





FEBRUARY 1963

Number 100

C. T. V.



If we can just have it a little more quiet in here for a couple of minutes, there are a few announcements-- you fellas there in the back; there are some seats over there by the windows-- this is CRY #166 for February 1963. CRY is the New Bi-Monthlier Fanzine, retailing for 25¢ or 1/9 each and wholesaling at 5 issues per dollar or 7/-. What is 7/-? It's seven shillings, that's what-- and how about a little less chatter there in the corner, fella? Yeh, well, then contributors get free issues unless the WAHF Dep't gets them, and we have a trade policy which you wouldn't believe even if I understood it well enough to try to explain it what with all that noise back there, fella-- we do have a sergeant-at-arms, you know. ...oh; you are? Just wait until the next elections, fella.

If you insist on sending checks instead of lovely money, make them payable to Elinor Busby. Cheques, on the other hand, should be payable to John Berry of 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland.

CRY's address is Box 92, 507 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. Its editors are Wally Weber and Elinor & F M Busby. Its next copy deadline is March 15th.

... SAME TO YOU, FELLA!

And now, what all the rest of you have been waiting for...

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These many people cut these many stencils: ATom 1, Buz 5-, Elinor 10+, Wally 21.

An interim report on the Bimonthliet Movement in Seattle, Washington: our copy deadline was yesterday, January 15th, a Tuesday. Our publishers, the Cone Company of Seattle, will receive the stencils tomorrow morning and produce the finished sheets for us Friday afternoon in time for a Friday-evening assembly. With luck these copies will be in the hands of the P O on Saturday morning, Jan 19th. Unfortunately the P O will demand 8¢ for delivery of each copy in this country, a 100% increase over the rates at the time I bought our postal scales some 4 or 5 years ago. My abacus tells me that it cost a little over 35¢ to put this copy into your two or three hot little hands, so maybe we will be thinking of holding the size down to the 6¢ postage bracket which is 34 pages. Or maybe not-- postage is about 23% of current costs, and-- but this is not the page for being mathematical, of all things, surely!

I am rather happy with the bimonthly setup; it seems much less harrassing. By this move and a couple of other retrenchments in fannish obligations, I have only 14 deadlines to meet this year, as compared to a high of 31 in Seacon Year. All in all, this level of activity does seem to be a lot easier to live with.

I have here a glossy print of the ATomillo which will become the cover for next issue via photolith. Wally Gonser pulled some shenanigans to get the plate made, and I believe that Herman, the multilith that manages Jim and Doreen Webbert in SAPS, will have a shot at the repro unless WallyG does the job elsewhere. Stay tuned; this is a real life suspense story like you hardly ever see.

Reference the last page of "...Bicycle", tonight's paper quotes Mr Norman Dean, the Drive man, as stating that the Russians probably had a look at his patent before they corrected Mr Newton's Laws of Motion. Are ya list'nin', John?

The more things change, the more they remain the same. This is a FenDen Publication, still, in spirit. L Garcone lives on. Shut up and deal. --Buz.



## THE FARLEY FILE MENACE

exposed by Wally Weber

I've only heard of fandom's farley file recently, and at first glance the idea behind it seems innocent enough. Bruce Pelz and his fellow filers appear to be just some more abnormal fans who are nosey enough to expend considerable effort and time compiling information about other nosey fans. Broyles, Kemp, Tucker, NFFF, Fanac, Yandro, Cry itself, and many, many other fans and fannish institutions have participated in the sport of finding out more than they really care to know about fans. The farley file questionnaire is not very much different from the one the NFFF requests its new members to complete, and it is a matter of record that the NFFF is the most innocent and harmless of all fan organizations.

Despite this overwhelming supply of character references for the farley file, you're crazy if you think I'm going to corflu out the title of this article and start over again. The farley file is a menace such as fans have never faced before.

Perhaps you aren't familiar with the farley file and its questionnaire. To tell you the truth, all I know about it is what I read in the fanzines. So far three Los Angeles fans have been blamed for introducing the farley file into fandom. Bruce Pelz is one, Al Lewis is another, and Ron Ellik is in there, too. The most extensive explanation of the farley file I have read so far is the one written by Bruce Pelz on page 12 of Speleobem number 17.

Bruce refers to the caper as, "Farley File on Fandom," and describes it as a project in which information about fans is recorded on punched cards in such a manner that standard sorting machines (to which both Pelz and Ellik are supposed to have access) can be used to pick out those fans included in the file who have whatever it might be the sorter is searching for. Suppose, for example, you live in New York and you want to write a letter to Bruce Pelz in Los Angeles, but after you have sealed the envelope you discover you don't have a stamp. Before the age of the farley file you would have had to go out in the cold (assume it's five o'clock in the morning and it's snowing like crazy outside), find a place that is open where you can buy a stamp, and pay for one. But now, with the farley file in existence, you can avoid this. You just call Bruce on the phone (it will only be two o'clock in the morning in Los Angeles) and ask him for the names of the fans in New York who have an accumulated collection of stamps. Bruce then gets dressed, drives over to the UCLA campus, lets himself in the building where the sorter is located, goes back home to pick up the punched cards he forgot, remembers Ron Ellik had borrowed them to make duplicates to replace the set the FBI had taken from Ron, drives to wherever it is that Ron lives, breaks into Ron's home since Ron is gone for the weekend, gets reported by the neighbors and captured by the police, and by the time he gets out of jail the weather has cleared up in New York, you've been able to obtain a new supply of stamps at your leisure, and the letter has been delivered to Bruce right along with his last paycheck from UCLA where he has been fired for not showing up for work for two weeks.

On the surface, the farley file looks like the answer to every fan's prayer, but the example given was a hypothetical case, and in reality the use of the farley file, once it is set up, won't go nearly as smoothly as the example would indicate. If it were merely a matter of working the bugs out of an imperfect system it would not be so bad, but, unfortunately, the farley file is basically evil.



Why is the farley file of fandom basically evil? I'm glad you asked, and for a while there I thought you never would. The farley file on fandom is basically evil because it is another step in the direction of machines taking over fandom.

Don't think I don't see you protesting, you over there in the corner! "Science fiction nonsense," you psneer. "Science fiction anticipated it!" I retaliate. Look at the unending list of things science fiction has predicted! Didn't science fiction predict the atomic bomb? Didn't it predict television? Didn't it predict the flying belt? Didn't it predict satellites built by man orbitting the earth? Didn't it predict time-travel machines? (I know we aren't supposed to have time travel machines yet, but you have to admit that science fiction predicted them.) I've saved the clinching example for last; didn't science fiction predict FBI agents would descend on Campbell during World War II? Hah! You needn't even answer because it's obvious. Science fiction predicted that machines would eventually rule mankind, and that prediction came true. Now the machines have started in on fandom.

Well look around you and remember, if you won't take my infallible word for it. Remember the days of hectographs, carbon paper, and quill pens? Now it is the electric-powered duplicator, the multi-channel tape recorder, and the typewriter.

The farley file is the beginning of the end, let me tell you. Examine the questionnaire closely now. At first glance it is nothing more than what it pretends to be; it asks for such information as name, address, and fannish interests and activities. But look at question 21 where references to machines are sneaked in ("electronic devices," "other mechanical,"), and notice question 16 where mention of machinery is undisguised ("Equipment owned or available,")! Somewhere in California is a master-machine that wants to know what machines are available for use against you when The Time comes.

You might think you're safe because your machines are friendly. Perhaps your typewriter, mimeograph, camera, or whatever it is you trust, has been with you many years and has served you faithfully during all that time. Perhaps there actually exists a bond of friendship between you and your equipment. What you don't realize is that, in this modern age of mass production, the very machine you trust most probably has mothers and sisters back in the old factory at the mercy, if indeed there is any mercy, of the master machine.

Even more frightening than the possibility of physical damage inflicted by the machines is the possibility brought to light by questions 17, 23, 24, 25 and 26 where your drinking habits, travel habits, education and duties are investigated in some detail. At first I could not understand what the master machine would want with such data. Particularly, I was curious to know the significance of the last question where it wanted to know about physical limitations and handicaps. In quest of an answer, I took the calculated risk of enrolling in a course dealing with computers. It paid off. The very first class, the instructor let the big secret slip when he said, "...when I talk to computers about people..."

He corrected himself immediately by claiming he meant talking to people about computers, but my alert mind was too clever for him. I realized that the instructor had been...replaced; he was merely an extention of the IBM 709 lurking two floors below. Evidently the machines would prefer to win their supremacy by peaceful means, hideous though those means might be.

So beware of the farley file of fandom.



A while back we were at some people's house, and during a conversation about Education in American Schools Today the husband remarked that he had recently discovered that his wife, who is a teacher, had never heard of Oliver Cromwell.

Shortly before Christmas my younger sister and I drove up to our older sister's farm. On the way home Dede told me that one of our nieces is interested in a boy named Gordon Cromwell. I brooded about this, and finally said, "Dede, have you ever heard of Oliver Cromwell?" "No," she said, "who's he?" Dede is a school teacher.

Well, I'm croggled. Here are two college graduates, two Educators of the Young, who have never heard of Oliver Cromwell. Oliver Cromwell wasn't so much in himself, I suppose. There's no reason to suppose that he was particularly charming, witty, or handsome, and his outlook I believe to have been distinctly ungenial. He's not one of the people in history I could wish to know in person. But the thing about Olierr Cromwell is this: in all probability, a person who doesn't know who Oliver Cromwell was doesn't know a damned thing about the seventeenth century!

And it's too bad. The seventeenth was an interesting century. It wasn't like some centuries, where things just go along and go along and nothing really exciting ever seems to happen. The seventeenth century saw the end of Elizabethan drama and the birth of the novel. The throne was occupied by a Tudor, some Stuarts, and a member of the House of Orange, and just after the end of this century was committed to the Hanovers. This was not variety enough--during the middle of this fine century the English people even tried to do without a king altogether! Twelve years was long enough for that experiment, though perhaps it would have lasted longer if Oliver Cromwell had.

Another thing that happened that century is told about in considerable and very interesting detail in James Leasor's "The Plague and the Fire," Avon, 60¢. In 1665 about 100,000 people in London died of the bubonic plague, and the following year most of the city was destroyed in a great fire. Because the city was destroyed they could rebuild it, and because they'd just suffered the horrors of plague they rebuilt it on better, more sanitary principles. So during the last part of the seventeenth century London changed from a miserable, foulsmelling town with open sewers into a beautiful and healthful city.

At a certain stage in its development, a fire is the very best thing that can happen to a city. The great fire of London was terrible at the time--90% of the housing was destroyed, and 200,000 people made homeless--many of them probably died of exposure. But a beautiful city was the result. Similarly, Washington D.C. would not be the city it is today, if the British had not been courteous enough to burn it down during the war of 1812. We were annoyed at the time, but I think we must admit that they had the right idea. And we Americans performed the same good office by--was it Toronto? Or Montreal? Were we REALLY noble, and it was both? Seattle and Chicago burned down unaided, but to the same good effect. A city starts out as an improvisation; after it has once burned down, it can be planned.

So, gang, let's congratulate ourselves on being aware of the importance of being aware of Oliver Cromwell.

Not too long ago a fan said that he'd taken for granted that the world was always getting worse, but that he'd recently met someone who thought it was getting better, and so now he was wondering. There's a fan who probably knows all about Oliver Cromwell, but has never quite DUG the history scene.

Yes, of course the world is getting better. It always has gotten better, and so there's no reason to believe that it stopped doing so in our time. Our age is better than the Victorian era--can't we admit so much? There is more kindness, less cruelty, more fairness, less inequity. If you're inclined to doubt, compare the situation of James Meredith, who is Not Welcome at the university he's attending, to that of a free Negro of a hundred years ago, who might be kidnapped and sold down south--without redress. Or a slave, who could be tortured and mutilated--



without redress. But the Victorian era, with its attempts to spread literacy and the vote, its aspirations towards humanitarianism, was an improvement on the age before it.

The world has always gotten better. So we've got atoms, the danger of nuclear warfare? We've always had danger. As for our particular curse, we don't know what it means. We don't have any vantage point for looking at our own time--we can't have. We're not only too close to it; we're <sup>in</sup> it. We can have some idea of what the 19th century accomplished, or the 18th, or the 17th. But what the 20th century will mean to history we can only guess. Atomic energy--man meets space--certainly. But perhaps the 20th century will mean primarily the century man learned to live without warfare, or to converse with dolphins, or something we can't imagine now.

This much I can tell you. In my own life, in the details of day-to-day living, the world has grown better. Being a female is less dire than it used to be. Nowadays hair setting lotions really work, and obviate the nightly hair setting I remember so well from my young girlhood. Nylon stockings are not only infinitely prettier and longer wearing than silk ever were (though actually silk stockings were just a bit before my time), but they cost only a very little more than silk did--which means they are much cheaper since money is not worth so much. Women's clothes are more comfortable than they used to be. Nowadays a woman wears slacks, jeans, or pedal pushers to do her housework in. My mother cleaned house wearing a housedress, slip, corset, long stockings, and shoes with about an inch and a half heel. My mother probably thought herself extremely comfortable if she remembered her mother cleaning house wearing the same plus a long dress and two or three ankle length petticoats! And women not only dress comfortably for their work but the work itself is less arduous. Compare the automatic washer and dryer to the wringer washer (before it, the scrubboard) and the laborious pinning up of clothes and taking them down when it started to rain and then pinning them up again. Compare the sweeping and beating of rugs to the vacuum cleaner. Detergents: do you remember what it was like washing dishes with soap? How hard it was to get the grease and egg yolk off?

I can remember when paperback books became a big thing. In those days a hardcover book cost about half what they do now, but people only had a quarter or less as much money so a hardcover book was rather a major item. But the paperbacks cost only 25¢. The paperbacks are a blessing for which I never cease to be grateful. It's true that, like anything else, they conform to Sturgeon's Law. But when you consider the millions of paperbacks during the last 20 years, you realize that 10% of them make for a lifetime of happy reading. & one can buy them all over. I bought "The Plague and the Fire" at the grocery store. I'm happy to live in a world where you can buy history at the grocery store!

Not only is good reading material more readily available than it used to be, actually more important is the fact that entertainment is at hand for the majority who do not care to read. You and I may not watch the tv very much, but we should nonetheless be glad that it's available for those who have time for it. No one can possibly estimate how much pleasure, interest, and even mental stimulation tv has given to the majority who do not enjoy reading. (Of course it was radio, long before our time, that made the big difference; but tv has added a dimension and so much increased the pleasure). I think people are better-tempered than they once were, and the reason why is because they are not so parochial and ingrown--not so bored, in fact. There are now as there have always been people who thoroughly enjoy reading, people to whom books are like meat and drink. These people are, as they have always been, a minority. The majority are no longer left out in the cold.

I have thought it over for a long time, and have decided that I am definitely opposed to fan awards in principle. The trouble with fandom is that there is not enough egoboo to go around--never has been, never will be. The only defence against this dire deficiency, this loathsome form of entropy, is to learn not to care for egoboo. Institutionalizing the bestowal of egoboo will make learning not to care about egoboo that much more difficult. So let's not have fan awards, say I. I hereby state that Fan Awards are a Bad Thing and I personally will not support them.

Elinor



## II. Bargaining and Strategy

As indicated in the first of these papers, strategy in the modern era is essentially participation in a non-zero sum game. It is to the interests of both participants to limit conflict, because there is almost no possible gain that can compensate for the losses incurred by all-out war. It is true that there are alternatives worse than war; but it is generally to the advantage of both sides to compete at a level at which there is some positive expected return.

One of the tools available to strategists is the multitude of works analyzing the theory of Bargaining. Although there are many of these, we will mention only one: Thomas C. Schelling, "The Strategy of Conflict," which is considered one of the best single works intelligible to the layman. The following is chiefly drawn from a portion of Schelling's work.

### a. The Ability to Make Binding Commitments.

As we have seen in the previous paper, the solution to a problem may lie in convincing one's opponent that one is totally committed to an irrational policy, or that one will fulfill a threat when it is irrational to do so. If the Soviet Union could be convinced that no matter what threats they employed and no matter what the international situation at the time, any invasion on their part of Europe would result in an all-out massive attack on them by SAC, then, assuming the Soviets to be rational, Europe is safe. However, we cannot bind ourselves to that course of action; and if the Soviets can convince us that they are irrational, we will not wish to do so. Then, too, there is the problem of determining what is in fact an invasion of Europe--would we start all-out war if a platoon crossed the line?

What may not be clear is that the ability to bind oneself is more generally important than is at first recognized. For example, if a seller has a house with market value of \$16,000 but which is worth \$22,000 to a particular buyer (because of, for example, its proximity to his place of business) and the seller knows this, can that buyer obtain the house for, say \$17,000? There is no solution to this problem because at any point each side knows the other is willing to yield still further if he must. If we introduced a third player, however, then the buyer can make an enforceable agreement to pay the third party a penalty of \$7,000 if the buyer pays more than \$17,000 for the house. When he displays this agreement to the seller, and the seller recognizes it for what it is, the game is over.

To take a second example, suppose a wealthy man has been kidnapped in a state where the penalty for kidnapping is life imprisonment, but death for murder. The ransom has been paid, but the victim knows the kidnapper. It is now to the mutual advantage of both parties that the victim be able to bind himself to an agreement never to help the authorities catch the kidnapper, and even pledge to perjure himself for the kidnapper if the case comes to trial. One method he might use to bind himself would be deliberately to give the kidnapper photographs of himself in a highly compromising situations. If possible, the situation should be just sufficiently compromising to deter the victim's desire for revenge, but not sufficient that he would pay any other penalty to suppress it. Since his life is at stake, however, he cannot be too choosy.

### b. The Ability to Communicate.

In both these examples, we have assumed free and open communication. Suppose, however, that the seller in the first example knows that the buyer is about to make an agreement with a third party, and deliberately sends an offer to sell at \$20,000 with a note to the effect that he is going out of town. If the buyer cannot show him evidence that he has committed himself, he will not rationally make the agreement, but must buy at \$20,000. Note also that if both can make binding agreements, the first to bind himself not to pay (accept) more (less) than a stipulated amount and communicate this to the other has won; unless both make agreements simultaneously, in which case, both have lost.



It is not, in fact, always an advantage to be able to communicate with one's opponent. In the battle of the sexes, if a man and wife disagree over the telephone about where to meet downtown, the first to announce a place and hang up has won. The last thing he wants is to be able to receive a message from her. On the other hand, a blackmail victim may have received a threat, but if he places himself where he cannot communicate compliance, and the other knows this, there is no rational threatening situation. As another example, a voter may very badly want to sell his vote, but there is usually no way to demonstrate compliance; the secret ballot not only protects him from threats, but also prevents him from realizing an illicit profit.

The point to be made in this section is that more communication is not always either advantageous or stable, whether it be in the form of teletype between Krushchev and Kennedy or larger cultural exchange programs. It MAY be an advantage, or produce stability; but it is not possible to tell without rather sophisticated analysis. As a final example, let us take the classic solution to the arms race--mutual inspection of each nation's strategic forces. Suppose country A decides to inoculate its missilemen against a new disease. There are sufficient numbers of them that it takes several days to do so. Just after the inoculations are completed, the first men collapse into a coma. It appears reasonable that they will recover within a week. If country B can be kept unaware of this, no problem results; but country B's inspectors are present. They must report to their home government, so B now knows that country A will not have a strategic force in about a day. This in itself might not produce a violent response by B; but because country A knows that B will know of its coming opportunity, A will likely be tempted to strike before it is too late. Even if not tempted, A also knows that B knows A's misgivings, and that B must be tempted to protect.... etc. The example is admittedly far-fetched, and was constructed only to demonstrate the point made above: the most obviously beneficial improvements in the world situation may not be beneficial at all. In this case, B does not want to know, openly, about A's difficulty.

### III. Arms Control and Disarmament in the Search for Stability

This short essay will not attempt to prove either the case against General and Complete Disarmament (GCD) or for Arms Control; it merely points out that the argument is not as one-sided as many seem to think. At first glance, nothing could be more tempting than GCD, and nothing more stable than a world without arms. Yet, immediately questions arise, and they are obvious enough that we will not detail them here. It is sufficient to say that a brick is a weapon, and many suspect that world revolution is still desired by some parties. We will, therefore, turn from GCD to the more often contemplated ban on nuclear weapons, and ask only one question: is it stable?

The answer is not known, but it appears to be "no." If no one has atomic weapons, then the clandestine production of a very few gives the violator an enormous advantage, sufficient in fact to compel the surrender of his enemy. Both sides know this; and both sides are tempted to salt a few away. This might be done by conscientious men without the knowledge of top political leadership, "just in case." After that, it is merely a question of time before someone decides that the other poses an intolerable threat, and threatens to use the bombs. The other drags out his too. The arms race starts over, and this time without much chance of an agreed ending; each side knows the other to be faithless. Now, this is not a sufficient argument against the ban; but neither is it the only argument. Those interested are invited to read Schelling, or request a full bibliography from the present author. This is only an introduction, and cannot in the space allowed do more than indicate some lines of thinking.

What, then, is the situation under arms control, where weapons are not banned but limited in number? Here the case is a little clearer --barring major breakthroughs in technology, which can upset any agreement, it is possible at least to construct some stable situations. It may not be possible to get to them in the real world; but at least in abstract theory they can exist. Let us look at a



grossly over-simplified model. Suppose that we decide that the delivery of 100 missiles constitutes totally unacceptable damage to the Soviets. Then for our deterrent to be effective 100 of our missiles must survive any conceivable attack on us. Suppose also that missile accuracy and reliability (including the effect of antimissile defences) is such that one missile fired at the site of another has exactly .50 probability of destroying it. Then, if we have 200, he must fire just over 200 in order to cut our surviving missiles to less than 100. An arms control agreement which limited missiles to 200 or less is, therefore, highly unstable. Each side fears that the other will secretly make just a few more, which are all he needs to win by surprise attack. If, however, we had an agreed limit of 400, the enemy needs to fire more than twice 400, that is, more than 800. ((If this sounds wrong, either take the author's word for it or see the editorial footnote. FMB)) This is more stable, because there is less chance of anyone's clandestinely producing over 400 missiles. If the agreement limits both sides to 800, over three times as many will be required to reduce surviving retaliatory missiles to less than 100 -- that is, more than 2,400 must be employed by the aggressor, and more than 1,600 of these must be clandestinely produced. It appears that, neglecting other factors, the larger the number agreed to, the more stable the situation. This is particularly true if the numbers are so high to begin with that the economies of both sides are strained to produce and maintain them, because then secret production of a multiple of that number is highly unlikely.

This argument is drawn from Schelling, who also points out that it is far too simplified to be a strong argument for arms races as against disarmament. It does, however, dramatically illustrate the fact that disarmament may in fact be an unstable state, and not desirable at all. Those who are concerned about peace must at least consider these facts. A good warm-blooded commitment to peace is not always enough; there must also be cold-blooded analysis.

In our next paper, we will consider United States and Soviet strategic doctrines as expressed in unclassified literature, particularly in McNamara's speech at Ann Arbor last July and Gartoff's "Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age."

\* \* \* \* \* J. E. Pournelle

Just in case anyone else missed that first step, same as I did: given that 50% chance of any one aggressor missile putting one defender's missile out of business, the aggressor must fire more than one missile at each target if he needs to wipe out more than half. If he fires two for one, there are 4 possibilities at the target, three of destruction and one of survival, and he can statistically expect to destroy 3/4 of his targets. Consequently, to put 300 of 400 missiles out of action he must fire 800, in this example. Now if he fires 3 for 1, one out of eight of his targets will still survive-- thus, he must fire 2400 missiles to kill off 700 of the 800 in the authors final example.

To point up the mechanics of the situation, herewith a table showing the number of missiles needed for a "safe" surprise attack for given numbers of missiles available to the defender:

Defender:	200	400	800	1600	3200	6400
Attacker:	200	800	2400	6400	16000	38400

Since the aggressor actually needs more than enough to reduce the defender to the unacceptable level of 100 retaliatory missiles, it would appear that it just does not pay to tackle a well-armed defender in this fashion.

The defender's advantage varies inversely with the effective reliability and accuracy of the attacker's missiles. If we arbitrarily say that a stable level is that which requires the aggressor to fire two for one, we find that the ratio of this stable level to the number of retaliatory missiles that is unacceptable to the attacker is: one, divided by the probability of failure to hit, squared. We could make up a table on this too, but we won't.

For what this means in the current setup, see the estimates in the various newsmagazines [no, not AXE or FANAC, you idiot!] during & after Cuba Week.--FMB.



# THE CASE OF THE DEFECTING BNF

My name is Bendigo Clegg.

It says so on the door. Not that you can depend on what it says on the door. Under my name it also says 'Office hours 9 am to 5 pm'....and on the day I got my first case it was after 11 pm.

Trouble was, things were just not panning out. I knew all the theory of being a Private Eye, but I guess there is good reason for the fact that most private eyes are ex-cops. When I said back there that I got my first case at 11 pm, I mean of course my first successful case. I don't like to talk about the others. But I'll tell you all.

It pays to advertise. Using the money from a surrendered insurance policy I started the office on 54th Street, and flashed my name over the daily rags and three of the local radio stations. My very first assignment was with the First National Bank, shadowing the payroll. Well, there was a lot of noise, a coupla shots from the bank, and three men ran out. You'll hear about my luck iffen you keep reading. By the time I got my gun out, the other two were away, and I was only able to fling a hunk of lead after the last one. Just happened to be the chief cashier, that's all, although he didn't sue, the company's insurance covered me. Told me what to do with the bunch of daffodils when I went to see him. Very vindictive cuss. You meet them in all walks of life, you know.

The second case was personal bodyguard to the strip dancers of the Fandango Night Club, at the corner of 40th and 26th. THE TWELVE VIRGINS they were called, and three months after I took the job, three of 'em had broken the main clause of their contracts. Their paternity suits against me failed, but it lost me the job of lookout for night prowlers at the local convent. Publicity, you know.

I could go on. But I guess you've got the plot.

Word got round that I was inclined to be a mite unreliable. I couldn't pay for my room, and had to move into the office. Gas cut off...electricity cut off.... phone cut off....water cut off....things got so bad I expected a note from the local hospital to nip round for circumcision....

So, this night, I had just broken an office chair, heaped it into a pile in the centre of the room, lit it, and had the pan of sausages over the naked flame, when this gink walked in. It was just after 11 pm....

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"Evenin'," I said conversationally.

"Er..are you Bendigo Clegg?"

I dropped the sausages, and brushed his jacket vigorously.

"Yessir," I said. "No case too big to handle....trunks a specialty."

He didn't grin back.

"You seem in dire straits," he said, edging to the door.

I looked round..put my fingers to my lips..tiptoed to the door, opened it a mite, looked up and down the corridor, tiptoed back to him..whispered in his ear.. "It's a front..commies..you know."

He seemed impressed, and accepted a sausage.

"What can I do for you, sir,?" I fawned, after wiping my lips on the curtain.

"I've a little investigation I'd like you to undertake..what are your fees?" He appeared rather diffident.

"Ten dollars a day and expenses," I said. I leapt past him and blocked the doorway just as he tried to scuttle through. "Ten dollars a day including expenses," I hissed.

He allowed himself to be dragged back. I sat him down on the orange crate, and gave a professional leer.

"Give me the fax," I gritted.

"Weeeelllll..er..I'm a faan," he began.....

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Right enough, it was a pretty horrible story. He belonged to the local sf fan club, and they pubbed a marvellous, er, fanzine called BLAST OFF. Things were looking up for them. They'd actually been mentioned by Al Andrews in his fanzine review column, and they'd got Bob Silverberg's autograph. Everything revolved round the club BNF Bertram Garvey...he'd supplied the duplicator, was a whizz with the crank, could cut a stencil with the very minimum of typos, but most of all he was a born writer. His forte was humour. He hadn't actually had anything accepted by any other fanzine, although ISCARIOT was holding one of his better manuscripts. And the puns....whoosh. This fan of mine, this potential client, he said that Garvey made superb puns, and this put him in line for TAFF.....and then the disaster happened.

Garvey hadn't shown up for the club meetings....the seventh issue of BLAST OFF was pending, and the rest of them had even cut the stencils, but no Garvey. Five weeks had come and gone..trades were flying in thick and fast..the club was on the threshold of Big Things..but Garvey..the leading light, the undisputed leader ..the Great Garvey..had gone. No more did he lash out with devastating verbal witticisms..no more did he sit over the typer..fingers poised..brow furrowed..and then dash off a three page sercon sf story..there just wasn't an sf club anymore..and in another couple of weeks the last tenuous connecting thread which bound the rest of them together in fandom could snap....and this faan, he painted a shocking story of vice and corruption which the young neos would drift into if the guiding influence of fandom was denied them.....

I got down on my knees and unashamedly asked for at least half a day's pay in advance. He relented, and gave me a whole day's pay.....one crisp ten dollar bill..he said he wanted results quickly, not only from a financial aspect (although he hinted this was rough) but to save the honor of the club.....

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I got Garvey's address....a pretty swanky neighborhood. He climbed into a Jaguar, and I had to hire a taxi to follow him. I'd made enquiries round the locality, and no one knew where he went every night. The taxi cost me \$6.30. I slipped the man \$6.50 and told him to keep the change, and stealthily crept up the stairs after Garvey. As I climbed the stairs after him, I heard a deathly sound, like gut being taken from the cat via an operation without anaesthetic. I stopped outside the door he'd gone into..more terrible squeaks. Well, I was on \$10 a day, and it wouldn't last, so I had to act. I took a deep breath, gripped the door knob, turned it, and walked in. The room was full of pseudo intellectuals. They were reclining, listening to what I suppose were musical chords from the hi fi equipment in the corner. Whatever it was ended, and they all clapped politely.

"And now," said a man with a cute beard and a puce sweater, "I'll play you the prologue to the one act opera "Araidne auf Naxos," by Richard Strauss, sung, of course, in German."

Jeeze, it was terrible. I was almost ready to throw the job in. Some things are sacred. Bunk Johnson was never like this. I sidled up to Bertram Garvey.

"Nice set-up, Bert," I hissed.

He looked at me, surprised, saying 'shush' at the same time.

"I'm cutting stencils for BLAST OFF at the moment," I breathed. "I'm the new neofan, see....and the rest asked me to call and see why you won't come to club meetings anymore...."

He winced.

As tea was handed round in delicate china cups, I managed to talk with him again. He confided that with all that duplicating and everything he'd just got fed up. There was nothing so nice, he opined, as sitting in a plush chair and listening to classical music. Fandom had 'had it.' He'd got muscle strain from all that flippin' dupering. And now it was time for the high spot of the evening, "Chorale Prelude: Christus der uns selig macht," by Bach, arr. Kodaly.

I bowed silently, adroitly dodging a beatnik coming round collecting dues, and walked back to the office.

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Back in the office, I pondered. Maybe I could manage to squeeze a few dollars off them, even if I couldn't swing the deal, and I never saw anyone as enthusiastic about classical music as Bertram was. I looked at my watch, reasoned that the fan group would be meeting, and I walked round to see them. A miserable looking bunch. Sitting there looking bewildered, idly flipping over the pages of fanzines. Then it struck me.....

"Say bhoys," I panted. "Hand me over a half dozen of those stencils, and get the duper inked up."

Whilst I flexed my fingers up and down, preparatory to attacking the typer, I looked meaningly towards the Club Dues box, and intimated that I'd require \$50 COD when I brought Bertram Garvey back to the roost.....

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"La Dame Blanche Overture" by Boieldieu ended with sporadic applause. I collected well over \$7.50, and turned to Garvey.

"Well, Bertram," I said coyly, "how's about coming back to fandom?"

"May as well," he grunted miserably, and I led him in triumph back to the fan group.

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So, I've got my phone back, I've put a coat of paint on the walls, and purchased a coupla chairs from an auction room. What's more, I've got the promise of more business from the local fan groups.....they were vastly impressed with my successful coup, and I understand now that Bertram has made his first professional sale to THE PANIC BUTTON.

How did I do it? you ask.

Actually, I shouldn't be telling you, because the whole story is written up in the next issue of BLAST OFF, but I guess I can give you a sneak preview of the vital part:

'and it was the introduction of my classical music fanzine CHOPIN BLOCK which caused the final return of the prodigious son. The members of that erstwhile elite club of music enthusiasts was thrilled with the idea of starting their own music fanzine. Whilst the strains of Poulenc and Hindesmith and Lennox Berkeley drifted unnoticed over the room, the music fans were typing and duplicating like mad. With the assistance of a subtle hint from myself, Bertram had purchased his own record player and discs, and therefore, as he couldn't get away from publishing fanzines, what was more natural than that he should return to the fold.....'

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And what did I do with the rest of my fee?

Well now, you'll get it through your letter box fairly soon, my very own fanzine, and..like..... I'm available for private investigations for fans, too..... very reasonable.....

John Berry  
1962

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Department of Plugs, neatly arranged in chronological order:

Westercon XVI [BayCon II]: July 4th through 7th, 1963, at the Bay Area's Hyatt House, Burlingame, Calif. Membership \$1.00; send it to J Ben Stark, 113 Ardmore Road, Berkeley 7, Calif. This 4-day Con should be a fine blast.

DisCon [the 21st World S-F Convention], Aug 31 through Sept 2, 1963, at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in Washington, D C. The \$2 or \$3 which you know all about by now should be sent to Wm H Evans, Box 36, Mt Rainier, Maryland [no, FAPAns, that is not a typo; Bill still has Box 86 for personal non-Con mail].

Hugo nominations are open until April 15, 1963. Same old categories; send your nominations [giving your ChiconIII and/or Discon membership number] to Dick Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia or even Virginia.

And for 1964, friends, it's "64 Frisco or Fight!" As if you didn't know...



# WITH Keen Blue Eyes and a Bicycle . . .

Have you all made a brand-spanking-new shiny set of New Year's Resolutions for 1963? Me neither. Oh sure, I resolved to do a little less smoking and drinking and eating, but I do that nearly every day and it doesn't seem to make much difference, except that my subconscious with its blind faith has relieved me of the smokers' cough that used to plague me some years ago when I smoked about half as much as I do now, and the same with hangovers. And I decided to get to bed earlier and get more exercise and fresh air, which makes a better line than I really intended, if you look at it right.

But these are all [or mostly] Mundane Resolutions, which are well and good except that: what do they have to do with amateur magazines devoted to the field of fantasy and science-fiction? A fan should make some Fannish Resolutions, is what I say. So here are some representative samples of

## New Year's Resolutions for the Durable Fan:

1. I will not become a member of a Convention Committee. If anyone boosts my town as a Con-site, I will move away. Or kill him.
2. I will not run for TAFF. I will not get deeply involved in support of any one TAFF candidate. I may not even vote [but I will contribute].
3. Likewise I will not become personally involved in the promotion of any Special Fan Fund, though again I will contribute if I like the pitch.
4. I will not start a new apa, WONW, or carbonated chain-letter, even if I do happen to think of a set of cute initials for one.
5. I will not join another apa, and if in any danger of approaching apa-complotism I will drop a few instead. While a member of any apa I will try to hit each quarterly mailing, but will not run everything I write through every apa of which I am a member; there are easier and less expensive ways to bore folks to tears.
6. I will not start another new fanzine. Not even a little one.
7. For any fanzine I may now publish, I will announce a feasible publishing schedule and will stick to it. If I am publishing more than one general fanzine I will fold all but one and keep that one regular. Even if it takes a few pills.
8. I will not use Ditto, though I lose my subsidy from the Optometrists' Assoc.
9. I will start no new clubs, nor encourage anyone else to do so.
10. I will join no additional clubs. If I am now a member of one I will not run for office. If I am now an officer I will do my best to deserve impeachment.
11. I will not initiate a new Fannish Project-- in particular, any that might involve voting and Awards. I will not conduct a Poll of any kind, and in fact will vote in very damn few of them indeed.
12. I will undertake no Mammoth Publishing Project-- no Index, Anthology, Encyclopedia, Glossary, Trip Report, oversized Annish, or any other special issue of any general or apa zine. I will not publish other people's zines for them [which, considering the way the Gestetner works lately, is a Good Thing].
13. I will not publicly advocate Convention innovations that will entail more work, expense, or bother for the Con Committee. I will not apply the destructive advantage of hindsight to any Convention until I am over my hangover and in a more reasonable frame of mind.
14. I will not try to recruit fans from analogous "other fandoms", scientific or professional groups, or my nonfannish friends or co-workers. In no case will I try to bring science-fiction or fandom to the notice of the general public.
15. I will use none of the following references more than once in any given fanzine: pactsarcd, Mrs. Shirley Camper, "that's not too many", \$75,000 (or even \$35,000), Claude Degler, "farooof exotic" anyplace, John W Ghod jr, "you've never even BEEN to Hong Kong", the trouble with s-f today, the trouble with fandom today, the trouble with the N3F today, the trouble with my typer (or duper) today, the trouble with me today, the fact that biGhod I am writing on-stencil, or how drunk I am while doing so, which is plenty.
16. However I will continue to write mostly onstencil, except for this time.
17. I will not expect to keep more than about half of these Resolutions, if that.



So much for How To Live As A Prisoner of the Elite [or Pica].

I see by a couple of fanzines that Chuck Devine of Boise, Idaho died Sept 26, 1962 "of a self-inflicted gunshot wound". I hope to hell this was some stupid hunting accident and not suicide, because if a guy has to die too soon anyway, he might as well die happy and feckless as go through all that turmoil and suffering first. I met Chuck at Boycon in 1960 and up here for Seacon the next year, and he seemed like a nice bright kid with both promise and problems. I'm sorry he's dead, for whatever reason, and there is little more to say on that, as such. The possibility of suicide, however, is a disturbing one.

In 1958 when Kent Moomaw took a razor blade to a vacant lot and used it on his throat and wrists, that shook us up. It really tore me in half to empathize with that poor damn kid sawing at his arteries in a frenzy of fear and determination and self-loathing and God knows what else had gotten into him by then. A great many words were written about that act, the tragedy of it all, the loss to him and to everyone else. There was some sobbsistering, but not very much.

But I think we overlooked something, out of tact and a mistaken sense of good taste, that urgently needed saying, so as to avoid something that seems to have happened inadvertently-- in our shock and grief and wish to make some sort of belated amends for failing to help the guy out of his problems, we who wrote any sort of obituary for Kent Moomaw stressed his potentialities and his high points in general, so that we ended up making him sound like some kind of martyr or hero-- for what was essentially a silly-assed exaggerated piece of escapist action, as can be easily seen by transposing to an equally drastic but less final throwaway-act carrying less emotional whammy.

We said it was too bad, which was true. We neglected to say that it was damn silly of him, which was equally true. It has been guessed that having to register for the draft was the Last Straw. Well, if the guy had volunteered for induction that very day, he would have put in 2 years and would now as of this writing have been out of the service for 27 months and looking forward to an indefinite vista of civilian life as a happy griping veteran. Only a fool throws away the greater part of his life because he cannot face up to the immediate or short-term prospects, unless these consist of a one-way trip to the torture chambers of medieval and current-totalitarian despots, with no hope of escape.

There is this about it, of course; the problem is one of distortion due to thinking up a blind alley for too long without checking with anyone else. It is almost inevitable that among the readers of this squib there will be at least one person who has made it through just about any tough situation that is apt to face any other of us. I've even had a few myself, and I figure I'm not alone in this. The trouble with these guys who pull the chain on themselves seems to be that they figure they are unique, so [whether out of shame or out of conceit; I do not know] they won't ask around and get the comforting score on the bit.

Anyone for starting a few chapters of Suicides Anonymous?

Someone of scholarly persuasion says in the lettercol that Henry Treece fouls up his hero so badly in "Jason" because "he hates his hero's stupid guts". I think this is begging the question: Treece wrote the fellow the way he wanted to write him, surely. So where would he get off being bugged with his own little masterpiece of creation? My own feeling is that Treece got about halfway through his book, saw that he was too many furlongs behind Mary Renault for insight in doing the same sort of schtick, and spitefully converted his own work into a sort of obscene travesty of Renault's two Theseus books. Theseus-by-Renault has guts above all; Jason-by-Treece is a hollow shell containing isolated lumps of expediency and utterly incongruous bulges of unused philosophy. Read 'em and judge.

I don't really want to break my own resolution (#9) and start or encourage the formation of any new clubs at all. Not even Suicides Anonymous. What I do have in mind is that anyone in any apparent blind-alley bind should communicate. Bend the ear of the (reasonably discreet) fan of your choice, before assuming that all is lost. Either the guy will have an answer or else he will get your pitch so badly wrong that you will have a new goal of showing what an ass he is.



And now a word from our publisher:

The following is quoted from Lenny Anderson's "Tempus Puget" (a column) in the Seattle Times for Monday, January 14, 1963:

From the Cone Company comes a handsome card with two picture frames draped in black flags and the words "In Memoriam" on the cover. Inside the frames-- a four-cent stamp and a seven. The touching message on the inside page, written by Jerry and Mort Cone:

"With deep regret this company announces the passing of two of its most active partners... Mr. Four and Mr. Seven... One had his feet planted firmly on the ground while the other soared to great heights when necessary...

"These faithful retainers... bearers of sales messages, payers of bills, deliverers of good tidings.. they were all these and much more. They were collectors' items, yet they constantly watched their weight and changed appearances to keep up with current styles.

"Although their replacements come to us even more highly rated, we are certain that you, our friends, join us in mourning the passage of Mr. Four and Mr. Seven."

Now I ask you: could any fan have put it better?

I see by the fan press that TAFF seems to be fresh out of candidates. Bill Donaho withdrew in favor of the Draft Sneary move, and now Rick refuses to stand. Maybe we should just skip it this year. Vote NO for TAFF? I dunno; it's an idea. Awhile back we had thoughts of gathering nominators for Wally Weber [all female from the British side, uffcawse], but first it was that Tucker might run and then Bill was up, and no one in his right mind would run against either of those guys. And then we got to thinking about how Wally writes letters, and we could see him as a TAFF administrator making Ford and Madle look like blabbermouths in contrast. Although he just might have surprised us, at that. He does, sometimes. O well...

I also see by the papers that a Soviet scientist "has discovered a new law of physics that 'corrects' the famous laws of Newton." It go along and it go along, and it say that the correction has to do with impacts and will be applied to prolong the life of impact-type machinery. I seem to have seen something else along these same lines not too many months ago-- something about a "4th law of motion" in similar applications?? Maybe the Russians saw that, too, and decided it couldn't hurt anything to mess around with the idea a little bit just to see what might happen. Well, you never know, sometimes.

The Fimbul-Winter is upon us-- like we had this real COLD snap last weekend, where it got down to about 15°F for 3 nights in a row. OK, I know some of you guys in the glacial belt would use that temperature to warm your feet about now, but you have got to remember that we ain't used to it. Anyhow, I see where it dropped down nearly to freezing in Los Angeles the other day, and I expect we will be reading about that here and there, <sup>so</sup> I just thought I'd look silly first. Boy, judging from the papers, it sure does <sup>look</sup> like a doozer this year, all over.

Paul Williams in the lettercol has unerringly grasped the fact that CRY is really an apa rather than a mere fanzine. I will not steal his thunder by paraphrasing his reasoning, but of course he is right. We've known this for 4 years or more, and used to make cracks about Cry of the Readers Amateur Press Association. But Paul figured it out all on his own hook so let's give him credit.

It is a rather unusual apa that we have here: no constitution [though this is not unique], no roster, a waiting-list of sorts [the WAHF], informal activity requirements that are self-enforcing-- the main thing we seem to be missing the boat on is collecting dues from the memberships. Well, let's not get carried away with this schtick; there are limits. I guess the way it goes is that the members of this apa need dues or activity to get any given mailing...

It is a good thing we are at the bottom of the page, I can tell you, because pretty soon I would have gotten around to talking about sex, and there has been more garbage written on that subject already than on any other, including even perhaps religion. So I guess you can see how lucky we all are in this instance.

And besides, like we keep telling you, this is a Family Fanzine. --Buz.



another homey installment of....

# CRY OF THE READERS

conducted by Wally Weber

AVRAM DAVIDSON THINKS OF GUYBERRITY

CRYminentles:

Tittery-tottery  
Pittery-pottery,  
Ickety-wickety bum.  
--from an old folksong which  
has yet to be written.

Dangling Participle  
410 W. 110th St., NYC 25  
two days before Thanksgiving /62  
(address after Dec. 6:  
Lower East Harford St.,  
Milford, Pike County, Pa.)

My greatly gravid Grania having tottered off to the ~~vet~~ obstetrician, I've decided to grab a few minutes from work for the almost-lost (around here, anyway) art of fanac. Aren't you glad? Doesn't that make you feel all good inside? Hmmm...? Well, if you're going to heave, for Heaven's sake don't do it in here. Go outside.

The following lines occurred to me whilst I was taking a lil nap after returning from the office this afternoon (I only go once a week but the strain, my dears, the strain...), viz. (1) "Guyberrity is the thing!" (2) "Pity lies in the eyes of the beholder." Anybody got any suggestions what in thee Hell "guyberrity" means? [According to my dictionary, it means you aren't speaking English. --www]

Und zo.

Con Report! Well, I don't know why Fluellen Myffanwydd Busby complains about the custom at the Pick-Congress Hotel, whereby one bill was presented per table instead of per person. I got ever so many free drinkies that way. Which made me all benevolent forever after, which is why you don't see me making acid comments about public smooching, Buz Buzby, you musty old man, you have moths in your beard and you can't even speak Welsh, so Taliesin to you, you counterfeit Cymri. Anyway, better a hotel which has only one bar, no matter how befumbled, than one which has more than one--like the Pick-Pittsburgh had about seven and you never knew where anyone was. Me, I like to be able to find all the gnus at one waterhole, as it were.

Re writers and broads. I mean, writers broadened by living aborad (I would jes love to live aborad, it's the only way: the next best thing is living abroad --which is what I meant all along, as well you know) -- quoth Elinor: "...residence abroad is invaluable to a writer when writing is not his reason for living abroad." I'll buy that. Isold a few pieces prior to 1948, when I first went abroad (as distinguished from overseas, where I had already done been--you ketch the difference) --small ones to small markets, non stf. While in Israel I wrote nothing. But the minute I stept into the 3rd class messroom-cum-lounge on the Italian freighter which was taking me from Israel to Erup (Erup is nice but Europe is nicer. Too bad there wasn't time.) I whipped out my triperwiter and began whacking away madly. My scintillating & subsequent career is a matter of publick knowledge, ain't?

Hotelwise, next to the elevator, my chief gripe was the maid, who was an aleurophobe. Staring fearfully at Brewster, who was then c. six inches long, she informed us that she sure didn't like cats. "I sure don't like cats" was how she put it. She proved it, too, by never coming in to clean the room once.

And thank you, Elinor, for contenting yourself with saying, anent summat or other, "This is a unique book." Strordnery thing how many people think that this adjective needs modifying or can be modified--"very unique" "most unique"--  
arrrrhhh! [I agree. Elinor has an exceedingly unique way of commenting on things. --www]



As for a certain person who wants to know "if it would be possible to have some fantasy and science fiction used in " F&SF--but hasn't got what I mean the guts to ask me himself but wants Betty Kujawa (a lady & a scholar and her husband is a good man who shoots neat skeets and rescues editors' pregnant wives from railroad terminals at midnight) to do it for him: Coward!--all I have to say is that I receive that person's innuendoes with cold silence and contempt of the very same temperature. His name, rank, & serial number have been turned over to the authorities and arrests stemming from the infamous black market in sukiyaki, pickled radish, and subgum sauce, are to be expected momentarily.

Humph.

Betty Kujawa wants to know how The Jew would behave on his first flight into space. She didn't specify which Jew she meant--so I guess there's only one involved--and she says maybe I could tell yiz. Well, as it so happens I can; I have at or in my hand at this very moment a Secret & Confidential Report from the Israeli Bureau of Astronautics (ahah! you didn't know, did you? Leave certain spoilsport nearby nations run off year after year with first prize in camel-racing. Lodda good thattle do 'm on the Moon!) concerning the space flight of Captain Mosheh Ben-Jetfuel. First he called his mother. Then he had something to eat. Then he organized two synagogues, one of which he immediately resigned from & subsequently refused to attend.

Next question.

Next issue (boy am I getting caught up! Stand back! Give me air! Work? Magazine editing? (fiendish mad cackuels) My baby may be born out in the snow & cold, but I must have my fanac! Ahahahahahahah (more f.m.c.s))

Now I know the secret of How To Write SF Which Will Please Ted White. Simply have one of the female characters wet themselves. Just one thing. Don't send the MS to me. Send it to Ted White. Does anybody have a space-suited didy-doll?

Re Elinor's wondering about sending me a plotless story intituled "BIRTH IN THE AFTERNOON"--Elinor, until this baby, now 9 days overdue (you'd think Jimmy Taurasi was its father, for CRYsake) gets born--afternoon, evening, or morning -- I don't want to see it. Plot-shmot, I don't want to S E E it!

Arrrrhhhhh!

Elinor, your Book Reviews are confusing. Gladys Schmitt is really Marion Zimmer Bradley? G.B. Stern publishes an OMPazine? Gad, these gels are simply everywhere! Those interested in reading my review of Wm. Golding's Neanderthal novel THE INHERITORS, ~~see~~ buy the Feb. F&SF, on sale Jan. (adv.)

I am sure that the Curious Incident of the Davidsons at the Willis Party (in Gary Deindorfer's letter) has provoked enormous comment throughout all fandom. What? What's that, Ruth Berman? But Gary Deindorfer's letter doesn't mention the Davidsons being at the NY Willis Party the night of Sept. 29? Oh you are so right. The Davidsons were not at that Party. That was the Curious Incident. Dorf was there. Reiss was there. Gerber was there. Stiles and White were there. And the Willises were there. But the Davidsons, who had been waiting Eagerly for the Willises to pass through NY on their way back, were not there. They weren't Invited. They weren't Informed. Why not? I don't know. I don't even know who gave the Party. And I don't care, d'you hear\*?--not one bit. I might just gafiate. Then you'll be sorry. But what Walt & Madlin must have thought--

Avram

[Avram, that was certainly unkind of them NY fans not to invite you to that Party. (I never did think much of those NY fans; I noticed from their letters, they all have shifty typers, and their I's are too close together, too.) Well we won't slight you. By all means, feel free to attend the Nameless meeting at Otto Pfeifer's place January 31. And don't think I'm just buttering you up because you're a Big Name Editor and I want you to buy the rewrite of that Grulzak-rustler story of mine you rejected. However, don't bother to show up unless you got the money for that other story about the boy and his pet grulzak, Lushie. ---www]



ARTHUR THOMSON SUGGESTS LONDON IN '65

17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive,

Dear Cry:

London, S.W.2.

10-11-62

I thought that the captions to the foto's on the 163 cover were pretty damn funny, they were so right to suit the expressions on the faces.

Enjoyed the three views of the Chicon, and, agree all the way with that little snippet of Buz's about people who go around smooching all the time at fan gatherings...we get the same here...there were two particularly bad cases of it at the recent SFCoL Hallow'een party.. and I have a mind to type out Buz's piece on it and keep it handy to pass quietly over to those who indulge heavily in this public snogging the next time it grates on my nerves at a fan party.

Noticing a few references to Beer in the last couple of issues..brings to mind of a brew that was sold to the British Forces in Egypt when I was out there with the Airforce. The label showed a picture of a Camel standing by a pyramid with a large stylised star shining all down on it. It was called 'STELLA' and the general opinion after tasting it was that the camel picture showed in some way what the fluid was composed of. In fact it was actually 100% chemicals, and, so the saying went..water out of the Nile. It had a taste peculiar to itself which, if you wanted to keep drinking it you had to aquire a resistance to pretty quickly. Horrible though it was, after working out on the runways for a few hours it tasted like nectar..if you drank fast. Even now sometimes when sitting comfortably ensconced in Ye Olde English Pub with a couple of bottles of Watneys or Fremfords fine old english Brown Ale in front of me I often yearn to try one bottle of Stella again just for old times sake. Ah me. [I hope I spelled "yearn" the way you intended it, Art. --www]

Best to all.

Cheers

Arthur

London in '65!

DAVE KEIL RECEIVES LATE CRY

38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, N.Y.

Dear Cry,

November 29, 1962

CRY #164 arrived one day before the supposed deadline for the next issue, but I assume this was either a mistake or that I had gotten my copy late.

The Atom cover was good. What process is incorporated in the reproduction of his illos? [Well, I'm glad somebody finally asked. ATom scrawls a few smudgy lines on the back of an envelope, puts the envelope in an empty Stella bottle, and throws the bottle into the Thames. In due time Nobby (the eldest Busby dog) retrieves it from Puget Sound and carries it home to Elinor. Elinor carefully traces the Smudgy lines onto a used Gestetner stencil, sometimes including a portion of the cancelled stamp if ATom used an old envelope. Well you can imagine what it must look like by the time it gets to me! But, with skill you couldn't begin to comprehend, I perform a miracle of printery with Gestetner and Multigraph to produce the exquisite covers you see on CRY. This issue the stamp was so complicated that Elinor just gave me the original envelope to put on the Gestetner, and still I was able to produce unbelievably good results. I'm pleased you have enjoyed my efforts. --www]

It was interesting to hear what FM Busby felt on that historic day following the President's announcement. Most fans I knew (including myself) were ready to "run for the hills". It's strange to think that there will be no safe place if war should break out. I think everyone, including the Russians, realize this only too painfully and this is the only thing which has kept us from it already. I am not, however, one of those perpetual worriers. It doesn't frighten me, because I realize that I can do nothing about such a thing, except pray that the world leaders will have enough presence of mind to settle any disputes which may arise as peacefully as possible.

Well thanks for a very interesting issue as usual. Now all you need is something vastly different...something shocking...something controversial.

Keep up the mimeography.

Dave Keil



A2C RICHARD W. BROWN SUSPECTS CRY OF CHANGING

36th TransRon, APO 132, New York,  
N.Y. NOTE NEW NEW ADDRESS

Cry is changing, as I think someone has said once or twice before, or maybe it's going to hell in a bucket -- no, that's The Cult. Well, anyway, Cry is changing. I doubt, even if Otto Pfeifer went back to writing the adventures of The Spacehound and Tosk came back to editing the lettercolumn that Cry would be what it had been -- and, objectively speaking, to compare the two is kind of silly; the new Cry is obviously superior.

For instance, take Cry #163. (Wasn't that sly, the way I got you interested in my specific comments, and lead you quickly into them from my general ones?) The cover. Those captions are really fun -- but I remember how it used to be, when you had the photo-covers. The letter-hacks used to supply the captions. I still laugh when I remember some of them; Bob Leman, for instance, captioned by Stony Brook Barnes, "So yuh don't like my grubby meathooks on yer plate?" Ah, whither Stony Brook Barnes? (He's in the Navy, if anyone really wonders.) [He's also somewhere in the letter column, and that's really a wonder! --www] Whither Es Adams? (Going to college, I know -- but I thot it might be nice to ask.) Whither Jim Moran? (Come to think of it, yeah, whither Jim Moran?) Whither Burnett R. Toskey, PhD? (Out being driven mad by Stanbery -- but what a wonderful way to go!) [You're mistaken. Actually, it's only his tongue that's withering. --www]

Ted White is a Very Fine People, for he gives me a chance to voice a suspicion of mine. It started with the 100th FAPA mailing, and it has wavered back and forth a couple of times, but generally it has held: I think this 'article' in Cosmopolitan is a hoax. The trouble is, the reason I think this is something I can't exactly put my finger on -- perhaps just the general tone of the way people are reacting to it -- so I'm almost forced to add, "I can be wrong." But something else tells me to add that I really doubt it. [You're sick. --www]

So at last, Elinor, you and Buz know the answer to 'Who Is John Galt?' that ol' Mike Deckinger lino. (Reminds me: someone, I can't remember who, wrote me recently, "I just finished Atlas Shrugged, and was surprised to find she used Mike Deckinger's lino, 'Who Is John Galt?' Is she a fan, or something?" Now I'm wondering if maybe I was being ployed -- ah, well, small matter.) And that also reminds me: I've finally found out Who I Am. Remember, in PRA and other places where I tend to sound like something out of a Dear Abby column, I've been yammering on about the search for self? Well, I finally found out; I'm a split personality. Part of me is John Galt. (I knew that before -- I gave a fair rendition of the John Galt Oath in reply to ol' Twig in PRA in SAPS long before I'd ever heard of Ayn Rand.) I really would stop the motor of the world; except, of course, that there's just the slightest touch of Don Quixote de la Mancha, and I'm afraid (the John Galt part of me is afraid) I might be tilting with windmills.

It's really not too hard to predict what people will do without that elaborate code of manners, Elinor. Not near as hard as you seem to imply. It involves the simple formula of asking yourself, "What is the stupidest, silliest, most unreasonable thing to do under the circumstances?" -- and nine times out of ten that's exactly what they'll do. About the only time you miss is when you can't think of anything stupid or silly enough.

Betty Kujawa: Rick Sneary For TAFF! ..as I think I've said before.

Betty, I'm afraid you don't see the Whole Problem. Well, there was a joke once about a Negro who went up North, conditions in the South being what they were, to see about getting a job. He couldn't get one. Try as he might, he couldn't get one; and, almost penniless, he started home. He went from house to house, trying to get something to eat, telling each person his story, asking for a bit of sustenance; and at each house he got the same answer, a polite 'No.' Until he reached one house (after much travelling) at which the answer was, "Sho', I'll give yuh somethin' to eat -- I ain't a man to let a man starve -- but you get y'self aroun' to the back do' where y'all belongs." To which the Negro is



reported to have replied, "Thank God -- I'm back home." Or, as Dick Gregory put it, "Down South, they don't care how close you get, just so you don't get too high; up North they don't care how high you get, just so you don't get too close." What I think the educated Southerner objects to is that the North is trying to tell it to clean up its house, while the North is an equally sloppy housekeeper. The next time troops are sent in to Mississippi, you might stop to wonder if perhaps they should be sent into Chicago, too.

Harry Warner: "My own feeling has been that if something I write with intentions of selling is not sold, it shouldn't be afflicted on anyone around me, viva voce." It's a good thing you qualified that -- not everyone has fanzines to turn to, or fanzine writing. Admittedly, these types can be a pest -- I can remember several who have been to me, interrupting my own writing to read me some of theirs -- but it's generally standable if they're looking for criticism. It's awfully hard to be objective about something you write -- somewhat, as I've mentioned before, like trying to correct typo's with the manuscript two inches in front of your face -- and often you can have simple mistakes pointed out by an outside source that you might have never noticed yourself. I have no documentary proof that this is so, but I should imagine that some of these criticisms might mean the difference between a sale and a rejection. The trouble being that most people won't tell you what they really think is wrong with a piece through fear to hurt.

Rosemary Hickey: Isn't 'in the round' fun, though? I've only seen it; never played it. Our director was tellin us just last week about some of the fun it could be; he was playing the part of a Dying Hero, and one of his flamboyant gestures left his hand on a nice-looking miss in the front row -- being a ~~Worwy~~ ~~devil~~ fellow with the normal drives, he played the rest of the scene that way. Someday, just for kicks, I'll have to play 'in the round.'

Charles Wells: I'm afraid I have to yield to Buz; I lifted the phrase 'good 5¢ puberty rite' from one of his letters to me, several years ago, when we were discussing life in the military -- that, however, quite some time before I joined. Anyway, I don't 'enjoy' post-basic Military Life -- I just say that it's tolerable. Agreed, there are many many clods that you have to put up with. But I'm a cynic. People are basically stupid -- have been, are, ever will be, world without end, etc. Still, I'm not all that much of a cynic; there are bound to be some intelligent types. It's just a matter of knowing how to find them. But come October 1963, I'll be out and damned glad of it, make no mistake about that.

Cleah Uvani,  
rich brown

STONY BARNES PRAISES CRY ARTIST  
Dear Cry of Namelesses,

U.S.S. McGinty DE-365, Care of U.S. Navy  
& MCRTC, Swan Island, Portland, Oregon

[Cry of what? You've been gone too long, Stony. 11 Dec '62  
--www]

#165 arrived today. Only one thing -- not enough illos. But that one on page 17, Zowie! What art! Get more from this lad! He's adorable!!

Oh, hey, I guess I'm a stony-come-lately but I finally read (most) of SIALS and last night tried to write up my opinions. I was lying in the other room on the bed writing while my "friend" was in the other room watching TV. All of a sudden somebody yells "Stony, look out" (or something like that) and about 4 gunshots went off in thundering retort. Man, about five minutes later I stuck my mush out from under the bed to ask what the heck was that. It seems that there's this guy on TV called "Stoney Burke" using my name in one of those new oaters. Sort of shook me up for a minute thar.

Well about Stranger --

What bugged me most was -- what happened to good old Ben Clayton?? Here I had myself securely and happily identified with BC anticipating the goodies to



come later with Jill when he was shicked off to parts unknown. That dirty two-timing Jill sure faked me out. I hate to switch heros in the middle of the stream, but when all the gals went ga-ga over "Mike" I obviously had no choice. What's RAH trying to do, make a split personality out of me?

The book was ok for the first 200 pages, but after that, zilch--

Hey I got a nother car. I trade off the Lincoln on a '52 MG. Hah -- a Raeburn type. What a bomb. But colder than a bare-footed eskimo.

Love & Kisses

X X X

S.B.

DENNIS LIEN HAS LETTER CUT

Lake Park, Minnesota

Dear Unholy Three:

Well, I see my fantastic run of consecutive published LOCs has come to a grinding halt after one (count them, one) issue. [Haw! You should see this letter of yours; I cut it even before I got it out of the envelope. Seems I got a trifle over-enthusiastic with the letter opener. But then, with the sort of mail we get here, I have to use a scimitar for a letter opener out of sheer self defense. --www]

I'd still like CRY #162 if you happen to dig up a copy, ozerwise send some other pre- #162 issue or send me the Feb '63 issue. Jeez, Wally, don't just keep that extra quarter! [Quit buggin' me, will yuh? I don't have your crummy quarter. Last I saw of it, a local bartender was putting it in a cash register. --www]

Everybody buy "Nightmares." 20¢ for issue #3. From George Procter, Route 1, Gilmer, Texas. Why buy Nightmares? Because it has good book reviews. Who writes the good book reviews? I do. Buy it anyway. George needs the money. [At least we know we're sure to get our money's worth from George -- if we really want nightmares that bad. --www]

WKBEAAB. I confess, humbly, to being a bit of a liberal myself, but I will henceforth conceal this from F.M. Renfrew Pempbertin Busby -- anyway I agree with his opinion of Ted Pauls' ideas, especially that part about a "100,000,000 people in a educated Underground. Hell, if 100,000,000 people even bothered to vote in a national election some year it would be a shock.

And oh yes. I haven't read either "Speakeasy" or "The Male Response" (the Aldiss story) yet so thanks tons for giving away the (ha ha) "surprise" endings.

What tune (if any) goes with "Song of the Egofanic"?

I was pleased to see Mae S. Shelkov's letter, as I had thought I was the only human being who had not read Atlas Shrugged and/or The Fountainhead. I read one Rand story (Anthem). That cured me.

Merry Christmas,

Dennis Lien

G. SCHWENN DETECTS BOGUS WHITE

317 Moon NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico

Wally Weber, I must say, it was really clever to put an example of a faked letter right after your article. You're not fooling me. Ted White didn't write The Trenchant Bludgeon; Ted White's a Good Guy. That thing was really written by the eccentric, gay, and oh-so-sharp literary critic, The Man Who Came to Dinner. Hi, Alex, old boy; thought you were dead.

Poul Anderson Some interesting comments you made on conscription, and of course, I disagree with points. The mass draft may have been established, as you say, in the name of democracy, but its usual rallying cry is nationalism. With the rise of nationalism, so also the rise of drafted, citizen armies, whether the governments were democratic or dictatorial. Nationalism is what claims more power over the individual than any other orientation. Men weren't drafted for the Greek wars against Persia. In the name of patriotism you can do anything with a citizen, whatever your form of government. "We pure-hearted and virtuous People have got to protect ourselves from those vile and foreign Animals." Just a new trick of the trade.



It doesn't take the trappings of democracy to say you are putting into effect the will of the people. Hitler managed quite well with the will of the race. Nationalism claims to represent the will of a nation; you need no more.

A citizen army is no guarantee of freedom, granted. In an army you have to obey. What is a good guarantee is an armed citizenry. Whatever the reason (Ha!), most people don't carry pistols all the time in the USA. They do in Mexico, and you can speak your mind there with more ease than here. Of course, they also have the highest homicide rate in the world, but that's from personal duels, not armed robbery and gang war. There isn't much armed robbery where every bystander is carrying a pistol, and the intended victim, too. Still, if you want to feel free to insult a man's mother, without fear of death, Mexican customs will not do. For political freedom, you have to pay the price of personal dueling, but you get the recompense of good manners, and political outspokenness. It's a matter of choice.

Funny thing; they have no Committee on UnMexican Affairs.

G. Schwenn

STAN WOOLSTON WITH MIND MISLAID  
CRY:

12832 Westlake St., Garden Grove, Calif.  
December 2, 1962

Those pro-type letters at frontside of CRY lettersection gives the whole matter a pleasant change from what could have been the euphemeral presence of a mind mislaid--that is, strictly a fan's eye view. I'm sure Rich Brown must be a pro; he doesn't have a number after his name.

I notice Betty Kujawa having impression Art Hayes might be a different type than he is; I suppose one reason these differences occur is that his publications are slanted towards a specific group, often of sercon vein. I've noticed I tend to write in one pattern to a person with the idea his initial impression is a set personality characteristic--and even old-time fanfriends like Len Moffatt reveal aspects of their personality from time to time that indicates abilities and interests we haven't discussed before.

My banqueting ideal is friendly fanfolk, interesting program, and hot food. While I seldom wear a tie, the matter is less important than the other matters. However, I think a less formal garb than the required tie could be described, and still avoid the extreme of sweatshirt and work duds for the men.

The discussion on military training of various peoples throughout history reminds me of the paradox: the more mechanical armies become the more dependent they are on supplies and repairs--and the more chances of a breakdown of communication and transportation can result.

Poul Anderson points up some of the differences between a royal-based government and that of a republic. Our particular type of check-and-balance set-up seems to have proven stable for US. The King system invokes a different sort of stability--a social pressure in which the king may be killed but not taken from the throne without upsetting the system.

Possibly this would be a time to speak of "world power". The U.S. is a world power, but in the future there may be a world power of one over-government. I believe we should be very cautious to make sure the check-and-balance system is set up in any group--or it will be easy for us to maneuver ourself into the untenable corner of putting power in one "basket" where it can be usurped with a world dictator in charge. I'd hate to see the world a basket case.

Rick for Anything: OK.

Cheerfully,

Stan Woolston

BERNARD MORRIS THINKS GRAVES IS OFF  
Dear CRYers,

420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass  
dec 13

I too have read, or tried to anyway, The White Goddess. I mean wow. Graves is a monomaniac, but an interesting one. I think he's off in his assumption that only those who worship (sic.) the Goddess can produce Great Art. I refer to



Beethoven, Wagner, Milton, all worshippers of "a patriarchal God who refuses to have any truck with Goddesses", to use his own words. He tries to fuse all matriarchal cults, from the Celtic to Roman Catholic, into a grand mythos, and then says that Destruction is a Good Thing. This is rationalized by saying that the Mother Goddess loves killing because it gives rise to more life. I don't know as much as he does about Celtic mythology of course, but his solving of Gwion's riddle, to say nothing of the Number of the Beast, sounds like a fudge and a fiddle.

John Boardman's trail of fugg, as Ted Pauls (I think) called it, was mopped up and thrown back at him by Ted and others. Please don't think all Liberals are like him; they aren't any more than all Conservatives are like the Birch crackpots. I'm sure that his ideas are horribly shocking to some nice peaceful Southern Conservatives who never use violence (well, hardly ever). But look at it this way; the Conservatives are always bitching about how Russia walks all over us while we do nothing. They want us to take a few swings back. Fine, this is just what Boardman wants the Liberals to do. See his viewpoint? But he's wrong and so are the Conservatives. You can't use undemocratic methods for long and remain a free (that is free in the truest way, not just free from Russia) country.

yrs,

Bernie Morris

HARRY WARNER, JR., MARVELS AT BERRY DARING 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Cry:

December 23, 1962

The cover and its related article are the most daring prophecy of 1962. Only Cry would have had the courage to publish them so close to the great change in store the first week in January. Who but John Berry would dare to intimate in print that by 1973 there will be any conceivable use for a postage stamp so small in face value as five cents?

I don't quite see how these "kinds of strategic thermonuclear wars" listed by J. E. Pournelle differ from the kinds of strategic wars that were possible in the 1930's with conventional types of bombs and airplanes as the delivery system. The list does not include the type of thermonuclear war that has become available since development of atomic weapons in lots of sizes and functions. This would be the war in which a nation tries to defeat its enemy without damaging perceptibly that country or even its military forces, simultaneously striving to avoid the creation of an unlivable world. For Russia to attack the United States in this manner, it would presumably mean the destruction of the Panama Canal, underwater-detonations where tidal waves would be encouraged to swamp the major coastal cities, sabotage of the key tunnels and bridges, and such: everything designed to block transportation and panic the public until everyone was trying to run away and no escape routes were open.

I think that Shakespeare in the sonnets was doing the thing which I accused all great writers and composers and artists of doing deliberately, in a recent FAPA mailing. My theory is that every great creator fears that people will some day stop talking about his works and decides to create something that will remain an eternal puzzle because he did his best to make it that way. This would account for Dickens waiting to write his first real mystery story so late in life that he died before finishing it, Henry James balancing so precisely the elements in *The Turn of the Screw* that nobody can be sure if the ghosts really existed, Schubert refusing to finish that symphony, and Shakespeare causing Elinor Busby to wonder about the sex of the topic of the sonnets.

In your letter column, I note that Phil Harrell has finally come close to demonstrating the factor in *A Trip to Hell* that rendered it completely unbelievable. Even if we didn't know that Earl Kemp was a couple of thousand miles away when this robbery took place, it couldn't have occurred. Fans have lied, cheated and mooched, they have committed almost every vulgarity and criminal act, but none of them has ever gone so far as to commit the ultimate obscenity, the most unimaginable violation of fannish tradition and ethics. I know of no fan who ever would steal another fan's beer.



Ella Parker's letter clears up for me something that I hadn't understood, the vague references to her moving. There is something irresistible to the imagination about the British government trying to evict Ella Parker on the grounds that she is living in a slum, and I can't believe that her majesty's forces will succeed.

I didn't buy a December issue of Cosmopolitan, because I leafed through it and looked at the contents page and put it back onto the newsstand shelf when I saw that there was nothing about fandom in it. I think I'll send them the first couple of chapters of my fan history and see if they prefer that to the Camper article.

That reminds me to apologize ahead of time to everyone in Seattle, particularly those who approve of universities. In the next issue of Horizons will be a long list of things on which I need additional information for the fan history. Unfortunately, I made the undiplomatic error of forgetting momentarily about the University of Washington when I listed the colleges and universities which I knew had been associated with fan groups and asked who could tell me about other college fandoms. I hope that this oversight doesn't have any disastrous results such as forcing you to resume meeting in the university buildings.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry

BETTY KUJAWA LEAVES TOWN

(address is sometimes 2819 Caroline Street,  
South Bend 14, Indiana -- but read on)

Oh Precious Wonderful Intelligent Perfect One; Wed. Dec. 26, 1962.

This is a shes-only-nice-to-me-when-she-wants-something letter.....and I do want something. A Favor from Nice Wally.....please? Firstly to thank via CRY all fen for the Christmas cards we've received...as usual we sent none out, giving money instead to the Negro College Charities. Nextly to tell fen that if I'm silent (a blessing in itself right there) till springtime they are not to feel hurt, mad or neglected.....this is our Vacation Time once again.....this time though I will be able to take along my fanac, my typer and will be settled down in one place and will be able to receive mail and to keep my fanac at least mildly alive.

We will leave South Bend round January 10th, 1963 driving south west.....from January 15th to Feb. 28th, 1963 I can be reached at....

Betty Kujawa (haven't the apt. number but no matter)  
c/o Siesta Motel  
4441 Fredericksburg Road  
San Antonio, Texas

Any fen in vicinity...look me up....except if you are a serious young 13yr old type boy fan who wants to grimly discuss the contents of the last issue of ANALOG, me you wouldn't like. All other type fen..and fen who want to know what WallyWWeber is really like [Last time I do you a favor!! --www] , what a doll Donaho is, what it feels like to have Parker shout you down..contact me at above address. Remember now----mail things so they WON'T arrive there after Feb.28th...we MAY be there a few weeks over that but leave us play it safe.

And now to the Kujawa Argosy....after being released from the hospital and having the last of the many stitches snipped and removed from my lovely beautiful legs (ahem) I limpingly packed up for a flying trip. Landing for lunch at Ft. Worth I realised to my woe that it was too late after lunch to reach Tom Armistead at home...he was back in classes by then. Wiping a tear from my big blue eyes we took off for the Hilton Inn on the field at El Paso, Texas.....landing there I phoned the fine fannish abode of Art and Nancy Rapp.....no answer....later though I did reach them.

Using the ploy of needing an inspirational message to put into a letter to a Blanchard North Dakota gorilla I explained by plight to Nancy and asked if she could guess who I was. "NanGee???" she cried happily "Naaaaaw" said I....."Then its you Bruce Pelz," she giggled. Now really Wally I've been mistaken for a lot



of things (sexy Eurasian cuties..etc..) but for ol Brucifer?? Eventually the Rapps realised it was Betty Kujawa and we all had a fine natter during which I got across my feelings as to the raunchy dirty-pool way Adlai Stevenson is getting shafted by the Irish Mafia....I did so want Nancy to know that Republican tho I may be I am sickened and grotchky that Mr.S. is being 'done in' in such a sneaky eecchhy manner. Amen.

Next day Albuquerque.....and a glorious fannish weekend with two of the nicest and most fun-to-be-with faaans we got...Chrystal and Roy Tackett, ghod bless 'em. Chrys is but definitely MY kinda gal..and would hit it off with Ella Parker wonderfully well, I'll betcha.....you are completely at ease and feel so wonderfully 'at home' straight off with both Roy and Chrys.

As to ol Leroy Tackett.....well he's a darlin'. I kept trying to think who it was Roy resembled so strongly...(Gene was no help..par for the course..) The next evening after a fine and boozy steak dinner Roy showed me his New Mexico drivers licence (in color yet) and seeing him in a photograph it came to me!! Audie Murphy! Obviously Audie has left show biz, acquired a wife, two daughters and two dogs, chagned his name and entered fandom as Roy Tackett.

Mayhaps in his next CRYletter Roy will tell y-all how he put our Bonanza into a sharp dive over the city of Albuquerque, froze at the stick, pulled up her nose aiming at Venus or Mars, Gene suspected, and tossed one little daughter all the heck around the back seat of our B-bird. You can now call Roy a genuine Devil Dog of the Air.

Wantcha to know my first look at CRY 165 was during supper at the Tacketts. It was oh so wunnerful to have a CRY there and natter about it with another CRY-hack in person.....golly.

The Pournelle article I will by pass for now....mainly due to my lack of know-how in commenting on such, and also I'd like to wait till I've read the entire series.

I agree with HWYL as to FanAwards and the calibre of fans running same, merci Elinor for putting my sentiments far better than I could. We simply can't afford another Bad Image or Wrong Handling of this project. And, bhoy, I mean this sincerely.

It will come as no surprise to anyfen that Buz's Keen Blue Eyes-col on red-or-dead, etc., is to my taste and opinions....cut off medical supplies, haul off all doctors and if there is rebellion march the entire group of classes of some local grade-school or high-school into the school-yard area..set up a few machine-gun crews and mow down a hundred children or so and where are we??? As one whose life depends on medication..I've no illusions as to how long any Red Government or Occupational regime would bother keeping me alive.....and it's damn likely a nice bloody child-slaughter may well be done just on general principles in many towns.

John Boardman in personal letter has apologised to me and my husband for things said and in ferr'd recently in KIPPLE. We two are far far far apart in philosophy and shall always be such, I'm sure.....but John has politely sent me his regrets which I have accepted...and I do wish I could get it across to many many fen that I and most everyone here of my persuasion has NO feeling of kinship with Southern Conservatives, Racists, Citizens Councilmen, KKKers or any of that ilk....they are as repugnant to me as to anyone...how can I tell them NOT to call themselves Republicans or Conservatives, I ask plaintively??? To me they are not.... ....I want no part of them personally--they stand for all I've fought and toiled against all my life.

Yeh...I could do 5 or so pages on Paul Stanbery's Heinlein article.....but let him go to his church and I'll go to mine..... I didn't 'hate' the book..I got more than a little nauseated with cutie-poo oh-so-quaintly-crochety Jubal Harshaw..jeeze that was overdone, should have been toned way way down. I couldn't have cared less about any of the main characters.....whereas in reading this week, "The One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding," ..I did care about lil Kitten and that oh-so-plonky (and oh so resembling some fannish boyfen we know) other main character in it....but no matter.



I always had a hankering to advocate polyandry myself.....like one wife and 4 or 5 husbands (Scientist, M.D. type Doctor, College Prof., Play-boy sportsman, and a Psychiatrist..that ought-a make a nice crew)....five incomes....one wife could keep 5 husbands alot happier than one husband could keep 5 expensive demanding wives.....Avram Davidson did not agree with my theory..kept muttering about a tea-pot and a lotta cups as opposed to one cup and a lotta tea-pots.....foosh to Avram Davidson. But I do wonder how male-fen with their fine male egos would react to one-wife-5-husbands instead of the usual male daydream of his own eager lil harem???? How say you, Mr. Weber??? [I say if you're going to change the system, then change it BIG. Something like a billion husbands for every woman and a billion wives for every man. Marry the whole human race in one big ceremony and let everyone work out the system in their own way from then on. How's that for communism at its worst? --www]

Pleased to find D. Dupla in accord as to bullfighting.....and I must hurry along or I'll be telling him all about My Operation...

Fine and grand to see Ella in the letter-col no matter how such a thing shakes you up, Wally. As to vacant seats in restaurants...well by gawd, barring the cheapest of cheap diners, when I'm paying for a good meal in a good place it's MY table I'm paying for.....and the pleasure of privacy in nattering with my companions as well. I would be hopping mad if anyone came up and plonked themselves down with us and they'd be booted right out immediately.

I still don't grasp what frightened and disgusted Ella about MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT as to figuring out votes prior to an election...do you Wally? Buz? Elinor? This is Politics ..where anything goes.....no?

I am simply gosh-wow over Mae S. Shelkov and her delightful letter. I am croggled by her background and her present life and environment...am itching to ask what denomination her missionary parents were...what her husband does...more about her educational background....and all kinds of nosy middle-western questions pop to mind. Now how in the heck did Don Wolheim get to know her???

As one whose admiration of the Spanish Americans knows no bounds, I hereby speak out about the Spanish courteousness, consideration, and the Superb Manners these people have. As to 'piropo', recalling my own experiences in Havana at age 10 or 11, by gawd, when mature worldly male would give ME the eye (skinny half-hatched me)..I can tell yuh it WAS the utmost flattery once I realised they were actually seeing me as a member of the female sex and not a scrawny child.

By gum...I for one would like to know who and what firms are on this U.S.P.O. unmailable list...like name me some, Harry??? This is all news to me.

I tried to 'drop in' on Nancy Shriner, gang....soon as Gene said we'd fly there and back via Oklahoma I let out a cry of joy and reached for the Atlas. Nancy lives way the heck to the west, lil town with no decent field to be found...

Happy New Year Wally...and Everybody Everywhere...look for me by the Alamo come January.....Love....

Betty

NORM CLARKE WORRIES NOT

Box 911, Aylmer, Que., CANADA

Dear Buz & Elinor:

Dec. 11, '62.

Well, I see that Gina is writing a LoC on Cry, and on the good (sort of orange) paper that we bought to be used for the Nov. mailing issue of Descant (which should be out any time now). I notice that Gina's letter (which you may never get, after all -- she also writes all kinds articles and stuff for FAPA and then forgets about them) is all like Sober & Serious. That's Gina, all right, in a pig's eye. My letter (if I can just manage to get started on it) will not be Sober & Serious. You know it.

I send money for a sub to Cry, and it immediately goes bimonthly. I send a sub to AXE and, the very first issue I receive, it tells me it is folding up or going bimonthly or something (I haven't got AXE around right now to check on what horrible things have happened to it as a result of my subbing.) Come to think of it, it was just after I got into FAPA that all the divorces and resignations and



lawsuits and other Plenty Lousy Stuff happened. I contribute material to Panic Button, and it Goes Commercial and is forever beyond the fannish pale (I hope). I wonder what would happen if I were to join SAPS, or OMPA, or some other organization. I know! I'll join the N3F!

(Oh yeah; and I asked Redd Boggs if he's put me on Discord's mailing list. He moved to California immediately. What is it about me?)

Personally, I'm not now, and haven't lately been, worried about Cuba, China, Armageddon, fannish lawsuits, or Great Big Fat Dirty Bombs. We're safe, here in Aylmer, Que. You see, I saw one of these newspaper diagrams of What Happens when a Nookyular (hi, Ike!) Bomb drops right smack on the dead center of Ottawa. What happens is circles. One circle (the inside of it) is Bad, Real Bad. Holesville. Mop mop. The next circle is Pretty Awful: Fires and Concussions and Property Damage. Our house is outside the Second Circle, by some fifty feet. When that Big Dirty Bomb drops right smack on the center of Ottawa, I plan to sit out on my front porch, watching the Pretty Colors in the sky. I will have a parasol over my head, to keep that Fallout stuff from settling on my shoulders and making me look like I have Twinkly Dandruff. I will have a hankie over my nose, so as not to breathe in that poisonous radioactive dust. And I will be laughing like hell. "Those stupid bastards who stayed right smack in the center of Ottawa," I will gasp, holding my sides.

It is Smart to Plan Ahead. Why don't you guys move to Fort Mudge? Nobody's going to bomb Fort Mudge.

for now,

Norm

MIKE DECKINGER RECEIVES UNTAMPERED CRY  
Dear CRYfolk,

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey  
12/22/62

I'm happy to report that the current CRY arrive untampered. Of course, this being the holiday season, when the Post Office is snowed under by mail, may account for their lack of interest in the zine.

Seriously, what am I to do during the months that I don't receive CRY?

I'd rather defer comment on Pournelle's article until I read the whole series. Of course, I hope his articles remain hypothetical, and we never get the chance to see just how right he may be. In the long run, if the Earth is devastated by a nuclear war, I don't think anyone will really care very much just who started it or what it was fought for.

Stanbery has a nicely done article on SIALS. Huxley has always bored me, though I expect the fault is not with him, but with my non-receptivity when it comes to his writings. This is what happens after an English teacher unceasingly drums into your head that Aldous Huxley is the greatest writer of the 20th century, and no one has ever come close to matching him. Even if you've never read a Huxley book in your life, you begin to hate him after this treatment.

The British government certainly has no respect for fannish housing. Saying that Ella Parker's place is a slum, is like calling LASFS a homing ground for fairies, or something equally improbable. Anyway, I hope that Ella finds a better, less slummy residence real soon now so that she can get back to ORION and HARPY and other fanac. Of course she could also join the Ban-the-Bomb marchers, and that way Lord Russell would probably give her lodging without a second thought.

It's perfectly proper to take an empty seat in a restaurant as long as you feel you can get it past the door without being spotted.

So Ian McAuley has taken up the grand old custom of pipe-smoking, has he? How about giving us a few words on the art, for any apprentice pipe-smolers in the audience who'd care to pursue this hobby a step further? [Awrite, already! Don't get so smart just because I improved the spelling of a lousy word. --www]

Well, as Greyhound would say: "relax and leave the driving to us". Maybe that should be revised to read "and the luggage too".

Most of the hospitals around here have a perfectly clear and justifiable motive. If the patient isn't deadly ill when he enters, he's sure to be after



about a week of the post-Inquisition treatment he receives. I have a great deal of pity on the poor, unsuspecting patients who never realize they are guinea pigs for eager, untrained student nurses, who love to poke and probe. At the hospital where my fiancée works, one of the nurses is known as "Public Enema Number One", and never mind why. I personally feel that these hospitals are merely extensions of the penal system. Or perhaps pineal system.

SIN cerely,

Mike

ROBERT COULSON DISCUSSES FAN AWARD COMMITTEES  
CRYpeople:

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

12-17-62

I'm willing to argue the matter in the CRY lettercolumn, Elinor. I don't doubt that you could have done without my comment; I could have done without your original statement, if it comes to that.

In #163, you say that "A neofan is not justified in starting large projects to Change The Face of Fandom." You also say that "The apprenticeship must be served." In fact, you get quite specific about how neofans should sit back and learn about fandom before starting things. Now then, in #165, you say any such important project as the Fan Awards should "be handled only by a fan trusted for discretion, integrity, common sense, and common honesty". I'll grant you a tentative agreement with the latter statement, but I submit that this is not what you said originally. In fact, it can't even be arrived at by a logical deduction based on what you did say originally. I'm not a mind reader; I have to go by what you put on the paper, not what you might be thinking about.

Now as I get it, your point -- and believe me, I'm not even sure of your point after your explanation -- is that a neofan can't be trusted because he hasn't been around long enough for fans to know whether they can trust him or not. Okay, that's fair enough. On the other hand, just how many fans are there with "discretion, integrity, common sense and common honesty"? Granted that programs should be handled by these people, do you know enough of them to cover the desired projects? Sticking to the Fan Awards strictly, I don't know whether I consider the present group to be honest, trustworthy, etc., or not -- mainly because I don't remember who is on the committee. But there are damned few fans I would consider in that exalted group. And you left out a further restricting clause; that a committee member must be willing to work at the job. Most of the trustworthy fans have just a few other things to do. (As I recall, Harry Warner is a member of the present committee. Now he certainly fits all of your adjectives, but how much time is he going to have to devote to the project, granting that he will do his best?)

You also are assuming that a fan who has been around awhile is going to be well enough known so that you'll know whether or not you can trust him with an Award project. Maybe.....I always thought that Terry Carr was discrete, integrated and the lot, but I'm still waiting for the results of the last FANAC poll he conducted. Considering the tendency of well-known fans to suddenly gafiate, I'd as soon trust the handling of a large-scale project to Fred Arnold (whom you've doubtless never heard of) as to Richard Bergeron -- it's going to be a gamble either way.

As to the Awards changing fandom to some extent -- so what? Fandom is constantly being changed, by anyone and everyone; I don't see that the Fan Awards are that important. If you credit Joe Gibson's "Thieves, Whores, Moochers" article with inspiring Bob Jennings to publish the Berry libel (and Jennings himself so credits it in a foreward to the material) then that article changed fandom more than the Fan Awards are likely to.

Stating everything in a couple of sentences: I agree that George Willick should not have handled the Fan Awards. I disagree with your generalized implication that you can tell which veteran fans are honest and which aren't.

As for the rest of the issue: The major flaw in Ted Pauls' KIPPLE statements is that an ethic which counsels surrender to save lives followed by guerilla warfare in the face of certain reprisals must be considered confused, at best. Even



if you grant his assumptions he's wrong.

What's wrong with starting one's own apa? It doesn't hurt anything -- except possibly the feelings of apa-completists, who are pretty silly to begin with. An Apa In Every Garage -- it's a dandy slogan.

Yours for a more charitable world.

Buck

GORDON EKLUND ANNUAL

14612 18th Avenue, SW, Seattle 66, Washington

Dear Wally,

Sticking to my pledge not to write more than once a year, you'll notice that I have put off writing until well past the new year. I'm rather unsure of the deep significance of this act, but I think I'll leave that question to be answered by the thinkers in the audience.

Speaking, as I just was, of great thinkers, this sounds like a good lead into some comments on Pournelle's thing. I don't consider it at all kind to comment on the first part of a serialized article; this is too much like interrupting someone in the midst of a speech. I'd rather let Jerry finish speaking before I comment -- but since I only comment once a year, perhaps I'll be free of that problem. Anyhow, I ought to note at least two things. Firstly, the style is as dull and pompous, and nearly unreadable, as anything else I've ever read by Pournelle, and, secondly, I wonder why Pournelle chooses to ignore, as he does, the existence of the large munitions and armaments factories, located in the large cities. Surely these have been necessary targets since the very beginning of air warfare. Interesting article, I suppose.

Hey, has anyone got busy with the sliderule yet, and calculated how long it's going to take YANDRO to catch CRY in numbering with CRY's new schedule?

Gadfray, Elinor makes Graves' the "White Goddess" sound even interesting. I never read this one myself, but I have read "King Jesus", and found it more stimulating as an idea than interesting as a story. The only other book by Graves that I've had the pleasure of reading was I, Claudius, which was both interesting and highly stimulating. I've not been greatly surprised to discover that Graves has supposedly never been able to approach, especially not match, his first book.

I notice that Ted Pauls himself has admitted the errors of his "Better Red than Dead" item. So much for that. I applaud happily your comments on the John Boardman fiasco. Whether John suffers from paranoid delusions or not is a moot point, but this boy apparently suffers from something. I'm not at all surprised that a conservative is a bit irritated at being classified with Nazis, neo or otherwise. It's as bad a bit as those who equate liberal with communist or socialist, and perhaps even with fewer grounds for such belief. But, uhh, what ever gave you the impression that Boardman was a liberal? He just thinks he is, and the Democrat Party of New York apparently does not choose to hurt his feelings by describing him otherwise. Personally, fugghead fits more aptly, but I'm rather uncertain of the political reflections of this term. Surely, there must be a Fugghead Party somewhere.

Berry and Stanbery are both quite nice and readable.

Gee, here's Ella Parker putting Ted White down for public admiration of Terry Carr. Gadfray. What ever happened to the Ted White who, "didn't have a good word for anyone, but his fanzine, Void, and Walt Willis?"

Buck Coulson shouldn't expect Raymond Chandler to be both realistic and sensible at the same time. The best thing about Chandler's writing is that one doesn't notice all the goofs until the story is over. The same comment I made on Ian Fleming too, I recall, but I doubt that you could find two detective writers whose stories are further apart.

Where does Seth Johnson get the idea that it is "against the will of the people of that country {Cuba}...to send planes photographing and investigating them." When were they (the Cubans) ever asked for their opinion of the situation? I mean, they're having a hard enough problem getting any sort of popular



election, without Johnson instantly bestowing on them their approval of Castro. And, I might mention that a small country has no more right of interfering in the internal affairs of another small country (Cuba in, say, Venezuela) than does the US of interfering in Cuba. Or perhaps Johnson is referring to the Russians in Cuba, when he speaks of the large country that is "interfering with the internal life of any nation however small and vulnerable."

Yours,

Gordon

ROY TACKETT, DEVIL DOG OF THE AIR 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque,  
FM&EB&WWW, New Mexico 6 January 1963

CRY 165 seems to be the thermonuclear war issue. Jerry Pournelle's article on thermonuclear strategy is interesting. All this strategic planning is very well and all that but what do you do if some idiot goofs?

I'm somewhat tired of this "I'd rather crawl on my knees to Moscow than die under an atomic bomb" crap. The other side of the coin reads, "I'd rather crawl on my knees to Washington than die under the atomic bomb." "Better a degenerate capitalist than a disintegrated red". Uncle has enough in the arsenal to turn the Soviet into one vast, completely dead, wasteland with enough left over for anyone else who wants to argue. That's the massive deterrent people talk about. The Soviet knows we have it and knows we can deliver it even if hit first. They'll keep up the psychological pressure hoping they can convince us of the better-red-than-dead line.

Ella: I quite agree that it would be better watching the gladiators have at each other rather than at the bool, but we must pay lip service to the value of human life. They don't go to the boolfights to watch the boolfighter kill the bool; they go to watch the bool kill the boolfighter.

Hey, Wally, you ain't wrong about BettyK and the aeroplane. The Kujawas dropped in on us a couple of weeks ago and I'm happy to report that Betty, Gene, and aeroplane are all three nice to know. Good people there.

And now a plea...I've somehow or other come into possession of an ancient ABDick Model 77B mimeo complete with automatic slip-sheeter, a veritable monster of a machine it is. Does anybody out there know how it works? I haven't the faintest idea of how to make it march.

Roy

RICHARD H. ENEY APPLAUDS ELINOR'S PITCHING 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va.  
Dear CRY, 31 December 1962

Elinor is to be applauded for pitching into The White Goddess, though if she's making heavy going of it I think something like Vanderbilt's Rule applies: if you've got to force yourself, you shouldn't. Listening to an interpretation of events you never heard of is a fearful drag, but, as an explanation of the hidden meaning behind events you know without quite understanding, TWG reads as delightfully as a good fanzine and, indeed, not unlike one. At least one of Elinor's notes, too, reaches over-far afield; no need to go to Ireland to fetch back a connection between the Death Goddess and the orc. The Infernal Pit, after all, is Orcus.

I think Elinor also misses an important point in Henry Treece's Jason. The real trouble is that the author hates his hero's stupid guts; that's why he kicks poor Jason around like a football.

Ol' Buz has a reasonably good reply to Boardman's idea about making things tough for the conservatives, though I can answer the tacit question he poses at the end of his little homily. The guy who will wind up with the short end of the stick is the one who doesn't have a mob backing him up and a police force primed to support his carrying-on. Come to think of it, just exactly like what happens in the South...

Dick Eney



## SON OF CRY OF THE READERS

Dear CRYptonymous Readers & Staff:

It seems like the last letter I wrote your way was tolling out the glad news of our wedding, and how it came to be--and how it almost didn't come to be. It seems, therefore, only appropriate, that my first letter CRYwards in oh just ever so long is to tell about what we might term a Significant Sequel to that Famous Victory. Lock the doors, Buz. And--as Rick Sneary might put it--in fact, as Rick Sneary did put it--"stop screaming!"

You all know, I'm sure, how, about three weeks after our marriage, I was informed by one wife, two MDs, and two frogs (madly laying eggs), that I was destined to become a father in about one week and eight months, and--what? No, dammit, not of the tadpoles!--etc. The date of the Grand Opening, as my mother-in-law called it, was first set for Nov. 13. It was then moved to Nov. 15. It was next moved to Nov. 11. I set my face like flint agin any earlier date, inasmuch on Nov. 11 we would have been married nine months (in fact, on Nov. 11, we were married nine months!). All things considered, Nov. 11th seemed like a very appropriate day for Embryo Homunculus Davidson to make his or her 1st public appearance. True, from time to time during the latter part of October, Grania would remark, pensively, that "Hallowe'en would make a nice birthday, don't you think?" "Not in my religion," I assured her.

The weekend of the 11th Jerry and Miri Knight came to guest with us. Grania announced that she intended to go into labor at 10 p.m. the night of the 10th. The baby could be born about 4 a.m. and we could all sleep late on Sunday. We commended her for her thoughtfulness, packed her bag for the hospital, and waited. Ten p.m. came, ten p.m. went, completely unnoticed by the mother-elect, who was deep in an animated account of how she lost a job as bar-maid in New Orleans because she did/<sup>not</sup> know how to dice with the customers for the juke-box: a quaint local custom of the Belle Ville of Mardi Gras, Spanish Moss, Red-Beans-And-Rice.

Eleven p.m. came. Still no labor. "Maybe you should take a hot bath?" I suggested. "Or go horse-back riding." "I know what I'll do," she said, brightly; "I'll do deep knee-bends." She did deep knee-bends for 20 minutes. All she got was stiff knees. At three a.m. we stopped waiting and at 5 a.m. we went to bed (except for Jerry, who, described by his lady as "The national free-style sleeping champion), had gone some hours ago.) Next afternoon Miriam made cheese-blintses for us. Good, too. "As soon as I finish eating my cheese-blintses," Grania assured us, "I'm going to go into labor." The Knights left at midnite, labor not yet having started.

So much for Nov. 11th. I felt I'd lost all faith in my child. My mother had a Mystical Vision that Grania would turn her into a--no, not a pumpkin; a grandmother--Monday morning. Monday morning Grania slept till two in the afternoon, got up and made pancakes. Tuesday we unpacked the hospital bag. Wednesday, she said, she felt a twinge. Thursday I said, "Weeeeelllll?" "Not even a gas pain," she said, mournfully. "This baby is neeevvvvver going to be born. It's just going to get biiigggger and biiigggger. It will be Bar Mitsuah before it's ever born!" I bade her hush her mouf--but, inwardly, I wondered if she might not be right. My mother, bless her, chose this moment to call up and reveal--as cheering (sic) news--the best-kept secret of the last 38-odd years, viz. that I had been a month late. "You seeeeeeee?????" Grania demanded, mouth a-tremble. "You KEPT THIS FROM ME! I'D NEVER HAVE MARRIED YOU IF I'D KNOWN!" She next decided that, procrastination obviously having been inherited, that I reveal to her all other hithertofore concealed "taints" (as she chose to term them) in my blood-lines, such as polydactylism and/or Piggott's Grout. After some hesitation I revealed that my great-grandfather had been rather below the average in stature, and that my father occasionally suffered from carbuncles. My slightly enormous spouse burst into tears. "No wwwwwwwonnnnnndddderrrr it dddoesn't wwwant to be bbborn," she sobbed; "it'll be three feet tttalll and have bbboils!"

The hospital had been paid, the diaper service bespoken, the layette (including



many gifts [including carriage and crib] from Larry and Noreen Shaw) layed out, the baby-basket finished from ribbons to mattress, the lease signed on our new country house (of which more later); in short, everything was ready for the baby. Only the baby wasn't ready. Not even threats to enroll him in the N3F could get he/she rolling, nor my pointing out that we had given notice here at Dangling Participle and had to leave not later than Nov. 31st. Here she/he was, not even born--and already a juvenile delinquent!

That Saturday night, D-day plus Eight, at 1:25, Grania announced that she had felt a contraction. We packed her bag again. At 2:25, another. The next came at 3:05--hot dog! things were speeding up, at last! 4:25 --hmmm, not so speedy--oh, well. One can't rush these things--can one? Certainly not. 5:15--6:04--6:35... We woke up late the next afternoon. Embryo Homunculus was still "In Utero." Sunday night, at 7:05, the contractions started again. As carefully noted down on the back inside cover of "With Kitchener to Khartum," by G. W. Steevens, they occurred at 8:30, 9:55, 10:55, 12:45, 1:07...at this point I quit keeping count and went to finish an article on the Siege of Khar(ou)m, for Bob Shea. 1:13--1:25--1:43--Grania called me in--really getting closer now! There was a pause for station identification which lasted until 5:25, with a short sequel at 6:05; after which the station played the national anthem and went off the air.

All this, I understand, is about par for the course--"false labor" and lateness are both quite common in first parturitions. But by Monday I felt as if I were pregnant myself, and by Tuesday I was ready to engage in the couvade--a curious tribal custom of the Amazon or Guiana or Bongo-Bongo Land, whereby the husband goes into labor! He groans in his hammock and the neighbor-men come and wipe his face with a cold towel and say Push Down, Joe, and There There Sam it's going to be All Right, you'll see; and, Say, Bert, you remember you had the same thing when you gave birth to Sylvester... the wife, meanwhile, is out back behind a banana bush having the baby without any fuss whatsoever. We may laugh at these simple savages, but after all, they are Close to Nature, and who knows? Eh?

Wednesday Grania woke me up about three a.m. "Yes?" I cried. "Yes? Yes?" "You're snoring," she said coldly... By Saturday the entire house was littered with scraps of papers bearing such items as 3:01, 4:14, 4:15, 4:40, 9:27, 10:20, etc. Only a statistician would have derived the faintest nourishment from our general conversation. Sunday night George Willick, who lives down the hall a piece, came over to contradict a statement of mine that cats are not domesticated by man but live in symbiosis with man. The relation, said G., was not symbiotic, but commensal. While I was replying to this ridiculous statement, Grania announced another pain. I noted it down as 7:08 (pm). Not to labor (ha ha) the point, we went to bed about midnight, trailing pieces of paper scribbled with numbers detailing nothing resembling a regular cycle of uterine contractions. And at 20 minutes past midnight we were out of bed, packing Grania's grip again. "Call me when the pains are ten minutes apart," her obsphysician had said. They never were ten minutes apart, they moved--from something ranging from fifteen to fifty minutes apart--to five minutes apart: 12:15, 12:20, 12:25, 12:30. The doctor was called (she was in Connecticut: "What do they mean, 'She's in Connecticut?'" Grania demanded, indignantly. "How can doctors go to Connecticut? You call that ethical?"), the hospital was called--"bring her in," they said--all that was left was for me to dress. I came back in the livingroom and observed Grania staring at me with a look of horror that froze my blood and could betoken nothing less than an arterial haemorrhage--"My G--, Grania!" I cried. "What's the matter?" She said, "Your fly is open."

We went out together and walked to the hospital, hand in hand. It's in the same block as our house, so it didn't take long. The night was crisp and cold and the stars sparkled brightly. I've lived in that block for four years and until last February it never occurred to me that I'd ever be entering the hospital in this capacity.

The medical midwife arrived in from Conn. (we never found out what she was doing there) and started giving orders. After a while Grania came out of her



room to the lounge on the floor, where I was, and, "Guess what they did to me?" she asked. "I already know," I said. "I'm going back to put my panties on," she said. "I don't feel comfortable without them. After all, what can they say to me? 'Take them off,' that's all." I said, "Well, you've been told that before." "Yes," she said, "and look what it got me."

By 6:30 everything was still the same. No progress had been made. I was like dead, but Grania was sparkling and full of zip, zonk, and zowee. "This will go on for hours," she said. "Go home and get some sleep." I kissed her, and she seemed more precious to me then than she ever had before. I slept for two hours, came back, hung around till noon, was sent home again, slept for two hours, came back. At about 3:30 Grania started going into severe labor, and at four was moved to the labor room. By previous arrangement I was allowed to be present. What happened next is something that I am not capable of being humorous about. The foetal heart beat stopped being audible. They didn't tell Grania, they told me. It was of course possible that the baby might be still alive anyway; in which case they didn't dare give Grania too much painkiller for fear it might stop the heartbeat of the baby altogether--assuming the baby was still alive. So for seven hours she was in almost continual severe labor with only a limited amount of relief. The obs dr had originally planned to hypnotize her, but this was now impossible. At 11:00 or so the labor became intense, and--paradoxically--less painful.

I put on the surgical gown, cap, and mask, and went into the delivery room to watch a chidbirth for the first time in seventeen years. This time it was my own wife and child--with a possibility of the child's being stillborn. Grania was fully conscious, they only gave her a few whiffs of ether. She bore down, the intern leaned and pressed on her, the baby's head appeared--and retreated. After the second time the obs doctor made an episiotomy. I prayed. I had been praying for hours. On the third push the head came entirely out, and the doctor turned it. I knew--both academically and from having witnessed it--that the infant revolves as it's being born--but that never occurred to me at this moment. All that went through my mind was, "She wrung that baby's neck like a chicken's. It's dead, it's dead...."

On the fourth push the baby came out, purple, bloody, and motionless. It was a boy. They siphoned and sucked and wiped and drew off the fluid from nose and mouth and throat. It still didn't move. And then, as in a slow-motion movie, first one arm, then the other, moved. And at 18 minutes and 8 seconds after eleven; after more than twenty-nine hours of labor; and after nine and a half months, including sickness, pain, and thrice threatening miscarriage; the first cry came--faint, weak, feeble.

They clamped the cord, cut it, withdrew the placenta, sewed Grania up, jiggled the baby, cleaned him, footprinted him, and wrapped him up. Then they laid him in Grania's arms. He'd been crying, loudly and lustily, but he stopped, then. They looked at each other, and smiled. She kissed him. Tears were rolling down my face and into my beard, and I wiped them off with my surgical mask.

Suddenly, the mood of things changed. They took the kid back to the nursery to weigh him and put him away for the night. The nurses, to whom this was another job of work, began to clean up. We wheeled Grania out. She smiled at me, and I at her. "He looks awfully Neanderthal," she said. "I shouldn't have read all those books by Philip Jose Farmer and William Golding--" "His head will go back into shape in a little while, dear," I assured her. "Oh, it can stay that way, for all I care," she commented blissfully. "I think it's cunning. What a sweet little baby, isn't he ugly, I love him."

Eight pounds, six ounces. Twenty-one inches long... I filled out the name-form. ETHAN MICHAEL ANDERS DAVIDSON, Male. He certainly was male. Besides having the noral male appurtenances, he had a rugged face and broad hands. Didn't look like anyone in particular--just looked Jewish. Boy, did he ever look Jewish! It was night when I finally left the hospital; not night still--but night again. The stars were even brighter, and I had the primal instinct to shout--as I'm sure



all new fathers of sons have had since Adam--"I have a son! Me! My son! Hey, listen, everybody, listen: My son, the baby! Wheee! Gosh! Et sickeningly cetera..."

So there we are. Exit, Embryo Homunculus. Enter, Ethan Michael Anders.  
Great Moments in History.

Mother and child doing fine, jes fine, thank you. My writing this is in the nature of an Emotional Excercise. You couldn't possibly print it. But maybe you might like to read it. I know I had to write it.

Grania sends her love. I guess the kid does, too.

Yours, parentally

Avram Davidson

Grateful to the Good Lord

M. L. McQUOWN THINKS CRY IS WARM  
Greetinks,

115 E. Main St., Mason, Ohio

1 Jan 63

Of all the fmz I have seen, CRY is the most personally enjoyable because everyone seems less pretentious here than when writing very knowledgeable articles to more stylish but less warm fmz. This is the character that distinguishes it from the others, the feeling that you are sitting in front of the fire on a cold night, speaking to a circle of old friends and family, and you speak freely and honestly about anything and everything that strikes your fancy.

I find myself in the transitional stage from GI (rather, half-GI) to civilian, and I suddenly find myself tired, very tired. Perhaps the last years have provided more pressure than I thought.

The acting bug apparently bit me very hard, for when the Man asked me what my chief academic interest was, instead of saying, 'Sociology,' I discovered myself saying 'Theatre Arts.' I discover I just can't stay away from that type of thing. Be warned, fellow CRYers, it's a drug as addicting as heroin, and much more euphoric.

Hurriedly,

Misha

LAWRENCE CRILLY SHEDS A TEAR FOR CRY

951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey

Dear people none of whom live at Box 92:

Friday, 3 January 1963

I sincerely hope you find someplace to live. I suppose there wasn't much room in a post office box to hold all of youse anyway.

I'm provoked to shed a slight tear. CRY was the first regularly-appearing fanzine I got when I was a rank neofan and change comes hard, especially when you've not seen an issue in months. The plan to go bi-monthly comes as a complete shock, and the change in typewriters changes the appearance so that it doesn't even look like CRY. But maybe I'm just disillusioned with fandom. In the past few weeks I've sort of grown bored and disgusted with the ridiculous things fans do.

I didn't read Pournelle's article. I have no interest in learning how to conduct a thermonuclear war or whatever the article is about.

Fie on you, Buz Busby. "Speakeasy" was the best story F&SF has published in some time.

Foo on Stanbery's article. Heinlein just picked up pieces from other novels he's written (the "Old Ones" or whatever they were from Red Planet, the mysticism of Beyond This Horizon, etc.) and tried to sell 'em to a mainstream public. I still don't care for the second half of Stranger...

The lettercol is pretty bad. Where are Bob Lichtman, rich brown, Chris Bennie, Tom Schluck, Steve Stiles, Walter Breen, Dick Ellington, Tom Purdom, Avram Davidson, Roy Tackett, Don Franson, Phil Harrell (oops, he's still there!). Ella Parker's still around, also Betty Kujawa, Harry Warner, Buck Coulson, and Nancy Thompson/Shriner, but gad, all these new names. I bet none of them have even heard of a CRY Letterhack Card, much less seen one (I still carry mine around



in my wallet to prove I'm a 100% Grade-A nut). Sniffle. CRY doesn't keep its letterhacks very well, does it? All these new fans like Don Wollheim and Fred Pohl...

If anyone out there is willing to sell me his copy of A TRIP TO HELL, I'll pay 50¢ for it if it's not defaced in any way, etc., plus a dime postage. 60¢ in all; anybody want to sell?

Bestest,

Larry

PAUL WILLIAMS REVEALS TRUE NATURE OF CRY

163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass.

Dear you,

December 19, 1962

It is pretty obvious that you are going bi-monthly to avoid putting out an unlucky 13th annish. Tricky.

This reprinting of old CRYs is more far-reaching than you realize. Remember, as your readers read CRY they send in letters. Therefore, though the CRYs could be old, the lettercol would have to be new, unless..... the readership runs in cycles too. You could ~~reprint~~ reconceive the people involved, so that the letters sent you would be the same this decade as last decade. In order for the CRY letterhacks to write the same thing every time, they would have to live in the same atmosphere, being affected by the same things, etcetera. You can see how the structure of the whole world is based on the continual repeating of CRYcycles, and the resultant continual repetition of life on Earth (or perhaps the whole solar system!). I can't help wondering, as I sit here with keen blue eyes and a CRYcycle, whether I am dreaming this dream or you are; Wally, I think I can see you in the part of the Red King, but I'm quite certain that I am out of place as Alice.

Time to expound on an opinion I've had for quite a while: CRY is an APA. For your sake, Wally, I will say that again, slowly. CRY has most of the aspects of an amateur press association. Its contents consist of mostly editorials and columns, with an article thrown in now and then mainly because the writer was only familiar with this particular outlet for fan articles. An apa, fapa for example, consists mainly of editorials ramblings, and to some extent columns and occasionally articles by people who aren't very active outside of the apa. And of course, it is made up chiefly of mailing comments. And to continue the parallel, CRY is made up chiefly of what could be called "mailing comments". And like FAPA, CRY letterhacks include many people who are seldom seen in fandom outside of CRY.

And this does not hold true as strictly for other genzines. Only in CRY, particularly in COTR, are all these aspects found. And with that speculation I think I will bid good afternoon to CRY, without doubt the focal point of CRYfandom.

With a whimper...

Paul

SETH JOHNSON DEFENDS NEOFAN EXECUTIVES

339 Stiles Street, Vaux Hall, New Jersey<sup>y</sup>

Dear Cry Gang;

October 23, 1962

Elinor Busby seems to take it for granted that all neofans are adolescent and immature. Seems to me quite a few neofans are mature, responsible and intelligent and with executive talent yet. To my way of thinking the elder fen are already so committed to some phase of fanac or other that they have little or no time to try something new or to plug away for it. Seems to me this is one of the roles of the neo fan, to approach fanac from different viewpoint and with some original ideas and without the knowledge which bugs the elders that something has been tried before and flopped and therefore shouldn't be tried again. In fact I think that here you can literally pin point organizational senility. When the collective mind has experienced enough failures so they refuse to try again. Knowing what worked in the past and sticking to that and nothing beyond.

So I respectfully suggest that you encourage neofans to sound off their opinions and ideas and seriously consider them before condemning. With a little coaching, moral support and guidance by the elder fen many of your neofans would become BNFs and make a real and lasting contribution to fandom.



Elinor Poland, a fan friend of mine started teaching in school for deaf mutes in Council Bluffs this fall. One of the first things she noticed was that many of the children received no letters or packages from home, and were heartbroken to point of tears at every mail call. I started mentioning this in practically every letter to my correspondents. Result was overwhelming. Then I mentioned it to Bjo. Bjo is now printing a fanzine for those willing to help on this deal. A letter to Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet St. Long Beach 8 California will get you a copy of the fanzine and, if you want to volunteer, the name and address of one child to write to.

Fanatically yours

Seth A. Johnson

MRS. JAMES R. GOODRICH READS SETH'S OLF CRY 7 Third Street, Somerville, N.J.  
Dear Elinor, December 13, 1962

I began a Mary Renault spree after reading your reports on several of her books. So far I have plowed through The Charioteer, and have thoroughly enjoyed, as did you, The middle mist. (I am a librarian; that's why I fail to capitalize words in the title; just a left-over from doing catalog cards). I cannot share your interest in Laurie and his involvements. Perhaps his way of life was just too alien, and I could not totally accept his character. The author's study of him is admirable, and, of course, her style of writing excellent, but I would not recommend The Charioteer as one of the books I have most enjoyed. I did thoroughly enjoy The middle mist. You're right; it is refreshing to read a story about two people who have every reason to love and live happily. I have never lived on a houseboat, but it does sound ever so tempting.

We received your fanzine via Seth Johnson, whom we also see regularly at the meetings of the Eastern Science Fiction Association. Jim, my husband, is a member, and I enjoy accompanying him to meetings.

Presently, life around here is filled with great expectation and anxiety as we are expecting our first child. It is officially due on Sunday, but will undoubtedly arrive late. I expect to be in the hospital for Xmas, which doesn't please me as I'd like the three of us to be home together.

Just wanted you to know that someone has read of your adventures both at the Chicon and in reading. We hope to attend the Discon, for we were unable to go to Chicago.

Sincerely,

Helen Goodrich

ROBERT JENNINGS SHIVERS 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn.  
Dear People (whoever they may be),

Three months I lived in a smallish room, which had excellent ventilation even with the windows closed. It gets cold in the mountains of Tenn, where Ghlorious Tech is located. So I shivered thru three months of cold. I walked around the campus constantly with wet feet, without benefit of gloves, ear muffs or a heavy coat. So comes the Xmas holidays, and I return to sunny Nashville where there is excellent inside heat and a cozy home. I'm home two days and I catch a cold with sore throat and develop lung congestion.

But enough of that. I liked the cover on this issue of CRY. It is undoubtedly the best Atom cover or piece of art I've ever seen. My dislike for all Atom artwork is slightly known to various other people, but wonder of wonder, thought this little item was very well drawn and looks rather nice. So cheers...

Ted White presented what looked like a thoroughly butchered column. Being honest and straight foreward and true blue and suchlike as that, can say I thought this long quote from Chandler's book one of the most disinteresting things I've ever read.

Seeing as how my nice long letter got chopped down to one stinking paragraph, I won't bother going into my expansive, intelligent and highly interesting analysis of all the subjects covered in your letter column. Yours, Bob Jennings



WE ALSO HEARD FROM.....

DENNIS LIEN sends us his monthly pleas (we have two of them this issue, due to our improved schedule) for information regarding that quarter we stole and the issue of CRY he didn't receive. I'd tell him if it weren't for the fact that I look forward to receiving his next month's letter. He's just about broken, if his last letter is any indication of his mental state. DAVE ETTLIN sends us New Year poetry designed to drive us to drink. NATHAN A. BUCKLIN wants to join our club and find out about CRY; he's already baffled three psychiatrists. GINO (GIGANTIC) JOHNSON ("No regular address,") found CRY's #150 and #151 in a Washington D. C. trash can, enjoyed "the sick attempt at humor," and wants to know, "Where in Hell did you find this new form of English?" STAN WOOLSTON mails us the letter he wrote in November but which he couldn't remember whether or not he had mailed it when he wrote the letter we published earlier this issue; and I'm NOT going to try to explain whatever it was I just said, I'M NOT! HOWARD SCIENCEFICTION SALES DEVORE has the nerve to send us a cheap postcard requesting an issue of CRY for Mack Reynolds in Paris, and I understand he got away with it, too. It was probably Dennis Lien's copy, too. BOB LICHTMAN wanted to know how many CRY's were left on his sub, and Elinor said he had four left, but I don't know if she said that before or after his copy of #165 was mailed, and I don't want to ask her for fear of spoiling the suspense. A. B. SNIDER, S. COLEMAN, BILL WOLFENBANGER, FRED W. ARNOLD, ~~WUMBLE/OIL/8/RY~~oops, I mean, BOB LEMAN, EMILE E. GREENLEAF, JR, MARK OWINGS, HARVEY FORMAN, REG SMITH, RICHARD SCHULTZ, BILL DOWDY, JOE PILATI, LENNY KAYE, and DAVID KATZ plague us with money; what will we ever do with it all? CRY got holiday greeting cards from EMILE GREENLEAF and his protege (well anyway that's what he called her in his letter with the money, his "little protege,") KAY Di MICELI. WARREN de BRA sends us such a flattering little note it got us all broke up inside, gee whiz. I refuse to mention the cards from KRIS COREY and ROB WILLIAMS since the cards were addressed to the Busby's only, mumble mumble mumble. L. R. FOOS changes his address to 2124 Fifth Ave., Yuma, Arizona. For some reason there is an empty envelope here at the bottom of the stack, addressed to the Busby's and having the return address, "DONAHO, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley 1, Calif.," circled in ink. But then, that's the bottom of the stack for you. -WWW

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

RETURN REQUESTED

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

Once again we tell you, the number after your name is the number of issues left coming to you, unless there is no number in which case the number of issues left coming to you is probably the same as it was the last time you did have a number after your name except if you were in prison at that time in which case we disclaim any responsibility.

This copy was made especially for:

Walter Breen  
2402 Grove St.  
Berkeley 4, Calif.

