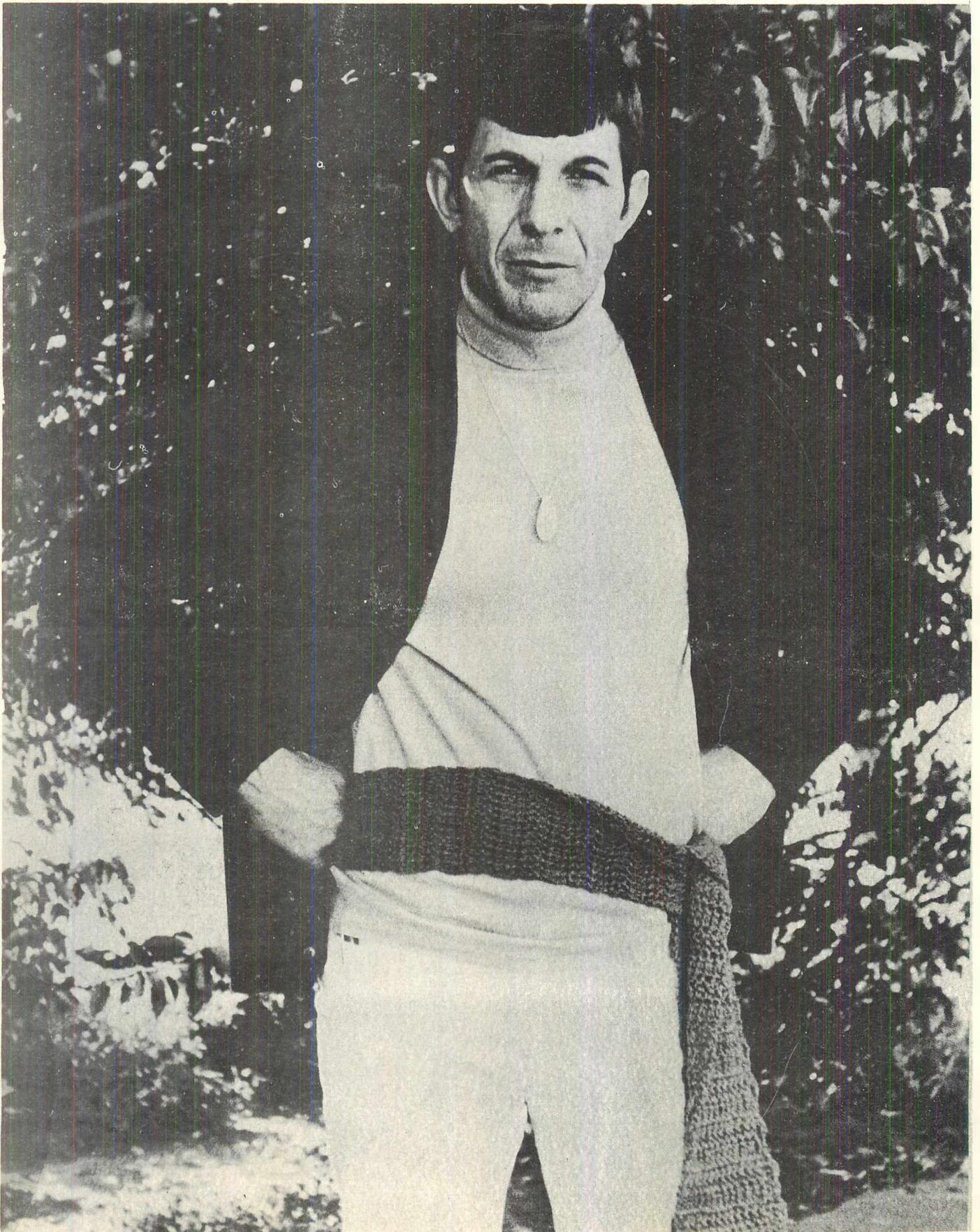


CRY

NUMBER 176 SEPTEMBER 1968



Star-Struck Housewife Strikes Against Nielsen

By C. J. SKREEN
Television Editor,
The Times

Over the years the United States has had its quota of battling females ranging from Carrie Nation to Madalyn Murray O'Hair. The latest addition to the list could be an Auburn housewife and mother of two, Mrs. Virgil (Vera) Heminger, of 30214 108th Ave. S. E.

Early in the past season when there were persistent rumbles that N. B. C.'s Star Trek was a candidate for oblivion, Mrs. Heminger wholeheartedly joined a crusade to save the show.

As a avid fan of the program and its co-star Leonard (Mr. Spock) Nimoy, Mrs. Heminger, along with several thousand other partisans of the series, went on the warpath back in January when word filtered out that the show was in danger of cancellation due to anemic ratings.

SHE AND several dozen other irate science-fiction enthusiasts in the area began bombarding N. B. C. with protests about dropping their pet show. They were joined by thousands of others throughout the nation. As a result, by mid-March N. B. C. abandoned whatever plans it may have had to drop the show.

There was still trouble ahead for the faithful, however. In a sudden scheduling switch, N. B. C. decided to move Star Trek from its early-Friday-evening time to 10 p. m. Fridays — the graveyard time slot of television.

Mrs. Heminger and her local militant co-horts

promptly mounted the barricades again, this time picketing the KING-TV studios on Aurora Avenue. One of their posters read: "10 o'clock is past Dr. Spock's bedtime." (In the spirit of the occasion, KING-TV filmed the protest marchers and ran it as a segment of its Early Edition news.)

THIS IS one battle, however, that Star Trek's legion of fans has apparently lost. As of the moment, N. B. C. has refused to budge and the Enterprise will take off in outer space at 10 p. m. Friday nights beginning in mid-September.

Looking back on the semi-successful campaign, Mrs. Heminger, who is an associate editor of **CRY**, a local amateur magazine devoted to science-fiction aficionados, said she hasn't regretted a single moment devoted to the cause.

This, despite the fact that she was fired from her job at an Auburn newspaper because "I was spending too much time on the Star Trek campaign and couldn't concentrate on my job."

Asked what her husband, who is employed by the Federal Aviation Agency in air-traffic-control work, thought about her activities, Mrs. Heminger said, "He tolerates it and has never accused me of neglecting the household. In fact, we have a marvelous modus vivendi. I don't bug him about his fishing and hunting and he doesn't bug me about Star Trek."

MRS. HEMINGER has been so wrapped up in her favorite television series



VERA HEMINGER
TV Crusader

("greater love hath no show") that she sold a set of the family's Winchester guns to finance a trip to Los Angeles in July to attend a science-fiction convention and visit the Star Trek set.

Thanks to Mrs. Heminger and her fellow Vulcanites, when Nimoy arrived at the Seattle-Tacoma Airport to be the grand marshal for the Seafair Parade, 350 of the flock were out to greet the pointed-eared co-star of Star Trek — many dressed in home-made Star Trek uniforms.

Questioned about the compelling hold of the show, the attractive Auburn housewife said, "I don't really know. My stamp bill is stupendous — they cheer me when I arrive at the post office. There is something known as the Star Trek syndrome. I can't explain it. You can't shake it. It just gets you."

WITH THE Star Trek skirmish at a status quo, Mrs. Heminger has moved on to other battlefields — this time the A. C. Nielsen audience-rating survey. She attributes Star Trek's woes to Big Daddy Nielsen's counting-house and she is not about to let him forget it.

A good part of this summer has been spent firing off protests to various government agencies and officials. A typical Heminger missive was one directed to one of this state's representatives in Congress, with copies to the Federal Communications Commission, Federal Trade Commission, the President, the vice president, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and the late Senator Robert Kennedy.

For what would appear to be strictly a fan response, Mrs. Heminger's letters are surprisingly knowledgeable and well-researched. Excerpts from one of her recent dispatches to Washington about the rating system follow:

"I HAVE become increasingly angry at a situation that has existed for quite a while within the television industry. I am referring to the Nielsen rating system.

"I find this method of grading television shows inadequate as a representative of the public's true taste in programming throughout the country.

"Information is not readily available as to the number of audimeters and their location (which I deem to be another bad feature), but I am tentatively informed that the East Coast is heavily represented, while, for example, Washington State has but

two families with audimeters.

"In addition, the total number of such devices constitutes a ridiculously small percentage of the viewing audience . . .

"AS I SEE it, the true popularity of many programs is often misrepresented. The situation is made worse by the deference paid the ratings by the networks: it appears that the moment ratings drop below an arbitrary level a program faces almost certain cancellation. This forces the public to spend much time and effort writing letters to the networks to desperately try to salvage a program they truly care for.

"I am specifically referring to the recent write-ins that took place in favor of Gunsmoke, The Avengers and Star Trek. Fortunately, in these cases, the response from the public was so intense that the shows were continued despite low ratings; however, many other worthwhile shows simply succumbed to the rigid numbers, and this only to be often replaced by a less-appealing program . . .

Questioned about the next crusade she might mount, Auburn's Dawn Quixote replied, "I haven't really thought about it. I still haven't given up on the Nielsen campaign—this may take a while."

A dogged campaigner like Mrs. Heminger could conceivably put over even George Wallace.

* Page Three *

"Today, we have perpetrated a THING upon the face of the earth!"

...Burnett Toskey, on many and many a CRYday.

Yes, this is CRY #176, the 15 Sept '68 issue, edited by Elinor Busby, Wally Weber and Vera Heminger, published by Wal-2-Wal Press [did I get it right that time, Wally Gonser??], available at 25¢ the copy [maximum sub \$1, please, for the moment]. Free copies to successful contributors including the lettercol; in fact, this time Elinor and Vera are showering mercy on a few of the more deserving We Also Heard Froms, but don't bank on it.

Subs and (mutually-agreed) trades go to Mailing Editor Vera Heminger at 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash, 98002. Contributions including LOCs go to Copy Editor Elinor Busby at 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash, 98119.

\$1 from anyone who would like an 8x10 glossy of the cover photo goes to Mildred Torgerson [who took the photo of Mr. Nimoy ("old Round Ears")] at The Vulcan Consulate, 2815 20th Ave S, Seattle, Wash, 98144.

And that's the last free non-house ad you'll see in this zine, baby...

... and now our Contents :

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Art Credits: Irene Wanner 15, Wm Rotsler 26, Vaughn Bode 31, Saliv 8.

Pages typed: Elinor 22, Buz 9, Vonda 4, Vera 3, Wally (W) 2.

COPY DEADLINE for #177: 25 October 1968. In the cases of local stalwarts who type their own material up for reproduction, the following will be accepted in lieu of actual copy-in-hand: pagecount and title of item [and that means FIRM, gentlepeople], names of illustrators and page (of the item) on which these appear. In other words, no more of this jass of cutting this page during the publication process, making 2 runs to Wally's place, etc, as today. Not by me, anyway. [My own fault, mind you. I just don't intend to repeat it, is all.] 25 Oct gives everyone plenty of time; this issue was too much like Old Times.

My, it certainly didn't take CRY long to build up its waistline again; did it?

SOMEONE SAID we should have had some of the fine letters we received when CRY folded in 1964, as the lettercol for #175. He was right. And if we had had any reasonable idea of where in this house to start looking for those letters, we would have done so. It really would have been The Thing To Do.

SOMEONE ELSE worrit that STAR TREK is dominating CRY. Well, not really. STAR TREK, besides being the major current interest of some of the New Blood in these and other parts, is a vital part of today's scene. As such, it rates exposure and gets it. But not exclusively: a natural balance will be established, I'm sure, by the interests of the readership as well as by those of the editors. [The only problem would be if old & new readers together supplied CRY with enough material for two zines. Well-- hmm, what's wrong with that? I think this group could handle two zines with some overlapping of staffs and interests, if it felt like it. Would you believe CRY of the Enterprise on an interlocking schedule??] [The foregoing was entirely my own withering and binds no one...] I seem to be out of page. John (Goon) Berry, where ARE you? 'til next.. Buz.

A BAKER'S DOZEN

by Wally W Weber

At BayCon, I was seen wearing a green button (it went well with my complexion) on which a particular number was prominently displayed. There is no reason for discussing the number itself, for it has no significance. If you pick any integer between 12 and 14, you'll probably be close enough. The important thing is that fans at the convention kept asking me about the button, and wondered why I was wearing it.

Most of the fans tried to figure out the reason for themselves. All kinds of far-out guesses were made, and a surprising number of them joked about the possibility (pay attention to this now, you'll really get a laugh!) that the number on the button had something to do with why I was wearing it. Talk about your wild fannish imagination! As if a person as knowledgeable as a science fiction fan could be superstitious about a number -- hah!

Of course I explained about the button when asked, but you know how noisy and distracting Worldcons get. I doubt if a single fan understood. Once during a forenoon, when most fans were sleeping and the hotel should have been quiet, I tried to explain about the button to an interested fan. Unfortunately somebody had let a kitten loose in the lobby, and if you've ever tried to shout an explanation over the noise of a kitten stomping across a carpet, you'll readily understand why the fan went away as bewildered as he had come.

Here in the sane surroundings of CRY I thought would be an ideal place to explain about the green button and to put down once and for all the various misconceptions that have arisen concerning my reasons for wearing it. Perhaps the best place to start would be a report on a group discussion held at the last meeting of the Nameless Ones, for it was in that discussion that the insignificance of the number on the button was definitely established for all time.

The subject came up at the meeting because I had neglected to remove the button from the suit I was wearing -- the meeting was held on the second Friday of September, just a few days after the BayCon. Much of the meeting was wasted in a vain attempt to discover some way in which the number on the button figured importantly in my life. To the contrary, it was discovered that the number had no connection with me in any way.

For example, a great deal was made over the observation that the number of my house (5422) related to the number on the button if you added up the digits of the house number. But that of course would mean ignoring my street number (16th Southwest), which of course should not be done. The day of the month when I was born (26th) was exactly twice too large to fit, and my present age (39) was exactly three times too large. Because my nominator at the last club election had a feeble memory, I hold office (Sec-Treasurer) under an assumed name (What's His Name), and some clod took the trouble to count the letters in that name. Only 12, unless you count the

apostrophe. Or if you do count the apostrophe, then the period in my real name (Wallace W. Weber) brings that count to 14. Using my full middle name throws the letter count off even more, especially using my fannish middle name, "Wastebasket," or its army slang equivalent (File ... uh, 3 or something, isn't it?).

Adding up the digits in my weight (180 pounds, including 5 pounds of clothing) yields nothing significant, nor can anything be juggled to make my height (5-feet uh... no, I mean 6-feet 1-inch) fit the button number.

Adding up the digits in the number of CRY's first revived issue (#175) does match, but honestly now, that correspondence is a bit tenuous. If you were to accept something that far-fetched, there would be no limit to how outrageous you could get. It might lead to computing the average number of weeks between odd numbered issues of CRY, or the number of typewriter keys required to type CRY OF THE NAMELESS. Besides, no correlation at all would be as strange as a considerable quantity of correlation. I mean it really would. Wouldn't it?

At any rate, I have not given the matter much thought because the number on the green button I was wearing has nothing to do with why I was wearing it. But it is odd how even the most intelligent people can develop strange superstitions, even about numbers. They can arrive at the point where they can't so much as speak or write a particular number. They will dwell on such a number constantly to the acute boredom of all around them, but always indirectly; they will not come right out and say it by name. They might try to force themselves to say the number, but they always chicken out at the crucial moment on one pretext or another. I feel sorry for people like that. I'm certainly happy I don't have any such affliction. I can count right through any series of numbers. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Jack, Queen, King -- ha, ha, just a little joke there.

Anyhow there is no point in belaboring this discussion of an unfortunate superstition. It's nothing that affects me personally. If I had been sensitive about the number on that button, I wouldn't have worn it, would I?

To get on with the reason for wearing that button at BayCon, it was given to me early in the convention by Wally Gonser. I had ridden to BayCon in his car, and he told me I had my choice of wearing the button throughout the convention or walking home. It was an easy choice to make, once I took a couple hours to think about it.

Well, that's the whole explanation for why I wore the button. You can bet a lot of fans who were so certain I was superstitious are going to feel silly when they discover the simple truth. If I ever did acquire some sort of crazy fixation, however, there are a couple of ways I could rid myself of it. One way is to write about it in CRY. Once, when I was much younger, I had a thing about auto accidents, but I've had none since writing about it in CRY. A better way, though, is to pass the curse on to something you dislike. Hmm.

Did you ever count up the letters in the words, Nielsen Rating?

* * B I C Y C L E A T T H E B A Y C O N * *

- Buz -

The Baycon was beautiful; that's the word for it. We went there rather dreading the anticipated Mob Scene. After 5 days [averaging about 3 to 5 hours of sleep per morning] I came away somewhat physically-pooped but thoroughly happy about the whole trip. Here is how it went:

Elinor, Mickie and I left Seattle on Tuesday, August 27, and arrived home Wednesday (yesterday), September 4. We drove down in the little ol' '60 Lark and it vindicated our trust throughout. 90 horses are naturally a little light for a car that size with 3 people plus luggage, so our acceleration and uphill performance were on the mild side, but for the most part we could breeze along at 70-75 quite respectably and did not get jammed up very often.

TUESDAY the 27th, we lifted from the pad for Ashland, Oregon. Our style of road travel is to put in a normal day's work and then relax in the evening; we settled for our 465 miles, what with a lot of rain in mid-day; besides, there is no good place to stop south of Ashland for quite a few miles and some preWar road mixed in. We thought we had reservations in Ashland but the phone company had connected me to the Knight's Inn at Medford instead of to Ashland's own K-I. We lucked out on a room, though, in spite of the Shakespeare Festival going at full steam at Ashland. Elinor and Mickie had a swim in the K-I pool; Mickie had a try at cracking a boulder with her knee but the boulder won; the 2 ladies put their heads together and cooked up a gimmick for me, of which you'll read later.

WEDNESDAY we headed on South, past the 1939-model roads in extreme N. Calif and the inland-Calif furnace which is never turned down in summer [though it was nowhere nearly as bad as during our last year's Westercon jaunt] to the Bay Area where an unprecedented heat wave was building. On this day we zoomed on south past the BArea itself, being a day early for the Baycon and having some visiting to do further south. A mere 440 miles with a happy ending.

THURSDAY the BArea furnace was at [we heard] an all-time high for this century. We steamed [the people, not the car] into the Claremont about 4 pm in an extreme state of near-incandescence, and ordered some ice immediately to go with our booze, attempting to exchange the glow of heat for a better kind. The attempt was at least partially successful; at least we thought we felt better.

Elinor, Mickie and I had dinner at the buffet in the Garden Room with Boyd Raeburn, Bill Donaho and Dick Eney. Except that I seldom have \$3.75 worth of appetite in travel or Con conditions, I liked that buffet: it allowed a nice flexible situation [you pay on the way in and then just eat until you fall over] and a good place to run into people, and provided all the free wine you might want [a light rose', nothing out of this world, but pleasant]. Elinor and I had been there with Bill one evening after the '67 Westercon, like scouting it...

At 8 pm came the "Champagne Cocktail" Welcome Party in the Churchill Room, which by no fault of anyone but the weatherman was one large baking-oven at the time. [The need for air-conditioning in the BArea, as in Seattle, is so very seldom that gripes at lack of same are economically unsound.] I could find no trace of any alcohol, let alone champagne, in the party punch, but bourbon does spoil the tastebuds for lesser fare and at least the stuff was COLD. Finally a bunch of us nailed down a quiet corner for sitting: we-3 and Boyd and others; the major motif was The Avengers with Dick Schultz at bat. All kind of fun.

After a walk to the Boozery Down The Hill for gin and stuff, we and Boyd and Dick (I think) had a couple in our room and then we all wandered downstairs to the lobby and to a fine gathering on the terrace just-outdoors...

Elinor and Mickie misled me last night when I was putting notes together. The gathering in our room (during which the Ashland bourbon departed this world) was before dinner, by logical deduction. [OK, kind publisher, on to next page.]

Before dinner, then, the glow-transformation attempt in our room was with the ice, bourbon, Boyd, Bill Donaho, Bill Broxon of Seattle, Dan Curran, Pat Ellington and Vern Fogue. Now back to after dinner, the terrace and all...

The terrace was cooler than most places so naturally it was overrun with the fine slannish minds who know a good thing when they glimpse it. The Benfordses, for four ("Benfordses" is of course the plural of "Benfords"); Bill Rotsler, etc. Terry and Carol Carr; Ted and Robin White. And again: *etc*; memory does fail in 5 consecutive evenings. Ted's looking great these days: we've seen him off and on over the past 11 years, bearded and beardless, haircuts from Buffalo Bill to Fu Manchu, occasional mustache-- but generally Gaunt. This time it was no whiskers, medium haircut and just enough flesh to round out the bones well. Very good. I noticed this more a little later when we joined Whites, Carrs, Benfordses or it could be merely Benfords, Bernie Zuber, Bill Broxon, Boyd and others at Ted's place for a good talk-session that ran later but not loud, to maybe 4:30 am.

FRIDAY came up hot again. Elinor & Boyd & I & Dick Schultz took off in the Lark, in search of wonder ["I wonder where we can get some breakfast"]; Mickie was exercising Youth's Prerogative of sensibly getting a reasonable amount of sleep. We found a mediocre drugstore-counter at College&Ashby and Dick's order indicated that he is thinking of challenging Bill Donaho for the heavyweight title, though he disclaimed such lofty ambition. [One thing there, though, Dick Schultz you ol' Rigger Digger: in future please try to curb your natural cheer, exuberance and ebullience (whatever that means) when in early-morning company with a group of taut grim silent persons intent on mere survival-until-noon; OK?]

We made it to the Opening Ceremonies because they were (traditionally) a bit late in starting. The Rev. Wm. Donaho gave a Benediction which ended with a plea for air-conditioning; about 2 hours later the heat wave broke; do you suppose Bill really has something there? Fred Pohl and Alva Rogers introduced everyone [though Alva pointed me out at right front and actually I was sitting at rear left; actually I think he was working with steamed spectacles like everyone else].

Afterward, being unable to take the heat we got out of the kitchen. Elinor and Mickie went swimming; I wandered in and out of the bar, the Huckster Room [biggest Huckster Room I ever saw] and the main hall, digging some of the speeches especially including Randall Garrett and Greg Benford more-or-less vs the New Wave. Mickie caught some of the Auction Action a little later. Then it was time for the "Meet the Authors / Wine-Tasting at Poolside". The weather break forced this indoors; most of the Authors scrambled for cover in the face of the Mob -- roughly 1,200 in attendance. And indoors the flunkies took over and excluded all minors from the supposed "Meet the Authors" bash. Hotel flunkies I mean, of course. Vonda McIntyre of Seattle tried to point out that "I don't drink" but the flunky ignored her so she ignored him too -- walked right past him, in fact. But Mickie was really bugged, to understate it quite a bit. I had blithely said we'd meet her at this bash and the idiots wouldn't admit her. In the mob I didn't really notice until I'd heard Vonda's story, because in past Cons there have been plenty of events with booze for some and not for others-- and there were some of those at this Baycon, too; well, no arguing with flunkies, I guess. [KILL!!]

The way it squared out was that Mickie and Bill Broxon took off to Chinatown in SF for Chinese food while Elinor and Dick Eney and I stayed with the buffet in the Garden Room and then went to the FAPA meeting. I count at least 30 FAPA memberships at Baycon but only about 7 or 8 seem to have been at that meeting, along with several Wlrs and some purely gratuitous friends-of-friends. [There must have been more FAPAns there but that's all I can tag for sure off the FA roster.] Nothing was accomplished at the meeting [as usual] except that a lot of hot air was let out of several proposals-for-change. But it was a pleasant deal. Meanwhile Mickie got back from SanFran, couldn't find us, and watched a bunch of movies including (I believe) "The 7th Voyage of Sindbad" which probably held her

we

up while/shifted from the meeting to a small quiet party and thence to the Friday night open party: the Columbus bash in the Churchill Room. This latter was one of several deals in which the beer was provided either by the Baycon Committee or on a split between Baycon and a bidding group, with a "cash bar" (the hotel) for other types of booze. The setup worked about as well as anything ever does.

This particular party tripped me up. After numerous discussions including the solution of all the world's problems by me and Joe Gibson, I found myself in a strenuous argument with some Black Panther type cat, and neither of us were making much sense. So I cut out but the load was upon me [somehow the whole table had come on drinking much faster than is my wont], and by the time I got back to the room, I was deadily planked and caught hell from my womenfolk, which is par for the course iffen you don't watch it better than that.

SATURDAY I got up anyway and drifted down to the Garden Room for Breakfast, leaving Elinor and Mickie to exert Youth's Prerogative and get a reasonable amount of sleep. I found Ted and Robin White engaged in an endurance contest with the management as to whether they could starve to death before getting any service, so I joined them to help the odds. Well, the 20-minute breakfast took a solid hour and a half. The only way we eventually got our check was to leave the table and drift up to talk with Terry and Carol Carr down the room a way; finally there was a flurry of hotel people around our table with worried glances toward the exit, so we went back and let them off the hook ["we just got tired of waiting in one place for our check" is the way I put it].

Here is as good a place as any to discuss the beefs expressed about the hotel, the overcrowding that put people into "backup" hotels such as the Durant and the Shattuck and the Leamington, etc. I think the Claremont was a gas but it was no surprise to me that it was no more perfect than anyplace else. As for the Mob Scene, keep in mind that Baycon contracted with the Claremont well before July '67, for a '68 Westercon, with the knowledge that the hotel could handle up to 800 for a Worldcon, if the bid went that way which it did. Now, turning to page 35 of your Baycon Program Book you'll note that the largest previous West Coast Con was all of 600 people, even allowing for press-agent-type inflation. So 800 seems like a reasonable hedge. Before Nycon3 it was not possible to predict that Star Trek and other phenomena would expand Worldcons [temporarily? I hope so] this much. It will take a couple of years to see whether this is permanent.

But meanwhile I do think it was unfortunate that the Claremont's kitchen was apparently displaced to the Durant or Leamington, judging by the service...

Elinor and Mickie had gone out to some bakery for breakfast and then went shopping upwards on Telegraph Avenue. This was while I joined Boyd, Whites, Benfordses, Silverbergs and other in the whirlpool bath down by the pool. This whirlpool bath was literally something else: a foaming sizzling steaming mess of water currents at 105 degrees farenheit, chin-high standing in the middle or sitting around the sides, unless of course you are Lew Alcindor who didn't attend. Anyway, I overhung a bit and this thing was good for both body and soul; you boil until you need air and then sit topside until you cool off. Eventually we all split for the far side of the swimming pool and baked out in mild sunshine; Bruce Pelz, Elliott Shorter and others joined that aspect of the proceedings. Feeling a little overbaked I cut back to indoors past the sign that said "This Area Patrolled By Trained Dogs After 8 pm". This sign had been discussed at poolside. Ted said that was better than untrained dogs; I said it would be horrible to be patrolled by unhousebroken dogs; someone asked just what these dogs did. Hoog.

I ran into Elinor and Mickie in the lobby, after taking the fantastic short-cut including fire-escapes to get back to the room and change clothes and shower. Being basically forgiving types, they had each bought me a nice present on their shopping trip: a pin and a pendant, both of which I wore a lot from then on.

Eventually after a little chatter, Mickie dispersed to the pool where she met numerous fans ["Mickie EXISTS!" dotdotdot Andy Porter], and Elinor and I to the bar for a couple of quick ones before rejoining Mickie for a trip up Telegraph Avenue where after passing a lot of raunchy-looking spots we found a good Hofbrau-type place for dinner. Then we cut back to the hotel for the Costume Ball...

A funny thing happened to me at the Costume Ball. I discovered what it feels like to be the Invisible Man. I learned how to disappear if I ever wish to do so. I had the experience of gazing into the faces of friends of 10 years' standing and seeing them respond with blank indifference or even disgust and revulsion.

Sounds like an acid trip, huh, baby? [Or like I threw up on the rug??] Not so; it was a simple matter of costume or disguise. And unexpectedly effective.

Back at Ashland, Oregon (see TUESDAY), Elinor or Mickie or both had come up with a gimmick for me to use at the Ball, seeing that pumpkins were out of season. Elinor had an auburn wig which came Shirley Temple style but which Mickie was very adept-and-kindly at teasing into a real native Berkeley bush.

So at the Ball I turned up [not in competition; this wasn't a Costume as such] with the wig, no mustache, black turtleneck and pendant, my tight green jeans rolled up enough to show lack of socks on the feet. Shades, of course, since the dark glasses mask much of the face even in daylight. And nametag reversed to show "Arthur C Quark" in authentic Ballpoint. [Pretty dull so far, hmmm?]

The results were croggling. I batted 1000 percent in non-recognition, walking up to stare eyeball-to-eyeball with everyone I know. After awhile, I began to wonder if I were really there at all. My identity had to go out for a quick drink, just to see what condition its condition was in. Even the bartender put me down.

I particularly recall the hostile faces of Len Moffatt and Joe Gibson.. No offense, fellas, but you surely do bug easily on sheer appearance.

Next came Act II, which was a lot more fun. Reversing the nametag again to read Seattle and Busby and things of that sort, I made the rounds again, standing in front of these non-recognizing people with a silly-ass grin until they grokked the nametag in fullness. Some sample reactions: "Oh, NO!" "Jesus Christ; I don't BELIEVE it!" And (to save space here) stuff like that. Actually they really did believe it: Bill Donaho and Alva Rogers [with which or whom I had spoken, actually and literally], for instance, like flipped, among others. The only real holdout I can recall is Mike Deckinger, who would not believe me even when I told him. "I will believe that you are from Seattle" is all Mike would admit. 2 days later I finally convinced Mike that a sincere bastard such as I, would hardly lie to him.

But just don't ever let anyone tell you that your own individuality has any identity of its own (to others) aside from its outward appearance; I KNOW better.

Anyway, it was a damned interesting sociological experiment, they tell me. [Not to kid you, the 2nd or Revealing part of it gassed me all the way...]

Meanwhile back at the darkened Costume Ball hall with the rock bands and the light show, some nut passed Mickie a doctored smoke; this depressed the hell out of her when she noticed it, so she cut out early for our home room & dropped out.

Which reminds me: there was a lot of talk about drugs at the past few Cons, and every time it was talked, it got bigger and more immediate. I dunno; maybe Whosits was really kept awake by acid trips nextdoor, and maybe not. Maybe pot was being smoked all over the place [but speaking as one who has been to Mexico, I caught the smell of grass just once, from a table full of ordinary-looking cigs. Well, maybe that's the bunch who wanted to turn Mickie on without her consent; I wouldn't know, but I'd rather like to speak with that fella, just in case]. Oh, maybe all sorts of stuff went on. But outside of a few nuts, I saw a pretty good bunch of people at the Baycon. [I except the young drunks who wandered up and down the halls singing something about "Stuff it up a turkey"; they may drown.]

This year's Costume Ball format turned out to have a lot of holes in it like any new thing, but ye olde Worldcon vote for St Loo showed that the rock-band thing was more popular than not. That is, Harry Harrison's promise not to have rock bands at Columbus was roundly booed, Boyd [who else?] leading it off.

Main problem was that the bands had it dark for the light-show all the time except when the costumes were actually being paraded. Meanwhile the costumed types were crowded-up in one place waiting to parade. This eliminated the usual period during which people costumed and uncostumed can mill around and look at each other at leisure. Well, any new departure in programming will have a few unforeseen bugs in it, from which subsequent Cons can learn and go on to make their very own mistakes! It has been suggested that the rock-band/lightshow be a separate occasion from the Ball; we'll see how that works out, maybe...

Somewhere along in there I left the wig in our room and switched from shades to ordinary glasses so I could see better. Lars Bourne showed up, looking very clean-cut for an ex-Bohemian [he's in advertising these days]; we intended to talk later but got lost again.

After a look-in at Ted-and-Robin's Elinor and I had a couple of beers at the St Louis party in the Pavilion Room and took a couple more along as we went wandering around the lobby area. Various parties were still croggled at the wig-disguise, and of course egoboo is always fun...

Let's see-- sitting around in a little alcove off the lobby [next to the N3F room, I think] discussing macrobiotic diets with Andy Main and various subjects with Milt Stevens and Ed Meskys and good old Etc as usual. Nattering is half the fun even if you can't recall much of the content a few days later. A very quiet and unboozy session, all that latter part of the evening.

SUNDAY morning Elinor and Boyd and I went hunting for breakfast, which seemed unattainable in that part of Oakland; we passed many Hot Dog places, many Lunch & Dinner places. "Don't they eat breakfast in Oakland?" was heard. Finally we found a good place; the name escapes me but it is on the southeast corner of 44th & Telegraph. Hand-squozen orange juice and the whole bit... Unfortunately Boyd Raeburn had to come all the way to faroof exotic Oakland to discover that he does NOT like Canadian bacon.

Baycon had 2 business meetings [very sensible], one to choose the sites of the next Westercon (Santa Monica) and Worldcon (St Louis, of course), and the other for all the crackpot proposals. Sunday was the site-choosing. We arrived in time to hear the last of the bidding for Tijuana (Westercon, promoted by Earl and Nancy Kemp et al), but the LArea won. I think the consensus was that while Tijuana sounded like a lot of fun it could also turn into a lot of trouble all too easily. I can imagine half the Westercon transferring to a Mexican jail!

Mickie turned up [Youth's Prerogative; remember?] in time for the Worldcon bidding and voting. Ray Fisher led off for StLoo; I was very much impressed by the way he hit and covered an incredible number of crucial points in a very short time. If Ray can organize a Con the way he organized that talk, we have a winner going for us next year, for sure. Terry Carr expanded and amplified the presentation, spelling it out a little more, and then-- well, that's when Harlan Hit The Fen! Need I say more? Harlan wrapped it up and tied it with a ribbon, fielded questions, and possibly drove the entire state of Ohio to the brink of secession. At the end, Boyd said "I pity whoever has to follow that schtick!" and he was so right. Harlan should be conserved as a National Resource.

Larry Smith made a try, but unfortunately his written speech was set up to answer a number of points that had not been in the StLoo spiel at all; this was obvious and hurt his presentation. Also, the Columbus bid kept saying that in StLoo with its larger hotel there would be competing Cons, whereas the StLoo bid group had mentioned several times that Our Con has ALL the Convention Facilities sewed up for that weekend. Other hotel guests, yes; other Cons, no. I can't recall a speaker between Smith and Harry Harrison but that doesn't prove anything. Harry made a great try but the firepower was against him; he was shot down on comparative roomrates and misjudged his audience (as previously mentioned) on the rock-bands question; aside from that he was as effective as the setup allowed. St Louis won the vote by something like 3 or 4 to 1; I never did hear, exactly.

While the dust was settling, Elinor and Mickie went to check the Art Show and enter bids on favorite items. The Show seemed comparatively small this year and perhaps overheavy on pix of Mr Spock, but there were some very nice things. [Elinor and Mickie lucked out with a Don Simpson and a Bernie Zuber respectively and we are all 3 delighted with both wins.]

Meanwhile back at the bar... I had a short "How's it going?" chat with Bill Donaho and Alva Rogers; it was going very smoothly, considering the size of the Con, they said, and so it seemed to me also. Bill and Alva were both (naturally) pooped out of their minds, but otherwise happier than one expects Committee types to manage. By the time they rushed off to enjoy a spot of Youth's Prerogative, Elinor and Mickie found me. Now this shows how stupid the hotel-flunkies had been at the wine-tasting thing Friday; Mickie sat up at the bar with us, and had a coke, and nobody including the bartender said boo about it. Civilized...

Then we cut to the pool area where Mickie swam awhile before joining Elinor and me in the lovely hot whirlpool bath where numerous Benfords, Boyd, Silverbergs, Shorter, the Charlie Brown Marching & Chowder Society, Brucifer (and probably Etc) were trying to crowd the whirlpool to Overflow. We didn't make it but we did try.

That whirlpool was a wonderful place to hold fannish conversation. John (D.) Berry whom I inexcusably overlooked in the preceding paragraph was given enough material that his next try at a Derogation should be Utterly Superb. [Hoog; I also overlooked Ted and Robin White, and Etc will prob'ly never speak to me again.]

I had been to 14 Con Banquets, and what with \$6.75-per and the Mob Scene, Elinor and I decided to give this one a miss. On the other hand, Mickie had never attended a Con before. So she went with Bill Broxon while we and Benfordses and Boyd and Gordon Eklund went our Insurgent way to the Khyber Pass [Afghan food, no less], a little south of 40th on the west side of Telegraph Ave. Afghan food begins with shishka bob and works up from there. #2 on the menu does something wonderful to beef tenderloin. #7, which was the other choice of some in our li'l party, was some sort of flavorful ground-meat thing, but Elinor and I exchanged a few bites and I still plug for #2. [OK, "I am NOT a number; I am a FREE MAN!"] At any rate, this was one of the two most outstanding dinners of the whole trip.

In the Insurgent tradition we cut back to the hotel to hear the speeches after the Banquet. Unfortunately, due to the size of the crowd, the acoustics of the Garden Room and the deficiencies of the sound system, I could not hear enough of the good lines to make it worthwhile in all that heat. What was worthwhile was running into a couple of faces from the past: Paul Williams whom I'd last seen at Chicon3 in '62, and Bill Meyers whom I'd never met before at all, even when I had a column in his SPECTRE about 10 years or so ago. Short chats but enjoyable.

Eventually the "Thank You, Fans" beer party (a Baycon Committee largesse) got going in the Pavilion Room; we hit that one all the way. "We" in this instance is Chuck Hansen, Rusty Hevelin, Don Day, Bill and Buddie Evans, Bill Broxon, Elinor, Mickie; and-- oh, yeh-- ME. We got a table up front at the start and were the last to leave, taking a few complimentary pitchers with us by courtesy-and-blessings of our hosts. But somehow nobody got loaded; I think we talked it off as fast as we could put it away. A lovely interlude; I'd been wanting to talk to Rusty and vice-versa ever since we met at the FAPA meeting Fri nite, and it finally came about, among other goodies at that swinging session. A fine ol' time, that one was.

Rambling around later, a bunch of us wound up with spare pitchers at the Whites' room [say what you will, Ted was truly a Focal Point at this Con]. I forget who--all was there: Etc, of course. Ted, Robin, we-3, Don Fitch, Alex Panshin-- perhaps a dozen, all told? Elinor and Mickie headed home to cork out (Y's Pr) maybe 4-5 am. And a little later, a strange thing happened to me.

If you've ever messed with contact groups, encounter groups, group marathons or the like, I won't have to explain this. And if you haven't, I probably can't. The idea is for people to crack out of their shells and be for real. Now in this case it was suddenly that way and I opened without warning or notice, like a gate. [As I said later "It was just like a marathon session except that it worked."] ||

I still don't know just how that happened [mostly a nice relaxation on my own part plus a lovely warm feeling in the group, I'd guess] but not to worry; just enjoy, is how I see it. But it was certainly unexpected; I dunno who was the more startled, me or everybody else. Well, I wish you-all the same; it's a Goodness. And "home" to bed at 6:30am or so, which was becoming a reasonable hour.

MONDAY there were assembled for breakfast at 44th&Telegraph one each Don Fitch, Boyd Raeburn and FM&E Busby. By this time we were all such casehardened Con-veterans that we could discuss police brutality [prominent in the news at that time from Chicago and Berkeley/Oakland] without spoiling our appetites too much. [Since you may be reading this over breakfast we will leave it at that.] There was a consensus that both sides are out of their trees which escalates things.

We did not attend the 2nd business meeting at which all the crap was shoveled. I understand that the cheap seats imposed a number of new mandatory requirements (like Hugo categories) on future Con Committees, set it that Worldcon bids have to be voted 2 years ahead from now on (which just may have wiped out Season2; see later), and passed at least one more piece of idiocy which my fine mind has mercifully put away where I can't find it. That's about par for the course.

Monday, programwise, was mostly devoted to the Medieval Tourney in which the Society for Creative Anachronisms shows up in normal everyday medieval costume to watch its more active members whale the bejeezus out of each other with wooden swords and the like. This is kind of fun to watch for a while but they keep it up all DAY. Elinor and I watched a bit of it in company with Don Fitch and Mike Deckinger and the ubiquitous Etc for a while, were joined by Mickie fresh from her latest bout with YP, talked also with Andy Main, Dik Daniels, Bob Buechley et al, and dispersed: Elinor and Mickie to a Georgette Heyer Fan Club meeting under the auspices of Marsha Brown, and I to wandering about and returning to the room for a short bout of YP, which seemed like a reasonable compromise by that time.

The phone rang: it was my ol' highschool buddy Lin Chamberlin, who had kept in mind from the class reunion last June that we'd be near his bailiwick (Castro Valley, Alva & Sid) that weekend. Out for dinner, hey? Fine by me, but I knew we had a previous arrangement, also. Eventual compromise: Elinor and Mickie kept the date for dinner with Boyd & Gordon & Benfordses while Lin and I cut up old touches at Jack London Square; this was the other of the two outstanding dinners I mentioned awhile back, on this Con trip; food as one seldom finds it.

[I slipped some notes here: before the phone rang I was in the bar awhile among such as Alva & Sid, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Bob Buechley and Elmer Perdue. God told me good news of Uncle Charles Burbee; such news is always welcome, even when it is only that a friend is living a happy quiet life Away From It All.]

Lin and I got down to cases in discussion with a speed and depth that sort of startled the hell out of the both of us, after the class reunion at which the main topics of interest were Where do you live, What do you do for a living, How many kids do you have-- in that order, and absolutely nothing more. This gassed us both.

Back to the Claremont: Lin had a warm bottle of white sparkling-wine which I had the bartender put on ice for us, while we had a couple of drinks with Sid Rogers and others. Now here it gets mixed up a little-- not from booze but because people were moving around a lot and no 2 of us in this house have the agenda quite the same. Elinor&Mickie&all returned to the hotel. After that, let's say as a hypothesis that Mickie and Benfords(es?) hit the St Louis suite while Elinor located Lin and me at the bar, and then tooled up to StLoo terrain herself. Lin and I and Bill Broxon took the cooled wine and some bar glasses up to our room [the hell with Room Service; eliminate the middleman, is my motto] and stretched the wine and discussion to equal lengths.

Then we moved to Boyd's room where a sort of Gestalt that had been gathering throughout the Con was holding forth. Not what you'd call an in-group, but roughly half (at any time) of a larger mobile flexible grouping, with no hard&fast edges. Lotsa people previously mentioned in here, Bill Rotsler, Paul Turner, Len Bailes, Arnie Katz, Sid Coleman, John *D* Berry, and naturally Etc. Relaxed-type fun.

I cut down to Alex Panshin's room for a bit to talk with Alex and Ted and Robin; perhaps the prime datum here is that I did not dig Alex at all before I met him, and now he is to me one of the good guys in the white hats (no pun intended, really). ...well, we all talked a lot...

And mostly migrated back to Boyd's place where the atmosphere was becoming quite invigorating to fine fannish minds from all over. Mickie was on the receiving end of a great series of cartoons by Rotsler; some of these will appear here in CRY, I hope. It was the kind of Con-scene that inspires everyone to better lines than usual, which is hard to explain but you know what I mean.

The scene moved from Boyd's to Ted's and on the way there was Harriett Kolchak; I do not know why this estimable lady turns me off but it happens. She: "Has anybody seen George Nims Raybin?" Me, surprising myself in the saying: "Many people have, I'm sure" and walking along without breaking stride. OK, I was in a mood to react to what she said instead of to what she meant, just for the hell of it.

WRotsler may have done the cartoons on/for Mickie at Ted's; I told you this sequence was a little confused. At any rate, it was 6:30 sacktime again and happy.

TUESDAY, Sept 3rd: Up at noon, the 90-minute breakfast in the Garden Room (it might have been quicker to Go Out but nobody had the energy for that), hellos to Kyles and Moffatts who were equally stuck in hotel-breakfast inertia. Checking out at the desk: 3 kids were counting pennies to split their \$140 hotel bill; this pissed me, with others of us waiting. When they did it up they still stood there: "Would you MIND?" I said from the rear of the line, gaining grins from the rest of the sufferers ahead of me. We got out at about 2:15pm, went through the old-timey road in the dark and hit Oregon (Ashland, our reserved motel) about 9:40, and...

WEDNESDAY we left Ashland at 9 am and got home by 5:45. The driving seems to get easier as it goes along, these days, even the archaic two-way/two-lane stuff. The only close one I recall on this trip was under this paragraph-heading: there was this truck in the righthand lane and a large chunk of wood in its path. I saw this and figured the truck might throw the lumber at us in the left lane and a bit behind the truck but not enough. It did; the duals broke the wood in two and threw both pieces at us. One hunk landed at our right and the other was in the air at our left front; time went into slow motion for me so there was plenty of room to dodge the missile, and without the usual shot of adrenalin that generally kicks off that slow-motion phenomenon. What got me was realizing that I'd figured that because I saw it coming I was OK; this doesn't necessarily follow. Oh well; we made it OK.

I said at the start that the Baycon was the Beautiful Con but I doubt that this writeup proves it. So much for writing in a hurry; that's the breaks. But it was beautiful for Elinor and Mickie and me, and assuredly for Etc.

What really made it for Elinor and me, on top, was how Mickie dug the whole scene and vice-versa. I mean, anyone can drag people in and get a hearing for them, but the response is what counts, and Mickie got that on her own hook, which is of course the only way to fly. Well, it did make it all a GREAT lot of joy.

I don't quite know where all my Con-stamina comes from, these days. I used to have all those horrible problems with "personality pressure" and all, but as of '65 at Long Beach that bit began to ease-off greatly, until this time I didn't really notice it as such. [Perhaps this may be grist for another article somewhere; not room for it here.] But recalling how I used to get home from Cons with my butt draped around my ears, so to speak, it is pleasantly refreshing to get home from this Con so happy-feeling that you probably think I'm kidding (I'm not).

I wish I could say that we'd all hit StLoo, which sounds like a Good One. But the odds are that we'll (financially and timewise) settle for the Westercon next year, except that Mickie has a chance to hit St Louis on her own if we can work it out. So stay tuned. Nothing is impossible; it just looks that way sometimes.

The 2-year bid cramps Seacon2 on 2 counts: (1)We were counting on more time to find out whether Cons will shrink to where Seattle can handle one again, and (2)This deal, if it holds, puts our bid at Heidelberg; it does seem a bit much.

Unaccustomed as I am to having credit heaped upon me for reviving fanzines, I have derived a great deal of enjoyment from some of the letters I received from CRY readers, together with their subscriptions. Actually, I feel that Elinor was overly generous in attributing CRY's rebirth to me; to give the devil his due, always a pleasant task, it was all Roy Tackett's fault. In DYNATRON 36, Roy was urging a write-in to the Busbys, aimed at reviving CRY, and all I did, really, was bring this to Elinor's attention at the next Nameless meeting; being a neofan, I'm the one in the crowd who usually gets all the zines read before anyone else, and all the way through. Elinor said "How sweet of him," pondered for awhile, turned to me and asked "If we do revive CRY, will you handle the subscriptions?"

I guess neos rush in where angels fear to tread, and, not really aware of what I was letting myself into, I replied "Why, sure." Maybe my subconscious recognized that this was the way for me to break into fanpubbing without my having to undergo the birthpangs of what would indubitably have been an infant crudzine all by myself. For, after discovering fandom, and zines, and the whole shtick, I just knew that I would eventually have to publish: isn't that the Way It Goes? So there's my role in the resurgence of CRY. In the meantime, I find it immensely gratifying to receive letters like the one from Betty Kujawa, telling me "And how do I say a heartfelt thank you for reviving CRY? Would you like the Hope Diamond, or the Moon, or something?" Thank you so very much, Betty; a letter like yours is a jewel in itself.

And thank you, everyone else who wrote, when you sent in your sub, welcoming me into fandom, and saying how pleased you were at finding CRY in your mailboxes once again. Now that the Truth is out, I really think the fannish thing to do would be for all of you to write to Roy Tackett and thank him. After all, he wanted a write-in, didn't he?

I also had not realized that my appearance in the pages of CRY, "cold," among such well-known personalities as Buz, Elinor and Wally, would create a reaction among those who used to enjoy this zine. Well, I couldn't in all honesty call it a huge groundswell, but I was pleasantly surprised that the question of who this neofan is was raised at all, and that some of you had asked Elinor about me at Baycon. I'm sorry I didn't get to meet you there. In some areas, so it seems, this wave of interest was expressed in the form of "Who the hell is Vera Heminger?" At least, that's what Mike told me was said; I think Mike is just getting even with me for the time I uttered the now almost historical "I know most of the names, but who is Mike Glicksohn?", when the Cartel, the trio of Cannefannes responsible for the Gene Roddenberry Appreciation Society, had sent me a list of the members.

Seeing that this somewhat tactless query resulted in an enjoyable exchange of letters with Mike, I can't say I'm sorry about the way I phrased that question. And besides, it should be taken into consideration that I'm the kind of person who once actually also went around asking "Who the hell is Harlan Ellison?" The thing is, though, I wonder why it didn't result in an exchange, pleasant or otherwise, of letters with Harlan. Life can be tough. And ok - for those who will now inevitably ask: Mike is one of the new Can-Fans, an inveterate punster, and (modesty almost forbade me to say this), the president of NY fanclub, a position he announced in what I'm sure must have been a moment of utter levity, and from which, despite his efforts, I refuse to let him resign. Since I am, in turn, the president of a few somewhat unusual fanclubs myself (such as the one for Rick Carter, Great Glorious

(Solemn Truth Dept: I didn't know THEY were going to include the newspaper article about me in this ish. I had nothing to do with it. [14] it doesn't even look like me. Argh).



Gorn and Lizard Leader), it all gets marvelously complicated. Now, if anyone asks "Why the hell should she have a fan-club?" - pow. My ego cannot stand repeated shatterings.

Anyway, for those who inquired, I'll briefly introduce myself. I mean, I hope I'll be brief; I may succumb to the ever-lurking fascination of talking about oneself. If it gets too bad, you can always turn to the front cover and admire Nimoy **sigh**

My full name, which I use with extreme circumspection, is Vera Constantinovna W. Heminger (the W is thrown in 'cause it looks good). I was born in Belgium 19 December 1922 (Wally just cleverly disguised the last two digits; Wally is a True Friend). My family was forced to flee Mother Russia in 1918, abandoning, among other things, a lovely large estate by the Black Sea. After wandering through Europe, they settled in Brussels, where we spent the war years. In 1945, my mother and I decided that we would

much prefer to live in the United States, and applied for an emigrants' visa (my father, a sad-souled balalaika-player, had long since decided that the responsibilities of a family were too much for his poetic nature, and had left for parts unknown). We had to wait five years for the visa to come through; during those years, every summer I visited a different country, traveling, most of the time, by hitch-hiking, with another Russian girl. Hitch-hiking was quite accepted then in Europe - many students traveled that way.

We greeted New York on November 15, 1950 - how can I forget that day? - and I was immediately sent off to college. I'll also never forget that first day I attended the lectures; of all that went on, I understood exactly two words, in chemistry: "oxygen" and "hydrogen", and that's because that's just about the way they're pronounced in French. I went back to the dorm in tears, somehow managed to place a long-distance call to my mother and wailed "I wanna go back to Europe!" Such things usually work out, and this was no exception; but I'm still astonished that I did graduate, for my impression of my last year at Cornell is that I became so fascinated with learning how to fly that I spent most of my time at the airport, or at jobs to make money for the lessons. This flying kick was the reason for my joining the Air Force, where I was assigned - pure bliss - to a bomber squadron, and made a few flights in a B-36 and a B-52. I met my husband in the Air Force, and my career was curtailed. By the way, my husband (an ex-navigator) is a non-fan and so far has resisted all my efforts at fannish indoctrination with grim determination.

After 12 years of Air Force life, two boys, at least 13.85 household moves and many a command reception, we settled in Auburn, a little place south of Seattle, whose rustic charm is getting rapidly destroyed by more freeways, new Boeing plants, a veritable rash of chicken-coop apartments and incipient smog. I thought that in this quiet little place, I'd settle for a part-time job and lots of reading (sf and other), for I wasn't too much of a gregarious person, but all sorts of things started happening rapidly. And all because I, on impulse, joined the Leonard Nimoy's fan club. What hit me was a whole new list of enthusiastic correspondents, discovering the Seattle Star Trek fans and the Save Star Trek campaign. It was during this campaign that I met Bjo, and it was in her newsletter that I first saw that cryptic word "wine." Bjo

very kindly sent me a few zines; I looked at those amazing things with eyes of wonder, sent for more, and got hooked. It was also about this time that I discovered the Seattle Nameless Ones, and as far as I'm concerned, that is one of the best things that ever happened to me. I owe a special vote of thanks to Wally, who through my very neofannish period, answered innumerable questions with unfailing patience. To live within phoning distance of a rabid neo must be a traumatic experience indeed.

And so now I have been to my first Worldcon. I intended to write about Baycon at length, but at the Nameless meeting last night, it became quite obvious that Baycon was going to be well-reported as it was. Buz kept announcing triumphantly "I already have eight pages written up," and then Von showed up with her report, which we enjoyed reading over the chow-mein (we were gracing the heart of Seattle's Chinatown with our presence for this get-together). I know many Star Trek fans expect me to report on the party held by the Cartel for Gene Roddenberry Friday evening; but though this was one of the highlights of the con for me, I am going to beg off. This party and the presentation to Gene of various tokens of the Society's Appreciation had been planned very carefully and with wonderfully well-kept secrecy by Maureen Bourns, Alicia Austin and Rosemary Ulyot, and I know they will describe the whole thing at length and with their usual lovely enthusiasm in their own zine, KEVAS & TRILLIUM. Besides which, I don't want war with Canada. Especially since they seem to be planning on Torcon II, '72.

So I won't have too much on Baycon - not this time, anyway. I'm glad I went to Funcon for my introductions to conventions, or I think I would have been overwhelmed; migosh, what a crowd! The delight at meeting fans I had corresponded with at length was no less intense than in LA; and meeting some of the writers was utterly enjoyable. Maybe the bright shininess of the novelty of meeting an author will dull after more cons; I don't know; but right now I treasure moments like that golden Friday afternoon on the terrace of the Claremont, where a group of us was being fascinated by Ray Bradbury talking about his stories, his very early childhood (he claims he remembers the very moment he was born), and giving us his version of how "Rosemary's Baby" should have ended; and indeed, it was a much better ending. Or meeting Robert Bloch, and trying to reconcile in my mind that this gentle and gracious man is in fact the author of things like "Psycho". Or getting to the lobby in time to see Harlan Ellison, who was delayed for his reading of stories by a car accident (no one was injured), dash off for the stairs, pursued by a fan brandishing a raygun and yelling "You're late, Harlequin!" Or having Gene Roddenberry acknowledge my raised hand in the question-and-answer period after his speech with: "You, there, the lady who wrote three thousand fan letters the first week." Well, it wasn't really all that many; but my ego soared up into orbit right alongside the Enterprise.

I'm not sure whether I should be sorry or glad that I didn't win the bid for one hour of Harlan's time at the auction. I did bid up to forty dollars (praying to the Great Ghu that my BankAmericard would be honored if I won). However, I detected a certain reluctance on Harlan's part to be auctioned off to me, said reluctance manifesting itself by such subtle signs as his raising my bid himself, and then saying "Save me!" to the audience at large. Nursing hurt feelings (and a meager pocketbook), I desisted from bidding any longer. I did tell Harlan he'd wounded me severely, but it appeared it was all a matter of size; he said "But you're so tall! What would you do with me?" I knew being almost 5'9" would sooner or later ruin one of Life's Opportunities for me... Shucks.

There must be some sort of Signs by which it becomes obvious that one's neofannishness is disappearing. Just this morning, Wally told me I was a Stupid Clod of a Woman. I strongly suspect being called a SCoaW by Wally is one of those signs. I think I'm making progress.

66 Arrested In Seattle Disorders

by Art Rapp

As the headline indicates, we in other parts of the world are aware that civic disorder has broken out in Nameless land. But like most such stories, this one leaves the details obscure. On the other hand, by making elaborate deductions from shaky premises, I found it instantly obvious that the situation in Seattle is:

It is difficult to rattle the Mayor of Seattle
Or the Council there by residents elected;
Yet they did a lot of whining and some thought about resigning
When they heard that CRY was being resurrected.

Every pol and his descendant rushed to claim the Fifth Amendment
When requested to describe the Nameless crew;
One declared that he'd seen zooters, beats, fringe-hippies, mods and looters,
"But these science-fiction fans are something new!"

"Though we've weathered times quite rough, I think we have had enough!"
Snapped one housewife when we sought to question her,
"How would YOU like, in some alley, some night to encounter Wally
Or find Otto, peddling copies of (ech!) WRR?"

Civic tempers up be inchin'; there is loose talk of a lynchin'
At which Tosk as guest of honor will ride high;
It will be a swinging session (Buz has made a small confession:
He won't go, because he hates to wear a tie).

Wrai and Carol are aspiring one swift sloop to be acquiring
Which they'll keep as loosely tethered as they dare,
Stocked with books and bar supplies, so in case of a surprise
They can instantly sail off for anywhere.

With defiance bold and tragic, Tosk has pinned his faith on magic
Which (he says) will spread confusion in the ranks:
He has based his basic tactics on rotation of a matrix
Plus some ordered rings which might disable tanks.

Hasty splitting from the scene failed to save Jim and Doreen
(Tho in Bellevue's wards each sinner seems a saint),
So they practice on a target as they snarl in local argot:
"Halt! Or else my bullets dent your gleaming paint!"

Meanwhile Elinor is quietly relying on a diet she
Is confident will keep her in disguise:
When the local fuzz comes calling she's supposed to do the stalling
Giving precious time to flee for all the guys.

(They've left margin there for error: they will put all blame on Vera
If they find themselves into a corner slammed)
So with all precautions taken, let that fannish urge awaken--
Onward, Nameless! Publish CRY and/or be damned!

You know I wasn't going to have a column this time. I put the lettercol off until the last minute (partly through circumstances beyond my control and partly through MYRA BRECKINRIDGE and other seductive bits of reading matter that keep creeping into the house no matter what one does. Some people are invaded by rats and mice and termites and nice harmless things like that; we live under a constant barrage of books and magazines. Rats and mice and termites just devour one's house and what's therein; reading material devours one's precious TIME!) Anyhow, what do you know? Here it is at only ten minutes after ten on the day before CRYday, and I have got every bit of lettercol typed and everybody's contributions that I was supposed to type I HAVE.

I expect you are faunching to hear about the Baycon. Buz has eight pages about the Baycon and Vonda 4, and it's within the realm of possibility that Wally and Vera have discussed the Baycon in their columns, so I suppose you are really NEEDING to hear about the Baycon from me. Who am I to deny that clear clarion call?

This Houcher is issued

to Elinor Busby

by the Ladies Patronesses of

The Almack's Society for Heyer Criticism

for all Assemblies of the 1968 Season.

Sponsored by Marsha Brown.

Transferable only from Mother to Daughter
or between Unmarried Sisters.

First off, I might mention that the Baycon was the most Heyerish convention I've ever been to. Practically everyone I talked to was a Heyer fan. I was discussing this with Ted White (who read 28 Heyer books this summer) and he said that the reason science fiction fans are so fond of Heyer is that she creates her universe. He's right, you know. Georgette Heyer's universe is as foreign to us as, say, Dune, and seems as solidly rooted in reality.

Marsha Brown (and I wasn't sure who--all else) had a party--for which you see the invitation. Mickie and I went. I had to say Mickie was my daughter for her to be allowed in. That was okay.

We had tea (a choice of oolong, darjeeling, or I forget what else) and we talked about Heyer. At first, at least. At one point Marsha called out, "Who likes Freddie?" "I do!" we all responded. "Who prefers Jack?" Nobody did, except Ed Meskys. Apparently Ed doesn't like Freddie and prefers Jack. The consensus seemed to be that in all probability Georgette Heyer had started a novel with Jack as hero and partway through realized that Freddie was more lovable and switched heroes. Which actually makes COTILLION one of her more delightful novels.

Later on we drifted off onto other topics. I remember sitting on the floor with Al Lewis (Tyrannical Al), a girl named Susan Lewis whom I'd never met before, and Fred Galvin. (Fred is an old CRY subscriber, so I was very glad to have a chance to meet him. He's a pleasant person--very quiet--a good listener.) We talked about education for quite a long time. Susan said that lots of people become teachers because it's the only way they can be one-up. We all agreed with her, and we all agreed that it's a damned shame. Al isn't like that; I'll bet he's a wonderful teacher and I wish Mickie could have had him in school.

Another time I remember at the convention with especial pleasure was a night when Buz and Mickie and I sat around a table and drank beer with oh, a host of nice people. Buddie and Bill Evans, and Rusty Hevelin, and Bill Broxon, and

Chuck Hansen, and Don Day. We were the first people there--it was one of the convention parties, where free beer was being served--and we stayed long after everybody else had left. The janitors were cleaning up, and we asked if they wanted us to go and they smiled kindly and said we were very welcome to stay as long as we liked. It was nice. It was a good scene. I don't remember what-all we talked about. Towards the end we got more and more intimate. Don Day said that I had never trusted him. He's right, you know. I like Don Day, and I certainly have no reason not to trust him, but somehow--I find him vaguely alarming. And Mickie said that I was a person who one could talk to for a long period of time, and feel that one had had a good conversation with, and afterwards realize that one knew no more about me than one had at the beginning. I think she's right. I am not particularly reserved overall but I am much more self-revelatory on paper than I am in person.

We had never met Rusty Hevelin before. He's very nice. He's about our age, of medium height and build, and pleasant looking. Mickie says that his name, Rusty, suits him as he has an overall ruddy brown coloring, and she's right. The most unusual thing about his appearance is that he has bristly eyebrows, and you know, most people with bristly eyebrows, they bristle upwards and outwards. But Rusty's eyebrows bristle down. I don't remember ever seeing eyebrows that bristle downwards before. When he left the table, Mickie said, "He's a Beautiful Person." "He's very sweet," I said. "He's NOT sweet!" she said indignantly. "He's not syrupy at all. He's Beautiful." I tried to explain that sweet didn't mean syrupy to me but she wouldn't buy it. So I've decided to modernize my terminology. Beautiful people, to me, are people who consistently appear to good advantage because their grooming, diet, exercise, and clothing are all taken care of by experts; but I guess Beautiful People and Beautiful Persons are two separate and distinct categories. From now on, nice, sweet, attractive people are Beautiful Persons. Until I hear otherwise.

Oh, hey, you know who was at the convention? Sidney Coleman, that's who. I didn't even recognize him at first, because I thought he was in Istamboul or some place and also because his appearance is different from when I saw him last. His hair is longer and fuller and he has a drooping mustache, somewhat paler than his hair. He looked enormously Sidney Colemanish--much more so than he ever has before. Whereas he used to be a kid with bad posture, he's now this incredibly scholarly looking gent with a slight, elegant, professorial stoop. Same old Sid. He brought a magic trick to the convention and men at various parties wasted much time trying to figure out how it worked. Robin White said she thought the trick was a bring-down. "Yes!" cried Sid. "I brought a suitcase full of bring-downs. 100 slides of the Midwestcon, with no projector, so you can pass them from hand to hand and look at each one separately. Two variant copies of the first edition of TARZAN OF APES which I will invite you to inspect to see if you can see how they differ..." He couldn't tell us of his other bring-downs--we were laughing too hard. And if you'd been there, you would have been too. I can't get Sidney Coleman down in black&white--nobody can except Sid, and he's too lazy. However, he is a Beautiful Person.

Hey, I spent a lot of time gossiping with Ted White and he told me a lot of things which interested me greatly--one of which was perfectly suitable (or so I should imagine) for publication. He knows Lawrence Block, the man who writes the Tanner stories (which, by the way, I heartily recommend to anyone who happens to fancy funny, charming suspense stories) and says that the character of Tanner insofar as he is a champion of lost causes was modeled upon one-time fan Tom Condit. That astonished me and didn't surprise me in the least. You know? Anyhow, I wish Ted would tell Block about Richard III, because Tanner would love him.

The Neos Came Again

In the next few weeks, there are going to be at least seventy-three con reports... in this zine alone. So I think I'll just write a people report--selected observations of a neofan. If you want to know what happened at the meetings and speeches and panels, ask Wally, because I slept thru most of them--at least the ones in the morning. I say "ask" rather than "read" because CRY is being put out on the fifteenth, which is only two days after the thirteenth, which is Friday, and Wally may be ~~Wallying/Wallying/being/being~~ indisposed all week.

before the opening:

Vera was standing in line to register and I was standing there kibitzing when Ken Rudolph, who was in line behind us, handed us our copies of Shangri L'Affaires. Yeah, *free* copies. At the Funcon we drove poor Bjo half up the wall passing cartoon captions to her. And we got published. My g~~h~~od! [Sorry, Elinor.] Anyhow, I made a complete fool of myself running around saying "Ibeenpublishedibeen published!" to anyone who would listen and look at my Masterpieces. And yes, Mr. Rudolph, you did misspell my name. But you're forgiven.

the opening:

At least, I did attend. It was the first time I ever heard a benediction applauded. They "forgot" to introduce Forry Ackerman because they're "trying to eliminate neofans." [I'm getting out while I'm still alive!] John Brunner looks like my anthro prof Monty West, whom you have heard of if you live on the West Coast. [Would you believe Washington? Seattle? The University of Washington?] Norman Spinrad talked about the Nebulas like a Humphrey supporter at the democratic convention. And finally, team, don't you think it's getting a little cliché--just a little--to yell "Stand up!" *every* time Harlan Ellison gets up to speak?

after the opening:

I thought it would be kind of fun to ask Harry Harrison, Ray Bradbury, and Harlan Ellison to autograph the cartoons in Shaggy that I had done the captions for. At the worst, I figured, I'd find out what their reactions were.

Mr. Harrison seemed to remember who I was, signed his name with a seismographic slash, and added a final "Yeah!" to "There's nobody home upstairs." Even when I wrote the caption, I felt that that would be his reaction. I tend to agree.

Mr. Bradbury, who talked on the terrace for about two hours to a large group of people who spontaneously gathered around him, signed legibly with a gracious comment. I've admired him for years... I was shaking when I handed him the zine.

Then Vera started poking me in the ribs with "Get Harlan's autograph! Get Harlan's autograph!" until I began to wonder if she's already asked him and he'd punched her right in the nose. She assured

me she had not, so I braved the aura--that is not said facetiously-- and asked him if he would sign one or the other of two cartoons.

"Why?"

"Uh... because I wrote the captions for them."

He grabbed me by the throat and began to shake me.

Jim Webbert says I should have broken his arm. However, though I theoretically have the knowledge necessary to break a man's arm, I have the sincere and distinct conviction that if I tried to break Harlan Ellison's arm, he would break mine first, no offense intended, unless his counter-reflexes caught his reflexes fast enough to let me off with a bad sprain. Lee Klingstein had a much better and less violent idea--two of them, in fact. Will you choke me again, Mr. Ellison, so I can try them out?

Of course he was not serious about choking me, and now, two weeks after the con, the bruises have almost completely faded. He let go and took my Shaggy and the proffered pen, said, "Just remember, I'm vindictive," and scribbled something.

I hesitate to print what he wrote, 'cause I don't want CRY busted by the P.O. fuzz. We'll probably be in enough trouble with GRAS. But if you take the ad on p. 44 of the Baycon program book, substitute "Vonda, you're" for "Spock is," and "helluva" for "bad," you'll have a pretty good idea of what is enshrined in Harlan Ellison's handwriting in my Shaggy. Someday I may frame it.

Gee. My whole reputation ruined, and I didn't have to do a thing.

I don't remember what I said, probably something suave and sophisticated, as usual, like, "Guk!"

the wine-tasting party:

Was closed to minors, but nobody bothered to tell me that. Being basically honest, I answered "no" to the question "Are you twenty-one?" outside the Churchill room. [That line should probably read "Basically honest and basically stupid."] Naturally I was told I couldn't go in, despite the fact that they'd had a champagne party there the night before and there hadn't been a picket line against us "kids." Maybe that was because all the blue unies were at that convention in Chicago... But naturally, I went in anyway, taking the precaution of finding the other door should I need it.

I shoulda lied.

the sfwa banquet:

Forry, who--in case somebody out there hasn't noticed--is a real dear despite the things he keeps in glass cages in his living room, said "Well, you haven't been accepted yet--but you've created, so it's all right," invited Vera and me to the SFWA banquet. I admit we felt a little out of place for a while. Next time we will

probably wait until we have not only created but have been accepted, too, but the experience was without question worth it.

Remember the hotel food? It wasn't as bad as the service, right? The people at our table were dying of thirst before the waitress finally returned with a pot of coffee, which I descended to drinking (after swiping a miniscule pitcher of cream off an empty table to dilute it with) because I'd asked for a glass of milk 15 minutes earlier, and if there was any milk on the table it was in an extremely clever plastic disguise, better than any of Ted White's.

Harry Harrison and Harlan Ellison (the friendliest mortal enemies in existence) were sitting at the next table. Mr. Ellison asked me, "Are you trying to get a glass of milk?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

"She said," I said, "'It'll be a few minutes, dear, it has to come from the kitchen--" I placed the back of my hand dramatically against my forehead--"'and I haven't any control over those matters.'"

He got up and went into the kitchen. Fire and brimstone spewed forth for some moments. He returned and sat down again, unruffled. I would have liked to have seen the kitchen. "It will be one minute."

It was less than a minute before the waitress scurried out of the kitchen with a glass of milk clutched in her hands, put it in front of him, and disappeared as fast as her little legs would take her. He came over to our table and presented me with the glass.

My comment was brilliant, scintillating, and witty, as usual: "Uhh... it's poisoned? Wha-at?"

Maybe he's not vindictive after all.

theater in the round:

Wasn't. Round, that is. Otherwise, it was great. It was the first time I ever heard writers read their own stuff really well. After Fritz Leiber's beautiful--and terrifying--story, word was passed that Harlan Ellison had been in an automobile accident that had totaled his car, but at least it hadn't totaled him, because he came in, perforce late, waited for his turn, then waited for the music to stop.

And waited.

And waited.

And used the music to dance the bugaloo to while waiting..

And thought the music had stopped and was wrong and then the Beatles come on and that was it because I understand he can't stand

the Beatles and yelled "All right already" or words to that effect and shifted right into his story.

If he ever goes into acting, it will really be too bad, because he'll be good and he'll never have time to write and we'll lose a helluva fine writer.

the masquerade:

Was too crowded, too noisy, too hot, and too dark. Still, it wasn't a complete loss, despite my incense-induced sneezing. Lee Klingstein had made a Lunar Free State flag and liberty caps and recruited a real mob of *stilyagi*. We were literally a mob--half of us were recruited at the masquerade itself.

We intended to climb on the stage, yell "Luna must be free!" once, and climb down. But somebody yelled it before we reached the stage, and the audience picked up and held the chant. It was beautiful. A little while later, we made up a short speech from our collective smattering of Russian (mine mostly in the form of imprecations), recollected ourselves with some slight difficulty, and gave a presentation.

We didn't win anything, but it was fun.

the hugo banquet:

I will not mention the food except to say that most of our table left for the ice cream shop when dessert was served and returned for the speeches.

At 6:30 the line was already long. Lee Klingstein, Ed Baker and others and I were standing waiting for them to (possibly) let us in, and Ed was glancing thru my copy of The Making of Star Trek. "Aha," he said, "here's something about the University of Washington." And he proceeded to read a letter I wrote to Gene Roddenberry last spring when the show was renewed.

If you were in line--or indeed in the hotel--while he was reading the letter, you heard my reaction. Cool, calm, and collected, as usual: "Yeeeeeep!"

the end of the con:

Came entirely too soon. Now I am back in Seattle for probably the next ten months, until the LA Westercon. But it's not too bad, because the Nameless are here [no, no, you fool! it's the Nameless *am* here!], and my adopted brother (what else can you do when Forry Ackerman calls you "The Bobbsey Twins" every time he sees you?) Dave McDaniel and Joyce were up here last week for part of their vacation, and I will be kept pretty busy playing "Understand Organic Chemistry for fun and a degree in biology" and maybe other fans will drop in sometime between now and the fourth of July. [Come to Seattle and you too can have a Nameless party!]

Until L.A.--

Vonda McIntyre

Some people just aren't very bright.

If pressed I will reluctantly admit that I, now and again, fall into this category. For instance, the deadline for this issue of CRY was 15 September and I didn't have time to get anything ready for it before I left on my vacation. Nevertheless, I assured an editor of CRY at the Baycon that I would have something ready on time. "Don't go to press without me," I said. As a matter of fact I so assured two editors of CRY. Well, to really show how stupid I can be I said that to three separate editors of CRY on three separate occasions.

So I arrived back in Albuquerque tired and numb and with the bright flame of creativity, as one of the Baycon panelists put it, resembling a piece of wet charcoal. And facing a deadline for CRY. Ugh!

I suppose the fannish thing to do would be to whip out a quick report on my version of the Baycon but I am sifting and digesting that and may come up with something for the November issue of DYNATRON. Or the March issue.

Of course, if I were hyper-creative like Bob Vardeman I would have no problem. Vardeman arrived back in Albuquerque from Berkeley on Tuesday and had a 25 page conreport written by Thursday. I suppose one expects that sort of thing from someone who publishes a 100 page weekly fanzine. I'm glad Vardeman made it to Baycon as his appearance helped to dispel rumors, mostly among Neffers, that he is but a figment of Tackett's evil imagination. Vardeman was seen by most and sundry. If he was facing them, that is. If he stood sidewise to them they didn't see him. Fred Hypes asked me if Vardeman was in attendance. Right over there, I told him. Where? asked Hypes. Bob turned around so he could be seen. Vardeman, the semi-invisible fan.

Then there's these other things. One of the problems with taking a long vacation is the incredible amount of mail that stacks up. One doesn't realize how much mail one gets until one finds more than three weeks' accumulation facing one. With added frills like being the teller for the FAPA election and having a N'APA mailing to go out in September increasing the volume. I have one room here stacked high with mail. Dreadful. Or maybe not. Great reading if I ever get around to it.

Which brings me to the point where I should review something but the problem is what. Anything I've read recently is buried in the events of the past month and will have to be sorted out. Have to separate stories from fan visits and convention speeches and trips to assorted national parks and the like. Besides there is no time to review anything at length. How about a short story?

"Parasike" by Michael Chandler in the September 1968 ANALOG is a holdover from the days when ASF was, month after month, filled with psionics stories, usually about individuals with unsuspected talents and the like. In this case we have one Elmer Parkins practicing as a consulting numerologist, whatever that may be. Elmer is actually a clairvoyant or precognitive type and there is this special branch of the government which tracks him down and puts him to useful work. What kind of useful work? Well, as a spy, naturally.

This type of story has generally disappeared from ANALOG and the other stfzines for which we may all give thanks. Highly unrealistic and impractical and all that. We all know there's no such thing as a bureau of slick tricks. Don't we? When Hugo nomination time rolls around next year you can forget about "Parasike" by Michael Chandler. End of review. End of column. End of activity for the day. Slump.

Something about Star Trek attracts latent fan and causes them to coalesce into groups of like-minded people which eventually contact the hitherto-unsuspected world of Fandom (may God have mercy on their souls...)

I have often been asked, by bleak Normals, just what is so compelling about Star Trek. The factors are several:

1. The program itself has its own fascination. It is an optimistic portrayal of life some 200 years hence--during which time the human race has not, evidently, yet managed to exterminate itself; the show is done with general (though not complete) scientific accuracy; a dramatic mainstay is the presence of intelligent extra-terrestrial life, of many varieties. (The prevalence of roughly humanoid XT's can safely be ascribed to the roughly humanoid appearance of many Hollywood denizens.)

2. Star Trek, has, however, produced some incredible abortions (which shall here remain nameless). The character who retains the viewers' loyalty through these trying times is, of course, First Officer Spock--the real reason never to miss a show.

Spock has several very compelling qualities: he is vastly intelligent, exotic, always mysterious, and reticent about his personal life and thoughts. His pointed (almost devilish-looking) ears, combined with his susceptibility to that most fascinating aspect of Vulcan life, the ponn farr, make him a powerful sex symbol.

His attraction, however, lies even deeper than mysterious sexuality--it lies in his symbolic similarity to humankind. For the inner Spock is Everyman, torn continually by the basic conflict between emotion and intellect--the conflict that, some say, lies at the root of the schizoid break; the conflict which each person experiences within himself.

One of the recurring premises of the show is the validity of both emotion and reason--the right of humanity to retain both psyche and soma.

In Spock's case, the conflict is dramatized by the war between his human and Vulcan heritage, but he is, in actuality, each of us undergoing our continual struggle between our very real emotional (but often irrational) impulses and the frequently unpleasant but logically incontrovertible dictates of reason.

Spock has reached a compromise which has, evidently, left him miserable--the abandonment of emotion for rationality. His very evident misery in some way tends to justify humanity's continued illogic.

3. Finally, Star Trek is to be commended for facilitating our diplomatic mission to Earth--as it was meant to do. May you all live long and prosper.

* * *

NBC's a Klingon plot
Do-dah, do-dah
Friday night's an awful spot
Oh de do-dah day

Gwine to watch all night
Gwine to watch all day
If those rating figures aren't the
top,
Star Trek will vanish away.

(Anonymous--from Baycon bulletin board).

CRY OF THE READER



Conducted by

Elinor Busby

PELZ SETS VERA STRAIGHT

Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles
90024

Dear Vera,

You and Buz have got a slightly wrong idea on how Neilson works. First of all, the gimcrack attached to the TV set merely records the number of hours the TV set is turned on, much as the odometer on an auto records how far you drive. The gimcrack also has a reminder signal which beeps once every half hour -- the beep can be a blinking light or a sound signal. The purpose for the beep is to remind the Neilson family to record what they are watching. You see, a Neilson family is only "active" for a few weeks each year -- probably no more than eight or ten. The Recordimeter stays attached to the set all the time, but the signal is only turned on during the "active" weeks. The Neilson family is notified of an "active" week by the receipt of a booklet called an Audilog, in which the week's records will be kept. (The Audilog also contains a crisp \$1 bill -- all the Neilson family gets for participating in the survey.) On Sunday night, after the set is turned off for the night, the family records the starting reading of the Recordimeter and marks other pertinent data in the log. Then, for the rest of the week, the starting reading is recorded for each day, as well as the time at which it was taken. Each day is given four pages in the log, and the pages are lined out by 15-minute intervals. At the top of each page are spaces to record the names, ages, and sexes of all watchers during the day -- no matter how much or little they watch. (The logs come with the regular watchers' names already hand-written in; guests' names are added as necessary.) The family marks whether the set was on or off, and when on, which station was being watched, and by whom, for each 15-minute section. At the end of the week, the log is checked, some final information is filled in, and it is airmailed back to Chicago prepaid.

I don't claim that Neilson is entirely representative, but it does try to make its samples randomly, on a geographical basis. If one of its families moves from one sector to another, the Recordimeter is removed, and another family becomes part of the Neilson survey. I assure you, the cancellation of shows has many more causes than low Neilsons obtained from ingrown unfairness of the survey system. I can guarantee that "Star Trek," for instance, loses out more than a little because of: bad shows; bad scheduling and time-slotting; repetition of trite themes. And from what I hear via the rumor-line, NBC and the production

staff itself are contributing heavily to the death of the series. I don't always believe rumors, but if the shows for this third season are as bad as predicted, in combination with the horrible time-slot, I suggest that low neilsons will only reflect, not initiate, the killing of "Star Trek."

From the specific to the general: Thank you for the copy of CRY 175. If I could pry a copy of the Weber-Ella Parker issue out of someone, I would have a set of CRY complete back into the Dim Past no. 80-something, and I am glad to be able to continue getting it on its new series.

I enjoyed your FUNCON Report -- it's the first full-scale report I've seen, and ConCommittees always like to see reports on their cons from people who enjoyed them. Besides, it is amazing how many different views of the same convention there always are -- just about as many as there are reporters, usually.

I think it was Bradbury that "killed" the microphone, not Harry -- but my memory is sort of fuzzy, so I could be wrong.

I do know that it was Nimoy's telegram which was delivered late on Sunday.

There are several rating companies besides Neilson, you know. TV Guide had an article several weeks ago on ratings, and mention was made of at least three. On the other hand, having the commercial company checking ratings is a good idea. One thing, tho: if you go to a cigarette company and try to get them in on the deal, I shall write to the American Cancer Society and set up a counter-picket. Or are you one of the Forward-looking Backward-acting types Harlan was mentioning in FM and Fine Arts Guide?

Best,

Bruce Pelz

(The data about Neilson's modus operandi was very interesting, Bruce. #1 too have heard horrible things about what Star Trek is planning to do to us this fall. I understand we will have stories that will make the Vangs and the Cooms look good, just as they made look good the story in which everybody's hair turned gray in hours, and reverted even more quickly to its former hue).

ABC BLOCH

2111 Sunset Crest Dr., Los Angeles

Dear CRY-babies:

Just returned from ten weeks in London, where I did a couple of scripts for a neo-Hitchcock anthology show called JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN, which will be turned loose on ABC this fall. A memorable experience, but now I'm paying for it; facing the accumulation of 2-1/2 months' mailing awaiting me here. So I trust you'll understand why I'm limited to a postcard acknowledgement of CRY right now; however, I did want to thank you and tell you all how much I enjoyed said same. It's good to see it back, and to recognize its fannish flavor; all too many of the current crop are fanzines in names only. CRY still cares -- and I suppose that's why I care for it. Muchos gracias and all best!

Bob Bloch

(And we are glad you care.)

BROXON CLAIMS THAT BRUNNER WAS RIGHT

942 19th E., Seattle

Dear Elinor...

Yes, it was reasonable for the MD type to be 100% sure he had impregnated his wife on that one exposure. He was only 90% sure, to be truthful, but any time an MD type is 90% sure of anything he is 100% sure. A consequence of being in a profession where decisiveness is essential is that 90% certainty is thought of and treated like 100%, which doesn't exist anyway.

A corollary is that 10% uncertainty is taken for granted, which is why you can't pin down one of those MD types to an absolute. This is the absolute truth I am telling you, or at least I think it is the way it works, but I'm a little uncertain about it myself. (Would you rather check 'none of the above'?)

Anyway, being a married medic he was doubtless aware that it was exactly 2 weeks previously that his wife was so inconveniently indisposed, and that it was at dinner time that day that she had complained of a fleeting left lower abdominal pain, which he had quietly chalked up to mittelschmerz. If he knew of their mutual fertility, I would make book at 95%. Vatican Roulette can be played to lose as well as to win. (If that is losing, that is.)

So congratulations on the newborn CRY.

Bill Broxon (MD)

(Bill, you imply that all women can feel it when they ovulate. I never have, and only one of my friends ever mentioned to me that she could. How could so many unwanted babies be conceived if most women could tell when they ovulated?)

CLARKE COULD NOT BE FOOLED

9 Bancroft St., Aylmer E., PQ

Dear Buz&Elinor:

Hell, you couldn't fool me when you told me you would never, ever publish CRY again: I knew you were just waiting for Phil Harrell to go away. Revivals seem to be the thing, these days: first PSY, then SHAGGY, now CRY; and I understand that Terry Carr and TEW are going to publish another issue of VOID. And HONQUE 5 will be in the Nov. FAPA mailing, honest and true (yes, with *your column*, Buz). Now let us all ask Boyd, "When is A BAS coming out?" (Come to think of it, I guess HABAKKUK started the Revival ~~Meeting~~ Movement.) Anyway, it is good to see CRY again, despite the fact that it is a very weird issue indeed, with no pages and pages of lettercol; but no doubt the happy hacks will be burbling away as usual next issue, just as though there had been no hiatus at all (hi, Mae Surtees Strelkov, Dr. Antonio Dupla, Betty Kujawa). *(We haven't heard from a single one of 'em, Norm--not even one!)*

Buz, change your mind, please, about Page 3's "not being your exclusive bag in future": I'm a traditionalist, as you know -- I am a bebop fan -- and CRY just wouldn't be the same without you on Page 3. It's just a little monkey, man.

Wally's column is just beautiful: I laughed loudly and continuously all the way through, especially at the paragraph beginning "The mundane world is nothing more than fandom's tool..." "...it maintains a postal service for distributing the Progress Reports." Well... yeah, but in Canada it has Mail Strikes to prevent us from making the FAPA deadline. However, I guess that is because all Canadian fans are gafiated, and have been for years (oh, don't start telling me about Leland Sapiro, or whatever his name is). *(That's what it is.)*

Elinor, I don't really react favorably to people who presume to act as spokesmen for groups, whether age- or ethnic or whatever; and therefore I am thoroughly unconvinced that the Jesus joke "isn't the kind kids laugh at." Understand, I am not putting Mickie down in any way: I am sure she believes that kids wouldn't laugh at that joke, and indeed it is quite likely that the kids she knows wouldn't. But there are all kinds of kids, as there are all kinds of people; and I am sure that in a random sampling of "kids" (say, age 15 -- Mickie's age) from all over the country, a large percentage of them would laugh like hell, especially if there were no adults around. (My kids wouldn't laugh, because they wouldn't get it, ignorant as they are of the Immaculate Conception folkmusic.) But you're right: it is good to have young folks around to upset one's tired old trains of thought. The smartass punks.

It's unlikely that I'd have read Spinrad's book, but I'd like to thank Roy

Tackett for ensuring that I won't. "A second-string Harlan Ellison..." Oog. As a matter of fact, I tried to read some Ellison, ah, prose just recently. They were short stories published, I grant you, some years ago: I'm glad I picked up that book, though, for it afforded me many chuckles and at least one filler, which you may print, as you see fit:

Snorts I Doubt Ever Got Snorted Sourly by a Guardsman, Dept:

"My God, purulent!" one Guardsman snorted sourly.

--HELLISON: "Back to the Drawing Boards"

I couldn't agree more thoroughly with Buz's swipes at that dumbass Nielsen system (and, hey, how about fans writing letters to save HE&SHE?); and your new editor&columnist, Vera Heminger, seems just fine so far, even if she is a Star Trek fan (duck, Clarke!). Oh well, I kinda dig Nimoy, too: it's just Star Trek, or "Gene L. Coon" maybe, that I can't stand ("Hmmm, this planet is just like Earth..."). (Thanks to Hodgkins' Law of Parallel Development, which might otherwise be known as the Law of Conservation of Imagination.)

So much for comments on CRY...

For now,

Norm Clarke

(Mickie claims that she was misquoted. #I watched HE&SHE two or three times, but I didn't care too much for it. Half-hour programs are a drag anyhow. If I'm going to take the trouble to turn the TV set on I want to watch it for a good solid satisfying hour.)

LICHTMAN'S MIND WAS BLOWN

112 Lundy's Lane, San Francisco

Dear Elinor--

It really, as we say here, Blew My Mind to have an issue of CRY turn up this morning in my mail box along with the PG&E bill. Especially with that lovely ATOM cover which would be, were it not for the logo, "suitable for framing." Whoever was responsible for executing such a beautiful and perfect job of reproducing it has my extreme admiration and respect. I cannot remember a more attractive fanzine cover.

The return of CRY poses some interesting questions. Will Burnett R. Toskey and L. Garcone return in their green Buick Roadmonster to The Fold? Does CRY's revival improve the chances of release for Renfrew Pemberton who, last I heard, was incarcerated in a Washington State mental hospital where he was observed to spend 18 hours a day carefully reading old Science Fiction Book Club advertisements from all the prozines he ever plowed under? Will John Berry (the original one, that is) be resurrected for monthly sorties through CRY's pages? And what about all those incredible faithful CRY Letterhacks? Will we once again see the likes of Marty Fleischman ("the yeasty one"), Dainis Bisenieks, rich brown? Will Wally Weber resume his position as Secretary and regale us with the published Minutes fo the Nameless Ones? Oh, I tell you, the can of worms you've opened up is at least a #303.

Elinor, your resident teenager is right about kids not digging Buz's joke, but beyond that many older people would also not find it especially amusing (although they would "get it"). I think this is because for many, many people now, the idea of a joke that exists to, at least in part, poke fun at the concept of religion is passe. I mean, many people are no longer raised with any implantation in their minds that having any religious concepts at all is necessary. I was, and I know that I'm hardly unique in this respect. The group of people I know that would probably enjoy this joke the most would be fairly new ex-Catholics, since it is apparently really hard to shuck off all that mindwashing and a joke like this one would really reinforce the "ex-" stance.

Your neofan editor writes quite readably and fits in well with CRY's tradition of good, interesting convention coverage. I'll be looking forward to seeing what happened at the BayCon in your next issue.

Television ratings. Well, I haven't really watched television to any great extent since 1958 and so I have a tremendous case of indifference about what shows are on and why, but I do agree that the Nielsen ratings are patently a lot of crap. It would be a fine and noble thing for fandom to pressure various Federal and private sources to Have Something Done. I have no doubt that it would be a success, viz. Wally Weber's remarks about Star Trek.

Well, no doubt you have a budding "new" Focal Point Fanzine on your hands. Have fun...

Best wishes,
Bob Lichtman

(We don't really know yet what the revived CRY will be like. CRY always did sort of change from time to time. #Neither Buz nor I had much religious training in childhood, and yet we thought the joke was funny. We were amused by it because to us it was a brand-new joke--we had never heard anything like it before. I think some people like jokes better than others. The artificial, set-story aspect of a joke turns some people off; others relish 'em.)

CANADA IS ALIVE

c/o 125 Scarlett Rd., Apt. 4, Toronto 9
Ontario

Dear Elinor,

I've no doubt that you'll be receiving dozens of letters from BNF's all starting with variations on "How nice it was to see CRY again!". Nevertheless, this neo would like to say "How nice it was to see CRY." and wish you every success with your resurrection. The reappearance of such literate and sophisticated fanzines as CRY and PSY is a challenge and an inspiration to those of us still squelching through the crudzine mire.

I observed an interesting connection between something you said, a remark of Wally Weber's in his Fan Power article and a theory I've been developing lately. You pointed out that a great many people successfully rationalize their lack of positive opinions while Wally indicated that the true power of a politician or an executive is his inexhaustible ability to vacillate. Now this fits in beautifully with my premise that the only truly happy and successful people are those who refuse to take any stands. All of our troubles are caused by stubborn fools who insist on holding opinions, adopting beliefs or upholding principles. It's a proven fact that emotional involvement with a cause, an idea or a person will shatter a person's peace of mind and inevitably lead to a complete loss of apathy. Take Canada as a case in point. For years no Canadian ever took a stand and just look how successful we were! Rich, well fed, holding a position of respect and diplomatic power in the world. And then along comes this radical and opinionated fellow Trudeau. There's every indication that he plans to stand up and assert our (shudder) individuality, and when he does... You see! You see! I'm becoming involved already! We're beyond help already and he hasn't even called Parliament. Canada is alive and no longer apathetic in the northland.

Without wishing to undermine in any way the truth of Buz' remarks on Nielsen, I must admit to a sneaking admiration for the man. The way I look at it, if you're going to be a con man then, by God, be a good one and Nielsen is that. Besides, as an irregular TV viewer his tyranny doesn't really affect me and I've always felt that if all the anti-Nielsen forces could do was bitch then they deserved whatever they got. Now it seems that things are about to change. Having corresponded considerably with Vera lately, I'm starting to feel a bit sorry for AC. He'll probably never know ~~what~~ hit him.

As for Nielsen ruhning the biggest con game extant, how about Gallup as a contender? Now there's a man who holds sway over the people with a little random sampling! Admittedly his polls are set up more scientifically than

are Nielsen's, but with the love of statistics that seems to exist in America today I'd hate to think of how many people cast their votes on the strength of Gallup's so-called "trends". And while on the subject of swaying voters, surely the all-time champ, both in the US and Canada, must be IBM. Somehow the concept of giving out computer predictions over national television while a third of the country is still voting strikes me as highly unethical. Enough to make one fold, spindle and mutilate. If you're the kind that takes a stand that is.

Once again, bonne chance

Mike Glicksohn

(Edmund Crispin, in an excellent murder mystery called BURIED FOR PLEASURE (Lippincott, 1949), has a dissertation on the desirability of political apathy. What a pity Canada's lost it! #I'm not at all convinced that anyone would vote in accordance with a trend. I sure wouldn't!)

BODES WELL FOR CRY

New Slocum Heights, Bldg. B9, Apt. 1
Syracuse, N.Y. 13210

Dear Wally,

I believe I got a copy of CRY because of the work I sent out to Wally Gonser. I was very favorably impressed with it. I think that you should stick to the professional-looking type faces that you use on the back cover and on



the article Fan Power. It does a hell of a lot to the professional looks of CRY. Hey, who is ATom? I like his work very much, and I like the cover of CRY enough to ask if I could do a couple of future covers. I am afraid that because of my professional, fan, and college commitments, I will be unable to do more than that for quite some time. But I can do you a bang-o cover that will be in keeping with what looks like a very slick job and one of the more intelligently-constructed fanzines in the country.

So please get in touch with me if I can do this job for you.

Very best,

Vaughn Bode

(Yes, we would love to have some CRY covers from you, Vaughn. #I like Wally's typeface too, but as long as more than one person is typing material for CRY, in more than one area of the Pacific NW, there will have to be more than one typeface. Too bad! #ATom is Arthur Thomson, an exceptionally talented and well-loved fan in London, England.)

ALLEN DOESN'T AGREE

20 Gardiner Avenue, Regina, Sask.,
Canada

Dear CRY People,

Not really. I don't hold that fans could ever do much to guide the directorate of any "multi-billion-dollar-corporation"--the recent ST thing, for instance: to thank that just because a couple of hundred (?) fans were rallied into posting off a few letters, this doesn't necessarily mean that the fan letters (well, faaan letters, then; a person can be a "fan" without the microcosm) were instrumental, except that some of them were probably used by ST big-wigs in their presentations to the Network. But, no, I can't see it.

Last year, in San Antonio, I met an old-lady-type who used to go through Harlequin romances by the dozen, literally, every day; she was a ST fan. I often saw her searching, albeit fruitlessly, around the sci-fi shelves, looking for a ST paperback, of which there were few in stock anywhere in town. When

I overheard her asking for such a book, I directed her to a bookstore which I knew carried them. Talking to her, I realised she would have made a really good addition to any ST bandwagon, for despite the fact that she could hardly see beyond her own nose, she admitted to religious weekly viewing of ST, in color yet. She said she hadn't missed the show yet, nor had some other lady she knew, and that she wasn't about to miss it. She was, I guess, typical, and yet a definite exception-to-the-rule: she watched the show every week, enjoying it, yet I take it she was old enough to remember the days when "outer space" was an idiot's philosophy, and so forth. Which, to me, proved that the show is universally popular, not just the epitome of a sci-fi fan's Nirvana. She said she watched it because she "liked Spock, thought Captain Kirk was cool," and so forth. Typical non-fannish reasons. She had never watched Buck Rogers type shows before the advent of ST, and I presume ST will lead her off to prozines.

Take a quick look through the last couple of years of TV GUIDE, letter page: ST is well represented. All of the ST letters I have read, with the exception of two, I believe, bore names and addresses unfamiliar to me, and I presume only a couple were fan-written. Therefore, what are we to presume? I think it merely points out that all sorts of people, all over the North American continent, dig ST. It's a diggable show. I think it is popular with all types of people, because it is adult. A kid can watch it, because it is pretty cool to see a huge starship out in all the glorious angles of the galaxy. Spock is tops with the teeniebopper set, yeah? The University kids dig it. It's got the best scripts presently available, so the sci-fi buffs dig it. The thing is, it's got something for everyone, be he or she a child who likes to see the monsters, or the average college kid who knows a little about thermodynamics, and what have you. I also feel that ST will be topped some day, that it will appear sort of childish when compared to future TV series, just as LinSpace appears trite compared to ST today. After all, the current TV garbage must stop someday, and it will be replaced by better, more serious fare.

Best,

Bob Allen

(During its first year Star Trek was as good as you describe its being. It wasn't too bad during the first half of its second year. But the second half of the second year--let's face it--stunk pretty badly. IRONSIDE has held its quality much better. I've never seen a poor show on IRONSIDE. I like the characters on STAR TREK, and I'll keep watching as long as they keep showing it, but I really wish they'd either bring it back to the quality it started out at or kill it dead. Meanwhile I'm really enjoying IRONSIDE more.)

COX IS CONVINCED

14524 Filmore Street, Arleta, Calif.
91331

Dear CRYgang,

I kept hearing vague rumors about fanzines being revived, like PSYCHOTIC, and WRR and VOID, HYPHEN, SHAGGY, ODD and even CRY... but they dissipated like that quick wisp of vapor curling up from a freshly opened bottle of beer... Even at the FUNcon, what little time I got to spend there, I thought that notice on the board was just a put-on...

Then yesterday, in the mail, came two postcards and two fanzines. Both fanzines were CRY...

I'm convinced!

But does

this mean I have to write two letters?

Wally as usual comes up with a humorous bit altho this didn't have that easy manner of his old items in CRY. I guess some of it rubs off after a few years...that is, some of the hilarity in a fan's attitude toward things like non-fandom...or fandom itself, for that matter. Maybe that's why some of

the similes drawn in FAN POWER didn't come off as funny as they were no doubt meant. Because nobody can really believe that fans have much power to change very much inside or outside of their microcosm. Science-fiction fans, that is. I'm sure that the bulk of those 115,000 letters came from the Star Trek fanclubs and stfandom had little or nothing to do with it! This simply by sheer numbers. Counting every active fan of any sort, throwing in all the NFFF membership to boot, I doubt if there's 3000. Maybe some of them write twice, say four or five thousand letters. Anybody really believe that? But as far as phoning a television station, that does get more results faster, especially on a given night. The NBC station here gets flooded with calls after every Star Trek program. I've often had to wait several minutes before my call gets through and Programming over at Burbank (*beautiful downtown Burbank?*) attests to the fact that it is a very popular show...from the phone calls if from nothing else.

A segment of fandom, enthusiastic and realizing that though ST isn't our Science Fiction Incarnate but the best offered yet, probably wrote and wrote. But it was the Star Trek fanclubs, existing in as great a number and as enthusiastically as those many multitudes over the past have for myriads of film stars, singers, Elvis, etc., that really saved ST. Luckily for those of us in stfandom who like ST!

HWYL reveals the true story behind the reappearance of CRY. That ought to remove any possible misapprehension on Ted White's part as to how come CRY got revived. According to EGOBOO 2, the renaissance was sparked entirely by the reappearance of PSYCHOTIC.

Strange, but that joke sounds more like the type teenagers would tell rather than adults. Its whole tenor is juvenile oriented, that is, from the way it appears as printed, and I assume it is phrased about the same way as told.

At any rate, it must be interesting to have a teenager in the household. One thing now...have you told her about mimeo-cranking...? (*We're trying to forget, ourselves.*)

HORT's "Marinating" has saved me some time. I'm not going to read MEN IN THE JUNGLE after all. I suppose I shouldn't go making a lot of noise about this anti-war novel since I haven't read it. But it appears that one first ought to know how to write a novel of any kind before starting out to write something with so much Message. Any really competent war novel is about as effective an anti-war novel as anything. NEVER SO FEW by Tom T. Chamales which was published in 1957 and later in paperback (still ought to be in the libraries) is one of the best I've read or heard of in this respect. Anybody want to read a book which is so well written that you can taste it, all the blood, horror, utter waste and futility in the whole spectrum of experience of war? Try Chamales. He doesn't stand up and wave it at you. He just writes a damned good novel.

That's the ~~hurdle~~ hurdle that the New Wavers are going to have to face. Or maybe not just them but any stf writer who suddenly comes up with a book which is, like MEN IN THE JUNGLE and RITE OF PASSAGE (Panshin), supposed to be this sort of book which does this or that, not merely another stf novel, but transcending that, etc., etc. When they trumpet this about, they are competing with novels of similar intent outside the stf field. Maybe like Double A leaguers jumping up into the majors (for your baseball fans). And they haven't, so far that I've read, made it.

The major item of the issue has to be the convention recounting by Vera Heminger. Not because I'm such a great con-report appreciator, nor that it was that great a report or that it's the one that'll cause Buck Coulson to relent, but it's the sheer sense of goshwow running rampant through the paragraphs. Gad, it near took me back to the days of my yout' when I was also fantlisted out of my mind by the sheer faanish scene. That was back in 1949 at the Cinvention and me straight from the fannish wastes of Maine...

But this does not continue with my appreciation of "The Neos Are Coming." Indeed I can say little more than it was enjoyable and refreshing reading. Too bad more neos can't hit the scene in the same manner.

Yours,
Ed Cox

(Star Trek fandom seems to be entering into our fandom--which is fine, like Dracula we do need fresh blood from time to time--and it will be interesting to see how many stick around after the demise of ST. I suspect that fandom will permanently be greatly enlarged.)

WILL GRUE AND OOPSLA! BE NEXT?

2580 Wilshire Blvd., La Habra, California
90631

I would never have believed it...

PSYCHOTIC, WARHOON, and now CRY--who knows where it will all end? I've been threatening Grennell lately that if he will publish another GRUE that I will revive OOPSLA! but I must admit that it is mostly in jest and I don't really ever expect him to take me up on it...only now I'm getting worried. I mean, with all the rest of you old time nuts who should know better coming back to life, how can I trust DAG to be any more sensible? Ah, me. At the risk of encouraging you I've decided to write this letter in the hopes of getting it printed and thereby incurring a free issue next time if for no other reason than to see if you are just a flash in the pan or if you really happen to have another 174 issues left in you again. I mean, after all, there's no sense reviving an old title if you don't intend to publish it at least as long as you did the first time, is there?

Actually, there were two things which took my eye very strongly this time--aside, that is, from the shock of seeing the title once again. One was the beautiful full-color ATom cover, and how the hell did you manage that? When I read Page Three, Buz, I expect to be able to find pertinent data therein regarding the more outstanding efforts in the issue. How was it done--and if I be not too bold--how much did it cost? (Regard me as a prospective neofaneditor looking for publishing advice if you wish...)

Secondly, your publishing schedule. Ah, that really hit home. You probably won't remember it, of course, but back in the days when OOPS was a regular, going concern and not the hit-or-miss item it was in its declining years, I was a young faneditor dissatisfied with a bimonthly schedule and unwilling to accept the burden of a monthly schedule, and so I hit on what I thought was a brilliant compromise. Every six weeks! It was beautiful! I think I may even have managed to stick to the schedule that first year or more (until I went into the Marine Corps in 1953) and I may even have resumed it briefly when I resumed publishing a year or so later but I couldn't swear to that and I'm not about to try to look it up at this time of night.

Gregg Calkins

(The ATom cover was printed by Wally Gonser, Jerry Frahm and Wally Weber. For information ask either Wally. #We hadn't remembered OOPS having a six-weekly schedule. So far as we knew, it was Vera's inspiration. Every six weeks is about perfect, and I trust that will be your schedule again when you revive OOPS)

A MESSAGE FROM MOFFATT

9826 Paramount Blvd., Downey, Calif.,
90240

Dear Vera, Elinor, Wallys, Buz, etc,

It wasn't Harry Harrison who belted the mike and called it a naughty word. It was Ray Bradbury. (And Harlan Whatsisname, who followed Ray, repeated the routine. Of course Ray and Harlan do not need microphones. Both are accomplished ~~pitchers~~ public speakers).

Harry's mike trouble was that he did not talk into it, and he needed to. He tends to throw all of his lines away, speaking in an offhand, conversational manner. The result is that many in the audience miss much of what he has to

say. Conversing with him face to face (like in the bar) is much more rewarding.

The publishers of the JDM BIBLIOPHILE would appreciate it if you all would pass the word to John D. MacDonald fans that the 10th McGee novel, THE GIRL IN THE PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER, will not be published (Fawcett Gold Medal) until December or January. We thought that it would be out sooner, but a recent letter from John tells us otherwise. It will be a long one, about 90,000 words. And McGee #11 is his current writing task.

As for the JDMB itself the next issue (No. 11) will not be published as soon as we had hoped. We still have a lot of work to do on the master checklist, which we want to publish before we do another issue of JDMB. We do hope to have the master checklist ready for the mails before the end of this year, and after that we'll issue JDMB No. 11.

Best Wishes from June &
Len Moffatt

(Conversing with anybody face to face in the bar is more rewarding than listening to him make a speech. For one thing you don't get as thirsty. #1 think it's cool that you might be working on the 11th (that's 11th in typo) JDMB at the same time JDM is working on the 11th McGee.)

BERNIE- NOT X-ZUBERANCE
Dear CRY,

1775 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.,
90028

I thoroughly enjoyed Vera's F-UNCON report. It's the first full report I've read yet. How did I miss meeting her, especially since she was one of those young femme-fans around the Star Trek display?

I'm beginning to think that discussions about Star Trek, the Nielsen ratings, the networks, etc. are like beating a dead dog. After all those writing campaigns and everything the network executives are still bound and determined to kill Star Trek. In this latest case the producers of Laugh-In got the upper hand and Star Trek was relegated to the 10 PM slot. I've heard from one of the cast members that this could very well kill the show mid-season. I guess good things can't last forever. I'm already trying to imagine Leonard Nimoy playing parts without the ears.

You may or may not know that I was brought up as a Catholic and still go to church. For that reason I have something to say about that joke on page 7. I know you didn't create that joke (where did you hear it?) *(from a non-fan friend)* but you did say you thought it was "veryfunny", and you published it, so you will have to sit there and read my reaction. I hope you'll print it in the lettercol too.

I realize this joke was presented in context to illustrate the difference between teenage and adult attitudes. Intellectually it is humor which makes a good point....I mean the idea that Mary could've cast the first stone since she was sinless. What I don't buy is the deplorable bad taste in the presentation. Why do some people when they mention Christ in such jokes, feel obligated to say "goddam Jesus Christ" and "you piss me off"? Does it make them feel better. Perhaps they've put one over on those poor religious slobs? Atheists I can live with. Self-righteous atheists are as despicable as self-righteous religious fanatics.

I am sad to see that there are fans who expound a more vocal and violent opposition to religion. If I can accept their atheism as a good broad-minded fan should why can't they accept my religious practices?

Fortunately this year there is a counterbalance to militant atheism in fandom. A discreet form of Christianity is entering fandom through a Los Angeles area group called the Mythopoeic Society. They are presently dedicated to the study of Tolkien, C. S. Lewis and Charles Williams. These three British writers

were quite Christian in their outlook yet managed to write about their beliefs in a fantasy or science fiction context. All three were close friends and formed a group called The Inklings during World War II. The Mythopoeic (myth-maker) Society was created last fall by Glen Goodknight, a history major at Cal. State in L.A. Glen had really studied the three writers and he was able to start the discussion group and suggest which stories should be read. So far the group, which meets monthly, has covered THE HOBBIT, parts of THE LORD OF THE RINGS, PERELANDRA, THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH, Williams' MANY DIMENSIONS and Lewis' NARNIA children's books.

I have been attending Mythopoeic meetings regularly since the second meeting and I wouldn't miss them for the world. My first reaction was "Oh, they're just a bunch of kids." (There's a 15 years' difference between most of them and myself.) Soon I realized that those kids had a lot on the ball. They were friendly and we had a lot more in common than I would've expected. I get along better in that group than at LASFS and it isn't because of the religious tendency either. These kids are fans in the true sense of the word. Why, there's even a Star Trek sub-group and one girl is an Oz fan. I've personally done my best to introduce the Mythopoeic people to fandom. Forry Ackerman came to a meeting and invited the members to his house. (All fans know what an awe-inspiring sight that is). {Yup}. Glen gave a talk at FUNCon on the comparative cosmology of Tolkien, Lewis and Williams while other members took in their first con.

The next step is to make more adult and professional people aware of the Mythopoeic Society. At the recent Ozcon in Santa Barbara I was surprised to discover that our host, Dr. Warren Hollister, is a professor of Medieval History at the University of California campus in Santa Barbara. He has written and co-authored several history books and has just completed a children's fantasy in collaboration with a woman writer from San Bernardino. Hollister has met Tolkien and owns autographed copies of THE LORD OF THE RINGS. He expressed interest in our group and we may get him as a speaker.

After that we must have a fanzine or journal with articles by such writers. Finances are a problem, of course, but we've already come up with a title: MYTHLORE. Watch for it. Some day.

Bernie Zuber

(As I told you at the Baycon, Bernie, my belief is that if you told that joke without vulgar language no one would laugh. Did you make the experiment, and if so, did your audience laugh? If they did you are right and I am wrong. --As a matter of fact I suspect that Harlan Ellison, or Sidney Coleman or a few others who can tell jokes outstandingly well, could tell that joke without vulgar language and still get a good response. But for most of us vulgar language is necessary for the shock that makes people laugh at this particular joke. #The Mythopoeic Society sounds like fun, and if I lived in your area I'd look in on it. (For anyone else who's interested, I inadvertently edited out the sentence in which Bernie stated that all are welcome).

DENNIS' COOL REMAINS UNBLOWN

1524-1/2 N. Santa Rita, Tucson, Arizona,
85719

Dear Wally and Elinor and Buz--er, is that you, Buz? You've changed--you sound much younger and more feminine--you say your name is "Vera"?--sonofagun--changed your name, too, eh?

Well, I was going to start out by screaming in block capitals "CRY LIVES", but I guess I won't--I mean, you know you live, and I know you live, so, block those capitals...

And anyway, having had CRY 175 to caress for three weeks now, it ill behooves me to blow my cool at this late date. Had I written this at first white heat

I would have let myself go, I mean, I would have done the whole "Cailoo Callay" schtick and just embarrassed the ichor out of thee and me. But I foolishly loaned CRY to a buddy before purging my soul in a letter of comment. By the time I got it back, here it is September already and my cool remains unblown, though my pen wavers as my bus bounces over Colorado mountains en route to Tucson and my second year of graduate school at the University of Arizona.

Hoping you are the same...

Let's see--I would comment on 174, except that I did so, right after you folded. You missed a good bet by not having a letter column in 175. So what if the letters would be four and a half years old--a good CRY letter never ages. *{I doubt if we still have the letters after all this time. Otherwise we certainly would have had a lettercol in 175}.*

The cover was nice. Not "breathtaking" or "hilarious" or anything, but very much CRY. *{It was a picture of Wally Weber. You don't get much CRYier than that.}*

Ghu--I guess I'll have to send in a quarter now. The first money you've gotten out of me since 164 (and you eventually returned that--a year or so ago. The tills of Elinor Busby grind slow, but they grind exceedingly--which is fine). Of course, you really ought to publish some of this so that I won't have to, but I'd hate to have to trust you. Too damn many rookies and Star Trek neos probably lined up for CRY of the Readers already, and no room left for an old timer. Washed up at twenty-two... Damn it, ma'm, take your quarter! *{You forgot to enclose it.}*

Wally (Hi, Wally): What would fifty twelve-year-old fans do with the U.S. Government (aside from giving 4SF a pension for life, that is)?

O.K.--so fandom runs the world. But who runs fandom? Star Trek fans, at the moment. Now, who runs Star Trek fandom?

Well--about a year ago the Coulsons suggested that CORBOMITE MANEUVER and NAKED TIME should get into the Hugo finals, and they did. Then they urged everybody to vote for THE MENAGERIE and it won. And YANDRO has been printing more than its share of ST material... O.K., so the Coulsons secretly run fandom. But who runs the Coulsons and organizes their lives? If they're like any other family I know, their kid does. This makes Bruce Coulson Master of the World, Ruler of the Sevagram, Lord Lizard Leader, and Cthulu Incarnate. I would if his grade school classmates realize What's in their midst...?

Dennis Lien

{Wonder if Buck and Juanita do?}

SETH DOES NOT QUESTION FANGDOM
Dear Wally;

345 Yale Ave., Hillside, N.J. 07205

Welcome back. I've really missed CRY and hope you'll keep me on the mailing list.

Congratulations on acquiring Vera Heminger. Looks like she is already a WKF if not a BNF. Certainly her contrib on Funcon was equal to most such essays in fanzines over the past few years. Sometimes though I wish someone would tell us what the speakers said and what happened on the stage instead of this incessant name dropping and descriptions of room parties which generally are of interest only to those who attended. But that seems to be a fannish tradition and who am I to question the sacred traditions of fangdom.

I liked your article on FAN POWER and imagine that fandom could swing a good deal of power and influence were it organized into one organization or at least if all fans received one fanzine where campaigns could be launched etc. Sometimes I wonder though if anyone has a list of even 75% of the fans in fangdom. All the apa fans, comic fans, Tolkien fans and so on would probably amount to thousands of names. As of now the biggest list of fans I've seen has been no more than a few hundred although I understand MIT fen are compiling a list of a thousand or more.

I enjoyed Elinor Busby's pages. Wonder what this lady looks like though. Wonder if sometime it would be possible to pub portraits of the leading lights of CRY for the edification of readers who may never have met them in person. (This has been done in past years. Perhaps we'll do it again some time.) Any old how she is to be congratulated for recruiting Vera Heminger.

Fanatically yours,

Seth A. Johnson

(Seth, you asked (in a part of your letter which I edited out) for fanzines for your Fanzine Clearing House. That's Wally's decision--I don't care, myself.)

BETTY'S BACK!

2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Ind.

Dear Elinor and Dear CRY:

Well, gee. Like it's 1968 and I'm sitting here and I'm doing a loc to CRY! If I can remember how to do a loc to CRY, that is. What can I say? How can I put it? Who can describe an ordinary late-summer morning when the mail came and there was CRY again!

Picture the same kind of scene in....Oakland, NYC, LA, London, Surbiton, Australia, most everywhere, including Ron Bennett in the Mystic East. (Excluding Ron Bennett, I'm afraid--unless Vera happened to have the ^{address} I certainly couldn't find it.) Think of the exclamations, gasps, cries--popping of eyes, boggling of boggles. That's a Grabber, that is!

In my case, for a moment there I felt like I'd been transported back in time..back to happier times..back to Good Old Days, sigh.

CRY! A CRY-letter! Can I remember how to do one? Well, the cover couldn't have been better....an Atom art-work in glorious color. The Reasons For Receiving This Issue list was certainly a gooder. You should have checked me in the "You're an old and tired fan and need cheering me" category...me and a thousand others, lord knows.

Of course I relished FAN POWER by Whatshisname. How is Wally these days? Or is it better not to ask?

And here is HWYL again..Elinor if it's Vera's doing that CRY has arisen from its ashes, please crown her Queen of Seattle or Empress of Washington or the like, huh?

I know about having someone to talk to, as with you and Buz we too get quite predictable in what we have to say....until lately, anyway... What with the Chicago 'gun city' or Prague West Scene we gotta a lotta clashes around here now...I should add that we both detest Mayor Daley. And have for lo many many years...I do not care for the type of police who take off their badges and their name-plates and THEN all at one event jump and beat upon the Gentlemen of the Press..and I would LIKE to hear anybody's explanation of why they removed all their identification.

I condoneth not the various nasty Things that were thrown or used against the Windy City's Boys in Blue...but the use of foul language? The calling of 4-letter words??? THAT supposedly shocked the Chicago fuzz? Whom, we are to presume, never ever heard such words ever before? Is part of what goes with the job...gee I'm real sorry those fellows had to hear such language...though one could gather that they understood the meaning of the words/terms?

I hope, seriously now, that both conventions being shown to all of us in this year of 1968, may bring about the end of such Political Conventions. I've been talking to Younger ones...from age 12 on up...and I'm sure by the time that they reach their twenties they'll see to it themselves that some better, saner, fairer, more logical and dignified way can be found than those straw-hat/ thousands of dollars' worth of balloons/and endless speeches/etc., extravaganzas that we've been having.

Same goes for the Electoral College type of voting-and-electing scene. I feel that neither Convention nominated the Public's Choice. This November again

we will vote, but will our wishes truly be granted then? Not necessarily.... me for another way of nominating the political party candidates...and me for a Popular Vote type of Election...and amen.

I dunno about kids' attitudes to jokes such as the one you quoted, Elinor. It amused me to some degree...but then I had as straight-laced a Sunday-School-Every-Sunday childhood as most anyone over age 35....)

I'm one of the wayfaring strangers you speak of, Elinor, I think most fannish types are....I think most thinking types are, how can one help but be? The maverick, the loner, the one who takes time off to pull away and mull things over, the one who tries to understand his/herself...while it seems that the rest are herding together more and more frantically, filling time with noise and chatter and Games, rather than communication or reflection...hell, who can help but feel A Stranger in a Strange Land for most of one's daily life?

And would we Strangers have ourselves any other way? Of course not! I pity those who seem (seem at least from Out Here) to be so shallow and so empty and so lacking in that higher (deeper?) level of consciousness I seem to have.

Roy Tackett (there's a name to conjure with! Last time I invoked that name we had one tornado and all the cows' milk went sour!). Yeh, Roy, I too saw the book review in SAT REVIEW of Harlan Ellison's book. (I trust you saw that follow-up letter-to-the-editor on same some weeks after?) Non-heros... non-heros in general...is everybody or anybody as all-fired sick and tired of non-hero-type novels as I am?

Yuckkkk...speaking of non-heros I am now about 2/3rds of the way through Gore Vidal's novel...MYRA BRECKINRIDGE...which is amusing me no end. Look, anybuddy who can write a novel of ANY type or tripe wherein the main character/characteress rambles on and on lovingly about Ann Rutherford playing "Polly Benedict" in the ANDY HARDY series, and Lon McAllister, and Richard Cromwell snivelling through LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, and Ann Sothern in the first of the MAISIE series, plus other such esoteric trivia of Hollywood of the 30's/40's is MY kinda people.

I see by the columns that supposedly they want Ann-Margret and Burt Lancaster to play Myra...plus John Wayne as Myron's uncle....wellllll..if they can film CANDY, I guess they can film MYRA...

Vidal had some comments on the youth of today donning the costumes of the he-men male-heroes of yore to compensate for their fading sexual-role in today's society that sorta rang true...THEN it came to mind that if things Get Worse, these kids of today in their costumes of yore may have to be out sniping and shooting and all that in streets and neighborhoods across our land, if ever a Race Revolution did erupt and start Civil War 2.

(How's that for a cheerful thought for today?)

Now that we are all happy and gay..ooops there's another word whose general meaning has changed....."gay"....Elinor, excuse this digressing again but.... what DID you and Buz think of the way W. Buckley erupted and lost his cool before millions of televiewers and upped and called Mr. G. Vidal 'a queer'.....?

I couldn't have been more amazed..or more let-down...Buckley has his own tv show .he is a past master at goading guests into blowing up and exploding with anger..AND Bill is known for his delicious command of our American English Language....

Like Baby...couldn't he at least called Gore a Faggot..or a Homosexual or something with wit and style????? (Laney used to speak of The Alate Ones).

He really dropped a clanger that night!

Next time I'm with our Dr. and his wife will ask about the percentages in

in conception..I would not have the slightest inkling... You saw, I trust, in a recent TIME that the Rhythm System is VERY bad as far as having perfect babies is concerned? Because either side of the fertile period the sperm or the ova would be stale and more likely to produce a baby with defects? Seems likely to me.

Buz, Honey...four years since CRY stopped? More like 40..more like 400.. well it seems a LONG time ago..and as others have said before me, it seemed that when the CRY stopped, an era ended, it sort of capped a happier period in fandom. I will now be superstitious and take CRY's revival as a Good Omen for Fans and Fandom..excuse me while I go sacrifice a goat or two on the altar out in the back-yard....

Hope y'all had a good good Con there in Berkeley? ..I was in Wonderful Indianapolis (actually the state shoot this year wasn't bad at all...I expected Nothing and got much fun instead). I noticed later in the paper that there were riots, etc., in Berkeley at the same time as the Con...was there any over-lap? **Yes**

Hey.....I too, as you know, like and relish Star Trek, but how's about another tv show....?? The summer replacement for Jackie Gleason..the British series created and acted in by mine hero Patrick McGoohan, THE PRISONER?? Would like muchly to hear Elinor and Vera make comments on this excellent series, if they would.

Have been getting a Big Bang out of it. Have always enjoyed McGoohan in anything he did...and this creation of his I think is a very fine one. My favorites to date are two...this last Saturday's wherein he is reading a VILLAGE storybook tale about himself pitted against a Lady Named Death (Oh, those Welsh, Irish, Scottish, Yorkshire, etc., "Napoleons" were wonderful!) and the one in which he does escape from the Village, gets all the way back to his flat in London..gets parachuted back to the Village.....and Happy Birthday, Number 6!

We shall see what this Thursday night ABC tv series filmed in England will turn out to be....Horror and Suspense they tell us on the telly...I hope so indeed. I have tried to watch DARK SHADOWS and all it does is break me up Barnabas is so like Misha McQuown in his Vampire's costume at the 1962, did you notice?

Referring to Shatner as "Fearless Flab" is but perfect! Me too...I agree with your opinions as to Ratings....

Vera, I thank you for your FUNcon-report.....I enjoy and dig con-reports. And I hope that you will be doing the same with the WorldCon, please? I envy you being there (at FUNcon, in this instance) and being in and about the STAR TREK beings...indeed I do.

And this is ENUFF.....I want to thank you all...The two Wallys....Elinor and Vera....ol' Buz...OLD o' Roy..Everybody. It's so *good* to see a CRY again.. bless you one and bless you all...

Yours...

Betty Kujawa

(The Chicago police were one of the major topics of discussion at the con. The best suggestion I heard was that everybody should just refuse ever to go to Chicago until they get their police better in hand. If Chicago were to lose convention after convention, very soon big hotel and restaurant money would be putting pressure on the city government to acquire a cooler breed of cop, less apt to go berserker under stress. I was told that this was actually being discussed at some psychological convention, who were (or had been) scheduled to convene in Chicago next year.

So far as I know there were no convention-attenders involved in Berkeley riots or in conflict with the police, however, Wallys Weber and Conser did (it is said) return to their room at the Durant to find it full of tear gas, which had apparently drifted up from the street below. I didn't personally see any conflict or signs of problems, but the police were discussed quite a lot and the feeling seemed to be that while Oakland police have always been a low form of life and Berkeley police cool and gentlemanly, nowadays there is less and less difference between them--a change not unfortunately involving improvement in Oakland!

I feel very concerned about the police scene. The more people hate the police the more hateful they will become--humans are like that. And where will it all end? The time has come for some constructive suggestions--and 'abolish the Police Depts.' is not one of them!

I don't have any objection at all to politicians' wanting to play around with balloons--though whuthey have to pre-empt all the good programs to do it is something else again! The conventions' monopolizing tv is my only real objection to that way of choosing a candidate. The alternative would be an endless succession of primaries, which would be even more tiresome. I'm entirely in agreement with you about the Electoral College though. It's totally outmoded--has nothing to do with the 20th century.

Oddly enough, I was about 2/3rds of the way through MYRA BRECKINRIDGE when your letter arrived. Yeah, it's a gas all right. Dirty, too. Leaves a bad taste though. All this sado-masochistic stuff is a bit ugh. --Heu, there's a book on the stands that you'd really like. It's called SMILING LOW SWEET HARRIET and it's by George Baxt. It's a murder mystery with a homosexual Negro detective (named Pharaoh Love) and there's a lot about oldtime movies in it. It's very witty in a few and avarish manner. When I read the first in the series, A QUEER KIND OF DEATH, I thought sure it was by Gore Vidal in a clever plastic pseudonym, but Boyd Raeburn talked me out of the idea and now I know he's right: if Gore Vidal will do MYRA BRECKINRIDGE under his own name, he'll do anything--he doesn't care any more! But this George Baxt is spiritually akin to Vidal--the same wit and the same preoccupation with power, believing that a sexual relationship between two people is more a struggle for dominance than anything else.

Buz and I missed Buckley's calling Vidal a queer--what a pity. We missed Lee Oswald getting shot too--seem to miss all the great Historic Moments of TV. Ol' Vidal was probably very pleased, because whatever his own predilections, he certainly made Buckley blow his cool! Score one for Vidal!

Buz and I love The Prisoner. We missed the one Saturday at the convention. And apparently it was one of your two favorites! Sob. We were very stupidly and mundanely out to dinner at the time and completely forgot it. Boyd told us afterwards that it had been very good.)

AND (WE ALSO HEARD FROM: BETH MOORE, who wants to know what a neofan is. Beth, a neofan is a newfan--no more, no less. A neofan can be of any age at all, and he ceases to be a neofan when he feels at home in fandom and understands fannish slang, jargon, customs, and so forth--nothing of which is particularly complex or esoteric. NED BROOKS, who went to the DeepSouthCon and apparently had a splendid time there. (Did you meet our old friends, Joe and Juanita Green?) He appreciated Roy's comments and he enjoyed Vera's column. JERRY KAUFMAN has always liked Atom's covers, but this is the first one he's seen in color "... and it does wonders for the drawing. I presume that that is Wally Weber on the, er, horse." Jerry, in the drawing, the rider and the steed BOTH represent the true Wallace W. Weber. Jerry liked the J. Christ joke, and is only 19. He thinks maybe Christian kids wouldn't like it. He thinks that perhaps all Spinrad's work is satiric, and he says that CRY is hung up on Star Trek and

Nielsen. Too true!--but we'll get over it some day. DICK FLINCHBAUGH sends money. JEANIE B. BOGERT sends money. RICK SEWARD sends money. SAM MOSKOWITZ sends money. JOANNE BURGER sends money (says Juanita Coulson told her to. Heavens! Do you suppose Bruce told Juanita to tell Joanne to send money? Reality reels!) ROBERT P. BROWN sends a want-list of old CRYs. We'll keep it on hand incase anyone mentions having old CRYs to sell--we wish you luck, Bob. DON FITCH sends money. He says CRY is not the old CRY, but then he's not the old Don Fitch, either. DONALD A. WOLLHEIM sends money. RICHARD MIKKELSON asks Vera not to spend the dollar he sends all in one place. She will, you know. She supports the U.S. Post Office. He also hopes someone out there has a super-keen interest in pop music. I don't know about Wally and Vera, but Buz and Mickie and I all like pop music, and Mickie's interest is certainly super-keen. BOB TUCKER sends money. NORM METCALF sends money and self-addressed stickers! MILTON F. STEVENS sends \$1 for whatever it is we publish. How cool. DAVID T. MALONE wants a sample copy. We're all out of 175 (or so I believe). Nowadays our samples cost 25¢. MANDI TAMBORELLO asks if we want an article about a man who looks like Leonard Nimoy. Thanks--but no, we do not. Bill Wyman bears a startling resemblance to Charles II, and this fact is universally regarded as of slittle significance that I have never read it anywhere until just this minute. MARIAN TURNER sends money. She asks, "I am crazy, I hate Nielson, I'm not sure about regular lizards but I love horned toads, I wasn't mentioned and need cheering up, and I'm a Ulari and need cheering up. Do I get a free copy?" No. DICK BERGERON asks if we could use a cover. Yes, we certainly could, Dick. Thanks very much. Also mentions having made seven typos. Boy I'm glad I'm not the only one who makes typos all the time. JARI L. WOOD says CRY is totally outasite and more than 101% illogical, but then, aren't we all? HAL LYNCH says the news that CRY the ineffable is alive again is a bright note in an otherwise foul, wretched week (the week of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. Hal, I'm not even going to ask you what you think of the Chicago police.--But if you chance to have anything to say about 2001, a space odyssey, or anything else of like nature, why, you know your sterling prose is valued by CRY. KAY ANDERSON took the cover off the last CRY and fastened it to the refrigerator. Kay is obviously a neofan, since she doesn't realize that fanzines are to be Cherished and Preserved Intact. Oh well. She's probably a real good kid at heart and besides, she'll learn. Oh damn! We had a postcard from Piers Anthony Jacob, saying that "content is slight...and not as clever as you seem to think. So--might as well drop me from your mailing list." (Although he did like the cover very much). I wanted to publish that, just so we'd have an excuse to pester him with one more copy, but it dropped to the end of the stack. Oh well. Too late now. Oh--and we got a nice note from Mr. and Mrs. L. R. FOOS. I was going to publish that, too. They liked Vera's con report, they say hello to Wally Weber, and they are going to enjoy his inimitable writing and his wry, crazy views. See y'all next month. Elinor

from: CRY
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