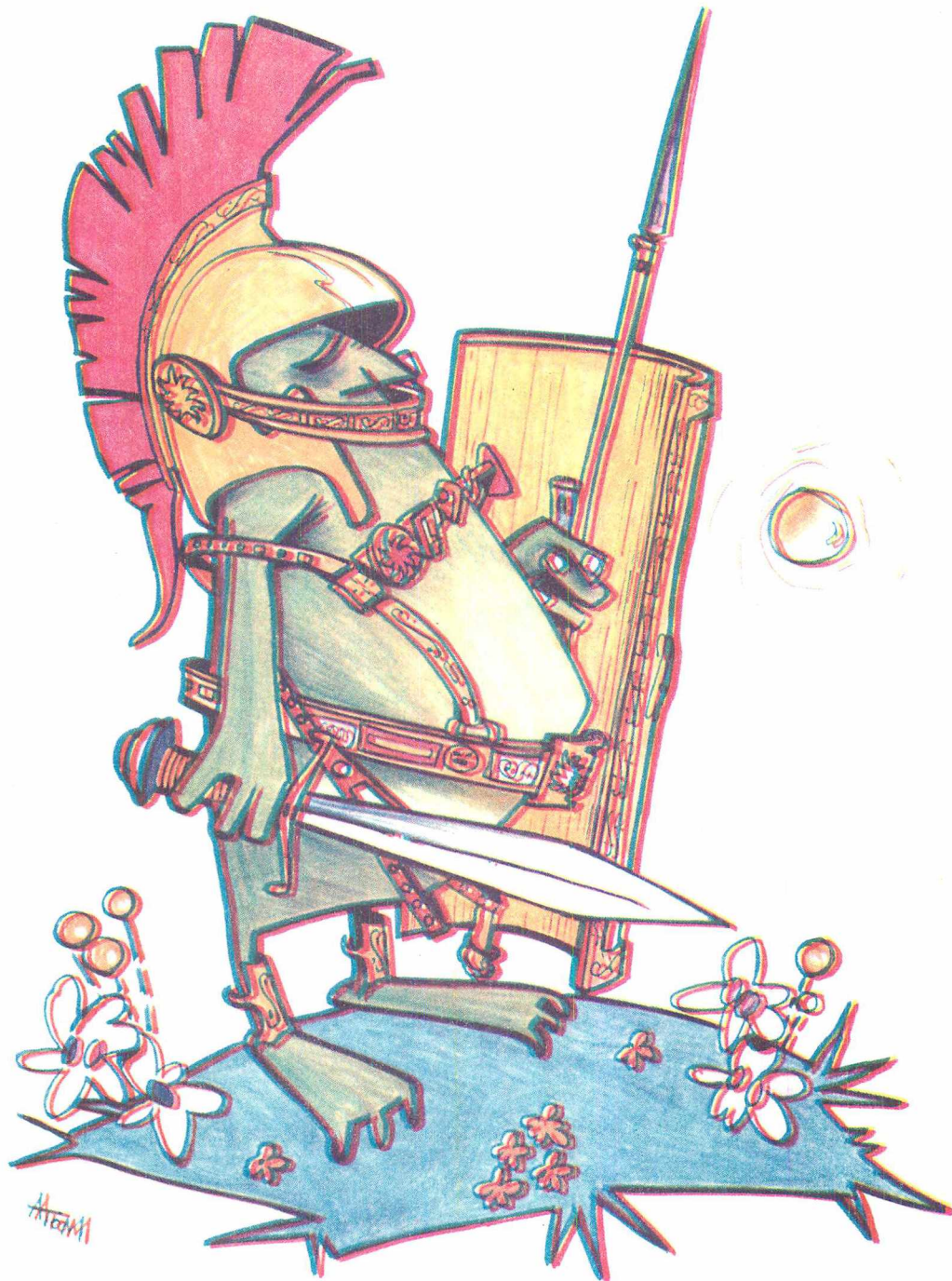


# CRY

DECEMBER 1968  
NUMBER 178





CRY #178, for Dec 15, 1968, is edited by Vera Heminger, Elinor Busby and Wally Weber, and published by Wal-2-Wal Press. Aside from the usual free copies for approved trades and contributions [including published letters], CRY sells for 40¢ the copy [3/- in the UK]; no subs over \$2 [15/- in UK].

Mailing Editor Vera Heminger should receive all subs and trades at 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash, 98002. And while Wally Weber has joined Elinor in the Copy Editor job, please send LOCs and other contributions to Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash, 98119, for the time being, at least.

COPY DEADLINE FOR #179: JANUARY 25, 1969. (CRY appears 8 times per year and is published near the 1st of Feb, May, Aug & Nov, and the 15th of Mar, June, Sept & Dec. And we like a week's leeway to avoid Last-Minute Strain...)

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Art Credits: ATom 1, Alicia Austin 4, Toni Gourd 7, Harry Harrison 37, Vera Heminger 6, Tim Kirk 7, D. Monahan 24, Bill Rotsler 10, Paul Stanbery 33, Irene Wanner 25, Wally Weber 34, Bernie Zuber 41, 46 & 52. No \*funny\* this time...

Pages typed: Elinor 27, Wally 17, Vera 2, Vonda 2, Buz 1 [sigh...] [Well, this is the last time I let Elinor and Mickie hold down this typer so that I end up doing first-drafts on the other machine, for others to type up later; yes.]

I haven't had the chance to pre-read all the material for this issue, but from what I hear, we have something in here to infuriate EVERYBODY. Which goes to show that while anyone may initiate a trend, not even Dick Geis can maintain a monopoly on it. (Just funnin', ol' Richard.)

The editors did not really intend that this issue should blow up so big, but on the other hand they do not wish to discourage valued contributors, some of whom got pretty \*generous\* this time. Moderation is the word we're groping for, here...

21 letters and 32 WAHFs this time, in 18-1/2 pages; Elinor is getting back on form with CotR. Well, it does take a little practice...

On Dec 21 if all goes aright, 3 Americans will take off toward the moon and actually go into orbit around the moon before heading home again. That grabs me. Of course the eventual manned landing is the main dish but this one is quite some appetizer!

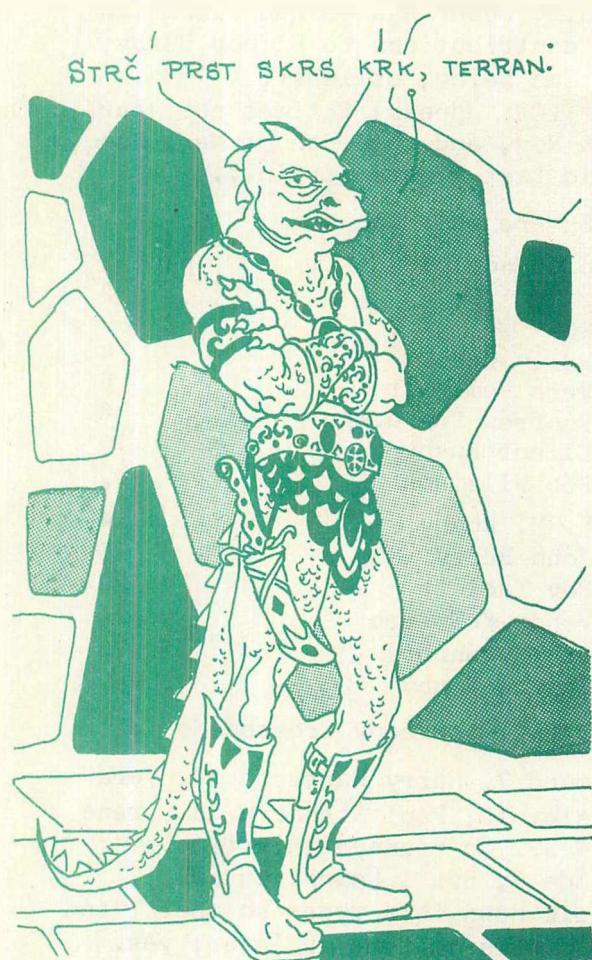
I have rather lost track of TAFF recently: is Pete Weston going to run again? I wish he would. Pete is the (as yet unmet) British fan I'd most like to meet. A fine fannish correspondent as well as a capable editor and reviewer.

Ah well; time now to deliver pages to Wally&Wally, walk around Green Lake and feed ducks, and watch Baltimore belt the Rams. Have happy holidays, y'all! --Buz.



# FANDOMS

BY WALLY WEBER



Translation: "Stick it in your ear,  
Earthling!"

Word that the Mundanes are upset by (among other things also attributable to over-population) a generation gap has filtered to me through the Reality Barrier. It is just as well that the Barrier prevents the Muds from leaking out into the real universe of Fandom, because they couldn't hope to cope with our world where a new generation starts gapping on the average every two years. Worse yet, a fan is born at whatever age he happens to be when he finds his way into our reality, so there is no way to group fan generations by age alone. You have to discover an individual fan's generation the hard way, by paying attention to what he does and how he over-reacts. That's one of the reasons the Muds don't survive here, slans. (I won't tell you the other reasons now; I'm saving those for the paperback edition of this article.)

Was it Bob Silverberg who started cataloging our generations by Fandoms? Let's blame him for it anyway. According to Bob, in the beginning there was

First Fandom, after which, logically enough, there came Second Fandom, and so forth. His article must have been written about the time of Fifth or Sixth Fandom, and nobody has admitted to keeping track of them since, but I would guess we must be up to Twelfth or Fourteenth Fandom by now. Of course Silverberg is out of it, having joined Fifth Prodom (the turnover in generations is a trifle slower among the mercenaries), but a follow-up article by some fan with perspective would be of great historical value. (The address to write, readers, is: Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740. Keep those cards and letters goin', folks.) Possibly Vera will make good her suggestion of coercing Ted White into doing the job, even if we have to cut his last Five Fandoms to fit it on the page.

Whoever accepts the burden will have a terrifying experience to survive. First will come the ordeal of sorting out the generations; I envision a Fandom 10b, sub-variant IV, for example. And last will come the agony of enduring reader-reactions to his conclusions.

By comparison, the Muds have it easy. Although they have to cope with four living generations at a time, the oldest no longer cares and the youngest is too uninformed to be effective, so there are only two opposing generations that matter. Life isn't that simple in fandom. By now we must have a dozen or so active generations plus the permutation of alliances between them. It will take somebody isolated (Harry?) or armored with scar-tissue (Ted?) to brave such a menace with as wrath-provoking a project as an unbiased catalog of Fandoms.

Perhaps the safest alternative would be to have the task performed by a computer programmed to be insensitive to public opinion. Damage to such a device from irate letters should only be superficial. It might even happen that the computer would become interested in fandom and that it would join us. Well, now that I think of it, perhaps the damage would be unreparable after all.

But I sense a certain doubt in your fine fannish mind at this point. You are probably wondering why such a risky project should be taken up at all? Why should we face the chance of losing Ted White (who writes all the fanzine articles in fandom) and Harry Warner, Jr. (who writes all the letters of comment on those articles), leaving nothing published in Fandom but fanfiction and N3F publications? Well, much as I hate to be the one to tell you this, I must, for your own good. You have failed to look ahead, to see where all this is leading us to. You have been born into fandom without a care in our world, you have been enjoying the fascinations and wonders of our unique universe, and you have been completely oblivious to the horrible menace stealing up on us all. Lucky for you I am here to make you aware!

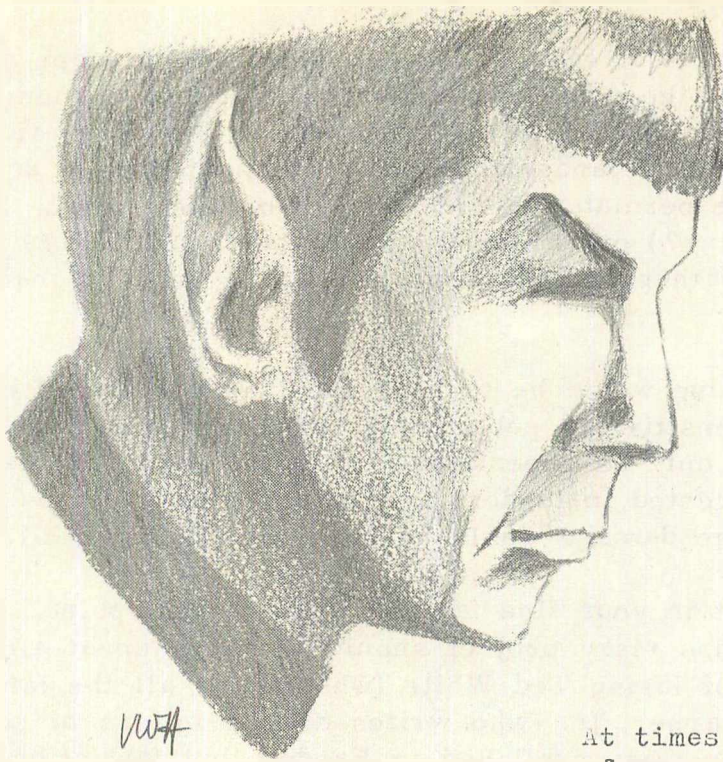
Observe the mathematics of it. When there was only First Fandom, there was of course only that one fandom to which you could belong. But when Second Fandom arrived, you could have re-entered after having dropped out of First Fandom, thus becoming part of a blended fandom. With the arrival of Third Fandom, the possible variations increased to nine. If Silverberg wrote his essay during Sixth Fandom, there were already 873 possible races and creeds of fans. Now suppose that we are in Twelfth Fandom. Do you know how many varieties of fans are theoretically possible? 522,956,313! Even with the Star Trek fans, there aren't that many fans to go around, particularly when the majority of those combinations require having participated in the earlier Fandoms.

So who cares if most of the possible catagories of fans go begging for members? Aaarrgh! You blind fool, can't you see what all this is doing to Fandom? With so many different varieties of fans possible, each fan can be unique! Fans won't conform! The longer a person has been in fandom, the less likely it will be possible to determine exactly to which catagory he belongs. Stop and think, right now, do you really know to which combination of fandoms Sam Moskowitz belongs?

We must catalog Fandom quickly so that we can have a basis for setting up future fandoms in an orderly manner. We can't have this slipshod business of new fandoms starting by sheer chance and going their unguided way without proper direction, interbreeding and splintering in all direction.

Hey, you M.I.T. fans, how would you like a project for your computer?





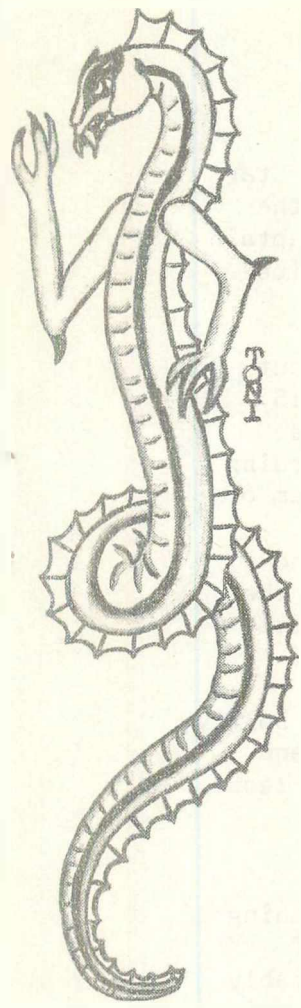
A normal fall in the Great Pacific Northwest is wet enough by any standards, but this year the celestial sluice gates seem to be going to it with special abandon. Rain has so much become part of the general order of things, that the other week, when the deluge stopped for some twenty hours, it was seriously being considered that drouth conditions be declared; and I overheard a mother explaining to her young child that the shining object in the sky was nothing to be afraid of: "It's the Sun, my boy," she was crooning, "it's the Sun, of which you've heard such Wondrous Tales."

At times like this, I admire the fortitude of our astronauts, cooped up in such a small area without losing their temper too noticeably. I mention this because I think there are unmistakable signs of cabin fever in this household: much of my energy has been diverted to arbitrating disputes between two active boys made restless by too much enforced stay-at-home. "You did." "I didn't." "You did so." "I didn't either." Fascinating.

Things aren't improved by the approaching Yule season. I should be getting inured by now to the effects of Christmas, but it appears this is not so. Every year, as the season to be merry approaches, I find myself getting gloomy. It is not that I object to Christmas in itself; what depresses me is the spectacle of the incredible gyrations so many people feel themselves forced to go through at this time. Christmas clubs, "I must get so-and-so something," the constant irritation of tinny piped-in carols that have lost most of their meaning after all that repetition, the abominable style of the advertising ("Santa! What Mom rreally wants is this totally useless thigamajig! Just charge it on your lovable Wreck-A-Budget card!") There go three of my pettest peeves, in one ad.)

And there was the sneaky way the first decorations appeared way before Thaksgiving, this year. It won't be long before the dying glows of the last Fourth of July firecrackers will be coalescing into yulights as they descend - anyone care to take a wager? Harry Harrison predicts in the near future, an overcrowded Earth where survival is a sheer daily struggle; and Larry Niven has nightmares of organ banks. I - I have this hideous little vision of future Christmasses being a pear-round affair, in which it is illegal to take down the lights or the tree, and people rush about maniacally exchanging gifts every day, while the whole thing is policed by cops in Santa Claus garb; and one of their duties is to test the people's devotion and loyalty to the "merry" spirit by gauging the degree of enthusiasm with which they answer the guardian Santas' "Ho-ho-ho." Improbable? Think again. In my house, Christmas is strictly for the kids.

Actually, things aren't as black as I am painting them. It is not realistic to ask that life be a daily kaleidoscope of fascination, and these last few weeks have offered enough interesting events to offset the mood of yukkiness caused by grey weather and the Christmas bit. For example, I got a big kick out of spotting the author of "American Timecapsule," a film that presents all the American residents in a fast-flashing sequence ending in an interrogation mark.



This film was first shown on the Smothers Brothers, the last Sunday in October, which was our last CRYday, and we were watching the show at Wally Weber's "arehouse, for ~~WALLY'S WHIZZING AND WAB~~ ~~LAZYHAT fixed~~ we were taking a well-earned break from all the mad collating. None of us caught the credits that time; but a few weeks later, the same film was shown on the Carson show, and this time, I noticed the name Ken Rudolph among two other names which didn't register. I know of only one Ken Rudolph, the editor of Shaggy, and I immediately wrote him a query to ascertain his participation in this. And Kenru answered: "You've discovered my secret identity as SUPERFILMMAKER. Yes, indeed, 'twas I on those credits of 'American Timecapsule.' In fact, fandom had a lot to do with the film -- about 50% of the pictures came out of John Trimble's collection of American history, and Sally Crayne & George Barr helped for a time holding illos in front of the camera. Me, I did the research and helped choose which stuff went where and other sundries. It looks like I'm going to work now for the Brothers Smothers making other films for their show. Glad you caught it..."

And I'm glad I caught it: that's something else, to be sitting in little Auburn, and discover that fandom is presenting a creation of theirs on a national network show. And I'm glad, also, because now I have a chance to present this tremendous idea I've thought up. You see, Ken, it would go this way: a sequence of pictures of myself, from my cherubic babyhood through my whimsical childhood through my traumatic teen years to my own present state of mature charm. It's bound to be a winner, Kenru. Mr. Rudolph. Sir?...Ah, well; looks like the one and only time I'll ever have been on the Carson show is when he read a letter of mine, two years ago. Fickle, fickle fate... he didn't even give my name.

I also discovered that one of our local fans is displaying a good deal of ability in fan art. I had asked Toni Gourd to draw me a little something for CRY, and in a matter of days, she sent me four or five pages of illos that really enthused me. One of them is on this page; and you'll be seeing many more of them in the future.

Another fun thing was to watch my 11-year old become hopelessly hooked on the Tarzan, Pellucidar and Mars stories of ERB -- just the way I did lo those many years ago. The look of pure delight on his face, the "Gosh, neat!!" when I bring him a few more paperbacks are well worth scouting the bookstores to find them. He certainly is deriving more pleasure out of his sf reading than I am, of late; the last sf book I really enjoyed this fall was Tenn's "Of Men and Monsters" -- what a satire! "San-ratoga Barrier" would have been alright had I not read "Dune"; but after the epic quality of "Dune", this Herbert book seemed to offer little substance. After abandoning Anthony's "The Ring" at mid-book with a sense of profound boredom, I decided to let sf alone for a while -- reading should be for pleasure. What I look for in sf and don't find nowadays is sheer unabated escape adventure, of the quality offered by Alistair McLean in superb stories like "Where Eagles Dare" or "Ice Station Zebra", which I consider his best. The man is a master craftsman of suspense.

I hesitate to mention anything about Star-Trek; it is painful to have little good to say about something I'm so attached to. There has been a





...being excerpts from testimony at the Board of Inquiry convened at Star Base Seven, Star Date 3141.59, to investigate certain alarming trends in the conduct of the affairs of the Star Ship ENTERPRISE under the command of Captain James T. Kirk. The interrogation was conducted by Star Base Commander, Vice-Admiral Fenwick C. Hoog. Excerpts follow...

Admiral Hoog: Captain Kirk, Star Base Command is quite concerned about several aspects of your command of the ENTERPRISE. As you know, we have 15 Star Ships operating in the Galaxy, give or take a few. Now most of these ships lead a pretty routine existence, going from Point A to Point B according to orders and accomplishing their respective 5-year missions with a minimum of turmoil. They boldly go where no man has ever gone before, too.

So to begin with, Captain: One, why don't you ever boldly go where no man has ever gone before, as your mission specifies? Two, why is it that the ENTERPRISE gets into serious difficulty at least once every Standard Galactic Week?

Captain Kirk: Well, sir, I just follow orders. I would gladly (and boldly, too, of course) go where no man has ever gone before, but Star Fleet Command is always sending me to places where nearly everybody has gone before, at least twice.

As to your second question, sir: I guess we're just lucky.

HOOG: I'm not so sure. Captain, other Star ship commanders, approaching new planets with unknown dangers, beam-down scouting parties consisting of junior officers and well-armed Security troops. Why is it that you invariably beam-down yourself, plus most of the key personnel whose loss would most seriously imperil the operation of the ENTERPRISE?

KIRK: Sir, I just have to get out of the ship once in a while. Cabin fever, you know. And my fellow-officers--well, they're more than that. We're buddies, sir. Why, I'd feel lost without them.

HOOG: Lost in Space? How would you know the difference?

Captain, do you realize that the ENTERPRISE has the highest fuel consumption of any Ship in Star Fleet? I don't know who instructed you in navigation at Star Fleet Academy, but why is it that the ENTERPRISE is the only Ship in the Fleet, past or present, that requires the expenditure of power to maintain orbit? Standard orbit, at that!

KIRK: I didn't know that! Sir, I've always taken Scotty's word--that's Chief Engineer Scott, sir--that when he says he needs power, he ain't just whistling Dixie. (That's a 20th century folk song, sir.) (That he ain't whistling). (Not that Chief Engineer Scott whistles much.) (He sings a lot, though, when he's drunk.) Gee, sir, do you suppose Scotty really is just whistling Dixie? Do you suppose, for instance, that he is logging expenditures of fuel falsely?

Could he be putting this fuel aside for some purpose? Such as selling it to the Klingons? And not cutting his Captain in for half the take?

Why, that dirty lowdown brogue-talking Scottish fink--!

HOOG: That's enough, Captain! We have another serious matter to investigate. This is the matter of Chief Officer Spock, who is half-Vulcan by trade.

KIRK: Spock? Good old SPOCK? Why, he's like a brother to me, except that of course he is completely alien and I don't understand him at all, or vice versa.



But surely there can't be any complain about Spock being half-Vulcan. After all, Star Fleet Command is listed as being an Equal Opportunity Employer.

HOOG: Precisely. And while the top-echelon brass on the ENTERPRISE includes one googly-eyed Canadian, one dirty lowdown brogue-talking Scottish fink, one African, one Asian, etcetera, it includes only one-half a Vulcan!

The last time you visited this Star Base, the Vulcan Student Union burned down half of the Base in protest. And you didn't even know about this?

KIRK: That's funny, sir. Neither did I.

HOOG: Somehow I am not altogether surprised, Captain. But on to other matters.

One such is the way the ENTERPRISE keeps getting hooked on the same sort of terrible catastrophic disaster for weeks on end. Very repitious. For instance, all those parallel-Earths you kept getting involved with. It seems to me that when you have seen one parallel-Earth, you've seen them all.

KIRK: Very true, sir. But you must admit that it saves a lot of thinking when you stick with familiar situations. And besides, haven't you ever heard of Hodgkins' Law of Parallel Development? This Law states that...

HOOG: I know what it states! It states that every week your mission will get more and more the same until we get too many complaints, here at Star Base 7.

And right now there is considerably worry about your recent tendency to get captured and enslaved and tortured and pushed around by some tag-end remnant of a computer-controlled culture, operating on old-timey information that no longer applies.

KIRK: Well, sir, that's been bothering me, too. The business of all those ancient computers guiding all those lost races to do all those stupid things and capture us and torture us and like you say push us around, because things have changed and the computers don't know this, you see, sir, and so they...

HOOG: I know what they do. I know it for weeks ahead of time. And so does everybody else, unfortunately.

Kirk, you have got to do something.

KIRK: But that's Dr. McCoy's line, sir: "Do something, Spock!" is about the way he generally puts it. I really don't know how Spock puts up with it...

HOOG: Nor do I, Captain. What with his Vulcan Nerve Pinch, and all... If I knew the Vulcan Nerve Pinch, I would have a lot more quiet around Star Base 7.!

KIRK: Yes, sir. But about all those old misinformed computers, sir: I'm really worried.

HOOG: That's funny; so is everybody else. But I'm also fascinated, Captain. Since none of the problems that caused this Board of Inquiry seem to bother you very much, just what is it that bothers you about this infinite string of old computers that are capturing you and torturing you and trying to kill you?

KIRK: Well, sir, it's the computer-library on the ENTERPRISE. It hasn't been overhauled for a long time, because Spock is always busy giving people the Nerve Pinch or saving my life. I'm really worried about that computer, sir.

HOOG: Is there anything specific that worries you, Captain?

KIRK: Well, yes. Lately it has taken to calling me "Doctor Smith"...



Since the last CRY came out I have gone back to work. This is the first regular, permanent, fulltime job I've held in almost fifteen years. When I first accepted this job I thought, My God, what am I doing? What am I letting myself in for? No more going back to bed after Buz and Mickie have left in the morning, no more Perry Mason reruns or Dick Cavett, or Divorce Court or Girl Talk or any daytime TV at all! No more lunching downtown with a chum, and seeing a style show. No more goofing around all day with a murder mystery or two. Boy, I really felt panicky. How was I going to stand it?

Well, I found out. After the first week or two working seemed so normal and pleasing an activity that I could hardly believe I'd ever been so silly as to not work. This is the best job I've ever had, because it's precisely suited to my temperament. I am a medical secretary for a group of orthopedic surgeons. I have a nice office all by myself, connected by an opening in the wall with a most amiable and amusing coworker whom I can ask questions of every 30 seconds, if need be, without her ever showing the tiniest annoyance. She and I take lunch and coffee breaks with a couple other amusing women. I really enjoy their jokes and banter and little stories about the things that happen to them and their husbands and kids and neighbors.

I like the work itself. I love words, you know. I always have. I loved Latin in high school, just because it sounded so nice. In college I majored in anthropology at least partly, I think, because *Sinanthropus Pekinensis* and *Pithecanthropus Erectus* and even, for that matter, *Homo Neanderthalensis* rolled so nicely on the tongue. My last job before I married Buz was at the Arboretum, where I had a great time learning the names of a great many plants. I used to irritate Buz a lot, during our first years together, by calling plants by their botanical names. "What is it in English?" he would cry. Usually, I wouldn't know.

So now I type really delightful sounding words all day long. People have the most pleasing sounding things wrong with them: *retropatellar chondromalacia*, for example, which I gather is a softening of the cartilage on the back side of the knee bone. And hereditary multiple *osteocartilaginous exostoses*, which sounds as if it must be almost terminal but is actually, I think, sort of like bunions. And *scoliosis*, which is a sideways curvature of the spine, and *spondylolisthesis*, which I don't know what it is. Parts of the body sound nice, too. I came home the other night and cried out to Buz and Mickie, "Did you know that you have *metatarsalophalangeal joints*?" Much to my astonishment, they did know--they even knew approximately where they were located. There must be a conspiracy to keep things from me. I certainly hadn't known I had *metatarsalophalangeal joints*.

All in all, I think medical terminology is a very good game.

You know, if I'd written a column last issue I would have told you about the TV I watch these days. It's not too late for that, is it? Because it's a cinch I can't tell you much about what I've been reading lately. Since I started work I've read hardly anything. It takes me days and days to read a book now. Really weird. All my life I've hardly ever not finished a book

the same day I started it. But not any more!

I'm sure you want to hear me talk about television. If not, flip the page, won't you?

My favorite show this year is MOD SQUAD. Most of you, if not Avram, know the basic premise. This tough cop got three young people to become policemen forming a special squad under his personal direction. One black guy, one white guy, and one pretty blonde girl. It's the same sex and coloration grouping as IRONSIDE, and actually this show is very much like IRONSIDE except that the focus is on the young instead of on the tough old cop. It's unashamedly sentimental. The third show of the year, at the end, after all their alarms and excursions and chasing about, Linc, the black guy, and Julie are sort of leaning against each other, all pooped out. Pete, the other kid, comes up to them and hugs them both. Tough ol' cop says, "What's going on here?" Pete: "It's a family reunion." Tough ol' cop: "Do I qualify?" Pete (grinning): "You're getting there." I liked it. I liked it a lot. It made me feel good when I saw it (Buz and I watched it together, and believe me there wasn't a dry eye in the house) and it made me feel good all the next day, whenever I happened to think of it. Mickie hadn't seen MOD SQUAD, and a few days later I mentioned the show to her. "The kids at school don't like it," she said. "They say it's icky, and they say the last show was the ickiest of all." I understand that ABC aimed MOD SQUAD at the young. It may or may or may not be hitting them, but it's certainly hitting their sentimental elders, at least in this household.

By the way, we read the first Mod Squad book, "The Greek God Affair". I think it's one of the best novels-based-on-tv-series I've ever read--easily equal to a fan-written Uncle book or the best of the Avengers books.

I'm still enjoying IRONSIDE, but not quite as much as last year. I think that basically it's as good as it was last year, but it's not quite as interesting, because now the interrelationships of the characters are quite set--one no longer wonders how they really feel about each other. But it's a very good show, of consistently high quality. I've never seen a poor IRONSIDE. I doubt if I ever will. When IRONSIDE is always so good, why does STAR TREK fluctuate so wildly from splendid to ludicrously awful?

I've enjoyed every JULIA I've ever seen, but we hardly ever see it because it conflicts with IT TAKES A THIEF. I really like Robert Wagner. I like him sort of against my principles, because he's so handsome. He's so obviously handsome. It doesn't take any particular skill, or perception, or culture, or wit or anything at all except ordinary vision to note that Robert Wagner is a very handsome guy with kind of a cute personality. Liking him is no credit to me--but I do. I like ol' Noah Bain too.

We watched THE OUTCASTS at first, but we got bored with it and stopped. I liked the two characters very much--the ex-slave and the ex-slave owner in the post Civil War West. The basic setup was great, and I liked the actors and their characterization. But--I just couldn't see Jemal David and Earl Corey distrusting each other for over such a long period of time. By the second episode they been riding together for over a month, so by the third and fourth episodes presumably they'd known each other much longer. And they still distrusted each other. In real life, people make up their minds on very short acquaintance whether an associate is trustworthy or not. And sometimes they may bestow their trust unworthily--but either they trust or they don't continue association. No--the writers ruined that show for me. It was almost a good show, but not quite. By the way, Cleveland Amory singled out for praise, as especially well-written, the show that killed me on the series, as especially ill-written. It had a Negro woman rejecting Jemal David on the grounds that she couldn't marry until she found out Who She Was. Shit. The Quest for Identity is a 20th Century concern. In the 19th, they were hung up on Good and Evil.



A ROCK REVIEW : Selections from "THE REPEATLES"

- 1) MAMA, SEE DE BEATLES RUN!--A cheeky calypso number; a sort of "StrawberryField Boat Song". The laughing choir (composed of inmates of the Liverpool Asylum) adds a jovial touch. It is rumored that the Duke of Iron came out of the closet temporarily to do the stunning laughter solo. The DAILY MIRROR reports Harry Belafonte to be up in arms and down at the face. (He did his ugly face for reporters, at least.)
- 2) LIKE A BIRD AT MY WINDOW WITH A BROKEN WING---This touching ballad, parts of which were recorded at the Aviary at Glasgow, is one of the finest, most moving collaborations between Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan. It puts one in mind of "Hambone, Hambone, Where You Been?", although it doesn't much resemble it.
- 3) YOU ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY (HONEY WHY?)---Not to be confused with another song of the era with a similar title, this one is the one Fred & Ginger did so well in FLYING DOWN TO WALES. No one who remembers it has ever forgotten it. Here Mr. Tim, accompanied by the New Vaudeville Band, re-immortalizes it for us.\*\*\*
- 4) RAPEY REBA---The Cardinals are back! While we're happy to hear from these great stars of the early fifties, it does seem rather churlish of them to lament her laying it out for all to see. I mean, what are 'groupies' all about, anyway? Since, as a quartet, they asked her, how is it they expected individual replies? My sympathies are entirely with her; I expect she was quite confused by it all, poor thing. Especially after the drilling she got with I am he is you are she is we and on and on. I feel like I've been had, personally.\*\*\*
- 5) I WON'T---This song is reputed to have taken its title from a comment Don made when presented with it in the studio. And, reportedly, Phil agreed wholeheartedly: "It's too much like too many of our other songs, too," he added. This all seems credible; be that as it may, however, the Everleys are in fine form here. (More incredible, by the way, is a report that this song was offered to Paul McCartney -- some say he authored it, even! -- under a slightly different title. "I Will", say the gossip-mongers, was its title. Paul, they say, astutely said "The Everleys already have.")
- 6) JULANEA (HALF OF WHAT I SING IS MEANING MORE TO THEM)---Donovan, after hearing playback of this, his new composition, was worried about releasing it for fear that it sounded too much like a song by his friends, the Beatles. He played it for Paul and John, to get their reaction, and was relieved when they said it didn't matter. Paul said he thought it sounded very much like a Donovan song, what was all the fuss, etc., etc. Don looked as if he had something to say, but, instead, bit his tongue and smiled at his friends as the photographers snapped.\*\*\*
- 7) PAULIE POSSUM---Pete Seegar has never really had a hit, deserving as he might have been. He's got one now! I'm glad for him, of course. But I can't help wishing he hadn't had to dilute his pure style; it seems so much a bid for Top Fortydom. (If I didn't know this was Pete, I'd've guessed it was Nilsson miming Bob Dylan or vice versa!) Oh well, Sic Gloria Transit Folkies.
- 8) I'M UPTIGHT (IT'S ALRIGHT, IT'S ALRIGHT)---Aretha never really blossomed until she got into the Atlantic studios surrounded by those grooving, soulful Atlantic musicians. But who ever dreamed the Crewcuts might someday do the same thing? I mean, did you? But here this really schlock group of

yesteryear comes on almost as capably as the Beatles doing "Hey Jude"! This is astonishing. Hey, what about the Gaylords & the Four Aces, Atlantic? I'll believe anything now.\*\*\*

9) BROTHER TO FATHER TIME---This is as fine as anything else Nilsson has ever done. All his taste and individuality are nicely displayed here. But I fear he is la-la-la-ing away for his usual small audience again. The huge success he richly deserves will probably continue to elude him with this typical cut; and it's a shame is what I say. Even moreso a shame is the way Nilssonisms are entering the general musical vernacular, while escaping attribution to their source. Nilsson's singing and writing style are catching on, in other words; but Nilsson isn't.\*\*\*

10) BUNGLING BILL---The Beatles have been accused of imitating the Mothers, at times. But the shoe seems to be on the other foot now. Zappa, in his Tallow Submarine, seems to be steering a course straight through to Kiddieland and its record-buying money. Being an insider in the record biz can be a dizzying experience sometimes... I know, for instance, that Manfred Mann & Mike Bloomfield have something to do with this track, but I'm not at liberty to say just what, thus adding to the general confusion. It has to do with the premiere of Mann's new movie, their really neat UP YOUR JUNCTION! (based, we all know, on the ubiquitous Beatles' refrain: "Oompah, Oompah, Stick It Up Your Jumpah"). But how many realize the contribution of Dylan's DON'T CROOK BACK (a title, I'll add, inspired by Dylan's reluctance to see material he'd borrowed being repurloined)? Very confusing, as I say, but actually very easily explained. Except, I can't, as I say.

11) MILD HONEY CAKES---I, for one, am getting sick to death of these Beach Boys one minute track fillers. This is neither any better nor any worse than Brian's others. If he's so in love with the sound of his snippets of ideas, why doesn't he develop them more fully and fulfill his duty to us, or string them together ala "Vegetables"? Grr.

12) WHILE MY BROOMSTICK GENTLY SWEEPS---Is this "Blue Jay Way, Ole!?" Is this George Harrison in drag as the Lady of Spain? As a matter of fact, it's the BeeGees; somewhat south of "Within You, Without You", to be sure, but nonetheless still sounding Beatles-like. This is not to knock this track, or the BeeGees. We all owe a debt to the Beatles, after all. And they owe... but that's another review....\*\*\*

#### Notes:

- #1 The asterisked songs are the "classics" -- not necessarily my favorites at the moment; but the ones my critical faculties, such as they are, tell me I'll be enjoying and grokking years from now. (A serious note in the midst of facetiousness; excuse it.)
- #2 After several listenings I've decided this is a great, great album. (Even if, as a great, great album, it sounds like an antecedent to the music of the 50's & 60's.)
- #3 B. B. is King! Elvis is merely Presley. Blue Cheer makes me gag. But the Beatles are ambrosia & divinity fudge, the Walrus' whiskers, and a sister or two; Everyman in his nutshell.

-- Rob Williams

## MY BICYCLE RUNNETH OVER

by F. M. Busby

And whom doth thy Bicycle run over, you may ask. And why. Well, (1) I don't know, generally, ahead of time. And (2), just because they are there, most likely. Ask a silly question...

First in line seems to be ABC-TV. Dick Schultz of Detroit is a very forgiving fella; last year at this time he was decrying the replacement of Diana Rigg on THE AVENGERS by Linda Thorson and having no part of the New Thing, Avengerswise. Now Dick is circulating a petition and asking folks such as our lovable selves to write letters to "Save Avengers". Seems ABC bought a year's worth of episodes, set them up against Laugh-In and lost, and are now ready to scrap the prepaid remainder of this year. Pret-ty stu-pid, ye-es. But par for the course.

Dick proposes that dyed-in-the-tweed Avengers fans write (to Mr. Leonard Goldberg, Programming Dep't, ABC-TV, 1330 Ave of the Americas, NY, NY 10019) asking that Avengers at least finish out this season and preferably shift away from competition with Laugh-In, which does happen to be this year's #1 show. I'll drink to that. (Incidentally, Laugh-In is not my #1 show this year; it's dropped a lot of its Funny. For instance, Laugh-In is on at this moment, and I'm at the typer, not at the Teevy.)

It appears that with Patrick MacNee leaving Avengers next year, the show is already being slanted to phase him out and let Linda Thorson try to carry it with a new sidekick. Tonight (Dec 2nd) and last week, Steed was in the background. Well, it's a nice try but I don't think it will work. Thorson is a good kid and has done very well considering some of the crummy lines the writers hand her now and then, but it is too soon. Given another year with MacNee and she might have managed it.

So much for Telly Fission. I won't mention the last couple of Star Trek episodes if you won't. The Seattle Times by-lined the last one "Kirk and his crew are enslaved, once again"; it is better than parallel Earths, but not by very much.

Why does TV insist that Repetition is the only way to fly??

I'm pleasantly croggled that Harlan will be scripting "Swing Low, Sweet Harriette" for moompitchas. Without rights to the previous book ("A Queer Kind of Death") the story will have to be scun-down a lot. I visualize Lad, a Dog, as being played by Laugh-In's Big Al, only with his mouth shut more. (Elinor visualizes Lad, a Dog, as "a dainty little fellow". Obviously there is no meeting of minds here.) I do think Big Al is the ideal Dog to be wheeling Uncle Mommie around, though.

We recently lost the good Nobby-dog, 11 days short of his 14th birthday. He was mostly in happy playful shape until November 13th when he had at least two severe strokes. Doctor Guilfoil and his cohorts did the best they could with the B-12 shots, etc, but nothing helped. So on the 16th we stood by and petted ol' Nobs while the doc shot him a massive overdose of pentothal in the foreleg. And brought him home and planted him (quite illegally) alongside of Lisa, who had gone the route with kidney failure in mid-1966, aged 10 years, 9 months and a bit.



(Hmm-- strikes me that while at least a good several of you have met those two little red dachshunds, and more have heard of them over the past 10-12 years, there is a considerable segment of the current readership that will be mystified. Well, y'all have my kindly permission to skip this part, if you wish...)

In fact, we are entirely out of pets now. Anyone who was through here in the 1959-1965 period when besides Nobby and Lisa we also had Brandy the cockatiel and Bongo the parakeet, may find this hard to believe. But Brandy caught it in 1965 and Bongo a few weeks ago, after a short period of being a little too quiet but not anything to spur us to get him to the vet's. (Well, it probably wouldn't have helped; 9 years and about 4 months is pretty good for a parakeet, probably.)

We shall probably remain petless for a while. Winter is no time to break in a puppy, and also Elinor has taken to working full-time lately-- and that is no way to bring up a puppy, with nobody in the house all day. Elinor speaks of getting another sprightly cockatiel, but not until after the first of the year, because the Christmas tree preempts the best spot in the house for a birdcage.

Funny thing; Nobby and Lisa haunt this house-- after all, they both lived here almost as long as we have-- but it is a mild and pleasant kind of haunting. It is a little strange that Nobby is not in the big chair across from me here, and Existing at me to get some attention as was his wont. (Very bugging, at times.) But without resort to mysticism or occultism or the like, ol' Nobs (and Lisa, also) were so much a part of our lives since we moved in here that I think I will have a sort of feeling of their presence so long as we live here. And not a sad or bereaved one, either. No, those little rebels seem to have set their stamp on this place, and I don't mean just their intermittent depredations against the rug, either.

Unlike many columnists in fan and pro circles, I prefer to admit it when I have nothing to talk about. For instance, I blew all my recent s-f reviews to Pete Weston for SPECULATIONS (plug!). That's the breaks.

But how would you like a mention of an Unclassifiable book? (Well, you'll get it anyway.) I was prowling the stands; "Lie Down; I Want To Talk To You" didn't look too good, especially with the misleading cover and blurb. But Bill McGivern did a lot of the better-than-hack work for Mr. Ziff and Mr. Davis a long time ago when most of their writers were doing a lot less, so I coughed up the 60¢.

And "Lie Down..." is an utter gas. The gimmick is absolutely beautiful: a gang of crooks blackmails a psychiatrist into treating them to cure their compulsion for getting caught after they have pulled off a perfect robbery. And the ending does not have to be believable to be pretty great in itself.

It's really surprising, what you can come up with, off a dull-looking bookstand.

Of course Real Life is something else, but we throw away all our old newspapers. (I have no idea how you may have liked or disliked the recent elections, for instance, but politics has never offered any money-back guarantees if you're not satisfied.) And that's it for Real Life in this escapist-hobby, friends.

I am a collector of spy literature, both fiction and fact....my fiction is now very selective, after being conned into buying all the James Bond stories. I think the greatest fiction writer of spy stories is John Le Carre, with Len Deighton a close second. Of course, there is still a lot of nonsense published in the name of factual spy biographies and autobiographies. From the autobiographical point of view the spy has usually attempted to give the impression that he did much more than he says, but the Official Secrets Act has tied his hands: "but secretly, chaps, I was fantastic." The biographies seem to swing to the other side of the pendulum....the Official Secrets Act still applies, but the most incredible adventures can be woven into the narrative provided they are not true....thus the biographer is given a free hand to manufacture plots which make the subject spy a little better than Superman.

Amazingly, however, there is just one spy who was more super than Superman. Even though many details of his escapades are unknown, the facts are almost unbelievable. I suspect that if any film or TV mogul has even pondered on producing a film or series on this spy's adventures, he has rejected the idea because he would consider it would stretch the credulity of his potential watchers to the extreme.

I refer to Sidney Reilly.

To whet your appetite, I must explain that one of his minor adventures was to serve on the German General Staff during WW I. (He was a British spy, of course.)

Kaiser Wilhelm II was holding a conference of the German General Staff to discuss strategy. The Colonel chosen to represent Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria was half an hour late, and this annoyed the Kaiser. Eventually this junior officer arrived, clicked his heels together, and apologized for being late. He stated that his officer had fallen ill, and he had to drive a considerable distance himself. This colonel was Sidney Reilly, a captain in the British Royal Flying Corps. The conference continued, with Reilly obtaining first hand all the plans for the ensuing German policy and strategy for the forthcoming months of the war.

He had actually been the driver of the colonel's staff car. He had caused the vehicle to break down, and after examining the engine had asked the Colonel, in the interests of speed, to assist him by holding a part of the machinery while he manipulated a pair of pliers. The colonel did so, and was cracked on the skull with a heavy spanner. Reilly (in the uniform of a German corporal) dragged the corpse to a carefully hidden grave in the woods nearby, exchanged uniforms, buried the colonel in the corporal's uniform, and drove the staff car to the Kaiser's headquarters.

Reilly also, at one period of the war, landed behind the German lines and volunteered to join the German army....did so, and was actually commissioned.

His exploits in Germany are alleged to be even more fantastic than those I've described, but the blasted Official Secrets Act has been enforced, even fifty years after the exploits.

Some of you know, perhaps, that in WW II the British Secret Service had a lieutenant-colonel serving in the German planning staff....as far as I can gather, when German prisoners-of-war were repatriated after WW I, this British agent was sent over as an ex p-o-w....I presume, therefore, that it is quite possible that this scheme was employed after WW II, and that British agents were infiltrated as released German p-o-w's...and under these circumstances it would be reasonable for the Official Secrets Act to still be employed to suppress the story of Reilly's activities in the German army, as they may well reflect the methods so employed at the moment by possible British agents serving in the German army.

He was born in Odessa, christened Georgi, and discovered the hard way when his mother died that he was the illegitimate son of a Jewish doctor, and was henceforth known as Georgi Rosenblum. He ran away from home, leaving a note to say he'd drowned himself in the local harbour. He turned up in the Amazon basin, where he rescued some British officers who were the survivors of a 'trip' up the Amazon. One of these officers was a major in the British Secret Service, and brought Georgi to England. This was in 1896. Georgi was a crack pistol shot, and could speak seven languages. The major he had saved gave him L1,500, and Georgi changed his name to Sidney. He had a love affair with a woman much older than himself, and she later published a novel THE GADFLY, which dealt with Rosenblum's early life in Russia.

The major (saved from a fate worse than death up the Amazon) asked Rosenblum to work for the British Secret Service in Russia....at first he refused, but in 1897 went on his first operation, a minor one, perhaps a test. He was to discover Russian interests in oil surveys in Persia. It was on this journey (a successful one, for his reports showed a flair for getting to the root of a problem) he met a couple of tourists from England, the wife much younger than the husband. The husband was ill, and Rosenblum gave him some patent medicine of his own concoction, and the patient died. In book I have read, there is more than just a suggestion that in fact Rosenblum murdered this person. He soon married the widow, and inherited a large house and L8,000. Then he lived a rich life, finest clothes, best hotels, etc., and despite requests to work for the Secret Service, he declined, and one year passed before he presented himself once more to the Head of the Secret Service. In the meantime he had changed his surname to Reilly (his wife's second name.)

During the Boer War he was operating in Holland, as a German, and noting details of Dutch aid to South Africa. In 1901, William Knox D'Arcy was given the concession to search for oil in Persia. Reilly went out once more for the Secret Service, his cover being that of a patent medicine salesman. He reconnoitered the territory and informed the British Government that he thought oil would be discovered, and said he opined that Great Britain should 'get in' on the act. He also sold a considerable amount of patent medicine, and when he returned to England he filled the orders at his own expense. It is a fact that often he refused remuneration from the Secret Service.

Next, Reilly went to the Chinese port of Liaotung, which had been leased to Russia. He took his wife with him. He obtained a post at the port, and even though it was full of Russian counterspies, he successfully 'suborned' a naval draughtsman, borrowed plans from him took them home and photographed them. However, Reilly's wife had taken to drink, and Reilly sent her home, informed the Secret Service that he was going on indefinite leave, and roamed all over China for a year.

On his return, he was again accepted for Secret Service work. The British wanted a spy in the Krupp works in Germany, to get details of the vast armaments programme, and after a quick course in the British steel town of Sheffield, Reilly went to Germany and got a position at the works. So he volunteered as a voluntary fireman, which allowed him to get around the works. But still this was unsatisfactory, so he told the foreman that it would be very efficient to get a complete plan of the factory to be put in the foreman's office so that they could mark fire hydrants. Reilly then spent all his time in the foreman's office copying the plans. It was a considerable job, and he was progressing too slowly. Then he was interrogated by the Krupps police for spending too much time looking at the plans. He talked his way out of this, and decided to steal the plans. He had to 'throttle' the foreman and 'deal' with the gate man before escaping. He tore the plans up into four bundles and posted them separately to London, Paris, Rotterdam and Brussels. He changed clothes in the flat of a Secret Service contact, and crossed the Franco-German border as a



well-dressed Englishman.

In 1905 he carried out a superb coup which showed his great powers of ingenuity and improvisation.

D'Arcy had discovered oil in Persia, and was in France, in a yacht of the Rothschilds'. At any moment he was going to give the Persia Oil concession to France. Reilly was sent over to France, and in the guise of a priest, he forced his way onto the yacht where he badgered the very rich people for funds for a home for orphans. Whilst passing D'Arcy he whispered in English that he was a representative of the British, and that he was authorized to say the British would double the Rothschilds' offer. He told D'Arcy to tell the Rothschilds that he, D'Arcy, was so impressed with the orphanage that he wanted to go ashore with the priest to look at it. Once ashore, Reilly gave him the British government's offer in detail, and a few days later D'Arcy crossed to England and gave the British the concession. Reilly often told, with great relish, how he obtained a large sum of money from the Rothschilds for his 'orphanage', and how he had kept all the money for himself.

Reilly really showed his genius in the Russian Navy Affair, just before WW I. The Russian Navy had lost almost all its ships during the war with Japan. A five-year construction plan was put into operation, and the Russians tendered to Germany, Britain and France, who competed powerfully against each other. The Admiralty in London, very much frightened with German's naval build-up, saw in this situation a chance to get at Germany's naval secrets if an agent with supreme ingenuity could be found. The British Secret Service sent Reilly.

He soon made close friends with the Naval Assistant to the Minister of Marine in Moscow, and through him learned that the major portion of the contract to rebuild Russia's navy would go to Germany...more, the contracts would mostly go to the German concern Blohm and Voss. Reilly also found out through this contact that Blohm and Voss were looking for a Russian agent. By chance he knew of a concern, Mendrochovitch and Lubensky, a small company, and Reilly quickly made the acquaintance of Mendrochovitch. He then used his influence to get the Naval Assistant to suggest to the Minister of Marine that the Mendrochovitch company was the best one to work for Blohm and Voss. This was accepted, and then Reilly went to Mendrochovitch and told him he could get the Blohm and Voss contract.....his terms were a fifty-fifty share of the profits, and 200,000 roubles down. This was agreeable to the Russian company. The agency was confirmed...then Reilly return to Mendrochovitch and confirmed that he had swung the deal, but the next priority was to get the contracts. Reilly said he could do this if he was introduced into the firm. Again this was accepted.

The classical situation was that although Blohm and Voss undoubtedly knew of Reilly's association with their agents, the British firm of Vickers was also after the Russian Naval tenders, and were highly critical of Reilly taking the major portion of the business from Great Britain. They even made fantastic offers for Reilly to join them, which he refused. This made the Russians and Germans convinced that Reilly's interest was in their direction, and anti-British.

Soon, German plans of warship design, engines, torpedoes, heavy guns, armour-plating all found their way to the firm of Mendrochovitch, hence to Reilly. Through his Naval Assistant contact, Reilly insisted, apparently quite innocently, that the Russian warships being built by the Germans should contain every new device and refinement, and asked for the plans of German warships to be sent for comparison to prove that the ones being built for Russia were as modern as could be. These plans were sidetracked through Reilly's hands for a very short time, and for almost three years, until the outbreak of WW I, he sent to Britain plans for all existing German warships. He also picked up con-

siderable political intelligence which he also sent to London.

During this time, his wife Margaret turned up, which was unfortunate because Reilly had by this time convinced the Naval Assistant that it would be a good thing if he divorced his beautiful wife Nadine, and let Reilly marry her. Margaret, threatened by Reilly, left Russia. Reilly then arranged for Nadine to leave Russia. He was offered a fantastic job in America, purchasing war material for Russia. He went to America and later Nadine joined him and they got married.

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As I've stated earlier, Reilly did unbelievable work in Germany during WW I, landing in Germany by plane, posing as a wounded German soldier, he toured Germany, gathering information. It is thought he landed in Germany 'many times' during WW I. He could speak German fluently, and in a variety of disguises travelled at will throughout that country. For a short time he fought in the German army....the story of his attending the Kaiser's strategy meeting is known to be true, and the method he did so (by killing the German colonel and taking his place) was revealed by Reilly himself at a social occasion after the war. In fact, it was at this meeting that the Kaiser revealed his plans for unrestricted U-boat sinking all shipping, and Reilly was able to warn the British Admiralty before it started.

However, the climax of Reilly's spying career was about to happen.

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In October 1917 the Russian Revolution started. This immediately caused Russian soldiers to leave the German front and return home. The situation was that the Allies were most anxious to keep Russia at war with Germany, and to this end an Englishman called Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was sent to Russia with express instructions to contact the Bolsheviks and persuade them to continue the war with Germany. Reilly was also sent to see what the situation was in Russia, and to report to the British Secret Service independently. He was given a pass from Litvinoff, the Bolsheviks' representative in London, to see Lenin. So what Reilly did was typical of him but surely the last thing one would expect an expert spy to do. Reilly, arriving in Moscow, proceeded to the Kremlin where he hammed the gates like mad, asking to see Lenin. Lenin wasn't in, but what a confrontation that would have been. This was on the first day of his arrival in Moscow on 7th May 1918.

Reilly realized, being a Russian by birth, that the Bolsheviks would not be a good thing for Russia, so in his grand manner Reilly set about planning the downfall of the Bolsheviks. To do this he had to form a government ready to step in when the Reds were beaten. He did this, and his plans, extremely complicated ones, were almost ready for the final coup, which of course we all know never came. Whilst planning this tremendous coup, Reilly moved about Russia in a variety of disguises, all the time playing a deadly game with the Cheka, the Bolshevik organization for 'combating counter-revolution, sabotage and speculation'...these Red agents were all the time trying to discover his plans, and it is known that Reilly and his associates show many of them. And although Reilly had many hideouts, it is unbelievable but true that when the Cheka broke his organization, they raided many of his hideouts and discovered that Reilly, under his various aliases, had married EIGHT Russian women. Reilly himself escaped back to London, although Bruce Lockhart was caught, and later exchanged for a captured Bolshevik.

The question is, what wrecked Reilly's plans? We can all conjecture what would have happened had Reilly succeeded, and captured Lenin, and set up his own White Russian government. Unfortunately, Reilly had to be in contact with hundreds of people, and to give close secrets to them. Undoubtedly Red agents learned some details. Also, other Governments, including the French, were also working along the same lines as Reilly....but without very much liaison. Consequently, counter-revolutionaries moved too soon, confusion was rife, but

worst of all, the Bolsheviks knew all about Reilly and his plans. Reilly, in an attempt to co-ordinate the various counter-revolutions, told the French Secret Service all about his plans.....and the French Secret Service gave all the details to a French journalist, René Marchand, who, as he later admitted, told the Reds all about it.

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Back in London, things didn't go so well for Reilly. Although the upper echelons of the British Government and the Secret Service knew of his invaluable work for Great Britain, voices were raised against him...people noted his 'leftish' political views.....it was rumoured that he had pocketed considerable sums of money he was given in Moscow to ferment the counter-Red revolution... and above all, so little was known of him.

And then Reilly made a strange request.... I'll repeat that, a very strange request. He asked to be officially credited as a British Secret Service Agent. He had always worked as he wanted, where and when he wanted, and often at his own expense, without payment or remuneration of any kind. Why, then, this sudden request to be an official member of the Secret Service?

He was very upset when this request was turned down.

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The concluding chapters in the life of Sidney Reilly were bizarre, to say the least. You have to appreciate that Reilly was probably the shrewdest, cleverest and most competent spy ever to perform his duties. It makes it therefore all the more surprising that the end came as it did. Even whilst I was researching Reilly, and before I knew the final denouement, I appreciated that the mysterious organisation 'The Trust' was in reality a most cunning ploy by the Communists to get Reilly back to Russia, where, as you can imagine, he was a much-wanted man. And Reilly fell for it. But how he fell for it.....

After WW I, there was considerable intrigue all over the world involving Russians, both White and Red. White Russians were trying to escape from Russia, and other White Russians were trying to get back again as spies for the Great Powers. Red Russians, belonging to the notorious G. P. U. (who took over from the Cheka) were smuggled out of Russia as White Russians attempting to penetrate White Russian subversive organisations. The situation became so desperately complicated, in fact, that the G. P. U. on several occasions liquidated its own spies by mistake, thinking they were really White Russians.

Reilly, supported by Winston Churchill, and members of the British Secret Service, was doing all it could to sort out the White from the chaff. The Russians were extremely anxious to obtain a considerable financial loan from the United States, and Reilly was in America, and crusaded everywhere like mad to whip up anti-Red feelings. The G. P. U. successfully planted a beautiful female spy in Reilly's New York office, but Reilly speedily discovered her, and for a year wrote letters, which she copied. These letters were in fact written so that the G. P. U. would not be able to know really what was going on, because Reilly came back at night and typed his own correspondence. He did not reveal that he knew of the spy's existence, and he followed her, and eventually noted all her contacts, numbering an entire Communist spy ring in America. And the Russians did not get the American loan.

The Trust was an anti-Communist organisation for rescuing White Russians from Russia and smuggling them across the Finnish frontier. The Brit-



ish Secret Service did not trust The Trust, and a British agent, writing in invisible ink to Reilly, told him of this fact, besides writing about the apparently sincere anti-Communist work of the organisation. Reilly kept in touch with this British agent, and thus was continually informed about The Trust. It was rumoured that members of the Soviet Government were in it, and it seemed to do such good work that Reilly eventually made contact with it. He knew some of the members, and knew them to be violently anti-Communist. In 1925 there were changes at the top in British Intelligence, and Reilly was unofficially approached to actually join The Trust organisation. He went to Paris and met important members of The Trust, but no one knew who really led the outfit, although the leaders lived in Moscow. Reilly was persuaded to go to Finland to meet a certain Nicolai Nicolaivich Bunakoff, who was the highest placed Trust agent outside Russia.

From now on, events were played out with superior subtlety by the Reds. Reilly was supposed to meet high members of The Trust in Helsinki, but it seemed that through unforeseen happenings, they couldn't leave Moscow. However, Reilly was 'persuaded' to move to Wyborg, which was very close to the Russian frontier. Still the higher Trust echelon didn't turn up. It was pointed out to Reilly that it was extremely difficult for them to leave Moscow, because they were so highly-placed, and if they all were missing at the one time it would be very suspicious and dangerous for them. But suppose, Bunakoff told Reilly, suppose he, Reilly, went to Moscow. There was no risk. He would be smuggled in again and smuggled out without anyone knowing..... Reilly could meet the highest members of The Trust, evaluate its powers, and thus be in a position to possibly organise another revolution in Russia, and take over from the Reds. From Reilly's point of view, it was too good a chance to forgo. Although he had been sentenced to death by the Reds for his part in the abortive counter-revolution in 1918, he felt that Russia was in such a mess that he, as a native Russian, should do all he could to save the country. It also appeared to him that if he could reorganise a new revolution, it would redeem his failure in 1918.

So Reilly crossed into Russia on 25th September 1925, and, except for vague rumours, was never heard of again....

Well, the Russians did announce that four smugglers had been shot just inside the Russian frontier on the date Reilly was supposed to return, and a badly wounded man taken to Leningrad by train was alleged to be Reilly, but it later transpired that this was a clever piece of play-acting by the Russians to make it seem that The Trust was not to blame.... that Reilly had met the senior members of The Trust, and had been accidentally shot just as he was crossing to Finland again. This was to let the world know that The Trust was still, er, trustworthy.....

Nothing concrete was ever heard of Sidney Reilly again. It is as certain as it can be that The Trust was a Communist organisation, managed outside Russia by sincere and noted anti-Communists, and its main target was to lure Reilly to Moscow.

That's really all we know.... the Russians, even in 1966, refused to give out any information about what really happened to Reilly. There is a lot of conjecture, a lot of rumour, possibly put out by the Communists. In 1966 a book was published in Russia entitled TROUBLED WATERS, which purported to give a factual account of how Reilly was 'lured' to Moscow. Ostensibly the

book was for home consumption, to show how superb the Russian Secret Service was even way back forty years previously. It described in detail, with actual conversations how, delicately, step by step, Reilly was lured to make the decision himself to go to Moscow. How he made certain statements, and how he was executed after trial by the Revolutionary Tribunal on November 5th 1925.

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The natural question which springs to my mind (and it's probably occurred to you) is.... was Reilly a double-agent, really working for the Reds?

People who knew him for many years, including Sir Bruce Lockhart with whom he worked in Russia, said this was impossible. He was as violently anti-Communist as anyone could possibly be. And yet would anyone believe that the head of the British Counter-Intelligence organisation during the 1950's.... and especially the section to deal with Russian spies, was actually a Russian spy himself, Philby, and had in fact been giving secrets to Russia for over thirty years? The one is equally as incredible as the other. And yet Philby did just that, and except for a series of coincidences might easily have finished up as Head of the British Secret Service.... and he was a Communist. This sort of plot would hardly be considered for a film or book, because it is just too unbelievable.... yet it happened. And certain factors would tend to suggest, in my opinion, that it is by no means certain that Reilly wasn't a double-agent...

For example, all his work prior to his attempted counter-revolution in 1918 had been models of self-assurance and self-discipline... and yet in 1918 he reveals his complete plan of campaign to a foreign secret service with whom he had never worked. And the counter-revolution fails..... to the advantage of the Reds.

Lockhart, and most of the foreign agents in Russia who were working on the counter-revolutions were captured. Reilly was not. And yet Cheka agents must have been very close to him.

On his return to England, he asks to become a member of the British Secret Service... to the advantage of the Reds.

He is still supposedly very anti-Communist, and regularly meets Winston Churchill and other highly-placed British Secret Agents... and discusses with them plans to fight the Communists.... and he could easily have helped plan campaigns and policy as he had done with the Kaiser.... this would have definitely been an advantage to the Communists.

He knew personally all the important anti-Communists and White Russian leaders, and their plans and dispositions.... a huge advantage to the Reds.

And yet he, of all people, allows himself to be captured in Moscow whilst unofficially working for the British Secret Service.

Was Reilly too good to be true.....?

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BAH... HUMBUG - CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7 (THIS IS IT, VERA, THERE'S NO MORE ROOM.)

great deal of loud groaning and moaning by the fans just about every episode this season. It may be we're asking too much; it may be we're losing a sense of proportion. I think Kay Anderson's comments are well-taken, and with her permission, am quoting from a letter she sent me recently: "I can't see your complaints about the poor quality of SF this season. Compare, please, to this point last season. We had Amok, Adonais, Changeling, Horror, Apple & Doomsday. Truly a mixed bag: from the best dramatic sf I ever saw to some awfully mediocre cutesy-pie stories. And Freiburger wasn't even around to blame. How come no one ever kicked Coon? (Some have, Kay). He produced some pickles, too. Anyhow, I think this season compares with last. It hasn't the acme of Changeling, and Spock's Brain out-Appled the Apple, but the general mean I think, is somewhat better at this point."

OH ARGHH! CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

It is getting to be that time of the year. The sun is not yet risen when I go out in the morning to scrape the frost off the Big Green Machine to go to work and it has already set when I come home at evening. Any morning now the Albuquerque JOURNAL will print its annual joke about the Japanese launching a satellite--there's a nip in the air--and Diana and René are now asking me to water the horses in the morning. Actually, winter doesn't begin until noon on 20 January but it will last for four years. Yes, it is getting to be that time of the year.

The time of the year when all trufen stop and reflect on the year's stficcional output and try to decide on what to nominate for the Hugo.

I think I'll pass on making nominations for most of the categories this time. I haven't read enough during the past year to really make a judgement. Lest anyone accuse me of slipping over the line into faaanishness let me hasten to add that it has simply been a matter of not having the time to read all I wanted to. Of what I have read, Lieber's "The Swords of Lankhmar" stands high on the list and I'll probably nominate it in the novel category.

I have, however, managed to keep my eyes open long enough to have a look at the contenders in the "Best Dramatic Presentation" category. This is never an easy one. Back before radio died it was known as the "Best Audio-Visual Presentation" and over the years I suppose the most frequent winner has been "No Award". Ken Rudolph wants to restore the "Audio" part of the category since there have been a number of record albums on stf themes during the past year. I see no reason why they shouldn't be included.

The "Best Dramatic Presentation" was dominated by STAR TREK last year but this year motion pictures are exceedingly strong. There may have been some plays and opera on stf themes but these usually have too small of an audience to get consideration--and that is one of the weaknesses of the Drama Hugo.

There is, I think, only one real contender for this year's Drama Hugo: the magnificent, flawed, mind-bending motion picture "2001: A Space Oddesey." Nothing else that was on view in 1968 comes anywhere near it.

"Planet of the Apes" had good make-up (but no better than that in 2001) but was weak in just about everything else. (I find it amusing that the local movie critics, in their reviews of "Planet of the Apes", complained about motion pictures that are slanted at a small minority of science fiction fans rather than the general public whereas the stfen are almost unanimous in opining that PoA was aimed at the general public and not the fans.)

"Wild in the Streets" received some praise at Baycon because "that is where it's at". Where it is at is in the category of a bad Class B quickie rather on a par with The Teen-Age Blob that Mistook Minneapolis for Frozen Custard and Ate It. The theme was valid but the presentation was bad.

The only entry from the box in the living room is "Home" by Megan Terry which was presented on NET Playhouse. This was a fine, sensitive story set in the far future and dealing with the results of unchecked population growth. It was definitely New Wavish and definitely good.

STAR TREK? Vera will hate me but not a single episode of STAR TREK for 1968 is worth considering. The show has slipped to the level of the general run of television programming which puts it somewhere below comic books as a visual presentation.



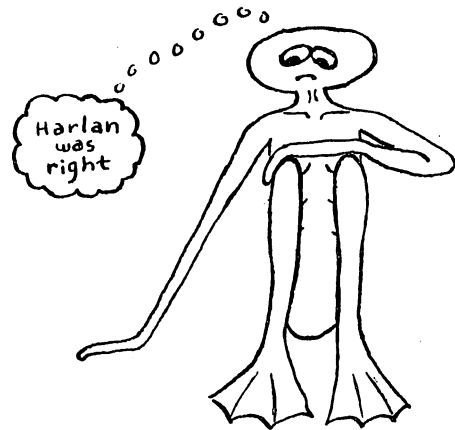
## Vonderings

by Vonda McIntyre

"Don't turn me into a computer card!"

I'm a student and I've said the same thing. In high school, I often dreamily contemplated bending, folding, mutilating, even (heaven forbid, but oh, bliss) destroying the handful of pink cards I got handed every quarter; once when one was dropped in the hall outside French VII I ran out into the hall to stomp it (why not? It wasn't mine), but someone had carefully picked it up, to prevent its being bent, folded, mutilated, stomped, or (heaven forbid) destroyed, and spirited it away.

I've sneered at the little slips of computer-processed paper that the University sends me at the end of every quarter, with my student number (6632147), my major changed from 256 to 112 two quarters late, my number of credits earned (even the computer isn't sure of that), two All-Powerful GPAs (forget it), my quarter grades, etc., etc., etc. I've cursed the twelve dozen cards they send me in the middle of each quarter to fill out with my name, rank, and serial number, address, telephone, person to call in case of emergency (I know at least one person, not myself, who put down "Ambassador and Mrs. Sarek," and another, also not myself, who put down "Harlan Ellison" and called L.A. information to get the correct phone number), and etc., etc., etc.



And I've cried, "I'm not a computer card! Don't run me thru your machine!"

The demand these days is to eliminate the assembly-line aspects of higher education, bring back personalized, individual treatment. Students Are Not Punch Cards. The banner reads, "Kill the Computer!"

And I carried that banner until early last year, when I became a keypunch operator. (And I'm not paid that much, and the hours are abominable, so don't accuse me of selling out.) Being a keypunch operator puts me not in a class with but in the company of computer programmers, and gives me at least a minimum of authority to comment on the subject of punch cards and allied operations.

This generation of working computers is stupid. There is research toward teaching computers to talk, see, smell-touch-taste, and even think (whatever that is), but MYCROFTXXX and Allied Mastercomputer-Adaptive Manipulator-Aggressive Menace-AM aside, computers right now are "all stupid." They do what people tell them to do, even if it is wrong, and they continue to do it until they are told to stop. They will drive you up the wall doing the wrong thing until you figure out what idiot mistake it is you made on your program, a mistake any (human) moron would have seen and pointed out instantly.

And this is the flaw in the Kill the Computer plea. Computers do not treat people like computer cards. People treat people like computer cards.

THOUGHT FOR THE CORNER:

ARGH!

I just finished a job that was formerly performed by enslaved sorority girls working for required brownie points which were invented for the purpose of requiring sorority girls to do that job. It was a dull job, but without keypunch and computer it would have been several times as dull and several powers as timeconsuming. The computer created a lot of spare time for a lot of girls.

What it was spent on, I don't know. Perhaps a few of them found time to join Seattle Tutoring Agency for Youth. But I suspect most of them read Made-moiselle, or were put to other menial tasks by their sororities to earn those outdated but persisting brownie points.

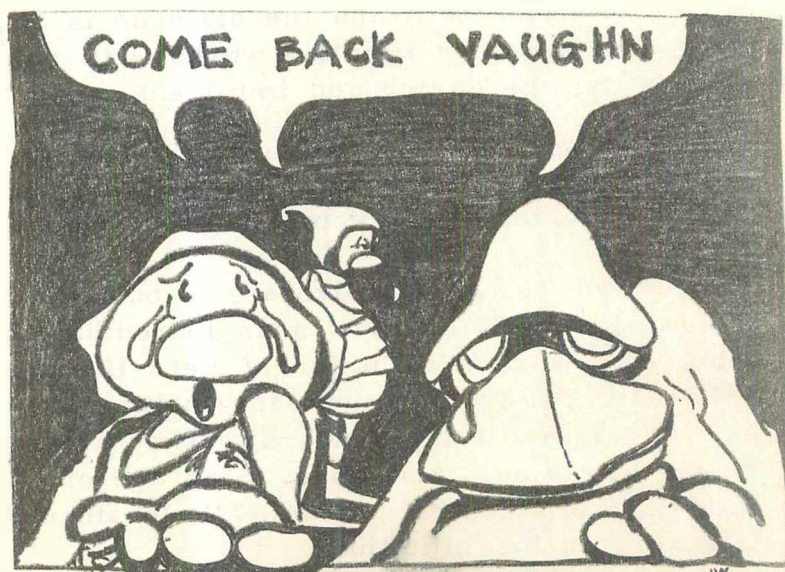
And that is the trouble. Computers really do add to the power of man's mind, Virginia. They really do. But people are lazy. People who formerly begged off personalized relationships--caring--on grounds of being inundated by paperwork now beg off on other grounds--too many people, too many extracurricular activities, and again, etc., etc., etc. The people who are people now that computers have helped them at least partly emerge from the paper morass were people B. C.-- Before, of course, Computers.

What to do? I don't know. I wish I did. In a way, it's too bad that it isn't the computers who are turning us into punch cards and transcribing us onto magnetic tape. It's a lot easier to reprogram a computer than to reprogram a person. Limited Introductory Offer: translate your computerized bills. Send SASE to me, 3014-135th NE, Bellevue, Wash 98004, and I'll send you (\*absolutely free\*) a beautiful pastel computer card with translation of all those mysterious little holes. Guaranteed to tell you what the gas company says about you behind your back, provided the gas company's computer uses the same language the University's does, and provided the punches aren't coded into fields (as is likely). Under these circumstances it may not be too useful, but it might be interesting anyway.

I am now going to exercise the privilege the title of this column gives me and change the subject completely. No one ever accused me of having an overdeveloped concentration span.

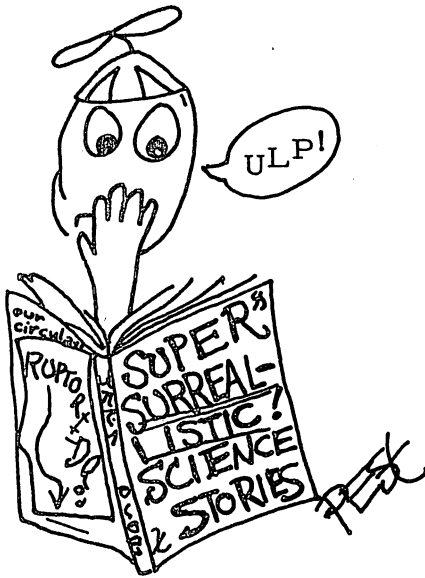
The following is one of the best demonstrations of subjective obscenity I have ever come across: A primary-grade teacher said, "A frugal person is a person who saves. Now, students, use the word 'frugal' in a paragraph."

"Once upon a time," a little boy wrote, "there was a handsome prince who heard a beautiful princess crying 'Help! Help! Frugal me!'" So he frugaled her and they lived happily ever after.



## WHAT'S NEW ABOUT THE NEW WAVE?

by Paul Stanbery



This New Wave material should come up ... at our next meeting ...

A prominent scientist named Dr. Edward Teller once made the remark, in the course of a television interview, "The trouble with science fiction today is that it's not imaginative enough."<sup>1</sup>

I have always tended to agree. Naturally, the truly great writers of science fiction, the Jules Vernes, the Gernsbacks, the H. G. Wells', the Clarkes and even the Heinleins have exercised imagination. The fact that the exceptional character of their imaginations surpassed the weakness, in many cases, of their writing ability, has put their writing into the library of "mainstream" literature.

For instance, a story like The Time Machine, apart from its obvious socialistic implications for its own day, has such a terrifying parallel to the "hippie" (Eloi, Hebrew for "God") / Police (Morlock -- and I don't know its equivalent in Hebrew) schism of today, that it proves itself to be of enduring value. Because of its vision (although its prophecy bore fruit within a century instead of the 800,000 years it thought would have to elapse before an evolutionary pleasure seeker / producer schism would occur) and because of its literary merits, which are considerable -- Wells being a prose stylist of great talent -- The Time Machine has survived.

In a similar way, Stranger in a Strange Land has passed into mainstream consciousness. The infamous Marshall MacLuhan mentioned it in a LOOK MAGAZINE article, for heaven's sake. But though Stranger is weak literarily -- as is most of Heinlein's work -- it has a fascinating grasp of the semantics of jealousy and a good story line and there are fascinating looks at the workings of social institutions and the nature of man's relations to them -- but there are no descriptive passages that I would like to read aloud; there is little real insight about the nature of characters and the dialogue is downright crudely made. Stranger, like a good many other Heinlein works, will survive because of the fierce power and originality, the daring and imminent sensibility of the intellect behind it.

These two works, then, are examples of science fiction that has come to effect the mainstream consciousness. It is interesting to note, however, that the one of enduring literary merit -- at least the one that mainstream critics say

1. Edward Teller, an advocate of bomb-testing, sometime Professor at the University of California, is an incredible character who speaks English much more like Wally's depiction of Vera Heminger in CRY 177 than does Vera herself. Dr. Teller is famous for making incredibly outspoken observations such as, "What are flying saucers? They are miracles. Mankind has always a need to see miracles. And what, in an age of science, could fulfill that need more fully than a scientific miracle?" Jonathan Winters does a fantastically good imitation on his imitation.



has it -- was written by an author whose primary field of endeavor was not commercially published science fiction. Other artists like Huxley, Orwell, and the film director Stanley Kubrick brought their imaginations -- sometimes often -- to science fiction. But the prime field of their work was not commercially and regularly produced science fiction. Their intellect was not, through long years of selling, honed to fit the requirements of a science fiction magazine editor.

By contrast, Robert A. Heinlein has confined his efforts -- some of them of high conventional literary merit<sup>2</sup> -- to science fiction. Most of his early stories, including his first effort, were published in ASTOUNDING. It is no wonder that John W. Campbell wrote the preface to THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON.

Though it is obvious that Heinlein himself has not tried to fit the requirements of any single editor, a particular technological slant familiar to ASTOUNDALOG readers is evident in his work.

It is my contention that only very rarely will great artistic work ever survive the day-to-day production requirements and the meticulous audience catering that goes into the popular media. Take, for example, one of the most crassly commercial fields of creative endeavor today, what some production people like to call, "the music industry" -- one hell of a title (in every sense) to affix to an art.

As hordes of teeny-boppers -- not to say pop-music lovers in fandom -- would squeal in indignation at my unavoidable conclusion that their beloved "groovy sounds" will not survive forever, let us take for example the popular music of the nineteen forties. "Swing," big band music, was tremendously popular. It is true that certain styles of that music, Glen Miller's, for instance, have survived to this day. They still sell in recorded versions and bands playing in that style still have concert and dance bookings. But most fans of that music are people who were young people when it was at the height of its popularity. Concert-goers are much less interested in hearing it than they are in hearing Strauss waltzes. Some elements of big band styles have been incorporated in the arrangements of orchestras like the Stan Kenton, Oliver Nelson, and Neal Hefti groups -- but all these leaders have evolved big band styles that differ markedly from popular sounds of the forties.

The most creative big band was that of Claude Thornhill. He is talked about, praised, imitated -- but his original arrangements are not played. There are certain pieces of swing music that are played today in the original version -- and not even by the original performers. They are pieces like Stravinsky's Ebony Concerto, Morton Gould's Interplay, and Leonard Bernstein's Fancy Free. Segments of Rodgers' South Pacific show swing influence. But all were written by composers whose major contributions were made in other media, and who did not strive to achieve the standards set by "the industry." In short, "Swing" will be dead by the end of this century. By the same token, the "Rock" music

2. "The thin air of Mars was chill but not really cold," -- RED PLANET, and "the tranquil tears of tragic joy," -- GREEN HILLS OF EARTH, still stay in my mind.



"Guys, we had that out at the last Worldcon. If man had been meant to fly, he'd have been born with wings ... "

of today will share, by 2000 A.D., the limbo to which it relegated the totally different "Rock" of the Fifties.

In contrast, classical music of the same period survives and often, as in the case of creators like Anton Webern, increases in popularity with the passing years. Why? Because the classical artist, unlike the commissioned hack, sets his own values, works at his own speed, and chooses media that suit him. The result is a work which, like the person it is a facet of, will never lose its pertinence and which offers, like a person, a rich (often baffling) multitude of unique experiences.

Unfortunately for classical music, it is this multiplicity of experiences, all compressed within a short duration of time, that -- as well as giving the work in it lasting value -- limits classical music to an audience, necessarily, of people who are interested in deeply involving themselves in a work of art. To other people, the "popular" majority, it only gives headaches.

By an examination of music, too, we can see how strictly experimental devices, which caused riots when they were introduced in 1914 in classical music, can, like polytonality, gradually work their way through the cultural strata until they find their way into "popularity." Jazz introduced polytonality in the early 1950's and lost its popular audience, but, probably through television background scores, which have traditionally (i.e., until Mancini) drawn on classical sources, the young people now reaching maturity accept polytonality coming from sources like "The Cream." These young people have the gall to refer to their music as "new." Were they not so ignorant,<sup>3</sup> they could have known it years ago.

In the same way, science fiction, as "popular" literature aimed at a mass audience, has only slowly incorporated the advances (or deteriorations) made in mainstream literature. From its inception until about 1950, science fiction was basically "entrepreneurial" literature. It took a hero -- the space opera's hero shows much similarity to the classic "horse-opera" lead<sup>4</sup> -- and let him over-

3. While playing a section of J. S. Bach's (1685-1750) The Musical Offering, a set of variations on a theme by Frederick the Great, I was approached by a young Army cook who wanted to know why my composer stole from the Beatles' Penny Lane, in which George Martin has returned to the Baroque Era open-valve or "high" trumpet to give his audience a "fresh" -- though anything but new -- sound, much as he did in Eleanor Rigby by giving his accompaniment to that old chamber music stand-by, the String Quartet.

4. This may be why Leigh Brackett, so outstanding at sci-fi like The Starmen / The Galactic Breed, could do such a fine job on a John Wayne - Robert Mitchum western screenplay.

come adversaries. The first true novel, Don Quixote, used precisely the same idea, though with much less predictable devices and twists of plot. Space operas and science stories -- stories whose main plot was continual discovery by the reader of new gadgets, were the mainstay of science fiction until about 1950. The "slip-stream" novel: historical, mystery, western, and similar genres all have their own counterparts to this elementary kind of writing and all have their own faithful following. The first type, historical, is most prone to "mainstream" or "unconventional" uses of its prime device: the placement of characters in a time foreign to our own. Least susceptible to variation is the western, which demands fairly wooden people for audience involvement. The prototype of formula fiction, however, is the mainstream material of an earlier era. During the first part of the nineteenth century, the entrepreneurial or adventure story was a widely accepted form used by many of the authors who, even today, are considered leading creators of that period.

"Realism," the tendency of writing to deal with real situations and real people began in the early 1800's and gained complete ascendancy by the end of the century. With widespread literacy by 1900, there came a need -- or market, which is the more realistic term -- for "popular" fiction, fiction which would fill a widespread need of the industrial society's public: filling leisure time with an illusion that they were overcoming the frustration and pointlessness of their daily routine -- vicarious entrepreneurship, or "escape" reading. The western novel and mystery began in the pseudo-accounts of adventures of popular heroes of the 19th century. And Gernsback began science fiction. But it was not until science fiction attained characteristics of "realism" that made it difficult to differentiate it from "high-grade" mainstream fiction, in the late forties, that it began to appear in mainstream publications like the Saturday Evening Post. When it did, new readers were attracted, and one of its periodic booms began. .

Inevitably, whenever science fiction literature is discussed or gains access to mainstream media, new readers are attracted, and the boom cycles take place.

Usually, the maturation of a new generation of science fiction writers is enough to signal the birth of a new boom. As one can see echoes of Bulwer-Lytton and the melodramas in Edmond Hamilton and E. E. Smith, so it seems that Hemingway finds voice in Heinlein and the robot stories of Isaac Asimov. Any comparisons, here, are overdrawn, of course. But certain similarities in depth of characterization and in the voice and attitude of the author are what lead me to these rather rash comparisons.

The new material in the new fiction causes a growth in new interest from the mainstream. Usually this is exhausted, however, so far as science fiction magazines are concerned. The reason is that most editors are doing their job as a labor of love. Each one is "creating" a magazine and their trouble is they too often forget the quotation marks. As I have tried to establish earlier, the best work of a creator is done when he is possessed of an individual vision and is free to express it with the best means at his command. He simply cannot function to his full capacity if he is limiting his vision to the view of an audience. An editor may make the mistake of printing only the kind of story he would like to write for his magazine -- or at least one of the same general



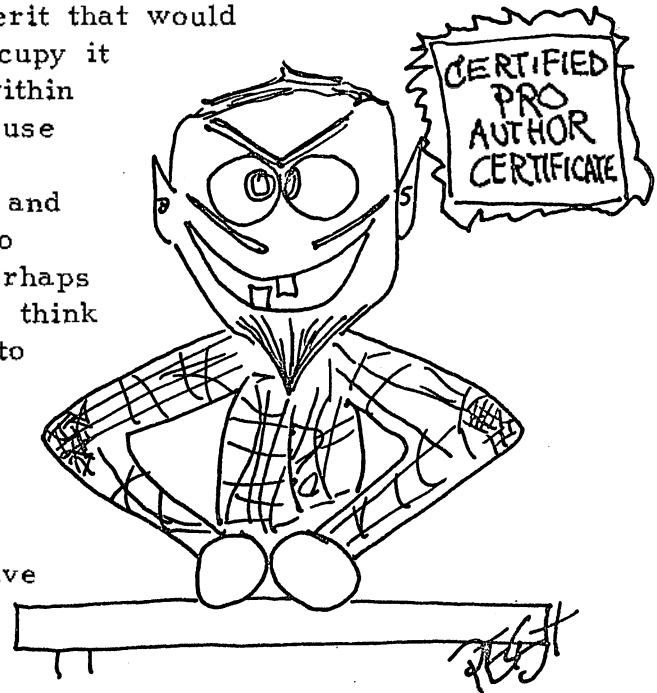
flavor. He may miss a piece of genuine merit that would perhaps enthrall an audience rather than occupy it simply because the story doesn't quite fit within his taste. I think the sci-fi booms die because editors -- and money-minded writers, too -- substitute rules and formulas for invention, and the spark that makes a story good goes. To produce a magazine at regular intervals, perhaps the ideal system would be to have an editor think up a group of story ideas and assign them to various writers (this is done, to a limited extent, in most of the "better" mainstream magazines), who then might sub-assign particularly knotty paragraphs to sundry ghosts. The problem is that the product you have as a result is, like any co-operative effort, without the unified cohesion and understanding and involvement of a work produced by one man. It may be as unified in style as TIME MAGAZINE, but its fire goes dead.

Edward Teller's statement, quoted at the beginning of this article, bites home when science, filled with incredible new discoveries and posing fantastic new problems, is forgotten by science fiction writers who, basking in memories of old pulp covers, rehash the same old hackneyed gadgets with perhaps a dash of realistic character development lifted from the Scribner's Magazines of the twenties. Science fiction was topical in the twenties when it dealt with the devices of technology and it became topical again in the fifties when it began focussing on the everyday man who lived with technology rather than the adventures of inventors. Heinlein's main point, as a realist, was that though technology changes, people don't. I think that now people are beginning to be changed by technology. Will science fiction be able to be both topical and firey?

Because if it has no topicality, it will do no more justice to science than TRUE LOVE ROMANCES... "Speculative" fiction, a term that's really rather redundant, considering the fact that any fiction is the work of the imagination, must also strike creative fire -- or it will lose its audience.

Come the 1960's and a new discovery of science fiction by mainstream media. The television program Star-Trek is not the only use of sci-fi techniques in mainstream. William Burroughs' novels certainly use science fiction paraphernalia, although they are far from popular, and there are a new generation of science fiction movies from Hollywood. There is a new interest in science fiction. What does the new generation of science fiction magazines promise their new public?

The editors seem to want to give them space operas in the grand tradition and new realistic whoppers. But the style, however, is that of writers who



"My next story will be a really wild adventure about the weird interconnections that jam my deepest subconscious mind whenever I'm trying to get the idea for my next story."

are either dead or who have left the magazine field for more lucrative and less restrictive novel-writing pursuits. The editors are buying new stuff by feeble imitators with little of the old fire that made such greats as Edgar Rice Burroughs endure.

And with what is the new generation trying to replace them? A "new wave" of science fiction was promised by Harlan Ellison and his cohorts at Funcon '68. It promised freedom of expression, or realism -- or at least realistic depiction of feelings -- which has very suspicious similarities to the literary goals of the late James Joyce, perhaps Norman Mailer, very probably the almost surrealistic achievements of Mickey Spillane. This is definitely a movement as new to science fiction today as "realism" was in the mid-forties, but, by a mainstream yardstick, it is thirty years old and very familiar.

The established order opposes the New Wave with accusations very similar to the ones with which the mainstream opposed the expressionistic creations of Joyce in an earlier day. "The public won't understand it, will be depressed by it, shocked by it, won't buy it -- and, besides, it's spiritual vomit."<sup>5</sup>

The arguments the establishment uses against the New Wave are very close, too, to the arguments I once heard in a symposium that pitted two Russian composers who had survived the Stalinist era very comfortably against a young Scotch composer named Iain Hamilton.<sup>6</sup> Hamilton's point was that the artist should do anything he damned well pleased. The Russians pointed out they thought the artist had a responsibility to express himself in terms the public could understand. Hamilton countered with the obvious argument: how could they get to understand that which they weren't exposed to. To back Hamilton's point, we could cite the familiar -- but true -- examples: the critics called Beethoven's 2nd Symphony, "walpurghisnacht among the water buffaloes," they thought Debussy's La Mer was sheer racket, they bombasted Wagner, etc., etc., Most pieces sure to be forgotten arouse little discomfort. Take for example the neglected work of David Diamond. But, like science fiction fans, music critics ferociously attack anything that defies the current fashion. And think themselves erudite for doing so.

In other words, editors should perhaps take it upon themselves to print one story each issue that they loathe, but feel has some merit, and see what happens.

5. I think it very doubtful that the potential juvenile delinquent named Harlan Ellison would have become anything but a delinquent if he had found "new wave" meanderings between the covers of the science fiction magazines he claimed inspired him to do better. He probably would have left them on the newsstand. The question of whether Harlan has really ever completely abandoned delinquency anyway is not the subject of this article.

6. One of his earlier compositions, a frothy but pleasant thing called Scottish Dances, is available on Louisville Records. A later invention, Symphonia for Two Orchestras, which is something so notorious that it was even satirized in one of the Hoffnung Festivals -- but which really bears a superficial resemblance to a work by the Stan Kenton arranger (and much neglected) Bob Graettinger, City of Glass -- is on the Odeon import label.

This, of course, still would not solve the present quandary in which sfantasy finds itself.

The new wave has thus far offered little but spiritual vomit. This substance the present mainstream literary field, including some of the avante-garde -- not to mention the newspapers -- offers in quantity. On a commercial basis, and in lieu of the fact that it is, after all, some writers doing "their thing" which is what writers are supposed to do -- and which is what most science fiction writers are not doing today -- they are doing Tolkiens or Flemings or E. E. Smiths or John W. Campbells, New Wave efforts should be published on account of the possibility they at least have fire.

But science fiction is "popular" literature. It appeals to a market of people looking for vicarious satisfaction, not for real answers to real problems. If its audience was looking for real solutions, it would probably not be reading science fiction in the first place.

There is the possibility that with today's high educational level and the use of psychedelic drugs and increased sexual freedom, people are going to be looking for mere literary sensation as a substitute for vicarious problem-solving. And editors might do well to consider that the New Wave authors might be able to dredge up a steady supply of vicarious sensations. Sort of a verbal light-show. After all, New Wave authors, most of whom worked their way up through the old hack environment, have the discipline that will enable them to produce a far more constant stream of material than could their mainstream counterparts.

Since the New Wave merely uses literary devices quite familiar to contemporary mainstream authors from Pynchon to John Barth, there is little chance that it will introduce any new imagination into science fiction comparable to the imagination which will be being mustered by our scientists. Since science-fiction authors generally echo rather than oppose conventional opinions they will never succeed in equipping us with means to accommodate ourselves to the vast new cybernetic planning and control elements, for instance, that will become a principal influence on our lives by 1980. Like most people -- and unlike immortal pioneers like Verne, Wells, Gernsback, and, possibly, Clarke and Asimov -- they oppose machines as being "diabolical" and so, by advocating unfeasible abolishment of technology, make themselves impotent to control its expanding application.

My concluding remarks must give voice to my suspicion that "literary schools," like musical ones, are only really meaningful to critics for the purpose of simplifying creation to active aficionados. The creator himself to create well, must create free of limitations. The fact that Tchaikovsky did not belong to the group of "The Russian Five" composers does not make him any less Russian. The fact that six French composers signed a manifesto in their conservatory days does anything but explain the contrasting musical development of Milhaud and Poulenc. Any mildly serious listener can tell the similarity between Ravel and Debussy, yet that does not explain the fact that they were arch rivals while Ravel got on better with Stravinsky, with whom his music has virtually nothing in common.



My point is that positive arguments and ones that oppose the general trends or attitudes are ones that make history and mainstream contributions. Since science fiction has attempted to snare a "popular" audience, it cannot afford to be original and, since it is not original, it is not worth mainstream consideration. When it is original, it then attracts all the recognition it deserves.

Since there is nothing truly original in what the New Wavists seem, so far, to be trying to do even if they incorporate present-day mainstream devices, it is doubtful that they will attract the mainstream attention they are probably vying for, because they have no substantial original contribution to make. If the authors of the New Wave are being sincere, they deserve some recognition in print -- since sincerity itself is inherently more likely to contain the fire that makes a good story than the failing attempt to restore life to moribund models -- but they will never make science fiction as imaginative as you hoped it would be when you first picked up a sf magazine.

BAH... HUMBUG CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22 (WE'VE TAKEN OUT THE LAST CARTOONS TO MAKE THIS SPACE, VERA. WHAT YOU DON'T USE, WE CAN USE TO RUN ADS IN.)

"Acting is better this year than it has ever been. There is less cheap-jack scripting in throwing in a few expendable security men to get killed to liven things up. In eight episodes two crewmen have been killed, neatly, 2001-ishly, and strangely, rather shockingly, offstage. I think the problem is that, having saved ST, people felt that it would be much better this year. They thought it would suddenly be the greatest thing on the airwaves, and it just didn't improve all that much. I think it has come up in quality, though. ST can't get too good, or it will be over the head of its audience and down the drain, pretty quickly. Sturgeon's Law says 90% of everything is crud...I think we're getting better than 10% good stories out of ST." (YOU DONE? OOPS, SORRY.)

"I think I see what you mean. You want the show to be great. We love ST so much we want it to be perfect, and when it isn't we feel betrayed. It seems they at ST have insulted our taste. That isn't what we saved ST to see; every flaw stands out horribly. I think everyone had just as well realized it isn't that bad, and it probably will never be as good as we want it to be. Enjoy, enjoy."

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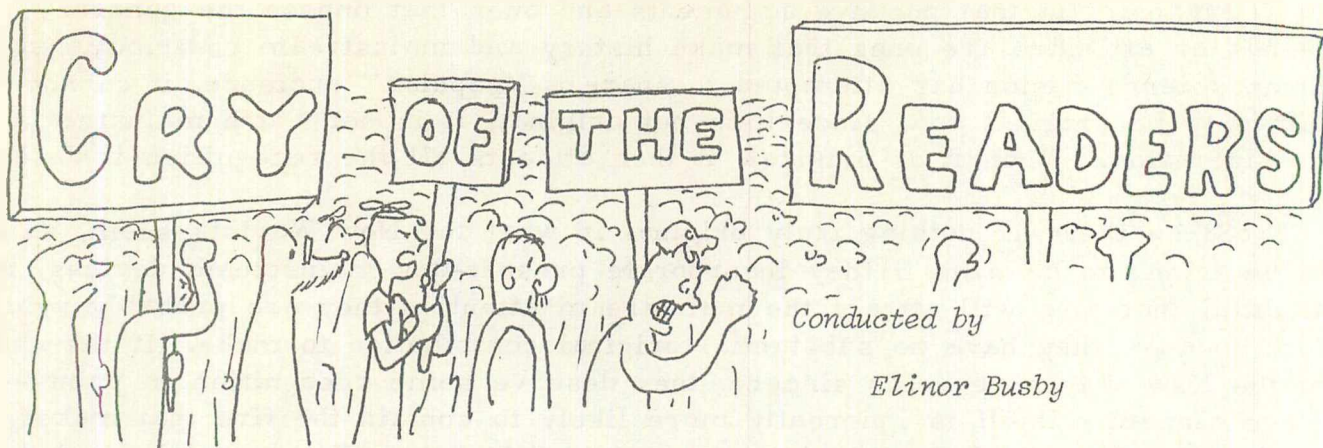
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(GODDAMN NO NO NO NOT AGAIN! WELL, MAYBE...YES, I GUESS WE CAN...) CONT'D ON PAGE 52!! 33

(WHAT DO YOU  
THINK YOU  
ARE DOING?  
STOP!!)



ISAAC ASIMOV SMILES GRIMLY

Dear Miss Busby,

45 Greenough Street, West Newton  
Mass., 02165

I received CRY 177 and got a grim smile out of one part of Harlan Ellison's letter. I quote:

"The arrogant and insulting fans who feel there is some sort of nobility in approaching me--often for the first time they have ever met me--with a rude and hostile remark on their lips, can expect to get the uglier side of my nature."

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I THINK MARSHA HAS A RIGHT TO BE BROWNE OFF 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx, N.Y.  
Dear Elinor: 10457

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The who else in question (i.e., the patronesses) consist at present of me, Susan Lewis, Cory Seidman, and Bjo Trimble, and we expect to have another tea at St. Louis. If it works out well, we may turn it into an annual affair since it seems as reasonable a thing to attend at a con as a Dumdum or a Hyporean Legion Muster. Hopefully, Cory, who has started

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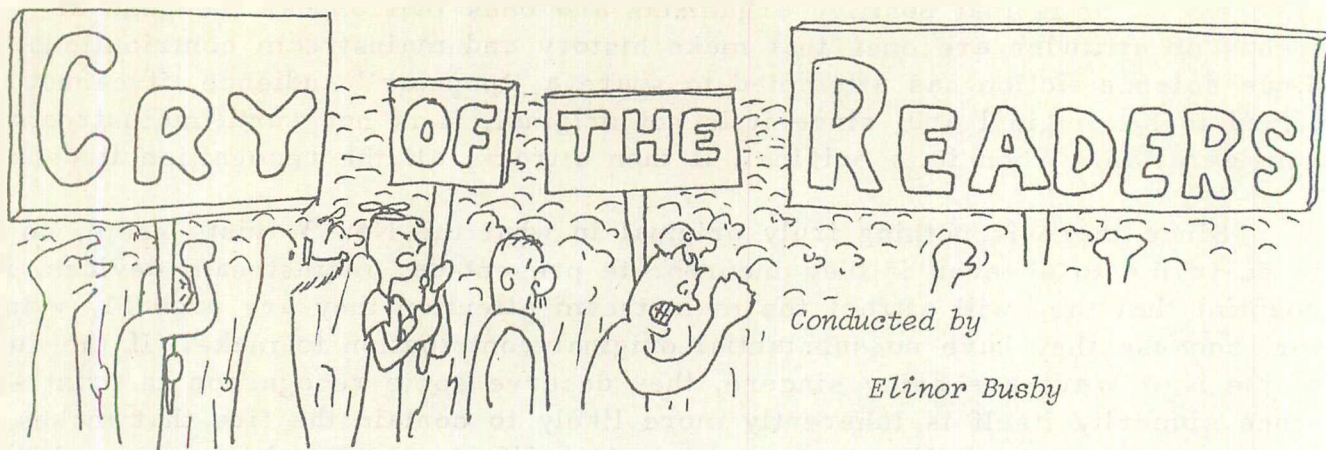
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making ratafia, will be able to make up some for the St. Louis tea and we may manage some more solid refreshments to go with the liquid types. Admission will again be by voucher only. This is sort of self defense because the second Heyer tea was held at the last Boskone and was open. The inevitable result was that the room was jammed with people who had no interest in Heyer and simply wanted some free tea and cakes. Not much fun for the rest of us.

I don't think that Jack was originally supposed to be the hero of COTILLION. I think she simply decided to use a Pink of the Ton as a hero and gradually let you find out what a marvellous character he really was. I do feel sorry that Lord Legerwood didn't play a larger part in the story as he has been one of my favorite minor characters for a long time. (Agreed. He is delightful.) Got a copy of COUSIN KATE, Heyer's latest, and was startled to find out that it is a gothic. A real one, complete with dark family secrets and ominous happenings and a beautiful young girl with no relatives to protect her. Thankfully, it is redeemed by the fact that most of the characters are Georgette Heyer characters rather than standard gothic types. It isn't particularly good but is reasonable entertaining.

Glad to see someone mentioning the whirlpool. I just fell in love with that gadget and think they ought to be put on the list of desirable con hotel facilities. (Definitely!) One of the reasons that Browns originally migrated to the whirlpool was that the lifeguard refused to allow beachballs in the pool. His explanation was that if he let one ball into the pool soon everyone would bring one and they would multiply and cover the whole pool and he just couldn't let that happen. Very weird lifeguard. He also objected to just about any other water sport we thought up except tag and how long can you play tag anyhow. He never did manage to think up a rule about over flow parties though, just looked more and more upset as the water rose.

Marsha Brown

*(Marsha, I can't tell you how sorry I am that you didn't receive CRY 176. If I can locate any around the house, I'll definitely send you one. At present they are totally lost. Vera is the mailing dept., and she does a magnificent job except that she doesn't know everybody yet, and I'm not giving her any help at all although I know I really should. So these things happen, and I feel quite mortified and hope those slighted will be tolerant and forgiving. #What is ratafia, precisely? Does Cory have a recipe to share? #For Almack's Assemblies, only tea and bread and butter are really correct refreshments. If you are going to live it up and serve ratafia, you should call your meetings something else. Right? #THE RELUCTANT WIDOW and THE TALISMAN RING are definitely gothics. Is COUSIN KATE substantially more so?)*

GREAT TRUTHS FROM BELIZEA

P. O. BOX 657, Belize City, British Honduras

Dear CRY:

Well, I was sure glad to get the last issue...finally caught up with me... seems like years since I got the one before that. Who does your mailing? Lessee now, last I recollect, Mae Surtees Strelkov was writing about aboriginal and/or native legends in Patagonia. So how about I fill you in on native legends of Belizea, alias British Honduras, how about? Have to be brief as I've got to get back to finishing THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH for Ace Specials (advt.). To begin with, there is Tata Duwende or Duhende or Duende. Well sir and memsir, Tata D is the Spook of the Woods down yere. He is short and wears a big black hat. But has a complex about having only four fingers.. No thumbs. If you see him, hold up your hands but tuck your thumbs out of

sight--if he thinks that you've only got four fingers on each hand, okay. If he realizes that you've got five, he'll grab yez and take yez away to a lair in the tree and feed yez on raw meat alone. That's your second risk, kids: don't eat that meat! No, you won't starve to death; rather than let that happen, Duhende will release you. But if you weaken and eat a bit of the raw meat, you've had it, boys and girls, because "Den Duhende gweyn crock ahf you tumbs an' mek you like heem..." Also beware of sexual honeyfoglins with duhendes male or female, those always come to a bad end. Date your own kind, kids; let's not hear any of this pinko-liberal dupe nonsense like, "Some of my best friends have only eight fingers." Well, I see that my space is almost up, and I guess the rest of the book has to be filled with something called Star Trek or Drek or Shmek, I dunno what this is, like I say, I been away; but I suspect it is one of Harlan's shticks. He's got a million of um. Next ish then, or the ish after, depending on over- or underwhelming (hi Harlan) publick demand, maybe I'll tell yez about the Hasiponpi, or the little people who eat the embers, or the ghost ship Jock O'Lantern, or how not to wake up people who are having nightmares. So, until then please keep up the good work and how about some illos...uh...illoes...?

Love and kisses,

Avram Davidson

*(Love and kisses to you too, Avram. Consider yourself overwhelmed, okay? #I don't know whether it's illos or illoes. I spell it either way, depending on the inspiration of the moment.)*

BJO WAS NOT TRIMBLING

417 N. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles,  
California, 90004

Dear Elinor and Vera:

Re CRY 177, Vera, you said in a letter that it was being sent to Bjo because her name was mentioned. I assume you were referring to the poisonous note from Sid Rogers in the lettercol. I'm very surprised that you'd print something like that; Bjo and I both thought CRY was above such scandal-mongering.

In the future, kindly spare us copies of such "mentions"; we need that sort of garbage like we need a plague of locusts.

I'd like to do a little quick record-straightening, however, not that it will see the light of day. (*Guess again.*) To begin with, the "bitch of Berkeley" business stems from an accusation last summer on Sid's part, that Bjo liked being thought of as "the bitch of the LASFS". Bjo replied that she liked being thought of as any sort of bitch about as well as Sid would enjoy being thought of as the bitch of Berkeley fandom.

Bjo had been invited to the Galaxy parties; she only attended one, so on the night in question, she was discussing young artists and their future in the SF field with Fred Pohl. She did not particularly notice Sid at the party; any paleness on Bjo's part noticed by anyone could be chalked up to what we'd thought was a minor head-cold, and which came close to being pneumonia before it'd run its course (if we'd realized how serious it was going to be, we simply wouldn't have gone to the con at all). Surely if Bjo was really scared of Sid, we would have avoided the Baycon in the first place.)

Sincerely,

John Trimble

*(Okay, John--we will try to remember to spare you future copies of such mentions. But if we forget, bear with us.)*



You can't kid me. That's no alien on page 12 of CRY 177.

He's a master bung-starter from the brewery in Plzn, wearing a plastic mask, who fled to the West ahead of the fiendish Russkies.

He is saying "Stick your finger down your throat, Terran," in Czechoslovakian, for reasons best known to himself.

Which happens to be the only sentence I know which consists completely of consonants. You roll the r's when you say it and the c sounds like "ch" and the whole thing does sound like you should have your finger down your throat.

However I enclose a picture of the real Sgt. Saturn.

Do you know what he is saying?

And anytime Carson wants me--he can have me. Only, with all the starlets and such around, must I have Harlan?

Harry Harrison  
(Thanks for the picture. I guess. But how can we know it's authentic? How can we be SURE it's the real Sgt. Saturn?)

KRIS DECKS MIKE!!!  
Dear Miss Busby, (ELINOR, dammit!)

Holdonaminute, there, Michael! STAR TREK without Spock is like bread without yeast!

I disagree, absolutely, totally, irrevocably!

Who would Doc McCoy have to fight with? And besides, what's a space show without an alien? You want Nimoy to go back to eating Boston baked beans?

Spock is a Symbol--of duty, of logic, of the rational part in man, of racial equality--of a dozen things.



I agree that SPOCK'S BRAIN wasn't exactly a Hugo Award winner, but to me, AMOK TIME and JOURNEY TO BABEL were great! (*I liked them too. But what about THIS SIDE OF PARADISE? That was my favorite.*) They were terrific psychological stories.

True, perhaps stories shouldn't be consistently Spock-centered, but annihilate him? NEVER!

Live long and prosper,

Kris Smith

Star Route 4, Box 60, Cle Elum  
Wash. 98922

*(The thing about Spock's Brain that really bugged me was that they omitted to show Spock glorying in a state of computerdom, and willing to return to his body only from a stern sense of duty. It should have been Elysium for him, to be free from his body of mixed heritage.)*

A CARD FROM BOB SILVERBERG

5020 Goodridge Avenue, New York,  
10471

Dear Elinor:

CRY 177 blew in today -- first fanzine to show after we moved back home. (We got in on Nov. 15; the fire kept us out for nine months.) It's getting back to the old feel, and I hope I keep on receiving it -- I might even write a letter instead of a postcard comment now and then, once I'm unpacked and organized again.

But I see that I missed CRY 176 with Buz' Baycon report. I'd love to read that. -- Can I have a copy? Can I borrow one for a week or so, if they're all gone?

Best,

Bob Silverberg

*(Buz thinks he can find a copy of 176 to use as a loan copy. I hope he does so, and I hope that he actually gets around to loaning it to people. #Glad to hear you are back home at last.)*

GREG BENFORD DISCUSSES SCIENCE FICTION

874 Juanita Drive, Walnut Creek,  
Calif. 94595

Dear Buz & Elinor:

Thanks for CRY. If you've any of CRY 176 left I'd like to see Buz' conreport. (*See above*).

Harlan is of course right about dropping the STAR TREKKy atmosphere and writing. I hope you can get Sid Rogers to write some more for you; I've always thought she was a quite entertaining writer, with a gift for phrases that sparkle. (*Agreed!*)

At the Baycon I had a discussion of sf with Terry Carr and he asked me to name a hard sf writer who was a great writer as well...and for a while I was stumped. But then, I thought, is there any sf writer who has been great? Perhaps Sturgeon. Zelazny? Romantic, sometimes in control and sometimes not. Not great yet, anyway. Delany has promise, but too often insults your intelligence and sometimes seem choppy. Earlier figures -- Heinlein, Anderson, Herbert, Vonnegut, Clarke, Bradbury? I don't think any of them are "great". Greatness isn't a word I'd associate with this genre. After all, who is the "greatest" current writer? In my current mood I'd pick at least a dozen possible candidates, including John Updike and maybe John Barth. There are too many genre considerations to ever apply a word like "great" to sf, I think, at least with the writers we've thus far seen.

At least part of the problem is that "great" implies some rather universal standards and sf just doesn't contain some absolutely vital elements. Characterization is the traditional weakness of sf, but I'm not so sure the

field can escape this indictment by explaining that sf deals with broad landscapes and themes and doesn't have space for in-depth characterizations. Most sf writers, I think, don't treat real characters because their antennae aren't tuned that way. They're not people-sensitive. That's why hundreds or thousands of sf novels fall back on the hoary device of making all the major characters pivotal to the society. Reading a writer like van Vogt gives you the feeling that the hero and two or three of his friends run the entire planet or empire. The plot must be a universe-saving exploit. There are several reasons for this: power politics are somewhat timeless and require little thought or imagination. Also, sf writers can't make people seem important unless the world turns on what they do. They have no ability to show everyday life and make it relevant. And that's a truly major flaw. Not a fatal one -- I think the mainstream's preoccupation with characterization is a case of wearing blinders, usually -- but one we're going to have to correct if we get anywhere.

And of course it's far easier to preach about this than to do it. I'm finding that out with every story I write.

Best,

Greg Benford

*(Lots of science fiction has very satisfactory characterization. For example, take FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON. Actually, most of the science fiction I like has good characterization. #Is it desirable that science fiction be great? Who wants to sit around reading great writing all the time? Is it possible to recognize great writing while it's current? Is it desirable? Actually, the only thing about writing that matters in the slightest is how it happens to strike one personally. What's great writing to one person is crap to another, and they are both right.)*

WARNER DEFENDS THE TREKKIES

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,  
Md. 21740

Dear Elinor:

It disturbs me to find some people exerting pressure to keep Star Trek material bottled up inside fans who may implode into neoneutronium if they can't fizz it out in the form of fanzine articles and columns. Star Trek still hasn't exerted its magic influence over me, and yet I feel like taking up for the ST faddism, just as I feel indignant when someone reviews Dick Schultz' EN GARDE with the remark that there is no sense in wasting so much time and effort over a television program. My goodness, aren't there enough fanzines yet, so that people can read two others if one contains too much material about Star Trek or The Avengers? The whole point of the fanzine tradition is that it's the free press in person, right there for everyone to inspect, where the editors and the writers do as they please except when someone invokes the libel laws. It's quite proper for readers to complain that there's too much Star Trek in CRY, or that CRY isn't like it once was. It's somewhat alarming when they start to say that the time has come for fanzines to stop publishing Star Trek articles or any other form of articles about any other particular subjects. *(Don't worry, Harry--we're not paying any attention to them anyhow.)*

Besides, when there's too much Star Trek data in fanzines for the pleasure of some readers, we have a vivid demonstration of why another sort of compulsion some readers would exert would be dangerous. Suppose that fanzine editors and writers suddenly listened to those who said that fanzines should be about science fiction, and assume that suddenly the current issue of ANALOG received as much attention and space as the television series. *(What a horrid thought!)*

But I enjoyed immensely the 177th CRY, even though it was so lacking in material about Star Trek which doesn't interest me, and substituted so much material about other subjects which intrigued me immensely. I doubt that I'll ever become reconciled to illustrations on the pages of CRY but I can't conscientiously complain when they're so beautifully reproduced and stand out so sharply from the majority of filler illustrations in art techniques.

It's amazing to find a fan who will come right out and admit that it is exciting to watch a rocket ship leaving Canaveral. I'd begun to fear that I was the only one who paid attention to the space shots. Next month, I imagine, I'll put the tape recorder in front of the television set or radio and try to preserve for my own amusement some narration about the first moon-circling flight, since it's the closest thing yet to real space flight. Somehow, now that the first landing on the moon is only months away, I'm starting to dread that event, in spite of my intense interest in it. There are only a few more months in which to cling to the hope that some awful miscalculation of science has given us a mistaken notion of conditions on the moon and that there's really life running around up there. Of course, if that sort of miscalculation has occurred, the first men on the moon probably won't survive to tell us about it. I wonder if anyone in fandom today will live long enough to come to the chilling knowledge in his final years that there's no other intelligent life anywhere in the solar system? It's conceivable that all the planets and major satellites will have been checked out by either personal visits or complex observation mechanisms, within another seventy-five years, if we don't have a third world war. I'm rather happy to think that I'll die before this sort of disillusioning proof is obtained-- I'll probably be well into my fifties before we've visited Mars and Venus, and then there should be quite a long interval before we make sure that there are no outposts of intelligent life on the outer planets or their satellites. If Einstein is right, it could be centuries before the first reports come in from the stars, and I wonder how that period of marking time will affect fans of the 22nd through 26th centuries, assuming that no other intelligent life exists in this system? *(Perhaps well within our lifetimes, Harry, we'll be so busy conversing with cetaceous mammals that we couldn't care less whether there are Martians, Venusians, or Alpha Centaurians.)*

But there are television shows that depend on a couple of million viewers, not the quantities needed for Star Trek. They're the ones created for educational television stations and for other stations on the UHF channels without network connections which depend on specialized materials. A Washington station will run an American opera, Lizzie Borden, for the third or fourth time this year, tomorrow night. It probably won't have any more viewers than an intelligent production of a first-rate science fiction story would obtain. If we're going to flood the television industry with letters that seek to advance the cause of science fiction, why not aim occasionally at NET and whatever other sources which might give us, for instance, a nationwide look at those Bradbury short stories dramatizations that were running around the country on the stage a couple of years ago?

There probably is a tendency for fans to be better at the typewriter than in public, to the extent that almost anyone can express himself better if he takes more time to think out things than he can do in normal conversational circles. But my own experience has been that I'm further handicapped when I am around fans by the inhibitions against speaking my real mind that I must obey when I'm in mundane circles. I would spend all my time bickering and arguing if I told my nextdoor neighbor and the people with whom I work and my cousins what I really think about most subjects. When I'm around fans,



it's usually a day or two before I can force myself to remove these inhibitions and speak as freely as I write. The blocks aren't there when I'm at the typewriter, simply because I almost never communicate by letter with mundane people. There are perhaps two or three people in Hagerstown who are broadminded enough to hear what I really think and there are maybe two or three persons in fandom who I hope won't see what I write about any given subject; that's the real reason why I listen more than I talk when I spend an afternoon with a fan or attend opening day at a worldcon.

I just gaped at all those legendary names coming back to life in the lettercolumn. The only confusing thing was the rumor of Phil Harrell's death. I'm sure that the rumormonger must have gotten him confused with Bob Tucker.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

*(I certainly agree that one doesn't speak one's whole mind to anyone one knows in mundane. For one thing, they are all connected with one in some way: one works with them, or lives near them, or is related to them. If they ceased to regard one with affection or respect or approval, it could be very awkward. But with fan-friends, if rapport dies the relationship dies, and if one plays it cool and doesn't get emotionally involved in the death of the relationship (easier said than done, unfortunately) there's no reason for any particular awkwardness.)*

WHY THE HELL IS MIKE GLICKSOHN?

87 Bedford Road, Toronto, Ontario  
Canada

Dear Elinor:

Hey, what in heaven's name is going on here anyway? Every time I open a fanzine some BNF is saying, "Who the hell is Mike Glicksohn?" Is this some vast fandom-wide plot designed to destroy my sense of identity and reduce me to a pitiful shambling shell of a fan?

For someone who tries to act like a gentleman at all times, Harlan Ellison's comment about Vera strikes me as insulting, boorish and in damn poor taste. I know Vera as a person with a tremendous range of interests from flying to photography, from languages & etymology to judo. *(Also gourmet cooking.)* I can assure Harlan & anyone else that an hour in Vera's company is sure to be an intriguing and interesting experience. *(Also, she's a good kid.)*

The rest of 177 was interesting & stimulating as usual.

Best wishes for continued success,  
Mike Glicksohn

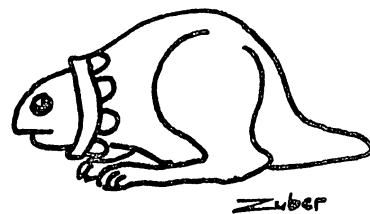
*(Actually, Mike, Harlan is really a good kid too. It was naughty of him to put Vera down, but I'm not going to brood about it and I hope you won't, either.)*

23 N. Colman Circle, Margate City, N.J. 0842

Dear Somebody:

I'm a neofan to the nth degree,  
But catching on I seem to be.  
The only thing that I do lack,  
Is an interesting fanzine to fill the gap.  
(Now isn't that a CRYing shame??)

So a dollar times two I send to thee,  
In hopes that you can remedy,  
By sending me your next five zines,  
The cultural gap that's split my seams.  
(Goshwow! I've eased that CRYing pain!!)



Sue Johnston

TREKKIES BEWARE!

Dear People in CRYville,

30 Brodwood Dr., Stamford, Conn.  
06902

I would like to say something about this bit about neos writing the best conreports: the best conreport I've ever read was a 44 page report of Chicon III by Walter Breen in an old WARHOON. Was Breen a neofan then? *(Yes and no. Walter entered fandom in the fall of '59. He attended the Pittsburgh convention in '60, but although he was a well-known fan at the time, he did not really enjoy himself. The Chicago convention was the first worldcon he enjoyed, and so in a way it was his first convention.)*

If you're going to have any Star Trek material at all, you should publish at least 17 times as much stuff on 2001 and Charley. 2001, of course, is known of by everyone, but Charley, based on FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, is less well known, although better, I feel, than 2001. Cliff Robertson as Charley is perfect; Sterling Silliphant did an unbelievably great job adapting the novel to the screen, and Ralph Nelson does an excellent job as director. If any Star Trek episodes get nominated for the Hugo I will kill any Star Trek fan I can get my hands on. (I don't think Vera and Vonda are true Star Trek fans: they can read and write). *(What a cop-out! I'll bet you already knew that Vera and Vonda are both judo experts!)* And if an episode is nominated, I will personally start a letter writing campaign to have Star Trek taken off the air, partially for revenge against the Trekkies, and partially because the series has deteriorated into another Lost In Space.

Neal Goldfarb

*(2001 was all right, but too much has been written about it already. I haven't seen Charley. I saw Cliff Robertson thereas in the Playhouse 90 version of FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON and his acting was terrific in that. #By the way, does anybody know whether Daniel Keyes has ever done anything besides FFA? That was a perfect story/novel, and I can't think of anything else by him.)*

MIKE DECKINGER BEWARE!

Dear Elinor & Vera & all concerned---

1643 E. La Deney Drive, Ontario  
California

First permit me to compliment one and all for a complete success on the revitalizing of CRY. I can only regret that I didn't know about it sometime before four years ago. I love it; every last witty word of it. I've never read anything that is so stimulating.

I am a neofan!! I'm 26 years of age and I didn't even know the meaning of Neo until I looked it up in Webster's old trusty. *(What! No Funk & Wagnall?)* That just goes to show you just how wet behind the ears I still am. I've only been at this since February, when I joined the Leonard Nimoy Nat'l Assoc. of Fans. I never realized writing letters and receiving letters could be so intellectually stimulating. I have made so many friends sight unseen and most so far have proved to be far more worthy than some I have had for years. Those I have had for years think I am in my second childhood and are keeping their distance, saying "She's flipped her lid!" Shucks, I'm not out of my first childhood yet.

Why, why couldn't Mike Deckinger just simply have said "I don't like Spock" and let it go at that. No, he couldn't; he had to go rub his face in the muck and mire, the stinkiest of muck and mire at that. SORRY, MIKE, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO YOUR OPINION; I'M ENTITLED TO MINE! I'll admit some of this season's shows haven't exactly been choice. To be blunt, downright horrible, but there have been and I'm sure there will continue to be many more excellent mixed in with the bad.

I am highly offended at Mr. Deckinger for so irreverently treating a

subject so loved by countless others, as this in the manne he has. Perchance, is he masochist? There are many, I'm sure, who would be more than incensed at his offensive blasting of such a remarkable role and the remarkable individual who portrays that role.

I did not see red.....I don't know what I saw, but it was white-hot without substance. That is the only explanation I can offer.

Now, Mr. Ellison, I'll shut up. No, you don't know me and I'm sure you wouldn't like me; but I like you and your outspokenness. Yes, I'm a Star Trek fan, but then I guess I needn't tell you that!!!

Deeply,

Suzann Hughes

*(Let me warn you in advance about the wonderful friends you've made in fandom-- I don't know who they may be, but I know fandom. Some of these people will be friends of yours ten years from now and more deeply cherished than ever. But some of them will let you down. So be braced in advance and don't let yourself be more shook than is inevitable.)*

THE THIRD MAN THEME

81, Trescott Road, Northfield,  
Birmingham 31, England

Dear CRY-people,

Many thanks for the latest CRY, which I received today and read on the spot. Great stuff.

I wasn't around for more than a few dying issues of the last incarnation of CRY, and thus never had the pleasure of being dragged into the LoC-turmoil. However, it's often possible to teach a young dog old tricks, so here goes. Pete Weston...CRY-letterhack--sounds a bit peculiar, don't you think, not very serious-&-constructure!

As about the third member of British fandom (is there anybody else there besides us, Archie and Ethel?) *(How could you forget Ella, you SPoam--hey, that makes a good word, doesn't it? How'd that be as a letter title: ELLA SPURNS SPOAM)* I shall expect preferential treatment, like 3¢ a word and airmailed issues, in an envelope if you don't mind, none of this tatty stapling up the corners and hoping for the best. I met my long-suffering postman coming up my path and he rather maliciously said he was about to try and sneak this into my letterbox.

I'm wondering whether or not to start a feud with Bob Lichtman. I know not this gentleman, whatever his accomplishments they were before my time, but this doesn't give him the right to call SPECULATION the 'Washington State mental hospital', wherein Renfrew Pemberton is confined to read SFBC advertisements from stacks of mouldering fnz! This is slander, or libel, and an insult to everyone concerned. I heard from Renfrew quite recently (well, only six months ago) and he was well, although pooped, a little hung-up on that damn STAR TREK nonsense, and still grinding out very acceptable prozine reviews. Whether or not he'll return to CRY is a matter I'll have to discuss with his agent.

About the only other comments I have were that I greatly enjoyed the account of the Busby family's journey and adventurings at the Baycon, although this is garnished with some rather deep and green-eyed envy; one of my ambitions is to attend a US con where there seems to be so many interesting people. (After five years of UK cons, I'm a little tired of hearing Tubb/Aldiss/Moorcock/Bulmer without break, although to be fair, a British con couldn't manage without them. We just don't have enough professionals to give them a chance to sink down, thankfully, from the limelight.)

One thing at which I boggle....Buz talks about 465 miles, then 440 miles in a day. This is incredible to me, since our whole country is only about

that long, from inaccessible top to inaccessible bottom. The longest trip I've made was Birmingham-Newquay last year, in my little red MG Midget, which took 9 hours for 265 exhausting miles. I suppose the difference is in the roads -- from the Birmingham boundary I took the M5, which goes 36 miles of dual-lane restricted-access 70 mph limit motorway. It stops at Tewkesbury where there is a god-almightybottleneck through 12 miles to Gloucester. Then there is a 32 mile straight rat-race of 3-lane and dual carriageway, mixed, with villages and nasty corners every 100 yards or so. From Bristol things get worse, with 30 miles to Bridgewater, all hills, mostly. Then after that there is a good bit to Taunton, another poor bit to Exeter, and then 50 miles of country lanes to the tip of the Cornish peninsula.

You know, we were stuck for one hour in a stream of traffic doing about 1/2 mile per hour, all through two towns and the road between -- and we started early and missed the rush! Imagine a road, no pavements but hedgerows and fences, ditches and banks, two narrow lanes, side by side with a 'no-overtaking' strip down the middle, up hills and down, zig-zags, villages, for 50 miles. This is the main highway into Cornwall from the East, the A38-A30. It really is appalling and did I feel exhausted when we arrived!

The last 20 miles are across Bodmin Moor, which you may have heard of. We stopped for a drink at the Jamaica Inn, an old smuggler-haunt used by highwaymen some 100's of years ago. (We have history in this country; most of our people live in houses older than your ancient ruins in the States).

Best wishes,

Pete Weston

*(Of course your trip on poor roads and in heavy traffic would be very tiring in any car, because driving in heavy traffic is frustrating and frustration is tiring. But it would have been less tiring in a heavier car. Buz and I have gone to California the last two years in our 9 year old Lark instead of the 3 year old Toyota because it's a larger, heavier car and hence less tiring to ride long distances in. Burnett Toskey, who has a Buick as much bigger than the Lark as the Lark is than the Toyota, can drive 600 or more miles in a day, and claims to feel absolutely no fatigue whatsoever. #I hope we do see you at an American convention one of these years, Pete. We're looking forward to meeting you in person.)*

BERNIE RAMBLES

Dear CRYpeople,

Time to write a letter of comment, sent art or do something to keep my standing as a contributor. I noticed quite a few chunks got edited out of my last letter so I get the message that I should not ramble and be more concise. *(Not at all! Almost everybody's letter gets chopped up quite a lot. The more you write, the more subjects there are for me to pick and choose amongst. And all letters in their entirety are read by Buz and Mickie and me and Vera and Wally and very likely Wally G. and Vonda. So nobody should regard unpublished letters, or portions thereof, as wasted on the desert air.)*

Comments on the art first:

That Bergeron cover was excellent. I think I was more impressed by it than by the color Atom. In the past I hadn't been too crazy about Bergeron's art but this really came on strong. If the blank page over the cover was meant as a protective flap, it's a good idea. I have no objections to photo covers once in a while. I enjoyed the Nimoy one and I think one of Buz in his Arthur C. Quark disguise would make a fun cover.

Much more art in CRY this time. Good! With issue #175 I was wondering



if you had a policy against interior art. Two or three spots in #176 reassured me, but this was much better. With your litho process you do have a problem of some of the blacks turning out kinda greyish, but then ODD and SHAGGY also have that problem, so I guess it's not easy to avoid.

My favorite cartoon was the one on page 16 about Spock knocking out the umpire. Very logical indeed. Next favorite is Alicia's lizard-man on page 12. The rest of the art was good but I think that as you go on you'll probably get even better art. Quite a few good fan artists on the west coast these days. I'm sure you're aware of that. Did you try writing to Jack Gaughn for art? Or Mike Gilbert? Too bad about Vaughn Bode's decision to quit fanzine art. I think his work is absolutely fantastic. Wonderful imagination and a unique style. Let's hope he'll find time to return to fanzines. *(Pooh! Let's hope he makes it big in mundane where the whole world can enjoy him!)*

I'm afraid I have less to say about the articles this issue. In #176 I enjoyed the BAYCON reports...especially Buz' account of his disguise caper. The only comment I have to make article-wise this time is that I agree with Vera's reaction to the opening Star Trek episode and I don't think much of the ones which followed it either. The one about the Platonians with psychokinetic power was yecch (except for wonderful Michael Dunn). Who's responsible for this sad state of affairs...the sponsors, the network or Roddenberry? *(My feeling is that everyone connected with Star Trek has gone stale. Maybe every TV series has a natural lifespan, and if you try to prolong it past that point it goes senile on you.)*

I have more comments on CRY of the Readers...and while we're on the subject of Star Trek...Mike Deckinger's idea of eliminating Spock would probably eliminate the whole show. While I agree that just building plots around Spock can become ridiculous I've always thought that he was a most interesting character and have always regarded him as the star of the show, not Kirk. I don't see why good sf stories can't be written with Spock still around. After all he was in on the good episodes too. As for Harlan's criticism of too much Star Trek in CRY, it may be justified to a point but I do agree with Vera when she mentions he can't stay off the subject himself.

Looks like we're in for a round of religious type jokes (or should I say anti-religious?). Please don't expect me to rush to the rescue of Christianity every time. It could get ridiculous. However I guess I can't resist further remarks. Michael Glicksohn seems to be one of those people who can't imagine Jesus Christ living a full life without using four letter words. I can't say that for myself, but I'm sure there are plenty of ordinary human beings who can go through life without ever being crude. So why not Christ? Besides, I tend to think the reason Christ made such an impression on the crude and illiterate masses was that he was not like them and was someone they could look to with respect. Buz's clean punchline was good. For a little more emphasis, "Really, Mother, did you have to...etc." Now, as for Dennis Lien's joke...surprise!...I don't object to it (probably because there's no vulgarity in it.) First time I heard the joke the punchline was, "Hey! That's a good name for the kid!"

Mae Strelkov's description of Beatific Vision doesn't at all fit my concept of it but then she does talk about some rather weird stuff there, doesn't she? Interesting that she should bring up the Sanskrit name Lila. One of my favorite modern classical pieces is called the Turanalila Symphony." Its composer, Olivier Messiaen, describes Lila as divine play of creation, destruction and reconstruction, life and death. It also means love. Turanga is time, rhythm and movement. This symphony could be compared to Stravinski's "Rites of Spring" but it is longer and much more complex. The orchestration



is rich, exotic, fantastic. Mae might like to hear it but I don't know if the recording is available in Argentina. It's a 2-record album by RCA-Victor (LSC-7051) conducted by Seiji Ozawa with the Toronto Symphony Orch.

Getting back to Harlan's letter...the "gentleman at all times" part of it. I'm glad to hear...and to see too...that Harlan can be a gentleman, but I think it's something I've noticed particularly in recent times. It wasn't always so. In 1965 at the Westercon in Long Beach, Harlan managed to show the uglier side of his nature without any hostile remark being directed at him. It was quite a shock. If it was a schtick it certainly didn't come across that way and it left an ugly after-taste for quite awhile. Time passes though, and people do change, and things improve, so I'm glad to see that Harlan treats people who respect him with equal courtesy. Since he put such stress on the conditions under which he would be a gentleman or not I just felt obligated to bring up this Long Beach, 1965 detail to shed some light from another angle. Harlan's writing, whether fiction, articles, or reviews (his review of DRAGON-FLIGHT in PSY #27 for instance) can be a joy to read. Now if

one can be assured of a courteous Harlan (with occasional schticks for fun), in addition to the good writing, then everything is fine.

I probably rambled on again. You, Elinor, can be the judge of that. I'm including some art work. After saying you would probably get better art than you've had so far I hope you like what I send. (Yes, thanks.) Should I get in line behind Atom, Bergeron and Kirk for a CRY cover? (Yes, please.)

HAPPY HOLIDAYS, best wishes to the whole Seattle crew!

Bernie Zuber

(Bernie, I don't remember the 1965 incident which you actually didn't quite tell us of. Ever since I've known Harlan (Pittsburgh, 1960) he's been most kind and courteous whenever I've been in company with him. If he goofs (and

which of us does not) I think it should be overlooked on the grounds that anyone who is expected to be as continuously stimulating and amusing as Harlan is expected to be--and is--is under even more strain than the rest of us. However, it's easy for me to talk since Harlan has never hurt my feelings).

LOC ON CRY 177

189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale,  
Ontario, Canada

Vera says of a particular ST episode..."shot through with scientific errors, a deterioration of characterizations, unexplained (and probably unexplainable) alien societies, and some pretty dragged out scenes..." But Vera, what else is new? You could be describing just about any ST episode. True, there has been the occasional good one, but these comments could be applied to most episodes this season and the previous one. (You forgot to mention "internal inconsistencies") I'm not one of the people who put down ST from the beginning. The first year, it had some pretty good stuff, but Roddenberry has blown what could have been a Good Thing. Roddenberry's excuse for bad episodes used to be "The public likes it." Well, the public apparently doesn't like it, as I understand ST is in trouble, and may not last the season. And who can blame The Public? The last two episodes (The Kolian Web, or whatever, and the Greek thing) were just plain damn dull....in fact, that's a term which could be applied to most ST episodes lately. It would be easy to say that instead of railing against Neilson, your energies might better have been devoted to working for the betterment of ST, but that would not be fair. In either case, you'd be beating your head against a brick wall. Maybe Roddenberry has been deluded by the adulation of uncritical Star Trekkies....notice how respectful the questioning was at the Roddenberry session at the con? Nobody asked such things as "why all the parallel world crud?" or anything the least bit critical. Ho well, I like the characters on the show, even though McCoy is portrayed as a shmuck (or "simple jerk") sometimes, but the show itself has become so bad it doesn't deserve to survive.

I'm looking forward to seeing how Harlan handles SWING LOW, SWEET HARRIET. Wouldn't be surprised if he cut out the homosexual connection between Pharaoh Love and whatsisname. (*Seth Piro. Yeah, as I said last issue, I don't see how it could be left in without reference to the first book.*) This particular book of the trilogy could stand on its own without that theme. I bought the book on the basis of a rave review, which didn't even mention this aspect of it. Initially, I was wondering what sort of job Harlan might do on the script, and then I recalled the episodes of Burke's Law which he wrote. On this basis I feel that Harlan is an excellent choice for writing the screenplay of SWING LOW, SWEET HARRIET. If he does the same sort of job he did for Burke's Law, the movie should be a gas....as long as he doesn't get fouled up by directors or whatever.

Boyd Raeburn

(*I was under the impression that Star Trek is doing better this year, ratingwise, than it ever has in the past. If it's true that Star Trek's worst year is its most popular, that would tend to indicate to me that science fiction is not suited to the tv medium.*)

ROB DISBELIEVES

2112 West Oak Avenue, Fullerton,  
Calif. 92633

Dear CRY,

When people say reports of death have been exaggerated, I always say--to myself--"Oh, thank God; they're only a little bit dead!" Uh, what's this about Phil Harrell?

CRY's as good as ever. I like it real much.

PAGE 3 and the WWWC'lm are fun and silly. MaeSS is silly.

(It's CRY's particular form of silliness, I think, that gives it its distinction, rather than its serious side, which is not unlike other fmz. With CRY, it's people who know better, acting silly; and those who don't, rising above themselves!)

So, judging by her highly interesting and highly nutty letter, I think Mae has flipped. To give you a perspective on my judgment, I'll tell you that I pick up stray pins and wait for good luck to happen to me. (See a pin, pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck). And I know people, smart ones, who believe in after-lives and Blessed Virgins and horseshoes. This is called yearning for the incredible (MIRACLES!) and shunning the inevitable (DEATH! -- the complete & irrevocable cessation of the five senses; one no longer sees, hears, touches or tastes...I dunno about smell! ... *(You're silly.)* This cessation adds up to that state which most people claim not to be able to imagine: nothingness. But of what else is human terror compounded except a damn well realization of that state?) Hah! I just thought up a fitting punishment for people who (dis)believe like me. I'll probably come back as a barn door (virgin pine, no doubt) with a horseshoe nailed over my top jamb, and pilgrims will throng to me to stick pins in my grain while they chant prayers for everlasting life. Nonetheless, I still think Mae is silly.

And from that to Star Trek in one easy shift. I don't love Star Trek any more. It's turned into a personality showcase, as all long-run series do. What could be more constructing for a writer than to have to work with set, pat characterizations and keep the spotlight on them? Or duller for a viewer after a while? Showbiz, Showbiz. Contracts and agents. Uhura must get more exposure, says her agent. (Well...there's a double entendre in here somewhere, I'm sure.) So she sticks that thing in her ear and swears she can't raise a soul on her Galactic Intercom. But she did that last week. And Spock the Stoic weeps, loses his temper, laughs, sings and dances until it's no novelty anymore and he's become a sort of Judy Garland of the Spaceways. (I think he has a humaner-than-thou complex like Judy, too; rather, his character has become that.) And then there's the behind-the-scenes drama of Kirk vs. Spock, Avis vs. Hertz, and, uh....I suddenly realized you've had an earfull of this already. I do like Star Trek. But God, what a glory its beginning was!

Best,

Rob Williams

*(I agree with you about Star Trek. I was really in love with it during its first year. The second year was a bit of a letdown. This year? Do you know what, last Friday night I seriously considered going to bed before Star Trek came on. I didn't--I stayed up and watched THE EMPATH, and it was all right except for the stupidity of wanting other people to live instead of oneself being regarded as a Survival Trait--but I could have. I could have not seen Star Trek, of my own free will and accord.)*

ONLY A LITTLE BIT DEAD  
Dear CRYpeople:

2541-A Ballentine Blvd., Norfolk  
Va. 23509

Now to review the most unbelievable CRY I've ever seen--almost.

I don't know about the others, but to me most of CRY's charm and appeal was its vast cluttered look. The mimeoed pages going to the extreme edges and the typed heads. It's not that the Layout was bad in CRY--it was non-existent, and a great joy it was to be able to pick it up anywhere and start reading in any direction and eventually you'd get to where you were going.

Now CRY is (shudder) Organized! The very word is enough to send a shudder of dread to the marrow of an old CRYhack like myself. Now when you pick it up you have to start somewhere. I'll bet it's Vera Heminger's fault. But I like her anyway; she writes nice, but please, more CRY clutter. I mean CRY's getting



look like--like--sigh, I just can't bring myself to say it. All I can say is that pages 10 & 11 are the most soothing pages of the whole zine as is page three. It even reads good. I mean it does something to one's nerves to know they're reading CRY and see all the weird type and all the illos. It's enough to blow the mind. Especially on Weber's column not only weird type, but illos and layout too. A complete freakout.

I keep on wondering if I dropped into the Twilight Zone. I mean a Lithoed CRY with a fanzine review column with PSYCHOTIC, SHAGGY and WARHOON and ODD in it. All we need now is ABSTRACT and SLANT coming back and I'll run screaming off into the night.

Naturally of course CoTR looks like ol' Home Week with Betty Kujawa, Harry Warner, Mae Surtees Strelkov, Ella Parker and Roy Tackett, etc. I only missed one person there (besides Wally Weber) and that was ME.

And now speaking of Betty Kujawa who is speaking of Norm Clarke who was speaking of me. I take it my name was bandied about by Norm. It seems you have to leave Fandom to arrive. Now I know how Bob Tucker felt when he was informed he was dead.....Weird.

I almost felt like starting this thing out "Greetings from the Great Beyond." I appreciate immensely the fact that Betty said "if CRY can be read and seen on the other side of those Pearly Gates, Phil will be the first to commune with usn's back here."

I was informed of CRY's revival by a non-hack who hadn't even been part of the CRY crew and took great pleasure in twisting the knife when he said succinctly, "Too bad you didn't get CRY 175 & 176. I'd give you mine 'cept that I've already wrapped the fish..." I let out a scream of utter anguish and went glomping off to call Wally and find out what the heck. Now I have only one question for Vera, Where the heck is my 175 and 176? If you don't send it I'm going to weep bitter tears all over you. I may even Haunt you. (I think Norm was right--you call this living?)

Best,

Phil Harrell

*(Phil, your demise was announced in FAPA quite a long time ago; I think perhaps it was about a year. I don't remember who told us. In any case, I think you'll admit that anyone who dies and leaves no forwarding address cannot reasonably expect to receive CRY. However, congratulations on not being dead.)*

LIKES STAR TREK COMMENT

628 Seventh Avenue, Iron River,  
Michigan 49935

Dear Mrs. Heminger:

I've been looking for another genzine to sub to in addition to YANDRO and your eminently readable one seems to fill the bill. I especially enjoyed the STAR TREK references sprinkled throughout, and whatever printing process you're using--quite a contrast to the usual eyestraining mimeo.

I'm getting awfully tired of the way people constantly complain about how much time and space are devoted to discussing ST throughout fandom. I've been an SF reader off and on for most of my life but didn't even know fandom existed until the quest for more information about the show led me into the circle.

Certainly the series has its inherent faults (what TV program can be perfect), but this is apparently the first mature SF series to have even considered credibility, plot originality, acting talent, and depth of characterization. Naturally a lot of discussion should be devoted to ST and fans should be more appreciative of it, considering all the childish movies in the field we've had to endure until just recently. (And ST may have helped pave the way for the success of "2001" and others of its caliber that hopefully will follow).

No doubt the Ellison-White crowd will not condescend to consider anything below the written SF "classics", but how many of these depend mainly on the style of writing (Bradbury, of course, comes to mind at once) and could never be transferred successfully to a visual medium.

Sincerely yours,

Joanne Swenski

*(I really do think it's a good thing that Star Trek has brought so much new blood into fandom. A great many Trekkies will leave fandom when Star Trek leaves, but the rest will be absorbed into the increasingly healthy body of fandom.)*

AVRAM IN THE TORPICS

P. O.B. 657 Belize City, B.H.

Dear CRYconscripts:

Thank you thank you for #177, nominally dated (it says) November 1. It got here Nov. 29th, postmarked the 19th. Only 19 days--remarkable. We live here in a medly of ages and accommodations, some mails coming and going by zoomjet, others being taken by mule cart to the packetboat wharf. The packetboats are Something else, three smelly small old diesels about the size of The African Queen. There used to be a fourth, but a cow sat on the steering wheel chain and wrecked her. But all you advanced people up there in Star Trek Land, you don't want to hear about that. *(I do.)* I confess that my total ignorance of Tar Drek, er, Star Trek, occasioned by long absence from the U. States, does not allow me to appreciate all the blither and blather about Spar Shmek which I find in CRY to the semi-total exclusion of all else. In general I am apathetically aware of a sense of unwonder, accompanied by disenchantment, with the current, or #177, issue. However, do stick around. =The late Dr. Chaim Weitzman, 1st President of the State of Israel, once remarked, "When I was a little boy in Russia only Gentiles had dogs and they used to set them on the Jews. Now I live in a big house and am guarded by dogs. Can it be that the Jews have changed? No...it must be that the dogs have changed..." =To employ the vivid idiom of a Harlan Ellison, perhaps a relative of the Harlan Ellison who is such a frequent contributor to the Scar Peck fandom pages of your "zine", I am underwhelmed. *(I have always attributed the word "underwhelmed" to Wm. Rotsler--but I might be wrong. I know I read it first in the pages of KTEIC, however.)* =To tell you the truth, I am beginning to feel that all that jazz about white men going to pieces in the tropics may be true. I am trying to pry my ass loose from the mango-scented flypaper and get on up to cool, crisp British Columbia. Will I make it? Will I wind up as the haggard, drunken advisor to a native sultan, malarial father to half-a-dozen half-castes, and all that scene? Matter of fact, I don't know of any native sultans around here, dammit. No, no, I see it clearly, I must leave. No native sultans, Christ on crutches, what the Hell are the torpics coming to?

Yours in High Dudgeon,

Avram Davidson, High Dudgeon  
House, 48 Regent St. Belize

*(Now don't mind all the talk about Star Trek, Avram. It won't last forever. It can't POSSIBLY last forever. Just be patient. You and I and CRY will be around long after Star Trek has faded from the scene.)*

DENNY LIENS ON US

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

Oh Faithless Trinity--

You outsmarted yourselves by breaking my string of consecutive letters in CRY. Now I don't feel any more pressure and, as a result, no longer feel obligated to write witty, charming letters.

You claim you'll count my joke. All very nice, but turn to page 3 in which you complain about printing sixteen letters. If you count the letters in CRY OF THE READERS very carefully, you'll not that they add up to sixteen. Try it. I did. Like, Harry Warner is the little finger on my left hand and Alva Rogers and some neo named Coulson are my thumbs and Mike Glicksohn is the little finger on my right hand and with Betty I have to start on toes and Warner makes a return

appearance as my left toe and Mae (hi, Mae) is my right big toe and that's sixteen and where does that leave me? That joke, which looks pretty silly out of context, would be the second toe on my right foot, but I don't have any toes on my right foot except for the big one, Elinor. They all rotted and fell off when you claimed you'd printed only sixteen letters.

So, not only have you broken my string, but you've crippled me. I now have a limp and I look funny in sandals. My ballet career is finished.

Vonda--yeah, it's a good story idea. In fact, it's been a good story idea. I think that's how A. Bertram Chandler's Rim World ships handle FTL, more or less. (It's been a few years since I read Chandler). Not the matter-antimatter conversion, but using time travel into the past to balance out time elapsed while the ship travels from world to world.

I agree with Mike Deckinger that Spock mania is hurting Trek, notably in the opening show, but I can't go along with his low opinion either of the second show or of D. C. Fontana, who wrote it. Dumping Spock, even if desirable (which it certainly isn't) is impossible. ST's audience would quickly be reduced to hard core Fandom and the ratings would approach negative numbers. My biggest bitch this season is the number of love plots being used--Spock and the Romulan (which I liked), Kirk and the Indian maiden (which I didn't), McCoy and the Asteroid woman (which was ridiculous), Chekhov and every minor female character in sight.

Best,

Denny Lien

*(I wish they'd dump Chekhov. He's okay in himself, but he uses up time in which we could be seeing more of Mr. Sulu--who is infinitely more interesting.)*

We have other good letters, but I promised Buz (who has already done much of Page 3) that I'd wind up the lettercol with 18-1/2 pages. So now it's time for the WE ALSO HEARD FROM Dept.: LARRY HERNDON, who says "Your columns didn't especially thrill me, but that beautiful LONG lettercolumn was the goodie that convinced me that CRY must be a regular in my mailbox!" Glad you like lettercols, Larry--trust we'll see you therein one of these months. STEPHEN H. LEWIS sends money. VIOLA ALICE SPRENKLE is annoyed with Mike Deckinger, and says that three of the episode that he said were no good were her favorites. SAMUEL D. RUSSELL (hi, Sam) sends money. ROSALIE A. EVANS sends money. PAUL STANBERRY sends money. VICKI DALY sends money. LINDA LEWIS, VERNA STRONER, and TED B. TOM send money. WAYNE FINCH sends money. He says he liked the joke in 176, and told it to about 7 people in his office and all of them liked it too. "No accountin' for taste," he said. How true. DALE A GABLE Jr. does not send money. ED BRYANT, a name from the olden days, sends money. EDWARD REED says that if Star Trek lasts till the 4th season it will be comparable to Lost in Space. I agree, Ed. He also chats with Vonda about electrons and things. I'll have to remember to ask Vera to make sure Vonda sees it. DOLORES GREEN writes about Star Trek. She says D.C. Fontana left because she had differences of opinion with the management and also had things that she wanted to do on her own, and that Nimoy fans are down on Shatner because of something or other Shatner pulled on the Joey Bishop show. Very interesting, if not 100% enlightening. CARLE' JOHNSON says "Harlan yiping about attacking fans reminds me of a small bit that I saw somewhere recently, in which another SF writer mentions Harlan attacking HIM at some bar...can't remember if it was Asimov or not, and if it was in DANGEROUS VISIONS or not..." It was, Carle'. ED MESKYS sends a postcard in microelite. Ed, I'm heading toward bifocal country fast enough as it is ol' buddy. JUDITH WALTER likes CRY and wonders about backissues. There isn't much chance of getting 175 or 176, Judith, but we have stacks of ancient old CRYS from the neolithic, pre-Star Trek fandom, for 25¢ a piece. ~~LARRY~~ KREIDLER seems to more or less agree with Mike Deckinger about





Zuber 68

the over-exposure of Mr. Spock on Star Trek. Also says that he loves the drawings in CRY and is driving his office crew crazy with them. PEGGY RAE PAVLAT sends money. Says they're bidding for the '71 convention. Boy! What brave souls. MIKE DECKINGER sends money and says it was a Lewis D. Harrell who died, not Phil Harrell. I had heard it was actually a Jerry Page who died, not Phil Harrell, but Mike's story seems more probable. KEN RUDOLPH found the lettercol in 177 splendidly interesting, and only wishes there had been room for some of the fascinating WAHFs. TERRY BALLARD sends money, and so do AL LEWIS, SUE JOHNSTON, SUZANN HUGHES, NEIL GOLDFARB, ALLENE NIMS, DANIELLE DABS, K.I. KURTZ & (says Vera) EIFER GOTWHO. DICK FLINCHBAUGH sends a cover which we may or may not use, depending on whether it's reproducible or not. Wally wasn't too sure. And BERNIE ZUBER sent a Christmas card for the CRY readership which you've already beheld to the left. And on behalf of the whole CRYstaff I wish that you will have (will have had by the time you read this) a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and an exceptionally HAPPY NEW YEAR!

# Ho-Ho-Ho!

Quite Logical ...  
for Season's Greetings!

from CRY  
2852 14th Ave. W.  
Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.  
98119

Printed Matter Only

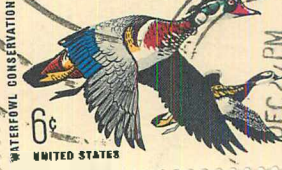
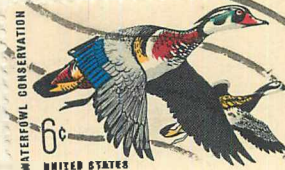
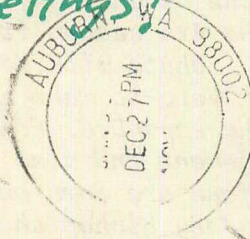
Santa's pointy-eared elf has added the number of issues left on your sub in the space after your name. Were you a good little subber this year?

BAH... HUMBUG CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

I only wish someone would have warned me that they changed the streets around after midnight; I got royally lost on the way home. I can think of a dozen things I'd rather do than get lost in Seattle on a dark rainy night.

Actually, I shouldn't be griping: this weather does wonders for Lizards' scales

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53



Delivered by Rudolph to:

Stere Johnson (1)  
1018 North 31<sup>st</sup> St.  
Corvallis, Ore.

97330