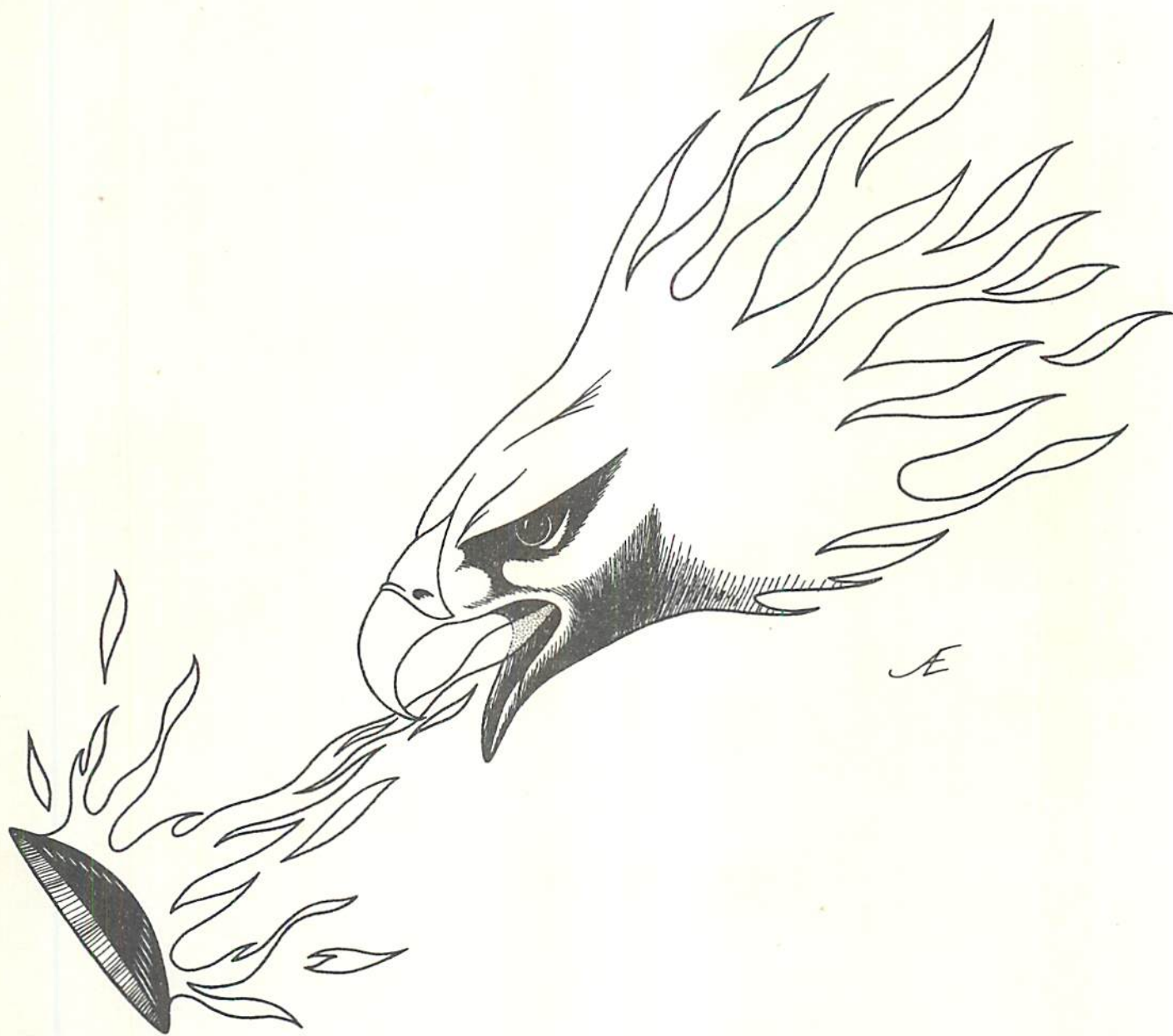


CRY



NO. 181

If a great voice were to speak to you out of the sky this very minute, it would most likely tell you that this is CRY #181, (nominally) May 1st, 1969 issue, actually published on May 4th. CRY (the voice would say) is edited by Vera Heminger, Elinor Busby and Wally Weber, and published by Wal-2-Wal Press, Weber and Conser by trade. All I contribute is a few Valuable Trace Elements...

CRY sells for a flat 40¢ (3/4 in the UK); maximum sub, 5 issues. Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, U. K., will accept UK subs and handle UK distribution according to some complicated system she and Vera have worked out together. Knowing both these chicks, I expect it will all work out OK.

Stateside, send LOCs and other contributions (which if used get you that issue for free, with no number behind your name on the mailing-label) to Elinor Busby of 2852 14th Ave W, Seattle, Wash 98119. Send sub-moneys and tradezines to Vera Heminger at 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash 98002. If you send things to the wrong places, you will set us a bad example and we will likely follow it.

CRY appears at semiquarterly intervals except look out for December when we intend to pub early to beat the year-end rush. Next issue is nominally JUNE 15th, COPY DEADLINE being JUNE 7TH, and actual publishing date-- well, I'll be confounded! It really is June 15th! This newfangled Gregorian calendar fouls me up every time.

Actually, if a voice were to speak to you out of the sky this very minute and tell you all that, it probably wouldn't be a great voice at all. It would probably be a very ordinary voice, much the same as yours, or possibly mine.

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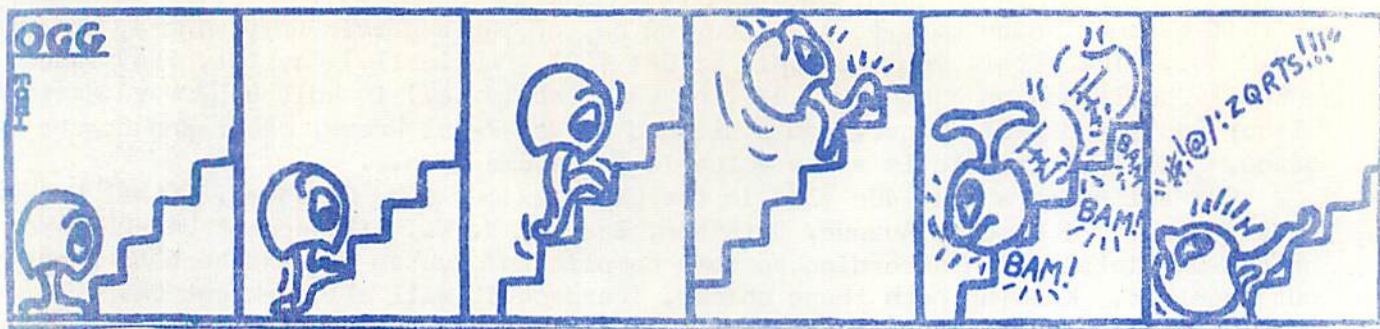
(FLASH! Although we are thankfully in receipt of a nice batch from Wm Rotsler, we are running in short supply of illoes from nearly everyone else who sends in to 2852 and all that-- especially in the nice convenient handy smaller sizes. *hint*)

PAGE-typing Credits this issue: ELINOR 30, Vonda 4, Buz 3, Wally Weber 2, Phil Haldeman 2. If you care... To each his own -- typos, anyway.

Vera does not have a column this time because (she says) she is locked in a deadly combat with weeds in her yard so that her hands are locked into a kind of simacrum of a spading-fork -- a rusty, corroded spading-fork, she tells us. She says she dreams of weeds; I do hope the Narcotics people don't hear about that.

You may have noticed (or not) the new typeface on this page. Elinor bought herself a Smith-Corona 250 (this is it) and straightway usurped the Selectric for the lettercol, so as to have the different type for her comments therein. That's fine, but this machine is a little tricky for my use; the carriage is so massive and so fast-moving that I have to hold it ^(the typer) down with one hand every time I hit the Return or Tab keys with the other hand. Also the Controls are a little funny, as you may or may not be able to tell from the upstairs copy, depending on how well the typo-correction is going. This issue is produced with No stencils and Wally's ink.

It is always nice to run out of news and page on the same line. -- Buz.



AD NAUSEUM

BY WALLY WEBER

"Vera," I said -- whenever I am in telephonic communication with Auburn, Washington, I call my telephone "Vera" -- "you are about to receive the greatest honor that can be bestowed upon a neofan."

"Who are you calling a neofan?" my telephone wanted to know.

"Whom," I corrected.

"Okay, then, just so it isn't me. I'm a Biggie now." The telephone company should do something about that Auburn switching station; telephones should be humble and subservient, not arrogant. "Bloch calls me a Number One Fan."

"Star Trek fan," I reminded.

"I get mail from BNF's and Pros from all over the world."

"CRY subscriptions," I pointed out.

"I've been published in TV Guide."

Perhaps, I thought, it was time to humor the telephone. "Yes, you have performed wonders in the short time you have been engaged in fanac, and you have truly earned this great honor I am about to bestow."

"Okay. What do you need help with now?"

"You get to title my next article for CRY." A chattering relay sounded amazingly like hysterical laughter. "Think back over my past articles," I suggested, "and compose a title summing up my contributions to fandom over the last twenty-seven years."

There is no need to bore you with the rest of the telephone conversation. Suffice to say I have my title, as you can see, and it reminded me of something I've been meaning to talk about for some time.

The subject of advertising is what I've been meaning to talk to you about. Perhaps you are one of the many persons searching for the key to our present civilization. Like many others, you have asked, "How did we get into this mess?" It just happens that advertising is responsible for most of it.

Advertising is not new; it's been with us ever since Eve heard about a good place to eat in the Garden of Eden. Egyptian pharaohs carved their names all over the country just as politicians do today. And it is a completely human trait that exists in no other creature.

Without advertising, people would satisfy their basic needs in the most direct manner, and civilization as we know it would not exist. People would seek out the nearest natural shelter when they needed it rather than paying high prices for view locations or migrating from one part of the world to another or living in unsuitable structures for reason of custom or style. Hunger would be satisfied by the handiest animal or bush rather than expensive restaurants serving inadequate meals in uncomfortable surroundings after long waits in line, or chemical-soaked poisons aquired in nerve-wracking hunting trips in jungle-like supermarkets and prepared at home in various unhealthy ways as directed by recipes from immoral women's magazines.

Basically, advertising's function is to create a desire for unnecessary items or services. Thousands of years of evolution have brought the art to such a state that a starving person no longer steals food, he steals money instead. By the age of five, people have had their natural-born good sense and survival-instincts 98% replaced by a conditioned response to advertising. They pattern their lives and desires after cartooned animals because advertisers cannot find human beings capable of acting out the way of life they are selling. As a matter of fact, cartoon animals are advertisers' latest break-through; advertising is no longer restricted to mere human limitations.

This is by no means as far as advertising can go. Mechanical hypnosis, desires beamed directly into a TV watcher's mind, addictive chemicals, subliminal indoctrination and who-knows-what developments are in store. Organ transplants, now a desperate matter of survival, may become a fad. (Buy a thoroughbred circulatory system and be the first on your block to run the two-minute mile!)

Fortunately, we fans are above all this. Our cosmic minds have kept us apart from the advertise-ridden zombies around us. We fans have the unique ability to keep the basic necessities of life, such as typers and duplicating equipment, firmly fixed in our high-type minds. We are not swayed by empty talk of models or brand names; basic function is all that matters to us. Our desires are for basic needs such as IBM Selectrics and electric Gestetners no matter what brand name or model. Because of this inherent discipline possessed by science fiction fans, Analog was not able to attract advertisers and Star Trek was not able to sell enough tooth paste to survive.

But do not become over-confident. Advertisers are working on ways to break our resistance even now, and they may soon find a method that will work even on us star-begotten ones. We must keep on the alert and look for signs of deterioration in our fannish abilities. If you find you are making unFreudian typos, or misspelling the title of your fanzines or articles, it may be later than you think.



Buz mentions THE NAKED APE in his column. I too must put in a good word for it. Despite the fact that it was abridged in READERS' DIGEST some of you who may possibly not be RD fans may have missed it. Don't. It's really genuinely worthy of your attention. Desmond Morris' thesis is that man descended from ancestors who were vegetarian for many eons before they switched to carnivorism--again many eons ago. He says it's the fact that the carnivore pattern is superimposed upon a vegetarian pattern which accounts for many of the weird contradictions in the human psyche. I think this is intensely interesting and very encouraging. When people like Lorenz and Ardrey tell us that we are Carnivores and Carnivores as basically Good, why, we humans look upon ourselves and curse our fates and wonder where we goofed up. When we understand that we were cursed with a mixed heritage from the very beginning, we have reason to feel that after all, we've done the best we could--whether it was ever good enough or not.

Desmond Morris says that just as man's ancestors were vegetarians who switched to meat, so the giant panda is descended from ancestors who from meat switched to vegetables. He says that giant pandas have weird contradictions in their characters too. But then he never offers any details. The only thing further he ever says about pandas is something uninteresting about their wrists. It isn't because he doesn't know about pandas--according to the bibliography he wrote a whole book about them. If he wasn't going to tell us about pandas I wish he hadn't even mentioned them. I kept waiting for them to show up again and they never did.

But apart from that it's an excellent book and I recommend it highly.

Another book I read not too long ago was THE WAY IT SPOZED TO BE, by James Herndon. This is the story of a brand new teacher who taught four classes of black kids in a junior high school in California, presumably Oakland. How authentic it is I couldn't say. He wrote it about eight years after the incidents detailed, and he doesn't say he wrote it from notes. So he may have written it purely from his memory, which may or may not have distorted events considerably. And, since the year he taught these kids was probably 1959 or thereabouts, I'm not sure how relevant the book is to today. Nonetheless I recommend the book very highly to anyone who wants some background in understanding the learning/teaching problem with black kids.

The classes in this school were all graded as to the academic ability of the kids. Two of his classes were B classes: 7B and 8B. The 7B were a perfect class. They liked school, they did their work, they were ambitious and hopeful. The 8B, a year older, were disillusioned. They were easy enough to teach and well-behaved, but they were all con-men. His two other classes, 7H and 9D, were the classes the book is about. He called them "The Tribe"--and really didn't even try to cope with them. He just let them be in his classroom, and encouraged anything they did that showed any possibility of being used for learning. For example, when one of the girls decided that the names of the 20 top pop tunes should be written on the blackboard every day, his only concern was that some equitable means of arranging who got to do this was worked out, and that the names be correctly written down. Again when slambooks became the vogue in school (as they did when I was in junior high school) (and were sternly discouraged by all proper teachers), he noted that the kids were really trying hard to write correctly and carefully their opinions of their fellows in these slambooks, and he allowed this as reasonable classroom activity.

Later, the kids rummaging around the classroom found some old playbooks

which hadn't been used for many years, and started reading plays out loud. The plays were intended for much younger children, and were of nursery stories. These kids had never heard any of the stories before and were enchanted with them, their particular favorite being "Cinderella." He liked this: it was something they did together relatively peacefully, it encouraged their reading, and it gave them some background in the things everybody knows & which they hadn't.

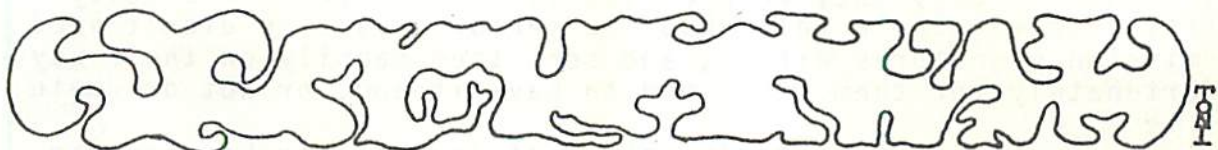
How much this teacher accomplished it would be hard to ascertain. On the plus side, he and his students achieved very good rapport. When spring came all the students of the teachers who had enforced proper discipline rioted and caused a great deal of destruction and confusion. Apparently this was traditional; apparently the students at this school rioted every spring. But his classes didn't riot. Also, during his teaching year, one of his students who had been a non-reader suddenly, gloriously, learned how to read. How this happened nobody knew, but suddenly everything fell into place and Harvey could read. (This is the best part of the book--very moving.) The kid went on a talking jag, saying how bad it had been not knowing how to read, and what he was going to read next-- Then somebody yelled, "Harvey, who don't you shut up! You ain't nothing but a little colored boy!" and Harvey replied, "I know I'm just a little colored boy. What about it?" --As I say, it was the best part of the book.

But this teacher lost his job at the end of the year. He hadn't done anything right so far as his fellow teachers or the principal were concerned. He wasn't to be recommended for any other teaching job ever again. And just when he'd found out that he really liked it!

But the author is a bit disingenuous in not admitting one very legitimate grievance his fellow teachers had against him. He admits he didn't try to impose any discipline upon his students. They yelled all hour long every day. You and I know how sound travels in those old school buildings. Imagine what it must have been like for the other teachers in the building--and the other classes! It must have almost driven them out of their minds. He's probably lucky that he just got fired--that somebody didn't KILL him. They probably wanted to, hour after hour, day after day, for the whole school year.

The saddest thing in this book--much sadder than the teacher's getting fired--was the self-hatred displayed by the black kids. It was brought out over and over again that they felt that White is Right, and that they were trapped and lost and worthless because they weren't. I don't know whether it would be that way now. "I'm Black and Beautiful" is a lovely slogan. I don't know how long it takes a slogan to sink to gut-level, which is where it really makes a difference. Not too long, perhaps. Things are moving so quickly nowadays that this tragic self-hatred may be nearly a thing of the past among the kids. I surely hope so.

At any rate, this book is recommended.





Vonderings
by Vonda McIntyre

Nine quarters at the University of Washington. . . other quarters have been weird, but this promises to take the prize of an entire college career.

I started out with a nice, sensible sixteen credits. That didn't count most of the ten hours of lab a week--here you average three hours of slave labor per credit--but a little martyrism never hurt anybody.

Various people had other ideas about my schedule.

I've got this supercool adviser. He's dedicated to getting the New York Times sold on campus, draft resistance, his research, and all sorts of other humanistic projects like that there. Unfortunately, that doesn't leave him a whole lot of time for advising.

He signed me up for the last of the series in chem and bio. Fine. *Scribble*. Then he insisted that any geneticist *must* have Embryology. Except for the fact that I heard that the embryo prof was dirt-poor, that was okay with me. *Scribble*.

"Uh, hey, it says here I'm supposed to get a permission signature. You know the prof's office number?"

"Nah, you don't. I'll sign it." *Scribble*.

First day of Embryo. The prof was actually quite good. Except for the fact that we were supposed to get \$10.47 worth of surgical instruments by the first lab (which happened to be two hours away for some guys), everything was great. . .

Until the last five minutes of class.

"We have a List," the prof said, "of people who have permission signatures. If you don't have a permission signature. . ." (very pregnant pause, no pun intended), "you're on our Other List."

My, my. . .

Seems one of the Zoology advisers is a Little Old Lady (professional variety) they keep on the faculty to coach the doily-knitting team. She'd told about 12 senior guys they didn't need permission signatures either, and sent them happily on their way. Unfortunately for them, they had to have it *now*, or not graduate.

Have you ever seen twelve six-foot-four senior boys crying, **all** at once?

Sheer pity prompted me to drop the class. (Truth: it seemed more dignified to drop it than fight it and get kicked out anyway. The Real Truth: ten hours of lab a week when I have spring fever anyway was something I'd take almost any excuse to get out of. I could never lie to a fan.)

Then the problem was to find a course to replace it. The population of the U is approximately 30,000, X% more than it's designed for. It's hard to find a course more interesting than Bathroom Plumbing 409 that's still open after the quarter begins. After that you have to re-register, which means standing ~~in the~~ in the Sections line, which is staffed by Sections Ladies. Some Sections Ladies are also Nice Ladies. Some, however, eat students for whatever meal happens to be handy.

I had a list of possible classes you wouldn't believe. Scandinavian Mythology. Philosophy of religion. Pollution. Science and Literature. The Universe. Oceanography. Astronomy. Statistics (yuch). (That's what it says in the catalogue: Statistics. Yuch.) Introductory Sociology. Ethnomusicology, last and probably least--because the most recent musical experience I've had was playing bad clarinet in a seventh grade band that had 27 other bad clarinets.

I got Mythology because the prof signed my card for overload before I even bothered to go to Sections to find out if the class was overloaded. (All classes are overloaded--all the ones you want to take, anyway.)

"Put that on pass-fail," I told the Sections Lady. I wanted to sit back and enjoy the class.

Then we began to work thru my list. It got cut pretty close. There was one, count it, one, place left in Ethnomusicology. I not only took it, I took it fast. There are no overloads in Ethnomusicology. The prof hates large classes. (Well, one person got in on overload. She told him she'd rather take his class than Physics 121. That did it. That was probably the only thing in the world that would have done it.)

"Put that on pass-fail," I told the Sections Lady. I wanted to sit back and enjoy the class.

"Now look here," she said. "Which one of these do you want to take pass-fail?"

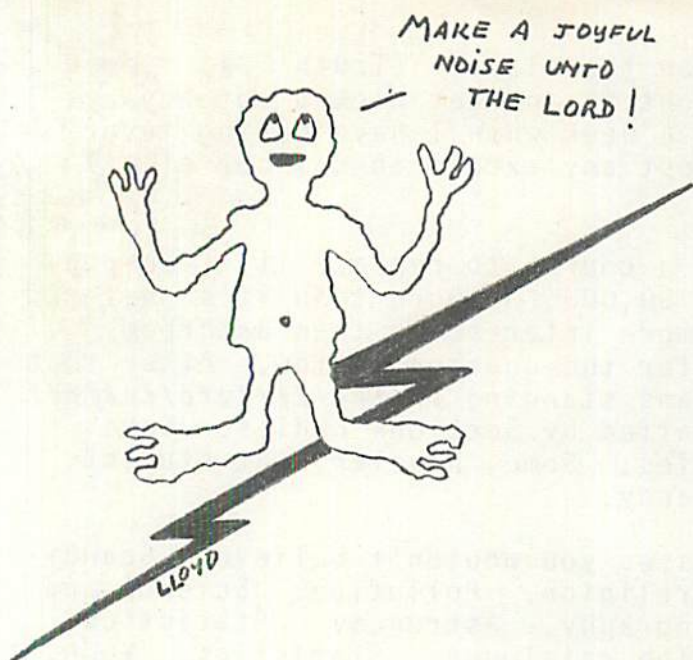
"Why, both of them."

"YOU CAN'T DO THAT!!!!!" The Sections Lady was upset.

"For heaven's sake, why not?"

"You can only take 5 credits per quarter pass-fail!!!" (I wanted seven.)





"But why?"

"We HAVE to restrict the number of hours you take pass-fail!" she exclaimed, obviously scandalized.

Man, I have fulfilled every bloody proficiency requirement they've been able to stick on me --humanities, social science, natural science, language, physical education, English. . . . I want to experiment a little, and I enjoy esoteric classes. But being essentially selfish, I want to do that experimenting without endangering my All-Powerful GPA. I resent being treated like a little kid playing hookey just because I want to take seven (blasphemy!) credits Without A Grade, instead

of only five. (Great Ghu, two blasphemies in one sentence. This could get me arrested.)

Of course they have to restrict us. Suppose someone wanted to take a whole quarter of classes without getting a grade? The entire university would crumble. Chuck Odegaard (Our Great And Revered University President) might even have to come on campus and let somebody see him. (Actually, we love him. We even thought up a cheer for him: "Up with Dr. Charles C. Odegaard!" For short: "Up, Chuck!" There's another but it's unprintable. Correction: after reading Bug Jack Barron, I've come to the conclusion that the second slogan isn't unprintable. However, I'm not going to print it here. CRY is a family zine, remember?)

Other than the Continuing Sections Battle, this quarter might come out all right. (Do you think this hasn't anything to do with science fiction? You'd be surprised.) Four of five of my profs are great, and I tell you from experience that that is an incredible percentage. The fifth really isn't too bad--he just talks as if you'd recorded him at 3-3/4 and were playing him at 7-1/2. Oh, yeah, he used to be an industrial chemist, too. Anybody want to know how to make Bakelite, or any of 142 other polymers?

First is the second Bio prof. He has this weird accent that took me till the other day to identify. The following is a rather clumsy attempt to reproduce the way he talks.

He was looking at mitochondria in our Fugghead Brand microscope. All I could see was a faint blue blur, and perhaps a faint blue dot here or there, even under oil immersion. "It would not be so bad if der lens housing vere not fallink apart," he said.

"Oy, vey," I said. (I should add that Kathleen Sky just gave her zine readers honorary membership in the Twelve Tribes of Israel,

and I guess I got a little carried away.)

"Oh, ja, ja, ja!" he exclaimed, catching sight of a mitochondrion floating by.

"Oy, vey. . ." I said.

And later: "Ve are goink to look at human chromosomes next veeek," he said. "So if any of you are vorried that you are Mongoloid idiots, or the wrong sex, or. . ."

"Ve are goink to find oud vvhich of you are defective," I vispered to my lab partner, "Und den ve are goink to ELIMINATE you!"

Oy, vey.

Then there is the music prof. He won't give grades except under extreme duress. He hates computers. He hates the Registrar. The Registrar hates him. The Registrar's computer hates him. After his last run-in with them, I made him a computer card:

NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO SCREW COMPUTERS, (HIS NAME) GRAND COORDINATOR SUPREME

The interesting thing about this particular computer card is that it has a hole in every possible space. 960 holes. It takes a while to punch.

One expects a Large Hulking Viking with a Big Swede accent for a class in Scandinavian Mythology, doesn't one? One does not expect a rather small, dark-haired, extremely attractive fellow who's as coolly sexy as Harlan Ellison and who looks a bit like David McCallum. I think I better quit before I go overboard.

Last there is the first Biology professor. He came in one day carrying a large handful of string. Excessively tangled string. "This," he said, very seriously, "is a scale representation of the genetic material of a one-inch-long bacterium."

And then he went on with his lecture.

Two days later he was talking about ribosomes, which "read" RNA molecules to make proteins. "Using electron micrographs, X-ray crystallography, column chromatography, and incredibly sophisticated instruments," he said, "I have succeeded, finally, in constructing a perfect scale model of a ribosome."

He pulled out a fortune cookie. "And you all know ribosomes contain information." He pulled out the fortune:

LIFE WAS FIRST DISCOVERED

IN A BOWL OF WON-TON SOUP



THE PARKER PEN SCORE

by Richard StirKrazy

(with apologies to Donald Westlake, who writes a good stick)

The call came just after they had finished, and Parker rolled over to answer it. That's the way it was; between jobs he was insatiable, but now Clare knew the pattern. She'd see him again after the next job, if he made it.

The voice said: "Handies said we could do business. I'll be at Midge's by Saturday. The name is Flinch; you know it?"

"I could," said Parker. He was never much for small talk. But he would be there. Any time the money was short and he began to get satiable, it was time for another job. A good one would be nice, for a change.

Parker worked once or twice a year, for heavy money and with heavy guns, a professional thing. He was good at it. There was just one thing; lately he had been thinking of getting either a lighter gun or a heavier truss.

Late Saturday he drove into Midge's. The car was hot in Delaware and the plates were hot in New York and Parker's gun was hot in Minnesota, but this was Pennsylvania. He wheeled the car back under the trees and stalked tall and slablike in his new truss into the motel. Midge was in the office, twirling her hula hoop as if it were still 1959. 1959 was the best year Midge ever saw; she'd never leave it.

"Where's Flinch?" Parker asked. "232, back to your left," Midge answered, doing a tricky up-and-out with the hoop. Parker shrugged impatiently and went back to his left toward 232; Midge was dependable but she talked too much.

A short fat pale greasy overdressed drunk answered the door of room 232. Parker gave him a cold look. "Whassa matter?" the man said. "Sumpin wrong?"

"You Flinch?" The man nodded. "Your tie doesn't match your socks," Parker said. "What you mean?" said Flinch. "Like this," said Parker, pulling the tie down to where it matched the socks just fine. Amateurs don't catch these details. "Now then" said Parker, "where's the action?" Flinch told him, breathlessly...

It didn't look good, Parker thought. The bunch Flinch had here couldn't pull a cow out of a mudhole without the textbook. He looked around the crummy room. Flinch had his shoes on the wrong feet. Norvick was an explosives expert but he never let anyone tell him when or where to push the button; this could foul up a job if you were choosy. Sinkwich--Parker liked Sinkwich; he was a solid driver and never blew an assignment. Parker just wished that Sinkwich would learn to drive something besides a model-T Ford; those were getting hard to come by. And Taggart was a good guard: the last hideout he'd guarded, he'd stayed with it until the new REA dam flooded it out with 100 feet of water. You couldn't beat Taggart, unless you used water. But still Parker didn't like it.

The woman, for instance: the blonde, Marlina. Always sucking up to Parker, like tonight: "Coffee, anybody? Flinch? Norvick? Sinkwich? Taggart? Murphy? Updike?" "Oh, yeh--Parker?" Those obvious types always bugged Parker.

Besides, he had very intimate evidence that she wasn't really a blonde. She had slanty eyelids.

The job was sour, but Parker needed the money so he listened to Flinch telling all of history before he got down to cases. Parker had all the patience in the world, but he had never learned to wait. Nobody's perfect.

"Here's how we do it," said Flinch. "We move in with these three Sherman tanks... Hey, where you going, Parker?" he asked.

"Back to where somebody makes sense," said Parker. "It won't work; it's stupid."

"Now wait a minute, wait a minute," said Flinch and Sinkwich and Murphy.

"Ok," said Parker, putting a hammerlock on Marlana. "Let's go, baby."

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" shouted Flinch and Marlana.

"It's between jobs, isn't it?" Parker said, reasonably.

"Oh, sure; that's right," said Flinch and Marlana, as Parker and Marlana went into the other room and closed the door. The thing was that Parker was the one who made the plans.

"First place," he said to the group a little later, "this idea of 3 Sherman tanks won't go. Even if you could get them."

"Well, gee, Parker," said Flinch, "what would you suggest?"

"Easy," said Parker, "six German Panther tanks; I know where there's a few left over from the black market in World War II, and I'll bankroll the operation on the usual terms."

"I do not agree," said Norvick, pulling a grenade out of his belt. Parker pushed the grenade back inside Norvick's belt, and Norvick out the door. After the big boom and splatt, Parker said "OK, we get together again later. Handies can tell you where. Come ON, Marlana, while it's still between jobs!"

Parker left Marlana at a motel and drove carefully up the winding sandy road to the tumbledown slaughterhouse, which was guarded by a pack of wild dogs. The woman on the front porch leered at him through her three front teeth and sicced the dogs on him. Parker shook his head impatiently, and shot dogs until the remainder ran away. He didn't have much talent for small talk.

The woman looked at him. "You want to go in the house?" He looked at her, and didn't want to go in the house. She went in the house, quickly.

"Shoomie?" Parker shouted. "You got a half a dozen Panther tanks left around here?" A scrawny sun-bleached man clambered out from under the front porch.

"Parker?" he said. Parker nodded. "I might of guessed it," the man said. "Nobody else shoots my dogs and chases my woman into the house and wants to buy a half a dozen World War Two Panther tanks."

"You want to recite history," said Parker, "or sell me those tanks?"

"Sell you those tanks." Shoomie wasn't much for small talk, either.

It still wasn't good, Parker was thinking, two weeks later in the hideout. The tanks hadn't been much trouble, with the flower-floats and "Miss Central City" signs for cover. But the job was sour. Offhand it looked good: just break into the state penitentiary and get away with the biggest load of hidden weapons, money and narcotics available in the state. Anybody could figure that. But it wasn't as easy as it looked.

Parker was used to working with professionals, but there was always a hole in the sock. Like Flinch. Flinch was a wrong-o from the start, and then there was Norvick. Well, there had been Norvick. And Marlena: how can you trust a slanty-eyed blonde?

But Parker still went through the motions. He went through the getaway routines with Sinkwich, driving the T-6 Panther tanks in and out of the state penitentiary gates until he was sure Sinkwich could follow the routine. He set Taggart on guard above the high-water line. He put Flinch guarding the "IN" gate to prevent escapes. As a pro, Parker knew how to cope. But what can you do with a bunch of dummies?

Late one night with the lights out, the TV picture on but the sound off, and nothing to do but Marlena, Parker thought he'd better call the whole thing off. He put on his shoes and went downstairs where Sinkwich and Taggart were holed-up in the bankrupt aquarium. "You guys awake?" he said. Pretty soon they were.

"This one is sour," Parker said. "Murphy and Updike are planning a cross."

"How do you mean?" asked Sinkwich, always slow on the uptake. Parker shook his head, controlling his impatience. Some people have to have everything spelled out.

"Never mind, Sinkwich," he said. "Just watch for it, is all." He went back upstairs where there was nothing to do but Marlena. Twice. And that would be all until the job was over, because that was the way he was. Screw one thing at a time.

Goldfish was late, of course. Handies had got hold of Goldfish, because the job needed another man after Norvick splatted. Goldfish was a little conspicuous, because background music played wherever he went; his mother had been a great movie fan in the 1930's. It didn't hurt, though. People liked background music; it soothed them.

"Hi there, ol' Smiley Parker," Goldfish said. Parker shrugged. Goldfish was a natural comedian; you just had to let him get it out of his system.

"It's on for Monday, Goldfish," said Parker. "You got it all straight now?"

Monday morning the five Panther T-6 tanks with the flower floats and the "Miss Central City" signs, and the model-T Ford with Marlena as Miss Central City, moved in on the state penitentiary. The sixth tank was hidden behind a lot of grocery carts alongside a supermarket. It was the getaway car. With no flower-float or "Miss Central City" signs on it, no one could spot it as part of

the job. Parker liked to have a neat clean line dividing the job from the getaway.

Murphy was first at the penitentiary gate. He leaned out of the hatch through the flowers and handed the guard a Central City Chamber of Commerce card. "Compliments of the Central City Festival," he said. "We're supposed to do our parade and a little show here, and then the Grand Rout when we all go charging out of here just at noon. Be sure to have the gate open; this thing doesn't have much brakes." The guard smiled and nodded; this stuff was all routine to him.

Flinch was next. Past the gate, he turned his tank toward the Warden's office. Flinch had asked for that assignment; he could hardly wait.

Parker had insisted that Sinkwich in the model-T with Marlana almost-garbed as Miss Central City should be the next. Sinkwich enjoyed the assignment; for once he did not have to get out in a hurry. Also, Marlana was sitting in front, on the hood.

Then Taggart, then Updike, and finally Parker and Goldfish together in the last flower-covered T-6. The guard appeared to enjoy the background music; Parker was getting tired of it.

But now the job was on, and nothing could really bother Parker, except of course mistakes. The parade went its way around the prison grounds, with the tank-cannons firing black smoke from blank rounds and the Ford exhaust firing blue smoke from natural causes. Suddenly Parker caught a wrong note. "We're one tank short here," he said. Then came a blast with more concussion that you get from blank rounds. And then another, and a lot more.

"That's the warden's office," said Goldfish. "That's that nut Flinch!" said Parker. "Get us the hell over there, right now!" Goldfish did his best.

Flinch was having the time of his life, lobbing 76-millimeter shells into the Warden's office. Live ones. Oh, he'd been in that office, as a crummy con doing his two years for aggravated moper; he'd never forgotten that. But now--NOW! They'd pay; all of them would! Still firing, he drove his tank up the front steps of the building and never knew when his shelling brought the walls down to make his tank a strawberry jam sandwich with Flinch in the middle.

The trouble with the handy-talkie sets, Parker found, was that you had to lean out the hatch to use them, and now everybody was shooting. All right. The hell with it; his health insurance was paid up.

"The job is blown," he hollered down to Goldfish. "We'll get what we can and get out." Goldfish nodded; the background music swelled and Parker waited for it to die down. "Taggart's on his way out. Sinkwich and Marlana are right behind him and won't have any trouble." Parker shook his head; what to do?

"Anything from Murphy and Updike?" Goldfish asked.

"No. I knew they were pulling a cross," said Parker. Goldfish

slewed the tank up beside the ruins of the Warden's Office Building.

"That stupid Flinch," said Parker. "I'm going in there a minute; stay put." He went up the edge of the ruined steps and in a broken window. The front offices were empty and the Warden sat in his own office with a tourniquet on his broken nose. "Stay put!" said Parker, rummaging through the desk and blowing the safe and searching the Warden's pockets. "OK, you can breathe now," he said as he went out the broken window with a lot of goodies in a Glad Bag.

The gate was starting to close as Goldfish hit it; a lot of flowers were ripped off the tank but the "Miss Central City" sign still stood. Goldfish kept in 5th gear all the way to the supermarket where he and Parker changed to the other tank. "I'll drive," said Parker. That figured.

They abandoned the tank at the hideout and pulled Taggart out of one of the aquarium ponds where he was trying to acclimate. The model-T was a little crowded. The job was over, so Parker and Marlana needed the back seat all to themselves. Sinkwich and Goldfish and Taggart did their best to try to keep each other's elbows out of each other's ribs in the front seat.

Parker didn't mind answering questions for once: it turned off Goldfish's background music, which was a little heavy on "Oklahoma!" Marlana asked what the take was and how did Parker know where to go for it; he didn't hit her very much for asking. "The state pen was full of goodies. Where else is it going to be?" he said. "We got almost half, I think."

Sinkwich was worried. "Wha'd you mean about Murphy and Updike crossing us, Parker?" he asked. "What happened? You fix 'em?"

Parker snorted. "They fixed themselves." Nobody liked that answer. "They broke in." Skeptical expressions. "Murphy and Updike couldn't make it on the outside and they knew it." Heads nodded. "So they used our job to get inside and screw up the records. Now nobody can throw them out of jail!"

They got to Midge's motel and Midge said "Hi!" Parker walked off to his room shaking his head and carrying Marlana under his arm. Midge just talked too much; luckily she never said anything.

There was no trouble splitting the take. Parker scared the hell out of everybody there except Goldfish, who trusted Parker. Actually it is pretty stupid for thieves to try to short each other; Parker was never stupid in that direction.

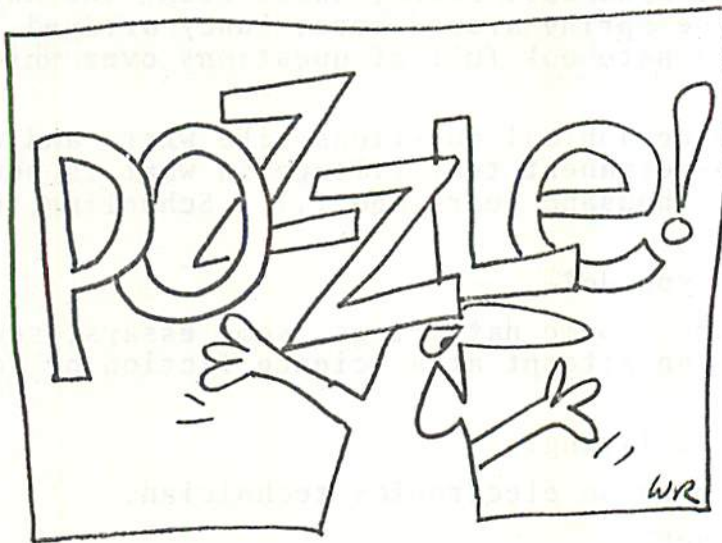
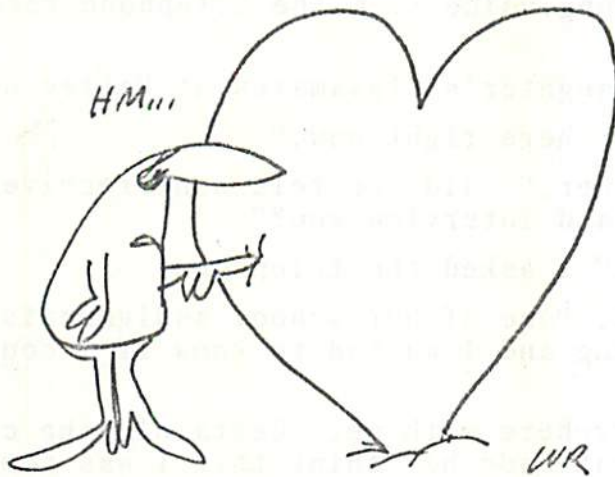
Marlana was a problem, though. She shouldn't have been a problem in his pattern, but she was. Parker didn't know what to think about this, so he didn't.

He took her down to Miami where Clare was waiting for him. Marlana and Clare got along fine. Or else.

Pretty soon Parker knew it was about time for another job. The only question was which was going to give out first: Parker's money, or Parker.

F. M. Busby, 1969

ROTSLER RAMPANT



"Mr. Tackett," said the young voice from the telephone receiver, "this is Nancy."

Nancy is one of my older daughter's classmates at Valley High.

"Howdy, Nancy. Diana isn't here right now."

"I didn't want to talk to her," said the telephone receiver. "I wondered, could I come over and interview you?"

"Could you do what, Nancy?" I asked the telephone.

"Well," the telephone said, "one of our school assignments is to interview somebody interesting and I wanted to know if I could come over and interview you."

Flattery will get you everywhere with me. Certainly she could come over and interview me. What made her think that I was somebody interesting? It turns out that I am "interesting" because I "write" and now and then contribute some observations to the People's Column of the daily newspaper and I am widely travelled and the like. Ah so.

So on the first really spring day in Albuquerque, which is to say the day of the first big wind/dust storm, those being the natural occurrences by which we judge spring around here, Nancy arrived complete with poised pen and notebook full of questions over which she had labored for a week.

There were the usual biographical questions like where and when was I born (in a little non-permanent tent village in what is now northwestern Iran about ten thousand years ago...). Schooling, occupation, etc. And:

Q. What sort of writing do you do?

A. Nothing of any importance. Some natterings, some essays, some criticism. Once in a while an attempt at a science fiction or fantasy story.

Q. But you don't write for a living?

A. No, I hold a regular job as an electronics technician.

Q. Is writing your hobby then?

A. Yes, you might say that. One of them.

Q. Do you have others?

A. I dabble in archaeology and anthropology.

Q. Do you enjoy your work.

A. It pays well.

Q. Well, are you happy with your life?

A. Let's say that I'm comfortable. There are some things I would rather be doing and places I'd rather be but since I can't at this time, I make the best of what I have here.

Q. Do you have any plans for changes in the future?

A. Not in the immediate future, no. I think things will remain

pretty much as they are until the children are grown. After that, yes, I think that after that we'll probably hit the road again.

Q. Mr. Tackett, what do you think of LSD?

A. That's a bit of a shift of direction. I think LSD is an extremely dangerous drug the effects of which are not completely known at this time. It may have, as has been stated, certain mind-expanding properties but I really think it is foolish for people to experiment with it outside the laboratory at this time.

Q. Well, what do you think of the younger generation?

A. How much younger?

Q. You know, today's teenagers.

A. I could say that I try not to think of them but that wouldn't be true. I approve of them, on the whole, and I approve of what they are trying to do. They tell us that there is something dreadfully wrong with our society and they have a vision, although I don't think their vision is particularly clear--they don't have an awareness of the cosmic all, so to speak--of what things should be like and they are working toward that goal. Sometimes I think their efforts are a bit foolish and muddleheaded but basically they are sound for the younger people seem to have grasped the idea that they are really going to have to shake the tree to get anything at all accomplished. It used to be said that children should be seen and not heard but today the kids are making themselves heard and I think eventually we'll be better off for it.

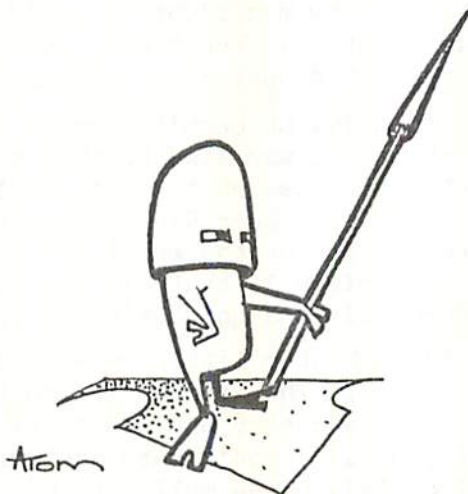
Q. You've got two girls. Which would you rather have had, boys or girls?

A. In truth, Nancy, I would have preferred a small spotted dog.

And so I have been interviewed and in due time will be turned into an article for an English class at Valley High. And mayhap someday, when Nancy is grown older and reminiscing among her souvenirs she'll come across her article in her notebook and say, "Oh, yes, that silly Mr. Tackett. He was Diana's father."

Such is my immortality.

Roy Tackett
23 March 1969



MY PLOW HAS TENDER GRIPES

And my Tender Blue-Eyed Bicycle, you just wouldn't believe!

Seeing me in an unfamiliar non-Selectric typeface here, the astute will deduce that I am facing an unfamiliar typer-keyboard (Elinor's Smith-Corona 250, which she bought last month after she Got Rich) and will not cavil at a few extra typos, I hope.

There was a squib in a fanzine some years ago that read something like this: "Misspellings in fanzines are evil and abominable, and to be deplored. Typos, on the other hand, are accidental and lighthearted and fun-loving and cute. In this zine you will find no misspellings, but only typos." At the moment, I'll drink to that.

We try to stay apolitical around here as much as possible, but I have a question. If, as many say (and perhaps correctly, for all I know), the U.S. ABM program is such a goof and invitation-to-disaster, how come the Russian ABM setup with 2 years' head-start on us is not equally a No-No? I can never understand these One-Way Protests.

At hand is a clipping from the Wall Street Journal which presages (by implication) the total collapse of the budget of the Republic of Mexico. The headline is "MOVE OVER, TABBY; YOUTHS FIND CATNIP HAS PSYCHEDELIC JOLT". Sub-headline: "Doctor Likens It To Marijuana, But It Is Cheaper And Legal; A Catnip Producer Rejoices". Then William M. Carley, Staff Reporter of the Wall Street Journal, goes on to say that catnip is the timid citizen's answer to pot-Prohibition and the Treasury Dep't. My word; what won't they think of next? Of course, everybody knows what a radical scandal-sheet that WALL STREET JOURNAL is! Probably just beating the drum for The Great Catnip Monopoly...

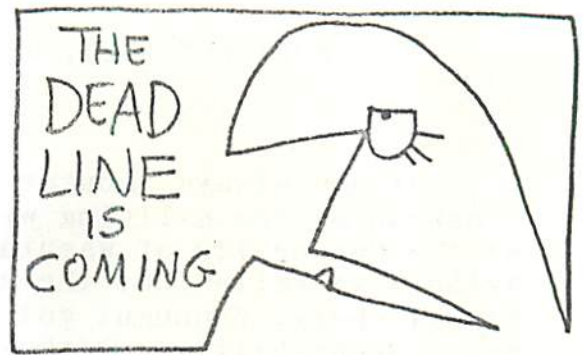
I keep reading books and flushing the fallout into columns of this type (columns?). Well, for instance: everybody talks about BUG JACK Barron, by Norman Spinrad, but nobody DOES anything about it. So I will. In the first place, the title is not a noun with modifiers, but a complete imperative sentence. No other reviewer gives you these little clues, but I do, being as we're buddies and all. OK; aside from that, how did you like the book, Mister Interlocutor? :: As a matter of fact I liked it more than not. It's true that the author said *fuck* more times in this book than his major character could have managed to do it in the allotted time, and my personal opinion is that doing is a lot more fun than saying. It's also true that the Kerouac stream-of-consciousness style got in the way of the plot and the characters and the reader's understanding of either, more often than this reader would have preferred. But none the less I dug this flawed but powerful story. (That's "dug", obscured by the underlining there.) Norman Spinrad's people here are more real than not, and a couple of them have the necessary larger-than-lifesize whammy. I admit I got tired waiting for the other shoe to drop, for the author to kill the chick off; I can't recall exactly what clued me so early, but it was obvious for a long time that the lady wouldn't make it to Page Ultimate, and she didn't. The why of her exit was reasonable in the terms of the story; what BUGged me was seeing so far ahead of time that Spinrad just had to insert this plug-in module of Tragedy to avoid (of all things) a Happy Ending, which might otherwise have ensued. He was right to avoid the Happy Ending in this instance, I think, but he telegraphed his punch altogether Too Damn Much.

In general, however, I think this book is a lot more Plus than Minus.

Curt Siodmak is back, and really, he hasn't changed a bit! Back in the late '40s he wrote "Donovan's Brain" and it was like Frankenstein Revisited. Now he has come up with "Hauser's Memory" and guess what? It's still "and here's to you, Mrs. ~~Robinson~~ Shelley". My guess is that if Curt Siodmak had had anything to say about it, Man would never have invented fire or the wheel or the arch or L Ron Hubbard, because Curt Siodmak's predictable pitch is that all Scientific Advances turn to organic fertilizer. Mr. Siodmak writes a good stick if you read only halfway-thru.

Once in a while we have to look at a little non-fiction, to keep our Image up so's you'll take us seriously, more. This time we're on the trail of Robert Ardrey and Konrad Lorenz in search of our ancestry and how to live with it, with Desmond Morris' "The Naked App". Well, now. I don't care whether or not you agree with this book (parts I do, and parts I don't), but-- well, if this book bores you, you probably didn't read this far down this page anyway, and I'm wasting page-space to no purpose.

The book deals with the evolutionary origins of your-and-my instincts and built-in conflicts, and while the writer seems (to me) to settle occasionally for too-pat answers, he also brings up enough new questions to ring a lot of worthwhile bells. 'Srecommended.



Also there is Philip Dick's "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" At 160pp it's a little skinny for Signet's 75¢ price in PB, but inflation seems to be here to stay. :: Here we have Dick's familiar fan-sheaf of similar but not identical future worlds all stemming from a World War Three that didn't quite kill us off but left us limping badly. (Oops; only one such world to the book, usually, and this time.) One big thing in this one is that most animal life other than human has been wiped out. (Howcome? I don't believe it either.) So possession of a live critter of any kind is THE Status Symbol; people who can't afford the very rare living creatures fake it with electrically-powered fakes. Meanwhile back at the ranch we have flesh-type humanoid androids commercially-produced for scut-labor on Mars. These androids occasionally escape and get back to earth, where they must be hunted down and destroyed, because the only way they can escape is to kill their human masters. Obviously. (All right; I'm not convinced, either. Snowed, maybe, but not convinced.) Our protagonist's desperate job is to hunt down these criminal androids, who would otherwise hide out and pretend to be human on Earth. This only gets really silly when eventually it comes out that the poor gahdamn androids only have about a 5-year life-span in any case, because the manufacturers haven't solved the cell-renewal problem. Somehow I can't quite see the vital necessity for hunting down even a killer who is by nature doomed to wear out and go on the scrap-heap in a couple more years at most: if he takes further action he'll spotlight himself and get nailed, anyway, so why sweat it? (The android-hunter thing is vastly over-emphasized here, is what I mean.) Perhaps if Dick had convinced me that androids couldn't escape without killing humans, instead of just saying so, every time he happened to think of it, I might have bought more of the package; but as is, no. :: Phil Dick is beginning to disturb me. His protagonists lately seem to combine an extraordinary amount of dedicated motivation with a degree of personal pessimism, desperation, and inability to derive any enjoyment out of the GOOD spots. He has people carrying on with incredible dedication, who according to the way he sets them up emotionally, should be either suicides or catatonic. This scares me-- does he know something I don't know? I mean, if there are really people like that running around here these days in official capacities, I WANT A GOOD HEAD START, friends.

I had a recent Piers Anthony (that I liked) around here but can't find it now. Joe Green said maybe it was "Chthon". Not so. Any time an author has to write a long explanation of how to read a book to make sense out of its involutions and convolutions, as with "Chthon", the book is not likely to find a place on my "To Reread" shelf. But ol' Piers (a determined non-reader of CRY) did get off a good one lately. Since you asked

From the Plow to the Bicycle: the evening of this page was the occasion for Elinor and me to celebrate our 15th anniversary, so we did. Down at the Edgewater with lots of fancy booze and fancy food and a view of the bay with assorted seafowl and all, we lived it up for a couple of hours. There was an added fillip: this one fella with the four-syllable surname, who is our Legal Beagle down at work, was paged about 6 times while we were having dinner. The lady announcer never got his name right twice in a row but we knew who she meant. We made several interesting speculations about howcome a guy could be at the Edgewater and be paged and never answer (ignoring the probable mundane answer that maybe he just didn't show up, or left ahead of announced schedule). Tomorrow I shall have to look in on this gentleman at his office and needle the hell out of him, about that. ("Tomorrow" is of course a drunken lisp, not a misspelling or even a typo.)

I see the blue-pencil STOP-line, & you'll never know what a comfort that is. --Buz.

KURT VONNEGUT, JR. - THE MORAL IS THE MESSAGE

by Phil Haldeman

"I had always thought of myself as a paranoid and an overreactor, a person making a living with his diseases," said Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. at the University of Washington last month. The subject was "Teaching Writers to Write" but the subject was paid no attention. Instead, almost shyly, Vonnegut got about the business of science, scientists, and responsibility. A physically sloppy speaker as he leaned across the podium, he was charmingly reminiscent of Hal Holbrook ala Mark Twain. From under his Wellsian mustache he threw verbal dust clouds of atomic radiation at his audience, then blinked to see what had happened. "You need the persecution of your society," he said. "You are not motivated without the idiots around you." I decided at once that he was a real writer.

Vonnegut, like many of us, is suspicious of science and scientists. They seem an amoral breed at times, trying to separate themselves from the reality of the living world. As our technological capacity for destruction increases, our self-awareness must also increase. We must pay heed to the consequences of our actions. This means that some merging of the sciences and humanities must occur. Vonnegut uses what he calls a "virtuous physicist" as an example. "If a physicist is a humanistic physicist, he is a virtuous physicist. A virtuous physicist watches people, listens to them, thinks about them, and wishes them and their planet well. He wouldn't knowingly hurt them, he wouldn't knowingly help a politician hurt them or a soldier hurt them, and if he came across a technique that would obviously hurt them, he would keep it to himself."

In the pre-WW II years, most scientists thought of themselves as engaged in a task that was an isolated study. They depended upon their superiors, their employers, to give assignments and use the results sanely. They were a basically innocent bunch, dedicated to the advancement of knowledge wherever it would lead, not recognizing any moral responsibility for what they did. They were innocent because what they did seemed natural at the time. But Vonnegut believes that the war was the turning point. "Every virtuous scientist knows now that his boss may not be the brightest or most moral or most imaginative man in the world. You might ask Werner Von Braun about crazy bosses you can have."

He believes that the reason less young people are going into physics is because they do not want to commit war crimes. The government, spurred by the military, is subsidizing and directing research, and today's idealists want nothing to do with it. They see that to work on chemical-biological weapons, for example, is an immoral occupation. They have learned their lesson. "Some physicists," says Vonnegut, "are so virtuous they do not go into physics at all." He gave the audience a serious look, like a man who had just nudged someone in the ribs about something important. "I think that the planet may be saved by physicists who withhold skill and information from those who are endangering the planet. ...Mayor Daley doesn't even know how his refrigerator works."

This is clearly a new calling for the behavior of scientists: the idea that scientific information, if harmful for man, should be withheld from man. Science takes a new, more meaningfully humanistic role in the world here, and has greater control in the exercise of its power. The discoverer is no longer a tool for the military-

industrial complex that Eisenhower so perceptively warned us against. He is a man of science, science and humanity. He is a man who can get about his work unhindered.

But the question remains: Who can decide what is or is not harmful for man? We can't be sure, of course, but Vonnegut points to the right direction. Perhaps his single best line was: "Sin can be defined by anyone who wants to survive."

Now we are down to the nitty. Hopefully, if a scientist or group of scientists are intelligent enough to come across a new product or technique that they feel is of questionable safety, they will be intelligent enough to ask someone about it before revealing it to the military.

Vonnegut, near the beginning of his lecture, compared creative humanists, writers and artists, to the canary in the coal mine. They are the first to sense danger. They are sensitive, sensitive to the mood of people, sensitive to behavior, sensitive to cultural direction. If science can learn to listen to them more closely, this will have been a step in the right direction. I think Vonnegut is implying the need for these two segments of endeavor to come together when questions arise about the state of the art or the state of the research. Already we can see signs of this operation, such as the observations of psychologists on the effects of violence on the screen. Here science is being asked to research an artful medium because people are in danger. Perhaps writers and artists can be asked in the same way about the possible effects on people of certain kinds of research. Science fiction writers have been doing this for a long time. Perhaps they are the unsung heroes of the science-humanity gap.

But Vonnegut doesn't align himself with science fiction writers. "I still can't understand," he said, answering a question from the audience, "logically, why these men (sf writers) are regarded as a separate genre of fiction. They write short stories and they write novels. I assume they are short story writers and novelists, and that's what I am. I include machinery in my books, but I don't want to be penalized by being classified as a science fiction writer. Science fiction writers are known to be, because so many of them are, hasty writers. They are paid so little that they can't revise much and can't really put a narrative in strong narrative shape. Science fiction stories are customarily sketchy because they have to be done in such a hurry and because the pay is so low. I have nothing against them, but I can't understand why they want to be a separate category. They enjoy this - being called science fiction writers - and identify themselves by it. I can see no usefulness to this except social, and they have great social lives. They meet frequently and have conventions and stay at each other's houses and write extraordinarily long letters to one another. They want this social relationship for some reason, but I don't."

I think that Mr. Vonnegut doth protest too much. Just maybe, the people we refer to as science fiction writers are the bridge between the scientist and the humanist. They have made a beginning at least. They are scientifically oriented people working in a medium of literature, or they are a literary oriented people writing in a medium of science. Both sides develop into what we call science fiction. Both sides are trying to make an impact on society with these fields. Vonnegut too, is in this adventure.

I suppose that the perfect world for any writer is a world in which he does not have to write. So, I'm sorry Mr. Vonnegut, you still have some more books like Cat's Cradle to write, and some more stories like The Report on the Barnhouse Effect to let loose. Hope to see you around.

Avon Books has just issued a paperback edition of Stanley G. Weinbaum's *THE BLACK FLAME*, a work which has long been recognized as a classic, yet has remained until now a rarity in book form.

The book includes both *DAWN OF FLAME*, the novella-length version of the story first written by Weinbaum, and *THE BLACK FLAME* itself, a novel version he produced after the novella was rejected by the magazines. Neither saw publication in his lifetime.

The published version of *THE BLACK FLAME* does not follow the original Weinbaum manuscript of 65,000 words. Mort Weisinger, a pulp editor who purchased it posthumously, saw fit to cut out 20,000 words and add a scene, together with necessary interpolations, in which Thomas Connor meets the Black Flame before ever reaching Urbs.

The manuscript, long in the collection of Forrest J. Ackerman, has disappeared--possibly been stolen--and Avon was unable to obtain it for publication. It may well have been lost forever.

Weinbaum's theme was his own idea of Woman--which I shall here call the "demon mistress"--versus the conventional idea of femininity represented by the "girl next door." It was an idea which ran through all his work in which there was any "love interest," but here it is the primary theme, rather than a subordinate one.

The conventional image of Woman, which we have inherited from the Victorians in spite of the "sexual revolution," is that of an inferior species, fit only for motherhood and the kitchen. The "girl next door" must never show any sign of courage or intelligence or individuality--lest she become "unfeminine" and rejected by men.

By contrast, the woman who rejects the role of an inferior and seeks an equal role has had a very bad press. Terms like "dominant woman," "career woman" and "emancipated woman" have very ugly connotations. And she is often associated with the domineering "Jewish mother," which is really a "girl next door" taking revenge for her trapped-housewife role in the only way she can.

Weinbaum's argument is that real love is possible only between equals, and that conventional master/slave roles for the sexes have destroyed romance rather than enhancing it. There have been numerous stories by Victorian writers in which the virtuous hero rejects the "demon-mistress" in favor of the "girl next door." In Weinbaum's *FLAME* stories, he does just the opposite.

In *DAWN OF FLAME*, Hull Tarvish, a rural mountaineer of a post-atomic war age, finds himself caught up in the defense of his homeland against the expanding empire of N'Orleans, led by the immortal Joaquin Smith and his sister Margaret, the Black Flame.

Hull, though he believes himself in love with Vail, an ordinary mountaineer girl, cannot resist the lure of Margaret, in spite of his hate for her Empire. And she, though in spite pretending to be interested in him only as a gigolo, really loves him for his strength and courage.

In the end, the intellectual gulf between them, and their con-

flicting ideals, lead to a tragic parting. Yet both know they have suffered an irreparable loss. Both in style and dramatic intensity, DAWN OF FLAME represents Weinbaum at his best.

In THE BLACK FLAME the style and drama are weaker, and there are some concessions made to conventionality. But these can be attributed mostly to Weisinger's tampering with the manuscript.

The novel has Thomas Connor, a 20th century man electrocuted for murdering a man he found in the arms of his girl, awakening into a future world in which Joaquin Smith's empire has become world-wide, and which he rules with the Black Flame and a handful of immortals in Urbs.

Connor, at first attracted by Evanie the Sorceress, who rescues him from his tomb, eventually realizes his greater love for Margaret --almost too late--and wins her for his own, even after having conspired with Evanie and others in an abortive revolt against the power of Urbs.

The novel is uneven--at least as edited by Weisinger--but particularly memorable are the scenes aboard the Black Flame's "Sky Rat," at a party where she shows her contempt for "society," and at the climax where Connor makes his final decision--but nearly loses Margaret in a disaster plotted by Evanie.

Weinbaum's scientific imagination is shown off to good advantage too. The whole economy of the Urban empire is based on atomic energy--but that of nuclear fusion, not the "catalysts" and "X" elements that were the crude forecasts of most writers of the time. Also expressed--through Joaquin Smith, the Master--are his ideas on the evolution of man.

To be published by Avon in May is THE NEW ADAM, a gloomy super-man story written by Weinbaum years before his magazine career. Among other things, it illustrates how Weinbaum's view of sex changed after his 1932 marriage--and it contains a strange forecast of THE BLACK FLAME.

Weinbaum is little known today, except by reputation. He deserves to be re-discovered by modern readers. Hopefully, the Avon reprints will lead to this re-discovery.

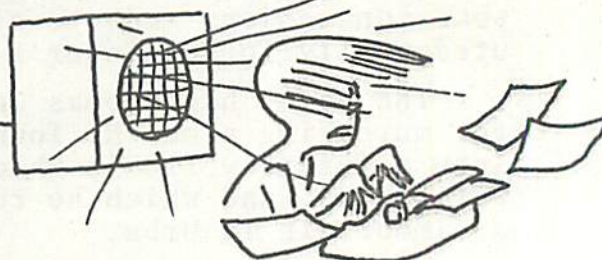
John J. Pierce





CRY OF THE READERS

Conducted by Elinor Busby



EARS AND THE FAN

2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles,
California 90046

Dear Elinor:

CRY (*something*) me yesterday on my return from the International Film Festival at Rio de Janeiro--and I've been recuperating from the trip while reading it. Glad that F.M. discovered THE IMPROBABLE IRISH, and echo his applause for it. And how about all those new Lee Hoffman books?

As for Harry Warner Jr. having pointed ears--impossible. Everyone knows Harry Warner Jr. doesn't have ears. It's a myth--like those first 174 issues of CRY. Nobody reads OLD WAVE fanzines--and only OLD WAVE fans had ears.

Yrs. for the NOW Generation,

Bob Bloch

(For CRYsakes don't reveal that the first 174 issues of CRY are a myth--we're trying to sell them off at 25¢ per.)

BOYD ASKS WHY

189 Maxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario
Canada

Dear Elinor,

Fantastic cover for a fanzine. A far cry from the days of the dittoed covers on fanzines. You people trying to make other faneds self-conscious?

Bernie Zuber is complaining about a breach of consistency in Star Trek? In STAR TREK? Where on earth has he been? ST has been packed with breaches of consistency almost from the start. While on that subject, can any of the CRY readers tell me what caused the deterioration in the show. The makers can't claim that the awful depths it has reached have been in response to public taste, or what the networks wants, or whatever. As the show was this season, it seems that neither the fans nor the Trekkies nor the network nor the public liked it. So why did they do it? (*Why indeed!*)

Hey, Bob Lichtman, tell us a little more of Paul Williams. What is he doing now? The first I'd heard that he'd given up Crawdaddy was a recent mention of somebody going East to take it over. Great that you've got a job you like so much.

Gee, I can see people grotching at all this chatter about TV shows in the CRY letter column. Such people wouldn't grotch if the talk were of The Film or The Stage. Oh well, if they talk about the "Boob Tube" make nasty comments about "The Boob Screen" and "The Boob Boards" and "Boob paper" right back at them. (*Would you believe Boob science fiction?*) Oh, you poor people with conflicting shows. In Toronto we can get all three U.S. networks (and NET) and also Canadian stations show a lot of U.S. shows, but not at the same time. Thus we don't have to worry about shows conflicting. (*Yeah, but Canadian stations chop the programs to run more commercials. We get a Canadian station, so we know.*)

But Betty, you would have liked that Ironside with Berle...he played a

horrid character who really got his in the end. #Love your picture of Avram lounging in a hammock and going to sea in the tropics, until along comes a Jewish Mother with chicken soup. But "luscious native girls"? In the Caribbean? Maybe if you've been lounging in a hammock sopping up rum long enough, but otherwise they're not that common. #Do you have cable TV in your area? If so, sounds as though it would be worthwhile getting on it, unless you think it's not worth it to get decent color on ABC.

Elinor, I stand ready to be corrected by Harry Warner on this, but Classical refers strictly not to what Harry calls "serious music" but a Period in music. If a certain chunk of music is classical, then it can't be Romantic. Hm, I see that I really should have addressed my remark to George Fergus, to whom you were replying, he saying "the majority of well-known classical music lies in the 19th Century Romantic Period." And I say "George Fergus is Not Correct." Actually I was going to express it a little differently from that, but we don't want another Deek bit, do we?

Ann Rutledge's article on Underground Seattle was interesting. But she says that there is little that can be explored, as most stuff is walled up. But I was reading somewhere just recently about guided tours of Underground Seattle, which seemed to consist of much more than climbing down into one room and standing around. Like at least a whole block or two or three could be explored on one descent.

Doctor Doctor item was pretty funny. Have you shown it around the office.

Regards,

Boyd Raeburn

(No, I haven't shown Doctor Doctor around the office--much as I've wanted to. Nobody at work knows about fandom and I think perhaps it's best that way. However Bill Broxon vouchsafed a proper degree of appreciation.)

DASHING NORM CLARKE

9 Bancroft, Aylmer E., P.Q.

Dear Buz & Elinor:

I don't get it. CRY, I mean. Except that I just did get it, when I haven't got it. I mean, I don't get it. Do you know what I mean? Very well then; I'll recapitulate. *(I didn't say I didn't get it!)* The first issue of the revived CRY reached me promptly and, just as promptly, I sat down and dashed off a loc (See Clarke dash off a loc. Dash dash dash dash). Soon thereafter, along came the second Neo-CRY, featuring, among other things, that same loc. And then no more issues arrived, which was not strange for I had of course sent no money (although on the back of that second issue there had appeared the words. "If there is no number after your name, even not subbing will not save you from getting the next issue"; and there was no number after my name). So okay. Now here's the funny part, if you're really waiting for a hearty laugh: a few days ago, around the end of March, I found in my mailbox CRY 178, "for Dec. 15, 1968." The envelope was postmarked middle March.

My question, then, is: why have you (or Vera, I suppose) sent me the Dec. 15th CRY at the end of March? Or at all? I don't get it. Mind you, I didn't object to getting it. I even enjoyed it. But I'm mystified--even, you might say, fantisted.

Well, so much for that. I must tell you that Boyd was here last weekend, and we sat around and froze. Today (Pretty Good Friday) I am sitting in the sunshine on the back porch, coatless, typing happily and drinking beer. There are birdies and buds and the like, too. From time to time I whistle. How's by you?

By the way: when Boyd was here, we heard a song on the radio about Seattle. "The sky is always bluer in Seattle tra la la..." Boyd broke up. "It rains allatime in Seattle," he said, between nibbles at an octopus which he had brought

with him.

For now,

Norm Clarke

(The ingratitude! We always make a special effort to lay on good weather whenever Boyd is going to be in town. We frequently even succeed! #Nothing could be simpler than the solution to the great Dec. in March CRY mystery. Vera asked Buz if there was anyone he especially wanted to receive CRY. Buz said, "What about Good Ol' Norm Clarke?" This was in March, and Vera happened to have a December CRY on hand so that was what she sent. Aren't you sorry you asked? Wasn't it a lot more exciting not knowing?)

JANE MEETS MUNDANE

1219 Homeview Drive. Louisville, Kentucky
40215

Hi.

Yes. Betty K. There really is a Jane Peyton. Vera will vouch for me. And I will vouch for Beth Moore.

By the way, the Peytons have relatives in South Bend, Betty, and me paw spent the Depression thereabouts. (It's a Small World Incredible Fact No. 41).

John Pierce's description of the New Thing as concerned with the "insignificant premise" hits the nail right on the bippie. The most typical examples seem to start off with some outre obsession with just any old thingy, and wouldn't you know in the end said obsession is totally justified; Grandma's pewter spittoon really does turn into a loathsome creature after 22:00 (when the monsters come out) and spews up all the ...er...junk ever deposited in it over the decades. Disgusting, isn't it?

I wish to heaven I could understand non-fen. Least of all can I grok non-fen who have actually read SF but have MissedThePoint. Harken, and I shall recount a StrangeButTrue:

I happened to sign up for Advanced Creative Writing 305 with a real live Published Poet (Robert Hayden). Now, I'm not big on poetry, but I figured who else could teach me to like it better than...

Anyway, the class is a flop. I showed up week before last, and (as things were getting dull) I asked dear prof his opinion of science fiction.

His first reaction was surprise and he proceeded to tell me how all SF is BEMish space opera. a) It relies for its impact solely on horrendous monsters, et al., b) It is laden with gadgetry just for the hell of gadgetry, c) It presents no philosophy of life, and d) It makes no significant social comment.

My blood pressure immediately rose to a dangerous level. I wanted very badly for him to ask me my opinion of a grown man devoting his life to poetry (which at the time was hardly favorable), and I also kept reminding myself that in June I'll be getting a grade from the man.

So I kent it clean. "It seems to me," I said, "that it does present a philosophy of life."

"What?" he demanded and without giving me a chance to reply, compared SF with mystery books and said that writers of both are people who can't make the grade in PureLiterature. A red haze slid across my eyes.

"Why do you ask?" he queried, his voice questioning how this could possibly be relevant to anything.

"Well...because I like science fiction," I said.

"So do I," he replied. He proceeded to say that for instance Bradbury "almost makes it" (whatever that means) and Asimov and Sturgeon are good some times. And, er...

"Clarke?" I asked.

"Well...maybe."

"What about Wells and Verne?" somebody asked.

He acted like Wells and Verne didn't really write that lowbrow SF. Why,

what they wrote had significance, by god. What about in that moon novel when the Earthmen had to explain that awful thing "War" to the King of the Moon? Now there was true significant comment. See how man's true colors were revealed?

About then, I acted uninterested in anything else he had to say on the subject, so he dismissed the class. I ran out the door, collared a friend, and bent his ear for a good hour letting off steam.

Never in my life have I met such a Herbert. And, friends, ItReallyHappened.

Needless to say, Bill Broxon, I liked your letter in 180.

Now--for ghod's sake---someone explain to me just what FAPA, APA, and APA/FAPA mailings are. PLEASE? Or is all that SomethingManWasNotMeantToKnow?

Ol' Wastebasket was in top form thish. Good to know AllAboutPulsars now. Thanx for the info, WWW. And...er...couldn't you arrange for some folk to expand a little fandom to BigLou (that's Lou., Ky., people).

Rob Williams' "Doctor Doctor" was very bad SF. It sounded like significant commentary to me, and we all know that don't exist. (Do I get an A now, Mr. Hayden?)

Good show, Vera. Keep it down there in the bottom. I've always said what we need in SF is a little more significant dialog.

Hmmm. I may catch hell, but here it is. J. W. Campbell (via ANALOG editorials) gives me a pain where a nice kid shouldn't have a pain. (It was the J. W. Ghod remark that did it, friends).

Seems to me that I witnessed Poul Anderson and Randall Garrett fight in the Tourney for the honor of JWC and lose. Of course, many unusual things happened at the last Earthcon.

By the way, a friend of mine is doing a Star Trek story about Spock's "Jewish mother" and her insistent attempts to feed him chicken soup. I'm presently trying to promote a few choice titles. Examples: "Amanda's Brain," "Amanda is a Harsh Mistress," "The Inside Truth on Sarek's Bum Ticker," and (my favorite) "Spock's Complaint." Think about it.

Prosper,

Jane Peyton

(Hey, now we know the type of audience Star Trek was trying for with all those dull and irritating Morality Plays--your prof and his ilk. He would have been thrilled had he seen them, however he probably doesn't watch TV. Jane, there is no earthly use in arguing with your teacher. He can't afford to lose, and most of 'em can't even afford to let you make any points at all. There never was a teacher who wouldn't swear black was white and vice versa rather than Lose Face in front of his class. And they all have the last word, always--it's built into the situation. #If you'd had the chance, you could have pointed out that mysteries are written by clods like Dorothy Sayers and C. Day Lewis--you know, idiots who write poetry. #Any great writer with a philosophy of life and meaningful social commentary to make would be well-advised to put it in the mystery and/or suspense field. That way he'd reach a mass audience including every possible type of human being, and not just the epicenes of Academe. And I think that SF, mystery and suspense fields all have some very fine writers who make meaningful commentary--if a bit less plonking that pointing out that war is bad.

An apa is an amateur publishing association. FAPA is the oldest in the sf fan field, and the one with the longest waiting list. (Fantasy Amateur Publishing Association). SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Society) is the second oldest, I believe.. Buz is the Official Editor. It would take only a year or two to get in. The Cult is a group of 13. N'APA is the N3F apa; Wally could tell you about that. Apas are a lot of fun.)

TACK THE HANGMAN

915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., Albuquerque, N.M.

Hello ElinorandBuzandWallyandVeraandWallyandWhoever---

87107

Delivery report: CRY180 posted in Seattle on 20MarPM. Delivered to Tack's Seitch at approximately 0930 hours 22March. And by Roscoe that is a luvrly painting by Tim Kirk that was the cover of it. Was. The print is now tacked up on the wall. Hanged, actually. In a frame.

Ah, Ann Rutledge, destroyer of illusions. My kids are faithful watchers of something called "Here Come The Brides" which is set in early day Seattle. It shook them to learn that the town was built on stilts in a mudflat rather than in that beautiful forest setting. The Seattle underground may be blocked and sealed but it could be unblocked and sealed. Tremendous possibilities for a story there with sinister characters flitting around the tunnels under Seattle. Who knows what evil they are up to? Wally Weber? Sort of takes me back to all those pulp stories about the sinister Chinese flitting around the tunnels under San Francisco and who knows what evil they were up to. Oh, I tell you those were great stories. Simply great. But I suppose the audience for that type of story is gone because these days we are wiser and know there are no secret tunnels honeycombing San Francisco's Chinatown...sure, we do.

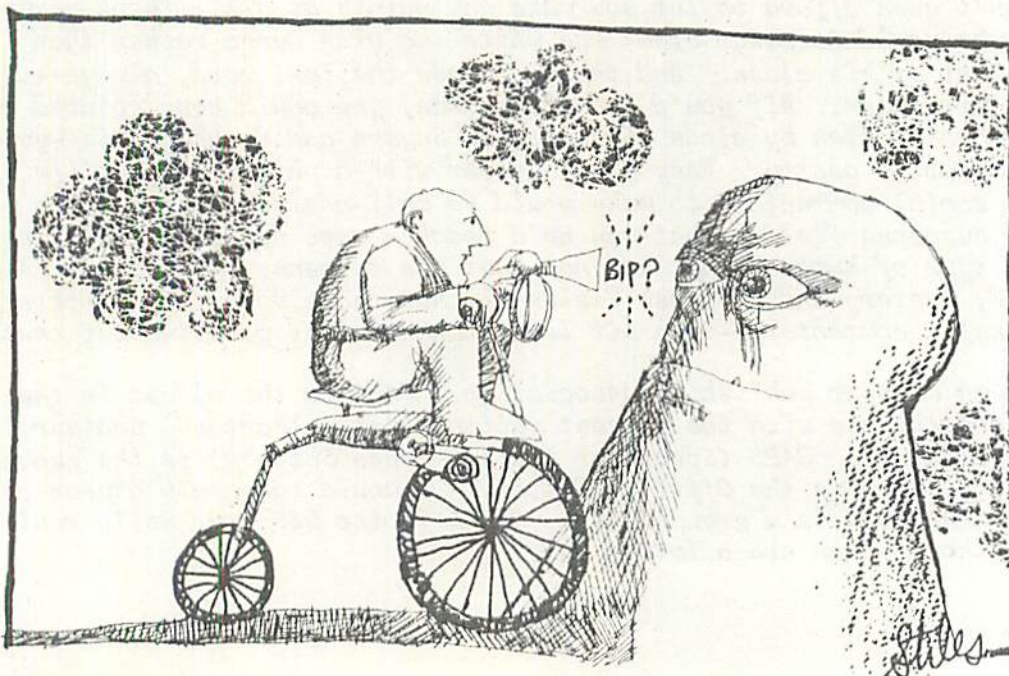
Have I mentioned that it is good to be reading John Berry's tales again? My own system for taking care of the monthly bills is more simple. I put them all in a hat and draw out a few--they get paid. If the other creditors complain I tell them not to push or next time I won't even put their bill in the hat.

We get those number lists...usually from the Fly By Night Sewing Machine Company. If the number under the seal matches one of the 100 numbers listed below you win a free sewing machine and all you have to do is pay \$99.95 for the sewing lessons.

Vonda: chopping up the waterfront with canals, etc. One enterprising developer in southern California purchased a hunk of waterfront and then hired an expert in topology to draw up the plans for carving it up in a manner that would give the absolute maximum in on-the-water frontage.

This confusion about the Johns Berry is amusing. "the Original John Berry" yet. Calls to mind two San Francisco restaurants of some years back. New Joe's and Original Joe's. New Joe's was actually older than Original Joe's. In the

beginning it was simply Joe's. The original owner, named Joe, strangely enough, sold the place and the new owner, whose name also was Joe, hung up the new sign: New Joe's. Not a new restaurant, you see, but a new Joe. A little later the first Joe decided to get back into the restaurant business so he opened up a place



down the street: Original Joe's. We may have to designate the Johns Berry as Original John and New John. And look forward to the day when a third John Berry appears on the scene... *(I think it's evil of you even to suggest such a possibility.)*

Certainly I believe Jim Pearson that there are people who never take down their Christmas decorations. We have a few around here even. I don't, as Betty apparently does, get depressed at Christmas because it is the holiday season and far too short. We've discussed this and figured on maybe starting ours off a week earlier from now on. But I look forward to that particular period of the year with much of the old pre-Christian feeling. It was at one time the celebration of the ending of the year and the beginning of the new year and was based on the Winter Solstice. The various mixups with the calendar displaced it a few days and the Christians took it over as a holiday of their own just as they adopted many of the Roman gods into their own pantheon. But whether one calls it Christmas or Saturnalia or New Year's it is a great time of the year. A time for making plans and for totaling up accomplishments. Io!

I agree, Elinor, that it is more possible to teach sf writers to write good teleplays than it is to teach non-sf writers to write science fiction. As Raeburn points out it is "TV writers" who turn out the excellent stories on Ironside. The problem is one of education. Writer X may be an excellent dramatist and well versed in how to make a television play march the way it should but the chances are that he is almost completely ignorant of astronomy and the other physical sciences not to mention the special gimmicks of the specialized science fiction field. Consequently we end up with references to galaxies when solar systems are meant and getting close to Earth because we just passed Arcturus. It is this sort of thing that turns us off and I think it represents a basic failure on the part of the television writer and producer. If a writer is going to write a SF show he should at least take a few hours to read a little in and about the field and dig into a book of general science to get some idea of the basics.

Still with TV--dammitall, you've got me off on this idiot subject--I recently read some comment on the way the media is developing using Star Trek and Mission Impossible as examples. The writer said that he taped ST and MI and played the tapes back. He was able to follow the whole story line of ST from the dialog but MI was impossible to follow without the visual to go with the audio. MI is a visual show created for a visual medium--new--whereas Star Trek could be in any medium. I dunno, kids, I don't watch that much television. I watch NET and the specials like those from the NGS and try to catch Star Trek and Ironside and Laugh-In and that's about it. I find little of entertainment value in most of the entertainment shows.

Betty mentions The Ghost & Mrs. Muir and you aver you are convinced that their relationship is purely spiritual. Which just shows, Elinor, that you have neglected Thorne Smith. *(News for you, ol' buddy--Thorne Smith isn't writing Ghost & Mrs. Muir.)*

We don't have too many problems with chuckholes here. There is a crew constantly employed filling them with cold mix which, of course, has about the same effect as filling them with sand--it is all gone in a few weeks. A recent visitor to Albuquerque wrote the paper inquiring if there had been an earthquake here recently as all the streets are full of cracks. The paper assured the visitor that it wasn't earthquakes, just a poor job of paving.

But Betty, if Uncle Avram is going to pot in the tropics he surely wouldn't be drinking rum, too.... Come back Uncle Avram, all is forgiven...

Roy Tackett

(I don't agree that it's lack of education in physical sciences that makes SF scripts so lousy. In the first place, I think SF writers are born not made.)

In the second, scientific accuracy doesn't mean all that much to me, and yet I've been as aware of the poorness of quality of the scripts as anyone. I think that too many of the recent ST scripts were written--or edited--by people who didn't respect science fiction, who felt that they were writing crud for a crud audience.)

HOW TO FEUD WITH JUNK MAIL

25847 Viana Ave., Lomita, Calif. 90717

Dear Vera:

I like very much the Kirk front cover on 180. Don't quite trust the gleam in the eye of the man behind the counter, though...

The Inside Dope on Seattle was interesting. What will archaeologists of millenia to come think of us when they dig up structures as you describe, or some of the sunken buildings in Mexico City. Surely you've heard of them. *(No, but I have heard that Mexico City was built in a swamp, and I guess that implies sunken bldgs.)*

John Berry's experiences in "Welsher" parallel some of mine in years past. I got a kick of reading his tactics. How familiar. I have since had a running battle with (1) the Post Office and (2) the direct mail advertiser. And here's the scheme; anyone who wants to join in is welcome. I don't know about the rest of you, but I suspect that I am on about half the kook mailing lists in the country. Nearly every day I get some weird offer, either third class or lower (occasionally first class), for an absolute bargain on my first Charleston lesson, or a course for dirigible pilots, or Learn Radio! You know. You've been there. *(Yup.)* All of these have a first class return item, either envelope or post card. Well, here's a fact or two. These things are by permit, see, and they have to pay for every one they receive back. A friend in the business says they operate on about a 5% return factor. Well...if we can get enough people to mail back blank stuff, then this type of advertising becomes a little more expensive. Already many people must have thought of it; more and more the things come preprinted. So, come on all you Occupants, here is one way you can strike a blow for your identity. Why wait for the mailman to come get the mail he delivered last year?

Roy Tackett's review of SLAN brought a tear to my eye. It sounds as though he re-read it. This is something that is very dangerous. When I was in the 6th grade, Tarzan bit me on the leg and I was never the same. Then, while I was in college a few years ago, Ace and Ballantine started to publish pb copies of ERB. Hot dog! A chance to re-read old favorites, and to finally get the ones I had never read before. But it didn't turn out that way; what a disappointment. What had happened to good ol' ERB in the intervening years? Now I am faced with a similar problem. In a pile of books I bought some weeks ago was an old pb copy of Edmond Hamilton's THE STAR KINGS. Oh, with what fondness I remember this book. Dilemma: do I dare re-read it? *(Go ahead. Be brave. You can afford to risk disillusion.)*

Mike McQuown's letter discusses Mission:Impossible and his reasons for like/dislike about it. I agree with him, but note that of late our mutual main complaint has changed. In the past several episodes there have been two that involve things not going according to the Plan. Now there is the basis for a darn good plot; carefully laid plan that blows up in your face...now what do you do? And they do it very well, too. I was going to add Ironside to the list of TV shows that stand out, but you already did that in your comment to Mike's letter. This show is an excellent character study, and Raymond Burr handles it extremely well, I think. Yet another one, not mentioned as I recall, is To Catch a Thief. Imagine, if you will, a sort of combination of I Spy and M:I centered around one man. He's a master thief, released from prison because he's

the only one with the skill to get in & out with the loot. I haven't seen all the episodes yet, but I have yet to see a bad one.

The main thing I've enjoyed this season has been the specials. They have had some really great ones. Jacques Cousteau and his series on Man and the Sea (Rod Serling narrates them) are outstanding. Just last night, Dinah Shore had a houserocker of a special! They musta had a young fortune in costumes alone. The Monkees had a good one tonight, with very good lighting effects and some interesting atmosphere touches.

A good nonfiction book I'd recommend to all and sundry is THE BIOLOGICAL TIME BOMB, by a fellow named Taylor, published by Cowles. Taylor says that the biological revolution currently going on (transplants and artificial organs are only its most sensational manifestation) (*Are you kidding? What about The Pill?*) will have at least the impact on society that the Industrial Revolution had. And he makes a good case for it, too.

Take care,
Jim Pearson

(The book you describe sounds fascinating and I'd like to read it. I hope it comes out in paperback soon.)

HARRY LOOKS HARDER

Dear Elinor:

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland
21740

My first reaction at the cover was: how did anyone have the patience to handpaint hundreds of pictures so that each CRY reader would get a full color original? Then I made one last supreme effort with my obsolescent eyes and looked closely enough to realize that it really is done by machine. It's beautiful, what with all those subtly varied browns and greens in the darker areas that provide just the right amount of color contrast while maintaining the sense of dreadful secrets by the lack of density contrast. Will fan historians of the future be left wondering eternally whether Tim Kirk or someone on the CRY staff inserted the 180 Cry St. for this purpose?

There's only one thing wrong with Wally Weber's theories. They're staggered in the most pitiful fashion by the way fans are after all paying entirely too much attention to fandom's future. But I admit that the thought that goes into fandom's future is concentrated quite violently on one aspect of it: future worldcons. Battle lines are shaping up for worldcons five and six years in the future. If telefandom doesn't arrive in time, wouldn't fans do well to reach some sort of general agreement on how far ahead worldcon planning is justified? I can foresee all sorts of problems that will arise if bidding groups begin much further ahead of time. A city might campaign so successfully that victory would be conceded four years before the scheduled con, only to have fandom in that city disintegrate from a mighty feud three years before the con. What about the expenses that are going to be involved if a local fan group decides to propagandize a big for a worldcon seven years from now, and must pay for parties and campaign literature during all those years, to remain competitive?

I assume that this in-depth study of Seattle is the real thing and not just the April 1 feature that is so ominously absent from this CRY. It all sounds improbable and moreover, why hasn't Hitchcock used Seattle as the setting for a movie, if there's such a natural scene for the climax as the lower level of First Avenue? I wish I'd seen The Slender Thread, in any event. I know that most cities



look better in full color, but it's a strange thing: I can't enjoy a movie or television show done on location in New York City when it's in color. Maybe Naked City and excellent films like Love with the Perfect Stranger have caused me to associate excellence with black and white production in New York settings. Or maybe it's the gray sort of impression that New York City leaves on the person who visits it only once in a while and spends most of his time while there in the less colorful areas of Manhattan.

I've talked with an astronaut, too. However, he isn't one who has been in space yet, just one of the trainees from whom future space travelers will be chosen. He came to Hagerstown to dedicate a new technical-vocational high school. After he went through an impersonalized NASA-prepared speech he became very human and nice, chatting with kids, signing autographs, and recalling his years at the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

It takes a lot of restraint for me to omit at this point my adventure with a record club computer. I couldn't tell it with the detached attitude of John Berry, and I won in the end, so I'll simply say that I enjoyed reading about the adventures of a person who was lucky in his dealings with a mixed-up mail order calculator.

It's good to see evidence that Roy Tackett will continue to write about old classics (and isn't it about time that fans began to write about old stories that were almost as good as the famous classics but have somehow become completely forgotten by now?) SLAN never shook me up as much as it affected most fans, mainly because Van Vogt's writing style always bothered me too constantly for me to pay much attention to the story itself. But it must have been one of the most influential stories in the history of science fiction, for the amount of imitating it caused. Add to its faults: the reliance on coincidence, like the episode near the beginning when the young slan accidentally hitches a ride on the back of the car in which his worst enemy is riding.

The letter section could easily inspire three or four pages of comments. Briefly: I didn't know about James Cain being in Hagerstown. He isn't in the telephone directory, so I'll have to do some detective work in the city directory, at the public library, and with the welcome wagon. Naturally, we wouldn't have printed anything in the local newspaper yet, even if we'd heard about a famous author's presence. We have to live up to our claim of printing all the latest news, by making sure all of it is many days late.

I'm glad to find someone else who isn't much impressed with Mission: Impossible. It's horribly slow-paced. I can't bear to watch the opening scene after the Get Smart parody with its self-destruct annihilation of an entire building while the tape recorder continued to repeat itself so determinedly. The camera work is obviously imaginative but misapplied, I think. The last time I watched, there was a love at first sight scene which consisted of alternating extreme closeups of the man and the woman, whose heads were repeatedly obscured by out-of-focus people walking by in front of them. This could have been a nice symbol of the fact that they were to be a pair of lovers who would lose each other in the mass of humanity, or would never meet because others constantly interfered. But after the arty little trick was finished, they did meet and were together for the rest of the episode until the girl was shot to death: obviously, a director wanted to use one of his ideas, even if there was no particular reason for it, in this particular context.

I've just seen my first Ghost & Mrs. Muir episode, after a whole season of fanatic loyalty to the memory of Gene Tierney in the movie, and I'm as smitten as everyone with Hope Lange. I wonder what kind of ratings would be acquired by hours on television which consisted of nothing but plotless, formless, no-dialog concentration on Hope Lange?

And curiously, I'm commenting on a CRY in which I mentioned ignorance about

the dust jacket of the fan history, and just minutes before I began this loc I had a telephone call from Ed Wood and wife telling me what it's like. They also informed me that the book is in existence, they're taking a few copies to the Lunacon, and my copies should reach me soon. Can anyone think how I can survive as a letterhack and still find time to write the second volume?

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

(I too seem to remember Gene Tierney as Mrs. Muir, and Rex Harrison as the Captain. Don't remember how the movie came out, though. Do you? #You'll find plenty of time for letterhacking and writing fanhistory if you just give up all the non-essentials in your life--things like baseball and music and going to work every day and eating and sleeping.)

MEMENTOES OF THE '30'S

66 Frederick Lane, St. Louis, Mo. 63122

Dear Staff of CRY -- especially editors Vera and Elinor, writer Wally, artist Alicia:

Perhaps later issues of CRY have appeared by this time and have given the translation of the admonition above the lizard man on page 12 of CRY 177, but I haven't seen them. Indeed, this issue 177 is not only the first CRY by the first SF fanzine I ever have seen. Wayne Finch, president of OSFA, handed me a carton of fanzines to peruse several weeks ago and CRY 177 was the first blossom I plucked from the pile.

My eyes really popped when I read that caption. Can't help wondering how many of your readers know what that sentence means, what the language is and how to pronounce it correctly. I do and I can. I learned to twist my tongue around those consonants in 1937 while visiting a penpal in Czechoslovakia. It was such a fine example of a sentence without a single vowel in it.

At the bottom of page 11 appears another interesting sentence. "Politics: 12 days before the big election, my feeling is that there just HAS to be a pony in there SOMEwhere." That punch line is a real old timer! Is it actually possible that that story is still in circulation in 1969? Ordinarily one doesn't recall when, where or from whom one hears jokes, but I do remember about this one...and I heard it first in the mid 1930's. Maybe it wasn't new then; perhaps it was old stuff when I first heard it. I had no idea that stories endured so long, had such an incredible life-span.

Here's a very up-to-the-minute fanzine edited for the young in years and spirit and what's almost the first thing I meet therein? Two amusing mementoes of the mid 1930's! Could it be that Editor Vera--or Editor Elinor--is a hen instead of a chicken? That Artist A. is gray-haired (like me) or Writer W. has a hairless pate? I doubt it! Dunno the explanation, but thank you, dear CRYpeople, for a couple of rare and welcome chuckles. Please--don't strc prst skrs krk. (Shouldn't there be another accent in there, somewhere?)

Sincerely,

Katherine W. St.Clair (Mrs. James F.)

PS Newsflash. The last fanzine in the stack was CRY 178. If the Czech line was a surprise, the translation of it is a bigger one for "That ain't the way I heard it."

What's your source? Has one of you a Czech granny? Your translation is so ladylike. Mine is less genteel. Yet I feel sure that my Czech friends (with whom I spent 4 months) weren't putting me on when they told me that it means: To put your finger down your throat and force yourself to vomit. Now, you've whetted my curiosity--but I don't know a solitary Czech to ask about it. If you have a two-legged source handy whom you can consult again, I'd appreciate a comment or information.

(Don't know who mistranslated the line early in the zine, but Harry Harrison translates it correctly (or nearly so) in the lettercol. #CRY is produced by and for

all ages, roughly speaking. Wally is older than Vera and I am older than Wally. I don't intend to reveal my precise age, but do you happen to remember the joke to which the punchline was: "& all the time the squirrels were chewing on my equipment!" #I never heard the there-must-be-a-pony joke until 1961, when Poul Anderson told it at the Seacon. My guess is that it was new to Poul at the time, too, though I'm not sure. I think some jokes do tend to fade in and out of popularity. A friend of ours had just recently heard: "In the first place, she's black" joke for the first time, and was quite astonished to be told it was an ancient old joke that had been around a long time.)

HOW TO PREPARE FOR FINALS

971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario

Dear Elinor,

Vonda reflects my state of mind exactly when she mentions that around finals time she either sleeps or reads. I find that as The Day gets closer, I read more and more material of a non-scholastic nature...even a Dick Geis book, and READERS DIGESTs, and lousy SF novels, and...yes, like Vonda, a pile of Travis McGee tales--which I thought were deplorable--and Nero Wolfe, whom I like. And I find it easier to decide to crawl into bed and read instead of finishing the last 30 pages of "Notes on the Role of the National: A Social-Psychological Concept for the Study of International Relations" by Stewart E. Perry.

I'm glad someone else behaves as I do; I know it's not in my best interest, but I can't help myself. Reading and sleeping is so much more relaxing, isn't it, Vonda?

All the words in CRY were fun to read and finely written, but the cover has to be the top attraction; I don't know if I like the artwork all that much, but the colour takes one's breath away, it does.

SLAN was one of the first SF novels I ever did read, back a few years ago when I discovered SF all in a rush without going through the Tom Swift and co., juvenile Asimov and Norton, and all, period. It impressed the hell out of me, being young and impressionable and awed by the idea of actually reading a pocketbook, and I still think fondly of it. If I re-read it now--and I'm afraid to, after reading Roy Tackett's comments on it--I may think of it as a juvenile; but when I read it, at an age when a juvenile would have fit right in, it certainly didn't seem like one. How does it feel, Roy Tackett, to crush a childhood concept?

I think I enjoyed Rob Williams' thingy...

My thanks to John Berry for giving me a way to escape from the dunning clutches of the Doubleday SF Book Club, who have been insisting for the last long while that I owe them \$8.50. I know I don't owe any such sum, and I imagine the people who have read my acerbic little letters know it; but they don't seem to

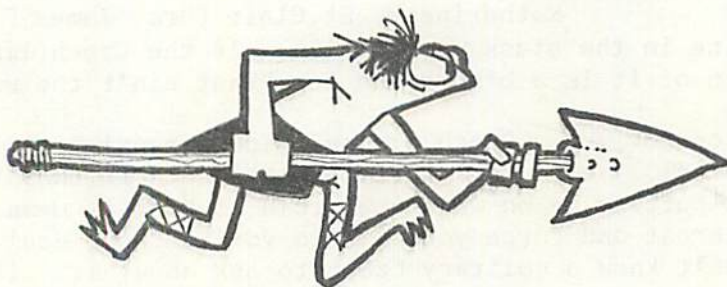
have succeeded in communicating this state of affairs to their computers.

And now I've got to go back to my work; it's a hard task, filling your time with non-study...

Best,

Richard Labonte

(Non-studying is a very sensible way of preparing for finals if one has kept one with one's daily studying. I never had, so my non-studying was always somewhat of a disaster.)



Atom

MIKE APPRECIATES CRY

87 Bedford Road, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada

Dear Elinor,

Well now, CRY 180 scores another triumph for you people, capturing that mixture of informative and humorous articles and provocative letters that makes CRY one of the nicest zines to receive. The cover is a gas; my only question concerns the fact that the chap purchasing the blade seems to possess two left hands--doubtless the victim of some absent-minded transplant specialist. These field hospitals never were properly organized. (*Nonsense! You've heard of people (especially on the dance floor) who were born with two left feet? So why not with two left hands?*)

Wally's extrapolation on fandom is one of the best things I've seen him do and lays bare a veritable host of possibilities for contemplation. It is quite obvious to me that, fans being the way they are with regard to egoboo & feedback, the first ftl communication system will be developed by some eager fan in the Alpha Centauri system who refuses to wait 8 years to see whether or not his loc is printed. And I can quite visualize the possibility of an intergalactic war being avoided at the last minute when some keen eyed communications officer (a fan, of course) realizes that the hairy-tentacled sloggoths of Gamma Epsilon IV must be friendly after he spots the smears of mimeograph ink of their claws.

I've also a question for Miss(?) Mrs.(?) Rutledge. (*Call her Ann. But it's a fact that she's single. Nameless is full of pretty young girls nowadays, and most of them are single.*) I enjoyed her article on Seattle but couldn't help wondering if there's any possible connection between Henry Yesler and Aaron Stempel who plays a similar role on a TV show supposedly set in early Seattle. Does she know offhand if Stempel is based on Yesler, or is it just a coincidence?

John Berry's article is the highlight of the zine (as it seems always to be when he's in good form) & reconfirms my conviction that he's the very best writer of humorous fannish articles on the scene today. It's also nice to know that others have problems with bookclubs. Myrunning battle with the S. F. Book Club is still in full swing as periodically they deliver a case of one obscure volume to my door along with an astronomical bill, then disappear totally into some hyperdimensional warp for another few months. And when I was ten I sent a dime to the Life Nature series for a book on dinosaurs & four genuine fossils (including a shark's tooth--and from the number of people I knew who sent for one, I often wondered how mankind as a race managed to evolve. As I see it, the entire planet must have been crowded with sharks standing on their tails gasping for breath in order for Life to have had enough of their teeth to go around.) I'm still waiting for their reply.

Perhaps I'm missing some subtle raison d'etre, but Rob Williams' "Adventures of Doctor Doctor" seemed entirely pointless to me. Unless of course it's a satire on J. G. Ballard, in which case it's brilliantly executed. (*We didn't ask Rob what it was. We liked & pubbed it as a sort of weirdly and subliminally enchanting little thingy.*)

One wonders about SF in the enjoyment-vs-enlightenment argument. Fans themselves often seem to shift perspective on this question. On the one hand there is 2001. It's almost a year now since I first saw it & yet last weekend at the Lunacon eight of us argued quite extensively & almost violently over the interpretation of various aspects of the film & this is common at fannish gatherings everywhere. But when did you last get into heated debate over "Planet of the Apes"? Obviously the theme of 2001 has made it a major topic of interest & argument throughout fandom. On the other hand, there's BUG JACK BARRON which to me has a great deal to say about real life, deals with real, if unusual, people & is also a damn good story. Yet nearly all the discussion I've read in American fanzines on the book is hung up on the fact that Spinrad had adopted a very strong & brutal language to depict his society. No one discusses the book itself, or comments on Spinrad's ideas, but people harp continuously on the manner he's

chosen to present them in. The general complaint seems to be "How can I enjoy a book that's filled with 'fuck's and 'screw's?" Hopefully the newly published Avon edition will convince people that Spinrad has written a book that deserves considerable attention for what it has to say, & not only for how it says it. One would hope that fans are sufficiently mature to look beyond mere stylistic devices & seek the meat that lies beneath the pastry. (*Pastry? What an infelicitous metaphor. Surely you mean beneath the bloody, stinking hide.*)

I'm not sure about Bradbury's material not being able to be successfully transferred to a visual medium (I sorta dug his EC adaptation myself) but it doesn't seem to fair very well on the screen. Both his science fiction (FAHRENHEIT 451) and his fantasy (ILLUSTRATED MAN) have suffered quite badly in the transferral despite good directors, good actors & lots of money. In "The Illustrated Man" it's probably the montage format that makes the film so disappointing despite Steiger's tour de force, but there are scenes (such as the first shot of Claire Bloom on her porch seen through a shimmering cloud of green highlights from the leaves of a tree) that are pure Bradbury and indicate that his visual imagery can be captured on the screen. Perhaps all we need is a fan to direct it...?

J. J. Pierce, with his "Renaissance", his Second Foundation Manifesto, has set himself up as the focal point of the next fannish controversy and I'm inclined to agree somewhat with Ted White who claimed at a Lunacon panel that Pierce's entire ploy smacks of a publicity campaign. Just to set him straight, I once again recommend BUG JACK BARRON which Pierce set up as an example of the New Wave. If he can honestly tell me Barron is an anti-hero who wants "to crawl into a hole some place" then I'll know exactly how seriously to take him. (And before you stick in a comment to shoot down that argument, I'd like to add that I don't consider Barron necessarily atypical of the New Wave hero).

As to most of the rest of the lettercol, I find meaningful comments hard to make since my TV is on about an hour or so a week, then generally to movies & specials (and Laugh-In, the one show I try to catch each week). I expect shortly to receive "CRY of the Readers" as a supplement to TV GUIDE.

All the very best,

Mike Glicksohn

(Mike, would you please buy a typer? Pretty please? Your handwriting is getting worse and worse. Perhaps it's a vile plot on your part to conceal the fact that you don't spell too well. If so, it's unworthy of you, ol' buddy. Could Shakespeare spell? Certainly not.)

ROB LIKES SILLY COVER

2112 West Oak Avenue, Fullerton, Calif. 92633

Dear Cry #180,

Buz, Elinor, you once talked about compiling "The Best of CRY"--if you ever do, Tim Kirk's cover has to go on, that's all there is to it.

This cover deserves a wider circulation than CRY can give it. No, that's not what I mean to say at all: I mean to say that there are lots & lots of Good People in the world who deserve to see Tim's cover and won't and who would really dig it if they could.

I keep seeing the F&SF logo in the upper left hand corner of the painting--wouldn't Anthony Boucher have loved it!--and down below I see the slogan "All Stories In This Issue New." I expect Boucher might have gotten Poul Anderson to do the story, "Areefa's Ordnance," in the style of THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS.

Ah and alas, but Boucher will never enjoy this. (It's too late, quoth the garden gate.) But I sure do. Which is, I suppose, an advantage in being Alive; and it's goodies like this that make for happy vital sensuality.

Anyway, Tim's picture is very nice, and I'm awfully glad I get CRY.

Oh--and as if to prove a point vis a vis what makes CRY CRY--you've got to

admit that this cover is, aside from being marvelous, Silly, too, now don't you?

Black Humor: I was pained to see the brutal and inhumane butchering my last well-behaved, innocent, wide-eyed, defenceless, good natured and childlike CRYletter was subjected to when it skipped along, a song on its lips, rushing to meet you and your axe at the CotR.

Tsk. Elinor, you are the Ilse Koch of editors, that's a fact. Did you make a lampshade out of the remains?

Harry Warner's Ears: I'll bet they're red what with all this pointlessly pointed speculation whizzing about them. There's no doubt in my mind about the state of Bloch's ears, though. What a devil he is! Did you see what he did to you, Elinor? He hoped you were without sex. It was evil of him to hope that (silly, too). Surely if anyone has pointed ears, it's he, he, he!

Hey, hey, I'm starting to get in the mood for a long CRYletter. But I can't. I've got to go to work. (I'm up to my horns in work and busyness--an idle, unhorny head is the devil's workshop?)

Hurriedly,

Rob Williams

(Yeah, I'll agree that the Tim Kirk cover is marvellously Silly. #Glad that you mentioned about Bloch's ears being pointed. I'd forgotten.)

REPORT FROM WASH. D.C. 2126 Pennsylvania Ave.,
Dear CRY persons, N.W., Wash. D.C. 20037

Greetings from Washington (in 71), D.C.!

After noting Vonda's recent discovery of John D. MacDonald and musing over the profundity of John Berry's battle with a computer (CRY 180), I couldn't resist reporting on this item I spotted in a local paper today.

It seems that back in December 1967, John D. MacDonald was wrongly billed by American Express for \$7.20 for gasoline. (He also received a letter addressed to F. M. MacDonald thanking him for notifying them of a \$10.50 billing error.) Anyway, the bit about the \$7.20 dragged on and on, as is par for the course. He finally got a letter saying that the billing error was being removed from the ledger, and the \$8.49 delinquency charge was being cancelled; that same day American Express also notified him that they couldn't allow further charges, asking him to return his credit card and payment in full for the amount owing.

To top it off, they refused to pay a travel agency for airline tickets he had bought, saying his account was clowed.

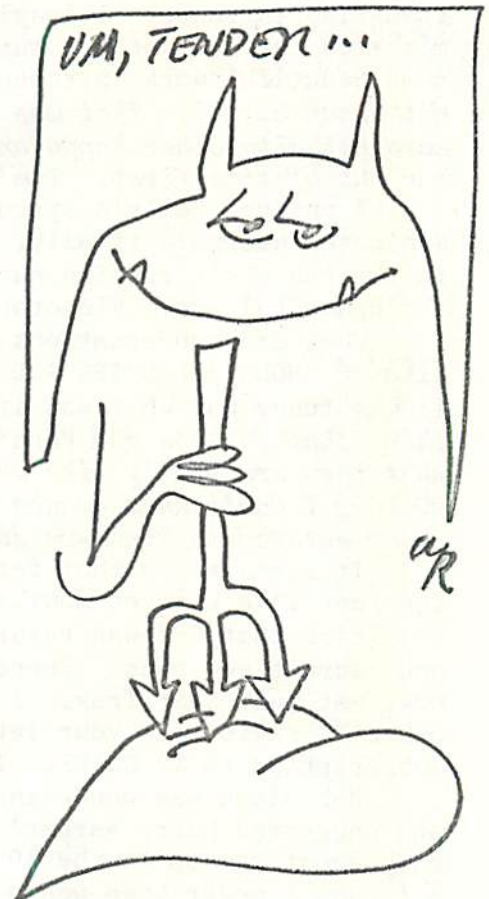
MacDonald is suing them for \$600,000 for compensatory and punitive damages, charging malicious defamation and breach of contract.

Be heartened, all you innocent victims.

Cheers,

Doll Gilliland

(Delighted to have this information. Good ol' John D. MacDonald. He's so evil and vindictive anybody could tell he's still with science fiction at heart.)



BERNIE ON ART AND STUFF
Dear Elinor,

1775 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif.
90028

First, of course, that delightful cover by Tim. I do like it but I must admit that there has been other cover work by him that I liked better. Printing-wise the bottom part of my copy was rather hazy and I felt the brown tones were too predominant. Was Tim's original that brown or was that just the way the printing turned out? I think you had better luck with the colors on the Atom cover for #178. Composition-wise that overwhelming mass of brown veering in from the left into the yellow sky on the right still bothers me, even though I realize it's a cave-like entrance. I imagine Tim used earthy colors because he has a great admiration for some of the turn-of-the-century (or 1920s) illustrators who did some beautiful work in those tones. *(No, as a matter of fact, Tim's original was not brown at all. That was just the way the printing turned out. The Wallies were not altogether happy and would probably have run it over except that they ran out of time first. Tim's original was dark but his colors were different.)*

I enjoyed Wally's speculations of what will happen when fandom has to communicate intergalactically. Telefandom, tongue-in-cheek or not, sounds interesting to the fan who's running out of fanzine storage space. But what would happen to the beautiful art? Videotape?

What are conversations between Wally and Vera really like? Do they go on like OF SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX? As for THE ADVENTURES OF DOCTOR DOCTOR it was funny but what was it? A parody on New Wave or DOCTOR DOOLITTLE? *(I think that Wally's and Vera's conversations are mostly carried on by phone, so for what they are really like we must rely on Vera's descriptions. As for DOCTOR DOCTOR, I don't know--maybe it was a New Wave parody. Must say the thought had never entered my mind--we just printed it for its own little self.)*

It seems to me that for the past few issues the best part of CRY...at least the part I've enjoyed most...has been the Cry of the Readers. I have a sneaky suspicion that CRY was resurrected just so you could hear from old readers again and recruit new ones. There's a lot of talk about all kinds of TV shows in there now, not just Star Trek. I guess the demise of that series will not stop the other TV reviews in your letter column. I'm wondering if I should cancel my subscription to TV GUIDE. There's more information in CRY!

Bob Bloch was wondering what subject of discussion could replace Star Trek and suggested Harry Warner's fandom history. Well, as I've heard, Warner wrote only about fandom in the 1940s, nothing much past that. I'm afraid discussing a fandom I never knew would not enthrall me. I would rather look to the present and future. Since time for Hugo nominations is upon us once more I think that could be a much more suitable topic for discussion.

There is...the matter of Best Fan Artist Hugo. Is it restricted to artists who have done the most best work in a particular year (which makes sense) or is it for best all-around fan artist regardless of the year? Some fnzs seem to think certain artists deserve belated awards. Some of the the same fans also think that bestowing the Hugo on a new fan artist, because he made a great impact in one year, would tend to spoil him and cause him to rest on his laurels. And what about fan art done for fanzines as opposed to art done for con art shows? Since some fans don't make it to the cons and are restricted to what they see in fanzines should that be the criterion for the Hugo, or should an artist's work in the art shows be a strong factor too? Certain fanzine artists may never have exhibited in the shows while others have done rather well in both fields. What about the types of fan art? Should you nominate and vote for a cartoonist, an illustrator or a painter? Some fan artists do all of these well, others specialize. Is black and white illustration or color the criteria for a Hugo? It seems to me that the qualifications for the fan artist award should be made clearer. If they have already been spelled out then I would appreciate it if you or your readers could point it out to me. *(My feeling is that one votes for what one fancies. A more than ever impossible choice this year, with more than ever delightful artists!)*

I'm not as concerned with the professional artist award. First of all I think that prozine art is in pretty sad shape these days, with the exception of some cover art perhaps. Secondly there aren't really that many top pro artists competing. And the con art shows don't enter into this anyway. Besides, let's face it, I'm a fan artist. I'll let the pros worry about their own Hugo. Of course those who graciously turn out fanzine art are welcome to join the melee.

Another damn long letter. I'm a slow typist...very slow...and I shouldn't get myself involved with letters that take hours. I got carried away. And all that time I could've been working on more art or a cover for you (I'll bet you wish I had). *(We are delighted to get letters from you, Bernie, but it's a fact that we are practically out of Zubereseque art).* But when the writing bug hits me I must think I'm turning out world-shaking critiques the way I carry on. Beats reading New Wave though, doesn't it? I picked up BUG JACK BARRON the other day and put it down again after having glanced at a few pages. I doubt I'll ever buy it. Jack Kerouac did that kind of thing much better back in the fifties.

My father, who has just turned 75 and has been sharing this apartment with me for quite a few years, doesn't understand my upsurge of fanac since last year. Letters, fanzines all over the place, LASFS and Mythopoeic meetings all leave him somewhat confused and alienated. Tonight he went to bed wondering why I'd chained myself to the typewriter and didn't talk to him much. My next letters really will have to be shorter.

Greetings to all and see you at the Westercon!

Bernie Zuber

(Buz liked BUG JACK BARRON. I haven't read it yet myself, but I expect I'll at least give it a whirl. #When you do a cover for us, do it in color, please, and bear in mind that Wal-2-Wal Press only gets the colors approximately right, so subtlety is to be avoided. Also bright colors come out best. Too bad we hadn't thought the matter through earlier! #Yes, we'll see you at the Westercon all right--providing California hasn't fallen into the sea before then. But it lasted through April so it's probably safe for a while longer.)

ECHOES OF THE PAST

1034 Barber Te. N.W., Grand Rapids, Mich.
49504

Dear Crudzine Editors,

Please make way for one of the best letters you have ever had the opportunity to read. What inspired it? Why the new improved CRY!! (Time out for cheers and beers, etc.)

No doubt you know how good your publication is, old bats. But allow me to put it in my own words.

Elinor Busby writes like that hole in her head is bothering her. F. M. Busby is either trying to do fandom in or just doesn't know any better. Vonda McIntyre has all the writing ability of a two-year-old moron, and she was below par.

The Rob Williams thing was a mistake in itself. John Berry must get his ideas from the clubroom conversations of the Quarter-Wit Padded Cell Society. Wally Weber must use the ideas that Berry discards. Ann Rutledge would have been infinitely more interesting had she said nothing at all. The artwork is terrible, and so is the rest of the zine.

All in all, it's a hundred per cent better than before.

Wally Weber might recognize the above, since I lifted it (with names changed to attack the guilty) from a letter he had in the July, 1948 issue of STARTLING STORIES. He sure was a sweet kid, wasn't he?

Best,

Randy Bytwerk

(Boy, aren't you a sweet kid, throwing it up to him after 21 years! Who ever expected you to be reading 1948 STARTLING STORIES anyhow? You weren't even born when Wally Weber was writing letters like that!)

DEFENSE OF STAR TREK

Dear CRYPEOPLE:

1726 N. Rogers Place, Apt. 10, Burbank,
Calif. 91504

Why is everyone so down on Star Trek? Why are all the fans defecting from what is still a fairly good piece of sci-fi? Has everyone sudden run amok-- what seems to be the problem?

I realize that almost without exception, this season's episodes have been bad. But that is due, in part, to the NBC scheduling, Fred Freiberger's producing, and the accepting of scripts that were--to be blunt--bad. Something could have and should have been done at the start. If we had all written, asking G.R. to resume his role of active producer, I am sure he would have done it. Gene has been a heroic figure in this year's aborted Save Star Trek fight--and we who marched will not forget it. If we had written, complaining (en masse, of course) about the quality of this season's scripts, I'm sure something would have been done. And I can't help but wonder how many people actually did write in, to voice their opinions? Few, I will wager.

Secondly, Gene Roddenberry did not leave his role as active producer because of disenchantment with Star Trek. He left after promising he would do so--or threatening, I don't know which--should NBC schedule Star Trek for Friday nights at ten. They did and so he did. Simple as that. He didn't run out on his series--in fact, during these last few weeks, he has been going to the other networks in an attempt to sell the property to them. So far, as I have gathered, it hasn't worked.

So you who have been so down on Star Trek have finally been granted your fondest wish. The series has been cancelled. But there are others, like me, who will mourn its passing--and remember brighter times, such as first season, when Star Trek shone as the only intelligent program on the air. You can forget--but I never will. Here's to STAR TREK, and to the Enterprise, wherever she is.

Pastak,

Adrien Spectra

(Adrien, don't you detect a certain inconsistency in calling something 'still fairly good' and in the next sentence but one 'almost without exception bad'? And as for writing in to improve the quality of the scripts--isn't that a waste of time if (as I believe is the case) the shows are all filmed before the season starts? And don't you in your heart believe that in handing Star Trek over to Fred Hamburger Gene Roddenberry was acting rather like the kid who says, "Well, if we can't play the game the way I want to play it, I won't play!" However, I too will remember the first year--the first year and a half--of Star Trek very fondly. It was a great show during its great days, and we can be grateful that its quality held up for as long as it did.)

MORE ON STAR TREK

Dear Elinor,

4530 Hamilton Avenue, Oxnard, Calif.
93030

I was interested in a point you brought out in your comments on Bernie Zuber's letter. You remarked that you thought it would be easier to teach sf writers to write teleplays than to teach non-sf tv writers to write good sf. I think this is an interesting point and I'd like to pursue it a bit further.

As I understand it the SFWA defines an sf writer as a writer who has written SF...one published story of Sf, and accepts tv and movie scripts as published stories once they have been produced. By that criterion, a number of scripters who did more than one Star Trek story would become sf writers after the first story was produced. (*& how many angels can dance on the point of a pin? I know you're right--I just think it's irrelevant.*)

Another point in your comment was, as I read it, that sf writers write better sf than non-sf tv writers. TV writers who do not have a background in writing sf, that is. Here we get into personal preferences, but I think the writers

without sf backgrounds, in many cases, wrote perfectly good sf stories, for St. Lucas told me The Changeling was the first sf he ever wrote, and I thought it was a dandy sf story. For sf on television I think that story was the greatest thing since sliced bread. In fact I think some of the top scripts on the show were done by people who are not known as sf writers, for example Coon's Devil in the Dark (*that was one of my favorites, too, as a matter of fact*); The Changeling; Aroete's Is There In Truth No Beauty?; Burns and Chet Richards' Tholian Web. I think in any group of favorite episodes there would be some by writers without an sf background. (*Very true*).

Now, in the choice of a producer I think ST would have been better off to choose a person with some sort of background in science and/or SF. Freddy seems to have bought this season's scripts on the basis of how much dramatic action they contained, with the results you might get from going into an art gallery and purchasing the 24 paintings with the most red in them...some good, some middlin', and one or two resoundingly awful.

As things turned out third season was no tour de force, but I'm sorry to see ST go. When the series premiered I really didn't expect anything as good as the worst of ST has been, because while gnashing one's teeth over plot or dialog it's always been possible to admire the sets or costumes or makeup. The best of ST has really been more than I ever hoped for, and I'm not the least bit ashamed to be a fan of the show.

Best,

Kay Anderson

(Star Trek always has been visually lovely, but visual loveliness isn't all that much to me while I'm gnashing my teeth over plot or dialog. I guess the fact of it's being sf is more to you than to me.)

MIKE SWINGS WITH COTR

25 Manor Drive, Apt. 12-J, Newark, N.J.

Dear CRY,

07106

Pulling myself back into the irresistible swing of CRY, upon receipt of #180 I immediately turned to CotR and read that section through, before scanning the other departments. This is like the good old days, when all that mattered was CotR and the rest of the issue was mere padding to relieve you of any feelings of guilt over affixed a large amount of postage to the last page. This is all a little shaming, since a great deal of time, energy and talent went into the production of the non-CotR pages of #180.

I have long admired Bradbury, but I wonder if there may be more than a smidgin of truth in the declaration that his work is unsuited to a visual medium. FAHRENHEIT 451 was an enthralling, monumental book. On screen it was frequently weak and faltering. The emotional message was swallowed up in all the curt, but distracting imagery. In print scenes of splendid description can easily be conjured up in one's mind; each individual has a shade different conception of how the particles are to look. He sees the scene as he himself would like to see it, firmed by the author's verbal foundation. But stuck on a flat screen everyone sees the scenery exactly the same; as the film director views it. His prejudices, observational defects, etc., are a part of this view. (*Precisely. That's why I'd hate to see Tolkien ever filmed.*)

Like Betty Kujawa I tuned in to THE SLENDER THREAD also, having been warned in advance that Anne Bancroft would seek refuge in the Hyatt House, and then attempt suicide upon discovering that no more tickets were available for the SEACON banquet, and she'd have to miss Heinlein's Guest-of-Honor speech.

Sincerely,

Mike Deckinger

(I would have printed heaps more of your letter, Mike, except now it's time for--

&WE ALSO HEARD FROM DEPT: JARI L. WOOD. I really wanted to print Jari's letter, in further defense of my contention that Nameless is full of pretty young girls nowadays (though how you'd know that by reading her I couldn't tell you)--but it was too frothy. Try it again with a bit more substance, Jari ol' buddy.

NEAL GOLDFARB sent his letter by a great noisy bird, to insure meeting deadline. He liked the Tim Kirk cover, but didn't think it looked like a Kirk. Tells Betty Kujawa that it was the group's manager who put the guy up to killing the editor. If you say so, Neal baby. PHIL HARRELL is saddened by appearing twice in the WAHF's. He says, "I seem to remember I used to get a letter in now and again by reporting news of my world (which Wally Weber says is different from any other in existence)." Yeah, Phil, but Wally isn't running the lettercol now. I'd rather hear about CRY, or topics being discussed in CRY. Stories about people's zipper^s is just not my thing somehow. D. D. FRATZ sends money. So does SAM MOSKOWITZ (ah, you had faith in us after all, Sam). MILTON STEVENS, PHILIP PRITTS, LEN AND JUNE MOFFATT, BOB FRANCE, TED TOM, ELAINE WOJCIECHOWSKI, MARTY HELGESEN (what's with you these days, Marty), BURNETT R. TOSKEY, P. HOOG, ROSIE EVANS, JARI WOOD, CARLE' JOHNSON, ANNA HREHA, STEVE JOHNSON, CAROL LEE, and BRUCE ROBBINS all send money. HARRY D. WASSERMAN says "I like CRY. Does this statement allow me to be mentioned in your WAHF section?" Yes it does, Harry. HAL LYNCH sends money, and says he "scarcely has time for a choked off sob, let alone a good CRY." If things ever let up for you, Hal, I hope we'll hear from you again. DALE A. GOBLE, JR. says all he can send "is rather routine praise, which I imagine you are well used to, and money." We are not only used to it, Dale, we are addicted to it. But we can always use money, too. DON FITCH sends \$2. "I was tempted to send \$3, suggesting that you spend one of them for wine & laughter, but then you might splurge, and use up the Entire Treasury, and Gafiate, or Something." It's the Somethings in this world that you really have to look out for, Don. BILL CAPRON sends money, figuring that CRY is a necessary part of his education. Says it's the only Big Name Zine he has never seen. Trust you won't be disappointed, Bill, and that your education will be greatly advanced. NICK JONES sends money. He read someone else's 180, so he at least knows what he's getting into. LARRY HERNDON hasn't yet received the Neolithic CRY he sent for. The reason why, Larry (I'm ashamed to admit) is that we haven't mailed it yet. We have been goofing off like mad. We'll try and get it in the mail tomorrow. He also sends money for current CRYs. JOHN J. PIERCE wrote a nice letter, but he's represented elsewhere. Also he addressed me as Miss (Mrs.) Busby. I think it should be obvious to everybody by now that my name is Elinor. And I guess you all know by now that ETHEL LINDSAY has kindly consented to be our agent in Great Britain. I'm going to write you one of these days, Ethel. I've written you heaps of letters in my mind.

And that's all for now, gang.

Elinor

UP THE POST OFFICE

WWW

First, a special announcement about the WEALSOHEARDFROM omission of Tim Humes, who will send money. Elinor's time-viewer croggled on a class one paradox and failed to register Tim's probability, if he had any. Maybe next issue....

Second, we are mailing this issue in envelopes and have no use for this valuable space Elinor thoughtfully left for mailing labels here under the famous WAHFs.

Third, we think the title for this space is great and hope the Post Office Department locates it as high as their postal rates.

Fourth, we have enjoyed having you with us on CRY flight #181. On behalf of our crew I thank you for a pleasant journey and hope you will fly CRY again sometime.