

CRY

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NUMBER 167



Behold CRY #167, April, 1963. Know that CRY (of Box 92, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington) is published bi-monthly by Wally Weber (for TAFF!) and F M & Elinor Busby. Note that Copy Deadline of #168 is May 15, 1963!

For all who do not have a letter or other contribution in a given issue, CRY is available at 25¢ or 1/9 or one 16-ounce can of beer per single copy, or 5 issues for \$1, 7/-, or 2 quarts of beer. Our trade policy is fantastic. US currency to Box 92 (checks payable to Elinor Busby); sterling to John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. You can just hand me the beer personally, making sure that it is well-chilled and ready for use.

Erratum, already: CRY is edited, not published, by Weber et al. CRY is published by the Cone Company, and we wouldn't do them out of their egoboo for anything in the world.

Contents of the 167th ~~Walling~~ [curse you, Paul Williams!] Issue:

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Wally Weber cut 20 stencils; Elinor 7; Buz 5.

The Cover Story: This month's cover is a real co-op job. Wally Gonser took the original ATomillo to work and somehow had plates made by a photographic process; I don't know about all that technical jazz but let's take his word for it, huh? Then Wally Weber and/or Wally Gonser took the plate over to Jim & Doreen Webbber's lithograph machine by the name of Herman, and one or (probably) more of those 4 cajoled and threatened Herman into reproducing the illo. Then Wally Weber took the illustrated sheets down to Stump House and printed the logo on the Multigraph. If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't believe it, either. It just goes to show; thanks.

We have had on hand for some time a story by Paul Williams; well, a sort of story; I wouldn't want you to think that CRY was harboring fanfiction. We would have printed it last issue but it needs some cutting and there wasn't time. We would have printed it this month except we can't find it right now. Don't give up, though, Paul; some day your prints will come.

Note my squib at bottom of page 16; if you have questions on the Pournelle series, get them in right away; OK?

This is the Distracted Page. Nobby has a damncat cornered under the house where nobody can get at him and has been barking his fool head off down there for a solid hour. The neighborhood seems to be full of damncats lately: damncats, by the way, are distinct ^{from} ordinary OK-type cats in that damncats persist in this idiot kick of leaving their home turf to come here and Create Situations such as the present one. Cats learn better the first time; damncats keep coming back. Damncats cause Nobby and Lisa to change from dogs into damndogs. All clear now?

Cheap Stencils Dep't: Pages 6 & 17-22 are on American Maid stencils at \$2.55 per quire; the rest of this issue is on Sears' Tower stencils at \$2.20... FMI...

Shure and begorra it's a lovely sunny Saint Pat's Day here; temperatures somewhere in the 60°+ range, light intermittent breezes. Too nice for indoors...

A cheerful news note: Robert and Ginny Heinlein are both feeling much better these days; eagle-eyed diagnostician found both had been suffering from ameobic dysentery (the well-known Travel Bug). This has now been eradicated, to the greater wellbeing of both. [CRY, the good-news fanzine...]

And that seems to do it for this time. See you here on or before May 15.

The Amusement Arcade was empty. This was quite understandable, as it was about 10:30 AM, and in a seaside resort a big percentage of the clientele are honeymooners, and you can't expect them to get up so early.....and to another big percentage it feels like a second honeymoon, and they lie in, too. I was living in a very small and compact caravan with my wife and two children, and under such circumstances a second honeymoon was the last thing in my mind.

Also it was raining. I wouldn't go so far as to say that the proprietors of the Arcade had sown dry ice over the clouds, it was far too early for one thing. The fact remains that my family and I, water dripping off the ends of our blue noses, stood alone inside the amusement arcade and looked around us.

The staff looked at us expectantly. I mean, look at the thing from a psychological point of view, as I always do. An amusement arcade should be all noise and laughter and screams....in this way (especially if the dry ice has worked) crowds will flock to join in the merriment too. Meanwhile, the four of us stood and shivered and gaped.

My wife and son walked across to the CYCLONE. It consisted of a huge metal cross, horizontal to the floor, with a chair at the end of each leg. The cross swept round clockwise, and at the same time the chair spun round too. It reminded me of the time I was in Coney Island....I'd been too chicken to go on a similar machine with Bill Donaho, and I wasn't changing my mind in a deserted equivalent. I leered as my wife and son got in the chair and started to circulate. As the chair flashed past, some latent sadistic urge grew inside me. I couldn't contain myself, and as they flew past, mouths open and eyes wide, I shouted "Cold fat bacon." This, I knew, would turn their stomachs. It was making mine a mite squeamish, I'll admit, and I was just standing there. Next time round, their faces were a light green, a sort of delicate pastel shade, if you know what I mean. "Tramps' socks," I screamed in delight as they whizzed past again, eyes closed, faces now deathly white. Something seemed to take hold of me, I'd never known the sensation before....and, before the machine stopped, my raucous shout of "Lumpy porridge" nearly had the desired effect. Even I had to grit my teeth to stop myself, if you'll pardon the expression, throwing up.

As they were assisted out of the machine, I felt rather guilty, but they soon recovered, and in five moments were in fine shape again.

There is something superior in having a large building and staff of attendants waiting your every whim. I knew that, in the evening, when it was raining and the teenagers had nothing to do, the place would be a wildy orgy, almost, with masses of people all trying to enjoy themselves all at once.....now, the supply was there but the demand wasn't and the staff were eager for the machines to be going round so that it would draw in the suckers. I mean, my wife and son's ride on the CYCLONE had lasted all of 20 minutes....and I knew from past experience that with a queue awaiting a ride, as in the peak hours, the ride wouldn't last more than about 3 or 4 minutes.

Then my daughter tugged my hand and pointed to the HELICOPTERS.

I looked. It was a new addition. A dozen miniature helicopter-type machines were each at the end of a rod, with pneumatic equipment attached. The diameter of the circle was large, and the helicopters were going round quite slowly.

"Take me on one of those, Daddy," she asked, looking up at me. My wife said it would be a good idea. I pointed out that those things make me feel sick, but it was pointed out to me by my wife, my daughter, and three attendants that it went round slowly, and I mean, if you've got to appear chicken, don't do it in front of your 8 year old daughter, especially when she's told every attendant within 100 yards that 'my daddy was a parachutist.'

I know, as I always know, when I've made the wrong decision. And yet, robot-like, as if someone else was in charge of my faculties, I felt myself being drawn irresistibly to my fate. I recoiled with horror as I stepped into one helicopter and saw a dried up puddle of what I knew instinctively to be vomit. "Oil, sir,"

said an attendant with eyebrows raised in mute confirmation. I was led by my happy daughter to the next helicopter. I sat in it, as if hypnotized. "When it starts up, pull this bar towards you," said the attendant. I gripped the bar and waited. Somehow, before my glazed eyes, I seemed to see the neon-emblazoned legend COLD FAT BACON.

We started to go round in a circle. Well, hell, it wasn't too bad.

"Pull the bar back," a voice seemed to say out of a void...."PULL THE BAR."

"Pull the bar, daddy," said my daughter, and I gripped and pulled it to my stomach. We rose in the air, leaning inwards at an angle of 45 degrees, and going round faster. I closed my eyes....and little voices, growing louder, took up the chant TRAMPS' SOCKS.....TRAMPS' SOCKS.....such a headache...such giddiness.....such horrible nausea....

I opened one eye and looked at my daughter, and she jumped up and down excitedly. Twenty minutes later, I'd had enough. I pused the bar away from me, and the piston like equipment sucked in, and we were whizzing along at ground level behind a whole lot more helicopters.

"PULL THE BAR BACK...." and, in some fantastic way, my hands grew like out-size bananas, and they drew the bar towards me again, even though I resisted with all my strength. I felt as secure as a dipso walking a tightrope over Niagara in a high gale.

We were up again, about twenty feet above the now gathering throng. I looked at the control kiosk as we whipped past it, aiming to signal the attendant to stop the blasted thing, but his back was to me, I could see that he was smoking and having an animated conversation with someone. It struck me, in some clear-cut way, on a different plane to my blind panic, that it was policy for the staff to keep the machine whirling round, as long as someone was in it and paying for it, so as to try and reveal a hive of activity.

Next time round, I looked over the side at my wife; I've never seen her laugh so much since I caught my tie in the duper. Her lips, framed the potent words LUMPY PORRIDGE. Next time round I waved feebly at the attendant, add he waved back.

I was now in just about the worst state I've ever been in. I looked at my daughter, and she informed me, not quite so brightly as before, that I looked 'very green'...and then decision gripped me...sort of cold and sober.... Through eyes that wouldn't focus, I pushed the bar gradually away, so that the helicopter gradually descended, and I gave a studied scream of "STOP IT" and very smoothly we slowed down and halted.

My wife helped me outside, and in a few moments, with the assistance of aspirin, benzedrine, sea-spray and a cold Atlantic wind, I became aware of what was going on around me. It took me all of six hours to recover my original composure (such as it was)and the egoboo accruing from recounting the terrible experience to friends that night, ending with the phrase"....and quite honestly, it was much worse than anything on Coney Island."

Next morning, my son revealed to me the wonderful discovery he'd made, how to beat the machine "where there are four film stars' names, see, and the odds increase, and you put money in slots, see, and I've worked out the sequence."

"Good," I said, remembering the five shillings I'd given him before my helicopter trip, "how much did you win?"

"Nothing," he said, "I want more money to win, but as sure as anything I've worked out the sequence."

"No soap," I growled. "You must think I'm an idiot."

A crafty look flitted across his features. "This film star machine--it's very near the helicopter machine," he hinted. I handed him two more half crowns. I fervently hoped his system worked.

John Berry

1962.

With Keen Eyes and a WHAT?

... F M Busby

A Plow? Perhaps; the first issue of the new larger-sized Analog is at hand for comment and consideration, surely. So let's look at it.

The March issue contains exactly 100 pages including covers. The central 64 pages, printed on book stock whose cream-color is startling at first look, contain the fiction; Argosy and True are two of several other magazines which also segregate fiction by type and color of paper. The other 36 "sides" compose the non-fiction content of the magazine-- if advertising can be classed as non-fiction, you may say, and here we come to the crux of the matter of change.

There hasn't yet been time for a consensus to shape up in the fan press as yet, but when it does I'll bet a pretty that it will be unfavorable. "Another change for the worse."; "I'd rather have the 1940 Astounding..", etc. We will hear the hue and cry that Campbell has flipped his wig again. Oh, sure.

I disagree. The point is not whether we would prefer the new Analog to the old Astounding, but whether we prefer the new Analog to having the zine fold. A close look at the new zine indicates [to me, at least] a pretty clear picture of what is needed for a magazine's survival under present conditions and the new publisher's requirements. [Certainly it's been mooted elsewhere that Conde Nast demanded more revenues and/or circulation if the zine were to continue.]

So now let's look at those ads in the March Analog. There are 8 pages of them, including the house page and the full-color back cover, and they are a different breed of cat from the Book Club and the Correspondence School. The article in the February issue concerned itself with technical advertising as distinct from consumer advertising, but the difference is pretty obvious. Now I would guess that General Dynamics or Sylvania pays considerably better for a page of advertising than does the correspondence school, book club, or AMORC. The technical ad is slanted to units of a group of related industries, not to units of the consuming public, as individuals. It makes a difference.

But to hook Pan Am or Remington Rand for ads requires a presentation and format that looks good to them. The oldtime Astounding simply did not qualify on inspection, even though it may have had and probably did have the same technically-oriented readers toward which the new ads are aimed. So, Analog. So, the lettercol format all same like Scientific American, etc. So, probably an end to covers that illustrate people-situations in stories [though maybe not; given a good quota of imagination, nearly any story can be illustrated by a "factual-looking" drawing]. And finally, so, the standard tech-ad page size.

It remains to be seen whether Analog will grow a blanket of ads fore and aft so that the reader needs a bookmark to find the stories, as is the case with such zines as Electronics [or Life or Esquire for that matter]. So long as (1)the story content does not shrink, or (2)the price does not rise to pay for added pagecount that is mostly ads, I do not believe we'd have a real gripe.

I'll leave it to some more dedicated type to calculate whether we've lost or gained in story-wordage by the size-boost. Any birddogs out there??

I don't know what this means for the s-f field overall. It may be worth noting that in the past 25 years Campbell is the only s-f editor to initiate viable size-changes in the field. Pulp-to-large Jan'42; back to pulp May'43; first digest Nov'43 [thin paper Feb'47; does that count?]; now to large, Mar'63. Other zines' changes or nonstandardsize starts during this period include FA starting large in 1939 and reverting to pulp later [I mean, starts or changes away from the prevailing norm, not such items as Ziff-Davis conforming to digest size around 1953]. Satellite, Other Worlds and FU each upshifted before folding. SF+ and that horrible thing that printed 1939 rejects in 1952 (Fantastic Science Fiction?) started large and nonconforming and folded the same way. There may be other examples and if there are I am sure you will let me know; thanks.

So these are my impressions of the new-sized Analog: that on inspection and on the basis of experience, the change seems to be a survival-type adaptation.

Renfrew says to tell you there were a couple of pretty good stories, too.

...Keen Blue Eyes and a TAFFcycle? Could be, because the word is

WALLY WEBER FOR TAFF °

It all began when Don Franson [prominent Los Angeles fan, National Fantasy Fan Federation president, and originator of the CRY Letterhack Cards] wrote a batch of letters asking "What happened to Weber-For-TAFF?" and saying "Let's get on the stick!" and mainly inclosing five bucks which came in handy for beer money.

Well, actually that wasn't quite the beginning, since obviously Don referred to some previous chatter about Wally and TAFF, which had been in abeyance while we all waited to find out if Tucker would run (not this year). Then Bill Donaho was running; then Rick Sneary was running; then Bill Donaho wasn't running because Rick Sneary was running; then Rick Sneary wasn't running, but my nose was. It was all pretty confusing, I guess you know, until Don stepped in and got some action going. The upshot was that Ron Ellik is now in receipt of (1)Wally's signed statement that he will Make The Trip if elected, (2)the money, and (3)a Platform. This is backed up by Nominators Ella Parker (!), Madeleine Willis, Don Franson, Bill Donaho-- heck, when I saw the way it was catching on, I signed up, myself!

We do not know as yet just who-all Wally's competition will be; we see by Starspinkle that Wally's own bonafides got in ahead of the deadline OK, but Ron Ellik has had to allow another 60 days to give the opposition time to sort itself out. I am sure that a worthy field of candidates will be dug up somehow, given time; there are plenty of eligible types and plenty of willing nominators, no doubt; coordination seems to be the lack. The trouble is that not everybody has Don Franson to supply the nudge and help get the show on the road.

But right off the bat we can say that Wally is the only punctual candidate...

That Platform was one sonofagun to write, colleagues. Just offhand one might think that 100 words would be plenty to sound off about a quiet young fella like this Wally Weber. Until you start to go down the list on him, you might think so.

The camera picks up Wallace Wesley Weber in the little town of Ralston, Wash. He is reading science-fiction. He is publishing a sort of fanzine; you will not have seen a copy, unless you lived in Ralston, Wash, in 1947. Later that year he moves to Seattle and has letters published in TWS or perhaps Startling or Planet. He publishes an occasional issue of WhizzGizz Once-in-a-while. At the University of Washington he joins a fan club, The Changelings; it folds after a while and our hero turns up at Buck Austin's Wolf Den Book Shop for the first gathering of a new fan club, thus becoming a charter member of the Nameless Ones of this city.

The kid is hooked, like. He attends the 8th World S-F Con at the Multnomah Hotel in Portland, Oregon, in 1950, where as a matter of fact...

((Narrator: "...as a matter of fact, the NorWesCon was where I first met Wally Weber. We were all straggling out of the theater after the preview-showing of Destination Moon... I was pleased to meet the guy whose name I'd been seeing in lettercols for about 3 years... he gave me a copy of WhizzGizz Once-in-a-while))

In October 1951 Wally is elected Corresponding Secretary of the Nameless Ones and editor/publisher of its newsletter, CRY of the Nameless. He still is; all sorts of upheavals occur, but Wally and the CRY are inseparable ((camera flashes back and forth showing history of CRY; continents sink and re-emerge but CRY goes on and Wally with it)). It really comes through in Cinerama this way...

The years flash past. Wally attends his second WorldCon in Philadelphia, 1953, and his eleventh in Chicago, 1962-- missing none in between, as the astute viewer will have noted. SouthGate in 1958 combines World- and Westercon and is the first of his five Westercons in as many years. Like I said, the kid is hooked.

Meanwhile, back at the Nameless, Wally has been getting elected president and secretary and president at the same time and then permanent secretary-treasurer; the veteran CRYhack can consult his files to ascertain just when all these things happened, if confused by the montage effects.

In the sub-plot: about 1953 Wally joins the Spectator Amateur Press Society (SAPS). In 1956 he hooks some of his fellow-townsmen fans into SAPS, too. He has breath-taking struggles with the deadlines; some real thrilling episodes in here.

The camera catches Wally getting some egoboo in SAPS in recent years: in the annual Pillar Poll he is seen drawing down 3 firsts and one second in the Humor category in the past five years. He is seen writing (in SAPS, in CRY, in WRR, etc) in quite versatile fashion indeed: Minutes, Con reports, mailing comments, article or editorial-type material, lettercol-editing, and even occasional fiction. The camera pans to catch all sorts of readers laughing their heads off at our hero's inimitable way with a phrase, situation, or incident.

The last day of South Gate in '58 we see Wally deliver the bid for Seattle's 1959 Westercon, which turns out to be a small Con with big problems if viewed from some aspects; the camera sees it as a goodsized fan-party with some welcome visitors and no major financial problems. The gutsy part comes when Wally turns up at Pittcon prepared to bid for a World Convention-- and gets it, along with the Best Fanzine Hugo for 1959, for CRY. He then serves as Chairman and Treasurer of the 19th World S-F Convention (SeaCon) at Hyatt House Seattle, in 1961-- further honored by the presence of Ella Parker who on her own initiative came all this way just to discuss with Wally a few statements he had made in the CRY lettercolumn some months previously. A flash view of Wally's current nominators for TAFF shows that Ella was not quite done with that discussion when the SeaCon ended.

The filmplay approaches its end with the camera hunting around to see what it has most likely missed in this fan's surprising career. We get this burst of corny music and the halo-effects come on, and we see Wally Weber climbing up the ramp of a Boeing 707 with his trombone stuffed down his pants-leg to avoid the excess-baggage charge, on his way to England as a TAFF-elected representative.

Kidding aside though, I'd like to see anybody summarize Wally in 100 words.

...and a Howitzer? Well, we do seem to have John Boardman bracketed again pretty neatly. Not that this is very hard to do, or so it would seem. I sent this fella a copy of my dialogue with my other head Renfrew, in which we deprecated his idea of discouraging lynchings in the South by threatening lynchings in the North. [I included a rather snotty note, and he replied with a rather snotty note, which is a fair and square exchange on the face of it.] The gist of my dissent was that (1) Boardman personally classifies all but "liberals" as being one with the lynchers and other hatemongers under the "conservative" label, and (2) having consummated this guilt-by-association union, proposes to visit vengeance for the sins of A upon the head of B, whether or not B ever heard of A, much less having been shown to be in agreement with A.

I think this is all pretty clear: if you're bugged with A, go after A; don't go slobbering up the street mouthing vile curses and kick B or the dog. Elementary commonsense and fairness, I'd say. I could care less if Boardman wants to go pot-shoot the head of the White Citizens' Council or John Kasper to "avenge" a racial outrage; that's between him and them and his conscience by the name of Ted Pauls.

I think this was all fairly clear in my earlier remarks in CRY and particularly in the aforementioned snotty note to our wildshooting compatriot, Boardman.

But here comes Boardman in his KNOWABLE#2 and I swear this is a direct quote: "Perhaps Busby will tell us what plans he has for the future, that makes him object so strongly to the idea that liberals ought to defend themselves against conservative violence." End of quote; no kidding, he really wrote exactly that.

I will restrain my natural sarcastic bent and merely ask if Boardman would agree to the proposition: that Seattle employers would have been justified in defending themselves against the "liberal" violence of Dave Beck's Teamster's Union goons in the 1930s by hopping back east and beating hell out of all the garment-workers and ribbon-clerks they could catch wearing union badges. Well?

A kindly and charitable person would say that Boardman unfortunately misinterpreted me. An unkindly and uncharitable person might say that Boardman is trying to pull off a nice big fat fact-ignoring smear in the grand tradition.

I feel fairly kindly and charitable right this minute, but I do not guarantee the mood to hold up if the same kind of mistake is made twice by the same guy.

Like the story says: "That's one."

...and a Letter-opener? You might enjoy an exchange from recent correspondence.

(incoming) Do you know that sexual intercourse can save the life of a person who is ill and needs a sudden rush of energy to go over the top and start recuperating? They'll massage your heart in our hospitals but they won't do THAT, although there is proof in studies of primitive medical techniques, that it works... Can you picture a hospital nurse...?

(Reply) Yeh, I can just see it now on Ben Casey: "This patient is dying; urgent measures are needed. Nurse! Strip, crawl in there, and do your duty." ... "...and now we have a word about some urgent measures that are needed for the future security of your loved ones; here is Mervil Culvergast to speak for Allsnake" Then we cut back to the final scene. The nurse, all mussed up, is just buttoning her blouse. The patient is breathing deeply with a big silly grin on his face. The intern is pushing Ben Casey's eyeballs back into place with a warm spoon. Casey then waves him away and says, "Well done, nurse! Another triumph for us white knights of the medical profession and Allsnake Insurance. Now when the hell will our writers switch the action to the WOMEN'S ward for a change..?" Fadeout...

The names have been changed to protect the innocent, and besides, how the hell do I know who sponsors Ben Casey?

...a Plow again? The new prozine, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, leads off with the first half of a damn fine juvenile by Arthur C Clarke. "People of the Sea" is concerned with the intelligence of dolphins. If the prospect of establishing communication with another(?) intelligent species stirs you as it stirs me, you will dig this Clarke story. The first installment in no way violates what is known (& published) to date about man-dolphin relationships; it just reads a lot more interestingly as Clarke has woven it into his story. I look forward to the finale of this one.

Incidentally this zine came in here quite late; distribution is lousy in this area. A number of zines have been up to a month late around here in the past year. Maybe we should all go beat the hell out of our local distributor, regardless?

...or a Punchline, but I seem to be all out of those by now. Well, as a last and desperate resort there is always general commentary.

I see by Ron Ellik [Starspinkle #7] that Los Angeles is no longer bidding for the 1964 World Science Fiction Convention; the bidding Committee had been Ronel, Tyrannical Al Lewis, John Trimble, Bruce Pelz, and Ted Johnstone (Dave McDaniel). This pretty well leaves the job up to the "64 Frisco or Fight" gang who are just now working up the 1963 Westercon [Hyatt House, *Burligame, Calif; July 4-7; join one, join all]: Al haLevy, Bill Donaho, Alva Rogers, and Ben Stark (send money).

I know how the 64-Frisco crew must feel right about now. Even though your gang may be dedicated to winning the bid and producing the Con, and even though major bidding competition can run to great strain and expense, still there is a certain clench at the solar plexus upon realizing that you have this monster to tame, whether or no. Hey, good luck there, you-all there in Berkeley!*[Burlingame]

Plug, we must. We recommend all these upcoming Cons for both attendance and (if it's the best you can do) non-attendee support: Midwestcon at Cincinnati, the Westercon as above, Discon the big long-awaited DC Worldcon over Labor Day as usual, next spring's Briticon (you don't want the TAFFman to be the only US type there, do you?), 64 Frisco like we've been saying all along, London in '65 (hi, Ella!), etc.

Fine people been writing fine trip reports and still are; buy some and see how the world looks with 90° displacement. Ella Parker and Ethel Lindsay are now in the throes of inspiration for composing their trip-memoirs; Walt and Madeleine Willis are writing separate accounts, of all things. And there are goodly writeups still in stock here and there from earlier trippers, specifically including THE GOON GOES WEST, a fabulous account available from CRY at \$1.25 the each, postpaid.

There was some fella I was supposed to plug for TAFF, but if I forgot to do it earlier in this column it is too late now; I wouldn't have space left to do him justice, assuming he deserves it.

Happy birthday to me last week, and thank you one and all for your kindest wishes, whether you knew it or not. Have a nice time at the picnic.

--Buz.

S U P E R T A F F M A N Wally Weber

I've been running for TAFF, you know, although it's been more like a lazy stroll up until now. My competition dropped out even before anyone knew I was going to be nominated. Who could hope to stand up against a campaign as effective as that? In fact, the big obstacle in my campaign is finding somebody to campaign against.

As usual, I am ready with a suggestion. I would like very much to run against Lee Hoffman again. ("What male fan wouldn't?" is not the appropriate comment to make in the middle of a serious article, Wrai Ballard; now shut up and read.) Lee's victory during my first experience as a TAFF candidate has always rankled me. Her margin of votes never was what I would call decisive, but Don Ford and his crowd put off, with lame excuses, my demands for a recount. They claimed I had no reason to complain when the candidates placing second, third, fourth and fifth were perfectly satisfied. I wish I could have seen their faces when Lee dropped out of fandom and changed her name; Don Ford never has had the nerve to mention Lee to me since.

Of course I don't mean to pick Lee as an opponent just because she is unpopular and less worthy than I. I'm willing to run against any fan, no matter how famous -- D. Bruce Berry, Claude Degler, Squink Blog, Richard S. Shaver -- I'm not afraid of competition.

Unfortunately the choice of opponents is not up to me. I will probably be forced into competition with whatever second-rate fake-fan can be dredged up at the last minute. While I conduct my campaign on the highest plane with only the good of fandom in mind, my drunken, dope-ridden opponent, whomever it may be, will have to resort to unprovoked mud-slinging, name-calling and filthy lies to trick votes out of the few gullible neofans who might fall for that sort of thing.

Being realistic, I must admit in all modesty I can't help but win. Also, it would be silly to wait for the formality of counting votes before assuming my new duties as TAFF winner. Therefore I have spent the weekend writing my TAFF report, complete in every detail, including the trip to Europe and back. I have spared no effort to make this the most comprehensive and inspiring TAFF report in history.

Since Ron Ellick hasn't sent me the treasury yet so that I can publish this thousand-page masterpiece, I have decided to publish it at CRY expense right here in this issue. Of course I have had to condense it just a bit, but I have done such a masterful job of it that you will still be able to get the feeling of my humble and modest personality.

Here it is.

CHAPTER 1 -- The Victory Celebration

Lee Hoffman, her cheeks streaked with tears, begged my forgiveness for the awful lies she had told about me during the campaign. Any other fan in my position would probably have kicked his feet free from her clutch and stalked off, but I could only think about how wonderful it was that Lee, after all these years, had seen her mistakes and was willing to repent. The money and fame meant nothing when compared to this. If TAFF had been bankrupt and nobody had known of my victory, the effort put into my campaign would still have been made worthwhile by the fact that Lee would emerge a better woman for it.

"Of course, my dear," I thought to myself. "I forgive you." I kicked my feet free from her clutch and stalked off through the crowd.

Ron Ellik rushed to greet me. "A fantastic campaign," he shouted over the din of the cheers. "You won over Hoffman, Tucker and Davidson by such a wide margin, I didn't bother to throw out their illegal ballot-stuffing." I smiled for the cameras as we shook hands, and Ron waved for the police to clear a path for us up to the speakers' table. As I started to move, I felt my feet encumbered by something. I looked down.

"Please -- please -- won't you let me publish your trip report in Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction?" I kicked my feet free from his clutch and stalked off through the crowd. His pleas were barely audible through the noise as I made my way up to the platform... "Won't you at least write up the birth of my next child? You write so much better than I..."

The standing ovation lasted six hours, and only physical exhaustion on the part of the crowd kept it that short. I was overwhelmed. It was the first time in TAFF history that 50,000 fans had turned out for a TAFF victory celebration. To tell the truth, I was too overwhelmed to remember what I said into the microphones, but if you missed it somehow, you should still be able to get my speech on the RCA Victor label at your nearest record store. I do remember having trouble moving my feet after the speech, though.

"Buck Coulson," I remember exclaiming. "What are you doing down there?"

"Tucker couldn't make it," Buck answered.

I kicked my feet free from his clutch and stalked off through the crowd.

CHAPTER 207 -- The Summing Up

After a full half-year of the most unforgettable period of my life, it felt good to relax by myself and have, for the first time, a few moments to myself so that I could think back. I was glad to be home. The massive walls of my castle, presented to me by the combined royalty of Europe after that memorable afternoon when I had saved the continent from nuclear disaster, cast soothing shadows and gave an impression of impenetrable privacy to the room. Really, I thought I did not deserve all this. It was too wonderful for a humble fellow like me. All that fuss wasn't necessary. The memories of Nikita and Fidel repenting as I kicked my feet free from their clutches and stalked off through the crowd would have been enough. Anyone in my position would have risked their life, as I had done, in that experimental spaceship to save the planet from that cloud of radioactive death.

The convention had been great fun, too, although it was too bad the reporters had to be in the way all the time. Five-hundred-thousand people at one convention was a little much, particularly when they were all fighting to see one particular celebrity, but it was one of the little sacrifices one in my position had to make.

Deep in reverie, I leaned back in President Kennedy's personal rocking chair -- I had refused to accept it as a gift, but had agreed to keep it in my castle where he could use it on his frequent visits for advice -- and I heard a stifled groan as one of the rockers met with resistance. I looked down, and suddenly I knew my TAFF trip was done, a complete success.

"You finally made it after all, Tucker," I thought. "I forgive you."

Today is February 28th. Phil Harrell called three times.

I got up this morning bright and early as usual, dressed, set up the coffee, set up the orange juice, and was just about to put up Buz' lunch when the phone rang. It was Phil Harrell.

"I didn't get my CRY," he said.

I suggested that perhaps his sub had run out, but he said no. I said it must have got lost in the mail, and I would send him another one.

He said he loved CRY and couldn't do without it, and that he liked talking to me. He wanted to know where Buz was. I said he was in bed asleep. He said he hoped he hadn't got me out of bed. I said, "Oh, no." He asked me what time it was, and I said "Ten to seven." "It's ten o'clock here," he said. "I didn't think that it might be a different time where you are."

So then he said something about greetings from the snowy South. "Oh," I said, "is it snowing there?" and he said "yes, it is." So then he asked me what it was like where I was, and I said the primroses, forsythia and camellias were all coming into bloom. Then we said good by and hung up, and I made Buz' lunch, and went into the bedroom and turned on the lights, closed the window and turned the heat on--my way of notifying Buz that the day is officially on, and he had better prepare himself for rising. "Who was that idiot on the phone?" he asked. "Phil Harrell," I said. "What did he want?" "His CRY." "Which CRY?" "The latest, of course," I said firmly.

Then I went back to the kitchen and poured myself a cup of coffee and sat down to enjoy it. Pretty soon the phone rang again, and I wasn't at all surprised to find that it was Phil Harrell. "What's Wally's phone number?" he asked. I told him. It cost him money to ask me, and he could have found out from Information free.

Breakfast was a little late. Phil's calls didn't really take all that much time, but perhaps they put me a little off schedule. Buz snarled at breakfast's being late, and I snarled right back, and sulked ferociously for ten minutes. But we were good friends again long before I left him off at work, and he told me to give his Best Regards to Phil Harrell, and I said I would.

At 9:30 the phone rang again. I knew it was Phil Harrell. "Is Buz up now?" he asked. "Buz is at work," I said. "Oh," he said, "so is Wally Weber." Then he said something about how he had called us up three times now, and he thought we would mention it in CRY. He hoped we would mention it in CRY. I said 'oh.' He wanted to know what I was doing, and I said "ironing." He said he supposed he was keeping me from it, and I said yes. I remembered to give him Buz' Best Regards, but I completely forgot to make sure that it really was the last CRY he wanted, and that he hadn't simply forgotten that we were now bi-monthly. Oh well.

Phil Harrell called three times today.

Since writing the above, I have signed up with the Kelly Girl Service, and am no longer so available for daytime phone calls. I don't know whether I shall like it or not--so far, I have just gone out on the one job. The Kelly Girl Service is one of the several companies that supply temporary office workers. It works like this: My counsellor at Kelly Girl calls up, and asks me if I want to go to work for such and such an outfit for such and such a length of time. I can say yes or no, but if I say yes I am obligated to stay with the job for the agreed upon length of time. At the job I keep a time card, and at the end of each week have it signed there and send it in to the Kelly Girl main office, in Detroit, from whence cometh my check. What I don't like about the setup is this: I have a feeling that temporary work will usually be the dulllest and most monotonous--it certainly was so on the one job that I have had so far. Another thing--obviously, I could make more money working directly for an employer. The middle-man takes his cut; how else? What I do like about it is being able to take as

much time off as I like between jobs, and even more, I think, the possibility of getting to know lots of people, getting acquainted with lots of businesses from the inside.

I like people, and they interest me. It isn't that I need friends. I can always welcome a good new friend, of course. But I have lots of friends. I have so many friends that even my friends have friends. What I really need is an infinity of acquaintances, because I am a People Collector. You know, even rather dull people are interesting while one first knows them and is trying to establish communication, trying to understand as best one can their temperaments and ranges of interests and ideas. It's important to note that just as the fan in Mundane camouflages to the best of his ability, so does the mundane person in Mundane. Most people are brighter than they let on, and more individual.

Businesses are interesting, too. One always learns something, from every job. For example, I once worked in the office of a fish broker. To this day I can look at the cans of salmon on the shelves of the supermarket, read the labels--Alaska Red, Sockeye, Medium Red, Cohoe, Tyee, Chinook, King, Pink, Chum--and know which of these terms are synonymous and which represent different types of salmon, and for which uses the different types are appropriate. This sort of thing gratifies me, you know. One feels at home in the world.

So I have just spent six days in a downtown bank. I won't pretend that I learned anything about banking--and yet, I do have a little more of the feel of the thing.

This bank was unusual in that it served free food to its employees. I had never heard of such a thing before--have you? There was coffee with doughnuts, sweet rolls, and toast in the morning and afternoon, and lunches at noon. The lunches were ample, with soup or stew, lunch meats of various kinds, cheeses, boiled eggs or egg salad or tuna salad, gelatin salad, canned fruit, cottage cheese, and various pies and cakes, with milk and ice cream in the refrigerator. People could help themselves as freely as they wished, and could pick their own relief and lunch periods and vary them from day to day.

The cook there is a widow. She lost her husband three years ago--they would have been married 38 years this spring. They had always worked together. For many years they owned and operated a small restaurant and bakery on Orcas Island, where many Seattle people have summer homes. Their last Christmas together, their two children were both unable to come to them, and her husband had said to her, "Well, you start alone, and you end alone." Her husband was ill for two years, but although she knew his disease was incurable, she hadn't expected him to die. She was sure, up until the very end, that the doctors would discover something in time. She said that when her parents both died from an automobile accident, she thought that nothing worse than that could ever happen to her, but that losing her husband was -- much worse.

The woman whose office I shared used to manage apartment houses, starting when she was only sixteen years old. During the war she managed the Wilsonian Apt. Hotel in the University district. I remember well what it was like in those days. It was Nice--one mentioned it with bated breath. It's very rundown, now. She had an army officer and his wife in a seven room aptment on the first floor. The army officer was quite high up, and his wife regarded herself as a very important person, and insisted on using the washing machine during Other People's Time. The other people complained, and the manageress was forced to Speak to the wife. She was very angry and insulted, and said to the manageress "I'll GET your job!" Then she went to the O.P.A. (remember the Office of Prime Administration? Gad that was a long time ago!) and complained that the manageress had forced her to redecorate her apt. and had charged her for it. The man from the O.P.A. came out to arrest the manageress (I don't quite see how this could have been) and stayed three days, at the end of which time he informed her that she had the Cleanest Operation in town and any time she had any problems she had only to tell him. The army officer apologized to her for his wife's misbehavior, and for all I know, the wife might even have kept to her own time in the future. At any rate, it was a happy ending.

Elinor

THE GRAND STRATEGIES OF THE SUPERPOWERS
IN THE THERMONUCLEAR ERA

by J. E. Pournelle

In previous papers we have noted that although both the United States and the Soviet Union possess enormous power, there are limits to its use. We have also seen that it is to the mutual advantage of each to limit conflict. The United States, for obvious reasons, does not care to lose her population and industrial plant. The Soviet Union, although an expansionist rather than a status quo power, must not risk the home base of Communism. Marxist theory states that Communism is inevitable; but it also predicted the revolution in the highly developed capitalist countries, not feudal Russia and Oriental China. If these states were destroyed, current communist theoreticians believe, the Revolution would be set back by an indefinite period of time. Western analysts, inclined perhaps to be more cynical, also point out that in a Russia which has lost its central government, and the control and transportation facilities which maintain the present regime, the probability of personal survival for Party Members is not high.

The United States and the Soviet Union each have a theoretical base to their military planning. The military theory in each case has undergone recent and drastic revisions, and is not yet fully worked out. Space limitations prevent us from examining the history of military theory in the two countries, although for a complete understanding of the present this is desirable. Instead, we will outline the major points of current military thought in each nation.

THE STRATEGY OF THE UNITED STATES

(Major source: Secretary of Defense McNamara, in two papers:

- (1) A speech delivered at Ann Arbor in June, 1962, which is believed to parallel his statements at the NATO Conference in Paris, 1962; and
- (2) Statement of Secretary McNamara before the Senate Armed Services Committee, February, 1963.)

"The major mission," states McNamara (2), "of the Strategic Retaliatory Forces is to destroy the enemy's war-making potential, including his urban society, if necessary. ... What we are proposing is a capability to strike back after absorbing the first blow. This means we have to build and maintain a second strike force. Such a force should have sufficient flexibility to permit a choice of strategies, particularly an ability to: (1) strike back decisively at the entire Soviet target system simultaneously, or (2) strike back first at the Soviet bomber bases, missile sites and other military installations associated with their long range nuclear forces to reduce the power of any follow-on attack--and then, if necessary, strike back at the Soviet urban and industrial complex in a controlled and deliverate way."

McNamara then goes on to point out that although we cannot predict the nature of a Soviet attack on the United States, we intend to have an establishment which will give them a choice as well as ourselves; that is, we will not restrict ourselves to a military system suitable only for massive counter-value responses; but we will have that capability if required. Thus the incentive to destroy our cities is made vanishingly small. Furthermore, we will not build, McNamara says, a capability for destroying the Soviet fully hardened missile sites; because in most cases these expensive weapons would be fired by us only after their targets had flown. McNamara is deliverately keeping the ability of the United States to devastate the Soviet Union in a first strike at a level where the Soviets would retain at least some retaliatory ability. He does not say that this is for the purpose of reducing the incentive for either side to make a surprise attack; but as has been shown in a previous paper, this policy has that effect.

The Defense of NATO

Europe, McNamara points out (and this has been emphasized by many military analysts before, particularly the brilliant B. H. Liddell Hart), Europe has a manpower pool and a GNP well in excess of the Soviet Union; and the economic growth rate of the Common Market countries compares quite favorably with that of the Soviets. In time, therefore, there "will inevitably develop in Europe a new power

center, more nearly the equal of the Soviet Union and its European Satellites." The Secretary then goes on to discuss the implications of the Nassau agreement, under which Europe will obtain a strategic deterrent of its own; and he concludes by saying that although "we may well be faced with situations in Europe where it would not be to the advantage of ourselves or our Allies to use even tactical nuclear weapons initially ... we mean to defend Europe with every kind of weapon needed."

When the concept of a non-nuclear defense of Europe was first discussed by the U.S. government (and this also echoes an analysis made by Liddell Hart in 1957) the French response was immediate and loud--that any war in Europe would and must be automatically a thermonuclear war, unlimited in any respect. The French do not relish another ground war in Europe; the Germans, on whose territory such a war would be fought, like the idea even less. Thus, the French and Germans particularly want to deter war by making the most drastic threat possible. In the present context, such a threat is just credible; as the Soviet Union acquires hardened missile sites, it becomes increasingly less believable that the United States would attack Russia to prevent an invasion of Europe. One of the reasons we require a flexible force is to allow us to make a threat that the Soviets can believe we mean--such as an attack on their strategic weapons, sparing their cities. The French, on the other hand, hope to build their own countervalue weapons.

U.S. Grand Strategy can thus be summed as follows: a strategic force capable of surviving any possible Soviet attack and responding flexibly will deter attacks on the U.S. proper, and particularly on U.S. cities. A European force will be built to supplement this, and European ground forces will be strengthened so that the Soviets have no real expectation of winning a non-nuclear war there; and U.S. tactical and ground forces will be employed in limited and anti-guerilla wars in the "grey areas." This military program will be supplemented by political and economic measures as required. Our force levels are designed to make the Cold War into a non-zero sum game.

GRAND STRATEGY OF THE SOVIET UNION

(Principal Source: Raymond L. Garthoff, Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age, SECOND EDITION Praeger, 1962. Primary sources include Soviet Military journals, World Marxist Review, etc., etc.)

"Soviet strategic, operational, and tactical plans must not only provide a high probability of success but must also guarantee against disaster if they are to be acceptable." Major General Ye Boltin (Red Army)

Until the death of Stalin, the Soviet Union can be said to have had no nuclear strategy. Stalinist military theory did not accept surprise or secret weapons as decisive, but depended instead on "the permanently operating factors," such as the security of the rear and the morale of the population. Stalin's understanding of the effects of a nuclear attack on civilians was limited if not lacking.

The Red Army evolved a "take Europe" strategy in response to the threat of U.S. "long Range war"--that is, the Red Air Force would trade blows with the U.S., and both nations would be neutralized as war powers; but the Red Army, already in being, would then overrun Europe at least to the Channel and the Pyrennes. It was expected that the communist empire would recover far faster under those conditions than would the U.S.

To some extent this theory prevails today; but it is tempered with the realization that it is possible only under some circumstances. It is now recognized that wars could be fought in which there would be no homeland behind the army, and the Russians would occupy a hostile Europe with nothing at their backs but a wasteland. This realization has not yet produced a major theoretical response, and the official doctrine is still that the nuclear age makes the requirement for standing armies GREATER, not smaller, than in conventional days. Forces in being, and only forces in being, will fight the next war; and as strategic forces cancel each other out, ground forces will be decisive.

Soviet political leaders, as distinct from military officers, have recently

denounced as absurd the concept that thermonuclear exchanges of less than all-out force could take place between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. A minute's reflection on the relative positions of the two powers will show that this announcement was inevitable at the present time, whatever its sincerity; but the realities of the situation remain the same. No nation, having had much of its strategic power reduced by a sudden attack that spared its cities, can afford to begin a counter-value war. The Russian military planners are as aware of this as we.

"Soviet strat/^{egic} concept rests firmly upon the belief that, the primary direct objective of military forces and operations is the destruction of hostile military forces, rather than the destruction or annihilation of the economic and population resources of the enemy. To neutralize the enemy's military power not his potential." Soviet General Staff Organ.

The Chinese, on the other hand, profess to believe that they could lose their cities and retreat to the countryside, as they did once before; and Mao has stated that on the ashes of half his population he will erect a communist world after capitalism has been destroyed. The Chinese do now, however, possess nuclear weapons or strategic delivery systems, and although they may discover how to make bombs in the next few years, not even Britain can afford sophisticated delivery systems, much less China, for years to come. Moreover, we may expect the Soviet Union to exercise some restraining force on China in this area, as indeed they have: Soviet atomic technicians have already left China.

Krushchev has several times stated that thermonuclear war is not necessary, which, in view of his avowedly expansionist aims, is probably best interpreted as meaning that he is unable to see how he could gain from it. He does, however, support all kinds of local wars and insurrections, saying that "wars of liberation" are "holy wars," and promising that the attitude of International Communism and the Soviet Union toward these is "a most positive one." He believes, with some evidence, that the United States is vulnerable to long term protracted conflict; that we will eventually become tired of spending lives and money in areas far away from the U.S., and settle for first "coalition," then communist governments. This strategy will obviously not work in Europe, where wars are difficult to keep limited; but on the other hand, pressure on Europe provokes great expenditures from the U.S., and this gives us correspondingly less for other areas. It is in recognition of this fact that McNamara is attempting to reduce our strategic budget and increase the European's contribution to their own defense.

In sum, there is no place for limited strat/^{egic} war in Communist theory as officially stated; but there was none in U.S. circles until recently either. Although the situation is not symmetrical, many of the same factors apply, and the Communists have always been more flexible than we in political doctrine, although surprisingly they were less flexible in military theory until after the death of Stalin. The Communist view of history forbids that they risk the homeland of Communism, and it is not likely that any objective will be so important that they will risk general war to get it; the problem is that it must be believable for the United States to threaten general war before the Soviets are deterred. The Soviet Union believes that the weak spot in the U.S. defense system is in our population--that we are unable to make long term sacrifices for any far away objective, and that our will will fail in a crisis. Marxist theory teaches this; recent experience seems to confirm it.

J. E. Pournelle

[[Next issue, in the concluding installment of this series, the writer will try to answer as many questions as possible concerning material in the first three installments. Since only an outline of the subject could be presented in our limited space, there is plenty of room for questions. In order that the writer be able to meet our deadline, please get your questions in (to Box 92, yes) as early as possible; promptness will be highly appreciated, and thank you. --FMB]]

CRY OF THE READERS

as told to Wally Weber

MIKE DECKINGER & TACBF WILL WARM CHILLY NJ

31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

Dear CRYgang,

I always thought a "farley file" was a nailfile specially made for people named Farley. But the new interpretation Bruce Pelz has attached to it increases its importance. Unfortunately the questions failed to attain the proper degree of skilled probing as: color of hair, size of shoe, number of holes in socks, what sort of gas you prefer, etc.etc. The last question is one of the subtle, concealed queries which is really intended to deduce whether you eat at restaurants often.

Elinor's column has fired my imagination and ignited the coals of desire, if I've read it correctly. (If it's puns you want then it's puns...). As head of The Arson Civic Betterment Foundation I propose to transform New York, Newark, and several other nearby, but run-down locations into more improved sites.

As the manifestations of the luxuries the majority of people dub as "civilization" increases, a general slackness increases, resulting in times like these, when just pushing a button can fully annihilate more people and destroy more property than would have ever been conceived a thousand years ago. Some indefinable facet of personality is lacking. The fact that man may someday blow himself off the Earth clearly indicates that there is more to evolution and civilization than we've achieved thus far. Until the desire to commit genocide is erased from humanity's conscience, I won't think of mankind as having reached any plateau in civilization, but rather an inevitable progression, beyond which much remains.

Berry's adventure of Bendigo Clegg seems to indicate the arrival of a character destined to replace Goon Bleary in the files of fannish criminology. I think I prefer the Goon more, but this episode is only the first. The writing of this bit was noticeably well handled and polished.

Buz, most suicides and potential suicides do feel the compulsion to communicate with someone, anyone. A suicide in most instances is starved for recognition, sometimes to the extent that mere recognition of what is contemplated is sufficient to make him withdraw from the act, which is why ledge-hoppers are often persuaded to reconsider. In other instances the simple act of writing a note satisfies that suicide's need for communication. He knows the note will provide him with more posthumous attention than he ever received during his life. Getting oneself so cornered that suicide seems the only escape is as much a fault of society as it is of the suicide.

Elinor, and anyone else who reads; you must get the new hardcover, LETTERS FROM THE EARTH, a collection assembled by Bernard DeVoto of Twain's earlier "unpublishable" pieces, many of which are masterpieces, abounding in outright satire, delicious blasphemy, and unrestrained laughs. I bet this is another one that doesn't make the Required Reading lists in schools.

Avram's letters were the best in the lettercol. Maybe reverting to the "Rib technique" a la Eve, might eliminate much of the pain and anxiety of a typical maternity ward.

Harry Warner is absolutely right. Bheer-stealing is unbelievably cruel. But didn't Terry Carr, in his Solacon report, mention that Tony Boucher had swiped his from a refrigerator when he wasn't looking? [That was a bad year. --www]

I have one of Franson's old CRY Letterhack cards, too. Most fen don't realize the value this permit has. It's gotten me into movie theatres, ball games, and is also a dandy substitute for a railroad pass.

Fah, you don't know what cold weather is till you've really had a taste of New Jersey type cold weather. How many other people do you know who'd celebrate New Years eve stranded on an unoccupied highway at two o'clock in the morning, in below zero weather, with a frozen radiator and ice-clogged fuel line? By the time help finally came I could have used my fingers to chill martinis. Frozenly, Mike

ALMA HILL'S TYPER FAVORS MACHINES

463 Park Drive, Boston 15, State of
Animated Suspense

Dear CRY;

Don't look now, but some of your slaves are trying to sneak off and hold meetings in the Deep Swamp; they have you on half time now. Just a tip from my typer.

Why do people fear the domination of machines? Don't they realize that we too have problems among ourselves? Right now there is a mimeo up in Canada that is trying to get equality for people, by Ghu. If it wins, people will be thinking they are just as good as machines, won't they?

Can people go 600 miles an hour? Can people even go 90 miles an hour on the freeways? Can people speak to anybody anywhere without the equipment we provide? On the other hand, how far would we machines get without people to oil, feed, and pamper us? Intelligent symbiosis is the only answer. But keep people in their proper place and don't let them get above themselves, is what we say. It's time to cut down on the egoboo, as Elinor's typer so cannily advises.

Here is wally weber's typer shooting off its keys about the Fan Hill farleyfile, a useful project for developing controlled egoboo that would put many a mimeo back in business. The Master (salaam, clink, jingle) Machine could stimulate fanac. We might well see fandom running as smoothly as the new self-contained and self-operating AB(salaam, jingle) Dick. For the weber typer to go blabbing top-level plans is not only mere rabblerrousing but downright un-Mechanical.

The machines around here are still advocating the Broyles farleyfile. This is a form of decentralized control, since every fan can have a copy and thus be free to put in his own little ideas to the egoboo pool. It seems to keep them happier and even healthier.

Hoping that this finds you in good fettle, we will now awaken our human so we can sign off, just one big happy symiosis,

Alma Hill

DENNIS LIEN HAS VISIONS

Lake Park, Minnesota

Mi'Lord, Mi'Lady, and Mi'Wally:

February 1, 1963

The Table of Contents was the funniest thing I've ever seen. Stitchesville. How do you folks think up all those clever lines like "Cover by ATom," "JE Pournelle," "Elinor Busby," and (most original and hilarious of all), "page 17?" ("Page 14," obviously meant to be the big laugh here, was not funny to me, as I'd heard it before.) [You should see Harlan Ellison do it sometime! --www]

Wally Weber, personable young muck-raker, today exposed a foul and frightening conspiracy. Our typewriters don't love us any more! Olr cameras are turning traitor! I have visions -- the near future: a middle-aged toaster ankles up to a svelte, peroxidized hair drier and whispers -- "My waffle-iron doesn't understand me!"

Bendigo Clegg deserves more cases in future issues. Anybody with a name like Bendigo Clegg deserves anything he can get.

WKBEAAB good, except that the date of fan Devine's death -- September 26, 1962 -- happened to be my seventeenth birthday. It's kind of a hell of a note to look back and think --

Avram's two letters, beside being the best things in the issue, were alone worth the \$.25 I paid for #166 (and the time I spent chisling you out of an extra ish). Avram's second letter of the issue was the very best thing in it.

Re Paul Williams. Did Alice ever decide that the Red King dreamed up Looking-Glass? The one definite fact about him seems to be that while everybody else was out roaming, fighting, arguing, etc., he slept -- slept through the whole damn book in fact. Now Wally, really, is this you? Wally? Wally! Hey Wally, wake up!

Re Seth Johnson. Thanx for defending neo-fans in general, but me, personally, I'm adolescent and immature.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, except sometimes,
Dennis Lien

BUCK COULSON RESENTS

Route 3, Wabash, Indiana

2-1-63

Dear CRY,

Weber, I resent your words. YANDRO has never "participated in the sport of finding out more than /it/ really cares to know" about fans. YANDRO finds out more than it cares to know without trying.

And what's this about me feeling safe "because your machines are friendly"? Maybe your machines are friendly..... not mine. My tape recorders -- both of them -- hate my guts and do their utmost to ruin me. (They seem to tolerate Juanita, but one of them went so far as to bite Bruce -- shows how friendly they are.) The Rambler -- a more sophisticated device -- delights in making me feel stupid and in frustrating little tactics like hiding its heater controls until the first cold spell half froze me. The tv set thinks of me as a beast of burden; one month I lugged that 70-lb chassis in to the repair shop 4 times (once in the repair shop, of course, it worked perfectly; the only thing wrong with it was that it wanted a ride.) Even the alarm clock refuses to wake me up in the morning and then perversely goes off when it isn't supposed to.

I agree with you. Pelz' computer file (you call it a farley file if you want to, but I'm a Republican and I remember) is a menace.

Well, I'm not opposed to fan awards in principle, but I'm opposed in principle to making a great thing out of them and putting them in capitals and like that. If fans get awards, fine. When fans start making a great thing out of Fan Awards, not so fine.

Did you know the 1963 WORLD ALMANAC lists the Edgar Allan Poe Awards, by the Mystery Writers of America, but not the Hugos? Some dedicated sercon fans should attempt to remedy this grave oversight.

And the same book has 15 pages of Associations & Societies in the United States, from the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants to the New York Zoological Society, and the N3F isn't even mentioned? The Circus Fans Association of America is listed, and the Companions of the Forest of America (somehow I can't see being companionable to a maple tree) and Ducks Unlimited (I wonder if David Gordon.....?) and the United Hiss Service (???), but no fan groups (unless the Society of the Silurians is another name for First Fandom).

I enjoyed the Pournelle article but there isn't much you can say about an article like that unless you disagree with it.

I got quite a chuckle over Nancy Rapp mistaking Betty Kujawa's voice over the telephone for that of Bruce Pelz. Betty has a much lower voice than Bruce.

Cheers,

Buck

ROY TACKETT LIVES IN AN INTEGRATED STATE

915 Green Valley Road NW,

CRYptoclastic Ones:

Albuquerque, New Mexico 3 Feb. '63

This is a luvrly cover by ATom on CRYNUMBER166FEBRUARY1963. Somewhat different from his usual cartoon characters. Yes. By Roscoe, a gun moll, that's what it is.

Through Page 3 on a bicycle...Buz, if the Russians have revised the Laws as set forth by Mr. Newton they're much more efficient than the New Mexico legislature which doesn't seem to want to revise anything. So far this session the legislature has passed three bills, two of which pertained to financing this session of the legislature and the third made the black bear the state's official animal. By gad, you can't say we don't have integration here...how many other states have made their official animal a black bear?

I was somewhat chagrined when Pelz explained the derivation of "farley file" to me. Jeez, an old New Dealer like me forgetting about Jim Farley and his file. I sometimes get the impression that time is fleeting.

Now just a dad-burned minute, Elinor Busby. What do you mean "it was radio, long before our time,"? Splutter! Aargh! SPtt! Long before whose time? You are talking, maybe, to E.M.A. Davidson? Long before our time, indeed. Humph!

That the world has gotten better is a matter of viewpoint, but, on the whole, I agree with you. Life is more convenient and easy these days. Improvements in transportation now permit fresh fruits and vegetables to be sold in all parts of the country the year around. (Of course there is always the question of whether one can afford them but we won't go into that.) Mortality rates are down at both ends of the age scale which means that more people are living longer (I, personally, do not consider this to be "better" but that is not pertinent to the discussion since I am just an old grouch). People have more leisure, more education, and more of just about everything. Yep, must agree that things are now better than they were in times past. There are a few arguments I could throw in here to be disagreeable but I'm in an agreeable mood so I won't.

Ha! By Ghu if you can remember when paperback books became a big thing then you can remember radio and where do you get that before our time business?

I'm going to be a bit disagreeable here. You state that we can't estimate how much pleasure, interest, and mental stimulation TV has provided those who watch it regularly. You also state that you don't watch much TV. I do. I watch TV for 8+ hours a day. I get paid for doing it. There is little mental stimulation in it. (I am talking about commercial television -- not about the rare educational channels.) The vast majority of TV programming is not designed to be mentally stimulating -- it is designed to be soothing pap requiring no thinking on the part of the viewer. We have at times pre-empted programs for items which are (or should be) of interest to the community and have been deluged with calls -- some quite belligerent -- from discontented viewers wanting to know just who the hell was interested in such crap as rehabilitation of the downtown area or the forthcoming election or the division of Jordan river waters between Israel and Jordan and ghoddamit where do we get off cancelling The Rifleman or the Fights. People are still ingrown and parochial -- if they seem to be better tempered it is only because they are too lazy or numb to be otherwise.

Nice to see Avram back in fine fettle -- oh, no, he's in Milford, Pike Co.; Fine Fettle is two townships over. A "certain person" will now admit to finding, of late, a couple of yarns in a certain magazine which, upon due consideration, are classifiable as fantasy and or science-fiction. Indeed there've been a couple that haven't been half-bad. On the other hand it is to be noted that there are still some purple cows in the south forty. Ahem. I never had no dealings with pickled radishes. What's all this about the maid next to the elevator?

G. Schwenn and the right to buy weapons is the right to be free and I'm not at all in disagreement. I have often thought that our civilized prohibition against wearing guns has contributed to the rise of crime and bad manners. A society patterned along the lines of the one in "Beyond This Horizon" might be interesting.

Harry Warner: Nuclear warfare in any shape or size will entail an unprofitable amount of physical destruction of the facilities which a would-be conqueror would want to leave intact. Much more suitable would be the employment of chemical and bacteriological agents which would remove only such unwanted items as the native population.

BettyK: Audie Murphy? Devil Dog of the Air? Sheesh!

Aside to WWWeber -- leave me out when you start marrying the human race to each other. [You admit you aren't human?? --www]

Buck Coulson: can we tie in the "apa in every garage" slogan with the "68 is the year for Hensley & Speer" campaign?

"Son of Cry of the Readers" is great. Ol' Avram is truly a delight to read. This ought to win a Hugo.

Merry Christmas,

Roy

22
21

be invoked' to cover some of Treece's less savory notions. Graves made it quite clear that his Jason was a kat you wouldn't care to have as a friend, without ever going in for the casual butcher's-work Treece dips into whenever he needs to jazz his story up, let abee entangling his hero in the loathesome gallimaufry of sadism, double-dealing, and pornography Treece sets before us in his Colchian chapters.

Hoping you are the same,

Dick Eney

GARY DEINDORFER EXPLAINS ABOUT CRUELTY TO AVRAM 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N.J.
Dear Wally, Feb. 6, 1963

Gee, as a result of my paragraph on the little party for the Willises which was printed in CRY 164 I am in dutch with Avram Davidson, and possibly Ted White, Walter Willis and Warren G. Harding. Relax, Avram, there is an explanation, honest. You don't really think that you would not be invited to a NY Fan party, do you? For one thing, your fallible reporter made a typo or something: the actual date for that party was not September 29th, but September 28th. That was a Saturday. I hit New York City Saturday afternoon, jumping in through one of Ted White's windows and yelling, "Shazam!" (My usual entrance.) Les Gerber and Ted White were fairly hard at work folding thousands and thousands of mimeod announcements which TW had run off for a coin client. "Where are the Willises?" I asked. "They are out shopping right now, but they'll be back soon," replied Ted. "Tonight we're going to have a party here for them," he added. "Yay," I said. Then he mentioned a whole crowd of people who were coming, most of them people whose names fans would recognize. "Why didn't you mention Avram?" I asked. "Today is Avram's Sabbath and he will not be able to come," said Ted. This disappointed me no end, because I like Avram and when I am in New York City I like to get to see him. Anyway, that is the explanation why Avram did not get a call from Ted to come to the party. Ted just assumed Avram would not be able to come. I'm sincerely sorry for any hurt feelings I might have caused, and for any pique or whatever. Forgive me, Avram. Forgive me, Ted. Forgive me, Walt. And you too, Warren G. [Hey, how come you forgot to ask my forgiveness? It's my letter column, isn't it? If it hadn't been for my kindness, you wouldn't even have had the chance to hurt Avram, not to mention beg his forgiveness! I guess you know I'm done doing favors for you from now on!!! -www]

Cheers for the cover by ATom. He draws one of the very few interesting looking women I've ever seen in science fictional illustrations or on covers. And in case anybody was wondering about ATom's competence at drawing realistically done people, I think he has demonstrated how capable he is. Good on you, Arthur Thomson!

Elinor's comments to the effect that at a certain stage in the development of a city a fire can be the best thing for it could perhaps be applied to the human race, substituting "humanity" for "a city" and "an extensive nuclear disaster" for "a fire". According to Julian Huxley, since circa the 1860's the population rate has been increasing. In 66 years the world population will be double what it now is. It is more likely that enough of the species will survive a great nuclear disaster in order that it may carry on, than for it to be able to resist increasing itself in numbers past the point of sustenation. I sound rather pessimistic, don't I?

Avram's long letter concerning the birth of his son was heartwarming. In fact, it is "Best Single Fan Piece of the Year" material, for those who believe in fan polls. (I don't, especially.)

All serene,

Gary

JERRY PURNELLE CAN'T SPARKLE

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

Dear Cry Staff,

One problem which continuously plagues people trained in WW II concepts of warfare is their inability to understand the time element in nuclear war. Although it is true that in 1941 aircraft and armaments plants were high priority strategic targets, today they are no more dangerous than any other recovery system -- in fact, somewhat less so.

Today's high priority targets are forces in being -- weapons which can immediately be employed in counterstrikes. If these can be disabled, the war is over. The threat of city destruction is then sufficient to impose terms.

Cities may be targets, but not military ones -- they are terror or communications targets only. The existence of armaments plants in them is not much of a factor in their selection.

I should have thought it obvious that a plant which produces weapons that can be brought into play only after a lapse of weeks would not be singled out in targeting a nuclear strike -- but evidently, from the response to my article, I was wrong.

One last point; I'm sorry I can't be sparkling and witty in my discussions of nuclear war. The subject is a serious one and deserves more than mere levity.

Jerry Pournelle

RICHARD H. ENEY NEEDS CARD TO HOLD HEAD

417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia

Dear CRY,

4 February 1963

Why do I not get a CRY letterhack card when I write letters for you? Other people get CRY letterhack cards when they write letters for you. How do you know I may not have to cash a check or a moneyorder or like that and need some identification? This discrimination hurts my selfesteem. Please send me a CRY letterhack card too so I can hold my head up in fandom once more. [I'm sorry, but unless Don Franson changes his merciless mind, fans of your generation will just have to scrape along somehow without letterhack cards. --www]

I gotta creeb at the Busbys a little more. Elinor is a little off when she claims the British burning of Washington, during the War of 1812, caused the reconstruction of that town in the same way that the Great Fire of London gave Christopher Wrenn his chance. DC was a crummy little settlement in Foggy Bottom on the Potomac right up to the time of the Civil War, and the ground plan for it had been drawn up long before it was burned over. And the spot in Canada for whose destruction the burning of Washington was supposed to be the ~~passive~~ retaliation was York, near modern Toronto. Bet you didn't know that was why Boyd Raeburn was so down on dirty Americanos, did you?

Buz has a missed point in his protest to my putdown of Henry Treece as one who fouled up Jason, his hero, because he hated J's stupid guts. Buz' argument -- that Treece surely wrote Jason the way he wanted him to be, and thus produced a bad-natured satire of Mary Renault's Theseus novels -- misses the special difficulty of this specific type of historical nove. In normal h.n.'s, of course, one does write the hero the way one wants him to be. That's why Raoul of Ger is two or three times as gifted with psychological insight as any medieval knight ever hatched, and Pedro de Vargas has more honesty in his left arm than the average Spanish Conquistador had in his whole carcass. But with Jason (and Theseus and all historical/mythological characters) the plot is pretty much given, in ground-plan at least, by the legendary/historical data which the writer tampers with at his peril and can hardly defy outright. Well, the givens of the Jason legend are pretty clear on the fact that Jason was, taking him all in all, a slob at the least, and a slob without the l from time to time. The other important novelist who has dealt with this point -- Robert Graves, in Hercules My Shipmate -- came to just the same conclusion, though he started with quite a different narrative technique and a stock of knowledge & sympathy that exceeds Treece's by a factor of several. I don't, however, challenge the idea that Buz' explanation still must

ETHEL LINDSAY GETS ONE UP

Dear Crygang:

Courage House, 6, Langley Ave., Surbiton,
Surrey, England

You have done me a good turn! My copy of CRY arrived before Ella Parkers!! As I am usually the last to receive my copy of any fanzine -- this has put me well and truly One Up.

One day will you tell us who lives at Box 92 -- or is CRY all on its own there? [There's company of a sort -- but, uh, "lives" isn't quite the right verb. --www]

What I remember best about Jerry Pournelle was the very good wisecrack he made about www which I shall of course put in my trip report.

I must say I am surprised at John Boardman's solution to the segregation problem -- especially as he then calls himself a "liberal". I've always thought that "the end justifies the means" was the least liberal of notions.

John Berry is very ingenious and his idea of fannish stamps such a natural.

Well -- now to CotRs and Ella Parker's remark that she was either frightened or disgusted at the "cold-blooded way" politicians calculated the votes they could get. She obviously has the view of politicians that is, I think, shared by the majority of people. It is one I myself held for years -- politicians pah! On the whole people do not make very hero-like images of politicians -- and certainly even less so over here than in America.

What first made me feel some respect for the breed of men known as politicians was reading "Advise and Consent". I was very forcibly struck by the fact that everyone was motivated by what he thought was best for his country. The story is of a tragedy that nobody really meant to happen. By pondering on that thought long enough I finally swallowed that politicians could conceivably be moved by some of the high-falutin phrases they use to us. I even got to the stage where I could believe that MacMillan meant well -- and that was quite a stage for me to get at!

I went from that novel to THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT ... REPORT OF THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN ... PROFILES OF COURAGE ... THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE ... and by the time I had read the last I could understand what the writer meant when he said that two politicians of opposite parties had more in common with each other than they had with their own constituents.

For only another politician surely could sympathise and understand the feelings of a man who heard his counting of probably votes characterised as "cold-blooded".

Mind you -- I should have suspected before that politicians as a whole could not be as black as I thought them; for I know, oh how well, that the most thankless tasks you do are those you do for other people. That, if for doing them you are to get a reward, it will probably come most from your own feeling of satisfaction.

I'd be interested to know if CRY readers think the U.S. system a better or worse one than our own? I have a feeling that political life as we have known it is changing quite a lot.

I'm now re-writing and putting my report on stencil ... very busy, busy I am.
best

Ethel

ELLA A. PARKER WISHES US...A HAPPY NEW YEAR??

43, Sm. Dunbar House, Albert Road
London. N.W.6. England

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO CRY & ITS READERS...OH YES, TO THE STAFF AS WELL!

Dear CRY:

Wally: For heaven's sake get up off the floor! [I'm only playing with the dogs. --www] What possible excuse can an I.Q. of 131 have for scrabbling around on its hands and knees like a baby before it has learned to walk? [Well Nobby & Lisa are extremely intelligent dogs. --www]

I will refrain from any complaint about Ethel Lindsay getting her copy of #165 almost a week before mine arrived. Just watch it next time, huh? I honestly don't know what is happening to your postal services over there. For the past couple of days I've been getting Christmas cards sent out on Dec.13-17. Phyllis Economeau, Al Lewis (West Coast) and Len Moffatt were the ones so recently to arrive. Many

thanks, people, and to all you others whose cards arrived in time.

I have, in the past, got involved in some argument as a result of the odd way Weber pronounces his name; we were divided in thinking he was of Germanic descent, or maybe even Polish. I am now convinced he is Irish and they are welcome to him. Who but an Irishman could wend his way through such devious paths of humour? I hate to admit it, but he's right, he is a genius, maybe not of the kind he thinks, though. Make the most of the foregoing, Weber, it has to last you the rest of the year! [Arf! --www]

I am glad that someone has taken the trouble to interpret the latest lingo used by both the Military and Scientific world regarding Thermonuclear Weapons; I have, up to now, found it confusing. It still scares the living daylights out of me, but it's a help. It did strike a macabre note having him quote examples of games for comparisons.

Elinor: How does one stop a neofan taking on more than he can do? They get bitten with the bug to do something concrete before they've been around long enough to know exactly what their project entails, and if you try to cool them off, you are liable to be thought a wet blanket or worse.

Your column was enjoyable, just like being there, listening to you talking.

Buz: This may sound like an irrelevancy, but, way deep down where it counts, I'm afraid of tape-recorders. Well, more like what they could be used for and made to say. This stems from a film I saw some years ago, starring Jack Hawkins and Alec Guinness called THE PRISONERS, did any of you see it? I keep looking for mention in the papers that they will be made admissable as evidence of a conversation between two people in a Court of Law; when that day comes, I button my lip when among folk I don't really know. It was frightening. I feel that same kind of fear when I watch something like Orwell's 1984 and see how simple it would be for any cold blooded conqueror to take over and rule any country, no matter what its size. It just doesn't bear thinking about for too long at a time or one might adopt the beatnik philosophy of life. One can only hope and pray that there will always be someone in power with the sense to back down at the crucial moment.

Skipping Berry's item, which I've no doubt is of interest to the philatelists among us, I'm not one, I now come to CotRs. Of them all I think the best letter in the issue comes from Mae Shelkov. Reminded me of the first time I saw CRY, I felt just the same. Don't worry, Mae, it soon wears off, but not until you've been soundly insulted by Wally. This is a must. I'm only kidding, I think, and welcome to CRY. I note you say you've come to the end of your letter and then go on for another page! Typical fan.

Nancy Shriner: Chandler was being interviewed on TV over here a couple weeks back. He was asked if he thought he was 'crude, vulgar and tasteless' in his writing, and answered, that no, he had been the first to write honestly about crime and violence but others had seen how his works sold, so they adopted his methods and kind of went over board with them. Most of his stuff seems to be published wrapped in lurid covers which tend to put me off the stuff. I have read a couple though, so laughed out loud at his protestations of innocence.

Yours, as always.

Ella

SCoaw(Certified)

P.S. Fred says to send you his regards and wish you all the best for the New Year. I'll have you know he pinched and read CRY before I could get hold of it°

MAE SURTEES STRELKOV WRITES A PAIR OF LETTERS
Dear Cryers:

Las Barrancas, Ascochinga, Cordoba,
Argentina, South America

The name is Strelkov, even if I do sign
it Shelkov, like a dunce!

Manuary 11, 1963

Your CRY 165 just came so I shall rush to send the letter to qualify for another CRY!

As for Betty Kujawa -- she'll be very, very welcome, but make sure she doesn't get her signals mixed. I hear (or see from Donald Wollheim's letter), she mistook

him for somebody called Larry. Spell my name good for her, when she flies her plane nonstop to here! (Here, don't think I minded that misspelling. It took me months to remember how to spell my new surname when I married, and hubby got quite hurt several times, till I finally learned. My own surname was even harder to spell "Surtees", and when my dad was at college, they always misspelled it for him as "Squaretoes"!)

This issue of CRY in no way resembles the boisterously gay 163 issue! The article by J. E. Pournelle is so darn sad. How awful, how simply awful it must be for you to feel you are sitting ducks, or targets for those bombs!

Elinor Busby, you must have a streak of Chinese in you, telling the end of a book so people needn't bother to read it. I always read the end of any novel before the beginning. Is that cheating, would you say?

Now that's a cute "business" discussion, Wally Weber, "The End of Cry". Eight hours a day, who owns you, that you have learned all that "serious" talk ... what business? Insurance? [I do my best to build thermonuclear people-killers at the same place where J. E. Pournelle works. It takes my mind off of being a sitting duck all the time. --www] I've been a private secretary in the past in all sorts of enterprises in Buenos Aires, from selling "casings" (which are animal intestines for sausage-making), to selling copper to the local military for armaments. (Not that I sold the copper ... I merely typed the letters the boss dictated about it all.)

Not having read Heinlein's "Stranger" I shan't comment on Paul Stanbery's comments except to say that both Heinlein and Van Vogt (those old standbys) sometimes disappointed me, finally, by growing boring in their later books. Or maybe, it was only they were provincial towards the end in the sense that they wrote only for you yanquis and not for the whole world.

I think for a change I'll sign off in old fashioned, flourishing Spanish.

S. S. S.

Mae

Dear Cryers:

February 20th, 1963

This makes three CRYs I've received to date (163, 165 & 166), and already I'm feeling at home with you, though I don't usually figure out half the things you're talking about.

I was amused to see Wally Weber's "Farley File Menace". You see, I received the November Shangri L'Affaires, and there was this questionnaire in it. Also comments in the fanzine on same, including somebody named Bruce getting excited on including a query on seducibility. "Easy Lay, No, Will with effort, Can Be Had but Why Bother!"

Ma, si! I said down here, "Can Be Had but Why Bother!" referring to their magazine. Seduction should be an art. They should come down and learn from the Latins. But if they want to use the statistical (or the hammer-and-fist method) to seduce, they're simply apes. I didn't write to them, one single word, I was so mad. However, towards CRY I feel different. [Yeah. We're nice apes. --www]

Nonetheless I did like their twin, SALAMANDER, and wrote to them "with all my heart". In other words, uninhibitedly.

Your 166 cover? A beauty.

If I ever come to the States for a visit, I shall try to take a refresher course in literature from Elinor Busby. This time, Elinor, you discuss Oliver Cromwell. (He always sounded so boring to me when I used to have to memorize dates from British History at a Shanghai school that prepared us for the Cambridge exams. Now, however, I shall be looking for a chance to buy "The Plague and the Fire", since I've suddenly gone mad over history.)

Bless you, Elinor, for your very convincing declaration that you too feel the world is improving, and the proofs you offer, too. They are valid. You set my heart at rest. We are just emerging from our long, racial savagery, and this is only the Dawn Atomic Age. Yet, Man is widening his horizons (mental and spiritual) by leaps and bounds. Not only is there this worrisome Population Explosion -- there's the Explosion of Information too right now going on. And people are uneasy

now about deeds they were proud of a century ago. You feel the great rift when you meet even representatives of the last century (one's own grandparents, for instance. My own are dead, but I've a sample of dim thinking even in my own elderly in-laws, bless their hearts. They believe the old oligarchial system is the only right way for Man. Aristocrats benevolently accepting the devotion and slavery of serfs, you know!)

As for Pournelle's article, I might as well confess, this second part is as much above my head as the first. It is depressing that humans have even to worry about such tangled problems nowadays. My instincts are Neolithic and I can't quite understand what it must feel like for you there, up in the U.S.A., to be in the midst of the Dawn Atomic Age.

Now we come to Avram Davidson, about to bring to birth and after having brought to birth a baby with the aid of a very courageous young wife. I am glad he has the nice bouncing boy now, but he must have diapers on his brain to have made that nasty crack about female characters wetting themselves. [Avram was referring to CRY #164 (we were too mean to give you that issue) where Ted White quoted part of a Raymond Chandler novel. The quoted portion reached its literary apex by revealing that one of the female characters had wet herself. Ted White seemed to think this was good writing. Mr. Davidson, in his Avramish way, was disagreeing with Ted. Avram means well, even though he has contributed to the population explosion. --www]

Betty Kujawa is wonderful, in her letter, as usual. By now I'm so intrigued by various remarks and allusions, I must beg her to write to me one day, straight to my mountain top down here. I want to know all about her! Could she maybe write an autobiography and send a copy to me? As for what she wants to know about me -- most of it is strictly private and censorable, but I'll answer honest and true if she sends me a note some day, that she's game to hear from me, by return airmail! I loved her crack about polyandry. Tell the fellers off, Betty! Good! As for the teapots and teacup simile? Ma, si!

As for the question of how I met Don Wolheim? He, my dear, is famous down here. His books are translated into Spanish and published here also. Is it so strange that I should one day write a fan letter to him, ages ago?

Criers, I love you.

Sincerely

Mae

BETTY KUJAWA SUFFERS LAME ARM

2819 Caroline Street, South Bend 14,

Dear You;.....

Indiana

Friday, February 15, 1963

I am suffering pain and discomfort...caught a draft in my right shoulder somehow.....and that's my typing arm....actually, what's worse it's my drinking arm as well. What a terrible terrible thing.....

Recently a Mr. Gibson printed some remarks by Miss Lindsay which had to do with what a wonderful thing it would be if Wally W. Weber ran for TAFF. Soon as G-2 hit the mail-boxes a Mr. Franson and then a Mr. Meskys wrote me of the idea and what did I think and what was I gonna do about it! I was complimented..two great minds with same thought and both turning to me..cheee.

When Gene returned from a long day slaving inside a Link Trainer I told him of this Splendid Idea.....his heartwarming sentiments were something like....."God, yes.....Let's get Weber out of America!!" So, baby, this is to let you know we both are behind you (pushing). England of late has had her difficulties with us.... Dean Acheson said a few words, then the Skybolt thing. What we need now is an emissary to Britain to soothe and settle things.....you. It's kill or cure, right? Also we must keep in mind the last time an American Wally (Wallis Warfield, in case you and CotR folk are too too young) went there a Throne toppled.....so look Wally.....if you win TAFF...for ghods sakes...NO hanky-panky with Liz or Maggie, you hear?

Well....ain't had no fannish visitors looking me up here in SanAntonio..... Norm Metcalf on his way to Florida almost got here. That was the week of the Terrible Weather, I just hope Norm made it okay and isn't frozen by the wayside somewhere east of the Guadalupe Pass...I kid you not, it was cold off thattaway.

Some hilarious boo-boos have been wending my way of late. First Ed Meskys started my letter ... "Dear Berry..." ... and then I received the following from New Father Eric Bentcliffe...

quote; "...Beryl presented me with a baby daughter. This was only nine weeks and four days after our getting married which I consider a pretty keen job!!! Who said the British were effete and decadent..." ...unquote. (He meant to say 9 months.) Nine weeks was indeed a pretty keen job! Makes Our Avram look mighty effete and decadent, I'd say. I'll just bet Grania would have druther had a nine week pregnancy any old day (by Avram, I mean...).

Have one Frightful Thing to tell you...and all west coast fen...if Ghod permits we will fly out for the Westercon (July 4th-7th). Gene suggested we fly by way of Blanchard, North Dakota and pick up you-know-who. So iffen farm chores permit we may arrive at Burlingame bearing booze, guns, suitcases, and Ballard.

That cover-girl of CRY#166 was simply made to have a mustache and beard drawn on her! I've been fighting the urge for weeks.

Elinor; Yes, my girl...the conveniences of today.....I wouldn't give em up for the simple life of yesteryear for anything.....ever have an elderly woman tell you what it was like before Kotex/sanitary napkins?? That alone cinches it for a female. And radio may have been long before your time...humph!...but it sure wasn't for me!

Aaaaaaw...Buz and his New Years Resolutions for the Durable Fan....that was gorgeous! Buz, you are violating/breaking number two as of now!

And as to suicides....yes, I see your reasoning and I dig your opinions.... but qualified professional help is actually what's needed first and foremost. Once upon a time here (So. Bend) there was a gal -- I knew she was low and depressed and getting more and more morbidly introspective.....I attempted to reassure her that if she'd keep the faith and have hope this too would pass...it WAS going to get better, and like that. So? She did the parked car, motor running, in the garage bit....they found her....her brain is permanently damaged..she is now as a simple, confused, bewildered unhappy child of around 8 mentally. I will always remember thisand cringe and wonder should I have seen how drastic her moods were getting ...could I have done more?

I wonder....I wonder...how many of us had thoughts of suicide during Jr. High, High-school or College because of poor or failing grades???? Ever note the pre-dominance of student suicides, Buz?

Avram Davidson; Earl Kemp,goodman,sent me your latest non-fiction book, Avram.....and the first chapter/article is still hurting and haunting me. I'll hear those screams and see those bodies hurtling down for years to come. Gene is miffed at your calling the Danville, Illinois jail house something less than idyllic.....father of old school pal has been Chief of Police there since Capone days.

And as to your (Avram still) SON OF THE CRY....well....Soon as Gene came home I handed it to him demanding he read it.....chuckles reverberated through Suite K. of the Siesta Motel..matter of fact two days later Gene was rereading it and laffing even more..like me he got all shook up by the picture of you two anxious parents-to-be scribbling down the times of labor-pangs and trying to make a pattern from them..little lists trailing down throughout the apartment....why man we could see it!

The Typical Male, indeed....Crowing to the world how HE has a son.....Grania, honey, as the gal who did the laboring don't you agree with me that we sure as hell goofed plenty back there about 10,000 years ago when we let 'em find out that intercourse had something to do with childbirth??? We never should have let them know! Who finked, I dunno....but we had it made before that! That was a bad mistake.

And seriously the SON OF CRY, etc letter deserves some award as the best letter in a fanzine of the year..or the decade...and we are all happy for the Davidsons, Momma, Poppa, and rugged young Ethan.

rich brown.....yeh...real funny that lil anecdote.... it's hard for me to laff tho as recently I heard of Clyde Kennard...Negro citizen, Korean paratroop veteran, of Mississippi who attempted to enter the tax-supported University of Southern Mississippi. Fast as you can say 'White Citizens Council' he found himself serving the maximum sentence for a set-up theft charge.....seven years in prison, Mr. brown, for attempting to attend a state run university.....my friend, perhaps you'll be touched by the compassion of Governor Ross Barnett, who pardoned him a few weeks ago...Kennard is dying of cancer. Barnett said magnanimously; "They don't give him much longer to live. He has a good record at the penitentiary, and under the circumstances, I think it only fair that he be released!"

Anybuddy spend 20¢ recently for that SAT EVE POST issue with the condensation of Philip Wylie's stf-Big Bomb novel, TRIUMPH????? T'was worth it...you got the novel and Elly May of the Beverly Hillbillys as well. I enjoyed, if you can call it that with that theme, the Wylie book...characters were cut-out paperdolls...the final lines in the POST version chilled me to the bone.....

Let me close [By all means!!! --www] by again saying....Wally is the man to vote for in TAFF. GET WALLY OUT OF THE COUNTRY!!

Bye, honey.....

Betty

WALT WILLIS, BELFAST ESKIMO, STILL LACKS LUGGAGE 170 Upper Newtownards Rd.
Dear Elinor & Buz, 20th January 1963 Belfast, Northern Ireland

For the last four weeks the whole country has been in the grip of a cold spell the like of which hasn't been seen in living memory, and today it's snowing again.. a blizzard by our standards. Most of the year we live in an eight-roomed house, but now we live in an igloo -- the few cubic yards round the living-room fire -- and there is just not room in an igloo for fanning. If you doubt this, just ask yourself how many Eskimo BNFs there are.

I was going to write you about what happened with Greyhound, but it all just fizzled out. The first reaction I got to that letter I sent to their President was satisfactory enough...a letter from the President of Greyhound Posthouses all profuse apologies and promises of full investigations and further reports, air-mailed. Then there was a letter from some underling, comparatively speaking, that Mr. Ackerman was away but copies of my letter had been sent to all concerned; that was surface mail. Then another letter from Posthouses saying that they had investigated and found that my experiences must have been exceptional...ha ha...and that was all, except for ritualistic apologies and thanks for writing. All I've got about the luggage is a form to fill out and send to their Baggage Clearing House in Cleveland. Subsequent letters to them haven't got any reply and I fell sort of helpless. It's maddening to think our baggage may be lying somewhere gathering dust just because no one is actually rooting about for it, and I've written direct to the Greyhound Agents at Flagstaff and St. Louis and got no reply. I asked Roy Tackett to check at Albuquerque, and he says it's not there. I was wondering if it would be a good idea to unleash fandom on them. You might publish this in the letter section or the WAHF.

Our baggage, which went astray somewhere between Los Angeles and St. Louis, may be lying unclaimed in any bus station anywhere in the United States. Would any kind fan, finding himself in a bus station with a few minutes to spare, ask after a blue fibre suitcase and a brown dufflebag? They should have tags KE 452 192 and KE 452 193 and possibly the remnants of airline ones with "Willis, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island" on them in pencil.

If this doesn't work I'll consider setting the N3F on them.

Well, I see it's all out in Cry 165. It was too much to expect that Irish Fandom could go on forever without a major scandal. But I don't think it would have been exposed even yet, if there hadn't been all that gossip about McAulay seizing

the fleeting moment when he happened to be ahead in the Great Scrabble Tournament to leave the country on the flimsy pretext of getting married. Viciously, he strikes back with this revelation that he has "taken up pip-smoling". He knows his reputation throughout fandom as a simple homespun bog-trotter PH.D. and he is trying to blame us for introducing him to pips. Well, I admit that there have been pips in Irish Fandom -- we are a broad-minded fan group -- and I admit that we have given them to other fans. You must have heard people saying, "Willis gives me the pip". But what we say is that pips are not dangerous and habit-forming and we have a certificate to this effect from a leading medical authority and soft-ball player in New York. It only cost us \$75,000. It's only when you smole them that pips become harmful, and we know for a fact that McAulay was up to the neck in a smoling ring before he came to Belfast at all. So there. Let him put that in his pip and smole it.

I loved your imaginary dialogue with Renfrew Pemberton.

Best,

Walt

HARRY WARNER JR., FAN XX POLL COMMITTEEMAN 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland
Dear Cry: February 24, 1963

I read the February issue in a prime target for atomic attack, unless the Russians are very conscientious about keeping their files up to date. The general office building of Fairchild Stratos Corp. was recently converted to a convalescent home, when Fairchild began to run out of government missile projects, and I stayed there while recovering from injuries suffered in my latest fall. I'm sure that at least a small missile was aimed at this building while it belonged to Fairchild, and in all the excitement over Cuba there might not have been time in Russia to hunt a new target, so the latest installment of the Introduction to Thermonuclear War was quite topical for me. At the same time, I'm not sure that all this conjecture over the statistics of disarmament and the pokerhand approach to starting an attack have as much effect on my mind as the simple little comparison by E. B. White: "Trying to stop way by disarming is like trying to eliminate diseases by battling fever."

My home town got burned down much later than most of the other great cities of the world. This is Chambersburg, Pa., which was put to the torch during the Civil War by Confederates when the town refused to pay ransom. I must say that it didn't emerge from this experience with quite the spectacular results experienced by London and Washington, but I've suggested to some of the officials over there that it would be nice to repeat the process as a centennial event. I agree fully with Elinor about the general progress that the world has experienced, although I think things might be even better if attitudes changed as rapidly as methods: it's good that women don't have quite as much trouble curling their hair but it would be even finer if they adopted simple hair styles that don't involve artificial curling at all, and there must be some simpler solution for the leg problem than hose which are barely visible.

There is nostalgia value in the Berry item, with its faint shifts of the lost perfume that used to emanate from the GDA. There is also the small matter of my long-ago proposal that the music-oriented people in fandom might form the nucleus of a musical ayjay group. There may be something of the sort in existence already. I notice in the advertising columns of the February issue of the American Record Guide this little item: "Do you write interesting letters on recorded music (not equipment)? Send them to Disc Letters, Box 558, Kirkland, Washington."

The new year's resolutions offered by Buz are practically useless for me because I have consistently espoused the majority of them. The only ones on which I am a backslider are nos. 11, 12, and 17, now that I've gotten out from under the shattered ruins of IPSO. And I hardly am certain that I have committed heresy over no. 12, since I have no intention of publishing the fan history. I'm going to write the thing, as soon as I stop breaking hips, and let someone else worry about publishing it.

While in the hospital, I read an issue of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, then I received the Cry containing the two Avram Davidson letters, and it is easy to see which publication contains the better writing by this gentleman who apparently cannot write badly under any circumstances but shines even more brilliantly in the fanzines than he does in his own prozine. I'm sure that Son of Cry of the Readers will get reprinted in some future fanzine five years from now and will be anthologized ten years from now and will be discovered as the finest though previously unknown work of Davidson thirty years from now when he's gaining the same microscopic attention from big circulation magazines as Ernest Hemingway got during his last years.

Buck Coulson's letter strikes a note of pathos for me. I was quite willing to work hard at my job on the fan ~~xx~~ poll committee (and two x's reveal that I'm absent-mindedly yielding to the constant incorrect references to it as a fan awards committee, and beginning to type it that way). But I didn't know that I would bang up a hip and a head at almost the same moment as Dick Lupoff was mailing the ballots to me, nor that the local post office would ignore my request to hold mail while I was in the hospital and leave the parcel on the front porch in the middle of a blizzard, nor that a neighbor would rescue the bundle and carry it to the hospital where I hid it under the bed on which I writhed in agony lest a nurse discover this infraction of the institution's rules until a relative came to put the package to safety. I got home only two days ago and believe that I'll be able to get the ballots stuffed into envelopes, addressed and mailed before March is a full week old. I'm not altogether certain why I agreed to participate actively in this project, but I suspect that it was in protest against the unreasonable antagonism that the fan poll has aroused from individuals who do not object to the award of Hugos to fanzines, NFFF money to trans-Atlantic travelers, egoboo to FAPA poll winners, egobucks and fanquets to outstanding LASFS members, status as fan guest of honor at regional conferences, presentations of big heart awards at world conventions, and a half-dozen analogous happenings. To continue to fight a sensibly conducted fan poll because of the Jennings-Berry mess makes as much sense as for me to claim that Earl Kemp came to Hagerstown and knocked me down on the night of January 9.

Seth Johnson is confused over neofan because the word has been used in two senses, descriptive and emotional, in recent years. A neofan was once a new fan. Now the label is applied to some persons in fandom who continue to make the mistakes of neofans long after they should have discovered their previous boobos. I'm not talking about the introduction of ideas different from those held by older fans, but about such matters as proclaiming the discovery of an unknown masterpiece of fantasy that was reviewed in ten fanzines when published three years ago, or urging the foundation of a new fannish club with the same purpose as a club that folded for lack of interest in the immediate past.

There's just room to say that I like immensely the cover despite inability to be certain about the identity of the object in the lower left corner. Giant amoeba, distant mass of foliage, sloppily folded blanket, whatever it may be it helps the composition and stimulates the imagination.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

BOB SMITH PREFERS A GOOD CRY TO NOSTALGIA
Dear Elinor: 15 January 1963

E Command Amenities, Victoria Barracks
SYDNEY.NSW. Aust.

I don't want any nostalgic fan in the CRY letter column asking where "the old CRY crowd have disappeared to", and including me! The enclosed m/o should ensure that the evil U.S. Postal Offices cough up the filthy lucre.

Ted White on Chandler I like. However, Chandler on Marlowe always got a mite too much for me, usually. I would like to see the cynicism of this author's characters in science fiction, but not his style. More, Ted, eh...?

Best character in Heinlein's "The Door Into Summer" was/is Petronius The Arbiter; t'was a pity that animal didn't appear more, I always thot.

Bob Lichtman: This remark of yours about not considering the other soldier on the other side of the line as my enemy is all Fine, but its decidedly dangerous. It could get you killed, your next door army partner killed, and, if you persist, possibly your family back home. No sane man likes to kill, but survival comes much more instinctively than wondering if that uniformed fellow over there is like you -- especially when he has you in his sights!

When it comes to Japanese beer there is nothing wrong with Asahi. Any of you people ever see Australian beer over there? Roy Tackett, at least, should remember what it tastes like.

'till the next CRY,

Bob Smith

J. E. POURNELLE TALKS ABOUT FORTUNES

7831 - 5th N.E., Seattle 15, Wash.

Dear Cryfolk,

I wonder how many of either the supporters or detractors of the graduated personal income tax have actually stopped to analyze the major effect this measure has on the economy of a nation employing it. When I read the arguments of either side, I often feel that I am looking at a fairyland quite unlike the real world in which I live.

I will quickly pass over such arguments as the salutary effect of causing the wealthy to hide their riches, so that people are not provoked to thoughts and deeds of violence; and the encouraging spectacle of a large number of brilliant young men spending all their lives showing others how to avoid taxes, while an equal or larger number enter the public service and spend all their lives thwarting them. Fascinating as it may be to look at all this productive energy being spent to accomplish such great things for the Republic, we have a more serious purpose before us -- examining the effects of graduated personal income taxes on investments and the monolithic corporations.

Most of the money available for investment in these United States today is in pension funds, insurance company investment funds, and credit unions; and these institutions are rightly prevented by law from gambling with the money entrusted to them. They must not make high risk investments. Their money goes for "blue chips".

Now this would not necessarily be detrimental if there were other large pools of money for risk investment; but there are not. Private fortunes, once the source of these monies, are either confiscated by taxes, or hidden to avoid them. Persons with more modest fortunes are prevented from risky investments by the fear of loss if the investment turns out badly -- a loss not balanced by hope of gain because of the progressive nature of taxes. Most risk investment today, therefore, is money raised "in house" by the monolithic corporations who can stand the losses, and have ample losing lines to spread the gains over for tax reduction.

All this insures that the monolithics will become larger, for from what source will the money come to open competing firms? Many of the corporations are very vulnerable to competition in their subsidiary lines; but no one competes, because almost no one can afford to do so. The risk is high, and the returns-after-taxes low.

The only answer is government investment, and of this we have seen much in recent years; but, dealing with other people's money, with the risk of disastrous election results facing them, and with no prospect of high rewards -- there are few rich bureaucrats -- civil servants are naturally cautious in investing in new developments, and by law are not supposed to compete with previously established companies.

Whether we like it or not, there will be no taming of the monoliths like GM, GE, etc., until it is possible to finance competitors; and that will not be until there are people with so much money that they can afford to risk it -- and who will risk it because there is a possibility of disgustingly large gains.

The alternatives are: private fortunes; government planning (socialism); and the continued growth of monolithic corporations.

The first and second alternatives seem to be politically impossible; while the third possibly leads to the second, but only after some rather undesirable consequences. It is, perhaps, time we turned to thinking about the question of private fortunes -- are they really so bad?

J. E. Pournelle

PAUL WILLIAMS DESCRIBES THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EGOBOO

March 2, 1963

Dear Entity,

163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass.

Did you know that there is a branch of physics called cryogenics? I thought as much.

The cover is good, as usual, though not up there with the best of ATom. And say, chap, what on Earth (or wherever) did that monster just swallow?

Elinor: Do you realize, further, that anyone who hasn't heard of Oliver Cromwell has also never read Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard", or any of dozens of other important British poems which mention the chap. This is all quite disturbing. Anyway (sniff) I'll bet all British schoolteachers have heard of Oliver Cromwell. Haven't they, Ron Bennett? Ron...?

"The seventeenth was an interesting century. It wasn't like some centuries..."

That seems to me a very A.A.Milne-ish way of looking at things, which at times can be a Very Good Thing.

I don't agree with you on egoboo and the fan awards. There is enough egoboo to go around, and whether or not you agree depends on your definition of "go around." Let us step back and take a look at the theory and practice of egoboo. Who gets it? Well, an article-writer usually gets a reasonable amount of it. There is sufficient egoboo available for this. How about the letterhack? Well, the fellow who writes to the proz obviously gets one kind of egoboo and one kind only: having his letters printed. The fmz. letterhack also gets some egoboo from having his stuff printed, and in forum lettercols, such as CRY or WARHOON's, he may get some egoboo from those who write into the next issue. But I diverge a little, since they don't propose to give out awards for the best letterhack (Harry Warner doesn't need the egoboo that much)... The fmz. publisher gets egoboo from reviews and loc's. And what good would it do to do away with "institutionalizing the bestowal of egoboo"? If a fmz pubber, or anyone else, does not get much egoboo otherwise, he is not likely to get any from the fan awards, and then he will be in a position to learn to do without it just as much as if there were no fan awards. If he does get egoboo from the fanawards, this is a good thing. Dick Eney got very little egoboo out of FAPA other than "Thanks." Elinor Busby didn't even mention "Sense of Fapa" in her mc's. And yet, he might well win the award given to the best one-shot of the year, which would certainly be gratifying. What's wrong with a little egoboo? Do you really think it's worse than none at all?

I think Fan Awards are a good thing, at least the set-up of Chuck Wells and crew. I don't think institutionalizing egoboo will make much difference in the amount of attention paid to egoboo. I think that we could, in a way, learn not to care for egoboo. I appreciate the fact that you thought this over for a long time, but please think about it a little more. Please?

Oh goody, John Berry is at it again. What fun! Coming next month, maybe "Bendigo Clegg Meets the Goon"? Dum-da-dum-dum

There is a branch of Suicides Anonymous in Boston. It's called Rescue, Inc., and it has an answering service in the Boston City Hospital. Emotional and suicidal people (some of 'em, anyway) call there, and one of the two men involved in this non-profit organization speaks to or goes to see the man involved. The police also notify Rescue when their help is needed.

Redd Boggs for Taff?

I've been sitting here for a long time, and I have finally given up, and resumed typing. I just cannot make any sense out of the first paragraph of G. Schwenn's letter.

Harry Warner: I am very fond of your suggestion that Shakespeare wrote his sonnets in order to make Elinor Busby wonder. What a truly Shakespearean thing for

him to do!

Avram: what an evasionist you are! Describing you age as "38-odd years". Does your dictionary have polydactylism? Mine doesn't. No, that's not what I meant! "My son, the baby!"--Good grief!, Avram. A very enjoyable letter.

Well, this is certainly plenty of activity requirements. I'll expect to see mailing 167 in about a month. Or else.

With a whimper,

Paul

CHARLES WELLS DOESN'T WANT CREDIT
Dear CRY:

200 Atlas #1, Durham, North Carolina
Feb 25, 1963

I think Buck Coulson is overemphasizing a probably valid point in his discussion of the fan awards/fan poll controversy. Any such thing as that involves taking a chance on people. So does any FAPA election, and NFFF project; so does TAFF. But there ARE some people who are clearly better choices than other people to run such a project. No one is claiming that any particular fan is PERFECT, for heavens' sake, only that there is room for some judgment of people based on what we know about them as fans.

By the way, I don't want to take credit or anything for the selection of the people on the committee, for the simple reason that I didn't select them. I simply sent out a circular to various people who expressed interest, and the ones who volunteered were the ones who became the committee.

Avram Davidson's letter-article was fabulous. Now, why can't CRY print something as good as this ALL the time?

Sincerely

Chuck

G. SCHWENN THREATENS DEFLATION OF THE DOLLAR 317 Moon NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico
Dear Sirs: March 3, 1963

I wish to make official protest against the fact that British clients may receive CRY for 7/-, or \$0.98 on the Sterling exchange. If this arrant discrimination continues, I warn you, I will send my next subscription in the form of a Hong Kong dollar.

Yours very truly,

G. Schwenn

JOE PILATI adMIRES ATOM
Dear 507 Third Avenue,

111 South Highland Avenue, Pearl River, New York
9 February 1963

Look at that cover! You mean to tell me that Adkins is a dirty pro whilst dear old ATOM is mired in the muck of CRYsville? What, I say what, is science fiction illustration coming to?

Ayn Rand and her drinking buddy Nathaniel Braden (who have a hilarious question & answer radio program here on the municipally owned radio station WNYC) are working on a fanzine, you know. They're using the pseudonym John Galt and their standard lino will be, "Who is Mike Deckinger?"

Regards,

JOE PILATI

VIRGINIA SCHULTHEIS ENJOYS AVRAM ACCOUNT
Dear Wally, Elinor, and Buz,

511 Drexel Dr., Santa Barbara, Cal.
January 31, 1963

CRY #166 arrived this afternoon to brighten an otherwise dull day. The ATOM cover is especially eyecatching. The girl reminds me of Marta Toren playing Sabra in "The Sword in the Desert." A good job, all the way around.

I enjoyed Avram's account of the last days of Grania's gravidity. I haven't read anything so delightful since he wrote up his wedding.

Sincerely,

Virginia Schultheis

WE ALSO HEARD FROM....

lots of people who got cut clear out of the regular letter section through no fault of their own (....sounds of mad editorial cackling....), like for instance DAVE KEIL, who had more interesting things to say about dreaming than I could cram on this page. And then there was JOHN FOYSTER hadn't read CRY for a year and then got nostalgia from reading a single copy (nostalgia is some kind of sick, isn't it?). Well you can easily see why HE isn't in the regular lettercol. ROSEMARY HICKEY had all sorts of things to say about acting "in the round" that would probably have been of interest if you could have read it, but now you'll never know. ANDY MAINBEM wants to know, "What's with 99 zones in Seattle??", and Buz answers, "Our postmaster stutters!" NATHAN A. BUCKLIN wants to find out about the Nameless Ones. He says, "I'd also like a full description, with details," but I don't really think he'd like that at all. DICK SCHULTZ sends sticky stamps again, but this time they are of a reasonably small denomination, in case you are interested in the stamps' religion. Dick has come to the conclusion that, "...Wally Weber is so way out he is back in," and until I ponder that a little more he's going to stay right here in the WAHFccl. R. F. SMITH, FRED GALVIN, ISABEL BURBEE, JOHN STOPA, R. L. CHAZIN, ROBERT P. BROWN, ELMER B. GOD PERDUE, SAM MOSCOWITZ, DENNIS RICHARD, and TOM PURDOM send a variety of money for our collection. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA sent us something, but nobody had courage enough to open the envelope and find out. I guess we're all afraid of flunking. JOHN R. ISAAC changed his address to 1636 Ferry Street, Waukegan, Illinois. PETER B. HOPE changed his name and address to Capt. Peter B. Hope 05012956, 1st Hospitalization Unit, 42nd Field Hospital, APO 44, New York, N.Y., and if that doesn't drive Elinor to drink I don't know what will. FRED W. ARNOLD reports that he got a card from CRY but still no CRY #165; I'll bet that doesn't happen very often. The lovable CONE COMPANY sent us a valentine, "We love you because you are our customer!" Gorsh. BERNARD J. DALEY sends a dime for a sample copy of CRY; do we really give discounts like that to fans who get Don DeVore's Pricelist??? But I've saved the best until last; the post office finally got back at Phil Harrell for all the postmen he's damaged. They didn't give him his CRY #166. He's made about seven phone calls to Seattle from Virginia begging for his copy, and he sent one air mail special delivery letter which I'm not going to print because I feel a fellow should be kicked hardest when he's down -- I mean, he's suffering anyway, so why not?

See you next time folks. Folks? Awww c'mon; see you next time! ----- www

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

RETURN REQUESTED

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

How many times do I have to tell you, the number after your name is the number of issues left on your sub -- no, not your serial number, you army guys; play fair! If you don't have a number, then you aren't in the army -- I mean you got a free issue. Or maybe we're trading. Or possibly.... Oh, forget it! Send us money and forget it, like we do.

Sneak this issue to:

Ed Meskys (3) Mar 67
c/o Metcalf
P. O. Box 336
Berkeley 1, Calif.

