eyesight by the 3rd page. First ran across this in British paperbacks and now, alas, its spreading stateside, too.

I really relished Mike Deckinger's precon report! And thanks, Mike, for further info on the Genet play with Nimoy...though the idea of Vic Morrow acting and directing it is a bit croggling! Him I like real much...but in Genet, and directing?

Like Harry I keep hoping for some new kind of power for space flights. My pet was always a kind of solar power... yecccchhh, kids' nicknames...'Junic'...

that's howcome husband John J. Kujawa, Jr., is known as Gene...Soon as relatives started with the 'Junie' bit he demanded to be called Gene...around age 4 I guess.. (I'd wondered where he got the Gene...)

Oh...yeh, I can see the head of another Government/Country acting as opportunistic as Nixon did with the Moon-men. A British Prime Minister could easily be as fuggheaded or vulgar, Vera...one from the LABOR party, says I. (What I can't imagine is any head of any government being any less opportunistic than Nixon under those circumstances. Politicians have the same right to try to survive as politicians as soap salesmen have to survive as soap salesmen.)

I liked that picture of Rob Williams there on page 43. I've seen that expression on his dear little face when we've been together...usually a well-built blonde was passing by at the time..

Beth, having been to many a con or shoot-weekend I can say that, yes, there are lots of other guests...ofttimes another convention going on as well...plus resident guests, too...generally they all GRIPE and COMPLAIN...if only that we fen/or skeesters use up all the ice in the ice machines...I've yet, by the by, to see any con room-party HALF as loud as a simple little room party on a skeet weekend...Skeesters consume 4 times as much booze...and much better booze..

I couldn't agree more with Beth as to ALL of us having freedom...we don't have any 'right' to ban religion from space..

I gotta fly..

Oh...one more thingy...Sometime do you think y'all could entice WWW into doing some Horoscope feature? Like, say, for the beginning of 1970? Seeing that astrology is popular worldwide, Wally's predictions for us'ns could be a gas... I'm a Virgo (narch)...among Virgos there is Me, Mickey Rooney, LBJ and Sophia Loren...hows ZAT for an unlikely foursome?

Bye...

Betty Kujawa

(The list of Virgos you mention is only exceeded in its unlikeliness by: you, Andy Main, Richard Eney, Carol Ballard--I know there are heaps more Virgos in fandom than that, but there's a start.)

MARIAN MAKES FOUR

1420 Phyllis Ave., Louisville, Ky. 40215

Dear Elinor,

Surprise! There are four fen in Louisville--Jane Peyton, Beth Moore, Beth Moore's mother, and me. CRY is my Bible and Wally Weber is my ghod.

Has anybody read Peter S. Beagle's THE LAST UNICORN? It's a fantastic fantasy in which spiders weep, butterflies sing and piked skulls long for wine they can no longer taste. (Haven't read it. From your description it doesn't sound too much like my sort of thing, but someone in SAPS was very keen on it--forget who.)

I've read (in Jane and Beth's CRYs) paeans to Clarence Williams III, Michael Cole and Peggy L. (feh!). Does no one care at all for Tige Andrews? Does no one watch The Ghost and Mrs. Muir for Charles Nelson Reilly? Does no one watch Land of the Giants because Kurt Kasznar is in it? (Kid, you're a year behind the times. Now the question before the house is, does no one watch Room 222 for Michael Constantine, and the answer to that is--WOW! Of course!)

Did I hear an echo from the past whisper to me, "Someone doesn't like Nero Wolfe?" Well, who does? The plots are either too complicated to follow or repetitious (I'm so tired of beautiful girls being strangled in Wolfe's office I could scream). But Archie Goodwin, Wolfe's legman, is, in my humble opinion, a great character. (The thing about Archie Goodwin that turns me off is that he went to work for Nero Wolfe as a young man and now, thirty or forty years later, he's still a young man. I keep visualizing him with dyed hair and a face lift every few years and people sniggering behind his back.)

Ever your servant,
Marian Turner

A HAMELESS UNION

2207 Fairview Ave. E., Seattle, Wash. 98102

Dear Elinor,

October 27, 1969

We want to thank you for CRY's extensive coverage of our wedding. It was, after all, a union conceived in fandom...speaking metaphorically, all you rumor-mongers out there. I half expected a detailed account of our honeymoon from the Club Pornographer--where were you, Wally? (*Basically, I think you forgot to invite him.*)

Despite the fact that the world again greyed off into the limbo of classes the day after we got back, I recently brushed the adherent books from my fingers, adjusted my eyes for farther-than-reading distance, and went with Vera to the Vietnam Moratorium March. Bill had every intention of going but came home and collapsed after being up all night ~~poisoning people~~ giving anaesthesia.

The turnout here in Seattle, as people may have heard by now, was amazing; the weather co-operated (were it not against my religion--devout atheism--I'd say it was a clear indication of Divine Favor) and the nonviolent spirit was maintained despite the best efforts of a patriotic type who mouthed obscenities and insults at the marchers during their silent vigil and the equally inflammatory speech of an SDS member (who was shouted off the stand by a refrain of PEACE...NOW!)

What a contrast that protest march was to the Seattle Youth Rally For Decency which was held last night and which hit the papers this morning--they sounded like typical vapid Miss America candidates (I include the boys). Unfortunately I was unaware that it was going to be held--I had every intention of staging a counter-demonstration: "Seattle Youth For Smut"...."Decency is Unnatural"...."If You Don't Raise Hell When You're Young You'll Regret It For the Rest Of Your Life"...*"Some Of The Greatest Saints Were Reformed Rakes"*...ah, the list is endless...sob..

Peace..

Mildred Broxon

(*I favor "Live it up today--you can live it down tomorrow"--or what about "Balling Is More Fun Than Stalling"? No, I guess that would be improper.*)

CHILI SETS BOB ON FIRE

P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N. Mexico

Dear Elinor, and staff of flunkies,

87112

Another CRY? So soon after a worldcon? Mayhaps I'd better zing off a reply while I'm in the mood (I've just finished two bowls of chili and have heartburn--I'm going to write this letter while trying to figure out how best to quench the fire. I suspect a few beers would help greatly...)

So...the following comments on CRY 184 are made with my heart on fire.

Wally's conreport was quite enjoyable. Besides being factual it was concise. A plus factor in any conreport. I understand Harlan made a few remarks at the banquet that, while in character, were out of place at such a gathering. I'm still trying to pin down that portion of his intro which contained the phrase "...trained dog act..." and find out what he really said. I've heard 3 different versions already (Harlan was supposedly introducing the Couch Clan at the time).

I suppose everyone has heard the Polish astronaut joke but in case someone hasn't, here it be: Three astronauts were sitting around talking. Said the American astronaut, "We sure beat both of you to the moon, didn't we?"

Said the Russian, "So what? We'll land on Venus before you know it!"

The Polish astronaut replied, "Moon, bah! Venus, bah! WE'RE going to land on the sun!"

Both American and Russian scream, "You fool! Don't you know you'll be burned up if you try to land on the moon?"

"Fool? It is you who are the fools! We're going to land at night!"

Yes.

Danny Lien had better watch out. He's heading for a mental breakdown and a fanwriter's Hugo if he keeps up the high quality of his article/reviews. The Hairv

Ainu Invasion indeed.

I don't suppose the following makes too much sense. NM has the highest per 100,000 population ratio of Ph.D.'s of any state in the union and yet our per capita income rates as 47th.. This surely means one of two things. Either there are an awful lot of poor Ph.D.'s running around NM or everyone else doesn't collect too much bread come payday. Undoubtedly, companies like Sandia have to pay well. They are under government contract for the most part (Livermore and Tonopah also make it interstate) and are in competition out of state for recruiting new personnel. But how about Jose or Juana? They aren't nuclear physicists and they have to live. So where do they go?

Let's see how the system works (and I know since I run all around the fringes). Juana gets a job at a restaurant as a waitress. A nice respectable job. At 80¢ to \$1 an hr plus tips. Or if the restaurant is a franchise, interstate job they must pay minimum wage (\$1.35/hr, I believe). The kicker comes like this. The waitress has to turn in all her tips to the manager, then is paid her \$1.35/hr. In other words, her tips are deducted from what the chain has to pay. I know of two places where this is common practice.

And what unskilled jobs are open to Jose? (Assuming he hasn't studied ~~aero~~-space medicine in his spare time and has hired on at Lovelace Clinic as a consultant to NASA). Not all that many. This state would collapse if the AEC/NASA contracts were withdrawn.

Well, let me relate my employment history when I had just about the equivalent of a hs education. I managed to swing a job as a clerk at a concession stand at football games for the monumental sum of \$1/hr. The woman in charge of the whole operation was pulling down a fantastic \$1.50 an hr. Of course this is just part time work. Another job I briefly held down was that of dishwasher at \$1.10 per hr with the promise of being promoted to busboy at \$1.15/hr if I showed promise.

I then tried the Civil Service route and (with the third highest score in the region) was interviewed for two jobs, one as--so help me--a secretary (I'd put down that I could type and run a mimeo) and the other as a highwayman, uh, highway builder, uh, would you believe lugger and toter on a highway job? The first job I was obviously unqualified for and the second was unacceptable.

So the bar business beckoned. Via nepotism but whathell? BJ's Lounge probably pays its employees more than anywhere else in town.

(Now I'm really astonished that I was making exactly the same salary in Albuquerque in 1951 that I had been making in Seattle. Why don't you ask around and see if you can find out whether wages were higher (in comparison) in 1951 than now. They probably weren't, because I remember noticing that meals in restaurants were a lot cheaper in Albuquerque than in Seattle. However, clothing and housing, as far as I could tell, were about the same).

Elinor, you're not libertarian, you're an anarchist! It sounds like you oppose assigning anything to be read by kids in an English class. *(I must not be expressing myself very clearly these days. Well--that's nothing new.)*

From my understanding of the matter, Dean gave his class a list of 250 books and let them choose 10 to report on or some such. I wish I'd had such a break in high school. For every good, well written, interesting story I read in high school, I must have read a dozen boring, poorly written ones. Given the opportunity to choose my own reading (even from a preselected list), I'd have been in hog heaven.

I think most reading lists have one thing in common. They are outdated. Who really gives a rip about SILAS MARNER? I didn't. Looking back, I'd much rather have presented a discussion of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND (by the way, I read Stranger and tried to convince the English teach I had at the time that it was worth discussing. She naturally categorized sf as Japanese Monster Movie fiction and said NO!) The discussion of SM was about as stimulating as a sleeping pill.

Old time "classics" are fine for surveying the history of literature, but are outdated by modern standards. ROBINSON CRUSOE reads fine in a comic book format

and is hideously written in original form. Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky may be fine for an in depth college treatment but are boring as hell for high school level teaching.

(I remember having as required reading in one English Literature course in high school: *SILAS MARNER*, *TURMOIL* by Booth Tarkington (which our teacher apologized for giving to us--she said it wasn't any good but she didn't have any choice in the matter, and I think in that course we also had *BEOWULF* and *THE SCARLET LETTER* and *HAMLET*. It sounds a horribly improbable combination of stuff--maybe I'm remembering wrong. But I think I'm right. I'm positive we had *SILAS MARNER* directly followed by *TURMOIL*. I didn't dislike any of it except *BEOWULF*, which I thought very dull. But although I rather liked *SILAS MARNER* myself, I am shocked that it is still being thrust down the throats of high school kids. It not only is not relevant to modern times--it isn't all that good a book. Neither is *SCARLET LETTER*--did you have to read that? *BEOWULF* is less than nothing. *HAMLET* is worth reading if only to find out where everything that wasn't in the Bible comes from.)

Think of the zing that could be put into reading. Provided the shackles of the classics are broken. I'm certainly not advocating assigning everyone to read *PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT*--I've railed against a college instructor assigning everyone to read *LOVE LUST* by Lenore Kandel. But I see a great difference between offering a list of 200 or 250 "recommended" books and letting the students choose what interests them and then reporting on the material and assigning for everyone a book/poem/story that is objectionable on any grounds. Forcing someone to read an assignment is the present system, what I advocate and what Dean Koontz apparently tried to do, is much more libertarian. Let them pick what suits them. (Okay, I'm convinced. Actually I think I misunderstood your original statement.) That way if a flaming religious nut wanted to read St. Augustine he could while an sf nut could read *Stranger* and both would be happy. (I suppose an sf fan might dig St. Augustine but under no stretch of the imagination could I see a real religious nut grokking *Stranger*). (Depends on the religion. *Stranger* is practically a bible to some of the new hippie religions.)

Let me ask this, Elinor, why would you object to having *Stranger* put on a recommended reading list for high schoolers? (I looked back, and that wasn't what you said. You said he presented it to his class. That I would think objectionable. If it was on a list of 200, or 250 books, and he didn't call their particular attention to this certified goshwow book, I'd think it was okay. I'd think it was great.) I think *CATCHER IN THE RYE* is about standard fare now and I consider *Stranger* to be far superior. (I found *Catcher* a trifle boring). (I disagree intensely with you there. I loved *Stranger*, but *Catcher*--wow--it got through to me. If I had read it in high school--but it wasn't written then--it might have changed my whole life. It might have made me realize that boys are human beings too. (Something I would never have learned from *Silas Marner*, *Beowulf*, *Scarlet Letter* or even Booth Tarkington.) As it was, I didn't find it out for another six or eight years.)

I agree with you about George Clayton Johnson. I talked to him for about an hour at Westercon and he is indeed a groovy guy. It turned out that a couple of my favorite Twilight Zone episodes were written by him and I never knew it! (Twilight Zone! Of course. He told me that he had written some Twilight Zone and some Route 66 (none of which I ever saw) and I remember Route 66 and forgot the other series.)

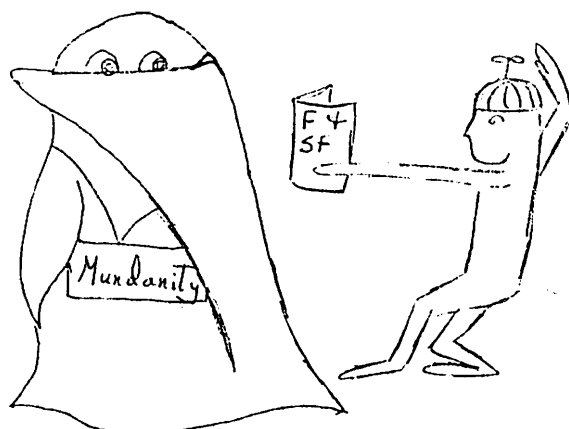
I remain, Sfanatically yrs,

Bob Vardeman

PS: We're getting serious about the Westercon bid. I now have \$9.47 in the bidding fund and after next month's meeting should have an all time high of \$10.97. Surely, that will be enough to stage a bid..... (Who needs money? Just ask when nobody else wants, and you've got it.)

November 2, 1969

Having graduated from high school and been forced into taking a job to earn moneys for college, I've started discovering a great deal about the Working World and its inhabitants. One of the things that I quickly discovered is that in many offices Mundanity abounds. It swarms and flows around me at work, whispering in my ear, "Succumb, my dear, succumb. Mundanity is, after all, painless." In defense, I've taken to holding Mundanity at bay by brandishing a copy of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION during my breaks. But I've been longing for a good CRY with which to render myself undefeatable.



B. 1

This was it with great joy that I came home one day to find CRY 184 sublimely reposing in all its glory upon my desk, waiting. Came the next dawn, and I set off for work, armed with my CRY and feeling absolutely fearless.

Holding Mundanity at bay

Mundanity cowered.

I eve showed my CRY to one pleasant little mundane who, up till then, had been laboring under the general, run-of-the-mill mundane misconceptions about stf. She spent a long while looking at it, occasionally asking fairly intelligent questions. Mayhaps I have converted her. Gives one a nice feeling, it does.

The 184 Atom cover is lovely, of course, but no color? Sigh. *(Use a little initiative, dear girl. Get out your crayons. That dragon would look great in pale green with lavender spots.)*

My best wishes to Bill and Mildred, and the same for Denny and Dorrie.

Comments on the Comments on FALLOUT, the Prisoner's last episode. If the Prisoner escaped at the end, how do you explain the fact that when the little butler entered the Prisoner's London flat, the door opened by itself, with that godawful familiar electric hum? It did not hum or open by itself in The Beginning, Before Capture. The hum and automatic opening were purely a la Village. Also, it is true that the bars did not clash together at the end, but did you notice that during the credits everyone else was shown with his name, while McGoohan was identified, as he drove off, only as "The Prisoner." "Changing residences" might be more accurate than saying he escaped. *(Your points are well taken. I've heard that the show represented McGoohan's feelings about life in society, life in the modern world. If so, the Prisoner could never really escape--the best he could hope for would be to escape from a smaller cage into a larger one.)*

CotR: the subject of the term "Trekkies." The controversy over such an in-offensive little world amazes me. I've considered myself a Trekkie in the past, and I've been rather fond of the name--after all, Trekkie is just a label for Star Trek fans. The word itself is not offensive unless an insulting overtone is added...and for that matter, one can make any word-label, such as "Negro" or even "Man," an insult with the tone of your voice, but that doesn't mean that the words "Negro" or "Man" automatically assume degrading connotations. Quite a few people will keep on referring to themselves as "Negroes" or "Men" and derive satisfaction and probably even pride from their labels. I happen to think that the word "Trekkies" is cute, too, Elinor. *(Good! That makes two of us!)*

What astonished me was to find how hostilely some Fans reacted to Star Trek and Trekkies, though. After all, ST fans merely form a Fandom sub-group, in much the same way as are the Burroughs fans or the members of The Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. It took a while to realize that anything, if put to the public's attention, will attract an antagonistic faction. I just wish I knew why this is

true. Human nature? A rather discouraging, albeit handy, answer...

Peace,

Beth Moore

(Trekkies have run up against a considerable amount of hostility in the past--not now so much, because the people who used to be Trekkies are more and more becoming just regular good ol' fans. But there was this huge influx of Trekkies all at once, and they were all interested in Star Trek and in each other, and not much interested in the old fans, who felt themselves swamped and overwhelmed by the Trekkian Horde. So they fought back, Holding Star Trek At Bay.)

JERRY COMMENTS ON CRY AFTER CRY

54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534

Dear Elinor et al.

October 31, 1969

I'm aghast to see that I've things to comment on stretching all the way back to CRY 180. Horrors!

I'll start with the WAHFs in which, in response to my letter, you ask about the interpretation of the CBS "Midsummer Night's Dream." Basically, the entire play was much too seriously played. This is one of Shakespeare's farces, and as such cannot be taken seriously. At every moment, the audience has to be aware of the stupidity and overall ineptitude of everyone, from the lowest to the highest of characters. Thus, the lovers cannot be played realistically, as they were in this production. We shouldn't REALLY feel sorry for them, we shouldn't really worry about their fates. In this production, we do. Similarly, the confrontation between Titania and Oberon is much too serious. It might be wise to say here that most of the faculty and students of the Drama Department would--and have--agreed with this analysis. *(Diana Rigg criticized the show for being much too slow paced. I suppose that by stepping up the pace one would automatically give it a more farcical, lighter touch. I'd like to see such a production.)*

Talking about TV programs, as almost everyone does here. During the summer there were at least four programs I waited for each week, programs I would alter a schedule to see if I could: The Prisoner, Star Trek, The Avengers, and The Dick Cavett Show. All are gone now, though Cavett will probably return in January. Currently, there's nothing regularly on the tube I'd go out of my way to see. What do I currently watch? Well, night by night (when I'm around): Saturday: Andy Williams (usually bearable, occasionally enjoyable). Sunday: Bill Cosby (not that good, but I do like him); Leslie Uggams (another enjoyable but nothing else show, so far with good guests); Mission: Impossible (same old crap every week, but I love watching Leonard Nimoy act and I never really liked Barbara Bain anyway). Monday: My World and Welcome to It (I've only seen this once, but that was rather cute); Music Scene (never watch the whole thing, but may switch back and forth if someone I like is on); Laugh-In (still one of the funniest things in regularly scheduled TV); Love, American Style (often sophomoric, but occasionally honestly uncontrived and amusing). Tuesday: Mod Squad (they're running out of plots, but production is still excellent--not unlike M:I, in a weird sort of way). Wednesday: Glen Campbell (one of the few really enjoyable variety shows, possibly the best since the Smothers Brothers); Room 222 (the BEST of the new shows by far, possibly the best thing currently on; excellent acting, good stories, overall sophistication most series don't even approach); Music Hall (only when good people are on). Thursday: Ironside (like Mod Squad and M:I--plot very similar every week, but high production values); Tom Jones (when guests I like are on); It Takes A Thief (rivals M:I for top action show on, and unlike that, is growing toward new dimensions). Friday: Get Smart (still funny after all these years, especially with the increased use of movie satires); The Name of the Game (only when I'm in the mood--I happen to like Gene Barry); Hogan's Heroes (although falling off, it's still funnier than almost anything else on). I've also become something of a Johnny Carson fanatic. Cavett is by far the best, and David Frost is excellent; I despise both Bishop and Griffin, and although Carson is by no means as good as

those first two, the show is very enjoyable. There is a whole personality going through it, not unlike that present in the Dick Van Dyke Show.

Talking about Cavett--did anybody out there see the final Cavett show of the year? (Yes. I did.) All during the summer, of course, he'd featured a number of "left-wing" personalities and politicians (including Joan Baez, Allen Ginsburg, Arlo Guthrie and Wayne Morse), and in this final program was reading letters he'd received, primarily those about those people. After reading several typical--both pro and con--he came across one which said, "People like this are a menace to the country and should be rounded up and put away somewhere." And--would you believe--he looked up, and rather quietly said, "Madam, you are a fool." I almost blew my mind. You just don't DO this sort of thing over prime time television in the U.S. A. I could hardly believe it.

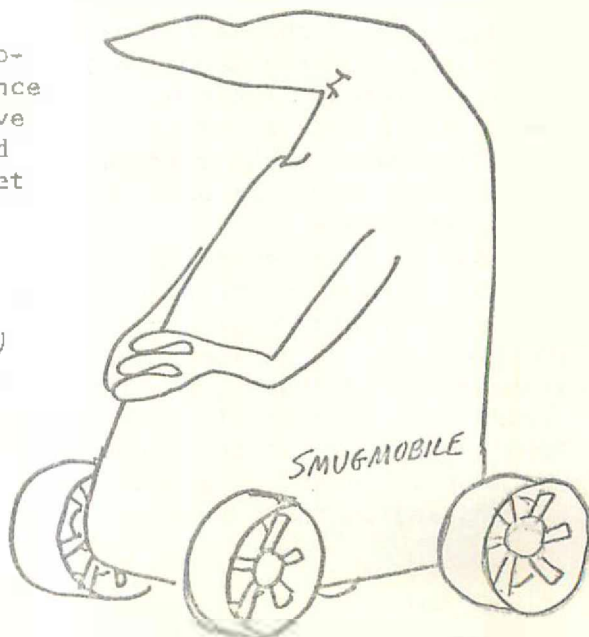
I don't (sob) have a copy of THE IMPROBABLE IRISH: as far as I can recall, the only time I ever saw a copy was shortly after the original release. At that time, I had no idea Willis had written it (WHY did he have to use a pen name?) (Because he's a Government employee.) and didn't bother. Now, it seems to be too late, since I've never seen it since that one occasion. (It's still on the stands in Seattle. However, why don't you order a copy directly from Ace? Or better yet--it's out in hardcover. Why don't you bug the librarian at your college into ordering a half dozen copies or so?)

Most of my fiction reading is currently sf, tho I've gone through mystery and spy periods in the past. Only Bond has remained with me. For some reason, Fleming strongly stimulated my sense of wonder, and even today I'll often go back and reread the whole series. (I like Fleming too, and find him very re-readable.)

Vonda: I've been a conchologist (read shell collector) for many years, and I'm afraid my visit to Sanibel disappointed me. I can see how the novice can go wild over the variety, but when I was there a few years back, there really wasn't anything I didn't already have. Of course, I wasn't able to spend much time; I realize had I searched as I should have, I could have made some fairly interesting discoveries. (As a shell enthusiast, I should think you would have been thrilled at seeing *The Same Old Thing* in an unfamiliar habitat. Buz and I are wild duck watchers, and it's a big thing for us to see a familiar duck in an unfamiliar spot.)

One of the first things I did when I was about 8 and found out that Science Fiction was something different from other kinds of literature was to join the Science Fiction Book Club. One of my free books was TRIAD, which I chose because it seemed like a good buy--three novels, by some strange author. The author, of course, was A.E. Van Vogt, and this wonderful volume contained THE WORLD OF NULL A, SLAN, and THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE. Along with early Heinlein, I think that this volume was probably a major influence on my thinking about science fiction and about things in general. I STILL love all three (with a particular love for Null-A, and all that implies) and, on many rereadings, can get some of the same excitement of those first readings. Someone commented recently that Van Vogt doesn't stand up under rereading; I disagree strongly. (I found SLAN a bit thin on recent rereading; the other two I'd love to read again.)

The worst Star Trek episode? The all-time worst would have to go to one of the alternate Earth stories, probably the one in which the two warring barbarian cultures turn out to be the result of a US-Russia nuclear war--remember, with the American flag being carried in and the National Anthem played in the background? THAT was the one made for the masses. (That was the



one about the Yongs and the Cooms. That was my nomination for all-time worst, too. What masses do you think it was made for? Almost everybody was made quite ill by it. I've only met one person who admitted liking that show--a young kid who showed up at Nameless once, praised the episode with the Yongs and Cooms, and was regarded with such sheer horror we never saw him again.)

Liked MASQUE WORLD very much, considerably more than the other two in the series. (I think I liked THE THURB REVOLUTION best of all. MASQUE WORLD has the best, richest background and it has some great characters and situations--for example the alien who loved the smell of his incompetent human underling--but I think THURB has the most good lines.)

Vonda's "ratings" are excellent, one of the few honestly funny things in recent fanzines. I remember that in my year at the University of Chicago, whenever the President (LBJ, in this case) was on TV, we would turn down the sound and play around with the color for a while. At least it made it interesting, and the speech would always be more coherent when read in the paper the next day.

I guess I've been extremely lucky with teachers, since I've had a number who would admit a student is right (and he wrong), or at least that a student can have his own opinions as long as he can back them up. I know I certainly never liked a teacher who insisted he was right ALL the time. I think I would have liked having Denny as a teacher, all connections with sf aside.

Now, in the progression of things, 183 and the moon edition. One quick comment, Vera. I think there are a few reasons why the "old wave" authors were those on the tube during the moonshot. In the first place, these are the best known--they've been around far longer than people like Delany, Zelazny, Ellison, etc., and would be far more familiar to the public. After all, even Time has on occasion mentioned Asimov and Clarke (along with Bradbury). In addition, many of these people are known over and above their sf output; both Asimov and Clarke are quite respectable scientists, no less science writers.

I did get to St. Louis. I'd say Wally wasn't the only one caught in Pelz' "trap." As a matter of fact, many Eastern fans who'd never seen Brucifer without his beard didn't recognize him. I think most of us knew that Gertrude wasn't being played by a female, but many of us didn't know exactly who it really was. The story, incidentally, was Peake's Ghormenghast trilogy.

Actually, the Shorter/Elison confrontation at the banquet was only the culmination of a situation which had been building up since the Costume Ball. The question of using the remaining funds had in fact come up a few times before, and each time there was considerable discussion. Things finally boiled over at the Awards Banquet, but they had been building up for quite some time.

"The Prisoner." According to a number of people I've talked to, it WAS McGooghan under the second mask. I guess the only way of proving it, one way or the other, is for someone to take a picture at the precise moment next time the series is rerun. (When we first saw it I thought it was the Prisoner under the mask. But I wasn't positive. So when it was rerun this summer Buz and I were both very much on the alert at that precise moment, and both agreed, no, it was not the prisoner. It was a guy who looked a little bit like him, but it was a different person.)

Bob makes an excellent point when he says that "Our educational system can only be as good as the people who run it," but he doesn't go far enough. This applies on every level of education, and means that the best university in the country can have some of the worst courses--while some schlock high school in Mississippi can have a few fantastic course, all depending on the instructors. I must have been fairly lucky, as although my high school teachers weren't genius level, most were at least competent. And although I lived in upper New York State, the school was quite liberally run, with no such restrictions (at least to me, in my classes) as those Dean Koontz and others have talked about recently. The one

problem with Bob's suggestion for "training" is the question of timing. When does one actually decide in which direction a child is to be trained? Up until a few years ago, the 11+ system in England decided this at a very early age. I think you'd have quite a problem deciding exactly when to begin your specialized training. I do agree, however, that more of this sort of thing should be done, at least with the group you KNOW isn't going on to college.

End. END!

Would you believe...

Jerry Lapidus

(Well--I boiled an 8 page letter down to about three. #The whole problem with job training in high schools is that there isn't room for college prep. and job training in the same program. Also, the students who opt for job training instead of college prep. are just that much further behind the college kids culture-wise--like, sob!, maybe they don't get to read SILAS MARNER--and I'm not sure that anything that increases the culture gap is necessarily desirable. By the way--I think this is vaguely relevant--I read an article once about a black guy who got an athletic scholarship to a college. He had had the usual black culturally-deprived childhood, had had a hard time in school, and was having a difficult time in college--but was enjoying it immensely! He found that he really genuinely loved poetry and had become an English major. I don't remember his name, and have no idea how he made out. The point I'm aiming at is, that unless a person is actually stupid (a point not necessarily established by IQ tests based on white middle-class background) it's hard to say of anyone that you know he isn't going on to college.)

RANDY TOOTHMARKS

717 Collindale N.W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Elinor,

49504, October 34, 1969

Unfortunately, my elevator, which Vonda wounded so seriously at the St. Louis-con seems permanently ruined. The mechanics see no hope, so I fear I shall have to get along without.

For the benefit of Betty K. and Vonda McIntyre, Bytwerk is pronounced "bite work". No so hard, is it? There are only two obvious ways to pronounce my name, but I can think of at least five ways of pronouncing Kujawa. (I pronounce it KeeYAW-waw and everybody always knows who I mean.)

I am amazed to learn that Betty can get Grand Rapids TV stations. Why can't I get South Bend? Well, she is probably as unhappy as I about Channel 3's recent programming change. They stopped showing all those old movies, and started showing the Merv Griffith show. Highly annoying. The unfortunate citizens of Grand Rapids can now hear three evening talk shows but cannot watch a single movie.

Elinor, I don't think that Armstrong's first words on the moon were the words of a crew of PR men. I remember reading somewhere that his words were as much of a surprise to everyone at NASA as they were to you and I. Well, I hope so, anyway. The words wouldn't be quite so moving to me if I knew they were not Armstrong's own. (I took for granted that they were originated by PR types, and dug them greatly on that score. If they were Armstrong's own--they were just all that much better).

Best,

Randy Bytwerk

P.S. Is my penmanship as bad as Denny Lien? (Much worse. Actually Denny is quite legible. Randy, I'm glad you have a typer. Keep it. Don't let anybody ever separate you from your typer.)

A BROKEN REED

668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn.

Dear Elinor,

October 25, 1969

Re: Dig as a slang word. It actually depends on circumstances and user. Dig can be used by a real "with-it" person and be slang or by someone trying to be "with-it" and be "pseudo-lowbrow". Many "heads" I know will say "smoke dope" which is supposedly really "out of it" yet they are using a "with it" slang term. (You are using too many quotation marks. I hope you realize that.)



Bob V.: I'm in high school so I'd like to comment. Our English teacher asked for suggestions (which he might use if they were ok with the reading list) and, of mine, he hadn't read THE SURVIVORS--Golding (instead of the overworked LORD OF THE FLIES), THE HOBBIT and LORD OF THE RING by Tolkien, BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE UP TO ME, R. Farina, or MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND instead of the overworked (and bad CATCHER IN THE RYE. *(Another Catcher unfun! & I really think it's a marvelous book. I suppose the problem is that it was so timely in the '50's that now in the late '60's it seems as out of date as Booth Tarkington's TURMOIL did when I had it in English. However, Catcher has something real going for it. Like most of Salinger's*

work, it deals with the sickness caused by undigested grief.)

He had said he wanted to use excerpts from the Bible and to do some theology so I asked for the C. S. Lewis trilogy (which he hadn't read) and mentioned 'SAD' from the Koran and HABBAKUK from the Bible, neither of which he has read. These are a few examples only.

Parenthetically: Poetry is big amongst kids yet they get no training or teaching. How do you convince someone that while Leonard Cohen is good he lacks many things and why don't you try Andrew Marvell or John Donne for comparison. *(Had we but world enough and time we would study Andrew Marvell).* I won't even mention Rod McKuen who isn't able to write anything. I wanted to do some Wallace Stevens, Guillaume Apollinaire and/or Randall Jarrell but these were vetoed by our teacher. *(My god! Apollinaire I wot not of, but Stevens and Jarrell are certainly great names in modern poetry.)* We get "Ozymandias" for the umpteenth year in a row but skip the Dylan Thomas in our book.

Our reading lists never change, the teachers don't read ought but the r.l. and don't act differently in '69 than in '59. We get ignorant, stupid arrogance personified as a teacher. It's disturbing.

It is bad, tho, I'm being a little arrogant meself in value judgements. But he bugs me.

He wants to teach me about comparative theology but I have to lend him my qu'ran and tell him what the Zend-Avesta was and explain (he's a Catholic) that Jesus wasn't a Catholic. Also about gnosticism (whence the mention of Zoroastrianism's Zend Avesta).

So I'm stuck with THE OX-BOW INCIDENT.

S*I*G*H

Opinely,

Ed Reed

(You know, Ed, as you go through life you'll find that most people haven't read the books you've read. I read a great deal--and not all of it sf or suspense--but I haven't read most of the things you scorn your teacher for not having read. Most people do not read very much, but those of us who do read have such a wealth of material to choose from no two will choose the same things. That's one of the nice things about sf fandom--one does find people who have read at least some of the same things oneself has read.)

MAE ANSWERS ROB

Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria,

Dear Elinor and Cry,

Cordoba, Argentina, 10/17/69

May Jesus-Mary of the town from when this letter proceeds help me answer the inimitable Rob. In conquistadorial jargon I call God to witness I never meant wrong, Amen! Forgive me, Rob? You love cats, I love cats, haven't we a bond between us? Despite me and my mouldy gnomes and all? Sweet Rob, dear Rob, "Ravishing Rob," as Betty call you, forgive me, please, please?

And I won't call you a pining virgin, not ever again. Betty assures us you're not. (Yes, but how does Betty know?) I get it your dream is to enter the Orgy Pits of hell! May you have the stamina indeed!

And if you get weary, conceited me, angel-dreaming me, me with my wings and general fuzziness, will always be on tap to pray for you and your stubborn old heart of virgin pine.

But to reassure you that your psychological analysis was correct and profound, of course I'm crazy and I've always known it. I simply never could be Earth-normal, and when I tried it once, I went mad. Yes, literally. It was so against my nature. That was in 1958. I was being a typical beata at the time. (Yes, still crazy, as you'll agree). And I hated it so, loving my enemies and all, and turning the other cheek, meekly, to pains-in-the-neck, I went into a state of total amnesia. Electro and insulin shock patched me, but I agree, boy, I'm still all you say, so disconcertingly:

"A mind in colorful tatters and pieces like a crazy quilt...a random grouping and 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 the brainpan... A brain curiously bewitching in a dark and spooky, warm and musky way, full of mushroom decay, though, and night-blooming radishes nurtured by the manure of passing gnomes and all-too-human gods."

By damn, that's beautiful writing and I give it to you. You so thoroughly analyzed me, also. Do you know what really thrills me deep ... sniffing at damp mold and moss, under an old tree....smelling its Earthiness. And you say it's in me too. Swell!

And what else thrills me? Growing old, with the trees and gnarled roots. And what do I look forward to? Laying away this aging body under them...

And you? You want it hot and dry, already? Suffering from rheumatism, are you? Still, if so, you deserve laurels, if that roof you live under is leaky, all to keep an alleycat well. Rob, hate me and loathe me, but I love you, for it all!

As for my cheek and "conceit"? It is hereditary. My father's forebears were coal-miners from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Whistling in the dark comes natural, as a result, to us all...

We like the dark, too...and the twilight! Why not? When it's cool, things grow....vegetation, bugs and worms, too. And fine!

Okay, you won a diatribe from Show-off-Me!

Betty K., I'm writing to you all-private now, apart. I should talk nonsense to Rob? And any others feeling as he does, and reading CRY? I worry about their blood pressure, and wish to leave their hearts in peace. Anyone wanting further data, as you asked, must write to me, direct. I'm damned if I'll show myself a bigger fool than I am. (Sez I, but soon's there's more news, I'll blabber, alas. I can't avoid it. That's how I wuz made! See, Rob? Even my spelling's disintegrating! Hold on, till I write anew from the asylum, soon, to prove you ever-correct.)

Love, and Peace, as Betty signs,

Mae Surtees Strelkov

P.S. I love Vonda. I loved the story of the spangles too, even on the feet bottoms. (I was going to say 'soles' but winced. Rob wouldn't like it.

(I too thought that Rob's diatribe was beautiful writing, which was one of the main reasons it was included in the Lettercol. I find both you and Rob quite evocative writers).

& WE ALSO HEARD FROM: No more letters will be printed this issue, because Good Ol' Boyd Raeburn (known as that fiend in human form to those whose letters got bumped) is staying with us, and typing has given way to talking and playing records. RICK COOK, whose letter would have been printed last time if it hadn't got misplaced, may find his letter printed next time, since it seems to be of relatively timeless interest. It's a shame not to print DOREEN WEBBERT's letter since it's the first letter she's written to CRY for nine years. JOANNE BERGER liked issues 183 & 184. She liked all the St. Louiscon reports, and says that if 1,000 people went to a con they'd have 1,000 different cons to report-- which is certainly entirely true. BRUCE ROBBINS is living in Montreal now. He remembers Jeff Wanshel, whom he corresponded with in '61--was amazed at his literary precocity at age 13. Also says: "Two weeks ago I read that one Les Nirenberg was about to start a nightly talk show on CBC radio--it is the Les Nirenberg who published QUE PASADO? (later THE PANIC BUTTON) ((yes)) and who worked in the Coexistence Candy Store ((Boyd says he was a partner there)) rather than in the much more lucrative capacity as an electrician (in which profession he was licensed) ((Boyd says that's incorrect)) simply so he could meet people. His radio show originates out of Toronto. ((Boyd says Montreal)). LOUIS LENHARD sends money. ANDREW PORTER sends a drawing. MARK BANCLAY sends money, also a letter. Says Atom is enjoyable; Tim Kirk is amusing; Bill Rotsler is a genius. Read Panshin's MASQUE WORLD recently, and thought it had more good lines than either of the two other Villiers stories. His favorite was: "Do places dream of people until they return?" Says there are at least four typers used to prepare CRY. You're right there, Mark. When contributors type their own material there can be as many typers used as there are contributors. TED PAULS sends a column which will appear this issue if anyone gets it typed up. If not, it will appear next issue. So much for the lettercol, gang. See you next month. CRYmonth, that is.

Science Fiction Being Phased Out

PHILADELPHIA (AP) Moon landings are "wiping out vast chunks of fictionalized flight," a Philadelphia science fiction writer says.

"Unless you deal with something technically impossible, such as time travel, you may find your subject is not legitimate anymore," L. Sprague de Camp told a weekend conference for fiction writers. An example of time travel would be a man going back in time to kill his grandfather.

The Transformed Man. William Shatner. Decca DL-5043, or Stereo DL-75013, \$4.79.

SHATNER is, in real life, Captain Kirk of "Star Trek". Or so it seems to say on the liner notes. Why does a clean-cut space pilot get himself involved in this sort of earthbound pretentiousness? Simply to break out of orbit? Perhaps to opt for some of that synthetic Broadway stardust? Anyway, he has enmeshed himself in a mismatched mishmash entertainment that trades on pseudo-artful contrasts in mood--coupling a schmaltzed-up "To be or not to be" with a McKuenish piece of doggerel on love's joys, Haendel with a John Lennon rock-away, "Cyrano" swagger with a Bob Dylan extravaganza. And so forth. This over-produced disc does not appear to know where it is going, nor why, and seems designed mainly as a showpiece for the full (but limited) gamut of Shatner's Thespian competence. Meanwhile the music of Don Ralke (who must be a disciple of Max Steiner) has its independent go at all the moods, unflinchingly surging through Shakespeare, Rostand, and "pop" alike. As for the stops-away grand climax, "Transformed Man" (words by Frank Davenport, music by Ralke, posturing by Shatner), it tries awfully awfully hard.

The American Record Guide



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