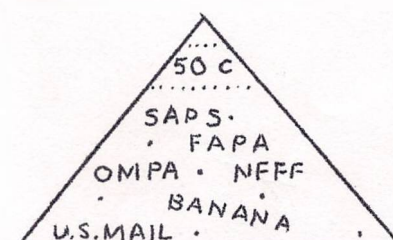
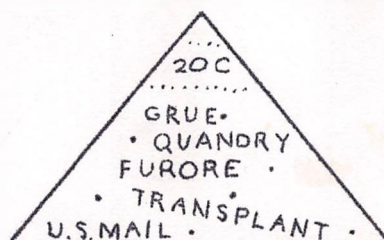
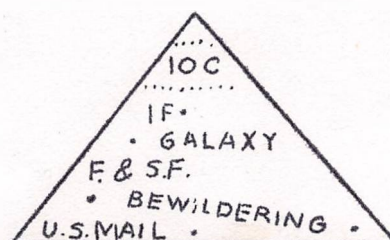


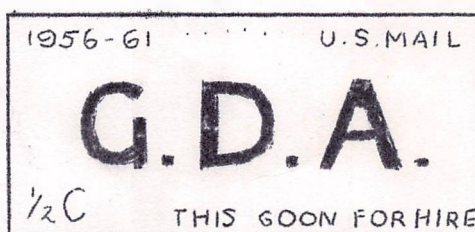
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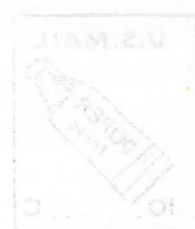


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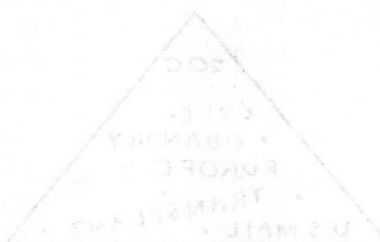
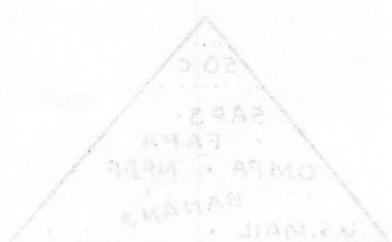
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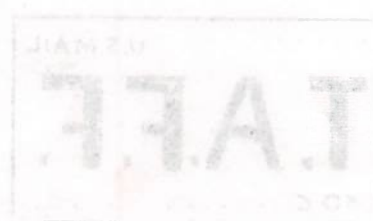
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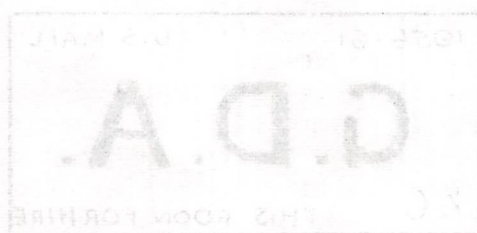
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Yes, this is the usual combination contents-page/editorial/column/freelance-maunderings page of CRY, the so-called fan magazine produced by Wally Weber and F.M.&Elinor Busby, none of whom live at Box 92, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Wash, but who use this phony address for CRY from sinister motives of their very own. Checks sent to that address should be made payable to Elinor Busby so that I do not get them first and spend them for beer. I do not know what reason you would have for sending us checks instead of lovely money but some people like to show off. If anyone sends a check for 25¢ for a single issue we will probably spend it for beer as a protest against automation or red tape or Andrew Volstead. At the moment we are accepting subscriptions at the rate of 5 issues for \$1 and you may send as many dollars as you like; we won't complain. John Berry, our cover artist, of 31 Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland, is also accepting subs at the same rates except that 1/9 is 25¢ and 7/- is \$1, roughly.

If your material including letters appear in CRY you get that issue free. Elinor trades with frequent fanzines all for all and with infrequent fanzines one for one. When she remembers. We do not trade with Cosmopolitan, though.

This is CRY 165, December 1962, winding up the year with 336pp, ten issues.

C o n t e n t s

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These people cut these many stencils: Wally W 18, Elinor 14, Buz 3

Publication is by the Cone Company who are very nice patient understanding types.

C R Y W i t h o u t T e a r s . . .

The consensus is that we are having a shot at the bimonthly schedule. We will see how it goes for a time, anyway. It shall be thisaway:

DEADLINE FOR CRY 166, FEBRUARY 1963, WILL BE JANUARY 15, 1963, and further deadlines until further notice will be the 15th of other odd-numbered months such as March, May, July, Sept, and Nov. CRYs will be dated by the even-numbered months: Feb, Apr, June, Aug, Oct, & Dec, and with luck will reach you on or near the first of the month for which the issue is dated. And NO 13th Annish, y'see.

None of us are too crazy about going bimonthly but it seems to be the best solution to a whole herd of problems. Speaking for myself, I don't mind so much having to do all the bitching about meeting our deadlines but I am tired of doing it all this often. Particularly since this month for the first time in some years we didn't make it; this is Friday night and the stencils were supposed to go in Thursday morning, but everybody had stuff to cut at the last minute and the typer only takes one at a time.. I have gotten into the habit of tailoring my own column to make the pagecount come out even at the last minute but this time the whole program ran late and last night we goofed off at the Nameless meeting. It is quite likely that I am overly-preoccupied with the sanctity of deadlines, but it struck me several years ago that punctual regularity is the greatest single controllable advantage available to any fanzine, for response, appreciation and the like. Well, we'll try it on the 6-per-year level and see how it goes.

Don't worry, gang-- we're laughing on the inside, where it tickles more.

Has anyone suggested nominating Shirley Camper for TAFF, or do I have a first on this idiot ploy? Alternate: D Bruce Berry; O, it's Sick out tonight!

PREFACE

The greatest danger facing civilization today is neither Communism nor The Bomb. It is the refusal of our intellectual leaders to think clearly about the problems we face. When the natural leaders of our society decide that the greatest physical dangers we have ever faced are "unthinkable" subjects, we are trusting blind luck for a way out. Luck may save us; but we have no assurance that it will. It may be the case that nothing will save us; but it is certain that until we examine the dangers, and prepare for a number of alternatives, we run a far higher risk than we need take. It is better to be "cold bloodedly" correct than be wrong with high feeling when the stakes are as high as the present ones.

This set of papers will not attempt to solve the problems of mankind. It will try to point out ways of thinking about thermonuclear warfare, and, with due regard to the espionage laws, reveal some current doctrines held by both U.S. and Soviet theorists and military commanders.

Much of this paper will simply repeat analyses of Herman Kahn, a pioneer "academic strategist". Views of Kissinger and Schelling will also appear, and, from time to time, perhaps a tiny bit of original analysis. For the most part, however, we will simply present an introduction; and like all introductory papers, we will be concerned more with developing terminology and methods than in expounding theory.

I. The Language of Strategic Analysis

Most thinking about thermonuclear war is currently done by a group of men known as the "academic strategists", the best known of whom are Herman Kahn, a physicist, and Thomas Schelling, an economist. Others of the breed are political scientists, historians, and even generals. Because the discipline evolved from so many origins, we have had to develop a new terminology for discussing strategic problems. The very act of inventing an analytic language has caused us to take a hard look at a lot of concepts we thought we understood; the language of strategy is, then, an excellent beginning point for an introduction to the subject.

a. Kinds of Thermonuclear Wars

In spite of the popular conception that all thermonuclear wars are alike, there are many kinds of them; and which kind one fights determines, in large part, the devastation which will result. The current popular picture is the "spasm" war, in which each participant launches everything he has at the other in a wild orgy of destruction. At present, no responsible political or military leader in either the United States or the Soviet Union believes that this is an accurate description of any future war.

TABLE ONE: Kinds of Strategic Thermonuclear Wars

1. Countervalue
2. Counterforce plus bonus
3. Straight Counterforce
4. Counterforce plus avoidance

The items of Table One show a spectrum of thermonuclear conflicts. Item one, countervalue, is the "spasm" war, in which the major strikes are directed at the enemy's population and property centers, without regard to their military potential. It is a war of maximum destruction. Item three, counterforce, describes a war in which no material is deliberately aimed at cities or population centers. All weapons are fired at the enemy's military forces, chiefly his strategic nuclear weapons and delivery systems; the cities are simply ignored.

Item four, counterforce plus avoidance, is a war in which not only does one not aim at cities, per se, but one is careful to avoid cities, even at a cost of not hitting enemy weapons located close to population centers. The objective in this case is to degrade the enemy's ability to hit you, while consciously avoiding the destruction of his non-military people and property. One uses the smallest bomb that will do the job, firing it with the most accurate system you possess. This

differs from a straight counterforce strategy in that you are willing to accept a loss in your ability to destroy the enemy's weapons in order to be able to save his cities.

Item two, counterforce plus bonus, is the other side of the coin. This strategy envisions firing the largest weapon possible at each of the enemy's military targets. Cities are not conscious targets but an attempt is made to maximize city damage while striking at military targets.

It might be argued that a countervalue war is the only one which makes sense. This is not true. Suppose that country A strikes country B, carefully avoiding cities, and degrades B's thermonuclear forces such that B can now half kill A. A then says: "If you strike my cities, I will strike yours. So far I have spared them." Other forms of thermonuclear blackmail are possible; but in order to employ them, the victim must have something valuable left to threaten.

b. Deterrence and Defense

It should be recognized that there is a fundamental difference between deterrence and defense, and that there are several varieties of each.

Deterrence refers to an attempt to prevent an opponent from doing something--a sort of reverse blackmail--by threatening to make the price too high for the objective. It maybe that the action you contemplate in retaliation hurts you more than it does him; you must threaten unacceptable damage to him, not merely disproportionate damage. For example, neglecting all other factors, if you believe me it is just as effective for me to threaten to blow my brains out all over your new suit if you won't give me the last piece of toast as it would be to threaten to throw the scrambled eggs at you. If you don't believe me and eat the toast, of course, then the first threat was an unwise one; but if you believe me, it is just as effective as the second.

Defense refers to the aftermath of a failure to deter a war. When deterrence fails, you actually have to prosecute the war.

Unfortunately, there is an interaction between the two. Equipment which is very good for deterrence--invulnerable, inaccurate, and very dirty missiles aimed at the enemy's cities--is often, as in this example, no good at all for defense. Some defense equipment, on the other hand, not only may not be very useful as deterrent, but may in fact, by your possession of it, make deterrence almost impossible. Assuming you can evacuate cities, for example, it endangers your deterrent to begin to do so, because the enemy is tempted now to strike first; but it is a splendid defense move.

There are three broad categories of deterrents, two of which we will discuss here. Type I deterrent refers to deterrence of a massive atomic strike on your own country. This is best done by possession of a large, invulnerable, and horrifying second-strike system--a system which can ride out an enemy attack, survive, and from the rubble flatten the enemy. The system is armed and programmed for a maximum countervalue attack, and consequently is almost useless for defense.

Type II deterrent refers to deterrence of some enemy action, such as his invasion of your allies, by threatening to attack him massively at the time and place of your choosing--by threatening to push the button. This requires, of course, that you have a credible first strike capability, and that you have some protection for your citizens, either by Civil Defense, or by being able to so degrade the enemy's strategic forces that he cannot or will not hurt you.

Type III deterrence is not well understood, even by many modern analysts. It is best defined by example. Assume, that the Soviet Union invades Greece and that we are unable to defend with conventional or tactical nuclear weapons. Yet we must do something, preferably something other than pushing the button. So, we attack one Soviet city, after notifying the Soviet Union of our intention and limited aims. They respond by withdrawing from Greece, but also strike one United States city to teach us a lesson. In effect, we have traded a city for Greece. The analogy is as follows: You play poker in a game you cannot quit. Your opponent cheats. Each time he does, you slam his hand against the table. When you do that he stamps on your foot. You have a sore foot, he has a sore hand, and you hope you have deterred him

from further cheating.

c. The Theory of Games

We will not present the theory of games here; but as much modern strategic analysis draws concepts from game theory, it will be necessary to develop a few of the ideas from this new branch of mathematics.

All games are either zero-sums or non-zero-sum games. In a zero-sum game, if one player wins x amount, the other loses x amount--i.e., the algebraic sum of all gains and losses is precisely zero. In the non-zero sum game, as you suspected, this is not true. Thus, both players can win; or both lose; or one win x and the other y dollars, etc. Many non-zero sum games can be described, therefore, as incomplete partnership, in which each player seeks to maximize his gain, which he can do only by cooperating with the other participant. In a world where survival is at stake, thermonuclear wars can be non-zero sum games, in which both sides seek to minimize losses.

Not all games have them, but in some games there are saddle points. These are strategies which are stable, because by playing them, one player minimizes his losses and the other maximizes his gains. No other strategy is, then, rational. For example, take the following pay off matrix. This shows the sums to be taken from B and given to A for each game outcome.

		A's possible plays		
		1	2	3
B's possible plays	1	0	5	3
	2	2	1	2
	3	6	8	4
	4	0	0	3
	5	7	9	3

B seeks a minimax strategy: he wants to minimize his maximum loss. He, therefore, chooses his second strategy, because if he chooses any other, A can take more than two from him. A, without knowing B's actual choice, can decide exactly what to do; he chooses his third alternative. He plays this each time the game is played. Note that if B plays any strategy other than 2, he loses more than 2; and if A plays any strategy other than 3, he gains less than 2. This game, then, has a saddle point. It is not, by the way, a fair game. Note that no matter what happens, as long as A plays his optimum strategy, B cannot escape losing 2 units per play. He can do worse than this, but not better.

The preceding analysis was obvious, and required no sophisticated techniques. This is obviously not true for all games, nor is game theory applicable to all conflict situations. Many conflicts cannot be decided by calculation because the pay-offs are not known. Other games are so complex that although they are soluble in principle, there is no way to compute the solution. Game theory is useful chiefly in studying situations which are imperfect analogues of real conflicts. It is also useful because through it alternatives may suggest themselves which would not otherwise be considered. The theory of games is not a substitute for strategic analysis.

d. Some Classic Analogies

In order to somewhat simplify the discussion of thermonuclear strategies, analogous situations are constructed. These do not exactly conform to reality but are usually chosen for their illustrative value.

For example, if missiles are vulnerable and easily located, and both sides have about the same number, the side which strikes first wins, assuming that he is accurate and his attack coordinated. The analogy usually drawn is the Western pistol duel. The winner is a total winner--not hurt at all, while the loser is dead. This is also called "two scorpions in a battle". In this case, the incentive to attack first is high, and it can hardly be called stable. It does not apply to the present world for the following reasons:

It is possible that the United States could strike the Soviet Union with such force that retaliation would be almost nil; but the Soviet Union cannot muster the force to neutralize our second strike forces. The present analogy is more akin to the situation in which one opponent is armed with a non-lethal but damaging weapon, while the other has a six-shooter.

Another useful analogy is the "poison dart duel", in which both opponents are armed with lethal but slow-acting weapons which do not immediately affect the ability to aim and fire. In this situation, no one has any incentive to fire first. This is also called the "homicide pact". Both sides have Class I deterrence weapons, and there are no counterforce weapons.

Herman Kahn has also spoken of the "Doomsday Machine", a hypothetical device which wipes out everyone if detonated. It is believed that about ten billion dollars would buy something very like a doomsday machine, but no one is presently building one. A modification is the "Doomsday in a Hurry" device, which is a doomsday machine connected to a computer which will set it off if the enemy does certain things you have warned him against, such as building his own device. In this case, it is exceedingly important to convince the enemy you have really built the device and cannot turn it off.

Strategists also speak of the game of "chicken", which, in Bertrand Russell's phrase, is "played by degenerates in America, and by nations everywhere". In this game, automobiles are driven at high speed directly toward each other. The one turning away is called "chicken" in a loud voice by the winner.

There is an optimum strategy for this game, assuming that one is forced to play it. One gets into his automobile obviously drunk, ostentatiously tossing whiskey bottles out the window; puts on a pair of dark glasses such that one cannot see a thing; and after the car gets to high speed, the steering wheel is thrown out the window.

If the opponent has been watching, you have won the game. Of course, if he hasn't, you've got troubles. The game illustrates a principle called "the rationality of irrationality"; i.e., it often is a distinct advantage to appear blind, drunk, and out of control--in a word, mad.

The next paper will discuss credibility, the science of blackmail, and just when it may be a distinct advantage to be able to give a known criminal glossy 8 x 10s of yourself in a highly compromising situation.

J. E. Pournelle

(This is the first of a series of probably four articles. J. E. Pournelle is a strategy analyst for a major aerospace industry.)

* 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 *

Dep't of Misc Plugs and General Disorder...

I suppose all you guys have taken out your memberships in the DisCon or DC in '63, and same [for you westerly types or real adventurers from further away] with BayconII at the Bay Area's [Burlingame] Hyatt House? ^{it}If not yet, then soon?

It is getting to where anyone who happens to feel like/starts his own apa with less forethought or misgivings than used to attend the launching of a new fanzine. I suppose the next development will be some idiot starting his own fullbore fandom on an invitational basis. It is not much sillier than some of the other things we do around here-- and besides, I get first dibs.

There don't seem to be too many causes floating around these days needing plugs for funds. Aside from the Cons which I am sure you will have joined by now or else the pointy finger points at thee, there is TAFF and the FanArt Show and a number of sterling publications for sale, and that's about it except for the inevitable item that I've forgotten just now. CRY is still fairly well fixed for copies of the expanded book version of THE GOON GOES WEST at \$1.25 for mailed copies or \$1 even, if you stop by in person; orders have been coming in nicely of late, thanks. And only 88 shopping days until my birthday, folks.

This squib has been a public service feature for the good of your black soul.

In CRY 163 I said that a neofan should be regarded as an apprentice in fandom, that neofans should not start large projects to change the face of fandom. I said that such a project as fan awards should be handled, if at all, by a long-time, well-trusted fan. I was hoping for discussion in the CRY lettercol, but I didn't get it.

Instead, I got a comment I could have done without. Buck Coulson, in YANDRO 117, said: "I'm disappointed in Elinor's comments on neofan projects; they sound too much like Gem Carr's statements about this pushy couple in Seattle who weren't willing to let their elders handle things." --Perhaps I wasn't explicit enough. If the Fan Awards project were successful, it would change fandom to some extent. Such a project should be handled only by a fan trusted for discretion, integrity, common sense, and common honesty. Trust may often be granted on very slight grounds, but no one has a right to demand to be trusted on such grounds. I think you'll agree, Buck, that no fan should threaten to publish libel about another fan to force the grant of trust and cooperation. That's essentially what I was talking about.

There was some discussion in OMPA a while back, as to whether or not Shakespeare's sonnets proved him to be bisexual. Walter Breen brought out that sonnet about "the master-mistress of my passion" is negative evidence: "...Nature...me of thee defeated, By adding one thing to my purpose nothing. But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure, Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure." ^{the end of}

I think it's academic. I don't believe the sonnets are autobiographical. Leslie Hotson some years ago published an article in which he proved that Shakespeare wrote the first 126 sonnets when he was only 25 years old. But in sonnet 73 he says "That time of life thou mayst in me behold When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." etc., ending "This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong, To love that well which thou must leave ere long." It's quite conceivable that a 25-year-old should brood about death as much as the narrator of the sonnets did. Life has never been certain, and in Elizabethan England it was very much less certain than now. But it's not conceivable that he should describe himself as a bare ruined choir, where late the sweet birds sang! In sonnet 73, he's ^{apparently} contemplating his death from old age, which has very rarely been considered imminent doom by a 25-year-old.

The sonnets which pun upon his name, "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'" might be considered to prove the sonnets autobiographical. But it's not necessarily true. They were, apparently, written after the main body of the sonnets and might have been extraneous, added as makeweight. The concluding two sonnets, insipid stuff about the Love God, Cupid, are clearly extraneous. (Who was it said that Shakespeare's Sonnets ended, not with a pang, but a simper?)

It seems very likely to me that Shakespeare's sonnets relate to some story in his mind. Look at the poems the Bronte sisters wrote--prisoners in dungeons, lost loves, guilty secrets and all--nothing like that ever happened to them. Except for Branwell, nothing ever happened to the Bronte sisters at all outside of Angria and Gondal. Is it unlikely that Shakespeare should have had a private story?

In Graves' "The White Goddess" he speaks of the poetic theme. "The Theme, briefly, is the antique story...of the birth, life, death and resurrection of the God of the Waxing year; the central chapters concern the God's losing battle with the God of the Waning Year for love of the capricious and all-powerful Threefold Goddess... the rival is his blood-brother, his other self, his weird. All true poetry...celebrates some incident or scene in this very ancient story, and the three main characters are...a part of our racial inheritance..." Shakespeare liked to use ancient sources. Elsewhere in this book Graves speaks of how

"The Tempest" was based on the story of Cerridwen and Gwion. He outlines the resemblances and they are unmistakable. So what could be more likely than that Shakespeare should take this ancient theme and ring his on inimitable changes on it? He put it in his own time and place, but he put himself in the role of a man waning in strength and comeliness, losing his mistress to a younger man. And being Shakespeare, being a man who never put his hand to anything without changing it utterly, he made primary the love relationship between the two rivals.

And who was Mr. W. H.? Perhaps he was just a crony. Some guy who said, "Say Bill, these aren't bad. You ought to polish 'em up and get them printed."

So that's what I think. At least it's a possibility worth considering.

As you might guess, I'm reading "The White Goddess". This is my second try at it, and this time I'm determined to get all the way through, whether it's really worth it or not. I'm more than half way through and still going strong, though when two or three pages flipped backward I read them again without their sounding the least familiar.

Graves' thesis is that the language of poetic myth is worthy of study because anything based on this language has far more emotional appeal. Perhaps he's right--Tolkien's "The Lord of the Rings" has a singing quality, and is surely based on the language of poetic myth. Three things come immediately to mind.

Goldberry, and to a much greater extent Galadriel, represent the beneficent aspects of the White Goddess. Galadriel, although very powerful and possessing the gift of prophecy and able to read men's inmost hearts, is fair, gentle, kind and lovely. Shelob represents the Goddess' malevolence, and it's symbolic that it was Galadriel's gift that enabled Sam and Frodo to overcome Shelob. Shelob was a female monstrosity, and if you can imagine her as male, half the potency of that episode will melt away. Her female evil was needed to balance Galadriel.

Boromir's corpse was sent down the river in a boat. According to Graves, boats were often used as coffins in the old days. And while it doesn't particularly extend one's sensibilities to relate the mighty, proud, mistaken valiant Boromir to Elaine the lily maid of Astolat, wasn't Balder's funeral pyre his boat? I think so.

And the word 'orc' is Irish for 'pig'. Pigs are sacred to the Death Goddess.

"The White Goddess" is essentially impenetrable except to kooks like Graves, but is studded with interesting facts and ideas. And it's a little more interesting to me now than it was the last time I tried to read it, because that was several historical novels ago. Since then I have read Renault's "The King Must Die" and "The Bull From the Sea", Graves' "King Jesus" and Treece's "Jason", all of which bear to some extent on the material in "The White Goddess". The first three novels I have talked about in this column, and I mentioned that all three have the same theme--the conflict between worship of the Goddess and worship of a father God.

"Jason" reveals essentially the same scene. It's an interesting and lively book, but I don't recommend it. The hero is sort of a slob, and which of us really cares to read about heroic slobs? Jason is a big, handsome, well-meaning guy who starts out lucky. But he doesn't have anything to back up his luck and his looks, and as time goes by he loses both. Jason is superstitious and affectionate, but he has no real beliefs nor loyalties. He is an opportunist, and not a skillful one. He is continually getting himself in situations where his faith is pledged in two different directions at once, and as you might expect, the consequences are dire. Finally he's a miserable dirty old bum, and he spends the night with a miserable aged crone. She was once the queen whom he loved, left, and longed for; but he doesn't recognize her and she doesn't recognize him. Now I've told you the end of the book so you don't need to bother to read it. You may send your expressions of gratitude to me in care of Wally Weber.

Elinor

THE END OF CRY

an undertaking by Wally Weber

The comments from you readers concerning the possibility of a bi-monthly CRY were pretty morbid in spots. This business of CRY being better read than dead demonstrates a distinct lack of faith in the immortality of this fanzine. Total extinction is not necessarily the only alternative to a bi-monthly schedule, you know. The percentage of five-yearly fanzines that have folded is very small, for example.

Looking at it from another point of view, however, a good fan should have the flexibility of mind to believe that anything is possible, even where CRY is concerned. If one is to exhibit a truly open mind, one should be able to imagine even such absurd concepts as a universe without any CRY at all. Many will scoff at such apparently useless mental exercises, but a select group, such as all of you CRY readers, who are honestly seeking the Ultimate Truth will know better. Why, if it weren't for fearless, unfettered imaginations as yours, where would the Hieronymous machine be today?

Suppose now we penetrate this veil of ignorance far beyond the frontiers of orthodox knowledge and investigate the possibility of the death of CRY. Imagine, you stalwart adventurers into this make-believe world of the mind, that instead of choosing a bi-monthly schedule, the CRYstaff decided to publish daily, resulting, as one might expect, in the members of the staff burning themselves out and folding CRY within the next ten or twenty years.

Most of you will immediately realize the consequences. The end of CRY would be the death knell of the Cone Company, by then the largest industry in the nation, resulting in the collapse of United States' economy, so upsetting the balance of world power leaving our civilization so weakened by the ensuing planet-wide war that the invaders from outer space would find no significant resistance as they erased all traces of humanity from the universe. But we do not have the time or space here to explore all these trivial side-effects; let's stick with the basic problem, that's what is important.

How will we ever be able to refund all that subscription money?

You see the problem, don't you? All of the subscription money has gone to the Cone Company for publishing costs. The Cone Company can't refund it because the folding of CRY has caused it, the largest industry in the nation, to go broke. Even if the money could be refunded, it wouldn't be worth anything because of the collapsing of the nation's economy etc.

But since this is only an imaginary problem, there is obviously an imaginary solution to it. It simply remains for us to imagine it. Let's do that.

The first thought that comes to mind is to buy insurance. If CRY could be insured for an amount sufficient to cover subscription refunds, probate costs, a decent burial, and a postcard to Fanac containing an appropriate obituary, all would be well, and only the trivial side effects would remain to be cleared up or left to run their course however destiny provided.

Of course there is the matter of how to adequately reimburse subscribers in a world where money has ceased to have any meaning. One could, of course, take the attitude that money is, after all, only money, and that the possibility of such inconveniences as inflation, nuclear warfare, and disintegration can be casually

written off as the sort of risk an investor is expected to take in his never-ending struggle to satiate his greed for CRYs. Before we do this, however, take note of the fact that there is nearly a complete stencil left to be typed, and see if you don't want to seriously reconsider this matter.

First let's summarize the facts as we have imagined them. You readers, or at least your future generations, have invested substantial amounts of money in CRY subscriptions. CRY has ceased publication and ended fandom as you, or at least your future generations, know it. CRY has been adequately insured so that the subscription investments can be refunded. But you, not to mention your future generations, don't want worthless subscription refunds; you -- all of you -- want CRYs.

Well, if we had to imagine a weird insurance company that would insure a fanzine for subscription refunds, we'll have to imagine a really far out one to get one that will pay off in real CRYs. Let's do it, though, and see how the company manages it.

We'll have to give the company a break by assuming that CRY began paying its premiums long enough before its death to give the insurance company a chance to prepare. Obviously after CRY has been put to rest and its spirit has gone to its happy hacking ground in the Great Fendin in the Sky, there will be no more new CRYs for our fabulous insurance company to use in paying off beneficiaries.

But think of all the existing CRYs that have already been published. They'll be around because nobody would ever think of throwing a precious CRY away. Now how is that for the currency of the future?

We'll leave it to the insurance company how it will acquire these old CRYs. Perhaps it can introduce an attractive policy for fans with premiums payable in back issues of CRY. Perhaps the company could buy up unsold issues from the publishers, or contract with the Cone Company to run off extra copies. There are any number of perfectly legitimate ways a progressive insurance company could accumulate copies, and any insurance company that would insure CRY would have to be about as progressive as anything could be.

There is the possibility that an insurance company that would insure CRY had progressed a bit too far, however, and there could well be a touch of the unscrupulous to such a company. Difficult though it may be for such as ourselves to think in unscrupulous terms, we must force ourselves to consider the possibility of a CRY subscription insured by a company that cheats.

One particularly unpleasant manner in which a spurious insurance company might deal with the situation is to murder CRY itself in an opportune moment and proceed to counterfeit CRYs, getting rich off of the subscription money, and not letting anyone know that the real CRY was dead. At first thought one might think that the impossibility of counterfeiting CRYs would prevent this from happening, since no company, no matter how brilliant its employees, could ever hope to duplicate the genius of the real CRY publishers and contributors. But suppose this loathesome company reprinted an older CRY, a CRY from so far in the past that it remained as only a dim memory in the senile minds of ancient fans? Suppose it kept a cycle of CRYs in publication like that forever, keeping all of civilization in the same circular rut and manipulating world politics to agree with the comments appearing in the reprinted issues of CRY?

Thank Ghu we're only imagining all this. It's strange, though, how this article, not to mention today's news reports, seems vaguely familiar.

With Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle . . .

I have been thinking about how science fiction looks ahead and extrapolates trends and points out dangers, and how as a result fans are forward-thinking and more knowledgeable than most, just as the speaker said at the _____ Con [pick any three]. Why, not only did Cleve Cartmill invent the atomic bomb-- science fiction immediately [not to say incessantly] began to point out the dangers of the Blowup, frantically trying to convince the stupid public and the ignorant politicians and the bloodthirsty military that atomwise we have a bear by the tail, which is true. Science fiction pointed out that it would be all too easy for major combatants to spread nuclear devastation in truly appalling fashion. Boy, did it ever...!

And science fiction fans as a general class have come to accept the premise that any overt major-powers hostilities will put the human race On The Beach, that complete thermonuclear diarrhea is the automatic result of any "incident" that gets out of hand. Until recently, I tended to believe this myself.

Luckily, however, the ignorant politicians and the bloodthirsty military seem to have considered this possibility, discarded it as being as inconceivable as science fiction has been saying all along, and set about inventing strategies to avoid the Big Blowup. Oh, sure, the Massive Deterrent does work, all right, as was evidenced by Wednesday morning of Cuba Week. But, as you'll find by reading Jerry Pournelle's series on the subject [the first of which appears in this issue of CRY], current thinking is on no such an all-or-nothing basis. There are many intermediate possibilities between passive acceptance of Soviet aggression and Atomiggeddon [thanks to the work of the bloodthirsty military], and the good old stupid public is in process of being informed of this via mundane writings.

But science fiction is still warning of the horrors of the Blowup, and science fiction fans are largely convinced of its inevitability. I wonder if perhaps we have not been so carried away with the scoop and power of the message that maybe we stopped in one place too long and have been passed by, by events.

I wonder if maybe science fiction doesn't need a new brand of snakeoil to peddle. The old one seems to have given us a bad case of the snakes.

A good[?] example of my point is found in Ted Pauls' "Better Red Than Dead" plea in KIPPLE#31; Ted implicitly accepts that motheaten old dilemma as being for real, and further assumes that it is our sole responsibility to avoid Blowup, by refraining from offending the USSR in any way such as not losing fast enough [as by refusing to accept the Soviet nuclear beachhead in Cuba]. But there is nothing new [regrettably] in that unilateralist argument; my current dissent from the Pauls theories concerns his depiction of the strategy of surrender. Ted states that the US is too large and populous to occupy or police and that eventually a dedicated Underground ["a hundred million healthy civilians"] would throw off the yoke, though perhaps only after "5 or 50 generations under Communism". Now this is a family type fanzine; still, bullshit is the only word for those ideas.

The occupation and policing of a hostile conquered people is the simplest thing in the world so long as you don't give a good damn about their welfare, but only for their capacity to cause you trouble. The Soviets have this down to a science, having had plenty of practice. Keeping in mind that with the US under their thumbs the Soviets could pay us their fullest attention, since no comparable external power would then exist to distract or hamper them, the job is simple...

Strict control of the major public utilities [transport, communications, and power] could within about two weeks have most of the populace too busy trying to keep alive to make much trouble: standing in line to get the permits to stand in line to buy the food, etc, which is carefully kept in short supply. Mass deportations, of course, as soon as possible. A certain amount of attrition from the combination of starvation and breakdown of the complex of services including the medical-- consider any major city after a week without electric power. That's the immediate post-surrender prospect. Since later generations will be systematically indoctrinated by the conquerors [how else?], so much for Revolt: 2462AD.

Some of these guys might try Orwell as a change from Bertrand Russell...

While we are on this fannish humor kick, there is John Boardman, I regret. John Boardman calls himself a liberal and he does not like "conservatives", by which term he means Birchers, segregationists, Nazis, lynchers, and quite probably myself, if he ever heard of me and found out that I disagree with him. At any rate, Boardman urges that all offenses of violence against "liberals in the south" be charged against and even physically perpetrated against "conservatives in the north" -- "if the South is to become unsafe for liberals, then the North can be made unsafe for conservatives" is the way he put it. Really he did, apparently equating "liberals" with everything that is good and true and beautiful and shaped like a semicolon. I must say for TPauls that he disapproved heartily, on moral grounds. I disapprove on the personal grounds that I am a conservative rather than an anarchist which is about the same only with no place to vote.

I discussed this matter with a conservative friend of mine by the name of Renfrew Pemberton. "Ren," I said, "what do you think of this guy Boardman who wants to come beat you up when he gets bugged at Orval Faubus?"

"I think" said Renfrew "that he wants a fat lip to match his head." Renfrew Pemberton is one of the deeper thinkers of our time, I've always thought.

"You want to keep in mind" I said, "that John Boardman is a liberal. He is on the side of progress and he cannot and will not stand for injustice. Why, he says so himself. Now on these terms, how can you answer his urge to retaliate upon you for the offenses committed against the objects of his sympathies?"

"You mean, what would I say to the joker?" I nodded. "Simple, bub-- I'd say you can try your luck if you want, but don't bitch when you bounce."

"I don't think you have the right idea, Renfrew", I protested. "Boardman is discussing what is to him a matter of principle".

"So am I", he answered. "My principle is people should stay off my back. I tell you what; anybody wants to play games, then we'll see who needs help to get his foot out of his ear. OK?" A profound philosophical insight, to be sure.

I came away shaking my head and wondering if after all I had done right to choose Renfrew Pemberton for a friend and pseudonym those many years ago.

Sometimes I wish that Ernest Hemingway had never finished writing "For Whom the Bell Tolls". Not always, mind you, but just once in a while. And especially any time I read a story in which the author cribs that ending in order to try to be Significant-- presumably it is Significant to kill off the protagonist in a casual fashion on the last page-- it shows that All Is Folly or something. Now truly in real life people get killed off for irrelevant reasons that make hash of everything they've sweat for all their lives. So it is reasonable that this dash of irony should cap a major work of fiction. Once, or maybe twice; the schtick has whammy but it wears out fast; after that it looks more like a cheap trick. Brian Alldis' African-located pb story didn't need it, and Mack Reynolds' "Speak-easy" in the Jan '63 F&SF uses it merely to get out from under the equally over-used gimmick of having the Rebel From The Hinterlands installed as part of the top brass of the Establishment after several chapters of falling over his own feet. Up to there it's a fair good tale, but I deplore the poopout solution.

Last night we attended a Nameless meeting at Jim & Doreen Webberts'; it was a pretty good blast, as has been the case with these meetings/^{stops}beer got on the program at Wally's place a couple months ago. I took beer, and a fella who may wish to be truly nameless here in case any of our readers work for Internal Revenue brought some home-made aquavit guaranteed to tilt your hat if any. We heard this First Family record which has some damn good lines on it, and discussion was rife and perhaps ripe, as usual. Jim has a bunch of new old rifles, including the good ol' Springfield .30-'06, and we got to futzing around with that one on the Manual of Arms, to which I had not seriously addressed myself since V-J Day or considerably earlier. But that was pretty good aquavit, so I even tried the Old Drill [superseded in 1939 or so] in which the piece is thrown rather than handed up and down. Didn't drop it, either; that must have been damn good aquavit. But my nonexistent hat was not so far tilted as to try the Fancy Tricks-- the ones where the rifle is twirled and spun. That is outdoor stuff at best-- and this is an indoor stencil and the end of it at that: cheers.

(This article is reprinted from Gibbon's "Stamp Catalogue Years 2016-17", published in London by Hindman and Sons Ltd., of 36 Gresham Street, S.W. 3. Permission for reproduction of illustrations is gratefully acknowledged.)

This absorbing hobby, philately, is studded with unique sets of specialised postage stamps, but nothing, I suggest, is more strange and difficult to understand than the five separate sets of FANDOM ISSUES AND ASSOCIATED SPECIAL COMMEMORATIONS issued between the years 1973 and 1986.

From research I have conducted at the British Museum and the Smithsonian Institute it is certain that for about half a century an esoteric publishing organisation existed in the Western World--this microcosm freely revolving around a basic science fiction situation.

The medium of contact was the 'fanzine'. The study of this wonderful example of amateur literature has fascinated me in all its diverse facets. The artwork in these publications rated from primitive to superb, with wonderful line drawings executed with consummate skill....work in some cases superior to that in contemporary professional publications.

The literary aspect was even more diverse. Subject matter, though supposedly expected to have some reference to science fiction, covered every subject under the sun. Again, the writing technique fluctuated from rank ungrammatical rambling to work of considerable merit.

These 'fanzines' were obtainable under a number of different categories. For example, if a person contributed to the particular issue, he or she had a right to that issue. This was presumably an unwritten law, and a sensible one. Copies could also be obtained by trading with one's own fanzine, or by the I think unique method of sending in a letter of comment on the previous issue. It seemed that the mercenary aspect was not of first importance; in fact, strange as it may seem, some of the examples I looked at both in Britain and America specified that sending cash for an issue was not required, except as a last resort.

To publish a 'fanzine', a person had to be in 'fandom'. This was the word used to describe the overall activities, which were not restricted to the fanzine. A section of 'fandom' obtained most interest from meeting together at 'conventions', usually held yearly. Others preferred the letter as a means of contact, and a smaller percentage accepted the tape recorder and the video as being the more preferable. However, if one thing could be said to hold fandom together, it was the 'fanzine.'

I have gone to some detail to describe this once-active organization because I know that only then will the inner machinations, as revealed by the postage stamps, mean something. Possibly the message, whatever it is (and I feel there is one) will not get across to you, and if this is so, I would ask you to accord these illustrations (cover) the interest that you would show to, say, the new Chino/African Hexagonals.

Before giving a detailed description of the twelve individual postage stamps in the FANDOM issues, I should like to explain the origin of them.

Senator Andrew Main, a onetime stalwart in fandom, was made the American Postmaster-General in 1972. Besides being the youngest person ever to hold this position, he was possessed of high intellect and imagination, and it holds compelling interest to try to visualize what future FANDOM issues would have been like, had not the American Revolution summarily ended his political career.

.....

The first and most enigmatic issue, and also the biggest, was the FANZINE ISSUE of 1973. It consisted of the following five values:

Value	Illustration	Colours	Value Franked	Value Unfranked
5 cents	CORFLU	red on white	12/6d	14/6d
10 cents	DUPER INK	Black on white	12/-	13/8d
15 cents	GESTETNER	gold on white	17/5d	19/4-1/2d
20 cents	STAPLE	green on white	19/7d	23/4-1/2d
25 cents	LETTER OF COMMENT	white on green	27/7d	28/9d

The most wonderful stamp of this set is the 15 cent 'GOLDEN GESTETNER', as it is affectionately called in some philately circles. It is rare to find a stamp with the principal design study in gold....presumably there is a deep symbolism here, if only it were discernible.

As for CORFLU, DUPER INK, GESTETNER, STAPLE, LETTER OF COMMENT, these constitute what are, presumably, the main ingredients in the production of the fanzine. Although I examined many old fanzines, I cannot recollect once seeing a word which could by implication give a definite clue to its use. However, as stencils were used to type on the stories, and enscribe the illustrations, it well may be that CORFLU is a 'fannish' code word of a liquid much in use up to a few years ago, which was used to correct typographical errors on the stencils. Correcting fluid could be shortened to CORFLU....

It is worthy of note that the last stamp of the set, that with the highest value, is the LETTER OF COMMENT....explaining quite emphatically that this is what could be described as the ultimate objective of the work which went into the publication. During my research, I often came across the word 'egoboo', frequently in the letters of comment which were published at length, often in their entirety. 'Egoboo' can be logically described as a boosting of the ego. That such a word should be bandied about with abandon would imply that this quest for egoboo was also an important factor in this amateur publishing....and it is a moot question whether or not, to complete the set, a sixth EGOBOO stamp should have been issued. Possibly, the learned Postmaster-General (who undoubtedly instituted the stamps) considered that a letter of comment was more important to the publisher ('fanned') than 'egoboo'....or, possibly this is the correct conclusion--that a letter of comment was was egoboo.

The 1977 set of three triangulars, the FAMOUS PUBS issues, interested me greatly, by demonstrating the three different aspects of publishing within the science fiction field. Here are the details of this set:

Value	Illustration	Colour	Value Franked	Value Unfranked
10 cents	Names of professional magazines	red on white	79/-	93/3d
20 cents	Names of fanzines	orange on white	79/-	83/4d
30 cents	Names of group publishing organizations	green on white	79/-	84/1d

The 10 cent issue gives the names of four professional science fiction magazines published in America during the lifespan of the microcosm. BEWILDERING, which came out weekly, consisted completely of the works of writer Harlan Ellison. It was published for fifteen years without missing an issue, and but for the untimely American Revolution, might still be running.

The four fanzines quoted on the 20 cents issue are presumably the best amateur publications of that time. GRUE ran some 30 issues, but it maintained a high standard of neatness and literary content. The complete file looks imposing. FUREORE managed but seventeen issues over twelve years, but each issue consisted of over 200 pages. Big Bill Donaho (as he was affectionately called in newsletter FANAC 3,763) obtained the cream of fandom's writers and artists, and also obtained a scoop by reprinting Robert Heinlein's NFFF material.

TRANSPLANT what Senator Andrew Main's own fanzine.

The 'APA' 50 cent triangular is one of the most cryptic issues ever....at least at first perusal. To put it briefly, an 'apa' was an organization whereby, at prearranged periods (usually once every three months) a specially selected num-

ber of members sent a personal fanzine to one elected collator, who sent the totalled bundles to the members.

The initial letters, by which the 'apa's' were known meant, to give two examples, SPECTATOR AMATEUR PUBLISHING SOCIETY and FANTASY AMATEUR PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

The first of three special commemoratives, which are eagerly sought after by philatelists all over the world, was the FANNISH PERSONALITY COMMEMORATIVE of 1981, featuring Leslie Gerber, Order of Merit.

Gerber led a fantastic life, and before disappearing from the public scene in 1980 to become a Buddhist monk, startled the world with a revolutionary idea. It is generally thought that the Gerber Intercontinental Ballistic Plonker owed its inception to incidents which occurred in his formative years when he was a 'neofan' in New York. A predeliction for hand-operated weapons which used water or rubber suckers for offensive power seemed to be a characteristic of Gerber, as well documented contemporary accounts show.

The U.S. Army spent the sum of \$34,000,000,000,000 developing the G.I.B.P. The idea was that an enormous rubber sucker cup, 23 feet in diameter, should be mounted on top of a 400 feet high GIGANT rocket. Ten thousand miles of plastic rope was attached to a pulley (power-operated) at Niagara Falls. The theory (the Plonker Rocket was never used operationally) was that the other end of the plastic rope should be attached to the end of the metal tube connecting the plonker to the Gigant. Thus, because of the uncanny accuracy of the guiding radar, any person on earth could be captured by the plonker, and with the aid of the pulley and rope the miscreant or potential miscreant could be brought back alive to America. This deadly weapon gave America such a devastating deterrent that no person in the world would take the risk of aggression.....and peace came. Surely, in such circumstances, a FANNISH PERSONALITY COMMEMORATIVE was the least America could do for Gerber.....

Details of the Gerber stamp:

<u>Value</u>	<u>Illustration</u>	<u>Colour</u>	<u>Value Franked</u>	<u>Value Unfranked</u>
\$1	Leslie Gerber OM	Natural Colour on ivory	23,000/-	23,000/3-1/4D

The second commemorative was the TAFF commemorative of 1983.

TAFF was the initial letters of TRANS ATLANTIC FAN FUND, a system where, by monetary donations by members of fandom in Britain and America, it was possible to transport a well known fan from his parent country to the other in rotation. This system worked to perfection for many years, during which time 27 American fans were able to travel to Britain, Denmark and Lichenstein, and 18 European fans to America and Canada.

Most of these travellers wrote about their adventures at great length, and copies of these publications are still sought after by the few collectors of this literature of fandom.

Details of the TAFF stamp:

<u>Value</u>	<u>Illustration</u>	<u>Colour</u>	<u>Value Franked</u>	<u>Value Unfranked</u>
50 cents	letters TAFF	red on light puce	1800/-	1933/-

The last stamp illustrated is the G.D.A. SPECIAL COMMEMORATIVE of 1986. It was actually issued in January, exactly thirty years after the first appearance of the Goon Defective Agency...an outfit designed to investigate fandom and promote 'fan fiction' literature. The clever motto "This Goon for Hire" (credit for which is allotted to an Irish fan named W. A. Willis) appears on the stamp in purple.

The demise of the G.D.A. is of interest. The head of the G.D.A., the Goon, was working on an assignment for M.I.5, the British Secret Service. By some confusion, he got it into his head that Prime Minister MacMillan was Mr. Krushchev in disguise, and the Goon actually accosted Mr. MacMillan outside the Houses of Parliament in July 1961, and tried to pull his moustache off. I wonder, has ever a stamp been dedicated to such a Keystone-type comedy before.....?

Details:

<u>Value</u>	<u>Illustration</u>	<u>Colour</u>	<u>Value Franked]</u>	<u>Value Unfranked</u>
1/2 cent	Letters GDA	blue on white	2-1/2d	3-1/4d

One stamp is left. All of you have heard of it. There are only three examples known: one is in Japan, in the National Museum, one is owned by an anonymous philatelist in Sweden, the last by the new Middle American Republic.

It is, in its way, the most fantastic of the unique FANDOM issues I have told you about. It is to my last^{ing} regret that I cannot obtain an illustration of it for this catalogue, but it is easily imaginable.

<u>Value</u>	<u>Illustration</u>	<u>Color</u>	<u>Value Franked</u>	<u>Value Unfranked</u>
15 cents	Top half of Statue of Liberty	black andwhite shaded. Figures and letters in orange	priceless	priceless
AIRMAIL				

At first glance, it is difficult to find any difference between it and the ordinary 15 cent airmail used in the United States for many years. A perusal will, however, reveal one significant feature (or so I am led to believe, as I haven't actually seen one, although I was present when the Swedish buyer obtain^{ed} his in Paris in 2005) which, above all, shows to what limits Main was prepared to go to bring his beloved fandom to the fore....

The seven-spiked headdress of the Statue is missing.

In its place is a cap, burnished, with a two-bladed propellor on top.

John Berry
1961



MAYBE YOU AREN'T RUBBING
HARD 'NUFF—

A STRANGER IN A BRAVE NEW WORLD
(What is This Thing Called Love?)

by Paul Stanbery

The most shocking book I have ever read was Robert A. Heinlein's "A Stranger in a Strange Land." I've read "Tropic of Cancer" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover," Balzac and Rabelais, and even "The Chapman Report." But Heinlein's little fantasy had them all beat for shock value. I've been astounded at how many people I've found who hate the book, and all for interestingly different reasons: i.e., "poorly written," "corny humor," "sophomoric sex attitude," etc. Most of these points don't really hit at what is most objectionable, most "sickening" about the writing: it attacks the foundation-stone of romantic love, sexual possessiveness. And it lays bare the beginnings of a philosophy which attacks the basic structure of our west "man should upset nature in his own favor" philosophy by proposing (this is only inferred, by the way, so far as I know Heinlein did not even mean to imply it) a new approach to contradictions in life: "Things aren't going wrong; they're only going differently" as "waiting is."

I picked up "Stranger," borrowed it from the Busbys, while I was here in Seattle and, from the beginning, noticed it was different from most of Heinlein's other work. There was the use of a John O'Hara tongue-in-cheek approach in the exposition, there was a new "off-hand" dealing with the trappings of Future History, and a very sophisticated sexual approach. Of course, I soon found that "Double Star"'s governmental operations, "The Puppet Masters"'s Old Man, and the bluntly crude yet grammatically perfect Heinlein conversational techniques were all in evidence. One could think that Heinlein, in this new sophisticated approach, was a little out of his element; he was. But not enough to warrant all the criticism heaped on him. The author of a "smooth" book like "Farmer in the Sky" warrants an acceptance of new methods if he thinks they do what he wishes.

From the onset, I noticed similarities in his subject and handling to "Brave New World." Both stories are set in a fairly indefinite future; both establish world governments; both present two civilizations in contact by means of one member of the "home" civilization being reared away from his element and brought back. And both deal very extensively with the subject of sex.

But Huxley, in his work, is defending our present way of life against a future one; Heinlein is attacking our present system. Both these statements, by the way, are really over-simplifications. Though Huxley's Savage seems more human than the Brave New Worlders, he is also inexcusably emotionally immature, over-mystical and basically unstable; though Heinlein does show the worst side of democracy ("long live J. Edgar"), he has to back down and defend the principle. (I cannot say whether Huxley's "Island" approaches the same solution Heinlein proposes, but it probably comes close. I've been waiting for the book to come out in paperback.)

The key word (and about the only word I have ever learned of Heinlein's Martian) in the philosophy of "Stranger" is, of course, 'grok'. I think that word would be interchangeable with the 'dig' of today's beatniks, though 'dig' implies excitement, which of course, is totally absent from the passive 'grokking' attitude. To understand grokking we can paraphrase the Zen Buddhist: "What is the meaning of "Stranger in a Strange Land"?" "It is windy again today."

Huxley's hero is in the tradition/tragic mode, but somehow the action of the Savage seems much more silly than moving. On the other hand, the demise of Mike Smith in "Stranger" was, to my mind, really tragic; as Anouilh would have it, "predestined, calculated." And it was meaningful; probably the best part of the book.

What have we, then: The key word of the Martian philosophy is "Acceptance" of reality. Human history is like a bowl of jello; somebody makes a disturbance, it has repercussions, but it does not change things. The philosophy is eastern in flavor and meaning.

In contrast, the key word of present day western philosophy is, to quote its most exciting exponent, Ayn Rand, "ego." Human history is like a rushing river, carrying each man and each society to a pinnacle of accomplishment. Achievement of a dream.

There are weaknesses in both concepts. The one in the Western ideas is most evident to the intellectual: A dream is an imagined concept, hence nonexistent and probably not only unattainable, but incomprehensible in any but the haziest terms; I mean by that, you can hunger for something, and the hunger makes you imagine there is something that will satisfy the hunger; that doesn't mean that something to fill you up necessarily exists.

The flaw in the Eastern concept is most evident to the common man: "In that Church of All Worlds love nest, who's gonna have the time to put in the plumbing?" In other words, if you accept things as they are, you will have to cede the right to change things in your favor. And if a dream seems pretty attainable, who wants to pass it by on principle?

Again, both these objections are over-simplified; the more intelligent exponents of either philosophy realize the contradictions and try to work them in, while still sticking to the main idea. This complicates things so that most people never get a really good look at either point of view and most philosophers get in the habit of talking through their hats, of building paths of logic to lead them to places they had already planned to reach; in short, they tell white lies.

I have a theory, though, which a modern-art-oriented friend of mine calls "anti-phase." A more expressive wording, though, is "multiple-impact, net-modulation." In other words, by stating a number of contradictory observations concerning the same subject, a more violently complete understanding of the subject can be attained. For example: The sun was beating down; it was dark as midnight, gives you a picture of a condition it would be impossible to understand in any other terms; I'll admit, it's a ridiculous situation, but when you start talking about philosophy or physics: "what is light?" it becomes useful. When you say "Light is a wavicle" (a guy got a Nobel prize for stating that in mathematical terms), you are dealing in "anti-phase."

Huxley, in his preface to the most recent edition of "Brave New World" says he realizes that neither world he created for the Savage and Lenina was a good one; he tries to find a middle ground in "Island." Heinlein's Jubal, in "Stranger", is a middle ground. Here is a man who is conditioned in the old ways (very much a mouth-piece for the outlook on life we've found in Heinlein's other books: delightfully simple in anarchistic splendor) who finds that the old answers have caused a lot of trouble. He is converted to the point of taking charge of an organization he doesn't even more than approve of, because it will be a help to things in the long run. Perhaps Jubal and, even more, Heinlein and the reader himself are the real Strangers in a Strange Land.

I advise people who've read "Stranger" and didn't like it, to read it again until they do. I am not suggesting that fans form little "water brotherhoods." Like Heinlein's Ben Caxton, the reporter, we are too much addicted to the old ways to any more than get a whiff of understanding how Jill could have intercourse with sixty men in one night and still feel love for each one individually. We much prefer Huxley's concept of "casual infidelity" the dating system (which is very little less, when coupled with sex relations, than a limited marriage), which at least gives one the illusion of possession. The key words here are wanting and possession. The reason for marriage was to preserve and nurture of current of togetherness which, when coupled with sexual relations, makes what is known as love. This feeling is very fragile and can be destroyed very easily, even by mentally questioning its existence. For fear of losing it, people are compelled to live together and cut themselves off from anybody else.

For, fragile as it is, love also seeks to establish itself anywhere that it can. So, people fear that, if given a chance to love elsewhere, their mate will lose his (her) love for her (him). But if couples lived in an atomosphere where it was possible to express a passing feeling of love and then go back to their original mates, it is quite possible that no damage would be done.

Heinlein has come much more closely than Huxley (at least the pre-"Island" Huxley) to providing a workable solution to human frustrations, though he has done it in a much less literary way. "Stranger" is the work of a mature mind, and we should be grateful that the field of science fiction allowed Heinlein to say what he

felt the way he felt it and provided him with an audience that would at least understand his terms, if it could not "grok" them.

The point is that Huxley's hero emerged with suicide [symbolic meaning: the physical death of western civilization if it does not reform (see "Brave New World Revisited") and the emotional death if it does!], and Heinlein's submerged in the offering of a hope: understanding instead of satisfaction as a goal for humanity. (I think the bit with Foster and God and all that was facetious, although it did illustrate a point that Heinlein believes all concepts of God are facets of one truth and that the Martians are still emotionally immature enough to have such faith in life after death that they make it so). Heinlein's solution may not be the one we would like but, as he might say, "you never know until you've tried it." He also likes to quote, "you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs..." in this case, the egg was the reader's own little selfish "I want all the pie" morality. (And, if I may be permitted a small liberty: Valentine Michael Smith was just an Egg who was broken...) so much for ruining a good punch line.

Paul Stanbery

SONG OF THE EGOFANIAC

Len Moffatt

Oh, that egoboo drives me on!
Yes, that egoboo drives me on!
I could plan to quit fandom
Real Soon Now
But that egoboo drives me on!

I get some fanzines in the mail,
I get some fanzines in the mail,
To each I write a note,
Little noting what I wrote
To those zines I get in the mail.

The next issues come in the mail,
The next issues come in the mail,
And glommed by all the fen
Are the notes I wrote, when
The next issues come in the mail.

My comments are commented on,
My comments are commented on.
They really raise a fuss
Crying: "What a fan!" Thus,
My comments are commented on.

Then I write a grateful reply,
Yes, I write a grateful reply,
Thanking them, one and all,
As I sit, Proud and Tall,
When I write a grateful reply.

Then comes the ego-busting blow,
Then comes the ego-busting blow:
Clear--and quite decisive--
Their comments were derisive!
Oh, what an ego-busting blow!

My reply is six pages long,
My reply is six pages long.
I admit I wrote in haste--
But nit-pickers I lambaste.
My reply is six pages long.

On this they write pages of praise,
On this they write pages of praise!
(Except for three or four,
Whose carpings always bore...)
The others write pages of praise!

And that egoboo drives me on...
Yes, that egoboo drives me on!
I could plan to quit fandom
Real Soon Now....
But that egoboo drives me on...
Without a moment's hesitation
I could start my gaffiation...
But that egoboo drives me on!

E. G. O'Fann

CRY OF THE READERS

and accompanying squeaks by

Waller Weber

[We'll start off with a selection of letters that, for reasons comprehensible only to I.Q.'s of 131 and therefore beyond the understanding of you riffs and raffs, were cut a trifle too severely in the last issue. --www]

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA FINDS CRYSUBBING COMPLICATED
Dear Buz (as now I can consider you a friend):

P.O. M.^a Agustin 9, Zaragoza,
SPAIN October 2, 1962

In two groups CRY 157/62 have arrived and I am not going to lose myself and your time doing comments as general as "wonderful", "oh! how good", etc. For all and every reason CRY is a must for me now that I know it.

The martinis with sherry you speak about in 157.7 are known of old in this country, producer of the above cited item, and fine they are, known as Martinez (as if you say Jones or Smith). And speaking of drinking, but admiring a so subtle concession to the freedom of speech combined with a sane policy of protection that make Australia the habitat of the sinner: Whisky with coke?!?!?; and is not slander, you have it in 158.35.

Sorry, Mrs. Busby, bullfighting as a subject of discussion is fine; in itself I disapprove of it. And to B.L. Tapscott (Scotty, isn't?): what bulls are you speaking about as wiped out?, for what I know the fightingbulls are rather well and in good standing, thank you; but most of what you say makes much sense about this matter.

And in 162 at last my case comes before court. As it has been explained to me by competent and professional people in the book -or magazines- dealers field, in order to get from the Institute of Foreign Money the devices (and not of bulls, attention experts!) you must present, being a private citizen, one "factura pro forma" (or bill) translated for you for invoice, and four if professional; all this now that the trade of books and magazines has been liberalized. I see now why CRY has been so long in coming, invoiced that it has not been! And as I am perhaps the first to write about the four invoices, I have my subscription torn up and the money used for me (not for beer, at least not for your beer), so you can see that to subscribe to CRY is a complicated affair, mabe, at last, in order.

Sincerely yours,

Antonio Dupla

JERRY POURNELLE ON CONSCRIPTION AND DEMOCRACY

7831 5th Ave. N.E., Seattle 15
Washington

I am not sure that the disagreement Poul has with my primary thesis is not more apparent than real. He seems in essence to be saying that democracy is not necessarily libertarian, while conscription does not necessarily guarantee either. I cannot take issue with these points.

Poul does seem to believe that I have implied that conscription is a sufficient condition to produce democracy. If I did so, it was unintentional; what I said was that no Republic which was faced with a situation in which it required a large Army for defense against foreign enemies had ever survived the abolition of conscription.

I had in mind at least one example far more ancient than those Poul mentions -- Rome. The decline of the Republic is usually traced to the disappearance of the peasant citizen-soldier, while the Principate and Dominate were based on a long term mercenary army. I don't think Poul's historical examples are the most relevant ones he could have selected, but of course I have no argument with them.

I will now explain the purpose of my essay, and admit my motive for writing it. It was simply this: today I hear more and more people attack conscription on the grounds that it is not democratic; and this absurd argument finally induced me to point out something so obvious that it may be overlooked -- that democracy is separable from liberty. Conscription may not be very liberal; it may not even be constitutional, although the Supreme Court says it is; but it most certainly is democratic, and if history is any guide, under some circumstances it is necessary to maintain democracy. Not sufficient; merely necessary. My motive was even more simple: I wanted the opponents of conscription to realize that to attack conscription might logically require them to abandon a number of other ideas they hold sacred, thus for once bringing forth a few new arguments.

Lastly, I advocated neither conscription nor democracy in my essay; I merely presented an analysis of their relationship. I separate, as I am sure Poul does, analysis and prediction from advocacy. I have no argument with Poul's letter; but note that he finds conscription a danger to liberty, not democracy.

Poul does raise one interesting idea -- that a modern professional fighting force could become more analagous to a navy than to a military elite. I believe this idea is worthy of exploration, although I personally do not believe there is the slightest possibility of its coming about. I don't want to take up much space here with this discussion, but it is, perhaps, a way out for those who favor democracy without conscription, yet recognize that we must be capable of defending ourselves.

However, in my opinion such a military elite would become like the feudal barons of old, who began by defending their free neighbors, and, through their monopoly of arms and violence, ended up ruling them.

Jerry Pournelle

PHILLIP A. HARRELL TEACHES WWW TO SPELL CHILLIP (Part II) 2632 Vincent Avenue,
Norfolk 9, Virginia

Now, "Just for the hell of it we will take a break and review a fanzine (of sorts) here;" to use Buz's opening sentence. First to get some facts straight. Earl and Nancy DROVE to SOLACON, (this is also attested to in ATTH when Berry states how Earl says how they drove back early to avoid the Crowd) which was held in Los Angeles. Which put into my mind the picture of Earl and Nancy enjoying the Con and all of a sudden Earl's face darkens and he says to Nancy, "Ghood Ghrief! We've got to rob Bruce Berry tomorrow night and we only have 20 hours to do it in!" So they rush out, jump into their car and barely make it back in time for Earl to Steal Berry's Bheer! How UTTERLY Fannish! Imagine leaving a Con on Friday night (about the same as leaving a World series game after the first inning to avoid the crowd) just so they could rush cross country to steal another Fan's Bheer..... only answer me one question, what sort of engine did they have in their car? a turbojet? [Now let's be a little fair, here. If what Berry says is true, Earl and Nancy could have made the trip easily by broomstick. --www]

He mentioned the Governor also had it in for him; never know who you can trust these days, do you?

I remember Bob Jennings alright. It was he who used a story I had planned for my zine, and if you read KIPPLE #27 ("The Pulp Mill" by MZB) you know the story behind that. If you don't, I'll tell you. It seems Marion had sent me a story she'd sent to a Faned some 4 years back and never heard from again. She sent me the carbon of it. Then, just as I was getting ready to Publish my zine, what should appear but a copy of Jennings's zine with my story in it. I pried my eyebrows off the ceiling, scooped my jaw up off the floor and fired off a special delivery Air Mail to Marion asking her how she could do such a thing to me!

She wrote back assuring me she had done NO such thing and in fact had been too sick to do anything for a while. She also sent along a carbon of the letter she had sent Jennings. It was a joy to read, and asked among other things if he knew he'd violated the Copy right law and that she would like for him in his next issue to give both her and me an apology, and to send her by return mail an explanation. The explanation he sent. But the apology he refused to print as he said there wasn't one due. He'd had the story first and that's all there was to it. Now Marion is a Kind wonderful person, and I think this is one of the reasons most fan editors can't get decent material. Not only had Jennings used Marion's story without asking....He hadn't even had the common courtesy to send her a copy! She had to learn it from me. Maybe he was afraid to send her a copy as he'd used her story without her knowing the first thing about it, but it seems awfully strange that he should come out with it when he did in such a close timing to when I was about to bring it out myself. Not only that but the guy who had sent it also sent an apology stating Bob Jennings had had the story, "fully a year before he published it." What I think happened was he'd been planning to use it all along and when he found out I was going to use it, rather than asking me not to use it as he had the original and wanted to use it, he just decided to get it out first. He STILL refuses to apologize to either Marion or myself. His, "I had it first," attitude is typical of him.

I see the reason for his publishing "A TRIP TO HELL" as a typical Jennings play for fame. He figured ATTH would do the same thing for him that Laney's AH! SWEET IDIOCY did for him. In other words, by tearing Kemp down he would build himself up, and after everyone took Ted White's side against SaM, he knew he had a winner. All fandom would unite behind him and give that mean nasty Earl Kemp what for. He seems to have forgotten what Earl Kemp has done for Fandom, and also that people AREN'T made Convention Chairmen on their looks only. (That's not the way I meant it to sound, but you get the point.) After this is over, don't expect any apology from him; he'll refuse....just like he did with Marion and myself.

Phil

[So much for last issue. Now let's see what has been written to this issue. Might as well start with this one. Good grief, how could anyone fold up such a huge sheet of paper into one little envelope? The signature is on the end of the sheet on the other side of the room -- I'll just work my way over there and have a look. (Struggle, squeeze, crumple -- it isn't easy getting around in here with this sheet of paper unfolded like this.) Ah, there it is. Now I'll find out who ... AAAAAAAA-AAAAAAGGGGHH!!! PUT IT BACK IN THE ENVELOPE!!! Groan! It won't fit inside the envelope, and now I ruined the envelope so I can't hide in it myself. Nothing left to do but (shudder shudder shudder) print it. Ugh. --www]

ELLA PARKER LIVES IN A MUDDLE
Dear CRYslaves (editors & readers):

151, Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London.
N.W.6. ENGLAND

I don't know, but it seems such ages since I last received an issue of CRY, and even longer since I wrote you a letter of comment on one. Mind you, my time sense has been knocked entirely out of kilter as a consequence of the muddle in which I'm living right now.

Since my return from the States I have been expecting the local council to move me out from here under their 'slum clearance' project; just imagine anyone having the cheek to call 'The Pen' a slum!!!! Dates quoted to me for the move have been many and varied, the latest one being for sometime this month, November. I am constantly being told "you'll definitely be out before Xmas". This event is now just 7 weeks away so they'll have to get weaving, won't they. The point I'm really trying to make is, that I'm living under the most frustrating conditions. All my fan material has been packed weeks ago, and I daren't unpack it at this late season. This means I can't do a thing about the long overdue issue of ORION or the 2nd part of HARPY. Those of you who might be feeling that you've already been as patient with me as you care to be and want your money refunded, whether it be for ORION or

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HARPY, drop a line to Betty Kujawa and it will be done. While we're on the subject: it is perfectly alright to continue writing to me at the above address. Once I'm out the post office will stop the mail and redirect it for me.

How do you like the paper I'm using for this letter, Wally? I half-inched (pinched) this from the office. [The paper is -- uh -- interesting. How do you enjoy working for a firm that produces wallpaper? --www]

I don't have CRY 162 to hand; it's been packed. I do recall that I loved the Westercon reports. I don't think I ever remember such good coverage on a Westercon before. Now to CRY 163:

Your printers have done a nice job for you, but, you know, they haven't done it an awful lot better than you did it yourselves. You do seem to have an enormous number of typos this; are you after some sort of record?

It still seems hardly fair to me that you've put the deadline for the following issue just 1 week before this one arrived. How are we supposed to catch up with you at this rate? [Write us a month early, of course. --www]

Elinor: I am sorry to hear of the calamity with your teapot. I must admit I'm a bit surprised to hear that you still drink sufficient tea for you to have mended it when it broke the first time.

Reading Buz's account of the hotel in which the con was held, I must say it sounds very involved. I have heard so many and varied reports of this convention. The criticisms haven't always been on the same points. Some thought the banquet was the worst meal they'd ever had; others thought it was good for the money paid. It does give a good cross-section of opinion, and, as you can imagine, I am noting everything said with a particular interest. You are coming to London in '65, aren't you? This method of paying for drinks in the bar could be very confusing over here too. I don't know who it was told me, but when I was in the coffee shop at Hyatt House (remember it?) waiting for a seat, I saw a couple vacant and still we stood. I motioned towards them, and, whoever it was with me, told me that you don't just sit in at vacant seats in America, not if you don't know the people already there. Is this true? We take any vacant seat, no matter where, and can sit there for an entire evening without actually admitting the existence of those who were there first.

You know, of course, about the howl of laughter that greets some of the things we in England say that have an entirely different meaning in the States. I don't know what applies in Ireland, but I must admit to taking a second look at that one sentence in Berry's thing: "A couple of days later I got a French letter". I don't know why it is, but over here that's what they call a rubber! I can quite see that John would have done this deliberately to see how many picked it up.

Why doesn't Ted White go and bow down in worship of Terry Carr in private? I'm getting a bit fed up of this public adulation. We'll make our own minds up of his worth and nothing he can say will change it. As for the 2nd half of Ted's column; do we honestly have anything to worry about? Fandom has been written about before, facts have been misrepresented before and we've all been called a bunch of nuts before. Why the outcry this time? Is what this woman writes going to rip fandom apart? Of course it isn't. Let her earn her bread and butter as she thinks fit; as long as we ignore what she says and does, she'll soon be forgotten and someone else, later, will attempt it all over again with the same lack of result to and on us. I certainly wouldn't have wasted my copies of "-" on her!

Elinor does me old heart good. It is refreshing to read a criticism of American toilet facilities. Usually they are quoted to us as the last word in modernity and utility; ours over here are badly planned and old fashioned to say nothing of being downright noisy.

Now to CotRs. I heartily applaud Roy's sentiments about SNEARY FOR TAFF and I hope we can convince him we do really truly want him to accept nomination. You listening, Rick? I have never nominated for TAFF before, but if he would

like me to and thinks I would do his cause any good, I am more than willing to be one of his Anglofan signees. ATom has volunteered to be the 2nd., and we are well on the way to getting the third. Bill Donaho, I believe, is standing too, which almost tears me in half, so this looks like being a grand fight between two fannish Giants. Still an'all, Rick's the boy for me. Also Roy has put his finger on something that's been bothering me for some time: producing a fanzine the easy way. I remember when I got my first Gestetner; it was an ordinary rotary model and I churned out an issue of ORION on it while I was actually learning to operate the monster. I didn't know what half the levers and knobs were for; it used to do the oddest things. I recall, while publishing this particular issue George Locke was with me; he was learning right along with me. We called a halt about 10-30.p.m., not so much because we were tired, but the woman in the flat underneath didn't take kindly to odd noises over her head until all hours. Next day, which was a Sunday, I came down to tackle the remainder of the work, and there, sitting coyly on the clean paper in the paper tray, was a nut! To this day we've never discovered from where it came; the machine worked just as well without it as it had before....this gives you an idea of the work we were turning out, doesn't it? As George quipped when I told him about it: "well, it's a duplicator, isn't it?" Then I got the electric model. Mainly because it was quicker I began to use it as a regular thing; my heart was still with the older one, I felt more personally identified with O. because I had to work so much harder on it. I still can't quite rid myself of the guilty feeling that I'm cheating by taking the easy way out. This does not mean that I'm advocating sweat blood and tears just for the sake and sheer hell of it, but there is a much greater feeling of achievement for having beaten the monster when you get a good clean page from it. With this other one I actually feel affronted if I get a page with a smudge on it! Once I have this move behind me and have some time to myself, I might just go back to using the older machine again, if only to prove to myself that I haven't really become as soft as I suspect I have. I honestly believe that if I had to go to the lengths of handing over most of the work to a commercial firm, I would cease to publish. [That's what we thought, too, but it doesn't seem to be working very well. --www]

Come off it, Roy. If the people in Spain and Mexico are so poor and impoverished that they have to set watching a blood bath to take their minds off their poverty, then let them set a couple of men against each other to give them the spectacle they want. It would be fairer all round and might rid them of a few more mouths that would be howling for a portion of the food that's in short supply. I don't deny, and never have denied, in this argument that the majority go to a circus to watch the high wire act in the secret hope of an accident. Is this any good reason for catering to this depravity in people? It reminds of the apparent contradiction we have met with over here. You have no doubt seen in your papers of the time when our Prince Phillip went over to India and 'killed his tiger'. It was carefully set up for him by half the beaters in the district. He is a great one for slaying for pleasure, but what I find sick-making and so hypocritical is that he has accepted the Presidency of an Association for preserving wild life!!!! [Do you think perhaps he believed he was supporting the canning industry? --www]

Tom Purdom: I just cannot understand this lack of interest among fen for space travel. Once I thought it was because I am a female that I could never forget this was a human being shot way out there. Now I'm not so sure that that's the reason at all because I have heard of a couple of others who feel as I do and they are malefen. I read, watch and listen avidly to all there is to be found when there has been a shot; the nationality of the man doesn't make any difference. I think they are all great and the men who go up are the bravest in the world.

Tom, I think the thing that frightened(?) disgusted(?) me most when I was reading that book I borrowed from Ethel Lindsay: "THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT" was the cold blooded way in which both candidates and their campaign teams evaluated which votes they could be sure of and which were doubtful and the reasons given for believing they would either win or lose them. It wasn't always based on the question of his religion or big business, but some of the smallest and most paltry of

reasons were enough to cost either side blocs of votes that could make all the difference to their chances. Mind you, I found the book fascinating in every aspect and ended up feeling sorry for the man who would win, whatever his politics. He must be, in truth, the loneliest man in the world.

WWW, you swine! Put back those bits you swiped from Bob's letter. They were probably the most interesting bits, too. I'll bet you've got them at home to read in you spare time. [I do not! Sometimes I read them when I'm busy, too. And the only reason I read them at all is to reassure myself that I did the right thing by cutting his letter as I did. --www]

Heck! Even on this large sheet of paper I don't seem to have left enough room to say all the things I wanted to say. My love to all you CRY pipples.

Ella

CoalW(Certified)

FREDERIK POHL DISTINCTLY DOESN'T REMEMBER KOLDEN 421 Hudson St., New York 14,
Dear Buz et al: 22 October 1962 New York

Somebody's kidding somebody. I see by a letter in CRY that somebody named Jerry Kilden is quoted as saying that he was active in NYC fandom in 1940-42, belonged to the Hydra Club then, helped found GALAXY and indeed thought of the title. In which parallel world was all this? GALAXY's title was borrowed (with Groff's permission) from the Conklin anthology published by Permabooks A SCIENCE FICTION GALAXY. I knew all the people around World Editions, GALAXY's first publisher, and although I can't say positively that Kilden wasn't one of them, I can say that of all the names I remember his isn't one. Of NYC fandom in 1940-42, the same can be said. And it is most unlikely that he belonged to the Hydra Club --- this world-line's Hydra Club --- in 1940-42, because the Hydra Club didn't exist until Lester del Rey and I founded it, in my apartment in New York, around October of 1947.

Anyway, I enjoyed the issue. Thanks for sending it, and thanks too for your piece on the World's Fair sf forum, which as you see saved me all the work and nervestrain of writing an editorial for the current GALAXY.

By the way, there's some real good stuff coming up in GALAXY. I haven't quite figured out how we're going to squeeze it all in, but we've got scheduled for 1963 a complete short novel by Damon Knight, a Simak serial, a Jack Vance serial and a lot of shorter stuff --- all of them right up at the top of the performance for each writer. Read some of them and let me know how you react. I think you'll be pleased.

Bests,

Fred

MAE S. SHELKOV's SHOCK WAVE ARRIVES Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba,
Dear Cryers: November 8, 1962 Argentina, South America

Your CRY 163 just came, kindness of Don Wollheim, but I must point out there'll be no "resulting shock wave", though your "zine" did hit me like a bomb and leaves one stunned.

It will take me a month to study your magazine (I already read it through last night), but it's so packed with emotions, convictions, ambitions and moods even more difficult to identify. I pity that poor female who tangled with you, this Mrs. Camper. You must have given her an awful inferiority complex (and by Jove she deserves one, judging by your pithy descriptions -- pages 16 and 17 painted her so clearly I already loathe her, but shall buy December's COSMOPOLITAN, as I'm consumed by curiosity.)

You're my first encounter with a fanzine, and I like you all very much (more than your zine, which is Greek to me, seeing that the only English I learned was the Shakespearian type they teach mathematics in for Junior Cambridge, in the Shanghai British school I attended, and the missionary type -- yep, alas, my ma and pa were preachers -- and the Anglo-Argentine type, which is mostly Spanish, conjured English-fashion.)

The most destructive-of-her (Mrs. Camper) picture you drew was her shutting

up her poor son every time he opened his ²⁷mouth during the interview. I've five sons and two daughters, and they shut me up, and I'm in awful awe of them. But their chief language is Spanish, and they use English only with me. They swear in Spanish, not to hurt my delicate feelings, you see.

The photos on the front of your zine show awfully jolly folk, having a whale of a good time, and I admire you. I got an awful kick reading BY BRIDGE TO CHICAGO. The Minas Ithil thing had me blinking. I shall read it again, slow, word by word next time, aloud too, keeping place with my finger. That way it may ring a bell. (Or, get it translated into Spanish. There's no better criterion for any language than attempting to translate it into another. But there should be a dictionary for us strangers away down here, so we can keep up to date with how they talk in the good old, fast, U.S.A.)

Story of Three Fans needs further study. (It takes time to read between lines!)

To Ted White I want to point out I like his style better than Terry Carr's rewriting of that paragraph he gave as a sample. Now stop being so humble and modest, Ted White, and whip up a bit of self-confidence. You write good. Your friend may write good also -- his stuff -- but you write your own stuff best.

Page 18, by Elinor Busby. I, your newest "neofan", am not criticizing or trying to change you. Heavens, people shouldn't be changed -- they should just be more themselves, and you do a wonderful job (all of you) at being yourselves in the fanzine. But I'm surprised at you all liking ATLAS SHRUGGED and THE FOUNTAINHEAD. I read a S.E.POST article on the authoress, and she sounded so fierce and earnest and fanatic, I didn't even buy the books. It seems to me nobody should be fierce and earnest and fanatic -- but just be gay and honest and convinced. ((All right -- quit being so fierce and earnest and fanatic about poor little gentle timid Ayn Rand. --FMB))

Betty Kujawa fascinates me in your readers' letters. She's so enthusiastic, I wish a photo had been included of her. I should love to sit her down in front of me, and listen to her talk a whole day through. [Be careful what you say when you write to CRY; Betty has her own airplane. She could descend upon you and have both your ears talked off before you could call for help. --www]

Actually, your letters from fans and friends are splendid. It's obvious you do collect a lot of positive thinkers, and that's the only bearable type. Negative folk -- those who can't be bothered to form opinions, and are too lazy later, to change their minds when they find they've made mistakes -- are what's wrong with the world today, undoubtedly.

I've come to the end of this letter, I find. If I tried to comment on your fascinating zine word for word, my letter would be as long as your zine. (I am having a hard time learning that word "zine". See-nay, it would be pronounced in Spanish.) I wish I could assemble you all here for a day and listen to you talk. Or are you folks vociferous only on paper? And are you good listeners too, or do you all talk at once? And if you do all talk at once at your Conventions, I would bet you hear each other too, and no opinions are lost. You remind me of the two Swedish girls who were down here last week and wowed all Argentina, winning a cross-country motorcar race, in a Mercedes-Benz. There were dozens (or hundreds, perhaps? I don't know) of men competing, all whizzing along down our awful roads, which I wouldn't want to traverse at faster than 40 kms. an hour. Well, these girls went at about 200 kms. an hour from Buenos Aires to the Andes (near Peru) and back, and they took photos and relaxed and smoked on the journey, while all the poor menfolk (from many nations) trundled along well in the rear, their faces black with dust and grime from the journey. Only those two gals were poised -- so poised, rumor has it they conked admirers with a wrench as they passed. Apparently, they weren't aware that a "piropo" (or compliment) down here, isn't as much of a proposition as it sounds like! It's just the utmost in flattery.

When I said "awful roads" up there, I meant it. There's one bit, across these high hills of ours, that soars over a divide some 7,000 feet high or 8,000 (statistics, down here, are vague, always!), and it zigzags alarmingly alongside

cliffs, and is just a dirt road anyway, with boulder-like obstacles everywhere. My husband once took us down it at top speed and I was seasick subsequently, to my shame. (For I have sailed all the world's oceans, including the Straits of Magelanes and the South Seas and the North Seas too around England!)

Oh, since that cross-country motor race, you should see all Argentina driving! They have a bemused smile as they hunch over their steering wheels, they roar at you without seeing you, zigzag to avoid imaginary obstacles on perfectly smooth highways, even, and think they're hot-rods, when they're not. Put any of them on one of your free-/throughways (or whatever those amazing highways of yours are called) and they'd cause a grand smashup!

However, South America is fun, and my favorite Continent. The Incas left something in the blood of their descendants (and mixed with Conquistador blood); it's very curious to study. I think I'd like Brazil even more -- there the blood is even more mixed, and the few Brazilians I've met were utterly fascinating. I think a dash of negro always improves the human stock. It astonishes me, the yanqui reaction against negros. So small-minded, to say the least. (But I shall cut short here my tendency to be nasty!) I was brought up among the Chinese (and some 40 or 60 other races in Shanghai), and love mixed races. They're more alive!

Love to you all. And Congratulations.

Mae S. Shelkov

IAN R. McAULAY RESIGNED AND MARRIED Illyria, Sandyford, Co. Dublin.
Dear Sources of Constant Ululation, Republic of Ireland. 12th November 1962

I got a surprise last Saturday. CRY 163 arrived with a soggy thud through the letter box, which is as yet unaccustomed to fanzines being pushed through it. Am I therefore to presume that my very long-lost subscription to CRY is at last coming home to roost? It seems like only 15 or 16 months since I consigned my hard-earned dollars to the trade winds blowing down the Upper Newtownards Road and between then and now much has happened. I have, as was stated by John Berry, got married. I have resigned from my former position of Assistant Editor of HYPHEN. I have emigrated from Northern Ireland back to the Republic of Ireland. And I have taken up pip-smoling. What's with you? [Still pipe-dreaming. --www]

CRY still seems much the same as ever; amusing in parts, interesting in parts and plenty of old familiar names among the letterhacks. I was glad to hear that my onetime landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. W.A. Willis, have returned safely from their trip to the Colonies, in spite of the Greyhound Bus Company. I look forward to hearing what Wally Weber is really like when I see them next.

Anyway, it's nice to be getting CRY again and I hope you can make a careful note of my new address in your perfectly ordered files.

Till the next one.

Best, Ian R. McAulay

GEORGE LOCKE INTERVIEWS A PLEASED READER 86 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road,
Dear Wr Meber, 13-11-62 London, S.W.1. England

I think the end of the world has come! I think CRY now has a brand-new, unspoiled enthusiast - or had, until he read the last CRY. Now, he's thoroughly spoilt. I asked him, at the recent SFCOL Halloween Party, what it was about CRY 163 which so enthused him. I don't think he heard me; he was muttering something about fabulous prose.

"Was it BY BRIDGE TO CHICAGO?" It didn't ring a bell. "THE VIEW FROM MINAS ITHIL?" No answer. "THE TRENCHANT BLUDGEON?"

"No."

"Well, what then?"

His face wreathed in ecstasy, his hands trembling with emotion, he opened the CRY at pages 12-13. They were dirty, worn pages, and I half expected to see some quotations from Henry Miller thereon. But now -- there was Berry, describing...

"Sid Coleman? Nice little anecdote, but nothing to rave about."

The unspoilt fan grabbed my collar. "Idiot," he hissed. Then I saw. It was the account of Ruth Berman's visit... "Nincompoop!" he screamed. Then he simmered down, and said in a voice low with loathing: "You have no literary sense, no sense of aesthetic values, no sense of the truth..."

Thus spake Bruce Burn.

George Locke

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM SHOWS TRUFANNISH FAITH 66-17 Clyde Street, Rego Park 74, N.Y.
Dear Crybabies: Nov. 20, 1962

A nice ish, that 164. Berry's article is interesting, but I take exception to his haw-haws about the Martian canals. Strange as it may seem, Sir Robert, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, was quite right in taking Schiaparelli at his word. The discovery of the canals of Mars and their apparent doubling was not restricted to the Italian, but was seen in the following years by a good many others. Whether he could see them with an 8-inch refractor I will not go into -- but he damned well saw what others seemed to see also with bigger and better instruments. There's a definite puzzler here -- and has always been where Mars is concerned. To this day, observations of Mars can be very confusing, very different, and very frustrating. At the time when Mars was quite at its closest to us, several years ago, its features were actually blurrier and more obscure than at other times when it was farther away. An "official" map recently issued by the coordinating leadership of astronomical societies shows dozens and dozens of canals, all duly named, and some distinctly appearing double.

So whatever Schiaparelli saw is still being seen -- by some. But not by all. But take a look at almost any drawings or photos of Mars today and while you may not see canals, you will always notice the geometric linear boundaries of its darker sections. There's something strange about that world, no doubt about it.

Personally I have always held that a firm belief in the canals of Mars and its ancient civilization is virtually a duty of all good fans. That, and such other points of faith as that the Earth is hollow and inhabited on the inside (and the hell with physicists and their gravity theories), that telepathy is possible, that a cosmic society exists waiting for us to come along, that anti-gravity space machines are sure to be invented, and that somehow the Earth will survive the atomic wars.

This last is getting to be a bit tough to hang on to, vide FMB's column, but hang on we must. Personally I think we may have been through a new Munich (and guess who was the aggressor and who the appeaser this time...) and next time it will be 1939 and no more appeasement possible.

The parallel is vicious and doesn't bear thinking about. So don't.

Betty K. amused me too. It became clear to me after about ten minutes during that party that she was under the impression I was Larry. A weird experience. Something like the curious impression I got from MZB who never seemed quite sure whether I was Bloch, Larry or DAW.

My age when first fanning? Well, the first stf in magazine form I ever read was when someone gave me a copy of the current issue of Science & Invention with Ray Cummings' "Into the Fourth Dimension" in it. A great yarn. I could hardly wait for Hugo to decide to start Amazing Stories. (Of course, prior to that I had been corresponding with H.G. Wells trying to get him to do a sequel to "The Time Machine" but he was busy working on a story about a war between the worlds and had no time for it.)

Be happy... time is running out...

Cordially,

Don

BETTY KUJAWA PROMOTES SPCP

30
2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14, Indiana
Monday, November 19, 1962

Dear...Wily Wally;

Relax -- this should be a short one....as the Busbys can tell you I am in mish-mosh here ((She is in a mishmosh there, I can tell you. -- FMB)), everything in mid-air, mundane and fannish stuff hanging fire....next CRY letter I may do a diatribe-expose on what's wrong with hospitals in South Bend, Indiana..right now before even going in I'm planning a SPCP organization....hospitals run for the benefit of the sick and not the staff. Meals at humane adult hours, for a start..but enough on that.

Now we'll all let you know how we feel and what we think about CRY going bimonthly (I'd like it biweekly, but no matter..) and then y'all will go right ahead and do it your own way...which is as it should be. And I'd druther get it every other month than not at all.

Be curious to see what kind of rules and regulations fen will come up with for D.N.Q.s, Elinor....take a married fan... a DNQ to me usually means I will repeat it to my husband (with some exceptions) ..wha hoppen if Elinor gets a DNQ and is told NOT to tell it to Buz...what is protocol on that?

Am tickled to death with Buz's column this time round, too. Needn't add, do I, that I agree with F.M.? Am most pleased to see in print a refutation of the 'red or dead' fallacy -- that has been scotched for once and for all..hallelujah, brothers and sisters! I would add to this that all B.Russell admirers go and re-read his haughty telegram to JFK.... I ask what our fate would be if Bertrand Russell was Prime Minister of England today--or President of the United States???? Have still to see comment from our Loyal Liberals on all the present messes..and am curious as to how they will justify their stands now..seeing this news of last Saturday about that cache of ammo, weapons and explosives discovered in NYC that some Cuban patriots planned to use forthwith all around that section of America.... (anyone heard from Demuth recently????) [If you warmongering fiends weren't forever interfering with us peace-loving Liberals those poor long-suffering Cubans wouldn't have been forced to hide weapons because we'd all be fellow Reds. --www]

Harry Warner;...you may have a point here...I, too, shudder and cringe at past memories of banquets and food...Both Gene and Wrai subscribe to the anti-too-long-sitting-at-table school of thought. Mayhaps no banquet before the speeches might be tried someday.....at the Blanchard Convention, perhaps?

Poul Anderson's letter was the best of the bunch..which is hardly surprising. Though I'd comment that England had her Mighty Navy due to her being a tight lil island and not a main-land continental nation... due to geography, Poul, more than any deliberate reasoning or planning it that way, no? Wouldn't work too well say for Poland or Switzerland for instance... This deal of conscription and getting enlistees who'd stay a while.....in dinner-natter only recently this came up tween Gene and Betty..he advocated making enlisting much more attractive so as to get better material...and one idea he had sounded good sort of; to fix it so that after so many years in the armed forces when the lad left he'd have the next ten years of all income tax free. Those first ten years out the guy isn't gonna make too big an income..and this benefit sounds highly attractive, don't you think?

I adored the Stony Barnes cartoon on pages 27-28. And his photo captions are marvelous. Try to get more from him, kids.

Recently got two tapes from overseas...from Terry Jeeves and Eddie Jones... replying to my tapes on Chicon doings...now both plaintively and rather wistfully asked me where is the report on the Fanartshow? I believe they both said they had written to Bjo or to the Committee and had, as I recall heard nothing.

Bye genius.....

Betty

WRAI BAL^LARD CLEARS HIMSELF

Blanchard, North Dakota

Dear Cry,

November 22, 1962

Cover was excellent but forgive me for asking why the oars are out when the sails are drawing so well? Remember, I once read a book on sailing.

Look, if you want a vote for a bi-monthly CRY I'll give you one. It will be the death of a portion of fandom as we know it, but there's an old axiom I just made up which goes, "Throw the women and children to the wolves so the sled will be lighter." I enjoy CRY because of you people who put it out and it seems likely there'll be a CRY and you people longer if CRY doesn't come out as often. A bi-monthly CRY will be the end of an Era and maybe this will usher in a new fandom. By the way what is the fandom count now? Did we ever get out of the phoney 7th into the real seventh?

Wonder if the Cuban Crisis had anything to do with the 198 page FAPA Mlg 101?

Harry is wrong; Hagerstown is not the only place where October 12th is not Columbus day. In North Dakota it is not Columbus day, but Discovery Day, mainly because the Scandenavian population refused to give all that credit to an Italian when they know darn well a Norwegian discovered this country. And then there was the group that made the Kensington Rune Stone. Forget the correct number, but it was a group of Norwegians and Swedes who made it clean out to this state. Some people think this was a hoax and I sort of agree for I can't see a mixed group of Norwegians and Swedes getting this far without a civil war.

Wally I have to clear myself a bit. I did not tell Betty how unbearable you are. She already knew you from the Convention and when I told her of our trip back she took my natural awe and pride in the fact that you confided your superiority to me as evidence that I too thought you were unbearable. And not only did I have no desire to put my hand over your mouth, I didn't even get that sore arm from patting you on the back. That is ridiculous -- how could I pat you on the back when your hand was always in the way? I think Betty is afraid we compared notes and is trying to divide, conquer and confuse.

By the way Betty you underestimated Wally for he didn't get his face scratched for picking the wrong girl. His face was scratched in pure frustration. I've never seen him in action, though that term may be misleading, but from what I've heard, Wally, at conventions anyway, is regularly assaulted for not assaulting anyone. The story of how he really got those scratches sounds like an orgy. These three were trying to hold him while...oh well you wouldn't believe it.

Sincerely,

Wrai

[Uh, Wrai, let's make a deal. I'll publish your letters and give you all sorts of egoboo if only you'll cease telling anyone how nice I am. --www]

HARRY WARNER JR. ADDS TO FANZINE WRITERS' REQUIREMENTS 423 Summit Avenue,
Dear Cry: November 21, 1962 Hagerstown, Maryland

Wally Weber forgot several other essentials of the fanzine writer's armament. He must write at least once every year an article to the effect that there is too much fiction in science fiction. He must always preface every use of two nouns, "party" and "con", with the adjective, "swinging." "My Ideal Prozine" is the topic of the article that he should write to answer every third request for fanzine material. If he wants to write book reviews, they must concern either "Stranger in a Strange Land" or some Tolkien, and no movie reviews are permitted except for films created by non-U.S.A. firms with themes that are either hackneyed or incomprehensible.

I'm sorry, but every time I read this "terse 20th century English" by Hemingway or Chandler, I am reminded of exactly the same type of prose in a 19th century work, "Tom Sawyer". I no longer have convenient access to the novels of Horatio Alger, Jr., but I believe that they also follow quite clearly this tendency. The moral seems to be the same in music or in fiction: sing without expression the most banal tunes and you'll be a success with the folkmusic crowd, write long passages devoid of any individuality or complexity of thought and syntax, and you'll be praised for clean, dynamic, idiomatic, democratic, basic-passion fiction. The only place in real life where I've heard conversations like those quoted by Hemingway and Chandler is where kindergarten kids are chatting.

Maybe the best way to treat the DNQ trouble would be to treat the DNQ as possessed of feedback. If the matter should not be quoted, then the fact that there

exists a DNQ on the point should equally be a DNQ. Neanderthal man would seem like a persistent creature in comparison with flying rumors, if we all agreed to keep secrets and to refrain from using those initials or their synonyms in writing or conversation.

Sir Robert's book doesn't strike me ludicrous as John Berry reacted. Some of the statements in Willy Ley's first published book on rockets seem far more antiquated today. I have a local acquaintance who haunts second-hand shops for old editions of encyclopedias, in the belief that he is preserving for future generations important knowledge. He believes that great truths are forgotten as new editions of these sets appear and they will vanish from the earth if someone doesn't save the old books. So maybe there might be clues of a sort in the apparent inaccuracies of this book. There's no particular reason why the old fellows couldn't have seen things on the surface of Mars that aren't visible today. Maybe dust storms and industrial waste products have caused our atmosphere to become more opaque in the past half-century, with resulting dimming of visibility on clear days. Maybe Mars has had some sort of troubles that resulted in the unburying in January, 1882, of previously invisible parallel canals (and I'm using the same simplification as Sir Robert, knowing perfectly well that what we see are some kind of side effects of the actual canals and that not even Martian built canals a score of miles in width).

It is curious, how fandom has reacted to the Cuban crisis. Most American fans seem to feel much as Buz does. I'm sure that I do. But the British fans I've heard from are taking pretty much the same attitude toward the United States' actions as we did in the late 1930's toward the Britishers who warned us that we'd have to do something eventually about the European dictatorships. I didn't worry much as soon as I learned that that Soviet ship convoy had in part changed course. The night before my doctor had told me in a street corner conversation exactly the course of events which occurred in the following weeks. However, I was quite worried for 24 hours, and did something in that period of which I'd never before been guilty. I hoarded. I normally keep no food in the house, except breakfast materials. But I deliberately went to a supermarket and bought two cans of Spam, one jar of Skippy peanut butter, and one loaf of bread. I figured that in case of an all-out war, these would be just as many supplies as I could use before I died in a loathesome manner or looting mobs from Baltimore and Washington reached the house.

I have not yet been sent to South Bend, but this event will undoubtedly occur as soon as the company locates a bread truck passing through Hagerstown with that destination. I know of no newspaper in the nation that is so governed by the bakeries as this one. It circulates in a number of almost inaccessible valleys and plateaus which have not yet been discovered by railroads and buses. It is not safe to send circulation department drivers and trucks to these areas with the bundles of newspapers, because they would undoubtedly fail to come back after seeing what it's like outside Hagerstown. So bread trucks are used to carry the newspapers. When bakeries expect extra-heavy business and decide to have their drivers depart a little earlier than usual, the newspaper must go to press ahead of schedule. We'd probably have to change from a daily into a weekly, if the baking industry discovered a surefire way to preserve the freshness of bread and bread trucks no longer made daily deliveries.

Boyd Raeburn to the contrary, someone can regulate fanzines en masse. It is whatever Post Office Department official makes the final decision on what goes into a daily bulletin mailed to all postmasters. This publication contains daily the lists of stolen money orders, instructions on when to put new commemorate stamps on sale, and names of persons and firms who are on the unmailable list. A serious incident involving fandom could conceivably result in a paragraph in this publication that would end fandom as we know it.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

DICK LUPOFF REPORTS CAMPER ARTICLE DELAYED

210 E 73 St, NY 21 NY

Dear CRYgang,

Nov 15, 1962

I know I promised you, in Chicago, a letter about THE RECOGNITIONS, that strange strange supernovel by William Gaddis recommended by James Blish. It's nearly 1000 pages, half-a-million words of the most remarkable stuff I've read. In Blish's opinion, it is one of the three great novels of the XXth Century. The other two are Joyce's ULYSSES and Ford Maddox Ford's PARADE'S END. Make what you will, of that.

Anyway, as I said I promised you a whole letter about this book, but I don't know when I'll ever get around to writing anything at all adequate about it. So suffice this: it is a fantastic Joyce-esque roman a clef, incredibly complex in construction, with a huge cast of fascinating characters, a number of whom have fannish prototypes; there are a couple of parties described in huge and loving detail which could well happen at an sf convention; there is a description of how a certain arty little magazine is published, which strikes to the very heart of some of our sicker fanpublishers, and if there were no other virtue in the book, it would be worth its price (\$2.75, Meridian paperback) because IT TELLS YOU EXACTLY HOW TO GO ABOUT COUNTERFEITING A 4000-YEAR-OLD MUMMY!

Also, it is filled with macabre humor.

Incidentally, I notice that there's a bit of Mrs. Camper type discussion going on in COTR. As her first live fannish contact and guide, I feel a sort of shuddery and not really desired proprietorship for Mrs. Camper. Well, despite her claim to operating with a completely free hand, the fact is that COSMOPOLITAN has returned her manuscript for a rewrite. Now, I don't know just what COSMO specified in asking for a rewrite. Maybe they only wanted her to shorten her sentences or some such thing, but they might also have asked for material changes, and I suspect the latter because as of tonight her son Fred tells me that she hasn't completed the requested revisions yet.

The chance of the article's making the December COSMO is now absolutely nil, of course...they're talking now about "some time next spring". Hah! [I wonder how many extra issues were sold of the December COSMOPOLITAN to fans? Maybe this is a new type of sales gimmick. --www]

Joyously,

Dick

ROBERT COULSON SOLVES BANQUET PROBLEM

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

Dear Cry,

11-19-62

You know, I'm fascinated by that section of "The Big Sleep" that Ted quoted. "The sound of the gun made a sharp slap, without body, a brittle crack in the sunlight." Blank cartridges, being loaded with black powder, make more of a hollow booming noise that do full-power loads. "I saw her small finger tighten on the trigger and grow white at the tip." Pretty heavy trigger pull, isn't it? Well, I've shot a few cheap revolvers that did require that much pressure, so I guess it's possible. "I pried her teeth open with both hands and stuffed a wadded handkerchief between them.....Carmen lay crumpled in the corner of the car, without motion..... She sat us. 'What happened?' she gasped." I think I'd gasp too, if I tried to talk with a handkerchief between my teeth; Carmen must have gone to a pretty powerful school of elocution if our hero could understand what she was saying in that little exchange.

Referring to Elinor's comments on DNQ, a good many of my correspondents use a dual reference which comes in handy. "DNQ", in my opinion, means just what it says; do not quote -- to anyone. Those who don't mind my passing the information along privately but don't want me printing it for all to see sometimes state "Do Not Publish". (Of course, naturally some people use "Do Not Publish" when they mean DNQ, and vice versa, but general use of two terms, rather than one, would cut down a lot of misunderstandings.)

I am tempted to tell Betty K that if she doesn't like what I wear to fan banquets, she doesn't have to look at me. However, she does have a point, and anyway I

intend to avoid the whole problem by not attending. The first time you go to a convention, you want to take in everything; that's normal. After that, I can't see much sense in paying \$5 or more for a bad meal. Or even for a mediocre meal -- and I defy anyone to call fan banquets better than mediocre. If you had to pay, in order to hear the speakers, that would be different (I still wouldn't go, but I'd bitch about it). But when you can hear the speakers for free, and without coats and ties, there isn't really much point in objecting to wearing them for the meal, because the sensible procedure is to skip the meal anyway.

Cheers,

Buck

MICHAEL L. McQUOWN THINKS HE'S GETTING OUT
At last:

115 E. Main St., Mason, Ohio

I AM GETTING OUT of the Air Farce as of 14 Dec, and I dunno yet just where I may be after that. So, if I should be fortunate enough to merit another free CRY, after that date, send it to me c/o my mother's address, 115 E. Main St., Mason, Ohio (got that, all you gorgeous Midwest femme-fans?) where it will get forwarded to me wherever I may be. If the situation keeps up the way it has been lately, you may get letter of comment from Havana.

TEW's article hit home once again the miserable manner in which Hollywood turns real guts into pap for the bovine intelligence of the movie crowd. I was very disgusted at the manner in which the Boys in Hollywood (Matheson and Beaumont) tore up Leiber's 'Conjure Wife.' I'm really surprised that men in the same field would so badly treat the work of another, especially such a master as Leiber. Score: Leiber, up 1, Matheson-Beaumont down 3.

Elinor - if you like a light-headed, wild comedy, try 'Little Me,' by Patrick Dennis. The illustrations make half the story, though. Patrick Dennis at his funniest best.

SF recommendation: "When Time Stood Still," by Ben Orkow. I'm just corny enough to like a love story for a change.

Deckinger: I did notice a tendency for the MASLA to consciously shrink away from fen when entering elevators, etc. Wonder if we scared them, or something?

I warred with a few of them on my floor who were giving me the 'Holer-than-thou' look when I passed them hung-over in the halls. My greatest moment of snobbery was Sunday morning looking the padre in the eye on the lift, where I said, "Rome?" He said, "Of course." I gave him my best British look of disdain, said, "Canterbury," and stepped off the car into the lobby. [I bet that ten-story drop you took falling down the elevator shaft to the lobby really shook him up. --www]

Civilly,

Misha

PHILLIP A. HARRELL SEES THE PHILCON
ARRRRRRRRRRGGGH!

2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia
November 20, '62

I only have one thing to say to any such preposal that you go Bi*Monthly! and that is. YOU OFF/OUT OF YOUR COTTON-PICING EYESTALKS ARE SUMTHIN?

Well, wonder of wonders I went to PhilCon, and among other things managed to 1) Sleep in the Bed Avram Davidson slept in 2) Get a picture of Sprague deCamp swinging a Broad at me. (uhhh-make that Broad-sword there, wally.) 3) Get H. Beam Piper lost at 4:30 AM Sunday morning 5) [Phil can count better than this, really, but I -- heh, heh -- am cutting just a bit. --www] Lose Don Wollheim and then find him again in time to kidnap him into my own private room party.

I must say that Tom Purdom and his wife are really two terrifically nice people. Seemed surprised to find that I was just like I am in my letters.

I will now sit back and await my next CRY. I just hope I can keep on fighting off those withdrawal pains that appear everytime CRY is a day late. We're running out of postmen down here. You know how I am about it.

Best,

Phil

NANCY SHRINER IS SPECIFIC

318 N Bailey, Hobart, Oklahoma

Dear Cry Crew,

FOREVER & EVER, DAMMIT!

So, here is Cry #164, okay. It's a very good ish this time, quite up to par in all regards. But I'm just going to be specific on two things.

1. Trenchant Bludgeon: I didn't recognize this stuff when I first began to read it. When it finally dawned on me that it was straight stuff and not malicious satire, I had to start all over again.

An extra thought or two on Chandler and his kind: Their art is embodied in the larger-than-life super-human men they created. Who remembers their scenery, their villains, their women? The only memories I have of those books (avidly devoured before I was old enough to know any better) are of strong, brutal, red-blooded barbarians, yet curiously soft and human.

Critics have called Chandler & Co. crude and vulgar and tasteless, and so they are. And therein lies their fascination. This is deplorable, but people are really too strange, are they not?

But here, lad, some ego-boo for you. A fine intelligent article, most capably handled.

2. KBEAB: I wish to thank you, Keen Blue Eyes, for a good bit of writing in general, and for one bit of that in particular. What you call your "personal cure for the hiccups." Words, Buz, written words, have an enormous influence on the inarticulate. Thoughts on a subject may fly around in his head bumping into each other, but never congealing, until somewhere he reads a phrase, a sentence, and click -- everything becomes clear and concrete. "That's just what I think," he says, "only I couldn't find the right words."

That's why the writer has such a tremendous responsibility to his public, I think.

Bye,

Nancy

GORDON EKLUND THREATENS TO WRITE

14612 18th Avenue, S.W., Seattle 66, Wash.

Dear Cry and assorted companions,

November 18, 1962

You know, I don't think it really would be such a bad thing if you went bi-monthly. Amongst my pile of unfinished manuscripts I seem to recall an article saying that if Cry went bi-monthly it would be a much better fanzine. If you went bi-monthly, I might even write twice every two years. [No! No! Not that! --www]

F. M. Busby, sir, I see nothing wrong with your spending your two pages on the Cuban bit. Like you, Buz, I think the major change in my attitude between now and before the Cuban crisis was that it bothers me less and less. I think that maybe you are overestimating the importance of Cuba in the world. Sweeping statements like, "I think maybe this past week saved the lot of us from slavery in our old age," look nice on paper, but I've got this tendency to take a second look at them.

Yours,

Gordon

SETH A. JOHNSON BELIEVES IN CANALS

339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey

Dear Buz;

November 17, 1962

Tell me Buz where the USA has any business interfering with the internal life of any nation however small and vulnerable. With over 500 missile and SAC bases surrounding the iron curtain countries, where do we get off saying these are defensive while when they do it in our hemisphere it's aggressive? And why is it all right for us to occupy a base in a country against the will of the people of that country and to send planes photographing and investigating them. What would our reaction be if others started doing this to us? Why are all American military hardware, even though on the very borders of USSR defensive while anything of theirs automatically becomes aggressive.

The few times I've used DNQ it has meant mainly that I didn't want my name associated with the quote. No objection to passing the scandal or slander along, though.

Berry's article was really well written and interesting. And the Martian

canals. I sort of hate to think of a Mars without canals and million year old cities brooding on their banks.

Fanatically yours, Seth A. Johnson

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Well, we also heard from a lot of nice people who would have been in the regular letter column if I hadn't goofed off and ate so much turkey. KEN M. P. CHESLIN, Secretary of BSFA, was one such. He clarifies Alma Hill's "...rather distorted picture of relations between the BSFA & NFFF," as mentioned in what was left of her letter in CRY #163 after I finished butchering it. MIKE DECKINGER sends sticky money and warns us that the "P.O. is everywhere, searching through fandom with a beady gaze..." Seems his November CRY arrive opened. MALCOLM WILLITS has a new address -- PO Box 85242, Santa Western Station, Los Angeles 27, Calif., and expects to attend a LASFS meeting. He's part of the Nameless syp system, you know. HENRY STINE wants to know how come he got a copy of CRY. Why would he want to know anything like that, I wonder? LAWRENCE CRILLY was another whose letter should have been published. He still has copies of FARRAGO #1 available at no charge if you just send him 20¢ for each copy, and he will pay cash for good back issues of YANDRO, VIPER, XERO, DISCORD, and WARHOON. BERNARD MORRIS, DENNIS LIEN, and E. K. DIMICELI (KAYDI) all should have had their letters published. Gloat, gloat. Bernie thinks John Berry should be more respectful to eight inch refractors, Dennis is still trying to pry information out of us about back issues (we do have them available at standard subscription prices, but we're too afraid the pile will fall on us if we try to find out how many and which ones are in it), and Kaydi says he's moved to 1426 Euterpe, New Orleans, La. BOB TUCKER seems to be trying to find CHICON reports, and sends money to get CRY's version of the event. SAMUEL D. RUSSELL, BEN JASON, and JEREMY A. BARRY all send us money or its equivalent in various forms and guises. DONALD FRANSON sent such an interesting letter, he'll get five free issues for it even though we aren't publishing it. Seems the government would object if I cut it, and it would also object if I published the letter uncut. And the UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON LIBRARY is trying to renew their non-existent subscription.

So much for now. See you next issue, whenever it may be.

--wwwwwwwwwwww

from: CRY
Box 92
507 Third Avenue
Seattle 4, Washington

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Any agreement between the number after the addressee's name and the number of issues left on his sub is purely intentional. Lack of such a number usually indicates the addressee is getting a free copy whether he wants one or not; some folks are accident prone that way.

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